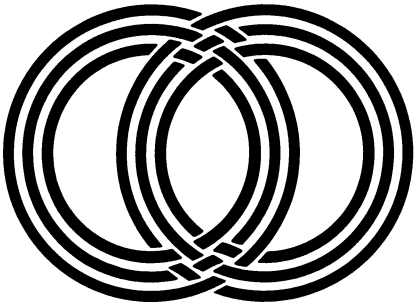
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY



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.

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, Vol. 20, No. 3, Fall 1987

CONTENTS

REVIEWS

BRIEF NOTICES

INDEX

ART CREDITS

See "Drawing on Personal Myths" by Dennis Smith, pp. 109–114, for description of artwork.

Front cover: "Water Master"

Back cover: "Alpine Day Appearances: Joseph Smith Appears Before the Alpine Ward"

p. 24: "Labyrinth"

p. 56: "Silver Poplars"

p. 78: "Kristina Goes to School"

p. 96: "Angels in the Snow"

p. 108: "Dale"

p. 114: "Heading Home"

pp. 23, 89, 107, 149, 171, 192: sketches by Dennis Smith

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DIALOGUE welcomes articles, essays, poetry, fiction, selections for Notes and Comments, and art. Manuscripts must be sent in triplicate, accompanied by return postage, and should be prepared according to the *Chicago Manual of Style* including doublespacing all block quotations and notes. Use the author-date citation style as described in the thirteenth edition. Send manuscripts to DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, 202 West 300 North, Salt Lake City, 84103.

B. H. Roberts' Society Invitation

Realizing that each member of the Church defines his or her faith in unique ways, the B. H. Roberts Society would like to invite you to share your experiences of being a Mormon. Expressions should be limited to five minutes reading time. The B. H. Roberts Society will select from manuscripts submitted what we hope will be a stimulating cross-section of Mormon experiences to be presented by the writers at our Winter 1988 event. Manuscripts should be sent no later than 1 November 1987 to the B. H. Roberts Society, P.O. Box 9052, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109. We are sorry that we will be unable to acknowledge or return manuscripts.

Call for Papers

The Sunstone Foundation announces the Second Annual Sunstone Symposium West, to be held in Los Angeles 15–16 January 1988. Proposals for papers, panel discussions, roundtables, and debates on any subject related to Mormon theology are welcomed, and should be submitted no later than September 15, 1987, to: Lorie Winder Stromberg, Sunstone Symposium West Coordinator, 9028 Hargis Street, Los Angeles, CA 90034. Invitations to submit papers will be based on attractiveness and relevance of the proposals, but final selection will depend on the quality of the finished paper. Papers should be no longer than 15 double-spaced pages, and must be completed by 15 December 1987.

LETTERS

Depressed Women

"Depression in Mormon Women" by Bluhm, Spendlove, and West (Summer 1986, pp. 150–55) referred to our article, "Conflict Secondary to Overt Paradoxes in Belief Systems — The Mormon Woman Example" (Rodney W. Burgoyne and Robert H. Burgoyne, *Journal of Operational Psychiatry* 8, no. 2 [1977]: 39–44). They indicated that we had said that Mormon women were especially susceptible to depression, which we did not say. Their article also listed in the bibliography the KSL-TV production of "Three Faces of Depression: The Woman." As one of the authors, Rodney was asked in that production if he thought that Mormon women were more depressed than other women. His answer was no. We certainly did not "scapegoat" the Mormon church.

Bluhm *et al.* very nicely showed that LDS women are no more depressed than non-LDS women. However, they also showed that LDS women are no *less* depressed. The Church teaches "men are that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25). This is a reason that some Mormon women *are* more depressed!

Robert H. Burgoyne
Salt Lake City, Utah

Growing Up With DIALOGUE

What I *love* about DIALOGUE is the love that permeates its pages. I so appreciate the feelings of warmth and striving to empathize and communicate with its readership which each generation of editors has exhibited.

At the ripe old age of thirty-three, I'm sure I seem too young to have grown up with twenty years of DIALOGUE, but thanks to inquiring parents, I am, in a sense, a charter member.

While DIALOGUE is now standard issue in my own home as well, I haven't always kept up with it in the intervening years of migratory maturity. However, whenever I have sat myself down with an issue at any time in these twenty years, my expectations were never deflated. Invariably I have been impressed with the general quality of the articles (including the letters to the editor, which often qualify as my husband's favorite entry in any particular issue), the range of topics treated, and the calibre of the writing.

More important than any of this, however, is that I always find something waiting just for me. As recently as in the Spring 1987 anniversary volume, I was touched and inspired by Dian Saderup's personal essay, "Turning." If I were to single out all the articles which have helped me in establishing personal goals, articulating philosophies and initiating commitments, this would become a very long tribute indeed.

The freedom to explore a variety of viewpoints in the reasonably tranquil environment which DIALOGUE consistently offers is very much appreciated.

As I survey my twenty years' relationship, I am struck anew by the remarkable cohesiveness and integrity which DIALOGUE has maintained. The feeling of finding a refuge for my reflections remains as strong today as it was so many years ago when I first began an idle browse through the new journal occupying a prominent position in my childhood home.

Am I being too upbeat? I think not! Your hours of earnest labor and all-

encompassing sense of dedication are reflected in every issue. I'm delighted to have the opportunity to say thanks for a job we find well done.

Kimberlee Staking
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Pots

Robert L. Marshall's painting, *Pots Series #4* on the back of the navy-blue Spring 1987 issue took my breath away. It was so lovely.

R. Iverson
Brigham City, Utah

New Kind of Mormon

About two years ago, after several years of violent mental upheaval, I recovered my composure and decided to remain in the fold. On 25 January 1987, I entered the thirtieth year of my conversion. Shortly after baptism, I had started reading Hugh Nibley's *Era* articles and books to strengthen my testimony. Then I attended BYU and tried to absorb what I could by attending religious courses, lectures, and symposia while I pursued an M.A. in linguistics. During these two years in Provo I discovered DIALOGUE and obtained a copy of Duane Jeffrey's "Seers, Savants, and Evolution: The Uncomfortable Interface." I enrolled in the classes of Hugh Nibley, S. Kent Brown, Wilfred Griggs, and Thomas McKay and attended lectures by Arthur Henry King, Truman G. Madsen, Robert J. Mathews, and Leonard J. Arrington. Tony Hutchinson and Avraham Gileadi were my contemporary graduate students.

I returned to Japan satisfied with my advancement of knowledge in the pursuit of truth. Naturally I was a liberal by then. In a few years, I began to subscribe to DIALOGUE. It seemed to me that the journal plunged into a radically critical and sceptical period as did *Sunstone*. I classified myself as a Liahona by Richard D. Poll's definition and moved into the fourth group of Anthony A. Hutchinson's division of LDS scholars (Spring 1982), those who take a critical hermeneutic stand in their approach to the Bible. Some knowledge of the documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch and the form criticism of the Gospels were already a part of my understanding of scripture.

And so it became very difficult for me to accept the Book of Mormon literally. Particularly troublesome were very minute descriptions of future events, the presence of Americanisms, quotations from second Isaiah, and parallels with Ethan Smith's *View of the Hebrews*. I had no difficulty in understanding and identifying with papers that raised questions about the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Especially I felt an echo in my heart as I read William D. Russell's articles, "A Further Inquiry into the Historicity of the Book of Mormon," *Sunstone* 7, no. 5 (Sept.–Oct. 1982, pp. 20–27) and "History and the Mormon Scriptures," *Journal of Mormon History* 10 (1983, pp. 53–63). In like manner, through reading and reasoning, I came to doubt the truthfulness of the First Vision.

Then I read a serious personal essay by Kent L. Walgren, "Some Sentimental Thoughts on Leaving the Fold," DIALOGUE 13 (Winter 1980). I struggled with a succession of articles on B. H. Roberts's "Book of Mormon Difficulties." The "Interview With Sterling M. McMurrin" (Spring 1984) was a finishing blow. I suffered deeply, was desperately disappointed, and felt betrayed. My countenance became gloomy, and my heart felt very heavy for quite a while. On the other hand, I felt released from all the questions, free of every misty feeling. I even felt I reached a higher plane. And the crisis of the upset and shock subsided.

After contemplation, I decided to remain in the fold, retaining the good elements of a positive life-style and sense of values. Thus a new kind of Mormon was born in Japan.

What kind of role can and should I play in Japan? And what role do I expect DIALOGUE to play? I certainly would like to continue my life as an investigator after truth and, at the same time, be of some help for those who will follow a similar course. And as for DIALOGUE, I expect it to be what its name states and remain a source of precious information and thoughts which will help readers such as I restructure the philosophy of life and make us mentally and intellectually rich.

Jiro Numano
Kudamatsu, Japan

Empathy, Not Confusion

I am grateful for the help Jan Stout's essay on homosexuality (Summer 1987) gives us in understanding better the causes of sexual difference and thus possibly increasing our openness and empathy. But I find a serious problem with his argument, one that I fear will only increase moral and spiritual confusion, for homosexuals and for all of us.

Stout reviews the evidence that has been developed in the last ten years that homosexuality and other conditions "once thought to be entirely psychological in origin" are "profoundly influenced by genes and neurochemistry" (p. 30). The evidence, though as yet inconclusive, is quite strong, and it seems to me probably true that a large proportion, if not all, of those attracted to their own sex do not "choose" that attraction and therefore are not morally responsible for their condition. The problem with Stout's argument is that he moves beyond this insight to a logical breakdown that is morally confusing: "Many people, in and out of the Church, seem to want homosexuals held fully accountable for their sexual feelings and behavior. Yet, if conscious choice is not involved, can we legitimately invoke the charge of sin?" (p. 37). Sexual *feelings* may not be consciously chosen, but sexual *behavior* can be, and when sexual behavior of *any* kind violates understood commandments or natural laws, then it surely *is* sin — and inevitably destructive.

Unfortunately, many of us in our society, including many Mormons, have failed to distinguish between homosexual feelings and homosexual activity, condemning both as sinful — sometimes in ways that are ignorant, intolerant, certainly unChristian. But many homosexuals, and many therapists, like Stout, who obviously feel great empathy for the suffering of homosexuals, have reacted in ways that merely compound the same confusion: They suggest that since the feelings are not sinful then neither is related sexual expression. I think both positions are wrong and that the scriptures and modern prophets are right when they make no judgment of homosexual feeling but condemn clearly *any* erotic activity outside of heterosexual marriage, including specifically *all* homosexual intercourse (see Lev. 18:22; Rom. 1:22–28; 1 Cor. 6:9; 2 Ne. 13:9).

It seems to me that the proper model for Mormons is to hold firmly to the laws of married fidelity, which suggest that a heterosexual bipolar union of a man and a woman is what makes possible not only the creation of mortal bodies on earth but also is necessary for the creation of spirit children and new universes, "a continuation of the seeds forever" in the fullest expression of self and relationship possible — what we call godhood. Mormons should make no judgments about homosexual feelings, unless of course such feeling are merely adopted or surrendered to as a form of cultural or psychological confusion or a form of self-love. But the overwhelming evidence of the scriptures and modern revelation (and, I think, common sense) is that though perhaps 10 percent of men and a lesser number of women are affected by the genetic and embryonic forces that produce homosexuality, it is not an eternal condition or a viable alternative to celestial heterosexual marriage as the supreme basis for divine self-fulfillment and creativity.

What then are we to say to homosexuals, who, as Stout points out, are asking, "Why did God make me this way?" and are facing the peculiar distress that they are commanded "to reject the behavior as well as the feelings and fantasies that invade the consciousness of sexual awareness" (p. 39). I think we should say about the same things we have to say to many, perhaps all the rest of us human beings, who also ask, "Why did God make me this way?"

The longer I live the more I'm convinced that every human being has at least one cross to bear that he did not "choose," and though some, perhaps most, such crosses are not as difficult to bear as homosexuality, some are *more* difficult: Because of accidents, physical appearance, or handicaps many more than 10 percent of humans in our culture are unable to enjoy normal sexual expression and marriage and have to settle for a life devoid of sexual intimacy, even affection. Are *they* to be excused from any "charge of sin" if they pursue sexual expression in forbidden or destructive ways, say with prostitutes? Even many who are able to marry are afflicted with frigidity, impotence, excessive sexual desire, accidents, disease, or other conditions which make compatible sexual relations impossible. Are *they* to be freed from the moral responsibility, sealed by solemn temple covenants, to endure in fidelity to their companions simply because nature has "played a trick" on them, as some homosexuals are arguing for themselves? I think not. That kind of moral confusion would just as reasonably condone genetically or developmentally caused violence (such as in Klinefelter's syndrome) or psychologically caused sexual abuse and would logically lead finally to pure determinism, probably the most destructive idea ever to afflict mortal beings.

I know this sounds like hard doctrine, and I only feel brave enough to preach it because I have not only seen people endure crosses at least as difficult as the challenge to live as a chaste homosexual but I am enduring some of my own crosses which I think are at least comparable. I, too, would sometimes like to be exempted, because I did not choose my afflictions, from the general moral laws God has clearly and consistently taught as the basis for healthy eternal existence. But that kind of thinking only ends up making my cross harder to bear, because it is simply rationalization.

Mormonism is unique in claiming that we all *chose*, with some knowledge of what we faced, to come into a world where genuine choices could be made, despite natural restrictions, and thus moral growth could occur. We did this even though we knew that the freedom from God's control necessary for such purposeful development would also result in many conditions and "accidents" according to natural law that would result in genuine crosses for all of us to bear. But Mormonism is also unique in promising that all such crosses will be removed as we leave mortality and that our final judgment and eternal progression will be free from their effects. For instance, we will all be provided, in that long period of continued probation after death when we are no longer limited by the genetic, developmental, and psychological burdens of mortality, a time and way to work out a one-to-one heterosexual relationship that is the basis for godhood and to be judged only according to our response to opportunities there that are the same for all of us.

We in the Church must learn better how to understand and fully accept homosexuals as fellow mortals with crosses like our own. Essays like Stout's can help heterosexuals improve in Christian empathy and response and can perhaps help homosexuals increase in self-respect and thus better endure the prejudice and fear that their particular cross engenders. But to encourage homosexuals in any way to think that the range of expression of feeling acceptable to the Lord includes extramarital erotic activity or homosexual marriage is to do them a disservice and to

undermine the courage that they, like all of us, must have in order to bear their cross and make the best they can of it here in morality, within the moral laws clearly set forth by God and his prophets.

Eugene England
Provo, Utah

EDITOR'S NOTE: R. Jan Stout's response will appear in the next issue.

Caring Enough to Risk

I have my first issue of DIALOGUE before me and have just finished reading my first article, "The Veil," by Mary Bradford (Spring 1987).

Thank you for offering answers to a very difficult problem in my family. I am the eldest of four living sisters. Our parents celebrated their fiftieth anniversary last August. Mother was sickly as a child and an invalid by her late teens. She was told to never marry. When she did finally marry in her mid twenties, doctors warned her never to have children. Two and a half years later she dealt with that monumental decision.

Mother has always been a cure-yourself person, consulting medical doctors only a few times in her life. Her cure-alls and home remedies have resulted in much teasing and sometimes hard words from her children. Her sometimes unthinkable and dangerous remedies have worried us all. Over the last twenty years our father has moved from criticism to alliance. As children, we have really been concerned for their lives and were so thankful when President Kimball went to medical doctors for treatment, thinking this would encourage Mom and Dad to see specialists. It made no difference.

Your article has helped me see my role differently. I no longer need to be the one to change my parents. Their decisions and choices are the result of experiences that happened long before I was born. I, too, do not need to probe looking for reasons and answers. It is enough to know that we were born, cared for, loved, and raised by parents who did their best. My burden has been self-inflicted, and I no longer need to carry it. I will not dread and fear the future with my parents. I am sure that when they are gone, I will not suffer the guilt that my past behavior would surely have caused me.

Thank you for sharing and caring enough to risk.

Sonia Peterson Aycock
Ephraim, Utah

Southern Mormon History

Recent research has led me to some interesting Mormon history in the deep South, as well as to a lot of people interested in the subject, both Mormon and non-Mormon.

Anyone interested in forming an infant Southern Mormon History Association to exchange ideas, research efforts, and tall tales, please contact me. I'm not promising any instant meetings or mailings, but I would like to gather a mailing list for future use.

Ken Driggs
P.O. Box 4731
Macon, Georgia 31208-4731

Problems Solved

I have read and reread several times "The Book of Mormon as a Modern Expansion of an Ancient Source" by Blake T. Ostler (Spring 1987). Each time its ideas thrill me.

The "Isaiah" problem was tentatively solved for me when I found a passage in the Book of Mormon where two groups of people met and one group did not have all the scriptures that the other had. The latter group then copied the missing passages from the former. Unfortunately, I can't remember where in the book I found this. Most of my problems with the Book of Mormon are usually solved over a period of time. Sometimes a long time. But that is where faith comes in.

Thanks again to Brother Ostler and DIALOGUE for the essay.

Richard F. Mittleman
Downey, California

Thank-you, All

A kaleidoscope of memories rushed over me as I read Eugene England's essay on the founding of DIALOGUE in the Spring 1987 issue. Safely stored in me are so many faces, moments, and lessons learned from my association with DIALOGUE. I owe a debt to all the founding editors, and from the vantage point of twenty years, it has become impossible to separate my ongoing loyalty to the journal from the love I have developed for some of these people and the qualities that led them to found DIALOGUE.

I stumbled on my first issue of DIALOGUE in the Honors Program Office at BYU. I read it and liked it. At the time, I was oblivious to the strange juxtaposition of honors director Robert K. Thomas with his assistant, Richard D. Poll. Years later, however, I would muse over the combination and wonder just how DIALOGUE came to be sold in that office, the only place on campus at that time. I soon developed two lasting traditions: I always renewed my subscription — and I always scanned the index for that England fellow's name. I had no idea he was one of the editors; I just loved his writing.

After graduation I took a job in Redondo Beach, California, and in the spring of 1968, I volunteered my help to the congressional campaign of Kent Lloyd, a member of DIALOGUE's Board of Editors. This resulted, some months later, in my being asked to do fund raising for DIALOGUE. Meanwhile, a short trip to Palo Alto had changed my life. I loved that town. Three weeks into a one-week visit I flew home, filled my VW with all my earthly goods, and moved to the Bay Area. Soon I was a member of the Stanford student ward and, somewhere in all that, I met Eugene England. I never knew him extremely well. He was a very busy teacher and family man. I was a student, and our paths crossed. He taught the best Book of Mormon class I've ever attended, listening so well to students that he could tell them they were wrong without provoking rebellion. But even with his excellent teaching and strong testimony, I doubt that he could have continued to teach without the loyalty of the new institute director, Joseph Muran.

Storm clouds were building in Gene's life. He had spoken against the war in Viet Nam before it was the fashion, and he had lent his support to an LDS student who wished to claim conscientious objector status. In some places this made him unpopular. When his connection with that "heretical" journal was added to this, the attempts to stifle him grew. I particularly remember the peaceful response of the Englands, especially Charlotte. She became, for me, a role model for peace.

The Englands also introduced me to the Zenger family, fellow DIALOGUE supporters. I found a place to live in their home and was present when the newly selected editors, led by Robert Rees, came from Los Angeles to present a plan to save the journal financially. I was so inspired I gave money to the cause! Having done so, I was soon commissioned to encourage others to do the same.

My favorite experience as a fundraiser involved Hal Eyring, then my bishop in the Stanford Ward. I explained the current situation and expressed my belief that DIALOGUE was worth saving. He took out his checkbook and suggested an amount. I suggested double that, smiled, and added, "If I can, you can." There was a definite pause and a quizzical look, but he wrote the check.

Not long after this the L. A. group asked me if I would do a similar fundraising effort in Provo and Salt Lake. They also asked me to hand carry the proof copy for advertising the issue on blacks and the priesthood to the BYU *Daily Universe*. To

cut expenses, a friend from Stanford drove me to Utah and loaned me his car for the work. I lived with several DIALOGUE supporters while working in Utah and found a helpful network of friends of DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE was finally being sold in the BYU bookstore, and each new edition was advertised in the *Universe*. However, I believe the editors were concerned about renewed resistance, and they were right. When I arrived at the *Universe* offices the editor said he was very unhappy to have to tell me that they could no longer carry our advertising. This was by order of Robert K. Thomas, who was now BYU's Academic Vice-President. I persisted long enough to obtain a private meeting with Dr. Thomas. Our meeting was not long. Dr. Thomas spoke of his friendship and admiration for Gene and of his reservations about DIALOGUE. I asked him if he had read the new issue, with Lester Bush's article on blacks and Mormonism and responses to it. He said that he had. I asked him if he thought it was accurate. He acknowledged that he had found no inaccuracies. I asked him if there was any material which, though accurate, he had found to be presented in a biased or inflammatory manner. He said that there was not.

So, I then asked him why he would not allow us to advertise this issue in the *Universe*. He stated that he felt it would be unsettling to the students and, on the whole, better for them not to see it. He was calm and pleasant and not about to change his mind. I was calm and pleasant, and I thoroughly disagreed with his conclusion. I still do. But this seemed a decision he had the right to make, and I could see no use in arguing. That was an important moment for me. As I left his office, feeling no anger, I knew that there was room for both of us in the Church and that I was finally learning the ways of peace. That issue of DIALOGUE was still sold in the bookstore but was moved to an obscure shelf in the back.

After that I returned to Palo Alto. Rumors continued to circulate, casting doubt on the Englands' testimonies and predicting (sometimes even reporting!) their apostasy. I took some small pleasure in quietly asking certain people if the news had reached them that Gene was currently teaching at St. Olaf College where he had been called to serve as Branch President and Charlotte as District Relief Society President. During this difficult period, I never saw Gene or Charlotte do or say anything that was not in the best tradition of dialogue and peace. And this, of course, is why they are inseparably linked with the journal in my heart and mind.

Eventually, I married that student who loaned me his car. Gene and Charlotte, on a summer visit to Palo Alto, spoke at our wedding. We now live in Colorado where my husband teaches physics, and I teach the gospel doctrine class. More than once I have used DIALOGUE in my lessons and have often recommended it to others. But I have come to understand that what was important to me wasn't so much the articles I read in DIALOGUE as my knowledge that they could be published. I also have learned that the true "friends of DIALOGUE" are not found exclusively on the list of subscribers but also among all people who have a spirit of peace and openness and who value the agency of all people — and that some who claim to support the journal have harmed it with their hostility to those who do not.

Many people gave much to the birth, growth, and life of DIALOGUE. I know that Gene and Charlotte were not alone in their sacrifice and that the journal's achievements have come because it began and continued in the hearts of peaceful people. Thank you, Charlotte. Thank you, Gene. Thank you, all.

Donna Witter Fairbank
Fort Collins, Colorado

Mary Bradford, DIALOGUE *editor, 1976–82*

BIG D/little d: The View From the Basement

Mary L. Bradford

RECENTLY I FINISHED MY FIRST BOOK, a brief journey on the road to self-definition. I called it *Leaving Home** because my life has been a series of comings and goings to and from various homes in my temporal and spiritual life. Or, as William Kitteridge describes the work of poet Richard Hugo: "He has the courage to acknowledge the continual refinding of his own life[,]. . . . the art of constructing road maps, *ways home to that ultimate shelter which is the coherent self*" (Kitteridge 1986, 177; italics added). My road map is both linear and cyclical as it progresses toward death and doubles back on life.

In fact, all my dialogues, the big ones and the little ones, aim at the coherent self. DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT is one of my homes. With understanding arms, it has bracketed my maturing years. When it was founded, I was a young mother, newly transplanted. I had known Gene England at the Institute of Religion at the University of Utah where he first conceived the project. I joined the staff from my home near Washington, D.C., shortly after the first issue. In a way, its growing pains were mine too.

DIALOGUE reached its tenth anniversary a few months after it moved into my home. In preparing an anniversary issue and index, I recalled that its miraculous beginnings had filled a need at a time when I was still homesick for the Institute of Religion, the U of U, and BYU, where I was teaching before marriage. DIALOGUE put me in touch with the people and ideas I was missing. Because of DIALOGUE, I began writing again.

By the time I became the journal's editor in the basement of our home, our children were teenagers, the eldest soon to leave for a mission, and my husband a bishop. We thereupon became both a beehive and a cottage industry, surviving jokes about the celestial kingdom — Chick's office upstairs — and the terrestrial office below ground. Originally ensconced there for eco-

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MARY LYTHGOE BRADFORD, poet, essayist, and editor of DIALOGUE *from 1976 to 1981, lives in Washington, D.C. She and her husband Chick are the parents of three children.*

* *Leaving Home: Personal Essays by Mary Lythgoe Bradford* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1987).

nomic reasons, it stayed there after it became financially sound. The "homey" atmosphere was good for our volunteers who came mainly at night, and it was good for me to keep an eye on everything upstairs and down.

During my six years as editor, I and associate editor, Lester Bush, dreamed of writing a column called "A View from the Basement" (after the *Smithsonian Magazine*'s "A View from the Castle") during which we would editorialize on our pet subjects. We believed that "View from the Basement" was suitably humble and would signal to readers that we knew we weren't exactly in the center of the universe, perhaps not even of the Mormon universe, but that we had something worthwhile to share. It was a good idea whose time never came. We were much too busy to stop and editorialize. But now that DIALOGUE and I are celebrating twenty years together, I can reminisce about the dialogues of my stewardship.

Our executive group of five stayed together for six and a half years, and our weekly volunteer staff turned over only slightly. They were married, single, male, female, and from different professions. They came because they believed in the possibility of dialogue, both little and big, and were interested in sharing ideas and skills in a sociable environment. One of our number described our group as "a safe place to be."

The staff and others who supported us in the Washington, D.C., area were a lively and gifted group, proud of the exciting history of Mormonism there. Ever since Joseph Smith visited Washington, Mormons have migrated there with a desire to better themselves and their government. They are usually creative and courageous, reverse-trekking from their shelters in the West. (Our tenth anniversary issue published a drawing by Carolyn Person depicting "The Great Ten-Year, West-East Dialogue Trek.") We looked forward to the time when DIALOGUE would operate above ground, in a real office, with updated equipment and paid editors. We talked of ourselves as "transitions" because we believed we were the bridge to a more easily recognized professionalism. I still believe that, but when I look at our issues lined up with the others, I know that we were an important part of the DIALOGUE family line or, to mix metaphors, part of an ever-expanding circle. The editors and staff that preceded and succeeded us upheld the same standards, worked toward the same goals. We have created a shelf of books that cannot easily be dislodged, and we added to a tradition that looks forward to future distinction.

Though our staff was never completely satisfied with the issues we published, being sensitive to typos, tardiness, errors of fact, and possible hurt feelings, we knew that we were publishing on many of the central concerns of our time. During our era, the blacks received the priesthood, the Church became, more than ever, international, women spoke more clearly about their rights and their responsibilities, and important segments of intellectual history came to light. Although "Camelot" at the Church Historical Department closed down at the end of our term, much good history was already out, and many historians and writers had already attuned their voices that they might be heard.

Along with the Mormon History Association, we celebrated the Church's sesquicentennial by recreating in print MHA's devotional service at the Sacred

Grove. DIALOGUE had published MHA's first papers and had worked closely with a jolly group of historians that included those from the RLDS Church. We also helped to establish the Association for Mormon Letters by publishing a special issue of its first papers, edited by Maureen Ursenbach Beecher.

Over the years, some critics have faulted DIALOGUE for failing to enter into dialogue with all levels of Church authorities and with scholars from other Christian faiths. The journal has struggled to engage thinkers in both areas. As Gene England pointed out in his anniversary article (Spring 1987), he kept in touch with General Authorities. Apart from rumors and monetary contributions from one or two General Authorities, I was never called by a G.A. nor was I called on the carpet. The closest we came to engaging with the upper levels of the Church was an interview with Edward Kimball, President Kimball's son.

I would have welcomed the chance to discuss my work with authorities, high or low. Living in Washington sometimes fools us into thinking we are in the center of Zion; but though Washington has its own problems, it has the distinct advantage of being away from the rumor mills of Salt Lake. That insulation was healthy for our new venture. Before I began my work as editor, I met with my stake president, Julian Lowe, to inform him of my action. His response was "I think we are mature enough to handle a magazine in this stake, don't you?" Would that all leaders could adopt his position!

The other dialogue, the one with "the larger stream of Judeo-Christian thought" (as the logo-frontispiece puts it) has been slow but progressing. I have been especially grateful to scholars from other religious backgrounds who have taken the trouble to train their expertise on Mormonism. Mario de Pillis was an early supporter who published in DIALOGUE. Lawrence Foster and Mark Leone have done in-depth studies of Mormonism, reviews, and scrutiny of manuscripts for years. Jan Shipps, the star of the "Insider-Outsider" group, is beloved of Mormon historians. She was MHA president during the sesquicentennial year and has published an influential study *Mormonism: The Story of a New Religious Tradition* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985). I was proud to be able to publish her "disciplined reflection" in my last issue of DIALOGUE. It added new dimension to the personal essay.

Not many Mormons are able to prepare themselves for dialogue with other religions. As in every professional field, a scholar engaging in cross-disciplinary dialogue must learn a new vocabulary, one that sounds strange in Mormon country. Young scholars who worked with us, usually under Lester Bush's careful scrutiny, made a real contribution to understanding the "larger stream of Christian thought."

Another dialogue I enjoyed was the interview. Interviews lend an immediacy that scholarly journals often lack. It was rewarding to highlight the contributions of living Mormons. I indulged myself by interviewing my friend and thesis subject, Virginia Sorensen, published with a story of hers and a fine critical article by Bruce Jorgenson. My interview with Sonia Johnson was somewhat controversial but enlightening to me. Publishing an oral history interview with Fawn Brodie in the same issue prompted a few accusatory

letters, but we stood firm on the ground that an understanding of those who leave the Church is vital.

I interviewed the sometimes inscrutable but lovable Hugh Nibley, and Maida Withers, dancer, who represents DIALOGUE's devotion to art. I am very fond of the interview with President The of the Saigon Branch, who described his experiences as a prisoner and a boat person to Bill and Marjorie Bradshaw. I think these interviews, along with excellent personal essays, support Lowell Bennion's teaching that personality is God's greatest creation.

I am proud that we were able to participate in ongoing dialogues on scientific issues, especially medicine and health, literature, on art and architecture. We also followed the media and its influence on the Church.

I love to reread the literary issues. When Wes Johnson visited us in the days when the back issues were still in our basement, he waved his hand toward the literature issues and said, "Don't publish any more of these. They don't sell." It is true that they don't always sell out immediately, but they *do* sell as we are discovered by new readers. The fiction, poetry, and personal essays have defined us in a timeless way that stays on the shelf and in the mind.

We worked with a well-grounded board of editors and a staff to whom nothing was too small or too large a task. We weathered an important era. During those years, I felt that I was repaying my family, friends, and mentors who had taught me in church and in school during my formative years. The strong Christian examples of my parents and teachers, and the individual attention they paid me and my ambitions, led me to believe that it was possible to be both a "good Mormon" and a professional person. It was possible to be a mother, a wife, an editor, a writer, and a friend. All of these roles came together in my basement in the arms of DIALOGUE.

II

In reviewing the dialogues that engaged me during my term as editor, I realized that they dovetail nicely with the ongoing dialogues in my life. They include the principles of my daily life and those I include in my prayers, meditations, and studies. This has led me to a compilation I call my "Dialogue Quote Book," from which I will excerpt a few samples. The keynote quote for this collection is expressed by Leonard Arrington in a passage from an early DIALOGUE included in our tenth anniversary issue: "[Dialogue supporters] believe that the Mormon religion and its history are subject to discussion, if not to argument, and that any particular feature of Mormon life is fair game for detailed examination and clarification. They believe that the details of Mormon history and culture can be studied in human or naturalistic terms — indeed, must be so studied — and without thus rejecting the divinity of the Church's origin and work" (1966, 28).

OF FREE DISCUSSION

> "The moral is that everything goes in a free discussion as long as the discussion is going on — give it time and everything will come out in the wash" (Nibley 1977, 123).

This refreshing attitude fits my belief system. I don't know what I think until I hear what I have to say. DIALOGUE has not published in the spirit of "anything goes," of course. We were careful — some think too careful, some not careful enough — but I think we performed a remarkable balancing act.

OF SCRIPTURAL STUDY

> "There appears good evidence that the Book of Mormon contains elements which are congruent with what scholars of the Old Testament distinguish as the E or Elohistic source. To biblical scholars this should invite serious attention to the Book of Mormon for what it may reveal to them about Old Testament sources. To Latter-day Saints, the presence of E materials in the Book of Mormon should serve as a challenge and stimulus to examine more carefully the scriptures entrusted to them and to participate actively in elucidating both the texts and their interpretations" (Sorenson 1977, 37–38).

This quote sounded the cry for thoughtful scriptural studies that have since burgeoned. We encouraged such studies as one way to "dialogue" with non-Mormon scholars. In-depth articles by Anthony Hutchinson and others followed. Studying the scriptures and dealing honestly with controversies surrounding them only deepened their meaning for me.

OF WOMEN

> "In the winter of 1978, stereotypes of Mormon women were being given an inordinate amount of media attention because of Sonia Johnson's excommunication and the Church's opposition to ERA. It was depressing enough to grow up with Patty Perfect, that ever-cheerful, well-organized, bread-baking embodiment of Mormon Sisterhood. . . . Now she was being joined by Patty Programmed, the oppressed non-thinking, ultra-orthodox tool of sexist church leaders. It was too much. I felt a fierce desire to show the world Mormon women as I know them: liberal, conservative, confident, fearful, happy, depressed, sometimes all of the above in one person. Our differences may be masked by our shared convictions, but they certainly exist. Beneath our Mormon facades we differ and agree in a multitude of ways" (Hammond 1981, 187).

During my term, the subject of women in the Church was compelling. By dealing as honestly as we could with different aspects of women's lives, including the history of women in the Church, scriptural positions of women, and the activities of contemporary women in politics, in community service, and the arts, I felt I was adding to the understanding of issues. We tried to present several sides of the ERA debate, representing the honest range of convictions by sincere thinkers.

I decided to show the diversity of Mormon women by highlighting their contributions to the visual arts, including photography, dance, poetry, fiction, satire, personal essay, and scholarly research and writing — all engaged in good causes for righteousness' sake.

OF PSYCHOLOGY

"Mormonism has retained, and no doubt will continue to retain the tension of opposition as the only way open to making truly moral decisions. Jung would find that this is also psychologically sound because it accommodates within the religious symbol system the unconscious content of the psyche which can then be reintegrated into consciousness" (McCollum 1978, 41).

This quotation from the "Freud/Jung issue" — represents my increasing search for my coherent self. I find most aspects of the gospel sound as it relates to my personal life. And the truth found in the work of great scholars outside the Church can only enhance the truths of the gospel.

ON THE MEDIA

"It is sometimes suggested that the pulpit has actually been replaced by the media, and this observation has some merit, although the media are by no means all-powerful. They have become indispensable in "setting the agenda" — deciding what topics society will discuss (with the pulpit often taking its cue from media reports). Information on television and radio and in the papers makes it possible for people to find a way of sharing values and moving toward goals. . . . The Church benefits not only as a user but also as an *owner* of community newspapers and broadcasting outlets. Through them it can express a viewpoint in a calm and continuing way without directly committing its leaders. Through them it gains direct access to the community without having to become either supplicant or purchaser" (Hollstein 1977, 21).

The "media issue" was our staff's first publication. In it appeared the first of a series of articles by Dennis Lythgoe and bibliographer Stephen Stathis that would follow the state of the Church's public image. We noted that the media was learning more about the Church and was reporting more accurately than it had in the Church's early years. As the Church grew more adept in presenting a favorable public image, the world grew better at recording it. We noted the damage to the Church's image after Sonia Johnson's excommunication.

The dialogue the Church carries on with the media is a fascinating and revealing one. A hopeful sign in recent years is the increasing involvement of Church public communications specialists with outside interfaith councils.

ON BLACKS AND THE PRIESTHOOD

"Let us not look back to hang our heads. If we look back at all, let us do so only to remember the lessons suggested by our struggle with the race issue. . . . and let us consider too, with deepest appreciation, the example of sacrifice and subtle efficacy provided all these years by our black brethren and sisters in the gospel" (Mauss 1981, 35).

I feel honored to have been part of the DIALOGUE team that first published Lester Bush's article on the blacks, reprinted it, and followed up with a special

issue honoring "our black brethren and sisters" (Summer 1979) and subsequent articles like Mauss's.

On Science and Medical Ethics

> "Exegetes as willing and capable as Orson Pratt to combine empirical and theological insights have all but disappeared from the Mormon scene. His successors have retained the enthusiastic optimism of early Mormonism, but have not replaced the empirical beliefs of the nineteenth century with the more correct information which is available to us now. One can only wish that the discoveries of modern science had been available to Orson Pratt, some of the recent discoveries to open up possibilities for theological discussion. The new biology has given us insights into the nature of life that bring into question many of the easy assumptions that Mormons often make about the nature of the soul (body and spirit). In this essay we hope to point to developments which raise interesting ethical or theological questions. Unfortunately, we cannot provide the answers to those questions" (Farmer, Bradshaw, and Johnson 1979, 72–73).

This quote was a warning to theologians to catch up to the latest in science before it left them floundering. In 1979, we published a theme issue on "medicine and the Mormons," which undertook to look at the history of medicine among the Mormons, the effects of herbal medicine in Mormon life, and the complex world of medical ethics. Medical ethics covers a wide range of important policies relating to abortion, intersexes, text-tube babies, artificial insemination, and other potentially incendiary subjects. I realized in publishing this and subsequent articles on the Word of Wisdom that health and medicine are vitally important subjects in Mormon life, which deserve the most thoughtful presentation.

On Architecture

> "The issue of genetic cloning is an explosive one today. In the same way, meddling in the creative process, forcing out diversity and character, is a formidable danger. The vision of a world filled with thousands of identical ward meetinghouse buildings is alarming. The standard plan program must go in an alternate direction. It must look for changes, varieties, different themes and standards, not to encourage conformity, but to allow the more efficient celebration of the unique, the ambitious and the divine" (Bradley 1981, 30).

I have always been sensitive to architecture as an art form and as an expression of worship, especially to Mormon chapels as a home for the ward family. Cookie-cutter homogeneity does not befit the combined diversity and unity of our people. As in other aspects of life in an international church, local and stake congregations should be trusted to work out the best in efficiency, cost, and beauty on a suitable site according to the area where the saints live.

In "Battling the Bureaucracy" (Winter 1982), Dennis Lythgoe showed how frustrating and expensive was the addition to his building as overseen by

the church bureaucracy in Salt Lake City. There were competent architects, building supervisors, and suppliers in the Hingham, Massachusetts, area who were capable of creating a good building, more fitting to the site and less expensive for the Church.

ON INTELLECTUAL HISTORY

> "Like those who preceded us, we have found there is much still to be learned about what defines Mormonism both historically and theologically. One might suppose after sixteen years, especially with the added contribution of several other journals of similar bent, that all the obvious 'first-level' questions would have been thoroughly examined. Our non-Mormon colleagues certainly (almost impatiently) encourage us to move on from specialized descriptive histories to a more definitive treatment of the Mormon faith, a comprehensive synthesis akin to that possible in their secular disciplines. Yet . . . [Mormon] scholars are still delineating, for the first time, important aspects of our faith, aspects which must be clearly understood before essential elements of Mormon history and theology can be accurately described. Mormon studies are just now arriving at a point where we can begin the broader analytical works that will place descriptive history into a meaningful historical or theological context. A truly comprehensive synthesis is yet another step beyond" (Bush 1982, 29).

History is probably our most published subject. Further on in his essay, Lester points out that he believes that the "true substance of Mormon doctrine has proved to be surprisingly elusive." He calls for an "inspired, scripturally attuned, well-read and articulate dialogue with all levels of the Church."

We felt, however, that during our time we made good contributions to the cause of intellectual and doctrinal history. Articles by Anthony Hutchinson, Melodie Moench Charles, Richard Sherlock, Gary Bergera, and David Buerger, to name a few, contributed insightful research. Tony as a graduate student in scriptural studies, wrote two articles, one on the attitude of New Testament writers toward the possible ordination of women to the priesthood, (Winter 1981), and the other a synthesis: "LDS Approaches to the Holy Bible" (Spring 1982). Charles examined how nineteenth-century Mormons used the Old Testament (Spring 1979). Sherlock's "Faith and History: The Snell Controversy" broke ground for much-needed studies on problems of doctrine within the Church Education System (Spring 1979), while he provided a solid footing for understanding the Church's troubled relationship with the concept of evolution in " 'We can See No Advantage to a Continuation of the Discussion:' The Roberts/Smith/Talmage Affair" (Fall 1980).

Gary Bergera's "The Orson Pratt-Brigham Young Controversies: Conflict Within the Quorums, 1853 to 1868" won the Mormon History Association's Article Award and provided an enlightening look at the methods used to hammer out agreements about theology in the early church. It made an important contribution to our understanding of doctrines of today. Even though Pratt was soundly reprimanded by Young, it is Pratt's interpretations that are

more widely espoused in today's church. Noted Bergera: "Several of Pratt's unpopular ideas have now found acceptance among such influential twentieth-century church exegetes as Joseph Fielding Smith. . . . Bruce R. McConkie's *Mormon Doctrine* shows a kindred dept to Pratt's theories in his sections on 'God,' the 'Godhead,' and 'Eternal Progression' " (p. 42).

Articles discussing the Word of Wisdom's path to canonization are part of this ongoing interest. Thomas G. Alexander's "The Word of Wisdom: From Principle to Requirement" and Lester Bush's "The Word of Wisdom in Early Nineteenth-Century Perspective," both in the fall 1981 issue, come to mind.

The editors who succeeded us have kept up the search for synthesis, and many of the essays first published in DIALOGUE have seen their grandchildren in important books by Jan Shipps, Richard Bushman, Leonard Arrington, and Thomas Alexander. If dialogue on basic doctrines and social issues could openly engage leaders and lay scholars on all levels of the Church, our religious and community life might become so healthy as to preclude a tragedy like the Hofmann case.

OF POETRY

There's a marginal complexity
in having two centers, to stretch
both north and south, but the stories

of the earliest works attest
to such a collective rise
and flowering. One does not soon

forget the laminated
history of brine and wonder
at this junction of time and space,

where each concentric posture of the self
or other is its own harmonic, chimes;
a realm of possibilities.

(Graves 1980)

Poems like this one represent the high quality of poetry and fiction that have graced DIALOGUE's pages since its inception. We are constantly searching the "realm of possibilities," and Graves's poem gives us a devotional setting for the search. To us, spiritual and intellectual concerns were synthesized in DIALOGUE, often in its literary contributions. Poetry is one of the highest forms of expression and, I believe, a divine form. It shows us how it *feels* to be a thinking Mormon, a believing Mormon, even a skeptical and searching Mormon. Through symbols and inspired language, it can reach the heart of the matter. Any Mormon who doubts this can refer to scripture — poetry of the highest order.

III

"The habit of freedom and the courage to write." This phrase from Virginia Woolf (1984, 117) applies more than ever to DIALOGUE's staff, contributors, and loyal readers. Many of us, men and women alike, have been afraid. But we are beginning to find the courage to tell the truth and tell it straight.

My experience with writers and artists and craftsmen has convinced me that through the mere act of writing and publishing, we can gain courage; and when we gain courage, we write better books, articles, essays, and poems. In fact, I have discovered that quality and courage are twins.

As we hone our tools and learn our craft, we gain the courage to use the tools with greater honesty and clarity. As more people learn the craft of the short story, the personal essay, the poem, the historical article, more of us will want to use these tools. If we have them, we will use them. And the desire to reach out to others grows.

Women and men will become more courageous in the pursuit of excellence. It is an ever-widening circle, open to new ideas, new frontiers, yet convervative of the traditions and the values of home, church, and community. In this way are "little d" and "Big D" fused as one.

Some people think the DIALOGUE family is at least slightly demented for continuing to publish year after year in the face of what some think are daunting barriers. When I first agreed to become editor, I received a call from a long-time DIALOGUE supporter who raised the idea that since Church magazines had improved, DIALOGUE could quietly fold its tents and leave, that its numbers were too small to compete anyway.

I asked him, "Would you think it worth your while to speak at a conference of some 3,000 people and their families and friends, or conducting a quarterly conference for them?"

"Of course I would welcome the chance," he replied.

"Well," I retorted, "*I* think it worthwhile to continue to publish for that number of DIALOGUE readers."

That number has since widened, and so has its considerable "shadow" readers. I have never regretted that decision.

One night I watched Lech Walensa on television, filmed as he was released from prison. He was speaking in the same style that sent him there. It would seem logical, and a whole lot safer for him just to keep quiet. One can almost hear his family urging him to retire, to settle down and rest on his considerable accomplishments. But I think I know why Walensa doesn't shut up. He *has* to speak. And some of us have to write and publish. We can't help it. Not doing it would be too much like dying.

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Brave New Bureaucracy

Warner P. Woodworth

HUXLEY'S *Brave New World*, ORWELL'S *1984*, AND VONNEGUT'S *Player Piano* all envision a world where the system — big bureaucracy, big government, corporations, changing technology, or a mix of these — achieves total, albeit benign, control. The individual is lost and dominated by something larger than him/herself.

Adults today face an increasingly organized society. Organizations dominate public life and, increasingly, private life. What dilemmas face us in the world of contemporary business? For Mormons, the difficulties in coping with corporate life are compounded by ethical tensions. Even the Church itself faces problems of corporatism in the private sector.

BUSINESS AS MODEL

Our world is becoming one big system. It's not enough now just to have a job. In a very real sense, you *become* your job. *Brave New Workplace* by Robert Howard (1985) is just one of several new thought-provoking books which suggest that the corporation has been elevated to a place of central eminence in our society as never before.

Business is becoming the *basic* source of personal and social identity. Politics, religion, the family, and a variety of other institutions that dominated the past are all being subsumed under today's corporate umbrella. The workplace is becoming the center of support, of caring, of community. In short, we are in danger of becoming dependent, fully institutionalized.

These progressive firms are recruiting employees from campuses all around us. Those who fly out for interviews with interested corporations find lavish furnishings, saunas, running tracks, and first-class hotels for an overnight stay.

WARNER WOODWORTH is a professor in the School of Management, Brigham Young University, where he has written more than a hundred articles and coauthored three books. He has consulted with a number of Fortune 500 companies and has been a visiting scholar in Europe and Latin America.

Weight rooms offer you some iron to pump, and medical facilities monitor your blood pressure. I recently talked to an executive who described his recent semiannual visit to the corporate health care facility. His business pays thousands of dollars to send all its managers there. It has now become the domain of big business to test how healthy you are, what you need to do, what you should eat, and how much you need to exercise.

Take, for instance, the executive dining room at Tenneco Corporation in Texas. Signs on the wall don't just list the prices, but also the calories for each item! This way you'll know how to take good care of yourself, how to build a good corporate body and provide a strong set of arms and legs for the company. Many firms sponsor athletic events and social functions — country clubs for top management, baseball and bowling teams for hourly employees. A Chrysler plant I visited recently in Detroit even had a company choir. They provide robes for all the singers who go around Detroit singing at local churches. The Chrysler choir! Kind of exciting! All encompassing. Can't you envision Lee Iacocca, baton in hand, leading the singing?

Contemporary big companies are housed in modern-day cathedrals and even include priestly functions. Some personnel departments administer ethical EKGs which print out spiritual judgments and project future behavior. They test your honesty and your morality. Job interviews in some firms take on the character of LDS temple recommend interviews, complete with questions of worthiness and inquiry about affiliation with apostate groups — e.g., the Sierra Club.

TRUSTING THE INSTITUTION

These large corporations have become central to our society. Harvard's Robert Reich and others suggest that we're going to see much more of this phenomenon (Reich 1983). The corporation is becoming the mini-society of the future, taking over such public concerns as unemployment, medical care, education, and training. Costs of corporate learning programs are starting to equal the budgets of universities and colleges in this country, amounting to a $30 billion industry (Carnevale 1986). Companies are providing day-care facilities, on the job seminars, and retirement travel programs. From womb to tomb.

Advocates say we are witnessing the creation of a corporate utopia, the beginnings of an ideal future. I'm not so sure. I don't trust all this blissful togetherness. I don't resonate to the euphoria that I read about in Tom Peters and Bob Waterman's *In Search of Excellence* (1982). Their descriptions of some of these companies smack of paternalism. Japanese management and Theory Z mask the creation of underlying dependency, an infrastructure of fear. Recent articles are starting to talk about the F Factor, fear, as the chief characteristic of Japanese firms. This type of company culture spawns a quiet, obedient, acquiescent employee. These new humanistic systems are characterized by unequal power, gentle exploitation, and social domination. The beauty of modern totalitarianism is that it is so nice, so comfortable, such a good "fit."

I don't see these things happening on a universal scale yet, but I see an accelerating trend and direction, bits and pieces coming together. It seems to me that all around us, if we look, we can see this darker side of today's brave new bureaucracy.

The media is aware. Several years ago an interesting film called *Network* focused on an anchor person (Mr. Beal) on the nightly news who one day puts down his script and refuses to report the fodder being fed him on the cue cards. Rather, he begins to talk about reality in America — injustice, poverty, and other societal problems. As Beal cuts loose, executives behind the scenes scramble, wondering whether to cut for a commercial or to let Beal go. But they quickly become intrigued with Beal's blast. Something he says strikes a chord within; they let him talk on while management sits riveted to their chairs.

Then Beal exhorts his viewers, if they agree with him, to throw open their windows and yell as loudly as possible, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!" From the streets of Manhattan, through city after city, to the fields of Iowa, people all across America throw open their windows and shout, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore."

Well, the ratings go up and the whole country tunes in to this wild man on the screen who's talking about democracy and people's rights and justice for the little guy. The TV audience grows for the next few weeks, and top executives are pleased with this fresh, new approach to the news. Then one night, Beal announces he is going to report on an underhanded business transaction between the Arabs and his own TV station. The top brass cut to a commercial and pull him off the tube. He soon finds himself in the corporate boardroom facing the chairman of the board. Beal walks into the boardroom with carpet up to his knees, a lavish mahogany table, and an ornate chandelier. From the other end of the table, the chairman of the board starts tearing away at the little newsman:

> You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Mr. Beal, and I won't have it, is that clear? You think you've merely stopped a business deal. That is not the case. The Arabs have taken billions out of this country and now they must pay it back. It is ebb and flow, tidal gravity, it is sociological balance.
>
> You are an old man who thinks in terms of nations and peoples. There are no nations, there are no peoples, there are no Russians, there are no Arabs, there are no Third Worlds. There is no West. There is only one holistic system of systems — one vast and immense, interwoven, interacting multivariate, multinational dominion of dollars. Electro dollars, multidollars, reichsmarks, rands, rubles, pounds, and shekels. It is the international system of currency which determines the totality of life on this planet. That is the natural order of things today. That is the atomic, subatomic, and galactic structure of things today.
>
> And you have meddled with the primal forces of nature. And you will atone. Am I getting through to you, Mr. Beal? You get up on your little 21-inch screen and howl about America and democracy. There is no America, there is no democracy; there is only IBM, ITT, and AT&T, and Du Pont, Dow, Union Carbide and Exxon. These are the nations of the world today.
>
> What do you think the Russians talk about in their councils of state? Karl Marx? No, they get out their programming charts, statistical decision theories, mini-max solutions and compute the price/cost probabilities of their transactions and investments

> just like we do. The world is a collage of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business. The world is business . . . It has been since man crawled out of the slime. And our children will live, Mr. Beal, to see that perfect world in which there is no war or famine, oppression or brutality. One vast ecumenical holding company for which all men will work to serve a common profit, all necessities provided, all anxieties tranquilized, all boredom amused. And I have chosen you, Mr. Beal, to preach this evangel.

Beal responds, "Why me?"

"Because you're on television, dummy. Sixty million people watch you every night of the week, Monday through Friday."

"I've just seen the face of God."

"You just might be right, Mr. Beal" (Network c1983).

That's the media and Hollywood. It may be an overstatement; maybe it's artistic license. However, someone has said, "Artists are the antennae of the race." They're ahead, they're picking up the signals, they're looking where society is going and reflecting it. This idea is being pursued in the press, on television, in film, in plays, in novels.

Perhaps the biggest threat facing us today is not terrorism, not communism, but another dangerous "ism." Organizationalism. The contemporary prevailing ideology declares, "You've got to belong. Trust us and we'll take care of you. Join us, become an IBM'er. We'll not only give you a pay check, we'll give you a beer bust as well." "A baseball cap that says 'Hewlett Packard' on the front." "Be a good corporate citizen, be a team player."

This insidious philosophy preempts the individual. Everybody's talking about corporate culture these days — about how good it is, how important it is for organizations to have cultures. I argue that corporations already *are* cultures. They do have values, they do have rituals, meaning, goals, and traditions. When they recruit and entice you to work for them, they want to imprint the corporate culture on you. Tattoo you. In fact, they want to baptize you in it. Immerse you, convert you, and bring you salvation—a utopia, a problem-free future.

In return, they require dependence and conformity. Today's business culture not only says, "Here's a job, and here's how to spend your eight hours a day," it also says, "Here's our uniform. Dress like this for success in our organization." "Here's the way we talk in our company. Learn these words." Sometimes I can sit on a plane and, from what the passengers behind me are saying, tell who they work for. I can also look at travelers seated around me and can tell their company by the way they dress. For instance, this person's from EDS — dark suit, white shirt, subliminal striped tie, black shoes.

Corporations even dictate what you may partake of while you're on the company premises. Several months ago an employee working at a Coca-Cola factory had his wife bring him a Burger King lunch. As he was sipping his soda, a supervisor came up and told him he couldn't drink Pepsi on Coke property. When the worker asked how his boss knew what he was drinking, he was informed that Burger King doesn't sell Coke. Company management made a big deal of it and laid the guy off for three days without pay because he took a sip of Pepsi on Coca-Cola property (*Fortune*, 22 July 1985, p. 119).

That's organizationalism. It's all encompassing. In some ways, I see in these new enormous conglomerates an echo of the past, of other feudalistic institutions of history. In past centuries, it was the dominant church or the fiefdom of the prince that held sway over the lives of thousands of serfs requiring their labor with primitive tools. Today's new feudalism, the corporation, controls the lives of millions of techno-peasants who wander throughout the contemporary kingdom, each carrying a personal computer under his arm.

Lifestyles at the Corporate Top

Historically, the prince and archbishop enjoyed lavish lifestyles because their royal blood or ecclesiastical ordination placed them in powerful positions where they could control the resources of many people. Today's top executives receive compensation based on a similar rationale and amass huge personal fortunes derived from the toil of workers. In some cases it's because the chief executive officer inherited the business. Such executives claim a salary, bonus, and stock options as part of the divine rights of kings and managers. Many live exceedingly comfortable, if not exorbitant, lifestyles. It's not unusual to find companies where the ratio of top executive compensation to other employees is 100 to 1. According to the consulting firm of Booz, Allen and Hamilton, Inc., today's chief executives average approximately $750,000 in annual income, roughly fifty times that of an average factory worker (Johnson 1985). Last year many executives picked up over a million dollars each — including some who averaged $6,000 a day (*Business Week*, 5 May 1986, pp. 48–80).

While this excess occurs, 30 million Americans are ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed. Over 10 million people are unemployed. In 1983, the poorest 20 percent of U.S. families received only 4.8 percent of that year's total income. The richest 20 percent received nearly eight times that amount, up from 33 percent 10 years ago to 38 percent. Almost 40 percent of a year's total earnings goes to the wealthiest households. A national survey conducted by the Federal Reserve Board concluded that the wealthiest 2 percent of U.S. families control nearly one-third of all financial assets. With incomes of $100,000 or more, they own 71 percent of municipal bonds, 50 percent of all privately held stock, and 39 percent of corporate bonds ("Where's" 1985).

The gap is widening between the Haves and the Have Nots. This increasingly grotesque contradiction reeks of inequality, sowing the seeds of conflict and trouble. Such discrepancies violate key notions that we have had since the founding of this country — opportunity, equality, and justice. Those at the top are increasingly unable to relate to those at the bottom. They have become desensitized, out of touch, unaware of the feelings, struggles, and realities of those on the economic outskirts. Increasing numbers of people are being pushed to the margins of our society. The implications are frightening.

Beware of what earning big bucks does to the heart. It may create hardening of the emotional arteries. It's not enough to pay tithing and donate to the March of Dimes. Handling wealth is a perplexing dilemma for any thoughtful Latter-day Saint.

Shortly after coming to BYU a decade ago, I began doing some consulting with a firm in California which was owned by a larger conglomerate. I was helping the smaller company deal with some organizational difficulties it had with productivity and quality. Eventually the board chairman of the parent company decided to fire the president of the smaller firm. Since I'd been consulting with them for a while and advising the chairman about problems and strategies, he proposed that I take over as president of the company.

The offer was not without a certain appeal. The company faced a number of interesting organizational challenges. When we talked about compensation, I was amazed that the salary and bonus for my first year would be almost ten times what I was earning at BYU. I was shocked that people were making that kind of money in little firms like this one. I asked for a couple of weeks to think about it and then mulled it over, meditated, and bounced the idea off some colleagues and friends. Finally, the night before I had to make a decision I told a friend, "I'm just not going to do it, because I'm afraid that if I become a part of that world, I'll become corrupted." My friend's response was telling: "Why don't you just go off and corrupt yourself for three years? Get all those old college debts paid off. Get a chunk of money in the bank. Then you can come back, teach at BYU, and invest in the stock market. Big dividends will carry you. You'll be in fat city."

His logic was tempting, but I simply felt that I would never return from that yuppie lifestyle to teaching. I wrestled with whether I could handle wealth — a serious challenge of today's brave new workplace — and I decided in all honesty that I could not.

THE DARK SIDE OF POWER

Power, or position in the system beyond financial compensation, can be very alluring. A top executive described his work experience in several different companies this way: "We always saw signs of physical affliction because of stress and strain. Ulcers, violent headaches. In one of the large corporations, the chief executive officer ate Gelusil by the minute. That's for ulcers. [He] had a private dining room with his private chef. All he ever ate was well-done steak" (Terkel 1975, 534). He went on, "You're always on guard. Did you ever see a jungle animal that wasn't on guard? You're always looking over your shoulder. You don't know who's following you" (p. 535). Later, he said:

> A man wants to get to the top of the corporation not for the money involved. After a certain point, how much more money can you make? In my climb, I'll be honest, money was secondary. Unless you have tremendous demands, yachts, private airplanes — you get to a certain point, money isn't that important. It's the power, the status, the prestige. Frankly, it's delightful to be on top and have everyone call you Mr. Ross and have a plane at your disposal and a car and a driver at your disposal. When you come into town, there's people to take care of you. When you walk into a board meeting, everybody gets up and says hello. I don't think there's any human being who doesn't love that. It's a nice feeling" (pp. 538–39).

In the public sector, the same dilemma prevails. A student gave me an article several years ago, and while I've lost the source since then, the descrip-

tion of power politics vividly captures the problem. The following dialogue is between an interviewer and a presidential campaign manager:

> *Running* for president feels exactly like *being* president. The ordinary experiences of life melt away, are replaced by a constant swirl of limousines and money, jet planes and prepared statements, secret service men and gorgeous political groupies. There is almost an infinite sense of power and prestige. It feels wonderful, which is why it's so terrible.

When asked if he felt he was being corrupted and caught up in the power game of the campaign, he responded,

> Yes, I particularly remember the feeling of riding alone in a limousine with a motorcycle escort. Everyone was peering in at me. To them I was a blur: power in motion. To me they were a frozen milieu of still, dumb, gawking faces — as if captured by a strobe light. During those moments I knew the glory the President himself knows and it was an impressive experience. Had it continued I have no doubt that I would have succumbed to it absolutely.

The interviewer asked, "Succumbed to what?"

> To the atrocious assumption that I was more important than other people. And I would not have been evil to have done so — just human. If your repeated experience is that you're in motion and everyone else is frozen on the side of the road, it is only reasonable to conclude that you are a more important person than they, that they expect you to run the universe for them. You don't feel as though you are being corrupted by power. You feel as though you are intelligently responding to empirical evidence. And *that* is power's greatest corruption: the tragic and universal misconception by the wielder of power that it *isn't* corrupting *him*.

Power is heady stuff. It makes us potentially vulnerable to arrogance, to self-deception, to dehumanizing the exploitative stance toward other people. We must critically analyze and not simply canonize our corporations. Too often university business programs are designed, courses are taught, degrees are created, and an office of corporate relations is established to mold students into the organization's framework — to make them good, loyal servants of power.

As a professor of business administration at BYU, I see a special need for confrontation with alternative ideas. We're too comfortable. Jacob Bronowski argues in his book, *The Ascent of Man* (1973), that the purpose of the university is not "to worship what is known but to question it" (p. 360). At BYU, it seems to me we haven't created enough of that kind of questioning, inquiring approach to learning.

Faculty from other universities have reflected a similar concern. Several years ago, a Stanford professor suggested that while he observed BYU students to be pleasant individuals, their educations were hampered by a lack of classroom conflict and critical thinking. He also perceived faculty as too soft, unabrasive to a fault. These factors combine to form a debilitating drawback to genuine learning. We need what Bronowski describes as a certain kind of barefooted, ragamuffin, irreverent spirit of debate. Too many Mormons seem to believe that the glory of God is conformity, not intelligence.

A colleague commented to me, "Some in my department perceive you as antibusiness. You seem to think all businesses are big, bad, evil and corrupt." I want to make it clear that I am not quite so extreme. I *am* saying beware. I am saying be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

To be accused of being antibusiness is, from one perspective, a compliment. To clarify, I would have to admit that while I'm not antibusiness, I am anti certain business practices. I'm anti massive concentrations of power. I'm anti businesses which erode the frail ecological balance and pollute the environment. I'm anti businesses that create unsafe products and market them to an unsuspecting public. And when the FDA imposes restrictions, these companies knowingly dump the products on Third World countries. I'm anti businesses which pay women sixty cents for every dollar they pay men and discriminate against blacks and other minorities in the name of free enterprise. I'm anti companies that have no sense of social responsibility to the surrounding community, firms which promise jobs and investment but which instead milk the area and then run away. I'm against businesses which believe that not to maximize profit is the greatest sin.

In recent years Utah has gained a national reputation as the fraud capital of the country. Too much of our culture implies that any business deal is okay as long as you can get away with it. A group of business faculty and graduate students at BYU studying collusion between certain companies, banks, and prominent individuals in Utah, found troubling evidence of corporate malfeasance. It's curious to me how often you hear in Utah that a pyramid scheme is God's plan for financial success. Too many scams have occurred here in the name of brotherhood. "Trust me," scammers say. The Church speaks out against sex, drugs, and alcohol, and well it should. I only wish there was equal concern for financially ripping off your brothers and sisters. Ironically, Nephi prophesied about those in the latter days who justify "in committing a little sin; yea, lie a little, take the advantage of one because of his words, dig a pit for thy neighbor" (2 Ne. 28:8).

I'm also against organizations that dehumanize the human spirit. I recall a worker in Detroit who retired from General Motors last November after forty years. He said, "You know, GM gave me all the security I could ever want. They paid good wages. The union and the company took care of me in terms of health and safety issues. The union fought for me when supervisors came down too hard. I had the rights of due process. GM built great cars and filled the highways of this country. But there's one thing I'll never forgive them for. They never let me grow as a human being."

We must find ways to ensure conscious, explicit, personal agency in this contemporary organizational society. We must develop mechanisms for self-determination and create institutional processes which free us and open our options rather than program us. I worry as I look at academic programs and hear recruiters talk. The academic or career tracks they discuss suggest that we're mere automatons — once we're put on the correct trajectory, everything will be okay.

Our work structures must liberate rather than domesticate. Our organizational behavior theory and management science must not simply reflect a corporatist theory, emphasizing what the Nazis called the organization *überalles*, the system above all. Instead we need to facilitate individual choice, self-determination, and autonomy. As Thoreau argued, "We should be men [and women] first, and subjects afterwards" (1963 edition, 223). We need a new grassroots agenda, an organizational declaration of independence.

Bureaucracy and the Church

Business and government are not the only institutions which attempt to dominate. As Latter-day Saints we belong a multinational organization with many corporate features and procedures in its structures. The Pearl of Great Price — the gospel and the atonement of Jesus Christ — have not changed; but they are borne to us now in a different setting and in a different fashion than ever before in the history of the Church. Any organization that requires the loyalty of its members also has the potential of abusing that loyalty. As a loyal member of the Church who has served in ward and stake positions all my life, I find myself uneasy when I see elements I deplore in corporations with seeming parallels in the Church I espouse. The all-pervasive nature of the Church suggests critical issues for the individual. We're all familiar with the trek of the Martin Handcart Company and the Mountain Meadows massacre, events in which innocent people suffered because of the organizational imperative which required blind obedience to authority.

As Saints in the twentieth century, we continue to face similar institutional pressures — to conform, to march in lock step, to do as we are told. Rather than hearing a simple humility which implies the need for growth and further understanding, we are given a message of seemingly smug assurance: the answers are all in, and the thinking has been done — for us.

Bureaucracy in the Church arises in part from sheer size. Take, for instance, the high-rise Church Office Building in Salt Lake City, now jokingly referred to by many as the "great and spacious building." A professional colleague told me of his experience accompanying a stake president from Latin America coming for the first time to general conference. As they entered the posh corporate headquarters of the Church at 50 E. North Temple, the Latin American brother experienced severe psychological shock. The surroundings were such a far cry from the "poverty and simplicity of the saints in Mexico, many of whom still had dirt floors in their houses." The contrast between the membership and the bureaucracy was overwhelming, and he wondered if "it was the same church."

Another stake president from the East coast, an effective businessman, had an equally negative, though different reaction. He complained to me that there was too much red tape, too many staff positions swallowing up tithing money and providing nothing in return. He saw policies and bureaucratic inefficiencies that made even the federal government look like a small, stream-

lined, entrepreneurial organization. His recommendation: "Somone should go up the elevator, eliminating every other floor of the Church Office Building and then go back through and cut out another third of the remaining floors. Then the Church offices will be pared down to a reasonable and effective size."

Among some ecclesiastical leaders and academics who are involved in committee assignments at Church headquarters, the building is a giant warehouse of rumor and political jockeying. A good many professionals and managers there would not, by my estimation, be eligible for comparable positions in the "real world" of outside organizations. Hiring and firing practices seem to have few controls against abuse. "It's not what you know, but who you know" or "inspiration, desperation, relation" are quips with a core of truth.

Institutionalism in the Church has led to a strict adherence to worldly corporate norms — from the creation of positions like ward executive secretaries, to correlation programs, business-attire dress, and top ecclesiastical leaders going through management training programs carried out by expensive corporate consultants.

Paid bureaucrats censor what becomes safe, palatable fodder for the Church membership. An acquaintance in the Church offices actually told me that the policy of one administrator of Church educational matters is actually, "If it's in a general conference address, it's true. If it hasn't been said at conference, it's not true." Some writers worry more about propagandistic value than about historical accuracy and factual truth.

The Church's extension into business has troubled some LDS members of conscience. Throughout the West, pioneer buildings have been razed in favor of parking lots and/or new generic chapels. Elderly poor have been pushed out of historic Salt Lake structures to make way for expensive, high-rise condominiums. Big real-estate deals sucked the lifeblood out of numerous locally owned retail firms in downtown Salt Lake City, causing bankruptcy and leaving whole sections of the city controlled by out-of-state interests. The infatuation between prominent Mormons and Adnan Khashoggi is now turning sour only with the discovery of creditor claims, layoffs, and lawsuits, but no one complained about the promise of his megabucks stained with war and death. Blood money from a billion-dollar arms dealer of questionable ethics seems incongruous with the earlier dream of Utah as Zion, built by the pure in heart.

Well did Isaiah envision our day: "Thy princes are rebellious, and the companions of thieves: every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come into them" (Isa. 1:23).

STRATEGIES FOR SURVIVAL

How can we deal with the contradictions, the problems, the vicissitudes of power, the pressure of the system to acculturate us? Can we be Mormon and still work for a modern corporation? Can the Church escape the corporate pitfalls? I offer here several partial answers for surviving, for preserving one's sense of self with integrity intact.

One strategy is to reflect. Take time to think about what is happening as we live and operate in a corporate system. Meditate; step outside and critique yourself; think before you act. Most people do just the opposite. Only after we're drowning in problems do we finally step back and say, "What am I doing here, and how did I get into this?" One Utah company created over 200 checking accounts around the state so they could kite checks through and keep everybody at a financial arm's length. After it was all over and the chief executive was behind bars, he reflected that events escalated so rapidly that he just hadn't realized what was going on.

Albert Speer in *Inside the Third Reich* (1981) talks about the same process. He started out as an architect who happened to get a good job for the Führer designing a millennial city to last for 1,000 years. To Speer, this was a fantastic career opportunity. Reflecting after many decades in prison, Speer acknowledged that he alone was responsible for his own evasiveness. He alone ignored what was going on. He was too busy, working too hard to realize that he had been caught up in the Nazi death machine. Personal meditation and reflection can save our sense of accountability.

A second way to survive is to be *in* the organization, but not *of* the organization. Stay in touch with your own personal core beliefs, or the organizational imperative will take control and dominate. Organizational loyalty may be a vice rather than a virtue.

Third, maintain human sensitivity in the midst of a business career. It's not simply a question of how much you earn. It's also a question of where you spend your time and what you personally do and feel. As I recall from reading years ago, the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre argued that until you have marched to the barricades with the workers of the world, life has no meaning. We need to be out in the field mingling with people, not just in the corporate suite. Too many executives I know live in posh condos in wealthy neighborhoods. A driver picks them up in the morning, and they go to work with their windows up, reading the *Wall Street Journal* or watching the news on the automobile television. They arrive at the office, have a couple of meetings with other top honchos in the system, go off to sessions with the governor, president, or senator, then head back to their lavish retreat. Somehow, in the midst of affluence, we must be a part of the real world.

Fourth, to avoid the arrogance of success, be humble with whatever good fortune comes your way. Remember the two typologies described in the Book of Mormon? Korihor bragged that success occurred because of his own genius. All good things come "according to the management of the creature," by fighting and clawing to the top (Alma 30:17). The other scriptural prototype was articulated by King Benjamin, who decried boasting of our achievements and warned against lifting ourselves above the poor and oppressed. "Perhaps thou shalt say: The man has brought upon himself his misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance . . . for his punishments are just." Benjamin denounces this assumption: "Whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent. . . . Are we not all beggars?" (Mosiah 4:17–19) Whatever we have is a gift. It is *not* ours

because of our own genius, our aggressiveness in climbing the ladder, our business school degrees, or our sophisticated computer skills. Our talents and abilities are stewardships for which we will be held responsible, not licenses of right-of-way over others.

Fifth, at some point we have to be willing to take a stand. We might as well take it early, rather than offering too little, too late. It's the little things that trap us. When facing compromise, we know what is right. I'm making a simple plea to act on that knowledge. I was recently researching the case of Rita Lavelle, the first of several people in the Reagan administration to be indicted and serve time in prison. She described how with her new MBA tucked under her arm, she thought she could handle anything. She started going to business luncheons, working out deals, agreeing to certain practices between companies and the EPA. I think her problem was pretty simple. She just never took a stand on the little things, got morally seduced, and was trapped. Like many young people, she felt she would do whatever she had to now; and later, when she had successfully climbed to the top of the hierarchy, she could change the system.

We desperately seek success, most often misunderstanding what it really is. In the media recently Mother Teresa was asked how she could continue to dedicate her life to the poor, a marvelous but laborious work for comparatively few when each year millions more poverty-stricken individuals inhabit the Third World. As I recall, she responded, in effect, that the important thing for us is not "success," but to be true to our own missions. I hope each of us would think about what our mission is and try to be true to it.

I'm not suggesting that we run away from these wretched organizations. I'm arguing that we can and should take them on. We built the corporate systems, and we can still change them. They need overhauling. We must take a stand, speak out, and resist. Our efforts will give others courage. Let's rock the boat and question the system. Let's advocate new principles, push in new directions, and challenge the status quo. If we do this, we can make a difference. Maybe we can even reform the bureaucratic world in which we live.

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Refugee Converts: One Stake's Experience

Robert G. Larsen and Sharyn H. Larsen

SITUATED ON A PROMINENT KNOLL in the Oakland hills, the Oakland Temple is the most visible symbol of the Church in the San Francisco Bay Area. The temple is located within the boundaries of the Oakland Stake, which, until recently, followed a pattern of growth and membership typical of U.S. urban areas.

This pattern changed abruptly with the influx by 1981 of 50,000 refugees to the East Bay area from Southeast Asia. A substantial number of these people joined the Church, and the Oakland Stake faced the challenge of bringing them into full Church fellowship, a formidable responsibility — and one which still continues.

Established routines and policies could not adequately meet the needs of these new members. The demands on the resources of the stake have frustrated many of the long-time members. Change has been rapid; growth, phenomenal. The Church's goal of becoming worldwide — integrating peoples of diverse languages and cultures into its structure — has been tested on the Church's home ground.

The task differs significantly from the corresponding one in the foreign missions of the Church. The native peoples form the cultural, linguistic, and economic structures of those areas. They are familiar with and have an investment in these structures. The missionaries are guests in another culture. By contrast the refugees in the United States must adapt to a new culture, language, and economic pattern. In many cases, they must adjust to personal tragedy. Those who become Church members must also adjust to a new religious structure. The Church's challenge has been to help ease these adjust-

ROBERT G. LARSEN is a social work supervisor in Contra Costa County, California. He served for three and a half years (one year as second counselor) in the Oakland Second (Cambodian) Branch and has recently been released. SHARYN H. LARSEN is a reading specialist and owner of a children's book store. She was the director of teacher development in the Oakland Second (Cambodian) Branch during the same period of time. They have returned to Orinda Ward where they aspire to co-chair the Church magazine drive.

ments while maintaining basic Church practices and policies. For example, arranged marriages, acceptable in Southeast Asian cultures, are not acceptable in the American culture. Insisting that arranged marriages be discontinued confuses and alienates the refugees.

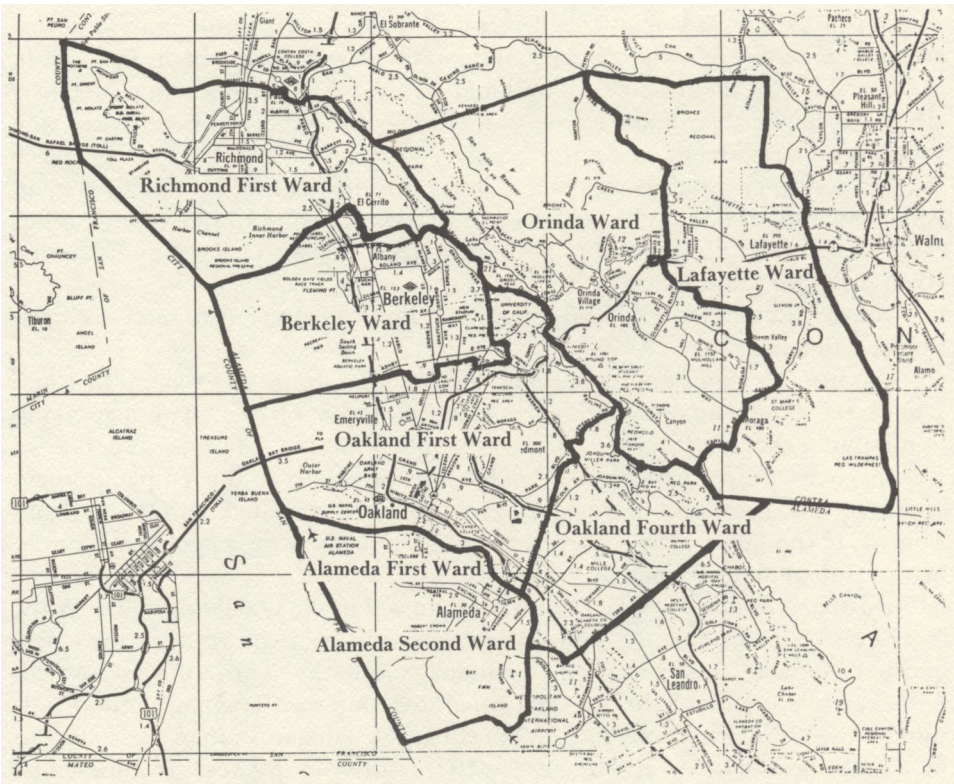
Perhaps others who face similar challenges could learn from the experiences of the Oakland Stake between 1981 and 1986 described in this essay.

Fifteen units comprise the Oakland Stake: ten wards and five branches. All five branches and one of the wards are oriented to the non-English-speaking groups. Even before these units were created, the educational and socio-economic makeup of the stake varied greatly. The Lafayette and Orinda wards in Contra Costa County are typically suburban. They were brought into the stake in 1975 to augment its declining urban population, to provide leadership, and to build youth programs. At the same time, the Oakland Third Ward was created for members over forty-five with no children still living at home. The University Ward is for single adults. The Oakland First Ward draws from both the affluent Piedmont area and from inner-city Oakland. The two Alameda wards have a large population of transient Navy personnel. Berkeley Ward serves UC-Berkeley, and Richmond Ward serves a predominently working-class community.

One of Oakland's earliest efforts at teaching the gospel in a language other than English was a Sunday School class for Spanish-speaking members in the Richmond-Berkeley area in the early 1960s. Later, in 1965, a Spanish-speaking branch was organized. It was dissolved in 1979, and its members were integrated into their home wards. The branch was discontinued because (1) its branch president planned to leave the area and (2) Church policy discouraged non-English-speaking units in the United States. Information about this policy, said to have been articulated about 1975, is hard to pin down. Stake leaders have differing opinions about its "officialness." A search through the 1970s issues of the *Ensign* magazine and the *Church News* failed to turn up any official announcement. A spokesman from the First Presidency's office "seemed to recall" that non-English-speaking units were "discouraged" so members could learn English and become Americanized. When we pressed him for a source or at least a date, he suggested looking through the stake president file of circular letters for the decade, although he admitted that "if the president followed the instructions in the latest handbook, all those letters would have been destroyed."

When a new Spanish-speaking branch (Oakland Sixth) was created in August 1983, many people, including Branch President Ray Barnes, wondered whether the stake were taking a step backward. Today, however, he has no such misgivings and considers the branch a great success. Its population has doubled, less through reactivation than through convert baptisms. Its members can participate in ways not possible in an integrated ward. An elderly sister, for example, illiterate in both English and Spanish, can participate in classes, pray, and speak in the branch. He counts as other measures of success the steady stream of speakers during testimony meetings, the temple sealing of three older couples, and the temple marriage of a young couple.

Oakland Stake Boundaries, 1985



Wards and Branches With Special Memberships:

Oakland Second Branch: Cambodian and Laotian members living within Oakland First, Oakland Fourth, Alameda First and Second, Orinda, and Lafayette Ward boundaries. The *Oakland Seventh Branch* was later created for Laotian members originally in the Second Branch.

Oakland Third Ward: Families living within Oakland First and Fourth Ward boundaries, with a head of household over 45 years old and no children living at home.

Oakland Fourth Ward: In 1985 this ward was reorganized to serve Tongan members only; non-Tongan members originally in the Fourth Ward became members of the Oakland First Ward.

Oakland Fifth Branch: Vietnamese and Chinese members living within stake boundaries.

Oakland Sixth Branch: Spanish-speaking members living within stake boundaries.

Richmond Second Branch: Laotian members living within Richmond First and Berkeley Ward boundaries.

University Ward: Single members without children living within stake boundaries who are Young Adult or Young Special Interest age.

From the stake's point of view, this branch is a success because it is largely self-staffed. Only President Barnes and one couple have been called from English-speaking wards to assist. Because all the members speak Spanish, translation is unnecessary. The Primary and youth programs are taught in English. Membership in the branch is optional; a few Spanish-speaking members elected to stay in their home wards, and at least one family returned to its home ward after giving the branch a try.

A second non-English-speaking group operating during the 1960s was an American Indian Sunday School class in Oakland. They all spoke English but came from as far as Hayward to participate in the class. This group disbanded when its leader moved away.

The largest and longest-lived group, and ironically the last to receive official status, is the Tongan.

The first Tongan family, that of Lupeni Fonua, came to Oakland in 1968. Unlike the Southeast Asian refugees but like many of the Spanish-speaking immigrants, the family were already members of the Church, and one of Lupeni's reasons for choosing Oakland was its proximity to the temple. Lupeni established a successful gardening business and recruited employees from Tonga. If the families he recruited were not already members of the Church, he urged them to investigate it.

A Tongan Sunday School class was organized in the Oakland Fourth Ward in 1974. That same year a Tongan was called to be a counselor in the elders quorum presidency and a Tongan-language priesthood group was formed. Two years later, the Relief Society separated into two language groups, although they held joint homemaking meetings. A Tongan woman was called to be a "representative" to the Relief Society presidency; in effect she functioned as the Tongan Relief Society president. In 1981 a separate Tongan elders quorum was formed.

Between 1968 and 1985 the Tongan group grew by approximately twenty-five members a year. Because of this slow but steady growth, the Tongans gained experience in leadership positions at the ward and stake levels and were accepted quite easily by the people of Oakland Fourth Ward. Both factors — experience and acceptance — contributed greatly to their success. Former bishop Richard Alder told us: "New people moving into the ward did not know what to expect. But after the first few meetings they were so influenced by the Tongans, it was not a problem. They were so faithful and obedient and showed such a love of the gospel. Today people write to tell me that Oakland Fourth was so special, it was the highlight of their life."

By January 1985 the Tongan members could ably function as leaders and teachers, and the Oakland Fourth Ward was reorganized as a Tongan ward.

The development — almost evolution — of this group contrasts sharply with the rapid growth and organization of the refugee groups.

By 1981 the leaders of the Oakland Stake had become fairly successful at accommodating the cultural diversity of its members. However, the large number of Southeast Asian converts overwhelmed existing mechanisms for meeting the needs of these refugee groups and solving the four major problems

they presented: communication, transportation, staffing, and member retention.

One of the first stake members to become aware of the Asian groups was Norman Hanson, a dentist practicing in Oakland, who began taking welfare patients in 1975 when a major dental clinic opened near his office. By 1979, his practice included a large number of refugees. Hanson was impressed by their courtesy ("It was not uncommon to extract ten or twelve teeth and have them bow and thank me."), gratitude, and apparent readiness to receive the gospel.

His sister Bonnie Robertson, a secretary in the bilingual section of the Lakeland School District near Los Angeles, agreed with his assessment and put him in contact with Mr. Senghin Bit, a Cambodian connected with the Oakland Unified School District. Mr. Bit described the refugees' problems and acquainted Hanson for the first time with their large numbers. Hanson arranged with the Orinda Ward mission leader to invite Mr. Bit to speak at a fireside. Hanson began asking himself, "What could we do as a Church? How could we help people and open doors for missionary work? I was deeply impressed and had a strong desire to do something for them. I was almost consumed by the feeling it must be done."

His wife Jane corroborates, "He could see it, visualize it, and he was obsessed with it."

Hanson devised a program for involving members of the stake in regularly teaching and fellowshipping the Asians. In December 1980 he took his plan to Stake President Bud Billeter, who was encouraging and promised to take the idea to the high council.

In these initial stages communication problems began, not, as might be expected, among peoples who spoke different languages, but among people who had been speaking English all their lives. President Billeter, for example, told us he was "enthusiastic about this opportunity for members of the stake to become involved in community service, with no strings attached." Hanson misinterpreted Billeter's enthusiasm as an endorsement of the missionary plan he presented. Miscommunication created hurt feelings among people involved in the project at all stages.

The members of the high council debated Hanson's proposal with no conclusive results. One of the members, who had sponsored an Asian family through a program run by the Tolstoy Foundation, considered it a "fantastic experience for the family" but pointed out some of the difficulties created by the linguistic and cultural barriers. Some on the council, most impressed by the negative parts of his statements, felt strongly that the missionaries should not proselyte among the refugees.

Hanson was frustrated by the lack of response to his proposal. He had called the stake president after one month and again after another two months. Encountering a member of the stake presidency by chance, he asked about his proposal and was told that the stake presidency felt the matter needed further study and were suggesting beginning with a one-year case study of one family. Hanson's response was, "You don't study missionary work! You go out and do it."

He decided on a second strategy. In March 1981 he arranged for President Charles R. Hansen of the Oakland California Mission to meet with Mr. Bit. President Hansen then scheduled a meeting of the mission leaders at the mission home in Oakland. He reviewed the proposal in more detail and concluded, "If you'll supply the people, I'll supply the missionaries."

Carol Hansen, President Hansen's wife, told Hanson afterward that baptisms in the mission had been very low and that she and her husband had been praying daily for help. Clearly the proposal was an answer to their prayers.

To supply the people, Hanson asked his sister to use her Asian typewriters to type index cards in Cambodian and Lao asking whether Asian families would be interested in learning English in their own homes. The cards were placed in Hanson's dental office. President Hansen assigned two young women missionaries to follow up on the responses. By the end of the first week, they were swamped. Norm Hanson said, "The people and the missionaries fell in love. In a week or two they discarded the English lessons. They weren't necessary."

The missionaries began preaching the gospel, then conceived the Saturday program, a family activity day. Carol Hansen noted, "In just a matter of minutes we put the whole thing together" — quilting for the women, basketball for the teens, and Primary for the children. Approximately ninety Cambodians and Laotians attended the first meeting on 25 April 1981. The stake provided an unused chapel on Virginia Street for the meeting.

Finding a program for the Asian men proved harder. Furniture and appliance repair were considered, but finding materials and supervisors was difficult. One possible solution was thwarted by more miscommunication among stake members. University Ward women trained to teach English as a second language (ESL) offered to teach English to the women. The message sent to them was, "We have a great quilting program going for the women. They are enthusiastic and involved, and they need the quilts. What we need is some kind of program for the men, and English classes might be the answer." The message received was, "The women are learning quilting and that's enough for them. We need to teach English to the men but the teaching should be done by men" even though women missionaries were assigned to the project. The University Ward women perceived this as a feminist issue and withdrew their offer to help.

Norm Hanson, assisted by President Hansen and the missionaries, provided transportation to the meetings. However, as attendance increased, they asked the stake for help.

In June 1981, the stake presidency called Joel and Evelyn Parker, a retired couple from Richmond Ward, to coordinate transportation. They arranged scheduling, assigning wards in rotation to supply drivers and staff. Drivers were told simply to go to an address and pick up people; sometimes they were even unaware of why they were driving. The drivers changed frequently. Evelyn Parker observed, "The thing I admired was the faith the people had. 'Someone will pick you up,' they were told, and they just went out and stood there and got in the car of a perfect stranger. How they appreciated us! What faith they had in us!"

The first converts were baptized on 28 June 1981. "This was a great day for me," Norm Hanson wrote in his journal. "Fifteen Cambodians were baptized after stake conference. It is the first of a whole new generation of the Church." He commented on their motives. "Many of the Asians believed that their lives had been preserved for a reason. When they heard the gospel, they knew what that reason was. There were tears in their eyes."

The newly baptized members were to meet with the Oakland First Ward, where members experienced in teaching English as a second language taught the adult Sunday School class. Originally the children were to be integrated into the Primary, but their English was too limited, and a separate program had to be arranged. Even the simple procedure of reading the names of new Asian members into the membership records presented a gigantic hurdle. The conducting officers stumbled over the strange-sounding names. Since there was no translation, the Asians did not understand the procedure and rarely stood to be recognized. The ward leaders discontinued the practice because it was a waste of meeting time. The ward strained as it tried to provide and staff parallel programs — auxiliaries, Sacrament Meeting, etc.

Murmurings and misgivings circulated, and any initial enthusiasm Oakland First Ward had for the program dissolved. This effort at integration was completely unsuccessful. A member called to tell Mission President Hansen that "missionaries should not proselyte in the Oakland flatlands." This infuriated President Hansen and Norm Hanson, and they resolved to continue.

Although President Hansen and Norm Hanson found the criticism offensive, the caller probably voiced what many others were feeling — that the flatlands of Oakland are unsafe and unsavory, an unfit place for missionary proselyting. The oldest part of Oakland, the flatlands boast dilapidated Victorian houses and deteriorating apartment buildings. Drunks, drug abusers, and prostitutes hang out near the large apartment complex that houses the Asian family we pick up for church each Sunday. Concern was well-founded. Later, when the branches were organized, many of the branch staff began entering the flatland neighborhoods regularly. Their attitude is, "If they can live there, we can go there." However, the current policy is that unaccompanied women staff are not allowed to enter the area, day or night.

One positive development that came out of the attempt to integrate the Asians with the Oakland First Ward was a series of videotapes that combine English lessons with basic gospel principles. Patricia Jensen, one of the ESL teachers connected with the ward effort, originated the idea, first as a means of allowing people who had missed a class to catch up and then as a direct teaching tool. She wrote to Stewart Durrant, director of the Church Lamanite and Minority Committee in Salt Lake City, who told her that the Church had not developed any materials of this type. She went to see him, hoping to use Church facilities to make the tapes. He told her that he had too little information and suggested that she contact her stake president.

Stake President Billeter agreed to underwrite the cost. Jensen met with other ESL teachers to develop vocabulary and core ideas. The others gradually dropped out, but Jensen remained committed to the project. She spent several

months writing the series of lessons, only to realize after filming the first one that they all had to be rewritten.

A friend of Jensen's filmed the lessons using hand-held equipment in the basement of the Inter-Stake Center. Continual interruptions by temple tours and basketball players ruined many segments, forcing Jensen and her friend to spend much time refilming. "We put up signs which said, 'Quiet, Please: Filming,' and people would knock on the door to ask where they were making the movie. On the first film there was one hour of shooting for each minute of film, but we got better," Jensen recalls. When the stake's equipment didn't work, as often happened, they borrowed from relatives. Filming took every weekend for more than six months; the project took two years from conception to completion. The tapes are now being used in some of the branches and have proved to be very popular with the members.

A program paralleling the Cambodian and Lao Saturday program in Oakland was being held in Richmond for Laotians from that area. A number were baptized, and a Sunday School class was organized for them. Experience with the Asians made two things obvious: first, the culture gap, combined with the converts' lack of knowledge not only about the gospel, but about Christianity, was too great to permit their integration into established wards, and second, the stake, rather than the ward, should be responsible for the converts.

Stake leaders responded by organizing branches for the Southeast Asian refugees. They considered this a temporary solution, but one that might last for years. The Richmond Second Branch, formed as a dependent branch of the Richmond Ward, was the first to be organized on 4 July 1982, with Joel Parker as branch president and Evelyn Parker as Relief Society president. Joel Parker soon called Laotian counselors and an executive secretary who had served a mission in Thailand. As Lao is essentially a dialect of Thai, language posed fewer problems in this branch than in others, and within a few weeks all the Laotians in the stake were attending this branch.

On 11 July 1982, the Oakland Second Branch was formed as an independent branch for the Cambodian people. Dale Roe, a retired Red Cross executive with many contacts in Oakland, was called to be branch president. Minutes of the first branch meeting record the subject of the high councilor, Ray Barnes's, talk: "We Will Be Speaking English in Our Meetings." It was not a prophetic statement.

Before it was functioning well, the Cambodian branch had its first major problem. Roe moved unexpectedly, leaving Ray Barnes to serve as interim president in addition to his high council duties. Branch staffing had barely begun, and Roe's good contacts with local agencies were lost.

The missionaries had been having their greatest success with the teenagers, who spoke English more fluently than the adults. The teens were used as interpreters, "even for baptismal interviews." Barnes commented, "We were never sure what the people actually knew."

President Hansen requested that missionaries from Thailand be sent to Oakland to finish their missions. He felt that missionaries just out of the Mission Training Center (MTC) would not be sufficiently fluent in Thai to help

the Oakland program. Fluent missionaries could work with the Laotians and, to a lesser extent, with the Cambodians, since many of the Cambodian refugees had become familiar with Thai in refugee camps. His request was honored, and the transferred missionaries baptized many Cambodian and Laotian families. Carol Hansen commented, "They had had no success in Thailand. In Oakland they baptized one right after the other."

The Church continues to assign missionaries who speak Thai to the Oakland Mission to work with the Laotians, but those who work with the Cambodians must learn the language after they arrive and must rely on members for translation. Although this has been good training for future missionaries, it hampers current efforts. O. Ken Earl, a recently released mission president from Oakland attributes the refusal to teach Cambodian at the MTC to a policy that people should be learning English and should be taught in English. "Some in authority believe that . . . not knowing English makes them second-class citizens."

The Church distributes materials (*Gospel Principles*, *Duties and Blessings of the Priesthood*, and *The LDS Woman*, for example) in all of the languages of the stake branches. These materials are appreciated; however, the translations are not always accurate. At a baptism in the fall of 1983, a teenaged speaker was reading from the Cambodian translation of *Gospel Principles* when a older woman in the audience stood up and began shouting at her. Whoever had translated the manual had translated "Holy Ghost" as "Holy Monster." Just recently we have discovered that in the same manual "baptism for the dead" has been translated "washing the corpses." This may explain why many teenagers have been reluctant to participate in this activity. Local leaders wonder what else may have been translated incorrectly.

Experience has helped long-term teachers to speak simply, but translation problems still arise. A counselor in the Relief Society reported on a recent lesson given by an experienced teacher who has learned to use simple words and sentences. When she wrote "Mothers play a sacred role" on the blackboard, the interpreter, a most faithful Cambodian member of more than two years asked if "sacred" should be translated "secret" and which "role" was meant. "How many rolls are there?" she asked. "Same or different spelling? There's 'roll call,' 'roll the ball,' and the 'roll you eat.' " After they worked through that, she asked about "play" in the same sentence.

More subtle and difficult to deal with are the communication problems that arise from cultural differences. The Southeast Asians consider it rude to tell someone that they will not or cannot do something that has been requested. They smile and agree, then simply don't show up. Americans, raised to believe that one's word is one's bond, are angered by this behavior. Americans are also imbued with the notion of upward mobility, a concept very different from the Asian notion that one's life work is settled as soon as one takes a job.

In many Asian cultures, looking directly at a person who is considered a superior is rude. Potential employers find this disconcerting and have interpreted it to mean lack of interest. This behavior, combined with the bowing, bending, and humbling so essential to the Asian culture, indicates to many

Americans a lack of self-esteem and "hustle." In *Culture Clash*, Ellen Matthews describes this perception of Quang, a Vietnamese laborer:

> And what is typically Vietnamese? Uncomplaining, but also inefficient. Passive, rather than aggressive, unassumingly nice. . . . If his work was actually on a par with everyone else's, still he managed to look as if it weren't — as if he were shuffling while the others were running, working carelessly, not interested in whether he accomplished anything or not. "Most guys psych themselves up for work," said the carpenter Craig. "Quang psychs himself down" (1982, 89).

A multitude of problems has arisen about work and welfare. Some of the confusion comes from the Mormon community itself, which has difficulty reconciling Christian charity with the Protestant work ethic. In the early proselyting efforts among the Asians, the welfare plan was not taught; leaders feared that people would join the Church in great numbers simply for welfare. The early stages of the Saturday program emphasized that people had to work for goods: you had to quilt to obtain a quilt, for example. At the same time, those who worked with them were touched by the desperate poverty of the people and distributed donated clothing and furniture.

When the Saturday program was abandoned in favor of a more formal Church program, the emphasis on working for material goods was largely abandoned in the Oakland Second Branch. The large number of people with urgent needs led to emphasis on collecting and distributing goods. Members found it difficult to withhold anything from those like the mother who, describing her baby's death from lack of food and medicine under the Pol Pot regime, said, "They didn't kill us. They just let us die by ourselves." Equally poignant was the story of a Vietnamese woman who wept at the plenty of her first meal in West Oakland and begged her benefactors to send more money to the family still in Asia.

Bill Powell, a retired electrical contractor from Orinda, whose wife, Ann, was the first Relief Society president in the new Cambodian Branch, handled storage and distribution. He soon ran into difficulties with Deseret Industries. The branch received Christmas donations from a ward in Sunnyvale, California, some with personal notes to the recipients. Deseret Industries objected; policy dictated that all goods must be processed through them. Bill solved this problem by taking one of the Deseret Industries managers on a tour of Oakland, during which they waded through mud to deliver a sofa bed. "When he left there, anything we said was go," Powell reported.

Still another problem is caused by the Aid to Families with Dependent Children and Refugee Cash Assistance programs which, by their all-or-nothing policies, discourage gradual emancipation. Asians are reluctant to take minimum-wage or temporary jobs because they will lose not only their welfare money but also the medical and dental benefits that accompany it. They have learned to ask whether they will be paid in cash or by check. This attitude puts Church members in yet another bind. They would like to offer jobs to the Asians, but not illegally.

The experiences of a young Laotian father illustrates the way cultural differences reinforce problems. An LDS contractor agreed to hire him on a trial

basis and to teach him carpentry. Since both clearly understood that this was to be a trial effort, they agreed that the Laotian would be paid in cash until he could earn the equivalent of his welfare payments. Apparently, he had little aptitude for the work and the contractor complained about his laziness. He injured his back and was unable to work. (How he injured his back, how severely it was injured, and whether it was injured because he was expected to perform tasks that were too much for his smaller physical stature have never been completely determined — partly because if he had sought medical treatment he would have had to admit that he had been working and was, therefore, not eligible for medical treatment.) At any rate the agreement was terminated. The Laotian claimed that he had not received full payment, but whether this was true or just another communication failure was impossible to determine.

A short time later he was offered another job — a temporary but lucrative one. He asked if he could be paid in cash. The American arranging for the job was the same one who had arranged the last one, and he, too, was feeling the effects of that failure. He angrily lectured the man on the evils of cheating the government. The confused Laotian did not understand why payment in cash, previously acceptable, was now a sin. He felt burned by the carpentry experience and still contended that he had been cheated. He was also embarrassed by his failure to measure up. He was angry and hurt and has not returned to church.

In October 1982, Leo Gill, the high councilor formerly assigned to the Richmond Second (Laotian) Branch, was sustained as branch president of the Oakland Second (Cambodian) Branch. He spent most of the first few weeks on the phone trying to arrange transportation. (Because most branch positions were unfilled, he had to do everything himself.)

At the same time, members of the Richmond Ward were complaining about making two trips to Oakland each Sunday to transport Laotian families. The stake decided that Laotians living south of the Berkeley city limits should attend the Oakland Second Branch, which became an Asian rather than a Cambodian branch. Church meetings were conducted in English. One talk was translated into Cambodian and the other into Laotian. Important announcements were translated into both languages.

President Gill and Ray Barnes hit upon the idea of calling people to be "welfare-service" missionaries responsible for driving members to church each Sunday and home teaching the families they drove. They divided the branch into areas, and assigned a coordinator to supervise the driving in each area. All branch staff were also expected to drive. Members of the stake who felt that members should get themselves to church criticized the plan. However, public transportation in Oakland is both inadequate and expensive, and the branch leadership knew that providing transportation was necessary. The importance of regular Church attendance, not a part of the Buddhist religion, had to be taught and reinforced. The stake could provide transportation for 125 to 150 persons each Sunday, and this remained the size of active participation at meetings, regardless of the number of baptisms. The baptism of a new

member almost automatically meant the loss of an old one. As soon as the branches were organized, transportation demands required abandoning the Saturday program. The Relief Society continued monthly homemaking meetings, and transportation to them and to any other special events continues to create major problems.

The stake has studied a number of possible solutions to the transportation problem. One plan was to buy or lease vans, which members would be called, or perhaps paid, to drive. The vans would be used by all the branches meeting at the Interstake Center. That would include Oakland Second, Sixth, and Fifth — Lao/Cambodian, Spanish, and Vietnamese/Chinese. These branches had been meeting there all along, but only Oakland Second and later Oakland Seventh were real problems. The stake agreed to form a transportation corporation and to find funding to underwrite the cost of the venture. If the meeting schedules were adjusted to allow time for pickup and delivery, five vans and the branch staff drivers in their own cars would be needed. The vans would be sent to central points where heavy concentrations of members lived. Staff drivers currently assigned to these areas could be redeployed to pick up outlying families. However, insurance costs under this system would have been astronomical.

A modified plan was adopted. Instead of buying vans, the stake chartered buses, but this solution created some new problems. Groups of eight- to ten-year-old boys began climbing on the bus to use the temple grounds, a nearby orchard, and the Greek Orthodox Church as playgrounds. When members of the branch presidency or the missionaries took turns riding on the bus, the practice stopped.

Leo Gill struggled to staff the rapidly growing Cambodian Branch with what he referred to as "borrowed staff." He was told that he could call on anyone in the stake, but he felt obvious constraints. Many people refused to serve because working in the branch prevented them from attending their home wards. Others were unwilling to enter the flatland areas. Bishops became restive when they lost ward leaders to the branch. Commuting distances were difficult for some. High councilor Ray Barnes was reluctant to call members with children living at home because it would necessitate splitting families between their home ward and the branch. He decided to structure the calls as stake missions. People were called to serve for a definite period (usually eighteen months), which could be extended. While this approach effectively encouraged members to accept callings, it proved troublesome later when they felt they should be released.

A more successful approach was used with the Laotians in Richmond where creating a small branch attached to a ward and integrating the children's and youth programs reduced staffing problems and provided role models. This approach was also taken with a small group of Vietnamese converts who had continued to meet with the Oakland First Ward. In May 1983 a Vietnamese/Chinese dependent branch, Oakland Fifth Ward, was formed and attached to Oakland First Ward. George Hilton, named branch president, called Asian counselors. He contrasted the Vietnamese and the Cambodians:

"Vietnamese are much more cautious about commitment to baptism. While escaping from Vietnam, many people prayed to Buddha and promised that they would serve him if they were saved. They find baptism a disavowment of that promise, yet something draws them to the Church anyway. We have some 'dry' members who bear testimony in fast meeting but who are not baptized."

Following their Buddhist traditions, many had an altar at home and went to the Buddhist temple only on special occasions. One of President Hilton's objectives was to accustom them to regular Sunday attendance. Another was to train them to run the branch themselves. The branch adopted a double staffing program in which a Caucasian teacher tutors an Asian counterpart. The branch has remained small enough to avoid creating a great drain on the stake either for transportation or for staff.

The tutorial staffing program was successful, and by September 1985, President Hilton had worked himself out of a job, to the envy of the other branch presidents. A Chinese member, Ben Phung, was sustained as the new president of the Vietnamese/Chinese branch.

By the spring of 1984, the encumbrance of three languages on one branch (Oakland Second) — English, Cambodian, and Laotian — was proving too great. A separate unit, the Oakland Seventh Branch, was created for the Laotian members. Emerton Williams, a University of California professor from Berkeley Ward and one of Leo Gill's counselors, was called to be branch president. The Oakland Second (Cambodian) branch and the Oakland Seventh (Laotian) branches continued to share staff; Primary and youth programs remained combined. Since the adult Sunday School, Relief Society, and priesthood quorums had been meeting as language groups, the only real change was in sacrament meeting.

The Laotian Branch did not grow as anticipated, however, and its members did not leap at leadership opportunities. In the spring of 1985, this branch moved to Alameda where Alameda Ward members could teach and where Primary and youth programs could be combined with existing ones. This move, following the Richmond model, proved beneficial to the Laotian members; and within six months, attendance at meetings doubled.

In spite of a high baptism rate in the Oakland Second Branch (163 in 1983; 151 in 1984), attendance at meetings remained at about 150 members. The branch staff began to complain about the successful missionary effort. The sheer number of converts overwhelmed the staff's capacity to assimilate new members, and adult males were few compared to the many females and children.

Retaining members in the refugee branches is a serious problem. Mormonism is not an easy religion to live: members have problems with the Word of Wisdom; they find it difficult to come each Sunday; tithing can be a burden. Many local leaders complain that people are baptized before they completely understand and are committed to the gospel. Stake President Billeter stated his willingness to field this criticism because "the mission has full authority to baptize." He emphasized the missionaries' right to baptize people "as soon as they are touched by the spirit, whether they have testimonies or understanding of the Word of Wisdom."

Many new members move, mostly to more rural areas such as the California Central Valley where they can find employment in agricultural work. Many Asian parents share the concerns of Sandra Sphar, Primary president in the Richmond Ward Primary, which has always been fully integrated: "A real challenge is to combat the unrighteous environment in which most of these children live. There is a tendency in our area for the Laotians to become part of a gang in order to survive on the street. I'm concerned that we may lose some of the boys, especially, as they get older. The girls, too, tend to form ethnic cliques with which they might identify more than with the Church." As President Billeter explained, "Oakland may always be a processing station."

Many potential leaders find jobs that require them to work on Sundays. Others buy cars but drive to places other than church.

However, many members do remain active. Muonty Lo Lim, a Cambodian woman, gives these reasons for joining and staying active in the Church, "I want my children to be good and to be special. Go[ing] to church is good for my children and me too. They pray and will grow up to know God. They teach me to be good. When I follow [the teachings], I like; I feel warm inside."

Somsack Vannalath, a Laotian teenager who has adopted the nickname Billy, told us that he knows he will not see his mother or father again in this life because they are too old to leave Laos. The Church has given him hope that he will be with them in the next life.

Hugh M. Cannon, a member of the advertising faculty of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, proposed that four categories of people join the Church: religious truth seekers, fulfillment seekers, help seekers, or religious experimenters. The refugees would appear to fall into the third category: help seekers. Cannon describes them:

> "Help seekers" tend to be people who have experienced major disruptions to their lives. . . . They might also be recent divorcees or victims of some other tragedy. They might just be confused youngsters, fighting to make sense of a world that seems cruel and unfeeling. Joining a strange Church is not a risk simply because these people generally have relatively little to lose, psychologically, socially, or physically. They tend not to be embarrassed by missionaries. Rather, their problems sometimes make them overly dependent and manipulative. . . . Often the nature of their problems is so complex that they need specialized help. . . . Often type-3 people will become interested in the Church through psychological, emotional, or temporal help provided by the Church and its members (1983, 7–8).

Cannon proposes that missionary strategies should fit the needs of the people being proselyted. A logical extension of this theory is that fellowshipping strategies should also meet these needs. The key message to help-seekers should be, "The Church is your family," and strategies might include social services (Cannon 1983, 22).

The Oakland Stake has recognized many of these needs. President Billeter pointed out the stake's willingness to "work toward traditional goals through nontraditional conventions," specifically, providing transportation and providing material goods wtihout requiring the recipients to work for them.

Examples abound of individual members' attempts to provide a sense of family for the refugees. Bill Powell has not only spent innumerable hours supplying beds, sheets, and chairs to the members, he has picked up incoming families at the airport, enrolled children in school, and helped adults apply for government aid.

Herb Sontag, a real estate broker in the Lafayette Ward and former executive secretary of Oakland Second, described picking up a couple on Christmas Eve 1982 to celebrate the holiday with his family.

> I found them sitting in the dark with an inoperative stove and TV. They had contacted the custodian, but he was not going to be able to fix their electrical problem because of the holiday schedule. He would help them in forty-eight to seventy-two hours. They did have one light working in the hall. When my son Chris and I returned them to their apartment at the evening's end, we brought extension cords and extra lights to take advantage of the electricity available in the hall. Chris searched for the electrical panel. (They didn't know what we were looking for.) It was in the bedroom closet, and with a flick of the switch, all the lights were on again.

Esther and Al Vielbaum, a couple from Lafayette serving in Oakland Second Branch, described a memorable Thanksgiving in 1984. They had invited Nang Nourn, a Cambodian member in Oakland Second, and his family to their house the previous year, but this year Esther had been involved in an accident and was unable to walk. The Nourn family had called several times to check on her recovery. She tells this story,

> On the day before Thanksgiving Chantith again called. She said, "My father go to church and you not there. My father say we come see you tomorrow." I explained again that I had had a car accident and in another week or so would feel better. (I was walking with a cane with a hurt knee and hip.) She talked to her family in Cambodian and then came back to the phone. "My father says you no have to cook. We cook. Bring food." They came, fifteen of them. They set the table, cooked, and served. I'm not sure what we ate, but it wasn't turkey.

It has, however, been impossible to maintain this kind of contact with all those who have been baptized; there are simply too many of them. Staff members are released to return to their home wards, missionaries are transferred, and members are left without a support system. The buses that have eased the transportation burden have also removed some of the one-to-one contact that members had with staff.

In March 1984 President Billeter called a meeting of staff from all the branches. The problem, he explained, was that the Oakland core city had the heavy foreign population, but Oakland Stake did not have the resources to continue to increase the size of the staff supporting the branches. The limits were being reached. He proposed creating an international stake based on the model of the university stakes in Provo and other areas. The non-English-speaking units would form a separate stake, drawing staff and funding from the surrounding stakes. He had discussed this idea with the regional representative, who had agreed to take it to the General Authorities. While President Billeter waited for a reply, area presidencies were created, adding another layer of

administration to review the proposal. Rumors floated, and several General Authorities visited (Elder Robert L. Backman of the First Quorum of the Seventy took one of Bill Powell's famous tours), but the final decision was not to create a separate stake. Instead, missionary couples were sent to help with the branches, and the stake presidency was given permission to call people from outside the stake to assist with the non-English-speaking units.

The missionary couples have lifted a great load from the branches. They have served as home teachers and visiting teachers, have come much closer to the goal of a monthly visit to each family, and have located many who have changed addresses. The only drawback is that the bonds, the sense of family, are probably being built with those couples who will be released and sent home, rather than with the branches, a problem more than balanced by their work.

An assistant executive secretary to the stake presidency has been called to oversee all the non-English-speaking units, and a high councilor has been assigned to each unit. In a sense, the separate stake has been created, although it continues to function within the Oakland Stake. The international flavor of the stake was emphasized at the 189th stake conference held in January 1985: the program was printed in Cambodian, Chinese, English, Laotian, Spanish, Tongan, and Vietnamese.

Those of us who work in the refugee branches are sometimes frustrated by seemingly little progress toward President Billeter's long-range goal, "to help the people become self-sufficient and self-supporting, both spiritually and economically." Progress would be more obvious if there were clear-cut, intermediate objectives toward this goal. If such objectives have been formulated, they have not been communicated to the staff. This leaves us in a quandry. For example, whether the buses are intended as a solution to the transportation problem or as a step in building independence makes a difference in the way we react when a member we used to pick up misses the bus.

Americans who join the branch staff could receive better orientation. We need to know more about the cultures in general and about individual differences between members. Hindsight reveals that combining Cambodians and Laotians into one branch was probably a mistake. We also need to be aware of the vast differences in background that exist *within* language groups. One Cambodian whose English is quite fluent recently said he prefers not to translate in church. "Those country bumpkins don't understand my Cambodian," he reported. ("Where did he learn that phrase?" we thought.) Staff could use help learning to build familial bonds without creating dependency. We need to be brothers and sisters, not parents, to the refugee members.

In March 1986 an incident in the Oakland Second (Cambodian) Branch symbolized these cross-cultural differences between the American community, the Cambodian community, and the Church. A nineteen-year-old female Cambodian member, Putheavy Hongky, ran away from home to escape an arranged marriage. A Church member, apparently acting as an individual, gave her shelter.

Events preceding the runaway, however, led both Cambodians and Americans to suspect Church sponsorship. Branch President Samuel Holmes, a prac-

ticing attorney, had become concerned about the morality of arranged marriages, feeling they conflicted with Church teachings on marriage and free agency. On three successive Sundays he instructed all adult branch members about (1) the Church concept of marriage, fidelity, and the prospect of temple marriage "in due time"; (2) California law concerning legal marriage which states that a woman under the age of eighteen cannot obtain a marriage license or marry without the consent of her parents and a judge; and (3) accommodation to Cambodian tradition. An arranged marriage or a Buddhist ceremony is not objectionable, he stressed, but compelling people to marry against their will is.

Adding to the perception of Church sponsorship, in March 1986 a seventeen-year-old Cambodian girl from another area came to a branch meeting. She claimed to be an orphan living with an older woman for the past few years. Now this older woman was arranging her marriage to a thirty-five-year-old man in order to obtain the bride price, some $2,000. The girl asked the Church to find her a foster home. However, because of her age, the Alameda County Social Service Department intervened and placed her in a foster home in the community. The branch staff supported the girl and were offended that her caretaker would seemingly sell an adopted daughter for money.

Shortly after this the proselyting missionaries discovered an engagement party taking place for Putheavy Hongky. President Holmes and others went to the engagement party to make sure that she was not being forced against her will. The groom's group arrived, dismayed at the interference, and accused the Church group of disregarding Cambodian custom. President Holmes finally asked Putheavy directly, "Do you want to marry him?" She replied, "I guess so." The Church group then withdrew.

Within two weeks Putheavy indicated to others that she did not wish to marry and that she was being closely watched until the wedding date. At the first opportunity she ran away, and a supportive Church member took her in. A segment of the Cambodian community became convinced that President Holmes was harboring Putheavy. They phoned him incessantly demanding that she be returned. The Oakland police became involved but withdrew after talking with Putheavy. President Holmes supported Putheavy's right as an adult to make her own choice, even to return home if she chose to do so. Though the Church obviously influenced her decisions, it is not certain that she would have willingly returned home at this time even if strongly counseled to do so.

When demands that she return home failed, the Cambodians announced that marriage plans had been dropped and that Putheavy's family had been completely embarrassed and would have to move from the community. Church members were suspicious, and further negotiation became impossible. There was no way for the Cambodians to save face. Rumors about Cambodian retaliation began to surface. A group of Cambodians, thinking that Putheavy might attend a seminary class, arrived on a Tuesday night to look for her. A temple tour guide thought that they were armed and called Temple

Security, though arms were never found. Lafayette neighbors claim to have seen a carload of Cambodians looking for President Holmes's house.

Eventually a face-to-face meeting with all concerned parties was arranged. In private, Putheavy and her mother arranged for her to live with a friend several blocks from her home. The rest of the group became acrimonious.

"You are a bunch of evangelical head hunters," an American friend of the Cambodian family accused.

"Whether you know it or not, you are a tool of the devil," a member responded. Another member, feeling the need for negotiation, said that the handling of the incident had ruined the branch.

The branch was affected but not ruined. Missionaries working in the area were threatened, so intimidating the one ethnic Cambodian missionary that he was transferred briefly to another area. Cambodian members living near to Putheavy's family virtually stopped attending church. Branch staff resented the lack of support from the Cambodian Church members. Baptisms in the branch dropped from 151 in 1985 to 97 in 1986, still by far the highest in the stake. Leaders in the Young Women's organization observed the dilemma facing the teenage girls: Would they be self-determined or obedient to parents, both a Church and a Cambodian teaching. Girls older than sixteen, more inculcated with Cambodian custom, tended to side with the Cambodian group. Those younger saw other alternatives in their future. Like their American associates, they looked forward to dating, romance, college — all alternatives to the Cambodian custom.

Putheavy returned home without incident. A missionary couple continues to visit with the family. She is now enrolled in Alameda College on a Pell Grant.

After it was all over, on 27 July 1986 the *Oakland Tribune* ran an inflammatory page one article, "Mormon Recruiting Stirs Up Refugees," which criticized Church members not only for the Putheavy incident, but for service work with the Cambodians as well. The branch staff was highly offended. The many hours spent creating a successful scout troop, running homemaking programs, combatting the bureaucracy on behalf of the Cambodians, finding jobs, providing transportation, and a myriad of youth activities were discredited. One member viewed the "persecution" philosophically: "The Church has always been persecuted for doing the right thing. We are being persecuted, therefore we must be doing some things right."

The runaway had little, if any, impact on the other non-English speaking groups. The Laotian group that separated from the Oakland Second Branch is doing well as a dependent branch in Alameda. A Samoan Branch, which expected fifty members and saw 250 arrive on the morning it was organized, was created in the middle of the troubled period.

A formal system of communication between the branch presidents and bishop of the non-English-speaking units seems desirable. An unofficial understanding in the Southeast Asian branches that tithing will not be stressed because so many of the members are sending money to relatives at home is not consistently practiced. The stake policy is that income from welfare grants is

not subject to tithing but other income is. One branch president will not ordain elders who do not regularly pay tithing. Another recognizes in money sent to Asian relatives the charitable spirit of tithing and does not insist on full tithe paying before ordination. Problems and solutions are rarely shared. The other branch presidents might be interested in the temple preparation program Richmond Second (Laotian) Branch President Thayle Nielsen has successfully implemented. Other presidents might try the tutorial teaching and leadership program that George Hilton is using in the Oakland Fifth (Vietnamese/Chinese) Branch. The experience of the Tongan and Spanish units in solving a number of these problems — especially staffing — might prove useful to the presidents of the other units. The creation of the position of executive secretary in charge of the units seems to be a logical step toward the creation of a vehicle for sharing.

In spite of the problems that still confront us, most people consider the programs successful. Staff members repeatedly told us that their greatest satisfaction comes from watching the growth of the people. Temple marriages, missionaries sent from the branches, and branch members assuming teaching and leadership roles were cited as indicators of progress. Many also told us that if they could begin their callings over again they would be less concerned with self and what they were giving up and more concerned with giving to the members. The opportunity for Christian service has been an opportunity for personal growth.

Steven V. White, first counselor in the stake presidency, once described the effort in the Oakland Stake as "a microcosm of the Church in a small delimited area." Perhaps the best summation of the experience in this microcosm was made by Leo Gill: "The most important thing is to be close to the Lord. That's where the help comes from. It was like walking into the darkness with a miner's hat; each step in faith opened up the next step."

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Authors' Note: We interviewed nineteen individuals or couples who held leadership positions in the non-English-speaking units in the Oakland Stake between December 1984 and March 1985. The interview notes are in our possession. In addition, we made brief contacts with or received written notes from twenty-five individuals. The major interviews were conducted with Richard Alder, R. Raymond Barnes, J. David Billeter, Ken and LuDeen Earl, Sione Fangu, Leo and Martha Gill, Carol T. Hansen, Norman and Jane Hanson, George F. Hilton, Patricia Jensen, Phimmasone Khomsonerasinh, Muonty Lo Lim, Douglas and Mildred Lindley, Thayle and Renee Nielsen, Joel and Evelyn Parker, William and Ann Powell, James Richardson, M. Dee Smith, and Emerton and Margaret Williams.

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86

Determining and Defining 'Wife': The Brigham Young Households

Jeffery Ogden Johnson

UTAH SATIRIST AL CHURCH, among other suggestions on how to survive as a gentile in Utah, offered this tip: "Ask guides at the Beehive House how many wives Brigham Young had. (Of my last four tours, the answer has averaged 21.)" (1981, 17).

The volunteer guides at the Beehive House have no corner on the confusion market. Ann Eliza Webb, a disgruntled wife suing Brigham Young for divorce and hefty alimony, defrayed her expenses by writing a mildly scandalous pot-boiler called *Wife Number Nineteen* (1876) in which she claimed (incorrectly) to be the last and (also incorrectly) the nineteenth. She was actually number fifty-two. Stanley Hirshson's major biography of Brigham Young, *The Lion of the Lord*, gives the number of wives as seventy (1969, 184–223). The research that produced this number is unfortunately no more accurate than that in the rest of the book. In 1940, the Young family produced a widely used pamphlet, "Brigham Young's Wives, Children and Grandchildren" (Sanborn 1940) that gives the number as twenty-seven, a number popularized by Irving Wallace in his *The Twenty-seventh Wife* (1961), a fictionalized biography of Ann Eliza Webb Young. Leonard J. Arrington's award-winning biography, *Brigham Young: American Moses* (1985, 420–21), divides the wives into three groups: (1) the sixteen wives who had children by Brigham Young, (2) nine others whom "Brigham Young held out to be wives" but who had no children by him, and (3) "some thirty women" who were sealed to him for eternity only, but whom he does not name.

This paper has three purposes: to identify the number of wives, to suggest some reasons for the ambiguities of the term *wife*, and to document the wives Brigham Young married over the course of his life. (See Table 1 at the end of this paper.)

JEFFERY OGDEN JOHNSON is manager of the Reference Bureau for the Utah State Archives. *This paper was delivered at the annual meeting of the Mormon History Association, May 1986, in Salt Lake City, Utah.*

The first purpose is the easiest: fifty-five women were sealed to Brigham Young. Then why has it taken 109 years after Brigham's death and a great deal of scholarly research to derive a clear number? One reason is Brigham Young's own reluctance. His Victorian sensibilities apparently made it hard for him to talk about so sexual a subject, and his Yankee independence bristled at the invasion of his privacy. He himself, on one of the few public occasions when he discussed the topic, reported in 1870 that he had sixteen wives (JD 13:173). But usually he tried to avoid the question. He gave instructions to the Historian's Office that "he did not wish but little history of his family given" (Historian's Office Journal, 31 Jan. 1857).

On another occasion, he complained mildly: "Ladies who come into my office very frequently say, 'I wonder if it would hurt his feelings if I were to ask him how many wives he has?' . . . I would as lief they should ask me that question as any other; but I would rather see them anxious to learn about the Gospel" (JD 14:162).

A second reason for the confusion is the remarkable number of variations in the types of ecclesiastically recognized liaisons that occurred. Brigham Young's fifty-five sealings — meaning a ceremony performed by priesthood authority that linked a man and a woman — could be of two types. The most common — and the only one currently practiced — is a ceremony that seals a man and woman for time (mortal life) and for eternity. A second form could seal a woman to one man for time and another for eternity. Such ceremonies usually occurred when a widow was sealed to her dead husband for eternity and to a living husband for time in the same ceremony. It was understood that any children by the second husband would be considered the progeny of the first husband. In the early days of the Church, these relationships were commonly called proxy marriages.

However, the two forms of sealing did not exhaust the possible relationships. In both forms of sealing, the husband and wife could either establish a conjugal relationship or the ceremony could remain unconsummated. In Brigham Young's case, a significant number of sealings may have been nonconjugal, since the only incontrovertible proof of cohabitation after this lapse of years is either personal documentation (none exists) or the birth of a child, and Brigham Young fathered children by only sixteen of his wives. This does not necessarily mean that he did not have conjugal relationships with some of the other thirty-nine wives, but the topic of where he spent his nights was apparently not a matter of household discussion. His daughter, Susa Young Gates, in her recollections observes, "[Even] if I would, I could tell nothing of my father's marital relations, for they were regarded in the family as most sacred. And no one ever knew aught about these matters which should be preserved in the holiest silence of the human heart" (n.d., 74).

Corroborative evidence of nonconjugal status is that Brigham Young, in an 1859 interview with Horace Greely, stated: "I have some aged women sealed to me upon the principle of sealing which I no more think of making a wife of than I would my Grand Mother" (Greeley 1859). Twelve of the thirty-nine

were over forty-five when they married him, and six were more than ten years older than Brigham.

A third complication was whether a sealed wife became part of Brigham Young's households. I have considered that women members of Brigham Young's households, if they resided with other wives, received financial support from Brigham Young and/or were publicly recognized as a wife. Twenty-three of his wives, by my count, belonged to his households. (Of course, a woman sealed to Brigham Young and living in his household would not necessarily be a conjugal wife.)

One might well ask why a woman would seek or accept sealing to a man under some of the more unconventional circumstances I have explained. Much of the motive lies in an understanding of the doctrines of plural marriage, a theological discussion which has been amplified elsewhere. Latter-day Saints introduced to the doctrine of plural marriage in Nauvoo understood that it was part of the promised "restoration of all things" that included a reestablishment of the family structure of such ancient prophets as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; that it was the "higher law" of the afterlife which they were being called by God and his prophet to live in this life; and that it was an ordinance necessary to salvation. Not only would it determine relationships with beloved kinfolk in the next life, but, Latter-day Saints believed a priesthood sealing between worthy partners was also essential for both men and women before they could be saved. In an 1845 sermon, Brigham Young alluded to this doctrine in those terms when he assured his listeners that "no woman can be perfect without a man to lead her . . . and I say to every man upon the face of the earth: if he wishes to be saved he cannot be saved without a woman by his side." He identified this doctrine as "Joseph Smith's spiritual wife system" ("Speech," 1845).

In addition to these persuasive doctrines, the economic realities of the American frontier made it virtually obligatory for a woman to be married; and the cultural norms of the society also reinforced the view that the institution of marriage inevitably accompanied adulthood.

Brigham Young was a married man when he encountered Mormonism, and he would, as it turned out, have two wives before he ever had a plural one. He married his first wife, Miriam Works, on 8 October 1824 when he was twenty-three years old and she was eighteen. They had two daughters, then joined the Church in April 1832. A few months later Miriam died of consumption at the age of twenty-seven. In Kirtland, Brigham met Mary Ann Angel. They were married on 10 February 1834, four months before her thirty-first birthday. She mothered Brigham's young daughters and, over the next seven years, gave birth to six additional children, including a set of twins.

Brigham Young learned about plural marriage in Nauvoo from Joseph Smith, and there is no reason to question his own report that he reacted negatively. Greeley asked him, "Is the system of your Church [plurality of wives] acceptable to the majority of its women?" and Brigham Young answered, "They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God" (Greeley 1859). He made similar statements on other occasions.

WIVES SEALED TO BRIGHAM YOUNG DURING JOSEPH SMITH'S LIFETIME: JUNE 1842–MAY 1844

Between the time that Brigham Young first learned of the doctrine of plural marriage and the time Joseph Smith died — just under two years — he was sealed to four women. All four women came West, lived as part of his household, outlived him, and shared in his estate. Three of them bore him children.

Brigham Young chose twenty-year-old Lucy Ann Decker Seeley for his first plural wife, and they were married by Joseph Smith on 17 June 1842. She was the daughter of Isaac Decker, a long-time friend of Brigham Young and his father John Young. She and her two children had been abandoned in Nauvoo by her husband, William Seeley, who according to family tradition, was a drunkard and abusive (Gates n.d., 4). In many ways, this marriage to Lucy Ann was typical. A significant number of women sealed to Brigham Young were from families with whom he had long-standing friendships; many were either widows or divorcees with children.

His second plural wife was forty-one-year-old Augusta Adams Cobb, who had left her husband and five of her children in Boston when she came to Nauvoo with two children, one of whom died on the way (Cable 1965; Cobb 1886). The same day, Brigham also married Harriet Elizabeth Cook, a nineteen-year-old convert to the Church with no relatives in Nauvoo. The fourth wife was sixteen-year-old Clarissa Caroline Decker, Lucy's sister. They were married 8 May 1844, one month before Joseph Smith's death.

All four of these women swore that they were married to Brigham Young on these dates in affidavits signed in 1869 and 1870 (Smith 1:48, 50; 2:12, 16). Lucy's marriage date and sealing are also recorded in the Nauvoo Temple records, which document confirmed sealings for the other three in the temple in January 1846.

BEFORE THE NAUVOO TEMPLE'S COMPLETION: SEPTEMBER 1844–MAY 1845

After Joseph Smith's death but before the temple in Nauvoo was completed, Brigham Young was sealed to fifteen women in secret ceremonies. Brigham Young recorded them in code in his diary as "M E" (marriage for eternity) or "M T" (marriage for time) capitalized and underlined at the top of the diary pages when his marriages were performed. For example, on 10 September 1844 he wrote, "This day I visited Br. Isac Chace. Br. H.C. Kimball was with me. Br & Sister Chase with their daughter Claricy was at home. We had a good visit . . . ." "M. E." is written on that page. Since Heber C. Kimball was often a witness to those marriages it is instructive to compare his diary entry for the same day. For example, he confirms Brigham Young's marriage to Clarissa Chase on September 10: "went to . . . Br. Cheaces. They ware sealled all wright."

Brigham Young's diary records his marriages to all fifteen wives married during this period but Emily Dow Partridge and Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner. Emily's family has dated her marriage in September 1844 (Gates and Sanborn 1920, 127). Her son Edward Partridge Young was born the

next year. Brigham Young's diary does not continue into May 1845, but Heber C. Kimball's diary records "Seald B to Lite" meaning to Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner on 22 May 1845. Mary Elizabeth affirms in her autobiography: "I was also sealled to B. Young as proxy for Joseph" (Lightner, n.d., 25).

Of the fifteen women, four — Emily Dow Partridge, Louisa Beaman, Eliza R. Snow, and Olive Gray Frost — were sealed to Joseph Smith for eternity with Brigham Young standing as proxy for the murdered prophet. A fifth, Margaret Pierce Whitesides, a young widow, was sealed to her first husband for eternity and to Brigham Young for life. Like Margaret, six others had been married before. The previous marital status of Clarissa Blake, five years older than Brigham, is unknown. So is her death date. Three of these fifteen (Elizabeth Fairchild, Diana Chase, and Mary Ann Clark) divorced him in the next few years. Three died before they reached Utah. Olive Gray Frost died in October 1844 before the temple was completed. Her sealing is the only one from this period not confirmed after the temple was open. Five of this group bore Brigham children and seven lived in his household in Utah. Thus, at one point in this period, the forty-three-year-old Brigham had twenty wives ranging in age from seventeen to forty-eight and had eight children — two by Miriam Works, six by Mary Ann Angel (daughter Mary Ann had died in 1843), and a four-month-old son by Lucy Ann Decker.

Nauvoo Temple Marriages: January–February 1846

When the temple was completed, the Saints rushed to perform sealings and endowments before leaving for the West. Often Church leaders would spend several consecutive days in the temple. Brigham Young wrote in his diary on 12 January 1846, "I gave myself up entirely to the work of the Lord in the temple almost night & day. I have spent [sic] not taking more than 4 hours upon an average out of 24 to sleep & but seldom ever allowing myself the the [sic] time & opportunity of going home once in a week . . . ."

In the five-week period between 7 January and 6 February 1846, Brigham Young was married to nineteen women, and his sealings to all of his living wives were reconfirmed. Fourteen of his nineteen new wives had been married before and seven were significantly older, including Phebe Morton Angel, the mother of Mary Ann Angel (then fifty-nine), and Abigail Marks Works (then sixty-nine), the mother of his first wife, Miriam Works.

Of this group, only two, Margaret Alley and Zina Huntington, bore him children. Six of these women were sealed to dead husbands for eternity (three to Joseph Smith) with Brigham Young standing proxy. Eight of these women predeceased him, three received divorces, and the remaining three may have either died before reaching Utah or stayed in the East.

On the Plains: February 1847–April 1848

Between Brigham Young's departure from Nauvoo and his permanent arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, he was sealed to four women. The first, Jane

Terry Young, was a widow with two young children, who requested on her deathbed that she be sealed to Brigham Young. (Her dead husband, George W. Young, was no relation to Brigham Young.) Four days after the sealing, she died (Heward 1956, 73). This particular marriage was the shortest of Brigham Young's marriages. (The longest was his union with Mary Ann Angel. They had been married forty-three years when he died in 1877.)

Sixteen-year-old Lucy Bigelow and her nineteen-year-old sister Mary Jane were sealed to him in Winter Quarters on 20 March 1847, just before he left on his first expedition to Utah. According to Lucy's daughter, Susa Young Gates, these sealings were secret even though there were almost no non-Mormons in the area (n.d., 74). Brigham Young took his wife Clara Decker to Utah, left her in Salt Lake City, returned to Iowa in the fall of 1847, and, while there, was sealed to Sarah Malin. Both Sarah and Mary Jane later left him, Mary Jane marrying twice more. Lucy, however, lived in his Utah household and bore him three children.

SEALINGS IN UTAH: OCTOBER 1852–DECEMBER 1872

On 29 August 1852, Orson Pratt expounded the principle of plural marriage in a general conference session, ending the period of secrecy. At that point, Brigham Young was fifty-one years old. Of his forty-two plural wives, seven had died and six had received divorces. The history of four is unknown. Thirty-one children had been born; three more were conceived that year.

A few days later, Brigham Young married Eliza Burgess. She was twenty-five years old and her father had been a Church leader in England. Brigham would marry ten more women before his death in 1877. Eight had been married before, and several brought young children into the family. Five were older women who seem to have been nonconjugal wives. None of the eleven were sealed for eternity to former husbands. Three of the eleven bore him one child each, and two received divorces.

By his death on 23 August 1877, Brigham Young had married fifty-five wives. Nineteen had predeceased him, ten had received divorces, four are unaccounted for, and twenty-three survived him. Seventeen wives received a share of his estate while the remaining six apparently had nonconjugal roles.

Sixteen women gave birth to Brigham Young's fifty-seven children; Emmeline Free had ten; six wives had only one child. The oldest child, Elizabeth Young Ellsworth, was fifty-two at Brigham's death and the youngest, Fannie Young Clayton, was seven. Eleven of the sixteen women survived him. None of the women who bore him children cancelled their sealings or remarried.

DIVORCES

Rather than being the political and domestic despot whose image appeared in the Eastern press, Brigham Young apparently maintained a remarkably open attitude toward divorce. Although the circumstances of all of his divorces are not known, what documentation exists seems to indicate amicable partings. In many cases, these women remarried and remained in Utah, taking an active

part in the Church for the rest of their lives. This fact tends to dispel the myth of the horrified woman, enslaved against her will, disgusted equally with Brigham Young, the Church, and plural marriage.

The first documented divorce was from Mary Woodward on 13 December 1846, his wife of less than a year. In a brief but warm letter that day, he wrote: "In answer to your letter of yesterday, the 12 inst; I will say, you may consider yourself discharged from me and my counsel" and added that he would be glad to help her if she and her children were ever hungry (Brigham Young papers).

Divorce records are sketchy for the emigration period, but two women who had been sealed to him in the Nauvoo Temple left him then to marry other men. Diana Chase married William Montgomery Shaw on 1 January 1849 and raised a large family in the Ogden, Utah, area. The widowed Mary Elza Nelson Greene, who had been sealed to her first husband for eternity and to Brigham Young for this life, was sealed to Bruce Israel Philips on 17 September 1850 by Parley P. Pratt in Salt Lake City.

On 18 June 1851 Mary Ann Clark Powers wrote from Kanesville, Iowa: "I wish you to release me from all engagements with you for time and eternity. . . ." (Brigham Young papers). This request was granted.

After the Church began recording divorces in 1851, Mary Ann Turley and Mary Jane Bigelow obtained divorces in 1851, Eliza Babcock in 1853, and Elizabeth Fairchild in 1855 (Divorce Certificates, Brigham Young papers). They were under twenty when they married Brigham Young and had never become part of his household. They all remarried; and Mary Jane, Eliza, and Elizabeth remained in Utah.

Almost twenty years later in 1873, Ann Eliza Webb applied for a civil divorce. The case came to trial in 1875, and the court ordered Brigham to pay $500 per month allowance and $3,000 court costs. When he refused, he was fined $25 and sentenced to a day in prison for contempt of court (Arrington 1985, 373). There is no record of application for a Church divorce, but she was excommunicated 10 October 1874 and devoted much of the rest of her life to publishing her somewhat sensational memoirs and giving anti-Mormon lectures.

Twenty-one of Brigham Young's fifty-five wives had never been married, six were separated or divorced from their husbands, sixteen were widows, and six had living husbands from whom divorces had apparently not been obtained. Marital information is unavailable for six.

From a twentieth-century perspective, the polyandrous marriages seem most problematic. Three of these women (Mary Ann Clark Powers, Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner, and Hannah Tapfield King) were married to non-Mormons, which meant, according to the theological understanding of the times, that their salvation could not be assured. Mary Ann Clark Powers, married to Brigham Young 15 January 1845, later said she had not "bin a wife to" Powers after the sealing and expressed relief when Powers went to California. She received a divorce from Brigham Young in 1851 (Powers to Young, 18 June 1851, Brigham Young papers).

Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner (n.d.), was an early and fervent member in Kirtland and Missouri. She and her husband, Adam Lightner, gathered with the Saints at Nauvoo and eventually Utah. Joseph Smith prophesied (correctly) that Adam would never join the Church and explained to Mary Elizabeth that she needed to be sealed to a worthy priesthood holder for eternity. She was sealed to Joseph before his death and the sealing was confirmed in the Nauvoo Temple, Brigham Young acting as proxy. In the same ceremony, she was sealed to Brigham Young for life, but her relationship to Adam Lightner seems to have remained unchanged. They had ten children and both died in Minersville, Utah, many years later. She was never known as a wife of Brigham Young.

Hannah Tapfield King joined the Church in England, came to Utah with her non-Mormon husband, became known as a poet and writer, and was sealed to Brigham Young for eternity in 1872 when she was sixty-five. This sealing did not affect her relationship with her husband, and she never became part of the Brigham Young household (King, c1864–72).

The remaining three women, however, had living husbands who were Mormons, and it is not clear why they chose not to be sealed to those husbands. Zina Diantha Huntington Jacobs had been sealed to Joseph Smith before his death. When that sealing was confirmed in the Nauvoo Temple, Brigham Young acted as proxy. It seems to have been the invariable custom that when a woman was sealed to one man for eternity, she was sealed to his proxy for time. Her husband, Henry Jacobs, was present during the ceremony and apparently agreed to the sealings (Nauvoo Temple Records, 2 Feb. 1846). Zina and her two sons by Henry became part of Brigham Young's family; she later bore Brigham a daughter. Henry remarried and died years later in Salt Lake City, still a member of the Church.

Mary Ellen Woodward applied to the Nauvoo High Council in about 1844 for a divorce from James B. Woodward, her Mormon husband, on grounds of physical cruelty to her and their three children. After she was sealed to Brigham Young, James persuaded her to come back to him; and by her request, Brigham Young granted a divorce. However, her letter to Brigham Young on 25 February 1847 asks, "If I do all I can and after this he treats me bad, will you let me leave him and live with my children?"

The third woman, Lydia Farnsworth Mayhew, had nine children by her Mormon husband, Elijah Mayhew (Family group sheet, Genealogical Society). At sixty-two, she was sealed to Brigham Young for eternity on 8 May 1870. This sealing did not change her relationship with Elijah, and they lived together until he died in 1896.

It is clear from this analysis of Brigham Young's sealings that marriage was a more fluid relationship in nineteenth-century Mormonism than in the twentieth century. It served multiple functions — theological, economic, and social. The pragmatic flexibility Brigham Young brought to these sealings, while the source of considerable confusion, also provides a measure of the significance of the marital relationship as an ordering device in nineteenth-century Utah society.

TABLE 1
WIVES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

Marriage Date	*Name*	*Other Husbands*
1. 1824 Oct. 8	Miriam Works, 1806–32	
2. 1834 Feb. 10	Mary Ann Angel, 1808–82	
	Married during Joseph Smith's life	
3. 1842 June 14	Lucy Ann Decker, 1822–90	(1) William Seeley
4. 1843 Nov. 2	Augusta Adams, 1802–86	(1) Henry Cobb
5. 1843 Nov. 2	Harriet Cook, 1824–98	
6. 1844 May 8	Clarissa Decker, 1828–89	
	Married before completion of Nauvoo Temple	
7. 1844 Sept.	Emily Dow Partridge, 1824–99	(1) Joseph Smith
8. 1844 Sept. 10	Clarissa Ross, 1814–57	
9. 1844 Sept. 19	Louisa Beaman, 1815–50	(1) Joseph Smith

Unless otherwise noted, all manuscript materials are in the Historical Department Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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[8] Clarissa Ross. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Brigham Young, Journal, 10 Sept. 1844, 10 Oct. 1857; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, 10 Sept. 1844; Phoebe McLaughlin Welling, "History of Isaac Chase," 1964, typescript.

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TABLE 1

WIVES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG (CONTINUED)

Marriage Date	*Name*	*Other Husbands*
10. 1844 Oct. 3	Eliza Roxey Snow, 1804–87	(1) Joseph Smith
11. 1844 Oct. 3	Elizabeth Fairchild, 1828–1910	(2) James D. Lyman (3) Joseph McMurray (4) James Matthews (5) W. L. Chastain
12. 1844 Oct. 8	Clarissa Blake, 1796–not known	not known
13. 1844 Oct. 9	Rebecca Holman, 1824–49	
14. 1844 Oct. 10	Diana Chase, 1827–86	(2) William M. Shaw
15. 1844 Oct. 31	Susannah Snively, 1815–92	
16. 1844 Nov. 7	Olive Gray Frost, 1816–45	(1) Joseph Smith
17. 1845 Jan. 15	Mary Ann Clark, 1816–not known	(1) Mr. Powers
18. 1845 Jan. 16	Margaret Pierce, 1823–1907	(1) Morris Whitesides
19. 1845 Jan. 16	Mary Pierce, 1821–47	
20. 1845 April 30	Emmeline Free, 1826–75	

[10] Eliza Roxey Snow. "Nauvoo Proxy Sealings, 1846," p. 67, GS; "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 513–14, GS; Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, p. 1; Obituary, *Deseret News*, 36: (7 Dec. 1887) 744; Brigham Young, Journal, 3 Oct. 1844; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, 3 Oct. 1844.

[11] Elizabeth Fairchild. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Brigham Young, Journal, 3 Oct. 1844; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, 3 Oct. 1844; Divorce certificate, 2 June 1855, Brigham Young Papers; Family group sheet of William Lowery Chastain and Elizabeth Fairchild.

[12] Clarissa Blake. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Brigham Young, Journal, 8 Oct. 1844.

[13] Rebecca Holman. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Brigham Young, Journal, 9 Oct. 1844; Elsie M. Williams, "Biography of Joshua Sawyer Holman," n.d., typescript; Cutlers Park (Nebraska), Death and burial records, 1846–1849.

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[15] Susannah Snively. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, not paginated; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 21 Nov. 1892, p. 5; Brigham Young, Journal, 31 Oct. 1844.

[16] Olive Gray Frost. Mary Ann Frost Pratt, "Biographical Sketch of Olive Gray Frost," *Historical Record* 6 (Jan. 1887): 234–35; Brigham Young, Journal, 7 Nov. 1844.

[17] Mary Ann Clark. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Brigham Young, Journal, 15 Jan. 1845.

[18] Margaret Pierce. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 31, 577, GS; Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, p. 1; "Widow of President Brigham Young who died last night . . ." *Deseret Evening News*, 17 Jan. 1907, p. 10; "Autobiography of Margarette P. W. Young," n.d., holograph; "One of the Pioneers," *Young Women's Journal* 15: (1 Apr. 1904) 162–66.

[19] Mary Pierce. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 31, 577, GS; Eliza R. Snow, Diary, 16 March 1847; Journal History of the Church, 17 March 1847.

[20] Emmeline Free. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Salt Lake City (Utah), Death records, p. 172, #6867; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 19 July 1875, p. 3; Susa Young Gates and Mabel Young Sanborn, "Brigham Young Genealogy," *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine* 11 (April 1920): 129.

21.	1845 May 22	Mary Elizabeth Rollins, 1818–1913	(1) Adam Lightner (2) Joseph Smith
		Married after completion of Nauvoo Temple	
22.	1846 Jan. 14	Margaret Alley, 1825–52	
23.	1846 Jan. 15	Olive Andrews, 1818–not known	(1) Joseph Smith
24.	1846 Jan. 15	Emily Haws, 1823–not known	(1) William Whitmarsh
25.	1846 Jan. 21	Martha Bowker, 1822–90	
26.	1846 Jan. 21	Ellen Rockwood, 1829–66	
27.	1846 Jan. 28	Jemima Angel, 1803–69	(1) Valentine Young
28.	1846 Jan. 28	Abigail Marks, 1781–1846	(1) Asa Works
29.	1846 Jan. 28	Phebe Morton, 1776–1854	(1) James W. Angel
30.	1846 Jan. 28	Cynthia Porter, 1783–not known	(1) Mr. Weston
31.	1846 Jan. 31	Mary Eliza Nelson, 1812–85	(1) John P. Greene (3) Bruce I. Philips
32.	1846 Jan. 31	Rhoda Richards, 1784–1879	(1) Joseph Smith
33.	1846 Feb. 2	Zina Huntington, 1821–1901	(1) Henry Jacobs (2) Joseph Smith

[21] Mary Elizabeth Rollins. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 505, 577, GS; Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner, Autobiography and diary, n.d., Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, May 1845; Kate B. Carter, "Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner," *Our Pioneer Heritage* 5 (1962): 305–24; Obituary, *Women's Exponent* 41: (January 1914) 95.

[22] Margaret Alley. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Historian's Office, Journal, 6 Nov. 1852.

[23] Olive Andrews. "Nauvoo Proxy Sealings, 1846," p. 7, GS; "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 153, 577, GS.

[24] Emily Haws. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, 15 Jan. 1846.

[25] Martha Bowker. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, p. 1; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 26 Sept. 1890, p. 3; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, 19 Dec. 1845.

[26] Ellen Rockwood. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS.

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[31] Mary Eliza Nelson. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 299, 581, 701; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 29 Dec. 1885, p. 2.

[32] Rhoda Richards. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 511–12, 581, GS; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 18 Jan. 1879, p. 3; Edward W. Tullidge, *Women of Mormondom* (New York: Tullidge and Crandall, 1877), pp. 421–22.

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TABLE 1

WIVES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG (CONTINUED)

Marriage Date	*Name*	*Other Husbands*
34. 1846 Feb. 3	Amy Cecilia Cooper, 1804–not known	not known
35. 1846 Feb. 3	Mary Ellen de la Montague, 1803–not known	
		(1) James B. Woodward
36. 1846 Feb. 3	Julia Foster, 1811–91	(1) Jonathan Hampton
		(3) Thomas Cole
37. 1846 Feb. 3	Abigail Harback, 1790–1849	(1) Mr. Hall
38. 1846 Feb. 3	Mary Ann Turley, 1827–1904	(2) John Cook
39. 1846 Feb. 6	Naamah Carter, 1821–1909	(1) John S. Twiss
40. 1846 Feb. 6	Nancy Cressy, 1780–1872	(1) Mr. Walker
	Married while crossing the plains	
41. 1847 Feb. 10	Jane Terry, 1819–47	(1) George Tarbox
		(2) George W. Young
42. 1847 March 20	Lucy Bigelow, 1830–1905	
43. 1847 March 20	Mary Jane Bigelow, 1827–68	(2) Horace Roberts
		(3) Philander Bell
44. 1848 April 18	Sarah Malin, 1804–58	
	Married in Utah: 1850s	
45. 1852 Oct. 3	Eliza Burgess, 1827–1915	

[34] Amy Cecilia Cooper. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS.

[35] Mary de la Montague. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS.

[36] Julia Foster. "Nauvoo Proxy Sealings, 1846," pp. 66–67, GS; "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 327–28, 581, GS; Brigham Young Hampton, Diary, holograph; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 17 Jan. 1891, p. 8.

[37] Abigail Harback. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS.

[38] Mary Ann Turley. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 577, GS; Heber C. Kimball, Journal, 20 Dec. 1845; Divorce certificate, 15 Jan. 1851, Brigham Young Papers.

[39] Naamah Carter. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," pp. 533–34, 581, GS; Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, p. 1; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 6 Aug. 1909, p. 1.

[40] Nancy Cressy. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 559, GS; "Index to Nauvoo Endowments," GS.

[41] Jane Terry. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 799, GS; "Pre-Endowment House and Endowment House Sealings," Book E, p. 321; Elizabeth Terry Heward, Autobiography, in *Parshall Terry Family History*. Salt Lake City: Mr. and Mrs. Terry Lund, 1956, pp. 66–78.

[42] Lucy Bigelow. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 783, GS; Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, p. 1; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 4 Feb. 1905, p. 3; Susa Young Gates, "Lucy Bigelow Young," n.d. Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City; E. B. Wells, "Lucy Bigelow Young," *Young Women's Journal* 3 (Jan. 1892): 145–47.

[43] Mary Jane Bigelow. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 783, GS; Susa Young Gates, "Lucy Bigelow Young," n.d., Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City; Divorce certificate, 3 Sept. 1851, Brigham Young Papers.

[44] Sarah Malin. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 783, GS; Salt Lake City (Utah) Death records, p. 22, #863.

[45] Eliza Burgess. Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Record of Members, p. 1; "Pre-Endowment House and Endowment House Sealings," Book A, #806; "Eliza B. Young Dies at Son's Home," *Deseret Evening News*, 21 Aug. 1915, p. 16.

46. 1852 Dec. 16	Mary Oldfield, 1793–1875	(1) Eli Kelsey
47. before 1853	Eliza Babcock, 1828–68	(2) Dominicus Carter
		(3) John Groves
48. 1855 June 10	Catherine Reese, 1804–60	(1) Zepheniah Clawson
49. 1856 March 14	Harriet Barney, 1830–1911	(1) W. H. H. Sagers
	Married in Utah: 1860s	
50. 1863 Jan. 24	Amelia Folsom, 1838–1910	
51. 1865 Jan. 8	Mary Van Cott, 1844–84	(1) James T. Cobb
52. 1868 April 7	Ann Eliza Webb, 1844–not known	(1) James L. Dee
		(3) Moses R. Deming
53. 1869 July 3	Elizabeth Jones, 1814–95	(1) David T. Lewis
		(2) Dan Jones
	Married in Utah: 1870s	
54. 1870 May 8	Lydia Farnsworth, 1808–97	(1) Elijah Mayhew
55. 1872 Dec. 8	Hannah Tapfield, 1807–86	(1) Thomas O. King

[46] Mary Oldfield. "Pre-Endowment House and Endowment House Sealings," Book A, #953 and Book D, p. 93, #4947.

[47] Eliza Babcock. Nauvoo Temple Endowment Register, 10 January 1846, GS; Divorce Certificate, 4 Sept. 1853, Brigham Young Papers; Family group sheet of Adolphus Babcock and Jerusha Rowley, GS.

[48] Catherine Reese. "Nauvoo Sealings and Adoptions," p. 49, GS; Family group sheet for Zepheniah Clawson and Catherine Reese, GS.

[49] Harriet Barney. "Pre-Endowment House and Endowment House Sealings," Book B, p. 49, GS; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 11 Feb. 1911, p. 2; Wayne D. Stout, "William Hanry Harrison Sagers," *History of Tooele County* (Tooele: Tooele County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1961), p. 570.

[50] Amelia Folsom. "Salt Lake Endowment House Records," 2 March 1861, GS; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 12 Dec. 1910, p. 1; "Death Beckons to Mrs. Young," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 12 Dec. 1910.

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[53] Elizabeth Jones. "Salt Lake Endowment House Records," Book E, p. 308; "Death of Sister Jones," *Deseret Evening News*, 6 May 1895, pp. 1, 5; Edward W. Tullidge, *Women of Mormondom* (New York: Tullidge and Crandall, 1877) p. 460; Rex LeRoy Christensen, "The Life and Contributions of Captain Dan Jones," Logan, Utah: M.A. thesis, Utah State University, 1977.

[54] Lydia Farnsworth. "Salt Lake Endowment House Records," Book F, p. 172; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 6 Feb. 1897, p. 8; Family group sheet of Elijah Mayhew and Lydia Farnsworth, GS.

[55] Hannah Tapfield. "Salt Lake Endowment House Records," Book H, p. 353; Obituary, *Deseret Evening News*, 27 Sept. 1886, p. 3; Kate B. Carter, ed., "My Story — Hannah T. King," *Our Pioneer Heritage* 6 (1963): 45–48; Family group sheet of Thomas Owen King and Hannah Tapfield, GS.

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The 'Lectures on Faith': A Case Study in Decanonization

Richard S. Van Wagoner, Steven C. Walker, and Allen D. Roberts

THE "LECTURES ON FAITH," seven 1834–35 lessons on theology and doctrine prepared for the "School of the Elders" in Kirtland, Ohio, were canonized in the 1835 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants by official vote of the Church. In the preface of that volume, Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams — then the First Presidency — specifically justified the inclusion of the Lectures:

> We deem it to be unnecessary to entertain you with a lengthy preface to the following volume, but merely to say, that it contains in short, the leading items of the religion which we have professed to believe.
>
> The first part of the book will be found to contain a series of Lectures as delivered before a theological class in this place, and in consequence of their embracing the important doctrine of salvation, we have arranged them into the following work. . . .
>
> We do not present this little volume with any other expectation than that we are to be called to answer to every principle advanced.

Eighty-six years later, upon recommendation of a committee of apostles, the Lectures were deleted from the 1921 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants. This action, though neither controversial nor particularly public, highlighted the problematic procedure of decanonization in a church characterized by an open canon.[1]

This paper is a composite of two presentations given at the 1982 Sunstone Theological Symposium. RICHARD S. VAN WAGONER, a clinical audiologist in Salt Lake City, lives in Lehi, Utah. He is co-author of A Book of Mormons *(Midvale, Utah: Signature Books, 1982) and author of* Mormon Polygamy: A History *(Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986). STEVEN C. WALKER, associate professor of English at Brigham Young University, lives in Provo. He is co-author of* A Book of Mormons. *ALLEN D. ROBERTS, a Salt Lake City architect, is former co-editor/publisher of* Sunstone, *current editorial associate of* DIALOGUE, *and co-author, with Linda Sillitoe, of a forthcoming book on the Mark W. Hofmann bombing murders and forgeries.*

[1] The only other case of removing a canonized section involves the "Article on Marriage," Section 101 in the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants. This section explained the Church position on marriage as "one man should have one wife, and one woman, but one husband,

The purpose of the Lectures on Faith, as noted in the first lesson, is "to unfold to the understanding the doctrine of Jesus Christ." The Lectures contain extensive discourse and scriptural references not only on faith, miracles, and sacrifice, but on the character and attributes of God as well. They are systematically arranged with accompanying catechisms designed for missionaries to memorize and teach.

The orthodoxy and authoritativeness of the Lectures were first questioned in 1879 by Apostle Orson Pratt, then responsible for editing a new edition of the Doctrine and Covenants. Quorum of the Twelve President John Taylor reaffirmed: "The Lectures on Faith were published with the sanction and approval of the Prophet Joseph Smith and we do not feel that it is desirable to make any alteration in that regard" (Taylor to Pratt, 1 April 1879).

The authorship of the Lectures has long been debated. Sidney Rigdon, a member of the 1835 First Presidency and a respected theologian and orator in the Church at that time, has traditionally been identified as the person who delivered them. Some assume that Rigdon also wrote the Lectures (Gentry 1978). Alan J. Phipps (1977) statistically compared the Lectures with verified works of Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon and concluded that Rigdon authored Lectures 1 and 7 and Smith was responsible for Lecture 5. The remaining Lectures he felt were a collaboration. But a computerized study of stylistic wordprints by Wayne A. Larsen, Alvin C. Rencher, and Tim Layton indicates that Rigdon wrote Lectures 1, 3, 4, 6, and 7; Smith Lecture 2; and W. W. Phelps Lecture 5 (1980, 249).

The question of authorship is ultimately academic. Whatever Joseph Smith's original position, he noted his involvement in preparing the Lectures for publication: "During the month of January [1835]," his official journal records, "I was engaged in the school of the Elders, and in preparing the lectures on theology for publication in the book of Doctrine and Covenants" (HC 2:180). He underscored his personal support of the Lectures by noting in the introduction to the 1835 edition that he accepted responsibility for "every principle advanced." Furthermore, the First Presidency's introduction makes no distinction between the inspirational quality of the Lectures and the second part of the book which contained the Covenants and Commandments.

By 1921, things had changed. On 18 March 1920, the First Presidency selected Elder George F. Richards to chair a committee to prepare a new edi-

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except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again." Many have felt that because W. W. Phelps, Joseph Smith's scribe, read this declaration for inclusion into the Doctrine and Covenants during Joseph Smith's absence from Kirtland, that neither the document nor its inclusion met with Joseph's approval (see Stenhouse 1873, 193, and McConkie 1966, 52–53). If this were true, the Prophet would have had ample opportunity to modify or delete the statement before publication. A "Notes To The Reader" addendum, p. xxv, in the 1835 edition details changes in the statement after it had been canonized but prior to publication. The section detailing the opposition to fornication and polygamy was unchanged. Moreover, the Prophet later authorized the second printing of the edition after proofreading the text. This "Article on Marriage" was deleted from the 1876 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants without a vote of the general Church membership and was replaced by Section 132, an 1843 revelation declaring the principle of celestial marriage and the plurality of wives (see Van Wagoner 1986, 6–7).

tion of the Book of Mormon. Other committee members included Anthony W. Ivins, Melvin J. Ballard, and James E. Talmage. By June the group had expanded to include John A. Widtsoe and Joseph Fielding Smith. After the work on the Book of Mormon was completed, the committee turned its attention to the Doctrine and Covenants. Elder Talmage reported in a 23 February 1921 letter to Apostle George Albert Smith that "preliminary steps have already been taken toward a thorough revision of the Doctrine & Covenants, and we all know that the current editions, as printed in this country and in Liverpool, contains [sic] many errors by way of omission. Moreover there are certain improvements by way of Section Headings, amplification of notes, and rearrangement of text in the double column style to be made, if the present tentative plans are carried into execution."

Among the changes decided upon was the deletion of the Lectures on Faith. The committee's introductory explanation in the 1921 Doctrine and Covenants states that "Certain lessons, entitled 'Lectures on Faith,' which were bound with the Doctrine and Covenants in some of its former issues, are not included in this edition. Those lessons were prepared for use in the School of Elders . . . but they were never presented nor accepted by the Church as being otherwise than theological lectures or lessons."

Canonization procedures in the Church have never been officially specified. And not all revelations given to Church presidents have been presented to the Church for sustaining. The title page to the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants notes that the revelations were "Carefully Selected From The Revelations of God" and compiled by a committee of four presiding elders, including Joseph Smith. Elder George F. Richards, original chairman of the 1921 Doctrine and Covenants committee, wrote in his journal 29 July 1921 of other noncanonized revelations: "We read the revelations which do not appear in the present edition of the Doctrine & Covenants, about twenty in number, with the view of recommending to the First Presidency certain of them to be included in the edition we are just now preparing." The First Presidency apparently did not approve these suggested additions, for no new revelations were included in the 1921 edition.

This evidence seems to suggest that while all scripture is revelation, not all revelation is scripture. And the Doctrine and Covenants itself seems contradictory about what actually constitutes scripture. Section 68:4 affirms that "whatsoever they shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost shall be scripture, shall be the will of the Lord, shall be the mind of the Lord, shall be the word of the Lord, shall be the voice of the Lord, and the power of God unto salvation." But Section 28:13 implies that revelations must be accepted by a Church vote prior to canonization: "For all things must be done in order, and by common consent in the church by the prayer of faith."

Statements by General Authorities on this issue also seem to conflict. First Presidency member George Q. Cannon responded to this very issue in an 1891 question:

> It seems nonsensical that the Prophet of God should submit to such a test as this [common consent], and not deem the revelations he received authentic until they had

> the approval of the different quorums of the Church. They were authentic and divinely inspired, whether any man or body of men received them or not. Their reception or non-reception of them would not affect in the least their divine authenticity. But it would be for the people to accept them after God had revealed them. In this way they have been submitted to the Church, to see whether the members would accept them as binding upon them or not. Joseph [Smith] himself had too high a sense of his prophetic office and the authority he had received from the Lord to ever submit the revelations which he received to any individual or to any body, however numerous, to have them pronounce upon their validity (*Juvenile Instructor* 26 [1 Jan. 1891]: 13–14).

Elder Bruce R. McConkie, writing before he was called to the Twelve, supports Cannon's thinking:

> Revelations given of God through his prophets . . . are not subject to an approving or sustaining vote of the people in order to establish their validity. Members of the Church may vote to publish a particular revelation along with the other scriptures, or the people may bind themselves by covenant to follow the instructions found in the revealed word. But there is no provision in the Lord's plan for the members of the Church to pass upon the validity of revelations themselves by a vote of the Church; there is nothing permitting the Church to choose which of the revelations will be binding upon it, either by a vote of people or by other means (1966, 150).

These two statements contradict two presidents of the Church. Wilford Woodruff declared in 1892, while giving a legal deposition before the Western District of the Missouri U.S. Circuit Court:

> The church has a right to reject or approve of revelations and any man independent of the action of the church has a right to accept it or reject it as he sees fit and the church has a right to say whether they will accept it or reject it as a revelation, and before a revelation can be accepted by the church, as a law, it must in some form or other be presented to the church and accepted by the church, and that has been true since the time I first became connected with the church (1893, 206).

President Joseph F. Smith stated similarly in his 1904 testimony before the Senate committee investigating the seating of Reed Smoot: "I will say this, Mr. Chairman, that no revelation given through the head of the church ever becomes binding and authoritative upon the members of the church until it has been presented to the church and accepted by them." Questioned whether "the church in conference may say to you, Joseph F. Smith, the first president [sic] of the church, 'We deny that God has told you to tell us this?,' " President Smith replied: "They can say that if they choose. . . . And it is not binding upon them as members of the church until they accept it" (1907, 1:96). It thus appears that at least two Church presidents have verified the principle of common consent in canonizing revelation into the standard works of LDS scripture. There is no mention, however, of a procedure for decanonizing scriptural items such as the Lectures on Faith.

While writing a master's thesis at BYU in 1940, John W. Fitzgerald wrote to Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, a member of the 1921 committee that had deleted the Lectures on Faith from the Doctrine and Covenants, and asked him

why items published under Joseph Smith's direction were removed. Smith listed four reasons:

(1) They were not received as revelations by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

(2) They are only instructions relative to the general subject of faith. They are explanations of this principle but not doctrine.

(3) They are not complete as to their teachings regarding the Godhead.

(4) It was thought by Elder James E. Talmage, chairman, and other members of the committee who were responsible for their omission that to avoid confusion and contention on this vital point of belief [i.e., on the Godhead], it would be better not to have them bound in the same volume as the commandments or revelations which make up *The Doctrine and Covenants* (in Fitzgerald 1940, 343–45).

This reply poses several historical difficulties. While it is true that the Lectures were never identified by Joseph Smith as revelations, Section 102 (present section 134) is similarly not termed a revelation in the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants but declared the Church position on "Governments and Laws in general." Probably written by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and later declared by the Prophet to be the belief of the Church, the statement has never purported to be a revelation but has been included in all editions of the Doctrine and Covenants.

The Wilford Woodruff Manifesto, first placed in the Doctrine and Covenants in 1908 as an "official Declaration" and now Official Declaration 1, was not presented to the Church as a revelation either and was first issued on 25 September 1890 as a press release through the office of Utah's delegate in Congress, John T. Caine. Addressed "To Whom It May Concern," the document encouraged Mormon support of recent laws "enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages." Moreover, though the Manifesto in essence negates the last half of the 1843 revelation dealing with plural marriage (Section 132), that part of the revelation has not been removed — even though those who enter polygamy are excommunicated. Furthermore, a glance through the Doctrine and Covenants shows that a sizeable portion of it includes documents described in the book itself as "declarations of belief," "reports of visions," "historical narratives," "admonishments," "answers to questions," "explanations of scripture," "minutes of instruction meetings," "prayers," "letters," and "items of instruction."

Joseph Fielding Smith's assertion that the Lectures are "instructions," not "the doctrine of the Church," is historically erroneous. The 1835 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants specifically titles the Lectures, "the Doctrine of the Church of the Latter Day Saints." The second part of that edition was labeled "PART SECOND Covenants and Commandments" (Woodford 1974, 41–42). Furthermore, the Articles of Faith, written by Joseph Smith and later canonized by inclusion in the 1880 Pearl of Great Price, directly parallel the Lectures as instructions on the general subject of faith. Moreover, the 1835 First Presidency declared in the preface to the first edition of the Doctrine and

Covenants that the Lectures on Faith contain "the important doctrine of salvation." The Lectures were expressly given to teach Church leaders and missionaries doctrines considered truthful and binding upon present and future Church members. To hold that such materials would *not* be doctrine puts the missionaries in a curious position.

Smith's third and fourth points, which question the Lectures' Godhead teachings, touch on their main difficulty. Simply put, the Lectures present Joseph Smith's 1835 understanding of the Godhead, which was modified by the time of his death in 1844. For example, Lecture 5 explains, "There are two personages who constitute the great, matchless, governing and supreme power over all things, by whom all things were created, and made. . . . They are the Father and the Son — the Father being a personage of spirit, glory, and power . . . the Son . . . a personage of tabernacle, made or fashioned like unto man."

The catechism for this lecture also queries:

> How many personages are there in the Godhead?
> Two: the Father and Son.
> Who is the Father?
> He is a personage of glory and of power. The Only Begotten of the Father possessing the same mind with the Father, which mind is the Holy Spirit.

It was not until 1841, twenty-one years after the First Vision, that the Prophet taught that "there is no other God in heaven but that God who has flesh and bones" (Clayton 1841). That idea was further developed when Joseph declared two years later in Ramus, Illinois: "The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of Spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us" (D&C 130:22).

Near the end of Joseph Smith's life his 1844 King Follett funeral sermon enunciated key Mormon concepts such as "God, who sits enthroned in yonder heavens is a man like unto one of yourselves"; "God came to be God"; "God himself, the father of us all dwelt on an earth the same as Jesus Christ"; "You have got to learn how to be Gods yourself" (*Times and Seasons*, 7 Aug. 1844). Present-day Mormon theology parallels Joseph Smith's Nauvoo teachings, though most Latter-day Saints are unaware that the Prophet's understanding of the Godhead evolved. The Lectures on Faith provide a window through which to view his 1835 perceptions.

Since the Lectures on Faith have not been included in the Doctrine and Covenants for more than sixty years, most Latter-day Saints are not familiar with their content and historical importance. Joseph Fielding Smith recognized this when he said: "I suppose that the rising generation knows little about the Lectures . . . . In my own judgement, these Lectures are of great value and should be studied. . . . I consider them to be of extreme value in the study of the gospel of Jesus Christ" (1966, 194). Despite the 1921 Doctrine and Covenants committee's concern over the Godhead confusion, Elder Bruce

R. McConkie remarked about one of the Lectures in a 4 January 1972 address at BYU:

> In my judgment, it is the most comprehensive, intelligent, inspired utterance that now exists in the English language — that exists in one place defining, interpreting, expounding, announcing, and testifying what kind of being God is. It was written by the power of the Holy Ghost, by the spirit of inspiration. It is, in effect, eternal scripture; it is true.

When the Lectures on Faith were removed from the scriptures in 1921, Church leaders were evidently unaware that the 1835 First Presidency considered the Lectures the "doctrine" portion of the Doctrine and Covenants. Neither the Lectures' importance nor their historical significance should be underestimated by Latter-day Saints. Their inclusion and eventual removal from the Doctrine and Covenants provides us with an important case study of the infrequent process of decanonization of Mormon scripture.

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Uncle John Smith, 1781–1854: Patriarchal Bridge

Irene M. Bates

JOHN SMITH, BROTHER OF JOSEPH SMITH, SR., and uncle of the Prophet Joseph Smith, was an unspectacular, though far from ordinary man. Amid the troubles and uncertainties following the June 1844 martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, Uncle John provided a bridge of continuity for the office of Presiding Patriarch of the Church.

What kind of man was John Smith? His letters and journals display unusual literacy for his time and education and illustrate his unwavering faith in God and in the divine mission of the restored Church. Only once did he question a decision of Church leaders; most often he attributed early Church trials to members' lack of faith or unrighteousness. His most common plea was for the Lord's help in strengthening the saints.

John Smith was born at Derryfield, New Hampshire, 16 July 1781, the eighth of eleven children born to Asael and Mary Duty Smith. The only accounts of his early life appear to be two histories that he wrote for his sons, George A. (in July 1839) and John L. (in April 1851). They are almost identical in tone and content. Only when John Smith joined the Church did he begin to keep a journal, and by then he was fifty years old, married, and had three children.

He married Clarissa Lyman on 11 September 1815, and they lived in Potsdam, New York, where they became the parents of George Albert, Caroline, and John Lyman Smith. Another daughter, born in May 1816, died soon after birth. John and Clarissa were members of the First Congregational Church and according to their son, George A., they "spared no pains to impress my mind, from infancy, with the importance of living a life of obedience through the principles of the religion of heaven, which they taught me as well as they understood it" (Papers 1827).

IRENE M. BATES, who joined the Church in England in 1955 and moved to the United States with her husband, William, and four children in 1967, received a B.A. from UCLA in 1975, where she is currently a graduate student in U.S. history. She has published in the Ensign, Sunstone, Exponent II, *and* DIALOGUE *and is researching a book on the office of Patriarch to the Church with E. Gary Smith.*

When George A. was nine years old he received a blow on his head, leaving him insensible for three weeks. He wrote, "my father being a man of faith, and believing that God will heal me, dismissed the physicians, and in a few weeks I recovered, although for many years I felt the effects of that blow" (Papers 1827).

In the fall of 1828, the Prophet Joseph Smith wrote to his grandfather Asael Smith that "the sword of vengeance of the Almighty hung over this generation, and that except they repented and obeyed the gospel, and turned from their wicked ways, humbling themselves before the Lord, it would fall upon the wicked and sweep them from the earth as with the bosom of destruction" (Papers 1828). At the time John Smith commented that "Joseph wrote like a prophet" (Papers 1828), and in 1832 he and Clarissa embraced Mormonism.

According to John's sister-in-law, Lucy Mack Smith (1853, 204), John was dying of consumption when he and Clarissa were baptized at Potsdam, 9 January 1832. George A. described the event:

> My father had been for several years very feeble in health and for about six months previous to his baptism had not been able to visit his barn. The neighbors all believed that baptism would kill him. I cut the ice in the creek and broke a road for 40 rods through the crust of two feet of snow and the day was very cold. The neighbors looked on with astonishment expecting to see him die in the water, but his health continued improving from that moment (Papers 1832 [retrospective]).

Uncle John became involved in missionary work immediately, traveling many miles often in inclement weather and frequently facing ridicule and rejection. The miracle of his survival of such a rigorous physical and spiritual challenge could account in some measure for his lifetime of devotion and sacrifice.

Because of his total commitment to the gospel, Uncle John had no tolerance of anyone who might pollute or dilute the sacred mission of the Church. He was equally concerned with his own shortcomings. His journal is replete with entries such as, "O Lord keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, cleans me from secret faults for Jesus sake" (25 Feb.) or "Lord forgive what thou hast seen amiss in poor unworthy me this day and give wisdom" (10 March). Occasionally he feared more for unworthy others, saying, "But O Lord while I would confess with shame before thee my unworthiness, I fear for him lest he turn back to the begerly elements of the world" (8 March). After speaking in Potsdam village, 29 March 1833, to what he termed "an indecent company," he observed in his journal, "but alas, it seems that God hath said they are joined to their idols Let them alone. O Lord God save some of them if not all from going down into the pit."

John Smith's mood lightened as he moved with his family to Kirtland. He refers to the "pleasant journey" (20 May) and of prospering en route, and arriving at Kirtland in good health and spirits, 25 May 1833. There he purchased twenty-seven acres and built a cabin. Brigham Young laid the floor of the cabin, perhaps beginning their long friendship.

Ten months later, 17 February 1834, Uncle John was called to the Kirtland High Council and soon became its chairman, a responsibility he took seri-

ously. During a High Council trial 23 August 1834, Sylvester Smith confessed that he had accused the Prophet both of "prophesying lies in the name of the Lord" and of abusing Sylvester's character before the brethren. Despite Sylvester's plea for forgiveness, Uncle John said he thought Sylvester should make public his confession in the *Star* (Journal History, 23 Aug. 1834). Again on 8 November 1835, Uncle John suggested that Isaac Hill, tried for lying and attempting to seduce a female, should make a public confession in the *Messenger and Advocate.* This time Sidney Rigdon argued against him, saying Uncle John had "spread darkness rather than light upon the subject." Rigdon's objections may have reflected a concern that John was perhaps undermining his authority and influence. Later, the Prophet, "labored with Uncle John and convinced him that he was wrong; and he made his confession" (HC 2:303).

On one occasion, however, John defended Jared Carter when the brethren found fault with Carter's teachings. In this earlier High Council trial Uncle John said he thought Carter "did not express the feelings of his heart, so as to be understood, and perhaps his heart was not so hard as his words" (Journal History, 19 Sept. 1835).

John Smith's faith was total. Even the death of his young nephew Jesse Smith 1 July 1834, while on a mission, did not shake him. John wrote to his brother Asael, Jesse's father, on 12 August 1834 and referred to the "chastening which our Heavenly Father has seen fit in his wisdom to put upon you . . . therefore I feel a secret joy diffusing through my breast for the testimony my Heavenly Father has given that he loves you." And when another nephew, Elias Smith, expressed resentment towards the Church, John wrote him a letter on 19 October 1834 that Elias kept all his life:

> You say the things that you have seen and heard of late look like absurdities to you. Suppose you mean the Gospel which I have embraced of late . . . I tell you in the fear of God that these things are true as the Lord lives, and I would that you would search out these things for yourself, for I know that it is within your reach if you are willing to humble yourself before the Lord, as you must . . . or you cannot enter in the kingdom of God. It is because I love you and seek your best good that I tell you these things. . . . Now I advise that with candor and prayers, you will learn many things that you never thought of before and you will not have reason to complain of your benighted understanding. Your light would shine in darkness and unfold to you many mysteries which seem to trouble you now very much. If you will give heed to the council which you have heard you will have peace like a river and rightiousness like an overflowing stream. Tell Amos the Lord prospers the church here and it increases in numbers. I repeat it — the Church of the Latter Day Saints will prosper in spite of wicked men and devils until it fills the whole earth . . . . The walls of the Lord's house are nearly completed. The roof will go on next week.

In 1836 John accompanied his brother, Joseph Sr., on a mission to the branches of the Eastern states "to set them in order and confer on the brethren their patriarchal blessings" (HC 2:446). The trip apprenticed John for his future calling as Patriarch to the Church. The two were gone three months and traveled almost 2,400 miles, visiting branches in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania as well as collecting money for the Kirtland

Temple. John wrote in his journal of Joseph, Sr., pronouncing blessings on several non-members, some of whom were baptized two days later (12 May 1836).

In the September 1837 Conference at Kirtland the Prophet Joseph Smith introduced his two counselors, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, and named Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith, Sr., Hyrum Smith, and John Smith as assistant counselors. "These last four, together with the first three," he said, "are to be considered the heads of the Church" (HC 2:509). Later, in Salt Lake City, John would recall, "In Kirtland, Ohio, four brothers sat in the Patriarchal seat in the Temple, and I only of that number am left to tell the tale" (in G. Smith 1927, 85).[1]

During the troubled years 1837 and 1838, John Smith's letters to his son, George A., reveal again his concern for the purity and preservation of the Church. On 1 January 1838, he wrote:

> I called the High Council together last week and laid before them the case of dissenters, 28 persons were, upon mature discussion ~~proceeded to~~ cut ~~them~~ off from the Church . . . . We have cut off between 40 and 50 from the Church since you left. Thus you will see the Church has taken a mighty pruning and we think she will rise in the greatness of her strength, and I rejoice, for the Lord is good and He will cut his work short in righteousness . . . I will rejoice for the Lord will purify His Church (p. 2).

When mobs forced the saints to leave Kirtland early in 1838, Uncle John and his family left with few possessions. They had forty dollars to see them through what was to be a horrendous journey to Far West. Lame horses, shocking weather, bad roads, scarcity of food and shelter, only brought such comments from John as, "what the Lord will do with us I know not, altho he slay me I will trust in him . . ." (Journal, 23 April), "We neglect prayer and trust too much in our own wisdom" (9 May), "at evening heavy thunder with a powerful rain wet our clothing [and] bedding . . . but the Lord has preserved our health thus far" (16 May).

When they arrived at Far West two months later, 16 June 1838, the Prophet directed them to continue to Adam-ondi-Ahman. Uncle John, as stake president, was appointed to build up the settlement of saints. Initially optimistic, believing that "the promises of the Lord are sure" (Journal, 16 July 1838), his faith remained firm even when things began to deteriorate. He refers in his journal several times to Danite meetings and to the saints' need to defend themselves against wicked mobs. By November 1838, they were again out in the cold. John recorded that "200 families, many of them without means to help themselves, then were turned out of their houses and such scenes of suffering is not recorded in any land as were endured by the saints" (24 Oct. 1838). John himself was forced to sleep in the open and suffered frostbitten feet which troubled him for a long time.

When the Saints moved to Illinois, they faced troubles of a different kind. With summer came severe sickness and in September 1839 Uncle John refers

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[1] The 25 May 1854 *Deseret News* obituary of John Smith makes no mention of his calling as a counselor to the prophet.

to "being given into the hands of Satan as much as was Job to be tried and I was very low. . . . Joseph and Hyrum and Bishop Knight came to see us and to know our situation . . . . One thing is worthy of note and will never be forgotten by me. Joseph took the shoes from his feet and gave to me rode home without any seeing our unhappy condition" (Journal, 21 Sept. 1839).

In December, concerned about the poor and needy and the Church's abandoning the Law of the Lord, he questioned for the first and only time the decisions of the brethren:

> Pres. [Hyrum] Smith delivered a lengthy speech showing the folly of trying to keep the law of the Lord until Zion is redeemed. Returned home the next day, December 16, thinking that I would search prayerfully the Doctrine and Covenants and learn the will of the Lord concerning the consecration of property & taking care of the poor and needy, the widow etc. spend my time from this to the next meeting of the High Council to know my duty to the Church, how to organize in that oneness and equality that the Law of God requires that we may be the Lords people and for the life of me I can see no other way only in the honest consecration of property that we may be Stewards of the Lord according to his law (Journal, 15 Dec. 1839).

Three weeks later he reported meeting with President H. Smith and O. Granger and said they were "pleased with our resolution to observe the law of consecration but since that time they have seemed to operate against all our proceedings. The cause is unknown to me" (4 Jan. 1840). On 6 March 1840, he met with Joseph and Hyrum, who informed him, "thus saith the Lord, you need not observe the law of consecration until our case was decided in Congress" (Journal).

Later journal entries that year suggest that the pervasive sickness among the saints was brought on by a lack of righteousness. On Sunday, 29 November 1840, he observes, "There is a spirit of jealousy and evil surmissing creeping in among the brethren which I greatly fear will be injurious to the cause of truth O Lord lead thy people in the paths of peace." On 17 December he pleads, "O Lord forgive the sins of thy people and bring those who have done foolishly to repentance" and on 20 December, "O Lord help them to repent and so indeed that thou mayest love them." In a 7 January 1841 letter to his son George A. he wrote, "it requires the patience of a Job and the wisdom of a Solomon and the perseverance and faithfulness of an Abraham to keep such order as ought to be in the Church of Christ." On 15 January he wrote in his journal, "Did something towards stoping drinking and dancing which has been practiced by certain ones in the Church to the shame of the Saints."

During these years in Illinois, John served as president of Zarahemla Stake in Nauvoo. But on 10 January 1844, the Prophet Joseph ordained him to be a patriarch. After the martyrdom, Brigham Young noted this ordination and suggested that either William Smith or Uncle John could rightfully succeed to the office of Patriarch to the Church. "It is their right. The right of the Patriarchal blessings belongs to Joseph's family . . . . Here is Uncle John, he has been ordained a patriarch" (HC 7:234, 241–42).

In the October 1844 conference Uncle John seconded and moved to the Church that "we uphold Brigham Young the President of the Quorum of the Twelve as one of the Twelve and First Presidency of the Church" (*Times and Seasons*, 1 Nov. 1844, p. 692). At this same conference, John Smith became president of the Nauvoo stake. Upon his return from the Eastern States mission, William Smith was ordained Patriarch to the Church 23 May 1845, only to be excommunicated less than five months later for "apostasy" and "for aspiring to the office of president" (Richards 1845; HC 7:458–59). Such a charge may have been well-founded, but it could also have resulted from William's overt challenge to the Twelve's authority over his own calling. Paul Edwards says of William:

> Some assume he was power-hungry, others that he was an opportunist; yet he always held himself as regent, not king, and saw his eventual contribution as father-patriarch not president-prophet. His own needs and frustrations may have often overshadowed his contribution, but he did aid in the preservation not only of the organization, but the office (Edwards 1985, 139).

With the exodus from Nauvoo, the office of Patriarch, along with that of President, would remain vacant for the next two and one-half years.

Despite all the disruptions of moving, Uncle John was still a stickler for order. As captain of the first company of fifty, he ruffled a few feathers. Hosea Stout related on 4 February 1847:

> Met in council this evening as usual . . . . The subject of the beef committee was taken up on the complaint of Father John Smith who was not satisfied with some things about it. The thing was talked out of 'countenance' and finally Pres't Brigham Young moved to have the whole matter laid over till the first resurrection and then burn the papers the day before (in Brooks 1964, 1:235).

Later, in Salt Lake City, Patty Sessions told how Uncle John refused an invitation to her home because he suspected she was trying to get him to one of her unofficial Relief Society meetings. The occasion was, in fact, Patty's birthday party.

Once in the Salt Lake valley, Uncle John was appointed president of the first stake, and when the brethren left to return to Winter Quarters, he assumed total responsibility. When a plague of crickets descended in 1848, Uncle John's counselor, John R. Young, wanted a report sent to Brigham Young telling of the seriousness of the situation and urging him to stop all immigration to the valley. John Smith replied, "Brother John, the Lord led us here and He has not led us here to starve" (in Hilton 1972, 51).

While the brethren were at Winter Quarters in December 1847, they reorganized the Church "according to the original pattern with a First Presidency and a Patriarch" (General Epistle, 1848). Uncle John was named Presiding Patriarch. Wilford Woodruff noted in his journal on 27 December 1847, "We learned from President Young's teaching that it was necessary to keep up a full organization of the Church through all time as far as could be. At least the three first Presidency quorum of the Twelve Seventies, and Patri-

arch over the whole Church &c so that the devil could take no Advantage of us."

At the October 1848 general conference, Uncle John was released as president of the Salt Lake Stake and sustained as Patriarch over the whole church. On 1 January 1849 on their return from Winter Quarters Brigham Young and his counselors ordained him as "Presiding Officer over the Patriarchal Priesthood." Later he commented in his journal on the welcome change in his responsibilities:

> Since that time my burden has been lighter and I have been regaining my health since, but I find that I am about wore out with excessive labour. Although I have been faulted in some things while presiding in the valley my conscience is clear & I done the best I knew & I ask no mans forgiveness (1848, 63).

Three months later, John wrote to D. H. Miller giving an enthusiastic, detailed description of the Salt Lake valley and its amenities but then adding, "Some of our people have catched the fever & have gone to the gold diggings & it is said here probably not many of them will ever return which we hope may be the case" (13 July 1849). Yet Henry Bigler's journal, a short time later, records how he had been called to go to the gold mines on behalf of John Smith:

> Sun. Oct. 7, 1849. This afternoon I was informed that President Young had told Father John Smith that as he had been kicked and cuffed about and driven out of the United States because of his Religion and had become poor, it was His council that Father Smith fit out some person and send him to California or to the gold mines and get some treasures of the earth to make himself comfortable in his old age and the old gentleman has called on me to go, saying he could trust me.

Bigler, who had served with the Mormon Battalion and recently returned to Salt Lake City, had just finished building a little house. He had been at Sutter's Fort when gold was discoverd but had chosen to return to the valley. Sadly, he reflected: "I was not looking for any such mission. Indeed it had been President's counsel not to go to the gold mines and those who went after such counsel . . . was looked upon as Jack Mormons . . . I could not help feeling sorrowful . . . I feel attached to this place and to this people, for they are my brethren and dear friends" (7 Oct. 1849).

Bigler obeyed the call but failed to obtain any "treasures of the earth" and had to sell some of his possessions to repay John Smith the expenses he had advanced.

Patriarch Smith did have many family obligations to meet. In Nauvoo he had been sealed for time to Mary Aiken, widow of his brother Silas, and he had continued to feel financially responsible for her family. Jesse N. Smith, son of Silas and Mary tells of being called on a mission to Parowan, along with his brother Silas:

> We were soon under way and stopped for the night in Salt Lake City at Uncle John's. He remarked that himself and brothers had always desired that one of their family should be educated . . . . He wished me to remain and go to school at his expense here; he would see Pres. Young and have me excused from the mission to the south.

> Although I greatly desired to get an education I preferred to go upon the mission, fearing also that the expense would be burdensome to him. When I acquainted him with my resolution he blessed each of us with a Patriarchal blessing (1953, 17).

Seven other women had also been sealed to John Smith at Nauvoo in January 1846, although these may have been marriages in name only. Two of these sealings were cancelled by order of Wilford Woodruff forty-eight years later, 16 March 1894. One cancellation was of a sealing on 25 January 1846 to Bathsheba W. Smith. (Born 3 May 1820 — evidently George A.'s wife. Perhaps this was an adoption [NTR].)[2]

In December 1850, Uncle John took in Bathsheba and her family when George A. left with his plural wife Zilpha to found a settlement in the south. Bathsheba wrote:

> This was December 1850, the saddest day I had yet seen. Two days before my husband started south, I was out of wood and the house open and cold. Father Smith invited me and the children to live with his family until my house could be finished. This I gratefully accepted. We furnished our own provisions and I did work for the family . . . . Father, seeing that I had time to spare, asked me to record blessings that he gave . . . I wrote so much for him that I found myself earning quite a nice little sum each week (p. 29).

Later, following the death of Clarissa and seven weeks before his own death, John Smith married Mary Franky.

Uncle John gave 5,560 patriarchal blessings in the ten years he served as local and Church Patriarch, including one to non-member Colonel Thomas L. Kane, friend to the Church. People generally paid one dollar for his blessings and described them as "full of comfort, consolation, and inspired prophecies" (Cowley 1902, 46). However, in spite of the unspectacular nature of John Smith's character, his blessings at times reflected a capacity for high drama. A blessing given to his nephew Jesse N. Smith on 14 January 1845 when Jesse was eleven years old, reads:

> and if thou wilt seek after knowledge and be sober minded thou shall be like Mormon of old and shall be a mighty man in the ministry and a mighty warrior. Thou shalt handle the sword of Laban with such power as to put ten thousand of thine enemies

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[2] The following information is included in the Nauvoo Temple Record:

15 January 1846, Mary Aiken [widow of John Smith's brother, Silas] sealed to John Smith for time and to Silas Smith for eternity, John Smith standing as proxy.

15 January 1846, Sarah M. Kingsley sealed to John Smith for time, and to Joseph Smith, Jr., for eternity, John Smith standing as proxy.

15 January 1846, Ann Carr and Miranda Jones were sealed to John Smith.

24 January 1846, Julia Hills, Asenath Hulbert, and Rebecca Smith were sealed to John Smith.

25 January 1846, Bathsheba W. Smith sealed to John Smith. [All but Mary Aikin and Bathsheba W. Smith were in their late fifties or early sixties.]

Two of the above-mentioned women — Mary Aiken and Julia Hills — were sealed to John for time at an earlier date by the prophet Joseph Smith, Jr. *The Journal of Jesse N. Smith* refers to a marriage between Mary Aiken and John Smith on 13 August 1843, with the prophet officiating (p. 7). Benjamin F. Johnson states, "My mother [Julia Hills] having finally separated from my father, by the suggestion or counsel of the Prophet, she accepted of and was sealed by him to Father John Smith" (1947, 20–21; see also Wright 1963, 159).

> to flight with the help of thy Brother, thy name shall be terrible among thine enemies . . . . Thou shalt live to see Israel gathered from the four quarters of the earth, to see all the enemies of the Lord swept from off the face of the earth, the Earth cleansed from wickedness and the Saviour stand upon it (Jesse Smith 1953, 17).

Later, on 30 May 1852, Uncle John gave a patriarchal blessing to Benjamin Franklin Knowlton in which he promised, "Thou shalt be a mighty man in Israel and when the remnant of Jacob shall go through among the Gentiles or a lion amongst the flocks of sheep, you shall be captain over thousands, shall tread down and destroy, and none shall deliver them out of your hands" (Knowlton n.d., 152).

John Smith believed that the Smith family was of vital importance. In a blessing to his eldest son, George A., on 20 September 1853, he promised:

> & all the inhabitants of the Earth shall know that the Lord did choose the Smith family to build up Zion & did by them lay the foundation of this Church which shall never be overthrown neither shall the name of the Smith family be blotted out under Heaven — I also seal upon you all the keys of the Patriarchal Priesthood that was ever sealed upon any man on Earth. I seal upon you wisdom to handle those keys in the best possible manner for the promotion & interest of the Kingdom of God (Papers).

Before John Smith had been called to be Presiding Patriarch of the Church, he had served as stake president at least five times, as well as a counselor to the prophet. Three poems were written in his honor, including one by Eliza R. Snow.[3] He was respected and obedient to every call. He posed no threat to anyone except those he saw as hindering the progress or well-being of the Church. In April 1853, he assisted the First Presidency in laying the southeast cornerstone of the Salt Lake Temple. He was the last Presiding Patriarch to serve on the Council of Fifty. He was the last Presiding Patriarch to be sustained immediately after the First Presidency in General Conference. (Subsequent patriarchs were sustained after the Quorum of the Twelve.)

John Smith died 23 May 1854. On his deathbed he asked his son, John Lyman, to convey a message to the brethren: "Father John Smith Patriarch does not wish the brethren who meet in the Council to pray for him to live for I know it is the will of the Lord to take me to himself when he pleases & I want him to do it in the best possible manner for my ease and comfort" (John Smith 1854).

His obituary noted that when he moved to his city lot from the Fort in February 1849, he was able for the first time in twenty-three years to cultivate a garden two years in succession. He was buried in that garden alongside his wife, Clarissa. Their daughter-in-law, Bathsheba, who later lived in their house, commented, "I have often been out in the night watering the trees and walking near the graves, for Father and Mother Smith were sleeping there; but I was not afraid for I knew them to be dear friends whether in the body or out of it" (1855, 32).

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[3] The Eliza R. Snow poem appears in her diary in 1846. This was brought to my attention by Maureen Ursenbach Beecher. The other two poems were written in Salt Lake City one by E. Howard and the other by John Lyon.

Stable and obedient, John Smith was the kind of man both Brigham Young and the Church needed at a crucial time. By acknowledging and accepting direction from Brigham Young, John removed the specter of patriarchal autonomy that William Smith had resurrected during the succession crisis. William's stubbornness may have saved the office of Patriarch to the Church, as Paul Edwards has suggested, but Uncle John assured it a more comfortable though diminished role in the Mormon hierarchy.

Certainly Brigham Young did not enjoy the same easy relationship with Uncle John's successor. In 1855, when young John Smith — Hyrum's eldest son — was called to the office, Brigham Young again faced some incompatibility with the Presiding Patriarch. By that time, however, President Young was strong enough to manage Hyrum's independent-minded son.

For Brigham Young, John Smith had indeed been the right man at the right time. Uncle John, or Father John Smith as some addressed him, had provided the necessary bridge of peace and predictability during a critical period of transition. The years that followed would see a re-emergence of the tensions and uncertainties that have accompanied the initially important office of Presiding Patriarch of the Church.

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Religious Tolerance: Mormons in the American Mainstream

Merlin B. Brinkerhoff, Jeffrey C. Jacob, and Marlene M. Mackie

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE MORMON CHURCH from a radical nineteenth-century socio-religious movement into a respectable denomination in the twentieth century raises sociological questions on whether or how distinctive Mormon elements can survive in our mass culture. This study, which measures the social acceptability of Mormons among representative groups of college students, allows us to make at least some cautious judgments on the social space Mormons now occupy in Canada and the United States.

Mormonism has a long history of antagonism to the American way of life even though, in other ways, it is quintessentially American. From its very inception, Mormonism established itself as a separatist group, viewed itself as exclusively true, and conducted an aggressive proselyting program. Ministers who were trying to build their own churches saw Mormon missionaries as "sheep stealers," a condition that still persists.

In addition to its organizational conflicts, other points of difference with most American churches are some distinctive Mormon doctrines, some central in contemporary belief and some not. The principle of eternal progression (human beings can also become gods) seems to diminish the transcendence of godhood. The Mormon view of events surrounding the Millennium includes the destruction of the United States and the establishment of a theocracy in which oppressed American Indians will play a large role. At least one sectarian critic has called Mormonism "a spiritual maze . . . a polytheistic nightmare of garbled doctrine draped with the garment of Christian terminology" (Martin 1965, 198).

Mormons themselves are less likely to talk about distinctive doctrines than about healthy lifestyles. They present themselves as moral and industrious citizens who emphasize the virtues of family life and whose primary peculiarities

MERLIN B. BRINKERHOFF is professor of sociology and associate vice president, (research); JEFFREY C. JACOB is associate professor, Department of Educational Policy and Administrative Studies; MARLENE M. MACKIE is professor of sociology. All three are at the University of Calgary.

are larger-than-average families and a very commendable health law. Mormon athletic teams, individual athletes, beauty contestants, entertainers, business people, and academics are featured attractively in the public media, testifying either directly or indirectly to the virtues of Mormonism and its contribution to their lives.

It has been respectable, even commendable, to be Mormon for several decades now. Despite the new wave of "anti-cult" activities from evangelical Christians, evangelical Christian denominations have been among those who have made coalitions with Mormon conservatives to battle the Equal Rights Amendment, resist pro-abortion legislation, and provide "education" about the Constitution (Shupe and Heinerman 1985; Brinkerhoff, Jacob, and Mackie 1987). Evidently, the theological divisions are less important, at least in these cases, than the harmony of interests on certain moral/political issues.

From a sociological perspective, then, Mormonism is simultaneously exclusive and accepting, particularistic and accommodating. How does this dual pattern translate into actual tolerance of Mormons by non-Mormons?

To answer this question, we three devised a questionnaire adapted from the classic (1925) sociological tolerance index known as the Bogardus Social Distance Scale. We administered this questionnaire to 938 college students in introductory social science courses at the University of Calgary (355 students), an Alberta Bible College (which will remain anonymous in keeping with an agreement made before the study was conducted) (71), the University of Nebraska at Lincoln (276), and Brigham Young University (236). All of the BYU students were LDS (about 25 percent of the total), but only three of the others indicated Mormonism as a religious preference.

These students may not be representative of either their own denominations or of larger society. They may be more liberal, and hence more tolerant, than older generations. Mormon students at BYU could be more conservative and less tolerant than older and more experienced Mormons. Still, we feel that sampling students certainly provides clues about both the current state of religious tolerance and future trends.

The Bogardus Social Distance Scale has been used for over six decades to "estimate the amount of potential and real conflict existing between any cultural groups, . . . industrial, political, racial, religious, and other" (Miller 1977, 262).

Our version of Bogardus, the Religious Distance Scale, identified nineteen different denominations (see Table 1) and asked respondents to choose one of seven degrees "corresponding to the closeness of the relationship you would want with that specific group. These seven choices were: (1) close kinship by marriage, (2) membership in my club as personal friends, (3) neighbors living on my street, (4) employment in my own occupation [office], (5) citizenship in my country, (6) visitors only to my country, and (7) exclusion from my country.

The cumulative answers became Religious Distance Quotients (RDQs), and the mean responses located "closeness of relationship" for each of the nineteen denominations. The lower the score, the greater the tolerance. For

TABLE 1

A SUMMARY OF RELIGIOUS DISTANCE QUOTIENTS

Target Group	Total Sample	RELIGIOUS DISTANCE QUOTIENTS BY DENOMINATION: No Preference	Catholics	Conservative Christians	Mainline Protestants	Mormons
Moonies	5.69	6.09	5.62	5.48	5.87	5.29
Hare Krishna	5.22	5,27	5.15	5.13	5.41	5.20
Scientologist	4.04	4.02	3.93	4.64	3.99	3.88
Jehovah Witness	4.00	4.03	4.19	4.42	3.86	3.69
Buddhist	3.99	3.67	4.19	4.51	4.24	3.77
Hutterite	3.87	3.94	4.03	3.55	4.09	3.66
Quaker	3.73	4.03	3.93	3.65	3.48	3.47
Nazarene	3.37	3.62	3.63	2.43	3.31	3.46
Mormon	3.16	2.88	3.21	4.01	2.92	
Unitarian	3.10	2.78	3.28	3.85	2.81	3.11
Pentecostal	3.10	3.25	3.18	2.43	2.74	3.44
Church of Christ	2.85	2.83	2.81	3.12	2.46	3.03
Jew	2.48	2.31	2.62	2.64	2.50	2.46
Baptist	2.40	2.49	2.52	1.87	2.11	2.59
Congregational	2.39	2.07	2.49	2.55	1.80	2.86
Anglican/Episcopalian	2.37	2.08	2.34	2.44	2.07	2.81
Lutheran	2.21	2.25	2.07	2.15	1.63	2.55
Presbyterian	2.15	2.10	2.22	2.14	1.56	2.48
Catholic	2.14	1.88		2.82	1.66	2.39
Religious Reactions[1]	3.28	3.22	3.37	3.39	3.07	3.33
N's[2]	674–796	177–212	132–153	90–104	97–131	157–209

Religious Distance Quotients (RDQ) are the mean scores on a given "target" within categories.

Religious ratings of one's own denomination are excluded from the analysis.

[1] Religious Reactions refers to the Religious Distance Quotient for all 19 Target Groups within a given denomination.

[2] Numbers vary due to non-response and from excluding rating of one's own group; figures reflect the range of numbers responding.

The target groups are ordered by how intolerantly they are viewed. Moonies are the least tolerated of the nineteen groups on which we asked for responses. Religious Distance Quotients give the mean scores within categories for a "target" denomination. Religious ratings of one's own denomination are excluded from the analysis. The total number of respondents therefore vary, due also to non-response. The inclusive figures under N reflect the range of responses.

* Summaries of the Religious Distance Quotient for all nineteen target groups from a given denomination.

obvious reasons of bias, a student's rating of his or her own denomination was excluded.

In Table 1, the denominations are listed from least-tolerated to most-tolerated in the Target Group column. In the rest of the table, the responses are given by the students' denomination. We asked students to express their religious preference. The choices were (1) No denomination preference,

(2) Catholic, (3) Protestant, and (4) Mormon. We included four questions in the questionnaire to make a further distinction between conservative Christians and mainline Protestants, columns three and four in Table 1. These questions asked students to choose along a four-point scale[1] from strong agreement to strong disagreement how they felt about biblical literalness, personal salvation through Jesus Christ, the divinity of Christ, and the importance of being separate from the world. Baptist, Church of Christ, Evangelical, and Pentecostal denominations were classified as conservatives; their means ranged from 14.75 to 15.5 out of a possible score of 16.

The pattern of responses as summarized in Table 1 is intriguing. Mormons rated 3.16 in acceptability, eleventh out of the nineteen denominations and about halfway between the first-place Catholics (2.14) and second-place Presbyterians (2.15) on one end and the sixteenth-place Jehovah Witnesses (4.00) on the other. In terms of the seven-point scale, the score of 3.16 means that the rest of the respondents would accept Mormons as neighbors on their street while the Jehovah Witnesses would be tolerated only as being employed in the same profession. Catholics and Presbyterians, on the other hand, would be acceptable as personal friends "in my club."

The only major deviation of Mormon acceptability is that of Conservative Christians, for whom Mormons rate 4.01 (acceptable in the same occupation). Even though the two groups have similar moral positions, Conservative Christians want to distance themselves from Mormons, presumably because of competing missionary activities and because of theological differences. This finding may also indicate that the widespread attacks on Mormons in the past few years from disaffected Mormons making common cause with Christian evangelicals are actually coming from a narrow slice of the population and that publicity, rather than broad public feeling, may account for the feeling that Mormons are no longer welcome in some communities. It is interesting to note that Mormon attitudes toward conservative Christians are more moderate: 3.44 for the Pentecostals, 3.03 for the Church of Christ, and 2.59 for Baptists.

In fact, despite strong feelings among Mormons that they have the "only true church," Mormons are generally about as tolerant as the other four groups. Only .32 separates the most tolerant group (the mainline Protestants at 3.07) from the least tolerant (3.39 for the conservative Christians). Our BYU students tended to be most intolerant of the Moonies and Hare Krishna, just as did the two Protestant groups, the Catholics, and those with no religious preference. Apparently the hypothesis that members of a historically persecuted minority will be more sensitive toward other minorities does not hold true for our LDS respondents.

Probably many BYU students have had no personal contact with Moonies and Hare Krishna devotees and gain most of their impressions from the media. However, they should know people in mainline denominations, so it is somewhat alarming to find Mormons rating least tolerant of the four denomina-

[1] We developed this scale from that created by Nancy T. Ammerman (1982). For technical details on scale construction, statistical significance, and more detailed analysis of the data see Brinkerhoff and Mackie (1986).

tional groups for such large and conventional churches as Baptists, Congregationalists, Anglican Episcopalian, Lutherans, and Presbyterians. Perhaps one reason is that the Mormon Church, unlike some churches, strictly discourages marrying nonmembers. Thus, Mormons may feel a limit on one end of the continuum that some other groups do not.

A more accurate way of looking at feelings along the continuum may be represented in Table 2, which deals with only eleven denominations and examines the break-down by percentage of those who would allow marriage at the top of the tolerance scale to those who wouldn't even allow representatives of a particular religion in their country.

The right side of Table 2 gives the percentage of each of the five denominational groups who would exclude a target group from their country. Mormons are clearly the most tolerant denomination by this scale. Approximately half as many Mormons (26 percent) would keep Moonies out of the country as Catholics (41.2 percent) and those with no religious preference (56.6 percent). Being the most tolerant may not, however, be quite as commendable as it seems since one in four Mormon BYU students would still keep Moonies out. The history of LDS exile from New York, Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois does not seem to have created more tolerance for other minorities. (About one in five of the Conservative Christians — 17.7 percent — would also exclude Mormons from their country but only 1.6 percent of the Mormons would keep Pentecostals out.)

TABLE 2

EXTREMES OF RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

	PERCENT ALLOWING MARRIAGE					PERCENT EXCLUDING FROM COUNTRY				
Target Group	No Preference	Catholics	Conservative Christians	Mainline Protestants	Mormons	No Preference	Catholics	Conservative Christians	Mainline Protestants	Mormons
Moonies	.9%	2.1%	1.0%	0.0%	.5%	56.6%	41.2%	48.5%	50.4%	26.0%
Hare Krishna	1.0	2.1	0.0	0.0	0.0	28.2	23.2	29.0	31.9	21.1
Scientologists	7.2	7.2	1.1	6.0	1.1	14.9	11.6	22.1	16.4	4.7
Jehovah Witness	9.0	4.8	2.0	2.4	1.0	14.7	14.3	25.5	13.6	5.4
Buddhists	11.1	5.8	1.0	4.8	1.0	9.2	14.4	24.7	12.0	3.5
Hutterites	7.1	4.5	2.2	2.1	1.3	6.6	7.6	3.3	11.3	1.3
Mormons	15.2	7.9	2.1	6.3		3.3	2.6	17.7	3.1	
Pentecostal	15.3	9.1	34.7	20.7	1.0	4.9	3.0	1.0	1.7	1.6
Jew	24.2	11.6	12.2	13.4	5.0	.5	2.1	2.0	0.0	.5
Presbyterian	36.0	28.3	32.7	60.6	5.1	1.0	.7	1.0	0.0	0.0
Catholic	41.0		11.1	48.1	4.5	.5		4.0	0.0	0.0
N's	177–212	132–153	90–104	97–131	157–209	177–212	132–153	90–104	97–131	157–209

Target groups are ordered according to the overall RDQ presented in Table 1.

The target groups appear in the same least- to most-tolerated order as in Table 1. Ratings of one's own denomination are again excluded. Total numbers represent the range of respondents for each group but vary, due to non-response and the exclusion of ratings for one's own group.

Apart from conservative Christians, Mormons do not suffer from intolerance. Less than 5 percent (from 2.6 to 3.3 percent) of the other three groups would exclude Mormons from their countries; and Mormons seem equally tolerant of them.

Mormons become "intolerant," however, on the subject of marriage. Only 5.1 percent would consider marriage to a Presbyterian; and marriage to a member of any other denomination is lower than 5 percent. On six out of the remaining ten, the score is near or under 1 percent. In general, members of other faiths would be more willing to marry Mormons than Mormons are to marry those of other faiths. Again, conservative Christians are most wary of Mormons: 2.1 percent would consider marriage to a Mormon although 11.1 percent would marry Catholics, while only 1 percent of the Mormons would marry a Pentecostal.

Catholics also lay great stress on marrying other Catholics. How do they compare on this issue? Almost 8 percent (7.9) of the Catholics would consider marrying a Mormon, while 4.5 percent of the Mormons would marry Catholics. Even among such presumably tolerant groups like mainline Protestant and those with no religious preference, fewer than half would marry Catholics.

Clearly, religion is an important factor in maintaining group boundaries and a sense of exclusiveness. Substantial numbers of students from all religious denominations were prepared to exclude members of other groups from their countries or deny residents citizenship. The dilemma for Mormons is that they want to be accepted and respected, yet they also wish to retain their unique beliefs and avoid assimilation.

Thus, it is interesting that this study places Mormons in the middle — neither as well accepted as Presbyterians and Catholics nor on the radical fringe (except from the perspective of conservative Christians). This position is a remarkable achievement considering the Mormon history of distinctive religious practices, the contemporary missionary message of being God's only true church, and the insistence on marrying only other Mormons.

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Christ's World Government: An End of Nationalism and War

John D. Nielson

THE TENTH ARTICLE OF FAITH states the Mormon belief that "Christ will reign personally upon the earth." This is usually taken to mean that Christ will literally return to the earth at the Second Coming and that he will govern the whole earth for a thousand years of peace (McConkie 1982, 597–98). What are the political and economic implications of this doctrine? This essay, a preliminary examination, explores how the present global political system has created some of its own virtually insoluble political and economic problems and how these may be solved by the world government of Christ's millennial reign. However, the millennial reign will require, besides the powerful kingship of Christ, profound changes of attitude among all peoples, including active Latter-day Saints.

It seems apparent from the scriptures that the nations, governments, and kingdoms presently existing must be eliminated as part of the millennial reign. One description of the calamities of the last days notes that the Lord will make "a full end of all nations" (D&C 87:6). A further description of the millennium is: "Ye shall have no king nor ruler, for I will be your king and watch over you. . . . and ye shall have no laws but my laws when I come, for I am your lawgiver, and what can stay my hand?" (D&C 38:21–22) A third scripture, also speaking of the millennial reign, makes the important point that *all* people on earth will be under the jurisdiction of Christ's world government: "And the Lord, even the Savior, shall stand in the midst of his people, and shall reign over all flesh" (D&C 133:25).

The gradual development throughout history of broader systems of government — from the family and clan, to the tribe, to the city-state, to principalities, to kingdoms, and recently to the modern nation-state has made a one-world system seem logical, even inevitable. Although we now seem to be stalled

JOHN D. NIELSON is an instructor in geography at Ricks College. He served a mission to Australia and spent two years in the Peace Corps in Tanzania. Currently he serves as the second counselor in the Rexburg Idaho North Stake Presidency. He and his wife, Sharon Pendlebury Nielson, have six children.

on the plateau of the nation-state, we do see the development of numerous international organizations. Perhaps such regional associations of states as the European Economic Community, Organization of American States, Organization of African Unity, Association of South East Asian Nations, and especially the almost universal United Nations, are precursors of the next stage. Even if this is the case, I believe we will not complete this evolution to world government until the Second Coming of the Lord at the beginning of the millennium. In fact, it is clear from the scriptures that the world government of Christ will be established with irresistible power, by the Lord, and not by man. Human beings will not voluntarily develop a world government in the foreseeable future. One organization which promotes the idea of a world government, World Federation, U.S.A., concedes that a single government "is inconceivable in the next 200 years" (Beres 1981, 107).

The scriptures further indicate a general disarmament at the beginning of the millennial reign by the power and authority of Christ. How the Lord will do this is not known. Perhaps after an awesome display of his almighty power, the rulers of this world will simply lay down their arms. At any rate, when the kingdom of heaven is established:

> Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore (Isa. 2:3–4).

There is a widespread distrust of the idea of world government, because it might mean an oppressive dictatorship. This natural aversion to any world-wide human empire will not apply to the Lord's world government. The establishment of his benevolent kingdom will be a "beautiful, bright, millennial day" (Townsend 1985, 52–53), welcomed with rejoicing by all but the most wicked of earth's inhabitants. The Savior of the world, we may be confident, will reign with love, kindness, justice, and mercy.

Evidently the wicked, being unworthy, will be destroyed at the beginning of the millennium: "For I will reveal myself from heaven with power and great glory, with all the hosts thereof, and dwell in righteousness with men on earth a thousand years, and the wicked shall not stand" (D&C 29:11).

The miraculous destruction of the wicked is, of course, a very important precondition to the establishment of a righteous and peaceful world. But, in my opinion, it is insufficient to guarantee peace among diverse people for a thousand years. Even though we understand that Satan is bound throughout the period (D&C 43:30–31), millennial parents will still have to be amazingly successful in the moral and spiritual education of their youth if they are to bring up children "without sin unto salvation" (D&C 45:58). If this scripture is taken at face value, it seems to say that for a thousand years, generation after generation, every child born during the period will live in perfect righteousness, completely free from any error, wrong, or sin. I think there are some good reasons for believing that, although righteousness will prevail, sin and human weakness will still exist.

First, we understand that anyone worthy of a terrestrial salvation will be able to "abide the day" of Christ's coming. Many inactive members and nonmembers of the Church will qualify and will continue to believe and practice their several ways of life. Only gradually will global conversion to the kingdom of God be completed (McConkie 1966, 498–501). While terrestrial people, both in and out of the Church, are "honorable men of the earth," they are also those who "were blinded by the craftiness of men" and "are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus" (D&C 76:71–79). In short, good but still very human people will be mingled with true saints during the millennium. Millennial society should not be mistaken for celestial society. The earth does not become a celestial kingdom until after the end of the millennium (D&C 29:22–25 and 88:25–26).

Second, I think human beings will still be capable of sin even when Satan is bound. Men and women are capable of doing many things of their free will and are "agents unto themselves" (D&C 58:27–28). Free agents are free to do both right and wrong. As we understand God's nature, he would not deprive us of our free agency at any time. With Satan bound, we will not be tempted and led into total depravity and evil, but I believe we will still have selfish desires and other human weaknesses. We will probably more quickly recognize our sins and errors and more easily repent of them, but we still will need to live the gospel of repentance, forgive one another, and overcome our weaknesses. Both Isaiah and Joseph Smith refer to sinners during the millennium (Isa. 65:20 and Smith 1978, 313).

Perhaps the principle of relativity is useful here. Relative to the present world, which is full of evil, the millennial world is righteous and paradisiacal. But relative to the celestial kingdom, it is still imperfect.

Therefore, the destruction of the very wicked and the binding of Satan are insufficient of themselves to maintain peace among diverse people over the more than thirty generations of the millennium. There still will be a great need for the world-wide unity, harmony of law, and absence of national jealousies and animosities provided by the Lord's world government. Even "good" people may be led into conflict if they are kept divided into separate sovereign nations, each one highly protective of its territory, independence, and national self-interest.

There are now some 170 sovereign, independent states or countries in the world. Each claims "sovereignty," or full independence, which includes the right to arm itself and to declare war in its own national interest. The existence of sovereignty at the national level also means that the independent state recognizes no higher political power or authority. The United Nations is not a world government; member countries have not surrendered their sovereignty to it. The United Nations has performed some useful peacekeeping functions but is practically powerless to prevent war when independent countries are determined to pursue it.

The current world system of independent states has been called the "war system" because it practically guarantees that war will occur at times between the sovereign states (Brown 1987, 76). When one thinks of the millions who

have suffered and died, and are still dying, in the many wars of this century, it is tragic on a global scale that any state can arm itself and declare war on another.

Some political thinkers have suggested the following connection between sovereignty and war: *Wars between political units cease when sovereignty is transferred to a larger unit* (Beres 1981, 87). While it is theoretically possible for another civil war to occur between a group of separatist American states and the United States, it is practically impossible for war to occur between any two American states within the U.S. federal system. If the whole world were organized as one political unit, it would be highly unlikely for war to occur between any of its provinces or regions. I suggest that this may be the geo-political reason why the Lord has chosen a world government for his millennial reign.

We call Idaho or California states, but they are not sovereign nation-states in the sense that the United States or the Soviet Union are sovereign states. American states govern themselves locally but have given up some of their sovereignty to the United States federal government. Idaho is not allowed to declare war on California or to arm itself for such a purpose. Any disputes between Idaho and California, over water, for example, must be worked out through negotiation and compromise, or in the courts of the land. Within the United States federal system, we do not feel any loss of freedom because we have given up the right to declare war on each other.

Apparently, in the Lord's world government, *all* countries and kingdoms will give up some of their sovereignty. They will surrender their "right" to declare war and their massive armaments to the kingdom of God, and disputes will be settled peacefully, perhaps by appeal to a world court which has the power to enforce its decisions. Billions of dollars and uncalculable human energy will be available for peaceful development projects when no part of the world has a military or defense budget. In 1986 alone the world spent nearly $900 billion on arms (*The Post Register*, [Idaho Falls] 24 Nov. 1986, p. 1).

It appears, then, that the principle reason peace will last for a thousand years during the millennium is that with one world government the sovereign power of states to make war will no longer exist. War will simply not be an option in the millennial system, just as Idaho is not allowed to make war on California or Wyoming in the United States federal system. Some believers in world government have suggested that it would probably work most effectively as a World Federation, a sort of United States of the World (Beres 1981, 63–109). If Christ's millennial world government is a type of federation, then obviously the United States of America, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Iran, Nicaragua, and all other countries will no longer exist as sovereign, armed nations. Perhaps in the Lord's world government they will either be subdivided in different configurations or will remain as provinces, managing local affairs but without full sovereignty. Various regional and ethnic groups that currently have no sovereignty but which desire it, such as Lithuanians, Kurds, Tamils, and others, will probably be able to maintain their identity, but apparently, neither they, nor any other national group, will have full sovereignty. I believe

this institutional change, perhaps more than any other development, will bring peace to the world.

The importance of this institutional reorganization is suggested by Joseph Smith: "Christ and the resurrected saints will reign over the earth during the thousand years. They will not probably dwell upon the earth, but will visit it when they please, or when it is necessary to govern it" (Smith 1976, 268). The constant and continuous application of Christ's charisma and power to keep peace will not be necessary. His world government, the disarmed nations without sovereignty, and Satan bound, will serve well enough in his absence.

If the institution of one-world government were not of great importance in securing peace and equity, then why does Christ select this world-wide system for his millennial reign? With the wicked destroyed and Satan bound, he might just as well have chosen to allow nations to keep their sovereignty and independence, relying on the gentleness and brotherly love of men and women of good-will to keep the peace. It seems logical to conclude that the reason he does not is because the actual institution of world government is vital to maintaining peace and equity for a thousand years.

Under the present nation-state system, humanity seems unlikely to fully resolve such problems as international terrorism, the threat of both conventional and nuclear war, or famine in parts of the Third World. If we have not found solutions to these problems by the time of the millennium, then it strikes me that as the Lord establishes his world government upon the earth, many will rejoice and breathe a sigh of relief. It will be an idea whose time has come. The Lord's Prayer will have been finally answered: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" (Matt. 6:9–13).

Certainly one of the greatest changes of the millennium will be a resolution to many grievous economic problems which cannot be solved in the piecemeal fashion to which we are limited. Vast and growing differences in levels of economic development between the modern, developed world and the many struggling countries of the underdeveloped Third World now exist. Surely, peace for a thousand years would be impossible if such poverty and inequality continued to exist. One of the chief characteristics of the "Zion" of Enoch was that "there was no poor among them" (Moses 7:18–19). The Church today teaches that the Zion of Enoch, or the New Jerusalem, will return with the Lord at the time of the second coming and will become one people with modern Zion during the millennium (Talmage 1981, 352). Enoch's solution to poverty, which is probably identical to the Lord's (discussed below), will then no doubt be extended to cover the whole earth.

We do not have much detailed information on the millennial economy, but a picture of peaceful family productivity emerges from Isaiah:

> And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.
>
> They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; . . . mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain (Isa. 65:21–23).

In stark contrast with that idyllic scene is the tragic spectacle of famine on today's earth, which is unlikely to be permanently solved under the present system. We hold fasts and donate money. Many countries and private organizations send food, clothing, and blankets to help the unfortunate victims. All of this is commendable humanitarian aid but certainly does not solve the underlying economic problems.

Poverty, uneven economic development, or other economic problems will no doubt still exist at the time of Christ's second coming. Probably many assume that all such inequities will be taken care of by Christ overnight, as if by magic, without any work by human beings themselves. Some Latter-day Saints, as previously indicated, believe there will be peace and plenty only because the wicked will be destroyed and Satan will be bound by God and cannot tempt us to sin. Disease will then have no power to attack our bodies, and there will be economic plenty because the earth will be returned to its paradisiacal state and will no longer have barren places or noxious weeds (McConkie 1966, 492–501). Scriptural support abounds for all of these miraculous changes, but this vision of instant change may be a little unrealistic. More likely, such incredible changes will require human effort and good will as well as the power of God.

Apostle James E. Talmage expressed a similar view:

> Throughout the Millennium, the process of regeneration will continue. Society shall be purified; nations shall exist in peace; wars shall cease; the ferocity of beasts shall be subdued; the earth, relieved in great measure from the curse of the fall, shall yield bounteously to the husbandman; and the planet shall be redeemed. The final stages of this regeneration of nature will not be reached until the Millennium has run its blessed course (1981, 377).

That human righteousness, as well as the Lord's power, is required in the binding of Satan can be seen from the scriptures. Nephi said of the millennium:

> And because of the righteousness of his [God's] people, Satan has no power; wherefore he cannot be loosed for the space of many years; for he hath no power over the hearts of the people, for they dwell in righteousness, and the Holy One of Israel reigneth.
>
> And now behold, I, Nephi, say unto you that all these things must come according to the flesh (1 Ne. 22:26–27).

This last sentence is an intriguing one. Apparently Nephi wanted to add emphasis to the idea that human effort must be involved in the binding of Satan. The millennium itself will be established by the power of the Lord at the second coming; but once his world government is in place, it seems reasonable that human beings will be very much involved in maintaining the peaceful conditions, transforming the world economy, and regenerating the earth.

Many of the changes, apparently, will be gradual as the world economic system is transformed. The present selfish system, fragmented into national or regional economies, with many aid and trade barriers, will no doubt be

changed into the unified system of worldwide sharing characteristic of the Lord's system. Under those generous and enlightened circumstances, the problem of economic development becomes the relatively simple one of allocating presently available resources, technology, expertise, training, and other needs to a problem region.

Then, if what I am suggesting is true, and Ethiopia or other regions are suffering from famine at the beginning of the millennium, the hydroelectric dams, irrigation systems, farming methods, hybrid seeds, storage facilities, roads and other transport, trade relationships, appropriate industry, sanitation facilities, housing, clean water, training and education programs, and *any other need*, can be transferred from the developed regions to Ethiopia or any other afflicted areas. All of this, no doubt, would be done with the philosophy of "helping them to help themselves," and training them to become self-reliant rather than to remain dependent on the developed regions.

Latter-day Saints' involvement, under the Lord's direction, in such economic and social development activities during the millennium would add another exciting dimension of meaning to our religious life. Temple, genealogy, and missionary work would, of course, also flourish.

Such a scenario, obviously, requires a greater willingness to share the world's wealth and technology. The unprecedented sacrifices from people in developed countries will, I believe, be difficult for many Americans, including American Mormons. Even now, many feel that we have already given far too much economic aid to ungrateful foreigners and that we are the most generous of all governments in our aid to developing nations. These feelings, as it turns out, are not supported by foreign aid facts.

All of American economic aid since 1952, a period of over thirty years, is less than the U.S. military budget for 1986 alone. Furthermore, it represents annually only about 1 percent of the federal budget and only about 0.25 percent of the GNP, which is a smaller portion of our national wealth than several other developed countries devote to economic aid (International 1986, 42–43). In 1980, Americans spent about $70 billion on alcohol and tobacco, which was ten times the foreign aid allotment (Agency, 1981, 50).

The Lord's way, and presumably Enoch's way, of having "no poor among us," was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith during the early days of the Church, while the Saints were trying to live by the Law of Consecration economy:

> I, the Lord, stretched out the heavens, and built the earth, . . . and all things therein are mine.
>
> And it is my purpose to provide for my saints, for all things are mine.
>
> But it must needs be done in mine own way; and behold this is the way that I, the Lord, have decreed to provide for my saints, that the poor shall be exalted, in that the rich are made low.
>
> For the earth is full, and there is enough and to spare (D&C 104:14–17).

Obviously, as the present vast inequality in the world shows, there will never be "enough and to spare" if the rich continue to have more than their

fair share. Rather than a piddling 1 percent of our federal budget as at present, we may be requested to share 10, 20, 30 percent, or more, of our national wealth with the developing regions during at least the beginning years of the millennial reign. Will we make such sacrifices joyfully?

It may be a good idea to read again the sermon of King Benjamin from the Book of Mormon.

> And also, ye yourselves will succor those that stand in need of your succor; ye will administer of your substance unto him that standeth in need; . . .
>
> Perhaps thou shalt say: the man has brought upon himself his misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance that he may not suffer, for his punishments are just —
>
> But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent; and except he repenteth of that which he hath done he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God (Mosiah 4: 16–18).

In addition to a more generous attitude, it seems obvious that we must also cultivate a more global consciousness. Not only are we currently divided by national affiliations but by racial, ethnic, linguistic, cultural, and religious differences. Many of us are, in fact, tribal in our orientation, unconscious of the extent to which we suffer from cultural blindness, ethnocentrism, prejudice, and intolerance.

A millennial world will require a planetary view. We should begin now to think of ourselves, not exclusively as Americans or Mormons or whites or blacks, but as human beings — citizens of the world, brothers and sisters. Our "circles of concern" must expand to include not only me and mine, and my own race, religion, and nationality, but to include all men and women everywhere. A disquieting thought is that perhaps if we are not able to develop such a broad and all-inclusive love and concern for the whole of humanity, we may be among those who are not worthy to "abide the day" of the Lord's coming (D&C 45:56–57).

Perhaps one may object that these attitudes of brother- and sisterhood, sharing, and globalism are fine for some vague, far-off millennium but would not work in today's heavily armed world of suspicion, jealousy, conflicting ideologies, and super-power confrontation. And, of course, it is true that total pacifism, unilateral disarmament, and weakness in the present world would only invite destruction and despotism.

Even so, I am persuaded that the mature empathy necessary for the Millennium would be helpful now. If we as a people, including our government leaders, had the habit of looking at issues not only from our own short-term national interest, but from the point of view of the other countries involved and considered *their* legitimate needs and desires, we would go far toward solving many problems and resolving many conflicts.

A specific example close to home is the case of millions of illegal aliens from Mexico working in the United States. The obvious causes of this undocumented migration are the push-pull factors. Pushed out of Mexico by poverty and joblessness in a deeply troubled economy and pulled toward the United

States by available jobs and relatively high wages, many Mexicans experience an irresistible temptation to cross the porous border illegally.

Instead of looking at this situation only from our point of view and wasting time and money tracking down and deporting the illegals or periodically legalizing some of them, we should consider that it is in our long-term interests to strengthen Mexico's economy. Without a stronger economy, the political stability of our nearest neighbor is threatened. Unrest and revolution in Mexico are certainly outcomes we want to avoid. Therefore, we should make it a top priority to improve trade relations, to increase economic aid, to increase investment under appropriate safeguards against exploitation, to encourage needed reforms, and to take other reasonable steps, which will strengthen Mexico's economy.

As more jobs are created, then the threat of political instability decreases and the illegal alien problem declines. In the long run, the rapid population growth throughout the country, which strains the economy and causes overcrowding in Mexico City, would also be helped by economic development. To put it in its simplest terms: helping them solve their problems solves our problems at the same time. Their problems are really our problems if we take a global view.

In our relations with the Soviet Union we must be more wary. Obviously, we cannot afford to stop defending ourselves and our allies. But I believe much could be accomplished toward peace and stability if we toned down our anti-Soviet rhetoric and behaved with more understanding of their legitimate concerns.

In conclusion, many Latter-day Saints have assumed that the peace and prosperity of the millennium will come about only because the wicked are destroyed and Satan is bound. While these are obviously important conditions to peace, I believe that peace on earth will last for a thousand years primarily because independent states will surrender their arms and sovereignty, including the right to declare war, to the Lord's world government. Besides political realignment, revolutionary economic adjustments will also occur. The basic difference will be that wealth, resources, technology, expertise, and other needs of development will be shared freely. Massive transfers from the developed parts of the world to the underdeveloped will no doubt occur.

While some changes will probably be sudden and dramatic at the time of the second coming, others will more likely come about as gradual adjustments. The dawning of the millennial day will not only require, but doubtless will draw forth, new and more enlightened attitudes among all peoples, including Latter-day Saints. Such a world-wide system of love, sharing, and peace, could never work if people continued to cherish their tribal loyalties, rabid nationalism, prejudices, and intolerance for cultural diversity. New attitudes of globalism, brotherhood, and a planetary view will then prevail. If these loftier, more generous attitudes are true and even necessary for the millennium, we ought to try harder now to emulate them. To identify with all people everywhere, and to think of ourselves as human beings, brothers and sisters, and children of God will free us from the bondage of tribalism. We will then think

and feel that what is good for the whole earth, and for humanity, is good for ourselves.

There are, of course, many questions about the millennium which this essay does not address. Why, for example, does the period of peace only last for one thousand years? What causes it to break down? Does tribalism reassert itself again and the unrighteousness of the people allow Satan to tempt them?

What about the resources of the sea floor or of Antarctica? Will they be allocated to resource-poor underdeveloped areas? Will special trade advantages be granted to landlocked or other geographically disadvantaged regions? Will greater effort be put into recycling products, conserving nonrenewable resources, developing clean and renewable sources of energy, developing a better balance between the birthrate and deathrate, and adjusting other balances of a "steady-state" world society living indefinitely in harmony with the earth? (Meadows 1972, 173–96)

What physical changes will result as the earth "is renewed and receives its paradisiacal glory"? Does continental drift reverse itself to recreate the supercontinent of Pangaea? Or does the present process and direction of plate tectonics simply continue until the continents meet in another configuration? How long will it take? (See D&C 133:20–25) What about learning to manage and make improvements in the world's climates and embark on major projects such as rechannelling rivers into dry regions? Although these are questions for another discussion, I commend them to our attention.

Finally, the eventual establishment of the Lord's new world order will usher in a brighter day of peace, harmony, love, and sharing on an unprecedented scale. For the first time, the entire planet, the whole human species, will be governed in equity and justice by the benevolent kingship of Jesus Christ. The suffering, war, violence, and selfishness of the present world order will be eliminated. All those souls throughout human history who have worked, struggled, and prayed for world peace will breathe a sigh of relief at the demise of nationalism and war.

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Dana Smith 1987

Drawing on Personal Myths

Dennis Smith

As art students at BYU in the 1960s, Trevor Southey, Gary Smith, and I, along with a few others, used to get together and talk about creating "*The* Mormon Art." Mormonism had produced a few artists such as C. C. A. Christensen, Minerva Teichert, and John Hafen, but there was no Mormon *tradition.* Confident of our abilities and filled with zeal, we set about trying to create an art of lofty human values infused with a spiritual reality that would transcend and unify our different artistic approaches.

In the most significant series of historic paintings since C. C. A. Christensen, Gary vividly portrayed historic Mormon events. Trevor created ethereal paintings of pre-existence, resurrection, and other doctrine-related subjects — as well as a superb bronze depicting the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood. My own work culminated in eleven life-size sculptures for the Church's Monument to Women in Nauvoo.

This overtly Mormon period became a turning point for all of us. We soon discovered that creating "Mormon Art" was a dead end. Creating *art* — which had to include our private interpretations — for an institution seemingly interested only in illustration of "official" interpretation proved difficult. Disillusioned by the institution's aesthetic abuses, we abandoned the idea of "Mormon Art" and simply allowed our Mormon-ness to take care of itself in honest expressions of our personal life experience. In so doing we rediscovered common ground with other Mormon colleagues like Neil Hadlock, with whom we had earlier parted company on our quest for the holy grail.

Interestingly, as we let go of our self-conscious efforts at "Mormon Art," Church authorities who had treated artists with disdain, suspicion, and occasional contempt, appointed professional curators for a Museum of Church His-

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DENNIS SMITH is an artist living in Highland, Utah, with his wife, Veloy and their six children. He is president of North Mountain, an artists' co-op for visual artists, architects, and others in related fields. Dennis has numerous sculptures represented in public and private collections; his paintings from the last two years are reproduced here for the first time.

tory and Art. In recent years the museum has done much to improve Church-sponsored art with first-rate exhibits and enlightened acquisitions.

For the past decade my work has focused on children. Before they acquire the beliefs and fears of "maturity," children experience life directly, spontaneously, freshly. They are obnoxiously honest, quick to forgive, given to sudden outbursts of emotion, and unrelenting in their pursuit of fun. This orientation offers little Mormon-ness, except perhaps for the heretical notion of joy as the ultimate excuse for mortality.

My attachment to the past leans more toward conventional Mormon-ness. My ancestors were converted in Denmark and emigrated in the 1860s. I grew up on their Alpine homestead, went on a mission to Denmark, and graduated from BYU. After attending Copenhagen's Royal Academy, my first major decision was to choose to live and work in Alpine rather than New York. It was a choice to remain within the tradition, to identify with, then amplify and expand my ancestral heritage. I converted my father's old chicken coop into a studio and began my life's work. A short time later, Frank Riggs and I built a new studio in Alpine.

For years I have haunted junk yards and old cellars searching for lost and discarded artifacts to use in my fanciful and semi-abstract assemblages. Picture post cards, farm implements, and obsolete machinery became building blocks for my fanciful re-creation of the past. There is something compelling, even sacred, about images from the past which resonate with my present experience.

Over the past two years I have been obsessed with painting — in part because of a fascination with color, but also because painting lends itself so well to narrative. I see life as story, or a complex of stories to which I attach meaning. Mythologizing my own life, I discover moments of creation, fall, atonement, mercy, and salvation occurring and recurring. We are the Adams and Eves of succeeding generations.

I think of my great-grandmother Kristina Beck, who emigrated from Denmark in the 1860s. What if, during the long ocean voyage, she had found a scrap of paper and sketched the ship on which she sailed, with little notations about their sleeping quarters or meals? How that fragile note would be revered by her family now. The touch of it, the very flow of the lines would conduct us back to the reality of our family's Kristina myth. Moses, after all, was only an archetype of Kristina's grandfather, who could not come but watched his wife and granddaughter sail for the promised land. When we retell the stories of our parents and grandparents, we blow the dust off their lives; their experiences filter into our lungs and enliven the air our children will breath. And if religion is about what matters most, it is certainly about our families and our communities and the stories surrounding them. Keeping journals is a way of reaching forward in time to communicate to descendants we will never see. For me, painting has become a way to explore, to reinterpret, and to express the myths of my family.

The iconography which develops in the paintings is almost never predetermined but is an indirect result of the process. I try to be open to whatever imagery strikes my impulses — forms which seem right to me. I do not con-

sciously decide to use this or that because it means that or this. If it strikes me as strong — either emotionally or aesthetically — I go with it. The definitions almost always are clarified in retrospect, a revelation of sorts, and it is always exciting when I realize the levels of meaning in a painting.

"Kristina Goes to School," 24″×30″, oil, in possession of the artist.

In Denmark my great-grandmother Kristina's grandfather used to take her to school in a horse cart and pick her up after school. His wife and other members of the family joined the Church and emigrated to Utah when Kristina was fourteen. Leaving her beloved grandfather behind was very difficult for Kristina.

In this painting, Kristina's grandfather watches her go into school (the Church, celestial kingdom?). The shadowy figure of a school marm (missionaries, God?) stands in the doorway to receive her. The school's interior is a mystery, hidden from the grandfather; but the door is royal blue, suggesting richness, and paradoxically, loyalty. Kristina literally fades into the path, melting out of the focus of her grandfather's searching gaze. He longs to be with her but knows he cannot. He is outside the stone fence and cannot pass through. Beside him is a beautiful, eternal wheel, a personal cosmology which he cannot betray — his life. The earth turns; the sky progresses from night to dawn. The sea intimates the avenue of Kristina's eventual departure and, supporting the rising sun, suggests the expanse of the universe before which mortals stand.

"Labyrinth," 24″×30″, oil, in possession of the artist.

This painting is in memory of a feeling — my introduction into the world of mystery and confusion — rather than a specific experience. Kristina's log cabin (lower right) was the home of my infancy. The windows glow with warmth and light. I stand in front of the cabin like an intruder on a foreign planet, a pioneer stepping outside the walls of the fort, and am confronted by a labyrinth of trees. Grandpa's world of the barnyard is half lost in the confusion beyond the stream. His house on the right edge offers a refuge from the puzzling world. But the swirling mass of poplars on the left intrigues me. I am drawn to the mystery, the web of trees that stitch heaven and earth together across the stream. The roots bind the earth while the high branches disappear into tumultuous clouds. Somewhere there I sense God, though I cannot see him. The cow and horse in an opening in the trees are central to the experience, as Adam's naming of the animals manifested his relationship to the rest of God's creation. The milkhouse nestled among the tree trunks offers nourishment. The black juniper points upward from the birthing stead toward Grandpa's place and is echoed by the upward thrust of the barn roof. The four circular orbs along the bottom are rows of an apple orchard, a cushioning support from the ground of God's creation.

"Silver Poplars," 24″×24″, oil, in possession of the artist.

A companion piece to "Labyrinth," this painting has the brown dot of Kristina's cabin at its center. The bridge across the stream introduces me to a second level of awareness — Grandpa's world of the barnyard. Silver poplars frame the entrance to this new world, splaying their branches upward in celebration of my "baptism" here. Having visited the animals and the fields, Grandpa, God-like, leads me toward his house, my next world of experience. In the background stands East Mountain, a hint of the world beyond still unknown to my innocent and limited vision. The composition is lyrical, with pleasing, harmonious transitions. The colors — blues, greens, and browns in a mid-range gray blue scale — are muted and pastoral, suggesting softness.

"Alpine Day Appearances: Joseph Smith Appears Before the Alpine Ward," 30″×40″, oil, in possession of the artist.

The annual Alpine Day parade once featured a float of my brother Alan as Joseph Smith praying in a sacred grove of nailed-down, wilting apple branches. My sister Rayola portrayed Mary who had a little lamb in the leading float, and in this painting I also drive Max's go-cart near the front of the pack. The street becomes a stage across which the floats move from left to right. The church and trees serve as stage props supporting the players. The front row of cars rims the lower edge of the composition in a subtle arc, holding the action above. The Joseph Smith float is center stage. Ward members sit on benches on the church lawn. Semi-attentive to the familiar scene passing before them, they are unaware of the two pillars of light standing high above the makeshift sacred grove.

"Water Master," 48″×48″, oil, in possession of the artist.

This salvation painting is very puzzling to me, and frankly I have not quite figured it out. It began as a treehouse on Maude's ditch, across the fence from Dad's orchard. Water flows down from the mountains unbridled to the headgates, where the watermaster tames it and portions it out. The Master is the source of life, and his spirit, like the water, permeates all life. He is pictured here in a "transcendent bubble" borrowed from medieval and Flemish altar paintings of the Last Judgment. I started to paint over the treehouse with the Last Judgment idea but after getting in the two angels I couldn't cover the rest. Now the juxtaposition of treehouse and angel intrigues me, for the treehouse is the child's heavenly home from which he rules the world below.

When I was a child I watched my father taking our water turn in the orchard, tending it carefully, diverting the precious fluid here and there with his shovel. I was so anxious to please him, my father. But he seemed so distant, so removed from my childhood world. In the painting the strong red ring around my father is like an impenetrable shell that keeps human beings from being real with one another. For years it seemed that my need for his

approval controlled my life. I subjugated my own thoughts and desires hoping to please him. In the painting my father kneels and reaches out to me, through the posturing membrane, to find me as I really am. And I reach up, no longer controlled by a need for approval, but confident of my own self-worth, accepting of his love.

The tall trees on both sides bind the starry heavens to the earth below. Apple trees bearing fruit stand on each side. On the left a ladder disappears into the womb-like opening of the tree. Trees on the right show remnants of a ladder that I am hesitant to totally remove and a geometric shape borrowed from a book on fruit trees. The shape is a spraying platform, popular in the early 1900s, from which tall trees were sprayed to protect them from infestation.

"Angels in the Snow," 40″×30″, oil, in possession of the artist.

This painting began as a straightforward treehouse in the snow. But something was lacking. I added the kids to pull a human element into it. But then the trees became "woods," like in Hansel and Gretel. The children wander through a maze, half playing, half lost. The older brother lies down in the snow. He is patterning, making angels in the snow. The other two see him through the trees and make their way toward him, aware of his example. While lying down they see the treehouse, something from their long forgotten past. Now it becomes a ladder leading out of the woods to the blue sky above.

"Dale," 24″×30″, oil, owned by Dale Smith.

Dale is seventeen, the third of our six children. From birth he has had a mind of his own. Though we have tried to respect his individuality, conflicts have arisen, especially when I have tried to fashion him after my image of what a teenager should be. That never works — he instinctively knows that it is better to be himself than to please others. That is his greatest strength and the source of my conflict. He was frustrated recently when Veloy painted his room and we started "deciding for him" what to put on the walls. He said we were going to make it into a nice motel room. He brought me up short. I knew he was right. So I painted this portrait as a gift, an homage of respect, and told him he could do what he wanted with it. It is my view of him, a gesture of peace and love. He gave me permission to include it in this essay.

The image comes from a photo taken when he was about six or seven years old. I have always been fascinated by the indescribable presence of that photo. Dale stands centerstage, looking straight at you. His coat seems to me a strong pyramid-like mantle, like those handed down from father to son, a passing on of responsibility and self-esteem. His gaze is assertive, you know he will not retreat. From his right shoulder, steps lead to the treehouse south of our home. Tree limbs bend down to caress him. The child-built treehouse is a very personal world, a private domain — no strangers allowed. "I'll let in who I want. I'm in charge here." On the left is another tree. Its limbs have been pruned, but thousands of small limbs sprout from the stumps, reaching indomitably upward.

"Heading Home," 36″×36″, oil, in possession of the artist.

Sunset on a winter day. A wild apple tree looms up from the ground toward the top of the composition, then falls back in branched arcs that caress the lower sky and umbrella the entire painting. The tree spans the whole of life: birth in the earth, then a surging upward through life into the heavens. The tree is wild — perfectly natural in an imperfect world. In the sunset of life its branches have begun the return to earth. The painting moves from right to left; upward, then back down.

Two small figures trudge across the winter evening heading home beyond the brow of the hill — just out of sight. Cold shadows gather. Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom. My favorite hymn. The night is long and I am far from home. Lead thou me on. I do not ask to see the distant scene — one step enough for me. Night is coming on, but the colors of sunset contain the promise of dawn. The shriveled and frozen apples on the tree contain the seeds of spring. Resurrection springs eternal in the very core, the body, of the tree. In sacred stillness the soul recognizes both the frailty of life and its eternal essence.

Memoirs of a Marginal Man: Reflections of a Mormon Sociologist

Harold T. Christensen

NEAR THE BEGINNING of my professional career at Brigham Young University, a community sage (who had observed a continuing struggle to merge the intellectual with the spiritual at the institution) asked me: "Harold, are you a Mormon or a sociologist?" My answer was a quick "yes." Perhaps I was being flippant and even naive. But I believed then and do now that religion and science are not intrinsically in conflict, and to assume that we must choose between them is to adopt an artificial or false dichotomy. Both are approaches to truth, albeit via different methods and assumptions. In the final analysis, truth cannot be in conflict with itself.

Nevertheless, many religionists and scientists hold to dogmas and theories that often are in conflict; and trying to work through the emotions and the distortions sometimes engendered by this conflict can lead to being misjudged in both camps. This is the position of the so-called "marginal man."

On occasion I have been viewed with suspicion in Mormon circles because of the sociological label, while also being considered suspect in sociological circles because of my Mormon identification. Some more conservative Mormons have tended to view my professional probings as evidence of a lack of faith. And certain hard-bound sociologists have wondered if religious faith doesn't get in the way of objective analysis. My attempt to bring these two together and to be a vital part of each in the face of seeming contradictions has been the story of my life.

I met smiling Alice Spencer at BYU after serving as a missionary in New Zealand — thirty months as a proselyting missionary and district president, and an additional fifteen months as acting mission president during a long administrative hiatus. Alice and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple the same afternoon we both graduated, 5 June 1935. I had grown up in a very

HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN retired from Purdue University in 1975 where he worked in the Sociology Department for twenty-nine years, fifteen as chairman, and now lives in La Jolla, California, with his wife, Alice Spencer Christensen. This essay is adapted from his autobiography in process: Mormon or Sociologist? Memoirs of a Marginal Man.

orthodox Idaho family and had been active in personally rewarding Church callings. I felt thoroughly Mormon and thoroughly comfortable as a Mormon.

I was fortunate to be both a student and an instructor at BYU under the administration of Franklin S. Harris (1921–45). A decade earlier, the university had suffered when three professors were dismissed, primarily over the teaching of biological evolution. When a scientific hypothesis clashed with religious dogma at BYU, as in this case, the power rested with Church authority. Harris had a great deal to do with striking a working balance between religious and intellectual impulses, best exemplified, to me, by faculty members like John C. Swensen in sociology and William J. Snow in history. In my opinion, Harris came closer to establishing a climate of academic freedom and operating a real university than any president before or since.

As a senior, resolved on sociology, I conducted a survey of ethical/religious beliefs and practices among BYU students. With the enthusiastic cooperation of the religion faculty, I administered my questionnaire to their students. It showed, among other things, that 88 percent believed that Joseph Smith was a true prophet, 75 percent believed that prayers are answered by divine intervention, 41 percent would be obedient to Church authority even if it was opposed to their personal desires, 88 percent considered premarital coitus to be morally wrong, 68 percent attended church at least once a week, 57 percent said they prayed daily, 42 percent said that their faith in the Church had increased at BYU. In general, women were more orthodox and/or conforming than males, freshmen and sophomores more than juniors and seniors, and returned missionaries most of all.

I supplied these results to President Harris who thanked me for the information but cautioned me not to publish anything. He felt my findings might shock certain people and advised me to "lie low for awhile." I did not return to this questionnaire until the 1960s and early 1970s. President Harris also deflected me from my proposed master's thesis: a content analysis of trends in LDS interests and attitudes as drawn from the *Conference Reports* and the *Improvement Era*. He warned that the topic might be "dangerous" since some might interpret the results as unfavorable to the Church. Nevertheless, I was eventually awarded BYU's first master's degree in sociology for my thesis on the time lapse between marriage and the birth of a first child for Utah County couples between 1905 and 1935. Alice gallantly assisted in all of this, even while caring for our first son, Carl.

I taught during these years at BYU as well: introductory sociology, social problems, cultural anthropology, human ecology, social statistics, race relations, and courtship and marriage. After three years of teaching and a summer session at UCLA, I was accepted by the University of Wisconsin for doctoral work in sociology. Two academic years and three summer sessions at Wisconsin were followed by another year of dissertation work sandwiched around teaching duties back at BYU, and then I received my coveted degree. By then, our second son, Boyd, had been born and our daughter Janice would follow in 1942.

During this time, I had another encounter with the threat that working in statistics can present. In Madison, Wisconsin, I gave our Doctrine and

Covenants study group a questionnaire to identify opinions among active and committed Latter-day Saints on paying tithing. I asked such questions as: should the income on which tithing is paid include savings? business expenses? gifts? nonmonetary income? As expected, opinions differed widely. I sent the results and a few interpretive comments to Church headquarters. My work was not even acknowledged. But about four months later, the *Improvement Era* ran an editorial (May 1940) denouncing those who "would quibble about amounts and offsets, and expenses and deductions and who would seek for loopholes in the wording of the law."

I considered this editorial to be an indirect response and felt both disappointed and hurt. I asked myself, "Can't a social scientist make objective examinations of Church phenomena without being accused of harboring the very traits he would seek to eliminate through clarification? Does a Mormon who is also a sociologist get himself into trouble simply by raising questions?" In retrospect, my open questioning might have been a bit ingenuous. Had I been less naive, perhaps, I might not have stuck so strongly to applying professional interests to my own religious culture. As it was, my stay at BYU would last only another seven years.

I had been made assistant professor in 1939 during my leave of absence. I returned to BYU in 1940, was advanced to associate professor in 1942 and full professor in the fall of 1943. Although I didn't receive the title of department chairman until 1944, I had served in that capacity from the time I returned. During those seven years, the sociology department greatly increased its curriculum, faculty, and students — which were, in my opinion, becoming first-rate. I wrote thirteen articles and five book reviews that were either published or accepted by standard professional journals. I did a great deal of speaking and research, and participated in such professional organizations as the American Sociological Society, the Rural Sociological Society, the Population Association of America, the Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, and the Utah County Mental Hygiene Society, serving as an officer in the last two. I also spoke on sociology in two Relief Society general conferences, served on a governor's task force concerned with the state welfare program, worked with a citizen's advisory committee to the State Industrial School in Ogden, and was appointed by the governor to a Utah Tax Study Committee.

I was part of a five-person team from BYU which visited Topaz, a Japanese relocation camp southwest of Delta, Utah, to collect sociological data on the nine thousand men, women, and children kept there. The rows upon rows of stark barracks surrounded by barbed wire depressed me, but I was impressed with the internees' obvious attempts at neatness, their gardens, and their organized groups and clubs. We even saw more than one American flag displayed over doorways.

Utah County recruited a group of these internees to help with the 1943 harvest and housed them in a makeshift farm labor camp near Provo. One October Saturday night, a group of youths shot up the camp, terrorizing the Japanese. Fortunately no one was hurt. The federal government required the mayor to call together a group of educators, civic leaders, local government

officials, and army and labor representatives to decide whether the Japanese should be moved back to camp. I was among the forty or so people attending that meeting. I moved that we uphold the city officials in catching and punishing the youth and "that we favor an acceptance of the Japanese situation in the spirit of American tolerance; that we accept the willingness of the Japanese to work, . . . and protect them to the full extent of the law, [and] that we discourage all displays of racial antagonisms and discrimination." [1]

In addition to this, I also chaired the Provo Civic Welfare Committee, which made recommendations on youth welfare, law enforcement, health, racial injustice, and community projects to the city commission.

With my family, I spent 1944–45 away from Provo, first working for the War Food Administration in Washington, D.C., and then, for nine months, as leader of the Division of Farm Population and Rural Life for the Northeastern Region with headquarters in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. This year convinced me that I preferred academic life to government bureaucracy, that my interests were in teaching and research more than administration, and that I liked the combination of intellectual pursuits within a religious setting.

As the war ended, President Harris resigned to become president of Utah State Agricultural College. Howard S. McDonald, a man I did not know, replaced him. We returned from the east coast, and our fourth child, Larry, was born about three weeks later.

During this same period, I had also devoted considerable time to writing for Church curricula. In 1940, at the invitation of the Relief Society, I put some of the then current cutting-edge research dealing with families and family interactions into seven lessons called "Foundations of Successful Marriage." The Relief Society board members and officers with whom I worked were very cooperative and helpful, and I willingly took time away from writing my dissertation for this assignment. In 1941 I wrote three lessons entitled "Home Cooperation between Parents and Children" for married MIA members. In 1943–44, Belle S. Spafford, by then Relief Society second counselor, asked me to prepare a fourteen-lesson course called "Modern Applications of Ethical Principles." All of these experiences were positive, and I cherished the praise I received from both the officers and from the Apostles who served on the Publications Committee. Virtually the only significant change I was asked to make was to eliminate my denunciation of racial prejudice in America, particularly against blacks, as some felt that class leaders might not be successful in handling such a controversial subject.

In 1946, I spent an intensive fifteen weeks preparing thirty-six lessons on marriage and family relationships for the Sunday School. I was clearly expected to write as a professional, and Superintendent Milton Bennion even asked, "Would you object, in connection with marriage, to recommend[ing] temple marriage?" Of course I did not, and the 209-page manual, *The Latter-day Saint Family* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Sunday School Union Board, 1946), came off the press in the fall of 1946, the first thirty-six lessons by me

[1] Clipping cited is in Harold T. Christensen personal papers, Harold B. Lee Library Archives, Brigham Young University.

and another twelve lessons on genealogy by Archibald F. Bennett. It was, to my knowledge, the first LDS Sunday School course on family relationships ever offered. (Incidentally, I would strongly suggest a reevaluation of the current system where anonymous committees produce manuals. My experience and observations indicate that such a method negates the creative surge that a named author feels and may even invite lowest-common-denominator thinking and writing.)

This manual was also used as a course text for our marriage and family relations classes on campus under the supervision of the Religion Division. Its chairman, Wiley Sessions, however, approved recommendations from three other faculty members that the text be more doctrinal and designed more directly for an exclusively LDS audience. I felt it important to keep the sociological slant *combined* with a religious orientation, a decision that tipped me in the professional direction and made me realize potential limitations for professional development and experience that a sociologist in an LDS setting might face.

Many professionals, like many religious people, can point to a moment of dramatic conversion, a landmark event which shaped the course of their lives — or perhaps a stone wall or an impassable bog that rerouted them in a new direction. In the process of my marginalization, I cannot point to stone walls but rather, to medium-sized rocks, to patches of slippery ground instead of bogs. I suppose that I entertained hopes of contributing to my religion and my profession simultaneously, of bringing the tools of empirical investigation to the Church and its programs. Rather than accepting religious dogma and ecclesiastical instruction at face value, I found myself asking questions and seeking answers — at least partial answers, at least supplementary evidences — in data which could be observed, measured, and analyzed. It was this professionalizing, in short, that most strongly influenced my eventually leaving BYU.

One small event — a stone on the path, so to speak — was a visit with Elder John A. Widtsoe some time after my family relations manual had appeared. He was most complimentary about my writing and encouraged me to consider doing a full-length book for Deseret Book. Then he added, "But you know, at one place in there, you come awfully close to advocating birth control." (Although I never used the term, I had discussed the pros and cons of families that are overly large or small and had argued for a middle ground.) I responded frankly, "Brother Widtsoe, I believe in birth control." While he listened courteously, I explained myself more fully and then asked directly if the Church had an official position on the subject. He admitted that it had not and that his own position was strictly personal. (He had written an *Improvement Era* article decrying family limitation for selfish reasons and allowing birth control only under extreme health strictures and only with such natural methods as abstinence or the rhythm method.) We parted on good terms and our later associations, though infrequent, were always pleasant and, I believe, characterized by mutual respect.

I was often asked to speak, and as early as September 1941, I noted in my diary that I had helped with a symposium as part of stake conference on

"Youth and Religion in the Present World Crisis." I wrote: "Our approach was analytic, which seemed to conflict somewhat with the dogmatic approach of a visiting General Authority. But we [i.e., outspoken panel members] received many compliments just the same." I gave a popular talk at a faculty fireside on 11 November 1945 entitled "Some Isms of Mormonism." I argued that we need to avoid human pitfalls and correct human errors within the Church to preserve and enhance the divine elements, but that certain "isms" could prevent such a process. The key "ism" that I treated, institutionalism, means "the shifting of attention from the individual to the institution so that *its* programs and welfare become even more important than the interests or the needs of people or of consequences to them." I also discussed particularism, verbalism, authoritarianism, anti-intellectualism, and provincialism arguing:

> Adherence to principle is more important than obedience to persons, and the authority of right and truth should be more highly esteemed than that of either tradition or position. . . . Yet those who love power are always with us and, because of this, the tendency is ever present to make man servile, to stifle his creative urge, his individuality, his God-given right to doubt, in order to better control him. . . . Critical loyalty is better than gullible loyalty and intelligent faith is better than that which is blind. Unless BYU is able to develop the powers of both faith and thought, it will have failed in its purposes, both as a religious institution and as a university."

I received mostly positive responses although one faculty member, a lifelong friend of my parents, wondered what they might think of my apparent tendency toward liberalism. I took up a similar theme at a student devotional, arguing for the teaming of intellectuality and spirituality. Without spirituality, I pointed out, intellect frequently fails to better the human condition. And without intellect, spirituality often degenerates into narrow dogmatism and superstition. I was almost overwhelmed with laudatory comments from students, faculty members, and administrators.

Experiences like these encouraged me to plead for the development of a research arm within the Church to study the effectiveness of curriculum and program. Although I was ahead of my time by some thirty years, I am encouraged by the current existence of a Research and Evaluation Committee within the Correlation program of the Church staffed by a small group of young, dedicated social scientists.

During my stay at BYU, I enjoyed several Church callings: The Utah Stake Sunday School organization, the Utah Stake High Council, and a very satisfying campus Sunday School class. Up to that point in time, ecclesiastical units had not been organized on campus, but these Sunday School classes were an early beginning. Other teachers included — though not all at the same time — Parley A. Christensen, Thomas L. Broadbent, Carl F. Eyring, Thomas L. Martin, J. Wiley Sessions, Sidney B. Sperry, Russel B. Swensen, and O. Meredith Wilson. Every Sunday my room, which held 110 students, had standing room only. "I like to teach a group at this age level and of this cultural background and I appreciate being free to plan and organize my own

lessons," I wrote in my journal 28 November 1942. "A job like this is much more challenging and satisfying than stake board work."

Alice and I participated in a study group with six or eight young faculty couples. We called ourselves "The Cracked Egg Club" ("the Cracked Egghead Club," someone not a member of our group retorted) because we all took turns purchasing second-grade eggs from a nearby cooperative at a bulk discount and used our monthly Sunday get-togethers to take orders and arrange for purchases and distributions.

Our group's academic specialties and religious perspectives represented a wide range. We all agreed that we would allow honest probing and open, responsible discussion without personal judgment, betrayal, or misrepresentation. We chose current topics or issues — usually controversial ones — which were relevant to our religious interests, then took turns presenting. Our presentations could take almost any form: a brief book report, a nontechnical research report, an analysis of an issue, or a personal position. Open discussion followed each presentation. Alice and I genuinely enjoyed these occasions. Our no-nonsense discussions not only made for a cross-fertilization of ideas but brought needed relief from some of the tensions inherent in an authoritarian belief structure such as the one in which we operated. Out of that group came many enduring friendships for Alice and me.

There were rocks along my path, but it was basically a pleasant path. Then, in the spring of 1946, I was offered a position in the Sociology Department at Utah State Agricultural College, now Utah State University, in Logan, to develop the field of marriage and family relations and possibly follow the current chairman when he retired in a couple of years. I had been at BYU for six years since my return from graduate study and was department chairman, but my salary had climbed from a starting level of $2,100 in 1940 to only $3,200. The Utah State offer would have meant a $400 increase. When I discussed this offer with President McDonald, he agreed to advance my salary to $3,500 but said that was all he could do out of fairness to other faculty members. He seemed to act half-heartedly, but the salary increase, as well as my genuine enjoyment of my work and friends, convinced me to stay.

This was not my first encounter with President McDonald, of course. A professional educator and former superintendent of Salt Lake City public schools, he resigned as president of BYU after four years to become president of Los Angeles City College. In faculty meetings and other gatherings, he seemed a bit outside his natural element. Technically, he was an adequate administrator, but he lacked the intellectual curiosity and the vision of what a university should be, which had characterized Franklin S. Harris. He stressed conformity to doctrines and rules but did little to encourage questioning or creative thinking.

During the spring of 1947, two other rocks appeared on my path. BYU was planning special academic events as part of the centennial celebration of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers in Salt Lake Valley. I suggested inviting Kimball Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, eminent sociologist at the University of Wisconsin, and past president of the American Sociological Associa-

tion. He was, however, a lapsed Mormon, though he still identified strongly with the culture. The administration turned down my recommendation. This type of political caution irked me.

During this time, I had prepared drafts of three or four chapters of a college text on marriage and the family and had distributed copies for criticism and suggestions to several colleagues. Wiley Sessions was one of them. As head of the Division of Religion, he had the uncomfortable duty of keeping the rest of us in line. I found him generally friendly but a little unpredictable, alternately both liberal and conservative. Wanting to maintain a friendly atmosphere but being under pressure from above, he tended to play things politically, and I was never quite sure where I stood with him or where he would stand on a given issue.

When we discussed these chapters, he had just returned from consultations with General Authorities in Salt Lake City. I understood, from interchanges with him and others, that he had been admonished to see that the gospel was "uppermost in everything" that went on. He told me, "Harold, you write well and you have something important to contribute, so by all means you should go on with the book. But surely you cannot do it the way you have started. You must deal with the doctrine of celestial marriage, with getting sealed in the temple, with genealogy work, etc. In short, cite scripture and make sure you approach the subject from the Mormon point of view." Surprised, I repeated that this book was for a general market, that I would be happy to prepare a supplement to make the book more useful on campus, but that surely his approach would not suit a national publisher. As I recall, he said that I should put the Church audience first and the national audience second. We had clearly reached a near stalemate.

These and other experiences weakened my commitment to BYU so that I frankly acknowledged my increasing discomfort with the restrictions and expectations that seemed to be tightening around me. I perceived it as pressure — not serious pressure yet but an unpleasant indicator of the future.

Then in May 1947, I received a letter from the director of the Division of Education and Applied Psychology at Purdue, offering me the chairmanship of their emerging sociology program. They had just added an M.S. program and were promising a separate sociology department and Ph.D. program within a few years. The salary would be $6,250, more than $2,000 more than I would be making at BYU. It turned out that I had been recommended by a Purdue education professor who had been visiting in Utah in February 1947 and had heard me speak at a Parents' Day program in, of all unlikely places, Hinckley High School in Delta, Utah.

I did not want to give up the emotional security of our comfortable environment, the good atmosphere in which to raise our children, the religious satisfactions of being part of a Church-centered community, my pleasure at the real contributions I was able to make, our friends, and the fine students. But Purdue was a prestigious university with a top-flight reputation. In addition to being free of financial worries for the first time in our married life, I would also be free to develop professionally. That was an appealing feature.

It was not an easy decision. I was thirty-eight years old, a good age for a career move. Alice and I debated the pros and cons. Her encouragement and willingness to move helped convince me that we should take the chance. In the late summer of 1947 we packed up and left for West Lafayette, Indiana. It is a move we have never regretted.

At Purdue, our fifth child, Gayle, was born and I was appointed professor in both sociology, and child development and family relations — an across-department arrangement that lasted about a dozen years, although my duties in the developing Sociology Department soon absorbed most of my attention. I finished my book, *Marriage Analysis*, which, I'm happy to say, went through three editions and was used on hundreds of campuses. I was involved in the exciting work of strengthening staff and curriculum, attracting high-quality students for our emerging program, and enhancing our reputation through professional activities. Sociology became a separate department in 1953, and I became its chairman.

We invited guest lecturers and visiting professors such as Ernest W. Burgess, a pioneer in family sociology from the University of Chicago; renowned anthropologist Margaret Mead; and Alfred C. Kinsey, then notorious for his sex research at Indiana University. His visit did not pass without controversy, but I reflected philosophically that it could not have happened at all at BYU.

When we arrived in West Lafayette, there were only about a half-dozen Mormon families in the community, all of them newcomers. Alice and I offered our home for an organizational meeting in October 1947 and about twenty attended, including the district president and our mission president, Creed Haymond. Most present wanted a full organizational program, with all auxiliaries and full-scale proselyting in the community. I was alarmed, feeling that there were too few of us to justify a full auxiliary program, and I urged a more sensitive approach to the public. I concluded by pointing out that while I wanted to remain a good Latter-day Saint, I had to be aware of my role at the university where I intended to be a good sociologist and a well-balanced departmental administrator. Although I startled many of those present, my words seemed to have the intended effect and we organized a branch presidency, a sacrament meeting, and Sunday school.

But some of those present thought I had thrown cold water on the Lord's work. A few months later, a former student and friend wrote that Creed Haymond had told a congregation in East Lansing that I was "selfish in not permitting the Church to come to Lafayette." I wrote promptly to Haymond, explaining, among other things:

> The Church, of course *is* now organized in Lafayette and Alice and I are among the participants. I have been asked to conduct a number of the fireside chats and am to give the talk in sacrament meeting a week from next Sunday. We have felt good about it all. In a university class last week, I had my third opportunity of taking a full hour to explain Mormonism. I even extended an invitation to listeners to attend our Sunday services. I sincerely hope that you are not now using my name in this way, publicly and in your official capacity, without having given yourself an opportunity to really get acquainted or without giving me the opportunity of defending

> myself. I certainly would welcome an opportunity of talking things over with you at some future time.

Haymond wrote back, partially misrepresenting my position. Although I had been primarily concerned about premature *over*-organization and about the insistence that *members*, not just missionaries, launch into proselyting, he accused:

> You will recall that you were quite outspoken in opposing the assignment of missionaries and their proselyting activities in Lafayette . . . until you had more firmly established yourself at the University, indicating that the unfavorable reputation of the Church would be detrimental to your reception at the school. . . . My assignment is not to discuss with local members whether or not a Branch should be organized and would it please them, but to send Missionaries as far and wide as possible and make available to the members the opportunities of Church activity. I came to Lafayette with that intention and felt that it was not necessary to have a private discussion with anyone.

He did not, then or later, offer me an opportunity to discuss my position. Despite this bad start, I was invited to become a member of the newly organized district council, a calling I reluctantly turned down because of my professional overload at the time. I was never again asked to serve in any capacity above the ward level, and my Church service consisted of a one-year stint as Sunday School superintendent and several long and very enjoyable assignments teaching Sunday School. I know that my approach sometimes made conservative members of the class uncomfortable (as when I suggested that we test, through qualified research, the promise of monetary blessings with three groups of Latter-day Saints — full tithe-payers, partial tithe-payers, and nontithers). I remained committed to the Church and usually attended meetings regularly, although I also would give myself "sabbaticals" during intensive periods of work.

At Purdue, Alice and I always missed associating with a group like the Cracked Egg Club and, although we tried to organize such a group a couple of times, it simply didn't catch on. The existence of DIALOGUE and later *Sunstone* has helped fill that void, giving me a place to publish some Mormon-related research and to read about the scholarly and creative efforts of others. I also found other outlets for my continuing interest in supplying a research-oriented examination of my Church.

With Kenneth L. Cannon, a BYU professor in Child Development and Family Relations, I wrote about the rates of divorce, fertility, and timing of first births in temple and non-temple marriages, updating and expanding the data base collected for my master's thesis. We published our results in *Social Science* and were pleased to see some of our findings cited in a priesthood manual during the 1960s.

During the summer of 1961 when I was a visiting professor at BYU, I explored the possibility of picking up again on my 1935 student questionnaire and was pleased when John R. Christiansen, then associate professor of sociology, expressed interest in joining me in a follow-up.

We planned to replicate the study and see what changes, if any, had taken place over time. Our proposed study required approval from Earl C. Crockett, then university vice president. We submitted my 1935 questionnaire along with an explanation of our methodology and our prediction that the results would please the Brethren by showing a trend toward greater conservatism. The approved portions came back to us, shortening the questionnaire by almost half. The first section was missing entirely. It had consisted of thirteen statements designed to test orthodoxy, such as: "Do you believe . . . that Joseph Smith communed with God as a true prophet? . . . that prayers are ever answered by divine intervention?" etc. Four additional questions — dealing with attitudes toward Church rituals, contraception, premarital intercourse, and the wearing of temple garments — also were disapproved. Reasons given for all of these deletions centered around the fear that such questions were dangerous to the faith of LDS youth since they might raise doubts in their minds.

These deletions substantially weakened our study, but we decided to move ahead anyway. Christiansen administered the abbreviated questionnaire and got back a rather large sample of responses, after I had returned to Purdue. Nothing more happened. Over the next few years, I began urging another try at getting the original questionnaire approved. In January 1968, Christiansen wrote that a special committee Crockett had appointed had rejected the request, citing as reasons, "the disinclination of members of our department to collect the data," sampling problems, ambiguity in some questions and "inappropriateness" in others. Christiansen also stipulated that if the 1961–62 data were used it could be only with the two of us as joint authors, but that he had serious reservations about the project. I wrote back expressing my dismay at the censoring of the original 1935 study, my repugnance at the process involved in making the 1968 decision, and my frustration at having even the 1962 data withheld. I invited him to "take the lead in drafting an article" as a proof of his sincere desire to collaborate. Christiansen wrote back saying that he preferred to drop the project.

However, in 1971 I discussed the project with Ken Cannon. He was enthusiastic and worked quietly to get a thousand-plus sample back. We published a joint article in the March 1978 issue of *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion* showing, as predicted, a dramatic and consistent shift in the direction of greater conservatism. The data also demonstrated that behavior has moved toward conservatism even faster than belief, that students in the 1970s were surer of themselves than those in 1935, and that part of the conservative shift occurred while they were attending BYU. In short, while many major religious groups had become more liberal, the Mormon Church was experiencing new fundamentalism. A second article drawn from the same data, "The Effect of Religious Orthodoxy: A Statistical Analogy," appeared in the Winter 1980 issue of the *Journal of Psychology and Theology*, which I co-authored with Marvin Rytting, professor of psychology at Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis.

A DIALOGUE article of mine published in Winter 1972 identified "Stress Points in Mormon Family Culture": excessive terminal petting, a tendency to

marry very young, guilt-laden premarital sexuality, an unrealistic emphasis on having large families, and an over-emphasis on male authority within the home. Over the years, I also published in standard social science journals. I compared data on premarital sexual attitudes and behaviors of Purdue students, LDS students from an anonymous Utah university, and Danish students from the University of Copenhagen, all collected during a 1957–58 Fulbright Scholarship year (with survey follow-ups during 1968 and 1978).

This research led to three articles where I argued for a research-based rationale for personal decision-making — in other words, finding rational reasons, not just dogmatic ones, for supporting the chastity norm. During the summer of 1967, I delivered an address to an auditorium packed with BYU students while I was visiting professor there for the second time. The speech was subsequently published in *BYU Studies* as "The New Morality: Research Bases for Decisions in Today's World" (Autumn 1967: pp. 23–35). A second article, "Mormon Sexuality in Cross-cultural Perspective," was printed in a special issue of DIALOGUE (Autumn 1976) on sexuality in the Mormon culture that Marvin Rytting and I guest-edited. In 1981, I read before an annual meeting of the Mormon History Association, "The Persistence of Chastity within Contemporary Mormon Culture: A Case of Built-in Resistance to Secular Trends," later published in the March–April 1982 issue of *Sunstone*.

All three essays essentially indicate that the Mormon students (identified as Intermountain) were most conservative, the Danish sample most liberal, and the Indiana sample in between. In both attitudes and behavior, Mormon students were most conservative and became increasingly so over time, compared to the others. Mormons who did break the chastity norm, though fewer in number than other groups, felt greater guilt or experienced greater negative consequences as a result. By measuring the effects of premarital sex and relating these to both the circumstances and to the internalized value systems of participants, it should be possible in time to develop a research-based "morality of consequences" which would reinforce traditional standards of behavior.

I received no criticism or report of criticism on any of this material from General Authorities or other ecclesiastical leaders. In fact, G. Homer Durham, then a member of the presidency of the First Quorum of Seventy, singled out my essay co-authored with Ken Cannon for praise. I wondered, with some irony, what the BYU administrators had feared earlier on.

Although my cross-cultural writings have attracted wide and favorable attention in social science circles, to the best of my knowledge I have never been judged by colleagues as biased or partial toward the Church — even though much of my professional writing has drawn upon Mormon data and it is generally known that I am a participating Mormon and have researched my own culture. I would hope that this is because I am as objective as possible in my reporting, avoid personal value judgments, and am willing to derive generalizations from the available data alone.

In 1975 I retired from Purdue and was made Professor Emeritus, feeling largely satisfied with my professional achievements and with the patterns of personal life that Alice and I had established for ourselves and our children.

It is natural, I suppose, to sum up at this stage. Sociology does not deal with "what ifs." I have no way of knowing what might have happened if we had stayed in Provo and continued work at BYU. It is at least possible that I might have been called to the Sunday School general board since I had done a certain amount of traveling with board members to present conferences and institutes on teaching marriage and family relationships. Almost certainly I would have written more manuals — at least for a period of time. But it seems likely that increasing dissonance would have developed, brought on as my professional goals conflicted with a continuing desire to serve the Church.

Lifelong experience has taught me that innovators may best serve the Church from the outside — that is, free of job dependence. In conservative Church circles, the Mormon sociologist (and many other LDS scientists, particularly social scientists) quite frequently is regarded with suspicion. His probing and questioning, which are the essence of science and scholarship, tend to be seen as threats to the powers that be who sometimes label the questioner as short on faith. In a church that stresses free agency, eternal progression, the acceptance of *all* truth whether revealed by deity or discovered by man, and sees intelligence as "the glory of God" — this is most unfortunate.

If anything, the hiatus between strict conformity on the one hand and open inquiry on the other, between unquestioning obedience versus thoughtful probing, has become even more pronounced in recent decades. My 1935 BYU survey combined with later follow-ups has demonstrated that a very dramatic shift toward conservatism within Mormon culture has taken place, affecting both attitudes and behavior. A recent onslaught of articles in DIALOGUE and *Sunstone* have, in one way or another, dealt with this same phenomenon. Richard Pearson Smith's "Science: A Part of or Apart from Mormonism?" argues that science was more acceptable in Church thinking a few decades back than it is today, decries that fact, and asks for a return to the presumably better balance of the earlier period (DIALOGUE 19 [Spring 1986]: 106–22).

By using the phrase "Mormon Sociologist" — for the sake of brevity and readability — in the subtitle of this article I have been guilty of resorting to literary license. Strictly speaking, there "ain't no such animal." There can be and is, of course, a sociology of Mormonism, which attempts to analyze the Mormon phenomenon objectively; but not a *Mormon* sociology, not a special brand of social science which seeks to defend or promote the Church's position. In the same sense, there can be no Catholic sociology, no Marxian sociology, no sociology of any kind which is willing to select or slant or bias its results in support of a sectarian position or any vested interest. Sociology, by definition, is a science, which means that it is committed to following the procedures of open, objective investigation and to let the resulting data stand on their own merits.

The issue, of course, is essentially the same as that faced in the present controversy over the writing of Mormon history: faith-promoting history on the one hand versus faithful (i.e., truthful and objective) history on the other. I hold to the second of these, believing that to the extent history is made to *promote* the Mormon view it ceases to be history.

I consider myself a Mormon. I identify with that religious culture and feel a sense of loyalty to its most essential beliefs and programs. I also consider myself a sociologist. I search for answers using empirical observation and measurement. And I see no necessary conflict in this dual identification; one can be Mormon *and* sociologist to the strengthening of both institutions.

I have tried long and hard to blend the intellectual with the spiritual in my life; I am still trying but with only limited success. It is ironic, perhaps, that at age seventy-eight I remain even now caught up in this lifelong struggle. I have found that, as a rule, fellow sociologists are more tolerant of my religious interests than are fellow Mormons of my scientific inclinations — probably because of the "suspended judgment" stance of science contrasted with the "true to the faith" stance of religionists. I am a believer but not a "true believer" in the sense of never raising questions; and I am a social scientist who remains unwilling to purposely slant his investigative outcomes in support of preconceived assumptions.

I can and do (more now than formerly) put certain questions on the shelf, as it were, regarding the doctrines pertaining to them as working hypotheses and not letting them bother me too much until more is revealed. I find that in this manner I can handle most of the theological/philosophical problems which come my way — to my own satisfaction at least. But increasingly, it seems to me, a "good" Mormon is supposed to just believe, to not raise bothersome questions, to have a testimony and be willing to bear it. With certain of my more conservative fellow Mormons, my questioning proves my lack of faith. I frequently am made to feel out of line when I do not readily bear testimony or when I push for discussion rather than offering supporting statements. It is the institutional and interpersonal pressures — which seem particularly strong of late — that I am finding difficult to cope with. Not the basic gospel principles.

Essentially, Alice has been and remains right with me in all of this. Her religious feelings seem to be less urgent than mine; she is less concerned about doctrinal positions and can brush things off easier than I. From the beginning, we have tried to raise our children as active albeit analytical Mormons. While they were with us, we encouraged church participation but also challenged them to ask questions and to think things out for themselves. I guess our marginality was showing through.

What about now? Of our three sons, none is at all active in the Church. Our two daughters, on the other hand — along with their returned-missionary husbands and five children apiece — are as active and orthodox as the best of Mormons. Alice and I are somewhere in between. But we think we have the love and respect of all our children and that they, for the most part, feel that way toward each other, in spite of differences. So far within our extended family, there seems to be unity, together with considerable keeping in touch. In June 1985, for example, twenty-nine of us — everyone except one grandchild who was serving a mission in Pennsylvania — assembled here in La Jolla for a most wonderful three-day golden wedding celebration in our honor. It is our sincere hope that this kind of family love and solidarity, despite certain divergencies in views and lifestyles, can continue. We are optimistic enough to believe that it will.

House of the Temple, House of the Lord: A View From Philadelphia

Scott Abbott and Steven Epperson

The lord whose oracle is at Delphi neither speaks nor conceals, but gives signs (Heraclitus).

THREE STEPS. A TERRACE. FIVE STEPS. A TERRACE. Seven steps. A terrace. Nine steps. A final broad terrace. Stone sphinxes (one for wisdom, one for power) flanked me on either side. Above me, like an ancient Egyptian mountain carved by holy men, towered the massive House of the Temple, deliberately intimidating to any "profane" seeking admittance.

I pressed a tiny button as a small sign directed (really wishing I could knock with the big brass ring hanging from the mouth of a flaming lion's head) and waited.

The pyramidal, columned edifice, headquarters of the Mother Supreme Council of the Thirty-Third and Last Degree, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A., stands at the corner of Sixteenth and S streets in Washington, D.C., not far south from the fine old Mormon chapel whose stained glass representations of the Restoration now shed their muted light on committed followers of the Reverend Moon. Taking their cue from the Great Architect of the Universe, Freemasons have always meticulously ordered their physical environments. Space is organized to facilitate mental change. Initiates pass along a symbolic route meant to transform them. Put most simply: the building makes the man.

I looked around at the ritually measured steps, the sphinxes, the thirty-three columns surrounding the building, the heavy, locked doors, and con-

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STEVEN EPPERSON and SCOTT ABBOTT became friends in Princeton, New Jersey. They continue their friendship in this essay and have chosen the first person form as an aesthetic solution to the problem of presenting and meshing two different sets of experiences. Steven recently finished a dissertation on Gathering and Restoration: Mormon Ways of Understanding the Jewish People *in the Department of Religion at Temple University. He and his wife, Diana Girsdansky, have three sons and live in Salt Lake City. Scott is an assistant professor of German at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, and is the author of the forthcoming* Fictions of Freemasonry: Freemasonry and the German Novel. *He and his wife, Carol Susan Hansen, have six children.*

templated the wealth, power, and exclusivity the building represented. Would passage through this building change me? A second time, I rang the bell.

The day before, I had come by train from Philadelphia to Washington to gather information for a paper on "Aspects of Freemasonry in the Mormon Temple." Waiting at the station for my cousin, I bought a copy of the *Washington Post* and in the book review section read the story of Robert Fitzroy, captain of the *Beagle*, that doggy ship we remember because the young Charles Darwin was among its passengers. Like Darwin, Fitzroy was a young upper-class Englishman. But unlike his soon-to-be famous passenger, he was a passionately fundamentalist Christian (and a strong advocate of slavery). Fitzroy visited the same exotic places as Darwin and witnessed the same phenomena, but his different lens of understanding (literalistic Biblical) led him to experience a radically different world from Darwin's. When Darwin began publishing his findings soon after his return to England, Fitzroy felt implicated in the rise of an idea that threatened his traditional Christian view of the cosmos. He was tortured by the thought of his own complicity, tormented — until one day he burst into a room where scientists had gathered to discuss evolution. Theatrically, desperately, touched by a spirit inimical to the new science, Fitzroy waved an open Bible over his head and shouted to the flabbergasted scientists: "The Book! The Book! the B-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-k!"

Finally my cousin arrived.

He and I are not as different as were Darwin and Fitzroy, although what he told me on the way to his apartment about his work on Ronald Reagan's re-election campaign gave me the feeling that our politics would not lead to a sudden and perfect rapport. Nor would our economic situations, I thought, as we neared his home in the condominiumed splendor of Pentagon City. We did agree, however, that we would both like to attend sacrament meeting that afternoon at his ward.

The Potomac Ward parking lot looked like a well-stocked BMW dealership. The chapel breathed pastel elegance. The congregation listened intently as a speaker bore mellifluous witness to "the most correct book on the face of the earth."

Immersed in the pervasive well-being of the suburban Washington chapel, electronically amplified words washing around me, I perversely rebelled against the prevailing spirit of ease and resolution. Unavoidably I began making perilous and ludicrous contrasts between the well-heeled, cultured piety of this environment and the deprivation, ruin, and violence of north Philadelphia (where my wife and I were eking out a student-family's existence). Synapses opened and closed, adrenaline shot into my blood, very recent memories hurtled through my consciousness.

Last week, while standing in the Broad Street bus, I stupidly ignored the process of my own victimization by a skillful pickpocket: the unnecessary jostling by a commuter at my back, the conspiratorial looks of confederates on either side, young men disarmingly lost to the driving rap beat in their headphones. Robbed for the second time in a month. (The first had been a useless break-in — what did we have that they would want anyway? It's a wonder

they didn't trash our place out of spite.) But the pickpockets expertly fleeced me of the money for my research trip to Washington — and the precious means for Elizabeth's art lessons. Now when someone brushes up against me on a subway or crowded sidewalk, my hand goes to my wallet and lurid scenes of imagined violence pass through my mind's eye.

Fortunately, a grant from our bishop (he says a generous couple once supported his education) foiled the pickpocket and got me to a pastel chapel in Washington, where I now heard an undersecretary for something-or-other report on how hospitably the saints in Paris accepted her during a recent visit. "The Church is the same wherever you go."

That night my cousin and I had a long talk. I was thankful for his hospitality; but in spite of that and the fact that the Church is the same wherever you go, we were repeatedly at odds. He expressed concern over the topic of my paper, suggesting that the Mason-Mormon connection might be better left untouched. Instead of derivation and congruence, why not talk about this Church's uniqueness? Why write speculative history anyway? All history is analogical and speculative, I pointed out. Was he suggesting that history be forgotten? I tried to see things his way but had difficulties getting past my own prejudices. So did he. His faith seemed based on answers whose questions undergird my own. Although we disagreed on almost everything, we still conversed for hours. Perhaps that itself was a small victory for us both.

The next morning, on my way to the House of the Temple, my cousin kindly initiated me into urban masonry, the first order of which comprehends the computerized efficiency and antiseptic cleanliness of the new subway system. He led me down a swift and silent escalator into a vast, vaulted chamber. In exchange for a green bill bearing Masonic symbols (a pyramid capped by an all-seeing eye), we entered the subway. Conversing quietly, we rode a swift car through dark passageways: from Pentagon City to Arlington National Cemetery, on to Foggy Bottom, and into the heart of the city. There we ascended from the secret bowels of the earth to sidewalks where the world's largest contingent of lawyers and secretaries rushed to work. My cousin joined the phalanx of lawyers, and I made my way up Sixteenth Street to the House of the Temple.

A third time I pressed the bell, nervous about what awaited me.

The longer its doors remained closed, the more intimidating the building grew. Part of the Masons' attraction is that they don't try to attract. Proselytizing is forbidden, and frightful oaths protect the secrecy of their rituals.

I peered through the glass door. Through semidarkness a little old man approached and opened the door. I showed him my letter of invitation, then followed him through a large atrium, prodigiously appointed with white marble, polished green granite, and heavy oak beams. Doric columns competed with black Egyptian figures, Greek vase paintings with Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The stone, wood, and gold paint were impressive; but the library, reached after progressing through a series of halls and rooms, struck my literarily educated senses as the ultimate in enclosed space. Books of every size, age, language, and shape rose in varicolored ranks to a vaulted, skylit ceiling.

The librarian, a kindly, middle-aged German woman, greeted me warmly. At her request, I gave her a list of books I wanted to see first; as she bustled away with energy I came to admire over the next days, I again contemplated the room. It reminded me of similar places, other sancta dedicated to the word, other protected inner rooms housing written visions and revisions, harboring texts both public and intimate, exoteric and esoteric: library rooms in New York, Provo, Tuebingen — and Princeton.

It was at Princeton that I met Alfred Bush, head of the university library's Western Americana collection. Over several months (I drove up daily from Philadelphia), he introduced me to his collection of texts and artifacts, both Mormon and Masonic. One day he showed me a first edition of the *Book of Commandments* he had just purchased for the library. Another day it was a letter from Brigham Young to a wayward wife, offering to come pick her up himself if she would come back. I read about Joseph Smith sounding the Masonic distress cry — "Is there no help for the widow's son?" — in the moments before his death. Most fascinating of all was the seerstone, once used by Joseph, now encased in a velvet-lined box. Through the geode's hollow center, guided by a triangle of crystals, I could pretend, could long to see the world as Joseph Smith saw it. This stone acted for a time as his Delphi. I wondered about the signs it gave.

The librarian brought me a large stack of books — eighteenth- and nineteenth-century volumes for which there had been no great demand over the last century or so. I blew clouds of very fine, black dust from each book before I opened it, making liberal use of the disposable hand towels the librarian provided and wondering about documented cases of black lung in library workers.

Lunchtime came and the librarian directed me to a McDonalds a few blocks away (she had sized up my pocketbook rather handily). Outside, blinking in the harsh light of midday, I ritually left the House of the Temple behind — nine steps, seven, five, and three — and walked through a neighborhood of once fine townhouses. My coat and tie had fit in well enough in the subway among lawyers and also in the library, but walking among the new tenants of the decaying buildings (the people whose threatening presence may have contributed to the sale of the old Mormon chapel), my clothing set me apart. However, under the golden arches all are equal, and I ate my lunch in a plastic environment among people with culinary tastes as indiscriminating as my own.

Back in the library, drowsily trying to read a deadly sociological study of Freemasonry under the influence of McDonalds' grease and sugar, my mind wandered to the vivid image of the bearded, sallow, shivering, overcoated man I had seen propped against the outside of the House of the Temple (oblivious to the ninety-degree heat). Strands of memory grew taut and resonant, and I relived a winter journey through Philadelphia, a trek necessitated by a sudden need for funds. Personal history. Existential history. The figured history of my life as opposed to the abstract history I was tracing on paper.

I hiked and hitchhiked through the city, through the litter-strewn woods in Fern Rock, through North Philadelphia bombed back into the Stone Age by

age, neglect, and malevolence. Men stared at me as I passed their fires lit in drums, the ascending flames stoked with the ripped-out ribbing of building carcasses great and humble. I stumbled over rusting tracks running in once-purposeful grids through the gaunt ruins of commerce. I passed Dropsie University, festooned with graffiti and blackened by exhaust fumes and arson, and came to the Interstate Blood Bank. Four weeks earlier I'd bled for thrombosis research. Good money on a one-pint basis. But the interval between then and now was too short, and mine was an immediate, nontrifling need: a birthday dress for Elizabeth, a denial of the marginality of our poverty.

I joined the early morning lineup of regulars, the several dozen other residents of that forlorn territory, hoping to get in on the plasma donors program. Men warmed chilled bodies by sitting on open heating grates in the sidewalk; others gathered, arms extended, fingers spread out toward the intense heat cast out from great, perforated barrels. I tried not to stare too hard at these or at others: the men with the DTs in front of me in the line, the one moaning, sweating, and stinking behind me. Peering in, I read the familiar, worn sign near the door: "Would you like to earn $87 a month? Ask about the Plasma Program. Donors with poor hygiene and body odor will not be processed." Most of us were turned away that morning. I didn't have enough identification, the man behind me was rejected when the medical technicians found the tracks between his thighs and toes.

Finally that night I stood at the end of the platform at the old Reading terminal off North Broad, under an implacable sky, a tender, star-dappled sky, imploring, like a child, for simple answers to numbing complexities and for the easing of that city's pain.

Back from dream memories of Philadelphia, refreshed by my furtive nap, I worked through the afternoon. Periodically the man who had let me in the front door led small groups of people through. I could hear his tour-guide intonations (boyish pride laced with bored familiarity) in adjoining rooms:

"This Bible, 150 years old, has each letter printed in gold."

"The silver ball here opens up to reveal a complete set of Masonic jewels or symbols. Notice the trowel, compass, square, and plumb line."

"This is the universal room. Each bookcase houses Masonic books from a particular country. We used to have each country's flag displayed above the cabinets, but today so many countries are communistic, and we won't allow communistic flags here, so we just took them all down."

"In this room is our Robert Burns collection, the most complete set of published material outside of Scotland written by and about our illustrious brother."

"The hammering and drilling you hear down the hall is from our Dynamic Freedoms Room. We are installing a new display there: torture instruments of the Catholic Inquisition, recently donated by an Italian brother."

While I worked and the tours went on, the librarian answered her telephone:

"Lib'ry! . . . No sur, we do not have the Knights of Columbus ritul . . . That is what I said, ritul. You should call the Lib'ry of Congress . . . Thank you, sur."

"Lib'ry! . . . The Bolivian delegation is bringing how many extra pursons? . . . But I only ordered two cars for them. Are they small people?"

In the meantime, I read a novel (published in Germany in 1870) in which one of the characters writes eccentric letters from Salt Lake City describing the Mormons. He explains "Mormon Masonry" by referring to W. W. Phelps's supposed years of study at Göttingen under the philosopher/Masonic reformer Krause. (That was new to me and probably would have surprised W. W. Phelps as well.)

I finally emerged from the dim coolness of the House of the Temple at four o'clock with a satisfying stack of notes in hand.

Tuesday and Wednesday were much like Monday: riding the subway in with my cousin (we continued to agree on very little, but we were still talking), reading old books from eight to four, and discovering the city in the late afternoons and evenings.

B'nai Brith and the National Rifle Association have headquarters on the same block. The Australian Embassy was tearing up great expanses of reinforced concrete to install heating wires under the entrance to an underground garage (the ambassador must have had a difficult winter). The Russian Embassy really does have a forest of antennae on its roof. The National Gallery closes at five, so if you walk through a rain storm for forty-five minutes after working until four and then hope to spend the rest of the afternoon there, you should forget it, go home, and dry your shoes.

Twice I fled from the prevailing heat and light into theaters. I saw *The Brother from Another Planet* and *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, two films about men thrust into alien cultures. The stories of those two black men dealing with their absurd, liminal conditions in shockingly new habitats made me recall images of the winter we spent at the literal edge of Philadelphia.

Finally, after weeks of apartment hunting (while grossly overstaying the hospitality of our home teacher, whose large family already made his house small), we found a place. Not elegant, and in a tough, ragged neighborhood, but with two bedrooms and a rent we decided we could afford. With two-thirds of our savings we paid the security deposit and the first month's rent. Two days later we arrived with our first load of belongings.

A disheveled woman with crying children behind her skirts and in her arms confronted us as we opened the door.

"What you doin' in my apartment?"

Over the next hour we established that the manager who had taken our money was no manager, but rather an enterprising former tenant still in possession of a key.

Too bad.

We decided that with our remaining money we could outfit ourselves with a tent, sleeping bags, and cooking equipment. It was mid-February, and spring was no more than a month away. We would be our own landlords in a state park just outside the city. Three times a week I could drive in to Temple University to teach the class for which I received a slim stipend; my own studies would simply have to wait.

Through the flattening patina of memory, the deprivations are obscured, most details washed out. But some resist the benign mendacity of passing time and are still served up piping hot like the fish and barley soup upon which we largely subsisted during our sojourn in the woods. Spring that year did not arrive until mid-April; the winter was bitter and protracted. What returns to mind are our acts of survival, shorn of ambiguity, so unlike the academic, urbane assertions to which I was habituated and which routinely die a death of a thousand qualifications. Here wood had to be gathered and protected from impending storms and food eaten carefully, with thought for our limited stores. Had the tent been restaked? Was there enough fuel for the lantern? Would the socks dry overnight? I remember melting chunks of snow and ice over a wood-stoked flame, then boiling the water to heat milk bottles for two young boys; cracking open black walnuts with stained fingers and savoring their crushed meat; noting deer tracks in the snow and the depressions left by their bodies near our pitched tent and glowing coals; and seeing Elizabeth, stripped to the waist, bathing her supple frame, washing golden hair under the spout of frigid water from a rustic pump.

Once we began a rather bucolic walk to feed scraps to the ducks who inhabited a tiny portion of the lake kept liquid by a warm spring or a current or a glitch in the universe. Our two-year-old, Avi, and our four-year-old, Michael, layered in snowsuit over snowsuit, looked like ambulatory balls of clothing. Neither boy sensed the precariousness of our existence, and they jabbered happily while we fed the ducks. Elizabeth and I were picking up sticks of fallen wood for our fire when we heard a soft, liquid plop behind us. Michael began to call his brother's name: frightened, envious, admonishing — it wasn't clear. We turned and found Avi floating on his back in the freezing water, not yet frightened, only accepting, like a gentle Zen bundle. He began to sink, and I splashed to his rescue. Elizabeth ripped off layers of his already freezing clothing and thrust his little body inside her own clothing. We raced to the car and careened down slippery roads to Birdsboro, some miles distant. There in a laundromat we dried the only clothes he had, layer after layer, like the street people we nearly were. At night, in the scarcely tempered cold of our tent, I lay awake gnawing on the bitter bone of the effects of my choices on our children and on Elizabeth. At what point had the "nobility" (I've been so self-righteous about this!) of *Torah L'shmah*, or learning for its own sake, taken on such a sobering, mortal, threatening aspect? I dreamed that night of handing over my children to the dean of students and receiving a slim folder in return: "Aspects of Freemasonry in the Mormon Temple."

Thursday I read a nineteenth-century exposé of Masonic rites, a book that came out of the William Morgan affair in upstate New York. (Morgan, a renegade Mason, disappeared after publishing what he had sworn to keep secret. Joseph Smith later married his widow.) The book was despicable, an exposé of the worst sort (the author gave participants in the ritual names like "Woodenhead"), but I needed the information. I mollified my conscience by considering how Freemasons themselves would profit from my work.

As I read, I was struck by the fact that Joseph Smith drew symbols, tokens, and even whole phrases from the Masonic rite. I could see why Masons were upset by the unauthorized and creative use Joseph and Brigham made of rituals they had learned in Freemasonic lodges. But Mormons have assiduously maintained the secrecy of the rites Masons too regard as most sacred. In fact, I thought, Masons might be somewhat gratified to know that many Mormons believe, more strongly than most contemporary Masonic historians, that parts of the Masonic rituals descend directly from Solomon's temple.

That evening, after reading Masonic rituals all day in the House of the Temple, I joined my cousin and members of his ward in the House of the Lord — the Washington, D.C., Temple.

Although it was a real pleasure to see all those fashion plates in standard issue (white, fat, polyester ties), unnerving critical feelings disturbed the more profound pleasures I had hoped to find in the temple. I began to fear that I had lost the spirit of this place, which I valued above all other places. The entire building seemed to me a sacrifice on the altar of efficiency: the inner architecture featuring locker rooms (where ritual goods are exchanged for money), the plastic theater seats, the intrusive binary-minded computers. Like other temples, this building is intended to affect those who pass through it; but less scrupulously crafted, it lacks the symbolic density of our older temples. Remembered visits to the Manti Temple, a fine building illuminated by hand-wrought beauty and intended symbolic details, made the new, machine-tooled efficiency all the more empty.

Dominated by the critical feelings and cares I so wished to be free of in the Lord's house, I wondered about my own unworthiness, my own lack of charity. Were they blocking the light I had come to find, or was this modern temple, partially uprooted from its historical and symbolic context, "making the man"?

While I tried to sort truth from self-deception, the lights dimmed and the film began. My critical mood continued as a plethora of celluloid images specifically interpreted and limited a text much richer as a sparse, live, intense drama.

Finally, however, as the great story of creation unfolded before me and the drama of the fall was enacted one more time, I found myself responding to the ritual with alertness and a gratefully open mind and heart.

Having just read the Masonic rite, I was immediately struck by the contrast. While our ceremony shares some wonderful phrases and symbols with the Masons, it has a substantial body and broad context of its own. The Masons focus on different matters: on the building of Solomon's temple, for instance, on allegories drawn from the craft of masonry, on predominately moral concerns. They have a decidedly different sense of who we are and of our relationship with God. Despite the formal similarities, I was impressed by how much of the ritual was exclusively our own, and I was thrilled by the message I was getting.

Our theology is largely narrative, and what we find in the temple is no exception. As a result, our learning in the Lord's house depends upon our personal interpretation (inspired, at best, by the Holy Spirit). The insights

I had that Thursday night changed my view of the world. But my reading of the temple ceremony is just that, my reading. Without the keys of authority (or even with them), attempting to specify *the* meaning of the ritual text automatically limits it, as does the overly specific film. *Caveat lector*!

As the Bible tells us (and I choose the account in Genesis so as to unencumber my telling of the ritually protected story), God created man (male and female) in his own image. He gave them two commandments: (1) to multiply and (2) not to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Then Eve discovered that the fruit would make her like God. Although Adam at first refused to partake of the fruit, choosing instead what he took to be obedience (there was no curse mentioned for not multiplying), Eve recognized the value of the fruit, desired it, and partook. In Greek myth, Prometheus stole fire from the gods and suffered eternally for his assault on Olympus. As we interpret Genesis, however, God *wanted* Eve to become like him. The second half of becoming like him, however (the half the devil, in his blindness, did not understand), involved the obedience Adam chose in the beginning. Adam and Eve, together, did the Lord's will and were collectively like him. Individually, both were flawed. Eve (dis)obediently reached for the fire; Adam chose obedience. The two experiences or attitudes were *both* necessary, although obviously contradictory. After single-mindedly taking the fire/fruit, however, Eve proved herself more fully worthy by bowing to the commandment that required not only her obedience to God but also, symbolically, to Adam.

As the story continued in the temple, the same lesson was repeated again and again in different forms. Through various symbolic structures, we (women and men) were offered the fire and then required to be obedient. We moved in the often-repeated dialectic from binding to unleashing, from obedience to (dis)obedience, from the strictures of sociality to the freedom of independence. For every law given there were extraordinary promises of freedom; for every spark of fire there were strict conditions.

In my interpretation of the ceremony, God desires at once our faithful disobedience and our fidelity. He wants us to leap and strive and grasp for his fire, while at the same time submitting ourselves to his will. He justifies neither the rebellious nor the obedient exclusively, but only rebellion *and* obedience. He bade Moses approach the burning bush and yet commanded him to remove his sandals. A Mormon reading of the Fall honors Eve for the fruit of her transgression and Adam for his fidelity to the law and to his mate — which bring us an interesting point, which I might label "and not for Eve's transgression." In 1984 the Southern Baptist Convention overwhelmingly endorsed a resolution stating that as Eve brought sin into the world, women should not be ordained to the ministry. I suppose that any Jewish or Christian practice that subordinates women to men justifies itself through Genesis 3:16: "Your desire shall be to your husband, and he shall rule over you." Have we not acquiesced, in our own practices, to this traditional reading, although our theology states specifically that "men [and women] will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's [or Eve's] transgression." Both sexes are created in the image

of God and must learn similar lessons in order to fulfill that measure of their creation.

I know that what seemed so clear to me leaves out selected parts of the story (as do all interpretations) — the rib, the millennia of patriarchy, polygamy, and the near invisibility of our Mother in Heaven. But for a brief shining moment I felt I had cut through a knotty problem with a laser beam of insight.

In the celestial room after the ceremonies, I sat with my cousin and discussed the symbolic experience we had just had. His face lit up as he agreed and disagreed with my reading of the ceremony, and my understanding of what had transpired was enriched by the particularity of his experience. Gone were the tentativeness and distrust that had clouded our first discussions. The terms and spirit of our conversation were transfigured by a shared desire for faithful inquiry, a desire nourished by the spirit of the place, and perhaps even by our previous, seemingly unfruitful discussions. Whatever our final conclusions, we had momentarily, gracefully, entered together into the spirit of a blessed house of shared priesthood, a "house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God" (D&C 88:119).

That night in a dream I found myself in the small New Mexican town where I grew up. With two friends I approached the high school (scene of many youthful awakenings). In place of the old buildings was a temple, drawing us towards it with great power. We scrambled up the hill, worried that we might miss something, for we knew we were late. Once inside, however, all sense of tardiness vanished. I felt warmly accepted, comfortingly, timelessly enclosed.

Waiting to enter the main room I saw Žarko and Zorca Radacovič, anarchically creative Yugoslavians I met one summer in Germany. Žarko held a huge bottle of wine in his hand and a long loaf of bread under his arm. I was surprised and then filled with delight to see them in a Mormon temple. Žarko drank deeply from the bottle and smiled broadly at me.

Inside a huge, lofty room (I never did see the ceiling), we joined a larger group of people. To one side a drama was being performed. One actor was a man who had insulted me several years before. Now he reached over and gave me a peculiar and warm handshake. Waves of cleansing forgiveness washed through my soul.

Children in the room were singing a happy song and clapping in unison. I could hear a quiet, cerebral jazz improvisation being played on a piano somewhere.

I felt no sense of time or of hurry. We were all in the place we most wanted to be and were settled in for a long stay.

In one corner I found a smooth, white wall with cans of paint at its base. With brilliant hues and lavish strokes I painted enormous poppies on the wall. Around the corner an artist friend decorated another wall with mythical Eastern figures.

All around me people were engaged in animated conversations. I walked among them until I found my family in the center of the room. Michael was tired, but when I carried him around and showed him the paints, the drama, and all the happy people, his spirits lifted.

As the dream drew to an end, I heard two women discussing how they were created in the image of their Heavenly Mother. "I'll see you in the celestial room," one of them said, and the dream ended.

Friday was my last day at the House of the Temple. Amid the rush of making last-minute notes, I happened on a 1917 *History of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.* In a section on Masonry among nineteenth-century Mormons, after a short, angry description of irregularities in the Nauvoo lodge, the author gives his impression of the pioneers:

> In 1846 the Mormon hegira took place, when Nauvoo and other places in Illinois and Camp Far West, and other towns in Missouri were evacuated, and that strange community took its departure from the borders of a land of civilization and enlightenment, to seek an asylum in the Great Basin by the Great Salt Sea of the Deseret.
>
> For a period of nearly twenty years, by alliances with hostile tribes of Indians, and their own armed bands of murderers and marauders, the Danites, they plundered and murdered the emigrants on their way to the Pacific Coast and massacred whole trains of both men and women, and, in successful armed defiance, fortified the national highways to prevent the passage of United States troops over the rightful territory of the government.

Refreshing to see yourself from another point of view!

Late that afternoon I said good-by to my cousin and boarded a train to Philadelphia. In one hand I carried a briefcase full of scholarly notes; within me I carried the seeds of a more personal essay. Could I, perhaps, in the intimate environment of home, write something about the places I had just visited? About how they relate to my understandings, doubts, loves, and fears? About the spirits I felt in those places?

The sky is quite blue today, not hung so heavily with humid, silver-blue veils. The week since I returned home has been awful. I have lived under the fan. I sleep poorly, and then, too tired to read, I watch movies until I am bored to tears and try sleeping again. I wander through the house, stepping on creaking floor boards, listening to the scuttling dances of cockroaches, to the children softly snoring, and to Elizabeth talking in her sleep.

Though our backyard is minuscule, still we have room for a rose bush, some pole beans, marigolds, a small wading pool for the boys, and a few square feet of grass. Around eight, fire-flies rise and fall, entwined in a glowing rhythm. A neighbor two doors up sits in Bermudas and a pork pie hat and smokes a slow cigar. Pie tins, cut in sections and strung over tomato and pepper plants, wave and jostle in slightest breezes. This sliver of an old Polish working-class island in blighted north Philadelphia has its own pleasures.

Two nights ago I dreamed that all the stars disappeared and the old heavens rolled up like a scroll. Elizabeth and I set out to find a terrestrial place where celestial evidences of new heavens would be manifest.

Today I wash clothes in our broken machine. I beat and stir with a old cane, then hang up garments intercalated with socks, little boys' briefs, and sheets, to dry and flap, whipping in the breeze. I peg them with wooden pins, step back, and see accent marks at scored intervals strung along the taut, bowing line, the line bearing our wraps and linen and sacred wear, bearing marks,

notes — music? If I could only hear it more clearly. It moves against currents so strongly, and its voice is drowned out in quotidian din.

Cities. I think how hard it is for me to find God here. As a child I grew amid archaic, wild landscapes and touched them, raw, vivid with divinity. In the city, layers and layers of peeling veneer seem to have totally obscured the supernatural grain of the earth and the succession of rings around the core of divine years and seasons. So much blight. So much toughness. We abandon the cities again and again to the paradigms of Babylon, Sodom, Gomorrah. Abandon them to the Catholic Church and the AME churches, the Bethel Baptist churches, the Holy Spirit Alliance Tabernacle of Prayer. But now the times of the gentiles in the suburbs is passing and the Church seeks new fields for its husbandry. Will we find God in these cities? What Latter-day Saint will find the interpretive-ministrational key and gift to liberate these captives for God's kingdom? What new paradigm, what vision-alternative do we have?

The temple is a paradox, an earthly home for a transcendent God. It cannot house his glory, yet he bids his children raise its walls, adorn its chambers, weave its veil. For he chooses just this place and not celestial spheres to disclose and veil his presence among the children of Israel. Signs of fellowship and wisdom, signs of sovereignty and orientation hewn upon the temple's sheer face betoken the knowledge and endowment bestowed within. Mortal hands and eyes are led by ones immortal to frame the fearful symmetry of his form, his house, his kingdom here on earth. We cannot place the crown upon his kingdom — cannot bind all wounds, sate all hunger, pacify all violence, wipe away all tears. Yet he bids, he demands a realm of equity and justice, now, from our flawed hearts and feeble hands.

The House of the Lord is the matrix for the kingdom of God on earth. The temple transmutes city and wilderness: it pursues neither Eden, nor the heavenly Jerusalem. It sanctions neither a naive return to a romanticized past, nor the negation of the sensuous present, the real, for an abstract future. Rather, by a mysterious alchemy conjured through the conjunction of words from an improbable rite, it would bridge the rift between parents and children, the whole estranged family of Adam and Eve, and it would establish Enoch's city here, in this world, through unnumbered acts of charity and justice.

It has been months since my visit to two of Washington's temples. I still have not completed my essay on "Aspects of Freemasonry in the Mormon Temple." It seems such an abstraction: the philosophical and historical winnowing out, the surveying and staking of positions. Missing is the living of life, the liturgical power of the temples, the spirit moving through gathered sisters and brothers, the bidden power coursing through a servant of God, and even the groping around in doubts and weariness.

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"I'd Rather Be . . ."

Marden J. Clark

ONE OF THE POPULAR BUMPER STICKERS of the fifties and sixties told us, "I'd rather be dead than red." An even more succinct version declared, "Better dead than red." I remember these slogans because they set up in such bleak terms the choices we seem to face. The first version suggests only a personal choice, the second a national or even universal choice.

Given what has happened in the world since the fifties, we may already have made that choice. By building and deploying and stockpiling all those bombs, we may already have decided that we would not only rather be dead ourselves, we would rather have the whole world dead than red. And the reds apparently have made the same decision regarding us. We may have passed the point of decision, the point where even bumper-sticker logic can have any meaning.

But we *are* still alive. And if life really does mean hope, then surely it's time that our energies go into translating that hope into reality. One way to aid that translation might be to wonder how we could possibly have created a situation in which the only thing keeping us and the reds from totally destroying each other is the mutual fear of total destruction from the other.

I remember the disillusion and disbelief I felt as our world polarized after World War II. Here was the Soviet Union, who had fought so valiantly alongside us in defeating the Hitler horror, reemerging as the ultimate threat to democracy, with the final destiny of enslaving and communizing the whole world. Only America and other free nations stood in her way.

That threat became reality as the Soviets sealed off half of Germany and all of Eastern Europe, established a foothold in Cuba through Castro, and supported the communist takeover in China. Hitler's rise to power and the war itself had shown only too vividly how far one nation, one ideology, even one

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MARDEN J. CLARK, emeritus professor of English at Brigham Young University, has published poems, essays, and stories in DIALOGUE, Sunstone, *the* Ensign, *and in professional journals, as well as a book of poems (*Moods: Of Late [*BYU Press, 1979*]*), and a book of short stories (*Morgan Triumphs [*Orion Books, 1984*]*).*

man could go toward enslaving the world. Our memories of Stalinist and Leninist internal suppression did nothing to reassure us. The Soviets and communism seemed to be succeeding everywhere in their adventures in global expansion. No wonder we responded with a fear approaching panic. No wonder the bumper stickers blossomed.

But the bumper sticker logic did us and the world a terrible disservice. I am going to risk serious over-simplification and say that bumper-sticker logic *caused* our present situation. The damage may not have come so much from the either/or logic as from the assumption behind the slogan: the assumption that we can expect nothing but aggression from the reds.

Given that assumption, our choice to be rather dead than red meant, of course, that we would go to any limits to avoid being red, just as it meant from their standpoint that they would go to any limits to make sure we would be forced to make the choice, that is, to fulfill that assumption of aggression. And both of us did — went to limits beyond which any of us could have imagined back then.

Along the way lay the humiliation to America of the Bay of Pigs and the humiliation of the Soviet Union at the Cuban missile crisis, the standoff of the Korean War, and for us, the frustration then humiliation of defeat in Vietnam, for them, the heartbreakingly futile resistance of Hungary and Afghanistan.

Far more ominous than any of these was the fact of The Bomb — terrifying enough in its primitive versions that destroyed Nagasaki and Hiroshima, infinitely more terrifying in its later and more sophisticated versions that could be delivered with pin-point accuracy anywhere in the world and multiplied exponentially to almost infinite power. Infinitely more terrifying, that is, if our senses had not been numbed by the sheer numbers, by the overpowering destructive capacities, even by the strange unreality of media depictions of the destruction.

But numbed or not, terrified or not, we live with the reality of all those warheads, all those missiles, all those silos and planes and submarines carrying them, and the inflammatory rhetoric of the past forty years. That rhetoric may have softened during times of mutual pacts or high-level conferences, but I doubt that the logic behind it really has. We would obviously risk having many Grenadans dead than red. We would obviously rather see some of us and many of them dead in El Salvador and Guatemala than red. And the logic figures profoundly in our actions and attitudes in the Near East, at the conference table in Reykjavik — and where else?

Rhetorical figures like "missile gap" and "window of vulnerability" are terribly effective in recommitting us to an intensification of our nuclear buildup. Both metaphors suggest an opening — I can't resist the image of the black-hatted enemy surging through the gap to destroy us, to make us all either dead or red.

The terrifying irony is that the sky above us is now the window—a genuine window of vulnerability for both sides because both sides are helpless to defend it: neither can keep the other from "delivering" their bombs, even if before delivery one side is essentially wiped out by the other. Hence the seductive

attraction of Star Wars — to close that window by a system set up in space. And then what?

Assuming we survive to see such a system, another system set up farther out in space to control that system? Then another and another, until the world is ringed by such systems as the sun is ringed by the planets. And then we face the irony that it is the sun which keeps us all alive, as continual controlled nuclear explosion.

Seeing where we have arrived, I look back in genuine wonder. Suppose in 1945, just after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world had said: "Here we have this terrifying new weapon. How can we handle it to bring the maximum amount of insecurity and terror to the world?" I don't see how, short of promiscuously exploding bombs, we could have done better. I can imagine C. S. Lewis's Screwtape (who was, you will remember, lieutenant and spokesman for Satan) saying, "No! No! Don't try to get them actually fighting each other. War sometimes brings out good in people. Just work on their fears and ambitions and hatreds. You don't even have to be subtle. Don't let either side forget that the other is out to dominate the world. And don't let the leaders forget the ecstasy of power. Keep each side worried about what the other is developing. Don't let them look at what they're really doing to the world. Just keep them concerned about who has the most and the biggest bombs and missiles."

Screwtape would be pleased with what he sees here now: The two mightiest empires of history glaring at each other across oceans and walls of weapons, each claiming the other has "the lead" in the atomic race, each devoting unbelievable portions of its energies to that race, and each living in mortal terror of the other.

What now seems irrefutably clear is that we as a people — both a nation and a Church, including myself — have grossly misread and grossly underestimated the horror of what has been happening, of what we have almost been encouraging to happen. We are slowly awakening from the long, benumbed stupor that had a paradoxically two-fold expression: apathy or numbness to the real danger, to implications other than for the "defense" of *our* country, and an almost mindless enthusiasm for promoting that "defense," for being Number One in the world.

The arms race seems to have taken on a life of its own, "raging out of control," as we say about forest fires. The image evokes powerful myths, like that of the sorcerer's apprentice, who can't stop the brooms from carrying water once he has pronounced the magic words, or of Frankenstein's monster, or of any one of a hundred science-fiction fantasies. The destructive capacity and the danger are growing not just arithmetically but exponentially, like the energy of the bomb itself.

A stock figure of comic strips is the computer that comes to life, outstrips its creator, and takes over. But that myth pales beside the reality. It is as if the computer in every missile had discovered the power to replicate both itself and its "payload" bombs, not just by cloning but by some miraculously speeded-up process of gestation in which the offspring is always bigger and

better than the parent. We even speak the language of gestation: "this generation," "the next generation," of missiles and bombs. It is as if we humans had lost the power to not will these ever more "sophisticated" weapons into being.

We cry, "Peace! Peace!" and we cry, "Security." But of course, there is no peace and there is no security. Every step one major power takes in the name of peace, the other duplicates. We beat them to the hydrogen bomb and to the submarine-launched missile. But they beat us to the ICBM and the multiple warhead, to which we responded with MIRV (Multiple Independently Targetable Warhead). We now have the cruise missile and the neutron bomb. But surely they will have both soon. We have the edge in delivery systems but can hardly hope to keep it indefinitely.

One of my deepest frustrations in all this is trying to understand either the need or the cry for "more" and "better." One Poseidon can wipe out all the major and medium-sized cities in the USSR. So we have thirty-one Poseidons. Each Trident carries nearly three times as much destruction as the Poseidon, enough for each Russian city over 100,000. So we have at least seven and plans for twenty or more. If one can do the job, seven might do it a bit more thoroughly. But twenty?

If we really believed in peace, had really been horrified by nuclear threat, then America should have been as outraged as Russia itself by President Reagan's hate and threat rhetoric cast in the bizarre imagery of "international outlaws" and "evil empire." Instead, most of us were apathetic or positively supportive. (For a report on the disturbing results of that rhetoric, see Seweryn Bjaler, "Danger in Moscow," *The New York Review of Books*, 16 Feb. 1984, pp. 6–10.) I don't know the extent to which President Reagan believes in the inevitability of a nuclear Armageddon, but we have certainly set up the conditions for it and perhaps made it inevitable. We may *have* to be Number One in the world, though I hardly know by what right. We may even have unconsciously extended "better dead than red" to "better dead than not Number One." I suppose such an extension is supported by the fear that if we are not Number One we will be dead. But I wonder if we are really ready for the now-inevitable extension "Better the whole world dead."

I have been in Russia. My family and I spent ten cold winter days in Moscow and five cool spring days in Leningrad. On both trips, we were with Finnish students on tour so we saw what Soviet leaders wanted us to see. Such tours hardly make me an expert on Russia. In spite of the rather primitive (by our standards) tourist accommodations and a real sense of suppression, we found them both enjoyable and enlightening.

Two images stand out for me — not the images of the Kremlin or the Czar's castles or the magnificent churches or even the images of the Bolshoi or the treasures of the Hermitage. What I see most insistently are the images of two quite ordinary human faces.

One is patriarchally bearded and rather craggy, set atop a tall, finely built but slightly stooped body, maybe thirty-five years old. It belonged to our guide on the Moscow trip. He took a rather fatherly interest in our two younger children, which made us appreciate him very much. Once one of us asked

him what it was like being a Russian. He immediately stiffened to his full six foot four, looked down at us sternly, and said, "I'm not a Russian. I'm an Estonian." He spoke not quite angrily but very firmly, with obvious pride in his nationality.

Later, my wife, Bess, impulsively and warmly gave the standard American invitation: "If you're ever in America, come and see us. We'd love to have you." This time he seemed to shrink a little, big hands at his side, but half-lifting in a despairing gesture. He said, in a voice that still haunts me, "No hope. No hope."

That other face, set off by the inevitable black cloth coat and black hat, was smiling up at me from a seat on a Moscow bus. We had been to a Bolshoi production of *Swan Lake* and were feeling very warm and happy, even in the Moscow cold. When we got to the bus stop a large crowd was already lined up waiting. The bus stopped, and the crowd just surged onto it. We were carried up and in by the surge. People moved immediately to seats and I walked up to the little glass box to deposit our fare. (There are no conductors on Moscow buses. Payment of fares is on the honor system, perhaps bolstered by an occasional plain-clothes checker.) The fare was only six kopeks, a little over six cents, so the five of us needed thirty. I had only a fifty-kopek piece; since there was no one to make change, I dropped it in, cranked out my five tickets, and started for our seat. I felt a hand on my arm holding me firmly and looked down to see a woman's face smiling up at me. The smile told me she meant no harm, but the hold was firm. Then I noticed people passing their fares in relay fashion to the front of the bus, where someone dropped them in, cranked out the tickets, and relayed them back. As the fares passed by, the woman took out five kopeks here and five there until she had my twenty kopeks change. Then she handed them to me, smiled more broadly, and let me go.

It has been over sixteen years since those tours. I can still feel the concern those people had for the stranger in their midst and the sense of profound vitality even in the face of "No hope. No hope." I remember a kind of double take with the smiling woman: a rejoicing that her essential humanness could survive and even prosper in such forbidding climate, but a horror at the very same thing — the human spirit ought to shrivel and die when deprived of nourishment from the freedom we Americans so honor. The horror is now pretty well gone and only the glorying in the survival of the humanness remains.

Our Estonian guide chafed profoundly under Soviet rule. Given the choice, he might have rather been dead than red, but I don't really believe so. His sense of vitality was too profound, his love for and pleasure in his family too immediate and obvious, as they were reunited in Leningrad on our return trip. I doubt that even the thought of such a choice could have occurred to my smiling woman. Except for the smile she seemed to share the resigned stolidity typical of most of the Russian women we were able to observe, especially in those endless lines in the markets and stores. But even if either could have made that choice, I can only be grateful that they did not. My life would have been the poorer if they had.

I went to the Soviet Union conditioned by Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Chekhov. I expected to find a very hard life but also a deep sense of vitality. I found both. I saw almost no evidence of the luxurious life of Tolstoy's aristocracy but also almost no evidence of the terrible poverty of some of Dostoevsky's suffering people. That deep vitality even in a harsh world, the basic humanness, that capacity for love — these have survived all the repression the communists have been able to impose. My smiling woman seemed about my age. She would have weathered the worst of Lenin and of Stalin, in over a half century of communism. I thank her for doing so.

I trust that no one is hearing me say I'd rather be red; but if these were the only two choices, I would choose life. Even under the worst of circumstances, I would choose life — and see what I could make of it. I would hope that at the very least I could retain — or create — as much of that profound vitality as our guide and my lady. I'd hope that as a nation, forced to the stark alternatives, we would make the same choice. I find it impossible to believe that our nation, with all our vitality and love of freedom, would fail not only to survive a communist capture, but to reemerge free.

I rejoice in the Geneva talks and the SALT roundtables. I even rejoice in Reykjavic, in spite of the profound frustration of having come so seemingly close and yet missing. I welcome anything that moves us toward lessening the crisis. But I hope I'll be forgiven my misgivings about the attitude I sense, both official and popular, toward those talks. That attitude says, in effect, "See! There's the proof of the success of our get-tough policy. We've finally got 'em back to the bargaining table. They know they can't bluff us any longer. They know we've caught up to them in weapons, and they can't push us around any more."

This attitude strikes me as dangerously self-serving and exulting, with little concern for the issues involved except as we can resolve them our way. Yes, we'll bargain; we may give up things, maybe even Star Wars — but only if we can win at the bargaining table, can remain Number One. I sense no awareness or admission that we may be partly at fault for the nuclear horror, that our rhetoric may have made the buildup even more dangerous, that we have an obligation to ourselves, to the Soviet Union, to the world: to bring an end to the horror even at some cost to our pride, yes, even to our own "security."

Uncomfortable as I am with such an attitude toward the talks, I would rather have talks, even in that atmosphere, than the kind of logic we heard from Utah's Senator Jake Garn in response to Senator Goldwater's reversal from support of the MX to opposition. We need the MX, Senator Garn said in effect, because so much of it will be produced in Utah, and Utah's economy and people need the jobs. That's like calling a suicide a self-employed person.

Ted Wilson, in the senatorial campaign of 1982, said that America and the Soviet Union are like two men up to their waists in a lake of kerosene arguing who has more and bigger matches. Surely wisdom in such a predicament would dictate that they stop arguing about the matches and start helping each other out of the lake, then begin doing something to get rid of the lake.

The solution might sound simple, but putting it into effect is terrifyingly complex. It will require changes of both attitude and action, not only in the

Soviet Union and in America but in all nuclear powers. Those changes *must* take place. We can start with attitudes — facing our predicament squarely and refusing to tolerate it. National and international attitudes can also change, sometimes slowly, as with America's attitudes toward Vietnam, sometimes very rapidly, as with Iran's attitude toward America.

America's attitude of equating security with nuclear superiority is the worst of delusions. Given MAD (Mutually Assured Destruction), how can any increased ability to destroy them completely give us any security when we know that they can destroy us many times over at the same time, or even after we have destroyed them? Surely the answer is not in more of a nuclear arsenal already so elaborate that it is virtually useless simply because, given our moral revulsion, we can never use it. And the Soviets know it.

The answer is rather in some kind of delayed but automatic retaliation, a system like the network of small robotic submarines proposed by BYU's Paul Palmer and Bart Czirr (see especially "The Strategic Front: Delayed Retaliation and Robotics," *The National Review*, 28 Oct. 1983). The small atomic subs would be virtually undetectable, would carry missiles trained on "the enemy," and would fire them only if the stream of signals ceased. The system would be highly publicized so that the Soviet Union could not avoid knowing about it.

Harvey Fletcher, of BYU, proposes a system of missiles that could be fired into orbit at the beginning of hostilities and could be kept there in harmless orbit until it became clear that we were really being destroyed. Then these missiles could be fired to destroy "the enemy." Again, with full advance publicity, so that *they* would know exactly what would happen.

Either of these proposals is moral madness. But hardly as mad as what we are doing now. And far less expensive. If MAD really is the answer, then either of these at least shifts the moral burden of first strike to them. Maybe the best thing about such proposals is that their moral madness might jolt us out of our apathy. We can wake from our numbed stupor to the real danger we have created for our world.

We can also change our attitude toward the Soviet Union's fear of us. We know we fear them. And we have reason to. They have built up to essential parity with us. But we can't really believe in their fear of us. We have to believe that they are the enemy, power-mad, determined to enslave the whole world, evil. Yet we are constantly reminded of that fear by people who have experienced it, who have studied it, who know the Soviets and Soviet psychology. After all, we invented the bomb. We are the only nation to have used it on people. We have invented or developed most refinements of it and of the delivery systems. In spite of all our protests of peaceful intent, protests we ourselves believe implicitly, they have reasons to fear. Simply remembering my Russian lady and my Estonian guide is enough to remind me how marvelously human are these "enemies." I have little trouble taking their protestations seriously.

Another attitude we can change is one that I shared for a long time: the attitude that all this is just too complex for us ordinary people to comprehend,

let alone to make intelligent decisions about. I thank Kent Robson for reminding us in "The Magnitude of the Nuclear Arms Race" (DIALOGUE 17 [Winter 1984]: 55–60) how easy it is to get authoritative information. (I've taken most of mine from *The Defense Monitor* and releases by the Union of Concerned Scientists; but official materials from both U.S. and Soviet governments verify that the information is basically accurate.) It simply is not true that only the experts can know. The information may be voluminous and technically complex, but the over-all picture is not. We need to inform ourselves and make informed responses.

As for action, my emotions tell me to campaign for disarmament in any form, even unilaterally if that is the only kind we can get. But my common sense tells me that this very possibly could be unilateral suicide. However, there is something we can do with almost no fear of increasing our own or anyone else's danger and with great hope of decreasing it. We can support campaigns to end *all* testing of nuclear weapons. Banning nuclear tests would slow down the race for better weapons and would eventually reduce any nation's confidence in first-strike offensive. It could prevent the spread of nuclear weapons to nations not now possessing them. I can see almost no risk in such a treaty except possibly the risk to our being Number One in a world where being Number One no longer has positive meaning.

Also we can recognize not the Soviet Union nor any other country as the Enemy, but the Bomb itself. Ira Chernus argues that we have mythologized the struggle between us and Russia, making them the totally bad guys and us the totally good guys locked in righteous struggle for the world ("Mythology and Nuclear Strategy," DIALOGUE 17 (Winter 1984): 31–36). We can do something positive simply by recognizing the myth. We won't even have to give it up. What we will have to do, Chernus argues, is subordinate it to a higher myth — that of the Bomb as enemy — a myth in which we could join the Soviet Union as we did during World War II, in a heroic struggle to wipe out the bomb.

Finally, someplace, sometime we are going to have to translate into action all those protestations about our being a religious nation, a Christian people, for whom Chinese and Ethiopians and Russians are our brothers and sisters. I can only read Christ's gospel as a gospel of peace. Evidence from the Marshall Plan in Europe and our treatment of Japan gives me hope that we can achieve positive practical results by loving our enemy.

I don't want to be red. I don't want to be dead. And I don't want America to be either red or dead. I'd rather see the Soviet Union not red. I certainly don't want to see her dead — not even if that could be arranged without our being dead, too. I just want to *be*. To exist, to be alive, to be full of vitality. I want that for our nation, for the Soviet Union and for every other nation. I could wish them and us more alive to human values, more deeply committed to what makes us human: our capacity to think, to plan, to engage in communal activity (I can only reflect in sadness that such capacities have brought us to our present sorry state), to give and to receive love. But to

develop further any of these values or any commitment to them we have to continue to exist. That must now be the first priority of the human race.

For a long time after Hiroshima we held Russia hostage with the bomb. Then they held us hostage through the missile gap and the window of vulnerability. Now, in a most literal sense, we both hold not only each other but ourselves and the whole world hostage.

In a remarkable joint U.S.-Soviet medical inquiry into the medical implications of nuclear war, broadcast in America only over PBS, and late at night in Utah, but heard by over 40 million Russians, the doctors concluded almost immediately that there would be no medical implications, simply because there would be no meaningful medical resources available against the massive human suffering.

One of the doctors commented that when we find ourselves marching toward a treacherous precipice, progress consists of stopping, then pulling back. It is time to stop, to end this madness. No one of us can end it. But together we can set up a climate of urgency and of public outrage that will push our leaders through a process that can end it. In the name of peace, in the name of love, in the name of humanity, in the name of the brotherhood and sisterhood of human beings, in the name of our Savior and our God, we can and must end it.

Long Divisions

Karen Rosenbaum

IT IS ALIVE, THE COLORADO, its heavy brown waters pulsing through limestone and sandstone layers gouged out before it learned manners from the government and Glen Canyon Dam.

"She don't give a hot sheep shit," sings Terrill, oaring to his own beat. "She don't give a red-hot damn."

I smile into the sun, my scabbed, bandaged fingers warm on the hot, gray rubber. I am, without much hope, watching the river's edge for beavers. Across from me Rob is sunbathing on the raftside. Sunbathing, that is, in a plastic yellow rainsuit and regulation orange life jacket, Coast Guard and Park Service approved. We're in between rapids, in between storms, in between the two main trails that connect the rims to the river. "I'm going to close my eyes," Rob says, "so I won't see any hikers."

"Why?" I ask. "They're closer to nature than we are." *We* got to the bottom of the canyon on the Navajo bus.

Only one person on our raft has been burning many calories today. I look over my shoulder at Terrill, our raftsman. He rotates his shoulders, his oars slack for the moment in their locks. He is perched on a muddy food locker. The other three boatmen and the boatwoman, Karly, keep their rafts and their locker seats clean, growl at us if we track in mud. Terrill tracks in his own mud. "Muscles sore?" I ask.

"Know anything about massage?" He looks at me through half-closed eyes. It's part of his act, these signals he sends. No woman wearing a wet suit top, a wool shirt, a blue rain slicker, and a life jacket could look very desirable.

"How long before you get used to it?"

He shrugs. "Soon as I find me a ripe young woman."

"Maybe you need a ripe old chiropractor."

At Ohlone College in Fremont, California, KAREN ROSENBAUM teaches an assortment of English classes, including creative writing, autobiography and journal writing, science fiction, and computer-assisted composition.

"I think I'll buy me an eighteen-year-old Somalian," he says, smiling into the river beyond me. He has already shed his life jacket — a yellow kayaker's number — and his rain slicker, and now he peels off his T-shirt, also yellow, faded, with BELCH printed on the front in large letters. Behind him in the back of the raft, Lona, a laid-off schoolteacher from South San Francisco, and Mark, an accountant from Denver, both bundled like us in rain gear and life jackets, are gazing at the Redwall. Lona, I suspect, is trying to spot the first blue heron. Yesterday she was on Andy's boat with us, and she was the first to see the black-necked stilts. Like me, she is thirtyish and intense; unlike me, she is brave enough to spend a thousand dollars for a raft trip without knowing where next year's rent is coming from. She is outfitted with binoculars and nose plugs, the one to better see the heron with, the other in case we flip or she is bounced off the raft. In rough water, she clips on the nose plugs, and the binoculars swing heavily from her neck. In calm water, like now, she occasionally offers the binoculars to Mark. Mark is bland and smooth-chinned, apparently the only person in the canyon with a razor. Lona doesn't seem much interested in his company. I commend her judgment.

I turn sideways so I can see the ribboned wall of the gorge and squint up at Terrill at the same time. "Where do you call home then? Flagstaff?"

He waits a second before answering. "Yeah. Big Flag."

"You're not there much though."

"Enough."

"Live alone?" Rob stirs. Last night he told me that I asked Andy, yesterday's raftsman, inappropriately personal questions.

"Naw," Terrill says. "Got a lady or two to keep my bed warm."

"Or two?" I say.

"But she don't give a piss ant's pus," he sings, oaring again in rhythm. "She don't give the Hoo-oover Dam."

The sky is too blue. Until yesterday we were wet from the rain as well as the river, and the contrast is startling. "I grew up by the Hoover Dam," I say and check to measure interest. None evident. "Close to Las Vegas." Terrill winces. "It's not what everyone thinks," I say. "The strip, the lights — that's all a stage front. Las Vegas is really just a big Mormon town. Poplar stands. Wide, straight streets. Rodeos. Church bazaars."

"Thought you two were from the Big Wormy Apple."

"We are now." I nod towards Rob. "He grew up in Salt Lake City."

"Another big Mormon town."

"Yeah."

"You big Mormons?"

Rob's leg jerks just a little. "Used to be," I say.

Terrill reaches for his life jacket. "Better wake 'im up. We're coming to Horn."

Rob opens his eyes, swings his legs down, gives me a brief look that I'm not up to interpreting, and assumes his ready-for-the-rapids pose; he clutches the blue ropes and stuffs his rubber boots under the storage bags. I draw my rain-hood over my billed hat and brace myself. Terrill is standing, assessing the

brown foam. Karly's boat, just before us, drops suddenly, rises, is buffetted, rocks, and is calm. I look back to see Terrill, lips parted, lower himself to the food locker. Lona has donned her nose plugs. The boat rolls.

"Baby!" bleats Terrill, and we crash into a plume of water. "Didja see that hole? Wahoo!"

I loosen my hold a little and let myself feel the rises and falls. I hear Terrill's grunts and the oars grating in their locks and am conscious of walls of water washing in from over the side and front. Trying not to blink, I look straight ahead, and I swell again, inside.

"Bail!" yells Terrill. "Bail, you mothers!" The raft is still rolling hard. Rob manages to unlatch the buckets and hands me the small bailer, a plastic Purex bottle. I realize I am sitting in water up to my waist. Furiously we scoop water up and over the sides. Terrill, breathing a little harder, slows his oars as the waves calm, shakes his head, his blond hair and beard wet and kinky. "Wahoo," he says again. "Whatta hole." He is examining his nails. "You drop in that hole and you've got a fifty-fifty chance." Mesmerized, I am holding the Purex bottle motionless. "Keep bailing," he says, glancing at me briefly and tearing off a hangnail with his teeth. "We missed the hole by a good four inches."

The skeptic in me wonders if all of this hoopla is concocted for our entertainment. The pragmatist in me tells me just to enjoy it.

"Granite next."

"Sounds like the crosstown bus driver," Rob mumbles to me. He wipes off his sunglasses with the underside of his rainjacket. I scowl at him and tighten the drawstring on my hood.

"You ever worry?" I say back over my shoulder to Terrill.

"Sure," he says. He is stroking slowly, alternating oars. "About what?"

"The rapids. Flipping."

He shrugs. "There's a lotta things to worry about in this world. Like getting old. I worry a lot about getting old. Hey," he says, "next year I'll be thirty." He is silent, then refocuses on my question. "River's tricky. Complicated. Gotta know her." He runs his eyes down me again. "Like a woman."

Lona leans forward. Her voice twangs because of the nose plugs. "What's the worst river you've been on?"

Terrill listens for a moment to the rapids. "The worst? The worst is Puddle Creek, Nebraska. That's where I'm from. Puddle Creek, Nebraska." He stands again, and once more we follow Karly's boat into the roar and spray.

It is the best of days. Three big rapids, close on. In the third, we rise out of the water, nose almost straight up. We take the right run. Ahead of us Karly is following Andy and Buzz and Bags down the left. Water is pouring out of the raft faster than we can bail it, rushing out over the sides.

"Jesus Christ!" hollers Terrill. "You waiting for the resurrection? Bail, mothers, bail!"

Afterwards, gliding on smoother water, my eyes taking in the Muav and Redwall, I think, surprised, how a part of me shuddered when Terrill shouted

"Jesus Christ." "Thou shalt not," said the yarn-framed poster on my bedroom wall, "take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." A second small poster, hung for symmetry maybe as well as for my spiritual welfare, began, "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

We've separated ourselves from that now, Rob and I. That's one reason we've stayed in the East, to ease that separation from our religious roots. It's been easier for me anyway than for him. Mom is a believer, Dad a non-believer, and I wobbled in the middle until I was twenty-two and took a faith-demoting pilgrimage to Israel. But Rob had clean hands, a pure heart, and a family that absolutely panted together in prayer. His faith began wavering at seventeen when he decided the world was about five hundred million years older than his Sunday School teacher, one Brother Emery, said it was. "Book learning," Brother Emery had snarled. "Book learning!"

Rob never could cut the cord clean through. He still has occasional recurrences of hope, like last June when his oldest sister, LaNell, got stomach cancer and the family begged us to join them one day in fasting and prayer. Rob wouldn't call it fasting, but he didn't eat for most of the week. At the end of the summer he flew back to Salt Lake for LaNell's funeral.

It's April now, time of rebirth, not death, and Terrill has taken off his life jacket again, and Rob has shed the pants of his yellow suit and is stretched out once more, navel down on the rim, facing the multi-colored canyon wall. The hermit shale is frosted with pale sage-like brush. Terrill doesn't know its name, but it will be brown in a week or two he says. "A western tanager!" Lona calls out, and we all crane our necks to see and don't.

Terrill is swigging river water from the tin measuring cup that he eats all his meals from. He gargles, then spits neatly over the oarlocks into the river. He tosses me a plastic bottle of viscous white liquid and offers his back. I have to stand and lean to reach him. Over his right shoulder blade is a tattoo, two wild blue horses. I smear lotion on the wild horses, on his already red and freckled shoulders, down the curve of his spine. My rough hands and torn bandages grate on his skin.

"Doesn't this hurt?" I ask. "It's like getting a massage with sandpaper."

He grunts something to convey pleasure. Just above the waist of his cut-offs is a wide, curving line. "What's the scar from?" I hand back the capped bottle, noting that Rob is lying much too still to be asleep.

"Hippo," he says, shifting on the seat now washed clean by all the rapids and picking up the oars. "On the Ono. Blind old mother hippo left her paw print on me. She thought my little gray raft was seducing her baby." He whinnies, rumbles, sways from side to side. "I was seducing a woman, for God's sake! Another guy's woman, matter of fact. Guy who hired me." He sets down the oars again. "Sheila. Sheila was all right. She was really ripe." He picks at a blister on his hand, holds it out to me. "See that? It's because it's the first trip of the season. By June there won't be no blisters." I return his hand, and he easily takes up the oars. "She kept coming to my tent," he says.

"Her old man was pissed off but wasn't much I could do. Besides, he knew I was his best boatman." His eyes are on the river. "I'm the best boatman on five continents." He looks at me. "How many continents are there?"

"Seven, I think."

"Well. I'm only the best boatman on five."

"He's full of crap," Rob will say tonight as we zip ourselves into our separate mummy bags, the zippers, among other things, incompatible. But I believe Terrill's tale. I look straight ahead now, nodding into the river.

"I keep having these recurring fantasies," I tell Marie, a dental technician who is sitting beside me trying to pull off her rubber boots. "Fantasies of hot showers and chocolate ice cream." Beside us Rob is anchoring our ground cloth with enormous stones. I don't tell Marie of my other fantasies.

"Yeah," she says. "I keep dreaming about my water bed. And you know what I'd really like? I'd really like to vacuum out my sleeping bag." She grits her teeth and grunts. "But it wouldn't do any good."

"There's a lotta upkeep to life." I've just yanked off the second of my own boots and am examining between my toes. Fungus can grow on wet feet, Paula has told us. Paula is a retired school nurse from Tucson who wears a pioneer bonnet and face powder to keep off the sun. She has medicine for foot fungus. Also for motion sickness, diarrhea, and yeast infections.

Terrill saunters past in his sneakers and cut-offs, the tan pockets flapping below the fringe. He pretends to ignore us, but our eyes catch for a second. Maybe he is really watching Marie, who is down to running shorts and a tank top. Marie is short, fair, twenty-one and overweight, but still quite pleasant looking. Last night she told me she prefers to date gay men. "Less suffering," she said. "But you probably can't remember how painful it is to be alone."

Terrill is wearing a small pack. He doesn't have dinner duty tonight, I calculate. He probably wants to get away from the rest of us. He'll camp off up the canyon. The sneakers mean serious business. Usually he hikes in thongs.

"I can't figure that guy out," Marie says. "Sometimes he acts like we're human beings, and sometimes he acts like we're toads." She slides onto a broad, hot rock. "Elaine?" Her eyes are closed. "How'd you meet Rob?"

"In New York," I say absently. Something about Terrill's back lets me know he wants to be watched.

"How?"

Terrill disappears behind an outcrop. "I was coming back from Israel," I say. "I was staying with a friend from college. She knew him." I struggle out of my plastic pants and peel off my wet wool ones. "It's like they're the seniors," I tell Marie, "and we're the freshmen."

"Who?"

"The boatmen."

"Yeah," she says. "The lowly freshmen. Except Buzz. He doesn't act like that. And maybe Bags." She yawns. "What were you doing in Israel? Did you know Terrill was in Israel a couple of years ago?"

I turn my rubber booties inside out to dry. "How do you know?"

"Buzz told us yesterday. He was a spy or a security guard or something." She runs her finger over her chapped lips. "If you can believe anything Terrill tells anybody."

I drape my wool and my plastic pants over a stiff-limbed bush and pull on my shorts. "I lived on the biggest kibbutz in Israel," I say, propping my back against the base of Marie's rock. "It was kind of like here. None of us knew anything. Foreign kids on a farm vacation. Six months to pick olives and grapefruit and learn a little Hebrew." I pour lotion onto my hands and scrape them together. "We didn't know how to survive on a farm. And the Israeli kids could've treated us like yokels, the way the boatmen treat us, but they didn't. The boatmen figure they *could* be like us if they wanted — you know, going to school and having regular jobs and regular salaries — but that's too tame and boring for them. They can *afford* to look down their noses at us."

Rob slides onto the sand beside me, lays his head on my hip. "You've put her to sleep," he says, nodding his head backwards. Marie is breathing deeply. She starts to make small snoring sounds. "Keep talking," Rob says. "I need a nap too."

I keep talking. "The Israelis really *were* superior to us. At least in everything that counted over there. They were big and healthy, and they knew how to run tractors and shoot guns. They'd been over every inch of Israel almost, in the army." I think of my Israeli boyfriend, Igal, who had just finished his military service when I arrived at the kibbutz. He was big and healthy. And beardless. I feel Rob's mustache. It is getting scraggly, and his chin and cheeks are covered with black bristle. The boatmen all started with scraggly mustaches and wild, prophetic-looking beards. I remember what I was saying. "But we foreigners seemed exotic, special to them. They *couldn't* be what we were, even if they wanted that. They didn't have the money to go to America or England or Belgium or Holland. They'd never been to college."

"Don't feel guilty," Rob says. "They probably sat around in their cabins talking about what turkeys you all were."

I reknot the bandanna at the nape of my neck. I lost my faith in Israel. It didn't survive my separation from Mormon culture and my visit to Yad Vashem and the life-size photographs of the holocaust. Rob's head becomes heavier as he relaxes. I lie still, feeling like the only person in the world who is awake. I could reach over and get my *Guide to Wild Life in the Canyon*, but I've already read the beaver chapter six times.

Karly is skimming barefoot over the rocks. Walking on these rocks is as miraculous to me as walking on water. I wonder about her relationship with the men who oar these rafts. Especially Terrill. Karly is pretty. She has thick braids, black except for a shock of white at one temple. She was in New York, secretary for an ad agency, she told us, the day we were on her boat. She hated it. Cousin talked her into going to whitewater school with him, and presto! her life changed. In her former life, she worked three blocks over and one down from where I work. I write letters all day too, though I don't type them. I compose them into a dictaphone, obsequious letters to appease disgruntled customers.

I envy Karly's style. Even in my Sierra sneakers, I have trouble hiking down the talus. On yesterday's hike I skidded on a rock, crashed onto my left hand, and slashed off the tip of my third finger. I am, as always, without grace.

I look up at the cliffs. Kaibab limestone, Toroweap, Coconino sandstone, Hermit shale. They quiz us on it continually, the boatmen, Karly. "All right! Who can spot the Muav limestone?" All heads swivel. "See the Great Unconformity? An extra chop at dinner for anyone who can figure out what fossils we'll find in the Bright Angel." I try rhythmic mnemonic patterns. Kaibab, Coconino, Hermit shale. Supai, Redwall, bail, bail, bail.

"See up there?" On yesterday's hike Terrill had pointed to the rim of the canyon, only then I didn't know he had wild blue horses tattooed on his shoulder blade. "The Kaibab and the Toroweap alone are more than five hundred feet thick. And that's just the frosting." He had just salved my damaged finger and was holding my left hand up, pressing it to slow the bleeding. The cap of the finger was attached by a small sliver of flesh. I was too surprised to hurt. "And people," he said, oblivious of the blood running down both our arms, "people are about an inch of the top layer. Maybe not even an inch."

He pressed a bandage hard on the top of the finger and held it a minute. We were silent. I was thinking about bleeding on Terrill and holding up the hike. Rob was probably thinking about the age of the earth, the Precambrian and Paleozoic divisions. I don't know what Terrill was thinking about.

We've seen traces of life millions of years older than man. I wonder how Rob's old Sunday School teacher would explain all this. It's more than book learning. Rob is still dozing on my hip. I don't wake him to ask.

One afternoon we felt with our roughened fingers the smooth impressions of nautiloids in the limestone. The number of years dazzles me for a few minutes — then fades into the abstractions to which I relegate all numbers over thirty-two. Besides, I say to myself, I'd rather see a beaver. Yet another recurring fantasy. Young kids who grow up in the desert and old kids who grow middle-aged in the biggest of cities are zoologically deprived. Sometimes on the river we pass what Bags tells us are beaver holes, but none of us, this trip, have yet seen the real thing. I'm not sure I even believe in the real thing. Easter bunnies. Easter beavers. Hobbits and gryphons. Mock turtles.

Rob and Marie are still asleep. I hear pots banging. Karly and Bags have dinner detail. I slide out from under Rob's head. He stirs and opens his eyes. "I think I'll go help with supper," I say.

"You don't have to. We paid for this trip."

"I don't like being waited on. They're doing all the work."

"I don't know." He raises himself up on one elbow and looks at me. "Sometimes it's hard work just hanging on."

In the morning while Bags is flipping eggs over the porta-stove, Terrill, fresh from his overnight outside the camp, slides behind him, catches an egg in his measuring cup, and disappears behind the cliffside. Bags is thick-necked,

short, hairy, and docile. I suspect he doesn't remember anyone's name. "Can we ride with you today?" I ask.

"You bet, dear," he says. "We do Crystal first thing." He winks. "Last time I did Crystal, I flipped." He winks again, and I don't know whether he is serious or not. I take a swallow of my oatmeal. I decide to believe him. I have decided, haven't I, to believe them all?

"Hey," says Paula, already decked out in her pioneer bonnet. "Know what today is?"

"Sunday," says Mark. He looks at his waterproof, shockproof, digital wristpiece that adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides up to six places, calculates square roots, and plays "Oh, Susannah." It also, he has shown us, tells four time zones, converts to a stopwatch, and indicates AM and PM in case the wearer can't tell the difference.

"*Easter* Sunday," says Paula, and she sticks her plate of fried eggs in front of Bags's face. "I'd like mine with a chocolate bunny."

"Easter," repeats Mark.

"Well!" says Terrill, reappearing in back of Bags. "Hot sheep shit. Easter."

Bags is quiet on the boat. He rolls his whole body forward when he oars. He has brought us through Crystal without mishap, without event either — almost mechanically. We turn to see, two boats back, Terrill's raft rolling through the rocks, Terrill seeming to stand atop a wave.

Rob is talkative today. He asks Bags if he prefers skiing in Montana — Bags comes from Bozeman — or Arizona. Is it harder to find temporary work in the winter or the summer? Does Bags think they should relocate the burros or shoot them? Rob loves either-or questions. His idea of a showstopper is to ask a preschooler in the company of his parents whom he prefers — his mommy or his daddy. We are bumping through the jewel-named rapids. The names seem incongruous. "Why not Toilet Bowl?" I say. "Or Spin Cycle." Bags looks over his shoulder and smiles patiently.

"Elaine's not a romantic," Rob explains.

Rob is, of course, wrong. I am right now dreaming as the rafts loll a little, drifting fairly close together. We're in the back of the raft today. I sit in the crook close to Bags's seat locker and look at where we've been. Behind us, Karly is oaring alternately, slowly, relaxed. Terrill seems to be picking at his knee.

In the front of our boat, Jerry P. is snapping pictures of the canyon, of us, of the other boats. He has a tupperware salad mixer with twenty-five rolls of film in it. I like Jerry P. "What roll are you on?" I call.

"Seven."

"Long way to go."

"Might not make it through 'em all."

Jerry P. is the other transplanted westerner. He left Sacramento after college to become a soil engineer in New Jersey. A soul engineer, says Rob, who also likes Jerry P. We call him Jerry P. to distinguish him from Jerry A., or Big Jerry. Jerry A. owns a roofing company in Barstow. I've noticed he thinks

he owns his wife too, a large blond woman with no contrary opinions. All of Jerry A.'s opinions are contrary. "It's good for us to be around someone like him," I tell Rob. "A real redneck. Broadens our horizons."

"You ever been back east?" I smile now at Bags.

"No, dear. Not yet."

"Want to go?"

"Maybe. When I'm real old."

"Like thirty?"

"Yeah." He leans over, scoops up a cup of river water and drinks it. "Lots of places I want to go first."

"Like where?"

"Alaska. And Peru. Even Guatemala. Terrill sometimes does winter runs in Peru and Gatemala." We pull into shore behind Buzz's boat. "Lunch," says Bags.

We lumber off the rafts, dragging the wooden folding table and the big bailing bucket, alias the hand-rinse barrel, to which will be added some compound strong enough to disinfect a whole hospital. I help peel and chop hard-boiled eggs. To celebrate Easter. Rob hates egg-salad sandwiches, I think, with a touch of malicious pleasure. But there's always peanut butter for the dissenters.

Buzz, the tallest and hairiest of the boatmen, Marie's favorite, is squatting on a rock with his harmonica. He plays a tune I struggle to recognize, minorish and slow. I have what I refer to as a miserable melodic memory. What words go to that? I fluff out the wadded alfalfa sprouts. "Chow!" croons Andy. Rob and Jerry A. are first in line. There is yellow bread and wheat. Egg bread, I think, and then I remember what the tune is. "Hatikvah." One of those songs we were supposed to sing on the kibbutz but didn't very often. I have it on a record though. I can really only remember the last word, *Yerushaleim* — Jerusalem. I hum it with Buzz now.

"What's that matzoh music?" I hear Terrill's voice behind me; but when I turn, he is addressing Buzz. "Don't you know that Jesus Christ is your lord and savior?"

I forget I am still holding the egg-salad spatula. I have heard Terrill expound on Rastafarians and the U.S. Marines and Friends of the Earth, a variety of convictions in a variety of voices, but this is a new lecture topic with a new intonation. Are we supposed to laugh?

Terrill leans into the circle he is making around Buzz, moving slowly, rhythmically. "It's true," he chants. Buzz straightens up, still blowing on the harmonica. Terrill waves his empty cup. "Here I was at the tomb in Jerusalem, and I was really feeling something for once when this puking priest comes up and asks for a donation. 'Look,' I told him, 'I'm having a religious experience for the first time in my life and you're asking for money?' He's sorry, he's sorry, the old guy says, and he backs off." Terrill bows and shuffles backwards, looking a little like a Chinese vaudeville performer. Those close by are watching, eyes amused over their egg-salad sandwiches. They know how to react. This is just another of his little solos. Karly smiles uncomfortably as if she has heard it all before. She lets out a little sigh. Buzz keeps playing what seems to me an appropriate accompaniment to the sermon.

"Jesus lives," says Terrill. "I maybe knew it in the back of my head all along, but then I really knew it." He closes his eyes for a second. "Jesus Christ is the savior of the world."

I stand all amazed. I have the impression that I am the only one who is really listening. Terrill maybe senses that because he looks at me for an instant, then makes another circle around Buzz. "Enough matzoh music," he says. "A hymn. An Easter hymn." Buzz lowers his harmonica for a second, nods, and lifts it again to his lips. He erupts into "When the Saints Come Marching In." A few, those who have finished their sandwiches and have free palms, start to clap. A few more sing. Terrill leads with gusto, waving his tin cup. "And when the new," clap clap clap clap, "world is revealed," clap clap clap clap.

"Don't forget to eat," Rob whispers into my hair. I look down at the immobile spatula and spread myself a sandwich. It tastes heavy, lumpy. I swallow it without really chewing and wash it down with pink lemonade. The song ends, but the clapping continues a few minutes until everyone scatters to clean up or suit up. Just before Andy and Bags fold the table, Terrill swipes a few gingersnaps and steps close to me to fill his cup with lemonade.

"You didn't get a sandwich," I say. I am struggling with the middle buckle of my life jacket.

He swallows his lemonade in one gulp and clips the cup onto a belt loop. "Some things are more important than food." He fastens the middle buckle for me. "Some things are even more important than sex," he says. "But not very many."

In February, back in our studio on East 96th Street, on top of the linoleum slab that covers our bathtub and serves as our kitchen table, our friend Jean laid out all her snapshots. She had ridden the Colorado the summer before, with another outfitter, one that used dories instead of rafts. "Halfway through," she had told us, "I looked at myself in my steel mirror and said, 'What are you doing here?' " She had stacked up the snapshots while she talked and then dealt them out again like a pinochle hand. "But after a day the sun came up and my reservations disappeared." She spread out the pictures again. "I loved the rest of the trip," she said.

Because of Jean, I have prepared myself for letdowns, relapses. I have felt none. My knee slips out of joint scrambling up and down the trailless hills in Deer Creek Canyon. But ahead of us Terrill is singing what seems to be "Amazing Grace" with a reggae beat, and I snap my rebellious knee back in. Up Havesu my bare legs are abraded by stinging nettle, and my camera, lodged with my canteen in a daypack, gets wet when I ford the creek. This time I don't have to fall; the creek reaches my armpits while I'm standing. "Oh well," Rob says, "the pictures of the bighorn wouldn't show up without a telephoto anyway." And Jerry P. offers to have copies made of the best of his twenty-five rolls of film.

I am on a day-after-day high. I am faintly conscious of the speed at which time is passing, but even that seems no reason for depression yet. Except for Mark and Buzz, we have no clocks and no calendars. We tell days by rapids.

Everyone has been discussing the big one, Lava Falls, rated eight to ten in our plastic river books, legendary granddaddy of North American whitewater. Both Bags and Buzz flipped there last year. And Buzz had never flipped anywhere else.

Sitting in a lotus position on her sleeping bag, her binoculars at rest on her air pillow, Lona reckons that the safest place to be is with Andy. Andy, she says, has a perfect record. "No flips anywhere."

"Andy," says Jerry P., "has only been down this river four times."

"Odds are against anyone flipping twice in a row," says Mark. "I'm going with Bags."

Marie looks up from her can of diet Sprite. "Good reasoning," she says, "but I'll be on Buzz's boat. If I have to flip, I want to go with him."

"I'm going for the big ride," says Jerry P., shielding his camera from the late afternoon sun as he changes rolls of film. "I'm going with Terrill."

"Me too," I say. I glance at Rob. "Us too."

The boatmen are visibly tense on Lava morning, but that might just be for show, I think. If so, it works. Waiting, shifting about in the wet sand, stuffed into our rainsuits and life jackets, we all feel tense. The mood melts a little when Terrill starts springing from boat to boat like a wallaby. I'm wishing I could collect his imitations. I have watched him do a dozen canyon wrens (he talks with them "like St. Francis," he says), a mama hippo, a baby hippo, two crazed lions (one at the foot of the Ethiopian safari van he was riding the roof of, the other through the wall of his and Sheila's collapsed tent), an angry father, Henry Kissinger (Matzoh Man), Jimmy Cliff, and about forty weeping, ranting, oversexed, undersexed, willing, or reluctant women. "Oh, Terrill," he raises his voice to a falsetto, "I have a headache." Or "Terrill, why can't you be a cattleman like my daddy?" or "You'll never amount to anything, you son of a bitch. You're wasting my best child-bearing years." Rob chastizes me because I enjoy the performances so thoroughly, openly, uncritically.

Above Lava, we all pile out of the boats to assess the situation, the boatmen and Karly huddling on the rocks below us, calculating. When they finally return, Rob chews on his knuckle scabs and mutters in a tone I am familiar with, "Well, at least today God's on our side." I feel baked in my life jacket and rainsuit. I hear Bags saying to Buzz, "Yeah, but there isn't a right run."

Andy goes first. Lona is sitting primly in the front, nose plugs firmly in place. The Jerry A.'s are hunched over in the back. The raft slides down left of center and rises clumsily, teetering, then rises, fast, and falls, hard, out of our view. We hear their squeals and see them bobbing and bailing further down. Buzz is ready, waiting.

Terrill has been chewing gum, but he spits it sharply into the river, then climbs onto our boat with the anchor rope in his teeth. "Matzoh's better than macho," Rob grumbles, but like Jerry P. and bonneted Paula in the back of the raft, like me across from him in the front, he nervously watches Terrill's face. Terrill fastens his life jacket slowly, looks at his blisters, oars out into the middle of the river. "One up," he says. "Four to go." Buzz's boat moves,

again down the left. Terrill is standing. "Looks like he's going for that hole," he says calmly. "Looks like he's gonna hit it." The boat, we can see, is perpendicular, then flips back on itself. It is too low for us to see well. "One down," Terrill says. "Don't worry. I see Marie. Andy'll pick 'em all up."

I chew on my lip and watch Karly and Bags exchange grim looks. When the river is clear, Bags goes, again down the left, but not so far this time. We hold our breaths. "Cleared it," says Terrill after we see the thrashing. He makes a fist at Karly, who doesn't reply. She follows as exactly as she can in Bags's trail.

"Okay, guys," says Terrill, becoming more animated. "We're taking the right run!" I imitate Rob's hanging-on pose, stuff both boots under the storage bags, grip the blue front ropes, and crouch, head up to see what is coming. An enormous brown wave is coming. "Jesus Christ!" yells Terrill, and I wonder for the smallest of seconds if he is praying. I repeat to myself, "Jesus Christ." We catch the wave on the tip. The oars are shrieking in their sockets, and Terrill says again, softer, "Jesus!" I am filled with an odd joy. We climb another wave, plunge down it, into two hitting from the sides. For a minute I wonder if I'm in the boat or out of it. There is water everywhere. We are climbing again.

And then Terrill is bouncing on the locker seat, yipping to the other boatmen. I bail, feeling myself smile beyond all control. The rafts are quite close. Everyone is back in Buzz's now upturned boat. Rob waves at Marie who makes a small hand movement and shivers. Paula is leaning over the back side of the raft, wringing out her hat. Jerry P., his arm still slung through the handle of a bailing bucket, is struggling to undo his plastic camera case. I snap my bailer back on the ropes and grin up at Terrill. He half closes his eyes.

We glide downstream for a while, the winds not objecting, all feeling as if we've accomplished something, although most of us of course haven't. Still, Karly says karma determines if a boat can right itself. I don't know too much about karma. Maybe it's akin to the Holy Ghost.

"The motor rigs are always losing beer in Lava," says Terrill. "It floats down here. I've picked a lot of beer out of these waters." He smiles sleepily. "And some other things. Two oars. All I need now is my own boat." He hands me his tin cup, motions towards the river. I fill it and hand it back to him. " 'Course the oars were different lengths." He hands back the cup for a refill. "Best thing though was an eighteen-year-old woman. Fell out of Karly's boat. 'Oh Terrill!' " His falsetto again. " 'I'm so cold I'm gonna die. I think I've got hypothermia. Cure me! Cure me!' " He laughs and gulps the water in one swallow. "Yep. River's been good to me."

That afternoon we are all playful, elated. Around us the reds, buffs, grays, greens are dazzling. Here and there enormous rivers of lava surge down the canyon walls. When we finally pull the boats in, we toss high the heavy rubber duffels we've been dragging and pushing down the unloading lines for the past two weeks.

The boatmen and Karly gather on Bags's boat and sit in a circle drinking beer, swatting Buzz on the back and shoulders. They speak softly but urgently.

Some of us unroll our sleeping bags on the sand in another sociable circle. We sit on them, pulling off wet boots and outer clothing, rubbing lotion on our hands and faces, opening cans of beer and pop. Jerry P. stretches out on his bag, his camera dormant for a minute at his side. Then he sits bolt upright. "Hot sheep shit," he begins, and we all guffaw. Then he says, "I don't want to go home."

"Me either," says Paula, snapping shut her powder case.

"Damn," says Jerry P. "I gotta be at work Tuesday morning."

"No work talk allowed," warns Marie.

There is no talk at all. Rob lies on his back looking at the too-blue sky. Jerry P. draws idly in the sand. I reach for my daypack, break through the tamarisks and brittle mesquite, and head for the cliffs. After a while, I hear Rob splintering branches behind me.

"Want to be alone?"

"In a minute. Hey." I look at my feet. A small animal skull is lying there. I pick it up and run my rough fingers along its smooth, perfectly formed teeth. "Good orthodontist." I hold it out to Rob. "I want to move back. We belong in the West. Even if it has to be California."

Rob makes a face. "Elaine, the only place I could get a transfer to is L.A. That's no different from New York. A big city's a big city."

"Some big cities are closer to what matters."

He scuffs his sneakers in the sand. "We can think about it," he says softly. "We'll have a better perspective when we're back home."

"I don't want a better perspective. You hope I'll forget about it. And New York's not our home."

He takes the little skull. After a few minutes he asks, "What do you think it was?"

"Alas, poor Yorick. Shrunk."

"Not a beaver anyway. Not unless it wore braces."

I turn towards the cliff. He lays down the skull and slips back through the tamarisk. Finding my first foothold, I edge up the granite. It's always easier to climb up than down. I already know I'll be sorry. I keep on climbing. Maybe, I think, Rob will tell the boatmen about the skull, and maybe one of them will shoulder through the mesquite now, and maybe he'll find me, trapped on a ledge, unable to come down, unable to go up, and he'll rescue me on the back of a wild blue horse and carry me off to a hidden cave in the Bright Angel shale. But the boatmen are drinking on Bags's boat. At the end of a trip, the boatmen, too, will go back to work. They'll go back to Lee's Ferry and get back on the green-blue-brown river.

Gingerly I make my way skyward. I perch on a rough rock, high enough to see the five boats lined up along the bank, too high to see who is sitting where. The ground cloths and bedrolls are tiny, insignificant splashes of color on the sand. The wind is getting fierce. I feel vulnerable up here. A few shrill sounds from the kitchen rocks carry up on gusts.

I lower myself down the rough, jagged slopes, mostly with my hands. My feet slide out from beneath me, and I catch myself with my palms on the schist.

My right hand starts bleeding; my legs are scraped white. I move very slowly, out of sight of camp so no one can see my clumsy descent. I keep sucking my right hand so I won't leave a trail of blood. We are not, after all, supposed to litter in the canyon.

Finally, just as I am about to explode with impatience and fear, I reach the base of the cliffs. Someone else is there too, squatting, examining the little skull. I draw in my breath and hide my hand behind my back, pressing the palm hard.

"Your old man told me you found something, dear," says Bags, straightening up. "Probably a ringtail cat."

With dinner, clam sauce on spaghetti, our spirits revive. The boatmen have put together a freeze-dried, gooey cheesecake, and we all take big portions and settle on the sand. I have bandaged my palm. Buzz gives instructions on the final half-day on the water. The Californians start planning a reunion in San Jose.

"We can come back next year," Rob says as we lie in our mummy bags and stare at the stars.

I have already thought of that. "I thought we were going to try to have a baby next year."

"Which do you want most?" I hear the playful tone of his either-or questions.

"I don't know what I want." I close my eyes on the star-speckled sky.

I sleep poorly. For the first time since we came into the canyon, I dream about the office. I rouse myself awake. Next to me I hear Rob's daytime breathing. I consciously slow down my breaths so I'll sound asleep and I roll over, towards the river.

This last morning we are supposed to float down to Diamond Creek in silence. Rob has put our bags on Karly's raft, and we climb aboard in the gray dawn and shove off. It's too dark to see who is in what other boats, but everyone is quiet and anonymous anyway, and the distance between the rafts stretches out. Oars splash. I scour the shoreline for beaver holes. I look beyond the dark deep canyon walls at the whitening sky. The last stars have just disappeared. The bowels of the earth. We and the river have descended sixteen hundred million years.

This would be an appropriate time, I think, for a religious experience. I try to recite one of my childhood prayers. Heavenly Father. Bless Mommy and Daddy, Stevie and Ben, Grandmas and Grandpas. I concentrate hard. Grandmas and Grandpas, soldiers and sailors, beavers and wallabies. I hear irreverent noises behind us. Terrill, brushing his teeth and gargling. In the half light Karly frowns. Suddenly the canyon is full of small noises. A canyon wren. Terrill's whistled response. The bending and twanging back of a willow at the water's edge. I look closely through the gray; and though I don't see it, part of one of my prayers has been answered. I have heard a beaver.

And we are at Diamond Creek. We derig the rafts and scrub them out, splashing water on them and us with the bailing buckets. We load the boats

on the waiting truck, load our gear on the waiting Navajo bus. Drenched, numb, we move awkwardly about on the sand. "Karly and Andy and I will be on the bus with you," says Buzz. "Bags and Terrill are riding with the boats back to the warehouse. Better tell 'em goodbye. Some of you got planes to catch in Phoenix."

We have a plane to catch in Phoenix. Alarm rises within me. Rob steps towards Terrill and thrusts out his hand. Another Mormon-town trait. Jerry P. is slapping Bags on the back. I hang back, confused, caught in the milling and lining up. I push behind Paula who is cuffing Terrill on the cheeks and stick out my hand in his direction. He looks at me with some amazement. "Holy Christ, woman," he says. "Don't you have no manners?" He hugs me roughly in his left arm, then turns abruptly to Marie who gives him a hard kiss. Marie has wet eyes. So does Jerry P. Bags squeezes my shoulders. "You're a good scout, dear," he says.

I stand helpless until Rob takes me by the elbow like an old lady and leads me onto the jammed and rickety bus. I am sitting on a rubber duffel in the aisle behind him. I am too far from the window, as we shift into gear and rumble up the gravel road, to see the canyon or the river or the truck. I stare instead at my hideous hands. The bandage on my palm is spongy with water. The one on my finger is fraying. I peel it slowly off. The finger is healed and, miracle of miracles, is smooth and pink, just the tiniest line showing where the top had lifted off.

"Hey," Karly is saying. She is wedged between me and Jerry P. and is examining his palm on her knee. "Look at that lifeline. You're going to live to be a hundred and twenty-five." She runs her finger down another crease. "This is your progeny line. Look out, New Jersey. Big Daddy is coming!"

"And this," Jerry P. points to a cracked knuckle, "is my water line." Karly laughs. Keeping his hand between her knees, she reaches for mine.

"Can't read you," she says, "unless you take off that bandage. What'd you do to yourself?"

"She was trying to slit her wrists," says Jerry P., leaning over. "These New Yorkers don't know nothing about anatomy."

"These New Jersians don't know nothing about grammar."

Behind us Buzz has extracted his harmonica from the pack I am sitting on. "Who wants a little matzoh music?" he says.

"Matzoh music! Let's have matzoh music!" calls out Marie. She slaps her thighs. But Buzz plays instead, in loud chords and heavy accents, "When the Saints Come Marching In," and everyone, even Rob, even I, clap with our wounded hands and sing.

Stones

Loretta Sharp

The following poems are taken from a collection called *Letting Go* and center on the experiences of three Mormon women, Beth, Elise, and Willene, who are spending the summer in 12N, an efficiency apartment on the upper West Side of New York City. Directly across from their windowed wall is a building where transients come to observe them.

Antonio, the liveried doorman who nods
and beams like a scarlet top, has approached
Beth. Each night-school exam is a paragraph
saying something like "American children
watch too much t.v. Agree or disagree."
Could she ask Willene to teach him when
to agree? Or he'll stay a doorman the rest
of his life, and he's already forty-eight.
How much might she charge?

Willene complains: she cannot understand
half that he says; Beth learned Spanish
on her mission, Elise Portuguese on hers;
they are English teachers. "He wants *you*
to teach him," says Beth sweetly.
Elise grins, knowing how this will end.

"But you and Elise *pray* to bless others;
I ask to be left alone." Willene feels
a stone roll to the wall that holds her in.

LORETTA RANDALL SHARP established the writing program at the Interlochen Arts Academy in 1975. She has received two NEH Fellowships and a Fulbright Fellowship to India, and she has been selected as a Klingenstein Fellow for 1987–88. In 1984, she received a Michigan Creative Artist Award to finish the collection, Letting Go.

Raise a child alone. That's good for a row
of stones. Put yourself through school
while you raise a child alone. Take on
boarding school children and learn that
each student poem costs five of your own.
Stones shoulder high. Your daughter finally
off to college, and you take on a nephew
failing in school and life. And when you
finally get to New York and your first writing
workshop, learn that Dorette's afraid
to cross Washington Square alone after class,
that Marie can't decide whether to marry
the man she lives with. That the teacher wants
the workshop to succeed because this is a new
writing program. And no publicity's gone out
for the Kunitz reading on Friday and what can we do?

Oh, yes, Anne Sullivan liked teaching Helen
all right, she liked teaching that water
"has a name — it has a name." But try teaching
anyone that an essay has shape. Try it,
and fall a year behind.

But Willene gives in. "Tell Antonio he can pay
by bringing his family once to church." "And,"
she frowns, "the three of us must take turns."
Elsie grins, knowing how this will end. Willene
knows, too. She's the one at home every day.

And how can she teach Antonio that he may agree
or disagree? Reaching for a pen to sketch
an essay's shape, she does not see the trowel waiting
in the pen's place. It's always there, a clean
promising that its mortared swish will still all
sound outside the apartment — all sound within.

The Salutation

Deciding they should visit teach, Beth
dials Brother Evans to get the number
of someone in the Relief Society.
The listening Willene thinks
of her first attempts at Mormon salutation.
"Sister" was not so bad; everyone's met
a nun or heard someone say, "Sister

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so-and-so" or "Sister says."
But "Brother" meant revival tents,
collection plates, people of anchored
intelligence and soaring intent.

At church she'd said "bishop" or "elder"
or managed without name and salutation.
But one day at work, Willene needed to call
Brother Bailey because her throat was sore,
and she wanted to know if Four-in-One
was okay even though the label read *caffeine.*

Brother Bailey counseled the young bishop
and everyone else. He and his wife
cleaned the chapel, and nobody littered it.
He'd joined the Church in England,
been on three missions, and believed
that no man would set foot on the moon
because God prescribed bounds. And so
did Brother Bailey. Willene knew that even
the Trinity would address him as "Brother Bailey."

She dialed, hoping he'd answer, but his wife
gave a prim, "Bailey's." Sister Bailey
probably did not know his first name. Willene
whispered. "Is Bro —" and her boss looked up.
Another try: "Is Brother?" Once again — this time
aspirating every dry syllable, "Is Brother Bailey
there?" Her boss grinned. Brother Bailey
was in. Four-in-One was out.

It took years before none of that mattered, not
even explanations to nonmembers that the salutation
expressed love, was a reminder that everyone
shares the same eternal parents.

And how could small things have mattered so?
But they did. And maybe still do.
Or Willene would not smile at declining to tell
Beth just what's in the giant Grand Marnier truffle
Elise is dividing in three exact pieces. Feeling
the chocolate warm her tongue and throat, Willene
decides to disbelieve that alcohol evaporates
when cooked. And she links arms with her two
sisters as they go off to take the month's message
to the shut-in sisters, bedridden north of the Bowery.

The Problem

Willene wakes up, stumbles to the kitchen,
pours juice. Babies again. Whenever
there are so many things to do, she can't
write her poems, she dreams of babies.
She's just been left with seven babies,
can't get them fed, runs from one diaper
to the next, and the house is a mess.
Or she watches a two-year-old fall,
unattended, over a balcony and the phone
won't work and the ambulance won't come
and she starts carrying the child
to the hospital and doesn't know where
its mother is and the child is too heavy
to carry all the way.

Elise hears her up, asks if it's the dream
again. She tries once more to tell Willene
she'll find time to finish her work. "Willene,
listen, it's not true that Grandma Moses
started painting at seventy, she'd been practicing
all along, but nobody knew, you see."

The two hold laughter in so Beth won't wake
and say the problem is Willene thinking
she's supposed to do one thing and God thinking
another. That's the problem, all right.
Willene closes her eyes, tries fantasizing
something from *The Rockford Files* or about
Clint Eastwood or the Los Angeles Rams, anything
so the last thought taking her into sleep
is baby-free, baby-free, ba-by. . . .

Grandmother, Grandmother, Grandmother

Beth and Elise know Willene was the reason
her dad left a wife and two baby boys.
Each year he said something like, "Let's see,
Willene is seven — how long have we been married,
oh, six, is it?" Her mother looked away or tried
changing the subject.

The Problem

Willene wakes up, stumbles to the kitchen,
pours juice. Babies again. Whenever
there are so many things to do, she can't
write her poems, she dreams of babies.
She's just been left with seven babies,
can't get them fed, runs from one diaper
to the next, and the house is a mess.
Or she watches a two-year-old fall,
unattended, over a balcony and the phone
won't work and the ambulance won't come
and she starts carrying the child
to the hospital and doesn't know where
its mother is and the child is too heavy
to carry all the way.

Elise hears her up, asks if it's the dream
again. She tries once more to tell Willene
she'll find time to finish her work. "Willene,
listen, it's not true that Grandma Moses
started painting at seventy, she'd been practicing
all along, but nobody knew, you see."

The two hold laughter in so Beth won't wake
and say the problem is Willene thinking
she's supposed to do one thing and God thinking
another. That's the problem, all right.
Willene closes her eyes, tries fantasizing
something from *The Rockford Files* or about
Clint Eastwood or the Los Angeles Rams, anything
so the last thought taking her into sleep
is baby-free, baby-free, ba-by. . . .

Grandmother, Grandmother, Grandmother

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Each year he said something like, "Let's see,
Willene is seven — how long have we been married,
oh, six, is it?" Her mother looked away or tried
changing the subject.

Not knowing that tone is the tenor, her dad
kept at it until he supposed Willene old enough
to catch on. Decades later, she forgets to send them
anniversary cards, will not mention her birthday.

Her grandmothers disliked her dad, so Willene's
short on grandmother stories. "Well," she tries,
"when I began genealogy, I learned my great-grandparents
were Reorganized. Both sides joined the Church
under Joseph, left under Brigham. Only one stayed in,
a distant aunt who walked west with the handcarts,
saw what polygamy was like, and walked back.
I was the first after that to find the Church."

Her family group sheets stacked by the couch
go where she goes. And guilt for the unfinished
ones. "Genealogy's supposed to turn the hearts
of children to their fathers, but it sometimes
makes me angry. If they'd stayed in, all
their work wouldn't have fallen on me."

The work's long been done on their lines,
but Beth and Elise can see that walking back
could cost too much, as could the tracing
of birth and death, the sealing of blood to blood.
Still, they love birthdays, so next week they'll treat
Willene to the Russian Tea Room and skip the happy returns.

Bishop

He turns right on 88th, walking slow as an old
man. A bad back for years, always thin, but the bishop
cannot remember this bent-over hesitancy edging in.

Riding to the twelfth floor, he remembers
Willene's dependency. Her husband had told her
they were soulmates, so she could not go
alone to ward socials or movies. "Cellmates,"
the bishop muttered, but all he could do
was give her books and a Christmas subscription
to *The New Yorker*. Yet she was willful enough
to be rightly named. Once he'd snapped,
"If someone deleted 'yes, but' from your vocabulary,
you'd be speechless."

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was give her books and a Christmas subscription
to *The New Yorker*. Yet she was willful enough
to be rightly named. Once he'd snapped,
"If someone deleted 'yes, but' from your vocabulary,
you'd be speechless."

Few matched him at church work, but women
were another thing. In the early years,
his wife, Nan, did not teach him much.
She tried too hard to please. But she confided
things to Willene who in turn instructed him.
That's how he learned Nan did not like his asking
her the recommend questions. The next time
hers expired, he'd smiled, "I know the answers,"
and signed the slip. She was so pleased he grieved,
the more because she'd never have told him on her own.

Nan told Willene that raising six children meant
hearing a whimper inside her each time
someone's child received what she could not give
her own. Willene let him know, and he went home,
said maybe they'd better look at the budget again,
put aside less mission money.

Willene gave a shower for their seventh child,
and when the girl turned five, he'd urged Nan
to work on a master's degree. Be good to get out
of the house a few hours a day. "Yes, but,"
Willene said, "Nan said she'd rather have
another baby than go back to school middle-aged."
And he quit pushing the degree.

The "Yes, but's" increased when Willene's soulmate
went on the road. Divorce had begun to jar Church
statistics, but the Brethren had few suggestions
for helping members tough it through. When Willene felt
nothing could get worse, the bishop said she could lose
her health, her child. He gave her *J.B.* to read
and said to snap out of it.

He'd never give *J.B.* again nor counsel gratitude
because things are not worse. But she had snapped
out of it. Earned two degrees. A good job.
Her daughter at BYU.

And him? And Nan? Would things have been better
with only one child? Their oldest divorced,
another separated from her husband. And the trouble
with his youngest. A freshman at BYU, depressed
on and off for a year. One day she went hiking
in the foothills. A body was found and a red gas
can. Only dental records would tell. Someone

had seen three men in a Toyota with out-of-state
plates. So many people called, then stopped,
awkward at an "unattended death." And after
the funeral, he wrote old friends. Apologies almost.

Through the window he sees Willene reading his note.
"The police have closed the books, but the Lord
has been kind enough to let us know she did not
take her own life."

He'd like to shout that he's since been told
she's busy and happy. Shout it loud enough
for Zion to hear. His daughter did not kill
herself. But his tears fall quick as Willene's,
and so he'll go home without telling her what
an old man knows: that enduring costs everything,
but she and her sisters must hold on. They must
never, never let go.

Views of Brigham

Brigham Young: American Moses, by Leonard J. Arrington (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1985), 522 pp., $24.95; *Brigham Young and the Expanding American Frontier*, by Newell G. Bringhurst (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1986), 246 pp., $16.95, edited by Oscar Handlin.

Reviewed by Melvin T. Smith, a historian in Mount Pleasant, Utah.

BRIGHAM YOUNG: *American Moses* makes several important contributions. First, it relies on and quotes extensively from primary sources. Readers will glean a number of new insights. Particularly helpful is Arrington's chapter on Brigham's youthful life and its pioneering elements, a useful schooling for his later leadership.

In addition, Arrington notes the times and situations of the recently converted Brigham Young's commitment to Joseph Smith, which he interprets as filling the emotional gap left by the death of his first wife (p. 34); and later Brigham's assertion while serving a mission to Canada that "women should not govern me" (p. 36), a rather revealing statement in light of his later polygyny. Many of Arrington's useful insights occur in his introductions and summary statements, rather than within the chapters proper. Nevertheless, careful readers will discover them.

While Young seemed born to lead, Arrington observes that it was the Mormon Church that channeled Brigham's energies and directed them. His instinct for leadership emerges early in his Church career with the Missouri expulsion, the British mission, and his succession to the mantle of Joseph Smith. Each of these events show a man who understood how to exercise power, and with it, his special brand of leadership. Arrington, unfortunately, ignores the leadership dynamics of the winter of 1846–47 at Winter Quarters where Young consolidated his power base.

A more serious problem exists in Arrington's analysis of Young's first ten years in the valley, a period when he served as territorial governor. Young's methods, his power, and his objectives were, during that decade, nor subject to either scrutiny or challenge. During that first free-handed decade, Young's leadership produced public endorsement of polygamy, the Reformation, the doctrine of blood atonement, treasonous political rhetoric, and the Mountain Meadows massacre. These issues receive inadequate treatment, especially the massacre.

Arrington also seems to credit Young with all the settlements made under his leadership — in fact, for nearly all of the achievements of Mormon pioneers. He depicts Young as a sort of omniscient prophet continuously counseling mothers and others, giving doctrinal dictums, making political maneuvers, or doing whatever else was needed. He is seen as a man who not only knew what was happening but made it happen. Such an approach requires the biographer to claim the bad as well as the good, however.

There is a degree of *déjà vu*, if not actual tedium, in the extensive review of LDS Church history, especially for those who have read the *Great Basin Kingdom* or *The Mormon Experience*. What readers get in this biography is a look at Mormon history with Young as both the central figure and the focus of all action.

Perhaps, it is that focus which brings Arrington in his "Epilogue" to a series of unanswered basic issues about the man he has portrayed in 400 pages. There he notes: "Perhaps Brigham's verbal ferocity masked a tender, softhearted person who was ashamed to admit his compassion out of fear that people would think him weak or cowardly. His caustic criticism of others may well have been an external projection of his discontent with his own ambivalence." Then Arrington queries, "Was he a kindly, benevolent, tenderhearted father figure or the sarcastic, hate-spouting chief of the Danites? As he systematically dressed down some people, even close associates, was he really chastising them, or was he, by chance, talking to himself?" (p. 407)

Unfortunately, most readers have anticipated answers, not questions from the author.

Here is a book that says much and yet leaves much unsaid and unanswered about Brigham Young. Even the metaphor "American Moses" is ambivalent. Moses led ancient Israel into the wilderness, not into the promised land. Should readers infer that Brigham's "Great Basin Kingdom" was not the promised land; and that the United Order, plural marriage, the political state of Deseret, the Deseret alphabet, and the Mormon separation from the world were concepts that had to be abandoned, much as ancient Israel had to shed its Egyptian influences before Joshua could actually lead them into Canaan? For Brigham's Saints, the promised land was statehood and equal status as a prosperous part of the United States of America, to which John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and Brigham's twentieth-century successors guided them.

Brigham Young's attempts to create the kingdom of God on earth lasted up to his death in August 1877. Arrington sees that as Brigham's primary mission. But in 1877, Young's vision was turned back toward the apparent security and simplicity of early nineteenth-century America. That vision is also part of his legacy.

Arrington admires Brigham Young and treats him kindly; however, I am not sure that Governor Young would always recognize himself in this scholar's portrait, nor approve of it.

Newell G. Bringhurst's fine *Brigham Young and the Expanding American Frontier* offers readers a definite contrast. This book, much smaller than Arrington's, still provides readers with a great deal of information about Brigham Young. Perhaps Bringhurst's success lies in his consistent focus on Brigham Young, the individual, as his subject, rather than on Brigham Young, leader of the Mormon Church. Equally useful is the American frontier as a context for Bringhurst's discussion of Young's life and his contributions to American history.

It is useful to have the Mormon president presented as a part of the American westward movement. The results are persuasive. Young emerges as a man with vast pioneering experience, a dedicated, ambitious frontiersman whose life was impacted by the religious fervor of upstate New York, and focused with his conversion to Mormonism.

Bringhurst leads readers through the major national as well as institutional events that Young participated in and had to react to. One finishes the book with a genuine empathy for the Brigham Young, frontiersman, Mormon, polygamist, church president, colonizer, territorial governor, Indian agent, family man, and aging prophet.

The author elects to deal with nearly all issues, if only briefly. Young's racism is noted, his defense strategies, Mountain Meadows, his diplomacy, his arrogance, his pettiness, his courage, his kind fatherly concerns, and his conviction about his and the Mormon Church's mission, and his death. The stories are all there. Frequent anecdotes liven the reading and reveal an interesting human being. Bringhurst's Brigham is believable — a man to be admired and followed.

Read together the biographies are complementary.

Lowry Nelson's Utah

In the Direction of His Dreams, Memoirs by Lowry Nelson (New York: Philosophical Library, Inc. 1986), 370 pp., $19.95.

Reviewed by F. Ross Peterson, professor of history at Utah State University.

LOWRY NELSON WAS ONE of Utah's greatest intellectual products. At age ninety-three, this, the final volume of an autobiographical trilogy rounds off *Boyhood in a Mormon Village* and *Eighty: One Man's Way There*. Nelson's new volume completes a study that transcends one man's life. The internationally renowned rural sociologist vividly recalls his childhood in Ferron, Utah, and traces the path that led him to prominence.

With amazing candor, clarity, humility, and grace, Nelson condenses nine decades into an inspiring and uplifting chronicle. He cleverly combines family history and a sense of community to describe life as a pioneer in Emery County at the turn of the century. His education was characterized by a near-obsession to learn and see and experience. His descriptions of both Brigham Young University and Utah State in their youth are poignant and refreshing. The vivid recollections of travelling by train within Utah and by car to California and Wisconsin long before pavement are insightful and amusing.

However, the indisputable charm of this book is the manner in which Lowry Nelson underplays his own importance and significance. As a pioneer in agricultural extension work, a New Deal administrator, a member of the International Labor Organization, and a scholar, Nelson never indulges in self-adulation. He writes about those upset by his studies of rural Utah, barely mentioning the rave scholarly reviews. He assumes that the reader is aware of the impact of his *A Mormon Village*, so he hardly mentions it.

In two instances, Nelson reveals details of his well-known disagreements with the LDS hierarchy. As a professor at BYU, he was the focal point of a serious academic freedom issue. Upon losing the battle and after numerous meetings with Church leaders, he concluded that academic freedom was not possible at BYU. That is one reason he joined the New Deal's Resettlement Administration. Years later, he confronted Church leaders over the denial of priesthood to blacks. His exchange of letters, included here, provide interesting documentation of racial perceptions of the 1940s.

It was remarkable that Lowry Nelson was still producing prose and poetry up to last year. It is also important to realize that he has much to say about how human beings should work together for survival. His editor should have caught some trivial mistakes such as having the Wilson-Roosevelt-Taft election in 1908 instead of 1912, and locating Johnston's Army still in Sanpete County in 1867. They are minor problems in a memoir of such significance.

LDS Assumptions

Speaker for the Dead by Orson Scott Card (New York: Tor Books, 1986), 415 pp. $15.95 hardcover; *Ender's Game* by Orson Scott Card (New York: Tor Books, 1986), 357 pp. $3.50 paperback (rpt. of 1985 Tor hard cover original).

Reviewed by Michael R. Collings, DIALOGUE'S poetry editor, writer, and faculty member at Pepperdine University, Los Angeles.

THE ONLY MAJOR LDS science-fiction writer, Orson Scott Card recently won the

Nebula Award from the Science Fiction Writers of America for *Ender's Game* (1985) and nominations for the Hugo Award. *Speaker for the Dead* has already been nominated for the 1986 Nebula.

This recognition is important because *Speaker for the Dead* and *Ender's Game* show Card as an intensely LDS writer, but at the level of assumption rather than assertion. While his themes express deeply held LDS beliefs, his novels do not intrude those beliefs upon readers. Instead, readers following Ender Wiggin thousands of years into the future will perceive fundamental questions of human salvation and redemption as analogues to gospel principles.

Ender's Game and *Speaker* demonstrate Card's mastery. Elements criticized in earlier novels — violence and destructive sexuality, for example — draw less attention because they are inherent in the novels' purposes. Ender kills, but only to save an alien race and his own humanity and to complete the cycle of awareness, guilt, and redemption. His extraordinary talent isolates him from humanity in *Ender's Game*; in *Speaker*, he works painfully back into the community of *ramen* (sentient beings).

Card balances action with thought, science fiction with archetype, science with faith. The novels explore religion as subject and religious individuals as characters yet avoid polemics or stereotypes; the Christ-figure, for example, must stand at the foot of an alien cross to crucify another savior. Such inversions are so carefully paced that *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead* succeed equally as SF adventure and as analogical explorations of humanity, morality, salvation, and redemption. LDS readers will find much that is thought-provoking, stimulating, and spiritually moving in both novels.

Woman-child

Learn of Me, Relief Society Course of Study (Salt Lake City: Corporation of the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1987), 360 pp.

Reviewed by Ann Weaver Hart, assistant professor, Department of Educational Administration, University of Utah.

AS A TEENAGER I read my dad's old priesthood manual written by T. Edgar Lyon. Later I found even older manuals for MIA and Sunday School by other Mormon authors such as E. E. Ericksen and B. H. Roberts. I benefitted from these thoughtful lessons, written to guide people on a spiritual journey toward a deeper understanding of the gospel of Christ.

Unlike these older books, the 1987 women's Relief Society course of study, *Learn of Me*, is uneven. The lessons with clear gospel themes are strong and straightforward. However, some other lessons are virtually useless as aids to religious instruction for adults. Additionally, the image of Mormon women in this course of study is out of sync with that being presented to our young women in YWMIA materials and presentations. This dichotomy sets up a psychological double bind that will be difficult for some to resolve.

The fifty lessons are organized into five groups: Spiritual Living (twenty-two), Home and Family Education (twelve), Compassionate Service/Social Relations (twelve), Supplemental lessons (four: "Personal Morality," "Safeguarding Our Children," "Reverence for Life," and "Fighting Drug Abuse"), and Home Management (twelve). Fourteen of these lessons are conference addresses by General Authorities.

The manual has many good moments. The best lessons focus on the life of Christ, his mission on earth, the atonement, and the resurrection. And they are wonderful. The anonymous authors provide a rich journey into faith — the awe and joy we feel when we contemplate Christ, his mis-

sion, and our goal of living a life worthy of Christians. Spread throughout the Spiritual Living and Compassionate Service sections, these lessons, rich with scriptural references, encourage us to seriously contemplate the faith which calls us to our Redeemer.

The strength of the lessons centered in Christ is threefold. They provide a simple testimony of the Savior; they provide scriptural references for those who want further study; they provide exemplary standards for lives of service and love, patterned after the ideals the Savior taught. Neal Maxwell's conference talk, "O, Divine Redeemer," particularly provides both a strong personal witness and rich scriptural references.

Other lessons also strengthen faith. The Compassionate Service lesson on charity includes ample material for an examination of the meaning of Christian charity. The Spiritual Living lesson on the law of consecration confronts serious issues of commitment, and the resource materials provided to the instructor make it possible to teach as complex or simple a lesson as a particular group needs. Similarly, the lessons on prayer, praise for the Lord, the second coming of Christ, and celestial glory set a stage for serious gospel study.

The richness of scriptural references in the gospel lessons highlights a weakness in others — inadequate resource materials. These lessons lack sufficient depth. While they all include a short list of *Ensign* or *New Era* articles for further reading, they do not offer any assistance to women who might want additional sources of information about families, mental and emotional health and development, or even the fine arts. A reference to an *Ensign* article by Addie Fuhriman (p. 178), currently chair of the Department of Educational Psychology at the University of Utah, raises a question: Why is none of her professional work cited? Her credentials as a scholar and a Latter-day Saint are impeccable.

Though the gospel lessons are serious and helpful, the curriculum in *Learn of Me* falters when it ventures into social and "women's" issues. Here the answers are too simple and provide little assistance for those confronting serious moral questions. For example, Elder Russell M. Nelson acknowledges that, in cases of rape or incest, a decision to abort a pregnancy is complex and raises many questions. He then sidesteps the central problem, saying: "But less than 3 percent of all abortions are performed for these two reasons" (p. 290). Possibly true, but for that 3 percent, what counsel does he have? Having raised the question, he avoids the ambiguity.

The manual's discussions of family life and marriage are inadequate. "Eternal love, eternal marriage, eternal increase! This ideal, which is new to many, when thoughtfully considered, can keep a marriage strong and safe" (Boyd K. Packer, "Marriage," p. 120). This implies that the secret of a happy marriage in this life is to contemplate infinite posterity in the next. The reader is left contemplating gaps.

An emphasis on the divine and eternal structure of Relief Society results in some strained associations. For example, "Blessings of the Restoration" devotes almost four pages to the organization of the Relief Society, then poses a "thought question": "What other blessings of the Restoration will help us reach exaltation?" The answer: one-fourth of a page on the blessings of the temple (see pp. 47–51). The Restoration deserves better.

The tone of the lesson on the restoration is echoed in the manual's use of language. This book, written for women, overwhelmingly quotes men, not women. It is also filled with male pronouns. *He* abounds. Gender-free or gender inclusive language is becoming the norm in writing unless a person's identity is clear, and the insistence on clinging to the now obsolete male form seems patronizing. For example, in reference to child sexual abuse an anonymous author states: "It is especially vital that a child be protected within his own family" (p. 285). The vast majority of child sexual

abuse victims are girls. This particular use of language is ironic and inaccurate.

When the lessons confront women's roles, the range of acceptable choices is narrowly defined. Repeatedly, in Spiritual Living, Home and Family Education, and Home Management lessons, the authors attempt to tell us what "good women" are. This goodness is not necessarily based on the life of Christ but includes a laundry list of social criteria with "traditional roles" defining the "preferred ways of sharing and giving" (Spencer W. Kimball, "Privileges and Responsibilities of Sisters," p. 123). One may ask, "Preferred by whom?"

Furthermore, this particular lesson is organized as a long list of themes in undeveloped paragraphs, a problem, no doubt, stemming from the fact that it was originally given as a talk. However, as a lesson, this format is inappropriate. A partial list of topics in this one lesson: the ten commandments; keeping the Sabbath day holy; studying the scriptures; chastity; temple; seeking wisdom; setting high goals; marriage; selflessness; tenderness; Christian service; love, empathy, and coping; developing the ability to communicate; sewing; preserving food; the development of social skills; free agency; trust; our innate spiritual identities as men or women; eternal progression and godhood; home; adultery and sexual morality; divorce; and motherhood and mothers. The woman who can organize a cogent discussion for thirty to forty minutes around this potpourri deserves far more than praise.

In the lesson on personal and family preparedness, internal contradictions begin to arise. One of the six areas of preparedness is career development (p. 304). The lesson's authors skirt the implications of a discussion on careers for women, finally settling on two quotations and one summary sentence. The first quotation is from Elder Howard W. Hunter praising "our wives" for "the heavy work load" they carry daily, then observing, "It is the man to whom the Lord has assigned the breadwinner's role." The second quotation from Camilla Kimball advises women "to qualify in two vocations — that of homemaking, and that of preparing to earn a living outside the home, if and when the occasion requires." The authors add a surprisingly positive recommendation: "Employment should not only provide the necessary income, but it should also be a source of satisfaction."

But satisfaction is a very personal judgment, depending on a woman's abilities. Talent often directs women toward goals that require sustained effort over time. Does the Parable of the Talents apply to women who are prepared for a career but feel that they may not use it unless they never marry or their husbands die or desert them?

The contradictions involving working women are particularly troublesome. My four daughters in YWMIA read handouts about women who serve as supreme court justices, engineers, politicians, and doctors. Many of these careers are difficult or impossible to begin in middle or late life or to resume after long absences. A United States senator from Florida and a ballet dancer from Utah are held up to them as role models. Young women are encouraged to value family life, to reach for the stars, to cherish their visions of themselves, and to develop their own unique talents no matter what they might be. They learn that talents are gifts of God.

Between lessons and between women's organizations the contradictions unfold. When my daughters turn nineteen and join Relief Society, the message will be very different from the world view in Young Women. In *Learn of Me*, anonymous authors tell them that homemaking provides "ample challenge to a woman's learning, intelligence, and creative talents." The lesson that follows is on setting goals — long-term and short-term — and using target dates. The example used is a woman who wants to clean her closets, and one of the first things she must do is "have husband" install shelves (p. 320). In YWMIA women set goals and achieve success (in

personal, family, and professional life); in Relief Society women depend on men. The contradictions can create serious problems for women who care deeply about the Church. No one can know for certain at this point whether the YWMIA or the Relief Society perspective more accurately represents Church views.

We invest in our future and our children's futures as human beings and disciples of Christ. The course of study for women for 1987 is strong and vibrant when it focuses on Christ and the restored gospel. It suffers from an underlying tone of hysteria and fear of the future when it leaves the gospel and turns to social systems and traditional roles. Strain and uncertainty are apparent. The confidence that comes from our commitment to the gospel is absent. I sense a lack of faith in women.

BRIEF NOTICES

An Offender for a Word: The Polygamy Case of Royston Potter vs. Murray City, et al. by Royston Potter (Salt Lake City: Pioneer Press, 1986), 54 pp. and appendices; $4.00.

THIS BOOK DISCUSSES the legal case Potter entered against Murray City after he was fired from his job as a police officer in 1982, when it became known that he was a practicing polygamist. Potter, at one time a member of the Mormon Church, became interested in Fundamentalist Mormonism in 1979 and eventually entered into several plural marriages.

Murray City fired him for the following alleged violations: "(1) Failure to uphold oath of office; (2) Failure to comply with Article III, Section 1, of the Utah Constitution which forever prohibits polygamy, or plural marriage; and (3) Failure to comply with Section 76-6-101 of the Utah Code which makes Bigamy or unlawful cohabitation a third degree felony." He then "filed a Federal civil rights suit against Murray City, the Chief of Police, the Murray City Civil Service Commission, and the State of Utah on the grounds of violation of his civil rights under U.S. Code Title 42 Section 1983, the U.S. Constitution under the First and Fourteenth Amendments, the right to privacy, and selective enforcement."

Two Mormon Pioneers: History of Alva Benson; Diary of Jean Rio Baker by Emma N. Mortensen (Hyrum, Utah: Downs Printing, 1986), 197 pp., $14.95.

THIS PUBLICATION CONTAINS two unrelated items: the "History of Alva Benson" and the "Diary of Jean Rio Baker." Benson, considered one of the founders of Hyrum, Utah, was born in 1799 in Onondago County, New York, and in 1832 he and his wife joined the Mormon Church. They settled in Jackson County, Missouri, but were driven out with the other Mormons. They eventually migrated to Utah in 1852 and settled in Springville, Utah, but also lived in Cedar City and Ogden. In 1860, in the company of Ira Allen, they moved to Cache Valley where they settled Hyrum, Utah.

The diary of Jean Rio Baker, is one of the classic Mormon diaries and has been reprinted many times. Jean Rio Griffiths Baker was born in 1810 in Scotland. In 1832 she married Henry Baker who died in 1849 leaving her with seven children. The diary starts on 4 January 1851 and is a day-by-day record of her journey from England by sailing ship to New Orleans, steamer up the Mississippi River, and then by wagon train to Salt Lake City, arriving on 29 September 1851.

"So How Come a Nice Jewish Boy Became a Mormon" by Norman Rothman (Santa Ana, California: Parca Publishing, 1986), 388 pp., $14.95.

ROTHMAN WAS BORN of Jewish parents in 1927 in New York City. Unfulfilled by

the Jewish faith, he began to investigate other religions and eventually joined the Mormon church in 1964. Since then he has held many Church positions including Regional Coordinator for the Chicago Area Public Communications Council and president of the Newport Beach, California Stake Mission.

Rothman discusses his early life, his military career during World War II, and his life in the business world, which included the electronic facial business. He discusses in great detail his personal life which includes five marriages and four divorces. He tells about his conversion to the Mormon Church and discusses its history. He also includes a chapter on the beliefs of the Jewish faith.

Latter Day Saint Beliefs: A Comparison Between the RLDS Chucrh and LDS Church by Steven L. Shields (Independence, Missouri: Herald Publishing House, 1986), 104 pp., $8.50.

THIS BOOK DISCUSSES the principal differences between the two main factions of the Latter Day Saint movement — the RLDS church, headquartered in Independence, Missouri, and the LDS church, headquartered in Salt Lake City, Utah.

In the past, because of the size and public recognition of the LDS church, the RLDS church has felt the necessity of identifying itself as the church that is "not the one in Utah." This identity crisis has been the basis for most of the past literature, but with the passing of time each church has assumed a more distinct identity, with its own programs and missions.

The purpose of this book is to compare RLDS beliefs with LDS beliefs and, according to the author, "let the facts speak for themselves." Subjects discussed include: God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, revelation and scripture, priesthood, church administration and organization, salvation, marriage, temples, tithing and the stewardship principle, and Zion. It also contains an appendix with Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants reference charts.

Porter Rockwell: The Definitive Biography by Richard Lloyd Dewey (New York: Paramount Books, 1986), xvii, 573 pp., $19.95.

ORRIN PORTER ROCKWELL is one of Mormondom's most colorful and best-known folk heroes. Joseph Smith's close friend and bodyguard, alleged Danite, accused assassin of Missouri's Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, feared by Church members and gentiles alike as Mormonism's "destroying angel," Rockwell's ties to the Mormon faith began in 1819 when a small boy. His parents became good friends with Joseph Sr., and Lucy Mack Smith. Rockwell had unwavering faith in Joseph Smith from the first announcement of heavenly visitations until his own death 11 June, 1878, seventeen days shy of his sixty-fifth birthday. Richard Lloyd Dewey's book follows by twenty years what many consider the classic study, *Orrin Porter Rockwell: Man of God, Son of Thunder* by Harold Schindler. Dewey acknowledges a debt to Schindler but reaches a number of different conclusions about Rockwell, his character, and his involvement in controversial events. Dewey's book claims to be the definitive biography of Rockwell. Whether any biography can make such a claim is debatable, but students of Mormon history will have an entertaining time deciding.

Treasures of Half-Truth by Pat Bagley (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986), 90 pp., $4.95.

THIS SPRITELY COLLECTION of ninety Mormon cartoons by Pat Bagley, cartoonist for the *Salt Lake Tribune*, is a light-hearted look at Mormon foibles, faith, and folklore. Running like a leitmotif through the collection are periodic white salamander cartoons, the grinning little top-hatted amphibian reminding us of pre-1985 days when white salamanders represented good, clean fun and games among Mormon his-

torians rather than forgery, fraud, and murder. One cartoon shows this little beast scampering out of the Church vault, past an official clutching a double armful of documents destined for the "sensitive," "damaging," and "top sacred" shelves inside.

Among the many other bright moments is a triple frame showing a soberly suited man across the desk from an Israeli official exclaiming, "Us? Proselyte in *your* country? Ha ha ha . . . Obviously you don't know anything about the Mormons." Frame 2: A light bulb clicks on above his head. Frame 3: "Would you like to know more?" Another is a Church spokesman at a press conference intoning, "I can neither confirm nor deny that the Church supports or opposes and we applaud those who feel as we do, unless, of course, we frown on them."

The Zarahemla Vision by Gary Stewart (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986) 278 pp., $19.95

GABE UTLEY returns from New York to take up private investigations in Salt Lake City. Then Aunt Hattie from Whitney (ultra-south), Utah, calls to say that her son Parley and his "angel" (one of the Three Nephites?) have kidnapped Wilford Richards, president of the Church. According to the next day's newspapers, Richards has died after three months of being bedridden, but as Gabe pushes, no one has actually seen a body. Richards's apostate daughter, Carol Ann, who runs a book store near Derks' Field, claims that she will publish his "revelation" — something about Lamanites. The new president names as his counselor a man whose California-based company specializes in defrauding Indians of tribal lands.

The questions multiply. Why does Thomas Running Bear steal the Zarahemla File from Richards's bedroom at Hotel Utah? Why is Running Bear killed by an apostle in its posh main lobby? Why does Thomas's brother, Golden Raven (both graduates of the Indian Placement Program) stalk Carol Ann with a bow and arrow? What role does Marcy, the twelve-year-old daughter of Golden and Carol Ann, have in locating her grandfather, alive and well, in "the Valley of Shurr"? And will Gabe ever figure out Mona, his Chicana-Irish girlfriend who writes for the *Deseret News* and drinks margueritas after work?

The Doctrine and Covenants by Themes: The Text of the Doctrine and Covenants Arranged Topically by John W. and Jeannie Welch. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1985), 320 pp., $12.95.

JOHN W. WELCH IS a professor of law at the J. Reuben Clark Law School at Brigham Young University and president of the Foundations for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies. Jeannie Welch is a French teacher at the Waterford School in Provo, Utah. *The Doctrine and Covenants by Themes* rearranges the chronological sections and verses of the Doctrine and Covenants by subject. Chapters include: "A Voice of Warning," "The Plan and Way of Salvation," "Revelations About Scripture," "The Priesthood of God," "Church Organization and Administration; Commandments to Church Members," "Revelations Regarding Missionary Work and Instructions to Missionaries," "Other Statements to Particular Individuals," and "Martyrdom and Testimony of Joseph Smith." This topical arrangement brings together in one place the main expressions in the Doctrine and Covenants on a given subject.

Mormon Prophecies and Their Fulfillment by Howard H. Barron. (Salt Lake City: Hawkes Publishing, Inc., 1986), 305 pp., $9.95.

BARRON, PAST CHAIRMAN of the Department of Bible and Modern Scripture at Brigham Young University, is the author of this "guidebook" dealing with prophecy

and the ways in which it can be fulfilled. The book is not meant to be comprehensive and only discusses selected prophecies to help the reader discern between the works of prophets and speculation.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part discusses the meaning and significance of prophecy and prophets, the foretelling of the apostasy and restoration, prophecies in ancient scripture concerning Joseph Smith, and finally, the foundation of latter-day prophecy laid by Joseph Smith. The second part of the book deals with specific prophecies by subject: war, moral decay, the gathering of Israel, growth and prosperity of Zion, Satanic efforts in the last days, and events surrounding the Millennium.

Mormons, Indians and the Ghost Dance Religion of 1890 by Garold D. Barney (Lanham, Md.: University Press of America, Inc., 1986), ix, 248 pp. Library binding $28; paper $13.50.

THE AUTHOR SUMMARIZES early Mormon history, Mormon relations with native Americans, and unique Mormon millennial beliefs. He then discusses the history of the Paiute people and the Paiute prophet Wovoka along with the rise of the Ghost Dance religion. In the last chapter, he compares Mormon beliefs with those of the Ghost Dance religion and documents that both anthropologist James Mooney and Western writer Paul Bailey believed Mormonism influenced Wovoka and the development of his views.

Beliefs common to both movements include the view that native Americans had a special place in God's plan, that the Messiah would soon come to save his people, that humankind must return to an earlier, purer religion, and that special clothing would protect the wearer. The author also points out that 1890 was a turning point for both movements — Wilford Woodruff's Manifesto for Mormonism and the massacre at Wounded Knee for the Ghost Dance religion.

The book includes an extensive but uncritical bibliography, an index, and some very fine photographs.

The Presidents of the Church edited by Leonard J. Arrington (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1986), viii, 460 pp., $15.95.

THIS BOOK IS "intended for general Latter-day Saint readers, young and old, who wish an introduction to each of the presidents of their church." It is also intended to include new research and update previous completions of biographies of the Church presidents.

Arrington himself wrote three of the biographies (Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and Harold B. Lee). Three other members of the staff of the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute of Church History are included among the authors. Dean C. Jessee wrote the biography of Wilford Woodruff, Ronald W. Walker wrote the Heber J. Grant biography, and William G. Hartley wrote that of Ezra Taft Benson. The chairman of the BYU History Department, James Allen, wrote the David O. McKay biography.

Three other BYU professors are also represented in the collection. Joseph Fielding McConkie, associate professor of ancient scripture, wrote the biography of his grandfather, Joseph Fielding Smith; and Edward L. Kimball, professor at the Law School, wrote the biography of his father, Spencer W. Kimball. The George Albert Smith biography is written by Pulitzer Prize-winning author, Merlo J. Pusey. Utah author and publisher Scott Kenney wrote the Joseph F. Smith biography, and Salt Lake City writer Heidi S. Swinton wrote the Lorenzo Snow biography. The John Taylor biography was written by a former curriculum writer for the Church Education System, Paul T. Smith.

"For the pleasure of the reader" no footnotes have been included, but the authors include bibliographical notes at the end of each biography. Also there is an index and a portrait of each subject.

Winter Quarters, by Conrey Bryson (Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book Company, 1986), 179 pp., $9.95.

IN 129 PAGES of narrative history Conrey Bryson focuses mainly on the 1846–48 Winter Quarters experience, with reflections back on Nauvoo and suggestions ahead to Florence as the jumping-off place for later emigration. Traditional in approach, the book clarifies some points: the beginning of the Mormon Battalion, for instance, and the Millerite break-off.

Bryson is at his best in his use, though limited, of primary documents such as the Patty Sessions diaries or the William Clayton *Journal*. He should, however, understand that Brigham Young did not personally write the *History* which bears his name.

Far from inclusive, Bryson's treatment is scanty on such subjects as the development of the Twelve and Young's appointment as President of the Church, Indian episodes and land agreements, and the significance of the experience to women. His failure to draw on available contemporary studies and his distance from the Church Archives and other original sources weaken the study. Still, the story is, for the most part, readable and useful.

Divorce and Beyond: Survival and Success by Gary L. Judkins and Marci Owen (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1987), 117 pp., $8.95. Indexed.

WRITTEN BY TWO divorced Latter-day Saints, this book dealing directly with divorce is remarkably even-handed in tone: It has a balance of examples, both positive and negative, between both men and women so that neither sex is stereotyped; it is simultaneously encouraging to those still working on a troubled marriage and reassuring to those who are working through the consequences of having decided to divorce; and it spends as much time dealing with legal aspects (upon which most people have little information) as upon personal and emotional issues.

Separate chapters deal with causes of divorce, the role of the bishop, the areas in which a counselor can help, why consulting an attorney is important (graphic examples of contested divorces and contested custody cases should encourage the reader to plan legal arrangements carefully), church activity and spiritual life after divorce (including a commendable discussion on chastity), emotional healing, parenting the children (the discussion focuses on the custodial parent and keeping visitation arrangements smooth rather than providing a helpful discussion of how the noncustodial parent can continue a good relationship with them), working (aimed at women reentering the job market), dating, and blending families in remarriage.

Although the chapters are short, they are helpful, clear, and provide a versatile range of options. An encouraging book for divorced or divorcing Latter-day Saints.

Sara, Whenever I Heard Your Name by Jack Weyland (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1987), 152 pp., $9.95.

ONE OF MORMONDOM'S most popular novelists for young people returns with a serious subject: teen pregnancy. Fifteen-year-old Travis is youngest son in a family with two very busy parents. When pretty, blonde, non-Mormon Sara, also fifteen, moves in with the family next door, he is instantly attracted to her. She tries to discourage him but finally tells him that she is two months pregnant by her stepfather, the culmination of four years of sexual abuse.

This novel deals tenderly yet realistically with Sarah's fears about herself and her future, her anger and her guilt, and with Travis's growing awareness of his own sexuality. A subplot is Kathy, who has been attracted to Travis for a long time and has to work through her own jealousy of Sarah. Travis's parents are torn between pride in his compassion and concern about his obvious involvement. Ostracized at school by friends, Travis refuses to give up Sara and baptizes her when she decides

to join the Church. He goes to the hospital with her when the baby is born and watches her sign the adoption papers to place her daughter. When her stepfather and mother collude to blacken Sara's reputation and the verdict is "not guilty," the ordeal is not over. In some ways, what Sara must face at the high school is the cruelest torment of all. And what decision will Kathy make?

Sensitive, yet written with verve, this novel will be engaging reading for anyone exploring gospel solutions to painfully human problems.

How to Feel Great about Being a Mother by Amy Hardison (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1987), $8.95. Endnotes and index.

"THE SILENT REWARDS of motherhood are internal rewards," writes the author, a mother of three. ". . . For this reason, a woman needs inner strengths from which to draw" (pp. 1–2). The six chapters in this book focus on helping a woman develop that inner strength by abandoning unrealistic expectations, accepting yourself without making comparisons, accepting failure and learning from it, selecting lifetime goals and using them to select daily activities, working creatively and consistently on problems, being "professional" about housekeeping and parenting, acquiring the habit of happiness, and developing spiritual strength.

Written in a spritely, personal style, this short book is loaded with anecdotes and quotations that make for engaging reading — even in snatches.

God's Word, Final, Infallible and Forever: Compelling Evidence for the Bible's Inspiration and Preservation by Floyd McElveen. (No place: Floyd C. McElveen, 1985), 69, 209, 89 pp. (Gospel Truths, P.O. Box 1015, Grand Rapids, MI 49501).

MCELVEEN, AN EVANGELIST for the Conservative Baptist Home Mission Society, wrote this book to help non-Mormons "better understand the Mormon faith" and Mormons "exercise their free agency to sincerely try to understand the positions of historic biblical Christianity" (back cover). The book is divided into two sections: the first contains chapters on: "Bible Facts Concerning the Inspiration and Preservation of the Word of God," "Evidence That the Bible Really is the Word of God," "Miracles Attest to the Truth of the Bible and its Christ," "The Miracle of Jesus." The second section is directed at Mormons and is entitled "From Mormon Illusion to God's Love." This section contains appendices on such subjects as: "Brigham Young, Adam-God, and Mormon Revelation," "God, Gold Plates, and Joseph Smith the Prophet," and "Facing Further Facts and Fruits of Mormonism."

The Trial of Faith: Discussions Concerning Mormonism and Neo-Mormonism by William Call. (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1986), 208 pp., $9.95.

IN THIS FICTIONAL ACCOUNT, John Johnson is called before a Church court because of his unorthodox ideas about Mormonism. According to the author, "While it is common for the vast majority of the people to accept custom without question, there are inevitably those few who wish to examine it critically. Of these we find one John Johnson, a resident of a small town in the Great Basin, whose economic independence has afforded him a more-thorough-than-usual education and whose inquiring mind never tires of delving into the fundamental issues which are, in his view, raised at every turn by his religiously oriented friends and neighbors" (page 1). "To John Johnson, the most exciting thing about historical Mormonism is its affirmation of the finiteness of God. Yet in John's view, the corporate Christianity of contemporary Mormonism, inspite of its good intentions to promote only the highest of ideals, unwittingly calls for the submission of men to the will of the people, which it equates with the will of an omnipotent

God. But John identifies with the pride of the Prophet Joseph, who sets himself apart from the people in order to remake and revolutionize the world. . . . With courage he declares that not only is the old, omnipotent God dead, but that there are men-gods: individual supermen, who may dwell in the heavens or on earth, but who in any case, are very much alive!" (title page). The book is a dialogue between Johnson and family friend and neighbor Tom Mathews, who visits Johnson to discuss the Church court, which has been called because of a talk Johnson has given in sacrament meeting. They discuss reality, authority, faith, ordinances, the fall and the atonement, free agency, and the prophet. The book includes his controversial speech and an account of the trial.

Mothers of the Prophets by Leonard J. Arrington and Susan Arrington Madsen (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1987), 213 pp., $10.95.

THE MOTHERS OF the thirteen men who have become presidents of the Church are here presented in these engrossing essays, written from original (and tellingly sparse) sources in the second successful collaboration between Utah's dean of historians and his talented daughter. (The first was a collection of essays about Mormon women who were teenagers during the pioneer period.)

How many of the women in this list could you name aside from Lucy Mack Smith and Mary Fielding Smith? Lucy Mack Smith, Abigail (Nabby) Howe Young, Agnes Taylor Taylor, Beulah Thompson Woodruff (stepmother Azubha Hart Woodruff is included in this essay), Rosetta Leonard Pettibone Snow, Mary Fielding Smith, Rachel Ridgeway Ivins Grant, Sarah Farr Smith, Jenette Eveline Evans McKay, Julia Lambson Smith, Louisa Emeline Bingham Lee, Olive Wooley Kimball, and Sarah Dunkley Benson.

The authors explain: "We have tried to avoid romanticizing or idealizing these mothers. They undoubtedly provided moral standards for their children, but they were not always gentle or patient or angelic. Nor were all of the families in which the prophets were raised traditional. Not all were "faithful to the end," nor were all of them the epitome of worthiness. Nevertheless, the Lord blessed them" (p. viii). How many conscientious modern mothers could draw a breath of deep relief and bid farewell to some crippling feelings of inadequacy at these words?

In addition to vivid vignettes from these women's lives, the authors have also supplied helpful historical background. For instance, the mother of Wilford Woodruff, belonged to a Congregational family in Farmington, Connecticut. Here's a description of their Sabbaths: "Church services . . . usually started at nine in the morning and lasted until dusk. No lights were allowed in most churches because of the danger of fire, nor were there stoves or chimneys, so during the wintertime worshippers took foot warmers, pillows, and blankets to keep warm. In deepest winter, bread sometimes froze at the sacrament table, and the parson wore an overcoat, earmuffs, and a muffler when he gave his sermon. To insure warm water for christening (Beulah was christened the first Sunday after her birth), he kept a flask of warm water under his coat" (p. 59).

INDEX

Dialogue: Volume 19, 1986
Subject, Title, and Author Index

Susan B. Taber, Compiler