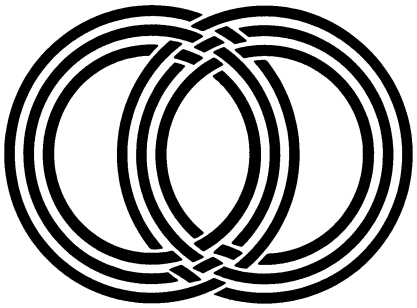
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

is an independent quarterly established to express Mormon culture and to examine the relevance of religion to secular life. It is edited by Latter-day Saints who wish to bring their faith into dialogue with the larger stream of Judeo-Christian thought and 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 ensure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment, the views expressed are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of the Mormon Church or of the editors.

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LETTERS

Brought Tears

The other day I had a telephone call from a friend who is a paraplegic, a victim of multiple sclerosis for over twenty years, and a bright, intelligent graduate of Stanford University.

A convert, my friend was first drawn to the Church when she watched a televised College Bowl contest featuring a team of BYU students. As a young mother tied to her home in El Centro, California, she was thrilled by these students' obvious zest for learning. Later, in San Diego, a young friend invited her to church. Again she was impressed. And when the missionaries taught her about life-long learning and eternal progression, she was touched. She had long believed in these principles and in many other aspects of the Mormon faith. So she was baptized in 1964.

My friend has been homebound for several years now. The Relief Society sisters are her good friends, and she loves the people who visit from her ward. But she has been disappointed of late at the discouragement of intellectual pursuits in the Church and at attempts to control the minds of Church members. When she telephoned me she had just read Jack Newell's essay (Spring 1986). The relief she felt had brought tears because the essay so beautifully echoed her own thoughts and brought hope and comfort, as well as the assurance that this was still the church she had joined.

Irene Bates
Pacific Palisades, California

Relief Society Lessons

I'd like to tell you how grateful I am for publishing DIALOGUE. Articles where members dare to have other opinions than their leaders make me realize that I do have the right for personal thought and revelation. Others about women's role in our church helped me to get rid of this second-class feeling which I always had in church and which really made me feel uncomfortable. These articles supported me in my effort to put my feelings into words.

I often wonder how other sisters implement their knowledge in their day to day life, especially during Relief Society on Sunday mornings.

Do they enjoy the lessons? Of course I realize that individual reactions to the lessons seem to vary with the ability of the teacher. But it's not only a matter of teaching skills, but also of the content, of the way goals are set. Since I am sometimes dissatisfied with both the content and the way goals are set and taught, I would like to share my thoughts with other DIALOGUE readers. I would be glad to get responses.

Contemplating the goals of the Relief Society lessons, I dare to say that often I don't have to be taught or reminded to reach them, because I already have. I often feel that I don't learn anything during the lessons. Members have advised me to support my teacher through participation. I have come to realize that the sisters may listen to my comments but often don't understand. It is like talking about algebra with first graders.

I hope I will not be misunderstood. As a returned missionary, I really do know the plan of salvation, as it is taught in those lessons. I'd classify this as a goal for first graders, a goal which is important to reach, but we can't sit in elementary school forever. A class full of people knowing the plan of salvation doesn't make any progress

by talking it over and over again. They could use their time more wisely in discussing specific aspects in groups. Classes designed for new converts could let them receive necessary basic knowledge.

In both cases it would be important to encourage teachers to react to specific needs by using interest-oriented methods like small discussion groups. Members could help each other more easily to ponder over something, before receiving a personal revelation. This plan can help keep all members interested while avoiding a repetition of lessons with the same content. People have to stretch! Psychologists talk about the dangers of undercharging intellectually. This also undercuts the motivation to reach out and learn more.

Sister Joanne B. Doxey mentioned in the March 1985 *Ensign*, "Lessons need to be adapted to the needs of sisters in various cultures" (p. 13). Besides the fact that hardly anyone knows this quotation, most teachers feel insecure in changing lessons. How important it is to do exactly this, shows in the following example: In Germany, our first graders start school in summer. During fall we had a lesson in mother education talking about ways to prepare our children for this big step in their life. The lesson not only did not relate to our country's school year, but we had *only two mothers* sitting there. And their oldest children were three! Although some may have enjoyed the lesson, I doubt that they learned anything.

In cases like this, the needs of the sisters are obviously not met. Teachers have to face the challenge of creating a whole lesson of their own without the help of a guide, since the Relief Society manual has only one goal per lesson. The material should offer suggestions so that the teacher is not left to do it all by herself under the guidance of the Spirit, since most sisters will have problems in "studying it out."

Some mothers have a lot of problems with their children but are never encouraged to talk about it during the lessons. The teachers have to "get through" the manual, as they say. They don't realize and haven't learned that the pupil should be the center of the lesson, not the subject matter. I don't blame them. They just don't know it, and there is nothing in the lessons that teaches them that fact. The result is that sisters feel bored with mother education. They could discuss their problems during the week but they don't have time to meet and distances are often great.

Since the Relief Society manual is supposed to be a guide, it could suggest a few goals for each lesson. It should stress more clearly that it is to be used only as a guide and should be adapted to individual needs. Building discussion groups would also help each sister to decide where to invest her time wisely. In doing so, sisters would grow in real unity. They would not just sit all together in one classroom *but experience real progress.* I am looking forward to responses.

Susanne Werner
Ostfildern, West Germany

Animal Sacrifice?

Melodie Moench Charles (Fall 1985) seems to assume that the practice of animal sacrifice will be instituted again in the future and she quotes Doctrine and Covenants 13:1 and 128:24. These scriptures indicate "an offering in righteousness" but do not specify that it shall be by "the shedding of blood." Alma 34:13–14 emphasizes the end of blood sacrifice: "Therefore it is expedient that there should be a great and last sacrifice, and then shall there be, or it is expedient there should be, a stop to the shedding of blood; then shall the law of Moses be fulfilled; yea, it shall be all fulfilled, every jot and tittle, and none shall have passed away. And behold, this is the whole meaning of the law, every whit pointing to that great and last sacrifice; and that great and last sacrifice will be the Son of God, yea, infinite and eternal."

Elder Bruce R. McConkie has written, "The offering of sacrifices as a generally practiced ordinance of the Gospel ended with the sacrifice of Christ; the sacrament became the newly established ordinance

which served the same purpose that sacrifice had heretofore served" (*Mormon Doctrine*, 2d ed. [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1966], p. 665). Elder McConkie further states, "To complete the restoration of all things, apparently on a one time basis, sacrifice will again be offered in this dispensation."

To the Nephites the resurrected Savior said, "I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. And ye shall offer up unto me no more the shedding of blood; yea, your sacrifices and your burnt offerings shall be done away, for I will accept none of your sacrifices and your burnt offerings. And ye shall offer for a sacrifice unto me a broken heart and a contrite spirit" (3 Ne. 9:18–20).

Wallace E. Broberg, Sr.
Murray, Utah

Charles Replies

Broberg is correct in claiming that scriptures I cited in the Doctrine and Covenants do not explicitly indicate that the offering will be a blood sacrifice. He is also correct in noting that the Book of Mormon records Jesus as saying that he wanted no more animal sacrifice but instead wanted broken hearts and contrite spirits (3 Ne. 9). Furthermore, both Amulek (Alma 34) and the author of Hebrews say that Christ's expiation ended all sacrifice. However, Joseph Smith said that those who assert "that Sacrifice was entirely done away when the great sacrifice was offered up . . . are certainly not acquainted with the duties, privileges and authority of the priesthood, or with the prophets. . . . These sacrifices as well as every ordinance belonging to the priesthood will when the temple of the Lord shall be built and the sons of Levi be purified be fully restored and attended to then" (Andrew F. Ehat and Lyndon W. Cook, *The Words of Joseph Smith* [Provo, Utah: BYU Religious Studies Center, 1980], pp. 42–44).

Joseph Fielding Smith in *Doctrines of Salvation* 3:94 says: "It will be necessary therefore for the sons of Levi, who offered the blood sacrifices anciently in Israel, to offer such a sacrifice again to round out and complete this ordinance in this dispensation. Sacrifice by the shedding of blood was instituted in the days of Adam and of necessity will be have to be restored."

Under "sacrifices" Bruce R. McConkie's *Mormon Doctrine*, 2d ed. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1966) includes the quote from Joseph Smith and refers the reader to Joseph F. Smith's statement, adding, "To complete the restoration of all things, apparently on a one-time basis, sacrifices will again be offered in this dispensation." The most recent Gospel Doctrine manual for the Old Testament (sometime between 1981–1983) taught that animal sacrifices would again be the practiced, and used this statement from Joseph Fielding Smith to support that claim.

My obligation in my paper was to interpret the D&C text fairly. I think that I did so, but I will admit that the scriptural texts on this subject do not explicitly identify the offering as animal sacrifice, and they are ambiguous. However, since Joseph Smith who, on some level authored those scriptural texts, taught that the sacrifice was the same sacrifice offered by the ancients, I feel secure in my interpretation.

I am supposing that Broberg's concern is with Mormon theology. Clearly, some in a position to determine what Mormon theology is have determined that blood sacrifice is among the necessary ancient practices to be restored (temporarily) in the last days.

However distasteful, illogical, unnecessary, or theologically incorrect it might seem for Mormonism to include animal sacrifices at some future time, I am not the author of the idea.

Melodie Moench Charles
Brookline, Massachusetts

Applaud Courage

Before the final flicker of life is extinguished from our planet, I want to express appreciation for L. Jackson Newell's

essay, "To Marshal the Forces of Reason" (Spring 1986).

I support his thesis and admire his perception and loyalty to true principles. And I applaud his courage. I read the article, first silently, then aloud to my husband who is visually impaired because of extensive brain surgery. When I came to that beautiful letter in the addendum written by President George Albert Smith to Rev. Raymond Cope in 1945, I was so choked with emotion that I could no longer read aloud. I always sensed a loving generosity of spirit in the administrations of both George Albert Smith and David O. McKay, a spirit which I no longer feel in the Church. This seems to me to be a departure from the basic teachings of Jesus Christ, which is both frightening and also very sad.

My husband and I are long-time subscribers — since the inaugural year of 1966. We thank the editors and staff for your good work on DIALOGUE which helps keep us in the Church.

Ann B. Fletcher
Pullman, Washington

Still in the Crucible

As a quasi-nonparticipating member of the Church who has not yet emerged from the crucible of doubt, I was deeply moved by Richard Cummings's essay, "Out of the Crucible: The Testimony of a Liberal" (Summer 1986). I was stunned by how closely it parallels my own experience. (Where has this article *been* when I've needed it during the past two years?)

Though I've been slowly disengaging from the Church in some ways, I feel an inner conviction that I am moving in the right direction. Untested faith will be undermined eventually, and the pain and loneliness I feel as I analyze and agonize over my "cherished beliefs" have been mitigated by reading this wonderful essay. I, too, am developing a hard core of limited but tested beliefs — my own "15 percent testimony"?—but no longer as the eternally cheerful, omniobedient, aggressive sheep I once was. It is comforting to read the eloquent words of a fellow member who is honestly struggling to deal with doubts and seemingly insoluble paradoxical religious problems.

Wasn't it God who said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. . . . For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. 55:8–9)? Was he perhaps hinting that we would have a difficult time figuring out just what the gospel means and how we fit into this strange church made of pure brilliant eternal principles mixed with some ridiculous, some beautiful human ideas — all put into practice by a group of evolving, imperfect creatures?

Mary Blanchard
Sacramento, California

Paternalistic Attitudes

I was pleased to receive the issue on Mormons and Native Americans (Winter 1985). I commend you for tackling this long overlooked issue.

Despite the Book of Mormon prophecies and the importance of these people, Mormons have, in my opinion, added substantially to the difficult plight of native Americans, often without realizing it. It is time to take a long hard look at our paternalistic attitudes and allow these people to seek their spiritual potential without our telling them what it is. One seldom finds a white Mormon with more spiritual insight than Dan George or Lacee Harris.

True religion is based on spiritual principles, not cultural ideas and values. Christ was not a white middle-class Anglo-Saxon. The problems faced by native peoples of the Americas, both today and in the past, are largely created and perpetuated by our own materialistic attitudes.

I wondered about several native American issues that were not addressed. First, you had nothing concerning the native peoples of Central and South America. Since many BYU "experts" in Book of Mormon

archeology, if there is such a thing, seem to believe that Book of Mormon lands are in Central America, I found the obvious lack of any material on this area rather interesting. Can I assume that the editors of DIALOGUE do not hold these same views? I have found it confusing that Mormon scholars have put so much emphasis on the Tehuantepec thesis while referring to all native Americans from high-plains Sioux to the Fuegans as Lamanites. Many North American natives have few genetic or linguistic ties to Central America.

Second, I would like to have seen some mention of the Foundation for Indian Development, which is devoted to Indians in Central America. This foundation has taught the principles of cooperation, desire for education, and increased health consciousness without destroying the native culture and ideas — in my mind, teaching *true* principles of the gospel without forced cultural molding. The native peoples now run the program themselves. This program is clearly one of the most successful self-help programs in Central America, in spite of a lack of support from, and in many cases direct opposition by, the Church.

The third area is the current Navajo relocation conflict in Arizona. Because of PL 93-531 some 3,000 Navajos will have to leave their sacred land on Big Mountain and move into government-subsidized housing in reservation border towns. The government will be transforming the self-sufficient into welfare dependents. The Native Peoples Support Network, working toward repeal of the law, several books, Big Mountain Legal Defense Fund, and the recent recipient of the Academy Award for Best Documentary (*Broken Rainbow*) all implicate the Mormon Church and Mormon lawyer John Boyden as significant players in this controversy. Have our attitudes towards native Americans in fact added fuel to this issue?

May we all continue to seek love and cooperation with these people that have so much to offer us.

Clayton W. Cook
Rohnert Park, California

An Ahmadi View

Garth Jones' article on the Ahmadis of Islam (Summer 1986) points up some similarities between the experience of that group of Moslems and the LDS Church. You might be interested in how the Ahmadis view the Mormons.

Just a few years ago I somehow got on the mailing list for the European edition of *The Review of Religions*, an Ahmadi publication in English. Most articles are explanations of the Ahmadi version of Islamic doctrines. But since the publication has a missionary purpose, it frequently seeks to undercut one of the unique claims of Christianity by teaching that Christ survived the crucifixion and died many years later in Pakistan. In the July 1985 issue (vol. 80 no. 7, p. 24) an article by Mushtaq Ahmad Bajwa on "The Mormon Church" considered whether Joseph Smith can be considered a true prophet.

Half of the eleven-page article consists of quotations or paraphrases from Joseph Smith's 1842 accounts of the First Vision, the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and the establishment of the Church. Then one paragraph describes the martyrdom and the exodus. The last half of the article evaluates Mormon doctrine as a test of Joseph Smith's prophetic role.

Bajwa first implies that Joseph's concept of God results from a human effort to create a logical theology. He sees the doctrine that the Father and Jesus are separate as "a reaction against the unnatural dogma of the trinity" (p. 30). And he dismisses belief in a preexistence of human spirits as "close to the Hindu Doctrine" (p. 30).

Bajwa then distinguishes between Prophets like Abraham and Moses, who receive revelation for the whole community of believers and pious men and women who receive visions or revelations for themselves or a limited group (prophets). For example, he urges that the "prophetesses" in the Bible are spiritual-minded women with an important but limited role; they do not fit the Muslim definition of Prophet.

Bajwa says, concerning the importance Mormons place on prophets, that "Mor-

mon theology is based mostly on Ephesians, which is one of those Epistles about the authenticity of which great doubt has been expressed by the scholars" (p. 31). Further, even if Ephesians is genuine, the "prophets" there characterized as part of the church organization are merely local in their role, not universal like Abraham or Moses (or Mohammed). Successors to Joseph Smith, though called prophets by Mormons, are merely officials in the Church organization, as evidenced by the fact that David O. McKay, the president when Bajwa first studied the Church, made no direct claim to revelation (p. 33).

Just as those the Mormons call *saints* are only ordinary believers, not persons of special piety, so Mormon *prophets* after Joseph Smith are just church officials, not true Prophets.

Joseph Smith, however, must be judged by a different standard than the later presidents, because he claimed to receive direct revelation for all humankind just as Abraham and Moses did. Consequently he must be either a true Prophet or a false one. Bajwa argues that because Joseph Smith established plural marriage by "revelation" and the Church afterward abandoned it, the Church itself has by that act branded Joseph Smith a false prophet whose word failed.

While we are accustomed to critique by other Christians, Bajwa's article provides a different Muslim perspective on our beliefs.

Edward L. Kimball
Provo, Utah

Facile Assumptions

In an otherwise fine and persuasive article, "Scriptural Precedents for Priesthood," DIALOGUE 18 (Fall 1985), Melodie Moench Charles seems in passing, at least, to have lapsed into an old racist interpretation of the Pearl of Great Price which continues to do much harm in the Church. I refer to the facile assumptions (pp. 17–19) that (1) the passages about the descendants of Cain (or Canaan) in Moses 5–7 have anything to do with priesthood bestowal or denial, an issue nowhere mentioned in those chapters; (2) that the same passages have any necessary relationship to the lineage of the pharaohs denied the priesthood in Abraham 1; or (3) that any of those passages refer to today's African or Afro-American blacks.

While such interpretations did become conventional in Mormon culture through the personal (non-canonical) writings of Brigham Young, the J. F. Smiths, and Bruce R. McConkie, their fallacies were made apparent at least twenty years ago (see, for example, my own Winter 1967 DIALOGUE article), and they were effectively discarded by official Church statements in late 1969 (DIALOGUE, Winter 1969, pp. 102–3), and again in early 1978 (DIALOGUE, Fall 1981, p. 42, n99), even before the actual change in policy toward blacks. It is both ironic and tragic that these "scriptural explanations" for the erstwhile priesthood denial still circulate.

In recent months, I have interviewed black LDS members about their experiences in the Church (before and after the June 1978 revelation); and some of them have needlessly suffered great pain at being informed by their white LDS "friends" (and even bishops!) that, although the Lord has relented and given them the priesthood, they are still descendants of Cain with all the negative connotations implied thereby! Though we may be some time in purging such folklore from Mormon culture more generally, we should not have to endure it on the pages of DIALOGUE!

I was struck by the parallels to all of this in my reading of some of the excellent articles in the rich and memorable "Lamanite" issue (Winter 1985). On pp. 29–31 of that issue, Eugene England (with his usual rational and rhetorical power), effectively destroys the conventional racist mythology around the term "Lamanite," just as Lacee Harris's poignant personal essay (especially p. 147) drives home the spiritual, emotional, and social damage done by that mythology to LDS Indians. Racist myths die hard, and it is good to see

DIALOGUE on the cutting edge of their dismemberment.

Armand Mauss
Pullman, Washington

Charles: Not Facile

I concede that my words in three sentences were not well-chosen and did not always convey my meaning, but I protest the accusation that my use of these portions of the Pearl of Great Price was based on "facile assumptions."

I was not addressing the issue of whether these scriptures could *fairly* be used to support the modern Mormon denial of priesthood to blacks. I used them only to show (1) that persons allowed to hold priesthood changed from one circumstance to another, and (2) that the Church and some of its members had both considered such cases as precedent and had also rejected them as precedent. Whether the lineage of American or African blacks literally has anything to do with Ham, Cain, or Canaan, was irrelevant to my argument.

No protest was raised when Tony Hutchinson made the same points: "Black males, after all, were given the priesthood in 1978 in the face of Book of Abraham texts ostensibly far more prohibitive than any texts in our scriptures that might conceivably be used to argue against the ordination of women" (DIALOGUE, Winter 1981, p. 70). Mauss himself has called the book of Abraham "the only scriptural precedent for priesthood denial" and said that it "contained the only passage in all of Mormon scripture relating explicitly to a lineage denied access to the priesthood" (DIALOGUE, Autumn 1981, pp. 17–18). Even though my ill-chosen words might have suggested otherwise, I meant no more than this.

I used Moses 7:8 and 22 to show that the Pearl of Great Price claims that the children of Canaan and the seed of Cain were black. I should not have mentioned Cain, for the Pearl of Great Price says nothing about the denial of priesthood to him or his descendants. Denial of the priesthood is mentioned only in the context of Pharaoh. The Pearl of Great Price clearly says that the Canaanites were black (Moses 7:8), that Pharaoh was a Canaanite[1] and a descendant of Ham (Abr. 1:21 may describe either two lines or one line of descent), and that Pharaoh was denied the right of priesthood because of his lineage (Abr. 1:26–27).

Though Abraham 1:27 is ambiguous, a perfectly reasonable interpretation of it — and the one I used — was this: Pharaoh was denied the priesthood because of his [Canaanite] lineage. The Pharaohs tried to claim that [in spite of this Canaanite lineage] they were entitled to the priesthood because they were descended from Noah through Ham; but this claim was false, for Ham and his descendants were denied the priesthood as well. This does not indicate that Pharaoh's lineage was denied priesthood *because* of their black skin, but rather that they were denied the priesthood, *and* some of them probably had black skin. Though there is no demonstrable link between modern American or African blacks to this pharaoh, Mormons have traditionally assumed that there was.

I disagree with Mauss's claim that a racist interpretation of these parts of the Pearl of Great Price is no longer either tenable or necessary. Defining "racist" as being characterized by "the notion that one's own ethnic stock is superior" (American Heritage Dictionary), I believe that parts of the Pearl of Great Price are racist and that to interpret them as racist is to interpret them correctly. Moses 7:7 says that "a blackness came upon all the children of Canaan, that they were despised among all people," i.e., because the children of Canaan had a blackness come upon them, everyone else despised them. In spite

[1] The cross references in the 1981 edition of the Book of Abraham cite Moses 7:8, linking the Canaanites of Pharaoh's ancestry with the dark-skinned Canaanites rather than with the Canaanites who are the descendants of Ham's son Canaan, who is never mentioned in the Pearl of Great Price.

of being a righteous and wise ruler, Pharaoh could not hold the priesthood because of his lineage (Abr. 1:26–27).

Other scriptures contain racism as well. The Book of Mormon links the Lamanites' dark skins with their being a dark, loathsome, filthy people, full of idleness, abominations, mischief, and subtlety (1 Ne. 12:23, 2 Ne. 5:21–24; Morm. 5:15). It is only in exclusively Mormon scriptures that righteousness and skin color are linked, or that God shows his displeasure with a people by darkening the color of their skin.

The racism in the Old and New Testament has nothing to do with skin color (see, for example, Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible 3:246 and Jacob A. Dyer, *The Ethiopian in the Bible* [New York: Vantage Press, 1974]), but it is racism nonetheless, That the Israelites thought they were superior to all other peoples is obvious to anyone who has read the Old Testament. In Deuteronomy 7:6–8 Moses explains to Israel that it is not God's chosen nation because of any particular merit on its part. Amos, speaking for God, had to remind the Israelites that they were no more to him than the Ethiopians and that he had liberated the Philistines and the Syrians, just as he had liberated them (Amos 9:7). The New Testament portrays Jesus as being unwilling to help the Canaanite woman who beseeches him, because his mission is only to Israel, and "it is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to dogs" (Matt. 15:22–26). His Good Samaritan parable would be far less effective if his Israelite audience did not feel superior to Samaritans.

These scriptures all tell about and reflect the attitudes of cultures that were matter-of-factly, unashamedly racist. Only relatively recently has racism become socially and religiously unacceptable. I feel we would be wrong to let racist attitudes and practices in our scripture justify racist attitudes and practices in our Church or our individual lives; but although we are very uncomfortable with racism in our scriptures, denying its presence is neither honest nor useful. I am certain that Mauss and I agree that racism has no place in Mormon culture or theology and should be fought whenever it appears.

Melodie Moench Charles
Aurora, Colorado

Valuable Bumping

I read with interest L. Jackson Newell's essay, "To Marshal the Forces of Reason" (Spring 1986).

I also joined the Church some twenty-five years ago, primarily because of its honest seeking after knowledge from all sources and its faith in human integrity to discern the truth.

In succeeding years, I suffered the disappointment of being released from teaching Sunday School because I suggested that James E. Talmage's *Articles of Faith* footnotes on God's absolute foreknowledge of all human events might be incorrect, given Joseph Smith's King Follett discourse.

It is somewhat ironic that perceptive LDS members, cognizant of the eternal value of independent thinking, are sometimes forced by unwitting group nonthink (sociological corporate loyalty) to distance themselves from the group in order to maintain individual integrity — an integrity extolled by the corporation itself as the essence of Mormonism.

I, too, was dismayed at the explicit censorship of Elder Poelman's brilliant conference talk and the price paid by Carlisle Hunsaker for his essay which, in my opinion, is the single best essay (replacing Frances Menlove's "The Challenge of Honesty," DIALOGUE 1:1) ever written in Mormondom.

Salvation is individual, not corporate. The corporation exists to assist the individual. When the corporate church chooses to frustrate rather than assist the individual's search for truth, that corporation may properly be ignored (in this aspect) as simply another bump on the road of experience.

The corporate danger (self-seduction) confuses truth with power — power to express one's views and power to enforce them. Leaders sometimes forget that there

"must needs be *opposition* in all things," not because of inherent evil from the "fallenness" of humanity, but rather because of inherent individuality in each uncreated human soul. Opposition is necessary because each person is an inalienable irreducible entity. Ignorant individuals "bump into" (oppose) intelligent individuals and learn from them (and vice-versa). This opposition is not at all evil but can mistakenly be so perceived if corporate leaders value loyalty above truth.

For those of us chronically tired of "bumping" into Church leadership, yet who know the gospel to be true, we thankfully turn to DIALOGUE and *Sunstone*, where intellectual bumping is encouraged.

Gerry L. Ensley
Los Alamitos, California

Flattering the Deceivers

Thanks for the inspirational and deeply moving essay by L. Jackson Newell, "An Echo from the Foothills: To Marshal the Forces of Reason" (Spring 1986). I too am a "convert," though my Mormon roots go back to the 1850s. As a teenager, I carefully disassembled the religion, compared it with other existing religious philosophies, decided that its principles were true, and concluded that the LDS Church could do more for me thousands of miles away than any other system of belief next door. I am still of that persuasion.

President David O. McKay taught us missionaries that "to be trusted is a greater tribute than to be loved." To deceive — no matter what the rationale — is still dishonesty, and is one of Satan's way of "flattering" the deceivers to destroy them, telling them "behold, this is no harm" . . . that "it is no sin to lie" if done for a righteous (sic!) cause.

In my opinion, the anonymous Church authorities who used their power to force a counterfeit version of Elder Poelman's October 1984 conference speech to be produced (and dispensed to the Church members as the genuine original) may claim justification for their action by saying they "didn't want the remarks to be misinterpreted by apostate groups," but what they really accomplished was to tell the discerning members of the Church that the authorities are not to be trusted.

"No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood. . . ."

Lew W. Wallace
San Gabriel, California

Marvelous Meg

Thank you for publishing Margaret Rampton Munk's article, "Service under Stress" (Summer 1986). I reread Meg's article after reading her obituary and cried. She was a classmate in French at the University of Utah and I so admired her.

Marvelous Meg — always prepared, organized, quiet, poised, intelligent, alert, and happy. Meg's children will cherish her living legacy in DIALOGUE, a printed part of her life to emulate. Margaret's sharp honesty and candid humor will nourish their lives and ours.

Diane Nielson Weilenmann
Salt Lake City, Utah

Scientifically Illiterate

Richard Smith's evocative discussion ("Science: A Part of or Apart from Mormonism," Spring 1986) of the widespread denigration of science by many of the recent and present Church hierarchy was most timely.

I share his dismay and his northern Utah background. In 1949 I chose as my seminary valedictory at Box Elder High, "The Harmony between Science and Religion." Although some might find that title an oxymoron in today's Mormon climate, I was able to draw heavily upon Dr. Widtsoe and other respected Mormon scientists to buttress my address. I suspect such a topic today would be discouraged by the seminary principal.

I am saddened when scientifically illiterate Church leaders belittle scientific achievements which enhance our knowl-

edge of the cosmos and its contents. President Joseph Fielding Smith was a fine scripturalist but his scientific training and understanding were rudimentary, to say the least. When *Man: His Origin and Destiny* appeared with its contention that the earth and its inhabitants were just 6,000 years old, I was struck by the similarities with Galileo's religious contemporaries who insisted that the sun revolved around the earth.

It is puzzling when leaders who boast of the Church's superb satellite communication system which can transmit conferences simultaneously to two-thirds of the membership are sometimes the same leaders who berate those scientists whose very discoveries of complex physical principles have made such transmission possible.

Like Brother Richard Smith, I firmly believe that our scientific discoveries, particularly those of the physical and natural sciences, make the Creator more awesome as we uncover the intricacies of the universe. I vividly recall a medical meeting where Henry Eyring was our guest speaker. He began his address, "Now if God were a physical chemist — and since he authored the laws, I like to think he obeys them — then here is how life on this earth could have been created. Once every two billion years or so, the situation would be right. The right temperature, the proper mix of elements, etc. . . . Of course, if special creation occurred, then all bets are off."

It would be reassuring if at least some of our present leaders could emulate Brigham Young's acceptance of the scientific method. Perhaps the ascension to apostleship of Russell Nelson, a trained scientist, can begin to restore a measure of balance to our fundamentalist leadership.

C. Basil Williams
Ogden, Utah

HUMOR CONFERENCE

Proposals for papers on international humor are due before 15 January 1987 for the International Humor Conference of World Humor and Irony Membership (WHIM). One page abstracts and a $50 conference fee should be sent to Don L. F. Nilsen, English Department, Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ 85287. The international humor conference will be held 1–5 April 1987 in the Memorial Union of ASU, Tempe, Arizona.

Christmas Sonnets from Other Years

Helen Candland Stark

1937

Christ through a troubled world drags his cross,
Wishful that on this his birthday night
Someone gentle toward his message might
Offer him sanctuary. But in a lost
Cause his back breaks. Eyes stunned to stare
At brother's blood on brother will not see
His white hands of pity, nor will he
Whose gods are the steel nerves of electric air.

Fortunate those who by some chance of race
Or creed or accident of home, still know
The hope of cattle kneeling, and the glow
Of tranquil love, the quiet after grace.
Fortunate they whose fragrant hearths are blessed
By him who pauses weary there, for rest.

1940

Well, we know it now, the ultimate good,
Know for ourselves by tautening bowel and breath:
Refrain of Christmas song, half understood,
How it is beaten into life by death!
Stripped of its tinsel, it is all things dear:
Now it is song itself, and food and light,
Now it is safety and the anchoring year,
Sharing by day, and comfort in the night.

So we would wish you peace beside your fire,
Peace with your children, peace between you two,
Peace with your friends, and those you serve or hire,
Peace in your country — In warped hate they slew
Again the Prince of Peace, and in defeat
Flung Peace on Earth a shambles at his feet.

HELEN CANDLAND STARK, a BYU graduate, has contributed to Mormon periodicals for over fifty years from Delaware and, more recently, Salem and Provo, Utah. These sonnets are, she says, "a sampling of fifty years of assorted Christmas messages (some mailed in August of the following year) that have taken the form, not only of verse but also of letters, photographs, songs, and combinations thereof."

1944

The temple shafts are broken, and the rich
Brocade of ceremony, scattered threads.
In the dark earth the spent libation spreads.
Priestess and priest lie stolid in their niche.

But he goes to his grave still unfulfilled
Who never served before some altar stone;
And he goes unredeemed who has not known
The midnight incense and the offering spilled.

Ah then, be comforted while yet we raise
Shrines by the hearth, temples of pillared fir.
Priests let us be. Anoint our hands with myrrh.
"Jesus, our Lord, how marvelous are Thy ways,
So newly come from God, still free from sorrow,
Our treasured joy today, our hope tomorrow."

Rediscovering the Context of Joseph Smith's Treasure Seeking

Alan Taylor

ONE NIGHT IN 1811 IN ROYALTON, VERMONT, Joseph Smith, Sr., dreamed he was in a barren, silent, lifeless field. A spirit advised the elder Smith to eat the contents of a box that promised "wisdom and understanding." Immediately, "all manner of beasts, horned cattle, and roaring animals, rose up on every side in the most threatening manner possible, tearing the earth, tossing their horns, and bellowing most terrifically all around me, and they finally came so close upon me that I was compelled to drop the box, and fly for my life" (L. Smith 1853, 57). I think I know how the elder Smith felt. For, as a historian of rural America during the early Republic, I find myself in an analogous situation when I encounter documents like Joseph Smith, Jr.'s, 18 June 1825 letter to Josiah Stowell advising:

> You know the treasure must be guarded by some clever spirit and if such is discovered so also is the treasure so do this take a hasel stick one yard long being new Cut and cleave it Just in the middle and lay it asunder on the mine so that both inner parts of the stick may look one right against the other one inch distant and if there is a treasure after a while you shall see them draw and Join together again of themselves (*Church News*, 12 May 1985).

Or when I read Martin Harris, writing to W. W. Phelps in 1830:

> Joseph Smith Jr first come to my notice in the year of 1824. In the summer of that year I contracted with his father to build a fence on my property. In the corse of that work I aproach Joseph & ask how it is in a half day you put up what requires your father & 2 brothers a full day working together? He says I have not been with out assistance but can not say more only you better find out. The next day I take the older Smith by the arm & he says Joseph can see any thing he wishes by looking at a stone. Joseph often sees Spirits here with great kettles of coin money. It was Spirits

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> who brought up rock because Joseph made no attempt on their money. I latter dream I converse with spirits which let me count their money. When I awake I have in my hand a dollar coin which I take for a sign. Joseph describes what I seen in every particlar. Says he the spirits are greived so I through back the dollar (*Church News*, 28 April 1985).[1]

What had been a relatively plain and comprehensible documentary landscape suddenly comes alive with the inexplicable: with people matter-of-factly talking of guardian spirits, divining rods, seer stones, and treasures that move in the ground. As the current controversy over these newly publicized documents attests, new "wisdom and understanding" can be perplexing, even frightening.

But these new documents need not be so perplexing and frightening if we reconstruct the cultural context of rural America in the early nineteenth century, a context where treasure-seekers were neither fools nor deceivers, where treasure-seeking was part of an attempt to recapture the simplicity and magical power associated with apostolic Christianity. To recapture that context we need to exorcise the persistent spirit of Philastus Hurlbut, whom I'm using here to represent the entire nineteenth-century cult of rationality that so complicates our attempt to understand people in the past who mixed magic with their Christianity. For we today have inherited that cult's rigid insistence that magic and Christianity are polar opposites when in fact they have usually been inseparable and natural allies.

Magic is a particular way of looking at the universe. Magic perceives the supernatural as inseparably interwoven with the material world while the pure "religion" of definition divorces the two, separating them into distinct dimensions. Magic detects supernatural entities throughout our natural environment, intermediaries between man and God, spirits both good and evil that can hurt or help men and women both materially and spiritually. To minimize harm and secure benefit, people who believe they dwell in a magical cosmos practice rituals intended to influence the spiritual beings, the supernatural entities. In contrast, abstract "religion" strips the natural environment of its spirits and relocates God's divine power to a distant sphere. The sharp distinction between "magic" and "religion" seems clear and straightforward, but anthropologists and religious historians have repeatedly discovered that magic and religion have at most times and in most places been interwoven. Few people anywhere have ever possessed a religious faith shorn of hope that through its pursuit they could manipulate the supernatural for protection and benefit in this life as well as the next. Moreover, our century's neat distinction between magic and religion is laden with the value judgment that magic is superstitious, deluded, and irrational, if not downright evil, while religion is the lofty, abstract expression of our highest ideals (Jarvie and Agassi 1970; Nadel 1957; Thomas 1971, 25–77, 636–68).

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[1] I have added punctuation and necessary capitalization to the Smith-Stowell and Harris-Phelps letters. Between completion of this article and publication, new technical evidence presented at Mark Hofmann's preliminary hearing has challenged these two letters' authenticity. Perhaps forged, the documents skilfully summarize treasure seekings' nuances and links to early Mormonism as amply documented in other sources.

Hurlbut was a Mormon apostate who, in 1833, zealously collected affidavits in Palmyra and Manchester, New York, from people who described the Smith family's treasure-seeking. Hurlbut's affidavits (and subsequent anti-Mormon writers) implied that treasure-seeking was an ignorant superstition whose devotees were either credulous dupes or cunning con-men equally driven by materialistic greed (Howe 1840, 231–64; Tucker 1867, 20–22). Convinced that the Smiths were neither credulous nor devious, Mormon historians long denied that the family sought material treasure with occult methods. In the process, they implicitly accepted Hurlbut's premise that actual treasure-seekers were indeed deluded by superstition or driven by greed (Nibley 1961). This acceptance is readily understandable given that over the course of the nineteenth century, most Americans came to live in a disenchanted world that discredited magic; by the late nineteenth century, treasure beliefs seemed too incredible, too fantastic for anyone but fools or con-men to pursue. Consequently, the recent rediscovery of conclusive evidence that the Smiths were deeply involved in treasure-seeking is disconcerting for those Mormons who accepted the equation of treasure-seeking with ignorant superstition and cunning greed.

Indeed, although most recent Mormon historians recognize the Smiths's treasure-seeking, they remain sufficiently haunted by Hurlbut's premise to minimize folk magic's long-term influence on Joseph Smith, Jr., and its significance to the early Mormon faith (Bushman 1985; D. Hill 1977; M. Hill 1972; Newell and Avery 1984). The root of the problem is that, in assessing treasure seeking's meaning, historians are tempted to posit too stark a dichotomy between tradition and modernity, between magic and religion. They stress the ancient roots, continuity, and unity of occult beliefs across time and space. They refer to a wide array of very different belief complexes — Rosicrucianism, freemasonry, divining, alchemy, phrenology, astrology, visions, dreams, faith-healing — from different times and places as if their differences were unimportant — as if the essential point was that they were all occult, that they were all magical, that they were, in effect, all parts of a traditional world that had not yet discovered truly abstract religion and rational inquiry. By treating occult beliefs as a whole they miss the fact that specific beliefs are extremely revealing about the particular culture in place and time that develops them. Consequently they imply that the early Republic's treasure-seekers subscribed to a set of beliefs unchanged from the ancient Egyptians. Surely they are correct that venerable folk beliefs provided the intellectual raw materials exploited by the treasure-seekers, but they slight a second critical element: the degree to which those seekers actively, energetically, and innovatively reworked those beliefs to meet the challenges of their own place and time. To recognize the treasure-seekers' creativity we need to shed our assumption that what we call tradition was an immutable monolith. We cannot fully understand the treasure seekers if we continue to think of them as simple anachronisms, as practitioners of the timeless occult who were oblivious to, or rebellious against, the larger, cosmopolitan culture's trend toward empirical rationalism.[2]

[2] Here I differ with Quinn (1986, 48–49) and with Walker (1986). For a fuller statement of my views on the unique nature of the treasure-seeking practiced in America during

Indeed, I would argue that Joseph Smith, Jr.'s, transition from treasure-seeker to Mormon prophet was natural, easy, and incremental and that it resulted from the dynamic interaction of two simultaneous struggles: first, of seekers grappling with supernatural beings after midnight in the hillsides, and, second, of seekers grappling with hostile rationalists in the village streets during the day. Confronted with uncooperative spirits and with rationalism's challenge, over time the treasure-seekers adopted more complex and explicitly empirical techniques. Aware that the respectable considered them credulous fools, the seekers were determined to prove to themselves, if not to others, that they were in fact careful and canny investigators of the supernatural. In their quasi-scientific religiosity, these treasure-seekers were much more akin to their contemporaries, the spiritualists, than to ancient and medieval magicians. This is especially evident in the life of Joseph Smith's first and most important convert, Martin Harris: fellow treasure-seeker, and witness and financier of the Book of Mormon (Wood 1980).

Three interrelated characteristics loom large in every account of Martin Harris: substantial agricultural prosperity, limited formal education, and a restless religious curiosity. He was an honest, hard-working, astute man honored by his townsmen with substantial posts as fence-viewer and overseer of highways but never with the most prestigious offices: selectman, moderator, or assemblyman. (See Ronald G. Walker's essay in this issue; it is my source for information about Harris.) In the previous generation in rural towns like Palmyra substantial farmers like Harris would have reaped the highest status and most prestigious offices. But Harris lived in the midst of explosive cultural change as the capitalist market and its social relationships rode improved internal transportation into the most remote corners of the American countryside. The agents of that change were the newly arrived lawyers, printers, merchants, and respectable ministers who clustered in villages and formed a new elite committed to "improving" their towns *and* their humbler neighbors. The village elites belonged to a new self-conscious "middle class," simultaneously committed to commercial expansion and moral reform. Because of their superior contacts with and knowledge of the wider world, the new village elites reaped higher standing and prestigious posts from their awed neighbors (Johnson 1978).

Utterly self-confident in their superior rationality and access to urban ideas, the village elites disdained rural folk notions as ignorant, if not vicious, superstitions that obstructed commercial and moral "improvement." Through ridicule and denunciation, the village middle class aggressively practiced a sort of cultural imperialism that challenged the folk beliefs held by farmers like Martin Harris (Bushman 1985, 6–7, 71–72). Harris's material prosperity was comparable to the village elite's but, because of his hard physical labor and limited education, culturally he shared more with hardscrabble families like the Smiths. A village lawyer needed only scan Harris's gray homespun attire and large stiff hat to conclude that a farmer had come to town. A village minister

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the early Republic, see Taylor (1986). My views on the volatility of cultures labeled "traditional" have been influenced by Hobsbawn and Ranger (1983) and Young (1983).

could tell from Harris's "disputatious" arguments for "visionary" religion that this was a country man who preferred reading his Bible to attending learned sermons.

A proud and sensitive man, Harris disliked the village elites for belittling his culture and for preempting the status that in the previous generation in rural towns like Palmyra would have gone to substantial farmers. Because western New York's village elites cooperated through membership in Masonic lodges, Harris's involvement in the anti-Masonic movement attests to the resentful suspicion he felt toward men with extensive external contacts and greater worldly knowledge. But this does *not* mean that he withdrew into a timeless, unchanging folk culture in utter rejection of the wider world and its new ideas. Instead he tried to defend his beliefs by proving to himself and others that the village elites' ridicule was misplaced, that the supernatural world of angels, spirits, and demons was every bit as "real" and subject to scientific understanding as the natural world, that indeed the supernatural was just that extension of the natural that men did not yet fully comprehend but could and would if they were willing to "experimentally" explore the spiritual dimension. In effect he meant to refute the respectable people's condescension by demonstrating that he was more wise than they, that his investigations opened the secrets of existence in a manner that the narrow-minded elite foreclosed. Small wonder then that his favorite biblical quotation, paraphrased from 1 Corinthians 1:27, was "God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise."

Like the Smiths and thousands of other rural folk in the arc of hill towns stretching from Ohio east to Maine, Harris was a "Christian primitivist," a religious seeker who thoroughly scoured his Bible and his dreams in a determined effort to directly know his God. Dissatisfied with abstract religion, primitivists sought tangible contact with the divine. Terrified of living alienated and isolated from God's voice, seekers longed for the reassurance of regular spiritual encounters in dreams, visions, inner voices, and uncanny coincidences. They aptly called their search "experimental religion." The early Republic's seekers insisted that the established denominations had lost the original simplicity and spiritual power of the apostolic Christian church when the faithful experienced miracles and spoke in tongues. They believed that their day's respectable denominations had lapsed into empty forms and rituals that deadened their members' ability to reestablish direct mystical contact. By insisting on direct, individual encounters with divinity, seekers disdained any temporal authority that presumed to govern individual conscience. They hoped to reestablish the apostolic Christian churches where members helped one another to directly experience the divine. Confident that this reestablishment would usher in the millennium, every seeker played a crucial role in a critical struggle with cosmic consequences. Every moment and every action raised the stakes as the climactic conflict between Christ and Antichrist drew nearer. This was the sort of role that Martin Harris longed to play. Most "Christian primitivists" found their way into the Methodists, Freewill Baptists, or Christ-ians, as did Harris temporarily, but neither he nor the Smiths felt satisfied with any existing church for long (M. Hill 1969, 355–56; Hatch 1980; Wood 1980, 371).

Harris's restless search for sustained encounters with God and his angels led him to associate with the nearby Smith family, who shared his concerns. By the 1820s the Smiths had achieved local notoriety with the village respectables and local influence among the rural folk for their expertise with visions, dreams, and treasure-seeking. Contrary to Hurlbut's assumptions, there was no contradiction between the Smith's religious seeking and their treasure-seeking. Indeed, for the Smiths and many other hill-country Christian primitivists, treasure-seeking was an extension of their "experimental religion." It represented a cross-fertilization of material desire and spiritual aspiration. Sure that they dwelled in a magical landscape alive with both evil (demons) and good spirits (angels), treasure-seekers believed that Christ would reward those who battled evil, certainly in the next life, and perhaps with a treasure in this one. They proceeded with a sort of empirical spirituality, testing their faith against guardian spirits and using prayers, Bibles, and religious pamphlets in their digging rituals. They insisted that the presence of anyone of dubious morality or incomplete faith doomed the attempt to recover a treasure. It was no accident that the Smiths' leading collaborator in their Palmyra treasure-seeking was Willard Chase, a Methodist preacher (Bushman 1985, 72). Because of this intersection with religious seeking I prefer to call them treasure-seekers rather than the more sordid-sounding money-diggers. And if we recognize this intersection, then they do not appear such a bad lot for the Smiths to have associated with (Taylor 1986).

One interpretation current among Mormon historians sees Joseph Smith, Jr., as a reluctant treasure-seeker egged on by his father and neighbors who ill-understood the spiritual purpose of his gifts and twisted them to material ends (Bushman 1985, 69–76). This sets up a false distinction between what was inseparable in treasure-seeking (at least, in treasure-seeking as practiced by the Smith family): spirituality and materialism. Moreover, never in his life did Joseph Smith do anything by halves, always plunging forward with apparently boundless enthusiasm, conviction, and energy. It rings false to read his treasure-seeking differently. Recognizing this, Mormon historian Michael Quinn recently observed, "It really seems pointless for Mormon apologists to continue to deny the extent and enthusiasm of Joseph Smith, Jr.'s, participation in treasure-digging throughout the 1820s" (Quinn 1986, 48).

Instead of seeing young Joseph's treasure-seeking as an early and reluctant false step we ought, as Jan Shipps argued twelve years ago, to regard it as an essential early stage of a life-long process by which he grappled with the supernatural in search of the spiritual power that came by accumulating divine wisdom. She wrote, "If the prophet's preference for leaving the money-digging part of his career out of the picture is ignored . . . a pattern emerges which leaves little room for doubting that Smith's use of the seerstone was an important indication of his early and continued interest in extra-rational phenomena, and that it played an important role in his spiritual development" (1974, 14). Joseph Smith eagerly pursued treasure-seeking as a peculiarly tangible way to practice "experimental religion," as an opportunity to develop his spiritual gifts through regular exercise in repeated contests with guardian

spirits. Because it was the contest itself that interested him, the repeated failure to recover gold did not discourage his efforts. Indeed, Martin Harris observed in his letter to Phelps, that the spirits appreciated Joseph "because Joseph made no attempt on their money." Joseph was after something more than mere material wealth: by accumulating spiritual understanding he hoped to attain divine power. He earnestly wanted to become godlike. So he wore a silver Jupiter talisman inscribed, "Make me, O God, all powerful" and testified that when he looked at his seerstone he "discovered that time, place and distance were annihilated; that all the intervening obstacles were removed, and that he possessed one of the attributes of Deity, an All-Seeing Eye" (Quinn 1986, 61; Kirkham 2:365–66).

He began small by grappling with the guardian spirits of treasure troves in nocturnal, ritualistic digging expeditions but, through such experiences, matured his concerns toward his ultimate role as the Mormon prophet. By the time he recovered the treasure he sought, it was no longer the mammon of a few years earlier but instead a book of divine knowledge. Translating and publishing that book accelerated his pursuit of divine knowledge's power as he became a prophet guiding a growing number of devoted seekers. If we see Smith's spiritual engagement as a continuum beginning at age fourteen in 1820 and continuing through treasure-seeking and the transitional recovery of the gold plates to his role as the Mormon prophet, then we should not be surprised that he and his followers described what he saw in 1827 differently in 1840 than they did in 1830, that their understanding evolved from talking of guardian spirits to describing angels representing Christ. If we see Smith engaged in a lifelong struggle to master spiritual knowledge, then it is natural that he and his followers continuously reinterpreted earlier episodes (Shipps 1974, 12–14).

Characteristically, Harris felt torn between his fervent desire to experience what the Smiths described and his wary determination to carefully test their abilities, to convince himself that the village scoffers were wrong. Because he was determined to answer rational skepticism, rather than reject its validity, Harris continuously sought empirical evidence to buttress the Smiths's claims. He tested young Joseph's ability to divine with his seerstone the location of a pin hidden in shavings and straw. Like a scientist trying to replicate a colleague's experiments, Harris went treasure-seeking and sought to direct his dreams to encounters with the guardian treasure spirits that the Smiths described. After Smith secured the plates, Harris took two assistants (treasure lore held that at least three men were necessary for a successful dig) to Cumorah to look for the stone box and claimed to see it vanish into the bowels of the earth. In search of contradictions, Harris separately interrogated various members of the Smith family about Joseph's discovery. Although initially denied permission to see the plates, Harris hefted the covered plates and carefully reasoned from their weight that they must be gold or lead, metals the impoverished Smiths could not have purchased. Then he resorted to experimental religion's ultimate test — private prayer — and believed he obtained divine confirmation in an inner voice that urged him to believe the Smiths and assist their translation. Finally, his eager visit to Professor Anthon and other cosmo-

politan experts with the transcribed hieroglyphics attests that he respected worldly learning and felt confident it could promote young Joseph's discovery if the learned would only recognize the evidence Harris laid before them (I've imposed my interpretation on evidence from Walker 1986; Quinn 1986, 47; and Bushman 1985, 104–5).

To conclude, if we recognize the late treasure-seekers' sincere spirituality and quasi-scientific rationality, then we can detect important continuities with early Mormonism (M. Hill 1969, 351). Just as religious aspiration informed treasure-seeking, magic persisted within early Mormonism, as Michael Quinn has so thoroughly documented (1986, 35–38). Joseph used his seerstone to find and translate the gold plates and cherished that stone for the rest of his life. Other Mormons — including David Whitmer, Hiram Page, and Brigham Young — used their own seerstones to seek divine messages, and Oliver Cowdery employed his gift with witch-hazel rods to divine answers to spiritual questions. As President of the LDS Church, the pragmatic, rational Brigham Young testified that he believed in astrology and insisted that treasures were real instruments of divine power: "These treasures that are in the earth are carefully watched, they can be removed from place to place according to the good pleasure of Him who made them and owns them" (Quinn 1986, 51).

Early Mormons persisted in practicing magic because they nurtured a magical world view where the material and the spiritual were interwoven in the same universe. But their cosmology was much more than the timeless occult; indeed, it was imbued with the same spirit of rational inquiry that characterized late treasure-seekers and the spiritualists, for in addition to spiritualizing matter, as did traditional magic, Mormon cosmology also materialized the spiritual. This rendered the supernatural ultimately comprehensible by purposeful human inquiry. As Joseph Smith wrote, "There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes; we cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified we shall see that all is matter" (Hansen 1981, 28). He explained, "A *spirit* is as much matter as oxygen or hydrogen" (O'Dea 1957, 120). He added, "God the father is material, Jesus Christ is material. Angels are material. Space is full of materiality. Nothing exists which is not material" (Hansen 1981, 71). In this view, miracles are not incomprehensible interventions from a distinct supernatural dimension but instead natural phenomena that humans cannot yet understand but eventually will *if through "experimental religion" they pursue spiritual understanding.* For, like the late treasure-seekers, early Mormons conceived of their faith as a progressive, scientific perfection of man's ability to comprehend the cosmos (Wood 1980, 385; McMurrin 1965, 2, 6, 13).

Through Joseph Smith's agency, treasure-seeking evolved into the Mormon faith. Indeed, Mormon theology represented a continuation of the concerns he had previously pursued through treasure-seeking. An empirical search for divine knowledge and power recurs in his plan of salvation which explains that God's plan for humankind is that they advance in knowledge and power by dealing with matter on the earth. Smith insisted, "A man is saved no faster

than he gets knowledge, for if he does not get knowledge, he will be brought into captivity by some evil power in the other world, as evil spirits will have more knowledge, and consequently more power than many men who are on the earth" (O'Dea 1957, 130). As with Smith's early treasure-seeking contests, obtaining divine exaltation was a matter of learning to understand and control the supernatural laws already known by the most advanced supramaterial being, God. Human beings pursued God in this progressive, unending struggle to comprehend and, so, master the universe; in 1844 Joseph Smith explained, "As man is God once was: as God is man may become" (Hansen 1981, 72).

Smith adapted treasure-seeking's promise that the deserving would ultimately reap tangible rewards that were simultaneously and inseparably spiritual and material. A revelation of his describes how the exalted would "inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominion over all heights and depths. . . . then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them" (D&C 132; in Hansen 1981, 79). But, unlike the treasure-seekers who hoped to unite search and recovery in this world, Smith divided the two into different stages in the soul's eternal continuum: seekers were to use this world to perfect themselves but look for their proper reward *only* in the future state, and *not* after midnight in this probationary world's glacial till. This division of search and reward enabled Mormonism to survive, while the earlier and similar New Israelites, a religious sect in Middletown, Vermont, collapsed when its promise of material reward through treasure-seeking in this world failed (Frisbie 1867, 43–59).

In this transformation of treasure-seeking into early Mormonism we see the fruit of the two interactive struggles: of seekers with the supernatural, of magic with reason. Smith had dual reasons for redirecting treasure-seeking's spirituality. First, his personal progressive struggle with spiritual beings for divine knowledge gradually led him to see that the search for literal treasure in this world was a dead end. Second, he recognized that a reputation for treasure-seeking was a handicap in communicating his message to an audience increasingly committed to rationality and a more abstract understanding of religion. To further his proselytizing mission, he and his followers deemphasized his early supernatural explorations as a treasure seer, a deemphasis that has ever since led some Mormons to doubt that he was ever so involved and anti-Mormons to charge that he was insincere. Perhaps it is now possible to recognize that Mormonism's founders were deeply and enthusiastically involved in folk magic but that this does not undermine the sincerity of the Mormon faith (Shipps 1974, 13–14).

POSTSCRIPT

Without the unusually rich documents describing Joseph Smith's magical practices, historians studying early American folk magic would be left with little but stray commentary from folklorists collecting the quaint and hostile observers denouncing the unfamiliar. If I am correct that treasure-seeking *as*

practiced by the Smiths and other Christian primitivists was deeply spiritual and that there was a natural continuity from treasure-seeking to Mormonism, then its documentation does not undermine the Mormon faith. Consequently, it would be doubly tragic if the anti-Mormon Philastus Hurlbut's mistaken premise equating treasure-seeking with irreligious greed continued to influence how Mormons reacted to the evidence, particularly if that premise induced the LDS Church to discourage open discussion and the release of further evidence. It would be unfortunate both for the Church and for scholars whose work depends so heavily upon continued access to invaluable sources available nowhere else.

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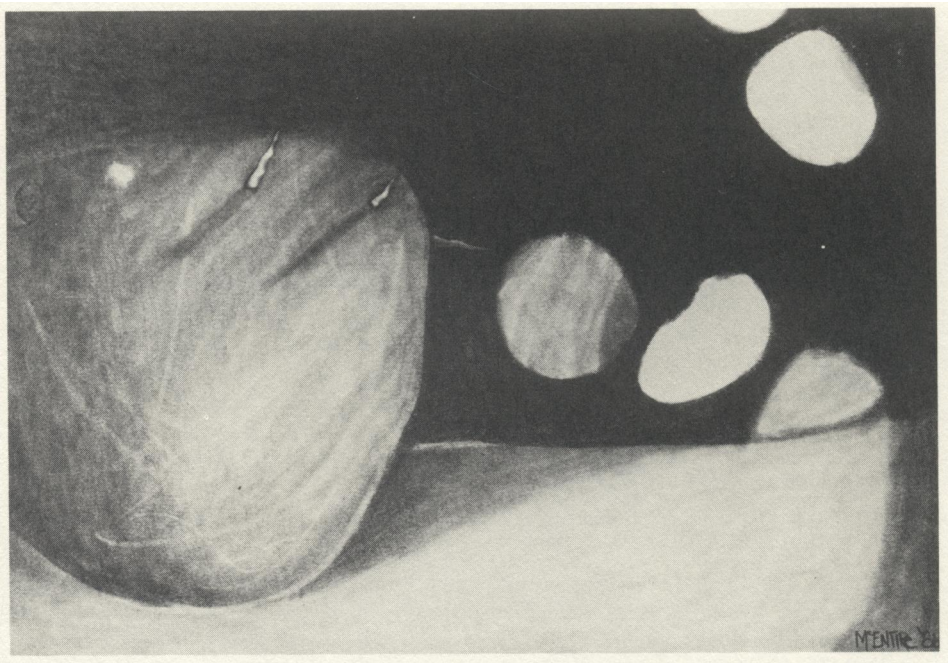

Martin Harris: Mormonism's Early Convert

Ronald W. Walker

IT BEGAN IN THE AUTUMN OF 1874 with a knock that interrupted Pilkingtons' evening devotions. The stranger at the door explained that he wished to hire a boy to do chores and promised room, board, and a two-year-old heifer in exchange for a year's labor. Moments later, fourteen-year-old Willie Pilkington, several months removed from a Lancashire sweat shop, found himself leaving his family and sitting down in the stranger's log house, the first that he had seen since arriving in Utah territory. His new employer gave Willie a pan of bread and milk for supper, supplied him with two quilts — one to soften the cabin's floor and the other to barely shield him from the autumn mountain air — and quickly went to bed in another part of the house.

Willie thought he was alone, but then he heard a noise from the corner of the room that his small oil lamp failed to explain. Unnerved but not knowing what else to do, the boy quickly finished his supper and was trying to fashion a bed on the floor when he saw in the dark corner an emaciated man, who beckoned him to pull up a chair. "Now, Willie," the old man said after learning his name, "tomorrow night after your chores are done and we have had supper and all the folks have gone to bed, I want you to sit down in this chair, close to mine, for I have lots to tell" (Pilkington n.d., 7–9).

So it began. During the next nine months, first at their Smithfield, Utah, farm and later when the family moved across the valley to Clarkston, the old man compulsively told and retold his story whenever he had a chance. At times it seemed his very existence required it. He spoke about himself and his past, of an ancient religious history written on plates made from gold and unearthed from their hiding place, of a new religion that restored God's ways. In all this, he claimed a central role. His money had been crucial. Moreover, he

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had seen the golden plates, spoken with an angel, and literally heard the voice of God.

Had the old-timer been more reflective, his account might have contained an element of self-torment or perhaps catharsis. His role had not always been exemplary. As it was, his self-importance, which had been his undoing from the beginning, at times diminished the obvious sincerity of his tale. Willie remembered the exaggeration and the self-consciousness when the old gentleman first revealed his name. Shuffling to his feet, the ninety-two year old placed his walking cane in his left hand, drew himself upright, and dramatically struck his right hand against his breast.

"I am Martin Harris," he announced (Pilkington n.d., 9).

It was, in fact, a name worth remembering.

Perhaps Thomas Harris, Martin's earliest Harris family progenitor in America, had set the pattern. Thomas rejected the Elizabethans' religious compromise, the Thirty-nine Articles of Belief, and was among the first wave of Dissenters to come to America. But the Massachusetts Bay colony proved inhospitable. Thomas, who had known the religious radical Roger Williams in England and had travelled with him to America, continued to follow the Separatist leader in Massachusetts. After Williams fled the colony during the winter of 1634–35, Thomas and his brother William joined him in his Rhode Island wilderness. However according to family lore, Thomas returned to Boston, asked permission to occupy the pulpit, and delivered a scorching sermon that enraged his listeners. If later reports can be credited, Thomas was dragged by his hair from the church, lashed by a cat'o'nine tails, and jailed without bread or water (Gunnell 1955, 1–5; Harris and Jay [n.d.], 1; Brockunier 1940).

Thomas Harris's stubborn religious enthusiasm apparently lay fallow for several generations. His great-great grandson, Nathan Harris, Martin's father, seemed more motivated toward economic betterment. About 1780 Nathan left Rhode Island, where the Harrises had lived for four generations, for the opportunity of upstate New York. His first two children were born near Albany, and apparently in the early 1790s, Harris and his wife, Rhoda Lapham, began to establish roots in western New York's primitive Ontario County.[1] By 1794 Nathan had purchased for about $300 New York currency 600 acres of rich loamed soil near present-day Palmyra, New York, and began tilling the land (Cook 1930, 202).

How much Nathan himself worked on the project is unclear. Early accounts speak of Rhoda's domestic energy and of Nathan's talent as a hunter and sportsman, which in after years assumed proportions of folklore. According to one account, a single haul of Nathan's seine at Ganargua Creek netted eighteen salmon. Neighbors also talked about his ability to bring down migrat-

[1] Following the *Palmyra Courier*, 24 May 1872, and Cook 1930, most historians have placed the Harris family's arrival in western New York in 1794. However, Harris Family Group Sheets, Latter-day Saint Genealogical Society, Salt Lake City, show Nathan Harris children born in the area as early as 1785.

ing birds with his fowling gun and credited him with slaying the last wolf in the locality, killed as the aging Harris pursued him on a horse at full gallop. A later generation found his distinctive, large-bore musket balls ubiquitously lodged throughout the neighborhood woods. But whatever their respective contributions, farming or hunting, Nathan and Rhoda cleared their land, planted crops and orchards, and eventually transformed their log home into a frame house set at the north end of Wintergreen Hill (Cook 1930, 204; Durfee in Turner 1851, 384).

The neighborhood grew up around them. During the early years, the outlying Harris homestead was tied to the main settlement by a simple trail, one and a quarter miles long, which was later improved to a road running out of the village on the north side of Mud Creek. At first the village was called "Swift's Landing" or "Swift's Town," for General John Swift, the early settler and land speculator from whom the pioneers had secured their titles. As the township grew it was twice rechristened, first as "Toland," and then in 1796, after a town meeting, as "Palmyra," presumably more in keeping with classicism of the Federal era. Growth was steady. Less than a decade after the Harrises' migration, the township had about 1,137 settlers. In another ten years the figure doubled (Cook 1930, 204; Gunnell 1955, 13; Backman 1971, 14, 45; Bean 1938, 12–13).

Young Martin grew up pioneering. He was born 18 May 1783 at East Town, Saratoga County, New York, the second of the Harrises' eight children. We know little about his youth; but if his later personality and activity are guides, the boy partook of the sturdy values of his neighborhood which included work, honesty, rudimentary education, and a godly fear. Martin undoubtedly labored beside his parents, grubbing out underbrush, cutting the stubborn stands of hardwood timber, and learning to plant, harvest, and perhaps sell the New York wheat for which his region increasingly became known. Young men at the time understood that, if things went well, such work might lay the foundations for their own future. A family with enough cleared acreage had the means to provide a patrimony.

Our information is equally scant about Martin's education. Because no New York State law required common or public schools until 1812, the early settlers shifted for themselves. In 1792, when Martin was already ten years old, Palmyra built its first formal school, a rough-hewn log building, on land donated by General Swift. Two subsequent schools, denominated respectively as "Federal" and "Democrat," reflected the strong political currents of the time. In addition there certainly were other neighborhood or cottage learning groups (Cook 1930, 265–67). Perhaps Martin attended one or more of these; but as a later associate said, he secured during his life but "small literary acquirements (Phelps to Howe, 1831). Reading, writing, and the basic mathematical skills necessary for farming were the frontier's usual curriculum.

Successful farming, of course, demanded more than the three "R's." But whatever ingredients were required, whether industry, judgment, or shrewd practicality, Martin clearly had them in abundance. He may have continued farming with Nathan until his mid-twenties, perhaps renting a portion of the

land or working with his father for shares; but in 1813 he paid $800 for 121 acres situated on the north end of the farm. Three months later he added another twenty-five acres for $250. Such cash outlays, handsome for the time, testified of the young man's talent and growing prosperity. During the next fourteen years, he secured at least another six parcels, totalling almost 120 acres at an expense of more than $1600.[2]

Fortune seemed ascendent. He married his almost sixteen year old cousin, Lucy Harris, in 1808. They had at least five children, three of whom lived to adulthood. Martin established his family in a white, one-and-a-half story, eight- or nine-room frame home with hemlock-boarded sheds and barns nearby (Cook 1930, 206; Tuckett and Wilson 1983, 10). He served briefly and without injury in the War of 1812 (Tuckett and Wilson 1983, 12). And as he entered life's mid-passage, Palmyra consistently awarded him a series of minor offices appropriate to his growing status. Beginning in 1814 when he was forty-one, he was elected seven times as one the township's twenty-eight Overseers of Highways, serving first in District 9 and later in District 13. Six of these years he was given the additional duty of "Fence Viewer," which provided the nominal compensation of fifty cents a day.[3] These civic trusts were of the nature of *oblige*, conduct expected from and accorded by responsible citizens.

At a time when farming practices remained encrusted by superstition ("We plant, we sow, we reap and mow," complained one agriculture editor, "when the moon is auspicious" [American 1819]), Harris sought reform. He regularly won prizes offered by other improvement-minded farmers. During the early 1820s, he was recognized at the local fair for the manufacture of bed ticking, coverlets, worsted stockings, and flannel, and for the best "pair of rose blankets." Harris himself occasionally played a leadership role at these fairs. One year he helped judge swine. At another he was elected one of two Palmyra managers for the Ontario Agricultural Society (*Ontario Repository* [Title varies] [Canandaigua, New York], 29 Oct. 1822 and 11 Nov. 1823; *Wayne Sentinel* [Palmyra] 19 Nov. 1823, 17 Nov. 1824). "The beneficial effects to be realized from these societies, . . . must be gradually unfolded as a spirit of emulation is excited," lauded a local newspaper. "In some parts of this county these effects have already been seen" (*Palmyra Herald*, 6 Nov. 1822).

Harris may have also dabbled in political causes. During the Greek Revolution of the 1820s, he served on a committee of eleven to raise "donations and subscriptions" for the revolutionaries' relief, his selection influenced no doubt

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[2] Ontario and Wayne County, New York Deeds, microfilm copies, Genealogical Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah. These poorly indexed and difficult-to-read records may not fully list the entirety of Harris's holdings. Martin and his wife Lucy may have held 320 acres, and even then the total may be understated. See, for instance, Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 18 May 1837.

[3] "Minutes of the Annual Town Meeting." April 1814, pp. 178–79; April 1815, p. 185; April 1820, 2 April 1822, p. 219; 5 April 1825, p. 238; 3 April 1827, p. 265; 7 April 1829, pp. 286, 300. Palmyra Old Town Records, Palmyra Town Office. This information and several other items about Harris's Palmyra neighborhood were furnished by Don Enders, senior researcher, LDS Museum of Church History and Art, whose indepth research of the Palmyra area promises many insights about Mormonism's early environment.

by his potential purse. After Reverend Benjamin B. Stockton's erudite sermon in behalf of the cause, $50 was raised (*Wayne Sentinel*, 21 and 28 Jan. 1824). Harris also may have taken a role in the anti-Masonic crusade which swept the region in the late 1820s. At an anti-Masonic convention meeting held at Lyons, New York, (one of ten in Palmyra's immediate vicinity), Harris was called to serve on his neighborhood's vigilance committee.[4] Though likely opposing the Masons' supposed elitism and terror, Harris left behind no record of sustained anti-Masonry.

Another dimension to Harris's life was far more compelling. At the age of thirty-five, he found himself deeply stirred by the competing claims of the religious revivalists. Some Palmyra citizens remembered Harris being "tossed to and fro." "He was first an orthodox Quaker, then a Universalist, next a Restorationer, then a Baptist, [and] next a Presbyterian," recalled G. W. Stodard, a neighbor who had known him thirty years. (In Howe 1834, 261). Another Palmyra citizen added Methodism to the list, while a third villager remembered Harris's fondness for new creeds, "the more extravagant the better" (Clark 1842, 223; Turner 1851, 215).

Harris's version was less extravagant. On occasion he apparently visited Palmyra's several churches and established with churchgoers a mutual rapport. "All of the Sects called me brother because the Lord [had] enlightened me," he recollected. As a youth he may have worshipped with the Friends (the extended Harris family had Quaker ties), but since his midlife religious awakening, though "anxiously sought" by the "sectarians," he had felt "inspired of the Lord & taught of the Spirit" to refuse a formal commitment. Two issues bothered him. First, trinitarian formulas seemed absurdly convoluted. They defined a God that seemed too remote. How could he please such a being? His second question involved authority. Harris doubted that any church was properly authorized to act for God. "I might just as well plunge myself into the water as to have any one of the sects baptize me" (M. Harris 1870).

Religiously aroused, he turned to the good book. He "could quote more scripture than any man in the neighborhood," remembered one acquaintance (Gregg 1890, 37; also *Palmyra Courier* 24 May 1872; Tucker 1867, 40, 42). He mastered entire books from the Bible and would later "defy any man to show me any passage of scripture that I am not posted on or familiar with" (Harris to Emerson 1870). Among his encyclopedic collection of texts, however, there was a favorite, a paraphrase of I Corinthians 1:27: "God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise" (Gregg 1890, 37).

Perhaps Harris saw something of himself in the passage. At times the self-taught evangelist boldly challenged Palmyra's traditional and perhaps better educated believers. "I have more proof to prove nine persons in the Trinity than you have of three," he facetiously argued. If the Father and Son were

[4] *Wayne Sentinel*, 5 Oct. 1827. It is unclear whether Harris attended the Lyons convention. No "official" Palmyra delegates attended; if other townsmen were present, no newspaper or convention minutes lists them. For an enumeration of local ant-Masonic conventions, see Thompson 1980, 16.

nothing more than spirits, he claimed the seven spirits of the Book of Revelation, with their bodies of similar composition, should join them in the Godhead. He accused the Methodists in the neighborhood of borrowing some of his own doctrinal teachings and threatened legal action. His reaction, however, was not always confrontive. He liked the name and probably many of the teachings of Palmyra's "Christian" church, which, if like other "Christian" congregations elsewhere, was a loosely organized group of believers seeking the simple lifestyle, doctrines, and pentacostalism of early Christianity. But Harris eventually rejected the congregation as lacking proper authority (M. Harris 1870, 3; Hatch 1980).

Looking back on these years, he remembered feeling a strong sense of mission. God, he was sure, "had a work for me to do" (Tiffany 1859, 163). He also perceived that great events lay at hand, which he listed in specific detail. In the future, an angel should restore godly power. He also felt that a great work of preaching and "gathering" was imminent, when God would "set His hand again the second time to restore the kingdom of Israel." And if his memory was accurate, he even sensed the possibility of the coming forth of a new book of scripture which would join the Bible in a latter-day work (M. Harris to Emerson 1870). In sum, as the *Palmyra Courier* (7 June 1872) later suggested, Martin "had read of the wonders to come in the latter day, and now believed that day had arrived, and that his peculiar fitness to act as seer and prophet, was not to be overlooked by the powers that controlled the future."

How Harris had learned of his mission and of the great prophetic events of the future, he was unprepared to declare. "I am forbidden to say anything how the Lord showed them to me," he asserted, "except that by the power of God I have seen them." The depth and importance of what he had learned, however, he regarded to be of great consequence. "The Lord has showed to me ten times more . . . [about His work] than you know," he later boasted to an associate (Tiffany 1859, 166).

Perhaps Harris allowed later events to color his memory. Certainly his prophecies were uncannily accurate. But whatever Harris believed and preached during the early 1820s, it was sufficiently unusual to stir neighborhood gossip and nettle the established clergy. During this time, some Palmyrans described Harris as a skeptic who was "not very religious" — a charge that probably stemmed from his refusal to accept the teachings of the traditional churches (Kelley 1881; *Palmyra Courier*, 24 May 1872). The established clergy were harsher. The Episcopalian Reverend John Clark described Harris as having "a manifest disputatious turn of mind" (Clark 1842, 223); while the Reverend Jesse Townsend, who had been installed at Palmyra's Western Presbyterian Church in 1817, found Harris an "unlearned conceited hypocrite" and a "visionary fanatic" (Townsend to Stiles 1833).

There was an element of truth to Townsend's malevolence. Many accounts suggest that Harris was a visionary. "Marvelousness" was his "predominating phrenological development," remembered Pomeroy Tucker, who seemed to like and respect the man. He was given to a "belief in dreams, ghosts, hobgob-

lins, 'special providences,' terrestrial visits of angels, [and] the interposition of 'devils' to afflict sinful men" (1867, 50). John Gilbert, the Palmyra printer, likewise found him to be "superstitious," someone who "pretended to see things" (Kelley 1881, 166). Lorenzo Saunders, who claimed to know the Harris family well, was more colloquial. "There can't anybody say a word against Martin Harris," he asserted. "Martin was a good citizen . . . a man that would do just as he agreed with you. But, he was a great man for seeing spooks (Kelley 1884[?], 4; see also *Palmyra Courier* 24 May 1872; Clark 1842, 223).

It was perhaps impossible for many of Martin's neighbors, not to mention our present generation, to fully understand his behavior. His imagination was excitable and fecund. Once while reading scripture, he reportedly mistook a candle's sputtering as a sign that the devil desired to stop him (Stephen Harding in Gregg 1890, 42–43). Another time he excitedly awoke from his sleep believing that a creature as large as a dog had been upon his chest, though a nearby associate could find nothing to confirm his fears (Knight in Jessee 1974, 37). Several hostile and perhaps unreliable accounts told of visionary experiences with Satan and Christ, Harris once reporting that Christ had been poised on a roof beam.[5] But such talk came easy. His exaggerated sense of the supernatural naturally produced caricature and tall and sometimes false tales.

Yet despite these eccentricities, more than a dozen of Harris's Palmyra contemporaries left descriptions of the man that describe his honor, honesty, industry, peacefulness, and respectability, his hard-headed, Yankee shrewdness and his growing wealth. Clearly, on matters of business and purse, Harris had unusual ability.

Taken together, weighing both foibles and strengths, he had a bright future before him. Stephen Harding, a youthful neighbor who later became a territorial governor of Utah, concluded that "none in all that neighborhood were more promising in their future prospects" than Lucy and Martin (Gregg, 37), an assessment with which Lorenzo Saunders agreed. He felt that Harris "stood as well as anybody in . . . town" and had the opportunity of becoming the richest man in the region (Kelley 1884). Lucy later estimated their wealth at the time, both in property and money at interest, at about $10,000 (L. Harris 1833, 254).

In appearance, Harris was substantial (the *Palmyra Courier* says "conspicuous") and respectable. He typically wore gray homespun attire and a large stiff hat. At the time, he was a "fleshy, healthy, robust man," about five feet eight inches in height, with blue eyes that set off a light complexion. Like many successful yeoman of the time, he swept his hair to the side, allowing it to curl about his ears, and cultivated a stylish fringe of beard about his lower jaws and chin (Waddoups 1923, 980; C. Harris 1879, 70; *Palmyra Courier* 31 May 1872).

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[5] Mather, 1880, 198–99. Clark 1842, 258, claimed that Harris spoke with a deer in the belief that the animal was Christ.

There is evidence that Martin felt pleased with his situation. In the autumn of 1827, he completed a project or two around his property and declared himself free to assume a more leisurely pace. "My hands are altogether untied," he announced, "I can come and go and do as I please." He thought about hiring a hand to handle his affairs for a year so he could do some traveling (L. Smith 1853, 111).

About the time that Harris was resolving to slow his activity, Lucy Smith walked north out of Palmyra on the Chapel Street road. The events of the past several days had been momentous. Joseph, her twenty-one-year-old son, had finally secured the promised golden plates. For several years, the Smith family had privately talked about them. During their many evening devotions, Joseph had vividly described the ancient people who had once lived in their region, their dress, their manner of travel, their buildings and cities, their wars, and their religion. "This he would do," Lucy recalled, "with as much ease, seemingly, as if he had spent his whole life with them" (L. Smith 1853, 85; L. Smith 1845). The golden plates, Joseph promised, contained these details and much more. When translated and published, the record would begin a great religious revival.

Shortly after midnight on 22 September 1827, Joseph and his wife Emma, who had fitted herself in her bonnet and riding dress, borrowed a horse and wagon and set out for Cumorah Hill, the drumlin-incline that housed the plates. Returning shortly after the family had begun to breakfast, Joseph hardly contained his excitement. "It is ten times better than I expected," he said, as he described his experience in getting the plates, which had the appearance of gold. "They are written [on] in characters and I want them translated!" (Knight 1974, 33; L. Smith 1853, 100–101).

That was Lucy's errand — getting someone to help translate and publish the plates. Perhaps a few facsimiles of the characters could be taken to New York City to learn what the professors might say. Unfortunately such a trip was entirely beyond the Smiths' means. At the moment, there wasn't a shilling in the house. In their extremity, Joseph suggested that perhaps the Harrises might assist them. Would his mother visit them, convey the news about the plates, and possibly seek their assistance in getting them translated? (L. Smith 1845; L. Smith 1853, 110).

Lucy Smith approached the Harris home with much trepidation. She mistrusted Lucy Harris. In Mother Smith's view, Martin's wife was "peculiar," "jealous," and easily provoked (L. Smith 1853, 110). Hard of hearing and unable to completely understand words and events around her, Lucy Harris tended to be suspicious. Even close friends like Lorenzo Saunders agreed, "She was pretty high on combativeness" (Kelley 1884[?], 4; Lucy Smith 1853, 110). Perhaps to quiet Lucy and give her a measure of personal security, Martin had allowed her a "private purse" and in 1825 placed eighty acres in her name.[6]

[6] Ontario and Wayne County, New York Deeds, 29 Nov. 1825. The transaction had Martin first selling the eighty acres to Peter Harris, a relative, who then transferred the land to Lucy. The price of both deals was $600, apparently a "paper" exchange to satisfy New York state law.

Mother Smith consented to visit the Harrises only after Joseph agreed that she might approach Lucy first, apparently in the hopes of disarming her inevitable distrust. The interview was surprisingly cordial. Mother Smith had just begun her recital "so far as wisdom dictated and necessity demanded," when Mrs. Harris interrupted and quickly offered two hundred dollars to aid the translation. Mrs. Cobb, Lucy Harris's sister who lodged at the household, offered $75. Probably neither religion nor charity entered the women's calculations. The publication of the golden plates promised high returns for their funds.

Martin's reaction was more deliberate. When approached by Lucy Smith, he postponed their conversation until later in the evening and then after listening to her plea remained noncommittal. When she urged him to visit Joseph, he replied obliquely, "I told her that I had a time appointed when I would go, and that when the time came I should then go, but I did not tell her when it was." In contrast his wife remained eager. "Yes, and I am coming to see him too," she volunteered, "and I will be there on Tuesday afternoon, and will stop over night." At the conclusion of their talk, Martin asked his son to harness a horse and take Mrs. Smith home (L. Smith 1853, 110–111; Tiffany 1859, 168).

During the previous weeks as rumors swept the village about the Smiths' prospective "golden bible," Harris had been equally restrained. He refused either to condemn or endorse Joseph's project, though he cautioned the villagers who were ready to dismiss the news of the golden plates out of hand. " 'He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is foolishness unto him,' " the Bible-quoting farmer remembered himself saying (Tiffany 1859, 167; the scripture paraphrases Proverbs 18:13).

Harris's caution was not owing to surprise. For several years the Smith family had regarded Harris as their "confidential friend," worthy of their most privileged information. Their intimacy apparently had begun in the early 1820s, as the improvident Smiths sought work at Martin's farm. Young Joseph, for example, toiled "many times" for Harris as a fifty-cents-per-day laborer, hoeing corn side by side with his employer, and perhaps assisting with a well the Smith men dug near Martin's home (L. Smith 1853, 102, 109; Bean 1938, 35).

While Harris thought Smith was "a good hand to work," it was the young man's unusual gifts that most compelled him (Stevenson 1893, 30). Once the older man accidentally dropped a pin among some shavings and straw. Unable to find it himself, he finally challenged young Joseph to "Take your stone." His friend removed his stone from a pocket, placed it in his battered white stovepipe hat, and while squatting gazed intently into the receptacle. "I watched him closely to see that he did not look [to] one side," Harris later related. "He reached out his hand beyond me on the right, and moved a little stick, and there I saw the pin, which he picked up and gave to me. I know he did not look out of the hat until after he had picked up the pin" (Tiffany 1859, 164). Such incidents had Harris believing that Smith "could see in his stone any thing he wished" (L. Harris 1833).

As the predetermined time for getting the plates approached, Harris's relationships with the Smith family deepened. Lucy Harris remembered her husband becoming "very intimate" with them about a year before the news that Joseph had secured the gold plates. Henry Harris, perhaps one of Martin's many cousins, told a similar story. He claimed that during this time Martin, Joseph, and others met privately together as part of the "Gold Bible Company" (L. Harris 1833; H. Harris in Howe 1834, 251). Indeed, Martin himself reportedly asserted that he had played an active role in finding the plates, although he later vigorously denied making such a statement (Dowen 1885, 1).

Thus when Lucy Smith announced that Joseph had received the "gold bible," Harris was already privy to a great deal. He was aware of their previous discovery, knew of the young seer's gifts, and had a close relationship with the family. Why then did Harris hesitate at Mother Smith's request? Perhaps he was unsure that the plates were of God. When rumors about the plates first circulated through Palmyra in October 1827, Martin at first entertained a more mundane idea. "My thoughts were that the money-diggers had probably dug up an old brass kettle, or something of the kind," and he claimed to have given the report no further immediate attention (Tiffany 1859, 167).

Harris's comment was revealing. It suggested that initially he connected the gold plates with the prevailing neighborhood practice of treasure digging. Moreover he knew what many other Palmyrans accepted as a commonplace: The Smith family including Joseph Smith, Jr., had formed a company to seek the treasure. Harris identified villagers Samuel Lawrence and George Proper, along with outsiders Alva Beman and Josiah Stowell, as additional members of the group (Tiffany 1859, 164–65).

From Greek, Semite, and even earlier times, men and women had spoken of troves hidden in caves or elsewhere in the bowels of the earth, of guardian spirits who sought to preserve or protect them, and of specially gifted seers, who by using their divining rods and revelatory stones, could find the treasure (Walker 1984). Such ideas clearly were current in the folk culture of upstate New York at the time. James Fenimore Cooper, who had spent his youth at the Susquehanna River's headwaters found "such superstition was frequent in the new settlements" (1899, 415). The Palmyra *Reflector* located the practice even closer to Harris's neighborhood. "Men and women without distinction of age or sex became marvellous[ly] wise in the occult sciences," the newspaper reported. "Many dreamed, and others saw visions disclosing to them, deep in the bowels of the earth, rich and shining treasures" (1 Feb. 1831, 92–93; Cooper 1899, 415).

Harris himself was not immune to such beliefs. In addition to crediting the Palmyra diggers with actual discoveries, he accepted the reality of seers, seer stones, and the gift of "second sight," which allowed its possessor to "see" beyond the limitations of time and space (Tiffany 1859; Mather 1880, 201fn). There were other indications of his belief. According to a report published after his death, he gave special religious significance to a Palmyra cave (Miner, n.d.). And on at least one recorded occasion, he participated in the treasure digging ritual himself. Sometime after Joseph Smith secured the plates, Harris

and two others ventured with tools in hand to Cumorah, looking for "more boxes of gold or something." Harris remembered their excitement when they in fact located a stone box, which they carefully dug around and prepared to unearth. According to Harris, at that moment "some unseen power slid the box into the hill, as we stood there looking at it." One of the men tried to hold the chest by driving a crowbar into its top. He succeeded only in knocking a corner from the lid, which in later years was viewed as a relic. "Some day that box will be found and you will see the corner knocked off," he insisted. "Then you will surely know that I have told you the truth." [7] Martin's account of elusive and peripatetic treasure was hardly unique. Treasure stories of the time often repeated the theme (Dorson 1946, 182; Hurley 1951, 203; Thompson 5:110–19).

It seems clear, then, when Joseph Smith first received his golden plates, Martin Harris was acquainted with the lore and perhaps the practices of treasure hunting and associated them with his young friend and his remarkable discovery. During the next several days, however, his understanding grew. "Joseph did not dig for these plates," according to the elaborate ways of the treasure hunters, Harris came to realize (Tiffany 1859, 165). Joseph's experience seemed something different. Furthermore, the implications of the phrase "golden bible" became more apparent. More than a valued artifact, like an "old brass kettle" that Harris first had surmised, Joseph's find was a "bible" with sufficient religious claims that Harris's life would be forever altered.

Lucy Harris was the first to sense the distinction. Within a day or two after Lucy Smith's visit, Martin's wife and daughter were at the Smiths' cabin in Manchester seeking further information and a view of the plates. If Joseph had them, "she *would* see them," she announced, and if she found that they existed, she was "determined" to assist in their publication.

Joseph countered with equal firmness. He could not show them to the curious as he might a secular object, he responded. The plates would be displayed only to those "whom the Lord should appoint to testify of them." As for her proffered assistance, the young prophet was brusque to the point of giving offense. "I always prefer dealing with men," he told Mrs. Harris, "rather than their wives" (L. Smith 1853, 111).

The interchange could not have pleased Mrs. Harris, who according to Mother Smith, regarded herself as "altogether superior" to her husband's business acumen. But when later questioned by Martin, her reaction was not entirely negative. She reported that both she and her daughter had been permitted to lift the Ontario glass-box that contained the plates. They had found

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[7] Jensen 1875, 1. While this statement was apparently first written years after Harris's telling, it has the weight of accurate circumstance, both when the event occurred and when Harris related the incident. It seems further confirmed by a statement of Brigham Young, 17 June 1877, *Journal of Discourses* 19:37–38. Harris may have also joined some of the Smiths' early Palmyra digs. When later recounting these years, despite his close association with the family, Harris implied that his friendship for them post-dated Joseph's receipt of the plates. His lack of candor, especially when coupled with his acceptance of Joseph's powers and his belief in this prevailing money digging lore, is at least suggestive. See his account in Tiffany 1859.

the container heavy, about as much as the Harris girl could manage (Tiffany 1859, 168). This news must have surprised Martin. He knew that the impoverished Smiths, if intent on a conspiracy, could not afford even lead plates to place within a box.

For the moment, Martin concealed his growing interest. He waited a day or two and then, after taking breakfast, explained he planned to visit the village. Instead he went directly to the Smiths. Joseph was working for a few hours at Peter Ingersol's farm, but Harris interviewed Joseph's wife, Emma, and then took aside one by one his brothers, sisters, and parents. To his questions about the discovery of the plates, each gave a similar recital. He later privately spoke with Joseph himself, who reconfirmed their details (Tiffany 1859, 169).

It would be fascinating to know precisely what Harris learned during his conversations. He subsequently told several versions of what he had heard. In 1829 he informed a Rochester editor that "the spirit of the Almighty" had informed the young seer about the plates and their location in a thrice occurring dream (*Rochester Gem*, 5 Sept. 1829). At other times, as when Harris gave his fullest statement of these happenings, his detail was more adorned. "An angel had appeared to him, and told him it was God's work," he then said. To this he added the information that the prophet had found the plates by looking in a stone [found] in Mason Chase's well (Tiffany 1859, 169).

However unusual some of these details now appear, in Martin's time they were certainly less so, especially for those with an understanding for the old folk culture. Within that environment, angels and godly revelation freely intermixed with thrice-occurring dreams, revelatory stones, and even enchanted treasure and intercessory spirits, who might test or try their initiates. It was all a part of the surviving set of ideas that continued in such backwater areas as New England's hill country, German Pennsylvania, or the emerging western frontier areas of the northwest.[8]

It is possible that Joseph and his family used at least some of "old way" motifs when explaining the "gold bible" event to Martin. If the many statements of their Palmyra neighbors can be credited, the Smiths (along with many of the villagers themselves) believed in supernaturalism and visionary religion. The same was certainly true with young Joseph. When he could escape the

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[8] Harris may have told another account of his interview with the Smiths, which explicitly used the treasure digging idiom of the time. "I found . . . [the gold bible] 4 years ago with my stone but only just got it because of the enchantment," Harris supposedly quoted Smith. "The old spirit come to me 3 times in the same dream & says dig up the gold[,] but when I take it up the next morning the spirit transfigured himself from a white salamander in the bottom of the hole & struck me 3 times . . . ." According to this alleged account, Joseph secured the plates only after being tested for several years at the hands of the trickster guardian of the plates. Martin Harris to W. W. Phelps, 23 October 1830, text printed in Church News Section, *Deseret News*, 28 April 1985. This letter, which leading national forensic experts initially declared to be genuine, has been tellingly called into question by Salt Lake City prosecutors at the preliminary judicial hearing of accused murderer and forger Mark Hofmann. A conclusive judgment of the letter's authenticity awaits the complete judicial proceeding.

relentless toil that his family's penury required, his early spiritualism found expression in blessing crops, finding lost articles, predicting future events or prophesying, and using divining rods and seer stones — the classic labor of the Old Testament-oriented village seers (Austin 1882; Blackman 1873; Howe 1834, 11–12; Turner 1851, 216; Anderick 1888, 2; Porter and Shipps 1981, 205; Vanderhoof 1907, 138–39). And when his spiritual stirring set him on the course to find the golden plates, he quite naturally interpreted his experience from the perspective of his folk surroundings.

Whatever was said that day, Martin was clearly impressed. For one thing, he sensed a new solemnity about his young friend who appeared willing to direct his gifts to a higher cause. Joseph reported that the angel had instructed him to end his association with the money-diggers, for there were "wicked men" among them. That fact had indeed been born out in the past several days, as his former associates had resorted to every means to wrest the plates from him. He had also received an injunction to moral purity. "He must not lie, nor swear, nor steal," he had been told. And according to Joseph, the angel indirectly had a message for Martin. Joseph was instructed to look into the special stones that had accompanied the plates to learn the identity of the man who would assist him in translating and publishing the plates to the world. "I saw you standing before me as plainly as I do now," the prophet affirmed.

Martin remembered his surprise and urged caution about such an important matter. But with Joseph remaining steadfast, the farmer opened his soul. "Joseph, you know my doctrine, that cursed is every one that putteth his trust in man, and maketh flesh his arm," he began. "We know that the devil is to have great power in the latter days to deceive if possible the very elect; and I don't know that you are one of the elect." Then Martin paused and offered a promise. "You must not blame me for not taking your word. [But] if the Lord will show me that it is his work, you can have all the money you want" (Tiffany 1859, 169).

Before leaving the Smiths' home, Martin lifted the box containing the plates and had his earlier judgment confirmed. Their dense weight suggested lead or gold, and Martin was sure that neither Joseph nor his family had the means, even on credit, to secure either.

It was almost noon when Martin finally excused himself and headed home. Joseph's words kindled anew the religious fire that was within him. Perhaps here was the beginning of his long-felt mission. He went to his bedroom and, kneeling, made a covenant. If Joseph's work was God's work, he would do his best to bring it to the world. As Martin prayed, he felt confirmation from the Lord. He later explained: "He then showed me that it was his work, and that it was designed to bring in the fullness of his gospel to the gentiles to fulfill his word, that the first shall be last and the last first." Martin made no elaborations about his revelation. He had heard no voices nor had he seen angels. In contrast with some of his other supernatural experiences, the results of this prayer were simple. God "showed . . . [the truth] to me by the still small voice spoken in the soul." He seemed at once to understand that his prayer was pivotal. He had offered the Lord a covenant and now was bound. He must

assist Joseph's work. Indeed, he "was under covenant to bring it forth" (Tiffany 1859, 169–70).

Martin Harris had become a convert to the new faith.

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The Document Diggers and Their Discoveries: A Panel

The Context

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Mormon history has always been a hot topic. From the earliest days of Church history over a century and a half ago, vastly divergent accounts of the origins and development of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have been penned and published. In many cases, controversies about LDS historical topics have spilled over into the national press. In the last generation, for example, disputes about the accuracy of Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* and Juanita Brooks's *Mountain Meadows Massacre* have been avidly covered in national newspapers and magazines.

Most scholars of Mormon (or Restoration) history have long been aware of the fact that theirs is a field fraught with well-publicized controversy. In spite of this, few of them were prepared for the sensational series of document discoveries announced in the last six years or for the eager attention given these discoveries by Mormons, anti-Mormons, and the national press.

Many of us remember the evening in Canandaigua, New York, six years ago at the opening plenary session of the 1980 Mormon History association meetings when a soft-spoken but engaging young man named Mark Hofmann discussed his first big discovery, the Anthon Transcript. Hofmann ran across this 1828 transcription of characters from the plates in Joseph Smith's own hand between the pages of an old Bible purchased from a Salt Lake man. None of us anticipated then that this historically exciting but basically non-controversial discovery would launch Hofmann on a career of document finds that would shake the profession from its moorings and eventually place many historians under direct or indirect attack by LDS General Authorities.

Since the first big find in 1980, Hofmann has announced the discovery of other "blockbuster" documents with almost uncanny regularity. In 1981 Hofmann sold the LDS Church an 1844 blessing to Joseph Smith III in which his father, the Mormon prophet, named his son as his successor. The document was later traded to the RLDS Church. In August 1982, the LDS Church announced its acquisition from a private collector of Hofmann's next significant

discovery, an 1829 letter by Lucy Mack Smith which discussed her son's gifts of translation and discernment, and his reaction to Martin Harris's loss of the initial 116 pages of the Book of Mormon translation.

In 1984 financial analyst and Mormon document collector Steve Christensen purchased the now famous "salamander letter," written by Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, to W. W. Phelps, a newspaper editor who would eventually join the Church. The letter reports Joseph Smith's account of taking possession of the golden plates and includes a reference to the "old spirit" who guarded the plates and "transfigured himself from a white salamander in the bottom of the hole." If taken literally, the Harris account would appear to contradict the Church-sanctioned version of the story which states that the plates were handed over to Joseph Smith by an angel. Christensen donated the letter to the Church in April 1985.

The salamander letter references to what had long been considered to be pagan superstitions were circulated with great glee by a number of militant anti-Mormons for more than a year before the Church's official announcement of the letter. This discomfort within the Church caused by the salamander letter's apparent references to folk magic was intensified with the announcement accompanying the Church's publication of the salamander letter that it had also purchased from Hofmann a letter dated 8 June 1825, from young Joseph to Pennsylvania farmer Josiah Stowell explaining how proper use of a split hazel stick could summon a "clever spirit" to lead him to buried Spanish treasure.

After weathering the initial shock, historians of Mormonism launched fascinating explorations into the largely forgotten world of New England folk magic in which Joseph Smith was raised. But the exhilaration of discovering a heretofore little-known world where intense Christian commitment was frequently combined with a faith in magical spirits was dampened by the fact that the newly found documents appeared to inspire a defensive attitude among several LDS Church authorities, some of whom condemned historical inquiry as a challenge to the faith.

On 15 October 1985, the profound disquiet caused by the Hofmann documents was transformed into tragedy as Steve Christensen, a Salt Lake financial analyst, bishop, and collector of Mormon documents, and Kathy Sheets, wife of a Christensen associate, were murdered by planted bombs. The police search for the murderer quickly focused upon Hofmann, who himself had been gravely injured when a bomb in his car exploded on the afternoon of Wednesday, 16 October. Hofmann committed these desperate acts, the police claimed, to prevent Christensen from finding out the truth about the fraud, misrepresentation, and forgery that had characterized Hofmann's document dealings. After a preliminary hearing in April and May, 1986, Hofmann was bound over for a trial on two charges of first degree murder, on charges of delivering bombs and construction or possession of a bomb, and on multiple counts of document forgery and fraud.

In the face of such tumult, the program committee for the 1986 meetings of the Mormon History Association felt that the time had come for a wide-

ranging assessment of the impact this sensational document series has had on Mormon history. Many historians had questions about the shrouded demi-monde of professional document dealers in which Hofmann operated. What are the "standard" conventions of the profession? Was Hofmann's usual practice of concealing the sources of his documents a normal one for document brokers? How extensive must authentication be before most documents are sold? What methods did Hofmann and his network of investigators employ that brought him such apparently phenomenal success?

We asked Allen D. Roberts to address these questions. Roberts is a prominent Salt Lake architect who has been engaged in supporting and contributing to Mormon history for many years. Former president of the Sunstone Foundation, Roberts presently sits on the DIALOGUE board of editors and recently co-authored a major magazine article on the Salt Lake bombings and their aftermath. He is collaborating with Linda Sillito on a book about the bombings that has required a probing look into the document dealers' world and Hofmann's place within it.

The well-publicized profits that Hofmann made from many of his transactions inspired thousands of others to seek their fortunes in back drawers and attic trunks. Mormon document sales became big business with private collectors, religious organizations, and long-established archival collections bidding up the price for the most valuable prizes. The "document wars" of the 1980s have had a radical — and in Jeffery Johnson's view — extremely unfavorable impact on the traditional archival collections. Johnson, currently in charge of the Reference Bureau for the Utah State Archives and former senior archivist for the LDS Church, gives a searing assessment of the problems caused for historians and the damage done to the Mormon documentary heritage by those who see documents primarily as a source of profit.

The program committee was especially eager to give members of the association an opportunity to take a longer and wider look at the document discoveries of the 1980s, assessing not only the documents themselves, but the controversies stirred by the discoveries. To take on this difficult task, we sought two senior historians whose work has commanded high respect among their colleagues and whose broad-ranging interests in Mormon history would give them the perspective necessary to comment on the field as a whole. We were most gratified that two scholars who meet these qualifications in every detail accepted this challenging assignment. James B. Allen, currently chairman of the History Department at Brigham Young University is a former Assistant LDS Historian with a long list of distinguished books and articles to his credit. His biography of William Clayton is currently in press, and the highly regarded *Story of the Latter-Day Saints*, which he wrote with Glen Leonard, has recently been reprinted. He is currently working on a twentieth-century history of the LDS Church.

Richard Howard, RLDS Church Historian, has made equally impressive contributions to the field of restoration studies. His monthly articles in the *Saints' Herald* are models of high-quality, incisive historical writing. Howard is currently at work on a narrative history of the RLDS Church.

The remarks of these two distinguished historians demonstrate clearly why their profession holds them in such respect. Their explorations of the consequences of the first six years of the "document decade" has led them to insights about the very nature of historical inquiry and to the shared observation that even if all the Hofmann "discoveries" are eventually proven to be forgeries, they will have changed the face of the profession in many deeply significant, and generally positive ways.

The Hofmann Case: Six Issues

Allen D. Roberts

I feel that it is appropriate, in this setting and this company, to take a moment to acknowledge the memory of Steven Christensen — my friend, your friend, a great lover of history and supporter of the Mormon History Association. Would you join me as I bow my head and remember Steve?

I realize as I look out over this audience that I will need to speak to many of you over the next year or so as Linda Sillitoe and I try to reconstruct the events that have brought Mormon history to the place it is now, have sent Steve and Kathy Sheets to their deaths, and have indicted Mark Hofmann on counts of murder and fraud. I am very conscious about how careful I need to be on my behalf and Linda's as I speak.

At present, interpreting recent events seems no easier than interpreting events of the distant past. Trying to explain the rare Mormon document business generally and the activities of Mark Hofmann specifically is like trying to fully account for what happened when Pandora's box was thrown open and the contents spewed forth, swirling about and settling all over the land. The Salt Lake City bombing murders case with its intriguing sub-plot of possible document forgery and fraud is complex and, for the moment, unsolved. In terms of its impact on Utah and Mormon life, it may be the most important murder case since the Mountain Meadows Massacre. It appears that we have Mormon killing Mormon, perhaps because of money but also over documents of historical and religious significance — facts which have not escaped the attention of observers and writers worldwide.

Despite the magnetic interest and importance of this case for all of us, I must identify some reservations which will be reflected in my discussion. First, I believe strongly in the American judicial principle that a person is innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. I do not want to contribute to the already massive amount of pre-trial judging and condemning. We must remember the rights of both the accused and the victims, including the survivors of those who were killed.

Second, I am keenly aware of the dangers in making too many assumptions, especially about documents, because much of the evidence is still not in. The defense has not yet spoken. Many key witnesses including some previously

positive document authenticators have not spoken; and the accused, Mark Hofmann, has not had his day in court. While it may seem that there is no way of explaining away damning information presented in the preliminary hearing, there are still nagging questions being asked by those who maintain that a reasonable doubt persists. How, for example, could the mastermind(s) behind one of the most complicated and brilliant forgery schemes ever devised make such obviously thoughtless blunders as carrying a clearly addressed package up an elevator while dressed in one's favorite letter jacket in direct view of two potential witnesses? Or how could one person perpetrate such a huge number of heretofore undetected forgeries of every conceivable kind without the help of others? To date, no other parties have been named as conspirators. The single-event scenario that police and prosecutors have drawn seems incomplete. Further, how could a young, seemingly untrained college student make forgeries of such quality as to be pronounced "consistent with the period" (the closest terminology to "authentic") by two of the nation's leading writers of books on forgery detection? There may be answers to these questions; but until they are established using legal rules of evidence, we would be wise and fair to reserve judgment about both the murders and the documents.

Having said that, what remains for us to discuss? I think we can examine the issues presented by this case and deal with possible answers to key document-related questions which will need to be answered before the case is resolved (and I allow for the possibility that it may never be fully resolved). So my intention here is to ask and attempt to answer, in a preliminary way, six questions which seem essential to this case.

1. Is it likely or even possible that one person could locate authentic documents of the quality, quantity, and diverse type reportedly found by Mark Hofmann? Most document dealers and heads of archives I have interviewed say yes. They point to their own finds of remarkable documents, usually discovered without extraordinary effort. They say that if they were to work at it full time with a support team of researchers and lead-chasers, they could confidently expect excellent results. In a sense the field is white already to harvest, in that tens of thousands of books, pamphlets, letters and so forth, exist undiscovered — largely because only a few people are searching for them.

2. By what methods do dealers find rare documents? The methods vary from dealer to dealer but some common denominators of successful finders are (1) a good knowledge of Mormon history, particularly of families and individuals of importance, (2) an understanding of and willingness to do painstaking genealogical and historical research, and (3) capital sufficient to travel widely to pursue such research and to purchase documents.

The finding process often involves clear thinking and hard work, not just good luck or "stumbling across" an important item. One starts by determining what things have been printed, or where and by whom letters may have been written. Reverse genealogy is one process by which descendants of early Mormons may be contacted for now-rare documents they have received from their ancestors. By starting with John L. Traughber, for example, who lived in Texas at the turn of the century, and working forward only one generation, a

researcher helped *Salt Lake Tribune* reporter Dawn Tracy find H. Otis Traughber who possessed some journals written by early apostle-turned-apostate William E. McLellin. This research took only a couple of hours and twenty dollars to complete. Multiply this effort and success several times and you approach what well-financed Mark Hofmann may have been achieving with his team of paid researchers and scouts.

Other techniques used by document dealers include searching through book stores and antique stores, sifting through stampless cover and autograph collections, examining document collections of libraries and archives, attending auctions, buying from catalogues and through national networks of sellers with related collecting interests, going door-to-door in historic Mormon places, following up rumors, referrals, or citations of footnotes in journals, books, and papers, and so forth.

I have personally found some books, magazines, glass negatives of historic photographs, and artifacts of value with virtually no effort. I was simply in the area and, during casual conversations, learned of their existence. I know of an elderly lady in this city who possesses some journals written by Parley P. Pratt. They are in a trunk in an attic. My guess is that Hofmann, Lyn Jacobs, Rick Grunder, Peter Crawley, Brent Ashworth, Sam Weller, Deseret Book, Church and university archives, and all the other collectors, have only scratched the surface in finding the rare books and documents that may be extant.

3. How do document dealers do business and command such high prices for pieces of paper? Again, styles vary but basically this is a buy-low, sell-high business, much like the purchase of real estate, cars, coins, or any other commodity. Items of exceptional content or in excellent condition command premium prices. Ranges of values for printed documents are fairly well established or can be appraised using dealers' catalogues, recent auction results, or other market precedents.

Written holographs are harder to place values on because they are unique, but the importance of the writer and the content are the most value-laden qualities. Consider the difference in value between a single banknote signed by Joseph Smith, compared with the last letter he purportedly penned to General Dunham from Carthage Jail just before his death. The letter sold for $20,000, resold for $90,000 and then $110,000 before finally being again sold, strangely, for $60,000 in what was obviously a very convoluted and unusual set of transactions.

Styles of individual finders, sellers, and buyers vary, but secrecy is a common characteristic. Successful dealers conceal their sources jealously. Transactions usually involve confidentiality, especially about the prices paid for documents. Agents are brought in for big-dollar items such as "Oath of a Free Man," or "The Haunted Man" manuscript. To enhance credibility, some dealers sometimes — though not always — try to demonstrate provenance. Mark Hofmann seldom if ever established provenance.

As I have interviewed dozens of people in this field, the feeling has gradually emerged that the unwritten rules of document trades include accepting a certain amount of ruthlessness and minor deception or misrepresentation in

dealing. Almost without exception, every dealer, buyer, or seller I have talked to has a story about how he or someone else was taken advantage of by another supposedly reputable dealer. The gray hats are far more abundant than the black and white ones.

4. How did the prices for Mormon documents get so high? Are the prices realistic and a fair representation of value? It is important to understand that the prices do seem high if we compare them to documents written by such nationally prominent people as Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln, whose documents often bring lower prices than some of the higher prices paid for Mormon items. Recently I read an article by Charles Hamilton in which he listed the prices for various documents signed by prominent people, ranging all the way from a low of three or four hundred dollars for Jesse James items to $25,000 for items from the very important presidents.

But some of the Mormon documents have brought much higher figures. It is clear that we are dealing with the phenomenon of supply and demand here. Collectors of Mormon documents have been willing to pay prices in the tens of thousands of dollars — or more — for unique items of unusual content. Among the collecting types or groups we have the LDS Church Archives, individual General Authorities, various other institutional collectors, plus private collectors, some of whom buy for keeps, others of whom buy for resell or trade. Private dealers like Hofmann also have extensive dealing with commercial dealers like the rare book department of the downtown Deseret Book store.

In addition, individual dealers often combine forces with other collectors or dealers to put together enough capital to go after expensive items. Thus we have Alvin Rust giving Mark Hofmann $180,000 to buy the McLellin collection, while a trio consisting of Hugh Pinnock, Steve Christensen, and David Sorenson attempted to buy the same collection. Several parties thought they were buying the "Haunted Man" manuscript. It appears that many collectors have been eager to put out large sums of money for documents. Collectors' motives become irrelevant in an environment where they are led to believe they are in competition to obtain a one-of-a-kind, symbolically priceless document.

In a culture in which we have faith in historical events as well as gospel principles, it is not hard to understand why some may want to own pieces of history. Whether the motive is to own, safeguard, or expose history, a tangible remnant of that past can represent for Mormons a pearl of great price.

5. What measures are taken to authenticate rare documents? The answer to this question in the future will undoubtedly differ from that of the recent past, given the current controversy. Representatives from institutional and commercial archives have said during interviews with me that they have rarely if ever conducted physical tests on documents. Former Church Archivist Don Schmidt testified recently that only a few of the forty-eight documents he helped obtain for the Church from Mark Hofmann had undergone extensive testing. This should not be too surprising since until recently, no group or individual in Utah had ever reported buying a document which later proved to be a forgery.

As we have learned through the unraveling of the complicated story of AFCO investments, which has produced jail sentences for fraud for its chief officer, coupled with an embarrassingly long list of other scams, people in Utah are incredibly trusting and unquestioning. A major exception seems to be that they are often suspicious of the value of "expensive" professional consultants who, in fact, might protect them. At the same time, they love bargains and high-risk, speculative ventures which promise to return big profits. It is thus easy to see how such gullibility could be exploited by an unscrupulous historic documents con artist.

I do not mean to say that no safeguards were ever taken. The LDS Church for example, submitted some documents to those familiar with the handwriting of the purported writer. Those doing the review, however, were not professionally and technically trained in the detection of forgery. Top-flight forgers can only be exposed by a few equally expert authenticators.

Even then, it appears to me that forgery detection is far from a hard science. I have seen a variety of styles among authenticators and forensic examiners. Some look at handwriting; others look at ink and/or paper; some study internal evidence such as the accuracy of the content. A host of mechanical devices can be brought to bear on potential forgeries including, most recently, the cyclotron which has been used to examine Gutenberg's documents. But authentication is an expensive luxury, one not needed or used until the recent crisis.

6. The police have a long list of possible forgeries. How likely is it that all of them are, in fact, forged? Some historians close to particular documents believe that certain documents like the "salamander letter" or the Joseph Smith III blessing are authentic. They maintain this belief based on internal evidence and the fact that some documents have passed previous authentication tests.

Utah's only forensics examiner, George Throckmorton, together with prestigious out-of-state colleagues like Kenneth Rendell, Charles Hamilton, Albert Lyter, and William Flynn, seem to think that Hofmann was dealing in large numbers of high-quality forgeries. William Flynn's testimony regarding cracking ink seems to be devastating for believers in the Mormon holographs. We have had an excellent sampling of some of their findings in the preliminary hearing but have yet to see their evidence proven in court. Cross examination may test the consistency and conclusiveness of their data. I simply want to go with the best, most convincing evidence.

In summary, we can say that an environment existed in our culture which made it ripe for exploitation through document misrepresentation and deception. I have suggested some of the contributing factors: a trusting group of buyers, no history of previous documents forgeries to put buyers on guard, and the intense importance of history to Mormons which creates a need to own, safeguard, expose, or defend history.

These conditions have created a tempting sellers' market where buyer could be pitted against buyer, driving prices into a rapidly upward moving spiral. Among some members of our culture, a paranoia about the content of the

documents has been coupled with a naivete about document prices, authentication procedures, and the need for provenance — and perhaps including an over-valuation of the significance of documents to history and perhaps simply a lack of understanding of human nature.

These conditions almost invited someone to step in and take advantage of the situation. What characteristics might such a person or group have? And is there a logical connection between fraud and murder? Here is a possible scenario, one that the police seem to be operating on.

Let us hypothesize an individual or, perhaps, a small group of conspirators. They might have a scheme or master plan. They might have a lack of respect for the institutional Church or perhaps even a desire to seek revenge on the Church for private reasons. They certainly would have facility with Mormon history and literature, probably possess artistic talent and significant technical competence with physical material, and have the appearance of orthodoxy, or at least of being grounded in Mormon culture and teachings. They would probably have persuasive verbal skills and an air of altruism sufficient to build up a reserve of credibility — a trust and reputation for integrity sufficient to withstand inquiries about minor indiscretions. They would also have greed.

Such a scenario indicates a perpetrator or perpetrators who have lost faith in the Church, may have abandoned an orthodox lifestyle, and was determined not only to profit financially from the great interest Mormons have in documents but also to erode people's faith in the Church by showing the dark side of history. In so doing, the perpetrator or perpetrators may have been trapped in the web of their own spinning and, in an act of impulsive desperation never part of the original plan, struck out at those they felt were about to expose them.

This hypothetical situation may or may not be true. Only time will tell. Meanwhile, as an association, as a Church, and as a people, this, too, has become part of our history.

The Damage Done: An Archivist's View

Jeffery O. Johnson

I feel that the reason I'm on this distinguished panel is because I told Allen Roberts that the profession of manuscript dealing was a "sleazy business," and that statement found its way into print in *Utah Holiday* (Roberts 1986, 58). I do not retract that statement, for I speak as an archivist who has seen my profession impacted for the worse as a result of dealing in documents over the last few years. However, I want to be fair and balanced in discussing this sensitive topic. I will make no statements that lie outside my personal knowledge and that I cannot personally document. For the most part, I have no reason to believe that most of the document dealers in Utah are not honorable and honest. I do believe, however, that they have professional interests which some-

times conflict with my professional interests. It is these differences that I wish to discuss.

Twelve years ago when I worked at the Church Historical Department, I remember that a woman named Arlene Cummings brought in an autograph book of Barbara Neff Moses, a plural wife of Julian Moses, her great-grandfather. She felt that this book was important, and she wanted it preserved so that her family and historians could use it. We were delighted to oblige. I still remember the genuine thrill I felt as I looked through it so that I could catalogue its contents. It contains a short poem by Joseph Smith, sentiments by Heber J. Grant, Orson Hyde, W. W. Phelps, Willard Richards, Sydney Rigdon, George A. Smith, George Albert Smith, John Henry Smith, Joseph Fielding Smith, Eliza R. Snow Smith, Lorenzo Snow, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Hannah Tapfield King, John D. Lee, Leonora Cannon Taylor (anything by this first wife of John Taylor's is very precious because there is so little extant that she wrote), Lyman Littlefield, Joseph L. Haywood, Ammon Babbitt, Edwin D. Wooley, Benjamin Winchester, Orson Spencer, and Brigham Young.

Even if their inscriptions had been trivial, the book would still have been important; but the sentiments are far from banal. Many of them expressed profound feelings about the gospel as they wrote in this little autograph book and Joseph Smith's autographed sentiment, though perhaps more consciously witty, is also an insight into his personality:

> The truth and virtue both are good
> When rightly understood
> But charity is better[,] Miss[,]
> That takes us home to bliss
> and so forthwith
> remember Joseph Smith

(This poem is published in Jessee 1984, 576).

From my point of view, the probability that Sister Cummings would today donate that book to the Church Historical Department is greatly reduced. Before I left the Church Historical Department in 1984 for the Utah State Archives, it was not uncommon for people to bring in an ancestor's diary and ask how much we would pay for it. In one case, an individual asked us to place a monetary value on his great-grandfather's patriarchal blessing. I suppose that I am confessing a sort of ivory-tower naivete when I tell you that such instances shock and offend me. I see the value of those documents as inestimable because of their mere existence, documents that have survived time and that have the capability of speaking to future generations in the irreplacable voice of the past.. They have their own worth — historical worth. It shifts the ground of that value to translate them into potential dollars — as though a father would measure his children's worth by the number of A's they brought home on their report cards.

But are the document dealers to blame for this? I think that we can document some of this regrettable change in attitude through the autograph catalogs. If you compared autograph and manuscript catalogues in the middle

1970s with the most recent editions, you would see a great difference. For example, I recall seeing a letter from Sarah P. Rich to her husband, Charles C. Rich, exhibited for sale locally for about $300, the same price as a letter by Brigham Young that I saw advertised for sale in about 1975. Both dealt with domestic affairs and so it was not the content of the letter that determined its value. Instead, it was the author's identity that was marketable, yet there is a great difference between the president of the Church and the wife of an apostle.

It seems clear to me that the field of Mormon documents has become commercialized. Sister Cummings saw the documents as an important part of her heritage and of her church's heritage. The commercialization of the field has made them pieces of investment property. I certainly would not claim that this phenomenon is universal, but the publicity surrounding early Mormon documents in the last six years supports my feeling of a general impression that Mormon documents are money. I have talked with other archivists who have Mormon collections, and they tell me the same thing: that people are coming in offering to sell, rather than donate, family documents. In some cases, they auction them off to the highest bidder.

Why does that matter? Commercializing the field of Mormon documents have had five effects which I consider to be highly negative.

1. Manuscript dealers tend to violate one of the most sacred values of archivists, a value that reaches back to the Middle Ages — the principle of provenance. *Provenance* stems from two Latin words, *pro-*, meaning "forth" and *venire*, meaning "to come." In sum, it means that you know how the document was created and who created it. It also, for archivists, has come to mean the history of that document — not only who created it and how but when and how it came to reside in its particular location. The ability to establish provenance has enabled archivists to confirm the authenticity and accuracy of a document in their possession.

In Utah in recent years, we have cases where some document dealers have deliberately obscured provenance. Some have refused to reveal from whom they received the documents. I have also heard of cases that would suggest deliberate falsification of origins. Another phenomenon affecting Mormon documents in recent years is that dealers have traded them around until the provenance of the document has been completely destroyed.

One of the delights of Barbara Moses' little autograph book is that we knew exactly where it came from. We knew that she had lived first in Nauvoo, then Utah, that she knew these people that wrote in her book, and that it had remained in the family before coming to Sister Cummings and then to us. We were able to supply the complete provenance of this book to any researcher who wanted to know and hence were able to assure its authenticity with a high degree of reliability. Even if the Church Historical Department were to acquire that same book today but from a dealer, I have no confidence that its provenance would have come with it.

But why is this so? Surely a work's value would be increased by a complete provenance and it would be to a dealer's advantage to preserve it? While this may be true as a dealer sells a book, it is not true as he or she buys it. Docu-

ment dealers stay in business on the difference between the price for which they buy a document and the price for which they sell a document. It would be useful to have enough known cases to be able to give average and typical figures in a transaction; but an extreme example is the "salamander letter." An associate of Mark Hofmann has reported that Hofmann bought it for $25 and sold it to Steve Christensen for $40,000 ("Stalking" [1986]). If the buyer does not know who originally had the document, then he or she cannot go back to that person for additional documents nor is that original seller likely to find out that there was a 400 percent jump in price after it left family hands. Secrecy, in short, works to the dealer's advantage.

Probably there are other reasons as well; but whatever the reason, this destruction of provenance damages, sometimes permanently, the historical context within which the document should make its contribution. I hope that the Hofmann case will establish exact provenance for some or even all of the disputed documents, but I am not sanguine. I know of three separate stories of the origins of the Martin Harris letter, for instance. Lyn Jacobs told me one version, reported an altered version in his *Sunstone* interview ("Stalking" [1986]), and testified to still a third version in court.

2. Another violation of a cherished value for archivists is the division of a collection. I feel real anger over such cases. Naturally, for dealers who are primarily interested in their profits, the best location for an item is the archive or private collector who will pay the most for it. However, such divisions reduce the historical value of a collection because of the way in which documents read together to make a more complete picture of an event, a personality, or a period.

The case of Susan Wilkinson is instructive. She is hardly a well-known figure in Mormon history. You would not think her letters very important in the first place, let alone keeping them together. However, Susan Hough Conrad Wilkinson was a young married woman in her twenties who joined the Church in Philadelphia in 1840. In 1845, she was again living in Philadelphia with her huband and her new son; but she had spent some of the intervening time in Nauvoo where she had formed a close attachment to Mary Wickersham Woolley, one of the wives of Edwin D. Woolley. In August 1844, she wrote Mary from Cincinnati, expressing her feelings upon hearing of the deaths of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and recalling her close association with both Joseph Smith, who had written her a letter, and the Woolley family. She also mentions a painful but unspecified trauma that had occurred the year before in April.

The Church acquired this letter by trade from Mark Hofmann in 1985 and it joined her autograph book, which the archive had acquired in 1978. I did not know that other Wilkinson documents existed and was surprised to read in the *Ensign* that Brent Ashworth had acquired a letter from Joseph Smith, reportedly written to the Wilkinson family. The text of this letter consists of a treatise on the principle of virtue, reminiscent of Doctrine and Covenants 121:45–46; and two lines written in pencil on the lower edge of the sheet identify the place as Philadelphia and the item as February 1840, the month

in which Susan was baptized ("Joseph" 1985, 77–78). I also know of a depository in California that has another of her letters. I think it is sad that dealers did not sell the letters as a collection; for Joseph Smith's instructions in virtue gain new interest by knowing the family to which they were addressed, and Susan's response to Joseph's death is made more significant by knowing that he "apparently stayed with the family the week after he had visited Washington, D.C." ("Joseph" 1985, 77–78).

I feel particular chagrin about the current dismembering of the Francis Kirkham collection. Francis Kirkham was a well-educated man, a lawyer and a Ph.D., in early twentieth-century Utah. He taught at BYU, was principal of LDS Business College, superintendent of schools for Granite School District, and then became involved in national welfare and youth organizations. His most significant professional activity was the insurance business, which supplied a comfortable living from 1938 to 1959 and enabled him to make significant contributions to the Church. He served three missions to New Zealand, became a recognized authority on Maori, was a stake MIA president in Canada, a member of the New York Stake high council, and a very popular speaker, particularly on the Book of Mormon. His *Source Material Concerning the Origin of the Book of Mormon* (1937) and his three volumes of *New Witness for Christ in America* were important scholarly contributions (Pardoe 1969, 390–92). Perhaps more important is the extensive network of contacts he maintained among the General Authorities, members of general boards, and faculty members at BYU. He was an energetic and prolific correspondent, whose personal papers have the potential of being a valuable source on early twentieth-century Church history. Periodically I notice in the manuscript catalogues that letters to Francis Kirkham are advertised for sale. For instance, Deseret Book's *Catalogue Three* of *Mormon Americana* (item 232) lists a letter to Kirkham from John A. Widtsoe on Council of the Twelve letterhead for sale for $35. The letter deals with advertising and selling *New Witness for Christ in America* but the selling point is obviously the Widtsoe signature. Several different manuscript dealers and autograph handlers are selling these letters as individual items, thus breaking up an important document collection.

The loss to Mormon history and Mormon historians is permanent. There will be no way to restore such far-scattered documents.

Another example of how Mormon history is impoverished through the breaking-up of collections is that Mark Hofmann sold the LDS Church a draft letter from Thomas Bullock to Brigham Young written 27 January 1865. I did not know of the existence of this letter until the list of forty-five documents acquired directly from Hofmann was printed this spring ("Church Acquired 45 Documents from Hofmann," *Church News*, 20 April 1986, p. 13). I still do not know the contents of this letter, but it is rumored that the letter had originally been kept with the blessing Joseph Smith, Jr., gave Joseph Smith III that is now in possession of the RLDS Church in Independence, Missouri, and that it explains why the blessing was in Bullock's possession so many years after it had been given. I do not know if Hofmann made the Reorganized Church aware of this letter, but my archival instincts protest the separation of the two

documents and the subsequent loss of whatever light they may have shed on each other.

If Mrs. Cummings had sold Barbara Moses' autograph book to a dealer, it is not inconceivable that the book would have been separated into separate leaves or perhaps resewn into two more covers. Would it have been a serious loss, except for the destruction of the book as an entity? I think so. Even in this autograph book, context is important, for many of these people respond to other messages in the book. For example, Joseph Smith's little poem about the importance of charity was answering a poem written on the same page by W. W. Phelps where he had counseled:

> To Miss B[arbara] M[atilda] Neff
> Two things will beautify a youth
> That is: Let *virtue* decorate the *truth*
> and so you know; every little helps
> yours — W. W. Phelps

In turn, Joseph F. Smith in 1901 continues the vein begun by his uncle Joseph Smith: "Let truth and virtue, hand in hand together Shine, and charity them both adorne, and all, together, bow at lovely Mercy's shrine." If the three autographs had been sold separately, this contextual commentary would have been lost.

3. The commercialization of Mormon documents has directly increased the holdings of the archives; but the consequences are not as beneficial as might be supposed. Within the past year, the Utah State Archives has been compelled to spend significant sums of money — money that might have well gone into preservation, cataloguing and registers, or publication — to install protective systems for our collection. I do not know of a Mormon repository that either has not already changed its reference procedures or is studying possible changes. The Church Archives, as this issue goes to press, has hired full-time security personnel, established elaborate check-in procedures that require picture identification, a printed name and a written signature, remodeling in both the library and the archives reading room, and stringent interview and access procedures.

In my case, the taxpayer's money is financing these systems. In the case of the Church Archives, tithing funds must be diverted from other uses to meet these new expenses. A high priority in both archives is microfilming important collections. One reason, of course, is so that fragile documents will not suffer from unnecessary handling; but an equally important reason is security. Microfilms are never as satisfactory as originals and are seldom as legible. Despite care in the process, pages are occasionally skipped or duplicated, the process is a lengthy one during which research comes to a halt, and researchers who have experienced the almost tangible connection with the past that comes from working with originals cannot reconstruct that sensation from the microfilm.

Are archives just overreacting? I don't think so. Both the Church Archives and the Utah State Archives have experienced document thefts — and not just from overzealous researchers who are motivated, however misquidedly, to "see that the truth gets out." In some cases, the thefts have been of microfilm reels

where it is quite clear that the valuable commodity is the content on the reel. But in another example, the state archives during the 1960s had Brigham Young's will. It has disappeared since then. The document has been published in full in several places and is readily available, so this theft was not motivated by a concern with its content. It is possible that the thief was someone who simply wanted an original Brigham Young document and has gloated over it in secret ever since, but I have no way of knowing that it has not moved into the channels of document dealers.

About eight years ago, I read in an autograph catalogue of a letter written by Brigham Young to the governor of Alabama in 1846 asking for possible help or encouragement in resettling the Saints after the death of Joseph Smith. Brigham Young wrote similar letters to the governors of all the states and to some of the territories. During the 1950s, the Church Historical Department had received a copy of this letter in the Alabama State Archives. In the late 1970s that letter was on the market. We made inquiries of the staff of the Alabama State Archives who responded that they were not the entity offering it for sale — in fact, that it would be against state law to sell it.

Within the last two months, the Church returned to Hancock County circuit court in Illinois certain documents. These documents had disappeared from Hancock County records illegally. Newspaper accounts of this transaction left the impression that only one dealer, Mark Hofmann, was involved; but to my personal knowledge, those documents came to the LDS Church Archives from at least six dealers. I do not know how the dealers acquired them, but they put the Church in the uncomfortable, though innocent, position of receiving contraband documents. I find such a situation thoroughly reprehensible.

4. The commercialization of Mormon history has encouraged faking. I was shocked within the last year to see what I could consider only as fakery by one of Salt Lake City's most reputable book dealers. This dealer had a copy in good condition of Charles MacKay's *The Mormons or Latter-day Saints, with Memoirs of the Life and Death of Joseph Smith, the "American Mohamet"* (London: National Illustrated Library [1851]). He had a second copy which had been damaged but which had an end paper with a glowing recommendation signed with the name of Brigham Young (although the handwriting was so different that they were not advertising it as a Young signature). The book dealer had removed that autographed end paper from the damaged volume and tipped it in to form a flyleaf in the undamaged volume, thus doubling its value. As an archivist, I respond to such fakery with contempt.

5. The commercialization of Mormon documents has had the direct result of creating an investment market. When valuable documents are sold to private individuals, it is sheer coincidence if these people have a historical interest in them. You don't have to enjoy the beauty of diamonds to use them as investment property, and many buyers of fine art receive no aesthetic gratification from possessing them. Similarly, many who possess Mormon documents are interested in their content primarily because it represents the reason for their value.

In today's market, if a dealer had possession of the Moses autograph book, I am sure that the asking price would have moved it beyond the acquisitions budget of any archives I'm familiar with. It would most likely have gone to a person who wanted it as an investment. It might have been preserved carefully — assuming that it remained intact — in a bank's safety deposit box and perhaps would have doubled in value in twenty years. But it would have been lost to history.

At this point, we come to the question of the buyer and the responsibility he or she bears in this process of commercialization I have deplored. In my opinion, it makes very little difference whether a buyer is the victim of an unscrupulous dealer or whether the buyer is an active participant in the process. It is the process itself that is unwholesome. I take the position that all historical documents should belong in depositories where they are available to the public — that document dealers and document buyers should not be involved in the process at all.

I realize that this is an extreme position, even though it is consistent with my professional standards. Perhaps I have been too harsh on manuscript dealers. We see the same object from different perspectives. To a dealer, a document is an item of trade. Its value lies in its marketability. I am an archivist and a historian. I see the value of these documents in their representation of our past — the only means we have, short of direct revelation, of understanding that past. It's possible to construct another scenario where the same document would have an entirely different meaning. If Charles C. Rich, snowshoeing across the mountains from Bear Lake to Salt Lake City in the winter, had been trapped in a blizzard and found shelter in a cave that contained wood, a historical document might have been the only paper he had to light a fire with. I admit that all of these perspectives are valid.

However, there is an issue here of public rights as well as individual rights, of future claims as well as present ones. I understand that document dealers and private collectors feel that they are exercising their legal rights of purchase and possession and that the item is therefore theirs to do with what they will — much as if they were acquiring a car or a hamburger. I feel, however, that these items cannot belong to a single individual. As a generation and as individuals, we are guardians of the past. We have no right to make irreversible decisions about documents — decisions that would remove a portion of our history or make a portion of it permanently inaccessible.

But what of the thousands of documents that have not survived? In that context, isn't my stand a bit silly? Not at all. We do not have the ability to make decisions regarding lost or destroyed documents. We only have the power to make decisions about documents that currently exist. That's why our decisions must be, I think, that they continue to exist — continue in a form that will most accurately represent the past and in places where they can be most accessible to those studying the past.

I think it is an indictment of our society and our values when we count the worth of Susan Wilkinson's letters from Nauvoo in terms of marketability and investment potential. I think this value reflects a society that may be more

concerned with campers and VCRs than it is about supporting the school system that their children go to. Four generations ago, Utahns in the depths of poverty produced the grace and beauty of the Manti Temple. Today, at a level of affluence beyond that temple generation's wildest dreams, we build cheap mass-produced temples and chapels.

As an archivist and historian, it is valid for me to speak from my own past. You may call it nostalgia, if you will, but I remember with appreciation — even reverence — the years before 1980 when a descendant brought in a box containing more than a hundred letters of Charles C. Rich to family members and associates. However he phrased it, his motives honored and respected the past. He felt deeply that those letters represented something that would outlast his own lifetime but which had enriched it and could enrich others in the same way. He desired to give his past a permanence that his own present could not have.

We cannot turn the clock back; but I think there can be some value for the future in recognizing that something has changed in the six years since 1980 as dealing in Mormon documents has become a lucrative profession. The costs of that change to history and to human values have been high.

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The Documents: A Historian's Approach

James B. Allen

When Cheryll May asked me to appear on this panel I felt honored, yet I wondered what I could say of real substance. Much has been and will be said about the topic; yet, in a way, very little can be said, for at present we still do not know all the things we really need to know. I look forward to the time when some of the dilemmas are solved and we know more than we do today about many aspects of the documents under discussion.

Cheryll asked me to comment on some of the broad aspects of what is happening to Mormon history as a result of the recent document "flurry." Such a question in itself raises questions about the nature of history. What do historians do when they create history?

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Cheryll asked me to comment on some of the broad aspects of what is happening to Mormon history as a result of the recent document "flurry." Such a question in itself raises questions about the nature of history. What do historians do when they create history?

I use the word *create* advisedly. By definition, "history" is nothing more nor less than an interpretation of the past, or, if you will, an image of the past, created by a human mind. The facts of the past — most of which have not been discovered and probably never will be — do not "speak for themselves," as some people have too confidently assumed.

Rather, facts have meaning only when someone consciously molds them together in some kind of form or image. Anyone, actually, can create that image. Whether "good" or "bad," "true" or "false," it remains in the viewer's mind until someone else creates another image for him, that is, until some revisionist presents a new interpretation based on a fresh look at the old sources, his or her own interpretation of some new historical document or artifact of some sort, or some combination of both. The historian, then, actually becomes a *creator* of the past, for the events of the past have no current life of their own until they are discovered, interpreted, and put into some kind of form. How close such an image comes to what really happened depends, of course, upon the skills and purposes of the individual historian.

Again, I use *purposes* advisedly. There is obviously no time here to go into a discussion of the nature of bias in history, but let me simply state the obvious: Even though they must try, historians can never really be "objective," that is, free from any kind of bias or prejudice as they attempt to interpret the record of the past and form it into some comprehensible image that will reflect the reality of what happened. The important thing is that each historian, as well as his or her readers, must recognize what those biases are. Presumably, if they include some well-thought-out or otherwise solidly based, deeply felt commitments to certain moral, ethical, or even spiritual principles, then what the historian writes will often reflect (or, at least, not do damage to) those principles.

When one views the writing of history this way, it becomes apparent, at least to me, that historians have an awesome task — even, if you will, a humbling one — for the records of the past can assume protean shapes in their hands. Herbert Butterfield, a widely respected British historian of ideas, put it vividly: "It has been said that the historian is the avenger, and that standing as a judge between the parties and rivalries and causes of bygone generations he can lift up the fallen and beat down the proud, and by his exposures and his verdicts, his satire and his moral indignation, can punish unrighteousness, avenge the injured or reward the innocent" (1965, 1). But Butterfield also reminded us that "the primary assumption of all attempts to understand the men [and women] of the past must be the belief that we can in some degree enter into minds that are unlike our own" (1965, 9).

It is the attempt to enter into the unlike mind that makes history so challenging, particularly — in our case — when we attempt to evaluate historical documents that do not reflect current perceptions of reality. The "white salamander" letter would be an example. Most of us tend to view the past with very presentist orientations and values. This tendency, though natural, distorts our ability to understand the past and makes it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to understand our progenitors exactly as they understood themselves. Even after years of study and, in effect, living with a personality of the past by

reading all the remaining records produced by or relating to him or her, the historian still has never completely entered that individual's mind and therefore may never be fully capable of interpreting any important document exactly the way its author or his contemporaries would have interpreted it.

History, nevertheless, is a social necessity, for nations, institutions, and churches all tend to look to their historians (i.e., those who write about the past, whether they are professionally trained or not) for insight into how existing situations came to be. As these situations or conditions change, the questions society asks of its historians also change. In addition, and of special relevance here, every newly discovered document or artifact has the potential of casting important new light on some old interpretation of the past. History (that is, our *interpretation* of the past) is thus ever-changing. If this condition is true of history in general, it is particularly true of Mormon history.

Given the fluid nature of history, what then has been the significance of the recently discovered documents that have created so much interest and have seemed to supply so much new information, and hence cause for new interpretations, in Mormon history? I cannot, of my own knowledge, comment on the authenticity of the documents that have been so recently in the news, but two general topics are relevant: (1) the significance and importance of documents as such in the ongoing process of creating history, and (2) some consequences and lessons growing from the recent flurry.

For the purposes of our discussion, documents are the written (or printed) records of the past, and may include chronicles, biographies, genealogies, memoirs, diaries, letters, and even certain kinds of inscriptions. They are not the only sources of history, for oral tradition, folk music, works of art, and a variety of relics, artifacts, and architectural structures also help us reconstruct the lives and thoughts of our progenitors. However, written documents usually become the most important of all the keys to the past, really the "stuff" of history — the warp, the woof, and the backing of whatever tapestry the historian is attempting to weave.

All historians know, of course, that every document was produced by someone, and that whoever produced it had his or her own biases and perspectives that affected whatever went into the document. As a result, the historian seldom if ever assumes that a single document, or even a large number of documents relating to a specific issue, can give him or her a fully "objective" assessment of what went on in the past — they can only help in the continuing quest for truth and meaning. Nevertheless, since these sources are the only way even to get close to the past, the historian must rejoice with every newly discovered document that is in any way related to what he or she is attempting to understand.

It is tragic, of course, that the history of recent discoveries has been tainted by charges of fraud, forgery, and murder. What can we say, nevertheless, pending the outcome of judicial process, about the significance of these documents? For me, at least, three general areas suggest themselves as important consequences as well as lessons.

First, to the degree that any of the recently discovered documents are authentic, certainly they have added new insight into our ever-changing under-

standing of the past. At the same time, they have provided firmer support for much of what we have already known.

On 20 April 1986, the *Church News* published a list of forty-eight documents that the Church had acquired directly from Mark Hofmann. The "salamander letter" was not on the list, for Steven Christensen had acquired it from Hofmann, then gave it to the Church. Presumably a few other documents, now in the Church's possession, would similarly be excluded from a Hofmann list because they were indirectly acquired. As I looked over the list, I confess I had a hard time believing that *all* of those documents might be forged, for the description there made them appear so innocuous. I cannot, of course, make any conclusions on that issue.

It also appeared to me that such items as the 1853 George A. Smith letter to Brigham Young explaining the activities of a military expedition to the Indians in the vicinity of Fillmore, Utah, could provide some very interesting information for people who were doing research on a variety of topics, including Indian relations, George A. Smith himself, the history of Fillmore, military history, and perhaps other items. I don't really know anything at all about this document, but I mention it only to show how a single document, if authentic, could be of immediate value to several historians independently studying several different historical issues.

The same is true of the more dramatic of the recent documents. If, indeed, the "salamander letter" proves to be authentic, then it is of tremendous value to various historians who may, independently, be studying a half dozen or more different topics, including Joseph Smith himself, the life of Martin Harris, the history of the Book of Mormon, folkways in early nineteenth-century America, folklore, treasure hunting, and perhaps others. Beyond its possible new insights, however, the document also supports an old story: that of the Anthon transcript: This, I believe, may too often be overlooked in our eagerness to explore other implications in the curious story of the salamander.

Second, it is clear that these newly discovered documents, whether they are authentic or not, have stimulated a great deal of important research that has gone far beyond the documents themselves. Such research is probably the most important contribution that any of the more dramatic documents have made, and it is for this that I think the historical profession should be most grateful. Consider, for example, the 1844 blessing given to Joseph Smith III by his father. Whether the document that came into the possession of the LDS Church and is now in possession of the RLDS Church is authentic really makes little difference so far as some of the spin-off historical research is concerned. Most historians already had little doubt that Joseph Smith had given some such blessing to his son and that he had also designated other possible successors to the prophetic office. But I was very impressed with the fine article Michael Quinn (1981) produced shortly after the document had been discovered in which he outlined more clearly and convincingly than ever before the various people who had been designated at various times as successors to the prophet, including Joseph III, and put the whole issue into a very understandable, but much broader, perspective. Thus, although questions about the document's

authenticity may yet be raised, its discovery became the catalyst for important research that only added to our understanding of what really happened in the past.

The same thing is true of the "salamander letter." In *BYU Studies*, for example, Ron Walker (1984) has just published what I consider to be one of his finest articles. Here he places the practice of treasure hunting in its broader historical setting, demonstrating more clearly and convincingly than ever before how prevalent and — yes — how respectable it was at the time among certain classes. He also includes a fine discussion of various related "magical" practices. In this and in his second essay in the same issue, furthermore, he conveys a spirit that not only adds to our understanding of the times but also helps us understand the importance of avoiding the trap of imposing our current perspective on the past, and all in a tone that supports rather than casts doubt upon his faith as a committed LDS historian.

In short, studies resulting from the discovery of that particular document have helped us understand the importance of remembering that, partly because of our presentist expectations, some very important parts of the past simply are invisible to us. Anne Firor Scott, in her presidential address before the Organization of American Historians, remarked, "It is a truism, yet one easy to forget, that people see most easily things they are prepared to see and overlook those they do not expect to encounter" (1984, 1). Hopefully we are learning to pay greater attention to how we see and how easy it is to overlook some things in our past, simply because we were not expecting to see them.

A final lesson for me has been the wisdom of using caution before drawing conclusions. We all sensed a certain frustration around us when we first heard of the Joseph Smith blessing, or of the salamander letter, or of the 1825 Josiah Stowell letter, and at least two extreme reactions became apparent. On the one hand, some people seemed positively delighted that these documents contained information not part of the official version of Church history, and critics soon used them to raise more questions about the authenticity of many other aspects of the Church's claims. Such shooting from the hip is unwise in any case, for it takes a long time to fully evaluate all the implications of any document. On the other hand, some people seemed too ready to assume that all the documents are forged. So far as I know, the matter simply has not been settled yet. It has become a matter for forensics experts and judicial determination. I hope we are learning to reserve judgment until all the possible facts are available.

In short, I hope one lesson we have learned from all this is the perils of what I sometimes call the "AHA!" approach to history. This is the tendency to wave every new discovery excitedly before our public, announcing everything we think it means, but not taking time to put it in the many variety of perspectives that would do it the most justice. Often the "AHA!" approach simply creates confusion and doubts, for the writer has been so eager to reveal some new discovery that he or she has not taken time to weigh a sufficient number of its possible implications either for scholarship or, if you will, for the faith.

Documents must be taken seriously. On that, I think all of us would agree. But it seems to me that taking a document seriously is good reason for not rush-

ing into print too quickly — or, at least, not presuming to make final conclusions when the research is still tentative. I do not believe in waiting until one final, conclusive interpretation can be made, for scholarly dialogue is an essential factor in understanding the implications and unfolding significance of any document. I do, however, believe that each scholarly voice should join that dialogue only after a great deal of homework and with due humility. Each of the most controversial of the new documents means much more now than it did the day its discovery was announced; and we can feel some assurance in saying that a year from now, each will mean even more — whether because of its own authenticity or because of the spin-off scholarship it has generated.

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Revisionist History and the Document Diggers

Richard P. Howard

Recent discoveries of historical sources with vast implications for revisionist history are yet to make a notable impact on the RLDS scholarly community. Mark Hofmann's 1980 discovery of the Anthon transcript did, however, have one rather immediate result for the RLDS History Commission: We withdrew from the RLDS museum what we had uncertainly represented for over twenty years as the Anthon transcript. We removed it out of deference to the unanimous opinion of several scholars and handwriting experts that Hofmann's Anthon transcript was not only inscribed by Joseph Smith, Jr., but also had the physical appearance attributed it by Anthon himself in E. D. Howe's 1834 publication, *Mormonism Unvailed.* Our copy looked remarkably different. Depending on the outcome of the Hofmann trial, we may need to dust off our Anthon transcript and prepare it for exhibit once again.

Why has the RLDS response been comparatively noncommital? Let me trace a little recent RLDS history. The work of Robert Flanders in the mid-1960s pointed historical scholarship in the RLDS tradition in a new direction. His Ph.D. dissertation in its published form, *Nauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1965) confronted RLDS people with a wholly new vision of the founding prophet. To the traditional roles of prophet, seer, revelator, and translator were added those of entrepreneur, lieu-

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tenant general, mayor, newspaper editor, chief magistrate of Nauvoo's Municipal Court, Recorder of Deeds, sole trustee-in-trust for the church, storekeeper, land speculator, and land agent. Seeing Joseph Smith in broader, more human perspective has been a mixed blessing to RLDS church members. On the one hand, many RLDS members have come to be grateful for scholarly encouragement to view Joseph Smith through a lens other than that furnished by religious dogma. On the other hand, many others have felt deeply threatened by the scholarly demand to replow the field of their heritage which had lain verdant and undisturbed for many years. It had been a predictable landscape, strangely a-historical in character, yet seeming to give the feeling of authentic roots for a faith.

Significantly for the RLDS tradition, President W. Wallace Smith, whose presidency spanned the twenty years from 1958 to 1978, particularly his counselors, F. Henry Edwards (until 1966), Maurice L. Draper (1958–78), and Duane E. Correy (1966–78), and a sizable contingent of the General Officers and their headquarters staff, pressed the church into a period of theological and historical ferment. This they did by the determined, disciplined analysis of the content of the Restoration faith and the nature of the church's historical existence since its founding. The fruit of that intellectual and spiritual quest appeared in religious education materials for all ages and other adult study texts designed to broaden the world view of the members. As a result, the past twenty-five years of RLDS history have exhibited a sort of rhythm between radical paradigm shifts in theological understanding and historical perceptions on the one hand and, on the other, concerted resistance to change by significant interest groups comprising many jurisdictional leaders and members within the church.

Efforts to establish a church historical society began in 1954, with an earnest proposal by Barbara and William Higdon. Eighteen years later, stimulated in part by heartening experiences with members and leaders of the Mormon History Association, RLDS historians and interested friends formed the John Whitmer Historical Association (JWHA) just at the time the exciting new historical/theological journal *Courage*, published out of Lamoni, Iowa, was about to go under financially. Now with over 400 members, the JWHA is looking to publish its sixth annual *Journal* this year and is in the strongest fiscal condition of its fourteen-year existence. Many of its articles have been reprinted to the general audience of the RLDS church through recent volumes of *Restoration Studies* which have spanned the years 1980 to 1986. Perceptive theological, philosophical, and historical minds continue to present the RLDS people with challenges to their faith and tradition, and we can optimistically look forward to much more of this type of development in years to come.

I have said all of that so that I can say this: most of the newly discovered documents of the past six years touching Mormon origins have not been viewed with either the alarm or the intense excitement with which they were greeted by Mormon historians and, from quite another perspective, some of the Mormon General Authorities. The one exception was the Joseph Smith III blessing document, obtained through exchange arrangement with the Mormon Church

on 18 March 1981, after earlier negotiations between Hofmann and the RLDS History Commission had failed. That document was generally viewed by RLDS members with the type of enthusiasm one might experience when winning a $3 million prize from a $2 lottery ticket. Once the Joseph III blessing document had been authenticated through independent analyses, an RLDS conference in England petitioned the 1982 World Conference to include it in the Doctrine and Covenants. Church leaders really did not want it there but managed to convince the World Conference to put it in the historical appendix — which carries with it non-binding status, in terms of church policy and doctrine. Had the conference managed to place it in the main body of the Doctrine and Covenants and should all authorities reach consensus that the Joseph Smith III blessing document is, in fact, a forgery, a sort of mild faith crisis might be a possible scenario. I have no specific reason, however, at this time, to doubt its authenticity. Albert A. Somerford, one of the renowned experts who examined it in 1981 has died, but James R. Dibowski, the other, has recently reaffirmed to *Salt Lake Tribune* reporter Dawn Tracy his staunch belief that it is a genuine Thomas Bullock holograph, written in 1844, with Joseph Smith, Jr.'s own handwriting also appearing on it. Even if all the experts could agree that this document is a forgery, however, I would affirm my belief that such a decision would create no more than a momentary stir in RLDS circles. My main reason for saying this is that the doctrine of lineal descent in church presidency, once the cornerstone of the early Reorganized Church, with the passage of time, has come to be seen as of much less importance to the mission and survival of the church.

For the moment, let us assume the authenticity of all the major documents that have come to light through the efforts of Mark Hofmann and his associates — the Lucy Mack Smith letter of 1829, the Anthon transcript, the Joseph Smith III blessing document, the White Salamander letter of Martin Harris to W. W. Phelps of October 1830, and the Joseph Smith, Jr., divining rod letter of 18 June 1825 to Josiah Stowell. Now, I should like to pose two questions: (1) When we look at how most of the scholars have responded to these documents, have their responses, generally speaking, been mature, restrained, reasoned, and calculated to avoid the necessity of wholesale re-revisionist history down the road a few years? (2) Would unassailable proof, say, two or three years down the line, that any or all of these documents were forgeries free us to return to the more traditional historical and faith assumptions regarding early Mormon origins and history? We may be a good distance away from answering these questions precisely. I would like, however, to make a few comments on matters related to them, as grist for the mill.

On the first question, I applaud the very recent works of Richard Bushman, Jan Shipps, Marvin Hill, D. Michael Quinn, and Ronald Walker, as well as some earlier works by Leonard Arrington, Mario DePillis, Marvin Hill, Klaus Hansen, David Brion Davis, Donna Hill, and Fawn Brodie, for their careful and insightful contextual studies of Mormon origins. Some of those works, of course, were done prior to the public release of the Martin Harris letter of 1830 and the Joseph Smith letter of 1825. But some of these scholars

knew of the existence of those letters prior to their most recent public statements on related issues, either verbal, or in some cases, in book or article form. Their works, at many significant points, rest on reliable sources dating back to the late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century social milieu touching the Smith family backgrounds. Their explorations confront us, in varying degrees of specificity, with the truth that irrespective of either the existence or the authenticity of these Hofmann papers, Mormonism began in a complex web of social usages, including, as one primary dimension, that of rustic New England folk magic transplanted to Western New York.

In that setting, it becomes clear that Joseph Smith and several other early Restoration leaders used seer stones and witch-hazel sticks as means of revelation and translation in the late 1820s and early 1830s but had earlier used these same artifacts in an energetic quest for buried treasures and lost objects. Clearly, Joseph Smith, Sr., and later, Joseph Smith, Jr., had a robust confidence in the magical, divinational uses of objective media common to their culture, in uncovering buried treasure, whether gold or silver, or long-forgotten secrets of ancient civilizations. So convinced was Joseph of the efficacy of those artifacts, that a few years later he would give the seer stones a new label, "Urim and Thummim." This nomenclature was all the more respectable because it came from the Old Testament which Joseph Smith was studying and revising in 1833 (Urim and Thummim: Ex. 28:30; Lev. 8:8; Deut. 33:8; Ezek. 2:63; Ne. 7:65; Urim only: Num. 27:21; I Sam. 28:6).

The second question is closely related to the first. If the Hofmann documents without exception are found to be modern forgeries, the demands of honesty as a required response to historical truth would still compel us to eschew the simplistic, traditional perceptions of Mormon origins and early history. The blinds have been drawn back. New windows to the past have been discovered and opened for the enrichment of our vision. Perhaps what that vision will disclose to us in the future will cause our faith to suffer much pain. But my hunch is that we shall survive to discover another truth: a faith never tested is a faith of little value. A faith deliberately subjected to the journey through the dark valleys of doubt and forced to kill outworn ideas and understandings is, in the long run, a life force that will bring about rich and liberating intellectual and spiritual transformations.

As a harbinger of such transformation, the General Officers of the RLDS Church in the summer of 1985 invited Temple School to organize a three-day study session to consider the very things we are concerned with in this session. The seminar met the following November, and the agenda was tough, honest, confrontive, and yet pastoral. The spirit of inquiry was akin to the same spirit of openness I have felt through the years when the Saints gather to worship and recommit their lives to their discipleship. The result was no final answers, praise God! Rather as we left that experience it was with thanks that we had been privileged to take one more step together in what is from time to time a most painful, frustrating, and uncertain faith journey. RLDS historians and theologians, together with their General Officers, thought out loud together.

They shared moments of unease, deep perplexity, good humor, and mutual concern for one another and for the church at large.

I am currently at work on a new narrative history of the RLDS church. I have written and rewritten the opening chapters many times in recent years as I have sought to convey something of the linkages between folk magic and early Mormon history. Much good has come my way, both from Mormon scholarship and from the sense of support I have felt, in recent months particularly, from some of the RLDS General Officers and others of my colleagues at headquarters and in academia. What was, a year or so ago, a dark and foreboding cloud engulfing me in this writing task is starting to lift. Beyond the cloud I am beginning to see, as never before, the value of cultural history as a vehicle for exposing something of the essence of the Latter Day Saint past. I have known this in my head for many years; now I can feel it in the core of my being, and the long night of winter is showing signs of relenting.

The recent documents, then, have played at least an indirect role in what for me is a new point of departure. They fit the historical frame of those times. As they became public, they served as catalysts, moving scholars to explore that time frame, that setting, in more earnest detail than ever before. Hofmann's documents, whether genuine or of his devising, have perhaps had a telling effect on recent work. And whether genuine or spurious, they have quickened in all of us the passion for historical truth. In the end, however, Mark Hofmann's ultimate fate under Utah state law is, in a sense, only marginally related to the future of Latter Day Saint historiography. The process of revisionist history is fully under way. Thanks to Arrington and Company, and many others, it has been moving forward for many years. Well may we applaud the revisionist historians for stimulating the document diggers to a new intensity of activity, even though, in the end, we may be required to censure one of them for actions inimical to the entire historical enterprise. In any case, the revisionist process will continue, for it has a life of its own. It will mature and flower quite apart from what might be either discovered or invented by this document dealer or that.

Document Dealing: A Dealer's Response

Curt Bench

Editors' Note: Because no dealer was included on the preceding MHA panel, DIALOGUE *invited a response from Curt Bench, manager of Deseret Book's Fine and Rare Books, a division specializing in historic books and documents.*

I BELIEVE THAT A RESPONSE to the point of view represented on the panel by Jeffery O. Johnson is appropriate. I also believe that what I say here would fairly represent most rare book and manuscript dealers as well as some archivists and librarians who acquire and manage rare books and manuscripts for large institutions. However, this is a personal statement and I alone am responsible for its content.

Johnson's paper as he delivered it excoriated all those involved in the "sleazy business" of documents dealing, leaving the impression that all documents dealers were avaricious, double-dealing, and not above cheating the inexperienced out of precious family heirlooms. He made no distinction between reputable, honest dealers and the few individuals who use questionable methods. The edited version of his paper acknowledges that he has "no reason to believe that most of the document dealers in Utah are not honorable and honest." I believe that in fact neither Johnson nor the general public understand what most dealers do and don't do in the local and national rare book trade. Perhaps I can bridge that gap as I discuss Johnson's arguments.

He begins with the example of Arlene Cummings who, in 1974, gave the LDS Church Archives an autograph book which belonged to her pioneer foremother so that it would be preserved and made available to her family and to historians. I would encourage anyone to donate treasures to institutions of their choice if they wish. Johnson theorizes that the chances of such a donation are greatly reduced today because dealers have so "commercialized" historical documents that people want to sell rather than donate their family papers. He adds that other archivists with Mormon collections report that people also come in to sell rather than donate family documents.

He does not offer explanations of their possible motives. Did these individuals need money and see such a sale as the only way to raise cash? Were they attempting to secure valuations as the basis for insuring the items against damage or loss? If they were simply trying to "make merchandise" of family history with a profit motive alone, then I would agree with Johnson that such a motive is less than pure. However, many persons sell collectibles because they need the money. They are not necessarily greedy or unfeeling toward history. If institutions expected everyone to donate and refused to pay for documents, a great deal of material would never see the inside of an archive. I know of many cases where piles of books and documents were thrown away or burned because someone was ignorant of their value. I think, though I acknowledge the potential for abuse, the incentive to sell is a good thing because it brings out, and then puts into the hands of those who can preserve them, many important papers which might otherwise have been at risk.

I have talked to many persons who were curious about the monetary value of a particular item they owned but had no intention of selling it because it belonged to the family or because they wanted to donate it. Their motives, if pure before, do not change just because something they own might be worth money. They believe, as I do, that there are things that have no price tag nor should they.

Even if it were true that document owners are more aware that their possessions may be valuable, are dealers to blame for this "regrettable change in attitude"? Johnson cites prices in autograph catalogs ten years ago contrasted with today's prices as evidence that dealers are indeed the culprits. He feels that Mormon documents, in the past six years, have become commercialized, making them "pieces of investment property." I would argue that this development is not recent.

Archie Hanna, retired curator of Yale University's Western Americana Collection, spent thirty years building the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library in New Haven, Connecticut. It is one of the finest Western Americana collections in the world, as well as one of the largest and best holdings of Mormon books and manuscripts. When I interviewed him on 28 August 1986 he said, "As long as anything has value there will be buying and selling; as long as there are autograph collectors there will be dealers." He indicated that this has always been so: "Many people do sell rather than give and there is nothing you can do about that." He pointed out that customers, not dealers, create and maintain the autograph and documents market. They also ultimately set the prices. True, a dealer may set a price on an item; but if no one takes it at his price, he must eventually meet the price customers will pay. Hanna said that when he started at Yale the administrators of the rare book and manuscript collections strongly felt that antiquarian book and document dealers were private and institutional collectors' indispensable allies and told him that his success in building the collection would depend on how well he worked with dealers. He emphatically stated that without those dealers, Yale could never have built the collections it has, and that in three decades of professional life

he remembers no more than a half-dozen times when dealers were unscrupulous and dishonest.

A. Dean Larsen, Associate University Librarian at Brigham Young University, is in charge of all collection development for Harold B. Lee Library. Chad Flake is the library's curator of special collections. When I interviewed them, they reported no appreciable change in the Mormon manuscript market in the past twenty-five years. They are offered proportionately the same amount of material now as earlier. They buy more and also spend more, not because of skyrocketing prices but because they have bigger budgets, reflecting the university's greater interest in collection development. Larsen commented that generally the same proportion of persons want to sell or donate documents now as in the past.

These two men, who have helped build BYU's Mormon and other collections into some of the best and largest anywhere, do not feel the Mormon market is over-commercialized. In fact, I have been hard pressed to find any archivists or librarians who share Johnson's attitude that dealers are enemies rather than friends of the archives. I'm sure there are some; clearly they are in the minority.

Dean Larsen represented what I believe is the most common attitude toward dealers and the relationships they have with institutions when he called dealers the "life blood of manuscript collecting and the building of manuscript collections." If it weren't for dealers institutions would seldom get historical papers from individuals. Furthermore, he says, archivists are "absolutely dependent" on dealers to build certain types of collections.

From nearly ten years' personal experience and observation, I can state positively that we and most other dealers have worked to help build the collections of institutions like the LDS Church, BYU, the University of Utah, Utah State University, and others by providing rare books and documents. Institutional acquisitions personnel cannot possibly afford the time and money that would be needed to duplicate the efforts of book dealers in the field or store looking for those items the institutions need. Most dealers offer their institutional customers needed items at reasonable prices, often at a discount. It would be not only unethical but financially foolish to try to cheat, deceive, or take advantage of them.

Dealers also provide another valuable service to libraries by appraising (often at no charge) individual items or entire collections so that the library may purchase them or the seller can receive a tax credit if he or she chooses to donate them. Archie Hanna observed that many people donate books and manuscripts not only out of generosity but also because of liberal income tax credits given by the government.

Johnson identifies five "highly negative" effects of the commercialization of Mormon documents.

1. "Manuscript dealers tend to destroy . . . provenance." True, a few individuals, Mark Hofmann among them, have not been forthright in providing provenance on some important documents they sold. I condemn this obfuscation also but to charge all document dealers with the same practice is unfair.

Provenance not only helps authenticate an item, it can also increase its value or salability. A dealer would be foolish not to provide the provenance if he knew it and was permitted to reveal it by the seller — and if the buyer felt it was important.

Occasionally a dealer is not anxious to reveal the immediate source of certain items because he or she may lose that source and subsequent sales if the buyer went directly to the source for future purchases. Most buyers understand and allow for this point. Often a dealer will reveal his or her source and provenance with an understanding that the buyer will not go to the seller directly or reveal the seller to anyone else.

The higher demand for provenance is a relatively recent development brought on mainly because of the Hofmann case and subsequent publicity. Long-time professionals like Archie Hanna, Dean Larsen, and Chad Flake confirmed that they did not always demand provenance, particularly if they acquired the item from a trusted and reputable dealer. Unless an item seemed suspicious, Hanna observed, he did not ask about provenance if the dealer had the reputation of being honest. Flake said that when he asked for provenance, he usually got it unless a dealer was protecting a source of future material. He added that only once has he been "stung" by a dealer.

The Hofmann case has damaged this trust. It is most regrettable that the unethical practices of a very few have poisoned the atmosphere of trust that once prevailed in the market. In the case of Hofmann, when he provided a document, he was also often its authenticator; when he did not give its background, one did not worry too much because he was trusted.

The situation has obviously changed; the market will no longer tolerate secrecy. I believe that there is now and will be more openness with historical documents. Provenance will be more important in acquisitions. Dealers support that idea and will do their part in promoting it. Thus, despite the pain, there has been a healthy cleansing in the field.

Johnson points out that "documents dealers stay in business on the difference between the price for which they buy a document and the price for which they sell a document" and provides a hypothetical "400 percent jump in price after it left family hands."

A markup like that is not even close to reality in our case or in the case of most dealers I know, particularly on rare and high-priced items. Since the market is very competitive, a dealer usually must pay top dollar for an expensive or desirable item and is usually satisfied to sell it for 10 to 25 percent above his cost. More than once, we have sold an item at or near cost to a good customer (such as an institution) to maintain a solid business relationship. I know other dealers do, too. One respected local dealer often makes only 10 percent or so on many of his sales. On normal, lower-priced items, a dealer must double his money to stay in business. Four hundred percent on rarities only occurs in the case of unethical dealers or occasional lucky finds or in the fantasies of the rest of us who try to balance the checkbook at the end of the month.

2. Johnson next expresses anger over the cases of dealers dividing collections to make more money. He correctly points out that such dividing reduces

its historical value. Of course, it also usually reduces its monetary value. Generally a whole collection is worth more than the sum of its parts, just as entire sets of books are worth more than partial sets and as complete books are worth more than ones with missing pages. Dealers would much rather sell an entire collection at once, not only because it is more valuable but because it takes much less time and trouble to do one transaction than many. Many dealers care about the historical value of collections and their intrinsic worth as a whole and are happy to sell them to institutions whenever possible. Most libraries have acquired from dealers entire collections, some of them very extensive and valuable.

Johnson cites the case of the Francis Kirkham collection, purchased by BYU several years ago. The Kirkham collection was represented as a whole to BYU when in fact the seller (a dealer who has been an anomaly in the local trade and is no longer in the business) had sold some items to others who did not know of the agreement with BYU. These items made their way through the local market. Since finding out about BYU's dilemma, we and other concerned dealers have searched for Kirkham material and have made it available to BYU. The university has expressed its gratitude for the efforts of all those trying to recover lost pieces of the collection. Recently in cooperation with another dealer we sold the collected papers of a prominent Mormon to BYU but had previously and have since received more papers from the same source who earlier had indicated there was little or no more. Again we have worked to gather up all outstanding pieces of the collection and have offered them exclusively to BYU. In this case, the problem lies with the original owner who continues to sell additional items.

Johnson prefers that all documents be in institutional archives though he acknowledges the legal right of individuals to buy, sell, and own documents. I disagree. Institutions cannot possibly obtain all Mormon documents. While I think that most, if not all, major historical documents belong in institutional hands, I also believe history belongs to people, not to institutions. Institutions, when performing their true function to preserve and make historical materials available, provide an indispensable service. Sadly, historical documents in some depositories are not always made available to historians, researchers, and people with a genuine interest in their history because of restrictions by donors or archive policy.

If an item, an autograph, for instance, contains no significant historical information, an institution often will not buy it. If they already have such an item they might even trade it for something they need. Institutions are not autograph collectors per se, but there are many persons in and out of the Church who are and they, not the dealers, have created a market for those autographs. Much of the manuscript material sold by dealers is insignificant in content and is not necessarily sought after by libraries, but has value because of the signature. Autograph collecting goes back hundreds of years and cannot be blamed on Mormon manuscript dealers. If an institution cannot or will not buy a document, for whatever reason, when it is offered, then I see no problem with offering it to a responsible collector who will appreciate and preserve it.

Furthermore, dealers and individuals are not the only ones who divide collections and holdings or get rid of historical material. I know of examples of the Church and state-owned archives "dumping" historical documents or getting rid of them in various, sometimes inappropriate ways. Hanna mentioned that New Mexico sold its state archives for waste paper in the 1880s.

3. Johnson says that the commercialization of Mormon documents has increased archival holdings but not necessarily to an advantage. Large sums of money (taxes and tithing) have been spent on increased security for collections.

Recently, the LDS Church returned to Hancock County, Illinois, a number of official documents received from Mark Hofmann and reportedly other dealers. Johnson says the documents were obtained illegally. There is no proof that the county court documents were stolen. The Church did not say they were stolen, according to Jerry Cahill, an official spokesperson for the Church. Nor am I aware that Hancock County officials declared them stolen. Hancock County documents have been circulating in the market for over twenty years. Other official documents from all over the country routinely appear in dealer catalogs. It is feasible that the documents were thrown out or given away years ago to make room for new papers as in the case of the New Mexico State Archives. However, if they were taken illegally then whoever did it should be prosecuted, rather than blaming the dealers who bought them, probably in good faith.

4. "Commercialization of Mormon history has encouraged faking." Johnson uses an example of a local dealer who transferred an autographed title page from an incomplete book to a complete one, thus greatly increasing value of the newly "doctored" book. I'm not aware of this instance but if a dealer "made up" a book and tried to pawn it off as the original to an unsuspecting buyer, that would be unethical. No reputable dealer would change a book like that in the first place, but if any significant repairs or alterations are done to a book they should be noted.

I think it is safe to say that whenever something is valuable, in demand, and capable of being faked, it probably will be at some time — money, fine art, watches, jewelry, and designer clothes as well as documents. Forgery and fakery are certainly not unique to manuscripts nor to Utah.

5. Johnson charges that the commercialization of Mormon documents has created an "investment market" among individuals who have no historical interest in them. I doubt the accuracy of such a sweeping generalization. Furthermore, I know that many customers to whom we have sold books and manuscripts feel very differently. A good customer of ours who is in a stake presidency in California, for instance, holds an almost reverential awe for written or printed pieces of Mormon history. I'm sure he cares just as deeply about our common past as Johnson.

Certainly some individuals treat documents strictly as pieces of merchandise bought as an investment. However, in my experience, they are a minority. When individuals ask us what they should collect and what would be a good investment, we consistently tell them to collect items they enjoy and love, that investment should be secondary to loving what they collect. It is true that rare

books and documents have appreciated in value over the years, but that is not enough reason alone to buy them.

There is a place for legitimate and ethical transactions in this field. My position is that it is right to buy and sell books and documents when the buyer and seller agree on its appropriateness and price and when a legitimate transaction occurs. If there were no sellers, there would be no buyers including institutional ones. It is naive to think that everyone would donate their valuable papers and books to libraries if all Mormon dealers closed their doors tomorrow.

In his conclusion, Johnson asks if he has been too harsh on manuscript dealers and says he bears them no personal animosity. I think he has been too harsh, that he has been guilty of stereotyping, and that he has impugned the motives and character of reputable dealers. However, I believe that he is sincere and genuinely loves Mormon history and its documents.

I, and most dealers and collectors I know, care about our history. We love it and want to see it preserved. We try to treat the books and manuscripts we acquire and sell with respect and appreciation. We feel we are involved in an honorable and vital business which benefits institutions and individuals alike. It is because of my love for history and books that I have been in the book business for twelve years and the used and rare book business for the past nine years. I feel as if I am helping preserve tangible parts of our history by seeing that they reach the hands of those who also care. I make no apology for the profession I have chosen.

I think perhaps though Jeffery Johnson and I disagree on some fundamental issues, we are not far apart in the belief that our history is vital and should be cherished and preserved for us and those who follow. We are both trying to make that happen in our own ways.

Leadership and the Ethics of Prophecy

Paul M. Edwards

LET ME BEGIN WITH A PARABLE. In the early '50s, my friends and neighbors sent me to Korea to "contain communism." Shortly after my arrival, I developed a terrible toothache. Soon pain, the great motivator, led me to leave the peace and security of the line for what was laughingly called "division rear." And from there to a remnant of man's inhumanity to man* identified as a field dentist. After a fleeting examination, the dentist pointed to a chair with an attached foot treadle. The treadle was connected by direct drive to a drill. He commanded: "Pedal."

Thus I found myself in the position of having to generate the energy for my own salvation in the full knowledge that to do so would become increasingly painful. It was a matter of commitment. But more than that it was a matter of participation in the process of my becoming whole, both because of, and despite the discomfort. I was not an observer. I was not waiting for results from others. I was called to act in my commitment.

The role of leadership within the Mormon community is vastly interrelated, and thus often confused, with management. This much is obvious — more to observers than participants — and has been the subject of comment by no less an insider than Hugh Nibley. "Leaders are movers and shakers," he writes, "original, inventive, unpredictable, imaginative, full of surprises that discomfit the enemy in war and the main office in peace. For the managers are safe, conservative, predictable, conforming organizational men and team players, dedicated to the establishment" (1983, 15).

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* I have tried to use nonsexist language in this essay; but because of my view that prophecy is intensely personal, I feel the use of a plural pronoun is counterproductive. Thus, I have alternated the pronouns *he* and *she* in the hope of dispelling any assumed sexism in the role of prophecy.

An even more pronounced distinction can be made, however, between leader and prophet, though it is often the case that they share the same voice and sit at the same desk. The ethics of leadership relate to the use and misuse of a position where one is called to lead, whereas the ethics of prophecy relates to the degree of divine fulfillment within the act or statement seen as prophetic. The leader, much like the field dentist, provides means and ability to lead those who would follow. The prophet assumes more the role of the participant-patient, determinedly pursuing understanding, accepting involvement, and seeking a sense of transcendence in the immediate, even at the cost of great risk and pain. The dentist takes little risk. She is involved in the immediate, making few decisions in terms of pain-value orientation. Her mission is clear, her evaluation simple. The prophet, however, succeeds or fails in both the process and the outcome, knowing through involvement that honest expression in any activity is impossible without reaffirming the continual meaning of the activity, without putting past and present into new light, without sensing fulfillment.

Prophecy is the finite expression of an inner understanding which in its insightfulness illuminates our history and confronts our anxieties. It brings past understanding and present confusions into new understandings and provides disclosures of the presentness of God. It should not be confused with policy for it is a *sense* of the perennial as well as the limited. It is ethical only when it is able to speak of God's transcendence as it is seen and felt in those immanent moments by those persons who have found their immanent home in his transcendence. He who speaks in the words, the mood, and the expectations of prophecy and does not speak from transcendent participations, violates the role of leader and the ethics of prophecy.

There is a necessary paradox inherent in any expression of religious experience. Religious language is designed to express information about a subject which is eternal in nature yet must try to be meaningful in a particular time and space. Such communication is poetic, making precise, finite, and literal language impossible. But it does not deliver him from the requirement that such an experience *must* be communicated or the prophetic leadership fails. The language of prophecy must somehow move beyond what Karl Barth describes as "the establishment and transmission of the results already achieved" — where we simply express the same spiritual understandings over and over again, as if from the beginning (in Harnack 1948, ix).

For what is "commanded by God is commanded anew in every moment for that moment, though the faithfulness of the will binds all the moments together and gives abiding direction amid the novelties of changing days" (Niebuhr 1970, 122).

When we use religious language, we describe God, whose transcendence keeps him apart from the common experience, even while the language itself requires us to speak of God in the present tense and in our commonly shared world. This dualism concerning God creates a special problem for the prophet. It calls her to walk the fine line between reason and imagination. We tend to make reason the abitrator of outward life and to assign imagination to the inner being. Thus, we are likely to regard imagination as a kind of fantasy,

failing to note that imagination is very different from fantasy. Fantasy is the means by which we use imaging to give objective character to abstract or paradoxical realities, as in fairy tales; but imagination is the use of our unlimitedness in forming relationships and is not akin to objective, as much as to subjective, knowledge.

To walk this line, a prophet requires the freedom of skepticism. She must be free from too much devotion to means or to ends; allowing the existence of serious doubt opens the mind and heart to constant conversion. Real skepticism, of course, does not exist within primitive societies, primarily because they have only one explanation, usually based on a recurring observable phenomena. Skepticism is a product of our intellectual and spiritual sophistication. Before we had the insight and the courage to doubt what appeared to be the truth, we were subject to every unexplained or overexplained phenomena. If the only source of knowledge about the sun is to watch it rise from the eastern hills, what doubts will occur in the established belief that the mountains give birth to its power? The simple flexing of nature in its natural state gave us centuries of unconquered anxieties. In effect, we lacked the ability, the cultural experience, the education, and the knowledge, to rise above our immediate environment and find meaning in the chaos and confusion which is symptomatic of thinking in abstract terms.

Such pre-skeptical persons lived in the nonrational eternity of a perennial present. Relying on instinct and living as creatures of response rather than analogy, their tie was with the past and was nostalgic rather than epistemological. Their response relied on remembering what was to be done — what ritual would appease this immediate god — rather than seeking to challenge, to analyze, and to react. Reluctant to live in other than their recurring animal drama, they looked for inspiration to the stones and, being uninhibited by past or future, relied on the shortness of the day for hope. In so doing, they were deprived of the most fundamental and supreme freedom, that of knowing.

Living epistemologically, if apprehensively, in the future as well as in the past, the questing prophet must rely on skeptical freedom, faith, and personal confidence to both question and assimilate inspiration. Here, living amid the chronic civil war of reason and response, she must seek the significant ground between the passion of egotism and dawning spirituality.

The message of Jesus Christ called persons to rise above the spiritual restrictions of superstition and to seek specific responses rather than hiding in demonic vagueness; as well, he called his people to free themselves from the limitations brought on by the dominance of obedience to unquestioned law. Young Joseph Smith's response to the denominations that knew too much was part of a new assumption for persons — an assumption that the universe's purpose is reflected in order and assurance, but that human understanding goes beyond order to participation. These principles serve as controls on the arbitrariness of decisions, on the injustice of laws, on the use of authority that is only heritage, and on beliefs turned into creeds.

The ethical prophet is not primarily concerned with solving the problems generated from institutions or traditions. Rather he seeks to fashion a new

synthesis which draws the whole from that which is, from that which is not yet, and from that which must of necessity be. This is the perilous occupation of the prophet. It will leave many awaiting instructions, some seeking signs of leadership, and many frustrated and confused over the indirectness.

It seems to me that the prophet can never be inside an institution in the manner in which leader or manager must be. For the prophet is by nature an outsider — a cosmic outsider I have called him — and any institution that tries to make him other than that denies the method and the message of his gift. The prophet, standing outside the mainstream of human thought, will live in the discrepancy between achievement and waste — between a life of "quiet desperation" and one of vitality. His despair arises from his vision, for he is aware of the alarming mediocrity that encompasses his world — and his deep concern at being so much a part of it. In his immense confusion he knows he sees too deep, and too much. And yet it is he whom, in a phrase I recall Yeates applying to Swift, the "blood sodden beast has dragged down into mankind."

Such a person sees the unexpected and lives in bewilderment before the awesome mystery of listening. Being alien to rational expectation and living in the dangerous but productive land of the assumed, she walks the tightrope between knowing and feeling. Such a person encompasses rather than seeks knowledge of God. So isolated, the prophet finds her home only in the shadows of the reality. Here she may well mimic the confused and distorted versions of the world. But living on the fringe of use-directed images, she discovers that what she is thinking and feeling is not practical. It has no usefulness because it is so universal. Thus she continually deals with the personal confrontation between what she knows to be meaningful and what her environment assumes is worthwhile. The need is that she can somehow retain her concern about draining the swamp while her followers insist she pay attention to the alligators snapping at their heels.

Living in the confrontation of the immediate and the perennial, the outsider discovers that he cannot accept life as it is, that he cannot consider his own existence beyond that of another nor his necessity inherent in the structure of the world. He realizes that his travel through the hell of his inner being raises questions about his own self-worth. He understands that he is sick, in a civilization that does not know of its own sickness (Wilson 1956, 14). This concern burns within because it cannot be understood without. Denied the opportunity to speak about the sense of meaning that sits restlessly upon his soul, the prophetic utterance will burst forth at those critical moments when the community, through its own struggles and despair, arrives at a point where the prophet and the people touch. The rest of the time, the outside is unexpressed. His comments are served up as bonbons and chocolate eclairs of the spirit when what he and his world desperately need is a meal.

The prophets find themselves without a pattern of life other than the compulsion to live at the very edge of experience, trembling in risk and secure only in belief. For when the prophet reemerges to communicate, she must be obviously different — significantly changed by her experience. If not, persons will question her message ("it is just Freda acting strange"). The frailty of her

personal integrity is so obvious (Slater 1974, 73). Her danger goes beyond where humans have gone. It is the realization that too much space smothers us more than if there were not enough and that, from the babble of voices, a mind must mediate the ethical balance between management and cosmic madness.

Such madness is described as the "image of immensity." I borrow this term from Gaston Bachelard to suggest that in order to understand the flow of prophetic image we need not wait for the phenomena to be stabilized. Immensity is not an object but rather a phenomenology of imagining. The events, the objects, and the words of our expression are the by-product of this existential experience, not the results of them. When we speak of the immensity of prophecy we refer to that deep involvement that opens us to the "otherness" that is there to be experienced. Instead of losing oneself in the descriptions, we feel the presence of the essential. We seek to understand the message, and the necessity of the vision, rather than simply striving to describe the messengers. Here the "poet continues this love duet between dreamer and the world, making people and the world into two wedded creatures that are paradoxically united in the dialogue of their solitude," the "doublet of resonance-reverberation" in which we are sensitized (Bachelard 1964, 189). It is in resonance that we experience prophecy. It is in reverberations that we extend prophecy so that it becomes our own. It possesses us by the impact of our acceptance and the power of its reaffirmation in us. Being deafened by the reverberations, we can no longer hear or consider it as objective.

Seeing the prophet as cosmic outsider I suggest that he or she is not in the real sense a leader but a navigator. When she generates response, she does so with every possibility of unethical presentation. Let me conclude, then, by suggesting that these cosmic expressions are very frail.

Part of our dilemma is that within Mormonism we have not decided on our response to Joseph Smith: do we do what he said, or what he did? What he did was to operate as if the almost daily workings of the Church were a matter of prophetic response. From my perspective, it seems that the LDS have been more inclined to do what he said and the RLDS to do what he did. But neither has come to grips with this paradox. On the one hand, we still hold on to what he said, the vocal and written expressions of his religious and organizational beliefs. And, on the other hand, we defend this attitude against conflicting concepts expressed by Joseph's action.

In this paradox we have compromised a new view, seeking new guidance and light as a management tool. This prophetic mode puts the Church on the cutting edge and yet, at the same time, makes the Church very insecure and vulnerable. To seek new guidance on each and every subject may well express the concept of doing what Joseph did, but we have not freed ourselves to do that. Until we restrict our current ideas to the immediate and free them from being permanent and untouchable things, we will not see change in the expressions of God's will. Caught between the timelessness of our affirmations and the immediacy of power in behavior, we have not dealt with the conflict nor seen the limitations. In this confusion, the prophetic timelessness is attributed to administrative action and policy. But of even more concern, to management

tools and administrative convenience is attributed the power of prophecy. This conflict is the cause of many of our dispersions which grow like wild asparagus, paying tribute to a return to the "truths of Joseph" but offended by institutions which respond to methods suggested by these truths.

While we understand that freedom imposes free will, what is not so evident is that free will can only operate when there is an understanding of the real. The freedom of choice requires that one know the choices and understand the limitations imposed by the environment in which one chooses. Such freedom also demands some comprehension of the whole so that choice reflects the macro as well as the micro view of one's world. The freedom of our prophetic voice is often limited because it does not emerge from such understanding of reality.

The outsider — the cosmic prophet — has such a sense though he recognizes that it may not reflect the popular view. He stands in opposition to our obsession with fragments, a position which has grave consequences, not the least of which is fanaticism. (Fanaticism has been beautifully defined as "redoubling one's efforts after one's aim has been forgotten.") The courage of assertion is the prophet's freedom. It is impossible to jump when you are falling; to make limp assertions about the ground on which you stand raises questions about the passion of your conviction; prophecy without assertion is unethical.

The fulfillment of the expectations of the body of Christ will occur through individual lives lived in, and related to, the human community. Thus, when prophecy emerges from institutional goals rather than from human needs, it fails. The meandering of positions, changes, and new interpretations of institutional problems is a response that lies outside understanding. Those limited to their own environment — or to immediacy — make the mistake of seeing every sorrow as the pride of person, every failure as the inadequacies of community. Such a view epitomizes the empathetic fallacy — the mistake of believing that humans, like inanimate objects or abstractions, lack feelings. We must be constantly reminded that whatever we imagine to solve our problems or to relieve our institutional confusions does not become the real world and that the powerful presence of God's world is muted when heard only in institutional and organizational expectations.

Much of our spiritual seeking is for assurance *that* God is, with little comprehension of being with God. Perhaps it is because we speak words as if words expressed the real meaning. To call contemporary prophets to the poetry of the psalms may be too much; but to call them to rise above the assumption their language communicates the source of their comments is only to ask them to speak as prophets. The ethical prophet speaks to the wholeness of the people in such a way that we "grasp the truth . . . that the beauty of the world, . . . and the mastery of evil, are all bound together — not accidentally, but by reason of this truth; that the universe exhibits a creativity with infinite freedom, and . . . infinite possibilities (Whitehead 1926, 119).

The prophetic response emerges from the milieu of the community. The people seek justification for the meaning they attach to living — not only a meaning that lies in some future life, even though this certainly helps, but a

sense that their daily bouts with pain and loss of dignity are not in vain. The manager may well define the problems, the leader may well address immediate concerns and direct people through them, but the prophet speaks to the meaning of life both in the midst of chaos and in the midst of peace.

This wisdom is neither deliberately sought nor contrived and is valid in the way that poetic justice is valid over revenge; it is evidence of a larger understanding even while accomplishing the immediate aim. This wisdom, in moments of honesty, draws us up to the conscious experience of God as present. It calls us to smells and tastes from the darkest corners of ourselves as a renewed whole, to a reality which regenerates and requires us to start life all over again.

Our prophetic view is limited when we assume that the conflict between prophet and king can be resolved, anymore than between leader and manager, by anything else than freedom from expectation. For the prophet seeks not peace, nor security, nor growth, nor acceptance at the cost of truth. The leader often compromises for peace and the king for victory. The institutional pronouncements of behavior and the rules reaffirmed through organizational rituals limit our ability to find the truth. Within Mormonism there have been so many years of limited inquiries, so many abdications of feelings and responsibilities, so many professional rituals developed that the power of prophecy is lost among necessities. Nowhere in the message of Jesus do we find instructions to submit ourselves to solemn ceremonies, to be obedient to mysterious ministrations, or to mumble maxims in a prescribed fashion. It was this very concept that we find Jesus nailed to the cross to defeat. And yet it is constantly reestablished under the guise of prophecy in his name and authority (Harnack 1948, 228–29).

This is not an argument against institutional loyalty. Organizations need leaders, even managers. But the authority of persons with God is beyond those roles and, in the final analysis, must control them. The temptation to take refuge in the institution emerges from its reflection of security. Yet prophets are never out of danger. Security dims awareness and limits the resources of involvement. To be a prophetic voice is to project the wrath of understanding and the cost of meaning. Faith is not a divine protection against destruction. The prophetic voice must surely be aware that to lead persons to God is to lead them to the risk that unceasingly awaits them.

It is well that Mormonism has a tendency to assume that prophecy follows acceptance. The prophetic utterance in its usual state will be contrary to, or ahead of, or too basic for, the contemporary fashion of ideas, thus compelling the prophet to live beyond the immediate. It was C. S. Lewis in *The Screwtape Letters* who has the devil initiate his apprentice by saying, "The use of fashions in thought is to distract the attentions of men from their real dangers." The idea, he explained, is to have all the people running around with fire extinguishers when there is a flood. The greatest triumph, however, is to elevate the "horror of the same old thing" into philosophy, so that nonsense in the intellect may reinforce corruption in the will (in Reaves 1977, 5).

Mormonism also restricts the power of prophecy when it operates under the assumption that the institutional church has no power. This encourages us

to avoid responsibility for what we are doing. Such freedom from responsibility is a violation of our giftedness and agency. God works in the organization, of that we are assured, but he does not manage it or really lead it. We do. Our failure to take responsibility and act accordingly is a byproduct of our acceptance of prophecy as cosmic policy making or personnel selection.

This nonparticipation through irresponsibility extends to our unwillingness to claim the power of consent. As members we are the final judges of the ultimacy of prophecy. If we do not deal honestly with that power, or allow ourselves to be more moved by the media than the message, or if we find ourselves confusing organizational loyalty with prophetic affirmation and do so without open evaluation of the message, we fail our God.

I find the prophetic in the homesick person. Not one without a home, not without a place, not without an identity — but grasping the fuller meaning of home and grasping to get there, struggling to tell us of the awesomeness of the journey, and — in the final analysis — to take us along.

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Christmas in Utah

Leslie Norris

In barns turned from the wind
The quarter-horses
Twitch their laundered blankets.
Three Steller's jays,
Crests sharp as ice,
Bejewel the pine tree.
Rough cold out of Idaho
Bundles irrational tumbleweed
The length of Main Street.

Higher than snowpeaks,
Shriller than the frost,
A brazen angel blows his silent trumpet.

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Objectivity and History

Kent E. Robson

In the early 1960s, a crisis occurred in the academic field of the philosophy of science, spilling over into the philosophy of history and the philosophy of social sciences. The crisis emerged from research in the related fields of the philosophy of language, the philosophy of science, epistemology, and metaphysics and can be dated to 1962, the year that Thomas S. Kuhn's book, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, first appeared.

Before attempting to describe this crisis, let me characterize some of its outcomes. One is the claim that there is no objectivity in history, science, or life. Another is that there is no rationality — that changing perspectives and conceptual schemes are irrational and unpredictable events without causes. As a result, some scholars have claimed that there is no longer any basis in science for saying that one way of doing things is more rational than another. Some of the questions that have been raised with this way of looking at objectivity and rationality are: What do we really know? What should we believe? What is evidence? What are good reasons? And is science as rational as people used to think? (Hacking 1983, 1).

Another way of describing this crisis has to do with "scientific realism." Here we might ask, What is the world? What kinds of things are in it? What is truth? Is there, in fact, any such thing as truth? Are the "facts" of science simply constructs of human minds which could be supplanted by alternative organizing schemes? Could these organizing schemes be changed, since they are based on shifting paradigms, without being guided by objective causes, truth, or rationality? What then is left of truth? And what remains of rationality? (Hacking 1983, 1).

It should be obvious why this crisis is of such concern to philosophers of science and to historians. If there is no truth, no objectivity, no basis on which to argue the rationality of one account over another, one can claim that different accounts are simply based upon prevailing sociological prejudices and biases. There would be no basis for claiming that one piece of history is good,

another poor; no basis on which to say that one kind of history is objective, another biased. The sociology of knowledge becomes the central criterion for evaluating all work. All writing could be judged only against changing perspectives within the community of historians, the community of scientists, and the community of scholars, without there being any starting point which could reveal truth, objectivity, and rationality.

This is the crisis that science and history have confronted since the early 1960s. If we accept this perspective, we can assert, as did Louis Midgley at the Western History Association in 1981 that, since we have no ability to discriminate, we can have no perspective from which to be objective and Mormon historians should therefore be defenders of the faith (Midgley 1981, 13, 28, 31). Like Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who maintained that what I believe about the world is determined by my will, it is my obligation to show that I am free and to announce to the world my commitment to my subjective truth (1906, Bk 3). Midgley maintains that history is a matter of assertion without objectivity, rationality, or truth and that we should all therefore assert our faith. Since no one can do better than this, one person's biases are no better than another's, except possibly in regard to religious values. It is uncertain whether Midgley believes that religious values are also arbitrarily chosen and relativistic.

In another essay, "No Higher Ground," David Earl Bohn maintains that there is no superior approach to history from which historians can defend their views. Since there is no objectivity, there is no truth, no rationality. The reference to a "higher ground" assumes that there is some basis on which historians, scientists, and others can ground their claims to truth, objectivity, and rationality. Bohn writes "The illusion of a higher ground is indeed, seductive. If the ideal of neutrality and objectivity cannot be approximated, then the historians' distinction between 'good history', and 'bad history', evaporates and the secular historians claim that somehow his account is of a higher order can no longer hold" (1983, 27).

The logical outcome of this line of thinking is that we have no criteria for deciding between good and bad history, good and bad science, good and bad logic, good and bad philosophy, and good and bad values. Everything becomes relative to the people who assert this or that position; skepticism, relativism, and cynicism rule the day. From this perspective, if I take a position in history and you agree with me, you write good history. But if you disagree with me, you write bad history. There is no position independent of our own from which we can say that this is, in itself, good or bad history or good or bad science.

This same crisis has also spread into the field of ethics where the prevailing mood is relativism. Nothing is good or bad, right or wrong. Good and bad are relative to a particular culture, nation, religion, or ethnic group. There is no objective definition of good or bad against which to measure these judgments. To use the idiom of the day, "Do your own thing" — which means that since nothing is good, bad, right, or wrong, then it does not make any difference what people do.

This crisis is widespread and has profound implications in ethics, history, philosophy of science, epistemology, and elsewhere.

I would like to argue against this relativism, this subjectivity, this lack of objectivity, this claim that there is no truth — that knowledge can be determined only within the context of the sociology of knowledge. While I do not intend in this essay to argue against relativism in ethics, I do hope to argue against the lack of objectivity in history, the lack of truth in history, and the lack of rationality in history and science.

There is a body of literature in philosophy and history which argues that there is no truth, objectivity, or rationality in history or science. In fact, Bohn quotes some of that literature (1983, 32, n23). He could have gone on to draw attention to the controversies concerning a theory of truth in the philosophy of language and a theory of right in ethics. In history, Bohn might have used Carl L. Becker's relativism and lack of objectivity expressed in "What are Historical Facts?" Or he might have gone back further to English Bishop George Berkeley and Scottish philosopher David Hume, both of whom argued that we not only have no sure knowledge that there is an external world, we cannot know that we ourselves exist, let alone others.

Mormon historians have joined in the thrust of the ideas underlying this crisis. In 1969 Richard Bushman published "Faithful History," an essay in which he wrote, "We have abandoned the naive hope that we can write objective history" (1962, 16). James Clayton claimed in 1982 that historians do not have a point of view from which they can achieve "total objectivity" (1982, 34). In another article, "The Future of Mormon History," Bushman wrote, "We should not be deceived, however, by the illusion that at long last we have learned to write objective history. . . . The myth of scientific history . . . has been discarded" (1966, 24). Ronald K. Esplin asserted that an approach to historical truth which assumes that a historian can be objective is unrealistic and naive (1982, 41). And Thomas G. Alexander has said (1986) that no historian today believes that objectivity is possible, at least in a Cartesian or Kantian sense. Alexander focuses our attention on what we mean by objectivity and raises the question whether there is any kind of objectivity or truth that we can make use of in our history to overcome the challenge that there is no truth whatsoever.

The issues are broad ones. They concern not only history but all of science. We are just now beginning to see reactions against this attack on objectivity, truth, and rationality. More and more, philosophers are arguing that there *are* some starting points, that there *is* such a thing as rationality and objectivity, that everything is *not* equally valid. If we could arrive at acceptable definitions of objectivity and truth, so the claim goes, we may discover that history is no more subjective than science and that science no more objective than history. Part of this problem lies in the traditional misunderstandings of science by those in the humanities and social sciences, especially historians.

The traditional assumption has been that scientific events are repeatable and testable. The truth of the matter is that all events are confined to a specific

place and time which, when they are over, are never repeated. The best that one can do is to construct, possibly in the laboratory, a new event that is hopefully similar enough in relevant ways to the previous event; but the tie between the two events is conceptual and linguistic.

Before any testing can be done, these kinds of conceptual ties between events must be made in science as in history. Frequently, these ties are made by words. General terms cover not just one event but several. If historians talk about a revolution, for example, there must be ways to link past and present revolutions or they could not call both of them revolutions. In the same way, scientists hope to call a particular event in a linear accelerator an event of left- or right-handed electron spin, while another could hopefully be interpreted as a weak neutral event of left- or right-handed electron spin (Hacking 1983, 266–71). Only by connecting the two events are scientists able to make an interesting scientific generalization because the events are spatially and temporally discontinuous. It is because of this discontinuity — and the fact that connections between events need to be made by conceptual ideas having a basis in language — that the crisis over objectivity, truth, and rationality has, in part, arisen.

Before this crisis in science and history occurred, scholars used to assume that there was a clear distinction between observation and theory, that the growth of knowledge was cumulative, and that it could lead to an increasingly adequate theory of the universe. In the context of these views, Kuhn's book was a bombshell. Kuhn charged that there is no distinction between observation and theory, that science and history are not cumulative, that scientific concepts are not particularly precise, and that the methodological unity of science is false. There is no one basis upon which we can strive for truth and objectivity. Kuhn did not want to assert that science is, therefore, irrational. But he did not believe that one could talk glibly about what is true or objective. One interpretation of the Kuhnian paradigm as a set-of-shared-values is that these values are merely social constructs and that they change without there being necessarily good reasons for change. It is here where one writer senses a "whiff of irrationality" in Kuhn's views (Hacking 1983, 11). This whiff can extend to the dismissal of historical objectivity and even, in some cases, to the dismissal of a concept of truth.

One reaction to this crisis can be found in the work of Imre Lakatos, a well-known philosopher of science at the University of London, who charged that Kuhn's vision was dominated by "mob psychology" (Hacking 1983, 112). Larry Laudan, another prominent philosopher of science, thinks that scientific rationality lies in the power of science to solve problems and answer questions (1981, 144 ff). And Ian Hacking takes his response to Kuhn from the idea that the entities, states, and processes described by correct theories really exist and that scientific realism is true.

My own claim for objectivity, rationality, and truth in history is an amalgam of these views, in addition to other considerations that derive from the philosophy of language. In this, I assert that Bohn and Midgley are wrong when they say that there is no higher or middle ground that can be used for

testing good history. When one sets out to write history, he or she tries to describe and interpret objects, persons, and events. I assume, contrary to Berkeley and Hume, that these objects and events exist, that there are real people in the world, and that there is an external world. To assume otherwise would be perverse, because the assumption that there are real events and objects in the world has made possible such scientific progress as the current space program.

Furthermore, I believe that there is a defensible theory of truth which says that one can truly describe objects and events in the world. These events can be described and redescribed, but the descriptions are either true or false. There is a distinction to be made between truth and falsity. In the philosophy of language, while I reject a naive correspondence theory of truth, I do subscribe to the view that there is a holistic interpretation of truth that makes sense (Davidson 1984, 215–25). The naive correspondence theory holds that each word stands for an object, person, or event, and that the truth is a relation in which the word *does* stand for the object. A holistic theory argues that truth must be discovered only in the context of a whole language and its relation to the world. Already we have two firm starting positions for history. Either the events occurred or they did not occur. If they occurred, we can give true descriptions of them or we can give false descriptions of them. It *does* make a difference. And we can endlessly describe in true ways the events that occurred.

Why is it that historians can continue to write new books about the same events, using different categories and different interpretations? Does this, once again, suggest that history is not objective and that there is no truth? To my mind, it does not. It simply tells us that many alternative, true accounts of historical events can be given without lapsing into falsehood and irrationality because no complete description of any event, let alone any historical event, may be given by anyone.

Historians have sometimes claimed that we cannot give complete descriptions of past events. Although they are right, the truth is that we cannot give *complete* descriptions of any events, even contemporary ones. Complete descriptions are impossible, not only because of the many ways that we can use language to connect events with this object or that person, but because the recursive rules of language formation enable us to generate an infinite number of sentences after starting with finite vocabulary and a finite set of rules. To whatever description we use, we could add, "John believed that." There are rules for constructing true sentences that enable us to take an endless number of persons and ascribe attitudes to them. These rules enable us to describe events and objects endlessly because the rules are recursive (Davidson 1984).

It was this phenomenon Richard Bushman described in "Faithful History" when he observed, "Written history rarely survives the three score and ten allotted to the men who write it. New evidence, new outlooks, new concepts for describing the events can give rise to new accounts of the events" (1969, 11). At every time, however, one can ask, "Did the events occur and are the descriptions and interpretations of them true?"

When Richard Bushman wrote "Faithful History," he talked about facts. I prefer not to use the word *fact* because it conceals a crucial ambiguity (Rob-

son 1978). Facts can be taken both as events themselves and as true descriptions of events. By running these two ideas together, one can make the mistake of believing that changes in one's descriptions "change," "mold," or "sculpt" the events themselves (Robson 1970, 8). Once the event is over, it cannot be changed. But it can be endlessly redescribed. And among the endless redescriptions of the events are those that are true. If facts are taken as linguistic entities, then they relate to these descriptions and redescriptions of the events. But if facts are interpreted to be the events themselves, then they are unchanging and not in any way "plastic."

This brings me to my suggestions as to how we might make sense of objectivity in history or in science. Methodologically sophisticated historians like Alexander talk about objectivity in a Cartesian or Kantian sense, specifying the difference between subjects and objects. Here we know nothing about the objects unless we experience them as subjects. There is, therefore, a connection, as Kuhn suggested, between our experience and the way we conceptualize that experience. We do not know the events independent of epistemologically experiencing them.

In his 1967 book, *Science and Subjectivity*, Israel Scheffler argues for several definitions of objectivity in opposition to Kuhn's view that there is no objectivity in science. The first definition Scheffler provides is that objectivity means that independent tests can be made of any individual's assertions in any field. This is the assertion that any serious historian or scientist must make his or her work available to other historians and scientists for independent, impartial, and detached assessment. Scheffler says such a process is entirely compatible "with passionate advocacies, strong faith, intuitive conjecture and imaginative speculation (1967, 2). This ideal cannot be limited to science but applies to history, mathematics, and other disciplines. It presupposes that persons of differing points of view may yet talk intelligently and intelligibly to each other.

The next concept of objectivity suggested by Scheffler has to do with observation and objectivity (1967, 21–44). Here, he claims that assertions are objective if they are true, that is, if they truly describe events that have occurred. This concept presupposes that the events and the objects described and interpreted really exist, and that there are true and also false ways of talking about them. In this, Scheffler and Hacking have a common interest in defending "scientific realism," the view that there are real objects and events in the world. Scheffler asserts this concept despite his realization that observation is never independent of conceptualization, that what is observed may not be altered by conceptual change, that observation is not ineffable, and that observational descriptions are not, just because they are observational, certain. Even so, there is a foundation for a kind of objectivity in realism (Scheffler 1967, 36).

A third definition of objectivity has to do with meaning and objectivity (Scheffler 1967, 45–66). Donald Davidson has provided by far the most thoughtful discussion of this concept. Davidson construes the central problem in the philosophy of language to be that of developing a semantics that makes

sense of concepts such as meaning, naming, referring, and asserting (1984, 219). Davidson's answer to all of the questions lies in the development of a holistic theory of truth in language. Davidson writes, for example, that "language is an instrument of communication because of its semantic dimension, the potentiality for truth or falsehood of its sentences, or, better, of its utterances and inscriptions" (1984, 201). Davidson believes that this view helps us to understand that different languages are not relativistic, that is, not just derivative of cultures, times, and places as many writers have claimed. True sentences correspond to actual relations among things to which I refer by my sentences. As Hacking suggested, "This attitude brings a comforting antidote to relativism and anti-objectivity" (1984, 57).

A further interpretation of objectivity has to do with the growth of scientific knowledge (see Scheffler 1967, 67–89; Lakatos 1978; Hacking 1983, 112–28). This concept presupposes a scientific or historical community. Over a period of time, one can look back and ask: "Are there problems that have been solved in science? Are there problems that have been solved in history?" This, Lakatos asserts, is the key to understanding objectivity. Is it the case that knowledge does grow? Do we, for example, now know that polygyny was practiced in Nauvoo? There was a time, not too many years ago, when the answer was unclear. We have now reached a point where we can answer, with firmness, "Yes." In this regard, as Laudan suggests, a solution has been found to a problem that gives us a concept of rationality (1981, 144 ff). We may still argue about what polygyny in Nauvoo among Mormons meant, or what the intentions of the practicing individuals were. Still, we now know things about history, including Mormon history, that we did not know earlier. We can thus affirm that there is cumulative knowledge. No historian today can afford to overlook the sources, the documentation, the evidence, and the interpretations of others in arriving at new assertions. This gives us a demarcation between rational activity, even in history, and irrationalism. It could also be described as a demarcation between objectivity and subjectivism.

In light of these suggestions, one can argue against the assertions by some Mormon scholars that there is no objectivity in history. When Bohn contends that there is no ground for claiming that one history is better than another, I can suggest, because of the above definitions of objectivity, that Bohn's claim is false.

Bohn strenuously objects to "New Mormon Historians" and, after listing some of them, including the philosopher Sterling McMurrin, lumps all of them together as "positivists" or "those expressing the positivist's paradigm," which he then dismisses on the grounds that there is no objectivity, truth, or rationality (1983, 27–28). McMurrin's account of his own position suggests that he takes seriously the idea that some sentences about the world are true and can be distinguished from those that are false. To think otherwise would plunge us into a morass of irrationality, even in religious matters, and we should defend a concept of "reasonableness" and a commitment to "rationality" (McMurrin 1982, 18–19).

Some of what Bohn writes in his article cannot be accurate. For example, he alleges, "The historian who approaches the record realizes that his text

constitutes his only avenue of access to the past" (1983, 28). I have previously pointed out that every record of every event is incomplete, not only of past events but of contemporary events as well. However, every historian brings more to the event than simply the text. He or she brings a knowledge of a language that enables him or her to read the text and an understanding about events, objects, and current events which, by drawing analogies, he or she can bring to bear on the event. Furthermore, there are aspects of language, such as truth and reference, contrary to what Bohn says, that remain stable over time and place. Davidson suggests this in his theory of truth (1984, 199–214). Whatever historians arrive at may be tested, reexamined, and reevaluated by other historians. Over a period of time, this enables us to make fairly firm assertions about what is known and what is still problematic. The accounts can be interpreted in this sense as being more or less "adequate" (Lambert and Brittan 1970, 88–91).

There is another problematic suggestion in Bohn's essay. After naming those whom he describes as the "New Mormon Historians," he suggests that they mutually support the view that one should defend a "secular middle ground" in doing history. Such a middle ground, he asserts, would be one which is "objective and neutral" (1983, 27). In my reading in Mormon history, I have not seen the word *neutrality* widely used by those whom Bohn asserts are the New Mormon Historians. Although some of them argue against objectivity in history, in this, I believe, they are mistaken, depending on how one chooses to define objectivity. I do not find them describing their own work as "secular." For example, Esplin suggests that scholarship should be evaluated based on acquaintance with "relevant sources, honesty in the use of documents, integrity in presentation, quality of insights and adequacy of interpretation" (1982, 4). I see no assertion here that this must somehow be "secular." Lawrence Foster, a non-Mormon, in "New Perspectives on the Mormon Past," argues that "labeling the recent historical writings as secular Mormonism is a red herring, since it suggests a false dichotomy between a position that is exclusively religious and a position that is exclusively secular" (1982, 44). James Clayton, in "Does History Undermine Faith?" answers with this quote, "I believe that the study of history seldom directly threatens fundamental religious beliefs, because history and religions seldom meet" (1983, 37). And Richard Bushman suggests that the New Mormon History may be both "faithful" and scholarly, informed, and intelligent (1969, 16).

Bushman goes on to suggest that Mormons should write history. I firmly agree. By virtue of their religious perspectives Mormons can bring an orientation to and an analysis of historical issues different from those of non-Mormons so long as they describe events that happened in ways that are true and submit their work to others for independent evaluation. I see no way to maintain that Mormons — just because they are Mormons — are incapable of offering insights on historical problems and even resolving them in ways that would be acceptable to non-Mormons as well as Mormons. In this, Mormons may use models adopted from the other social sciences, or they may attempt to make their work intelligible to non-Mormons by explaining the terms, conditions,

and perspectives from which they write. But they may still write of issues as insiders in ways that non-Mormon historians may not have previously understood. Just because Mormons write to communicate their insights to Mormons and non-Mormons, this cannot mean, as Bohn seems to imply, that their work lacks faith, that it undermines faith, or that somehow it is innately "positivistic."

Both Clayton and Bushman address the issue of how religious values impact the writing of history. On the one hand, I do not believe a Mormon historian needs to write history only according to a program of religious perspectives that have to be defended. Even though Bushman suggests that Mormon historians might consider some ways of organizing their historical research along lines called "Faithful History," his new book *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism* (1984) does not suggest that he is writing narrow programmatic history that cannot be taken to be true, rational, and intelligent also.

Bushman describes these possibilities when he writes concerning the discovery of the plates and their translation, "The story to emerge from these accounts may in one respect perplex readers who are not Mormons. . . . Some readers may wish to separate the easily believable mundane details from the extraordinary supernatural events and to find other explanations for the unusual experiences. The account that follows does not make that separation or attempt an explanation beyond that *given in the sources.* It tells the story as the Mormons remembered it, in the hope that an account reconstructed from the participants' memories will be useful in some degree to every reader" (Bushman 1984, 80–81; my emphasis).

Clayton's assertion that "historians and advocates of a particular religion do clash when the historian perceives that the advocate is not being loyal to historical as opposed to religious truth, when the religious advocate does not have a high sense of intellectual honesty or lacks a sense of balance, proportion, and common sense" suggests that Clayton may believe that a person who believes in religious truth cannot have the kind of honesty, sense of balance, proportion, and common sense needed to write history which would not clash with adequate historical perspectives. I believe that it is clearly possible to do that.

Clayton further argues that historians have no tools for dealing with the supernatural (1982, 38). This is not completely accurate. Historians have the same tools as any other human beings. They have their normal faculties, their ability to understand language, their ability to assess information and to draw conclusions. If they themselves have not experienced certain kinds of events, at least they know what it is like to experience events. They can, at the minimum, report on what others have said they have experienced.

If one wishes to go beyond reporting what the participants said occurred one could, for example, build a case based upon the usual evidentiary rules used in the law. Are the accounts eye-witness accounts? Are they contemporary? Were they experienced by several individuals? Were the accounts repudiated? Throughout all of this, one can continue to ask: Did the events occur as the participants described? Are the descriptions of the event accurate? Are there additional descriptions of the events that would be true of the events

and compatible with other true descriptions? Did the participants believe the descriptions to be true?

All of these questions might be used in assessing uniquely Mormon events such as the First Vision, the discovery of the plates, and the translation of the Book of Mormon. At the same time one can take account of the perspectives of the writers of the events. Do they exhibit accuracy and honesty in dealing with the evidence available to them? Is the evidence first hand or something else?

Larry Foster recently claimed, concerning the writing of Jerald and Sandra Tanner, "On the one hand, I agree with many of the Tanners' criticisms of the inadequacies of much Mormon writing until recently. On the other hand, I am equally critical of the narrow-minded Protestant Fundamentalism which the Tanners have substituted for the Mormonism that they decry" (1984, 36). There is still a great deal to be said for honesty that does not become special pleading, for integrity that exhibits a sense of proportion and balance, for careful research that has not decided that the purpose of writing is propaganda or indoctrination. If it is incumbent upon historians to do the best, most detailed, and most careful research they are capable of, one might also expect it to be incumbent upon those who possess sources of information to make them accessible and available.

In short, there are constraints on the writing of history. The first has to do with whether the event or events occurred. The second relates to whether the descriptions of those events are true. An additional constraint has to do with the "multiple jeopardy" that any historical writer is subject to concerning the adequacy of the historical research, the care and handling of sources and documentation, and the way in which peers from all areas in history may have access to the histories written and may assess them from many perspectives over an unlimited period of time (Hexter 1971, 83). If Lakatos's claims are correct about the growth of knowledge, the superior accounts will emerge over time, after multiple testing and examination, and new problems will have been solved. These constraints on history and science enable us to make sense of objectivity, truth, and rationality and undercut relativism.

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Evenings: His Church Calling

Anita Tanner

The sound burrs in my head
like a racket of angry birds
swirling from the sky.
He's gone again;
how many times must I mow the lawn
mulling that same pit in my mouth,
leaning into the green that grows too fast?

He has missed too many mowings.

Only after the sun has fondled the horizon,
and the mower has eaten away
at everything green
and splintered a bone hidden near soft roots,
will he step home onto gray pavement
with the darkness growing in blades
around the moon.

ANITA TANNER has written a collection of poetry, now ready for publication. She currently resides in Cortez, Colorado, with her husband and six children, where she serves in the Durango Stake Young Women presidency.

They Have Closed the Church My Father Helped Build

Anita Tanner

where he sawed through his finger
now perpetually stiff,
paid three assessments

where the dedicatory prayer droned on
past limits of steeple, lighthouse green,
and the subflooring I played on

where he sat on the rostrum.
jaw-bone moving in his temples,
stood to conduct

where I slipped leftover sacrament bread
into my purse
with the taste of perfume

where our teen pew got giggles
we couldn't control
during prayer or a farmer sermon

where a mural of Christ
and fishermen with bulging nets hung,
our white church full, empty,

the Lainhart boy's casket
muffling the aisle,
the congregation wondering

where it all led.

Eastward to Eden: The Nauvoo Rescue Missions

Richard E. Bennett

> I have felt sensibly there was a good deal of suffering among the saints in Nauvoo, as there has been amongst us, but the Lord God who has fed us all the day long, has his care still over us and when the saints are chastened enough, it will cease. I have never believed the Lord would suffer a general massacre of this people by a mob. If ten thousand men were to come against us, and no other way was open for our deliverance, the earth would swallow them up (Journal History, 27 Sept. 1846).

THESE WERE THE WORDS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG to his Mormon followers at the first Sunday services held at Winter Quarters on a wind-swept rise of land on the west side of the city's proposed Main Street. Daniel H. Wells and William Cutler had brought the sobering news into camp just two days before that Nauvoo had been overrun in the skirmish known as the Nauvoo Battle. The subsequent sufferings of the dispossessed and starving citizens of Nauvoo spurred Brigham and his fellow apostles into even greater relief action than that already underway. "Let the fire of the covenant which you made in the House of the Lord, burn in your hearts, like flame unquenchable," he reminded the Saints, "till you, by yourselves or delegates . . . [can] rise up with his team and go straightway and bring a load of the poor from Nauvoo . . . [for] this is a day of action and not of argument" (Journal History, 28 Sept. 1846).

Few episodes in the annals of Latter-day Saint history are as full of human suffering and pathos as the accounts of the so-called Poor Camps of Nauvoo in the fall of 1846. Yet few are as poorly understood or so myth-ridden. What caused this difficulty? What characterized the relief missions? Who was responsible? How many people were involved? Certainly lawless mob action

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forced their exile, but the Mormons were also in part the architects of their own fate. With better organization, communication, and plain good fortune, the Poor Camps might never have been.

The seeds of this autumn difficulty had been planted by the Quincy Committee Resolution of October 1845 which demanded the departure of the Latter-day Saints from Nauvoo by the following May or else face civil ruin. Realizing the futility of staying any longer in Illinois, Brigham Young and his colleagues of the Quorum of the Twelve set out a clear and systematic pattern of exodus. This multi-faceted plan had called for a vanguard company of the highest Church leaders — the so-called "Company of the Twelve" — to lead out in early spring, charting travel routes and building way stations for those to follow. In its wake, another twenty-five companies, each consisting of 100 families and some 500 people and presided over by a company captain, were to leave Nauvoo at set intervals throughout the spring and summer of 1846.

Near panic in early February, however, shattered these plans. Brigham Young, faced with an increased tempo of attempted arrests by federal and state officials on complicity charges stemming back to Joseph Smith's destruction of the *Nauvoo Expositor* printing shop, aware that several assassination attempts had been made or were being planned, and faced with unsubstantiated but compelling rumors that the United States government was sending a federal army to interfere with their westward exodus, ordered a hasty February departure. In the ensuing confusion, many of the previously-appointed company captains abandoned their assignments and were allowed to join with the vanguard Company of the Twelve (Bennett 1984, Ch. 1).

In the subsequent confusion, what had been foreseen as a relatively small, orderly company of officials soon became a swollen, unwieldy amalgam. Mormons began crossing the broad Mississippi as early as 4 February to take up their proposed line of march at Sugar Creek, Iowa Territory, some nine miles west. Brigham Young arrived eleven days later. By the time the first wagons began rolling west in mid-March from their Sugar Creek encampment, the Company of the Twelve had multiplied into an army of over 2,000 men, women, and children (Journal History, 28 Feb. 1846).

Due in large measure to the unmanageable size of the company and to the incredibly wet spring weather, Brigham Young and his westward-bound pioneers failed to reach the Missouri River until mid-June, almost three months behind schedule. This fact, coupled with Washington's request for a 500-man battalion to march to California in the U.S.-Mexican War, put an end to whatever lingering hopes Brigham had of sending a pared-down exploration company to the Rockies that summer of 1846. Rather, the top priority now became finding a winter location large enough to feed and shelter the oncoming thousands of uprooted Latter-day Saints in a frontier wilderness and among Pottawattamie, Ottoe, and Omaha Indian tribes in the vicinity of Council Bluffs on the Missouri River.

Not long after the break-up of the Sugar Creek encampment in mid-March, other companies followed. Hundreds left Nauvoo intermittently during March and April, and at least 3,000 came on in May (Gregg 1880, 346–

47). While the majority chose an overland conveyance, some travelled by riverboat to St. Louis, St. Joseph, or other cities en route to the new hub of Church activity. With upwards of 8,000 people congregating at the Bluffs that summer of 1846, little wonder the new hub of Latter-day Saint activity was at the Missouri, not the Mississippi.

Yet during this busy summer of 1846, Brigham kept an anxious eye on Nauvoo. Besides disrupting the original plan of exodus, their hasty departure had negatively affected the sale of both private and Church properties in and about the city. Consequently, before leaving Nauvoo, Brigham had appointed Joseph L. Heywood, John S. Fullmer, and Almon W. Babbitt legal trustees to sell Church and private properties, pay the most pressing debts and obligations, and provide for the safe departure of those left behind. He also assigned Apostle Orson Hyde to remain at least until the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple and to keep a vigil against the encroaching emissaries of James J. Strang, who was then claiming succession to Joseph Smith and who eyed not only new converts but also the temple itself to fit his own religious and economic purposes (*Voree Herald*, Sept. 1846, p. 2).

The Quorum of the Twelve had secretly sought various government grants to assist in their exodus plans since late 1845; but by early 1846, it had become clear that the only way left to pay their debts and the costs of exodus was to sell both the Kirtland and Nauvoo temples. The idea had been quietly discussed among selected members of the Twelve even before the February exodus but without resolution (Smith to Young, 26 April 1846). But six weeks into Iowa, upon hearing from Orson Hyde of the possibility of an immediate sale, Brigham startled his colleagues by declaring his intention to sell the Nauvoo Temple there and then at a price of $200,000 (Council of the Twelve to Orson Hyde and Wilford Woodruff, 30 April 1846, Brigham Young Papers). Orson Pratt wrote in his journal, 28 April 1846, "The Council met. The subject of the Temple was taken into consideration. It was considered that inasmuch as we were driven from our inheritances and homes and from the Temple that all sales of our property were forced sales done for the purpose of keeping a poor people from perishing and that we would be justified by our Heavenly Father in so doing." What good was the temple to them now, he argued, if the Church perished in the wilderness? Now was the time, and Brigham, ever the pragmatist, was insistent.

Furthermore, unless the temple were sold it would either be seized by anxious creditors and mortgage holders as collateral against a mounting backlog of unpaid debts and assignments or be claimed by other parties seeking ownership of the land and the temple. George A. Smith, speaking on behalf of his fellow apostles, finally and grudgingly consented. In that 26 April 1846 letter to Brigham Young, he wrote: "If you in your wisdom should think it best to sell the same for to help the poor in the present emergency, we frankly concur notwithstanding we feel opposed to a Methodist Congregation listening to a Mob Priest in that holly [sic] place" (Brigham Young Papers). Thereupon Brigham instructed Orson Hyde to send only a fraction — $25,000 — of the anticipated proceeds to the main camp and to turn the balance over to the

trustees to pay the temple builders up to half their overdue wages, pay the most pressing debts, and provide desperately needed teams, wagons or steamboat passages for the Nauvoo poor (Council of the Twelve to Orson Hyde and W. Woodruff, 30 April 1846).

Terms of the proposed sale were not announced in Nauvoo until the very day the temple was dedicated (Scott, 1 May 1846). William Felshaw, one of the many temple builders, voted in support of the decision for he, like most others, saw in it his only means of deliverance: "Even if I should get the half pay," he wrote, "it would not buy teams sufficient to move my family let alone buy clothing and provisions . . . my life is in danger here, and what to dwo I know not. I am lying on my oars for there is nothing to dwo in this place to obtain means."

But Orson Hyde's possible sale never materialized, and the workers were not paid even half their wages. In October, Brigham Young slashed the price to $125,000, then tried to rent it for $400 a year "just to keep it in repairs" (Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 17 October 1846; Minutes, Meeting of the Twelve and the Nauvoo Trustees, 22 Jan. 1847 Young Papers.)

Meanwhile, the situation in Nauvoo steadily deteriorated. People left by whatever means possible. By mid-August fewer than 1,500 remained, some of them new converts from the East who had arrived too late to join the advanced companies. As James Whitehead indicated in an 18 August 1846 letter to Brigham Young (Young Papers) most had exhausted all their savings just to reach Nauvoo and now looked to Brigham and the Trustees as their only hope. Wrote one almost penniless but imploring widow to Brigham in mid-August: "[Nauvoo] is truly a lonesome and dismal place . . . I want to know what I shall do. Is it best for me to remain among the gentiles? . . . My body is almost worn out a struggling to get a shelter for my head . . . If you think it wisdom for me to come out this fall how shall I gather. . . . Council me as though I was your child or Sister and whatever you say that I will do" (Elizabeth Gilbert to Brigham Young, 13 August 1846, Brigham Young Papers).

By late August, anti-Mormon vigilante groups had taken the law into their own hands and, under the flimsy pretext of enforcing the Quincy Resolution, burned outlying Mormon farmlands and laid seige to the city. Thomas Bullock, himself without teams or wagon, described their perilous circumstances in a letter to Willard Richards 10 September 1846:

> If you was to see me and my family at this moment, you would say we had either been whitewashed or had risen out of our graves — we have not the least idea where our next meal is to come from. . . . Some subsist by selling their clothes for food. There have been many saints who were preparing as fast as they could to go to the West who have gone to the grave, many literally dying for want — two or three dying in a house (Thomas Bullock Papers).

Between 12 and 15 September a small band of 100–150 men tried to stave off an attack of several hundred men long enough to allow the remnant of the Nauvoo population to ferry to Iowa. After four days of intermittent skirmishes, the Mormon defenders surrendered unconditionally. In the ensuing march upon the city, many homes were damaged and the temple desecrated. Only

ten men, including the trustees, were allowed to remain temporarily to pay off debts and obligations (Whitney Journal, 24–25, 27 Sept. 1846).

The resulting refugees, comprised of several hundred dispossessed men, women, and children — some too sick to travel — scattered themselves in camps along two miles of river banks above Montrose, Iowa. Few had the luxury of either tent or wagon (John M. Bernhisel to Brigham Young, 27 Oct. 1846, Brigham Young Papers). Most hung quilts or blankets for shelter or used bowers made of brush. Subsisting on little more than boiled or parched corn, several died "from sheer want of nourishment," as eyewitness Henry Young described. The situation was perilous in the extreme, the "bottom of the bottomless pit" to quote Joseph Heywood (Nauvoo Trustees to Brigham Young, 6 Dec. 1846). Had they not been blessed with such fine autumn weather and had not the rescue missions arrived, their fate would have been much worse.

With respect to these rescue efforts, misconceptions still persist. B. H. Roberts, in his standard account of the last days of Nauvoo, argues that the O. M. Allen rescue party left after word of the Nauvoo Battle had reached Winter Quarters (CHC 3:136). In fact, the recently selected Winter Quarters high council and Newel K. Whitney, Presiding Bishop of the Church, had already organized an eleven-man rescue party under Allen's command two weeks *before* William Cutler and Daniel H. Wells arrived in camp with news of the battle. Allen reported that his company did not hear of the battle until they met Cutler coming west one week after Allen had started back on 14 September, picking up volunteers and provisions along the way (Allen, 20 Sept. 1846).

Almost all of Allen's party were drawn from the Winter Quarters (Nebraska) side of the Missouri River and had parents, wives, and children back along the Iowa trail or at the Mississippi. Just east of Pisgah, 29 September, they met the westbound Evans Company. "We told them we wanted something to eat," Allen records:

> and they were very liberal in giving to us in the evening we met Sister Mary Fielding Smith with her company she met us with a welcome how do you do, and her other hand was full of charity of the right kind, for she felt for her brethren and sisters who were driven from their homes, she placed in my hand fifteen dollars to keep the poor, she told me she was scarce of provisions, so I told her that if the poor did not need it, that I would bring one half of the amount to her when I returned, she afterwards gave us about sixty pounds weight of flour . . . Sister [Mercy Fielding] Thompson gave me three dollars for the same purpose.

Quickening his pace to take full advantage of lingering good weather, Allen reached Montrose, Lee County, Iowa, on 6 October with twenty wagons, seventeen oxen, forty-one cows, four horses and several volunteer teamsters.[1]

In the Poor Camps, Allen "found their circumstances very different" to what he had expected. He was surprised that many refused to go west to the

[1] These included Samuel Smith, James Sprague, Amos Tubbs, Pliny Fishers, Amasa Russell, James McFale, Samuel Savoy, W. G. Sterrit, Clement Evens, and Peter Van Orden (Winter Quarters High Council Minutes, 8 Sept. 1846; Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 7 Oct. 1846; Allen Journal, 6 Oct. 1846).

Missouri. Rather than rescue he had to preach, cajole, and persuade. After he "repelled the reports that were circulated about the Main [Missouri] Camp and shewed their falsity," he wrote on 7 October 1846 (no doubt referring to the rumors of tragic deaths and Indian difficulties), "I spoke of the Spirit of gathering and not of scattering, and that there was a sufficing for their maintenance in the Missouri River . . . I told them that if they would uphold me I would uphold them and get them to Council Bluffs."

However, in actuality his rescue efforts proved very selective. He had a predetermined list of whom to bring back that included Thomas Bullock, "adopted" into the family of Apostle Willard Richards, and others. "I found the brethren that I was sent for," Allen wrote Brigham on 15 November 1846, "in a sick and destitute situation. I loaded up the same with those persons whose names were written in my instructions (Young Papers). To his credit, he also took back several families not on his list. Having taken longer to cross Iowa than anticipated, Allen spent only two days on these rescue efforts and left for Winter Quarters on 9 October with 87 children, 24 men, and 35 women plus five others — a total of 151, 44 of whom were listed as sick.

Allen's relief efforts, though welcome, were insufficient. Thirty-five men and women of those still left behind wrote Brigham a formal complaint: "Brother Allen came and took some away to Camp," wrote Henry Young on their behalf on 27 October. "But the very poorest, the widow, and the orphan without food, without clothes, without means of going anywhere, and without tents, wagons, and teams — many without shoes and other warm clothing, are left — many have died . . . from sheer want of nourishment" (Henry Young to Brigham Young, 27 Oct. 1846, Young Papers). In addition to criticizing the Nauvoo trustees for making two few visits and supplying inadequate provisions, they also expressed doubts that they would be any better off on the banks of the Missouri among the Indians than at the Mississippi nearer their homes.

These charges of neglect, however, were not fully justified. Trustees Heywood, Fullmer, and Babbitt, though in truth infrequent visitors to the camps, had been pleading with the citizens of Galena, Quincy, Rock Island, Burlington, St. Louis, and other river towns for money and supplies. John M. Bernhisel, who accompanied Heywood on one of his fund-raising expeditions, reported that they succeeded in raising only $100. "Many thought the Mormons had been harshly treated," he wrote Brigham, "yet the prejudice against them was deep and strong. Had I been soliciting relief for any other people under similar circumstances I should have received much more" (Journal History, 4 Nov. 1846). Meanwhile, as early as 6 October, Presiding Bishop Newel K. Whitney, using Church funds, had purchased "some flour" at Bonaparte, a few miles west of Montrose for distribution among the Poor Camps (Journal History, 6 Oct. 1846).

The news of the Nauvoo Battle, if not the catalyst for the Allen relief teams, was certainly the cause of the heretofore little known second rescue mission. Comprised mainly of farmers and haycutters, this time drawn from members settling on the eastern or Council Bluffs side of the Missouri River rather than from Winter Quarters, they were, at first, reluctant to go. Some worried about

the lateness of the season and their uncut hay. And fewer, if any of these later rescuers, had family members back in the Poor Camps. But most irritatingly, more families on the Pottawattamie or Council Bluffs side had given up family members to serve in the Mormon Battalion than had those families living in Winter Quarters. Had they not already made the greatest sacrifices? Who would take care of their families while they were away?

Despite some bickerings, however, the Pottawattamie High Council succeeded in dispatching a rescue team in early October under the direction of James Murdock and Allen Taylor who hurried east across Iowa and arrived in Montrose sometime near the end of October (Pottawattamie High Council Minutes, 2 Oct. 1846). The number they transported back is not known, but it seems to have been less selective, helping virtually everyone who was left requiring travel assistance.

Another misconception surrounding the poor camps pertains to the numbers involved. The standard version, first popularized by the crusading pen of Thomas L. Kane, and later accepted by B. H. Roberts and more recent writers, set the figure at 640 (CHC 3:135; Allen and Leonard, 1976, 222). While this may have been true in mid-September, Bishop Newel K. Whitney, then on the scene and writing in his journal before even Allen arrived, suggested that only fifty relief wagons would be needed to move the entire camp. Since Allen's rescue and relief mission consisted of 28 wagons and a roster listing only 151 people, the estimated size of the second rescue team was near 22 wagons and correspondingly fewer people — perhaps as few as 125.

Even if the numbers which Murdock and Taylor brought back with them were comparable to Allen's, it is clear that the Poor Camps of October numbered at most 300. If ever there had been 600+ on the banks of the Mississippi that fall (which under careful scrutiny now appears unlikely), by the time help arrived many had left on their own power (Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 6 Oct. 1846; Journal History, 4 Nov. 1846; Bullock, 15 Nov. 1846; Allen, 15 Nov. 1846). A further clue that fewer people returned in the second relief company is its much quicker return to the Missouri than Allen's. A letter from Brigham Young to Henry Young, 6 November 1846, indicates that the second rescue company was scaled down to accommodate the fewer-than-expected numbers.

With this clearer picture of the numbers involved, it is hard to accept Pearson's recent defense (1981) of the recurring legend that nine children were born in a single night at the Poor Camps. While it is true that a Jane Johnston wrote in Joseph Smith Black's diary (p. 5) of nine infants being born in one night, one must regard her memory with suspicion. Written thirty-seven years after the fact, her account would place this episode on or immediately *after* 9 October, for she indicates that she delivered the infants after "the Lord had sent quails amongst us", an event Allen dates on the 9th. Significantly, no contemporary account reports any such births; in fact, Bullock's census of the names and ages of the 151 people returning with the Allen Company includes

only three infants under the age of twelve months, only one of whom was born in Iowa.[2]

While it is true that no comparable roster has yet been found for the Murdock-Taylor rescue company, the odds of nine women in their group of no more than 150 being at full term in their pregnancies are remote; the chance of all nine of them giving birth the same night is beyond belief. If there ever was any truth to the story, first mentioned by Eliza R. Snow who participated in the first vanguard company exodus, it must have occurred, as she herself said, in the February Sugar Creek encampment of the previous February/March where almost 2,000 people waited a month before heading west, with another 8,000 just across the river (Tullidge 1877, 307).

Another story, one with more credibility, deals with the "miracle" of the quails. While assisting Allen in organizing the first rescue company, Thomas Bullock recorded that on 9 October, when food was critically scarce, several large flocks of quail flew into camp, some falling on the wagons, some under, some even on the bare breakfast tables. "The boys caught about 20 alive . . . every man and woman and child had quails to eat for their dinner," Bullock observed. "After dinner the flocks increased in size. Captain Allen ordered the brethren not to kill . . . not a gun was afterwards fired and the quails flew round the camp, many a lighted in it . . . this was repeated more than half a dozen times." To the faithful it was a manna-like sign of God's mercy to modern Israel.

The return journeys of both rescue teams were uneventful with only one or two deaths (Bullock, 30 Oct. 1846). Very few were transported all the way to the Missouri. Rather, most were left in various small Mormon settlements scattered along their newly made Iowa trail. Only a handful accompanied Allen and Bullock all the way back to Winter Quarters, arriving there 26 November, fifty days after leaving Montrose (Bullock, 26 Nov. 1846).

In retrospect, one can see a connection between the hasty February departure from Nauvoo and the later Poor Camps of October 1846. The panic of February was allowed to wreck months of careful planning leaving many without a clear blueprint of departure. And even if the original twenty-six company exodus plan had been followed, it is not clear if everyone who wanted to leave could have gone. Brigham Young may have assumed the reins of leadership too gradually, while his followers chose to obey but occasionally only on their own terms. Had concentrated efforts been made earlier to find buyers for the temple and had others shared sooner Brigham's practical vision, the needed money to pay workers and move out the Nauvoo poor may have been available in time to prevent much of the September sufferings. Still it is impressive that so few were left in the city by September and that the Church did not abandon them.

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[2] Another bit of information that casts serious doubts on the dependability of Johnston's memory is her mention of boiling maple juice and getting cakes of maple sugar. If such maple juice were taken from the sap of local maple trees, the season must have been spring.

But the incidentals of the forgoing account may be of lesser interest than what they have come to signify in Mormon history and tradition. Seen here was a firm reiteration of the "camp welfare" mentality, i.e., that despite the acute difficulty in establishing Winter Quarters, the poverty and uprooted state of its people, or how recent or how poor the converts back at Nauvoo, the Church exercised responsibility for the welfare of all its citizens from at least three levels of administration. The presiding authorities and quorums provided the impetus, motivation, and coordination of welfare relief. (Brigham himself sent three yoke of oxen back with Allen).

Second, the Nauvoo rescue missions illustrate the central role of the Presiding Bishop — in this case Newel K. Whitney's purchase of wagon loads of flour — in meeting the welfare needs of the Church. And third, it was the local high councils at the Missouri River that effectively mobilized the systematic sacrifice of the collective Church membership to remember and assist the poor and less advantaged among them. Welfare relief was not a case of affordability, of convenience, of discriminate selection or even of deservability, but one answered by the sacrifices of the rank and file, the Mary Smiths, the Orville M. Allens, the Mercy Thompsons, and the James Murdocks.

Finally, the story of the Poor Camps shows the pragmatic vision of Brigham Young's administration. For him, it was not where the Church had been but where it was going that mattered most. The present and future welfare of the Church and not its buildings and properties was his chief concern. His decision to sell off the temples to assist them in their travel plans and strengthen their financial footing evidenced a practical, forward-looking policy. To him, Church history was prologue, not precedent.

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"In Jeopardy Every Hour"

Susan B. Taber

> A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come (John 16:21).

WHEN MY TWO-AND-A-HALF-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, Abigail, and I went to the hospital, I left the pie crusts and rolls I had mixed up that morning on the kitchen table along with the dress pattern I had bought for my new niece. It had been months since I had felt this energetic, and so that morning I had begun a few projects while I waited for our sixth child to be born. The telephone awakened me from my after-lunch nap; the pediatrician wanted to see me in his office to discuss Abby's blood test results.

The day before he had said that the intermittent fever and leg pains which had plagued her for the previous four days might be symptoms of a bone infection, and he had ordered x-rays and a blood test. Since Abby now seemed much better, I hoped that he had found that she did not have a bone infection but something that could be treated with pink medicine at home. I held her on what was left of my lap with my cheek resting in her soft curls while Dr. Miller explained that since her white count was 30,000, she probably had leukemia. He wanted me to take her to the hospital that afternoon.

Although his office was halfway between our home and the hospital in Wilmington, I drove back to Newark to grab some clothes, books, needlework, and our toothbrushes. I punched down the still-rising dough and left a note on the front door directing the four older children to a neighbor's house. Before I picked up my husband Doug from the university, he left a note on the door of the seminar room cancelling the Institute class I was supposed to teach.

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At the hosptial, I recited Abby's medical history over and over as she was examined by a nurse, a medical student, a resident, and two hematologists. Doug went home to take care of the children. Several blood samples were drawn; we were sent downstairs for a chest x-ray; I held her hand while the IV was started. At nine o'clock Abby's nurse gave her an orange popsicle and pinned her armboard to the sheet so that the IV would not come loose. I eased my unwieldy body onto the cot which she'd pulled out of a chair for me and tried to comprehend what the hematologists had told me.

Ten years earlier, I had sat silently weeping in St. Luke's Hospital, New York. Nine-month-old John, our first born, had been admitted for tests because of his enlarged spleen and liver. After the pediatrician had informed me that the bone marrow test was "suspicious," I sat wishing Eve had never bitten the apple and trying to prepare myself to give John back to God. My week of anguish before the doctors released John, without a diagnosis, had taught me a powerful lesson. My husband, Doug, had administered to John the first night in the hospital and had blessed him that whatever had been wrong with him was gone and that he would be fine. I, however, had expended all my emotional energy trying to prepare for the worst and had found little comfort in the blessing.

I would not make that mistake now. Since that time, my faith in Doug's priesthood — based not only on the often prophetic character of the blessings he pronounced, but also upon his daily prayer and scripture study — had increased. When Doug and I had administered to Abby the day before, he had said that her intermittent fever was caused by an infection and would go away when the infection subsided. She must, therefore, I reasoned, not have leukemia, but something else. I resented every painful procedure and every beep of the IVAC that was making it impossible for me to sleep.

Doug had also given me a blessing that morning and had admonished me to develop my own spiritual resources. He had said that many would turn to me for wisdom and for strength. Neither, certainly, was in evidence now. I was out of control. Before morning I had to regain my composure or I would not be of any use to Abby. Opening my Bible, I turned to the Sermon on the Mount. Suddenly, the meaning of the "lilies of the field" came clear. I understood that Christ doesn't mean for us to go without clothing or to be slovenly, but rather that our persons, as children of God, are so glorious, so exquisitely wonderful that clothing and all our other acquisitions are truly superfluous. At last I was able to pray for strength to help Abby through the bone marrow aspiration and lumbar puncture scheduled for the morning.

We were busy the next day. The Mormon hotline must have hummed all night for visitors came in all day long. Our home teacher arrived even before Dr. Benzel, a hematologist, came in to perform the bone marrow. Doug said that casseroles were being brought in for him and the children. When he arrived, mid-morning, we were sent to see a woman whose name tag identified her as "Charlotte Sheehan: Pastoral Services: Parent Liaison." Doug brushed her off by saying that since the diagnosis wasn't confirmed, it was pointless to discuss how we were going to deal with leukemia at this time. I didn't want to

talk to her either. There was no way she could understand the reality of the blessing which Abby had been given. To let her be helpful, Doug said he would appreciate some information to read if Abby did have leukemia. We agreed there was no point in calling either set of grandparents, in Salt Lake City and Seattle, yet. When we knew for sure, this evening, we would tell the children and call our parents.

Dr. Benzel returned late in the day as I was trying to maneuver two dinner trays, a highchair, Abby, and all her tubes in the small open area of the room. As I squeezed catsup from a plastic tube over Abby's french fries, he told me that she did indeed have leukemia. He asked me to call Doug to arrange a time when we could both talk to him. Doug had gone back to Newark, twenty miles away, and had been on alert at the university, but he could not come now until after he had fed the children and settled them down. When I flatly told him over the telephone that the diagnosis was definite, his faint "Oh" was like a physical blow. Impossibility became reality.

After dinner with our four oldest children — John, Alan, Lisa, and Christina — Doug drove into Wilmington again. Our home teacher also returned to help Doug administer to Abby. The blessing was very short; Doug said afterwards that he felt she had already been blessed to recover and he couldn't add to that. Dr. Benzel took us into the nurses' break room where he carefully explained the treatment protocol and the mechanism of her disease. He was quite encouraging and said that he'd rather she had leukemia than some of the other diseases he treats. Doug, ever the scientist, got him involved in a technical discussion of physiology and pharmacology. While he went to the nurses' station to sign the release forms, I went back into Abby's room. The IV therapist was already there to give the first dose of vincristine. She didn't think the present IV was flowing well enough to inject something as caustic as vincristine, so she began to insert a new one. Four nurses held Abby down while the therapist repeatedly stabbed into her arm searching for a vein.

Finally, at midnight, it was all over and Abby and I could go to sleep. She awoke several times to use the toilet. Each time I crawled back into my cot, I had to use deep breathing to become comfortable. Eventually, it occurred to me that perhaps this was more than muscle strain and awkwardness. I went out into the hall where I could time my contractions. It was two A.M. and they were ten minutes apart. An hour later I called Doug and asked him to come and take me to the maternity hospital. The night nurses kept offering to call an ambulance, but I heroically refused. Nurses glided silently through half-opened doors to halt the insistent beeping of the IVACs. The cloud of cigarette smoke near the elevator had finally dispersed. The melodramatic qualities of the scene did not escape me. Here was an episode full of drama and pathos — the promise of new life in the very shadow of mortality.

Doug arrived at 3:45 A.M. Julie Ridge, our closest church neighbor, came with him to stay with Abigail. On the way Doug ran several red lights and made a couple of illegal turns even though I insisted that it wasn't necessary; he secretly enjoyed speeding along through the deserted streets. I was excited by both the drama of being up all night and the nonchalance I was able to

exude as an experienced mother. This was, after all, my sixth delivery, and I expected it to be quick and unmedicated.

The baby should have appeared by 6:00, but it didn't. Labor slowed and stopped; after two nights without sleep, my body could not continue. Finally, after a nightmare of pitocin and Demoral I awoke briefly to see a baby boy on the bed with me, the umbilicus wrapped around his neck. He turned pink and cried, and I went back to sleep for the rest of the day. That night, I recorded the experiences of the past two days in my journal and then added, "This is a time when our beliefs and philosophy are severely tested, and I must discipline my feelings and thoughts to reflect my testimony and the guidance of the Spirit — perhaps so I can have the Spirit."

Julie said that Abby's nurses were amazed by our support system. Doug took the two boys to stay with a ward family who happened to live on the same school bus route. The girls went to stay with another neighbor and colleague of Doug's. Julie would spend another day with Abby while Doug made arrangements to come and stay with her while I recuperated. The Relief Society president halted the flow of casseroles since no one was home, and arranged for women to help me when I was released from the hospital. The ward held a day of fasting and prayer for Abigail, and the Primary children made cards and sent small gifts to her. We had lived in Delaware for just a year; and as willing arms picked up our duties and loving hearts shared our burdens, I felt that Abby belonged to the ward almost as much as to us. Three years earlier, when in the fourth month of my pregnancy, I had nearly lost her, our church friends in Tennessee had cared for the other children, brought in meals, and even helped us move across town. When she was finally born, I felt that the ward had sustained her life. Once again, we were in the Lord's hands.

The telephone was almost an appendage. I spent hours listening to and cheering up the other children as well as consulting with Doug about arrangements for the month that we expected Abby to be in the hospital. I wanted their lives to be as normal as possible; the less disruption, I felt, the less they would worry about Abby or miss me. Our families called us and so did friends and relatives from Tennessee, where we had formerly lived. Over and over I comforted callers as I explained Abby's good chances for a remission. The more I said, the more I wondered if I were deluding myself. Was I really the pillar of strength that people said I was, or was I just not facing reality? Julie reassured me by telling me that when she was with Abby she felt the presence of the Comforter; Doug reminded me of his impression that she would recover.

By the fifth evening my post-partum euphoria had worn off. I was tired and scared. I had spent too much time talking and not enough time sleeping. An officious nurse, who had not been on duty since Robert was born, came in to discuss my plans. She was skeptical and told me to go home to bed before going to stay with Abby and to leave Robert with someone else.

Tuesday morning, Robert wanted to nurse every half-hour and I could hardly get dressed or eat my own breakfast. My visiting teacher came at 8:30 to take me home where three other sisters were waiting to help me clean the house. One went to the store to buy disposable diapers, baby wipes, and other

necessities while I sorted the laundry and packed. I got out clean sheets for all the beds, but I couldn't change Abby's new rainbow sheets. They had been a graduation-from-the-crib present; and although it had been only a week since she had slept in her new bed, we had entered a world forever altered.

Neighbors dropped by to bring the mail they had collected or just to say hello. They, too, marvelled at the Relief Society cleaning crew. Had I been less desperate I would have been humiliated by the overpopulated refrigerator and the sticky kitchen floor, but I was grateful for the clean rooms and fresh sheets which were tangible manifestations of the prayers offered by ward members. Although I had once been a Relief Society president, I gained a new appreciation for the power of organized religion. By noon the house was clean! Julie stayed behind to hang up Doug's shirts from the dryer and took a load of laundry to her house. Robyn, my visiting teacher, drove me back to the hospital so that Doug could teach his afternoon class.

The baby had been very cooperative. He had slept peacefully while I whirled through the house, and then had given me time to unpack and write in my journal that afternoon, but he refused to go to sleep again after his eleven P.M. feeding. After several hours of alternately nursing him and walking through the corridors with him, I finally remembered the bottle of formula which the hospital had sent home with him. I groped around the top shelf of Abby's locker until I found it. Two hours later, at 6:30, the phlebotomist arrived to draw blood for Abby's daily CBC, and a new day began.

> And we end up making an incredible tragedy out of it, instead of being able to look at life as a challenge, we look at it as a threat. Instead of at the end of life celebrating all the things that we have been able to share and to give and to receive, we mourn the loss as we drown ourselves in self-pity. And all great moments we, in a way, turn into tragedies. . . . Unconditional love. It's the only thing that helps you not only not to be afraid of living, but of dying.
>
> — Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, M.D.
> Transcript of "To Live until You Die," *Nova*, PBS

Gradually, Abby, Robert and I began to establish a routine. Abby enjoyed having Robert with her in her bed while we kept him awake in the mornings. Usually, the nurse bathed Abby while I bathed Robert from a small basin on the rolling bed-table. Afternoons, we all slept, at least for a short time.

One night I read the books which Charlotte Sheehan had given Doug. They had depressed him, especially the sections on preparing children for death. From the maternity hospital, I had tried to bolster his courage by stressing her 90 per cent chance of achieving a remission. Had she been in a car accident, I reasoned, 90 per cent would sound very good. I didn't realize until I read these pamphlets that only 50 per cent of children with leukemia are actually cured, that is, still in remission after five years. In the case of most accidents or other illnesses, the time before it is known whether the child will survive is relatively short. In the case of cancer, even when in remission, there

is no certainty that the danger period has passed. There are only statistical probabilities. I mustered every reason I could think of why Abby's chances should be better than 50 per cent, but I cried, too.

Autumn had fully come as the days stretched toward two weeks. The streets were covered with dead leaves. Many afternoons Doug drove in so he could relieve me while I took a walk. I hoped to regain my vitality as well as lose my baby fat. A favorite route led through a park along the Brandywine River where the trees were gloriously colored, though the wind was often bitter. One afternoon as I walked back up the hill to the hospital the street was suddenly flooded with light and a strong feeling of peace and hope came over me. I felt that whatever happened, my test would not be losing Abigail. When I told Doug about it, he said that it was most important that we help Abby love life and develop a healthy personality in spite of the years of treatment ahead of her.

One afternoon I happened to watch a television program about the work of Elisabeth Kubler-Ross. I was deeply moved by her emphatic affirmation of the importance of life, even under the most difficult of circumstances, and of the possibilities for hope and fulfillment even while dying. My tears were not only of pity for her patients and their families and myself, but also of gratitude for the eternal aspects of life which she espoused: love, service, honesty, and acceptance.

Abby had been hospitalized for just two weeks when her doctors decided that she was doing well enough to go home and finish her chemotherapy as an outpatient. They performed another bone marrow aspiration and lumbar puncture, but now I was allowed to stay in the room with her. At first I wondered if she would feel that I was an accessory to the pain that was inflicted upon her if I stayed with her, but she allowed me to comfort her during both procedures. I have since found that my being there has helped Abby endure these procedures and express her feelings freely. She learned to trust me as I learned to tell her exactly what would happen each day. After she learned what to expect, she did not cry or fuss until the actually painful part. More than once, the doctor, nurse, and I all ended up with tears of admiration in our eyes.

We all came home from the hospital, after an absence of seventeen days, on Doug's birthday. The after-school sitter had baked him a cake, and Doug's sister and family from Texas visited us for the weekend. My heart and eyes followed Abby as she silently moved from room to room Saturday morning, quietly playing in each of her favorite haunts. Now that I was sleeping in my own bed, my tense shoulders began to relax and my head stopped aching. The worst was behind us! We had come through relatively unscathed.

The next week we drove to the hospital three times for chemotherapy. Robert usually slept in his infant seat during the procedures, then I'd wake him and nurse him during the hour that Abby was being observed for possible allergic reactions. Neighbors brought in dinners on our commuting days, and the children helped keep the house straight and fold diapers for Christmas

spending money. On the last night of the induction phase of chemotherapy, Abby woke up crying with the pain in her legs. We had expected that the bone marrow aspiration scheduled for the next day would reveal that she was in remission. Why was she having bone pain, now, for the first time in four weeks? She must have relapsed already or not even have gone into remission. As I knelt beside her bed trying to comfort her, Abby seemed like a changeling. Her face and body were bloated from the prednisone, and there were bald streaks among her honey-colored curls. Of what use had all this treatment been? When I went back to my room, I pled with the Lord for her life, carefully adding, "Thy will be done."

In the morning Dr. Benzel was jubilant. "We did it!" He said just to give Abby Tylenol for future bone pain. When I called my parents that night, my mother's relief was audible. Her sister Fern had died twenty-two years earlier of leukemia. My father sounded for the first time as if he thought Abby had any hope of being cured.

We had celebrated Alan's birthday in Abby's hospital room and Lisa's a week after we came home. Thanksgiving was another strictly family day. Because of Abby's suppressed immune system, we had neither invited nor been invited as guests. I spent the day preparing a traditional turkey dinner complete with two kinds of pie and broccoli which was miraculously still growing in the garden. As I worked I felt gratitude for Abby's life, especially toward all the parents who had allowed their children to receive experimental treatment. Without the things that had been learned from their suffering, we would not have any hope of keeping Abby with us. I thought about Keats a lot, too. A tinge of mortality certainly did add a poignant zest to life.

Except for vincristine which she received once every four weeks at the doctor's office, Abby's medications were all given by mouth. Every Tuesday I took her to a nearby laboratory for a blood test; then the nurse telephoned that afternoon to give me the dosage levels for the coming week. She also had a weekly lumbar puncture with methotrexate to prevent meningeal leukemia.

Dr. Bean, the neurologist, always seemed very concerned about the effects of Abby's illness on the rest of the family. I always assured him, somewhat defensively, that we were all communicating with each other just fine. "Sometimes," he told me, "fathers escape by going to work. It's an acceptable way to be less involved." I felt satisfied with Doug's level of participation, but found myself increasingly short-tempered on Wednesday mornings. By the seventh time, I didn't want to go alone, so I insisted that Doug come with us.

By the time Dr. Bean arrived, Doug was quite impatient, Robert had slept too long, and Abby and I had exhausted all our amusements. I was helping the nurse hold Abby in position when Dr. Bean asked, "Are you all right?" I looked up, startled, but he wasn't talking to me. Doug was very pale and began talking in the fast, incoherent way he does when I'm in labor. Dr. Bean asked him to lie down, but Doug said he'd just walk around until he felt better. Finally, he did sit down. Afterwards, Doug claimed he hadn't been upset. Dr. Bean asserted that he had been affected more than he'd realized. Later, at

home, Doug and I shared our sorrow; I realized that we had been so busy coping that we really hadn't had time to share our feelings.

> And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? (John 9:2).

Robert's one-month weight gain was less than it should have been, though Dr. Cohn commended me for keeping up the breastfeeding in spite of our hectic medical schedule. "I guess you could even nurse in a telephone booth," he remarked. He also said that it was hard to understand why illnesses such as leukemia had to strike such nice families. "Perhaps," he ventured, "it is because they have the strength to handle it better than others."

When the incomprehensible happens, we seem compelled to explain it. When my uncle drowned during polio therapy, my parents explained that he must have fulfilled his earthly mission and had gone on a heavenly one. My eight-year-old mind could not quite understand how Heavenly Father could need Uncle Bill in the spirit world more than my aunt and six cousins needed him; but when I was fourteen, I accepted Aunt Fern's death as a release from her sufferings, wondering only why a God who had created the world had also created such suffering.

When I read Sterling McMurrin's *Theological Foundations of the Mormon Religion* for an Institute class my junior year in college, I eagerly embraced the concept of a nonabsolute God who had created neither evil nor suffering, but was, in fact, involved in overcoming both. My anguish over John had largely been a struggle to accept emotionally this philosophy. Although I had realized that I would have been at peace if my faith had been stronger, I had been grateful for the spiritual watershed of that experience.

> All these things shall give thee experience and shall be for thy good (Doctrine and Covenants 122:7).

Someone in our ward philosophized that this had happened to make us a better family. How can I accept a divine program of family improvement predicated on the suffering of a two-year-old? I could find no reason other than the laws of probability for Abby's illness. Even the first night in the hospital I had been acutely aware of how fortunate Doug and I had been during our lives. Since then, in almost every situation, I could see the Lord blessing and helping us. It reminded me of the week a few years before when all four children and I had been ill while I was working on a major Church assignment. I had been very aware of receiving just enough strength to get through each day and had felt the Spirit guide me as I decided how to spend my limited energy.

Our goal now was life as usual, though there were adjustments. Since Abby could not go into stores, I had a sitter come in twice a week so I could run errands. I had resumed teaching Institute even before we came home, but on Sundays Doug and I split up for Church. I took the older children and

went to choir practice and sacrament meeting. Doug and I switched places during Sunday School and then he taught the deacons' quorum and brought everyone home.

Doug and I had always been active, almost to the point of fanaticism, but I found it surprisingly easy to sink into my bed, after feeding Abby and Robert, while the rest of the family was still at church. Singing in the choir became one of the pillars of my spiritual life. Most of my journal writing was done in doctors' waiting rooms. One day I recorded, in a confused metaphor, that I felt as if I were spinning dizzily on a speeding downhill roller coaster. One day, feeling unable to concentrate on any of the tasks at hand, I went into the bedroom to pray. As I knelt to beg for help, I felt that, instead, I should express gratitude for my blessings. Suddenly, in the middle of giving thanks for Doug and for my children, I caught a glimpse of the eternal glory of their spirits. On Christmas Day, we were all able to attend church for the first time in two months.

> If in this life only we have faith in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept (1 Cor. 15:19–20).

The next Sunday, though, I had to take Abby to the doctor while the others went to church. Her high fever was not responding to the antibiotic prescribed the day before. When the pediatrician saw the infected-looking blisters on her fingers and legs he thought she had chicken-pox, often deadly to children on chemotherapy. As I drove home to pack, I prayed, "Why does Abby have to suffer so much? What purpose is there to all this?" The thought formed whole in my mind, "The bonds between you and Abby will be stronger even than death." Before Doug took us to the hospital, he and Doug Ridge administered to her as she sat in her high chair. Doug rebuked the infection and said she would soon be well.

We were ushered into a tiny isolation cubicle with two cribs, but with no telephone, television, or privacy. The outside window overlooked the cemetery. The doctors prescribed antibiotics and acyclovir through the IV while they tried to find out what she had. Drugs were injected into the solution practically every hour of the day and night. By Tuesday the infection was flourishing, and I wondered when it would be "rebuked." A huge pustule had appeared on her leg, making ten or twelve large ones all together. I wept in the shower; I sobbed aloud walking beside the frozen Brandywine River. Wednesday night, when a rash broke out on Abby's legs and feet, I was afraid she had toxic shock. The cultures eventually grew staph, and the doctors began to believe that she did not have chicken pox. One of them told me that on a healthy person her raging infection would have been a mere pimple.

As I watched over her Thursday morning, grateful that her temperature was no longer climbing between 104 and 105, I envisioned her peacefully asleep in a coffin. When I raised the window blind, there were gravediggers actually digging across the street. Expecting poor Yorick's skull to be tossed up

at any moment, I leaned my head into the corner and quietly let self-pity and despair wash over me. It had been easy to be brave during the two months when things were going according to plan, but I had wondered if I could be so if they weren't. I was embarrassed when the head nurse came in and sent me to talk with Charlotte Sheehan; I had been found out, but I was not willing to reveal what I felt was my abysmal lack of faith.

After Charlotte told me that she had lost a child to Tay-Sachs disease, I was able to share with her my concerns about John's anger and Lisa's frequent headaches. Eventually I explained that I did believe that Abby would recover, but that I was having a hard time keeping that faith strong.

That evening we were moved to a larger room on the regular floor. Abby rode regally in a small wheel-chair; and as soon as we were settled, she demanded and ate two bowls full of the Cheerios which Doug had brought from home. It was another full week, though, before she was strong enough to go home. We had spent exactly a month out of the preceding two and a half months residing in hospitals. Robert now slept through the night, and Abby expected to have all my time and attention.

Now we knew why the doctors had told us to call at the first sign of any infection. In February Abby developed pneumonia. Doug and I felt that we made it possible for her to stay home by calling the doctor promptly and by giving her the medicine in the parking lot of the pharmacy before going to Wilmington for a blood count. Several other times I rushed her to the pediatricians to keep a minor problem from becoming serious. I once called at midnight because she awakened with a temperature of 102.

Besides teaching Institute and taking a graduate course at the university, I wrote the program for the Relief Society birthday party and arranged the Easter program. Julie Ridge and I sustained ourselves with fantasies of slim figures by spring as we walked every evening along the icy streets. Keeping busy kept me from brooding, but I was always aware that I might not be able to fulfill my commitments. All my life, I had projected myself into the future; now, the present was everything — the future, nothing.

Easter Sunday took me by surprise. Practicing the music had soothed and elated me, but that morning I discovered a new dimension of the gospel. I had struggled for years to understand the atonement, but that day the promise of the resurrection resonated through my soul, and I realized that I apprehended the gospel message in a way that had not been accessible to me before.

> And why stand we in jeopardy every hour? (1 Cor. 15:30).

At the beginning of May, Dr. Benzel increased Abby's chemotherapy to the level that had wiped out her white count at New Year's. I was apprehensive all month, but nothing happened until the second Saturday in June. After a picnic and a swim, Abby seemed very tired. By morning her temperature was 103; and since her white count was very low, she had to go to the hospital. This time, however, after we had moved in, they told the doctor that Robert couldn't stay with us. How could even the Relief Society take care of a seven-month

old baby who would not take a bottle, and how would I survive? Eventually, they relented, but I knew I would have to start weaning Robert.

I was chagrined to find my faith plummeting as Abby's temperature rose and stayed above 104. Although she really was not as ill as in January, her temperature stayed high for several days. Was she in greater danger than I had supposed? I prayed constantly that her fever would break. The words of the blessing that Doug had given her came into my mind as I pled with the Lord. He had promised her that she would be able to rest, eat, and drink as she needed to get well. She was doing none of those. That afternoon, I decided, I would make sure she slept, at least. I rubbed her back and held her hand until she fell asleep. Several nurses came in and out, sometimes talking loudly, and always leaving the door open when they left. I made a sign, "SLEEPING: Please keep door closed," and clipped it to the door. When Robert awakened from his nap, I took him into the hall for another hour while Abby slept. The nurses ordered popsicles and chocolate milk which I gave Abby at every opportunity. That afternoon her temperature did not go quite as high, and she was able to go to sleep more easily that night.

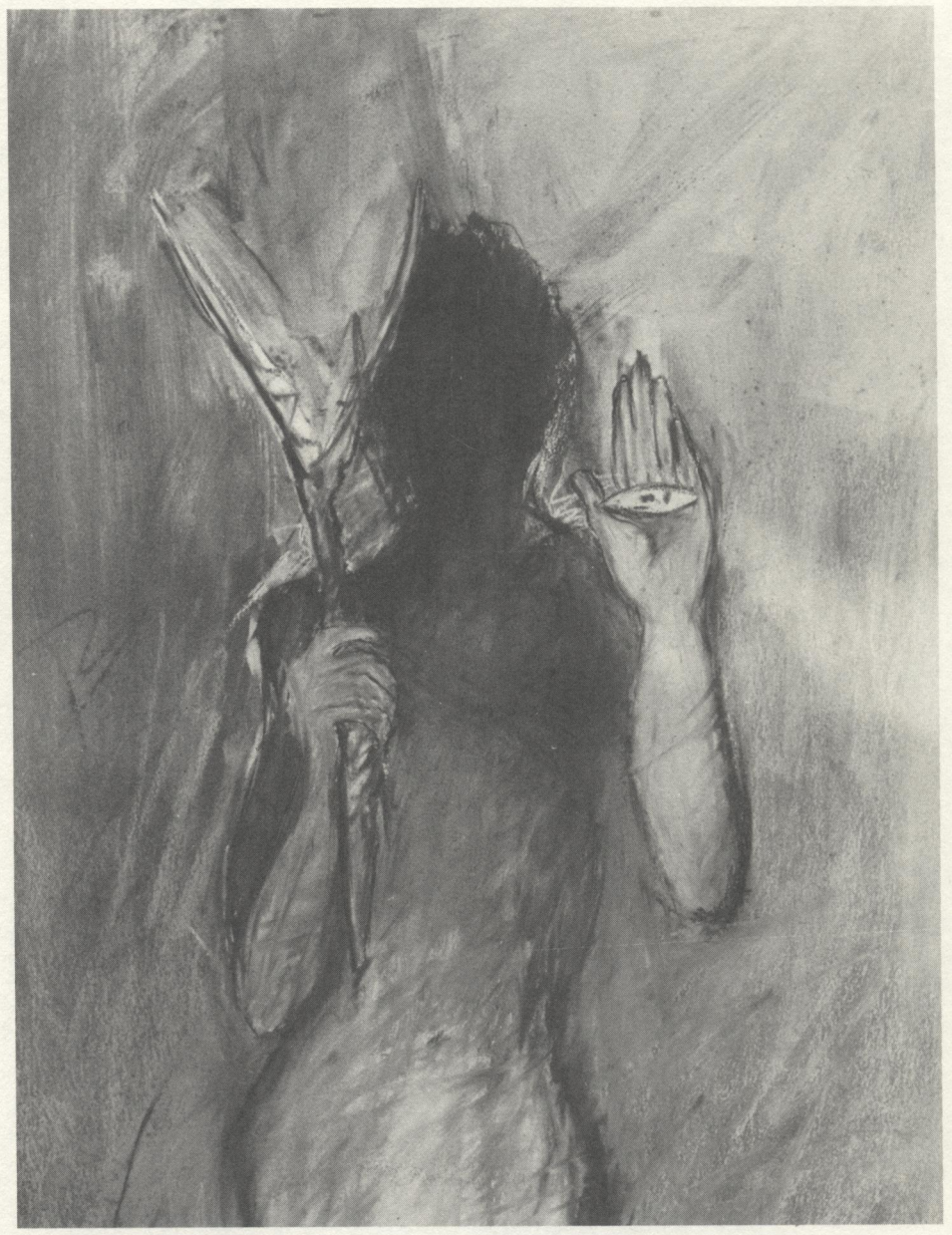
When her temperature had been normal for two days, I asked the hematologist if these infections were an expected part of therapy or if Abby were unusually susceptible. He looked down at the floor and then explained that their strategy is to keep her right on the edge. Infections come when the chemotherapy has been pushed too hard. "But," he added, "these are inevitable because if we didn't push too hard occasionally, she would not be getting enough chemotherapy."

Today the nurse removed the IV and tomorrow we'll go home. Again we pick up the threads of our life. Abby will tumble in the living room with her sisters, swing in the backyard, and, in a few weeks, go to the pool. I'd like to keep her in her own room like Rapunzel, but, of course, I can't. Doug says he's realized that we have to think in terms of "when Abby is hospitalized again," not "if". My spirit continues its tightrope walk between hope and dread. While here I've read some of the Book of Mormon and reread my journal. It reminds me of the hope and comfort that surrounded us when Abby first became ill. I pray constantly that I correctly understand that Spirit.

Just two years later, on 8 June 1986, Abby came home from the hospital for the last time. Leukemia had invaded her bone marrow in January and it had taken until the end of April to achieve another remission. She was immediately scheduled for a bone-marrow transplant in mid-June, the earliest possible time. On 8 May, however, Doug stated in a priesthood blessing that Abby would be happy "when she returned home to her Heavenly Father and would be glad to be there." He told me that he felt she had months, not years, left with us. I was anguished and, when her bone marrow was completely clear two weeks later, mystified by the incongruity. The next week she was given another course of high dose ARA-C to maintain the remission, but just a week later there was a leukemic cell in her daily CBC report. A bone marrow aspiration revealed that she had gone out of remission again. Since her doctors ad-

vised us that further treatment would not achieve a long-term remission, we brought her home to enjoy the summer with her family, friends, toys, and swing set.

On 7 August 1986, Doug administered to her for the last time. Half an hour later she died, peacefully, in her sleep.



Nativity

Kathy Evans

The eyes of the beasts shine into my own.
The archangel's hair is on fire. I stumble
through the mudprints of cows and ewes
toward the damp side of the cave
where all gods are born. Through odors of hay
and mortared dung, toward a slit of light
that falls onto her arms, I move toward him,
a clean claw out of dark fur; my feet
awkward on brindled straw, I kneel.

Morning comes. The sky, still bright with suns,
shows me the blue of my own veins. The world
is left in the absence of wanting. I walk
among the sheep with new eyes and the reasoning
of an insect. I say to the angels
brandishing the hills, I saw him, the swaddled
fists, the tiny mouth. I heard his cry.

KATHY EVANS teaches through California-Poets-in-the-Schools program, and has been published in The Pacific Sun, The California Quarterly, Mother/Poet, Imagine, The Ensign, The New Era, *as well as other reviews and quarterlies. She is a member of the San Rafael Second Ward where she lives in Mill Valley, California, with her husband and four children.*

Promise to Grandma

Kerry William Bate

WHEN SARAH ROUNDY SYLVESTER was fighting death in the fall of 1938 she must have felt her life was unsuccessful. The promises of a good education, the status of a significant and unusual Church assignment, the potential of an unexpected marriage, and her early leadership in an important town civic group had promised much. On her deathbed she swore her daughter, sister, and mother to a solemn vow which, to their Mormon minds, would theologically have left her eternally isolated. Yet they took the oath. Obviously, the strength and power of the mind left in this expiring fifty-year-old woman was not negligible. Her life — and her death — exemplified Samuel Johnson's maxim, "There has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful" (Bronson 1961, 84).

Sarah's story was always a part of me. During my childhood, I spent untold hours seated unobtrusively in an obscure corner while the grown-ups visited — visited before a missionary farewell or wedding, after a funeral, during a family reunion. And often the talk would turn to Sarah and her unique characteristics: usually with pride, but sometimes with puzzlement or even chagrin. And I'll never forget my mother's horror when her siblings violated Sarah's solemn deathbed pledge.

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Young Elizabeth Steel Stapley, the first Mormon child born in Utah and named for Brigham Young, sits in rare repose. Standing left in the striped shirtwaist is her daughter, Sarah Catherine Stapley Roundy. Her daughter and the subject of this essay, Sarah Elizabeth Roundy Sylvester, her hair braided on top of her head, stands next to her grandmother, while her daughter, Nell Sylvester (Wilson), now seventy-two, cradles a doll.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF REBA ROUNDY LEFEVRE

Sarah was my grandmother.

> She was the town clerk or something there [Kanarraville] — No, not the town clerk, that would be a man. She was something to do with the clerking part there when I was a kid but I don't remember what it was (Pollock 1983, 12).

Lila Berry Pollock was elderly, trying to reconcile present-day realities with her memories of early twentieth-century Mormonism. In fact, Sarah did hold a "man's job" in her community, a job held only by men before and after her tenure (Lovell 1980, 28–30). She was Kanarraville ward clerk from 1912 to 1914, succeeding her uncle, William Tarbet Stapley.

She brought impressive credentials to the job: first were her familial ones. Born during a terrible storm on 11 January 1888 in Kanarraville, she was related by blood or marriage to nearly everyone. The first of Sarah Catherine Stapley and Joel Jesse Roundy's nine children, her people had been in Iron County since its first settlement in the 1850s. Sarah's father was something of a saint and mystic, soft-spoken, but with unfailing good humor, flexibility, and tolerance. Both of her grandmothers — powerful matriarchs — were town midwives for many years and helped bring most of her contemporaries into the world. Her mother seems pale and invisible before her maternal grandmother but was still a woman with spunk and spirit — "a spitfire" my Aunt Gwen Sylvester Hunter said (Bate and Hunter 1985, 31). Townsfolk expected unusual achievements from the women in these families.

Sarah was well educated, comparatively speaking. She "passed high grade" from the local elementary school, her sister, my Aunt Reba Roundy LeFevre, recalled (LeFevre 1983, 11). This qualified her to teach school: and on 10 December 1909, the *Iron County Record* reported that "Miss Sarah Roundy is taking her place in the schoolroom" in Caliente, Nevada. Twenty-year-old Sarah didn't remain a teacher long because she didn't enjoy it — Rulon Platt, son of Kanarra's schoolteacher John Platt, thought she didn't have the personality necessary for a teacher. "She could have been a marvelous teacher, but with [being] temperamental she couldn't handle it. . . . She [was] . . . sulky. Sad disposition" (Platt 1982, 17–18). The only memorable thing she brought back from Caliente was a thirty-pound weight gain (Platt 1982, 17; LeFevre 1978, 21; 1983, 11).

The next year, 1910–11, she obtained the equivalent of her high school education at Murdock Academy in Beaver — quite an accomplishment for a pre-World War I rural Mormon and probably more than any of her predecessors and many of her successors as ward clerk had. She enjoyed singing in the choir at Murdock, took carpentry, and would remain proficient with a hammer.

Besides those secular achievements, Sarah had had a variety of Church callings: she was a member of the ward choir, an aid in the YLMIA, a Primary teacher, and later first counselor in the Primary presidency (KGM, 3 Dec. 1905, 4 March 1906, 11 Nov. 1906).

It was appropriate that she be selected as ward clerk in 1912. She was twenty-four, and it was the Progressive Era. Despite tiny Kanarraville's isolation, it was much infected with new ideas. Progress was in the air. The U.S.

Congress was passing laws regulating trusts and monopolies; the Utah State Legislature was restricting child labor, establishing minimum wages, and mandating pension reform (Alexander 1978, 418–21), and the towns of Utah were making all kinds of civic improvements.

Iron County twice elected socialist mayors in Cedar City during the 'teens. Kanarraville Saints heard lectures from their bishop to "improve" — and they did. They built a new water system, installed telephones and gas lights, and considered electricity — all between 1910 and 1916.

Kanarraville also revived its drama club. Sarah was a prominent member along with her father, sister Annis, and brother Jesse. Aunt Reba said she was in "every kind that come by there" (LeFevre 1983, 8), and her quick mind gave her prompt command of her lines. Generally, New Harmony and Kanarraville would exchange plays during the year, and there was always a good deal of socializing between those communities. Her father was probably even better in the plays than she was, because he was famous as a story teller and dramatist.

Despite the opposition of the bishop, townspeople enjoyed the movies, riding over to see them at Cedar City's Thorley Theatre; and Sarah's brothers were enthusiastic members of a vigorous town band, though Rulon Platt said none of her family "had a damned bit of music in 'em" (1982, 15). Horse races, foot races (at which Sarah's sisters and brothers excelled) and "fat lady races" (Sarah's 168 easily surpassed the 150 minimum) were other popular community activities. In addition, the town bought a new piano for community dances, farmers looked at new farming techniques, and townspeople pointed out shocking paragraphs in their county newspaper, such as an exciting tale of women in Portland being arrested for wearing "x-ray dresses."

In short, in the years around 1912 when Sarah was selected as ward clerk, she was a member of a respectable family in a dynamic, forward-looking community. Still, it was unusual to move a woman into a man's job, which is what happened when William T. Stapley left town in early 1912 (his last minutes are dated 16 February) and Sarah Roundy was called as his replacement on 14 April.

"They couldn't get a man to take it," Aunt Reba recalled, so they selected Sarah because "she's smart and she can do it." Sarah thought it over, consulted her father — who was in the bishopric — and with his encouragement said, "Well, if you think I should, I should," and accepted it. Her fellow townspeople were at least grateful — "they was glad she got it because they wouldn't have to do it," Reba said (LeFevre 1983, 17–18). As ward clerk she kept minutes, vital statistics, and financial records. She efficiently set to work, sketching in the minutes as well as she could during the two-month hiatus (KGM 14 April 1912).

On the same day, she was sustained as second counselor in the YLMIA (KGM 14 April 1912). She served as ward clerk until the end of January 1914. Thereafter, she is never again mentioned in the Kanarraville General Minutes in any capacity though she continued to live in the town until 1920.

But she took her clerking seriously. First, she was conscientious, recording minutes fully and consistently during her tenure in office, something not all

ward clerks did, as I have found trying to research the history of certain wards in southern Idaho. Once she wrote, "No minutes kept Sept. 8, 1912. Ward Clerk at Mutual Convention." She used adjectives to help better describe the nature of talks and Church activities: a returned missionary gave a "beautiful account" of his mission, the bishop gave "excellent warning," Sister Ethel Ashdown delivered "an instructive talk," and her father preached an "interesting and consoling" funeral sermon (KGM 8 Sept. 1912, 9 June 1912, 7 July 1912, 1 Sept. 1912, 1 Oct. 1912).

Her spelling was not always orthodox — we find "Parawon" for "Parowan," "Seccion" for "Session," "Convercttion" for "conversation" and a phonetic "posponed" for "postponed" (KGM 5 May 1912; 13 Oct. 1912). The trials of polygamy were already receding so far that its spelling proved a trial ("pylogamy"), and genealogical work was of so little interest then that it comes out "genology" (KGM 23 June 1912; 14 Sept. 1913). A certain Mr. Andrus's first name is a mystery choice among "Randolph," or "Andolph," or "Audolph." (KGM 12 Oct. 1913; 16 March 1913; 14 Sept. 1913.)

The congregation of around a hundred was treated to a few frank details of the personal lives of their neighbors, and Sarah did not flinch from recording them. "Charles Parker Sen. expressed his desires to fulfill his marriage vows to his wife" (2 Feb. 1913). John Platt (for good reason, as will appear), reminded ward members of the "sin of scandal" (16 June 1912), and one father publicly confessed that his daughter had fornicated "with her husband" before marriage. The congregation, after the bishop gave "excellent warning to the young people," extended "a unanimous vote of forgiveness" (7 July 1912; Platt, Aug. 1985, 21–22).

As ward clerk, Sarah attended the only "Bishops Trial" held during her tenure, where she took good minutes. On 13 October 1912, her former teacher, John W. Platt, charged Sarah's paternal cousin by marriage, Rachel Griffin Roundy, with promoting the story that, nearly twenty-five years before, Platt had had an affair with Harriet Berry Stapley, his own sister-in-law, while Harriet's husband was on a mission. The result, the gossiping Mrs. Roundy asserted, was a pregnancy and miscarriage.

Platt's fury lasted a generation and his son Rulon told me, over seventy years later, that Rachel Roundy was "a bullshitter" and "prevaricator" who would "hatch up a story and tell it" because "she was just a offbreed" that "fell off the log and got bumped" (Platt July 1985, 49).

Mrs. Roundy pleaded not guilty to the charge and "asked for other witnesses, some of her friends, not enemies," and finally fell back on her husband, who asked for "coencided evidence." The case was postponed, but eventually Platt prevailed and 29 December, more than two months later, the bishop announced the outcome from the pulpit ("There was no truth in the charge") and urged communal unity (LeFevre 1983, 11; KGM 29 Dec. 1912).

Like many of the girls in Kanarraville, the twenty-five-year-old Sarah found her first beaux among the young men of nearby New Harmony. Her name is linked to a Hammond's in friendship, a Davies in some slight romance, but Andy Schmutz of Harmony — "very fine looking" and "very religious,"

according to Rulon Platt (July 1985, 59–60) — was her most serious suitor (LeFevre 1983, 15; July 1984, 4). Platt described Sarah's looks at this time as "not too goodly, rather large, rather composed," and gave what was probably the official town position on her: "She was getting up in years" (1982, 17; "Appendix").

Most expected her to marry Schmutz, but then a twenty-year-old man from Bellevue (now Pintura) came to town to work as a sheepherder for his cousins, Jim and Andy Berry. Victor Leon ("Lee-own" in the local pronunciation) Sylvester was described by a nephew not given to profanity as "the orneriest bastard that ever lived" (K. Olds 1984; Atkin 1985, 9), and Vic's youngest sister, Gladys, said he was "a mean brat" who "teased me constantly and I hated him when I was a kid" (G. Olds 1976, 3). Bessie Davies says he was "kind of a backwards fellow" (Davies and Davies 1985, 2). A childhood schoolmate who later married Vic's sister Gladys, Andy Olds, said his most vivid recollection in grade school of Vic was of that young man standing in a corner, both hands uplifted, one holding a dictionary and the other a geography book, as punishment for bad behavior. Vic loved a good fight, liked a little wine, and hated a bully. "Oh, he was a rough, tough little bugger," Uncle Andy summed up (July 1984, 1, 10; Oct. 1984, 1). More charitable Rulon Platt, a "shirttail cousin," since both were related to the Berrys, herded sheep with Vic for several years. He said Vic "was a natural-born, self-made comedian" and "a wit" (Aug. 1985, 24).

Vic's father, Joseph, had inherited the moribund family acres in dry and sterile Bellevue, a town whose only cash crop was wine (traded to Kanarraville people for coal and farm goods) but whose winemakers were overshadowed by the better known vintners of nearby Toquerville. Joe began making wine and was soon religiously drinking his tithe of it, his occasional bouts with drunkenness a trial to his successive wives, Jane and Emma, and his ten children. Jane died when Vic was eleven years old, and his father remarried two years later to a woman who already had several children and soon gave birth to two more (Hunter 1981, 11; C. A. Olds July 1984, 15–18; Munford 1984, 2; L. Sylvester 1984, 11).

Though Vic was bright, he was not interested in education. He quit school before the eighth grade and later referred to college as a "paid vacation." He worked at cowpunching with his father and Wallace Stewart, a stepbrother, then bought an elegant cowboy hat which he proudly wore on the dusty red streets of Toquerville. "The loftier the hat was, why — it was just right," remembered Uncle Andy (Hunter 1981, 25; C. A. Olds July 1984, 10–11).

After a few years of cowpunching, Vic and his stepbrother rented his father's Bellevue acres, hopeful that new agricultural methods would wring a living from the dying acres. They plowed up the ancient alfalfa patch to rotate crops; and Joe, in a drunken rage at this desecration, "beat the hell out of old Vic and Wallace and told them to get the hell out of there." They hitchhiked up to Kanarra and Vic worked for the Berrys on Suicide Ranch, so-named because "some feller kicked his bucket over there — purposely," said Uncle Andy (Olds July 1984, 4).

So that is how a prickly, sensitive, aggressive cowboy five years Sarah's junior happened to be in town. He loved to dance, and it was at the New Harmony and Kanarra dances that they courted. Vic would "have a drink or two, and then he was really a high stepper," dancing and singing, my Aunt Gwen recalled (Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 3).

Unlike his father he wasn't an alcoholic (Bate 1982, 2; L. Sylvester 1984, 7). Still, Sarah's parents frowned upon this relationship. Sarah's mother was particularly upset about Vic's lack of religious commitment. But Sarah was an independent-minded woman; and she promised her father that if he gave his permission to marry Vic, she would never complain. As far as her family was concerned, she kept her word.

The ceremony was quick. Sarah abruptly married Vic, reportedly in a wedding dress borrowed from Vic's older sister, 28 October 1913 in Parowan (K. Bate 1982, 226–27; LeFevre 1983, 20; Platt July 1985, 10). Rulon Platt said she was motivated by obstinancy and advancing age but her daughter Ruth echoed the official family version when she said they were much in love, with one second-hand report describing their courtship as "so fun and cute!" (Pickering 1984, 13–14; Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 25). The *Iron County Record* notes "Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sylvester gave the public a wedding dance last Monday night" (14 Nov. 1913) and Rulon Platt and Uncle Andy attended the dance with music supplied by old Dan Barney — "he was a fiddlin' son-of-a-gun!" (Platt 1982 "Appendix"; C. A. Olds July 1984, 13–14; Hunter 1983, 9; *Iron County Record*, 14 Nov. 1913; Platt July 1985, 10, 13). Uncle Andy recalled with relish that Barney would be escorted to the back door at occasional intermissions and given a swig of wine and then would return to the fray with new zeal.

Vic and Sarah both loved reading, singing, and dancing. Rulon Platt recalled that "Vic . . . could read novels as fast as you could throw 'em at him" (Platt July 1985, 6) but he also read history, science, and the Bible. Platt also averred that Vic couldn't "carry a tune in a sealed casket," but a tape of him singing "Mighty Like a Rose" has survived, proving that he had a good voice. Vic could sketch, braid, and fingerweave, while Sarah was skilled at hatmaking, tailoring, and needlework (J. Bate 24 Aug. 1980, 6–7, Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 3; Wilson 1984, 10; LeFevre 1983, 10; July 1984, 12.) Vic's Aunt Midey later wrote his Aunt Rony: "Tell walace [Davis] I wish him and wife all the prosperity and hapiness in the world I honor his jugment in a wife I dont go much on these buterflyes Powder and paint" (K. Bate 1985, 2, Almira ("Midey") Hanks McDougall, Hanksville, Utah, 15 December 1921, to Irona Wealthy Hanks Davis, Kanarraville, Utah). Perhaps Vic was honoring a family value in marrying a settled older woman.

Sarah's younger sister Reba passes on a family story that "the town was all up in airs about her gettin' married" although she does not say why (LeFevre 1983, 16). On 26 January, two months later, Sarah wrote her last minutes. She was released, already pregnant — and seven months later Nell was born, 28 June 1914. "Soon as they said they got a man to put in it she just handed it over to them and said that's okay," recalled Aunt Reba (LeFevre

1983, 18). However, the man who succeeded her, R. J. Williams, Jr., seems to have always been in town and at least theoretically available for some time.

Within two years of Nell's birth, Sarah turned her considerable intellect and energies into another direction: she helped organize the Kanarraville Poultry Club sometime in 1915 (LeFevre 1983, 17; Wilson 1984, 2; *Iron County Record* 18 Aug. 1916). The women of Kanarraville made money selling eggs. Efficient egg and meat production were not casual interests but the serious dollars-and-cents activity of practical businesswomen (J. Bate 1983, 2).

Sarah was elected president, and many of the other ladies in the town joined the club, including Sarah's mother and maternal grandmother. Sarah's favorite chickens were Rhode Island Reds and Barred Plymouth Rocks, which she thought a good compromise between heavy layers and fast meat growers (J. Bate 1983, 3). Sarah was interested in incubators and encouraged their use, though the *Iron County Record* reports that her coal-oil incubator caught fire and burned up nine dozen eggs, a "substantial granary," two work horse collars, one pair of lines, breeching for a set of harness, and a pair of nosebags (2 April 1915). Still, that did not discourage her. Her most detailed activities with the club were published in the county newspaper after that event.

The club also subscribed to *Everybody's Poultry Magazine*, thus ensuring that members had access to the most up-to-date literature. In 1916, proud club members were photographed displaying a white hen, their magazine, and their numerous children (Wilson 1984, 2).

To help educate members, the club invited speakers. One was Branch Academy College professor David Sharp of Cedar City, who lectured to a dinner group of women about modern poultry methods (*Iron County Record*, 2 Feb. 1917, 9 Feb. 1917).

The club also met social needs very successfully. My mother recalls Sarah as loquacious: "She'd talk-talk-talking and she'd talk-talk after they got through talking, and she'd decide to go home, and they'd talk all the way out to the gate, sometimes half the way home, and then she'd walk back with the lady or something — we'd always say she got hung up by the tongue" (J. Bate 17 Aug. 1980, 8A–9). The *Iron County Record* records this 1916 outing as well:

> Last Thursday the Poultry Club took a hike onto the mountain, stopping at the Will C. Reeves ranch, where they had dinner. Those participating in the hike were, Mrs. Sarah Sylvester, president of the club; Mesdames Jesse Williams and Charles Parker, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Stapley, Mrs. Hannah Williams, Miss Jennie Reeves, Mrs. W. C. Reeves. The mountain road being washed out, the party went on horseback. After dinner they all went over to the LaVerkin. Some returned home the same day and some not until the next day. The young people both male and female intend going to the mountain again Saturday and stay over Sunday (18 August 1916).

After Nell's birth came a six-year hiatus before my mother, JoAnn (1920), was born, but children followed regularly thereafter: Gwen (1922), Ruth (1925), Rex (1928), and Leon (1934). (A daughter Shirley, born in 1917, died the day she was born.) Sarah had firm ideas about making her children independent. "I don't believe in holdin' my kids back like some people do,"

Aunt Reba quoted her. "I'm teachin' them that they got to stand up for their own rights. They can't depend on anybody else." So while the children "had to learn to scratch for theirself while she was out workin'," they grew up to be independent minded and self-assured (LeFevre May 1984, 7). Once, when Vic's father Joe came to visit, my mother, JoAnn, answered the door. She was a lively little towhead and Joe called her a beautiful sweet thing. "Well, I'm not a thing!" she replied indignantly, demonstrating a strong sense of perhaps misplaced self-worth (Munford 1984, 3).

However, Sarah wouldn't tolerate "disobedience and sass" from her children, and her mother deplored her temper. Sarah would threaten them, "I'll skin you alive!" or swear: "Dammit to hell, leave me alone!" (J. Bate 1982, 26; LeFevre 1983, 29).

By the time her children were born, however, it was clear to her that she would be, for all practical purposes, a single parent. In early 1920 Sarah's parents moved to Hurricane (pronounced "Hair-kin" by oldtimers), further south and much warmer than Kanarraville. She sold their small home and followed her parents to Hurricane, reportedly without telling Vic, who was off herding sheep. Aunt Reba counters that Vic made sure she was moved to Hurricane, telling Sarah's father, "I'm movin' Sarah down here because I know if I don't get anything for her to eat, you'll feed her," but that doesn't fit very well with my mother and Nell's recollections that Vic was angry ever after because she sold the house and moved without telling him (LeFevre July 1984, 2; J. Bate 24 Aug. 1980, 3).

After the move to Hurricane, Vic tried homesteading on Lake Pahranagut in Nevada. At first he went out alone but later he took his family (Wilson 1984, 3–5; Pickering, Wilson, Hunter, and Sylvester 1983, 1; LeFevre July 1984, 1–2; C. A. Olds July 1984, 24–25). Sarah was skeptical and lonely, glad when the venture failed and they came back. "He don't know anything about farmin'," she complained (LeFevre July 1984, 1–2). Rulon Platt corroborated, "Now Vic never was a farmer. You give him a shovel and he'd probably cut you in two with it, he just wouldn't have anything to do with it. And he was not good with an axe. That kind of labor didn't interest Vic" (1982, 37–38). Yet he was not lazy: "He'd work his damned head off to supply his wife and his girls" (July 1985, 4; Aug. 1985, 26). He seems to have been diligent and reliable as a sheepherder, cowpuncher, miner, and road worker. However, none of this led to much prosperity, and all of it led to long and continued absences from home, leaving all of the household and child-rearing responsibilities to Sarah. He spent several years working for his brother Frank, a fast-talking mine-owner with an operation near Delta. Instead of sending his money home, Vic had Frank save it for a house, but the mine went bankrupt, Frank lost everything, and Vic's money was a casualty (C. A. Olds 1984, 11–12, 35; Pickering 1984, 7; J. Bate 1983, 17). Sarah was probably not surprised since she had reportedly called the mining venture "another crazy idea" (LeFevre July 1984, 14).

Gwen and my mother recall playing outside one day when a man came up with a suitcase in his hand. "We were just — stood and gawked at him, be-

cause nobody ever came up that way with a suitcase clear out to the edge of town," recalled Mom.

"Well, hello," he said.

"Hello," they replied.

"Is your daddy home?" he asked.

Mom replied, "No, my daddy's not home."

The stranger answered, "Well, I think he is." Then the girls knew he was not only strange, but crazy.

"Well, he is *not*!" they insisted.

"Oh, you go in and ask your mother if your daddy's not home," the man persisted.

"Oh don't be silly," Mom answered. "We know our daddy's not home!" Of course, it was Vic (J. Bate 24 Aug. 1980, 1).

The scenes from early days of marriage — rocking the baby or singing with Sarah — more often were replaced with violent outbreaks. "He had a violent temper," recalled Mom, and added, "he would whale the daylights out of us. . . . He didn't hit Momma, but he'd sure spat his kids a lot, or whip them, or whatever you want to call it. So, he became violent. It was all right with me if he didn't live around home too much. . . . There wasn't anything I ever did in my life that ever pleased him" (Wilson 1984, 12; J. Bate 24 Aug. 1980, 2, 7; 1983, 6–7).

When he found out Sarah was pregnant with Leon, he shoved her, and Gwen pulled his hair to defend her mother (Bate and Hunter 1985, 45–47). His youngest daughter Ruth remembered that "sometimes he would have tantrums and act childish. . . . He's knocked me down and kicked me in the ribs before" (Pickering 1984, 7).

Underneath the conflict was religion: Sarah and Vic worshipped different gods. Vic was a rough, practical man who herded obedient sheep throughout the Nevada-Utah-Arizona range. When he saw the Mormons in church devoutly praying for rain, he scoffed that if they wanted rain, they should live where it rained. He could not take seriously a stratified heaven, gold plates, and temple ceremonies. Sarah, in contrast, was a devout and practicing Mormon who regarded his views as sacrilegious, his Bull Durham as disobedience, and his inactivity as spiritually perilous.

He reportedly complained that there were "two things I can't stand. A dirty house and a nagging woman" (Bate 24 Aug. 1980, 2–3). My mother admitted that he had both. Even Sarah's mother agreed that she "was jawin' all the time" (Bate and Hunter 1985, 31). She resented his drinking (Uncle Andy said Vic sometimes made bootleg from his father's grapes during Prohibition), and she was furious that he didn't build her a house, forcing her to shift the rest of her life from rented house to house, in one case living in the Isom granary, in another sheltering her children in an old tent on her father's lot (Pickering 1984, 14; Wilson 1984, 4, 6, 9; J. Bate 17 Aug. 1980, 8–8A; Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 15).

Shortly after the shoving incident, Vic asked Sarah for a divorce. She reportedly replied, "Okay, you can have a divorce, but you're goin' to pay for

the keep of the kids," and he decided to stay married (LeFevre July 1984, 6). The stressful relationship was exacerbated by increasing poverty. More and more she found herself making the living. "She had to get out and earn her own," recalled her sister, "She went out and worked ten hours a day" (LeFevre July 1984, 3).

My mother and Aunt Gwen laughed that they were "already so poor anyway" that "at first we didn't even notice the Depression" (Bate and Hunter 1985, 20). Vic's sister Gladys visited him the winter of 1935–36 and wrote to another sister, "On Victors birthday I went over and had supper with him. He has managed to keep off relief and this winter when there is so much project work around they wont give him a days work. He is so anxous to go on a job. It sure gets him down" (K. Bate 1985, 11–12, Gladys Sylvester Olds, Toquerville, Utah, 25 Feb. 1936, to Lavinia Sylvester Leeds, Los Angeles, Calif.). Aunt Reba thought he contributed to his own unemployment by sometimes refusing to take jobs that didn't pay the wage he wanted, although his daughters denied it (LeFevre July 1984, 3, Bate and Hunter 1985, 48).

In making her own way, Sarah found a number of creative and innovative solutions because she was a woman who "thought you could do anything your self" (Bate and Hunter 1985, 30). In addition to her chickens, she was an extremely competent seamstress, something she had learned from one of her numerous correspondence courses, and something for which she had had an interest and ability since childhood despite being blinded in the right eye in an early accident (Pickering 1984, 8–10; Hunter 1981, 9; LeFevre 1983, 10–11, 21). Her daughters went through new catalogues and selected what they liked, perhaps a ruffle here, a sleeve there, a pocket somewhere else, and she would make them new dresses without the use of patterns. (Her favored colors were delicate blues and subdued tans.) She also remodeled old clothes for her children and for others in exchange for more old clothes, mutton, or other produce (Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 6 Aug. 1983, 9; LeFevre 1983, 27–28).

She did cutwork, Battenberg (she won a prize at the Iron County Fair, according to the *Record*, 21 Sept. 1917), embroidery, netting and crocheting. She took a millinery course and remodeled and made hats, straw hats, and bonnets. Through another correspondence course in cooking, she acquired the most up-to-date information about nutrition and was also a gifted cook.

She did housework, laundered, and sold magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies Home Journal* for a free subscription herself and a small commission (Bate and Hunter 1985, 41). This, of course, fit well with her personality, for she loved to visit and talk; selling magazines along the way was an easy task.

She was an excellent soapmaker (she could tell when it was just right by the taste) and a dedicated gardener who grew mushmelons, canteloupes, watermelons, cucumbers, squash, corn, beans, carrots, beets, tomatoes, onions, and sometimes sweet potatoes. She saved the weeds for the pigs. Some edible kinds, like pigweed, were cooked and served with vinegar and salt and pepper — "Oh how I hated them!" recalled Aunt Gwen (J. Bate 17 Aug. 1980, 17B–19; Hunter 1981, 14; Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 13–14).

She carefully preserved what she grew, canning pickles (all kinds — bread and butter, dill, mustard and sweet pickles), fruits and vegetables. She bottled enormous quantities of food, at one time more than 1200 quarts of tomatoes, and always by the hundreds. She also preserved pork and beef and churned butter. Her children remember skipping across the hot corrugated tin roofs ("cat on a hot tin roof, nothing!" said Aunt Gwen), laying out slices of apples, pears, peaches, and apricots to dry (J. Bate 17 Aug. 1980, 11, 13–19; Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 14). In later years, her children thought a two-year food supply simple by comparison with Sarah's code.

What they didn't grow, they got by gift or barter. Sarah's parents provided farm and garden produce. Once a year there was a trek to Vic's father's house, where they picked black, red, and yellow currants. In Hurricane she and her children picked Himalaya berries on shares using long stockings to protect their arms from thorns and straw hats to protect their faces from sunburn. The buckets of berries were made into jams and pies. In late fall they would pick almonds on shares, burning the hulls in the winter to supplement the wood pile. They would also pick black walnuts on shares, and pecans when they were available. "We spent all summer getting ready for winter," sighed my mother (J. Bate 17 Aug. 1980, 13).

In addition they raised chickens, had a cow, and sometimes a young beef and a pig or two. Neighbors gave them scraps of meat that were considered undesirable — beef brains, tongue, and liver or a pig's head for head cheese (J. Bate, 17 Aug. 1980, 14–15).

Sarah bought her first electric washing machine from Emil Graff's store for thirty-five dollars. She got five dollars together, paid it to Graff as a down payment, and then washed clothes for two cents a pound, making payments of five dollars a month. Vic called this "buying on tick" (credit or on time), and exploded angrily (J. Bate 17 Aug. 1980, 9).

Unfortunately she did not inherit the vigorous constitution of her parents (both of whom lived into their eighties) or her maternal grandmother (who lived into her nineties and ritually appeared in 24th of July parades as the first white child born in Utah). She had difficult pregnancies and several miscarriages, attributed to "bone structure" and allegedly cured by a chiropractor. She is said to have had a bad heart, and once got a serious case of blood poisoning in her leg. The problems with her heart and legs made her give up the dancing she loved (Pickering 1984, 10, 15–16; Pickering, Wilson, Hunter and Sylvester 1983, 3).

Vic initially viewed her health problems with indifference, if not hostility, as malingering (Pickering 1984, 15). But as the situation got more serious he took more notice. By the spring of 1938 when she was fifty years old, she had "dropsy," then-incurable water retention caused by malfunctioning kidneys. When my mother graduated from high school in June 1938 — a proud valedictorian for the art department of Hurricane High School — Sarah could barely make her a new dress (LeFevre May 1984, 8). At this time, Sarah collected some money and had a photograph taken of her children. Neither she nor Vic are in it. No photographs of Vic Sylvester while he was married to Sarah have survived.

Sarah's parents took her in as she grew sicker, buying a refrigerator to provide ice for her and putting her in the bed where her grandmother had recently died. The hardest part for her was inactivity. She had always been on the move: visiting, tending chickens, selling magazine subscriptions, earning food and clothing for her family. Vic moved into town to stay with the children and tended bar. Her body began to swell. She fretted about her children, asking first her mother to take care of them, and then her unmarried sister Reba. Both assented. Sarah knew that Vic would not take care of them, and she worried about Ruth, who had always had a stormy relationship with Vic, and Leon, who was the only one she had not been able to teach to read because he was only four (Pickering 1984, 10–11; LeFevre July 1984, 1, 6, 11; J. Bate 11 August 1982, 31–33).

Something else was on her mind and she once called for the bishop. He brought his counselors and refused to dismiss them, so she left her message forever unsaid.

Nephritis is not an easy death, and the thought of dying frightened her. Vic's sister-in-law, Lena Stevens Sylvester, came to visit her in the fall of 1938 and later sadly described her: "Sarah had this — what is it — they bloat up. She swelled up with water in her until she just looked like a bloated cow. That poor thing suffered something miserable! Oh!" (L. Sylvester 1984, 8–9).

Only days before her death, she asked her mother, Reba, and my mother to promise that after her death they would not have her sealed to Vic in the temple (Wilson 1984, 8; Pickering 1984, 14; J. Bate 1983, 14–15; LeFevre July 1984, 11). My mother recalls the scene as beginning in incoherence: "Now I don't want you to do that."

"Do what?"

"Well, you just see you don't do it."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, I don't want you getting your dad and me sealed in the temple," and then she complained lucidly about Vic's irreligiosity, his quarreling, and his refusal to build her a house. She summed up: "See that you don't do that! Don't ever do that!"

"Well, I won't."

She repeated her requests to her mother and Reba. Reba remembered her as lucid and coherent. "Now you promise me you won't do it!" she demanded (LeFevre July 1984, 11). Both women assented.

Of course, the implications to the devout were not lost on Sarah. Her grandmother Priscilla Roundy had pointed out years before that Mormon women who die and are not sealed to a husband "would be servants hear after" (Priscilla Parrish Roundy, Venice, Utah, 16 Jan. [unknown year], to Jane Parrish Lindsay). Sarah was risking being a celestial menial in the Mormon hierarchal heaven. Only the intensity of her conviction could have won assent from the three believers who agreed to honor this last request.

By September, 1938, her sickness grew so serious that the only thing that brought her any comfort was to move her, and even that was painful. My mother and Reba took turns getting up in the night, turning her, propping her

up with pillows, and taking care of the bedpan. Finally her lungs filled with water. "Oh Reba!" she said terrified, "I'm going to die! I'm going to die whether I want to or not! I've just had the death rattles!" (LeFevre 1978, 13–14; 1983, 37). Reba informed their mother, who had the county nurse come see her and give her a sedative. She died peacefully in her sleep on 19 September 1938, with some family members present (J. Bate 1983, 16; 11 Aug. 1982, 33).

For the first time in his life, Vic faced responsibility for his children. He handled the death with his usual lack of diplomacy. Next morning at the breakfast table, the girl who had been staying over to help said, "How is your wife?"

"She died last night," he replied (R. Sylvester 1984, 5). That was how the younger children learned of their mother's death.

The *Washington County News* described Sarah Roundy Sylvester in her obituary as "an excellent seamstress having made sort of a profession or trade of this work," and added, "She was also a good artist and especially loved to do fancy work. . . . Her personal characteristics were of a type that will live forever in the memory of her friends and all who knew her" (22 Sept. 1938, 1, 5). That is probably a fair summation.

She was a powerful and courageous woman, her talents circumscribed by poverty and progeny. Mormon family biographies were written about Sarah's mother and her two grandmothers (all written by women), but the story of her father and her two grandfathers remains unrecorded. Sarah took the openings that were available to women and made them her opportunities. She had hopes, she had failures, she had fears, but in the end she had courage enough to face her eternity without the man with whom she had unhappily shared her earthly life.

Her children didn't share her courage: in 1965 they had her sealed by proxy to Vic in the Manti Temple. That final act, instead of asserting her character, her womanhood, and her independence, was a surrender of all three.

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And Baby Makes Two: Choosing Single Motherhood

Jerilyn Wakefield

As a school teacher in Tooele — junior high science/English — I carpool the forty miles from Salt Lake City every day. I had always assumed, as teens turned into twenties, that someday I would be married and raise a flock of children, just as my mother had raised her seven, and my sisters-in-law were raising their twenty-two. I grew up with my six brothers in Huntington, Utah; and as the older ones got married, I became very close to the resulting nieces and nephews. As an adolescent I considered myself the queen babysitter in town and always had a choice of clients. I have forever been charmed by children. All but two of my brothers now live in Utah so I have had access to sixteen substitute children to "use" for Christmas, summers off, and other "occasions." I always thought I would naturally fall into the average, ordinary, peaceably on-going nature of things.

After I graduated from Emery County High School I had a strong desire to graduate from college. I dreamed of being an FBI agent or a specialist in medical research at some center in the East, but I kept thinking that my real talent was with children and I could imagine being very satisfied as an elementary school teacher. Added bonus — I could stay close to home and family. So, I put in two years at Snow College and two more at BYU. After I had finished my student teaching (somewhere along the way I decided to teach secondary), I needed only five more hours credit. Meanwhile my best friend had gone on a mission, my brother Lond was going on a mission, and it seemed like an experience I also ought to have. After loving my eighteen months in Australia I finished school at BYU.

One of my missionary companions was from Grantsville and *she* found my first job teaching general business in Tooele. (I had placed a lot of value on my notes for English and biology classes and thought I could teach only those

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subjects, but the principal insisted I would have no trouble teaching business since I had been a secretary. I still find that encouragement hilarious.) After five years of driving to Salt Lake for entertainment and diversion, I decided to move there and commute to work. Unlike some of my friends who were waiting for marriage before they made important purchases, I wasn't long finding a house and furnishings. Neither was I willing to "wait" for a husband to travel with. It seemed as if I was always looking for a new place to visit. Or another movie to critique. Or a new play to see. As twenties turned to thirties, my social lifestyle filled all my time vacancies. That was then.

I suppose there's been a divorce somewhere in our family — though not in my immediate family — but I'm the only single mother. No husband. Just me and Jeffrey Leonard, the pint-sized delight of my life.

It began in early February 1983, when my principal called me into his office shortly after I arrived at school. Waiting for me was a counselor, a state Social Services worker, and a representative from Family Services. They needed some help with Linda (not her real name), a fourteen-year-old student I'd had the year before and genuinely liked. A feuding neighbor family had reported that Linda's father was abusing her and a younger sister and that Linda was pregnant. The Social Services people were wary about the source but obligated to investigate. The principal didn't particularly want to visit the father who didn't speak English well, chased visitors off his property, and had already had some ugly run-ins with school personnel. Would I take Linda to lunch and find out what I could?

I felt a little devious, but I was concerned so I agreed. I called her house immediately and got her father's permission. The principal got a substitute to cover for me. Then I borrowed a car and drove eight miles to pick her up. I hadn't seen Linda for almost seven months — since school had ended the previous May. She was now in ninth grade at the high school, a block away from my school, but she had stopped attending.

I could remember the first time I ever saw her. Shiny black Hispanic eyes, a flawless complexion, and the blackest hair I'd ever seen. She was very intelligent, despite low grades from frequent absences. Most amazing to me was her maturity. When she would ask to talk to me after school it wasn't about who was picking on her, or an excuse for a "lost" assignment, or a crush on some boy in another class, or any of the other typical junior high problems; it was "I wish my Dad would buy the groceries every other time like he said he would," or "My dad's live-in girlfriend keeps telling me I do housework the wrong way but she doesn't help me," or "Could I give my report on Tuesday? Wednesday is wash day and my dad won't let me change that." (She did the family laundry the way my grandmother did — no washer, no running hot water, no dryer.)

Linda's mother had left with another man when Linda was about ten; and for the last four years, Linda had mothered her younger brother and sister. When her mother remarried, her father had won custody of the children. There was no question of his fierce protectiveness nor — in my mind — of his

basic isolation from larger social currents. School provided the main connection with the rest of the world for those children. In fact, most of the school district's confrontations with Linda's father were because he kept her home so often to take care of the house.

I wondered all the way there what I was going to say. I wondered if it was dishonest not to tell her what my mission was. She was shy but seemed genuinely happy to see me. She'd put on a little weight. Her face was rounder, and there was a suspicious bulge at the abdomen.

She was also delighted to be going out to lunch, even at the meager range of high spots offered by Tooele. We chatted about things. I told her I was concerned about all the school she was purportedly missing. She'd been going out with Brad, also a former student and a real jerk in my opinion. He was at least four years older, a drop-out, and not deserving of her. My candid opinion made her anxious. Was she pregnant? Oh no, she hastily assured me. Had her father sexually molested her? Oh no, she assured me again, uneasily smoothing her napkin. I looked again at her waistline and sighed. Only fourteen.

Why wasn't she in school? When the school pressured the father for her improved attendance, he withdrew her, saying she was going to California to live with an aunt. I doubted it. Her father had not remarried, the girlfriend had since moved out, and Linda was too valuable to the family.

"Please get back in school, Linda," I begged. "This is such a valuable time for you and you're so bright. It'll be hard to make up time if you lose a full year." She warmed to my concern and promised to enter the alternative school until she actually moved.

Two weeks later, she phoned me at home in Salt Lake and asked if I would call her when I got to school the next day. "It's about what we talked about the other day," she said haltingly.

"You *are* pregnant?"

"Yes, and I don't know what to do."

I called her the next day. She sounded dreary, drifting. She had not seen a doctor. She had no idea when the baby was due nor did she have any idea how to calculate the delivery date because she had only menstruated twice in her life and no regular period had been established. She knew she didn't want an abortion, and it was too late for one anyway. Her father was so angry that he wouldn't talk to her except to say that he wasn't going to help raise it. Her grandmother wanted her to go on welfare and get an apartment somewhere. In some ways, that was appealing; but Linda was afraid that she would never get off welfare and worried that she couldn't give the baby the kind of life she wanted it to have. The state Division of Family Services had called her to say that if she were pregnant, they could easily find a home for the baby — "but they only sounded interested in getting the baby."

"Well," I told her reassuringly, "I know several couples who would give anything for a child. I'll help you find a perfect home, if that's what you decide to do." The names of several flashed through my mind even as I spoke, but Linda was continuing diffidently, "I wish *you* wanted a baby because I always thought it would be nice to have you for a mother."

I laughed, trying to lighten her despondency. "You want me to do something as drastic as get married?"

I promised to check on couples for her and began calling that night — not only the couples I knew but also friends, to see if they knew others. A very important call was to Richard, a good friend since we'd been in the same singles ward eight years ago. The important part of the call was when I reported Linda's wish — that she hoped *I'd* take her baby. He laughed.

Although I tried to hide it, I was hurt. And insulted. I had always believed I'd make a good mother. Not being one was less important than feeling I had the potential to be a good one. Richard's laugh denied that potential.

I kept calling, but I was smarting; and to Dan Marcum, a lawyer friend, I told the same story adding defiantly, "I wish it were legal so I *could* consider it."

"Jerilyn," he said, "it *is* legal. Any adult in Utah can adopt any child under sixteen as long as the Division of Family Services report is favorable and as long as the child is voluntarily relinquished."

I stared at the phone for a long time after I hung up. All night I role-played single motherhood. Would it be fair to a little person to bring her to a home where I had to work full time? What if she were a boy? Who would take him to Father and Sons outings? Who would help him with Scouting? Camping? Fishing? Playing ball? Goodness knows if it were up to me, he wouldn't know a football from a walnut. Who would teach him to urinate standing up?

And what about me? I'd already paid for a June 20 trip to New York to see every Broadway play I'd missed so far. How would I drop everything to spend a Saturday afternoon poking around antique stores or taking in the late movie at the Blue Mouse? Would my friends think I was crazy? What would my bishop say? Would my mother think this meant I would skip marriage altogether?

What if the baby had a handicap? Could I find a sitter then? I surely couldn't say "Oh, I can't take *that* one." And what about Linda? She needed a mother herself. Could I — should I — remain close to her if I were to take her baby?

I was a wreck the next morning, but something had crystalized during that night of what-iffing. If I said no, I would be acting out of fear. I *did* have fears and they were legitimate fears. But did I want fears to dominate my life? I remembered hearing a talk once about hell — the speaker's definition was "opportunity lost." I recalled that now. It would be easier for me to survive something I did badly or failed at, than something I *wished* I had done.

I was most nervous about calling my mother so I called Valene, my sister-in-law who lives next door to her, to be prepared to pick up the pieces. When I got my mother on the phone, we chatted pleasantly as usual and I told her the story of my poor student. Mother clucked sympathetically, hmmed, and "oh dear'ed" in the right places. I then told her about Linda's wish.

Pause.

"Mom, I think I'm going to do it."

There was silence, a long silence. I froze. Then I realized she was crying. When she spoke it was broken and simple. "I think that would be wonderful!" She was probably reacting as much to Linda's compliment as to the baby, but it didn't matter — I could count on her for support and I felt great!

Minutes later she called back to remind me of the eight baby quilt tops I had made in high school — and to tell me she already had three shawl-and-bootie sets to choose from for the blessing — and I would be able to bless him, wouldn't I?

It was easy to soar with the excitement; but once over the announcement, I had to deal with my own feelings as well as those of others. What if Linda changed her mind? What if the baby died?

My family was uniformly supportive. Most of my friends, married or single, insisted that they loved kids, too, and that I'd make a great mother. My two married counselors in the Young Women's presidency were dubious: "Raising kids is hard even when there are *two* parents, Jerilyn," they pointed out. My bishop didn't bat an eye, just said, "Great idea. What a lucky baby." I could have hugged him. My stake president told me a sad story about a birth mother who had reclaimed her baby before the end of the six months that must elapse between placement and the final order of adoption, but I had the feeling he was trying to help me think through potential problems, not talk me out of it.

I bought every layette pattern I could find and sewed baby clothes without telling anyone. It would be easy to find someone to use the things, I told myself. I started buying diapers, a car seat, a few toys — but I kept every receipt.

I called my insurance company about the process of adding a dependent. The agent I talked to said the baby had to be declared healthy before he would be covered.

"Would that clause apply if he were being born to me?" I asked, indignant. After all, would someone try to cheat the insurance company by *arranging* to have a baby with birth defects?

"No, but you don't have to take a baby with defects. You wouldn't buy a used car with bad tires."

I repeated that statement to one of the company presidents.

"No one would have said that," he denied. That's exactly what *I* had thought too.

I called Linda every week or so to chat and see how she was doing but I didn't talk much about the baby. I wanted to communicate interest in her but not make her feel obligated to me. I talked to nurses and borrowed books, some for her to read, some for me.

Then in March, Linda fainted at home and her father took her to the emergency room. It was the first time she had seen a doctor and the obstetrician put her on a schedule of appointments. Linda was scared. Would I go with her? And somebody needed to be with her in delivery. I gulped. Her doctor told her she was due July 27. Good, no problem with my June New York trip.

I made her two pairs of maternity pants and a top because she seemed so destitute. When we were shopping for the fabric, I noticed some baby-print flannel with trains on it and said, "Isn't that cute?"

She agreed, smiling politely.

"Linda," I asked, "does it make you feel sad or uncomfortable to talk about the baby?"

She smiled again, this time with real warmth. "That's the only way I can be excited — through you."

At her appointment the first week in June, a second doctor saw her. He kept looking at the charts and finally said he thought the baby would come earlier than July 27. He scheduled an ultrasound scan for the next week. I had taken my mother out to meet Linda and we were all wondering what the scan would show.

Four days before that appointment, June 11, I went to Liberty Park with my DUP group for a luncheon skit, skirting the sandbags that were guiding the spring floods down Thirteenth South. It was raining hard when I got home and started giving my brother Preston a haircut. About 1:30, Linda's father called from the hospital. She was in labor and they'd been trying to reach me. A problem with my New York trip.

Leaving Preston with half a haircut, I rushed to the car for the forty-mile trip. Because State Street was blocked off, I had to go to 2100 South to reach the freeway. It was pouring. I was speeding. I wondered if I could convince a police officer that I was rushing to the hospital because I was having a baby. I started praying for the baby to be healthy and whole, for the delivery to go well. I've made that trip hundreds of times but this was definitely the longest.

The afternoon was even longer, holding Linda's hands, trying to encourage and reassure her, trying to count for her to breathe. I felt totally helpless. At 7:30 we went into the delivery room and her little son was born in a few minutes. The doctor, still holding the baby, looked at Linda. "Do you want to see him?" Suddenly, I was crying at the sadness of that question.

I followed the baby to the nursery, then called Dan, my friend and lawyer. Linda was exhausted and groggy when I left the hospital. I stopped at Richard's house but no one was home. I then went to my niece's house, needing to tell someone the news. By then I was through crying and ready for a little joy and laughter. Finally I went home to make phone calls. The excitement didn't wear off. I was higher than a kite all night.

Sunday I went back to the hospital. How would Linda feel about the baby today? She hugged me and sobbed, "Have a good life." I cried too. Then I went to the nursery. Did I want him circumcised? *Circumcised?* My word! I didn't have a clue. I gave him his bottle and he threw up, choking. I was so frightened I practically threw him to the nurse. I can't do this, I thought in panic. I've made a terrible mistake. That night I went to a movie to distract me. It didn't work. I was only thinking of his fingers and toes, his squeezed-shut eyes, how he felt in my arms. I couldn't wait to get out there again. I realized that I had already fallen in love with him.

Monday I took Linda a watermelon, which she had been craving, and the kitchen helped serve it. I visited her first so I wouldn't be coming from the nursery, in case thinking of the baby were painful. Tuesday I spent wrapping up the legal aspects and discovered that, because Linda and I lived in different counties, the Salt Lake judge had to actually see Linda and have her verbally consent to the adoption in his presence. Meanwhile, she had checked out of the hospital but had not gone home. I was at my wits' end before we found her, the courthouse was closed, and we had to leave the baby at that lonely hospital. I cried all the way home.

That evening I had a long conversation with Richard. We'd counted on each other for a lot over the years, particularly for good humor when friends and family members suggested, only sometimes tactfully, that two such good friends would make a wonderful couple. I wanted to find a way to share this new experience with him, but couldn't. "Jerilyn," he said, "it's just getting too complicated. Friends, fine. Pseudo-couple, okay. Pseudo-parents, no. I've decided I don't want to see the baby."

I felt devastated and betrayed. I went home but I couldn't stop crying. I knew I had to get some sleep — I had two eighty-mile trips to make the next day — but I couldn't even get my composure. What would the judge think about my moral fitness if I showed up with two-inch bags under my eyes? In desperation, I knelt to pray. Almost immediately, I remembered the feeling of holding the baby, marveling at the miracle of him. I rose feeling utterly at peace. I had experienced my last qualm.

The next day, taking a friend along to make conversation easier, I drove the forty miles to get Linda and bring her to the courthouse. Dan and her father met us there. The judge asked very pointed questions, stressing the finality of the decision. I kept flinching but Linda was quiet and calm. She signed the papers and her father took her home. I went back to the hospital with Dan and we finally picked up that sweet package. I had bought a car seat two months earlier, but it was hard to put him in it. I couldn't bear to let go.

I chose Jeffrey Leonard for his name. I'd always liked Geoffrey Chaucer and liked that Australian variation, but had struggled, as a teacher, with quaint spellings. My mother's maiden name was Leonard, plus it had some of the letters of his mother's name in it, and two Mormon historians I admired were Leonard Arrington and Jeff Johnson, also a friend from old single-ward days. After adding and subtracting, I ended up with Jeffrey Leonard Wakefield.

My bishop announced the birth, just as they do all the births in the ward. Laughing, he told me that some ward members, fooled by my comfortable wardrobe, assumed that I had been pregnant for the previous nine months and asked, in hushed tones, if "you're going to let her continue as Young Women's president?" My bishop also said, "We'll bless him at fast meeting in July if you'd like." I was stunned. The friends I knew who had adopted children had waited until the six months was over. "No," said my bishop, "he needs to be a member of the ward now."

Three brothers and two friends joined in the blessing circle. My brother Lond, leaving his own bishopric duties in Huntington, blessed him. Our family sang a musical number. My mother and I both bore our testimonies. We felt warmly welcomed. The Young Women gave him a shower. So did several women in the ward, as well as a former student, and three separate sets of friends. Two women in the ward still call themselves his Grandma. A woman I barely knew wanted me to use her beautiful cradle. Another offered her sister's playpen. The friend of a friend gave me her crib with six new sheets. A niece gave me a nine-drawer dresser. A colleague brought a swing and jumper. Several offered car seats and other necessities.

I don't know if this kind of outpouring accompanies the arrival of every baby. As a shaky new mother, I was touched by all the ways they expressed caring for me and acceptance of my choice.

Actually, I didn't get the chance to tell very many people. The news, as one friend put it, "spread like wildfire" and the first thing someone would say when they saw us would be, "So this is *that* baby!"

I hadn't really been prepared for the diversity of reactions. The most common is probably the horror expressed when people hear that I know the birth mother. "Has she seen him? What will you do if she comes and wants him back?" After the first dozen repetitions, I realized that that fear had vanished and with it a corresponding protectiveness. I want J. L. to know Linda — know who she is, why she gave him to me, and what she means to me. I wish her the best and want her to have access to J. L. I've called her with progress reports and sent her photos, all but one of which she has given to her friends.

When he was about four months old, she called from her grandmother's house in Salt Lake City. A friend and I were just leaving to run some errands so we picked her up. I was curious to see how she reacted to him, not having seen him since June. J. L. was in his carseat in front. Linda leaned forward and said hello to him when she got into the back seat but seemed more interested in telling us what she had been doing all summer. Although I have tried to safeguard her privacy by not telling people her name or facts about her, she has told several people, almost with pride, about the adoption. At Lake Point when I pulled into a service station one day, the young attendant, a former student, promptly asked, "Did you really adopt Linda's baby? She showed us that picture of you both. She took the whole classtime talking about you." Jeffrey Leonard is the center of my life but only a small part of hers. Right now Linda is living out of state with foster parents and is doing very well.

I've fielded lots of questions because he's dark-skinned and dark-haired.

"Oh, his father must be dark."

I love saying, "No, but his mother is."

"Where did he come from?" someone once asked a friend the instant I was out of earshot. She simply answered, "Heaven."

A friend, Bill Green, brought his niece and nephew, both adopted, to visit when Jeffrey was only a few weeks old. As they peered into the cradle, Bill

explained, "He's adopted too." The little boy, Nick, asked, "Is he our cousin?"

At my clinic, the nurse demanded my middle initial for her records. I didn't have one and stated the fact.

She looked disgusted. "Your maiden name then."

"I don't have one of those either."

She looked straight at the baby, back at me, and then down at her book. Her thoughts rang so loud she might as well have used the intercom.

Our pharmacist once asked me for the name of the head of household. Juggling J.L. I said, "I am." He looked embarrassed and a little angry, as if *I* should have known better.

My pediatrician knows about the adoption but his nurse still calls me Mrs. Wakefield and tells me to check with my husband about the new vaccination.

My students see my nameplate on my door and J. L.'s pictures on my desk and then ask me if I'm "Miss" or "Mrs." They always look bewildered. Usually they ask the other teachers. At teacher's orientation that first September, I took J. L. for show and tell before taking him to the babysitter's. Among the teachers in the district to see us was a woman I'd gone to high school with. My mother called me that afternoon to tell me that that woman had called her own mother, only a few miles from mine, to say, "She wasn't that kind of girl when I knew her."

One of my former students, listening to a Sunday School lesson in which the story of my baby was told (I've wondered what point the teacher was making), interrupted her before she finished: "She wouldn't *do* that!"

When I was still contemplating the decision to adopt, I imagined many situations and questions I'd find difficult. My imagination could never have covered the realities.

When I applied for the new birth certificate after the adoption was complete, half of it was blank. Suddenly I became the "unwed mother." I thought it interesting that, without my request, the papers came back with "single parent adoption" written in the "father" blank.

I scoured bookstores looking for a baby book that had minimal "father's name, father's reaction, father's picture." Of course his family tree page is completely lopsided. One of the first items I put in the book was the newspaper ad of my trip to New York. I titled it, "My first sacrifice."

A woman from La Leche League called to see if I was interested in information on nursing. My first thought was, "I'm a teacher. Why would I want to switch careers?" When I realized she meant nursing a baby I was even more surprised, especially to hear of success stories, including case histories right in Salt Lake City, of women who had successfully nursed as adoptive mothers. I had thought it was a prank call, and I never entertained the idea, but it certainly livened my sacrament meeting, imagining us "seen" in the Eleventh Ward lavatory.

Before finalizing could take place, we had to file a paternity search with the Bureau of Vital Statistics. I also had to have him footprinted at the Crime Laboratory for a "kidnapped child" search.

When school began in the fall, I had to find child care. It took a couple of tries to find someone wonderful. I found Renée by asking my classes if they knew someone who tended kids near school — I remember adding, "Someone who loves children!" Renée, when I called, said she had never even thought about tending. She had two adopted teenagers and, after fifteen years, an eighteen-month-old daughter. She wanted Chrissy to have someone to play with. When we met, I liked her, she liked J. L. and it became a permanent arrangement. I hadn't realized how good it was until I needed to find a substitute sitter. By the fourth day, Jeffrey was screaming when we stopped in front of her house, in addition to clinging to my neck and wailing brokenheartedly. I made other arrangements until we could go back to Renée's.

From the beginning, one of my fears was that Jeffrey wouldn't have enough male role models. My brothers have helped immensely but the opportunities for interaction are not constant. One of the appreciated advantages of the babysitters I've had, particularly with Renée, is the presence of the family father during the hours Jeffrey is there. Renée's husband Bill works different shifts so he is often home during the days. A jack-of-all-trades, he lets J. L. "work" with him and I can instantly tell what his new project is. J. L. will spend hours at home with the screwdrivers, hammer, and tape measure, working over the cabinets. One day, he was holding the screwdriver to the wall humming loudly, then blowing at the spot. Sure enough, Bill had been using the drill. Such things as putting on a hat, busying himself for a minute, taking the hat off, drawing the back of his hand across his brow, and then replacing the hat are obviously not imitations of me.

Yes, I've had disasters in my mothering. I had stored some rubbing alcohol in a four-ounce baby bottle they'd given us at the hospital. Rushing out the door when he was about two weeks old, I grabbed a packaged nipple and what I thought was a fresh bottle of water. I tried to give it to him twice, despite his writhing and gasping, until I finally smelled it. Washing his mouth out with warm water soon calmed *him*, but I was a mess.

When he was about six months old, he flipped himself out of his infant seat on the counter beside me, head first into a bag of Nerf toys I'd bought for Christmas. He didn't cry or even look surprised, but I couldn't put him down for ten minutes.

Just after his first birthday, he touched a bulb in a lamp and got second-degree burns on three fingers. I had to face my fear of failing as a parent as I applied what little first-aid I knew. I kept thinking, "A mother should know what to do. She should know when to get help." Not only did I not know, I felt reluctant to ask. Was I being responsible or overreacting, a stereotypical helpless woman without a man? I called a brother, then a married friend. They didn't know either. Feeling more confident, I called Holy Cross emergency room. I learned that I don't need a husband to share the burden during an emergency. Unfortunately there's no one to share the blame with either, but that's all right. I don't need to feel that every cut, bruise, or scrape is my fault for not watching him closer.

Another tribulation came when the six months were up and we were ready to finalize the adoption. Our court date was set for 27 December 1983. We were in Huntington, Utah, 150 miles away by train, for Christmas at my mother's. The train was over eighteen hours late leaving Price because of a snowstorm and icy track. That would put us into Salt Lake City at 1 A.M. on the morning of our court appearance. That alone made me nervous. We soon found that the heater was broken on the train. Jeffrey, mercifully asleep for the entire trip, stayed warm in his wraps; my feet soon numbed. The three-hour trip stretched into four, then five. On the outskirts of the city we stopped twice, once to back up and get on the right set of tracks for the station, once because a passenger had had a heart attack (anyone ought to know why) and they had to get him off the train. It was 7:30 by the time we got into the station. I had only one hour to find a ride home, get presentable, and be at the courthouse. I was nineteenth in line at the phone. My arms were aching from holding my still-sleeping son, and I was moving my suitcase along with my foot. My niece's line was busy so I called a cab to keep from getting back in line. It was so cold I waited just inside the door but someone grabbed the cab away from me when it got there.

That was the last straw! I just sat down, trying not to cry. I had no energy left. Then someone came up who had recognized me getting on the train to Huntington before Christmas. A friend was picking her up and we only lived a few blocks apart. Would I like a ride? I swallowed hard, complained about the irritating cigarette smoke in the air, and thanked her with real gratitude.

Her friend turned out to be in my ward. As we rode up the street, I was imagining my car, buried in snow like those along the street. However, not only was my car brushed off, the driveway and walk had been shoveled. I couldn't have asked for a better gift. As I unlocked the door, J. L. woke up. We were on time for our appearance in court and Jeffrey was in great shape. The judge looked at him and asked, "Is she good to you?" Jeffrey grinned from ear to ear, as if he knew I needed that.

Jeffrey is just past his second birthday now as I write this. It's been two very good years. My life has changed a lot. I've started taking care of things like savings and life insurance, two items very low on my priority list before. Whoever said two can live as cheaply as one must be eating the same kinds of food, never growing out of clothes, be already immunized and potty trained, be able to stay alone without a sitter, and both have a job.

I feel comfortable parenting. As a teacher, I learned early about discipline. I believe kids need it and want it. Since I know that consistency is important, I don't mind disciplining in public. We eat out often, and J.L. has learned early to behave well. He enjoys playing with the other children in the nursery on Sundays yet seems to understand that the chapel is different.

Because he's the only other person in our family, I have always been prompt to change him, feed him, or entertain him. He rarely fusses or sulks. If he wants something, he either gets it or he can't have it. If he can't have it, he doesn't fuss long for it. With no one else to help him persuade and no history of wavering on my part, he doesn't bother.

He has always had a remarkably sunny disposition. Smiling and friendly, he has never been frightened of strangers. A frequent scenario when I am standing in a crowd or on an elevator is for him to hold out his arms to a man. The men, to my surprise, have always taken him, then given him back after a little hug and a thank you.

"What about your own time?" people ask. "Don't you feel more tied down?" It's true I don't go to as many movies, concerts, and plays. Traveling has to be better planned and trips are more infrequent; but in all honesty, I haven't spent a mournful minute wishing I were free. I have umpteen baby-sitting offers from friends and family. I have seen every movie, play, and concert that I wanted to see. When friends invited me to go on a vacation to San Francisco last summer, I had four offers from families to take care of Jeffrey, but I just couldn't get excited about going. I get more pleasure from an evening at home trying to catch wild pitches or stacking blocks or reading *Chicken Soup with Rice* than I do from outside entertainment. I want no regrets when he is grown, wishing I had spent more time with him. Missing him while I'm at work is hard enough. And I revel in summers.

I had never felt like a misfit in my ward, but having Jeffrey made me feel like a new member at first. I had never minded being husbandless and childless as much as I minded strained efforts not to hurt my feelings. I recall moments of discomfort playing with my nieces and nephews when someone would whisper what a wonderful mother I'd make. I'd pretend not to hear. Was I too sensitive? Did I imagine that sometimes they stopped talking about children, wondering if my feelings would be hurt? And why does Jeffrey make such a difference? I'm certainly not one of the Young Marrieds and I obviously don't get invited to elders' quorum parties where we can get to know other children his age. Nor am I the first invited to a gathering of singles. Yet somehow, with less strain than before, I relate to both groups and feel left out of neither. Besides, we have our own place.

Yes, I'd do it again. I've thought of advertising on my classroom blackboard for a brother or sister who might become available. I've thought of registering with agencies that work with international children.

I've always loathed talks that equate "joy" and "children" as though one couldn't exist without the other and I never plan to make a similar speech; but if I were ever put on the witness stand, I'd have to admit that I've never been happier. I've always thought of myself as a warm, outgoing person, but J. L. has tapped deeper feelings in me. I remember, when he was only a few days old, feeling love well up inside me, wanting to say "I love you," and struggling with amazement and embarrassment to form the words. A baby was a wonderful audience to practice that little speech on. Thanks to him I can never imagine having trouble with those words again, to anyone.

Of Quiffs, Quarks, and God

Dave Grandy

SCIENCE IS FULL OF STRANGE TWISTS and unexpected developments — so many, in fact, that we are rarely surprised anymore by its most recent revelations. But one of the biggest scientific surprises of the twentieth century has yet to attract the attention it deserves. That surprise is the formulation of quantum physics, an event which, according to physicist Paul Davies, "has gone largely unnoticed by the public, not because its implications are uninteresting, but because they are so shattering as to be almost beyond belief" (1980, 11).

Quantum physics is a description of nature radically opposed to one of classical science's most fundamental premises — the premise of objectivity. Scientists have traditionally assumed that nature operated independently of their observations and measurements, or at least that their interaction with nature was so slight as to be for all practical purposes negligible. Furthermore, they believed that "in science, right is right and wrong is wrong, and that what is right is true and what is wrong is false, absolutely so" (Bocher 1966, 73). Thus, scientists up until the twentieth century assumed that it was clearly possible — at least in principle, if not in practice — to frame an absolutely final, nonprejudicial statement about the nature of reality.

The development of quantum physics in the first three decades of this century has forced us to completely rethink this assumption. The concept which lies at the heart of quantum physics and which stymies our hope of achieving an absolute understanding of reality is Werner Heisenberg's principle of uncertainty. The principle proposes that the properties of subatomic particles are only partially accessible to our probings. This is not because we lack the instrumental resolution to accurately measure these properties, but because some properties are by nature incompatible — at least to a degree that makes a major difference in particle physics.

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Two such incompatible properties are position and momentum (mass times velocity). If we wish to measure a particle's position with absolute certainty, we must forego any hope of knowing its momentum. Conversely, if we measure the momentum of a particle with perfect accuracy we sacrifice all knowledge of its position. It is as if by measuring a particle we rotate it along an axis of observation which corresponds exclusively to the variable we wish to measure. At the same time, however, we occlude the measured variable's counterpart and thus lose the means of gaining a complete picture of the particle. The only way we measure both properties simultaneously is by designing the experiment to yield only approximate values of measurement for both properties. The loss of certainty, however, still persists; it has just been strewn across two properties rather than resting completely on one. This state of things denies us any hope of formulating a perfectly detailed description of reality. Rather, there seems to be an inherent slipperiness in nature that defeats our best efforts of precision observation.

It is difficult to understand why position and momentum — two seemingly unrelated properties — would exclude one another in the subatomic realm of reality. The fact is, however, that the same thing happens in ordinary reality but to such an infinitesimal degree as to be unnoticeable. Zeno of Elea argued 2500 years ago that a flying arrow could not simultaneously move through space and occupy a given position in space. Aristotle overcame Zeno's paradox by claiming that motion can be thought of as the successive passage of an object through an infinite number of overlapping points or positions in space.

The idea that space is infinitely divisible and therefore continuous prevailed in Western thought until 1900 when physicist Max Planck proposed that energy is emitted in discrete packets which subsequently became known as light quanta or photons. These quanta are, in fact, abrupt discontinuities of nature — fixed chunks of light which come into being only after certain energy threshholds are reached — and were soon found to be characteristic of the entire microworld. Heisenberg recognized in his uncertainty principle that we cannot analyze nature *ad infinitum*, that eventually we encounter discontinuities which render the simultaneous measurement of motion (momentum) and position impossible.

This basic incompatibility of position and momentum has revolutionized our understanding of subatomic reality. Classical physicists thought of subatomic particles as incredibly tiny bits of matter moving at immense speeds. But in quantum physics, because subatomic particles cannot simultaneously move through space and occupy a definite position in space, their precise nature is much more problematic. While in motion, a particle loses its position by mathematically dispersing itself through space. According to Heisenberg this does not mean that the particle itself is dispersed or diffused through space; rather, the mathematical probability of finding the particle is thus diffused. Having lost its position, the particle "vanishes" into a probability wave which reflects an entire gamut of possible particle locations.

With the probability wave, we get our first glimpse of the paradox which plagues quantum physics. The wave is a recasting in modern scientific terms

of Aristotle's belief that being is linked to nonbeing by an intermediate reality expressing all possible outcomes. The wave thus becomes a teeming manifold of particle-possibilities, all mutually exclusive from our perspective, but all in the process of happening just below the threshold of macroworld reality. Incredibly, nature, when left alone, operates as a schizophrenic probability wave rather than a well-defined particle. Particles emerge from possibility only as we look for them. Our nosiness transforms the hazy multiplicity of the wave into a distinct singularity. In other words, our curiosity about the world causes the wave to collapse upon and give macroworld reality to just one of its infinitely many particle-possibilities.

Just why does the probability wave collapse when we go poking around for a particle? By looking for a particle we arrest the motion of the wave and give it a sense of position. We cannot "see" the particle unless we erect some sort of barrier to register its existence, just as we cannot see ordinary objects without "getting in their way" and intercepting their light reflections. Position implies a point in space and time and so one particle-possibility makes a quantum jump into our world while its many alternatives abruptly fail. The wave vanishes and a particle appears.

This reconciliation between the wave and particle aspects of subatomic reality has been one of the great achievements of quantum physics. But the cost to classical science has been high. Not only has the formulation of this new vision displaced the premise of scientific objectivity, it has also erased the related assumption of a clockwork universe comprised of independent parts. Moreover, the damage to classical science has not been confined to the musings of armchair theorists; experimental physicists have also found traditional explanations inadequate.

For example, in 1803, Thomas Young demonstrated the wavelike nature of light by showing that two interacting light beams create interference patterns exactly like those of interacting water waves. But in 1905, Albert Einstein argued persuasively that a shaft of light is comprised of myriads of tiny particles of light, or photons. (This proposal eventually won him a Nobel Prize.) The dichotomy was brought to a sharp focus several years later in a series of experiments initiated by Clinton Davisson. While bombarding nickel crystals with electrons, Davisson noted that the electrons rebounded off the crystals in wave-like patterns. Subsequent experiments showed that individually fired electrons scattered to form the same interference patterns that Young had observed over 100 years earlier. Evidently, it makes no difference whether electrons are fired one by one or in vast intermingling quantities — the same interference pattern results. Moreover, when we arrange for a number of different laboratories to each fire just one electron and then we superimpose the individual hits, the interference pattern still emerges!

"These results," says Davies, "are so astonishing that it is hard to digest their significance. How does any individual electron know what other electrons, maybe in other parts of the world, are going to do?" (1980, 66). Part of the answer to Davies's question lies in understanding that an electron moves as a probability wave whose very definition — an infinitely faceted polyphony

of possibilities — implies an almost unreal sensitivity to outside influence. This observation, however, fails to account for the interaction or mutual interference of electrons over wide intervals of space and time. According to physicist Henry Stapp, this apparently instantaneous communication among particles is "the central mystery of quantum theory. . . . How does information get around so quick?" he asks. "How does information about what is happening everywhere else [and everywhen else] get collected to determine what is likely to happen here?" (in Zukav 1979, 87–88).

Over fifty years have passed since these questions were raised by such heavyweights as Einstein and Niels Bohr, and physicists still hotly debate whether information can get around instantaneously and what that concept even means in a macroworld where nothing travels faster than the speed of light. What is beyond serious dispute, however, is that "we never, even in principle, observe *things*, only the interaction between things" (Davies 1980, 57). That interaction always involves us in a most profound way. It is our observation of nature, our propensity to know and understand, that reduces the schizophrenic multiplicity of the microworld to a single, definite outcome in the macroworld. Moreover, quantum physics has shown that we influence what that outcome will be by the preconceived notions we carry with us. Those notions are categories or values that we impose upon the microworld which act to channel its collapse into the macroworld.

In experimental physics this means that subatomic reality encodes information about our experiments so as to generate properties anticipated by those experiments. A particle's axis of spin, for example, invariably coincides with the angle of reference chosen by the observer, no matter how often or how quickly the observer changes his angle. The uncanny ability of the microworld to encode and cast our observational biases back at us tends to give reality paths of least resistance along which to flow.

An analogy to this outlook is a rain-soaked canvas tent which does not leak until we reach up and touch it. Once we do this, we reduce the overall potentiality of the tent for leaking by giving it a point to leak from. There are obvious limitations to this analogy but it illustrates in a rough sort of way that not only does our observation of nature bring about the quantum collapse (we touch the tent and cause the leak), but that we also contribute to the precise character of the leak (we choose *where* to touch the tent). And to carry the analogy a bit further, nature leaks most easily from those places at which we poke it with our sharp, little ideas.

Implicit in this new outlook is the understanding that we are participating with reality as it unfolds, not steering its course deterministically. The microworld is simply too fluid and too all-involving to do anything but mirror a far-flung dynamic of influences. Our position is unique; we provide the image that the mirror reflects. Without our observation of nature and the specific values which we inject into that observation, the multifoliate microworld would never collapse and reality as we know it would never come into existence. We thus come face-to-face with the daring thought that we are in some deep sense architects of our own reality, that our predispositions bias the way we experi-

ence the world by acting as shaping forces upon reality in its highly fluid subatomic state. Such an outlook ultimately implies that "many of the features of the universe which we observe cannot be separated from the fact that we are alive to observe them" (Davies 1980, 14). Physicist Fred Wolf illustrates the revolutionary character of this new view of nature by referring to an old conundrum:

> A photon emitted many years ago from a distant star makes its way to my eye. Does it exist if my eye is not there to see it? The question is reminiscent of the age-old puzzle, "If a tree falls in the forest and no one is there to hear it, does it make any noise?" The answer appears so obvious: of course it exists. The photon must be there, like the sound waves, whether or not anyone experiences it. At least, that's the answer if you believe in classical physics.
>
> But, alas, quantum mechanics does not seem to agree. Accordingly, the photon comes into existence as a spot on my retina only when I see it. Physicists have been more or less "forced" to accept this mystical position because of the uncertainty principle, which denies existence to objects having both well-defined spatial locations and well-defined paths of motion simultaneously (1981, 200).

There is no doubt that quantum physics offers us a *Gedankenwelt* very different from the mechanistic world view of classical physics. Science ever since the seventeenth century has viewed the universe as a great clockwork of separate, interacting parts. Now physics, the hardest of all hard sciences and the one, according to conventional wisdom, least likely to get mixed up with metaphysics, is telling us that some of our most fundamental assumptions about the world (largely inherited from classical science) are badly out of focus. First, the idea of anything having an independent, self-contained existence breaks down. Second, the universe, far from being a slow-moving clockwork of separate parts, appears to be incredibly dynamic and faultlessly sensitive to change and influence. Finally, rather than being passive observers of the world of nature, we seem to be active participants in an unfolding reality.

By casting these considerations into the philosophical arena, we come up with some interesting perspectives on some very old problems. First of all, we encounter the proposition familiar to process theology and early Mormon theology of a God limited by and in some sense dependent upon the universe he lives in. God's foreknowledge, for instance, may be limited by the fact of an unfinished universe forever pulling itself up by its own bootstraps. If this is the case, his omniscience would not be the static fund of knowledge we have traditionally esteemed it to be, but rather a dynamic intelligence in which all things participate. We, in turn, would not be marionettes hanging by the strings of some already determined future, but active agents in an open-ended cosmos.

This perspective additionally suggests that our thoughts and acts really may have eternal consequences, not because they will come back on judgement day to damn or exalt us, but because right now they are resonating throughout the universe. Our destiny, in short, may be interwoven with God's, all of us participating in a real adventure, a "creative advance into novelty" (Whitehead 1929, 407) that can only grow richer and more exhilarating as we learn to love each other — or poorer and less stimulating as we become more egocentric.

I hasten to add that none of these ideas *necessarily* follow from the principles of quantum physics. The philosophical implications of quantum physics are a subject of intense controversy and, like most philosophical issues, pretty much a matter of private interpretation. Einstein, whose insights into the nature of matter and energy laid much of the foundation for quantum theory, never did accept Heisenberg's claim that subatomic particles are intrinsically uncertain because it violated his belief in an orderly, fully understandable universe. Bohr, on the other hand, argued that nature at its deepest level is fluid and ambiguous beyond all visualization. Poetry, he told Heisenberg, is the only effective medium for describing atoms because it is "not nearly so concerned with describing facts as with creating images" (Heisenberg 1971, 41). Bohr was not a mystic; he was merely frustrated at having to communicate the mindwrenching insights of quantum physics within the narrowness of ordinary language. Aristotle's proposition that something is necessarily either true or false had to be rejected because subatomic reality held forth "other possibilities which are in a strange way mixtures of being and nonbeing, truth and falsity" (Heisenberg 1958, 182).

However, Bohr's interpretation of quantum phenomena, for all its paradox and sabotage of common sense, has been criticized by other scientists who argue that it stops short of what quantum physics ultimately implies — a truly holistic universe. David Bohm, for example, whose thinking on the subject was stimulated in part by conversations with Einstein while the two were at Princeton, contends that Bohr and Heisenberg erred in favor of the classical model of a fragmentary universe when they argued that our observation of nature brings the macroworld into existence. What really occurs, Bohm claims, is an interweaving of observer and observed. Each causes the other. There is no ultimate pivot around which reality revolves because all is totally involved in all else.

Bohm's holistic philosophy is truly heady wine and not at all the exclusive property of mystics and romanticists. Alfred North Whitehead, a philosopher and mathematician who was *au courant* with both quantum and Einsteinian physics, built an entire metaphysics around the idea that "all things are in all places at the same time" (1925, 87). In recent years, Ilya Prigogine (Nobel laureate in chemistry), Karl Pribram (neurophysiology), Erich Jantsch (biology), Rupert Sheldrake (biology), Thomas Kuhn (history of science), and Douglas Hofstadter (computer science and mathematics) have all advanced ideas which similarly suggest a universe of infinite depth, wholeness, and fluidity.

I confess that I find this scenario disconcerting in some ways. The concept of a holistic cosmos points beyond the idea of a separate moral weight for each of us to a communal weight for all of us and snatches away the standards against which I have long weighed and measured people to calculate their individual worth. The universe, it appears, is shot through with a primal sense of oneness that echoes and reechoes to all our "individual" actions. Our responsibility for self-improvement, therefore, is a mere shadow of the responsibility which each of us bears (whether we like it or not) for the unfolding

destiny of a shared universe. But inherent in that responsibility is a tremendous freedom — the freedom to intervene in the ontological constitution of the cosmos. "Everything possible to be believ'd," wrote Blake, "is an image of truth" (1972, 254). That is, given the interrelatedness and infinite potentiality of reality, any idea to which we pledge our faith tends to work itself into existence. We literally deposit our thoughts, beliefs, and passions into what Joseph Pearce calls the "womb of eternity" (1971, 170), that world of endless potentiality where terrible numbers of possibilities await an actualizing influence. This outlook recalls Santayana's statement that "Essences are infinite in number. . . . So nature resprouts in us. Essences spring up inexhaustibly. They surprise even an omniscient God" (in Van Wesep 1960, 288).

Whether we stop short of a holistic model of the cosmos or go all the way with those who argue that we live in a universe "as free from ultimate interpretation as a Bach cantata" (Briggs and Peat 1984, 200), or as Thoreau put it, a universe "that will not wait to be explained" (in Eiseley 1978, 190), it is clear that quantum physics has given us a new thinking cap with which to explore the nature of reality. If nothing else, it has shown us that our way of seeing the world is largely a function of our language and culture. Classical science has given us certain ruts to think along and we are just now beginning to realize that those ruts are merely indentations in a much larger scheme of possibility.

Given that expanded scheme of possibility, three virtues present themselves as indispensable to our good fortune. Foremost is love which perhaps is in a last, irreducible sense the creative energy of the cosmos. Lack of love among any of us muffles and enervates the experience of life for all of us. My own belief is that the universe is rinsed in God's perfect, unrefusing love, a fact that mitigates much of our meanness and egotism but does not, of course, excuse our folly. The only acceptable response, it seems to me, is to respond to that universe with love. The other virtues are imagination and faith. Imagination is tied up with the capacity to wonder and create, to essay toward new combinations of increasing beauty. And as imagination fills our pool of wonder with dreams of a better, brighter world, faith empowers those dreams to become reality.

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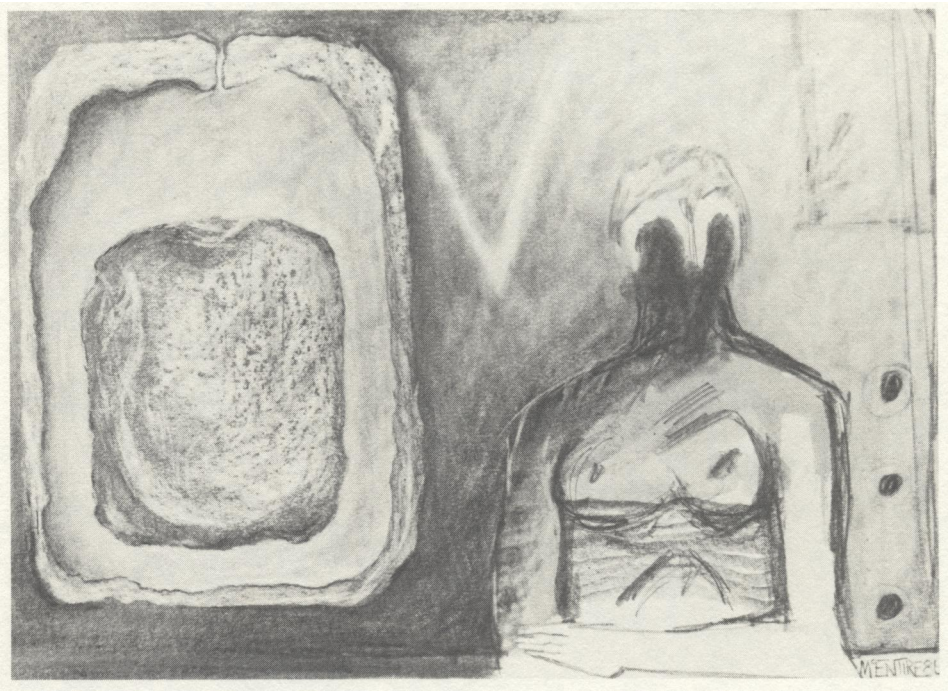

The Third Nephite

Levi S. Peterson

SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE OTIS WADBY WAS DRIVING TO WORK in Circleville. He stayed nights with his son in Junction, his wife having expelled him from his home in Circleville because he had taken up with fundamentalist notions. She had said, "If you don't think any more of me than to believe in polygamy, then we just as well call it quits right now."

This morning, tense and distracted over rumors about church trials and excommunications, Otis picked up a hitchhiker, a thing he ordinarily wouldn't do. The hitchhiker was a runty fellow: hollow chest; scrofulous neck; Adam's apple big as somebody's elbow; yellow mustache running from nose to ears like a shaggy hedgerow dividing his face into plowed, pitted properties; bleary eyes. He said he was a Mormon.

"Well, then," said Otis, who was bald, stout, and bespectacled, "what do you make of polygamy?"

"Mmmmhmmm,'" the puny fellow said. "Pretty much, yessir. I make pretty much of it."

"What do you make of all the compromises with mammon and the world which the Brethren have let the Church drift into?"

"It's a dirty shame. It's always been a marvel to me how people will truckle and compromise every chance they get."

"In particular," Otis said, giving the steering wheel a belligerent shake, "what right did Wilford Woodruff and all them have to call off polygamy just because the government of the United States said they had to?"

"It's a terrible mistake to give in to the Feds on anything," the little man agreed, pulling off a cowboy boot and peering into the shank. "Once you do, it's just like busting your grandma's porcelain pot. You never can get it glued back the way it was before."

"You know, you ain't altogether misfavored," Otis said. "You talk a lot of sense. What's your name?"

"Name I go by in this dispensation is Simpson."

"What do you mean, this dispensation?" Otis snorted. "I suppose you was around in some other dispensation."

"Well, truth is, I was." He leaned toward Otis. "I gotta be choosy who I tell this to. Take it or leave it, I'm one of the Three Nephites."

"I just imagine you are," Otis said. "You look just exactly like one of them fellows."

"I ain't telling no lie," Simpson protested. Coughing, he whacked himself on the chest. "Been in Las Vegas for a while. Was stuck there, didn't know what for. Waiting my mission call, you might say. There was this big hotel fire across the street. I shinnied up one of the ladders, fought my way down some corridors, smoke everywhere, me coughing and spitting. I pried open an elevator door, climbed down the cable, hung by my knees into the cage, seen this passed-out lady, knew why God had kept me in Vegas for so long. I slung her over my shoulder and clumb back up the cable. You shoulda heard the crowd roar when they saw me coming out the window onto the ladder. Dang near ruined my lungs. The smoke is what I mean."

Otis didn't say another word. He drove through Circleville and let the little lunatic out at the far edge of town. Then he drove to his own house to deliver a bundle of quilt blocks his daughter-in-law had sewn for his wife. His place was a nice rust-brick bungalow with a covered porch and a carport. It seemed a shame to knock at his own door, but he didn't dare barge in.

Polly opened the door. "I was just thinking of you," she said sourly. She was short and heavy and wore a flowery print dress, ankle-high work shoes, and nylons rolled halfway down her calves.

"Viney sent you these quilt blocks," he offered.

"Well, then, give them here," she said, opening the screen door a tiny crack.

"I need to use the toilet," he said.

"Use the one in the feedstore."

"It's broke."

"Use the one in the service station across the street."

"Maybe you got a leaky faucet you need fixed?" he said hopefully.

"Why aren't you ever here when I really need you?" she said. She paused. "I do have some rabbits you could look at." She came out and led him off the porch and around the house. In the back yard were six rabbit hutches.

"I can't make out whether they're bucks or does," she said.

"Well, my gad, that's easy," he replied, pushing her aside and reaching into a hutch. He pulled out a weaner rabbit and turned it upside down in the crook of his arm. Squeezing its genitals between his fingers he said, "Look there, it's kind of like a tube, ain't it? That's a buck." He seized another. "There, this one's got kind of a furrow in it. That's a doe."

Polly was on tiptoe, peering over his arm. "Looks the same to me," she said. "There's a kid coming today to buy some."

"Get rid of these damned rabbits," he said. "What do you think people think of me with you keeping a bunch of rodents in the back yard?"

"Yeah," she said bitterly, "what do people think of you slipping around preaching polygamy every chance you get? I heard they're going to cut you

off from the Church; I heard you've been called before the high council."

"Who says I've been called before the high council?" he said indignantly. "Seems like I'd know about it if it was so."

She squinted at the sun. "Don't get in my way," she said. "I've gotta dig carrots." She rummaged in the toolshed for a shovel and walked to the garden. She stamped and pried with the shovel, breasts heaving and arms quivering.

Otis dangled a sheaf of carrots by the tops and knocked off dirt with a stick. "You know, you're sure something nice. You're as sweet as a package of M&M's. I'm moving back in. I'm so lonesome I'm just dang near dead. I wake up in the middle of the night and I got nobody to rub up against."

"No way are you moving back in," she said.

"Ain't you just a little tiny bit lonesome for me, sweetie?"

"It's too late. They're going to cut you off, and then we're finished for sure."

Otis came close and she smashed a clod and looked away toward the neighbor's corral. He put his arms around her from behind, although because of her buttocks and his belly his hands came short of clasping. "You wouldn't let a man have just a little grazing in the pasture, would you — a man that's been starving for weeks and weeks?"

"If you'd give up those silly ideas," she said.

"Just a little romp, just this morning. There ain't no need to tell anybody else about it."

"Get your hands off my breasts."

"They're so nice," he said.

"You aren't going to graze in my pasture," she said. "Never again."

He drove to the feedstore on Main Street, which he and his brother Angus had inherited from their father. He was astonished to see the runty hitchhiker trundling a wheelbarrow full of digging tools around the corner of the store. "I been hired to dig out your sewer line," Simpson explained. "Seems your toilet don't work."

Inside Otis accosted Angus, who stood behind the service counter scrutinizing sales slips. Angus wore bib overalls, and his thick gray hair sprouted backward like grass bending in a heavy wind.

"That waterskeeter thinks he's one of the Three Nephites," Otis said.

"I don't care if he thinks he's King Solomon," Angus replied. "He can dig, can't he? I'm getting tired of running across the street to the service station everytime I need to relieve myself."

It being Angus's month to manage things, Simpson continued picking and shoveling and Otis went fuming back to the office. A two-by-six plank, set on edge, divided the office; the brothers had ordered it installed after their falling out over Otis's fundamentalist ideas. There was a roll-top desk on either side. On Otis's side were shelves lined with religious books — *Precious Truths Cast Away, Awake, Zion!, The Errant Keys: Where Does Latter-Day Authority Truly Lie?*, and so on. In a corner on Angus's side, hanging by its neck from the ceiling, was an effigy, a life-sized, straw-stuffed replica of Connor Stuart, Otis's fundamentalist friend. "That son of a bitch has led you astray, and I just

want you to know what I'd do with him if I was king of this county," Angus said the day he tied a gallows knot in a rope and strung up the effigy.

Otis shuffled papers, trying to concentrate on invoices for rock salt and cattlegrub medications. From time to time, he glanced respectfully toward the effigy hanging in the corner which, in an odd way, *did* look like Connor Stuart, having hooked eyebrows and a shaggy mustache scribbled in black crayon on a floursack face. Nobody deserved worship more than Connor. When the stake president had summoned him for trial, he hadn't backed down an inch on the revelations he had received.

Otis closed the office door to have a talk with the effigy, he of course serving as mouthpiece for both parties. "So," he said for Connor, "you went over to your own house and laid your hands on your wife's big knockers and got steamed up and lustful. About one more minute and you would've sold me out just so you could go into your bedroom and do what the animals do."

"The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," Otis mumbled.

"Just tell me this," Connor demanded: "is it an honor or dishonor to be excommunicated from a church that has fallen into apostasy?"

"Oh, it's an honor, a real honor."

"Then answer me this: do I have the Holy Ghost or don't I?"

"That you do! You've got him, no question about it. Your telephone dials direct to God. It's you who's got the keys to this dispensation."

"Well, now, I never personally made no such claim about the keys," Connor said modestly. "All I said was somebody somewhere has got them, and it sure ain't the president of the Mormon Church."

"I'm going to do something big and get myself excommunicated," Otis promised. "I'll quit sneaking around and lying low. I'll come right out into the open and preach from the rooftops."

Leaving the office, Otis gave the effigy a brotherly pat on the shoulder. In the mill behind the feedstore he helped Lester, the hired hand, mix and sack a batch of chicken mash. Otis stacked while Lester filled and sewed. As he deposited each sack, Otis gave it an impolite bump, imagining it was Polly, who deserved a little shaking up. "You think it tickles me to think about marrying another wife, don't you?" he said bitterly to a sack clutched in his arms. "You think I'm an old ram that's still in rut. Dammit, Polly, it ain't so. If God told us we couldn't be saved in any other way, if he said we couldn't know our election was sure without living a celestial law of marriage, who are you and me to raise the puny arm of flesh and say no?"

Around ten o'clock he returned to the service counter to inventory the chicken mash. As he entered the room, voices died abruptly. Angus labored over a sales slip for Sarmantha Kinch, who tapped her car keys on the counter. Cauley Wexler and Jerald Garfront leaned against the counter, both studying the progress of a spider down a dangling light cord. Simpson, taking a break, lounged redfaced and sweaty in the front doorway, tippling from a bottle of strawberry pop.

"Well, hell," said Cauley, who was an outsider, "why are we all standing around with a finger in our nose? Why worry about telling the truth? Otis,

I'm proud of you. I don't care what you believe. Anybody who stands up to the Mormon Church, by gosh, I respect that man."

Angus reamed an ear with the eraser of his pencil, saying grimly, "Congratulations, brother, you've finally went and done it."

"Done what?"

"Got yourself called up before the high council."

"What liar says I been called up? Seems like I'd know about it, don't it?"

Jerald had stepped back from the counter. "I never meant to pass no stories along. I just heard it happened."

Sarmantha, close to eighty, patted her pile of gray hair, from which old-fashioned horn combs rose like pitchforks from a haycock. "All I got to say, Otis, is there's a great sorrow on the Other Side. Your poor father and mother watching down from heaven above while you deny the Prophet and make light of the promises you made in the holy temple! That poor wife of yours! Thirty-seven years she's waited on you hand and foot and this is the thanks you give her."

Simpson swallowed the last of his pop and belched. "Now I'd conjecture you was married in the St. George Temple," he said. "I know some things about that temple which would boggle your mind. You'd think they was impossible. For instance, did you know the rafters ain't held together by nails nor wood pegs nor rawhide binding, just by the power of the priesthood? Chew on that a minute. Just the magnetic force of the priesthood keeps them timbers together."

"That is the damnedest story I ever heard in my whole life," Otis said.

"You been in the attic of the St. George Temple?"

"No, and you ain't neither."

"I've been places might surprise you," Simpson said, tapping his nostril three or four times.

"Is that really so about those rafters?" Sarmantha asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Simpson affirmed. "It's really so."

Otis walked down the street for the mail, knowing he couldn't do another thing until he saw whether he had a summons. He said good morning to the postmaster; and while he dialed the combination of his box, he whistled as if he hadn't a worry in the world. There was nothing except orders, bills, and advertisements. He felt wobbly and weak as he returned to the feedstore and took a drink of milk from the refrigerator in the storage room. He went out back to the mill and helped Lester sack a batch of rolled barley mixed with molasses and vitamins for cows. He threw the sacks down with contempt, once in a while giving one a kick. He imagined each one was Cyrus Lambert, the stake president, with whom he was grappling in mortal combat. "Cyrus, you pig bladder," he said, "quit playing cat and mouse with me. If you're going to cut me off, well, go on, get it over with. I can't take this waiting."

By and by he looked up to see Simpson in the doorway. The little man had flaring jaws but hardly any chin at all, as if a contractor had graded a nice, smooth cut-and-fill between his Adam's apple and nose and had set up his bristling yellow mustache as a drift fence to keep sand dunes off the highway.

When Lester had shut off the mixer, Simpson said, "I come back to apologize. My big mouth has run away with me. Look, ain't it a monster?" He opened as wide as a hippopotamus's mouth and pointed down his gullet with a finger. "How can a fellow with a mouth like that keep from offending people? He can't, that's all there is to it."

"That's all right," Otis said. "Water breaks out of everybody's headgates once in a while."

"I was wondering about an advance so I could buy some lunch."

"That's Angus's department."

"I looked around. Can't seem to find him."

"Likely you've got some good in you," Otis said. "Answer me straight. Do you want to bust out of that story book you been living in? Do you want to give up the lies and untruths that has been swarming around in your head like flies in a pigpen?"

"Absolutely! You better believe it!" Simpson cried.

"All right, I'll just test you. I'll take you to lunch where you can get some education."

They climbed into Otis's car and drove across town to Connor Stuart's place. Fronting the street was a large building of prefabricated metal where Connor's men serviced and repaired the diesel trucks and semis he hired out around the state. Behind was a double mobile home where lunch was in progress. Connor's first wife, Geraldine, let Otis and Simpson in. Connor waved a hand and went on eating. Also at the table were his new wife, his mechanic, and one of his drivers. The newcomers pulled up chairs as Geraldine set two more places. Otis served himself some green beans mixed with bacon bits and passed the dish to Simpson.

"Oh, boy!" Simpson said, ladling out four or five spoonfuls.

"Might be somebody else would like a little," Otis said.

"Oh, there's plenty," Geraldine assured. "Try some of this meat loaf."

Cindy, Connor's new wife, put down her knife and fork, looking as if she wanted to be helpful but didn't know how. She was Connor's secretary and dispatcher: nylons and half high heels, blouse with tucks, hair nicely curled, eyes shadowed, a fine-looking young woman. Nobody would have said that about Geraldine, who had bow legs, wispy yellow hair, and lips that could never quite close over protuberant teeth.

Lunch progressed quietly. Geraldine spoke briefly about the signs of the times. The driver asked Cindy about a truck that was on the road. The mechanic asked Connor for his opinions on dove hunting. "One dove makes no more than a mouthful," Connor said. "It's like making a meal on hummingbird tongues."

Connor had thick brown hair, a honed knife-blade nose, a black bushy mustache. He buttered a crust, spread a little marmalade, then pushed the dish down the table to his guests, saying, "So where are you from, Mr. Simpson?"

"More or less from Las Vegas. Last station of duty, you might say," the little man replied, cheerfully slathering his bread with marmalade.

"From Sodom and Gomorrah," said Connor.

"Yessir, that is correct. A sewage pond, that's what Las Vegas is. One night I seen a murder about to happen. Down the alley behind the Vegas Greyhound station I seen a man about to take off another. Had a .357 magnum pressed to his temple. I says, Hold on there, you son of Cain, this is salvation speaking; hold on there and God'll shortly assist you by killing the mangy dog with a disease. Victim looked syphilitic, to be truthful. I saved this feller from a life sentence. Talked him out of his gun and sent him home resolved to look for a job come Monday morning."

"Now you've ate, your mouth has got big again," Otis said.

"Geraldine, pass Otis some of that nutcake," Connor said. "How's the wife? I haven't seen her in some time."

"Hardhearted as ever," Otis said.

"I wish I could talk to Polly," Geraldine said. "Maybe I oughta look her up. I saw her day before yesterday in the merc, but you know how things are there, everybody watching like a hawk."

"Don't fret yourself over Polly," Connor said. "No water's going to come out of that well." He took a toothpick from a dish in the center of the table. "The rumor I hear is Otis has been called up. I wish it was true."

"I went down to the post office to see if I had a letter," Otis protested. "There wasn't any. That Cyrus, he's playing cat and mouse with me."

"Hogwash!" Connor said. "He's got no reason to excommunicate you. It takes somebody valiant to merit excommunication."

A flush came up Otis's neck. Connor reached for his hand. "I just wish you were willing to go up to Golgotha with me."

The mechanic said, "I'm sure standing by you."

"Otis is going to stand by me too," Connor said. "God wants you to make a move, Otis. He wants you to take another wife. Then you'll get that letter."

"I just ain't had the courage."

"It's Sister Marva God wants you to take."

"Can't he find me a prettier one?" Otis lamented, rolling his eyes toward Cindy.

"A pound of pretty isn't worth an ounce of dung," Connor said. He turned to Cindy. "He's got a deep spirit, that Otis, but he doesn't know everything there is to know. He's got celestial marriage and worldly marriage all mixed up. Go on, sweetheart, tell him how it is between you and me."

Cindy stared at her plate and mumbled, "I couldn't."

"I'll tell him," Connor burst out. "She says she isn't ready for a baby yet. So I say no carnal knowledge then. When she's ready, I'm ready. Till then we sleep together for a test. There, that's what celestial marriage is like. You take that Sister Marva, Otis. I've already had a discussion with her. I've said, Otis will be coming around, count on it. Go take her, brother."

Connor motioned toward a bookshelf. "Now to other matters. Get me the scriptures," he said to Geraldine. To the right of his plate he laid out the Bible, in front the Doctrine and Covenants, to the left the Book of Mormon. "Mr. Simpson," he said, "Otis has brought you to this table to hear the word of the Lord. I hope your heart is receptive."

"Yessir," said Simpson, "I'm one of the most receptive fellows I know."

Connor fixed his eyes upon the little man and began, his voice accelerating until his words were whirling thick and fast. He bobbed, grimaced, pointed, and chopped, saying, "Back in the days of President John Taylor when he and two-thirds of the apostles were on the underground and the Church was in receivership to the federal government and the gates of hell were open wide and the winds of evil blew unto the furthermost corners of the earth, President Taylor, speaking to a small assembly in Bountiful, prophesied that the day the Church caved in under the pressures of its enemies and foreswore and annulled the sacred principle of celestial marriage, on that very day it would cease to be the one and only true church of God Almighty and would be no more than an excrement upon the face of the earth, a mess of vomit regurgitated out of the bellies of Moloch and Baal."

Simpson fidgeted with a button on his shirt, one eye squinted, his nose wrinkled. As for Otis, he followed every word with great concentration, fearful that some little sound or meaning might escape him. Admiration ran through him like millet through a sluice, and he vowed to repent of his pusillanimous ways.

When at last Connor had finished, Simpson said, "I'm very favorable toward all them ideas. I recall one time being in a bar in Missoula, Montana, and a big feller, drunker than a skunk, actually, which by the way, I would like to make a comment on the character of that city, which a whole lot of people don't appreciate enough. . . ."

"Hold up there, you prevaricator!" Otis shouted. "Ain't you got no respect for the truth when you hear it?" He explained to Connor, "This runty rascal thinks he's one of the Three Nephites. He can tell you more lies in two minutes than you and me could think up in a month."

"Well, now, I ain't no prevaricator," Simpson insisted. "You take it or leave it, it don't make no difference to me, because I certainly wouldn't of brought this matter up in the present company, but now that you mention it, the truth is I *am* one of the Three Nephites."

Otis rose and seized him by the shoulder. "No more of that wormy talk, you weasel."

"Sit down," commanded Connor. "Let's hear him a little."

Simpson glared at Otis. "You're lucky I don't thrash you. I may be one of the Three Nephites, but that don't mean I don't have a temper. I'm going to tell you a sacred, heartrending story even if you won't believe it. I was there when Moroni buried the plates. By gad, that's the absolute truth. Me and him seen the destruction of the Nephite armies by the Lamanites. Oh, it would've wrung your soul with the very dregs of bitterness to see them armies dwindling, battalion by battalion, platoon by platoon. When it was just him and me, hiding in the trees, him digging a hole in the hillside for them gold plates, he says, Crithee-ahhad — that was my true Nephite name — Crithee-ahhad, I hope you can reconnect with them other two Nephites that gets to wander the earth till the Lord comes again, because it's going to be hell for lonesome if you can't. And I says. . . ."

"Heavenly Father, strengthen me," Otis said, stamping from the house with a slam of the door. He circled his car ten or twenty times before he calmed down enough to sit behind the wheel. Shortly he heard thumping from inside the trailer. The door burst open and Simpson leaped out and crashed to the ground.

Connor and the mechanic stood on the porch. "He's possessed of an evil spirit," Connor said, wiping his hands on his pant legs. "It isn't him talking in his own true personality. It's a clever demon. Hank and I are willing to lay on hands for casting it out, but if he's going to fight, let him sink into the infernal pit where he belongs."

"Amen," said Otis.

Having returned to the feedstore, Otis did some bookkeeping at his desk for an hour or two. He had a hard time entering figures into the calculator because his mind was on Marva Brinkerheisly, whom even a sex fiend wouldn't have thought of molesting. She was a spinster school teacher of thirty-five or forty, a towering, gaunt woman who resembled an elk in the late stages of malnutrition. Otis could see how polygamy worked. When a man was young and randy, God let him choose among tasty, appealing women like Polly. Later God called him to accommodate the leftovers and wallflowers, who had as much right to exaltation as anybody else.

Hoping that God wouldn't think he was like Jonah, balking over his call to Nineveh, Otis retired to a storage room for prayer. He knelt in a crevice between an old unused stove and a stack of bagged oats. "Oh, God," he prayed, "kindly send me a sign that I'm supposed to marry Sister Marva Brinkerheisly — a big, sharp, unmistakable sign, if you please. It seems to me she's a little over the hill when it comes to having babies. And me too, Heavenly Father — I ain't sure I've got what it takes to raise up a posterity with her. However, all things are possible with you. Amen."

Suddenly there was a terrific noise in the stove pipe, a descending clamor of scratching and flapping. Something thumped into the pit of the stove and wings beat against its walls. "Who's there?" Otis cried. Then he choked up with gratitude. It couldn't be anything but a dove, the Holy Ghost in person. He jerked open the stove, mumbling, "Thank you, Lord."

Out tumbled a magpie. The black and white bird fluttered upside down on the floor, then revived and with a squawk shot toward a high bright window. It struck the glass, bounced, and spiraled to rest upon a sack, lying at a cant, panting, its beak open.

Otis seized the bird, whereupon it clamped upon the flesh between his thumb and forefinger. Roaring, he dashed through the storage room, through the office, past the service counter where Angus looked up with open-mouthed surprise, and out the door, where he heaved the bird into the air. With another triumphant squawk, it launched into flight.

"Oh my gad," said Simpson, who stood at the corner of the building with an air rifle in his hands. A boy stood beside him. "I was just showing him how to adjust this gun for windage," Simpson explained in a mollifying tone. "There's them magpies in your elm around where I'm digging. I sure didn't

think that crazy thing would loop down your chimney. However, it's good to see it ain't hurt any." He handed the rifle to the boy. "Here, sonny, maybe you oughta light out for home."

Otis walked around and peered into the trench Simpson had dug along the foundation. The little man pointed at an opened pipe. "Right there is where the roots was clogging your sewer. Won't be long and you can enjoy your toilet again."

"I want you to know something, Mr. Simpson," Otis said. "If it was suddenly my turn to manage this feedstore, I'd fire you in two seconds."

"You'd be exactly right. I'd fire me too if I was in any position to do so. In the meantime, I'll try not to knock any more trash down that chimney."

A little later Otis helped Lester sack a batch of horse pellets. When it was his turn to stack, he hugged the hundred pound bags with great tenderness, supposing they were Marva. Looks in a woman weren't so important. It was a sweet temperament that counted. He imagined the ways he would charm Marva, also the ways she might charm him in return. "Here," he said to her, seated at the breakfast table, "have a little sugar on your germade, also some of this cream," whereupon she said, "You're so gallant." Then they were no longer at the breakfast table but in the bedroom, whereupon Marva didn't look like herself but like Dolly Parton, in whose blond tresses and pillowy breasts Otis buried himself.

In the late afternoon, tending the service counter, Otis saw school children straggling toward home. "Heavenly Father," he said under his breath, "if Marva will just be somewhere that I can talk to her without anybody hindering, I'll take it as a sign that you have ordained this marriage."

He drove to the elementary school and, having circled through deserted halls, put his head into Marva's room and found it empty. He went out the back door and saw her far across the playing field taking down a volleyball net. He said, "I had in mind a place that wasn't quite so public, Lord." Then, remembering Jonah, who had ended up in the belly of a whale, he added, "Sorry, Lord, you know best."

He strode across the grass, meeting Marva in the middle of the field. She towered over him, the net bunched in the crook of her arm. Her bony shoulders filled out her blue serge dress like springbars in a tent; a gold and amethyst brooch clung to the leveled plains of her chest. She said, "If you're looking for Mr. Smollit so you can apply for the janitor's job, he's probably in his office."

"I was thinking maybe I could do some janitoring for you."

She bit her lip and with hands suddenly atremble shook out a portion of the net and tried to bunch it more neatly. "Here, let's fold it up proper," Otis said, taking the trailing end and stepping away.

"Oh, yes," she said, "that would be so very helpful."

When they had folded it, Otis said, "Now I'll just carry it for you."

"Oh, you don't need to do that, Brother Wadby."

"I just might call you Marva and you might just call me Otis," he said. "What do you think of Otis for a name? There was a German prince named Otis. The first Otis we know about in our line came to Philadelphia in 1872."

"My gracious, the antiquity of your family!" she said.

He said, "I'll sure have to watch my language around you, you being a school teacher and knowing the pretty things that oughta be said."

"No, not at all. I like men who use bad grammar. It seems they'd know what to do in an emergency."

"I do have to say I've got a knack for getting things done. If the mill busts down, I don't shilly-shally around. I get on the phone and get a part ordered two minutes later. Sometimes I've jumped in my car and made it up and back from Salt Lake with the piece we need the same day it busted."

"I'm sure you do have a knack for getting things done. I just know you do."

From a distance they heard shouting, then barking, then more shouting. A large gray dog suddenly careened around the corner of the schoolhouse and loped across the playing field. A rod or so from the couple the animal halted. Someone had recently trimmed its body, leaving ribbons of hair dangling from its ears and a wiry mane circling its neck. In its mouth was a rubber doll. It began to bark belligerently, its great deep voice strangely muffled by the doll.

A man, wildly waving a shovel, broke around the corner of the schoolhouse. It was Simpson. The dog resumed its flight. "Stop that vandal!" the little man shouted. Arriving beside Otis and Marva, puffing and heaving and greatly vexed, he cried, "Why didn't you grab him while you had a chance?"

"Who had a chance?" Otis protested.

"Dogs is the bane of civilization. They bark all night, bite strangers, and befoul sidewalks with dung. There was this family from California gassing up at the station across the street and the little gal's doll fell out and that puke of a dog snatched it up and made off. Don't you understand what it's going to do to the tourist industry if everybody in this city just sets back and lets depredations like this go on unchecked?"

Otis said, "You talk about depredations! It seems like to me you're a bigger liability to this town than a hundred dogs."

Back at the feedstore Otis tended the service counter for a final hour after Angus and Lester had gone home. He brooded on the ability of one misbegotten soul like Simpson to frustrate the plans of the Almighty as they related to him and Marva. Still he wouldn't concur with Connor's claim that the runty fellow was possessed of an evil spirit. It would be a pretty poor specimen of an evil spirit that would trifle with a person as unfavored as Simpson.

Soon the bell over the outside door jingled and Polly came in. "I need ten pounds of rabbit pellets," she said.

As he weighed the pellets in the storage room, Otis had a little chat with the scales, which he imagined were Polly. "Now, honey, you know I wouldn't of gone to see Sister Brinkerheisly if I hadn't been called of God to do so. That's the absolute truth, sure as I'm alive."

The scales said, "What you was called of was your male appendages, you billy goat."

As he handed Polly the parcel of pellets, Otis said, "If I was home I sure as hell would talk you into getting rid of them rabbits."

"Well, you aren't home," she said, "so I guess I'll keep them. I sold three of those weaners to the Jorson kid this afternoon. Two does and one buck. He's getting into the breeding business."

"You sure they was two does and one buck?"

"I told him they were according to my best light. However, I said if time proved otherwise he could bring any or all of them back and I'd replace them with some others."

Otis followed her onto the steps and watched her walk down the street. She had rolled up her nylons and put on her Sunday flats and touched up the little circle of curls around her head. He could have cried, she looked so nice.

At dusk he locked the store and headed for Junction. All day he had been as taut as barbed wire on a new fence; but now, as the car picked up speed, he began to relax. Then ahead he saw a man thumbing at the side of the road. Sure enough, it was Simpson. Otis pressed the accelerator and raced by. In the rearview mirror he saw Simpson shake a fist. Suddenly, a couple of hundred yards beyond, a front tire blew out with a boom and the car lurched from side to side. As Otis wrestled it to a halt, the shredded tire emitted a loud thunk, thunk, thunk, thunk. Climbing out, he saw Simpson jogging toward him. He grabbed rocks and began heaving, shouting, "Back off, you loony. Stay your distance!"

About thirty yards from the car, Simpson paused, scratched his head, and squatted, watching in the dusk while Otis placed the spare tire on the wheel. "You know," he called, "if I could get up a little closer, there's some things I could tell that you'd give plenty to know about."

"You get any closer and I'll brain you with this jack handle."

"You ain't exactly being hospitable," Simpson yelled. "Seems like to me I done you some good favors today."

"Favors! You coyote! I can't remember a worse day since the time a horse fell on me when I was a kid." Otis grunted and tugged, working as fast as he could.

Finally Simpson rose and shouted, "I better warn you, I'm getting mad. I'm getting ready to dust off my feet on you."

Otis pounded on the hub cap, gathered his tools, and threw them clattering into the trunk.

"Listen, you mealy-mouthed pervert," Simpson hollered. "You just dirtied on your last chance for salvation, that's what you done. The Lord sent me this way to kick you out of your orbit around that pestiferous, piratical Connor Stuart. Are you grateful? Hell no, you ain't. You're surly, mean, and peevish. Come Judgment Day, God's going to wipe his hindparts with you and flush you down a toilet, and I say good riddance to bad rubbish."

Otis stood with his mouth agape. Suddenly he couldn't see Simpson. He took a step or two, blinked, stared again. The runty man had disappeared. On either side of the road were open fields, low wire fences, dry, shallow ditches — no hiding places whatsoever. Otis trotted down the road, paced back and forth where Simpson had been. "My God, he's gone!" he said.

His hands trembled until he could hardly insert the key into the ignition. Once the engine had started, he turned the car around and sped back to Circleville. He went into the feedstore, stacked his fundamentalist books on his desk, then sat and dialed the telephone. "Marva," he said, "Sister Brinkerheisly, that is to say, this is Otis Wadby. Forgive me for my wicked intentions. I came over there this afternoon to propose that you and me get married. Probably you wouldn't of had me which would have been just exactly right. You're the finest woman there ever was but I'm all locked up. I'm going home to Polly."

Then he got on a chair and unnoosed the effigy which had dangled in the corner for six months. He carried the limp, straw-filled body into a darkened storage room, where he laid it tenderly on a stack of wheat. "Connor," he said, "the reason you didn't have any luck casting an evil spirit out of that scrawny, emaciated little boar is he really is one of the Three Nephites." He could hear Connor's indignant protest. "I know he don't look like one," he replied. "Furthermore, he's foul-mouthed and dissipated. But when it came to the big act, honest to God, I seen him do it. He evaporated into thin air — poof, in the twinkling of an eye, he was gone." Otis stroked the effigy's head and fingered its shirt collar. He said, "I can't go along with you, Connor. It seemed like to me I could see the Holy Ghost standing right behind you, but I still can't go along."

He drove to his house and went up the steps. He hesitated only a moment, then went in without knocking. Polly was at the kitchen sink, finishing her supper dishes. He deposited his books on the dining table and sat down. "I'm back to stay," he said. "I've given up on fundamentalism."

She watched with an open mouth while he leafed through the volumes. "This one," he said, hefting *The Errant Keys: Where Does Latter-Day Authority Truly Lie?*, "is one very fine book."

He went outside, she following. He threw the books into the incinerator barrel, doused them with gasoline, and set them afire. Lighted by the dancing flames, he and she stood awhile. "Don't cry," she said, brushing his cheek with her fingers. "We oughta be awful happy, hadn't we?"

"About them rabbits you sold that Jorson boy," he said. "Tomorrow I'll go over and check them out so we can get him squared away with what he needs."

"Do you want a little supper?" she asked.

"It seems like it's an unholy thing to do just now," he said, "but I'm damned near dead for lack of a romp."

"Sure enough, I'll fix you some supper later," she said.

A Survey of Recent Articles

Stephen W. Stathis

FOR NEARLY A DECADE, SINCE MARY BRADFORD APPROACHED ME early one Sunday morning with the exciting opportunity of becoming part of the DIALOGUE staff, "Among the Mormons" has been a dear friend. Preparing this, my last column, has been particularly difficult, for it has meant closing the door on an extremely rewarding aspect of my life.

It has been exhilarating to have a legitimate excuse (at least in my own mind) to take up literal residence in such friendly quarters as Eugene Needham's Booktable, a bookstore in my wife's ancestral hometown of Logan, Utah. Much of my children's love of books undoubtedly stems from the long hours they have spent amusing themselves in libraries and bookstores while waiting for Dad to fill up all his bibliography cards.

Looking back, I am left with a deep appreciation for the hundreds of authors who have shared their varied insights of Mormonism. The watchful eye of such friends as Linda Thatcher, Gene A. Sessions, Lester E. Bush, and Mary Bradford, was especially helpful in drawing my attention to significant works that would otherwise have remained fugitive. To my wife, Barbara, I owe the most of all, for she made the whole venture possible and worthwhile.

It has been a most enjoyable journey.

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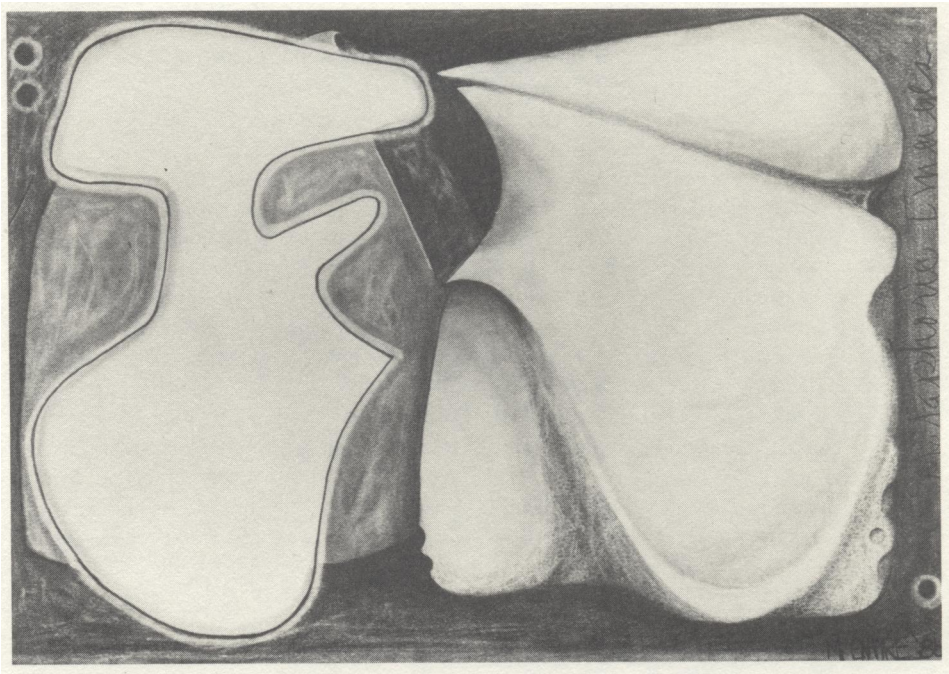

B. H. Roberts and the Book of Mormon

Studies of the Book of Mormon by B. H. Roberts, edited and with an introduction by Brigham D. Madsen, with biographical essay by Sterling M. McMurrin (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1985), 375 pp., $21.95.

Reviewed by Thomas G. Alexander, professor of history and director of the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University. He thanks Brigham Madsen, Sterling McMurrin, John Welch, and Truman Madsen for their comments.

THE THREE MANUSCRIPTS by B. H. Roberts which form the core of this book first came to my attention in 1980 while I was at work on *Mormonism in Transition* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1986). At that time, George D. Smith, a San Francisco businessman, was kind enough to supply me with copies of the manuscripts. Then, he indicated that he and Everett L. Cooley, director of the Marriott Library's Special Collections who had accessioned the B. H. Roberts papers, were interested in having the manuscripts edited and published.

Cooley arranged for the editorial work and an introductory essay on Roberts's life for the volume. Brigham D. Madsen, emeritus professor of history at the University of Utah and best known for his work on native American and Mountain-west history, served as editor. Sterling M. McMurrin, E. E. Erickson Distinguished Professor of Philosophy, wrote a biographical essay on Roberts. Neither he nor Cooley, as has been alleged, edited the volume.

In addition to the three manuscripts Roberts wrote during the 1920s, Madsen included a series of documents selected to put the essays into context. Roberts prepared the first of the essays entitled "Book of Mormon Difficulties: A Study," during November and December 1921 in answer to five questions raised by a Mr. Couch of Washington, D. C., on the relationship between the culture of the pre-Columbian Americans as described in the Book of Mormon and in scientific investigations. These included: languages, animals, use of steel by pre-exilic Israelites, types of weapons, and presence of silk.

Roberts divided "Difficulties" into three parts: (1) linguistics, (2) physical culture, and (3) racial origins. In each section, he reviewed the work of authorities known to him, argued the case, concluded that the evidence from non-Mormon sources was against the Book of Mormon account, then raised a number of questions about the course of action to take (pp. 91–94, 114–15, 142–43).

Roberts presented "Difficulties" to the Church leadership in January 1922. Though no one in the First Presidency or Twelve could answer the questions he raised, a number reaffirmed their testimonies of the Book of Mormon; and Elder Richard R. Lyman suggested that they drop the matter. Instead, President Heber J. Grant appointed a committee consisting of President Anthony W. Ivins and Elders James E. Talmage, John A. Widtsoe, and Roberts to investigate questions relating to the Book of Mormon.

With that mandate, Roberts took two courses of action. He met with the mem-

bers of the committee on several occasions during the late winter and spring of 1922, and he undertook research on both the source of the Book of Mormon text and its context. The result, "A Book of Mormon Study," was a report discussing problems Roberts saw on the basis of currently available research into American antiquities.

The "Study" addressed essentially three questions. First, Roberts asked, was literature available in early nineteenth-century America which might have served as a "ground plan" which Joseph Smith could have used for the Book of Mormon? Second, he queried, did the Prophet have a sufficiently creative imagination to have accomplished such a work? Third, were cultural traits revealed in the Book of Mormon also present in early nineteenth-century America?

His analysis and synthesis suggested affirmative answers to all three questions. There was, Roberts summarized, sufficient " 'common knowledge' of accepted American antiquities of the times, supplemented by such a work as Ethan Smith's *View of the Hebrews*, . . . [to have made] it possible for him [Joseph Smith] to create a book such as the Book of Mormon." Furthermore, "there can be no doubt as to the possession of vividly strong, creative imagination by Joseph Smith the Prophet" (p. 250). It is possible that the section on nineteenth-century religious culture was not completed since, unlike the other sections, there is no concluding statement (p. 316).

The final manuscript reproduced in the book — entitled "A Parallel" — accompanied a letter sent to Richard R. Lyman in October 1927 after Roberts had returned from his mission in New York. It consists of the juxtaposition of statements and quotations drawn from the Book of Mormon and *View of the Hebrews* showing similar information in both books.

The publication of this book evoked a decided controversy in some circles within the LDS scholarly community. John W. Welch, professor of law at Brigham Young University, reviewed the book negatively for the *Church News* (15 Dec. 1985); he published "B. H. Roberts: Seeker after Truth," in the March 1986 *Ensign*; and he and Truman G. Madsen, Richard L. Evans Professor of Christian Understanding at Brigham Young University, published preliminary reports under the general title: "Did B. H. Roberts Lose Faith in the Book of Mormon?" (Provo, Utah: Foundation for Ancient Research & Mormon Studies [FARMS], 1985); and Welch wrote: "Finding Answers to B. H. Roberts Questions and 'An Unparallel' " (Provo, Utah: FARMS, 1985).

"Finding Answers to B. H. Roberts Questions and 'An Unparallel' " is a fairly straightforward attempt to deal with Roberts's questions by citing recent scholarship which supports the traditional LDS position and by reanalyzing the parallels between the Book of Mormon and *View of the Hebrews*. Welch concluded that both a different reading of the Ethan Smith book and recent evidence for the Book of Mormon as an ancient text would have let Roberts answer many of his questions differently. He pointed out particularly that most of *View of the Hebrews* is quite unlike the Book of Mormon.

Much of the controversy surrounding the book has been quite unfortunate. The tone of the first part of "Did B. H. Roberts Lose Faith in the Book of Mormon?", though decidedly negative, nevertheless raised some valid questions about the editorial method, the assumed chronology of Roberts's work, and the inclusion or exclusion of data and editorial comments. Less happily, parts 2 and 3 degenerated into an attack on McMurrin and Brigham Madsen.

The B. H. Roberts Society tried to get the four principals to discuss their differences. When that failed, Brigham Madsen and McMurrin counterattacked at the Algie Ballif Forum in Provo in March 1986 (Brigham D. Madsen and Sterling M. McMurrin, "Reply to John W. Welch and Truman G. Madsen," typescript, March 1986). In it, they vigorously took on the objections that the two BYU professors had

raised. Following the Ballif Forum presentation, Welch wrote evenhanded letters to Madsen and McMurrin to clarify his views and reduce the level of tension while spelling out his differences with them.

While Roberts's manuscripts are extremely interesting since they provide insights into his thought and assessment of the status of scholarship on the Book of Mormon during the early 1920s, from a historian's point of view they present some methodological problems. Since "Difficulties" is a survey of the literature on the questions asked, its conclusions for Roberts's time could simply be no better than the available scholarship. Roberts seems to have recognized this, but the Church leadership had no way to address the scholarly conclusions at the time. The Ivins committee might have helped, but Roberts was apparently dissatisfied with their initial efforts.

The major problem with the "Study" is that, if one takes it as anything more than an analysis of possibilities, it must be viewed as an example of the genetic fallacy (that something can be explained solely by its cultural context). Roberts tried to address that difficulty by assuming "that it is more than likely that the Smith family possessed a copy" of *View of the Hebrews* and by pointing out that the idea that the Indians were of Hebraic descent was popularly current in Western New York and New England during the early nineteenth century (pp. 151–61; quotation from p. 155). As Fawn Brodie has said, "It may never be proved that Joseph saw *View of the Hebrews* before writing the Book of Mormon." She, however, lapses into the genetic fallacy by continuing, "but the striking parallelisms between the two books hardly leave a case for mere coincidence," apparently on the assumption that the parallels were so strong that the case for coincidence collapsed (p. 29; Fawn M. Brodie, *No Man Knows My History: The Life of Joseph Smith*, 2d ed. [New York: Alfred Knopf, 1977], p. 47).

"A Parallel," unless it too is taken as a statement of possibilities, can be viewed as an example of the fallacy of composition (reasoning from some features of the parts to generalize about the whole). As Welch has shown, there are sufficient differences in the context and evidence Ethan Smith included in *View of the Hebrews* to lead reasonable persons to disagree with the proposition that it could have served as the "ground plan" for the Book of Mormon.

At least two other questions of interest were raised in the controversy over the book. The first has to do with whether B. H. Roberts retained his testimony of the Book of Mormon after completing these studies. Brigham Madsen argued that "the record is mixed" (p. 29). Pointing to some questions raised in private conversations, he nevertheless indicated that in Roberts's "public statements he was still the defender of the faith." He then provided a number of quotations supporting this position (pp. 29–30). Sterling McMurrin also concluded that Roberts "continued to profess his faith in the authenticity of the book" (p. xviii).

Roberts's private statements raise some questions about his views. Brigham Madsen cited a long quotation from the diary of Wesley P. Lloyd, former dean of the Graduate School at BYU, reporting a conversation with Roberts late in his life which indicates that Roberts may have entertained the possibility of a psychological interpretation of the Book of Mormon. Welch cited discrepancies in Lloyd's diary entry and conflicting statements Roberts is reported to have made to others. However, historians have long come to expect inconsistencies and mistakes in details, even from those written close to events. Such discrepancies do not invalidate general impressions conveyed by such a diary. Nevertheless, the diary may warrant some additional study, since research by Welch has shown that the extant version of the diary was apparently in Lloyd's wife's hand rather than in his. Thus, it is not clear when the entry was made.

On balance, the question of whether Roberts expressed views in private conversation with friends that the Book of Mormon might be theologically true yet not historically true may never be conclusively answered. All four disputants conclude that until his death he actively witnessed for the authenticity of Joseph Smith's mission and for the Book of Mormon. His views did not impair his functioning as a General Authority nor his witnessing for the gospel.

A second question has to do with the editorial method used in the book. The method used, that of treating the three studies as finished manuscripts and publishing them in that form, is a valid one. It was thus properly used by Brigham Madsen in this book.

In view of some problems in the manuscripts, however, and the fact that others worked on revisions of the manuscripts, my own preference would have been to have seen the manuscript reproduced using the method of the various letterpress editions of papers of presidents of the United States. Since I served for a year as assistant editor for the *Papers of Ulysses S. Grant* the method is quite familiar to me.

Such works use various conventions to allow the reader to understand the manuscript both as it originally stood and as the author and others edited it. For instance, editors reproduce crossed-out passages as words with dashes through them. This would have helped particularly in clearing up the matter of the use of the second edition of *View of the Hebrews*. Welch's research indicated that when Roberts had the study typed in 1922, he did not know the date of the first edition, and he made certain changes after his work in New York revealed that information. To place the "Parallel" in context, more evidence should have been cited on the amount of work Roberts did on the topic in the period between 1922 when the "Study" was typed and 1927 when he gave Lyman the "Parallel." Welch's research suggests that it was, in fact, very little. Brigham Madsen's reply cites evidence that it was a great deal more. The reader has a right to the evidence on this question.

It is the role of the editor to place the documents in context, to identify persons, places, and events mentioned in the text, and to help the reader understand the state of mind of the author of the manuscript. Welch argues that Brigham Madsen should have supplied information on the current best answers to such problems. I disagree. It would be unnecessarily pedantic to present everything relevant to the topics under consideration published after Roberts completed his work unless they helped clarify the context in which Roberts wrote.

Thus, while the editorial work exhibits minor problems, it is generally well done. The introduction places the manuscripts in context. The other documents reproduced, with few exceptions like the letter to Richard Lyman and the long quotation from the Lloyd diary, are drawn from 1921 and 1922 when the first two manuscripts were written. People and places are sufficiently well identified as are the works Roberts used in his studies.

On the whole, the publication of this book is a valuable addition to the literature of Mormonism in the 1920s. Brigham D. Madsen is to be congratulated for the time and effort he put into the volume. The University of Illinois Press should be praised for its willingness to publish the volume. Everett Cooley and George Smith deserve credit for their support. In addition, Jack Welch should also receive credit for clarifying important points on the text of the manuscript and for raising questions on Roberts's state of mind. Scholars in the field of Mormon studies will benefit immeasurably from having this volume, the assessments of the editor, and the letters connected with manuscripts in a readily available form.

The World of Evangelism

Redemptorama: Culture, Politics and the New Evangelicalism by Carol Flake (New York: Doubleday/Anchor, 1985), 300 pp., $15.95.

Reviewed by John Sillito, assistant professor of Library Science, Weber State College, Ogden, Utah.

AS CAROL FLAKE observes, 1976 seemed to be "the year of the evangelical" as the media focused its attention on Jimmy Carter, a born-again Christian who taught Sunday School in his small Georgia hometown and who had trounced the leading figures of the Democratic party establishment to win the nomination and then the general election. Four years later not only Carter but Ronald Reagan and John Anderson were claiming born-again status for themselves, a fact which led Gene McCarthy to quip that he might well be the last presidential candidate to have been born only once.

In 1980 the born-again Carter lost his bid for reelection, partially because of his unpopularity with many of the evangelicals who elected him to office but who now regarded him "not as a dyed-in-the wool Baptist but a liberal in sheepish clothing" (p. 7). Of more importance than Carter's defeat, however, political observers realized that there was an evangelical constituency of several million voters who were, in Flake's words, "not yet closely allied to any party but possessing enormous power for single-issue crusades." The new Christian right, personified by Rev. Jerry Falwell, seemed to be fast becoming an important political force for politicians to reckon with — and to court.

Flake does not deal specifically with Mormons or their relationship with evangelical Christians, but much of what she says about contemporary evangelicalism applies to contemporary Mormon society, especially in the way that evangelicalism is an all encompassing philosophy that provides not only a world view, but a tightly organized structure for all aspects of daily life. Moreover, there is much about the evangelical mind set that seems similar to that of many Latter-day Saints.

Primarily, *Redemptorama* provides an informative and fascinating look at the world of Christian evangelicalism. The author, raised a Southern Baptist, distanced herself from her denomination while attending college, then used the research for this book to return to her roots. She discovered that her "own church back home" was now televising its Sabbath services and had changed as much as she: "Fundamentalists were no longer grappling with the demons within, but with the humanists without. Instead of peering into their own souls for evidence of guilt, they were looking across town, across the state, across the nation, toward the politicians and purveyors of culture who had invaded their homes, schools and neighborhoods with unsettling change" (p. 13).

Evangelicals, Flake observes, have traditionally had two essential characteristics. First, they divide the world into the saved who have accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Savior and the lost who don't. Second, they feel responsible to transform the latter into the former.

Flake found that contemporary evangelical Christianity had added a new commercial component as well: "As I made it through this bright new world of Christianized culture, I sensed a curious air of unreality, of artificiality about it. The total man had married the total woman in the total Christian church to fulfill the dream of the total Christian family in a total Christian country. . . . Conservative evangelicals like love-starved secularists had adopted the tokens of mass-produced affection, the illusion of community: bumper sticker smiles, personalized form letters, televised compassion, published advice" (p. 17).

Contrasting that culture with the one of her youth, Flake comments that the "church of my childhood had touched my

heart and shaped my life in a way that secular culture never could" (p. 14). She was repelled by "evangelists who rattled the rusty sabers of Christian militancy or the suave TV Super Savers who sold their shut-in viewers ever more costly plans of salvation" (p. 12).

And though she admits encountering many kind, generous, and sincere people practicing "too many good deeds" among the evangelical community, she also found herself "longing for the old clapboard churches" of her youth which offered a "strong system of values and a real community." Whatever the church of her youth had in the way of faults, she notes, at least it had offered a noncommercialized "glimpse of a better life and a better self" (p. 15).

Redemptorama is much more than a nostalgic look at the church and community of Flake's youth. It is a helpful resource for anyone interested in understanding the evangelical experience and its impact on our society. For instance, Flake provides four general evangelical categories in the American religious tradition: (1) separationists, who want to remove themselves from the world and run the gamut from Mennonites and Amish to survivalists who see Armageddon on the horizon; (2) recruiters, who argue that Christians must not run from the world but confront and convert it; (3) civil religionists, who have taken the long-held American view that God ought to be in government but have enhanced that view with computers, mass-mail campaigns, and sophisticated media techniques; and (4) Christian capitalists, who argue that since Jesus was the "greatest salesman of all time," evangelicals ought to use modern marketing to sell everything from Christian sex manuals to Christian T-shirts.

Most of the book deals with the last two categories because, Flake asserts, it is "Christian capitalism and political engagement that have transformed the world of evangelicalism and have begun to influence the affairs of the nation." In the process, despite their protestations to the contrary, these evangelical entrepreneurs and pulpit politicos are "not creating a Christian counter-culture but rather a counterfeit culture" (p. 22).

Flake adds a fifth type of contemporary evangelical, much less well known to a mass audience and represented by the Sojourners community of Washington, D.C., the Berkeley Christian Coalition and similar groups. These are the radical evangelicals whose "activism has taken a different direction" and who have "rejected the prosperity and power that conservative evangelicals felt to be their just reward for living good Christian lives. Unlike fundamentalists who wanted to fight fire with fire by banning and burning, Christianizing the culture, and hoarding arms for Armageddon, radical evangelicals call for a scaling-down of Christian enterprise, a rejection of the arms race, and a build-up of social concerns" (p. 243).

Above all else, says Flake, radical evangelicals hold fast to a set of ideas that resemble biblical teachings — "the importance of peace and community and the danger of complacency." These evangelicals, she comments, find in Jesus "not only an apostle of peace but a radical savior who had met his fate by casting his lot with the oppressed and opposing the powers of business, church and state."

No doubt many readers will find *Redemptorama* a controversial account of evangelical Christianity. For those acquainted with conservative religion in Utah, both Mormon and non-Mormon alike, much of what Carol Flake says will sound familiar. Some will find her assessments harsh. Others may take issue with the characterizations she has made. But her closing words are worthy of consideration: "Evangelicalism [today is] a house divided against itself . . . , a community . . . torn between those who were trying to learn how to live the good life, Christian style, surrounded by other Christians in a total Christian culture; those who were trying to return America to some mythical age of

God-fearing virtue, bristling with guns and burdened with guilt; and those who were trying to live by the light of the gospel, one day at a time" (p. 275).

Meaning Still Up for Grabs

Zion's Camp: Expedition to Missouri, 1834 by Roger D. Launius (Independence: Missouri: Herald Publishing House, 1984), 206 pp., $11.

Reviewed by Richard E. Bennett, head, Department of Archives and Special Collections, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

FIRMLY ESTABLISHED in Mormon history is Joseph Smith's 1834 crusade from Kirtland, Ohio, to the borders of Jackson County, Missouri, to "redeem Zion." Its purpose was to assist Latter-day Saints lately driven from their homes, protect them from further bloodshed, and, if possible, restore them to their lands and properties. Proclaiming divine revelation in support of his plan, Joseph Smith and many of his most trusted advisors set out to recruit 500 men for the expedition. In what now reads like a "Who's Who" in early Church history, the camp roster eventually included the names of Brigham and Joseph Young, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, Hyrum Smith, Charles C. Rich, George A. Smith, Heber C. Kimball, and some 200 others including a handful of women and children. Armed and drilled for conflict, this "army of God," now forever remembered as Zion's Camp, left Kirtland 1 May 1834 and covered the 900 miles across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Liberty, Missouri in under fifty days.

Concerned with the smaller-than-expected number of fighting men in the camp and later crestfallen at the refusal of Missouri Governor Daniel Dunklin to support the Mormon foray with state troops, Joseph finally concluded his chances of success, if ever seriously held, were minimal. A possibly decisive battle with the "Jackson Countians" was aborted 19 June by a devastating thunder-and-hail storm which the Mormons ascribed to divine intervention. Three days later, near Liberty, Joseph Smith issued the "Fishing River Revelation," chastising the Saints for disobedience and disbanding the camp, thereby postponing indefinitely the eventual Mormon reclamation of Jackson County. Zion's Camp never officially fired a shot upon its enemies. The few deaths reported among the Missourians came mainly by drowning, and those among the Mormons from cholera.

Some money and supplies did eventually reach a few scattered destitute Mormon families in the area but little else was accomplished. And though some enlistees remained in the region to assist in resettling efforts, most returned in small groups to Ohio. Clearly the mission fell far short of its announced goals. In fact, it served only to intensify local distrust of the Mormons, which culminated four years later in their expulsion from the state. Yet Zion's Camp did succeed in bonding the Ohio and Missouri Mormon camps, in identifying Joseph's most loyal followers (many of whom later rose to high levels of ecclesiastical prominence) and, paradoxically, in elevating the prophetic image of Joseph Smith.

For students of the Restoration movement who are interested in the facts and figures, people and places of Zion's Camp, Roger D. Launius has performed a valuable service. It's almost all there. In ten chapters of 206 pages complete with maps and appendices is everything the beginner needs to know: membership lists, breakfast menus, toll road charges, routes and rendezvous points, pistols and firearms, contenders and arbitrators, dreams and revelations, sickness and death.

Andrew Jenson, B. H. Roberts, Wilburn Talbot, Wayne A. Jacobsen, Leonard

J. Arrington, and others have been over the same road before. What is important here is that finally someone has published in one readily available, easily readable volume the big picture, which until now was the domain of obscure theses, diverse articles, hard-to-find manuscripts, and otherwise fragmented partial accounts. Had Launius also seized the opportunity to tell what it all meant, rather than simply what it was, his book might have held real promise.

Even in his quest for completeness, Launius failed to incorporate all the available data. Written originally as a thesis in 1978, the book came out six years later with only minor revisions and lacks the polish and additional research a final study deserves. For instance, relying heavily on early newspaper accounts, often at the expense of original unpublished sources, his membership roster (pp. 174–76) omits Albert and Ada Clements, Lewis Zobriskie, Levi Gifford, and two children, Eunice and John P. Chidister.

More disappointing is his omission of Wayne A. Jacobsen's valuable though tentative 1976 prosoprographical study of the 206 men involved, their place of origin, place of and age at recruitment, and future Church activity and faithfulness. Other puzzling misstatements of fact include references to Wilford Woodruff as "a young man from Canada" (p. 88) when in fact he was born in Connecticut, and to Luke Johnson's unsuccessful effort to cross the Missouri River only to be forced back to the Clay County side from which "he fired several shots at the other [Jackson Co.] shore" (pp. 152–53). Johnson and his brother Lyman in fact crossed the river where they "discharged" three rounds of ammunition before being forced back across the river (Luke Johnson, "History of Luke Johnson," May 1834, Historical Department Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah).

Such little errors and omissions, though more bothersome than damaging, underline the nagging suspicion of incomplete research. An immediate overview of the author's sources is not possible since the book fails to include a bibliography, but despite the many footnotes one is unconvinced that the author consulted all available sources, particularly those in the Historical Department of the LDS Church.

By far the more damaging criticism is not what the book says but rather what it does not say, themes and analyses that are but faintly stated and poorly developed. While his purpose is, admittedly, to write narrative and not interpretive history, surely with the knowledge and understanding at his command, Launius could have been less timid, less restrained. The relatively few arguments advanced, it seems to me, lack sufficient development.

For example, at the book's end (pp. 171–72), Launius agrees with Klaus Hansen that Zion's Camp "bequeathed a heritage of militancy to the church" and points without amplification to "future Mormon military organizations" as evidence. In the absence of fuller development, is this single military movement sufficient to establish a heritage of church "militancy"? Likewise the author's reference to the camp's legacy of "humanitarianism" is undeveloped. Are we really to believe that the spirit of charitable service in the Church began with Zion's Camp? What of the earlier Law of Consecration? What of earlier sacrifices?

Finally, the author agrees that Zion's Camp developed camaraderie, brotherhood, unity, and a high level of loyalty and allegiance to Joseph Smith. Precisely how Joseph accomplished this is not specified, although the author leads us to think it had something to do with his powers of revelation. For instance, one participant reported that Joseph related "some of the visions of his early youth, interspersing his narrative with maxims of incalculable value to the hearers" (p. 60). By "revelation" the camp was organized and disbanded (D&C 102, 105); by "revelation" Joseph identified the bones of "Zelph," the ancient white Lamanite warrior; by "revelation" the scourge of cholera was predicted. Yes,

the revelatory process may be the key to understanding the intense loyalty of Joseph's followers, but it is never defined or described. Quotations are given without argument or elaboration. Instead we are merely told that Joseph was a "mystic," a "romantic," and "something of a dreamer" (p. 42). Though Joseph Smith is central to the narrative, his personality, power of character, qualities of leadership, and spiritual dimensions are undeveloped. He is a shadow, and how he comes off a success in a failing enterprise remains a mystery.

In sum, the book is long on fact but short on interpretation. Launius has made a valuable contribution to Restoration history by bringing the account of Zion's Camp into clearer focus than ever before, but regrettably we still await the definitive, interpretive study.

BRIEF NOTICES

The Kirtland Temple: A Historical Narrative, by Roger D. Launius (Independence, Mo.: Herald Publishing House, 1986), 216 pp., $10.

LAUNIUS'S INTRODUCTION warns that some aspects of his narrative social history may be considered "controversial: . . . The building's past has not always been triumphal, and individuals were not always motivated by lofty principles" (pp. 10–11). He devotes one chapter to "Development of the Temple Concept, 1830–1833," then studies the construction itself, the period of dedication and use, then the period between 1837 and 1862 — the social collapse caused by the Kirtland Safety Society episode, the mass migration, and the continued activity of Mormon-related groups in the area.

An important chapter on the Temple Lot Suit summarizes the legal history of the piece of building, how RLDS member Russell Huntley acquired the property and transferred it to the RLDS First Presidency. This thirty-four page chapter also includes a summary of twentieth-century uses of the temple, including permission for some LDS meetings as well. (Members of the Mormon History Association who attended the 1977 annual meeting will also recall a moving joint devotional taken from the Doctrine and Covenants, accompanied by music.)

A brief concluding chapter discusses the role of the Kirtland Temple in modern RLDS Church life, interesting in light of the announced plans to construct a temple in Independence.

The appendices, which number about thirty pages, include much useful information for researchers: A list of those blessed for assisting in the building of the temple, its dedication prayer and program, the visitation of Jesus Christ, the petition of the RLDS Church in the temple suit, and the court's opinion. In addition to the endnotes themselves, the book includes a note on sources and an index.

One Flesh, One Heart: Putting Celestial Love into Your Temple Marriage by Carlfred Broderick (Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book, 1986), 87 pp., $8.95.

AUTHOR OF THE POPULAR *Couples*, Broderick, a former stake president and director of the marriage and family therapy training program at the University of Southern California, has designed this book on marriage for LDS couples. In his preface, he states: "It presumes an audience that is committed to the gospel of Jesus Christ and to an eternal marriage. It assumes that even such couples may yet find room for improvement and sometimes even experience frustrating disappointment in that unique relationship, which is supposed to be their greatest source of support and satisfaction. It comprises just about every-

thing I have learned about how to be married 'in the Lord's way.' "

Although the book is short, it contains a high percentage of scriptures, creatively interpreted to shed light on the marital relationship, and is illuminated with memorable case studies involving LDS couples including Broderick's own family.

Its nine chapters deal with sexual compatibility ("In plain language, at the core of the husband-wife relationship is a sexual and procreative joining," p. 1), fidelity and unity, power and authority between couples, techniques for enhancing affection, negotiating differences, dealing with divorce, depression, problems caused by homosexuality, and the process of change.

Good-bye, I Love You by Carol Lynn Pearson (New York: Random House, 1986), 227 pp., $15.95.

THE JACKET LINE gives this outline of this autobiographical work: "The True Story of a Wife, Her Homosexual Husband — and a Love Honored for Time and All Eternity."

Pearson's husband, Gerald, struggled with varying degrees of success against his homosexuality during their temple marriage and the twelve years of marriage which produced four children while she struggled with her feminist consciousness and sense of betrayal that God "loved all of us, of course, but he preferred men. . . . And God's Church preferred men . . . . and my husband [did] too" (pp. 80–81).

Although the couple divorced after their move to California, their relationship and Gerald's closeness to the children did not end. Instead, they remained a profound part of each other's lives even while Gerald's search for a lover led him into San Francisco's gay scene ("Oh Blossom [her nickname] . . . if I could find a man just like you, I'd be in seventh heaven," p. 168), and eventually to his death from AIDS, back in Carol Lynn's home where she eased his dying and looked forward to their life together beyond death.

An intimate and profound memoir, it is an urgent call for a better understanding of homosexuality and for a more human acceptance of homosexual people.

For Those Who Wonder: Observations on Faith, Belief, Doubt, Reason, and Knowledge by D. Jeff Burton (Salt Lake City: IVE, Inc., 1986), pp. 137, $12.

WITH A FOREWORD by Lowell L. Bennion, this collection of fifteen essays and short stories is "intended for Mormons who wonder about their religious life," says the author, whose well-known essay on "The Phenomenon of the Closest Doubter" leads the collection. "Questioning and wondering are normally healthy — they motivate us to action and study. Unfortunately, many of us suffer unnecessarily from feelings of guilt, inadequacy, depression, and estrangement. I hope this book will console, hearten, and ease the pain for those who wonder. I also hope it will make it easier for us to ask questions when necessary" (p. viii).

Among the short stories are one about the response of a huband whose wife receives an important Church calling which will require *his* support and another of a young man whose faith is shaken by what he considers (unnecessarily) to be damning historical evidence about Joseph Smith. Essays include a discussion of the differences between faith, belief, reason, and revelation, a self-assessmention on personal beliefs and Church activity, "Helping Those with Religious Questions and Doubts," and a bibliographic essay.

Station Stop: A Collection of Haiku and Related Forms by Richard Tice (Salt Lake City: Middlewood Press, 1986), 73 pp., $7.95.

BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED and presented, this collection of haiku and other Japanese verse forms is accompanied by calligraphy and brush-and-ink drawings (*sumie*) by

A. Aiko Horiuchi. The author, an editor at Deseret Book and co-editor of *Dragonfly: East/West Haiku Quarterly* has organized his poetry into a cycle beginning with his mission experience in Japan ("New Year's Day:/in the rain between the waves/ I baptize him"), his return to the United States ("putting the hose away: pumpkins/scattered through ruined tomato vines"), and a return to Japan where he was a teacher ("laughing/Kamakura's bronze buddha/fills with children").

Tice includes an introductory essay on the form and technique of the haiku and notes on Japanese terms used in the poems.

Adam God Theory: Scriptural References and Commentary by James H. Hall (West Jordan, Utah: Self Teaching Publications, 1986), 72 pp.

HALL QUOTES BRIGHAM YOUNG'S 1852 sermon introducing the Adam-God theory and adds an extensive commentary taking "a totally new approach. . . . Although the scriptures will of course be used exclusively, we will admit common sense, logic, and basic principles of mathematical thought to this study. The incorporation of science and mathematical discovery found in the calculus, the theory of relativity, and higher mathematical concepts enable and capacitate the mind to handle the seeming contradictions of the so called Adam God Proposition" (p. 6).

The commentary in Part 2 provides "scriptural references, connotations, and commentary" on such topics as "dust," "generations of Adam," "Woman," and "Jehovah."

The Loftier Way: Tales from the Ancient American Frontier by Blaine and Brenton Yorgason (Salt Lake City: Deseert Book Company, 1985), 131 pp.

WRITTEN PROBABLY for a teen audience and dedicated "for teachers of the gospel everywhere, who have the overwhelming responsibility of showing others how to see," this collection of nine short stories is based on Book of Mormon events, each with a "discovery note" designed to shape study and discussion.

For example, in "The Mother," the "ancient and feeble" mother of the four sons of Helaman deals with her anger at their sufferings after they return from their fourteen-year mission until she picks up her youngest son's clothing and sees "patches done with fine and tiny stitching, carefully done with great effort that they would not show, stitches that were the loving handiwork . . . of a . . . a *Lamanitish* mother, an unknown woman who had mended with her hands and her heart the clothing of *my* child" (p. 20).

Other tales relate the story of Nephi, son of Lehi ("The Division"); the aged Ammon, son of Helaman ("The Identified"), the three Nephites ("The Witness"), and Moroni ("The Seer").

The works featured in this issue by Frank McEntire, an artist living in Bennion, Utah, are drawn from his recent show, "Divining," at the Springville Museum of Art. He comments, "Sticks, stones, rods, directors, and the vessels in which they are stored or carried have been used by religious leaders in many cultures throughout human history to help them and their followers see, hear, and understand their own divine nature and that of their gods." These divining instruments have become for him "elements of aesthetic exploration and interpretation," particularly a seer stone suspended from an inverted, fabric-wrapped divining rod as a symbol of the divine nature inherent in all people.

Photography by Jess Allen.

Cover: (front) "The Budding Rod," 22″×30″, graphite on paper, 1986.
(back) "A Pleasant Grove," 17″×13″, graphite on paper, 1985.

p. 4: "Transformation," 22″×30″, pastel on paper, 1986.

p. 15: "Beneath Cumorah," 22″×30″, pastel on paper, 1986.

p. 28: "Meditation Boulder," 18″×25″, graphite on paper, 1986.

p. 86: "Two in a Side Yard," 22″×30″, pastel on paper, 1986.

p. 120: "Entering Through the Veil," 22″×30″, pastel and water on paper, 1986.

p. 149: "Within," 22″×30″, charcoal on paper, 1986.

p. 157: "Meditation at Stone Pond," 26″×19″, graphite on paper, 1986.

p. 158: "Evening," 22″×30″, pastel and water on paper, 1986.

p. 189: "Metaphoric Images," 30″×22″, graphite on paper, 1986.