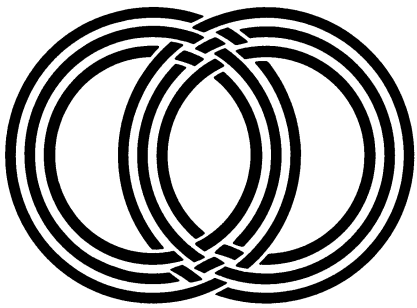
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, Vol. 21, No. 1, Spring 1988

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DIALOGUE welcomes articles, essays, poetry, fiction, selections for Notes and Comments, letters to the editor, and art. Manuscripts must be sent in triplicate, accompanied by return postage, and should be prepared according to the *Chicago Manual of Style* including double-spacing all block quotations and notes. Use the author-date citation style as described in the thirteenth edition. An IBM-PC compatible floppy diskette may also be submitted with the manuscript, using WordPerfect or other ASCII format software. Send submissions to DIALOGUE Editorial Office, 202 West 300 North, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103. Artists wishing consideration of their artwork should send inquiries to the Art Editor at the same address.

IN THIS ISSUE

DIALOGUE begins its twenty-first year with an editorial page to briefly summarize the issue's contents. A number of readers have suggested this idea, and we feel it has considerable merit. Each submission is unique, and selection is not an easy process.

At a March 1986 retreat, members of the Editorial Board initiated the annual Lowell Bennion Essay Prize, to honor the outstanding essay received each year expressing Christian values and gospel principles in thought and action. The first recipient of that prize was Eugene England, whose "Easter Weekend" is printed here. Originally subtitled "A Personal Fiction," this essay combines elements of essay and fiction in a sensitive reflection on the individual atonement process. The articles by Margaret and Paul Toscano, while differing in subject and approach, call for a departure from traditional roles and explore the healing, unifying aspects of the Atonement. Drawing on scripture and personal experience, the Toscanos attempt to broaden our understanding of authority and of role definitions. Mark Gustavson's essay discusses a Christian dilemma — the reconciliation of scriptural divine punishment with the concept of a loving God.

Historical essays in this issue include Mary and Richard Van Wagoner's sympathetic view of Orson Pratt, Jr., one of many children of the founders who found comfort outside the faith. Michael Homer and Kenneth Driggs have written significant articles on Utah's evolution from territory to statehood. They each give a new focus to much-traveled historical roads. Finally, an essay by Marian Johnson on Minerva K. Teichert gives us insight into the life and work of this gifted artist whose work is featured in this issue.

As always, the "Personal Voices" section offers an internalized view of individual responses to life in the Mormon world. Gary Bergera discusses with humor and a touch of pathos the significance of the Missionary Training Center to all who pass through its doors. Terri Zaugg's "A Journey With Doubt" is an honest description of what happens to many who must turn inward searching for sure knowledge. A common chord is sounded by Marcia Flanders Stornetta in her essay, which speaks of the inner strength of family bonds through times of separation.

In imaginative writing, DIALOGUE presently faces a unique problem: with enough poetry already to fill the four 1988 issues, we have no fiction ready for publication. We feel a commitment to publish the best in new fiction but have received few short stories we felt merited publication. We are certain there is much more excellent work from Mormon authors than we have seen.

This issue offers diverse topics and writing styles. If there is a common thread, it is the individual struggle to find not merely satisfaction but meaning in the religious life.

LETTERS

Not Faceless

I have read with interest R. Jan Stout's article on homosexuality (Summer 1987), and I have tried to admire him for addressing what liberal Mormons call an "agonizing" issue. He is closer to the truth about homosexuality than most Mormons (the competition isn't fierce), and I suppose it is nice that DIALOGUE awarded him a prize for bringing its readers information that has long been common fare outside of Mormondom. But somehow the whole enterprise smacks of self-congratulation — something to make liberal Mormons feel less guilty about publicly supporting a church that treats gay people so monstrously while privately wringing their hands and admiring Dr. Stout for "doing something."

He has, in fact, done something, but considerably less than he might. His article rests on two unacceptable assumptions. First, he discusses homosexuality as if it were a theological discussion topic, a clinical phenomenon needing further study, an abstraction with no face. Sure, he mentions an anonymous patient here and there and regrets that some gay Mormons commit suicide. And I suppose he may be genuinely saddened by the havoc the Church wreaks on the lives of homosexual Mormons. But he leaves us thinking that Church treatment of gay people is a problem for him and his straight, liberal friends to ponder, discuss, and shake their heads about. Second, although he laments the abuses of his profession regarding gay people, he does not question or even offer to share the health establishment's authority. It is as a psychiatrist that he quotes other psychiatrists to challenge the assumptions of previous generations of psychiatrists; although he freely admits that gay people had been telling him for years that they discovered rather than chose/learned their sexuality, he, like most of his colleagues, arrogantly disregarded such claims until people with credentials like his own said the same thing. In short, he has written an article about homosexuality as if Church persecution of gays were merely a conceptual problem, and he has done so showing no intention of relinquishing any authority endowed in him by the profession that from its beginning has so tragically misrepresented gay people.

These two assumptions are unacceptable for several reasons. Gay people are not an abstraction. We are real people with a distinguished history living authentic lives. We love, we work, we play, and we contribute enormously to the good of society. But many of us suffer, particularly those gay Mormons who will despise themselves until their homophobic Church accepts them. My friend Steve was such a gay Mormon. Entrapped by BYU security, he "voluntarily" underwent aversion therapy at BYU and was later pressed into marriage by a zealous stake president who convinced him that prayer, laying on of hands, and "commitment" had cured him. It hadn't, and a few years later Steve was sexually active with other men, estranged from his wife and children, and overwhelmed by guilt — the product of a good Mormon upbringing that had carefully taught him to hate himself. Despairing, Steve turned to the Church for help and was eventually excommunicated by a "court of love." Two weeks later he took his life.

Steve's is not an isolated case. While Stout and his profession debate whether

gay people are reliable witnesses of their own experience, and the readers of DIALOGUE fret about the "homosexual problem," thousands of gay Mormons must endure an unremitting assault on their integrity and self-esteem from a church that preaches love but practices hate. This hate makes it impossible for my family to accept both me and the Church; it tells me the love I have for my lover is born of sin; it would isolate me from my rich friendships with other gay people; it would excommunicate me for claiming more from life than furtiveness, loneliness, and frustration. And it is this hate that would place Church authority between me and God. Maybe Stout, his colleagues, their liberal friends, and perhaps even a few apostles might get it right some day, but how many more Steves will there be in the meantime?

Some of us can't wait, nor should we. Liberation for gay Mormons, in the short run at least, begins by repudiating the power structures that oppress us and the authority of those who persecute us, regardless of their medical and ecclesiastical credentials. They have power over us only because we give it to them. From our experience of God, ourselves, and each other, we know that homosexuality is our nature and that in it and maybe even because of it, we can love God and enjoy fruitful, love-laden lives.

Now I don't want to sound ungrateful. I cherish the friendship and love of my non-gay friends and rejoice in their blessings as they rejoice in mine. Moreover, I am deeply moved by those who support us without condescension in our quest for justice, acceptance, and understanding. It is reassuring that many straight people in the health professions and the clergy now recognize what we have always known.

Maybe I have been too hard on Dr. Stout. Maybe his article wasn't written for us, but for the bigots and homophobes in his profession and church who, like Stout seventeen years ago, are incapable of listening to what we say about ourselves. And maybe he just forgot to forswear, even a little, the power to judge, define, and condemn gay people that is implicit in his article. If so, my apologies. If not, may God help him and all who would do us evil lest they be judged as they have judged us — with arrogance, misinformation, and hate. In the meantime, may God grant his children the grace to love them as they have not loved us.

Adam Shayne
New Haven, Connecticut

Reaction to Reductionists

I congratulate R. Jan Stout for his efforts to reevaluate his former position on homosexuality (Summer 1987), but I wonder if he has gone too far in accepting the currently popular arguments of biological reductionists. There can be little doubt that structure limits function, but to argue that structure always determines function ignores too much knowledge about human socialization.

Stout's proposition that there are biologically based differences in sexual propensity seems irrefutable, but to say that sexual *behavior* is predominantly a biological phenomenon does not necessarily follow.

His suggestion that sexual practices in New Guinea cannot be explained in terms of social norms and socialization is flawed. He concludes that the failure of men in New Guinea to continue childhood homosexual behavior beyond the age at which it is encouraged and allowed shows that homosexuality is not a product of negative and positive reinforcement but is biologically predetermined. That is why, he infers, men who are not innately homosexual cannot remain homosexual in adulthood.

I come to another conclusion. A given culture can have different expectations for different age groups, and individuals can be socialized to adjust to such expectations. A case in point is thumb sucking in our culture. A child who determinedly resists efforts to make him or her cease thumb

sucking often changes positions dramatically when with a peer group that scorns such behavior, and even may ridicule thumb suckers. The ability of New Guineans to change sexual behavior when they are in peer groups which reject it refutes the belief that such behavior is entirely biological.

Stout argues that "apparently environment fine tunes the instrument of sexuality but neither creates nor organizes its direction" (p. 34). Then he mentions a Kinsey study of a large sample of San Francisco gays which shows that the "average male subject had more than five hundred male partners in his lifetime. Among the white males in the study, 28 percent reported more than a thousand" (p. 40). Are we to believe that such behavior is due to uncontrollable biological nature? Stout himself speculates contradictorily that the AIDS scare has produced some changes. Could a scare change biology?

He does acknowledge that "environmental factors can profoundly shape the style, expression, and quality of sexual behavior in all of us, whether straight or gay" (p. 34). This comes pretty close to saying that it "organizes its direction" if it does not also help to "create" it.

Stout continues, "I have never met or treated a homosexual who felt that he or she had a choice in the matter" (p. 35). Obviously, he has never studied prisoners who have become homosexual by associating with homosexual inmates, often, it is true, by coercion, but often also by choice. I have met such inmates, and I have read accounts of homosexuals who chose to become homosexuals because of the opportunities their circumstances afforded them.

Stout says he is still searching, and he admits, "I do not know the answers" (p. 40). Nevertheless, he seems to argue for biological reductionism (which may be true to a large extent in a few rare cases), but the evidence tells me that for the vast majority it is not so cut and dried. We all must continue to look for answers and, hopefully, avoid being swayed by popular theory. Not knowing all the answers, we would be wise to avoid conversion to contemporary "scientific" thought embracing biological reductionism in view of so much evidence supporting the power of socialization.

Wilford E. Smith
Provo, Utah

The Stout-England Debate

Both Jan Stout and Gene England were my good friends when we all attended Stanford University back in the sixties. I have been reading their writings on homosexuality with interest. In an earlier day I would have responded in the voice of Rustin Kaufman; but the current editors have an aversion to pseudonyms. However, there's nothing wrong with letting you know what Rustin would say:

"Years ago when visiting Salt Lake City I used to swim at the Deseret Gym, next to Hotel Utah. All the swimmers were male, and all of them swam nude, from young boys on up to old men. Now if Dr. Stout is right about one male in ten being born gay, just think how many of those swimmers were perverts, eyeing the rest of us.

"I've been thinking how sad it is that so many of the gay men in the Church will wind up as ministering angels in the hereafter, rather than as polygamous galaxy populators. I don't quite know why the Church abandoned polygamy for *this* life; but I sure look forward to having my own flock of righteous handmaidens in the next. Already I've approached several spinster temple workers, widows not previously married in the temple, divorcees with good Church attendance records, and a few physically or mentally impaired younger women not likely to marry in this life. I've told each one that she is welcome to seal herself to me, once I'm dead. In case this alarms you, I hasten to explain that in every single case, I've pointed the woman out to my wife, before approaching her,

giving Bathsheba every chance to veto my selections.

"I admire Brother England for standing up for the right in the matter of homosexuals. These gays — especially the ones whose inclinations are irreversible — have got to understand that this isn't the church for them. I used to think it wasn't the church for blacks either. But I was wrong about that.

"I think a lot of good can come from the Stout-England debate. Brother Stout has made it clear that most male gays are congenitally and irreversibly that way. And Brother England has served notice on them that they won't be coddled or encouraged with regard to their weird inclinations. I predict that as a result, most of the Church's gay men will move on to San Francisco, leaving the rest of us free to resume our swimming in the nude."

Joseph H. Jeppson
Woodside, California

Twenty Times Twenty

I joined the LDS Church some eleven years ago. During that time, our Gospel Doctrine class has gone through the scriptures several times in the four-year rotation. I have no problem with repeat study of a subject; but time and time again, I have seen the efforts of a good Sunday School instructor, who wanted to expand on a subject, have his/her efforts thwarted by the class itself. After a few years Sunday School became a real drag for me! Fortunately about this time DIALOGUE entered my life. What a joy! Your journal gave me the spiritual sustenance I craved and missed in my regular Sunday School class.

Since very early childhood my life has been filled with "ghostly" experiences, some good, some not so good. Consequently, while most young boys my age dreamed of becoming baseball stars, my thoughts were occupied with analyzing my ghostly experiences. Nor did it take me long to discover that one did not discuss such topics with one's peers. I went from church to church — several Eastern religions and a number of Christian denominations — in an effort to find some answers. The problem was always the same: the more I studied the philosophies, gospel, or mechanics of each of these religions, the more limitations and discrepancies I found. Did no one have any answers?

Then, about twelve years ago, someone did me the great favor of loaning me *Life Everlasting* by Duane S. Crowther (Salt Lake City, UT: Bookcraft, Inc., 1967). A quotation from Joseph Smith at the very front of the book especially attracted me:

"All men know that they must die. And it is important that we should understand . . . our departure hence . . . it is but reasonable to suppose that God would reveal something in reference to the matter, and it is a subject we ought to study more than any other. We ought to study it day and night, for the world is ignorant in reference to their true condition and relation. If we have any claim on our Heavenly Father for anything, it is for knowledge on this important subject" (*History of the Church*, 6:50). This book certainly played a part in softening my resistance to the Mormon missionaries who appeared frequently at my door. Finally, I had found a religion that encouraged unrestricted study!

I have, on occasion, introduced DIALOGUE to certain friends who I thought might be ready for some expanded spiritual interchange. Almost always the journal has been rejected with the excuse that it has an anti-Mormon bias and tends to weaken the spirit rather than strengthen it. I have been saddened by the realization that too much truth will frighten rather than enlighten a person.

The Bible and Book of Mormon both record instances where prophets are told not to record certain experiences (Rev. 10:4; 2 Ne. 27:8, 21; Job 4:8). Because God wanted to keep secrets from us? I doubt it! The glory of God is intelligence.

God wants us to be like him. The scriptures, our church — and DIALOGUE — encourage us to become more like Father.

Congratulations on your twentieth anniversary. May you be blessed with twenty times twenty more!

Albert E. Schindler
Cardston, Alberta

Still Relevant

I was introduced to DIALOGUE about 1971 by a subscribing uncle who loaned me some back issues to read. His loan couldn't have been better timed, for one of those numbers was the first women's issue (Summer 1971).

As both an active Mormon who had previously served a mission, and a feminist (before there was such a term) with a brand-new Master's degree, I was wrestling with the conflict of marriage-versus-career, trying to reconcile what the Church said was the only "right" choice for every LDS woman (be a wife and mother) with the professional opportunities for which my personal interests, talents, and education had prepared me. The women's issue was truly cathartic; suddenly there were all those points of view, reassuring me that my dilemma was far from unique. So, comforted by DIALOGUE that there was more than one acceptable option for a well-intentioned LDS woman — and having job offers, but no marriage proposals at the time — I went into teaching and shelved my moral crisis for the next fifteen years.

Two years ago (this time having a marriage proposal but no job), I changed course dramatically, marrying in the temple and settling down to middle-aged housewifing in a small Utah town where there is little else for a married woman to do.

But the Church-versus-world tug-of-war goes on, intensified by President Benson's address to mothers (Feb. 1987). There are the same old issues: Why should (or shouldn't) married women work outside the home? How many children should they have? Does motherhood really enjoy equal status with priesthood? etc.

We need DIALOGUE to produce another composite women's issue. Only this one (unlike the 1981 version) should be updated and renamed (the gender issue?) so as to embrace such current situations as single parenthood, alternate methods of acquiring children (or exercising birth control), surviving a divorce, men as parents, homosexuality, sex education, and coping with (or avoiding) modern venereal diseases.

Articles on any of these topics appearing in previous issues could also be reprinted, as well as some selected from the other women's issues.

Let's face it: all of these items, however unpleasant or unresolved, affect Mormons as well as society at large. Today's DIALOGUE readers and writers still need to be reassured that they are "not alone" in either their feelings or experiences.

Michele M. Tincher
Parowan, Utah

Light from Headquarters

While reading Warner Woodworth's allegations of "bureaucratic inefficiencies" (p. 33) in the Church Office Building (Fall 1987), I could swear I heard the ghost of Senator Joseph McCarthy intone, "I have here in my hand a list of 205 who are known to be incompetents within the Church Office Building."

In contrast, I present this view written in 1856 by Elder Robert Skelton as he served as a missionary in Calcutta, India. "[Church] headquarters," he wrote, is the source "from which emanates life and light to the soul of every faithful Saint" (*Millennial Star*, 16 Aug. 1856, p. 523).

Lee Copeland
Church Office Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

Peace in Service

Thank you for an enjoyable introduction to DIALOGUE via the twentieth anniversary issues. Probably I should have been reading DIALOGUE for the last two decades.

In 1967, at age sixteen, I became a "born-again Latter-day Saint" after putting into practice several verses in the Book of Mormon related to spiritual birth (Mosiah 3:19; 4:10–15; 5:2; 27:24–28; Alma 22:15–16 and Alma 24). For me the Sermon on the Mount became the most important guide of Christian living. As a result of my convictions I became a conscientious objector to military service and later served two years of alternate service as a hospital central supply worker.

When I originally declared my conscientious objector status, many Church members disagreed with me, so my belief almost became my own sacred secret. I have yet to hear of any other Latter-day Saints who became conscientious objectors and participated in alternate service, although I would like to.

Several years after my alternate service, genealogical research led me to my remote and previously unknown Quaker heritage. A recent series of personal revelations has opened up a "mission to Friends," and I am extracting their old records for temple work. Perhaps even peace and friendliness can be inherited.

Loren V. Fay
P.O. Box 2167
Albany, New York 12220

Lowell Bennion Biography

For my biography of Lowell L. Bennion, I am seeking letters, diary entries, memorabilia, class notes, and any other documents relating to his life. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has been influenced by him in any way, whether as students, colleagues, friends, readers, writers, or neighbors. Please write or call.

Mary L. Bradford
4012 N. 27th Street
Arlington, VA 22207
703-524-4453

THE JOHN WHITMER HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION CALL FOR PAPERS

The John Whitmer Historical Association will hold its annual meeting in Nauvoo, Illinois, 23–25 September 1988. The association is particularly interested in presentations dealing with the 1830–47 period of Church history that is common to both the RLDS and LDS churches. Send proposals to Paul Edwards, vice-president and program chair, Box 1059, Independence, Missouri 64051. For membership, which includes the annual journal, please send $10 to: Kay and Alma Blair, Secretaries, 419 S. State Street, Lamoni, Iowa 50140.

Bodies

Michael R. Collings

Weight —
heavy weighting down
of airier stuff
in birth

At first lifting a hand, leg
head
strains spirit

and parents boast
when baby turns, sits,
and stands

proof that matter has now grown
beyond the spirit's
weightlessness

Weight —
heavier weighing down
of life:

muscles, tissue
calcium
age, disuse, disease

lumps of cancer
blacken lungs
squeeze air
and breath

and death — that touch
which separates
weight from waitlessness

and spirit soars again
purified
and rises to the skies
in light

MICHAEL R. COLLINGS, an associate professor of English at Pepperdine University, has published several studies of science fiction and fantasy, including books on Piers Anthony, Brian W. Aldiss, and Stephen King. He is now working on a study of Orson Scott Card, as well as on a novel and screenplay.

F. Ross and Mary Kay Peterson

The Road to *Dialogue*: A Continuing Quest

Mary Kay Peterson
F. Ross Peterson

ONCE AGAIN THE EDITORIAL MANTLE OF *DIALOGUE* has passed to a new leadership. The journal is in excellent shape and bears a positive impact from each editorial team. For twenty years numerous individuals have tirelessly devoted talent, time, energy, and money to insure DIALOGUE'S creative success. Linda and Jack Newell and their board have bequeathed to us a journal that is intellectually exciting, literarily enticing, and financially stable. This journal's success is based on a thorough and open commitment that is absolutely essential to the understanding of any and all things related to Mormons. We are most eager to continue the commitment and expand the journal's role.

During the past few months, many colleagues have asked why we are willing to accept this challenging assignment. Other individuals have called or written and simply want to know who we are and why we were selected. Some close Church friends and certain family members are once again convinced that we are flirting with eternal disaster, if not outright damnation. We feel, as did our predecessors, that DIALOGUE readers need to know who we are and why this journal means so much to us.

In many respects, we, like DIALOGUE, were children of the 1960s. We were raised in Montpelier, Idaho, and like anyone there who desired higher education, we left after high school graduation. Kay went to Brigham Young University and Ross on a mission and then to Utah State University. As undergraduates, we were confronted with the major national issues that engulfed domestic society. There is no doubt that John F. Kennedy's idealistic call to service pressed us toward a career in higher education as we hoped to prepare young Americans for a role in reshaping the world.

After marriage, we moved to Washington State University where Ross began a Ph.D. program in American Studies. Kay worked, took care of infant son Bret, and took a class a semester. This was a typical, but somewhat regrettable pattern, as it extended her bachelor's degree from four to twenty-two years. While at WSU we became deeply concerned about civil rights and the Vietnam War, but Pullman is a long way from Montgomery or Berkeley. At

the same time, we watched with great concern as some leaders and members of the Church flirted with radical right politics symbolized by the John Birch Society. We worried about conflict in faith and personal philosophy over the war, race relations, and many other aspects of Church life in the 1960s. We had great Church friends in Pullman, but we were too busy being students and parents to make social and political issues a part of the gospel.

In 1966, three of our former USU professors, Leonard Arrington, Stan Cazier, and Doug Alder, wrote to us about a new journal, DIALOGUE. It filled an immediate need and cut through minds that had become too dissertation specific and theologically indifferent. In that first issue, Karl Keller reminded us that any moral issue is a part of the gospel, and Richard Poll defined the breadth of belief within the Church. For us, this was an exciting beginning to a two-decade commitment to the journal and to the full scope of Mormon thought. Now in 1987, the journal deserves our continued support for the intellectual and spiritual reconciliation it conceived.

However, the volatile political issues did not go away. There is no doubt that 1968 was a pivotal year in our lives — a year of hope, despair, frustration, anger, anticipation, and for us, relocation. We had made up our minds about many things: Vietnam — bad; civil rights and Martin Luther King, Jr. — good; Lyndon Johnson — bad; Robert F. Kennedy — good; Frank Church — very good; John Birth Society — very bad; George Wallace — worse than very bad; and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints — only on Sunday. In recalling the difficulties of that year — the Tet offensive, Johnson's quasi-resignation, King's assassination, Kennedy's assassination, the disastrous Democratic convention, completion of a doctoral degree, the boycotted Olympics, and even Richard Nixon's election — the two most traumatic events concerned the Church. We were emotionally scarred by George Wallace's political rally in the Salt Lake Tabernacle and by the venomous language of hatred he spewed from behind the podium of the prophets. Second, during a temple recommend interview, Ross allowed himself to be backed into a corner over sustaining all the General Authorities. He raised a question about political statements and activities being out of the realm of Church leadership. After specifically refuting the political views of one apostle, he was both chastised and denied the recommend.

On the other hand, two great events of 1968 for us concerned the Church as well. After three years of being neighbors and friends, Bill and Judy Miller asked us to come back to Pullman when they were baptized. The Millers had lived above us in the old South Fairway married student apartments at Washington State University. Kay had befriended Judy the day they moved in, and as they progressed through school, we shared chores, duties, and more importantly, time.

Second, Ross accepted a teaching position at the University of Texas at Arlington, and we moved in August 1968. As we pulled a U-Haul to Arlington, we decided that we would have to be pretty quiet on matters of race and politics in order to survive in the Church in Texas. Three days later we met Otto and Wanda Puempel, and our ideas changed. Natives of Wisconsin, the

Puempels had joined the Church after finishing medical school. Wanda's mother and brother, recent converts, and two missionaries literally ambushed them when they came to visit in Missouri. Within two years, Otto was the bishop of the newly created Arlington Ward. He honestly knew very little about Church administration and organization, but he knew how to teach people as Christ taught. Wanda and Kay immediately tried to make the ward a social service agency. Ross and Jack Downey, another recent move-in and convert, joined Otto in one of the most unorthodox bishoprics ever created. Otto and Wanda were DIALOGUE Mormons, they just didn't know it. When our *Humphrey-Muskie* bumper sticker was pulled off each Sunday in the Church parking lot, we simply replaced it. The Puempels stood by us through grape boycotts, anti-war moratoriums, and when Ross had to speak at a Kent State memorial service. More important, we all stood together on the issue of race relations.

We had concluded that the Church's position on blacks and the priesthood was morally wrong, historically inaccurate, and scripturally untenable. When Steven G. Taggart published *Mormonism's Negro Policy: Social and Historical Origins* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1970) shortly before his untimely death from cancer, it confirmed our inner feelings. We had also decided that we could not ever help change people's minds and hearts if we ourselves walked away from the problem. That is how we felt in the fall of 1969 when a tall, young black male student approached Ross after the first day of class and asked, "Are you a Mormon?" Thus began one of the most intense, beautiful, and ultimately tragic friendships of our lives. Curtis McLean possessed talent beyond measure and a soul of vast capacity. He wanted to know why he could not hold "our" priesthood. Ross successfully ducked the issue in front of other students and invited him to our home. It was painful to try to explain first why we did and then why we did not really believe it, and then how we could remain committed, active, and involved.

We invited him to sing in church, and he accepted. That had to be a great day in Texas Church history. Curtis arrived late and sat by Kay on the back row, unseen by the congregation. When Ross announced that Curtis McLean would sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and he marched forward splendorously attired in a steel gray suit, black shirt, and white tie, the congregation could have received a mass tonsillectomy. Wanda played and Curtis sang. Later he played basketball with us, and we won the Arlington community church league as well as the local and regional LDS tournaments. We came to Salt Lake City to play in the all-Church tournament, but the highlight of our trip was not basketball. It was Curtis standing at the foot of the Christus statue in the visitor's center repeating simply, "My Lord, my Lord." Curtis moved back to North Carolina at the end of the school year, and his words upon departing are forever embedded in our minds:

Someday, I will meet Jesus. And he will say,

"Curtis, were you good?"

"Yes, Jesus I was good."

"Did you love everyone, Curtis?"

"Yes, Lord, I did."

"Give me an example."

"Lord, I spent 1969–70 with a bunch of racially prejudiced Mormons in Texas, and I love them with all my heart."

We embraced and cried, and he got on the plane. Five years later we had lost contact.

We survived the sixties, and the Church survived us. Our perception of what we are and who we are and how we should treat others was molded during those years in Texas. We felt at peace with ourselves and with the Church. Most important, we had added another son, Bart, to our family. In 1971, we accepted an offer to return to Utah State University. There our third son, Matthew, was born, Kay finally resumed her education in American Studies and Folklore, and Ross became a bishop and the chair of the History and Geography Department.

There is one other autobiographical note that we need to mention because it is such a part of who we are. In 1978, after four and a half years as bishop and three as a department chair, we received a teaching Fulbright to Victoria University in Wellington, New Zealand. There we saw the Church in an entirely different light. The Porirua Ward was primarily Maori, and they taught us more about unconditional Christian love than we had ever experienced. From community to village, from the north to the south, we lived with and learned from these great people. It was exciting to watch cultural and religious differences reconciled within the teachings of Christ. It continues to enthrall us that a society based on communal sharing can really work. (They still haven't put scoreboards in New Zealand gyms.) Most important, they taught us that the Church is different in different areas and that strength is derived from divergent solutions to personal problems. People were and are simply more important than programs.

How does this relate to our charge to lead DIALOGUE? We have always been convinced that institutional and personal progress comes from asking questions — specifically, why and why not? DIALOGUE has performed that role extremely well. We also feel that the Church is ultimately a "bottoms-up" organization. Ideas come from experience in the trenches and ultimately lead to Church-wide attempts at solutions. As the Church has grown and the bureaucracy and paid personnel expand, there is a real danger in the resulting standardization of administration and theology. For twenty years, DIALOGUE has maintained an openness that allows creative thinkers and writers to analyze and discuss significant issues.

As the Newells wrote in their first edited issue (Autumn 1982), DIALOGUE serves particular and specific purposes. It:

(1) offers reading material for Church members and others that goes beyond official publications;

(2) provides a forum for intellectual exploration of LDS Church history, theology and current practices;

(3) seeks to express creative thought for the enrichment of Mormon culture;

(4) nurtures a community of individuals who desire to shape their culture (pp. 9–12).

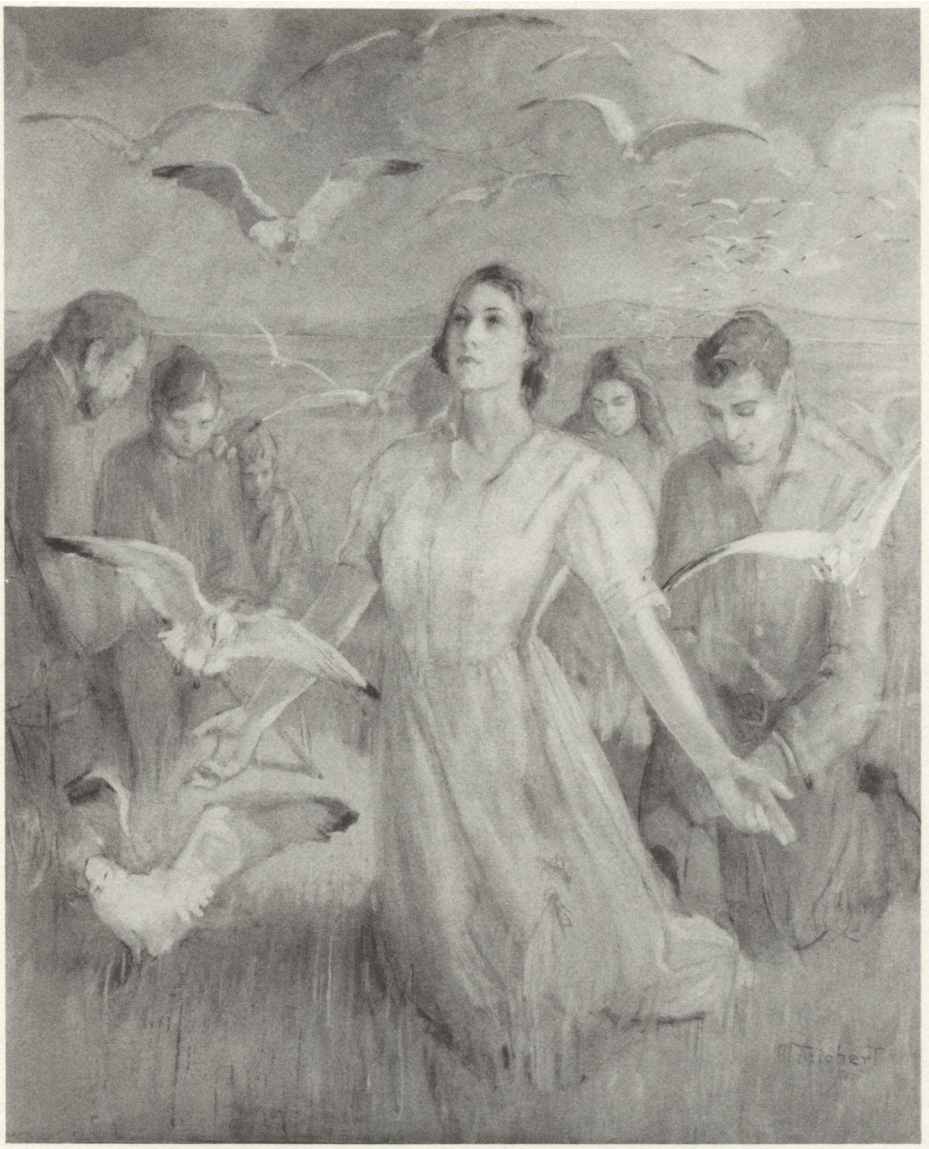
We would like to add that DIALOGUE continues to inspire many seekers. Many of us feel that questioning did not end with Joseph Smith and that we all share responsibility for our own destinies. Consequently, DIALOGUE provides an outlet for divergent views, new ideas, and different interpretations, as well as constant analysis of those in authority. The journal cannot be all things to all people, and its readership is minute compared to its potential. Its impact is significant, but more readers would make it greater. DIALOGUE has also paved the way for other journals, magazines, and newsletters. They have had a positive impact on the intellectual life within the Church, and we appreciate the relationship we share.

It is important to understand that DIALOGUE is independent. We are not tied to an institution or to a church or to a corporation. We, the subscribers and readers, are DIALOGUE. We will continue to seek financial support because we need to maintain the quality of the journal. Its unique format warrants continuation. All of our predecessors have set a positive course. They deserve applause and respect. There are things that might be of more interest to us, but thanks to the survey conducted, we are aware of what really appeals to our readers. We enjoy Mormon humor and folklore as well as the continuing discussion of authority versus individual free agency. Since the Church has existed longer in the twentieth century than the nineteenth, we will encourage more twentieth-century history and biography. We desperately desire more discussion of Christ and his teachings. There are many topics relative to the international church that demand exploration. The unique and gratifying personal essays remind all readers that each individual is significant and their experience has meaning for many. A continuing analysis of symbolism in all forms, social-welfare issues, and missionary service is warranted. DIALOGUE also has a responsibility to uplift, and we encourage readers to examine each article closely and apply it personally because there is almost always something to foster both intellectual and spiritual growth. From this continued dialogue will come personal and ecclesiastical progress.

We need high quality submissions. We cannot sponsor the research or the creative writing. Authors must be willing to write, submit, handle temporary rejection, refine, resubmit, and finally achieve. We want to facilitate this process. The traditionally open editorial policy will not change. In order to address the issues of significance, we rely on our readers, so please continue your support. We are most happy that many of the volunteers who have helped the journal succeed in Utah are going to stay with DIALOGUE. This large and talented cadre of editors, proofreaders, typists, subscription solicitors, and volunteers have lent security to the journal.

Scholarship will promote faith. DIALOGUE will continue to encourage, cajole, foster, and publish the best essays, fiction, poetry, and history that relates to things Mormon. It is essential that we challenge, question, wonder, dream, and progress. The pages of DIALOGUE offer an opportunity for continued, thoughtful growth and objective analysis. We are ready to continue a rich

heritage and are honored to have the opportunity to edit DIALOGUE. Already we have learned that great people will make the burden light. We ask for your support as we move forward with integrity, honesty, courage, faith, and love. Our editorial colleagues will allow us to do nothing less. The exciting and challenging opportunity is all of ours to share.



Easter Weekend

Eugene England

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN 1986, because Easter came in March and I was on my way to Montreal. But I went to see Dustin Hoffman in *The Death of a Salesman* (bought a ticket at the last minute from a scalper), so it must have been two years earlier on my way to Boston. When I left the theater Wednesday afternoon, I walked east along Forty-second toward the small circulating library on Forty-first and Fifth Avenue, where I was to wait for Greg Reece, a young friend who had lived with us for awhile and now worked in New York. I grinned as I watched the confidence games being played by sidewalk hustlers — giant showy posters and pirated tapes for sale, and shell games of various kinds, especially the one using three cards on a cardboard tray held by a strap around the neck. I knew the games were basic small cons that worked on tourist gullibility and greed, and I went by without even stopping. But then I decided to get a snack, jaywalked to the Burger King for some french fries, and came out right onto a game in progress.

There were three black locals and the obvious mark — a white, thin-faced tourist. I watched, munching and smiling to myself, as the dealer placed three different cards on his tray, one the ten of clubs, then turned them over and shuffled them. The three others could place twenty dollars or more on the tray, then guess which card was the ten and turn it over. If they were right, the dealer matched what they had put down; if not, he took it. The other two locals — one an older man, with a startling band of pure white hair frizzed out between his black beret and his neck, and the other, perhaps twenty, in royal blue stretch pants — won occasionally, but the tourist kept missing, even though it seemed to me quite easy to follow the movement of the cards. In fact, every time he missed and wiped his hand nervously on his red tie I congratulated myself that I had guessed right.

EUGENE ENGLAND teaches literature at Brigham Young University and serves in the Pleasant View First Ward bishopric. He is married to Charlotte, has six children and four grandchildren, and is the author of two collections of personal essays. This essay won the first annual Lowell L. Bennion essay for Christian Living prize.

As I became engrossed, the dealer began to ask me after each miss if I knew where the ten was, and I said "Sure" and pointed to it — correct every time. Slowly the bets got larger and the dealer, keeping up a constant patter about how easy it was ("See how often these guys win?"), began to chide the tourist for his misses ("See how this guy," pointing to me, "does it."). Finally, after the tourist missed on a sixty dollar bet, the dealer asked me to point out the ten without turning it over. "Just look under a corner and see if you're right." I said I was, and he said, "Show this guy. Put down sixty dollars, turn over the card again, and you can win." I refused ("That wouldn't be fair to you," I said), so he had Black Beret do it and win sixty dollars. They all made fun of me, and some others now gathering around did, too.

I felt my heart going, pulsing in my head as the game continued, and then the same sequence developed again: a miss by Red Tie, constant patter, invitation to look (right again), then insistence by all that I turn up the card again and take the sure winner. I thought of the ticket I'd bought for *Death of a Salesman*, four times what I had ever paid for a play before, and I thought about other plays I wanted to see. I took out my wallet, looked down to count — $149 for all the rest of the trip — and watched myself put out the sixty dollars and turn over the card. Three of diamonds.

I was dazed. The game went on without a hitch — mostly wins by Black Beret and Stretch Pants, losses by Red Tie. The pace accelerated and the crowd was growing and talking, some commiserating with me. I tried to pull away. The patter motored on, and I knew the panic of loss, of betrayal, of desire. I wanted everything to stop. I wanted bitterly not to have lost, to be back at Burger King before all this, to have watched the cards more carefully. But I could still see, as a great calm in the frenzy of talk and shuffling, the cards — and how right I was each time. The patter focussed more on me. "Turn it over. See, you're right. Put your money on it. I owe you one, I'll make it up to you, this time three for one." Black Beret was helpful, like a kind uncle: "Do it," he whispered. "He wants you to win it back — it'll get the crowd with him." The dealer's eyes were enlarged, protruding, the mouth constant. I looked into my wallet and — with a lurch — put sixty dollars down and turned the card over. Six of hearts.

"No, look, it's this one," said Black Beret, sympathetically, turning over the ten. The crowd jammed in and swelled its noise. "That isn't fair, you promised him." "Mind your business," snarled the dealer — then, with a quick glance toward Fifth Avenue, "Oh, oh, cops coming." The crowd left, and the dealer, Black Beret, Stretch Pants, and Red Tie walked quickly together toward Broadway, leaving me frozen, spent, swirling in a tempest, damned, gaping, clear only about one thing — *I* was the mark, the only mark.

As I stood there and then walked east I was absolutely serene and absolutely violated: calm, unsurprised to see no police descending on the illegal game, intensely aware of people, food carts, lights, dimming sky — but cordoned off, invisible. I walked down Fifth Avenue to the library and went up to the reading room and got out my paper for the Shakespeare meetings to go over until Greg came, but I could not see the words.

I watched a lady across the table in a print dress and imitation fur-collared coat that she kept partly buttoned. She had notebooks and folders full of bills and receipts and lists and slips that she kept shuffling and restacking and poring over and making new lists from. At first I thought she was balancing her checkbook, but she kept going over the same things, shifting in her chair, restacking the lists, sighing, copying new figures, pursing her lips, returning to the notebooks and then the slips of paper, erasing, writing, always intent. I couldn't tell what she was doing. I had to stop watching.

Greg and I walked back along Forty-second, past Burger King to Broadway, where we went underground and caught the B train local up to Seventy-ninth. Greg could see something was wrong but didn't pry, just stopped suddenly — twice — to look at me as we talked, once putting his hand on my shoulder. We got off and walked back to Seventh-sixth, where he had booked tickets for Sam Shepard's *A Lie of the Mind* at the Promenade. (But that was 1986, wasn't it?) "I'm a little short on cash. Can I send you a check?" I asked, and he said sure and didn't object when I suggested that, instead of going to dinner before the play, we walk down to Lincoln Center and see the Chagall windows in Avery Fisher Hall and grab a soft pretzel with mustard on the way ("My favorite tourist indulgence," I said with just the right touch of self-mockery). My mind had come unfrozen enough to begin to calculate how I could make it home on my remaining twenty-nine dollars cash without getting any more money or admitting my plight — and in a way that would make me suffer (that seemed very important): One dollar for the subway, one for the pretzel, another dollar fare to Greg's apartment in Brooklyn after the play.

But what about getting to the airport? As we walked, Greg filled me in on his job with a new TV production company, but he could tell I was preoccupied. "How can I get to LaGuardia from your place by 7:30 in the morning?" I suddenly asked. (That must have been 1984). He stopped and looked at me, then went on. "Well, you can sleep in, have one of my great breakfasts, and take a taxi right up there, maybe twenty minutes," he said. "Or you can get up at 5:00, *leave me asleep*, grab a piece of toast, and take the subway back in here and then out to the airport — give yourself two hours." After a moment, seeing I was serious, he added, "The taxi is twenty dollars, the subway plus the bus from the nearest stop is two."

Back at the theater, Greg told me we were in the old Manhattan Ward meetinghouse. He pointed to the unusual arched doorways and alcoves and blocked-in windows as we went through the foyer and up the stairs into the main theater. When my eyes adjusted I could see the huge encompassing arches on four sides that had framed the original chapel and supported the dome above. The space was now filled on three sides with banks of seats, with a wide stage on the fourth side and a catwalk above. In the program I read, "First constructed in 1928 as a Mormon Church, the building was refurbished and officially opened as the Promenade Theatre in 1969. . . . New York's only Off-Broadway theatre on Broadway."

Shepard's play, one of his earliest, is a preparation for the more well-known *Fool for Love*; both plays chart the agony of Western misfits, grotesque and universal in their irrational revenges and bizarre, literally or spiritually incestuous, loves. Greg doesn't like Shepard's work and had gotten the tickets after my phone call only out of kindness, but I find Shepard the most attractive as well as troubling new American dramatist. He is willing to use the bleak lives and dry landscapes and tacky motels and vicious words that are one part of a section of America usually neglected in drama, the twentieth century West I grew up in. And he does not merely imitate those lives but invests them believably with the great human themes of love and death and with passages of poetry and even occasional, quite "unrealistic" but believable epiphanies. For instance, at the end of this play, Jake, who has nearly killed and then deserted his wife in one of his recurrent fits of jealousy, returns to tell her that her reality, the truth of her generous, ingenuous being that has so infuriated him, is also what makes all other ideas and presences unreal, merely a lie of his mind. In an act of amazing mercy that her unique reality has taught him and finally made possible for him to do, he gives his life to preserve her — and in doing so finally changes himself.

It hurts very much to think of you. How could you suffer not only our pains but our sicknesses and infirmities? Did you actually become sick and infirm or merely feel, with your greater imagination, something *like* what we feel when we are sick and infirm? But could you actually "know according to the flesh," as you say, if you didn't literally experience everything with your body? And if you did literally experience our infirmities, did you know our greatest one, sin? Everyone says you didn't sin, that you were always perfect. But how then could you learn how to help us? And yet if you did sin, if you actually became sick and infirm and unwilling, for a moment, to do what you knew was right, how does *that* help us? I don't want you to hurt like this, like I do now, to be ashamed, to hate the detailed, quotidian past. Yet I want you to know the worst of me, the worst of me possible, and still love me, still accept me — like a lovely, terrible drill, tearing me all the way down inside the root, until all the decay and then all the pulp and nerve and all the pain are gone.

Can't you tell us directly, without all the mystery and contradiction, if what I feel is right? Could it be that your very willingness to know the actual pain and confusion and despair of sin, to join with us fully, is what saves us? It's true, I feel your condescension in that; I feel you coming down from your formidable, separate height as my Judge and Conscience. I feel you next to me as my friend. Did it happen in Gethsemane, when you turned away from your father and your mission for just a moment? I think so. So how can I refuse to accept myself, refuse to be whole again, if you, though my Judge whom I hide from, know exactly what I feel and still accept me? Yet it hurts so much to hear you tell of your pain to Joseph Smith, when you remember that moment in the Garden. You say, "Which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit — and would that I might not drink the

bitter cup, and shrink — Nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men."

Was that preparation so painful, even when you recalled it as the resurrected Lord — and so many hundred years later — that you still shrank and could not complete your sentence? Is that pause between "shrink" and "nevertheless" the actual moment of your Atonement? And why did you also tell Joseph that you will be *red* in your apparel when you come, in garments like one that treadeth in the winevat? Why will you have to say then, "I have trodden the winepress alone, and have brought judgment upon all people; and none were with me."

Who is it can withstand your love?

It cost me five dollars from Dorval Airport to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal, but I had paid for the room in advance and could fast for a few days. The other participants in my seminar Thursday afternoon seemed to like my paper on "Shakespeare as a Healer," though they were more interested in his possible knowledge and use of Renaissance psychological therapy than in my evidence for his preoccupation with Christian ideas about healing the soul. It was just as well. I was feeling very much a hypocrite, a talker, an absurd posturer who knew to do good and did it not. What did I really know about healing?

The next day I slipped out between sessions to visit the Montreal Fine Arts Museum, just up Rue Sherbrooke from the hotel, but found it closed. It was Good Friday in heavily Catholic French Canada. Walking back I heard singing from a small stone Protestant church. A constantly smiling, bustling, very delicate black woman found me a seat and gave me a program and hymnal (I watched her a moment, noticing her color and her soft, scurrying solicitude; New York had seemed all black, the Shakespeare Association meetings lily-white). The choir finished singing a Monteverdi motet, and a lay reader, a tall blonde woman with a black surplice hanging loosely over her bright orange dress, gave the Old Testament lesson from Isaiah 53, the "suffering servant" passage: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him. . . . by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. . . . he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors." Then we sang Bach's Chorale from the St. Matthew Passion:

O sacred head, sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown. . . .
What Thou, my Lord, has suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

Back at the hotel I asked about other Good Friday observances. Were any scheduled at Notre-Dame, the large cathedral-like church I had seen while walking through the Old City by the St. Lawrence River the night before? The concierge was uncertain but thought there would be something at 3:00 P.M., the traditional hour of Christ's death. He confirmed by calling the church for me. Since I had to walk, I left right after the general session that ended at 2:00 and hurried east along Rue Sherbrooke to Rue Université and then south to Notre-Dame, which in daylight seemed built somewhat like the two-towered Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Only two blocks away I found police cars setting up barriers for a crowd of several thousand people just coming along Rue Ste. Catherine from the east and turning down Rue Université to the church. I joined them and found an English-speaking participant who explained they had made a twelve-mile march beginning that morning, an annual pilgrimage complete with "stations of the cross" as the stopping places. A truck with large loudspeakers was leading, and a man in the front seat continuously sang religious songs for the marchers. They were of all ages and dress: priests, nuns, groups of children, solitary housewives, blue-collar men, young couples, many with wooden crosses hung around their necks, some in groups carrying full-size crosses, a few with banners: "Vendredi Saint," "Jesus, Notre Sauveur," etc. They were welcomed at the Cathedral by a brass band and a large crowd; then all of us pushed in to fill the huge main floor and the two galleries.

As we waited I walked the full circuit of aisles, trying to respond, as I had in the cathedrals in Europe, to the builders' sense of space and light. The stained glass in this church is too realistic and sentimental for my taste, but the sanctuary, with its high altar, is gorgeous: rich in light, simply proportioned but with much sculpture, which is focussed in a huge figure of the risen Christ, seated in glory above a figure of the crucified Christ. The artworks and small chapels on the perimeters are ordinary, except for a striking painting of an early French nun earnestly teaching Indian children, the children's faces angled in what seems accusing innocence toward the viewer. I thought of Tuckerman's chilling line, "They have their tears, nor turn to us their eyes."

A white-robed priest began to address the congregation about 2:30 and continued for twenty minutes. My French was only good enough to get the general drift: an informal homily on the sins of the day. I moved up the left outside aisle and slipped into a marble corner at the side of the stairs from the nave up to the sanctuary, where I could watch both the priest and the audience. He was obviously very popular, occasionally joking, using the device — which seemed to work well — of repeating a rhetorical question, "And have we sinned?" followed by an example or two and then the question again. Occasionally his exhortations led him to mention a hymn, which he would then start singing, and the congregation would join in. Finally an usher spotted me and sent me to find a seat; but by this time there weren't any, so I stood at the back. The priest, now far away from me, mentioned Mary and then began singing "Ave Maria." I heard a trumpet behind me softly join in and turned to see a black teenager, who reminded me of Stretch Pants, slowly move for-

ward through the main doorway, playing the melody. Then, as the singing ended, he continued playing solo, slowly moving back. His mother was standing in an alcove, watching, and after he finished, she moved to stand by him, her hand on his arm.

At 2:50 the priest quickly finished his talk and a complete silence fell over the congregation until 2:55, when a group of priests, white-robed and hooded, evidently representing all of us, filed up to the altar and gazed up at the crucified Savior until 3:00. The signal of the moment of death was a sudden lighting of the brightest altar lights; all the congregation stood and remained in silence for a few minutes. Then slowly we left.

In the mid-seventies I sometimes went fishing at North Eden. That tiny delta and valley, opening into the east side of Bear Lake in northern Utah, was homesteaded, along with a similar, smaller valley, South Eden, late in the nineteenth century. Two small reservoirs were built in North Eden to hold water through the summer for irrigating hayfields and perhaps a few gardens. Someone planted the reservoirs with rainbow and brook trout, which grew, as did the native cutthroat, into huge fish in those isolated, food-rich lakes: the cutthroats lean, fierce fighters; the rainbows and brookies jeweled and heavy-sided. One of my father's complicated business transactions had left him with a partial interest in the one remaining ranch and a key to the gate at the valley's west end that kept most people away from the reservoirs.

On a mid-August morning before sunup, one of Dad's clients, who insisted on taking his Jeep Wagoneer, drove us east from Salt Lake City to Evanston and then north along the Utah-Wyoming border through Woodruff and Randolph, down the long incline to Laketown on the south shore of Bear Lake, then up the east side.

I was alone in the back seat, only half-listening to my father's usual cheery commentary and storytelling. My own thoughts were dull, almost despondent: I had been released from St. Olaf College the year before in what looked to me (and some colleagues) like a decision to eliminate my influence on students, one of whom had joined the Mormon Church. Then I had been turned down for a position at BYU, apparently because of concern about what parents might think about how a person of my unorthodox views and background might influence students. At the same time, I was turned down at the University of Utah, because, as one of my former teachers there confided with regret, "This department simply won't hire an active, believing Mormon." (Which was I, too devoted a Mormon — or not devoted enough? Where was my home, my vocation? In Zion or in exile?)

We had moved to Utah and were subsisting on part-time institute teaching for the Church in Ogden and Salt Lake and a writing fellowship in Leonard Arrington's Church History Division — and a large garden at our home in Kaysville. And I had begun to lose confidence. Perhaps I didn't have a job simply because I wasn't good enough, didn't have enough scholarship published or good enough teaching evaluations to overcome those other qualms administrators were having (after all, I hadn't been accepted at the other places to

which I had applied either). I had felt the mantle leave me when I was released as branch president in Minnesota, and no spiritual security had replaced it. I found it hard to pray, to remember what it had felt like to bless my branch members and family with complete assurance and to know with certainty the Spirit's response. I wondered constantly, in blank repetition through broken sleep as we drove, if I had lost my way, if the Lord knew there was such a person anymore. I wondered where the deepest part of me had gone.

We had our boat in the higher lake by 7:00 A.M. and headed for the upper end, where the fishing just out from the stream mouth had been best in late summer. I sat in the prow facing the early sun and the sharp canyon wind, smelling the water and observing the long scar the mule-pulled Fresno scrapers had made long ago as they brought down fill for the dam. Suddenly I saw to my right a V in the water, much like our boat's wake but very small, moving rapidly across to the shore on our left. I silently pointed and Dad slowed so that we intercepted the double riffle, just behind a four-foot rattlesnake, moving with the same motion it makes on open sand, its yellow on black diamonds and beige rattles and thick body clearly visible under our prow. None of us spoke.

Using wet flies cast with a bubble, we each took our limit of three trout over five pounds and, acknowledging the mutual agreement of those fishing on this private lake, put the many others we caught back. Two that my father caught with his own self-designed version of a double woolly worm that ended in a red tuft must have weighed over eight pounds.

We tried some dry fly casting in the early afternoon, and I watched a huge brookie rise to take my dragonfly and then, coming in, suddenly turn uncontrollably under the anchor rope and snap the delicate leader, close enough that I could see the rich scattering of blue and red-gold aureoles down its side. I felt it go, with no regret. By 4:00 the wind up the canyon off Bear Lake was too strong for good fishing, and we left. Dad and I both offered to drive, but the client, who had taken a nap, insisted he wasn't tired and for variety headed around the lake to Garden City and down Logan Canyon, with me sleeping across the back seat and Dad dozing in the front.

When I came up out of unconsciousness I had my hands on my father's head and could feel his hair and blood. I couldn't hear the words I was saying, but I felt them from the blessing part of me, the deepest part, before consciousness. Dad was more conscious than I was but more hurt. I gradually began to see the ground, the fir trees, then the cars just down from us. There was a blue Austin impaled at a slight angle onto the front of the Jeep. All of the Jeep's doors were sprung open, and the freezer of huge fish was splashed across the highway. I kept my hands on Dad's head and began to hear his moaning, then felt pain emerging in my own chest and struggled to breathe.

Police came over soon and told me our driver had fallen asleep and run head-on into the Austin, which had been driven by a German tourist whose legs had been broken. Ambulances were on the way. Each new face asked me where we caught the fish. Our driver, who wasn't hurt at all, kept apolo-

gizing, frantically. He knew my father was dying. When the ambulances came, they put Dad in the first one and tried to get me to lie down by him, but that made it even harder for me to breathe. At the Logan hospital they made me lie down for x-rays of my broken ribs, and I nearly fainted. Then the technician told me they had seen what looked like a bruise on the upper aorta in my father's x-rays and were going to rush him to Salt Lake because the artery could burst at any moment.

I asked the technician if he would help me give my father a blessing, and he nodded and went for some consecrated oil. We found Dad on a gurney in the next room, barely conscious, the whole left side of his face, where he had struck the dashboard, going purple. I blessed him with life, specifically with the five years he had told me that spring he needed in order to complete the arrangements to consolidate our family investments and transfer them into the Church's missionary funds. The words were given to my tongue, beyond my mind. I called Charlotte and Mom and told them we'd had a slight accident, to call Dad's friend, heart surgeon Russell Nelson, and to meet us at the LDS Hospital.

But all confidence left me on the ninety-minute, blaring-sirens ambulance ride to Salt Lake. I sat in the front seat, Dad and a doctor and nurse just behind me through a curtain. As the driver radioed ahead, asking Dr. Nelson to be ready and describing the emergency, I was constantly sure someone would soon push through the curtain to tell me the aorta had burst and my father was dead. When we arrived, Dad was rushed into surgery and Charlotte stayed with me while I got us checked in and walked to my own room. Then I couldn't breathe again. Charlotte got them to look at my x-rays, which I was carrying; they decided that my collapsed lung needed immediate attention and sent Charlotte out while an intern gave me a local, made an incision, and pushed a hollow needle between my ribs and began to evacuate the chest cavity so my lung would reinflate.

Charlotte came back to tell me my father was fine — except for some missing teeth and a broken jaw. The new x-rays they took for Dr. Nelson showed no bruise on the aorta. I thought of the fish, the brookie, and the part of me that moved to heal my father before I knew anything. We were alive.

I made it back to Manhattan (another seven dollars, leaving me twelve dollars) in time to meet Greg for the matinee of *Hamlet* at the Joseph Papp Shakespeare Festival Theater near Astor Place. "Put both these tickets on the tab for that check I'm sending you," I said when he came up. "I owe you for the toast." I was anxious to see what Liviu Ciulei, the great Hungarian director who is now in charge of the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, would do with this difficult and (in my opinion) usually butchered play and to see the popular movie actor, Kevin Kline, do the lead. (This was certainly 1986.) I was disappointed in both of them: more of the same traditional misreading of the play as simply a struggle by a romantic intellectual to get enough courage to take bloody revenge on the uncle who killed his father.

Ciulei's best decision was to let the costuming and instincts of the actors follow Shakespeare's words and *show* Hamlet becoming more and more like

his monstrous uncle as he succumbs to the revenge spirit. The poison that symbolizes that spirit is initially dropped by the uncle into Hamlet's father's ear, then, in the call to revenge, is dropped into Hamlet's ear by the father's ghost and, in direct response to Hamlet's threats, into Laertes' ear by Claudius. By the play's end that poison is spreading to corrupt and finally kill them all. Ciulei also allowed Harriet Harris to play Ophelia in a way that let the words speak true, even against the rest of his direction. She was able to show a woman and her innocent love being ground to pieces between the sinful male "honor" of Hamlet and the sinful male "protection" of her father.

After the play we walked up past Christopher Park and found, at the corner of West Fourth Street, a quartet of young men, two on violin, one on viola, and one on cello, just beginning Haydn's "Sunrise Sonata." They were about the same age as Stretch Pants and the trumpet player in Montreal but were dressed in levis and T-shirts, like the dealer. They were excellent musicians, and most of the rowdy crowd stood quietly or passed by carefully. Nearly everyone put a quarter or two into the open case, but I waited, thought, felt within me the war of blame for the con game — and guilt and racism — against all my opposing beliefs, and furtively put in five dollars. As we caught a bus up Seventh Avenue, I told Greg I thought I'd get some rest before Easter, left him at his station on Forty-second, and transferred across and up Madison to the empty apartment on Sixty-third that Dave and Karen Davidson had lent me for the weekend. I bought bread at the corner deli and explored the refrigerator — but still felt I shouldn't eat and slept uneasily.

This is my report. I have been assigned to George England, one of my descendants, for thirty years now. He carries my own name but does not use George often, though that is his first name. I have protected him well, but I do not understand him. I think I should remain on this assignment for at least one more ten-year term.

The main problem is that George understands what is right to do but does not do it. He knows more about the Atonement than I did when I was branch president in Lyme Regis — or even when I became a patriarch in Plain City after the crossing to Utah. He writes constantly about it, even when he is writing for the gentiles about literature. Many people praise him for what he says; they write letters to him telling how he helped them live the gospel better and helped them understand repentance. But he still does terrible things. It is still hard for him to be honest. He covers up his mistakes with lies. He pretends he knows things or remembers people or has read books when he has not. I think he loves to do right, but he has a hard time being honest or kind when the chance to do so is sudden or embarrassing or when he is in pain or lonely. If he has time to think, he is very often good, but not when he is surprised.

When I helped him marry Charlotte Ann, you know how much better he was for awhile. He began to learn from her to be generous before he thought about it. He even began to be honest like she is, without toting up the cost. But after all that self-pity when he lost his job at St. Olaf ten years ago he began to be a hustler, to cut corners, to take advantage. I was able to use that

car accident to help him know he was good. And when you arranged for him to be a bishop, that was fine for awhile. But he seems to have lost contact with Charlotte Ann. He isn't listening to her very well, and he isn't telling her what he really feels. I think she is getting tired.

Perhaps he is writing too much. I am certain he is not praying enough. He is worried, though, and wondering, sometimes frantically, I think, why there is not someone to help him the way he has helped some who have needed him. He does not seem to be able to ask for help. Perhaps something will happen that we can use. I hope so. My heart reaches out to complete the circle. I think some good chances will come now that he is in a bishopric again and working with the primary and the Cub Scouts — and also when he becomes a grandfather in two years.

I am sorry about the language of this report. I know you want me to learn from him, but it is hard when he talks so very little. Please excuse all mistakes.

I couldn't sleep and then overslept, so I had to run all the way up through the Easter-dressed people on Fifth Avenue to make it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Eighty-first by the 10:30 opening. I paid one dollar of the four-dollar suggested contribution (leaving me one last bus fare plus just enough to get to the airport the next morning). I went right to the Rembrandts and Vermeers, but even there I found I could only focus well on two paintings: Rembrandt's gentle "Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff" and Vermeer's quiet, consuming "Woman with a Blue Pitcher," the young housewife working calmly in that corner of a room that Vermeer painted again and again, as if he might understand the whole world through one place seen completely. Then I hurried down the long hall, past the antique pianofortes, to the south wing — Manet's white apparition, "Woman with a Bonnet," framed in the doorway as a beacon visible all the way. But I turned quickly to find my favorite Manet at the far right: "The Dead Christ with Angels."

Critics of the nineteenth-century French Academy did not like the extreme realism, the precisely bird-like blue wings on the two angels and the heavy, black-shadowed cadaver. But I find the moment captured by Manet extremely moving. It is not the traditional moment of shining glory after life returns. It is the dark time of struggle as Christ's divine spirit is still creating the resurrection from within his still-dead mortal body, with the angels still sorrowing, holding him up, urging life to return. I agree with Emile Zola, the French novelist, who wrote of Manet's "obstinate eye and audacious hand," his ability to imagine and realize such angels, "those children with great blue wings who are so strangely elegant and gentle." These are the angels Mary Magdalene saw later, when she found the tomb empty, the two still "sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain" (John 20:12). At the front of the painting is a snake, the one from Eden, its head about to be crushed according to the promise.

I took the bus across Central Park to the chapel on the second floor of the Church-owned office building on Sixty-fifth and Broadway so I could make sacrament meeting at noon. After the sacrament was administered, a short

Easter musical program preceded the regular testimony bearing. But if this was 1986 then it was on the *last* Sunday of March, rather than the first Sunday, when Mormons normally fast for twenty-four hours and bear testimony. And the printed program I saved proves that it was indeed Easter. Anyway, after the choir's "Easter Hymn" and a woman's quartet singing "The Lord's Prayer," the choir leader (Andrea Thornock, I see from the program) sang "He Was Despised" from *The Messiah*. She had dark hair and wore a long surplice-like overdress. It was made of what looked like velvet and was dyed a striking grape red. Her somber alto voice reminded us of the costs of salvation: "He was despised, rejected, a man of sorrows" — her voice pronounced exactly the grief in that three-note dying fall on "sorrow" that must have come from Handel's own pain. She looked straight into our eyes, as she slowly turned and looked across the congregation: "He hid not his face from shame, from shame and spitting."

Then Liz Hodgin, in a lovely floral print and pink hat, sang the soprano solo that has been called by Kenneth Clark and others the greatest piece of human music: "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." But it is that, I believe, only when it is sung by someone, like Liz, who believes, who sings her own testimony as well as Handel's. And our hearts were lifted from the depths Andrea had properly taken us down to. I blessed Andrea for planning such a program and for being part of it, for remembering, though we Mormons don't often notice Good Friday, what that somber day is meant to recall: that Christ was suffering servant as well as glorious victor, that, like all of us sinners, he had to die before he could be resurrected.

The bishop bore his testimony, not about the resurrection but about the power of repentance, which he had experienced personally. An elegantly dressed businessman picked up the theme by confessing, in a careful, broken voice, how Christ had changed him twenty years before, suddenly, completely. A short man with a beer belly, thinning, long black hair, and a black leather jacket, almost a caricature of the aged hippie, spoke softly of his long, slow, still-backsliding conversion. And a young Puerto Rican on the bench in front of me, whom I had noticed struggling for courage to get up, spoke last. He told how a few weeks before he had made a Saturday trip to see this strange part of New York, had wandered into the LDS visitors' center on the main floor just below us, and had met some missionaries and joined the Church. He tried to describe his former sins and how he had changed. "I'm sorry in all the world," he kept saying. "I'm sorry in all the world."

Beyond Matriarchy, Beyond Patriarchy

Margaret Merrill Toscano

BECAUSE MORMONS don't yet have a strong tradition of speculative theology, I want to explain some of my objectives and methods in writing this essay. My chief purpose is to make symbolic connections, to evoke families of images, and to explore theological possibilities. In doing this, I have purposely mixed voices, approaches, and tones to form a circular and mythic mosaic of past, present, and future which still, I hope, moves in a linear direction. And though I make use of biblical scholarship and criticism, I do not intend to prove my conclusions historically; and I do not wish to be read or interpreted dogmatically. In fact, one reason I am so fascinated with the mythic approach is that it is so flexible and nondogmatic. William Irwin Thompson, a cultural historian, observes: "Mythology is not a propositional system of knowledge. Truth is not an ideology. Truth is that which overlights the conflict of opposed ideologies, and the conflict of opposed ideologies is what you get in myth. . . . The truth overlights both ideologies, and no single human institution or single individual can embody the fullness of truth" (1978, 119).

Modern usage imputes to *myth* the connotations of a false story, the product of a primitive, superstitious mind, without the benefit of science to explain how the world works. History is often characterized as the opposite of myth because history deals in the scientific discovery of verifiable facts and events, while myth is seen merely as the product of imagination. The modern, objectivist world prefers history and often denigrates myth. But each contributes interdependently to our culture and our understanding of the world. Where history attempts to reconstruct the past fact by fact, myth attempts to see the meaning of the facts as they relate to one another, and to the whole fabric of human knowledge and human experience — past, present, and future. History deals largely with cause and effect; myth deals primarily with modes

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MARGARET MERRILL TOSCANO has an M.A. in classical languages from Brigham Young University and currently teaches part-time at the BYU Salt Lake Center. She and her husband Paul are the parents of four daughters. *An earlier version of this paper was presented at the Sunstone Theological Symposium, August 1986, in Salt Lake City.*

of understanding. To quote Thompson again: "Mythology . . . is interested in paradoxes, opposites, and transformations — the deep structure of consciousness and not the surface of facts and sensory perceptions" (1978, 120).

Objective fact is not unimportant. On the contrary, it is extremely important that hypotheses and theories be tied to reality — to actual experience — lest we construct worldviews of delusion that lead people to deny their real feelings and experience. Myth, then, is not white-washed or fanciful history but an acknowledgment that facts, like salamanders, are slippery things, that objectivity is also a point of view, and that data is usually determined by what individuals perceive. One characteristic of myth is the numerous versions of each story. Each version is important because it reveals something about the perceptions of the individual or culture that produced it, and each must be taken into account in reconstructing our own picture of the "truth." What follows is, then, my version of the myth.

In *Jesus Through the Centuries*, Jaroslav Pelikan reminds us that the vitality of Jesus, as the central figure in Western religious experience, depends on the flexibility and fulness of his character. "For each age, the life and teachings of Jesus represented an answer (or, more often, *the* answer) to the most fundamental questions of human existence and of human destiny" (1985, 2). Similarly, according to Paul Tillich, the revelation of God in Jesus Christ was final and sufficient in the sense that Christ's nature is expansive enough to include every element necessary for the full revelation of the divine (2:119–20). This is classical Christian theology in both the Catholic and Protestant traditions. Since God revealed himself "once and for all" in his son Jesus, then Jesus becomes the center of human history and society; he becomes the model or norm for human behavior and the focal point for all meaning in existence. Karl Barth puts this proposition thus:

> In Him (Jesus Christ) God reveals Himself to man. In Him man sees and knows God. . . . In Him God's plan for man is disclosed, God's judgment on man fulfilled, God's redemption of man accomplished, God's gift to man present in fulness, God's claim and promise to man declared. . . . He is the Word of God in whose truth everything is disclosed and whose truth cannot be overreached or conditioned by any other word. . . . Except, then, for God Himself, nothing can derive from any other source or look back to any other starting-point (1961, 111).

However, in the past few decades this Christocentric (Christ-centered) view has been seriously challenged. If Jesus Christ is the complete revelation of the divine, some ask, is the white Western male inherently superior and closer to the image of God than any other race or sex? And if Jesus Christ is the model for human behavior, then how can women, minority races, or Third World peoples fully partake of salvation and participate in the Christian life? (Driver 1981)

These are all good questions, but I will focus on one: Christ's maleness as a revelation of the divine nature. Why did God reveal himself in a male body? Does this affect the status of women? Why didn't a female goddess work the atonement? Or put in another way, "Can a male Savior save women?" (Ruether 1983, 116)

The revelation of God as male has, historically, been an extremely important buttress of male domination of women. Since Christ was male, only men have been deemed worthy of ecclesiastical and spiritual authority. As recently as 1977, Pope Paul VI justified banning women from priesthood ordination on the grounds that, since Christ was a male, priests — as his representatives — must also be male (Goldenberg 1979, 5; Ruether 1983, 126).

This attitude has led many contemporary feminist theologians to reject Christ as Savior, although not all reject Christianity. At one end of the spectrum, feminist revisionists see much within the Christian church and tradition worth salvaging. In a sense, they have turned the question around and asked, "Can women save a male Savior?" Though many of these women do not accept Christ as the incarnation of God, they do accept him as an important prophetic figure and as a savior of sorts, who treated women with great equality for his time and preached a gospel of love, healing, wholeness, and freedom. Feminist revisionists feel that when all the texts are reexamined and separated from their patriarchal overlays, the essence of the gospel that emerges is liberation from classism, racism, sexism, and every other -ism (Ruether 1983; Moltmann-Wendell 1986; Fiorenza 1979, 139–148; West 1983). This invitation to full humanity is summed up by the apostle Paul: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28).

The revisionists also search both canonical and noncanonical texts for feminine images of the divine and historical evidence of women in priestly roles. Among other important finds, Elaine Pagels has discovered evidence of a God the Mother in the gnostic tradition (1979, 107–19), and Elizabeth Schüssler Fiorenza has found textual evidence of early Christian women serving as apostles and bishops (1979, 84–92).

At the other end of the spectrum are feminists who feel that Christianity is so thoroughly saturated with sexism and patriarchy that no reform is possible. They ask for nothing less than the death of both a Father God and his Son (Daly 1979, Goldenberg 1979). For such radical feminists, rejecting Christ as God incarnate is not enough. They also reject him as prophet:

> Jesus Christ cannot symbolize the liberation of women. A culture that maintains a masculine image for its highest divinity cannot allow its women to experience themselves as the equals of its men. In order to develop a theology of women's liberation, feminists have to leave Christ and Bible behind them. Women have to stop denying the sexism that lies at the root of the Jewish and Christian religions (Goldenberg 1979, 22).

In Mormonism, feminist issues rarely center on Christ. (The question most often posed is: How can Christ, as male, be a role model for women?) Instead, the battle between patriarchy and matriarchy centers on the relative status of Heavenly Father and Heavenly Mother. Is she his subordinate or his equal? Also, most feminist research in the Mormon tradition has not been theological but historical, focused on nineteenth-century Mormon women in a much-needed attempt both to reclaim a past and to discover possible sources of power for women.

One reason that Church members rarely ask "Why a male Savior?" is that mainstream Mormons seldom think of Jesus Christ as God. He is seen as an elder brother, a mentor, an example of divine love, and a loving Savior, but rarely as God incarnate, that is, possessing the full characteristics of a God before he ever came to earth. Because we Mormons usually do not think of Christ as God, the question of his maleness as a reflection of the divine image does not seem as crucial to us as it does to other Christians. Thus most Mormons would not see the question "Why a male Savior?" as central to questions dealing with God's nature and personality but rather in terms of role models. And for many Mormon intellectuals, the whole question seems to be irrelevant because they view the idea that Christ is God to be a holdover from Joseph Smith's early trinitarian views, later contradicted by his discussion in the King Follett discourse of a progressing God.

Personally, I find no comfort in either the feminist rejection of Christ as God or in my own Church's ambivalence about his status as God and his importance as an object of worship (McConkie 1982, 97–103).

Feminist theology has served to reemphasize present human experience as a basis for understanding scripture and tradition. As Rosemary Radford Ruether points out, the experiential basis for theological interpretation has always been recognized; the real contribution of feminism is to explode the objective/subjective dichotomy:

> What have been called the objective sources of theology, scripture and tradition, are themselves codified collections of human experience.
>
> Human experience is the starting point and the ending point of the hermeneutical circle. Codified tradition both reaches back to roots in experience and is constantly renewed or discarded through the test of experience. Received symbols, formulas, and laws are either authenticated or not through their ability to illuminate and interpret experience. Systems of authority try to reverse this relation and make received symbols dictate what can be experienced as well as the interpretation of that which is experienced. In reality, the relation is the opposite. If a symbol does not speak authentically to experience, it becomes dead or must be altered to provide a new meaning (Ruether 1983, 12–13).

The point is that we must rely upon our own experience to understand the meaning of scriptural tradition in our own lives. In a sense, we are each like Joseph in the grove, who realized he must approach God for himself, since the teachers of religion "understood the same passages of scripture so differently as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible" (JS-H 2:12).

At a time of crisis in my own life, I experienced the love and power of Jesus Christ in such a way that I cannot reject him as Savior, nor can I be ambiguous about his divinity or his identity as God. On the other hand, I cannot believe that he meant his appearance on earth to reinforce male dominance. In contrast, my own experiences with him have been liberating. And yet, I have not been able to disregard Christ's maleness or dismiss it as either meaningless or irrelevant. So what does his divine maleness mean? How does it illuminate and relate to the feminine?

Some time ago I began searching for the answers to these questions in the paradoxes of my religion. I see paradox at the heart of existence and the crux of Christianity. We live in a world of polar opposites, where all things are a "compound in one" (2 Ne. 2:11). Both the tension and the union of opposites engenders life on many different levels. In these unions, opposites are not destroyed nor do they lose their individual identities. True union does not remove differences, but balances apparently opposing principles harmoniously: each opposite is valued and proves a corrective to the excesses of the other.

The feminine and masculine are two such opposites. Each principle must be valued independently, and yet each must simultaneously be seen in its relationship with the other. In our mortal state, this is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to do. In Jesus's words, "No man can serve two masters" (Matt. 6:24), perhaps suggesting that human finitude, at least in its Western manifestation, may be predisposed toward monotheism. Even in cultures where a pantheon of gods exists, there is often a head god and a rivalry among the lesser gods for supremacy. Many feminist theologians, who reject the worship of the Father God, ignore the option of worshipping a Divine Couple and advocate the worship of the Mother Goddess of prehistory.

Though I see much value in goddess worship and feel men and women need access to a feminine deity, most modern goddess worship is flawed by merely attempting to replace patriarchy with matriarchy, which is, in my opinion, equally destructive and sexist. Modern goddess literature sometimes belittles men, who are said to be incapable of equality with the goddess or women, but can only serve as sons and lovers (Goldenberg 1979, 103).

And just as women, in the past, have been seen as the source of all evil, symbolized by Eve in Judeo-Christian literature, men become scapegoats in much extreme feminist literature (Daly 1978). The white Anglo-Saxon upper-middle-class man is often seen as the source of all evil, even by moderates such as Ruether (1983, 179–80). The evil female seducers bow off the theological stage and the evil male rapists step forward. Though the devouring vagina and the phallic sword are ancient symbols of male/female conflict, they are by no means obsolete.

Introducing her essay on the problem of women accepting a male savior, Rita Nakashima Brock recounts her experiences with rape victims and observes: "Essential to that ancient dominant-submissive rape ritual are the rules that give no power and authority to women except through our relationships of submission to men. In Christianity, are women therefore redeemed and legitimated by our reconciliation to the saving efficacy of a male savior?" (Brock 1985, 56) And in Hartman Rector's statement to Sonia Johnson, he uses the image of a black widow spider, evoking the time-honored spectre of the devouring female (Gottlieb and Wiley 1984, 212). So the battle between patriarchy and matriarchy goes on.

How can we get beyond the point where each side thinks of the other as an enemy? For me, the answer rests in resolving the tension between my traditional views of the Fall and Redemption and my radical views about the nature of God and the cosmos. Though I believe that Christ was God incarnate and

a revelation of the divine, I do not believe that his appearance on the earth was a complete, "once and for all" revelation of God and of the divine nature. And though I see Christ's sacrificial act on the cross at the center of human existence and high point of history, I also see him encompassed about by the feminine as the defining points of existence. The feminine marks the boundaries at the far corners of my theological universe. In sum, for me, it is inevitable that there should be a revelation of the goddess, the consort of Christ, who guards the portals of life, the gates at the beginning and the end of time.

To explain what I mean by these abstractions, let me use a model adapted from Jungian psychology. Jung and his followers, Erich Neumann in particular, describe four stages of human development connected with chronological development, though not every person progresses through the successive stages in the same way and at the same rate. In fact, many people may never emerge from the second stage, while others remain fixed in the third. And even those who reach the fourth stage are not fully developed individuals, for psychic growth is an ongoing, lifetime process.

The first stage is associated with the prenatal or infancy period of human development. Here, according to Ann Ulanov, a Jungian analyst and theologian, "The ego exists in an undifferentiated wholeness; there is no distinction between inner and outer worlds, nor between image, object, and affect, nor between subject and object. The ego feels it is magically at one with its environment and with all of reality as a totality" (1971, 67). The symbol of this stage is the *uroboros*, the mythical tail-eating serpent, which "represents circular containment and wholeness" (Ulanov 1971, 67).

In the second stage, called matriarchal by Erich Neumann who connects this phase with early childhood, the ego sees the mother as the source of all life; therefore the Great Mother prevails as archetype of the unconscious individual (Neumann 1954, 39). Creation myths, which typically separate the world into opposites, are often interpreted in terms of the birth of the ego associated with this phase. Though the ego begins to differentiate between itself and the "other" at this stage, it always does so in relation to its mother. Hence, males and females learn to relate in fundamentally different ways. The male's primary mode of relationship depends on differentiation and discrimination, since he sees himself as distinct from his mother, as like to unlike. In contrast, the female's primary mode of relationship is identification and relatedness, since she sees herself as like to like in her relationship with her mother. Thus, Ulanov extrapolates, the female's "ego development takes place not in opposition to but in relation to her unconscious" (1971, 244).

Neumann labels the third stage patriarchal, connected with the period of puberty (1954, 408). In ancient or primitive societies, this stage is memorialized by initiation rites in which the boy is separated from the world of women and brought into the ranks of the men. The girl also undergoes initiation rites to bring her into full status as an adult woman. Myth represents this stage by the loss of Eden through the Fall. Eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil represents adult consciousness, which distinguishes fully between opposites: inner and outer, subject and object, and right and wrong. Accord-

ing to Ulanov: "When the transition to this stage is successfully completed, the archetype of the Great Father becomes the sovereign deity and determines the values and goals of life. Consciousness, rationality, will power, self-discipline, adaption to the demands of external reality, and a sense of individual responsibility become important" (1971, 69). Moreover, in this stage, anything feminine is likely to be rejected as inferior: "The values of the masculine are endorsed at the expense of feminine values; the principle of spirit is seen as opposed to earth; order and definition are seen as superior to creative fertility, commandments and obedience are valued over the virtues of acceptance and forgiveness, and becoming is seen as better than 'just being' " (1971, 69).

The final "integrative" stage requires a reconciliation of opposites, both internally within the self and externally in the self's relations with the outer world and other people. In particular, all elements of the feminine which were rejected and repressed in the patriarchal phase must be reclaimed, both inwardly and outwardly. The integrative stage emphasizes unity and wholeness, then, but not the undifferentiated wholeness of the first and second stages. Rather, all parts of the whole are distinguished and recognized but are not perceived as rivals, as in the patriarchal stage. Instead, the parts are valued for their own unique contribution to the harmonious balance of the whole. It is a circling back to a wholeness lost, but a wholeness with new meaning. In T. S. Eliot's words:

> And the end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first time (1971, 145).

The self, having gained strength by the ego differentiation and self-definition of the preceding stage, must now see the limitations of individual ego and return to the unconscious which it has rejected. As Ulanov puts it: "Whereas in the patriarchal phase the power of being was experienced in terms of the ego's personal goals and meanings, in the integrative phase the power of being is experienced symbolically in the mystery beyond the ego and the ego's powers" (1971, 72).

The integrative phase is the most demanding because it cannot be achieved in isolation but must be worked out in relationship to the outer self, the inner self, the outer reality, the inner reality, other people, and God. But paradoxically, only in this enmeshed stage does the individual become a separate, individual entity. Here a woman and a man fully represent more than their sexual or social roles; they are distinct individuals, "as differentiated from having only collective identity as members of a certain family, or group, or nation" (Ulanov 1971, 71). Jung called this process of integration "individuation," the process by which we become fully our best selves. In religious terms, this process could be compared with sanctification.

These four stages of human development can serve as a spiritual model not only to explain the development of the individual in mortality, but also the purification of the individual as she or he makes the cosmic journey of existence from an intelligence to a resurrected and glorified being.

Adapting this model to an eternal time line, I connect the first or prenatal stage with our existence as intelligences, the formative period of our development about which we have the least knowledge. Though most Mormon theologians have emphasized the independent nature of intelligence, the actual statements we have on the subject focus on the uncreated nature of intelligence rather than on its complete separateness from God. Joseph Smith's curious statement that our minds or intelligences were "coequal with God himself" (Ehat 1980, 359) suggests that, as intelligences, we may have been connected in some way with our divine parents. This is similar to the undifferentiated wholeness of the Jungian model. Doctrine and Covenants 93:23 states that we "were also in the beginning with the Father; that which is Spirit, even the Spirit of truth," and in the 29 August 1857 edition of *The Mormon*, editor John Taylor suggested that we were once somehow part of the mind of God, "struck from the fire of his eternal blaze, and brought forth in the midst of eternal burnings" (in Andrus 1968, 179).

The matriarchal or second stage, I connect with the period prior to mortality. Again, popular notions of this stage derive from Mormon folklore and speculation; we actually know little about it. However, for our model, the significance of this stage is its domination by the Great Mother figure. In the LDS tradition, we most often associate a Heavenly Mother with the preexistence. In the hymn, "O My Father," Eliza R. Snow implies that her knowledge about her Heavenly Mother is intuited from the forgotten experience of a prenatal world. Hugh Nibley points out in his discussion of the early Christian poem "The Pearl" that it is the Queen or Mother who is the first and last to embrace the departing hero as he leaves his heavenly home and begins his sojourn in the fallen world (1975, 272).

But is there any corroborative evidence that this stage was connected with a Great Goddess? If so, who was she? What was her function and relation to us? And why was she superseded by the Father God?

Scholars in the fields of religion, mythology, and archaeology currently debate whether there actually ever was a period of history or prehistory in which the Great Goddess was generally worshipped to the exclusion of a male deity. Some archaeological evidence, in the form of cave drawings, goddess figures, and structures built in the shape of the goddess or her life-giving womb, seems to support the notion that in prehistoric times a goddess was looked to as the source of all life and the obvious object of worship (Neumann 1963; Stone 1976; Dames 1976; Gimbutas 1974; Thompson 1981). However, lack of written documents renders all such conclusions speculative.

To the archaeological evidence may be added the evidence found in ancient mythologies. Though the mythologies from the Near Eastern world depict pantheons of gods in which a male deity is almost always supreme, the goddesses are still independent and powerful, often vying with the gods for power. In fact, most creation stories from these cultures depict a strong theme of matriarchal-patriarchal struggles. "It is as though the writers [of the creation myths] believed that civilization could not begin or be sustained until the feminine, as a dominant religious power, had been mastered and domesticated"

(Phillips 1984, 4). For example, in the Mesopotamian creation story, *Enuma elish*, the warrior-god Marduk first must kill "Tiamat the dragon-mother of all creation," and then "he creates the world by splitting her carcass into earth and sky; she herself becomes the primordial matter [i.e., matter or mother] of the universe" (Phillips 1984, 5). The Greek poet Hesiod records a similar struggle in his version of the creation story, the *Theogony*, which reads almost like an anti-feminist tract. This misogynist view, which continued throughout the Hellenic civilization, profoundly affected the early Christian church and, therefore, views of women throughout the Christian epoch (Phipps 1973, 77–94).

Many scholars feel that the struggle between the male and female deities in the Near Eastern mythologies represents the historical struggle between older civilizations dominated by the worship of the Great Mother and the rising new powers which favored male gods. The domination of the male deities over their female counterparts would then symbolize the actual historical conquest of one culture over another (Thompson 1981; Morford and Lenardon 1985, 41). But if there was a period, premortal or otherwise, where a goddess was worshipped, who was she?

Although names and places differ, there is a continuity among the goddess' varying images. For example, in Greek mythology, though Hera, Demeter, Aphrodite, and Artemis all have distinct personalities and functions, each goddess is also seen at times, both in art and literature, as a Mother Goddess figure. Recently, several scholars have also associated Eve, the only female in the Judeo-Christian creation story, with the Mother Goddess of other ancient religions, since the pattern of her story parallels the accounts of other goddesses of the Near East. Furthermore, the name Eve means, according to Genesis 3:20, "the mother of all living." This is the title most commonly associated with the Great Mother Goddess, and Nibley points out that in the Egyptian rituals all the goddesses went by this title at one time or another (1975, 166). Moreover, in Sumerian mythology there is a connection between the title "mother of all living" and the title "lady of the rib" because of a similarity of word sounds. Both of these titles were used to refer to a goddess who healed the rib of the God of wisdom. According to Sumerian scholar Samuel Noah Kramer, "In Sumerian literature, therefore, 'the lady of the rib' came to be identified with 'the lady who makes live' through what may be termed a play of words. It was this, one of the most ancient of literary puns, which was carried over and perpetuated in the Biblical paradise story" (1961, 103).

Though Judeo-Christian tradition depicts Eve as merely mortal, Isaac Kikawada believes that "behind the character of Eve was probably hidden the figure of the creatress or mother Goddess" (1972, 34). John A. Phillips concurs with this supposition and adds: "The story of Eve is also the story of the displacing of the Goddess whose name is taken from a form of the Hebrew verb 'to be' by the masculine God, Yahweh, whose name has the same derivation. We cannot understand the history of Eve without seeing her as a deposed Creator-Goddess, and indeed, in some sense as creation itself" (1984, 3; see also Millet 1970, 52; Asche 1976, 16–17; Heller 1958, 655; and MacDonald's Eve figure in his 1895 *Lilith*).

Despite its elevated associations, many feminists have objected to Eve's name since it was given her by Adam. Their argument is that the act of naming gives the namer authority to define and limit the object named (Daly 1973, 8). And, of course, in the ancient Hebrew culture, as well as in other Near Eastern cultures, people believed that even knowing the name of something gave the knower power over the object named. Jacob wrestling with the angel and Odysseus' conflict with the Cyclops illustrate the prevalence of this concept. Traditionally, scholars have linked Adam's dominion over the animals with his power to give them names. The same interpretation can be signed to his naming of Eve and may lie at the root of much of men's domination of women. By keeping the power of words and history in their control men have been able to define what women are and can be.

Phyllis Trible acknowledges this argument but objects to a misinterpretation of the text. The formula used by Adam to name the animals is different than that used to address Eve: "In calling the animals by name, *'adham* establishes supremacy over them and fails to find a fit helper. In calling woman, *'adham* does not name her and does find in her a counterpart. Female and male are equal sexes. Neither has authority over the other" (1979, 77). Moreover, other traditions present alternative descriptions of this event. For example, in the Gnostic text "On the Origin of the World," Adam gives Eve her name not as an act of domination but in recognition of her superiority:

> After the day of rest, Sophia sent Zoe, her daughter, who is called "Eve (of life)" as an instructor to raise up Adam, in whom there was no soul, so that those whom he would beget might become vessels of the light. [When] Eve saw her co-likeness cast down, she pitied him, and she said, "Adam, live! Rise up on the earth!" Immediately her word became a deed. For when Adam rose up, immediately he opened his eyes. When he saw her, he said, "You will be called 'the mother of the living' because you are the one who gave me life" (Bethge and Wintermute 1977, 173).

The naming of Eve is not the only part of the Hebrew creation story that troubles feminists. To them, the whole story is merely an aetiological myth, a story used to justify men's domination of women. For this reason many feminists feel that the story should be rejected along with the concepts of the Father God and Christ (Millett 1970, 51–54). Recognizing the power of symbol and the need for myth in communicating ideas, some women have turned, instead, to the figure of Lilith (Plaskow 1979). According to Jewish legend, Lilith, Adam's first wife, came before Eve. Adam and Lilith had not been together very long before they began arguing — each refusing to take what they regarded as the inferior position in the sex act. Finally, when Adam tried to force Lilith beneath him, she uttered the ineffable name of God and disappeared. To fill her place, God then created Eve (Patai 1980, 407–8).

For my own part, though I find the character of Lilith fascinating, my sympathies rest with Eve. For me she is the central figure in the Garden of Eden story (Toscano 1985, 21–23). Phyllis Trible, who also takes this view, maintains that Eve is not the deceptive temptress of the traditional interpretation, but rather an "intelligent, sensitive, and ingenious" woman who weighs carefully the choice before her and then acts out of a desire for wisdom (1979,

79). Trible's interpretation lacks only a good reason why Eve's choice is commendable rather than simply a disastrous sin.

Mormon theology supplies this answer: the Fall was necessary for the development of the souls of women and men. Obtaining physical bodies is part of God's plan, a step toward obtaining the power and likeness of God. However, Mormonism is not alone in asserting the positive aspects of the Fall. Many Enlightenment thinkers interpreted the Eden story in this way. For them, the Fall was also a *necessarium peccatum* (a necessary sin) and a *felix culpa* (a happy fault). The Fall was a step forward in human progress, since it took humankind "from blissful ignorance to risky but mature human knowledge, from animal instinct to human reason" (Phillips 1984, 78).

While Mormonism has treated Eve much more positively than has Christianity in general, she is still seen as deserving a position subordinate to Adam. For example, in the *Articles of Faith*, Apostle James E. Talmage, while insisting that we owe gratitude to our first parents for the chance to experience mortality, still agrees with Paul that "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression" (1890, 65). For BYU religion professor Rodney Turner, the story of the Fall shows why men have a rightful stewardship over women. He reasons that, whereas before the Fall men and women both had direct access to God, after the Fall men stood between God and women as their head, to lead them back to God (1972, 52–53). Strangely, Turner does not expect the celestial kingdom to rectify this fallen order: "And Woman, although a reigning majesty, will nevertheless continue to acknowledge the Priesthood of her divine companion even as he continues to obey the Gods who made his own exaltation possible" (1972, 311). In like manner, I have heard other Mormons argue that since the Fall itself is not evil, then Eve's servitude is not simply a punishment or result of sin, but a reaffirmation of her eternally subordinate status which she overstepped when she took the initiative in eating the fruit.

Other puzzling questions emerge in the common Mormon argument over whether Adam and Eve's action should be called a "sin" or a "transgression"—a distinction Joseph Fielding Smith endorsed to emphasize the necessary nature of the Fall (1:112). If mortality is good, then why do Adam and Eve commit a sin in bringing it about? Why did God forbid them to eat of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil if that was the only way to introduce them into mortality, a necessary step in eternal progression? It seems at first there is no way out of this dilemma. Either Adam and Eve (and especially Eve) were bad, or God was bad.

Orthodox Christianity has, of course, chosen to put the blame on Eve and women in general. Other so-called "heretical" early Christian sects, such as the Gnostics and Manichaeans, chose to see Adam and Eve as Prometheus figures who dared to defy the jealous Old Testament God who wished to keep humanity enslaved in ignorance. Mormonism tends to avoid the question by calling the Fall a "transgression" rather than a "sin." We do this perhaps because we are uncomfortable with the idea that we live in a world where choices between good and evil are not clearly defined.

In my own view, the answer to this dilemma lies in the paradoxical aspects of the creation story itself. In the garden are two trees: not the Tree of Good and the Tree of Evil, but the Tree of Life and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. These trees signal to us that for Adam and Eve, as well as for us, the choice between the trees is a complex one. Part of that complexity may revolve around the function of Eve as the Mother Goddess. As "the Mother of All Living" Eve must be regarded as in some ways Adam's parent as well as his mate.

Mother Eve's virtue and greatness, in my view, rest in her ability to perceive paradox and to see that growth comes about through distinguishing between opposites. The Garden of Eden was not a place of opposites. It was a place of maternal wholeness, a state of protection in which Eve's children and also Adam could have all their needs met. But the child grows into a healthy adult only by becoming independent. If the mother fails to let the child go at the appropriate time, then she becomes a devouring mother instead of a nurturing one. It is really up to the mother to end the matriarchal stage and lead the child into its next phase of development — the patriarchal stage.

If distinguishing opposites is one of the main characteristics of the patriarchal stage, then Eve's choice can be interpreted as noble rather than impulsive. For she, as "the mother of all living," saw that the life of all her children could come about only through her death. Consequently, she put her life on the altar. She put to death her eternal life in the Garden of Eden to bring about their mortal life on earth. She clearly saw that "there was no other way."

Nevertheless, Eve's action, though noble, was still a sin because she had disobeyed God's commandment; she ate when she had been forbidden to do so. But what about God's part in this crime? Is he also culpable or at least at fault in some way? Why had he made it a sin to do that which was necessary for the progression of his children? Again, the answer is not a simple one. It rests on a statement made by Joseph Smith: "That which is wrong under one circumstance, may be and often is, right under another. God said thou shalt not kill, at another time he said thou shalt utterly destroy" (Jessee 1984, 508).

God may indeed have intended for Adam and Eve to eat the fruit to bring about mortality, but at another time or under another circumstance. Perhaps he wanted them to approach him with their dilemma and ask how they could fulfill all of his commandments without eating the fruit. And perhaps he planned to grant them the fruit as a result of that request. Might the sin in the garden be not the fruit, but the failure to seek it from the hand of God?

If so, this interpretation sheds light on the nature of Satan's crime as well. His sin was to usurp God's prerogative to initiate Adam and Eve into the lone and dreary world. He was playing God. And in fact on closer examination most of what Satan tells Eve is true; for when Adam and Eve eat the fruit, the Lord himself repeats Satan's statement that the man and the woman have now become as gods, "to know good and evil" (Gen. 3:22).

So Eve was deceived, but not by false ideas. Rather, she was deceived because she mistook Satan for a messenger of God. The point is that the truth of revelation consists not just in its content, but in its source as well.

Eve's choice to eat the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, then, must be seen as a conscious and deliberate act of self-sacrifice. For she knew that her choice constituted acceptance of the law of opposites: that pleasure could only be known through pain, health through sickness, and life through death, as she indicates in the temple version of the story. Symbolically, her choice was a yielding of matriarchal wholeness to patriarchal differentiation.

Seen in this light, Eve's subordination to Adam was not so much a prescription of what should be but a description of what would be. In other words, God's statement is not that the husband ought to rule over his wife, but that he *would* rule over her in the patriarchal stage. Phyllis Trible comments:

> The divine speeches to the serpent, the woman, and the man are not commands for structuring life. To the contrary, they show how intolerable existence has become as it stands between creation and redemption. . . . Yet, according to God, she [Eve] still yearns for the original unity of male and female . . . however, union is no more, one flesh is split. The man will not reciprocate the woman's desire, instead he will rule over her. His supremacy is neither a divine right nor a male prerogative. Her subordination is neither a divine decree nor the female destiny. Both their positions result from shared disobedience. God describes this consequence but does not prescribe it as punishment (1978, 123, 128).

When Eve decides to bring about mortality, she does so at the greatest expense to herself, not to Adam. It is true that, in the temple version, Adam also sacrifices by willingly following her (Turner 1972, 309; Talmage 1899, 69–70). But Eve takes the blame for their action, as well as the subordinate status. Her action can be illumined by comparing it to the ancient ritual called the humiliation of the king, which was part of the rites of the ancient Mesopotamian New Year Festival. In this rite, the king was stripped of his kingly vestments and power, beaten, and made to confess his responsibility for the sins of his people and then to wander the streets as a beggar. Finally, he, or a substitute for him, was put to death to fertilize the earth and renew the life of his kingdom and people (Engnell 1967, 33–35, 66–67). Though this ritual most often involved the death of a king or a male god, reversals were also possible. Mary Renault, in her novel *The Bull From the Sea* (1962), interprets the story of Theseus in this way, when his wife Hippolyta dies in the place of her husband, as a substitute "king."

Moreover, several Near Eastern goddesses enact the pattern of the humiliation of the king or descent of the god. Inanna, an ancient Sumerian goddess, who was queen of heaven and also of the city of Uruk, yielded her royal and sovereign power to her husband, Dumuzi, laying aside all her priestly offices and stripping herself of all her vestments of power so that she could penetrate the underworld and learn its mysteries. Once there, she was pronounced guilty and struck dead by Ereshkigal, the goddess of the underworld, who hung her corpse "from a hook [or nail] from the wall" (Wolkstein and Kramer 1983, 60). After hanging there for three days and three nights, she was raised to life again by the intercession of the god of wisdom and other deities. She ascended to heaven, her power over life and death acknowledged by the

Sumerians, who looked to her as a fertility goddess, in control of all life cycles and seasons.

In the well-known Greek myth of Demeter and Persephone, Persephone, another fertility goddess, descended to the underworld; and in the *Homeric Hymn to Demeter* (Athanassakis 1976) she functions as a savior goddess. Though her descent to Hades introduced death and the seasons into what had been a state of paradise, her return to life and to her mother Demeter brought renewal. This myth is believed to be the subject of the ancient Eleusinian mysteries, which presumably gave initiates hope for an idyllic afterlife.

Isis, an Egyptian goddess, also functioned as a savior goddess, both in myth through her descent to save Osiris, and in cult practice through her promise of comfort and immortality to initiates (Bleeker 1963).

Eve's story parallels these goddesses' in intriguing ways. Like Isis, Eve acted as savior to bring life to others. Like Persephone, Eve's descent into mortality brought about the changing cycle of life and death and brought an end to the timeless state of paradisiacal bliss. And like Inanna, Eve made her pilgrimage into the world of darkness to acquire knowledge both of good and of evil. In their quests, both Eve and Inanna turn their authority over to their husbands, who then rule over them.

In his *Lectures on Genesis* Martin Luther talks about the fate of Eve and all womankind who are "under the power of the husband." He compares their subjugated state to "a nail driven into the wall," fixed, immovable, and hemmed in by the demands of men, so that their sphere of influence is confined to the home (1:202). Though Luther does not seem to be aware of the power of the symbol he has chosen, I see a connection with the goddess Inanna, whose corpse hung from the nail on the wall. Isaiah 22:23 and Ezra 9:8 represent God's grace, eventually manifest in the person of Jesus Christ, as a "nail in a sure place" on whom hangs "all the glory of his father's house." According to the *Interpreter's Bible*, the "nail" was "a wooden peg which was driven into the wall and used for hanging domestic utensils" or keys (5:293). The same Hebrew word can also refer to a tent peg and appears in Isaiah 54:2: "Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," from which we derive our term "stake."

Eve can be seen as the counterpart and parallel to Christ. For Eve, too, is a "nail in a sure place," the glory of her mother's house. Just as Eve sacrificed herself and was humiliated to bring her children into mortal life, so Christ sacrificed his life and was humiliated to bring his children into eternal life. As Eve's death was necessary to bring an end to the matriarchal stage, so Christ's death was necessary to bring an end to the patriarchal stage. Angela West comes to a similar conclusion:

> Christ became Son and not Daughter because the symbol of female power, the goddess, had long since been done to death and needed no further humiliation; and because the daughters of Eve are always and everywhere being brought low through childbearing (or barrenness) and subordinated in the name of the patriarchal God. But in the person of Jesus Christ, God denies the godhead as patriarchal power, and reveals Godself in humanity, in the helpless infant, in the helpless crucified human being (1983, 89).

I have already implied that mortality can be compared to the third or patriarchal stage of the Jungian model. Seen in this larger perspective, patriarchy becomes a little easier to understand and accept as just one act in a larger drama, a necessary step in the development of the individual personality and of the human race.

However, I do not mean to justify all the abuses of the feminine that have occurred in the previous millennia. Nor am I advocating we do nothing to correct them. Quite the contrary. Any power system not held in check by a loyal opposition tends quickly to become oppressive. However, though abuses are rampant, we should not refuse to see the necessity and good of the patriarchal stage. This necessity is illuminated for us by the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, who is the revelation of the Father figure for us.

Though Christ's mission was parallel to Eve's, it was not identical to it. Where Eve's mission occurred at the end of the matriarchal stage, Christ's mission occurred in the middle of the patriarchal — in the "meridian of time." And though his mission was meant, ultimately, to doom patriarchal authority, Christ did not put an abrupt end to these power systems as many had expected the promised Messiah to do. The reason for this is important. Christ's first coming was to define the true purpose of the patriarchal stage as a probationary state in which we must make distinctions, differentiate between opposites, and use our knowledge of good and evil to choose the way of liberty and life rather than the way of oppression and death (2 Ne. 2:27).

The symbol of Christ's coming into the world is the cross, represented at times by the two-edged sword which can divide asunder both "joint and marrow" (D&C 6:2). Christ, as the word made flesh, is also the sword of God's justice, which "hangs over us" (3 Ne. 20:20). But the purpose of the sword is paradoxical. For though God's justice was meant for us, Christ was wounded for our sakes. The sword pierced his side. Thus, the sword which guards the Tree of Life becomes the iron rod that leads believers to the fruit of that tree. The sword is two-edged because it can both destroy life to administer death and destroy death to administer life. Those who allow themselves to be pierced by the word of God, which is his sword (Rev. 2:16), will receive new life, but those who harden their hearts against God's word will cut themselves off.

Christ's mission, like the double-edged sword, is paradoxical. For while he came to show that the true importance of the patriarchal function was to make distinctions and choose, the choice he advocated was the denial of goodness strictly in patriarchal terms and the affirmation of goodness as it exists in something other than ourselves. Angela West comments on the irony of this paradox:

> [The story of Christ is] the only scandal that patriarchy couldn't dare to contemplate; the story of God who de-divinised Godself and became a human historical male who turned out to be a complete political failure. It presents God as the ultimate contradiction to the worship of male power, and mocks all gods and goddesses, who are nothing more than this.
>
> In order to show men, and men in particular, that God was not made in the image of man, God became a man, and [when] that manhood was crucified, patriarchal pre-

> tensions were put to death. . . . Christ died on the cross cursed by the patriarchal law, and the law of patriarchy is thus revealed as curse and cursed (1983, 88–89).

The very act of God's coming to earth as a human being is a statement about the need we all have to see the good in our opposites. Though Christ was the Father of Heaven and Earth, he made of himself a Son to bring about the Father's will. Though Christ was a male, he assumed the role of a female to give birth to a new creation through the blood he shed in Gethsemane and on the cross. Though Christ was creator, he became part of the creation to show the inseparability of the two. Though Christ was God, he became human to reveal that true love is in relationship. And though Christ was above all things, he descended below all things "that he might be in and through all things, the light of truth" (D&C 88:6).

The patriarchal stage is important. It allows the ego to develop by making it aware of contrasts and choices. But the important choice of the patriarchal stage is to deny the self-sufficiency of the ego and to move out of that stage into the integrative phase of wholeness, where all that was lost is reclaimed, particularly the feminine. The ego sees its own limitations by first recognizing itself as separate from God, the primary "other," and next by recognizing its own insufficiency — recognizing that it is unable to rescue itself from its own egocentricity and its own narrow categories of perception. To be saved and transcend its limitations, the ego must deny its self-sufficiency and accept what is held in trust for it by God. Once this happens, the self is prepared to begin the process of individuation in earnest.

However, this is not easy to do because it means that the individual has to move beyond "the safety of patriarchal standards" (Ulanov 1971, 70) and risk uncertainty and personal pain. For men, the main obstacle is overcoming the fear that this step is really a regression into the power of the matriarchal and the undifferentiated unconscious. Moreover, it is difficult for men to give up their status in a patriarchal system that provides personal comfort and power. Women also can be fixed in the patriarchal structure, often because they are prisoners of a world view which denies them power to see themselves as anything but subordinates. There is safety in the status quo. Moreover, even patriarchal systems have matriarchal substrata, which afford women status and the comfort of feeling that they are the "real power behind the throne." Another danger for women is fear of freedom, which may precipitate them into a safe matriarchal structure which values the feminine at the expense of the masculine (Ulanov 1971, 244–46).

It takes a heroic leap to get beyond matriarchy and beyond patriarchy to a stage of integration and individuation. And, in fact, many of our fairy tales and hero myths describe the rescue mission involved in this process. Best known are the stories of the prince who rescues the princess from the dragon or the tower, but equally important are the stories of the maiden who rescues the prince from the spell of the witch or sorcerer who keeps him in bondage. For us, the point of these stories is that we must each rely on the other for the power to develop into full personhood. When women acknowledge the good

in men, men can be freed from the fear of the devouring feminine; when men acknowledge the power in women, women can be freed from subordination to the patriarchy.

The controlling deity for the integrative stage is neither the Great Mother nor the Great Father, but the Divine Couple, united in a marital embrace. I take this image from ancient myth and art, where the *hieros gamos* (sacred marriage) was an important part of Near Eastern culture for at least 2,000 years (Kramer 1969, 49). Behind this ritual lay the concept that the sexual union of a god and goddess, sometimes a sky god and an earth goddess, would insure the fertility of land, beasts, and humans and the flourishing of civilization. The love stories of such gods as Isis and Osiris, Inanna and Dumuzi, Ishtar and Tammuz, and Hera and Zeus are no doubt related to this belief. As a variation on the ritual, a god could marry a mortal woman, usually a queen or priestess, who, as a representative of the goddess, could assure the fecundity of the entire kingdom. Or a love or fertility goddess would marry a king or priest to bring well-being to his land and people. In a third variation, a king and queen or priest and priestess could ritually reenact the marriage rite as representatives of the divine couple.

Many lead plaques, engraved with couples in sexual poses, have been found in Near Eastern temple sites. According to Elizabeth Williams Forte, "Such scenes are considered representations of the cult of the sacred marriage, which took place annually in each Mesopotamian city" (Wolkstein and Kramer 1983, 187). Though the scenes are obviously erotic, the positioning of the arms and legs and the intertwining of the god and goddess is such that the scenes are not simply sexual, but ritual as well. The impression is that of a ritual embrace, which sacralizes the sex act (Nibley 1975, 241).

Religious tradition holds that the Israelites totally rejected such fertility rites. In the Old Testament, the Yahwist prophets denounced such practices as pagan and an abomination in the sight of God, repeatedly warning the children of Israel to abandon the worship of Asherah/Astarte and to forsake her high places.

However, in this century, some scholars of the myth-ritual school suggest that there may have been legitimate Hebrew rituals to celebrate the marriage of Yahweh and his consort during certain periods of Israel's history (Hooke 1958, 176–91). Though this school of interpretation is not currently in vogue, the rise of feminist theology in the last few years has resulted in renewed interest in the sacred marriage rites among the Hebrews. For example, Savina J. Teubal explores this ritual in some depth in *Sarah the Priestess* (1984). An ambitious and thorough analysis of the influence of the Hebrew goddess and her marriage to Yahweh on Judaism is Raphael Patai's *The Hebrew Goddess*. He there demonstrates how a feminine divinity has always been a part, though admittedly a hidden part, of the religion of Israel, thus answering, in Judaism, the need for the loving and mothering aspects of deity (1967, 258).

Patai also shows how a feminine image of deity has been viewed as the wife of God, whether it be in the form of a union between God and Wisdom, God and his Shekhina (spirit), God and the Queen Matronit of Kabbalism, or God

and his Bride, the Sabbath. Perhaps the most striking image of the union of Israel's God with the feminine is seen in the Holy of Holies, itself. Patai asserts that the Ark of the Covenant, the holiest object in the temple and the center for legitimate worship, contained images of the sacred marriage:

> In the beginning . . . two images, or slabs of stone, were contained in the Ark, representing Yahweh and his consort. . . . The idea slowly gained ground that the one and only God comprised two aspects, a male and a female one, and that the Cherubim in the Holy of Holies of the Second Temple were the symbolic representation of these two divine virtues or powers. This was followed by a new development, in Talmudic times, when the male Cherub was considered as a symbol of God, while the female Cherub, held in embrace by him, stood for the personified Community of Israel (1967, 97–98).

So we come again to the image of the divine couple in a marital embrace. The image of the sacred marriage is not only important historically but can be projected into the future as well, since the image is used in Judeo-Christian eschatological literature to represent the promised revival of the marriage relationship of Yahweh and the community of Israel and the marriage of Christ to the church. In both instances, the marriage symbolizes the time, after tribulation and judgment, when repentant Israel or the church returns to God, her husband.

Bible scholar Joachim Jeremias points out that in the rabbinic literature the "marriage time" is often associated with the Messianic period of peace and feasting (in Taylor 1953, 88). The rabbis took this idea, no doubt, from the prophets who often use marriage language to describe the relationship between Yahweh and Israel (i.e., Isa. 54:5; Jer. 3:14, 31:32; and Hosea 2:19–20). Though Israel is often rebuked as an errant wife, in the Messianic period she will be pure and magnificent, a bride adorned with jewels (Isa. 61:10). And the Lord will no longer look upon her with disfavor, but "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee" (Isa. 62:5).

All four Gospel writers, as well as the writer of the book of Revelation, use the bridegroom symbol in connection with Christ. Vincent Taylor, a biblical scholar, asserts that the use of such imagery shows Christ's "Messianic consciousness, and especially His close relationships with His community" (1953, 88). This argument appears warranted by the bridal imagery in the book of Revelation:

> And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.
>
> And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God (21:2–3).

Raphael Patai, although a Jewish scholar, even includes this passage in his book *The Messiah Texts*, because the author of Revelation who is Christian nevertheless "described the heavenly Jerusalem in Jewish apocalyptic-Aggadic terms" (1979, 200).

In the New Testament, as in the Old, the bridal imagery is connected with an eschatological end period. This is especially evident in the two marriage parables found in Matthew 22 and 25. The kingdom of heaven is compared to ten virgins, who are awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. Only virgins with oil in their lamps may enter the marriage feast when the bridegroom finally arrives. The listener is then admonished: "Watch therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 25:13). Earlier in Matthew 22, guests at the marriage feast of the king's son must have a wedding garment. Revelation 19 almost seems to be a commentary on the parable, for we are told that the "fine linen is the righteousness of the saints" and "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb" (Rev. 19:8–9). Looking forward to the marriage of the Lamb is, therefore, synonymous with looking forward to the second coming of Christ.

This is also true of LDS scripture, in particular the Doctrine and Covenants, where the bridal imagery is used a number of times in connection with the purification of Zion and the second coming of Christ. Doctrine and Covenants 88:92 predicts the coming of the bridegroom during a period of tribulation and judgment, in language similar to that found in Revelation: "And angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying: Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come. Behold, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him" (D&C 88:92; cf. D&C 133:10, 19). As in the New Testament, the Doctrine and Covenants bridegroom image is linked to the marriage supper: "Yea, a voice crying — Prepare ye the way of the Lord, prepare ye the supper of the Lamb, make ready for the Bridegroom" (D&C 65:3; cf. D&C 58:8–11). The Doctrine and Covenants also repeats the symbolism of the ten virgins, who, as representatives of the community of Israel, are warned to prepare for the coming of the bridegroom: "Wherefore, be faithful, praying always, having your lamps trimmed and burning, and oil with you, that you may be ready at the coming of the Bridegroom" (D&C 33:17).

Although the bridegroom image is familiar, we seldom focus on its implication for the place of the feminine. Viewing the second coming as a marriage means seeing the ushering in of the millennial kingdom as a union of opposites and a reaffirmation of the values of the feminine, for the marriage of the Lamb to the Bride implies the elevation of a female to the status of a divinity. Some scholars argue the opposite — that the symbol of the marriage of Christ is, in fact, a reaffirmation of patriarchal marriage where the male rules, since Christ's bride is his creation, the church, who must always be subordinate to him (Ruether 1983, 141; Eph. 5:22–25).

But there are other scriptures and traditions that do not speak of the messianic marriage time in these terms. The writer of Revelation describes "the bride, the Lamb's wife" as a beautiful city not of the earth, but come down from heaven, "the holy Jerusalem," having "the glory of God [i.e., having glory equal to God's]: and her light was like unto a stone most precious" (Rev. 21:10–11).

A similar idea in the Jewish mystical writings of the thirteenth-century Zohar is that the Matronit (Lady or Matron) was part of the godhead in the beginning (the divine tetrad: Father, Mother, Son, and Daughter). She was the daughter and the queen married to her brother, and the son and king (Patai 1967, 126–52). But she went wandering in the earth in search of her lost children. In the Messianic period, she will be restored to her rightful place, in full union with the king, after she has shaken off the dust and ashes of mourning and put on her beautiful garments, representing the authority and power she possessed in the beginning (Isa. 52:1–2; D&C 113).

> But the Holy One, blessed be He, will bring back the Matronit to her place as in the beginning. And then what will the rejoicing be? Say, the joy of the King and the joy of the Matronit. The joy of the King over having returned to her and having parted from the Slave-woman [Lilith], as we have said, and the joy of the Matronit over having returned to couple with the King (Patai 1979, 186–87).

In the Midrash, the gathering of Israel during the Messianic period will be led by the Shekhina, the personification of God's spirit, a female deity of sorts, and the consort of Yahweh:

> The day on which the exiles will be ingathered is as great as the day on which the Tora was given to Israel on Mount Sinai. . . . The Shekhina will walk at their head . . . and the nations of the world after them, and the prophets at their sides, and the Ark and the Tora will be with them. And all Israel will be clothed in splendor and wrapped in great honor, and their radiance will shine from one end of the world to the other (Patai 1979, 185).

By separating God's consort from her errant offspring, these writers redeem the wife of Yahweh from a fallen and, therefore, subordinate role. Thus, her exile is not for her own sins, but a voluntary sojourn as she laments the loss of her children in the manner of Rachel mourning for her children, or the goddess Demeter, mourning the loss of Persephone. In the following passage from the Zohar, the writer quotes Isaiah to the effect that the Matronit's children are responsible for her exile. And without her, the king is left less than complete and unworthy of glory:

> It is written, "Behold, for your iniquities were ye sold, and for your transgressions was your mother put away" (Isa. 50:1). The Holy One, blessed be He, said, "You have brought it about that I and you shall wander in the world. Lo, the Matronit will leave her Hall with you. Lo, the whole Hall, Mine and yours, has been destroyed, for the Hall is not worthy of the King except when He enters it with the Matronit. And the joy of the King is found only in the hour in which He enters the Hall of the Matronit, and her son is found there with her. [Then] all of them rejoice together (Patai 1979, 187).

Isaiah also uses the Jerusalem symbol to depict a mother at one time and at other times her children, which has the effect of elevating the mother figure. In the end time, the mother, Jerusalem, is no longer desolate, but fertile and life-sustaining: "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her: That ye may

suck and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolation; that ye may milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory" (Isa. 66:10–11). This is not a description of an ordinary mother nourishing her children, for Jerusalem's milk will flow like a river to her children while she dandles them on her knees (Isa. 66:12; Rev. 22:1). This portrayal evokes the image of a fertility goddess who is commonly represented nursing the child or young god at her breast or also represented as a large-breasted or many-breasted figure. (See the illustrations in Neumann's *The Great Mother.* Note in particular the Egyptian sky goddess, Nut, who has a stream of milk flowing from her breast to the earth, pp. 32–46 in plate section.) We see a similar depiction of Jerusalem as mother in Isaiah 66:8, where she is described as a woman who "travailed" and "brought forth her children."

Revelation 12 also records an image of a woman in labor who delivers a "man child." In his commentary on Revelation, J. Massyngberde Ford notes that the words "woman" or "women" occur so many times, "that the woman symbol is almost as important as the Lamb" (38:188). Moreover, the woman or women portrayed are powerful and pure. For example, the woman in Revelation 12 is described as "a great wonder in heaven," a mighty woman who is "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars" (Rev. 12:1). She fights with the great dragon, reminding us of Eve in the garden pitted against the serpent. Being clothed with the sun implies equality with a male sky god, while the moon under her feet connects her with the old Earth Goddess who often bore that symbol. The crown is a symbol of power and kingship (Isa. 62:3–4), while the twelve stars may be connected with the zodiac, which was often for the Jews a symbol of the twelve tribes (Ford 38:197).

Moreover, this imagery connects the bride with still another important set of scriptures. Ford indicates that the text nearest to the portrayal of the woman in Revelation 12 is "the description of the bride in Song of Songs, 6:10" (38:196).

The Song of Songs compares the bride's beauty to the sun and the moon: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear [or bright] as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" (6:10). The image is of a powerful woman whose majesty surpasses that of a mere mortal. This is one reason some scholars feel that the poem can be traced back "to the ancient myth of the love of a god and a goddess on which the fertility of nature was thought to depend" (May and Metzger 1977, 815). Others feel that the poem simply represents human erotic love (Pope 7c: 192–205). Its sensuous love language has caused a debate since ancient times about the suitability of including the Song of Solomon in the canon. By interpreting it allegorically as the love between God and Israel or Christ and the church, the rabbis and later the Church fathers decided to include it in the canon (Pope 7c: 89–132).

Though this official relation is merely spiritual, we have already seen how the scriptural images of this marriage relationship fit into the pattern of the Mesopotamian sacred marriage, which was both spiritual and erotic. In a detailed analysis and comparison with Sumerian sacred marriage songs, Samuel

Noah Kramer shows how the Song of Songs follows the same pattern in terms of its setting, images, language, complex dramatic structure, stock characters, themes, and motifs (1969, 92–102). One example is "the portrayal of the lover as both shepherd and king and of the beloved as both bride and sister" (1969, 92). But for us the most important comparison is the description of the bride. In the Sumerian marriage songs, the bride is Inanna or her human substitute. In the Song of Songs, the bride appears first as a mortal, and yet the description already quoted from Chapter 6 suggests more. Marvin Pope observes:

> The combination of beauty and terror which distinguishes the Lady of the Canticle also characterizes the goddess of Love and War throughout the ancient world, from Mesopotamia to Rome, particularly the goddess Inanna or Ishtar of Mesopotamia, Anat of the Western Semites, Athena and Victoria of the Greeks and Romans, Britannia, and most striking of all, Kali of India (7c:562).

Another remarkable aspect of the Canticle is that the song describes not the love of a dominant male and subordinate female, but their mutuality in love. The structure of the song itself contains long dialogues between the two lovers. Phyllis Trible says that in the Song of Songs there is "no stereotyping of either sex . . . the portrayal of the woman defies the connotations of 'second sex.' She works, keeping vineyards and pasturing flocks. . . . She is independent, fully the equal of the man" (1978, 161). Trible sees a connection between the Garden of Eden and the garden in the Song of Songs. Eden is the place of lost glory, but the garden of the Canticle represents a place of redeeming grace, where the errors of Eden are blotted out and man and woman are reconciled to God and each other. Where in Eden, the woman's "desire became his dominion, . . . in the Song, male power vanishes. His desire becomes her delight. . . . Appropriately, the woman sings the lyrics of this grace: 'I am my lover's and for me is his desire' " (1978, 160).

While working on his translation of the Old Testament, Joseph Smith deleted the Song of Songs on the grounds that it was "not inspired writing" (Matthews 1975, 87). I find it ironic that in spite of his rejection, the description of the bride from this text, which is found nowhere else in the Bible, appears in three of Joseph Smith's revelations: Doctrine and Covenants 5:14, 105:31, and 109:73. In each instance, the image describes the purified community of Zion or the Church. In Section 109, Joseph prays: "That thy church may come forth out of the wilderness of darkness, and shine forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners; And be adorned as a bride for that day when thou shalt unveil the heavens" (D&C 109:73–74).

So who is the bride? Is she a heavenly goddess? Or the earthly community of Israel? Could the bride be a symbol of both? Could there be a real goddess — Eve, Inanna, Ishtar, or Jerusalem — as well as a spiritual community of the faithful — Israel, the Church, or the covenant people of the Lord? And are the faithful on earth to await, like the ten virgins, not only the coming of the bridegroom, but the unveiling of the heavenly bride from above? Is there to be a sacred marriage between her and Jesus Christ? And when is this wedding to occur?

Apostle Orson Pratt wrote in *The Seer*: "There will be a marriage of the Son of God at the time of His second coming" (1854, 170). Of course, the purpose of Pratt's discourse was to show the reasonability and importance of plural marriage, for he stated that Christ would have many wives: the queen described by John the Revelator as the "Bride of the Lamb," and others, including the five wise virgins who would marry him at the "marriage feast of the Lamb."

Is the final sacramental feast of Doctrine and Covenants 27 a wedding supper? How does this relate to the statement of Joseph Smith that at Adam-ondi-ahman Adam would turn the keys over to Christ? (Ehat 1980, 9) Who are the virgins who will enter the bridal chamber? What do these symbols mean in terms of Christian and Mormon eschatology?

These are questions that will probably not be answered either through historical analysis or even by the efforts of speculative theologians.

However, as we contemplate and analyze the symbols and rituals of our own tradition and compare them with those of others, we may conclude at least that there is embedded in Mormonism, as in Christianity and Judaism, some hidden traces of a goddess. If she were allowed to emerge from obscurity and if there developed around her a body of teachings that could be harmonized with our existing beliefs, they would result in a theology that could, perhaps, provide the basis for a reevaluation of the Godhead in terms of the sacred marriage of the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Mother and of the Son and the Daughter. Such a view, based upon a christological *hieros gamos* — sacred marriage — could serve as the foundation for a fuller and more completely integrated spiritual experience for many people in the Church. Such a view might be less rigid, less narrow, more likely to encourage personal individuation, more likely to allow men and women to mature, with greater facility, beyond the limits and tensions of mere matriarchy or mere patriarchy.

And though the emergence of such a theology does not appear imminent, the rumor of it cannot be denied.

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Beyond Tyranny, Beyond Arrogance

Paul James Toscano

MY HONEYMOON WITH THE CHURCH LASTED FOR FIVE YEARS, between 1961 when I was converted and 1966 when I went on my mission. During that period, I had had inklings that there was trouble in store for me, but I didn't actually come face to face with it until my final mission interview with my bishop. In order to get my call, I had to lie.

It was a hot California night, and I was at the bishop's house, sitting at the kitchen table, signing the papers that had to be sent to Salt Lake. Out of the blue, he asked me if I had a testimony of Joseph Smith. I assured him that I did, and then I tried to impress him. (I often felt the need to impress Church leaders then.) I told him about some research I had done at BYU the previous spring and how I'd learned that Joseph Smith had probably taken his first plural wife as early as 1831.

The bishop went cold. After a full thirty seconds of silence, he said in a voice that was suddenly grave and authoritarian and not quite his own: "Elder, Joseph Smith never practiced polygamy. That is a false teaching of the apostate Reorganized Church."

It took me a few moments to sort out the problem. Several responses ran through my mind. And then, I decided to object. But I thought it would be prudent to put my objection in the form of a question: "Bishop," I asked, "isn't it the other way around? Isn't it the Reorganized Church that denies Joseph ever practiced polygamy?"

He never batted an eye. "Elder," he said starkly, "I'm not going to let you serve a mission if you believe in false doctrine and if you have a rebellious attitude."

It was then, as I looked into his frowning face, that I saw — for the first time — the dark underbelly of Mormon ecclesiastical authoritarianism; and I realized that I had a problem. That's when I decided to lie.

PAUL JAMES TOSCANO is an attorney with the law firm of Prince, Yeates, and Geldzahler, in Salt Lake City, and specializes in bankruptcy law; he is the author of Gospel Letters to a Mormon Missionary *(Provo, Utah: Grandin Books, 1983).* *This paper was originally presented at the Sunstone Theological Symposium, August 1986, in Salt Lake City.*

"I'm sorry," I said, humbly. "I must've gotten mixed up. I didn't know it was false doctrine. I'm just a convert."

Apparently I hit upon the right tack. My bishop smiled broadly and patted me on the shoulder. "It's best to leave the mysteries alone," he said. "Don't be too sure of yourself, Elder. There is safety in obeying the counsel of your leaders."

I nodded.

"I think there's a lesson for you in this, Elder," he said.

That was true. But it would be a long time before I understood it.

Over the next ten years, my encounters with Church authoritarianism became more frequent and more unpleasant. But, strangely enough, they never quenched my own lust for power. If anything, they fueled it. I guess, on some obscure and confused level, I had decided that the way to escape Church authoritarianism was to become a Church authority myself.

My confusion began to clear in the middle seventies, while I was in law school studying about order and liberty.

During this period, I learned about the Lockean school, a group of political philosophers who promulgated the concept of ordered liberty — the idea that political powers are inherent in people and that the sovereign can legitimately use those powers only in a limited way and only with popular consent, so that individuals in a community might reserve to themselves the widest possible residuum of rights and powers to achieve their private, social, and economic objectives.

This viewpoint, I learned, was opposed by others for whom ordered liberty seemed inadequate. If people are left free, they asked, will not the strong prey upon the weak? Moral order is essential to happiness. So the counter-concept developed that power is not inherent in individuals but in the community as a whole and that this power is to be exercised by a chosen (not necessarily democratically chosen) elite with the knowledge and experience to carry out the moral objectives of the community. These moral objectives usually take one of two forms: moral decency or equality. If community leaders see some crime, such as pornography, as the most dangerous threat to the community, they will use the power of the community to eliminate the criminal activity or the criminal element. If inequality is perceived as the greatest threat, then the police power will be used to achieve an equitable redistribution of wealth or privilege. In either case, moral order is achieved by granting to the sovereign elite the widest possible margin of authority to achieve its social and economic goals and to prevent individuals from creating enclaves of indecency or pockets of privilege and, thus, interfering with the community master plan.

In law school, as I quarried out this information in spoonfuls, I was led to wonder: Is not forced morality the greatest of the immoralities? If a community uses force to promote morality, then how can the community itself be moral? And how can equality be enforced without conferring an unequal amount of power upon the enforcers? Therefore, must not every egalitarian society be, *per force*, an elitist society? My head was buzzing with thoughts of morality, equality, and liberty, and in the end I concluded that the greatest of these is liberty.

These insights altered my love-hate relationship with Church authority which, by 1977–78, I had come to despise in the incompetent, but which I still admired in the competent — particularly me, for I was a third-year law student and I considered myself one of the most competent persons I knew. And then quite suddenly, in my last months of law school, I changed my mind. I underwent a paradigm shift. I came to see that authority and power could corrupt even the competent — yes, even me. My watchwords became "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God" and "Trust not in the arm of flesh." It was very exhilarating to say these things. And thus it was that, in the spring of 1978, I was born again: I became a child of the sixties. I was late, I know. I'm used to being late. So it didn't embarrass me to join the revolution just after it was over when everyone else was cashing in its ideals for money market certificates and convertible debentures.

After law school I married Margaret, and my authority problems got worse. This had nothing to do with her. It was just that we didn't seem to fit in anywhere. We both quite *liked* the gospel and liked talking about it. This fact, coupled with some strange rumors about us, led some of our ecclesiastical leaders to conclude that we were simultaneously anti-Mormons, polygamists, and born-again Jesus-freaks. Rather a tall order, even for us. After eight years we can look back at these events and laugh, but at the time these accusations were painful and alienating. During this period, we both realized that we didn't fit into the Mormon mainstream, but our beliefs and loyalties made us reluctant then to see ourselves as Mormon independents.

Let me digress from my odyssey momentarily to explain my usage of the terms "mainstream" and "independent." I've chosen them not only to avoid such heavily loaded labels as conservative and liberal, or intellectual and nonintellectual, or even liahona and iron-rodder, but because I think the terms suggest that the difference between these two types of Mormons lies in the value each puts upon order and liberty. Let me explain.

The Church is not monolithic. I don't think it would be accurate, for example, to represent the Church population by a single bell curve, with the mainstream clustered in the center. This dromedarian or single-humped view of Church demographics gives the false impression that mainstreamers are central and independents are at the fringe. I think the population of the Church is better represented by a Bactrian view: two bell curves to the left and right of center, slightly overlapping, with the larger curve, representing mainstream thinkers, to the right and the smaller curve, representing independent thinkers, to the left.

Both groups contain faithful people, reasonable people, and some embarrassing people. Both have their share of agnostics and atheists. What distinguishes one group from the other is that mainstream thinkers believe that spiritual and intellectual growth is more likely to result from a commitment to the values of the Church community, while independent thinkers believe that such growth is more likely to result from a commitment to individual spiritual values. Thus, mainstreamers see value principally in order, while independents see it principally in liberty.

By the end of the seventies, I realized that I had somehow landed in the demographic saddle between the humps of this Bactrian camel. Like independent thinkers, I don't trust authoritarianism, and I like freedom of expression and freedom of conscience. But like mainstream thinkers, I see value in the Church community, its ordinances, and in the love and affection that can be found among its members.

In my view, neither of these groups is bad. If anything, they are inevitable. But the difference in their values and orientation makes rivalry and suspicion inevitable, too. With dismay, I have seen the rise of crusading individuals and publications in both camps, the public display of lack of affection between them, and the rise of publicly acknowledged leaders on each side of the line of demarcation.

During the eighties, this gap has widened as a result of events and stories of events such as the Packer/Quinn exchange, the McConkie/England exchange, the William Clayton journal affair, the Church Historical Department affair, the disagreement over sacred vs. secular Church history, and the publication of such books as *Mormon Enigma: Emma Hale Smith*, *America's Saints*, *The Mormon Corporate Empire*, *Mormon Polygamy: A History*, and by many of the articles appearing in DIALOGUE and *Sunstone*, including my wife's article, "The Missing Rib" (*Sunstone* 10:7 [July 1985], pp. 16–22).

As the mainstream and independent camps become more defined, there will be, I am afraid, a continuing tendency on the part of each to alienate itself more and more from any truth or good which the other camp has to offer. And, as each side retreats more deeply into its own prejudices, there is an increasing likelihood that tyranny and arrogance will arise in both camps.

In the context of Mormonism, "tyranny" means the use of authority and power to dominate, control, or manipulate others, while "arrogance" is the attitude of self-importance or pride often used to justify power abuses. Tyranny and arrogance are the chief components of oppression, an omnivore that can thrive in a community dedicated to freedom as well as it can in one dedicated to order.

My own struggle with authority — both my lust for it and my aversion to it — has probably made me oversensitive to oppressive mentalities and activities. This is why I am so worried about the signs of oppression I see appearing in both Mormon camps. Perhaps the most subtle and dangerous of these signs is the failure on the part of leaders in both groups to understand and articulate the limitations on their use of power.

Power is seductive. And leaders, especially religious, moralistic, or humanitarian ones, can be tempted to believe that power is safe in their hands. After all, they're the good guys. That's how I felt in the early seventies. But I have come to agree with Lord Acton: "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." This applies to everyone, including leaders in the Church, not only mainstreamers, but independents, too.

A story may illustrate my point: While I was in law school I wrote a class paper called *The Oath and Covenant of the Melchizedek Priesthood*. It was about fifty pages long, and I put in 149 notes, quoting biblical scholars and

legal sources. Very interesting stuff. For a class paper, I thought it was a *tour de force*. I got a C+. The teacher and I had not gotten along, and I was convinced this grade was his retribution.

I had never confronted a teacher over a grade before; but, as I said, I was a third-year law student, and besides feeling competent, I was also feeling litigious. He physically threw me out of his office after telling me in the clearest possible language that the grade would not be changed. He said that it was not the type of paper called for. I reminded him that the call for papers had been fairly open-ended; and besides, didn't I deserve some credit for creativity. He said that he was the teacher and I was the student, and he would be the judge of that. What's more, he wasn't going to talk about it with me. And moreover, my ideas about priesthood were simply ludicrous. I retorted that my conclusions were based on research and good evidence. He said that he knew a lot more about priesthood than I did because he had been a high priest for years, had served in a couple of stake presidencies and high councils, and he wasn't going to stand there and listen to me tell him about priesthood. That's when he took me by the arm and shoved me out. I was thinner then.

As his office door slammed behind me, I underwent another paradigm shift. Authority is not a substitute for competence. And competence is not a license to bully. Then, as I wandered off to the Cougareat, I reran the video of my life at high speed, trying to recall how often I had abused knowledge or power. Had I been a priesthood tyrant? Had I been an arrogant little twit? The answer was a painful yes. But, thanks to a very fine selective memory, I can recall only a few examples of my own rigidity and narrowmindedness. A notable instance occurred in the early 1970s, when I found myself one of the priesthood leaders of the Twelfth Ward of the BYU Tenth Stake. I remember the surge of excitement I felt when I was called to a responsible position in the ward. With the enthusiasm of a Hitler Youth, I wholeheartedly backed the stake's requirement that home teaching visits be done *once a week*! Priesthood leadership meetings were not infrequently held at 6:00 A.M. on weekdays, and I found myself agreeing that young men who did not attend with wide-eyed enthusiasm were unworthy to serve in significant callings. I believed in Zion. We all believed in Zion. It was maybe the only way in which the idealism of the sixties was allowed to manifest itself at BYU, where hard rock, long hair, psychedelic colors, and student protest were thwarted by the Wilkinson administration. Yes, we all believed in Zion. Not bad in itself, perhaps. But we of the Tenth Stake were going to build it by complying perfectly — and requiring others to comply perfectly — with the "priesthood correlation program" — the revealed answer to all our problems. Under its aegis, we would march together, arms akimbo and in lock-step synchronization, into the highest glory. It is all too horrible to recall in any greater detail than this.

I have struggled hard to get beyond tyranny and beyond arrogance, not only that of others, but my own as well. I have come to believe that one of the most inspired parts of the Constitution of the United States is the Bill of Rights. I think it should be applied not only in the political sphere but in some sectors — perhaps the corporate sectors — of the private sphere, too. But espe-

cially in the Church. I think we rank and file Mormons are morally bound to assert and to exercise with maturity and boldness the inalienable rights of freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of the press and to accord to others and insure for ourselves the rights of due process and equal treatment not only under the law of the land, but of the Church as well.

Of course, such notions have only aggravated my personal struggle to find a balance between religious order and liberty. I know now that I don't want to be arrogant or tyrannical and that I don't want to be the subject of tyranny or arrogance, either. But I also recognize that I have not yet learned how to escape tyranny while remaining as compliant as Church leaders would like me to be or how always to avoid arrogance while remaining true to my own beliefs.

It is the nature of my Mormon experience that has intensified this struggle. That experience has been unusual. I have been troubled to hear of the bishop whose penetrating interrogation into sexual behavior tended to arouse rather than palliate sexual feelings and of the general authority who habitually formed opinions without having any idea of the pertinent evidence or the countervailing points of view. Also disturbing is the story of the stake president who, to the standard requirements for a Church position or a temple recommend, added the requirement of a clean-shaven face for men and bras for women. Less known, I suspect, is the account of the high council that excommunicated an individual for committing adultery in the heart.

What concerns me is not that such things happen, but why they happen. I have a theory about how authoritarianism perpetuates itself in the Church. Leaders in the Church are selected from a rank and file who are taught that Church leaders are divinely inspired. Not much is said about how such leaders are inspired, and how this inspiration comes, or how it is to be recognized, or how it ought to be put to the test, or how, in some cases, it should be rejected as sheer prejudice. So when one of the rank and file suddenly finds himself (or sometimes herself) elevated to some Church office, for example the office of stake president, he is likely to believe that every thought that enters his head, or every action he takes, or doctrine he believes, or every sentimental feeling that washes over him is a manifestation of the divine will. The fewer doubts a leader tends to have about such things, the more apt he is to rely on such "inspiration" regardless of its spirituality, intellectual rigor, or wisdom.

This problem is complicated by the fact that many Church leaders are trained to ignore any spiritual gifts in people with lesser Church status than themselves. Thus, the first counselor will usually feel free to question the ideas of the second counselor, but not the ideas of the bishop, even if the bishop is in outer space. So what we have in the Church is a spiritual pecking-order, which neatly disposes of the spiritual maturity, experience, and gifts of the rank and file.

All this is worsened by the Church's claim to have a lay priesthood in which every worthy male can participate in Church administration, when, in fact, priesthood authority is under tight hierarchical control and by the fact that the Church says very little about the limits of such authority. We have Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, but not much elaboration. Members may

recognize unrighteous dominion, but they have very few guidelines for defense.

But although I consider myself to have been the victim of an unusually curious list of abuses of ecclesiastical authority (and I can quite easily be persuaded to rehearse a litany of them to any sympathetic audience), I must admit that not all my experiences with the hierarchy have been wretched. With but one exception, I think, all the bishops I have known have been kind, spiritual, and have tried hard to be understanding. A bishop in Orem called me as a gospel doctrine teacher in spite of the opposition of the high priest group leaders. Our bishop in Taylorsville called Margaret and me to team teach a class on the Gospel of John, in spite of the opposition of the stake president, who, although he had never met us, had heard some of those old rumors and judged us accordingly.

The problem of tyranny and arrogance in the mainstream camp is, I am sure, matched by the same problem, perhaps more subtly manifest, among independents, where power abuses are more likely to be manifest in the form of manipulation, cover-up, coercion, character assassination, and the suppression of ideas. And just as mainstreamers can be tempted to think that authority is competence, independents can be tempted to think that their competence is unlimited. For historians, statisticians, scientists, and social scientists — scholars in general — are more apt to make claims rather than disclaimers for their disciplines. Moreover, they normally do not lay bare the pet peeves, religious biases, and intellectual prejudices that may color such endeavors as the choice of a subject to research and analyze, or the selection of a thesis or historical question, or the data to be included and excluded from a particular treatment, or the choice of tone, or of audience, or of acceptable and unacceptable hypotheses, or of language and rhetoric to shape and cloak the ideas. We are, if possible, even more reticent about divulging our own personal hurts, hostilities, rejections, and failed hopes — all of which may affect our treatment of a given topic.

In my view, scholars are duty bound to state their prepossessions and predilections. It is not a particular bias that disqualifies a scholar, but an unwillingness to see it and disclose it. Normally, the audience is left to adduce these biases from the grapevine: Did scholar X really once have a falling out with a certain Church president? Was scholar Y's grandfather really excommunicated for taking a post-manifesto polygamous wife even though the marriage was performed by an apostle? Is scholar Z really anti-semitic, or homophobic, or pro-feminist? This information usually has a bearing upon the weight we give to works of scholarship and the light in which we read them.

This is so despite the contrary argument that the serious Mormon scholarship being produced today is the product of objectivity and that the conclusions reached therein do not reflect such personal and mundane biases, but are conclusions mandated by the facts.

Such nondisclosures amount, in my opinion, to manipulation or even suppression of important information. I also think it is fair to say that the independent camp sometimes gives short shrift to those who do not approach Mormonism with certain "acceptable" assumptions, methodologies, and conclu-

sions, and who do not express themselves in value-neutral rhetoric. A Mormon scholar who deviates from these standards is likely to get something of a chilly reception, rather like what might happen if I were suddenly to bear a tearful testimony during a presentation at the Sunstone Symposium.

The mainstream, too, can be dishonest or disinformative, especially if it is attempting to sequester data that may prove damaging or embarrassing. When, for example, was the last time anyone heard, in a general conference, a disclosure by the Church of its income and expenditures? Today we are treated to a rather curious circumlocution by the auditor that the Church uses standard accounting procedures. But never is there a single word uttered about where the money comes from or where it goes — let alone how much there is. The report is remarkable for the absence in it of a single dollar figure. I understand that most businesses keep their financial records private. But I object to this practice when it is employed by the Church because, by doing this, the Church not only tacitly adopts a business practice repugnant to its spiritual mission (and thereby suggests that there is some economic nastiness to be covered-up) but it also withholds its financial information from its own members, while insisting that they, in turn, be fully transparent to the Church about their private finances. This one-way transparency is another form of disinformation that shields those in power from accountability for its use.

Apparently neither camp of Mormonism can see the need for a balance between the rational and the intuitive approaches, but prefers instead a one-sided orthodoxy predicated on one modality or the other. This too results in disinformation.

Look at the treatment of Joseph Smith. Mainstream thinkers tend to idealize him, while independent thinkers tend to desecrate him. Thus he is depicted in terms of uncreditable panegyric or unedifying exposé.

In visitors' centers, Church movies, pamphlets, lesson manuals and spoken addresses, we are presented with Joseph the Unblemished Lamb — the young, pure-minded, religiously puzzled frontier seeker to whom the Father and the Son appeared and whom they established not only as the head of the dispensation of the fulness of times, but as the ideal son, the ideal brother, the ideal athlete and husband, father and leader. Because the mainstream has adopted Joseph as an ideal role model, his image must remain perfectly smudgeless. He must remain the noble martyr. And any negative assessment of him must be the slander of anti-Mormonism. This is the sanitized Joseph, scrubbed, shampooed, and always clad in a clean white shirt.

In the scholarly journals and histories of independents, however, we find the Joseph of occult beginnings and tantalizing historical gaps and inconsistencies, the glib and persuasive peep-stoner of Palmyra, the money-digging, dowsing, huckster with a penchant for plagiarism and a weakness for brass bands and orgasm. This is the debunked Joseph, the product not only of anti-Mormonism, but of some who claim to be writing objective Mormon history.

I realize that this is something of an overstatement. I have a weakness, I am told, for overstatement. For the record, I want to say that *all* my overstatement is *always* intentional. I do it to promote the doubtful cause, in our closed

community, of providing a counterweight to both understatement and non-statement. However, my own predilection for this type of expression has not blinded me to the fact that scholars and historians of Mormonism have mostly written moderate portrayals of Joseph Smith. My own use of hyperbole is not meant to deny the existence of the moderate views, but to emphasize that the spectrum is defined by the extremes, and that it is the tendency of some individuals to gravitate toward them.

So we have Joseph the Sacred — a model to help the mainstream enforce moral order. And then we have Joseph the Profane, an icon to ward off spiritual or ecclesiastical pressures. But these are not portraits of Joseph. They are caricatures that serve, primarily, as a litmus test for ascertaining which camp of Mormonism an individual is loyal to. The mainstream is apt to dismiss those who hold less than the idealized view of Joseph as liberals or apostates, while the independents are apt to dismiss those who hold more than the debunked view of Joseph as mere apologists.

Thus, the mainstream press cannot deal forthrightly with Joseph's plural marriages, which are an affront to the Church's modern view of chastity and morality. On the other hand, the independent Mormon press has not yet convincingly dealt with the spiritual meaning plural marriage may have had for those who introduced it into the Church.

I think it is futile to judge Mormonism by the actions or motives of Joseph Smith, who, in my view, was caught between the ordination of the heavens and the permutations of the earth, trapped between the paradoxical demands of his earthly nature and his heavenly visions, between the needs of the individual and of the community, between civilization and the wilderness, between the world and the Church, between the Saints and God — the struggling imperfect prophet *in* whom God's work was unfinished and *through* whom God's work remains unfinished.

Perhaps Joseph is not an ideal anything and cannot readily be used to justify either an obsession for moral order and ecclesiastical authority or an obsession for personal freedom and individual competence.

Perhaps God, having foreseen that Mormon mainstreamers would develop a fetish for self-righteousness, called, as the founding prophet of the Church, a prodigal. And perhaps, having foreseen that Mormon independents would develop a fetish for the urbane, God launched the restoration through a magician. Seen from this perspective, Joseph is not just a problem to both camps, he is an antidote: a corrective to the idea that Christian salvation is the wages of either human righteousness or human intellect, but that it remains, as always, the gift of God to all who will, like Joseph Smith, struggle to repent, struggle to forgive, and struggle to bear the crosses of the world and despise the shame.

Earlier, I urged scholars, speakers, and writers to disclose their prejudices so that readers and listeners could better judge how they are handling their material. Obviously, it's only fair to tell you about my biases.

My strategy for coping with the on-going "crisis" of my faith is not to abandon my beliefs but rather to believe in more and more. This process has

gone on for some time. Today I believe in a large and odd assortment of things: I believe in justification by grace and sanctification by the blood of Christ, the literal resurrection from the dead, and the whole of Christian eschatology with Christ coming at the end of the world, red in his apparel.

But when it comes to cosmology, my views are quite unorthodox. People who know me wonder if there is any religious idea I don't believe in. For me, there is but one true way of salvation but many true ways of worship. I believe in the worship of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and mystics of the East and the West. I have worshipped with many of them and have been edified. I have rejoiced with pagans and have come to respect the skepticism of agnostics and atheists. I may be the last person on earth, except for Margaret, who believes in the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Norse gods. And in elves and fairies, and angels that bring gold plates. I believe in those, too. I am not bothered by improbabilities. The whole universe appears improbable to me. Yet there it is.

I believe that none of us and that none of our religions has the corner on the truth. We must get the truth where we can, even in Masonry and magic. The Lord is at the center of it all. And his glory has seeped into everything. Our calling is to mine it like gold.

I have come to realize that we are all oppressed and that we are all oppressors. At times I fear there is no escape from the jaws of this dilemma. But in my heart I believe there is an escape. Christ has shown us the way. It is the way of the cross.

It comes down to humility — a humility I have never been able satisfactorily to achieve — a willingness to accept the good in our rivals and our opposites, the humility of those who, while desperate for liberty, continue to respect order, of those who while questing for order, continue to honor liberty. It is the humility of women who, in spite of everything, continue to acknowledge the good in men and of men who can, without fear, acknowledge the power in women. It is a very idealistic notion I am advocating, the notion that the wise must not envy the beautiful nor the beautiful the wise, that the poor must not despise the rich nor the rich the poor, that the high must abase themselves that the low may be exalted. And it must happen not just once, but over and over again, forever.

Envy is the enemy of reconciliation, and I see reconciliation as the only way to close the widening wound in Mormonism. Because I have come to accept the claims of Jesus Christ, I see that reconciliation in terms of him, alone — in his words, yes — but also in the pattern of his works.

It seems to me that the words of the Old Testament are a witness against tyranny, against the oppression of the powerless by the powerful; and it seems to me, too, that the words of the New Testament are a witness against arrogance, against the pride and the prudence of the wise.

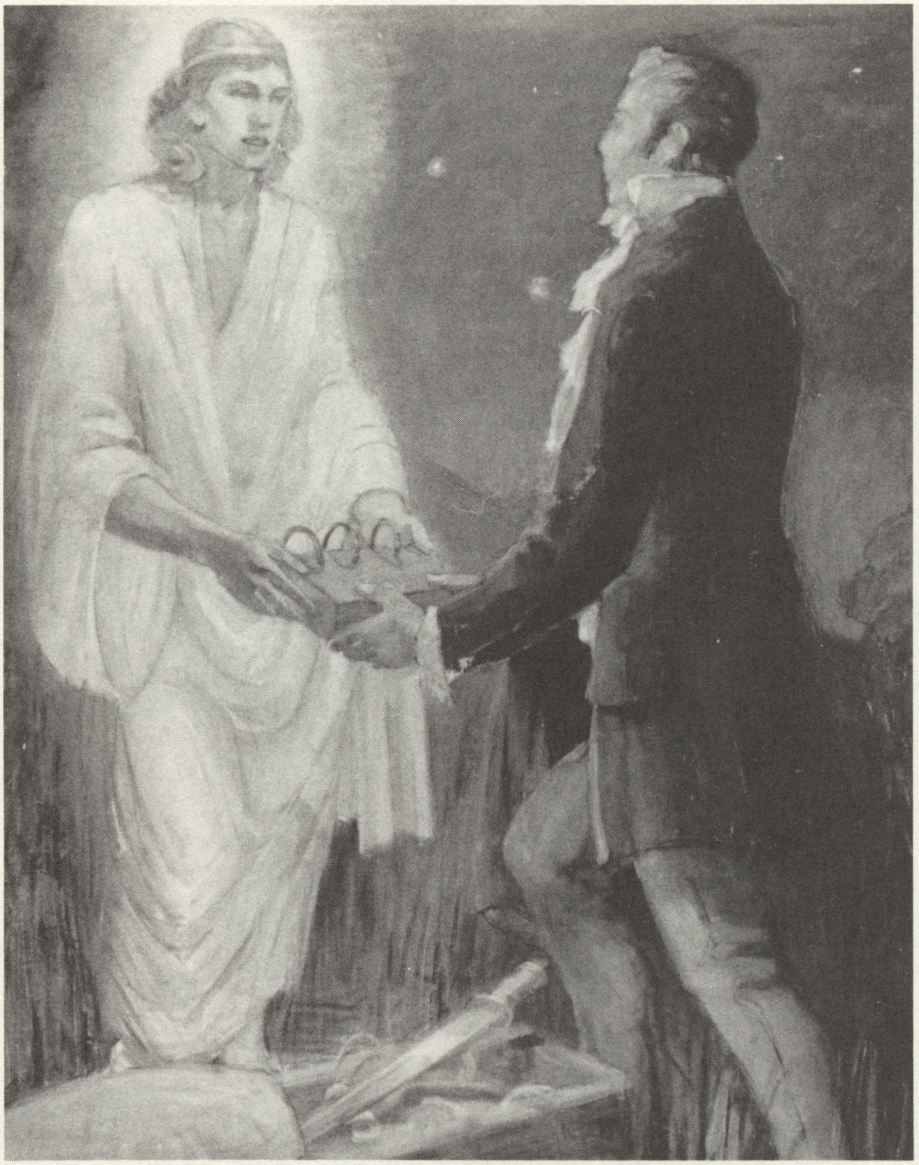
Christ himself rejected the tyranny of the Jews and the arrogance of the Greeks. He was a rebuke to both. He opposed both worldly status and worldly wisdom, and the oppression that issues from them. But his chief rebuke consisted not in his words, but in his works — in his condescension and crucifixion. For if God had to die to be reconciled to his enemies, must we not do the same?

For me the greatest story in literature has for its hero God himself. It begins: "A certain man had two sons." It is well known. There was the stay-at-home grumbling son who covets wealth and stability, and there is the libertine prodigal who wants his freedom. Their father divides their inheritance between them. When the prodigal has wasted his substance with riotous living and has nothing to eat except pigs' husks and nowhere to go but home, he returns. "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him" (Luke 15:11–32). He kills a fatted calf and makes a feast for this son who had hoped only for a servant's status. But his elder brother, angry, will not go in. I've served you all these years, he says to his father. I've never sinned. And you never gave me a ring, a robe, or a feast, nor killed the fatted calf for me. But as soon as your whoremongering son comes home, you do it all for him. The father explains: All that I have is thine, just as all that I have is your brother's. Can you not love one another, as I have loved you? Can you not see in each other the good I see in you? Can you not rejoice when the lost is found or the dead return to life?

I am still trapped between liberty and order, between my desire and my distaste for Church authority. My personal struggle is not over. Perhaps it will not be over until my life is over. God willing, it will be over then. But I have concluded at least this: It is only in the marriage of opposites in Christ Jesus that there is freedom *and* order — and repentance, forgiveness, reconciliation, immortality, and eternal life.

If we are to be free, it seems to me, we must let him crucify in us our inflated opinions of ourselves and our inflated expectations of others. I believe this is the only way each of us can finally be healed. It is the only way we can come to accept all that plentitude of good that God has reserved for us in the hands of those whom we have esteemed to be our enemies.

Regardless whether we count ourselves in the mainstream or among the independents, if we Mormons are ever to get beyond tyranny and beyond arrogance, it will be only in and through the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, the judge of the oppressor and the advocate of the oppressed.



Scriptural Horror and the Divine Will

Mark S. Gustavson

SINCE THE APPEARANCE OF HIGHER BIBLICAL CRITICISM, scholars have attempted to examine the Christian canon using contemporary standards of ethical analysis. From Russell to Bultmann, the critics have sought to make sense of the scriptural reports which run counter to modern moral sensibilities (Bretall 1972; Bultmann 1962; Foote and Ball 1926; Hinton 1961; Russell 1957).

Critics have divided into two opposing camps. On one side are those who regard canonized writings as historical drama, the experiences of nomadic societies reacting to political and social threats (Rogers 1969). This view de-emphasizes the divine as an important source of the canon because cruelty and injustice seemed so integral to the Judeo-Christian tradition. On the other side are Christian apologists who maintain that the canon is an inerrant and defensible description of the divine nature and will. This view, however, requires explaining why God allows and sometimes requires atrocities. No commentary, however, attempts to reconcile the critics' insight and moral outrage with the apologists' vision of the holy and its importance in human affairs.

Is there an unbridgeable gap between secular biblical criticism and sectarian efforts to wrap all scripture in holy cloth? Can troublesome canon be adequately dealt with without jettisoning all theological beliefs? An analysis of the *ideas* about God and about humanity might help reconcile the differences between contemporary ethical standards and the troubling messages and events in scripture.

A reconciliation would not harm religious sentiment and meaning. The idea of moral progress and the rejection of barbaric beliefs is not inimical to the pursuit of religious life. An unfolding ethical dimension of human history neatly reconciles the idea of God's purpose for humanity while preserving the

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MARK S. GUSTAVSON holds an Honors B.A. in philosophy and presently practices law in Salt Lake City with the firm of Gustavson, Schultz, Hall, and Williams. He is married to Janet Daly-Gustavson who shares with him three challenging children. Mark has taught Elders Quorum and Gospel Doctrine classes and writes a theology column in Sunstone *magazine.*

moral independence and identity of human beings. Unfortunately, the atrocities of Stalin, Hitler, and Mao do little to support the liberal view of human ethical progress.

Still, we can examine religious literature and beliefs to see if they portray standards worthy of enlightened devotion. Can God and divine commands, as portrayed in religious canon, serve as moral examples? This paper will explore Mormonism's place in this dispute and outline a set of core ethical paradigms upon which a faithful Mormon might judge horrific canon.

LDS theology argues for an unfolding and eclectic view of truth, evident in Joseph Smith's King Follett discourse (Smith 1954, 346–47), thus providing fertile ground for examination and reform. This foundation, while providing opportunity for analysis and correction, is not often used (Bennion 1981, 58), perhaps because so few are accustomed to historical and contextual analysis. In the place of ethical analysis, Mormons have seemingly embraced, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, virtually every word of Mormon canon. The lack of critical analysis might be the reluctance of an obedient people to critique the messages and documents of their leaders. However, despite the strong message, from some quarters, to uncritically accept official Church statements, there have been some profound countervailing influences.[1]

Nevertheless, believing that significant elements of Mormon scripture have been revealed quite recently by God, Mormons commonly treat their canon as inviolate, and the utterances of their leaders, past and present, as inerrant (Benson 1980, 2, 13–15; Packer 1982). A systematic critique of Mormon scripture, compared to officially distributed interpretations of scripture, may never occur in the atmosphere generated by Elders Bruce R. McConkie and Boyd K. Packer (1982). In his letter to Eugene England, McConkie declared:

> It is my province to teach to the Church what the doctrine is. It is your province to echo what I say or to remain silent. You do not have a divine commission to correct me or any of the Brethren. The Lord does not operate that way. If I lead the Church astray, that is my responsibility, but the fact still remains that I am the one appointed with all the rest involved so to do. . . .
>
> I advise you to take my counsel on the matters here involved. If I err, that is my problem; but in your case if you single out some of these things and make them the center of your philosophy, and end up being wrong, you will lose your soul (1981, 8–9).

If any doubts arise over the accounts presented by their canon, Mormons either avoid the matter or refer to Joseph Smith's caution about the checkered history of biblical translation. Probably a more common reason for the absence

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[1] In 1945, President George Albert Smith strongly criticized the *Improvement Era* ward teachers' instruction concerning unquestioning obedience to the living prophet (reprinted in DIALOGUE 19 [Spring 1986]: 38–39). President David O. McKay's open-mindedness about the evolution controversy (Poll 1986) and Sterling McMurrin's unorthodoxy (Ostler 1984, 18) have been well documented. We can also note Harold B. Lee's reorganization of the Historical Department under Leonard J. Arrington and the fact that controversial historian D. Michael Quinn still collects a paycheck from BYU. See also Hugh B. Brown, "An Eternal Quest: Freedom of the Mind," reprinted in DIALOGUE 17 (Spring 1984): 77–83.

of ethical criticism is that relatively few Latter-day Saints have thought seriously about the inconsistent moral positions presented in their scripture.

When Mormons sidestep ethical analysis of their scripture and the official literature which interprets it, they ignore the strong — if unused — signals sent by the unique elements of their theology. By so acting, Mormons also inherently assert that revelation is little more than a mechanistic, if holy, process whereby God delivers, in secular terms, a floppy disk containing instructions in colloquial English.

Contemporary Mormon interpretive literature continually emphasizes the horrific stories as support for the current, ascendant emphasis on authority and the moral "otherness" of God. Mormons devote much time to talking, approvingly, about the atrocities found in scripture and little time examining whether these atrocities are morally defensible, especially when they purport to demonstrate and reflect the divine will. An inquiry into the current Mormon views of God's moral character as portrayed in scripture might help us understand why morally repugnant narratives enjoy official sanction. Some examples are the near-sacrifice of Isaac, the execution by fire of Alma and Amulek's converts, and the conquest of Canaan. Each of these stories moves beyond a mere *description* of events and purports to demonstrate the divine will.

The story of Abraham and Isaac, found in Genesis 22:1–17, tells of Isaac, a beloved child conceived late in his parents' life. As Abraham rejoiced in his son, the Lord instructed him to offer up his child as "a burnt offering." According to the scriptures, Abraham did not question God's instruction nor ask why God was requiring behavior which closely resembled that of the priests of the heathen god Baal. Isaac, bearing wood for the sacrifice on his back, climbed the hill to Moriah with his father. Abraham built an altar, laid the wood on it, bound Isaac, and laid him on the altar. Only when Abraham had a knife drawn to slay Isaac did God stay his hand, apparently satisfied with the expression of obedience and devotion.

Mormon interpretative literature regarding this reported event is rich in comment. While there is ample evidence for the position of this paper in conference addresses, articles in official Church magazines, and the like, this paper focuses on statements and outlines prepared by the Church for Sunday School and seminary classes, where we find the plainest efforts to communicate the central position on this issue (among others) to the young. Most of the supportive commentary published since 1965 compares the sacrifice of Isaac with the sacrifice of Christ, echoing the inference found in Genesis 22:16. So strong are the perceived parallels that one seminary teacher's manual declares: "Our Savior, like Isaac, was also an 'only begotten Son.' A miracle surrounded His birth. He came to fulfill a great promise. He also climbed a mountaintop where a great sacrifice was to be made. But rather than the bundle of wood, He carried a cross" (CES 1975, p. R8–6). Furthermore, a text for college students includes the following:

> When they arrived at Moriah, the Genesis account says, "Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son" (Genesis 22:6). The Joseph Smith Translation, however, reads, "laid it upon his back" (JST, Genesis 22:7). Some have

seen in this action a similarity to Christ's carrying of the cross upon his shoulders on the way to his crucifixion (see Clarke, *Bible Commentary*, 1:139; John 19:17; cited in CES 1980–81, 77).

However, the "parallels" are, at best, strained and excessive. First, though modern Mormon writers want to increase Isaac's age to that of Christ, there is little evidence to support such a move. It is unclear how the ascending age of Isaac relieves this story of its abhorrent message. And Elder Spencer W. Kimball, in 1942, clearly referred to Isaac as Abraham's "young son" (CR, Oct. 1952, p. 48). Second, Isaac lived because of God's intervention, while Christ died because neither God nor man could interfere with that final sacrifice. Third, Isaac would have died at the hands of his mortal father as directed by God, while Christ died at the hands of the Romans who acted in concert with the Sanhedrin. Contemporary attempts to equate Isaac's proposed sacrifice with Christ's are without foundation and blasphemous.

The Old Testament Seminary Teacher's Manual states, as one of the primary goals of the lesson on Abraham: "We can learn a great lesson from Abraham's experience: We can learn to make the gospel *first* and *foremost* in our lives, always remembering that the prime example of total dedication has been given by our Father in heaven and his Son Jesus Christ" (CES 1975, p. R8–3). The guide goes on to counsel:

> Ask the students, What can we learn from this incident in Abraham's life to make our own lives better? (We can acquire an increased understanding and appreciation for our Father in heaven and Jesus Christ when we realize what they went through for our benefit. We can see the importance of making obedience to the counsel of our Father in heaven the most important thing in our lives.) (p. R8–3)

The 1983 Seminary Teacher's Outline for the Old Testament, in discussing the Abraham and Isaac story, contains a quote from a 1978 General Conference address by Elder Robert E. Wells. He argues that "One of the principal purposes of this life is to find out if the Lord can *trust* us. . . . We are destined to be tried, tested and proven during our sojourn on earth to see if we are trustworthy" (CES 1983, 55). By its use of Elder Wells's Conference remarks, the outline editors suggest that God would create circumstances to test the faith of mortals. Elder Wells continues: "The Prophet Joseph Smith indicated that to attain the highest blessings of this life, we will first be tested and proved thoroughly until the Lord is certain that he can trust us in all things, regardless of the personal hazard or sacrifice involved" (p. 55).

An article by Lowell Jackson that first appeared in the December 1965 *Instructor* is favorably quoted in the 1975 Seminary Teachers Manual: "Why is there so much loneliness and unhappiness in this world? Could this be because we disobey God, we fail his tests, we think too much is expected of us? Let us keep in mind the sacrifice Abraham was willing to make. Or in our moments of trial, let us recall the sacrifice of our Savior and draw courage from Him. Truly, these are great lessons" (CES 1975, p. R6–8).

The similitude of Isaac's sacrifice to Christ's and the importance of unquestioning obedience monopolize the interpretive writings: there is no com-

ment upon the propriety of Abraham's obedience nor upon why God asked a faithful servant to perform so wrenching an act if there was no Divine intention to permit the human sacrifice to occur. A student manual for Institute classes refused to refer to the potential death of Isaac as the killing of a child, but rather used the following euphemistic language: "The willingness of Abraham to give up something as dear as Isaac sharply contrasts with the young ruler who asked the Savior what he must do to be saved. When told he should sell all of his possessions and follow the Master, 'he went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions' (Matthew 19:22)" (CES 1980–81, 78). The implication is that giving up riches is the emotional and moral equivalent of killing one's son!

The lesson goes on to quote from a 1952 General Conference address by Elder Spencer W. Kimball which attempts to reconcile the moral contradictions of the Abraham/Isaac story, namely, the conflict between the law of obedience and the law prohibiting murder: " 'He believed God. His undaunted faith carried him with breaking heart toward the land of Moriah with this young son who little suspected the agonies through which his father must have been passing' " (p. 78). In other words, Abraham's unqualified faith in and obedience to God — disregarding what God commands or the content of moral laws — is the preeminent lesson to be learned by faithful saints.

A curious strain in Mormonism appears to argue for a God who, to strengthen humanity, arranges events which inflict great pain and suffering, not only on the wicked, but especially on the faithful (D&C 101:4–57). If any would rebel against such a God or would reject the instructions of such a God, they are denied final grace and rest (D&C 101:35–38 and 122:5–9).

The 1980–81 Old Testament Student Manual gives a very harsh picture of the sacrifices that God expects of believers by its reference to the exodus of the Saints from Missouri:

> The Saints in Jackson County had been driven out of their homes into the bitter winter of Missouri. Their suffering was intense and lives were even lost. At that time the Lord spoke to the Saints through Joseph Smith and said: "Therefore, they must needs be chastened and tried, even as Abraham, who was commanded to offer up his only son. For all those who will not endure chastening, but deny me, cannot be sanctified (D&C 101:4–5)" (CES 1980–81, 79).

The student is thereby instructed that God, in order to test those who would be members of his Church, may command and *cause* severe physical deprivation or the death of an innocent child and condemn those who would bridle against such abuses.

This lesson quotes with favor from the *Lectures on Faith*, traditionally viewed as prepared by Joseph Smith: "Let us here observe, that a religion that does not require the sacrifice of all things never has power sufficient to produce the faith necessary unto life and salvation" (CES 1980–81, 80). No moral parameters are established for this injunction. The sacrifice might mean giving up some material possession, it might mean giving up some person dear to you by your act of sacrificing *them*, or it might mean giving up a moral belief which would otherwise direct a person not to harm another. Apparently, a

"true" religion might compel a faithful believer to give up his or her own life; it might even require a Church member to take the life of another. The unidentified authors of this manual declare that "any reluctance to sacrifice whatever God requires will . . . lesson our ability to have faith in God" (CES 1980–81, 80). Again, no analysis of the moral status of such commanded acts of God accompanies such injunctions; rather, the presumed fact of the commandment is taken to dissolve all possible objections.

Joseph Smith's modern versions of the Abrahamic tests can be understood as a technique to make the needs of the group supreme over the needs of the individual. This provides the setting for an authoritarian organization to direct any act or accomplish any need, however unusual, especially when the authority figure asserts that he is acting with God's approval or by his command.

The question of whether a revelation can be a defense against a charge of murder was a key issue in the 1985 trials of Ron and Dan Lafferty in the Fourth District Court, Provo, Utah. The Lafferty brothers were charged with the murder of their sister-in-law, Brenda Lafferty, and her infant daughter. When the Laffertys were arrested, a document found in Ron's shirt pocket read:

> Thus sayeth the Lord unto my servants the prophets. It is my will and commandment that ye remove the following individuals in order that my work might go forward, for they have truly become obstacles in my path and I will not allow my work to be stopped. First thy brother's wife Brenda and her baby, then Chloe Low, and then Richard Stowe. And it is my will that they be removed in rapid succession and that an example be made of them in order that others might see the fate of those who fight against the true saints of God (*Deseret News*, 1 May 1985, p. B–1).

Lafferty used the defense of revelation in explaining his actions. One juror in the Lafferty trial refused to condemn the defendant to death because of her belief that God *could have* directed Lafferty to act as he did. In describing the verdict of the jury in Dan Lafferty's trial, an unnamed juror announced a new jurisprudential theory: "There were some who felt the mitigating circumstances regarding his belief in prophecy, revelation, and the will of God, versus whether he was mentally ill, outweighed the aggravating circumstances" (*Deseret News*, 12 Jan. 1985, pp. A–3, 4). Nevertheless, the jury recommended the death penalty for Ron Lafferty, after just two hours of deliberation. However, Dan Lafferty, also convicted of first-degree murder, was sentenced to two life sentences.

One striking feature of these cases is that when someone, especially a child, is murdered on the presumed instruction of God, no one admires the "obedient" individual's strength as we are obviously supposed to admire Abraham. Rather, the more obvious assumption, as the jury found out, is that the defendants were mentally ill but nevertheless suitable for punishment. In fact, a key issue in the defense was whether the Laffertys were mentally competent to stand trial.

The authors of the 1975 Teacher's Manual for the Old Testament suggests:

> Think for a minute of the joy and happiness that must have been experienced by Abraham and his son, Isaac, as Isaac was being untied and taken from the sacrificial

> altar: joy they never could have had without the pain and sorrow that preceded it. The joy was not the result of the Lord's releasing them from the responsibility of sacrificing Isaac; for if the knife had fallen, that same joy would have come to them when they had met later in the celestial kingdom of God" (CES 1975, p. 8–5).

The authors here seem to argue that Abraham's joy came *not* from the preservation of his son's life, but from the successful trial of obedience. The lesson continues: "If the knife had fallen, the *same* joy would have come to them when they met later in the celestial kingdom of God" (p. R8–5; italics added). This perspective dispatches the traditional defense that God would really not have permitted the child's death.

The second story is found in the Book of Mormon in Alma 14:1–13. Alma and Amulek, Alma's first convert in the city of Ammonihah, are imprisoned, then forced to watch as their male converts are cast out and stoned while the women, children, and scriptures are "cast into the fire" (Alma 14:8).

> And when Amulek saw the pains of the women and children who were consuming in the fire, he also was pained; and he said unto Alma: How can we witness this awful scene? Therefore let us stretch forth our hands, and exercise the power of God which is in us, and save them from the flames.
>
> But Alma said unto him: the Spirit constraineth me that I must not stretch forth mine hand; for behold the Lord receiveth them up unto himself, in glory; and he doth suffer that they may do this thing, or that the people may do this thing unto them, according to the hardness of their hearts, that the judgments which he shall exercise upon them in his wrath may be just; and the blood of the innocent shall stand as a witness against them, yea, and cry mightily against them at the last day (Alma 14:10–11).

This passage makes a theological statement: God apparently will not determine sin by examining the intent or actions of the transgressor, a contradiction of the teachings of Jesus when he declared that a complete morality is dependent upon intention: "You have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already *in his heart*" (Matthew 5:27–29; italics added). Instead, the Book of Mormon and contemporary interpretive writings declare that the wicked can be adequately punished only if the innocent are allowed to suffer, even though the innocent could have apparently been spared the suffering, since God's punishment of the guilty is made more certain once the innocent are cruelly tortured.

Several important commentaries of this story have been written, most within the last twenty years. I found only one discussion of the incident before 1965; no Priesthood, Sunday School, or Institute of Religion manual mentions it before 1965. The 1979–80 LDS Institute Student Manual on the Book of Mormon does not address the ethical issue of God allowing the mortal death of the innocent to secure the eternal condemnation of the guilty. Instead, it quotes President Kimball:

> Now, we may find many people critical when a righteous person is killed, a young father or mother is taken from a family, or when violent deaths occur. . . . But if all the sick were healed, if all the righteous were protected and the wicked destroyed, the

> whole program of the Father would be annulled and the basic principle of the Gospel, free agency, would be ended (CES 1979, 239).

This quote is interesting in the context of this discussion. The manual's authors, by applying President Kimball's story in this context, seem to equate two unlike cases; the Alma 14 story is not the case of a tragic accident or a priesthood request being denied but is, rather, a case where a prophet with the power to save innocent lives is prevented from doing so by God, so that those who caused pain and suffering could be punished.[2]

The 1984 Teacher's Supplement to the Gospel Doctrine manual on the Book of Mormon, which also comments on this story, tells us, "We should also recognize that following their brief suffering, those faithful martyrs were brought into the peaceful presence of the Lord" (CES 1984, 78). Therefore, what apparently matters is not the cruelty of deaths that could have been prevented but that God comforts those in heaven whose deaths served the purpose of allowing him to condemn the guilty. There is no discussion over the manner in which the innocent leave this world, as it is their deaths themselves which apparently serve God's purposes in punishing the wicked. Is the condemnation of the sinful more pronounced if the innocent are incinerated rather than killed, for example, by lethal injection? Or can the wicked be adequately judged and punished only if their victims are fed to the flames?

Prior to 1965, the only officially referenced commentary on the matter of innocent death focused on death in war, but it did not deal with the morality of God permitting such an event. In the 1942 April General Conference, David O. McKay, second counselor to President Heber J. Grant, discussed World War II and observed:

> On this Easter Day, the Risen Christ beholds in the world not peace, but *war*. . . . War originates in the hearts of men who seek to despoil, to conquer, or to destroy other individuals or groups of individuals . . . . War is rebellious action against the moral order . . . . Even though we sense the hellish origin of war . . . we find ourselves as a body committed to combat this evil thing. . . . One purpose of emphasizing this theme is to give encouragement to young men now engaged in armed conflict and to reassure them that they are fighting for an eternal principle fundamental to the peace and progress of mankind" (CR 1942, 70–74).

Nowhere did President McKay claim that the deaths of the soldiers were anything but an unavoidable consequence of the effort to suppress the tyrants who brought on World War II. McKay could have argued that the deaths of the soldiers and the innocent victims sealed the judgement against those who caused

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[2] Alma 60:13 says: "For the Lord suffereth the righteous to be slain that his justice and judgment may come upon the wicked; therefore ye need not suppose that the righteous are lost because they are slain; but behold, they do enter into the rest of the Lord their God." Contrast this position with 1 Nephi 4:13: "Behold the Lord slayeth the wicked to bring forth his righteous purposes. It is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief." How can God consistently order the death of Laban because of his own wickedness, yet require the death of the innocent to condemn the wicked? On the basis of the analysis set out in 1 Nephi 4:13, couldn't the people of Ammonihah have been destroyed so that the innocent could have lived? Theologically, are we judged only on our acts or also on our thoughts and intentions?

the war. Instead, by failing to invoke the "lesson" of Alma 14, he implies that God's judgment of the wicked is independent of the death of any person. There are parallels between Alma 14 and the modern horrors of the Jewish and other, more recent, holocausts. In these instances, innocent people died horrible deaths because of their religions or religious/ethnic identity. The post-1965 manuals do not refer to such holocausts in their commentaries on Alma 14, thus avoiding "justifying" the deaths of 6 million Jews by the eternal condemnation of their executioners.

My third example is really a compilation of other horror stories, some scriptural. In Numbers 31, Moses is angry when his army brings back women and children captured from the destruction of the Midianites:

> And Moses said unto them, Have ye saved all the women alive?
> Behold, these caused the children of Israel, through the counsel of Balaam, to commit trespass against the Lord in the matter of Peor, and there was a plague among the congregation of the Lord.
> Now therefore kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him.
> But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves (vv. 15–18).

The scorched-earth policies of the conquest of Canaan are justified in Joshua 11:20: "For it was of the Lord to harden their hearts, that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favour, but that he might destroy them, as the Lord commanded Moses." Are we to believe that if an enemy is not awful enough on their own terms to justify extinction, God will make them stubborn so that the chosen people can slaughter them guilt-free? Though Joseph Smith corrected the moral absurdity of this scripture, we continue to use the King James Old Testament, uncorrected and unrefuted.

In 2 Samuel 24:16, the Lord orders a pestilence upon the land of Israel because David sinned in numbering his soldiers. Seventy thousand die before the Lord halts the bacterial warfare of his destroying angel. David, who previously pled for forgiveness before the slaughter, asked why God punished innocent people for a sin that was his alone. The scriptures record no answer, but it is a question we, too, should ask.[3]

Joseph Smith, in the context of justifying polygamy, stated in 1842: "Whatever God requires is right, no matter what it is, although we may not see the reasons thereof till long after the events transpire" (HC 5:134–36). This concept that ethical rightness is derived solely from divine command is at odds with the competing Mormon idea that God would not command anything

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[3] See also: Gen. 6:5, 7, 17, 17:14; Ex. 12:29, 30, 21:20, 21, 22:18–19, 31:14–15; Lev. 20:18, 21:18–21; Num. 15:32–36, 21:5–6; Deut. 13:6–10, 20:16–17, 21:10–14, 20–21, 23:2; Judg. 11:29–31; 1 Sam. 6:19; 2 Sam. 6:6–7; Ezra 10:2, 3; Isa. 14:21; Lam. 2:21, 3:10–11; Ezek. 14:9; Hosea 13:7–8; Nahum 1:2–6; Matt. 8:22, 25:41, 46; Rom. 9:16, 18, 21–22; 2 Thess. 1:7–9; Rev. 21:8.

that is not good. However, in April 1844, Joseph delivered the King Follett discourse in which he stated:

> How consoling to the mourners when they are called to part with a husband, wife, father, mother, child, or dear relative, to know that, although the earthly tabernacle is laid down and dissolved, they shall rise again to dwell in everlasting burnings in immortal glory, not to sorrow, suffer, or die any more; but they shall be heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. What is it? To inherit the same power, the same glory and the same exaltation, until you arrive at the station of a God, and ascend the throne of eternal power, the same as those who have gone before. What did Jesus do? Why; I do the things I saw my Father do when worlds came rolling into existence. My Father worked out his kingdom with fear and trembling, and *I must do the same*" (Smith 1954, 347; italics added).

The implication from this sermon is that the actions enjoined are not good simply because God commands them, but that God and humanity are both bound to obey common moral standards derived from pre-existent, naturally extant laws. The correct interpretation of these eternal laws furthers the long-term interests of both mortals and deity. From this position, then, it would follow that invoking hidden divine agendas would be unacceptable to excuse otherwise inexplicable acts of cruelty or barbarism.

Oddly, though, Mormons almost never object to stories where cruelty seems to be divinely accepted or even enjoined. There are few anguished cries over the Sunday School or seminary lessons so blandly advanced. Few parents, holding their babies, protest a Sunday School lesson that promotes cruelty as faithfulness or discuss the propriety of teaching mindless zeal to their children. Latter-day Saints apparently accept the view that God tests faithfulness and moral quality of soul by commanding illegal and barbaric actions. How do we reconcile the image of a loving Christ with the atrocities committed by Jehovah?

It seems that we have become morally impotent when confronted by biblical atrocities, by insisting that they are both literally true and a factual representation of God's will. This approach seduces our ethical sensibilities. We fear a God whose standards bear no apparent relationship to the best of mortal moral beliefs. Therefore, we have tolerated the construction of an ideology which has, at its base, the belief that God may command any activity and thereby determine its morality. We comfortably conclude that obedience is the fundamental, perhaps exclusive, issue upon which faithfulness is evaluated. Consequently, our convictions have been stripped of moral content, and our personal beliefs ultimately yield to any injunction that is propounded in the name of God. The moral nihilism which unconsciously suffuses contemporary Mormonism cauterizes our moral intuition, leaving us incapable of moral outrage.

The absence of protest and scriptural analysis suggests that the troubling scriptures enjoy more than tacit approval among many Mormons. Every element of canon is defended upon the twin grounds that obedience is our preeminent duty and that God operates upon indecipherable moral standards. These arguments assault the faithfulness of anyone who would venture to analyze scripture or who would seek to understand the ethical standards of God. Elder Mark E. Petersen wrote that the sacrifice of Isaac was "one of the

greatest examples of complete faith we know about, and should be a constant inspiration to us" (1979, 120). Elder Petersen does not explain why the best test of faith is the believer's willingness to commit atrocities in the name of God. It would be refreshing to hear test-of-faith stories of those who resign a lucrative legal career or a promising medical practice to serve in the slums of Calcutta with Mother Teresa or, closer to home, to feed the poor in Lowell Bennion's soup kitchen. Instead, when modern persons act consistently with ancient standards while invoking God's will, we primly respond that God didn't, for unknow reasons, order atrocities this time. Either God's moral standards bear no relationship to ours, or contemporary Mormon commentary seems curiously unconnected to moral moorings.

The conflict between ordinary ethical sentiments and the formal ecclesiastical beliefs exists because we have not yet examined the implications of our scripture. Our inability to recognize moral issues and our insistence on compartmentalizing competing ethical standards has led us to create moral epicycles which account for everything, but which fail to dispense moral guidance. Not only have we failed to reject the horrific scriptures, we have actively worked to incorporate them more centrally in our belief system. We have refused to confront the messages our beliefs transmit about ourselves.

Are we comfortable with a God who would not only endorse but command the slaughter of the innocent? Would we set aside our ascending moral standards to obey a God to whom rigid obedience, in the service of cruelty, is said to be preeminent over every moral objection? Plainly, we need to examine the relationship between our theology and our ethics and develop a standard of behavior by which scripture may also be evaluated.

I would propose that we divorce ethical beliefs from theological foundations. By excising theological beliefs from behavioral standards, we can then analyze the independent strengths of each. One body of beliefs must not rely on the other for its justification. Creation of an ethical standard should precede the creation of a theology. Only then can we effectively deal with religious beliefs that call for barbaric acts, contrary to our moral code. If any scripture or interpretive commentary embraces barbaric messages for which there is little, if any, ethical defense, then it is not out of line to question that scripture, its alleged message, and the interpretive literature, thereafter dismissing it from the canon of the moral and just if it is found wanting. If we clearly understand the provisions of a systematic ethic, we can return to the theology to see if it helps or hinders our drive to fashion a more humane world.

Thus, fundamental moral standards need not be based on theological beliefs. God must exist as an ethical entity and not as the capricious, *ex nihilo* author of an inconsistent morality, or there is no hope of ever developing a humane ethic. I disagree with Bruce Hafen, then president of Ricks College, who argued that seeming moral ambiguities and ethical confusion might be resolved by remembering that God may act in any manner:

> It is possible to encounter some ambiguity even in studying scriptures. Consider, for example, the case of Nephi, who slew Laban in order to obtain the scriptural record. That situation is not free from ambiguity until the reader realizes that God Himself,

> who gave the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" was also the origin of the instructions to Nephi in that exceptional case (1979, 63).

Thus, to Hafen and others, God may determine the morality of any given event.

Can we identify some guides in developing a holistic theory of ethical beliefs and behavior from which we may then fashion a complementary theology? Let me offer some suggestions for beginning the discussion, recognizing that the following principles are *a priori* assumptions which focus on the legitimate interests of individuals and which do not discuss the legitimate role of groups in promoting benevolence for the reason that groups act in concert with the beliefs of their constituent members.

1. All persons are self-existent, uncreated identities, possessing inherent and inviolate value. They may not be sacrificed (in any sense) for the good of another individual or principle.

2. Values which promote the long-term interests of individuals ought to be identified and protected.

3. Morality prohibits the use of coercion or power except to preserve individual human interests. Power or coercion may never be used when the morally innocent subject of the power is ignorant of that use of power, when the subject does not knowingly consent, or when the subject does not recall that consent.

4. The afterlife and its effects cannot be used to justify actions which offend an informed moral conscience or justify harm to any person who does not give informed, knowledgeable consent while mortal.

5. Kindness, justice, charity, and gentleness are more moral than obedience where obedience is invoked to ensure compliance with cruel beliefs or actions.

From these core beliefs, we might create a unified set of values and behavior which preserves the identity and dignity of individuals against all other influences. This new standard might serve as a test by which we may decide whether an ancient story or a modern injunction preserves or destroys innocence, choice, and individual human well-being against all competing claims, either mortal or divine. Scriptures which promote human happiness and growth should be used with a joyful heart. We should withdraw our support from those which offend our ethical sensibilities. We need to recognize that all scripture has been written by mortals under varying degrees of inspiration, with all kinds of biases: scripture is not a factually objective presentation of any particular set of events. Scripture may be created to enhance power and authority, or it may be written to celebrate human potential. The content and use of our scriptures will depend on the outlines of our beliefs and on how long we can abide the intolerable messages of canon scripture.

Having outlined a new ethic, we can next examine our theological beliefs. The divine-command theory of morality ought to have no place in this theology. Our God could not instruct us to commit barbarous acts or direct us to abandon another to an avoidable, cruel death to preserve some other-world belief or standard, or pit a father's love for his child against his love for/

obedience to an inexplicable, but powerful, deity. The best that the religious tradition says of God might now enjoy our undistracted attention. Our love of Jesus, as he blessed the children in 3 Nephi 19–25, does not have to be compromised by a God who instructs his children to slaughter their fellows. Obert C. Tanner in *Christ's Ideals for Living* (1955) superbly delineates the mercy and humanity of Jesus, as does Lowell Bennion in his *Teachings of the New Testament* (1956). Our theology and ethics must complement each other as they teach us how to improve the human condition.

This is no call to selectively rewrite our scripture. Rather, important lessons may be learned about human history and moral progress when enlightened believers confront and reject the ancient stories of horror. Derivatively, we must reject the favorable treatment too often afforded those portions of canon. While some might be tempted simply to banish the Church writers who glorify horrific scriptures, we need to retain the problem scriptures and their barbaric interpretations as examples of the moral and ethical risks which attend a too-credulous embracing and enhancement of all scripture. Therefore, we may come to realize that Mormon interpretative literature which applauds or justifies scriptural horror is not a faithful depiction of God's character.

Such a position, of course, raises troubling questions of its own. If we assert that there are some lengths to which neither mortals nor God may go, the Church should rid itself of its authoritarian insistence on unquestioned obedience to whatever injunction is uttered through "proper" channels. Can it do so and still enjoy the devotion of its present members? And what are the consequences if it will not or cannot?

We need to take a look at the signals, symbols, and images we transmit among ourselves, to our young, and to the secular world. Bad symbols and stories convey harmful injunctions and standards. Humane stories of kindness, compassion, and uncompromised respect for each individual enhance our concepts of self-worth and transmit to the world that we have a single-hearted devotion to human goodness and progress.

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Orson Pratt, Jr.: Gifted Son of an Apostle and an Apostate

Richard S. and Mary C. Van Wagoner

THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRSTBORN of Apostle Orson Pratt's forty-five children belonged to his namesake, Orson Pratt, Jr. Unlike Joseph Smith III, Brigham Young, Jr., Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, John Henry Smith, John W. Taylor, Abraham O. Woodruff, and Abraham H. Cannon, young Orson did not follow the footsteps of his famous father into the hierarchy of Mormon leadership. Orson Pratt, Jr., endowed with the superior intellectual abilities of his father, became convinced in his early twenties that Joseph Smith was not the divinely inspired prophet of God he claimed to be. This loss of faith, publicly announced in 1864, resulted in young Pratt's eventual excommunication. Though he lived in Salt Lake City for the remainder of his life, he never again affiliated with the church of his youth. Few people know the pathways his life took.

Born in Kirtland, Ohio, on 11 July 1837, to Orson Pratt and Sarah M. Bates, young Orson experienced early the uprooting displacements common to many saints during the Church's infancy. After the collapse of Kirtland society in 1837 the Pratts lived briefly in Henderson, New York; St. Louis, Missouri; Quincy, Illinois; and Montrose, Iowa, before settling in Nauvoo in July 1839. Though Orson Pratt, Sr., was in the vanguard pioneer company of 1847, his family stayed temporarily in Winter Quarters, Nebraska. On 16 April 1848 Orson was appointed to preside over all branches of the Church in Europe as well as to edit the *Millennial Star*. Orson and Sarah and their three children left Winter Quarters for Liverpool on 11 May and arrived there on 26 July.

During the three years that the Pratts were in England, young Orson attended school and received excellent musical training under English masters.

RICHARD S. VAN WAGONER, a clinical audiologist, is the co-author of A Book of Mormons *(Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1982) and author of* Mormon Polygamy: A History *(Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986). MARY C. VAN WAGONER is in the graduate school of education at the University of Utah. They are the parents of five daughters and live in Lehi, Utah.*

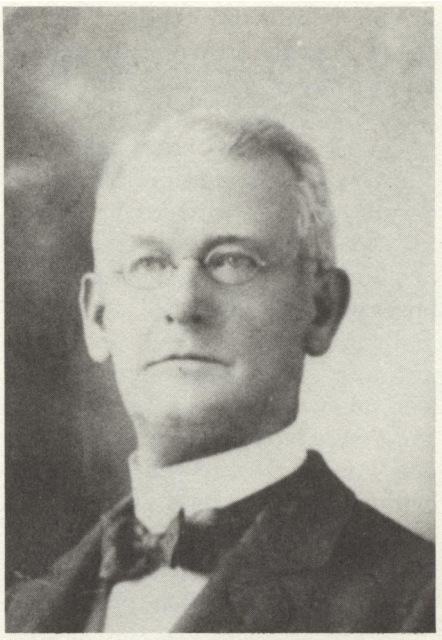
He was also allowed to help his father distribute missionary tracts, though he later said it was "not because I knew anything of what I was doing, but because I liked to see the old women, when they slammed the door, or threw the tracts into the streets in their anger" (Bleak n.d., 172–75).

In early 1851 the Pratts returned to the United States. They stayed in Kanesville, Iowa, only a short time while being outfitted and in July began the trek across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. It was a trip remembered long afterwards by Orson, Jr. His father had engaged thirteen young, inexperienced men from England to drive his company to the Great Basin. The cattle were wild, and many wagons tipped over and were damaged during the three-month trip. One day a member of the company carelessly shot at a buffalo when the herd was near the wagon train. The startled animals stampeded between the wagons but fortunately no one was injured.

A short time later, while camped on the Sweetwater River in Wyoming, the company's cattle were stampeded, evidently by Indians. While they were being rounded up, Sarah Pratt, who was eight months pregnant, rode on ahead in a carriage with fourteen-year-old Orson and his nine-year-old sister Celestia. As soon as the carriage was out of site of the company, an Indian, with knife in hand, sprang from ambush, grabbed the horse's bits, and attempted to cut the animal loose. Fortunately, Sarah's brother Ormus Bates had ridden after her, and the Indian fled as Ormus approached the carriage (M. Pratt 1891, 393).

Young Orson got his first glimpse of Salt Lake City from Big Mountain on 6 October. "All get out and have a view of the city," his father had invited (M. Pratt 1891, 393). The next day they drove their wagons to Temple Square, which would be their temporary home for two weeks. They then moved to Plat A, Block 76, Lot 5, a property which had been previously developed by Parley P. Pratt and on which now stands the Marriott Hotel.

On 1 March 1852 fourteen-year-old Orson was endowed in the Endowment House (EHR, p. 38) and on 22 July Orson, Sr., rebaptized the entire family (Salt Lake Stake Record of Baptisms and Rebaptisms, 1847–63), a customary procedure for newly arrived Saints. One month later Orson, Sr., was sent on a mission to the eastern states to publish *The Seer*, a periodical advocating polygamy. Pratt, along with his wife Sarah, had opposed Joseph Smith's method of introducing plural marriage in Nauvoo. But Orson later modified his position and eventually married nine additional wives. Sarah, however, stopped believing in Mormonism after Joseph Smith's polyandrous proposals to her while Orson was absent on his 1840–41 mission to England. Though she viewed Smith's propositions to her as "wicked" (Paddock to Gregg 1882), she nevertheless went along with Orson's subsequent polygamy because of an "earnest, conscientious desire to do what was right as a Mormon, and to please a husband whom she loved with all the strength of her nature" ("Orson," 1877, 2). During Orson's 1852 mission, however, Sarah began to turn her children against Mormonism. She concealed her actions from neighbors, Church authorities, and her absent husband. "Fortunately my husband was almost constantly absent on foreign missions," she explained



ORSON PRATT, JR.

SUSAN SNOW PRATT

Photos courtesy of Richard S. Van Wagoner

in an interview cited in the 18 May 1877 *New York Herald*. "I had not only to prevent my children from becoming Mormons, I had to see to it that they should not become imbued with such an early prejudice as would cause them to betray to the neighbors my teachings and intentions." She further explained to the reporter how she accomplished this:

> Many a night, when my children were young and also when they had grown up so as to be companions to me, I have closed this very room where we are sitting, locked the door, pulled down the window curtains, put out all but one candle on the table, gathered my boys close around my chair and talked to them in whispers for fear that what I said would be overheard ("Orson," 1877, 2).

Her actions had a dramatic effect on her children. None of the six who reached adulthood, except her deaf son, Laron, remained a practicing Mormon. The youngest son, Arthur, summed up the family's feelings: "I will tell you why [I am not a Mormon]," he replied to a newspaper reporter in 1882. "I am the son of my father's first wife, and had a mother who taught me the evils of the system" (*Anti-Polygamy Standard*, 11 [February 1882]: 81).

The family's apostasy was carefully hidden for nearly twenty years. It was not until the spring of 1864 that Orson Pratt, Jr., became the first to openly announce his disbelief in Mormonism. Prior to this time his life seemed to be that of an exemplary Mormon. On 29 December 1854, the *Deseret News* reported that seventeen-year-old Orson had arranged an original song which was performed during the intermission of a two-act play at the Social Hall. On

23 May 1855 he sang in a quartet at the Deseret Theological Institute and also tried out a composition on the institute choir entitled "Although the Fig Tree Shall Not Blossom" (JH, under date).

One year later Orson Pratt, Sr., on another mission to England, announced his son's marriage in the 6 December 1856 *Millennial Star*:

> Married, in Great Salt Lake City . . . Mr. Orson Pratt, Junior, to Miss Susan Snow, daughter of Zerubabel Snow, formerly a United States' Judge for that Territory. Ceremony by President Brigham Young . . . the 1st of October, 1856. The age of the bridegroom is about 19 years, that of the bride about 15. May the God of our ancestor Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, bless them, and their generations after them, for ever and ever (18:784).

Young Orson seemed a believing Mormon at this point in his life. He bore his testimony in General Conference (*Deseret News*, 4 April 1857) and played the tabernacle organ in a private conference for Church leaders Brigham Young, Daniel Wells, George A. Smith, and Amasa Lyman (*Deseret News*, 28 June 1857). He was appointed to the Utah Board of Regents on 25 January 1859, and on 16 October of that year he was ordained a high priest and set apart as a Salt Lake Stake high councilman. But these events and positions of leadership occurred, according to young Pratt's later testimony, while he was an "unbeliever" (Bleak n.d., 172–75).

We do not know precisely why Orson, Jr., served as a high councilman when he did not believe in Mormonism, but "closet doubters" have likely always permeated the folds of the faithful. D. Jeff Burton, in a 1982 essay on this phenomenon, noted that most doubters he examined were in their mid-twenties to mid-forties. He felt that younger people "have neither the experience nor the education necessary to catalyze the complex reactions necessary to become a closet doubter" (p. 35). Orson Pratt, Jr., was only twenty-two when called to the Salt Lake Stake High Council. Evidently he felt intimidated to accept the position, perhaps as potential missionaries today sometimes find it easier to serve a mission than to say no. Possibly Orson, like his unbelieving mother, simply felt an "earnest, conscientious desire to do what was right as a Mormon" ("Orson" 1877, 2), perhaps feeling a testimony would grow from the calling.

Whatever the reasons for young Orson's decision to hide his true feelings, by 1861 the wheels were slowly set in motion which ultimately led to his coming out of the closet of unbelief. Though still living in the Pratt homestead on West Temple and First South, young Orson was beginning to establish himself as a teacher. In February 1860 he had been hired as an instructor in Brigham Young's Union Academy and in October became the first president of the Deseret Teachers Association (now the Utah Education Association). But the American Civil War was creating a cotton shortage, and Church leaders desired to establish their own cotton industry in southern Utah. Men of all walks of life were sent south on agricultural missions to develop the region. It was to be a family affair for the Pratts. Orson, Sr., was called to co-preside over the mission with Erastus Snow. Schoolteacher Orson Pratt, Jr., and

cooper Albert Tyler (married to his sister Celestia), began the trek to Utah's Dixie with their families in late October 1860.

The Pratts initially settled upriver in Rockville but in the spring of 1862 moved south the few miles to St. George. Though young Orson had limited means (the family lived in a tent), he was elected a city alderman on the first slate of officials after the city was granted its charter and also became the area's first postmaster. On 2 May he was ordained a high councilman of the Southern Utah Mission by his father, who was apparently unaware of his son's true feelings towards Mormonism. Young Orson played for church services and other functions on an organ his mother had brought from Salt Lake. He and Celestia and Albert were also involved with a local theatrical troupe. On Pioneer Day of 1862 they were all cast in "The Eaton Boy." As winter approached, a company of young men formed a debating club which met often in the tent of Orson Pratt, Jr.

Brigham Young and Orson Pratt, Sr., seldom got along well after the Pratts' difficulties with Joseph Smith in Nauvoo. Orson had sided with his wife against the Prophet, and Brigham never forgot that. Orson's intellectual bent also irritated President Young, and the two frequently had philosophical disputes which usually resulted in Orson's being sent on a distant mission.[1] In the spring of 1863, while Brigham Young was visiting in St. George, he apparently felt inspired to send young Orson on a mission, despite the fact that he was already a colonizing missionary. Orson explained to Young that he had experienced a change in his religious feelings and did not want to serve a mission. The Church President, perhaps believing that the missionary experience would effect a testimony, insisted on issuing the call. But after Young had returned to Salt Lake, Orson, Jr., decided to take a firm stand against the missionary venture. On 13 June 1863 Pratt wrote to President Young:

> During your recent visit to Saint George, I informed you of the change that had taken place in my religious views, thinking that, in such a case, you would not insist on my undertaking the mission assigned me. You received me kindly and gave me what I have no doubt you considered good fatherly advice. I was much affected during the interview and hastily made a promise which, subsequent reflection commences me it is not my duty to perform. I trust that you are well enough acquainted with my character to know that I am actuated by none but the purest motives. I am grateful for the interest you have manifested in my wellfare and desire still to retain your friendship.
>
> Should any thing hereafter occur to convince me that my present decision is unwise I shall be ready to revoke it.

Refusing a mission call in nineteenth-century Mormonism, unless special circumstances proved otherwise, was tantamount to an announcement of personal apostasy. President Heber C. Kimball of the First Presidency had made this clear in 1856 when he said: "When a man is appointed to take a mission, unless he has a just and honorable reason for not going, if he does not go he

[1] For discussions of the difficulties between Orson Pratt and Brigham Young see Gary James Bergera, "The Orson Pratt-Brigham Young Controversies: Conflict Within the Quorums, 1853 to 1868," DIALOGUE 13 (Sumer 1980): 7–58, and Breck England, *The Life and Thought of Orson Pratt* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1985).

will be severed from the Church" (JH, 24 February 1856). Young Orson, son of Mormonism's best-known missionary, resigned from the St. George High Council on 8 May 1864. Orson Pratt, Sr., en route to an Austrian mission, was not present to witness his son's actions. But Apostle Erastus Snow, young Orson's uncle by marriage, was not pleased with his decision and made some "feeling remarks" on the occasion. Accepting the resignation, he announced he "could not conscientiously, and in justice to the cause we are engaged in, refuse to Brother Pratt the liberty to with-draw from the Council as [his] statements of his veiws, doubting as he does, the divinity of the call of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the consequent building up of the Church" (JH, 8 May 1864).

One week after resigning, Orson, Jr., George A. Burgon, Charles L. Walker, and Joseph Orton, principals of the "Literary Mutual Improvement," published the first issue of a semi-monthly manuscript newspaper, the *Veprecula*.[2] Each of the men contributed a foolscap page of matter in each issue, young Orson writing under the pen name of Veritas (truth). The 1 June 1864 issue contains an essay by him on reason and faith, the very issue with which he was struggling. The essence of his thoughts in the piece is that faith is not superior to reason. "Faith," he argued, "which is supposed to arise in a mysterious manner and to be the result of direct supernatural agency . . . must be a careful and patient exercise of reason." Similar ideas had been expressed by his father in 1853. Orson, Sr., wrote, "Before we can have faith in any thing we must first have evidence, for in all cases evidence precedes faith" (O. Pratt, 2:198). In perhaps reflecting on Mormon Church leaders' disdain for intellectuals, including his father at times, young Orson concluded his essay by advising: "Let us tear aside the veil of hypocritical sanctity behind which, the seemingly pious conceal their moral deformity, at the same time that we respect the humble and sincere inquirer, although his doctrine may not be consistent with our own."

Once young Orson's disbelief became known in St. George, it was impossible for him to continue living there. Erastus Snow was apparently the chief source of difficulty. Young Orson, in an 18 September 1864 public speech made shortly before he returned to Salt Lake City, announced that Erastus Snow was not only a "snake in the grass" who had secretly worked against Apostle Orson Pratt until he had sought another mission, but that he had also met secretly with Orson, Jr.'s, wife, Susan, and had tried to turn her against her husband (Bleak n.d., 175). His efforts with his niece were unsuccessful, however, and Susan remained loyal to her husband.

Sarah Pratt recognized the untenable position the family was in and wrote to Brigham Young on 25 July 1864 requesting permission to return to Salt Lake City.

> I cannot see my family suffer without making an effort to relieve them . . . . Orson [Jr.] has tried every means in his power to make a living but every thing fails. People

[2] For background on the *Veprecula* see the Charles Lowell Walker Papers and the Joseph Orton Diary, both in the LDS Church Archives, Salt Lake City. The volume containing the biweekly issues of the original is in the possession of Katherine Miles Larson (see Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church* [Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1971], p. 272).

> are willing to send [their children] to school but cannot or will not pay. He has an offer of a very good situation if he will return to S.L. City. He can make a comfortable living for himself and perhaps assist me some. Albert Tyler and family are now distributors of both food and clothing. He has several hundred dollars due him for work, but cannot collect one cent. Himself and family are nearly all sick. He says he must do something or starve. Both Orson & Albert desire me to write to you upon the subject.

On 4 August Brigham Young wrote back to Sarah granting his permission for the Pratts and Tylers to leave St. George. He also told her he expected to be in the city on or near 12 September. On 1 September 1864, young Orson's wife gave birth to their first child, Arthur Eugene. Seventeen days later, the family's difficulties with Mormonism peaked. Church leaders apparently could tolerate young Orson's divergent beliefs as long as they had been kept personal. After all, Brigham Young knew of his lack of testimony, did not demand his resignation from the high council, and even called him on a mission. But once the young man's doubts were publicly aired when he announced his resignation from the high council, local leaders evidently felt compelled to convene a Church court. Given the unusual opportunity of "speaking in regard to my faith," during an 18 September 1864 sacrament meeting, the twenty-seven-year old announced:

> I wish to say that I have long since seen differently to this people and although I am not in the habit of saying anything in self justification, yet ever since I have been in this Church I have led a godly and upright life; at the same time, I resolved that I would accept nothing that my conscience would not receive. I was at eight years old, baptized into the Church, and I was brought up in the Church. Well if I had been asked at that time what I was baptized for, I should have said for the remission of my sins, for I had learned it all parrot like and I had confidence in Mormonism, as I had been brought up in it . . . . I came out again to the Valleys with my father and we were required to be baptized again, I complied, for all this time I was a believer in Mormonism. But sometime afterwards, there was much said . . . that unless one had the testimony that Mormonism is true, there was something deficient. I asked myself the question, if I had it but was sensible I had not . . . . I have come to the conclusion that Joseph Smith was not specially sent by the Lord to establish this work, and I cannot help it, for I could not believe otherwise, even if I knew that I was to be punished for not doing so; and I must say so though I knew that I was to suffer for it the next moment (Bleak n.d., 172–75).

In spite of his frankness, or perhaps because of it, Orson Pratt, Jr., was excommunicated that night for "unbelief" by the St. George High Council. Shortly thereafter the entire Pratt family made the long northward trek back to the Salt Lake Valley.

Orson found work teaching music. He and his young family initially lived with his mother in the Seventeenth Ward home of Franklin B. Woolley which she had traded for her St. George home. On 12 March 1868, Orson, Jr., and Susan, with their two sons, moved with Sarah Pratt into the old Pratt homestead south of Temple Square. Orson, Sr., and Sarah had separated over polygamy difficulties, and she rented part of her home to young Orson for fifteen dollars a month (O. Pratt 1868).

Young Orson's chief passion in life was music. Not only did he devote his life to teaching the subject, but he also frequently served as piano accompanist to noted artists who performed in the Salt Lake Theatre and elsewhere in the city. He donated his musical talents during holidays, much to his wife's chagrin. "Orson is out to a party again to night," she wrote in her diary on 3 January 1872. "No," she corrected herself, "I have made a mistake — it is entertainment given to get money and Orson donates his services as Organist." His musical abilities were viewed with critical acclaim on numerous occasions. A review of his 6 January 1895 performance noted:

> Many have called him too legitimate, too technical, but if it is a fault it is a most virtuous one, when performing the exacting phrases of the major oratorial and orchestral works of the masters. Granted that he is a long way inland from the wish-washy surf of expressive piano delivery, but he is at the very same distance from loose-jointed nauseous inaccuracy. So why wait longer to render this just praise? His accompaniments to the "Hymn of Praise" were perfect works. No sentimental ritards, or ad libitums, but the all-around brilliant setting to the intricacies of the vocal fabric.
>
> Mr. Orson Pratt, Jr., for years an eminent pianist and teacher of theory and harmony in Utah, is a son of the apostle, himself an apostle, though on lines quite apart from the father. As it has been hinted above that he is a purist in instrmentation, so it may be added that he is a very valuable example of a much-neglected art, that of exact musicianship (JH, under date).

Though Orson's life passion was music, he had other interests as well. He was a superb chess player. He and his younger brothers Arthur and Harmel at one time defeated a world-class Austrian player, Herr Zukertort. Orson was also an avid student of art and literature and constantly encouraged his wife and children to improve their minds. Susan Pratt wrote in her diary on 26 November 1871: "I have learned . . . at a late hour the value of intelligence, and I shall endeavor to instill into the minds of the children while young both a love and a just valuation of books."

Orson also dabbled in politics and in 1870 ran for Salt Lake City councilman. Though a candidate on the Liberal ticket, he was not the rabid anti-Mormon some members of that party were. Like others in the valley, Orson apparently felt that non-Mormon interests simply had no political voice in Salt Lake City affairs. Because Orson was unsuccessful in his bid for a council seat, his political views were not heard publicly. However, his younger brother Arthur used his position as a law enforcement officer to publicly vent his feelings against Mormonism (see Van Wagoner and Van Wagoner 1987). Following his political defeat, Orson retreated back to his music.

Apostate Mormons like Orson, with no conversion potential, generally suffered more ostracism in Salt Lake City than did gentiles. Exposé writers T. B. H. and Fanny Stenhouse, for example, left the city in 1874 after being assaulted by a group of rowdies. Wealthy merchant William S. Goodbe lost $100,000 in a two-year period because of a Church-organized boycott against him and other non-Mormon merchants (Van Wagoner and Walker 1982, 342, 97). Despite the social problems one might expect Orson to have in the city, he had little trouble keeping his music classes full, though the family was

essentially quite poor until the early 1880s. The children often complained to their mother about the patches on their clothing, and by 1875 Orson and Susan still could not afford a piano on which to teach their own children.

In 1879 tragedy struck the family. Herbert Oliver Pratt, Orson and Susan's five-month-old son, died suddenly. The parents were distraught. It was nearly two years before Susan could write of the death in her diary. Even then the memories were painful. "Untill now I have never felt as though I could write a word about it," she noted on 17 August 1880, "and even now I would say nothing more. How little I know myself[,] at the very time I seem to have forgotten most I remember the keenest." In an apparent attempt to assuage the family's grief, Zerubbabel Snow, Susan's father, gave them a home on Commercial Street which was large enough to hold Orson's classes. Not having to pay rent, they were soon able to save enough money for a piano and to hire domestic help as well. A continuation of the 17 August 1880 entry in Susan's diary provides a window into their daily lifestyle:

> At seven oclock in the morning much against my will I concluded to get up and barely had time to dress before breakfast was on the table. I was soon seated in unkept hair with the children who had followed their mother's example when we breakfasted on Biscuits, Bacon, and Coffee. Eight oclock came, and Orson went into the music room and I to my work which was sweeping. Part of the sweeping I had to leave for the girl as my back troubled me to much I then laid down with a book untill it was time to prepare for dinner[.] I then went out to see how far I could make my money go. Dinner was at last on the table and all around the board. In the afternoon I practiced and called Gertrude in to take a lesson. She was very listless and I lost my temper. I sent her out of the room for which I did not feel satisfied and called her back. We began again and got along very well. I read the rest of the day and far into the night as usual, was visited with compunctions as to the manner of spending my time and resolved before going to sleep to do differently to morrow.

The Pratts' lifestyle continued to improve with time. By 1884 an increase in the number of Orson's music students enabled them to move to a larger home at 223 South Sixth East. Their children received educations at St. Mark's High School, a bastion of anti-Mormonism in the valley. The eldest son, Arthur Eugene, after attending the University of Utah, went east to study law at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor where he graduated in 1890, subsequently becoming a prominent Ogden judge (Clarke 2:260–61). The 1880s saw the death of both of Orson's parents. Orson, Sr., who had been suffering from diabetes, died on 3 October 1881. Since the mid-1860s, however, young Orson and his father had not been close. Orson, Sr., not only was away on missions most of the time, but even when he was home, Church work and scientific activities occupied most of his time. Sarah noted that Orson "gradually became estranged from [his children]. He spoke harshly to them. He had and has no interest in their careers" ("Orson," 1877, 2).

John Nicholson, a missionary acquaintance of Orson, Sr.'s, recalled an incident which further suggests the apostle was less than involved with his children. Orson, Sr., had just returned to Salt Lake City from a mission when one of his sons met him on East Temple Street. "He [the son] approached him and

enquired about his health," Nicholson recalled. "The response was: 'I am well, thank you, but really you have the advantage of me. What is your name?' When the identity of the young man was disclosed to him he felt somewhat annoyed and offered a polite apology, which he was assured was unnecessary" (Nicholson 1899, 22).

Sarah was much more involved with her children. Young Orson and Susan lived with his mother for more than a decade. After she sold her home in 1881 she occasionally lived with them as well as with her other children. After years of suffering with a rheumatic heart, Sarah died on 25 December 1889.

Ten years after Orson, Sr.'s death, his estate was distributed to "certain of the heirs of the deceased to the exclusion of others" ("Final Decree," 1891). Apparently Sarah Pratt's children, legal heirs, led by Orson Pratt, Jr., had claimed his entire estate (Block 111, Plat D). A countersuit, filed by children of Orson's polygamous marriages, however, resulted in a 1 June 1891 Utah Supreme Court decision which gave each of the surviving children 1/32 of the estate ("Final Decree").

By the turn of the century Orson, Jr.'s, health had begun to deteriorate. Evidently he, along with his brothers and sister, had inherited their mother's cardiovascular problems which resulted in relatively early deaths for all of them. Orson, Jr., lived longer than any of his siblings, dying on 6 December 1903 at the age of sixty-seven. His widow, Susan Lizette Snow Pratt, outlived her husband by twenty-four years. She died on 16 March 1927. Both are buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

Though Orson Pratt, Jr., embraced no other religion following his 1864 excommunication, he was hardly the demented, anguished man portrayed by Mormon novelist Maurine Whipple in her critically acclaimed *The Giant Joshua* (1941). Nor was Whipple's version of Susan's damning testimony and alienation from Orson accurate. Despite pressure and worsening relationships with family and friends, Susan Pratt neither testified against her husband nor withdrew her support from him. To the contrary, she joined with him in raising their children outside Mormonism. Retrospectively the family seems to have been a successful unit blessed with rich life experiences. Had Sarah Pratt's introduction to Nauvoo polygamy come under different circumstances, perhaps young Orson would have followed in his father's footsteps. But instead he chose a different pathway to an apparently worthwhile and fulfilling life.

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Prayer of a Novice Rebel

Kathie Rampton Rockwood

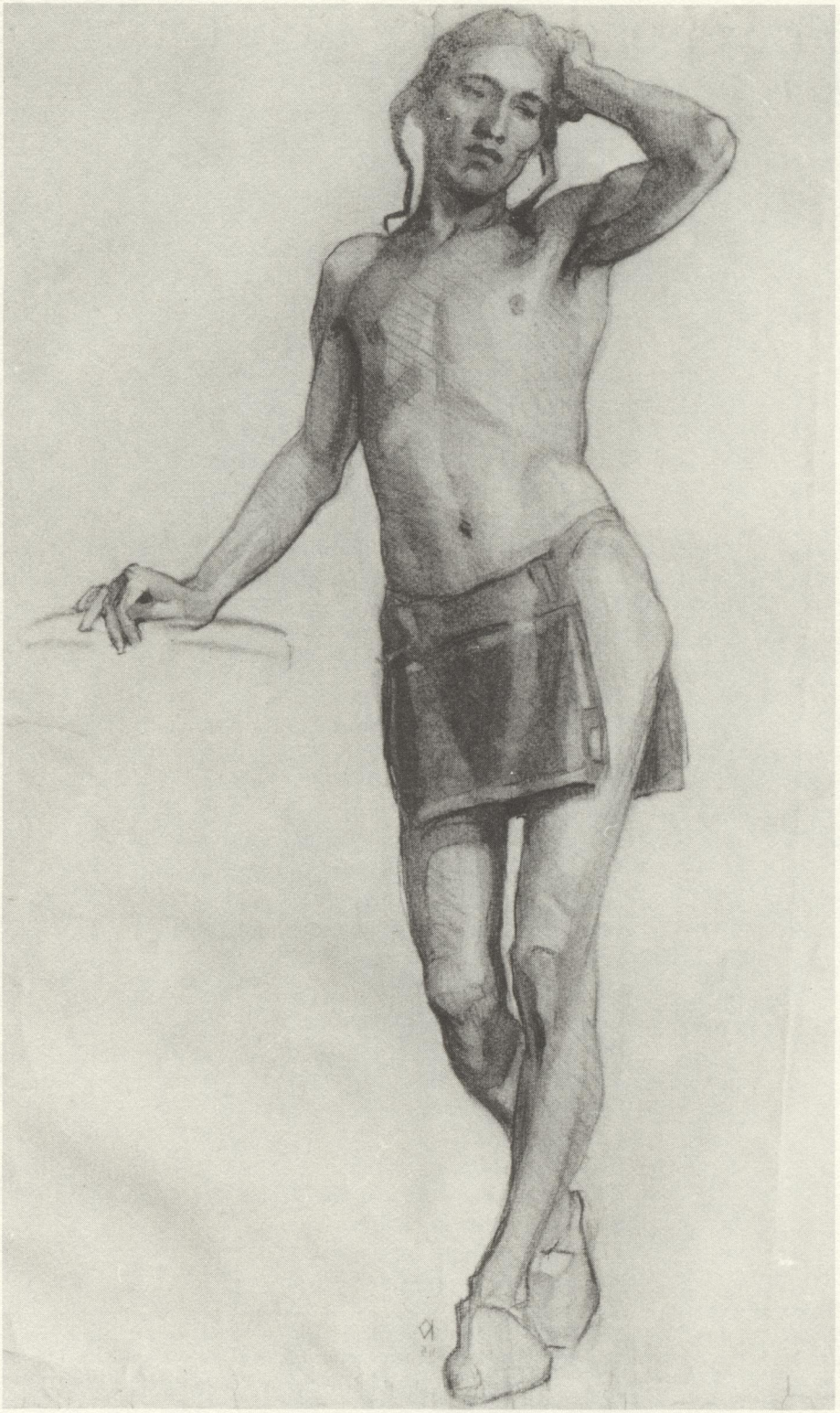
Don't try to drop little nuggets.
Please, Sir, I mean.
Or give me too much of a sign.
I don't want a sign now —
Not til aches and rocking chairs
Have swallowed my soaring soul
And lobotomized my passions.

Don't throw down a slice of eternity.
Such knowledge would limit my freedom,
And above all, now,
I must shed my limits,
Leave them limp and dangling
While I emerge free.
To feel.
To be.

Please, Sir, with all respect,
I don't want to think about you right now.
Please keep the miracles
And leave me to flounder
Guiltless.

I am led by a force I suspect you understand
(did you plant this perversity in me?)
Don't I echo your days of godly adolescence
Eons past,
Of unshackled life lust,
Erupting, that has no choice
But to run its course?
Please, Sir, still your fire finger,
Leash your legions.
I close my eyes.
I will not hear.
I can't bear knowing you might care
And even know my name.
If I really thought so,
Nothing would ever be the same.

KATHIE RAMPTON ROCKWOOD, mother of four, lives in Salt Lake City. She graduated from the University of Utah, attended language institutes at Yale University and the University of Vienna, and was employed as a flight attendant by Pan American Airways. She is currently working on a novel based on her experiences living abroad.



The Judiciary and the Common Law in Utah Territory, 1850–61

Michael W. Homer

In August 1851, David Adams, a physician residing in Wayne County, Illinois, wrote a letter to Brigham Young in which he expressed his dismay at the persecutions the Mormons had suffered in Missouri and Illinois and revealed his "serious thoughts of making Salt Lake City my future residence" to practice his profession. Prior to making a final decision, he asked Young a number of questions: how was title to property held in the territory, how fertile was the valley, how dangerous the Indians, how healthy the inhabitants, and were there other physicians in Utah? Among the most interesting questions, however, was whether the common law — that portion of unwritten English legal doctrine which had been received and modified in the United States before the American Revolution — had been adopted in the territory. Young responded to Adams, and both letters were published in the *Millennial Star* (14 [29 May 1852]: 212–16). He assured Adams that neither the "common law of England, nor any other general law of old countries" had been adopted, that those who attempted to "fasten their peculiar dogmas upon all succeeding generations," although "thought to be men of 'legal learning,' " were instead "profound ignoramuses," and that the United States would not "shine forth in her true colors" until they should "divest themselves of tradition and ignorance."

Although Mormons patterned their provisional government after the state governments with which they were acquainted, including executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government, Young's rejection of the common law was a radical departure from what had been done in other territorial governments. Most had adopted portions of the common law and laws of other states to fill initial gaps in their legal systems and assure continuity with American legal traditions (Bakken 1983, 22). However, many nineteenth-century Americans believed that the common-law power of judges needed to be checked

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MICHAEL W. HOMER is an attorney in Salt Lake City. *An earlier version of this article was presented in May 1986 to the Mormon History Association in Salt Lake City.*

through legislatures' codifying the laws (Horwitz 1977, 17–30). Without such a codification, they argued, reform-oriented judges could make decisions contrary to the public will, and lawyers, generally held in disrepute by the public, would be the only beneficiaries.

Like his contemporaries, Young saw the common law as a powerful foe in the Mormons' quest for self-government. Events in Missouri and Illinois had convinced him that the national legal system was corrupt and that they should maintain their own institutions of law and government. Despite abundant litigation before territorial status was achieved in 1850,[1] Brigham Young took the position that if "there [were] no traveler in our midst, we might soon forget the name of lawsuit" (*Millennial Star* 13 [15 Feb. 1851]: 50) and even claimed that "not a solitary case was reported for trial, before the regular sessions of either the county or supreme courts . . . during the past year" ("Territorial," 2 Dec. 1850). Clearly, Mormon opposition to judicial functioning in the territory was not an objection to the legal system as such but resulted from their fear that non-Mormons would control the courts and use the law as an instrument of persecution.

Thus, the Mormons were disappointed when they were given territorial status instead of statehood, which included the appointment of three men who served separately as trial judges and collectively as the Territorial Supreme Court to review their own decisions. Since Congress had endowed these judges with common-law jurisdiction, Mormons feared they would threaten LDS sovereignty and institutions by attempting to apply laws which had not been passed by the territorial legislature.

These fears were not groundless. The common law provided that marriage while having a living husband or wife was a felony, and the second marriage was void (Blackstone 1:423–24). Most states had reinforced common law with anti-bigamy statutes. Illinois, for instance, had enacted such measures in 1833 and 1845 (Illinois 1833, 198; 1839, 220; 1845, 173).

In February 1851, before the first judges arrived in August of that year and before the doctrine of plural marriage was officially announced in August 1852, Young had criticized "the gentile Christian nations & Legislatures" for their practice of making it almost "Death for a man to have two wives" while at the same time refusing to pass "any laws to do away with whoredoms" (Woodruff 4:11–12). It is therefore not surprising that the Mormons not only categorically rejected the common law, but also denounced, sometimes ruthlessly, the federal judges who tried to apply it in the territory.

Those first three federal appointees were two non-Mormons, Perry Brocchus and Lemuel Brandenberry, and one Mormon, Zerubbabel Snow. Within a month of their arrival, Brocchus and Brandenberry requested and received permission to address a gathering in the Tabernacle (Tullidge 1886, 86) where Brocchus enraged his audience by admonishing Mormon women to become virtuous and suggesting that the federal government could not redress the

[1] Brooks 2:364–97; Stansbury 1852, 130–31; Gunnison 1856, 56; CHC 3:451–52; Unruh 1979, 252–84.

wrongs committed by the gentiles in Illinois or Missouri (Woodruff 4:61–63). These remarks provoked Young, and he demanded that Brocchus return to the Tabernacle the following Sunday and apologize. Brocchus refused (Tullidge 1886, 86–87) and instead prepared to leave the territory with Brandenberry and the territorial secretary, Broughton D. Harris, who had in his possession $24,000 of territorial funds, as well as the seal and records of Utah. In order to prevent the removal of these funds, records, and seal, the legislature passed a resolution authorizing the United States Marshal to seize those items from Harris. Harris immediately petitioned the Supreme Court for an injunction to prevent the seizure. The court (comprised of Brocchus and Brandenberry — Snow refused to attend) granted the petition, and Harris retained custody of the items (CHC 3:533; Tullidge 1886, 92; *Congressional Globe* 25 [9 Jan. 1852]: 88–91). Within a week of this decision, the two judges, territorial secretary, and the Indian agent left Utah, taking with them the funds and records in dispute.

The experience with Brocchus and Brandenberry confirmed the Mormons' fears about the judiciary. On 4 October, the legislature attempted to neutralize future conflicts by enacting several measures that would assure Mormon control over the legal system. It divided the territory into three judicial districts and assigned Snow to preside over all three until President Fillmore appointed two more judges (Acts 1852, 37–38; Brooks 2:406). The following February and March, the legislature passed additional measures prohibiting lawyers from initiating legal process against clients for payment of fees, increasing the jurisdiction of the probate courts, allowing litigants to select any person to judge their case, or to refer the case to arbitrators or referees either chosen by the parties involved or selected by the court, allowing a person with no legal training or experience to prosecute or defend a case, requiring attorneys or other persons appearing before a court to present all of the facts of the case, and abolishing all technical forms of actions and pleadings (Acts 1852, 40, 43, 47, 55–56, 208–9).[2]

[2] Mormons from Nauvoo who practiced law in Utah Territory included Orson Hyde, George A. Smith, Zerubbabel Snow, George Stiles, Hosea Stout, and William Hickman. When someone jokingly threatened to report Hyde to the authorities in Salt Lake after he was admitted to the bar in Iowa in 1850, during the Winter Quarters period, Hyde replied: "I thought I would join the profession knowing it to be under divine censure, and raise it, if possible, to an elevation above the woe, and contribute to its numbers that we might be strong and respectable enough to plead successfully our own cause" (*Frontier Guardian* 2 [3 April 1850]: 2). On 19 October 1856, however, Young stated that because of Hyde's association with the legal profession, he should be "cut off from the Quorum of the Twelve and the Church" and that he was "no more fit than a dog to stand at the Head of the Twelve" (Woodruff 4:476–47). Young had earlier cursed Zerubbabel Snow and all lawyers before a congregation in the Tabernacle on 24 February 1856 and urged his people to "keep away from court houses" (JD 3:236–41). Later that same day he warned that all Mormons "that have no other business only to go to those courts should come and give up their license and be dismissed from their calling" (Woodruff 4:404). Heber C. Kimball condemned the "evil practices" of the legal profession on 24 February 1856 (JD 3:242). In December 1856, George Stiles was excommunicated while serving as a federal judge (JD 4:519–20). That same month in England, the *Millennial Star* exhorted members to "build schoolhouses instead of jails, and make our religion effective in dispensing with the use of courts and jurors,

Interestingly, these sweeping measures failed to even mention common law. Perhaps the legislature was confident that Snow could be relied upon to keep the legal system from becoming contaminated. In October 1851, the same month it had given Snow responsibility for all three judicial districts, Howard Egan, a Mormon convert, was indicted for the murder of his wife's seducer (Brooks 2:404, 407). Although such premeditated killing was clearly a crime under the common law, George A. Smith, who had had no legal training but who defended Egan, argued in November at trial that Egan's action was justified under Utah's "mountain common law" and that common law's usual light penalty for adultery could not be accepted in Utah. He also asserted that Congress could not pass laws to punish criminals except when authorized to do so by the Constitution and that the district courts, when acting as territorial courts, had to apply the terriorial laws enacted by the legislature rather than laws enacted by Congress or other states (JD 1:96–103; *Deseret News*, 15 Nov. 1851; Brooks 2:407–8).

Although Smith did not specifically mention it, a case earlier that year established a precedent for his "mountain common law" argument. In February 1851, the Supreme Court of the State of Deseret (Heber C. Kimball was the judge) met as a "court of inquiry" concerning Madison D. Hambleton, who had killed a man accused of committing adultery with Mrs. Hambleton. Brigham Young spoke on behalf of Hambleton, and Hosea Stout, who believed Hambleton was justified, was prosecutor. Hambleton was acquitted by the court "and also by the Voice of the people present" (Brooks 2:396), while Mrs. Hambleton was excommunicated for adultery by the local congregation (Madsen 1981, 108–9).

Snow rejected Smith's argument that a wronged husband could justifiably kill under mountain common law but appeared to agree that common law did not apply in Utah. He noted in his charge to the jury that the court was sitting as a United States court (rather than a territorial court) and that "the United States have no right to pass a law to punish criminals . . . when there is an existing State or Territorial jurisdiction." Therefore, if the jury found that "the crime" had been committed in the territory, "the defendant, for that reason, is entitled to a verdict of, not guilty" (JD 1:103). Fifteen minutes later, the jury found Egan innocent (Cannon 1983).

Subsequent to Egan's trial the Mormons continued to advocate their right to enforce their own laws even when they were contrary to the common law. In December, Judge Snow organized what was probably the first law school of the territory, where he instructed his scholars that they had "a right to make such laws as suited [their] own Convenience Notions and circumstances" and that such laws could be enacted "without any regard to the Common Law

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prisoners and prisons; have no lawyers, because there is no litigation . . ." (20 [10 Dec. 1858]: 232).

Yet, in the last years of his life, Young permitted and even encouraged the study of law, not because it was a noble profession, but to counteract those who distorted the truth through law (JD 14:82–86; 11:215).

of England or the laws which any of the states had adopted" (Woodruff 4:85–86; Brooks 2:410).

Later in March 1852, the Legislature passed a law defining homicide to punish actual or would-be rape by a male relative as "justifiable homicide" (Acts 1855, 203–5). This statute was part of the anti-attorney legislation already described.

Shortly after their departure from Utah, Brocchus and Brandenberry issued a report in Washington revealing that the Mormons practiced polygamy and challenging Mormons to argue the legality of plural marriage from a national forum (Stenhouse 1873, 280). A series of letters to the *New York Herald* in April 1852, signed by Jedediah M. Grant but possibly written by Thomas L. Kane, responded with many of the same arguments used by George A. Smith in the Egan trial (Stenhouse 1873, 278; Arrington 1974, 140, 149; Sessions 1982, 100, 264–65; CHC 3:528, n18). For example, these letters challenged Congress to either approve or rescind the "Act of our Territorial Legislature making Death the punishment of Adultery," warning that if "our Laws do not offer an *honorable* redress to the American citizen, he'll have it outside the law" (Sessions 1982, 351–68).

Because polygamy was practiced underground, the letters did not admit its presence in the territory but instead outlined its legal and religious justifications, then argued that the laws of foreign jurisdictions (including those of other states) could not be used to prohibit its practice unless the local population specifically adopted such laws (Sessions 1982, 319–68). On 1 August 1852, however, Brigham Young spoke of the violation of female virtue as a "vile" practice of heathen nations and stated "for argument's sake" that plural marriage was not illegal under the constitution of any state or the United States (JD 1:361; Waite 1866, 21). Orson Pratt, only twenty-eight days later, admitted and defended the Mormon system of plural marriage, mirroring Young's remarks by contrasting the corrupt and debased outside world, which recognized the common law and merely winked at adultery, to the territory of Utah, which was governed by the laws of God and meted out Old Testament punishment for moral transgressions (*Deseret News* 14 Sept. 1852; CHC 4:56). Nevertheless, the legislature never legalized plural marriage by statute, as it had "legalized" the killing of seducers, since such an act would only invite Congress to exercise its power to strike down territorial enactments with which it disagreed.

Into this hostile and defiant environment, which was solidified by Mormon control of all three branches of government, came the next federal judge, Leonidas Shaver, in October 1852, followed by Chief Justice Lazarus Reed in June 1853 — nearly two years after Brocchus and Brandenberry had left the territory. During this period, Mormon litigants took their disputes to the ecclesiastical courts, the probate courts, or to Judge Snow.

The arrival of additional non-Mormon officials touched off more uncertainties about the judicial system. In his annual message to the legislature on 2 December 1853, Brigham Young urged the legislature to prohibit all judges from using common law precedent: "String a Judge, or Justice, of the legal

mists and fogs which surround him in this day and age, leave him no nook, or corner of precedent, or common law ambiguous enactments . . . and it is my opinion, that unrighteous decisions would seldom be given" ("Annual Messages," 2 Dec. 1853, 38–39).

On 14 January 1854, the legislature obediently passed a measure, unprecedented elsewhere in the United States, which provided that "no laws nor parts of laws shall be read, argued, cited, or adopted in any court . . . except those enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly" (Acts 1855, 260–61). Thus the Mormons hoped to finally establish by statute their long-argued position that the common law, both criminal and civil, did not apply in Utah and that the judiciary could not apply common-law precepts. In so doing, they arguably overrode the provision of the Organic Act, by which Congress created Utah Territory, providing that the Supreme Court and district courts of the territory "shall posses[s] chancery as well as common law jurisdiction" (*Statutes* 9:453). The First Presidency urged the Saints to carry on all of their activities "without any contaminating influence of Gentile Amalgamation, laws and traditions," and argued that the only laws applicable in the territory were the laws of the United States, which did not prohibit the practice of plural marriage, and the laws enacted by the territorial legislature — not the common law or laws enacted in any of the thirty-one states. They also stated that "law is, or should be neither more nor less than rule of action founded in justice for the proper regulation of the human family in their social intercourse, and written with the utmost plainness." They contrasted this "law" with the common law, which was characterized as a "labyrinth of abominations" which "should be struck out of existence" (*Deseret News*, 21 Sept. 1854, 4).

Given this type of rhetoric and the legislature's stance, it was obvious that the Mormon hierarchy would resist all attempts by gentile judges to use common law. Thus, Mormons were furious when a new chief justice, John Fitch Kinney, held in February 1855 that the legislature had violated the Organic Act when it forbade the use of the common law (Brooks 2:550).[3] In so doing, Kinney was simply demonstrating that he could recognize a legal contradiction when he saw one, but there is no reason to suppose that he had malicious motives. On the contrary, Kinney had enjoyed good relations with the Mor-

[3] When the supreme court convened in Salt Lake City on January 1855, it was its first regular session, even though the territory had been organized for more than four years. Previously, the court's high rate of turnover had prevented its meeting. Although the Organic Act provided for annual court sessions, the judges evidently had only met once in September 1851 when Justices Brocchus and Brandenberry upheld the territorial secretary's refusal to deliver records and funds to the legislature. After their departure, a full bench did not return to Utah until June 1853, and the court did not meet in 1852 or 1853 (although the legislature provided for Justices Shaver and Snow to hold district court together (Acts, 1853, 92). Even after the arrival of Chief Justice Reed and Justice Shaver, the supreme court was not convened in 1854, perhaps due to a lack of court business (see Brooks 2:531). In January and February 1855, after Reed and Snow were replaced by Kinney and Stiles, the court met for two weeks and adopted rules, admitted lawyers to practice (including Hosea Stout and Orson Pratt [Brooks 2:550]), heard three cases on appeal (Brooks 2:551), and held that the common law was in force in the territory.

mons as a lawyer in Lee County, Iowa, and later as an Iowa Supreme Court Justice. He attempted to build on this relationship after his arrival in Utah (Homer 1986–87). In December 1854, he had been among federal appointees who had petitioned President Pierce to reappoint Brigham Young as governor (JH, 30 Dec. 1854). The following month, Kinney congratulated the territorial legislature for its desire to rule by love rather than law and its "wise policy of few and simple laws" (*Millennial Star* 17 [19 May 1855]: 307). The legislature had reciprocated by assigning him to the Salt Lake judicial district in January 1855, following the expiration of Judge Shaver's term (Acts 1855, 398).

Aware that Kinney's decision had implications for Mormon sovereignty and perhaps even the doctrine of plural marriage, Brigham Young argued in a speech at the Tabernacle that Congress had given the legislature the "privilege of excluding the common law at pleasure" (Bullock, 18 Feb. 1855). A few weeks later at an afternoon council meeting he stated that Kinney had no legal basis for deciding that the common law was the law of the territory and would have "to take that back" (Bullock, 11 March 1855). Heber C. Kimball was even more strident when he said that the only reason the federal judges wanted to apply the common law in the territory was because "they want all hell here" (Bullock, 25 Feb. 1855).

Kinney claimed in a letter to United States Attorney General Caleb Cushing that his decision had "brought back all the Vengeance of Brigham Young and his deluded followers" only because "the avowed doctrine of the 'great apostle' is that the authority of the priesthood is and shall be the law of the land" (Records, Kinney to Cushing, 1 March 1855). It is clear that the disagreement over the proper application of the common law was part of the already escalating power struggle between the three branches of government.

Shortly before Kinney's decision, President Franklin Pierce told the Mormons he intended to replace Governor Young with Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, who had arrived in Utah in the fall of 1854 with 175 troops under his command. When Steptoe declined the appointment, the Mormons suspected that Kinney coveted the position.[4]

A number of decisions subsequent to Kinney's reinforced the legitimacy of the common law in the territory. In November 1855, W. W. Drummond, who was Judge Shaver's replacement and had arrived in Utah in the summer of 1855, decided that the legislature's expanded jurisdiction for the probate

[4] On 1 April 1855, Kinney wrote to Cushing that he supported Steptoe but that if Steptoe declined "and the President is of the opinion that I can be useful in that capacity, I will accept if appointed" (Records, under date). Thus, when Kinney informed Young in May that he intended to travel to Washington to attend to official duties, Young reported the rumor to Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich that Kinney would "try if possible to obtain the Governorship" (Letterbook 2:181). Heber C. Kimball was blunter in a letter to his son William. He wrote, "As Colonel Steptoe would not accept of the governorship, he [Kinney] is going for it. He has not told us so, but we smell rum. He, Kinney, is a damned hypocrite and a damned rascal, all he brought with him" (JH, 29 May 1855). Hosea Stout also speculated that Kinney's "business evidently is to try to have Governor Young removed and Judge appointed in his place" (Brooks 2:556). Kinney was not appointed governor but neither was anyone else. Young continued in that position by default.

courts was illegal (Brooks 2:565). That same month Kinney ruled that district courts could inquire into whether there were violations of territorial criminal law (*People v. Green*, 1 Utah 11, 1856). In January 1856, Drummond wrote an opinion for the Supreme Court which held that federal grand juries had to be constituted as required under the common law and that "no act of the Utah Legislature can take away that law or that power. It is fixed by the Organic Law of the territory and is as binding . . . as the constitution of any of the States of this Union" (*People v. Green*, 1 Utah 11, 1856).

A test of probate court authority occurred in January 1856 when Drummond was placed under house arrest by order of a probate judge and released by Kinney's order (Brooks 2:583–84; Woodruff 4:383). Within a few weeks, the legislature removed Kinney from the Salt Lake judicial district and assigned him to remote Carson Valley, later part of Nevada (Brooks 2:589). Young simultaneously reasserted the appropriateness of legislation to control the Supreme Court, reminded the judges that they were appointed not "as kings or monarchs but as servants of the people" and claimed to know "the meaning the marrow and the pith of the laws and the very principle upon which they are built much better than the Judges do," while judges who said "our laws are not right & we should not be governed by them" were like foxes sent to guard the chicken coop (Woodruff 4:392–93).

Kinney complained to the attorney general that this new assignment was "an insult to me and my family personally" — retaliation for his decision that the common law was applicable in the territory (Records, Kinney to Black, n.d.). Both Kinney and Drummond left the territory in April and May 1856 complaining to the president that Mormons refused to submit to civil authority. These complaints helped convince President James Buchanan to replace Young and send an army to Utah in the fall of 1857. (Kinney had not published his complaints and, in 1860, was welcomed back to Utah as chief justice [*Deseret News*, 28 Nov. 1860, p. 305]).

The climate in Utah remained hostile. In December 1856, unidentified individuals broke into the library of George P. Stiles, the only judge remaining on the federal bench, and dumped his law books into a privy (Brooks 2:611, 613–14).

In April of the following year Stiles left the territory, leaving the federal bench vacant. On 21 June 1857, Brigham Young reaffirmed the right of the Mormons to "govern their own institutions" (Woodruff 5:60–61). In July, when the Mormons learned that Buchanan's army was en route to install new judges and a new governor, Brigham Young denounced the Organic Act as unconstitutional because "officers are . . . forced upon a free people, contrary to their known and expressed wishes," and contrary to "the principle that the governed shall enjoy the right to elect their own officers, and be guided by the laws of their own consent" (Tullidge 1877, 271–74). The legislature, in response, passed a resolution of resistance to attempts to undermine territorial laws "or to impose upon us those which are inapplicable, and of right not in force in this territory" (Tullidge 1877, 280).

Prior to the arrival of the new officials — Governor Alfred Cumming and Judges Delana R. Eccles, C. E. Sinclair and John Cradlebaugh — in June

1858, the Mormons had effectively neutralized the power of the judiciary because they controlled the legislature, had one position on the territorial Supreme Court, and the governorship. Johnston's army returned control of the executive and judicial branches to gentiles. Furthermore, the 2,500 non-Mormon soldiers provided the gentile officials with a consistency they had not enjoyed since the 1855 departure of Steptoe's soldiers. The *Valley Tan*, published at Camp Floyd as the first gentile newspaper in the territory, criticized the Mormon stranglehold on territorial politics and discussed the propriety of congressional intervention in the territories.

While the Utah Expedition was still at Camp Scott, during the winter of 1857–58, Judge Eccles formally convened a district court, empaneled a grand jury to indict Mormons for treason, and suggested, for the first time, that the jury could also return indictments against the Mormons for polygamy under the Mexican common law and standards of Christianity (Furniss 1960, 167; CHC 4:357–9; "Utah Expedition," 481–2). Eccles was unsuccessful in obtaining indictments. Soon thereafter, the army entered Salt Lake valley and President Buchanan issued a proclamation which pardoned the Mormons for treason.

In August 1858, two months after his arrival, Eccles asked Hosea Stout, perhaps in his capacity as a pro tem United States attorney, to investigate a rumor that a Mormon had been castrated for committing adultery. Such punishment would have been consistent with the Old Testament punishment and inconsistent with the common law (Brooks 2:663). Stout makes no mention of either initiating or completing such an investigation. Eccles also supported the publication of the *Valley Tan*, which featured, in its first issue, an argument for applying the common law to prosecute polygamy (reprinted from the *National Intelligencer*) which claimed that plural marriage could not "be legalized in the common domain, because [it was] repugnant to the common law of the States" (*Valley Tan*, 6 Nov. 1858, pp. 1–2).

Sinclair, taking his lead from Eccles and the *Valley Tan*, also attempted to challenge the legality of polygamy in his district court by relying on the common law. On 22 November 1858, Sinclair asked a grand jury to determine whether "polygamy does prevail in this Territory" and to report to him its finding. He termed the practice "an offence against the laws of every State and Territory in the Union, Utah only excepted" and that regardless of "whether the civil or the common law furnishes the basis upon which the status of this Territory have been erected" he could, as a judge, "call the attention of grand juries to, and direct the investigation of matters of general public import which, from the nature and observation in the entire community, justify such intervention," and on such occasions, the object of such inquiry was "the suppression of general and public evils . . ." (*Valley Tan*, 26 Nov. 1858, pp. 2–3; Brooks 2:668–69; Bancroft 1889, 539–40; Tullidge 1886, 226–27). Sinclair also expressed his intention to subpoena Brigham Young to appear on charges of treason and to testify concerning polygamy (Woodruff 5:240, 244–49).

Even the non-Mormon federal officials recognized the impropriety of Sinclair's attempt to undermine Mormon influence. The United States attorney

in Utah, a non-Mormon, told the grand jury that "Sinclair was entirely out of order in this charge to the Jury" (Woodruff 5:243–44) and that "they had to observe and respect the Presidents pardon as well as the proclamation of the Gov Cummings" (Brooks 2:670). The governor also criticized the judges and refused to sign a writ for the apprehension of Brigham Young for charges already pardoned by the president (Tullidge 1886, 228). Woodruff expressed the Mormon position: It was "a Historical fact that treason did exhist in this Territory," but "it is equally a Historical fact that all treason which existed in this Territory was pardoned by James Buchanan" (5:247).

Brigham Young's apparent ability to influence the legal system, even out of office, by virtue of his ecclesiastical authority and the territorial legislature's subsequent refusal to pay Sinclair's court expenses, fortified the judges' belief that the Mormons were trying to "throw obloquy upon the character of law courts and drive people into their ecclesiastical courts for the adjustment of all grievances" (*Valley Tan*, 24 Dec. 1858, p. 3). Sinclair accused the Mormon legislature of "tramiling the District Court for the purpose of preventing the punishment of crimes . . . and declared that he was now ready to do anything he could against both the church and people" (Brooks 2:688–89). Thus, when Judge Cradlebaugh held the first session of his court in Provo in March 1859, he arrived from Camp Floyd with a military escort and promptly empaneled a grand jury to file indictments against participants in the Mountain Meadows massacre (Bancroft 1889, 559). The Mormons complained that the soldiers were intended to intimidate the grand jurors. Cradlebaugh claimed they were necessary for his personal protection. The jurors refused to indict anyone, and Cradlebaugh bitterly attacked the Mormon probate courts and accused the territory's attorney general of usurping the authority of the U.S. Attorney (Brooks 2:689, 691–92; Woodruff 5:306, 312–13).

Later in March, Cradlebaugh arrested the mayor of Provo on the charge of murder and planned with the other judges how to arrest Brigham Young for treason and polygamy (Woodruff 5:311; Tullidge 1886, 228; Bancroft 1889, 573). He also threatened to arrest Cumming for refusing to authorize military escorts to court proceedings (Woodruff 5:311).

In May 1859 the U.S. attorney general rebuked Cradlebaugh and other judges for intimidating the Mormons with troops (Tullidge 1886, 228; Bancroft 1889, 573). Even more significant was Cumming's refusal to support their request to arrest or charge Brigham Young because of Buchanan's general amnesty. This fourth batch of justices was replaced after three years in office when Abraham Lincoln replaced Buchanan in 1861. By then, it was apparent that judicial attempts to apply common law and force compliance with "gentile standards" of morality had basically failed. It was still virtually impossible to convict Mormons for committing acts contrary to the common law. As long as Congress failed to prohibit polygamy and the Mormons remained the fact finders at trial, the balance of power in the territory remained in favor of the Mormons even though they had been excluded from two of the three branches of government and the judges had stripped the probate courts of criminal jurisdiction (Woodruff 5:345–46; Brooks 2:699).

The popular explanation for the well-documented rift between the Mormon hierarchy and gentile judiciary in Utah Territory during the 1850s is that the officials were unsavory, immoral, incompetent, and incapable of performing their judicial functions with dignity. This explanation ignores both the power struggle between the judges and the Mormon leadership over the right to govern the territory and the applicability of the common law, and the national debate on common law in the federal courts and the federal right to regulate domestic institutions in the territories. If, on occasion, it was easier for the Mormons to accuse the judges of promiscuity, drinking, and incompetence and for the judges to accuse the Mormons of treason and lechery, both parties recognized that their underlying quarrel was the deadly serious struggle over who should govern the territory and whether the Mormons could practice plural marriage.

Eventually, the contest would be decided in favor of the federal government. Congress specifically prohibited bigamy in 1862 and polygamy with other bills in the 1880s, enforcing the decrees with the courts and federal marshals and attacking directly the Church's political, financial, and social authority. Monuments in the battle over the common law strewed the battlefield. *Murphy v. Carter*, 1 Utah 17 in 1868, *In the Matter Catherine Wiseman*, the next year, and *Godebe v. Salt Lake City*, 1 Utah 68 in 1870 were a series of territorial Supreme Court decisions affirming the common law. In 1873, the court held, despite Mormon pronouncements to the contrary, that the common law had been "tacitly agreed upon" by the people of the territory (*First National Bank of Utah v. Kinner*, 1 Utah 100) and confirmed that it was "to be resorted to as furnishing . . . the measure of personal rights and the rule of judicial opinion" in 1875 (*Thomas v. Union Pacific Railroad Co.*, 1 Utah 232).

Only after Mormons were barred from juries in the 1870s and the federal government bestowed unprecedented powers on its officials in the 1880s did convictions come for plural marriage. After polygamy was abandoned, for all practical purposes, in 1890, the Mormons were finally granted their forty-year dream of self-government and statehood and the legislature agreed that the common law "shall be the rule of decision in all courts of this state." [5]

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[5] *Utah Code Ann.* Sect. 68–3–1 (1978). The common law has since remained the law of Utah, except for the common law of crimes, abolished by the Utah Legislature in 1973 (*Utah Code Ann.* Sect. 76–1–105, 1978).

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The Prosecutions Begin: Defining Cohabitation in 1885

Ken Driggs

THE PROSECUTION OF GEORGE REYNOLDS in the mid-1870s and the United States Supreme Court's 1879 affirmation of that conviction are usually viewed as the key legal events leading to mass prosecution of Mormon polygamists in the late 1880s. While *Reynolds v. the United States* (1879) seemed to dispose of the crucial first amendment defense relied upon by the Mormons, it did not lead to the prosecutions. Rather, they were triggered by the passage of the Edmunds Act in 1882 as well as a major Supreme Court decision in 1885 over the cohabitation prosecution of Salt Lake Stake President Angus M. Cannon.

When Reynolds was first prosecuted in 1875 there was no crime of cohabitation on the federal statute books. Only polygamy was a crime and could not be prosecuted without proof of a marriage ceremony, evidence almost impossible for prosecutors to secure. Enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws in Utah was a "dead letter."

At least until 1885 and the Angus Cannon prosecution. When Brigham Young and Orson Pratt delivered the first public sermons on polygamy in August 1852 (Arrington 1985, 226; Van Wagoner 1986, 84), they were making public a principle revealed to Joseph Smith, Jr., in 1843 (D&C 132) but practiced with the greatest secrecy (Van Wagoner 1986, 1–69; Foster 1974). The sermons set in motion events that resulted in forty years of confrontation with the federal government and would threaten the Church's very existence.

In spite of later national outrage, it was apparently not a crime in the early Utah Territory for a man to marry more than one woman at a time. The

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KEN DRIGGS is associate director of admissions and assistant to the dean of the Mercer University School of Law in Macon, Georgia, where he graduated in 1980. *He wishes to extend special thanks for generous assistance in the preparation of this article to Linda King Newell, the staff of the LDS Church Historical Department (especially Steve Sorensen, supervisor of Archives Research), and to the constant help of the Mercer Law Library staff, in particular Assistant Director Patricia O'Neal. Legal citations in this article conform to the* Chicago Manual of Style.

Mormon-dominated legislatures of the initial State of Deseret and its post-1850 successor, Utah Territory, protected the practice. Because Utah was a territory and not a state, Congress had absolute power to govern, regulate, and even dictate the affairs of the area and its citizens.

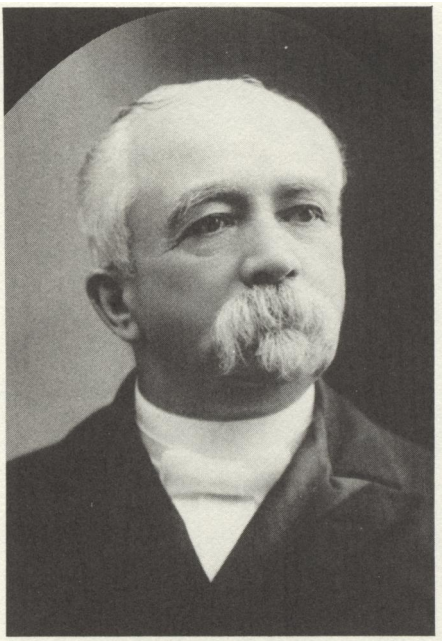
On 1 July 1862, Congress entered the picture by enacting the Morrill Anti-Bigamy Act, named after Congressman Justin Morrill (Van Wagoner 1986, 107; the Morrill Anti-Bigamy Act, Ch. 126, 12 Stat. 501, hereinafter the Morrill Act). Bigamy, defined as having one undivorced spouse living and marrying another, was to be punished by a maximum five-year prison sentence and a fine of $500, making it an apparent felony (Sec. 1). In addition, sections 2 and 3 of the act annulled articles of incorporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as passed by the legislature of the State of Deseret. Thereafter, the Church could not legally hold more than $50,000 worth of property, with the excess subject to seizure by the federal government.

Enforcement of this act was spotty to nonexistent, probably because the Civil War and Reconstruction preoccupied federal authorities and because of local gentile political infighting (Goodwin 1913, 42–47).

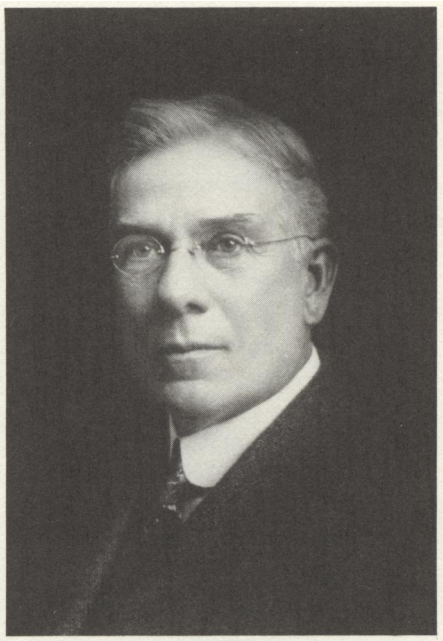
In 1874 Congress tried again with the Poland Act (Ch. 469, 18 Stat. Part 3 253). This act organized a more effective enforcement mechanism in the territory through the offices of the United States Attorney and the United States Marshal (Sec. 12). It severely limited the jurisdiction of the Mormon-dominated probate courts and required that polygamy prosecutions, as well as all other criminal matters, be heard in federal territorial district courts (Sec. 3). The Territorial Supreme Court was empowered to appoint "commissioners," or magistrates, to assist them (Sec. 4). We should keep in mind that members of the Territorial Supreme Court were federal officers, appointed by the president and confirmed by the United States Senate (An Act to Establish the Territorial Government of Utah, Ch. 51, 9 Stat. 453, 456, Sec. 11 [1850]).

The following year, George Reynolds, polygamous secretary to Brigham Young, was handpicked by Church leaders as the first to test the new statute (Van Wagoner 1986, 110–11; Jensen 1:208–9). Reynolds was convicted in 1875, but the decision was reversed on appeal because of a defect in the grand jury process unrelated to polygamy (*United States v. Reynolds.* All court cases are listed in the bibliography under "Mormon Polygamy Cases."). The second trial (1876) again resulted in a conviction, this time affirmed by the Territorial Supreme Court.

The subsequent appeal to the United States Supreme Court, *Reynolds v. United States* (1879), resulted in the landmark freedom of religion ruling which held that Americans had the right to any religious *beliefs* they wished, but that Congress had broad powers to limit the *practice* of those beliefs. Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite wrote for the majority: "Can a man excuse his practices to the contrary [in violation of law] because of his religious belief? To permit this would be to make the professed doctrines of religious belief superior to the law of the land, and in effect to permit every citizen to become a law unto himself. Government could exist only in name under such circumstances" (pp. 166–67; see also Lee 1985 and Clayton 1979).



ANGUS MUNN CANNON



FRANKLIN S. RICHARDS

Photos courtesy of LDS Archives, Salt Lake City

Thus, polygamy was not protected by the First Amendment to the United States Constitution, and Mormons were in for many years of trouble. The court battles became so protracted, in fact, that the United States Supreme Court ruled on at least eighteen Mormon polygamy cases between 1879 and 1891. (See case list in bibliography.)

But even the 1879 *Reynolds* decision did not bring about enforcement of the existing anti-polygamy laws. President Hayes viewed this gap between law and practice as the result of "peculiar difficulties attending its enforcement," calling the law "a dead letter in the Territory of Utah." He was an advocate of withholding "the rights and privileges of citizenship in the territories of the United States" as a prosecutorial club, and he opposed Utah statehood until the issue was resolved (Richardson 9:4512).

The following year, 1880, President Hayes urged a kind of citizenship death penalty on the Mormons in an effort to completely purge the courts and government of the territory of them. The president urged these draconian measures because:

> The Mormon sectarian organization which upholds polygamy has the whole power of making and executing the local legislation of the territory. By its control of the grand and petit juries it possesses large influence over the administration of justice. Exercising, as the heads of this sect do, the local political power of the territory, they are able to make effective their hostility to the law of Congress on the subject of polygamy, and, in fact, to prevent its enforcement. Polygamy will not be abolished if the enforcement of the law depends on those who practice and uphold the crime. It

can only be suppressed by taking away the political power of the sect which encourages and sustains it (Richardson 10:4558).

On 4 March 1881, President Arthur A. Garfield in his inaugural address said, "The Mormon Church not only offends the moral sense of manhood by sanctioning polygamy, but prevents the administration of justice through ordinary instrumentalities of law" (Richardson 10:4601).

After Garfield's assassination, his successor, Chester A. Arthur, proclaimed polygamy "this odious crime, so revolting to the moral and religious sense of Christendom" and urged statutory repeal of the traditional spousal privilege in polygamy cases, as well as strict new laws requiring the public registration of all marriage ceremonies (Richardson 10:4644). The president's recommendation on spousal privilege sought to plug a gap in the law created by the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Miles v. United States* (1880), one of the few appeals won by the Mormons.

In 1882 Congress addressed all these presidential and judicial admonitions in the Edmunds Act (Ch. 47, 22 Stat. 30). It closed all the remaining loopholes and spelled eventual doom for Mormon polygamy.

The bill was first introduced as a report from the Senate Judiciary Committee, named after George F. Edmunds of Vermont (CHC 6:42). Section 1 again declared polygamy to be a felony carrying a maximum sentence of five years in prison and a $500 fine. Existing law would have required the marriage to have been entered into after the 22 March 1882 effective date of the legislation.

Section 3 gave prosecutors the additional option of a misdemeanor charge of cohabitation with a maximum six-month jail sentence and $300 fine. Jurors who were polygamous or sympathetic to the practice were excluded from sitting on these cases, effectively removing Mormons from any part in deliberations (Sec. 5). Polygamists were declared ineligible to vote or hold office (Sec. 8). In one sweeping provision, Mormons were purged from all levels of government and the courts as Congress declared all elected or appointed offices vacant and annulled all existing voter registration (Sec. 9). The president of the United States was awarded broad authority to make deals for amnesty with any Mormons prepared to break from the Church (Sec. 6).

In enacting this sweeping prosecutorial weapon for use against the Mormons, Congress apparently gave little thought to defining the newly created crime of cohabitation beyond stating that it could only be committed by males. Unlike felonious polygamy, no definition of cohabitation was written into the statute. The critical Section 3, in its entirety, read: "That if any male person, in a territory or other place over which the United States have exclusive jurisdiction, hereafter cohabits with more than one woman, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, on conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not more than three hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than six months, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court." The earlier Poland Law stipulated that prosecutions under the Edmunds Act would take place in the relatively hostile federal territorial district courts. On 22 March 1882, President Arthur signed the Edmunds Act into law.

While this ferment was brewing, Angus Munn Cannon was living a life that would mark him as one of the most faithful of Mormons. It would also make him an inviting target for these newly armed federal prosecutors.

Cannon was born in Liverpool, England, in 1834, the fourth child of George and Ann Quayle Cannon. His parents later joined the Church, moved to the United States, and settled in Nauvoo where Angus was orphaned as a boy. He, a younger brother, and a sister moved in with a recently married older sister. As a youngster he apparently knew the Prophet Joseph Smith and attended school with the Smith children.

At age twenty, while living in Utah, he was called to serve in the Eastern States Mission. There he labored with the likes of Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor. During his mission he was offered an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, the first young man from Utah given such an opportunity, but he declined, preferring to continue his mission. In 1861 he was called, along with his young polygamous families, on a "Cotton Mission" to the St. George, Utah, area where he quickly established himself as a leading citizen. Throughout his life, he served in several public positions, including prosecuting attorney for Washington County, Salt Lake County Recorder, and business agent for the *Deseret Evening News.* His brother, George Q. Cannon, was a member of the First Presidency of the Church (Evans and Cannon 1967, 189–216; Jensen 1:292–95).

On 6 April 1876, Cannon was called by President Brigham Young to serve as president of the Salt Lake Stake at a time when it included Salt Lake, Tooele, Davis, Morgan, Summit, and Wasatch counties. He held this position for twenty-eight years (Evans and Cannon 1967, 212–13). Thus, by the mid-1880s Cannon was at the top of the second echelon of Mormon leaders.

Like many Mormons, Cannon was not anxious to embrace polygamy when it was first suggested to him. His reminiscences of a 12 October 1905 evening in Salt Lake City with his boyhood friend Joseph Smith III, son of the martyred Prophet, show what a struggle his conversion to it was. Smith was president of the Reorganized Church at the time and was on one of his many missionary swings through the land of the "Brighamites." Cannon had not seen Smith since he was ten and young Joseph was twelve in Nauvoo. However, a friend had pointed Smith out to him at an earlier Conference meeting (Turner 1985, 450–56; Cannon 1905, 1–26). Cannon's reminiscences describe his own conversion to the plural marriage system and his efforts to convince the RLDS leader that polygamy was a doctrine initiated by his father, the Prophet.

Cannon recalled that as a young man, an older sister of his had been courted by an unnamed elder who was already married. Furious, he confronted the elder, determined to defend her honor. The elder assured him that the principle of plural marriage was a doctrine of the Church and that his proposal was in no way immoral.

Cannon recounted how he discussed these events with his aunt Leonora Cannon Taylor, the wife of Apostle John Taylor, who disclosed to Cannon her knowledge of and belief in polygamy. In September 1852, Cannon said he attended a Church meeting where he heard Church official William Clayton

read a revelation on the subject. Shortly thereafter he withdrew his objections to his sister's married suitor, though he remained troubled by the doctrine (1905, 5–7).

As he came to accept the principle, he decided that it would be best to enter into it only when he found two women he could love who were willing to marry in such a relationship at the same time. On 18 July 1858, Cannon did just that, marrying two sisters named Sarah Maria and Ann Amanda Mousley within an hour of each other. He recalled that his was "the first plural marriage solemnized in the territory after the arrival of Johnson's army" (Cannon 1905, 8–9).

In 1875 he took the widowed Clarissa Moses Mason as his third wife. Then, in October 1884, Dr. Martha Hughes, chief surgeon and resident physician at Deseret Hospital where Cannon served as president of the board, became his fourth wife. Finally in 1886, after his later cohabitation prosecution, he married Johanna Cristina Danielson and Maria Bennion. The six wives bore sixteen children by him (Evans and Cannon 1967, 220–36).

Yet, even with this headlong plunge into polygamous life, Cannon apparently held secret doubts. In his reminiscences he said these doubts were resolved when he was called as a witness in the 1884 polygamy trial of Mormon folk hero and later Apostle Rudger Clawson. As he claims to have explained to Joseph Smith III:

> I was confused when I took the stand for only one minute, when a heavenly influence came over me and filled me with joy that was inexpressible. The same feeling came over me that I experienced at the time I received an answer to my prayer in testimony of your father [Joseph Smith, Jr.] being a Prophet of God, and I answered every question propounded to me not of myself. I occupied an eminence in my feelings and looked upon the Judge [Charles Zane], the members of the court, and the Jury and the assembly that filled the room, with composure and the greatest satisfaction. When I returned to Judge [Elias] Smith and my brother [George Q. Cannon], I said "Brethren, I have felt the power of God accompany me in preaching the Gospel, but I never felt His power in a more marked degree in my life than I have done today on the witness stand in that court." Now I know what the Lord said to his disciples to be true, wherein he said, "when they arraign you before judges and rules (sic), take no thought what you shall say, for in the hour thereof it shall be given unto you" (1905, 9–10).

Cannon surely realized that he might become a victim of federal prosecutors as the fall of 1884 brought the highly publicized show trials of Mormon leaders LeGrand Young and Clawson. Those fears were proven correct shortly after the new year.

The *Deseret News* reported on 20 January 1885 that a warrant for Cannon's arrest on the misdemeanor cohabitation charge had been served and that he was in custody. At the same time, deputy United States marshals had appeared with arrest warrants at the offices of future apostle and *Deseret News* editor Charles Penrose, but he was not there.

A few days later the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported that the government had abandoned the more serious polygamy charge and was proceeding under the misdemeanor cohabitation charge only ("Prosecution," 1885).

A grand jury indictment for the misdemeanor crime of cohabitation came down on 7 February 1885, and on the 13th Cannon entered a not guilty plea (*Cannon v. United States*, 1885, 1). A jury trial was set before federal territorial Judge Zane for the following April. The case was to be prosecuted by United States Attorney William H. Dickson.

When Angus Cannon saw himself becoming the object of the fondest desires of federal prosecutors, he turned to Franklin Snyder Richards for legal counsel. The choice was a wise and obvious one.

Born on 20 June 1849, in Salt Lake City, Richards, son of Apostle Franklin D. Richards, had been a committed Mormon all his life and was educated in the best Utah schools. In 1868 he married Emily S. Tanner, the only wife he would ever have. Shortly after their marriage, the couple moved to Ogden. He was appointed clerk of the probate and county courts and later elected county recorder as well. His work there was so outstanding that he came to the attention of Brigham Young, who urged him to study law. Richards was admitted to the territorial bar on 16 June 1874 (Jensen 4:55–56). He was one of sixty-eight lawyers admitted to practice before the territorial courts in 1875, the only one residing in Ogden ("List of Attorneys Who Are at Present Residing in Utah, And Submitted to the Supreme Court," 1 Ut. 377–78).

Richards interrupted his law practice in 1877 to serve a mission in Great Britain (Jensen 4:56–57), but when Brigham Young died on 29 August 1877 in Salt Lake City, Richards returned to represent the Church in extended court battles over the considerable Young estate (See *Young v. Cannon*, 1880, an appellate decision where Richards was not attorney of record). By 1880 he was retained as general attorney for the Church. That same year he was dispatched to Washington, D.C., to resist Congressional efforts to repeal women's suffrage in Utah Territory. (Richards and his wife, Emily, remained steady supporters of women's suffrage, especially during his service in 1895 as a member of the State Constitutional Convention immediately prior to Utah's admission to the Union in 1896).

In 1881 Richards was admitted to the bar in California, where the Church had considerable interests, and became a fixture in the territorial courts defending the interests of Mormons. In 1882 the Church-sponsored People's Party nominated him to replace George Q. Cannon as Utah's delegate to Congress, but he declined. In 1890 he became chairman of the People's Party to preside over its dismantling. During the bitter Reed Smoot hearings of 1903–8 he represented President Joseph F. Smith through the course of his testimony. Also among his clients was Lorenzo Snow, probably the most prosecuted of all Mormon polygamists.

By faith, experience, and background, Richards was the obvious man to represent Cannon as he entered the hostile confines of the federal courts of Utah Territory.

When the trial began in April, there seemed to be little controversy between Cannon and the federal prosecutors about the facts. The only real issue was how the new crime of cohabitation was applied to those facts.

The trial opened 27 April 1885, and testimony was taken from only three witnesses, all called by the government: Clara C. Cannon, the defendant's third wife; George M. Cannon, his twenty-four-year-old son by his first wife, Sarah Mousley Cannon; and Angus M. Cannon, Jr., another adult son of his second wife, Ann Amanda Mousley Cannon, sister of Sarah.

These witnesses testified that the defendant owned a large home at 246 First South Street in Salt Lake City. This home was divided into at least three apartments, each with its own kitchen, parlor, and bedroom opening along common hallways. Each of the three wives mentioned occupied one of these apartments. Angus lived in the house also. He was said to be in the habit of dividing his time roughly into thirds, eating meals at the table of his individual wives and those children who were still living with their mothers (*Cannon* Transcript, 1885, 7–10).

The only controversy arose when Richards tried to question the witnesses as to whether the defendant spent the night or had sexual relations with each of the wives. United States Attorney Dickson strenuously objected at each inquiry, and the trial court sustained the government by ruling that these matters were not relevant to a charge of cohabitation.

A proffer by Richards suggested that had the testimony been allowed, it would have established that with the passage of the Edmunds Act, the defendant announced to his family that he intended to abide by it and would withdraw himself from physical relationships with each of his wives. However, he intended to continue to support his wives and to take his meals with them (*Cannon* Transcript, 1885, 8–11).

George Cannon was allowed to testify for the defense that the defendant had married the Mousley sisters at the same time, on a date prior to the enactment of any law making polygamy illegal in the territory (*Cannon* Transcript, 1885, 10). He did not mention Dr. Hughes, whose marriage was only a few months old and had occurred well after the 22 March 1882 effective date of the Edmunds Act. The government and defense then rested and waived closing arguments ("Trial," 1885).

The final courtroom skirmishes were over jury instructions. Richards offered a series of instructions to the court stating that sexual relations were an element of the new crime of cohabitation, and the government had the burden of proving that such contacts had occurred. Judge Zane did not agree (*Cannon* Transcript, 1885, 12–15).

The key instruction he did give the jury, over Richards' objection, was: "If you believe from the evidence . . . beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendant lived in the same house with Amanda and Clara C. Cannon . . . and ate at their respective tables one-third of his time or thereabouts, and that he held them out to the world, by his language or his conduct, or by both, as his wives, you should find him guilty." On 29 April 1885, the jury returned a guilty verdict (*Cannon* Transcript, 1885, 15–16).

Before imposing sentence on 9 May 1885, Judge Zane asked Cannon if he had any statement to make. Cannon replied "Nothing." The judge then

reminded him that he had some discretion in sentencing and said, "I would love to know that you could conform to the law." Cannon reportedly replied:

> I cannot state what I will do in the future. I love the country. I love its institutions, and I have become a citizen. When I did so I had no idea that a statute would be passed making my faith and religion a crime, but having made that allegiance, I can only say that I have used the utmost of my power to honor my God, my family and my country. In eating with my children day by day, and showing impartiality in meeting with them around the board with the mother who was wont to wait upon them, I was unconscious of any crime. I did not think I would be made a criminal for that. My record is before my country; the conscience of my heart is visible to the God who created me and rectitude that has marked my life and conduct with this people bears me up to receive such a sentence as your honor shall see fit to impose upon me (Evans and Cannon 1967, 210–11; Goodwin 1913, 59).

Judge Zane apparently viewed the statement as defiant and, saying that the defendant had declined to promise to obey the law, imposed the maximum sentence, a six-month prison term and a $300 fine (*Cannon* Transcript, 1885, 10).

Cannon recalled serving eight months in prison instead of six, the final two months voluntarily. The United States Supreme Court could not rule on his appeals until the following December, and his lawyers apparently felt he must remain in custody in order to force the court to rule on the merits instead of ducking the issue on mootness (A. Cannon 1905, 9).

The Cannon trial, conviction, and sentencing in April and May 1885 kept the Mormon community stirred up and angry. Editorials in the *Deseret News* thundered out almost daily with indignation, frustration, and at times a profound sadness.

For example, on 6 May 1885, an editorial lamented the prosecutor's use of a broad cohabitation definition which made convictions almost unavoidable and which was soon to be reviewed on appeal:

> Reduced to a few words, the prosecution, in the case of Mr. Angus M. Cannon, take the ground that if a man dwells in the same habitation with two or more women whom he acknowledges to be his wives, he is guilty of unlawful cohabitation, as defined by the Edmunds Act, even if no sexual commerce has occurred. This is an entire change of base from that formerly maintained by Messrs. Dickson and [Charles S.] Varian [the United States Attorneys prosecuting the cases], who, in proceedings in former cases went to extraordinary and even grossly indecent lengths for the purpose of obtaining the very class of evidence they now assert is entirely immaterial. . . .
>
> We are now enabled to state that Judge Zane performed that somersault desired by the prosecution ("New," 1885).

A news item that same day recounted the trial court battles over the definition of the term "cohabitation" ("Trial," 1885).

On 27 June 1885, the Utah Territorial Supreme Court affirmed Cannon's conviction and sentence in all respects (*United States v. Cannon*, 1885). The lengthy opinion authored by Judge Jacob S. Boreman rejected each defense argument without summarizing trial testimony. In defining the crime of "cohabitation," the court asked:

> What, then, was the object of the congress in enacting this statute? It was, judging from the whole act, intended to be an aid in breaking up polygamy and the pre-

> tense thereof. The well-recognized difficulty of reaching the polygamy cases by reason of having to prove marriage, and by reason of the fact that the statute of limitations bars prosecutions after three years, no doubt led congress to pass this act. It was sought to break up the polygamic relation. It was necessary, in effect, to make polygamy a continuous offense, without requiring proof of marriage. Whether marriage took place or not, the pretense of marriage, — the living, to all intents and purposes, so far as the public could see, as husband and wife, — a holding out of that relationship to the world, — were the evils sought to be eradicated. . . . The appellant insists that cohabitation necessarily includes sexual intercourse, and that there can be no cohabitation without it. We find nothing whatever in the language or context to lead us to believe that congress meant to apply the statute to lewd and lascivious cohabitation, which would be the case if the construction contended for by the appellate were correct (pp. 374–75).

Chief Judge Zane concurred, as did Judge Orlando W. Powers, who filed a separate opinion stating

> that the living and associating with two more more women as if married to all, tends to weaken the popular appreciation of true marriage, and this is detrimental to society. Therefore, for the purpose of protecting the marriage relation, the law under discussion was passed. It is directly aimed at the suppression of polygamy and the polygamous household as an evil example, dangerous in its tendency to the family relation as recognized by this nation (p. 382).

By September 1885, the First Presidency had directed Richards to try and negotiate a way out of the prosecutions. When that failed, they hoped for vindication from the Supreme Court. John Taylor and George Q. Cannon of the First Presidency wrote Richards on 11 September, saying: "We are greatly obliged to you for the kind and diligent interest you have taken in trying to bring about a settlement upon some fair basis of the law suit. We believe you have done all in your power to accomplish the objects we have had in view. We suppose now, that there is nothing left but to fight the suit through."

Apparently Richards, now almost permanently stationed in Washington, D.C., tried to locate and retain former United States Senator George G. Vest to argue their cause before the Supreme Court (Taylor and Cannon to Richards 1885). Vest had been a senator from Missouri who debated against passage of the Edmunds Bill in 1882 (CHC 6:42; Buice n.d.). He had earlier represented Mormon interests before the Supreme Court in *Murphy v. Ramsey* (1885).

Vest was not secured for this case, however, and on 21 October 1885, Richards filed his brief before the Supreme Court. It was relatively short by modern standards, as was the brief of the federal government prepared by United States Attorney General A. H. Garland. Richards' arguments were unsuccessful; in mid-December 1885, the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the Utah Territorial Supreme Court in all respects (*Cannon v. United States*, 1885).

Justice Samuel Blatchford of New York, who had been appointed to the Court three years earlier by President Arthur, wrote for the majority. His opinion was joined by Chief Justice Morrison Waite who had authored the 1879 *Reynolds* opinion. Others in the majority were Justices Joseph P. Bradley,

John M. Harlan, William B. Woods, Stanley Matthews, and Horace Gray.

Justices Samuel Miller and Stephen J. Field refused to join the majority. In a short opinion, they wrote that they would have overturned the conviction, requiring that sexual intercourse be an element of the crime. Miller and Field were the only justices on the court to have been appointed by President Abraham Lincoln, who had maintained a fairly tolerant posture toward the Mormons (Arrington 1985, 295; Hubbard 1963; Larson 1965, 66–67).

Blatchford's opinion recounts the history and language of various anti-Mormon congressional acts (pp. 278–80), then summarizes what he saw as the critical trial testimony (pp. 281–84).

After listing the jury instructions objected to and advanced by Cannon at trial (pp. 284–86), Blatchford said the critical question was whether the crime of cohabitation under the statute required proof of sexual intercourse or not. The statute itself provided no definition, and Richards had argued in his brief that all contemporary statutory uses of the term did include sexual intercourse.

> But we are of the opinion that this is not the proper interpretation of the statute; and that the [trial] Court properly charged the jury that the defendant was to be found guilty if he lived in the same house with the two women, and ate at their respective tables one-third of his time or thereabouts, and held them out to the world, by his language and conduct, or both, as his wives; and that it was not necessary it should be shown that he and the two women, or either of them, occupied the same bed or slept in the same room, or that he had sexual intercourse with either of them.
>
> This interpretation is deductible from the language of the statute through out. It refers wholly to the relations between men and women founded on the existence of actual marriages, or on the holding out of their existence (pp. 286–87).

Nowhere in the text of the opinion does Blatchford rely upon *Reynolds*, nor did Cannon's lawyers ever inject a first amendment issue in their argument. Instead, Blatchford quoted at length from the Court's March 1885 opinion in *Murphy*, which had affirmed other provisions of the Edmunds Act denying polygamous Mormons the right to vote. There the court defined polygamy in a way consistent with this definition of cohabitation.

On 12 December 1885 the *Deseret News* reported "The Verdict in the Cannon Case" and the full text of the opinion in the "Case of Angus M. Cannon, Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." An accompanying editorial cried indignantly that "There is one thing which we think will be made apparent to all who pay attention to passing events, and that is that the 'moral' crusade against the 'Mormons' has really nothing to do with morality" ("Moral," 1885). The editorial further expressed outrage that sexual misconduct was not the vice being pursued by the Edmunds Act and local prosecutors.

The next day the *Deseret News* ran another editorial asking the question that no doubt troubled most Mormons in that day: "What Is Unlawful Cohabitation?"

The United States Supreme Court ruling in *Cannon* opened the prosecutorial floodgates. On 19 December 1885, four days after the formal filing of

the decision, federal officers raided the little town of Parowan, arresting several women but missing most of the husbands they had sought to take into custody for cohabitation ("Doings," 1885).

By the following year and leading right up to the Manifesto in 1890, court dockets were routinely congested with prosecutions of Mormons for polygamy, cohabitation, and after amendments to the law in 1887, for adultery, and in the instances of wives who lied on the witness stand rather than betray their husbands, perjury.

Congress was still not content and in 1887 engaged in more politically popular Mormon bashing with the enactment of the Tucker Amendment to the Edmunds Act (Ch. 397, 24 Stat. 635). The amendment further strengthened the hand of the federal prosecutors by expressly repealing the common law spousal immunity which enabled wives to refuse to testify as to marital communications with the husbands (Sec. 1); by allowing prosecutors to jail witnesses until a trial date if they suspected them to be uncooperative (Sec. 2); by adding the crimes of adultery, incest, and fornication to the prosecutors' quiver (Secs. 3, 4, and 5); and by requiring an anti-polygamy oath of all jurors, office holders, and voters (Sec. 24). In a slap at the very women Congress claimed to be protecting, the amendment repealed suffrage, which had been awarded by the Utah Territorial Legislature in 1870 (Sec. 20). Future marriage ceremonies were also to be tightly regulated and recorded, with criminal penalties for failing to do so (Sec. 9).

Applying more financial pressure, Congress once again annulled the incorporation of the Church as a charitable entity (Sec. 17), this time adding the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company for good measure (Sec. 15), and directed the attorney general to begin seizing and liquidating all Church holdings on behalf of the government (Sec. 13).

By 1889, 589 convictions had been obtained under the Edmunds-Tucker Act, according to a report from the attorney general to Congress (CHC 6:211). In July 1889, the district attorney for Utah Territory reported to the justice department that between 1885 and 1889 his office had obtained 970 convictions, while suffering 106 acquittals for violations of federal law in the territory. He also boasted of having collected $103,435.91 in fines and forfeitures ("Number," 1889). Church leaders would claim that by 1890, 1,300 Mormons had been imprisoned for offenses of this kind (CHC 6:211).

After the Cannon and Clawson decisions went against the Saints, the mood of the First Presidency turned from hopeful to bitter. "Those men [the Supreme Court] should be made to understand that we only submit to their infamies because they see us as powerless to resist them, and not because we are so dull, stupid and ignorant as not to know their are infamies," wrote John Taylor and George Q. Cannon to Richards on 28 September 1886. The same letter brands the Supreme Court as "vindictive."

The final blow for Mormon polygamy was the Supreme Court's decision in *The Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ v. United States* (1890), which upheld the seizure of Church holdings by the federal government. Within a matter of weeks of that 19 May 1890 decision, President

Wilford Woodruff issued the first Manifesto suspending the performance of new polygamous marriages (Godfrey 1970).

Today legal scholars and Mormon historians remain fascinated with *Reynolds*, writing a steady stream of articles on it and crediting the 1879 decision with the downfall of Mormon polygamy. In reality it was the *Cannon* decision six years later that resulted in the prosecution of hundreds of Mormon "cohabs," encouraged anti-Mormon zealots to take up even more strident calls for the destruction of the social system of Zion, and eventually brought down that system. Only five years after the *Cannon* decision, the end came with the Manifesto.

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MORMON POLYGAMY CASES

Author's note: I made a serious effort to locate all reported appellate decisions related to Mormon polygamy. This list is, to my knowledge, comprehensive.

United States Supreme Court

Clinton et al. v. Englebrecht, 80 U.S. 434, 20 L. Ed. 659, 13 Wall. 434 (1871). The case does not concern polygamy, but rather is a tort action for the destruction of saloon liquor by Salt Lake City authorities. However, the holding that Utah territorial law governs the composition of, and selection process for, juries in the territory had an immediate negative effect on early polygamy prosecutions under the Morrill Anti-Bigamy Act.

Reynolds v. United States, 98 U.S. 145, 25 L. Ed. 244, 10 Rose Notes 534 (1879). Holds that the First Amendment does not protect the practice of polygamy based on religious beliefs if it is contrary to law. The defendant is George Reynolds, secretary to Brigham Young. See also *United States v. Reynolds*, 1 Ut. 226 (Utah Terr. 1875) and *United States v. Reynolds*, 1 Ut. 319 (Utah Terr. 1876).

Miles v. United States, 103 U.S. 304, 26 L. Ed. 481, 11 Rose Notes 284 (1880). Defendant John Miles is convicted of polygamy for having married two women in the same ceremony at the Endowment House. The Supreme Court reverses his conviction because the state relied exclusively on the compelled testimony of one of his wives who had attempted to use the spousal immunity protection of territorial law to avoid testifying. See also *United States v. Miles*, 2 Ut. 19 (Utah Terr. 1879).

Clawson v. United States, 113 U.S. 143, 5 S. Ct. 393, 28 L. Ed. 957 (1885). Rudger Clawson is convicted of polygamy, but the Supreme Court holds he is entitled to be free on bail while awaiting the outcome of appeals. See also *Ex Parte Clawson*, 5 P. 74 (Utah Terr. 1884).

Murphy v. Ramsey, 114 U.S. 15, 5 S. Ct. 747, 29 L. Ed. 47 (1885). Upholds a Utah Territorial official's refusal to allow polygamous Mormons to register to vote under provisions of the Edmunds Act of 1882.

Clawson v. United States, 114 U.S. 477, 5 S. Ct. 949, 29 L. Ed. 179 (1885). Rudger Clawson's conviction for polygamy is affirmed. On appeal, the main challenge was to the composition of the grand jury and jury. See also *United States v. Clawson*, 4 Ut. 34, 5 P. 689 (Utah Terr. 1885).

Cannon v. United States, 116 U.S. 55, 6 S. Ct. 278, 29 L. Ed. 561 (1885). A sufficiency of the evidence case holding that the new crime of cohabitation does not require proof of sexual intercourse or physical contact. The defendant's cohabitation conviction is affirmed. He is Angus Munn Cannon, Salt Lake Stake president, and brother of George Q. Cannon, a member of the First Presidency. See also *United States v. Cannon*, 4 Ut. 222, 7 P. 369 (Utah Terr. 1885). (I used the Transcript of Supreme Court Record, and Briefs, courtesy University of Georgia Law Library; microfilm available from Scholarly Resources, Inc., Wilmington, Delaware.)

Snow v. United States, 118 U.S. 346, 6 S. Ct. 1060, 30 L. Ed. 207 (1886). The Supreme Court holds that Congress has limited its jurisdiction to review appeals of polygamy convictions out of Utah Territory, and that it will not consider future appeals unless the constitutionality of a statute is in question. The defendant is Apostle Lorenzo Snow. See also *United States v. Snow*, 4 Ut. 280, 9 P. 501 (Utah Terr. 1886); *United States v. Snow*, 4 Ut. 295, 9 P. 686 (Utah Terr. 1886); and *United States v. Snow*, 4 Ut. 313, 9 P. 697 (Utah Terr. 1886).

Cannon v. United States, 118 U.S. 355, 6 S. Ct. 1064, 29 L. Ed. 562 (1885). The Supreme Court withdraws its earlier Cannon decision, based on *Snow* above. The earlier Cannon decision continues to be cited as authority for cohabitation convictions.

In Re Snow, 120 U.S. 274, 7 S. Ct. 556, 30 L. Ed. 658 (1887). A sentencing decision holding that a polygamous defendant cannot be sentenced to consecutive terms for each polygamous wife over the same period of time. See also *United States v. Snow*, 4 Ut. 280, 9 P. 501 (Utah Terr. 1886).

In Re Nielsen, 131 U.S. 176, 9 S. Ct. 672, 33 L. Ed. 188 (1889). A habeas corpus case resulting in the release of Hans Nielsen who was sentenced to consecutive terms for both adultery and cohabitation involving the same wives during the same period of time.

Clayton v. Dickson, 132 U.S. 632, 10 S. Ct. 190, 33 L. Ed. 455 (1890). The Supreme Court removes Nephi W. Clayton as territorial auditor, affirming the governor's power to appoint all but local office holders under provisions of the Utah Territorial Organization Act of 1850. See also *Dickson v. Clayton*, 4 Ut. 421, 11 P. 206 (Utah Terr. 1886); *Dickson v. Jack*, 4 Ut. 433, 11 P. 213 (Utah Terr. 1886); and *Dickson v. Clayton*, 4 Ut. 449, 11 P. 213 (Utah Terr. 1886).

Davis v. Beason, 133 U.S. 333, 10 S. Ct. 299, 33 L. Ed. 637 (1890). This is a habeas corpus case concerning an Idaho man convicted of voting and conspiracy to register other Mormons to vote. The Idaho Territorial Legislature had enacted a law prohibiting any Mormon, polygamous or not, from voting, sitting on a jury, or holding office. The Supreme Court, in effect, upheld that law and refused to release the defendant.

The Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints v. United States, 136 U.S. 1, 10 S. Ct. 972, 34 L. Ed. 478 (1890). The Supreme Court upheld that provision of the Morrill and Tucker Acts which dissolved the charitable corporation of the Church and seized all holdings over $50,000 in the name of the federal government. See also the seven cases *United States v. Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints et al.*, 6 Ut. 9, 21 P. 503, 519, 523, 524, 506, and 516 (Utah Terr. 1889), and 8 Ut. 310, 31 P. 436 (Utah Terr. 1892); *United States v. Tithing Yard and Offices et al.*, 9 Ut. 273, 34 P. 55 (Utah Terr. 1893); *United States v. Gardo House and Historians Office et al.*, 9 Ut. 285, 34 P. 59 (Utah Terr. 1893); *United States v. Church Coal Lands et al.*, 9 Ut. 288, 34 P. 60 (Utah Terr. 1893); and *United States v. Church Farm Land et al.*, 9 Ut. 289, 34 P. 60 (Utah Terr. 1893).

Bassett v. United States, 137 U.S. 496, 11 S. Ct. 165, 34 L. Ed. 763 (1890). This is an appeal of a Utah Territorial Supreme Court decision involving compelling a polygamous wife to testify in spite of the traditional common law spousal privilege. The Supreme Court upholds the conviction and repeal of the privilege as part of the Tucker Amendments of 1887. See also *United States v. Bassett*, 5 Ut. 131, 13 P. 237 (Utah Terr. 1890).

Cope v. Cope, 137 U.S. 682, 11 S. Ct. 222, 34 L. Ed. 832 (1891). This is an intestate succession case involving the children of a polygamous wife. See also *Chapman et al. v. Handley et al.*, 7 Ut. 49, 24 P. 673 (Utah Terr. 1890) and *Cope v. Cope*, 7 Ut. 63, 24 P. 677 (Utah Terr. 1890).

Chatwin v. United States, 326 U.S. 455, 66 S. Ct. 233, 90 L. Ed. 198 (1946). A federal kidnapping prosecution for the interstate transportation of a fifteen-year-old girl to participate in a "Celestial" marriage. Conviction overturned, held that the girl went voluntarily. See also *United States v. Cleveland and five others*, 56 F. Supp. 890 (Dist. Utah 1944), and *Cleveland v. United States*, 146 F. 2d 730 (10th Cir. 1945).

Cleveland v. United States, 329 U.S. 14, 67 S. Ct. 13, 91 L. Ed. 12 (1946). A Mann Act prosecution for the interstate transportation of women for immoral purposes, here for a

polygamous marriage. Conviction affirmed; religiously based polygamy not exempted from the Mann Act.

Potter v. Murray City, 474 U.S. 849, 106 S. Ct. 145, 88 L. Ed. 2d 120 (1985). U.S. certiorari denied, letting stand lower court decisions allowing Murray City to fire a fundamentalist police officer because of his plural wives. A back door affirmance of *Reynolds*. See also *Potter v. Murray City*, 585 F. Supp. 1126 (Utah Dist. 1984) and *Potter v. Murray City*, 760 F. 2d 1065 (10th Cir. 1985).

Other Appellate Courts

People v. Lee, 2 Ut. 411 (Utah Terr. 1877). John D. Lee's conviction for the Mountain Meadows Massacre is affirmed. On appeal he challenges Poland Act jury provisions.

United States v. Simpson, 4 Ut. 227, 7 P. 257 (Utah Terr. 1885). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Musser, 4 Ut. 153, 7 P. 389 (Utah Terr. 1885). Defendant is Assistant Church Historian Amos M. Musser. Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Tenney, 2 Ariz. 29, 8 P. 295 (Ariz. Terr. 1885). A consolidated appeal of three Mormons named Tenney, Kemp, and Christofferson, convicted of polygamy and cohabitation. Their convictions are affirmed. Most of the opinion concerns proof of their polygamous marriages but also discusses cohabitation.

Wenner v. Smith, 4 Ut. 238, 9 P. 293 (Utah Terr. 1886). Removal of a polygamous Utah Probate Judge, probably Elias A. Smith.

People v. Hampton, 4 Ut. 258, 9 P. 508 (Utah Terr. 1886). Prostitution prosecution case involving an LDS police officer who tried to entrap gentiles into compromising positions.

United States v. Groesbeck, 4 Ut. 487, 11 P. 542 (Utah Terr. 1886). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Eldredge and Another, 5 Ut. 161, 13 P. 673 (Utah Terr. 1887). Bond forfeiture case arising out of the cohabitation prosecution of George Q. Cannon of the First Presidency.

United States v. Clark, 5 Ut. 226, 14 P. 288 (Utah Terr. 1887). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Smith, 5 Ut. 232, 14 P. 291 (Utah Terr. 1887). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Peay, 5 Ut. 263, 14 P. 342 (Utah Terr. 1887). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Harris, 5 Ut. 436, 17 P. 75 (Utah Terr. 1888). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

Innis v. Bolton, 2 Id. 442, 17 P. 264 (Idaho Terr. 1888). Appeal of an Idaho Voter Oath case.

United States v. Brown, 6 Utah 115, 21 P. 461 (Utah 1889). A perjury conviction is affirmed by the Territorial Supreme Court. The defendant is identified as being from American Fork, a Mormon, a Seventy, and a returned missionary. He is convicted of lying about his beliefs on polygamy to gain a seat on a Provo grand jury.

United States v. Clark, 6 Ut. 120, 21 P. 463 (Utah Terr. 1889). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

Whitney v. Findley, 20 Nev. 198, 19 P. 241 (Nev. 1888). The Supreme Court of Nevada throws out a state statute which prohibits any Mormon from voting without regard to marital status.

United States v. Kuntz, 2 Id. 480, 21 P. 407 (Idaho Terr. 1889). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

United States v. Langford, 2 Id. 486, 21 P. 409 (Idaho Terr. 1889). Appeal of a cohabitation conviction.

Wooley v. Watkins, 2 Id. 590, 22 P. 102 (Idaho Terr. 1889). The Idaho Voter Oath statute is challenged by H. S. Wooley but is affirmed by the state supreme court.

Shepherd v. Crimmett, 3 Id. 403, 31 P. 793 (Idaho Terr. 1892). Appeal of an Idaho Voter Oath case.

Staines v. Burton et al., 17 Ut. 331, 53 P. 1015 (Utah 1898). A probate dispute involving the two polygamous wives of William Carter Staines who were awarded a life estate in property, with the remainder to go to the Presiding Bishop of the Church.

Hilton v. Roylance, 25 Ut. 129, 95 P. 26 (Utah 1902). Divorce case in a polygamous marriage.

Toncray v. Budge, 14 Id. 621, 95 P. 26 (Idaho 1908). Appeal of an Idaho Voter Oath case.

State v. Hendrickson, 245 P. 375 (Utah 1926). Appeal of a polygamy prosecution.

State v. Jessup, 100 P. 2d 969 (Utah 1940). Appeal of a polygamy prosecution.

State v. Barlow, 153 P. 2d 647 (Utah 1944). Appeal of a cohabitation prosecution.

In Re Black, 3 Ut. 2d 315, 283 P. 2d 887 (Utah 1955). A case involving a dependant child in a polygamous marriage.

State v. Musser et al., 175 P. 724 (Utah 1946). The appeal of thirty-three individuals in Utah County convicted of polygamy and conspiracy to corrupt the public morals by counseling and urging the practice of polygamy. Their convictions are affirmed.


M. Teichert
'37

Minerva's Calling

Marian Ashby Johnson

MINERVA BERNETTA KOHLHEPP TEICHERT may be the most widely reproduced and least-known woman artist in the LDS Church. Her paintings have appeared more than fifty times in Church publications since the mid-1970s. Her *Queen Esther* appeared on the cover of the *1986 Relief Society Manual.* No fewer than eleven of her works appeared in the September 1981 *Ensign*, a special issue on the Book of Mormon. Minerva painted almost five hundred paintings that we know of during her life. Furthermore, she created these in a virtual vacuum, working on an isolated ranch in Cokeville, Wyoming, for nearly forty-five years with no associates who understood her effort to translate Mormon values into art, no professional art community to reinforce her efforts or pose as a critical foil for her work, and no warmly appreciative audience of admiring patrons. She had to rely on her own sure sense of self to give her the impetus necessary for her energetic, imaginative, and prolific output.

As one becomes familiar with the total span of her art, it is apparent she was far more than a simple illustrator of gospel stories and LDS Church history. Instead, she was a skilled and sophisticated painter, unusual for her period and unique in her milieu. The first major exhibition of Teichert's work, scheduled for 18 March–10 October 1988 in Salt Lake City at the LDS Museum of Church History and Art, is an opportunity to experience the vitality of her too often misunderstood and underrated works.

MARIAN ASHBY JOHNSON has a Ph.D. from Stanford in art history and history, is assistant professor of history at BYU where she also teaches a seminar on Women in the Community, and is director of her ward choir. She and her husband, G. Wesley Johnson, have four children. *This essay is largely based on original materials located at the Museum of Church History and Art, Salt Lake City, and the archives of the College of Fine Arts, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. The author thanks the BYU College of Fine Arts and the History Department for support and the Marguerite Eyer Wilbur Foundation for an additional grant. Special thanks go to Robert O. Davis, curator of the Museum of Church History and Art, and to Carma DeJong Anderson, Lavina Fielding Anderson, Harriet Arrington, Howard A. Christy, Virgie J. Day, Barbara B. Morriss, Charles A. Vogel, and especially to members of the Teichert family.*

MINERVA'S LIFE SKETCH

Minerva Kohlhepp Teichert was named for her grandmother, Minerva Wade Hickman, a midwife, in whose North Ogden home she was born on 28 August 1888.[1] She was the second of Frederick John Kohlhepp and Mary Ellen Hickman Kohlhepp's eight children. In 1891 the family moved to a homestead in Indian Warm Springs, Idaho, a mineral spring about five miles from American Falls in the Snake River Valley. Minerva's father, reared in a comfortable Boston home before heading west, began her education by reading aloud from the Bible, particularly the Old Testament; but her mother began her artistic education by giving her a set of watercolors when she was four. From that moment, Minerva later recalled, she considered herself an artist, always carrying a sketchpad and charcoal or pencil in her pocket (Kissane 1982, 2).

In 1900 she lived with her grandmother Hickman while she completed the eighth grade. The next year she lived with family friends in Blackfoot, Idaho, since her father's store had burned down. In 1902, she visited San Francisco and Los Angeles with an Idaho family as the fourteen-year-old nanny for their children. While in San Francisco she attended the Mark Hopkins Art School. Later in Pocatello she boarded with a Mrs. West, an artist who admired Minerva's drawings of Gibson girls, popular contemporary illustrations of elegant beauties in the style of Charles Dana Gibson. Minerva painted these illustrations on silk for pillows, but even then she knew that life held more for her.

From 1902 to 1903 she attended high school in Pocatello, then taught school at Landing and Rockland, both in Idaho, helping to support her father who had been called to an LDS Swiss-German Mission. In about 1905, she asked Salt Lake photographer C. R. Savage and John Held, Jr., (then a Utah artist who later became the foremost American cartoonist of the 1920s) about how to further her artistic education: Held advised her to go to the Art Institute of Chicago. But the idea of a young girl heading eastward would take several years for her family to accept, and in the meantime she needed to teach and save enough money for the trip.

During the summer of 1907 Minerva and her siblings pitched hay in the harvest, and by that fall she had earned enough to attend a local teachers' academy for a few months. Then she taught at Davisville, Idaho (near Soda Spring), and from late 1908 to early 1909 in Yale, Idaho. Then in April she went to Chicago for the first time, after having been "set apart" by her father (for protection) and sent to live in the LDS mission home there. Minerva was thrilled with professional art training — the Art Institute of Chicago was one of three or four outstanding art schools in the nation. Much of her time outside of the institute was spent with Church members attending concerts and

[1] Much of this biographical information comes from research done by Laurie Teichert Eastwood, of San Bernardino, California, based on letters in the Teichert family collection, located in personal archives in Cokeville, Wyoming, Provo, Utah, and San Bernardino. I have also used several oral history interviews, which are listed in the bibliography.

cultural events. It was in Chicago that Minerva gained a lifelong interest in music and theater, which later led to frequent involvement in ward and school theater productions and learning to play the piano.

Chicago proved to be expensive for a young girl with meager financial resources, and Minerva was forced to return to Idaho by the end of the summer. But she had now experienced the national art community, and she vowed to return, which she did the next year after doing local teaching once again. Minerva's influential teachers included Fred De Forest Schook, Antonin Sterba, and especially John Vanderpoel, a member of the institute faculty for thirty years.[2] Vanderpoel was known for his murals and textbooks; *The Human Figure* particularly influenced her drawing style. Minerva considered him "the greatest draftsman America has ever had." Crippled by an accident at fourteen, he was, as Minerva described him, "that little hunch-backed man who we felt was so big and high that he walked with God" (M. Teichert to Birch, n.d.).

In August 1910, Minerva returned home to complete a four-week Idaho State Normal Teaching Course and later spent time "proving up" an Idaho homestead for her family during the next fourteen months, which involved building a dwelling, establishing residence, and making improvements. A dauntless and courageous young woman, she stayed alone, sleeping with a gun under her pillow. In 1910 she taught school at Swan Lake, Idaho, earning enough to go back to Chicago for some more classes at the institute in 1912. During 1913–14 she returned to teach in Sterling, Idaho, where she became better acquainted with a local cowboy, Herman Adolph Teichert, not a member of the LDS Church, whom she would later marry.

After school was over in 1914, she painted china in Salt Lake City and then went to American Falls, where she worked for a newspaper. One more year of teaching, this time in Pleasant View, Utah, provided her with enough funds to launch her on her most exciting journey. For thirteen months, from April 1915 to May 1916, she studied at the Art Students' League in New York City. This was an exciting time to be in the nation's cultural capital, since New York was filled with expatriates, especially artists, from a wartorn Europe.

Her most influential teacher at this time was George Bridgman, author of three major books on anatomy, figure drawing, and features.[3] He immediately recognized Vanderpoel's influence upon seeing Minerva's drawings and enthusiastically served as one of her mentors in New York. A dozen of Minerva's wonderful life drawings survive from her student days, and we can see both the strong imprint of Bridgman, who added his sketches and corrections in the margins, and the strong artistic personality of Minerva Kohlhepp, whose interpretive view transformed these academic exercises into art. This is particularly true in *An Indian Youth* and *Female Nude.*

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[2] Vanderpoel had studied in Paris in 1886 with Boulanger and Lefebre. Schook taught at the institute for thirty years; Minerva took a number of his classes. She also took at least one course from Sterba, who also taught at the American Academy of Art in Chicago.

[3] George Brandt Bridgman (1864–1943) studied with Gérôme and Boulanger in Paris and taught at the Art Institute of Chicago for thirty years (Bridgman 1952).

The league refused patrons because, as Minerva later explained in her short autobiography, "The artists are afraid of them gaining influence, so they just go along on their own. One thing wealthy people can do is give their theater and opera tickets. Since I was one of the most advanced students, I had many. Paderewski was playing his best, and Caruso was singing his grandest" (c1937, 11). She regularly visited New York's many museums; her favorite was the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where she copied paintings by Velasquez and Rembrandt. She particularly admired Rembrandt's ability to create an inherent spiritual quality in his subjects by his subtle use of lighting. She loved music and somehow found time to study the piano.

She also supplemented her income by appearing in vaudeville as a skilled trick roper and Indian dancer and gave dramatic readings. She also resourcefully looked ahead to the Christmas rush and in July began "making wild and domestic animals, birds, funny things, etc. By Xmas they expect to have lots for me and all my Santas will come in handy" (M. Teichert to "Folks," 1915). She also painted several portraits on commission and "made a sketch of Wallace Beery for a movie he was acting in and received fifty dollars" (M. Teichert c1937, 14).

She had begun sketching animals when she was quite young and as a result had become quite proficient. According to her autobiography, "When anyone came to the league seeking an animal painter, the job was given to me" (c1937, 14). Her future patron, Dr. Minnie P. Howard, wrote in the *Idaho Daily Statesman* about 1917 that a New York critic had earlier observed that Minerva was doing "the most vigorous animal work being done at this time by a woman painter in the United States."

A perceptive and prolific letter writer, Minerva sent home entertaining and insightful letters comparing the children on New York streets with those of her hometown, discussing modish styles of dress, and fantasizing about buying new hats and dresses. Although Minerva, like so many other adopted New Yorkers, had learned the elements of good taste and high fashion, her own situation dictated a modest wardrobe. "When my clothes are kind of shabby," she wrote home to the "Folks" in 1915, "I feel a little more humble and work better. The artists say, 'The bigger your dinner the more you loaf.' " Later she described her experience of going home to Idaho in her old clothes and how the neighbors hardly noticed she was back. She couldn't help feeling disappointed, and from her point of view it was because of her old clothes that the neighbors undoubtedly believed New York had not really changed her after all.

George Bridgman recommended her for a scholarship at the league which enabled her to continue her studies as an advanced student with the great artist and teacher Robert Henri. He was the leader of a well-known group of urban realists called "The Eight," who as mavericks had exhibited independently in 1908 to protest "the devitalized standards of the National Academy" (Henri 1910, 160). Close to the end of her New York experience, Minerva was also awarded a scholarship to continue her studies in London, but this proved difficult to accept for her mother, whose daughter was already far away from home.

Although Minerva acknowledged Vanderpoel, Bridgman, and Henri as her mentors, she became closest to Henri. How much influence he had on her is suggested by his observation upon critiquing an art show in New York: "As I see it, there is only one reason for the development of art in America, and that is that the people of America learn the means of expressing themselves in their own time and in their own land" (1910, 164). His ardent nationalism became a working credo for Minerva, and he became her prime master. Although many of her student works that survive are carefully drawn and academic in nature, even then her mature style is apparent. In these early works we see a tendency toward simplification and a modeling of surface planes. Minerva's mature style reflected Henri's admonition to "stop when the story was told." Her quick and dynamic brush strokes were certainly influenced by his point of view. Several of Minerva's portraits are similar in spirit and technique to certain works of Henri. They indicate heavier color application and the spontaneous expression typical of Henri (1951, 20).

One of his maxims became her byword throughout her artistic career: "When the story is told, the picture is finished" (Oman and Oman 1976, 58). Many of Minerva's paintings would show this characteristic; she left backgrounds vague, painting in figures but leaving their feet and legs sketchy and unfinished. Because most of her larger pieces, like the work of the Byzantine mosaic muralists, were designed to be viewed from a distance, she seldom gave them a polished attention to detail. She strove to keep intact the verve and freshness of the original drawing and line.

When she was struggling with a decision to go back or try to find some way of staying in the East, Henri told her "to go home and paint the great Mormon story." This injunction was a precise reflection of his philosophy, and it was the mandate Minerva quoted frequently, even in LDS sacrament meetings. It must have been a great support to her in times of discouragement. Henri, who was not a Mormon, thus "called" Minerva to the artistic challenge she already sought by temperament and talent. This "calling" was reiterated several times in her life through dreams and dramatic events (1937, 19, 21). She returned to the West — to the Indians, animals, and hard life on the land, and the association with strong men and women who were living links to the history of her homeland and church.

Returning to Pocatello in May 1916, Minerva opened a portrait studio in the home of Dr. Minnie Howard, a physician and chairman of the Idaho Arts Commission. These early portraits are "candid" capturings of individual expressions with heavier color application than she would use later, indications of Henri's influence. Commissions came quickly, and she soon exhibited twenty-six paintings in Boise. The Boise *Idaho Daily Statesman* on 16 February 1917 published a review of her work to date: "Her portraits are in the broad style so much in vogue among the modern American artists, and they need to be viewed from considerable distance in order to get their splendid effect. . . . The strong note of color in Miss Kohlhepp's portraits is wonderfully pleasing."

Then on 15 September 1917 Minerva married Herman Teichert, who had waited faithfully for her while she had commuted between East and West for

five years. As a war bride, Minerva journeyed with Herman to Ft. Lewis, Washington, where he received basic training. When he was sent to France, Minerva returned to American Falls, where their son Herman was born on 1 July 1918. During the influenza pandemic, both Minerva and little Herman became desperately ill. In her autobiography she recalled:

> The armistice was signed, my husband was on the way home from France, and I now had a son. It seemed I was sinking so fast when I thought of prayer. I thought of my years of study and so I had done nothing with my art education. Suddenly I was keenly sensitive. I promised the Lord if I'd finished my work and he'd give me some more, I'd gladly do it. With this covenant in my heart I began to live (c1937, 19).

Her hair turned white during her illness, a sign, she believed, of her covenant.

After Herman's return, the little family moved to the old Teichert ranch on Fort Hall Bottoms, Idaho, where Robert (named for Robert Henri), Hamilton, and Laurie were born. Herman was a quiet man of physical and spiritual strength, characterized by Minerva: "His lack of schooling gave him few opportunities but I knew [that] his skill in many things and his manhood would do much for him. . . . Herman has always given me a free rein to do what I please and so I try to please him which I would not do if he tried to 'manage' me" (c1937, 16–17). Thus, Minerva kept full responsibility for cooking hearty meals for Herman and the hired help, cleaning, tending the chickens and the milk house, gardening, and caring for children. But she was free (especially in the evening, when she often put the children to bed early) to use precious spare moments for her painting.

Robert Henri kept in touch with his protegé. He encouraged her to continue her artistic work and even proposed in 1924 that she accompany him and his wife to England. With Herman's encouragement she began making plans to go but had a dream about a little girl in a pink dress whom she believed was her unborn daughter. She refused the opportunity, and Laurie was born a year later. Minerva later painted her in pink.

Fort Hall Bottoms was on one side of the Snake River with the Shoshone and Bannock reservation on the other. The ford in that location was popular, but the river could be treacherous (R. Teichert 1987). In 1926, water from the new American Falls dam flooded their land permanently, forcing them to start over elsewhere. Minerva preserved that period of their married life in *Drowned Memories* (1926), a loving description of the country, trees, and terrain, not only in words but in drawings of landscapes, buildings, and residents. Her romantic introduction describes a story and characters which

> shall be heard of only in tradition. . . . The Indians tell of a time when all western waste was as beautiful and green as the Bottoms is, but they fought, and killed, angered the Great Spirit until forest fires destroyed the forests and out of the ashes the sage-brush grew. It has ever since been a symbol of dust and ashes. . . . in modern times we have found happy homes here, and on the Teichert ranch where my husband grew up — he and his brothers and sisters — just as my own little ones are growing up, there is still the blessing that the "Great Spirit" left (1926, 7).

The family moved to a ranch in Cokeville, Wyoming, in 1927. Their fifth child, John, was born there, and Minerva wrote *A Romance of Old Fort Hall* (1932), a novel set in their Idaho home, and illustrated it with sketches.

In 1933, Herman joined the LDS Church and was almost immediately called to the bishopric of their ward, where he served for more than twenty years. Minerva, who had gained a great appreciation for music and theater in Chicago, was frequently involved in ward and school productions and programs. She had always been deeply devoted to the gospel; she felt that one of her spiritual gifts as a wife and mother was receiving promptings and guidance through dreams. For example, she had dreams about all of her sons' future wives. She also fervently believed in prophecy.

She knew how to tell, write, and paint a good story. Years of teaching gave Minerva a straightforward narrative style that helped her accomplish her goals, which were often didactic. Minerva did most of the talking when in the company of her friends and relations, which they accepted because as one man put it, "She was always interesting." Energetic and charismatic, Minerva was "passionate" on her three favorite topics: "the Gospel, politics, and art" (R. Teichert, 20 Nov. 1985). Not surprisingly, in choosing subjects to paint she opted for what she considered to be the most dramatic moments.

She was a political activist on the conservative end of the spectrum, writing strongly worded letters to her political representatives on water rights, schools, Indian rights, grazing rights, and Social Security (which she believed was unconstitutional). She conceived of her family's wealth as "chiefly spiritual," yet she shrewdly helped Herman as an active partner in acquiring land in four different states, at least partially with income from her paintings (M. Teichert to "Senators," 1951; to Lisonbee, 25 Jan. 1945).

Minerva also used her paintings to defray tuition expenses at Brigham Young University, both for her own children when they became of college age and for other youngsters who she felt deserved an education but who were lacking in funds (Shoppe and Shoppe 1974, 2).

Minerva's Professional Career

As her children grew older and more self sufficient, Minerva increasingly spent more time painting. As early as 1931 she was befriended by Alice Merrill Horne, a self-appointed preserver of the arts in Salt Lake City, who henceforth acted as Minerva's agent and promoter. Mrs. Horne, for example, would organize exhibitions at the department store ZCMI's Tiffan Room, where she would show a number of "inland empire artists" (as she described them). She also placed paintings in libraries, schools, and public buildings.[4] On 8 April 1941 she wrote Minerva, "I am lending *Mary and Martha* to Edgehill Ward for Easter. Hope they will keep it. . . . Have you any sheep around? A small mural with one black sheep or two or more white lambs would be

[4] In fact, South High School, North Cache High School, Logan High School, Horace Mann School, Deseret Sunday School Union, and Yalecrest Ward Chapel purchased murals with Mrs. Horne's help (Horne 1941, 408–9).

sweet" (Horne to Teichert 1941). But it was a measure of the isolation Minerva worked in as a professional that Mrs. Horne never, during their long relationship, visited Minerva at her Cokeville ranch.

Although Minerva continued to paint floral scenes for her friends, especially as wedding presents, and the western scenes that were so close to her daily living, it is during this middle and later period that her interest in depicting scenes from the *Book of Mormon* developed into what became a comprehensive painting program of heroic dimensions. Two trips to Mexico enriched her understanding of architecture and decoration as sources for her paintings. For example, she spent the summer of 1944 painting in Mexico City while Laurie attended the University of Mexico; on another trip she visited Taxco, Mexico. She wanted to see firsthand what she considered to be the ruins and remains of the Nephite and Lamanite civilizations. The Mayan and Aztec pyramids influenced her deeply. She sketched details of the temples and other structures, getting a feel for this period of pre-Columbian art. She was not overly concerned with reproducing exact anthropological detail. Instead, she concentrated on capturing the feeling of the period, place, and people. According to Frank Stevens, who later helped her paint the LDS Manti Temple's world room, Minerva's paintings were dedicated to "telling the story" she felt compelled to paint as part of her "calling" — occasionally to the detriment of accuracy (Stevens, 12 Nov. 1986).

She would combine different styles of Indian pottery, basketry, and even jewelry, as in *Indian Pottery and Basket Merchants*; other paintings show a similar eclectic tendency. To create exotic headdresses in her Book of Mormon paintings, she took inspiration from the reliefs in ancient ruins, then added feathers and hanging elements. For example, the judges in *Trial of Abinadi* all have different headdresses and reveal imaginative variations of a type created in a number of other paintings. She also borrowed less exotic headpieces, footgear, and greaves (shin guards) directly from classical Greco-Roman sculpture.

Unlike many western artists, Minerva was only incidentally interested in landscape. It became more of a backdrop for her figures. She was heard to observe that anyone can paint a landscape and that she did not want to waste her time when she could paint more important subjects (Stevens, 12 Nov. 1986). She was always (even from her student days) more interested in painting the human figure, and now as her career advanced, episodes from religious history fascinated her. Her desire to paint dozens of scenes from the Mormon scriptures came as a logical extension of her "calling" to serve her people and religion with her art. Her son Robert believes that this idea was developed over time rather than conceived of as an integrated thematic series. However, both orally and in writings, Minerva often quoted Robert Henri's admonition to her to paint the Mormon story. But she was almost sixty years old when she began in earnest this ambitious series; it now appears as though her Mormon paintings must have been planned as a series from the beginning since they were all executed in the same size format. The Latter-day scriptures were very important to Minerva. She studied them regularly and could quote from them

for almost any situation. Each of the paintings in this series was supported by scriptural references, which she was careful to list in her notes, together with a description of the incident depicted in her own words.

Minerva painted more than forty Book of Mormon subjects, and a special series on this theme makes up the major part of the Teichert Collection held by BYU.[5] The large (36″×48″) format chosen by the artist is indicative of her goals for this project, which she hoped would be purchased by the LDS Church for public display or for educational purposes. Many of the paintings were given by Minerva to BYU toward the end of her life, after she unsuccessfully attempted to have them displayed or published.

The quick and satisfying oil sketches for this series, now in private collections, are smaller (11″×7″) in format. In terms of Minerva's style, the sketches are more revealing, since they clearly indicate the fine draftsmanship she possessed. A sense of movement is captured in sweeping, confident lines, with quick splashes of rich and sophisticated color added to heighten the theatrical display that was so often her hallmark. The sketches have a spontaneous, living quality which is less evident in her large-scale paintings.

It is particularly instructive to consider which episodes in the Book of Mormon Minerva chose for her paintings. Some of them, such as *Nephi Leads His Followers Through the Wilderness* or *King Benjamin's Farewell Address*, portray familiar and predictable subjects. On the other hand, some subject choices were highly personal, such as *Coriantumr*, the Jaredite whose ruthless ambition led inexorably to the final battle of his people, and indeed, the ambitious *Destruction of the Western Continent*, where the monumental architecture shows the extensive influence of Minerva's trip to Mexico.

It is also useful to note that Minerva found great stimulus in Jewish biblical history because her father, Frederick Kohlhepp, had read the Old Testament scriptures to his family frequently in the evening, providing Minerva with an intricate familiarity with the Bible, its personalities, and stories. We might expect Minerva to have chosen more subjects from the Bible, but when we reflect on the myriad of paintings in world art on this subject and the paucity of art on the Book of Mormon, her preference seems more understandable. Even so, she did at least ten Biblical paintings that we know of, primarily from the New Testament, and centered on Christ, emphasizing his warmth and understanding. Her well-known *Queen Esther* is one of the few subjects taken from the Old Testament.

Minerva loved narrative and portraying women and ferreted out barely mentioned incidents from the Book of Mormon to commemorate in her paintings. *Love Story*, a gypsy-like scene with musical instruments and brightly

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[5] One problem in assessing Minerva's entire output is that a complete *catalogue raisonee* of her works has yet to be completed. During the academic year 1986–87, I undertook a study and inventory of BYU's Teichert holdings, the results of which are in the College of Fine Arts Archives. The LDS Museum of Church History and Art also possesses a major collection; otherwise, the bulk of her work is owned privately, awaiting a comprehensive inventory.

clothed dancing girls, shows a celebration between the united families of Ishmael and Lehi. Probably few other artists would select a subject with so slight a scriptural reference, but it is a splendid testament to her creative imagination. In *Morianton's Servant*, she illuminates the nameless servant who reveals to Captain Moroni the dissident Nephite Morianton's plans.

Minerva had long dreamed of being commissioned to paint murals for LDS temples; finally, in 1947, her sketches for the Manti Temple were accepted and she was commissioned to do the world room. She hired a young local artist, Frank Stevens, to serve as her chief assistant for a project that took twenty-three days of on-location painting time. But a great deal of preparation was necessary; she and Stevens built a scaffolding and covered the canvas with white lead and yellow ochre to give a light earthen color for the background. Unlike most world rooms in other temples, which focus on landscape, Minerva planned large figures with little landscape — a parade of "poverty, pride, oppression, and hatred" (O'Brien 1968, 46). She wrote to her daughter Laurie in 1946:

> I have the hardest temple room I have ever seen to do, 21 ft. high, 60 ft. long, abt 24 wide. The north side wall looks gigantic. I would be scared to undertake it if I didn't know all the artists and architects are watching me to see what I'll do. I dare not back down. Since I have an entirely new attack on the subject, a pageantry of nations, I must get approval of the church officials.

Stevens recalls that Minerva was elated with her work and frequently said, "Look what we have coming up — move quickly!" One day, she fell off the scaffolding but was soon up painting again. "She was nervy, I'll tell you," Stevens recalls admiringly. When he asked her why she omitted some facial features on certain characters, she told him they were not that important for telling the story. She urged Stevens to greater heights in his supportive work: "Make those mountains look sharp. This is Zion, this is what the Lord had in mind. This is the point of the total plan. . . . Learn to draw before you paint" (Stevens, 3 Nov. 1986).

In her urgency to finish the project and meet the deadline imposed by the temple, she enlisted Herman and Frank's wife, Nancy, to help paint in some large expanses of color. On 13 May 1947, she wrote Laurie that the four of them had "worked from 6 AM to 9 PM [and] still it was not finished." But she was exhilarated.

> Oh but I have done a terrific job. It's wonderful that my health held up, and I was able to go through with it. The authorities could hardly realize that it was ended. They had heard that I was working very fast, and I sure did. No mural decorator in America ever beat that — nearly 4,000 sq. ft. in 23 days. They must approve before I am paid.

Their approval came, and she was paid.

In 1962 Minerva turned to another aspect of Mormon culture, the historic trek from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. That year she published a small book of drawings and text, *Selected Sketches of the Mormon March*. The text is

limited to short descriptions of the Mormon exodus after the death of Joseph Smith. The twenty-four charcoal sketches are well-composed and imaginative, yet they are loosely done. They depict various phases of the preparation to move westward beginning in 1846 and reveal the hardships and difficulties inherent in this massive migration. The sketches are full of realistic, on-site detail; the figures and faces are barely suggested, the sense of drama is evident. The series ends with Brigham Young proclaiming Salt Lake Valley to be their goal, as seagulls fly overhead, and women and children weep with joy.

Teichert continued painting well into her seventies and stopped only when she fell and broke her hip in 1972, when she was eighty-two. This mishap virtually ended her artistic career, and she spent her declining years in a Provo, Utah, rest home, where she finally died 3 May 1976.

And what legacy has she left, both from her earlier period and from the 1930s to the 1970s, when she pursued a professional career? In addition to the paintings and stylistic characteristics already mentioned, several other aspects of her work are worthy of discussion.

For example, Minerva often selected subjects that emphasized the role of women. *Love Story* is such a subject. Who else would have painted the greeting of these young people who are destined to marry? *Christ in the House of Mary and Martha* and *The Widow of King Lahonti*, both in the BYU collection, also fit into this category. Her portrayals of Christ emphasize his warmth and understanding, especially for women and children. *Christ in the House of Mary and Martha*, an excellent composition, frames the scene in an archway door through which the viewer sees Christ in the kitchen with the two women. Martha is working back to the left while Mary is seated in the center of the painting, studying a scroll and listening to the Savior. She is beautiful and blonde, her back gracefully curved to draw the eye through the composition, and in typical Minerva fashion, she is dressed in red. Who but a woman artist would have placed this scene in a kitchen, emphasizing the warmth shared between Christ and the two women?

Lahonti's queen is never mentioned by name in the Book of Mormon, but Minerva does not treat her as an "extra" in a cast of men. She centers her painting on this heartbroken woman, seating her on a throne with her children beside her. She holds a vivid red shawl, typical of Minerva's preference for striking colors; the queen is elegant and regal, even in mourning.

The Lamanite Maidens is perhaps her most spectacular treatment of women. Here maidens dressed in white, flowing dresses dance by a reflecting pool of water, while red flowers accent the movement and add to the joyful abandon. After her trips to Mexico, Minerva also painted many Mexican girls in red and Mexican dancing girls. In addition to the sketches of Saints crossing the plains, Minerva did paintings depicting the hardships of women on the great Mormon trek of the 1840s, often using her friends and family members as models (M. Teichert to Eastwood 9 Feb. 1947). *Pioneer Wash Day* and *Quilting at Relief Society* are two such examples.

Minerva's attention to women reflects her own deep feelings about the social roles of women, which had developed from her experiences on the fron-

tier. Grandniece Lee Anne Hart observes: "Aunt Minerva was feisty, spunky, a hundred years before her time, especially about women's lib and the roles women saw themselves in and what women were capable of doing" (1987). However, Minerva herself wrote in 1926, when she was thirty-eight and had been married eight years, "Although [the 'distinguished ladies' of Fort Hall] grew up on a cattle ranch, they never used slang nor made an unlady-like gesture. They could ride as well or better and endure as much dust and wind in an Idaho sun as any young women who now style themselves 'cowgirls' and yet were prepared to take a place in any society without fear" (p. 26). Thirty-five years later, on 14 March 1961, she wrote in her diary:

> Relief Society — and I'm going. I talk too much — not about people but the lessons. Too bad I wasted ten years of talk in Fort Hall Bottoms. Sometimes I'd go for months and never see a woman. I don't know women's language very well, so I talk politics and religion. They don't talk art or chicken talk so I'd better try to get in on this Relief Society deal more often. See you later.

A second trait of Minerva's is that she can best be described as an illustrator and decorator, despite her scorn for artists who were mere decorators or "calendar artists" as she called them (F. Stevens, 2 Nov. 1987). The difference is that Minerva was extremely well trained while many popular illustrators of the day lapsed into sentimentality or fell into the trap of becoming clever decorators for magazines. Minerva comprised in her work the best meanings of those two terms. She had little in common with other muralists of her day in terms of style or even subject matter, but she shared with the best of them a strong sense of the relative importance of one part of a composition to another — a sense which during more than fifty years seldom failed her. She was able to fill a canvas with robust figures, animals, and architecture, telling the narrative in a straightforward and concise way and leaving detail to the imagination.

For example, in the *Last Nephite, Moroni*, she put Moroni, seated alone, in the center of a cave-like enclosure next to a wall by a glowing fire. Wearing a kind of bibbed top and a short skirt with a sword hanging from his belt, Moroni works with a stylus and mallet on metal plates. He is lonely in this secret location, but deep in concentration. On the wall are utensils for survival; on the floor is a rug with a chevron design, a reference to the culture of Indians she herself knew. Minerva has painted Moroni's face so thinly that the charcoal underdrawing shows through, and much of the humble background is suggested rather than drawn.

Minerva preferred to work in oils and made large paintings, a projection of her own monumental personal goals. She painted dramatic episodes literally larger than life for public display; she wanted her art to motivate the viewer to greater faith in the gospel and greater appreciation for the pioneer heritage. Her achievement is particularly noteworthy since she painted most of her large works on a canvas or board fastened to her long, narrow living room wall. Since she could not back up far enough to see her murals as the viewer would

see them, she looked at them through a reversed pair of binoculars to capture the kind of perspective she needed.

She also displayed a preference for painting narrative. In this, she differed from most painters in Utah and the region, who primarily concentrated on landscape. Among the few landscapes that she painted were those of the Teichert property on the old Fort Hall Bottoms with which she illustrated *Drowned Memories* and *A Romance of Old Fort Hall.* These same scenes also appear in a frieze around the living room in her Cokeville home. Otherwise Minerva painted landscapes as the backdrop for her vision of religious history or scriptures.

She also painted at least ninety-three portraits, which ranks her with such other Utah artists as John Hafen, J. T. Harwood, and Lee Greene Richards. One of her finest is *Portrait of Sara*, a tableau of a young woman presented in a yellow print dress trimmed with pale green ribbon. She is a coquette who returns the viewer's regard with no hesitation. In the best Henri tradition, she emerges from the dark as a presence not to be denied (Henri 1951, 20–21). The detail of the dress contrasts with the less defined hair and suggestion of a tiara; the viewer can only wish for more of this Teichert vintage painting, with its direct, bold approach — a restatement in paint of Minerva herself.

In *Betty and the Seagulls*, Minerva used Cokeville family friend Betty Curtis and her own son Robert as models for this painting of faith and optimism of the Mormon pioneer miracle. This work is dominated by the uplifted face of the central character, Betty, who kneels in the center of the painting in front of other figures, bowed in prayer. Minerva had a personal stake in this rendering: "In the Sea Gull painting, I thought of my grandmother, Minerva Wade, who was a young woman at the time of the cricket invasion. I heard the story from her so many times that it would be impossible not to visualize it somehow" (M. Teichert to Larsen, 1936). Jules Breton's *Song of the Lark*, acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago in 1894 (Maxon 1970, 91), shows a young woman who, though standing, has a similar lift of her head and expression of wondrous awe. This is the only Minerva painting in which a real source can be suggested. A similar work in the Church collection in Salt Lake City features daughter Laurie in the central role, but with her arms upstretched.

Also appealing is Minerva's own quickly rendered *Self Portrait* in graphite, where her hair is piled high, with a typical ribbon or headband of cloth around her forehead, a student trademark she kept for almost her entire life (it is thought that this was a holdover from her days performing as an Indian in vaudeville in New York). Here Minerva radiates confidence. She is portrayed with an elongated neck and has poised her head in a regal position. She was very conscious of appearances and was known to give suggestions to her granddaughters on how they should walk and even hold their mouths (Wardle 1987).

Henri's influence also appears in other portraits characterized by dark backgrounds and emphasis on the expression in the eyes. In fact, Minerva's sitters usually confront the viewer in a straightforward manner, as if the viewer

were to be scrutinized or appraised. Her subjects clearly are worldly, earthly, not formal or unapproachable as more pretentious portraits by less talented and perceptive artists often appear.

Animals for her were part of the people, not part of the landscape. She took her charcoal to rodeos and sketched horses, cattle, and cowboys. Her camels and elephants in the religious paintings are rendered with confidence, and a number of her paintings or their borders include exotic birds seen in her travels. *The First Plowing* focuses on sturdy, dependable oxen carrying out their age old task of helping to prepare the earth for planting. Minerva renders the anatomy of the oxen with understanding and sensitivity comparable to another Utah woman artist, Mabel Frazer, who also focused on the land and animals in her painting *The Furrow*.[6] Both of these artists relied on their rural background experience to create scenes of vitality and the real world of the farm. The power and strength of both of these women's work exceeds that of most male Utah painters during this period.

Still lifes were traditionally considered a woman's topic, since figure studies, especially, were considered off limits for women until the very end of the nineteenth century. A number of early western female artists, like Mormon painter Harriet Richards Harwood, painted almost nothing else. Minerva painted scores of floral still lifes as funeral or wedding gifts; most of them thus remain in private hands. As usual, she worked quickly, completing a painting in an afternoon while she had other paintings in process. Her love of physical beauty glows through their colors, and because they were easel paintings, they have more definition and detail than is usual in her other works. They are also evidence of one of the major purposes in Minerva's art: that the fruits of the creation exist to enrich the lives of others, particularly the less fortunate.

Minerva was trained in the best of academic traditions — in two of the nation's preeminent art schools and with a trio of renowned mentors; the excellence of her training is especially evident in her compositions. They are carefully balanced in a manner that derives from experience and an innate sense of completion. There are few, if any, of Minerva's works which leave the viewer with a sense of imbalance. Most of her works are planned, utilizing a triangular or pyramidal organization which dates from the Renaissance and is considered the foundation of good composition. There is no monotony in her compositions because she varied the formats and arranged the figures in such a way that they seem natural and not in the least contrived. Occasionally she liked to use arched doorways or frames within the frames to obtain a new perspective or to create a sense of intimacy.

Minerva also displayed great skill as a "colorist." She knew how to combine, contrast, and highlight with colors. As a regionalist responding to her arid western setting, she employed color to stay in harmony with her environ-

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[6] Mabel Frazer served on the art faculty of the University of Utah for many years and produced a distinguised corpus of works herself. There is, however, no evidence to date that these two women — Minerva and Mabel — who were professional contemporaries, ever met or, indeed, had opinions on the work of each other. Both were strong individuals endowed with great confidence in their respective abilities and talents.

ment. When she recreated her own milieu, she chose grays, blues, and pastels. Describing Idaho to her New York City classmates, she said, "There is a grey sky and grey hills covered by grey sage. An Indian rides by on a white horse with a cerise blanket" (Eastwood 1987). Minerva's colors were subtle for the most part, but as she described the touch of color in the Indian's blanket, Minerva used various hues of red to heighten interest and to catch the eye as it roamed across her paintings. Another example is *Christ in the Red Robe*, which like Mary in the Mary and Martha painting, uses red for the central figure. "At present I'm painting 'Christ coming in his red robes,' " Minerva wrote to B. F. Larsen in 1945. "Don't know what to do with it but I like it. Have to do something besides churn and figure income tax." In a 1916 New York student sketchbook she notes: "Light red and Indian red are beautiful and permanent. Indian red, strength increases with time."

In summary, Minerva Kohlhepp Teichert achieved a sophisticated and well-articulated program of artistic endeavor, crowning it with Mormon historical and theological themes. She gave a unique vision of the world of the Book of Mormon and her pioneer heritage, literally magnifying her calling into hundreds of paintings and leaving her personal interpretation of the gospel she loved so intensely. She carried out this program in addition to being a wife, mother, and business manager of a large ranch.

To put Minerva's achievement into context, Helen Goodman, in a recent article on women illustrators between 1880 and 1914, observes that many women gave up their careers or dramatically curtailed them after marriage. "Those women who did persist, however, often found themselves illustrating almost exclusively themes of childhood, motherhood, romance, or fantasy." Goodman characterized this art as charming, anecdotal, and decorative, but rarely found powerful intellectual or psychological insights or formal experimentation (1987, 15–21). Minerva never suffered from such superficiality or limitations.

Minerva's life was not easy, and rejections of her work and talent strongly affected her. She aspired to do more paintings in an official way for the Church, but her sketches were not accepted for the Idaho Falls Temple, and much to her disappointment she did not receive the Swiss and Los Angeles temple commissions either. Nor did the Church acquire her series of Book of Mormon paintings, which would have fulfilled the "calling" she felt. In a letter to her sister Eda, she wrote about her nephew Alvin: "Hope he'll have better luck telling the world he knows something than I've had" (M. Teichert c1940). She never let herself become bitter, but she was not shy about articulating her feelings on a number of occasions.

Her isolation in Cokeville was undoubtedly a handicap in reaching a larger audience. If she had lived, for example, in a large, developing suburban area such as Los Angeles, she might have won the professional recognition during her lifetime that she sought and deserved. Yet the Wyoming isolation did provide her with the setting for her western-oriented paintings. And the isolation also may have stimulated her imagination. On the other hand, the critical assessment of other artists and colleagues might have pushed her to greater achievements.

The true power of Minerva's strong faith is revealed in the creative conceptualization of more than forty scenes from the sacred record of the New World. Her imaginative Book of Mormon paintings offer a visual alternative to a generation of Latter-day Saints brought up on Arnold Friberg's powerful but masculine imagery of the Book of Mormon. Here, surely, is one of Minerva's "finest hours," where she paints with Olympian nobility, with a sure touch and feel for the dramatic moment ever present. It is here that Teichert must surely join the ranks of the most creative Latter-day Saint artists — one who sought to express the unique vitality of her theology in an absolutely original mode.

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To Watch a Daughter Die

Kathie Rampton Rockwood

To watch a daughter die —
One could practice a lifetime
And never do it well.
The labored hell
That seals a pact with death
In every breath
Knows no translation out of agony
Into words.

To see potential dashed
On the callous rocks
of Chance
And watch impotently
The pain that swells into a mountain.
And I can
Touch and stroke
And hold
Til she would break,
And empty tears til muscles
Can bear sobbing heaves no more.
But . . .
I never ease the pain —
Never touch the pain
She carries like a
Deadly albatross.

To watch her
Grow down
Laboring
Backward.
Unnaturally
Relearning
Dependance
Steering daily downward
Back to the womb
Of death.

To see her face
Ultimately alone
(I cannot come, my love)
Nightmare nights
crying "Momma"
And the door is locked
And I can beat it down
Til fists run blood
But never get inside
Never reach her.
She will journey by herself
No hand to steady her, succor her.
And I run a treadmill,
Never catching up.

I am supposed to hand her graciously away —
Flesh of my flesh,
Blood of my . . .
And not cling with every fiber claw.
There is no
Tangible foe with which to
Duel away my life
For hers.
Coward Death,
Afeared of mortal might,
Knowing in fair fight
My right
Would win.

To watch a daughter die
Is the first and worst
Death I will feel.
My own will be
A shady second run.

To watch a daughter die —
Value?
None.
Maybe only
A way to practice living
Hell
On earth.

What You Leave Behind: Six Years at the MTC

Gary James Bergera

EVEN NOW, NEARLY ELEVEN YEARS LATER, I can still see his face — shocked, fearful, and deeply pained. I'd been working for almost four months at the newly constructed, multi-million dollar Language Training Mission, as the Missionary Training Center was known back in the late fall of 1976. I was excited and confident, perhaps a little too much so, having already taught one group, or district, of missionaries during their required two months of language and gospel instruction before heading off into the mission field. When the number of French-speaking missionaries entering the LTM began to drop off shortly after I started working there, I was assigned to help supervise evening retention — a three- to four-hour period each night in the LTM's large new cafeteria — during which the missionaries were expected to practice and review the day's language lesson or memorize the discussions they would be presenting to potential converts in less than five weeks.

I noticed him during one of my first evenings at retention. He was seated at one of the smaller cafeteria tables, next to a rough brick wall. His head was bowed slightly, and as I strained I could hear him almost inaudibly, but very intently, repeating the lines from the discussion he'd taught himself that day. I learned later that he'd already had several years of French before entering the LTM and that his teachers had felt he would progress faster if he started memorizing the discussions immediately rather than remaining with the rest of his district as they struggled through the first four weeks of language instruction.

At the time, he seemed to have everything going for him — everything that I had lacked two and a half years earlier when I had entered the LTM, at that time located in Knight-Mangum Hall on the south end of the Brigham Young University campus. He seemed prepared, outgoing, friendly, and his enthusiasm was contagious. Perhaps being a recent convert gave him the drive and desire he exhibited, I reassured myself. Like everyone else, I enjoyed his company and spirit, but I must now confess I also felt a little envious.

GARY JAMES BERGERA is the publisher of Signature Books, Inc., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Slowly, however, over the next few weeks, he began to change. The discussions were not coming as easily as he'd hoped, and he started to blame himself. He tried getting up each morning before 6:00 A.M., convinced that a little more study time each day would make up for the previous day's lag. He read regularly from the small, white mission handbook of rules, fearing that his unintentional disobedience might somehow be affecting his memory. And he prayed and fasted. But the discussions didn't come any easier. At retention, he'd sit at his small table, his eyes glazed, his stare fixed to one of the bricks in front of him, tears slowly lining his cheeks.

Then, one evening, he was gone. At first, I thought that he'd gone back to his dormitory room; perhaps, like other missionaries, he wasn't feeling well. But he was not there the next evening either. Each night, I kept looking for him, expecting to find him at his familiar corner in the cafeteria, but he never returned. Soon afterwards, I asked one of his two classroom teachers what had happened to him. Shaking her head, she explained that he'd become depressed over his apparent inability to learn the discussions as quickly as he'd wanted and despondent that his prayers and fasting for help had gone unanswered. When he finally left the LTM, she said, he'd lost all faith in himself, and in God as well.

I've long since forgotten this missionary's name, but his face — the sadness, despair, and hopelessness — as well as the realization that he was someone's son, brother, and friend continue to haunt my memories of the Missionary Training Center. Although his was fortunately not a typical experience, whatever else I may remember of the six years I spent as an instructor at the MTC, from 1976 to 1982, I will never be able — nor would I want — to forget his face.

Towards the end of my mission to southern France in mid-1976, teaching at the LTM was the furthest thing from my mind. The two months I had spent at the LTM in the summer of 1974 had been unforgettable, but not ones that I thought I'd ever look forward to reliving. Once home, however, I quickly realized that I'd soon have to find a job if I expected to start school again in the fall. (Before my mission, my parents and a scholarship had helped greatly to defray tuition at BYU. Unfortunately, after my first semester, I lost the scholarship because of a low GPA. And while I believe my parents would have helped support me, I didn't think I could continue to impose on them.)

A good friend who'd just returned home from a mission to Central America serendipitously suggested the LTM as a possibility. While the idea honestly hadn't occurred to me before, the more I thought about it, the better it sounded. After all, the Church was completing construction on the new $16 million LTM complex north of the BYU campus and would obviously be looking for additional teachers to meet the expected tidal wave of new missionaries. I didn't realize until much later that while the total number of missionaries was expected to increase, this was because all non-English-speaking missionaries would report to the Provo complex, not because of a dramatic jump in the number of missionaries in any one language.

Convinced that I had nothing to lose, I soon reported to the supervisor for all French teachers, Steve Graham. From his office in one of the upstairs rooms in Knight-Mangum Hall, he dutifully interviewed me, handed me two forms for my former mission president and my current bishop to fill out, and made an appointment for me to take a language test. I immediately sent off the two confidential referral forms to my mission president and bishop. Several years later, I was allowed to make copies of these completed references from my personnel file at the MTC. Both were unexpectedly complimentary, especially the one from my bishop, who'd known me only since my return home the previous month. I was concerned that my mission president wouldn't remember me well enough to offer an opinion. I'd been an adequate missionary, but certainly not one of those who become, even before their mission is over, something of a living legend. While President Broshinsky may not have remembered me as well as he did some missionaries, I learned that at least one shared experience stuck out in his mind. From what I understand, he still enjoys telling the story of how tired he was during our final interview before I left France and how I asked him at one point, "I'm not putting you to sleep, am I, President?"

I had no idea what to expect from the required language test. All I'd been told was that I would be evaluated on my ability to carry on a conversation completely in French with two French-speaking natives. Most people, I'm sure, would consider this a relatively easy hurdle for any returned missionary. It's important to keep in mind, though, that most missionaries returning from non-English-speaking missions are never exposed to the kind of language experience that is expected of fluent, educated native speakers. The two people evaluating me knew this, as did I. Fortunately, they were not as hard as they could have been, and while far from fluent, at least I didn't embarrass myself (or if I did, they were too kind to tell me). At the conclusion, I rated average, which was passing. Two weeks later, the supervising teacher telephoned me to say that I was hired, that I should attend a special orientation seminar for all new teachers, and that I could expect my first group of missionaries by the end of the month. Although nervous, I was elated at the prospect of steady, part-time work, of using what language skills I'd picked up in France, and of working with newly called missionaries.

Upon entering the MTC, all missionaries are assigned first to a companion and second to small districts of no more than twelve elders and sisters, all of whom are learning the same language, if not going to the same mission. Each district is then assigned two teachers, who are completely responsible for that district's language and discussion instruction. The missionary's highly regimented day is broken into three instructional periods of approximately three and one-half hours each. The two teachers are each assigned to one of these three periods, and the third period (which, depending on the schedule governing the particular language, may be in the morning, afternoon, or evening) is unstructured, though not unsupervised, retention. Missionaries called on non-English-speaking missions usually stay at the MTC eight weeks, the first three of which are devoted exclusively to language instruction, and the last five

to memorizing, or mastering, the discussions, which are the missionary's primary proselyting tool. Two days after arriving, all non-English-speaking missionaries are expected to speak in their new language, except for emergencies. At any rate, this is the ideal.

No two districts of missionaries ever resemble each other completely. Each is as separate as the individual missionaries who compose them. Yet, after a while, I began to notice similarities, both between missionaries and among districts. Some missionaries enter the MTC much better prepared than others. They have read some, if not all, of the scriptures, have paid attention in seminary and Sunday school classes, and have even begun to memorize the discussions in English. Others are hoping that a mission will force them to study the gospel, since they've never before during their nineteen years had to take the Church seriously. Some enter the MTC willingly; others, who would almost prefer to be anyplace else, are there because of pressure from parents, friends, bishops, or branch presidents. Some fit easily into the intensive and strict regimentation; others chafe constantly at the rules and daily routine. Some learn the language and discussions almost too easily; others struggle painfully with the most simple verb conjugations or with the most familiar gospel concepts. Some enjoy the security of their assigned companionships; others resent the idea of forced friendships.

I was fortunate with my first district, called Lyon after one of the large cities in the Switzerland-Geneva mission. Not only were the majority of missionaries committed to the ideals of a mission, but my companion teacher, Derek Streeter, was a veteran instructor with more than two years' experience at the LTM to draw upon. His patient example helped to head off successfully many problems resulting from my own inexperience before they became unmanageable. Those first missionaries and I owe him much.

After that first district, the number of missionaries entering the LTM began to decline. Whether by design or accident, more missionaries enter the MTC during the summer months than at any other time, especially the late fall and early winter. And with these seasonal changes, the number of teachers necessarily fluctuates. Fortunately, I did not lose my job but was assigned to evening retention until the number of missionaries started to rise again.

Retention, or Practice and Review, as it came to be known officially, was at once enjoyable and challenging. Most missionaries looked forward to these three unstructured hours as a chance to catch up on the day's instruction and as a respite from the intense classroom drilling. However, most teachers assigned to retention approached the task apprehensively. For it soon became apparent that some missionaries — always a minority — required almost constant supervision. Either these missionaries had never had to organize their own time before and didn't know how to or they viewed retention as a three-hour break from their missions. When not monitoring the activities of a handful of missionaries, quizzing them on the day's vocabulary, or listening to them present discussions, I would find myself walking up and down the aisles of the large cafeteria with virtually nothing to do, except be available for their questions.

After that, I worked both in the classroom and in retention and came to appreciate that a missionary's true reaction to his or her two months at the MTC, as well as a mission in general, is most clearly revealed away from the classroom, either in retention or in weekly one-on-one stewardship interviews between missionary and teacher. Away from the constant pressures to succeed in the classroom, from the close supervision of both teacher and other missionaries, and from the usually comforting support of companion and district, most missionaries sooner or later must confront their own personal demons and private nightmares. Like most teachers, I was sometimes able to catch a glimpse of these intimate and often painful battles of the soul, most of which are waged silently and alone, in the heart and in the mind.

In late 1979, after three years at the MTC and as an undergraduate in psychology at BYU, I undertook for one of my classes a preliminary survey of the most prominent stresses missionaries encounter at the MTC. Since all sixty-three of the respondents I'd chosen were going on French-speaking missions, my sample was not random, unless you consider that mission calls are issued randomly. Consequently, the response of these missionaries may not represent those of all missionaries — English and non-English-speaking — to their experience at the MTC. At the same time, I believed then, and still do, that most missionaries would not take serious issue with the reactions of the French-speaking missionaries I sampled in 1979.

Of the five categories causing missionaries the most stress, "interpersonal relations" headed the list. This included dealing with companions, teachers, and other members of the district, as well as peer pressure to conform or succeed, fear of failure, and feelings of competition. In response to my request for additional details, one missionary wrote, "The peer pressure here can be ridiculous. It is difficult to march to the beat of a different drummer when you know that if you do you'll be off beat." Another added, "It's hard to help others when you're the one who needs the most help."

Second on the list was "regimentation," including the daily schedule and routine, long hours of work and study, the lack of social life, inadequate sleep, not enough time to study the gospel and theology, and the daily physical education classes, which were judged either too long or too short. "The hours give no time for anything but the work," one missionary wrote. "There is next to no change. A lot of preparation day is taken up by routine chores. No social life at all, no discussion on any subject other than the gospel. People think you are an apostate if you do!"

The missionary discussions ranked third. This encompassed memorization, presentation to other missionaries and teachers, and discussion recall and review. "Discussions have been hard for me," responded one missionary, "because the rest of the class was going too fast and I could only remember half the lines we were supposed to have memorized. Also, the teachers expected me to pass off the discussions when I wasn't completely ready which made me even more depressed."

Learning a new language caused less stress than I'd initially thought. "Language," including learning, speaking, feelings of inadequacy, and the

inability to express one's feelings, ranked fourth. One missionary explained, "Self-expression with the other district members is basically denied to us, unless we break the rules." "I think it's good to get us speaking our language," another wrote, "but I don't think it should be our first priority while we're here. It's more important that we get to know our companions because we're going to be with them for eight weeks. My companion and I were here for four weeks before I felt that we had a good relationship."

Last among the top five stresses was "rules." This general category included, of course, all MTC rules, although the following were specifically mentioned in the missionaries' responses: lack of privacy, lack of individuality, and always having to be with a companion. "Sometimes," noted one missionary, "it's not really necessary to obey some of the rules, and it's hard to always obey the letter of the law." Another wrote, "It's really hard to change from life before a mission. There's a lot of stress on keeping the rules and sometimes it's hard, and you always have to keep them in mind because they take some adjusting to." Finally, a third missionary explained, "It's hard learning to obey all the rules and not always knowing why. This is especially hard in a world where everything you do usually has to have a reason."

Other, less prevalent stresses included the various required language and discussion examinations administered to missionaries during their stay; minor, unspecified distractions which can prevent missionaries from concentrating fully on their training; and homesickness.

Another category of potential stress, which I failed to take into account at the time but which I later realized can affect many missionaries, is guilt — not only over personal inadequacies but more particularly over what their branch and mission presidents refer to as "unconfessed past transgressions." Besides their weekly stewardship interviews with teachers, missionaries are also interviewed at least twice during their stay at the MTC by their branch president, who is the only non-missionary member of the branch. As far as I could see, the only difference between these two sets of interviews was that the branch president's emphasized moral worthiness, whereas teachers were instructed not to venture into moral areas at all. This is not to say that the subject didn't come up. It did, for many missionaries felt more at ease talking with someone closer to their own age and, presumably, experience. Typically, this emphasis on moral worthiness resulted in a missionary's simply needing to be reassured that past lapses did not necessarily make him unworthy now. But in other instances, especially where the missionary's sense of self-condemnation had become almost debilitating, all we could do was encourage him to talk to his branch president.

For a time, though I understand this is no longer a practice, branch presidents were counseled to follow up belated confessions with a series of probing personal questions. They were expected to determine, for example, when the transgression first occurred (before the missionary was interviewed for his call, or after; before he was set apart, or after; before going through the temple, or after); the nature and extent of the transgression; and if the transgression was sexual, the sex and marital status of the partner, if the partner had chil-

dren, if pregnancy occurred, if an abortion was performed, the number of times the transgression occurred, and the number of different partners. Finally, at the end of each month, all branch presidents were to categorize the confessions they'd heard according to transgression, ranging from fornication/adultery, homosexuality, oral sex, masturbation, petting, abortion, and bestiality to stealing, and alcohol, tobacco, and drug abuse. These numbers were to be totaled on a special form and turned in to the mission presidency where they would be aggregated and sent to Church headquarters for further study. "There is no repentance without suffering," the branch presidents were instructed in their *Branch President's Handbook*. "You do your greatest service when you require the sinner to suffer."

For their part, confessing missionaries were required, in order to repent fully and to remain on their missions, to write to their parents, bishops or branch presidents, and stake presidents confessing, though not specifying, their transgression, expressing their sorrow at having deceived them, and asking for their forgiveness. If the infraction was deemed serious enough, they would be sent home where they would usually be disfellowshipped or excommunicated. Although I don't know if as much emphasis continues to be placed on belated confessions, the MTC administration and missionary department are still striving for a balance between what they see as necessary worthiness and a moderate approach to confession.

While in my experience all missionaries confronted some, if not all, of these and other stresses and pressures, only a few were ever distressed enough to leave their missions early. Statistics on the number of missionaries leaving early for reasons other than poor health are difficult to come by, but according to the official figures I saw while at the MTC I would hazard that not more than 5 percent of all missionaries leave their missions early. A dropout rate this low speaks well, I think, of both the strength and determination of the missionaries themselves as well as the support systems offered by the MTC in the form of usually sympathetic and caring branch presidents and teachers.

Perhaps the best evaluation of a missionary's stay at the MTC is expressed in the following two letters from missionaries themselves. The first was written anonymously and left under the door of an MTC administrator in late 1977. It reads:

> I am one of the so-called "dummies" that passes through the missionary system much too frequently — the missionary that never quite "gets it together." Despite my efforts, I didn't reach the minimal discussion goal nor am I doing so well on the language. Yes, I'm one who seems destined to junior companionship, one who sits in class eyes glazed because his mind is still focused on the day before yesterday's grammar lesson.
>
> As I approach departure date, I feel little "spurts" (I guess you could call them that) of rebellion coming out of me more and more as I'm made to feel less adequate by the day. "Why do I feel good about my devotion and desire to do my best, and all anybody else can concentrate on is my somewhat meager results?" I catch myself wondering sometimes. Also, "To whom and where do these weekly statistics go? Why are they so important when my efforts are so overlooked? How come he's praised for eight discussions and I'm being continually prodded for my three — which took me almost twice the effort?" These questions (and several other factors) lead up to the

"biggie" that I can't understand. "How come I'm leaving this place feeling like I've failed, like I've wasted everyone's time but my own, when I've worked harder here than ever before, anywhere, for any reason?"

Please, consider these things. I am no longer feeling this way, because I know I gave it my best shot. Sure I slipped a lot, but I always got back up and kept going. I also realize I could have done more, and everybody should.

I'm hoping this will give you some insight into the "not-so-ideal-missionary-material" missionary, and how what is average and motivating for many, ridiculously simple for others, can be depressing and defeating for some.

Shouldn't the emphasis be on effort and determination for some, rather than quality and quantity of work? I know my stay here would have been more productive and uplifting with more of this type of attitude reinforcing my efforts.

P.S. Might I refer you to the parable of the talents? It seems all one can do is multiply what he has.

The second letter was written by a missionary I knew and worked with. The hope it suggests is highlighted by the fact that this missionary had to deal with one of the most difficult, taxing experiences, both intellectually and spiritually, of any missionary I met during my six years at the MTC. He wrote as he was preparing to leave the MTC for the mission field:

Well, it's finally true, I'm actually going. I never really had a chance to say good-bye in an appreciative way, so I would like to take that opportunity now. If I hadn't been so stupid before my mission, I may have been able to show that I have a bit more of a personality than just negativism. When I first came here I was a little unstable, maybe insecure is a better word. I'm not saying that right now I'm filled with confidence, but I feel a lot better about myself. I can remember as if it were yesterday when one of my teachers took me out of class and showed me some concern. I suspect I will have somewhat of the same feeling and need when I get to the mission field. I only hope that my first companion will have the same patience with me and show me the same concern.

I know my personality needs to do a lot of growing yet, but the thing I've learned the most here is that while the discussions are important, in order to get them, your mind has to learn to thrive on thinking good and doing good to others. I was so worried about my inadequacy as a student that I forgot or didn't realize the true meaning of being a missionary. I know others tried to explain it to me, but I guess a closed mind doesn't listen very well. I've really learned a lot here, and I know that if I will apply those things, I'll be able to take the gospel to those who really want it. I would like to write to you again, if it's okay, and show you that I can actually present the discussions and speak the language understandably.

Perhaps, as Viktor Frankl has suggested in *Man's Search For Meaning* (1963), discomfort, suffering, and pain such as missionaries sometimes encounter at the MTC enable many of them to discover deeper meaning in their lives, their missionary experience, and their church commitment.

At the same time, I don't doubt that for some missionaries the one or two months spent at the MTC can be a depressing, humiliating experience that can deeply scar them and their relationship to the Church for life. But this was not my experience — either as a missionary at the LTM or as a teacher at the MTC. The six years I spent at the MTC were ones of successes and failures, triumphs and tragedies as the missionaries with whom I worked repeatedly tested the limits of their strengths and convictions. Confronting what was for the vast majority of them the greatest intellectual and spiritual

challenge of their young lives, most missionaries coped surprisingly well with the rigors of a full-time commitment to the Church. For most, this meant fulfilling an eighteen-month to two-year mission, whether or not they managed during this time to integrate fully into their lives the contradictions of belief, faith, and knowledge. For others, leaving their missions early, however painful, seemed the only honest and hence appropriate answer. I learned again and again that returning home early, or not entering the mission field at all, usually required as much, if not more, courage and integrity as remaining on a mission.

With every district of missionaries I taught, the highlight was without a doubt the testimony meeting held the evening before they departed for the field. After two months of close association, there was almost nothing they didn't know about each other. They'd not only shared one another's burdens but had exposed to one another their common humanity to a degree they were unlikely to repeat ever again. After two months, they were no longer strangers but had grown closer to each other than they were to their own parents, brothers, and sisters — perhaps even their own future wives and husbands. And now, faced with the breakup of the district that had nurtured them, they groped for the words to express their feelings. Following the farewell testimony meeting of my first district of missionaries, I remember writing in a diary that no longer exists how I wished every member of the Church could attend such a gathering, how poignant and profoundly touching it was, how much I'd come to respect, admire, and love every missionary in that district, and how I knew that each had experienced something of a minor miracle in his life.

After nearly four years at the MTC, I remember attending a missionwide teachers' training seminar. The administrator conducting the workshop commented early in his presentation that most instructors stayed only about six months. I hadn't before given much thought to the length of time I'd spent teaching part-time, and his remark caught me off guard. I began wondering if I hadn't started to lose whatever effectiveness I'd managed to acquire. And I had to admit that it was becoming increasingly difficult to sustain the same level of enthusiasm from one district to the next. But in the next instant, I realized how much the MTC had come to mean to me, how I still looked forward to the arrival of each group of new missionaries, how much I depended on them, and how much I would miss them.

I remembered Elders Liddiard and Malcolm, whose love of the arts and personal sensitivity had set them apart from the rest of the members of their districts; Elders Spencer and Hill, who had postponed their missions until their mid-twenties, after they had first determined what place the Church had in their lives; Elders Evans and French, two companions of opposite natures, who'd learned that strengths and weaknesses can complement each other; Elders Lasker and Leishman, strangers before entering the MTC, but close friends after, the one seeing himself in the other and helping to support him through the trial of an early release; Elders Evans and Kutney, recent Canadian converts whose commitment to the Church was both spiritual and intellectual and who'd struggle with the dilemma of reconciling the one with the other; and Elders Eaves and Lee, who'd helped me realize that patience can lead to

understanding and hopefully compassion. I remembered these missionaries and hundreds of others, as well as the many different teachers I'd worked so closely with, Elders Lussier, Nelson, Devine, Wilson, and Liddiard, and Sisters Nguyen, Young, Valentine, and Crawford — all of whom epitomized in different ways everything that I'd come to cherish about the MTC.

Eventually, two years later, as I approached graduation from BYU in 1982 with a master's degree in public administration, I realized that I would soon have to leave the MTC. Much to my surprise, though, I didn't find the prospect nearly as difficult as I'd feared. Perhaps I had grown tired of the routine and regular turnover of missionaries and looked forward to the change. Perhaps, knowing that the time was finally coming, I'd subconsciously prepared myself for the break. Perhaps I wasn't ready at all and had only talked myself into accepting the inevitable.

For some teachers, especially those who have taught at the MTC for more than one or two years and have come to measure their place in life by the success of their interaction with missionaries, leaving the security and support the MTC offers can be as painful and traumatic as a death in the family. And while I'm sure I felt some of that, I had consciously tried to distance myself somewhat from the last district I had worked with, not wanting to compound the mixed feelings I was experiencing. At first, I prided myself on not missing the three to four hours of daily drills and memorization. But now, nearly five years later, I must confess that sometimes, while in Provo ostensibly to visit my parents, the bittersweet memories of the six years of my life spent surrounded on all sides by those rough brick walls tug gently at my consciousness, and I find myself driving past the MTC to see if, and how, it's changed. And in small ways it has. But since leaving I've come to realize that in many ways — in ways that mattered most to me — it never will; and that whatever contribution I might like to think I made pales in comparison to the debt I will always owe.

I remember once reading, sometime during those six years, Wallace Stegner's nostalgic, evocative essay, "Hometown Revisited" (1958). In it, he describes his return to the Salt Lake City of his youth, remembers fondly and with evident affection the streets, houses, canyons, and mountains he haunted on the verge of adolescence, and concludes that "home is what you take away with you" (p. 482). Later, I came across Margaret Mead's moving autobiography, *Blackberry Winter* (1973), and her similar perceptive observation that, after years of anthropological fieldwork, she discovered that home is often what you come back to. Perhaps. But thinking back on my six years at the Missionary Training Center and the faces of the many missionaries who, whether they knew it or not, deeply enriched my life, and realizing what they have meant and still mean to me, I can't help wondering if sometimes home isn't also what you leave behind.

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A Journey with Doubt

Terri Zaugg

AN UNWAVERING TESTIMONY of the unique and utter truthfulness of the Church is a prized possession among Mormons. I often hear members declare in testimony meetings that they have "always known the Church is true." Lately, I've found myself wondering if their "knowing" (if too easily won) might be cheating them out of some valuable insights and opportunities for personal growth.

Doubts and the pain of such doubting have a way of shaking apart comfortable old habits and ideas and forcing the sometimes arduous, but ultimately rewarding, task of rebuilding. My own painful struggles with doubt and uncertainty have necessitated a rebuilding that has given me insights and understanding that I could probably have gained in no other way.

My struggles with doubt began one Saturday afternoon about four years ago. I was standing in line at the public library when it occurred to me that I'd neglected to select something for Sunday reading. Deserting what had finally become a favored position near the check-out desk, I proceeded to the LDS book section and began searching. After a few minutes I noticed (as I had on other occasions) a lime-colored volume entitled *No Man Knows My History* by Fawn M. Brodie. I felt impressed to check it out.

The days that followed found me curled up at various favorite reading spots around the house, both shocked and fascinated with the things I was reading about Joseph Smith and early Church history. "Can this really be true?" I kept asking myself. Had the prophet actually sought out married women for his polygamous relationships? Did he hide some of his marriages from Emma? My head was swimming with new terms like peepstone, necromancer, and money digger. I read disturbing allegations concerning Danites, masonic rituals, and Egyptian papyri.

TERRI ZAUGG received an Associate of Science degree from Weber State College in 1974 and is working toward a bachelor's degree in English with a minor in history. Currently employed by the Internal Revenue Service, she is married and has four children.

I had heard of other people reading and dismissing Brodie's book with ease — just as I'd hoped to do. By the time I had finished my reading, however, I no longer "knew" that the Church was true, nor was I certain that Joseph Smith was a true prophet. I was troubled by doubts, confusion, and anger. I needed to compare what I had read with what others had written. I began with a book by Fanny Stenhouse entitled *Tell It All.* I was very moved by the experiences she related concerning the effects of polygamy upon her life and the lives of her friends. I continued reading other books and articles considered anti-Mormon, including a large volume by Jerald Tanner.

I next turned my attention to non-Mormon authors with reputations for a little more objectivity. Their writings, though much more even in tone, did little to ease my growing concerns about early Church history. I avoided most Mormon authors at this time, not wanting to be reminded of all the positive and uplifting aspects of Church history. I didn't care, at this point, what good and miraculous things had occurred. I needed to deal with a growing list of questions and inconsistencies.

The whole situation seemed ironic and unfair. Hadn't the Church always taught that it was important to gain knowledge? Was it wrong of me to have read what I did? Was I so lacking in intelligence and spirituality that I had allowed myself to be deceived by the adversary? I prayed often, but to no avail. I wanted immediate confirmation that the Church was true. Struggling with my doubts made me feel guilty and alienated from those I loved.

Two images come immediately to mind when I think of that first year of struggle. Most painful, I see myself lying in bed on any given Sunday — covers up to my chin, make-up from church still in place, trying to avert a headache by shutting out the world. Sundays became dreadful reminders of what I had lost.

Sometimes my very patient and very believing husband would venture into our darkened bedroom and sit in a chair at the foot of the bed. This was all the invitation I usually needed to launch into a monologue of whatever painful feelings I was experiencing at that particular moment. He was always sympathetic and loving. And at the times when tears made words impossible, he crawled into bed with me, held me close, and told me that he loved me.

The second image of that difficult time is very different. As I read more and more about the early Church and its leaders (often from sources less than sympathetic), my anger and disillusionment gave way to a wry sort of amusement, something a more pious individual might have mistaken for devilish glee. At these times, I would regale my poor husband with all sorts of stories about the early Church. I had a special fondness for anything relating to polygamy or the faults and foibles of the prophets or other brethren that my early Church teachers had taught me to revere. My husband suffered through these tales with amazing good humor and patience. "Well, the prophets were human, too," he must have said over a hundred times. At other times, he questioned the motives or qualifications of the authors I had read.

It was therapeutic having someone to bounce my new-found knowledge off of, but it was also aggravating. I couldn't understand how my husband

could listen so dispassionately to the unsettling things which were threatening to destroy my testimony. Absolutely nothing I said shook his faith. I came to resent his unflappable attitude and for a time accused him of being like the religious fanatics described by Eric Hoffer in his book *The True Believer.* Like them, he seemed to possess the uncanny ability to disregard unpleasant facts as just so much "fluff." I wanted the ugly little inconsistencies to gnaw on *his* brain for a while. He was so immune. I was so vulnerable. His tolerance and sympathy for my disillusionment often seemed poor substitutes for real understanding.

That first year I felt like I was on a roller coaster. My feelings swung from abject humility to raging conceit. One minute I would want to get out of the Church because I felt smothered with hypocrisy — my own. The next minute I would pat myself on the back for having the courage to maintain my membership and activity for the sake of my husband and children. Was I a martyr for my family or a slave to an outgrown faith?

During that year I was called to a leadership position in our ward. I turned it down, explaining that my recent intensive reading of uncensored Church history had changed my perspective on the Church. This confession precipitated a series of appointments with my bishop.

During our first session, the bishop let me rattle on about my disillusionment since my forays into "forbidden literature." I explained that I had read several books written by non-Mormon authors — some antagonistic, others apparently objective. I told him of my careful efforts to sift truth from fiction. And I explained that the overall effect of my reading (yes, I had read Hugh Nibley's *No Ma'am That's Not History*) was still disillusionment.

I assured him that I was continuing to pray daily and pay a full tithing, had no immediate plans to beat my children, cheat on my husband, break the Word of Wisdom, join an apostate group, or in any other way change my current lifestyle. I told him that I was reading in an effort to find the "deeper knowledge" that I had heard would bring me back to the faith I had once known. I explained that much of my current reading was not directly concerned with Mormonism but dealt with other Christian faiths and major world religions.

After I wound down a bit, the bishop fixed his dark eyes on my face and observed (accurately, I might add, though it seemed strange considering the context of our discussion), "one does not have to commit adultery to know it is wrong." He compared the books I had been reading to pornography. I felt angry and misunderstood but held my tongue, knowing it would accomplish nothing to lash out at him in anger.

Later at home, however, I kept thinking back on the interview, and the more I thought about it, the more upset I became. I decided to write him a letter, which said in part:

> Sunday, you mentioned that one does not have to commit adultery to know that it is wrong. (I hope that you don't equate learning about other faiths with immorality.) You also compared, or so it seemed to me, the writings of non-Mormons to pornography. These comments could lead me to believe that you see me as a some-

what unsavory person (a peeping Thomasina?) looking under the skirts of our established Church and its iron-clad beliefs. If so, I hope you'll reconsider. I'm merely searching for the truth, and isn't that what life is all about?

Before giving the letter to the bishop, I made a copy of it for myself. I'd discovered that reading it helped me; I had been able to stand up for myself in the letter in a way that I seldom did in my own mind. I also wanted to hang onto a replica of my carefully chosen words in case I later decided to berate myself for them. I didn't want to suffer for anything that I'd only *thought* of writing.

The bishop reacted very kindly to the letter, and I sensed that he really wanted to help me with my problem. We talked on several occasions about early Church history, but since he knew very little of a controversial nature concerning the Church, we just didn't get any where. He couldn't relate to what I was going through. Even so, he took the time to listen, and I'll always respect him for that.

In time my anxiety and need for emphatic answers began to fade. (I decided that if there were any emphatic answers to be had, I was apparently not ready for them.) I continued to read and made the happy discovery that my doubts had created a new interest in all sorts of people and subjects. In addition to books on Mormonism, I read books by Catholic theologians, Methodist ministers, and Baptist missionaries. I developed an ongoing interest in the religions of the world, especially Judaism.

Sundays continued to be difficult, but I no longer hid in bed with tears or headaches. Church became an opportunity to develop a thicker skin and tolerance for views different from my own. My new tolerance was severely tried the day a member of our stake presidency spoke about how it was far easier for a person to come back into the Church after having committed adultery, or almost any other type of sin, than it was for those who had simply lost faith. He went on authoritatively at some length about the dangers of losing faith, implying that doubting was more abhorrent in the eyes of God than immorality.

Perhaps it would be easier for me to look at doubt as a vice if it were an avenue I had consciously chosen. However, my explorations of early Church history were initiated by what I considered to be a spiritual prompting. After reading Brodie's book and in the agonizing months that followed, I would often lament to my husband that I had been born without an instinct for self-preservation. Maybe I should have fasted and prayed after reading Brodie's book instead of seeking answers, on my own, through additional reading. After all, what other Mormon would be foolhardy enough to read the things I'd read? I found out later (through *Sunstone* and DIALOGUE) that there are many such "foolhardy" Mormons. Their insights helped me accept (and even indulge) my unconventional curiosity and strengthened my desire to stay active in the Church.

Over time, I realized that my doubts had forced me to discover a God very different from the one I had known as a child. Despite the Church's teachings

of a loving deity, my earliest impressions of God were distorted by fear — a fear that seems almost to have been inborn. My mother tells me that when sweet Sister Cook, the neighborhood "grandma," used to stop at our house to visit, I'd run and hide under the kitchen table. As an older child I was absolutely terrified of barking dogs, car rides past bodies of water of any sort, and any and every disease that came to my horrified attention.

I suppose it was only natural that a child so full of fears would also come to fear God. I saw him as some sort of cosmic mind reader who knew and judged my every thought. I felt very uncomfortable in Primary reciting the phrase, "My Heavenly Father loves me," because I felt that he certainly couldn't love *me*. And, of course, I didn't want him to think I was proud enough or silly enough to think he did.

My fears followed me into adolescence. I attended a multitude of church meetings and seminary classes where, among other things, I discovered new and exotic things to worry about. I was always trying to be worthy of guidance and inspiration because I desperately wanted to make all the right choices. I spent most of my Sundays "holed up" in my room reading scriptures or agonizing over my shortcomings.

At about this time I began to imagine that many (far too many) of my everyday actions were being inspired and directed by God: "You'd better get up now." "You should have finished that assignment last night." "You're going to miss the bus." "You need to work on such and such." Fortunately, I never felt "inspired" to do anything very out of the ordinary. It took me several years, however, and the security of a good marriage to finally recognize that most of my "inspirations" were simply desperate attempts to avoid responsibility for my own imperfect actions, coupled with a frantic need to feel loved and accepted by God.

As might be imagined, a person so obsessed with her own righteousness would find it difficult to accept other's imperfections — especially if those others claimed to be men and women of God. When I was unable, through my reading, to satisfactorily refute many of the things I'd read critical to the Church, my belief structure literally crumbled, and I was forced to rebuild from the ground up.

One of the first things I did was brash for a person with my background. I decided to give up the impossible-to-please God of my childhood and briefly considered becoming an atheist. I read about and sympathized with those who claim there is no God and have yet been able to show, through unselfish acts of compassion, more honest love for humanity than many self-proclaimed believers who sometimes appear incapable of really seeing those outside their own religious circles — except, perhaps, as potential converts. I also admired the way many of the atheists I read about did their good works unmotivated by hope for heavenly compensation. My fascination with atheism ended, however, when I realized how much I wanted and needed God in my life — not the harsh, punishing God of my childhood, but a loving, caring father who could tolerate imperfection. I began searching for such a God. I began praying to such a God.

Many Latter-day Saints, like the leader from my stake presidency, seem to abhor doubt. (Perhaps they are afraid that it might be contagious, and that they, too, could become vulnerable.) They seem to believe that it leads either to apostasy or a relaxing of principles. They would probably have a difficult time believing that anything good could come of it. When I first began to doubt, I too felt I was in the grip of something evil. I wriggled, squirmed, and cried. I pleaded with God to push all my former beliefs back inside my head and make them stay there. But he didn't do this for me, and today I'm thankful. Like a loving parent, he stepped back and let me work on the puzzle alone. He must have known it would take me a while. He must have known I'd get discouraged and doubt him at times. He must also have known that it would help me grow.

Before I read Fawn Brodie's book and the others that followed it, my testimony was held together with faulty glue. A belief in the perfection of the prophets, the blatant inferiority of other faiths, and the anger and sternness of a punishing God held it in place. Today, I no longer need to believe that prophets are perfect — I know now that perfection is simply not a mortal attribute. I've gained a new respect for the infinite variety and beauty found in other faiths and the people who espouse them. Most important of all, I've found a loving, caring God who encourages me to keep on struggling with my puzzle — a God who stands with me in my darkness holding a light.

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Mothers and Daughters: Parting

Marcia Flanders Stornetta

More than the gems
Locked away and treasured
In his comb-box
By the God of the Sea,
I prize you, my daughter.
But we are of this world
And such is its way!
Summoned by your man,
Obedient, you journeyed
To the far-off land of Koshi.

(Lady Ōtomo of Sakanoue)

No husband summoned me to Koshi. BYU, Washington, D.C., and a mission president in Tokyo summoned me long before a husband. And even when it was a husband, he summoned me no farther than California. But I too was my mother's prize, her only daughter. And I suspect each time I left, my mother's feelings were no different than Lady Ōtomo's. For Mother expressed her longing and loneliness not in a poem or a letter, but in carefully selected personal stories shared over a sink of peach pits, skins, and sterile quart jars.

To me her stories seemed no different than all the other family tales of grandeur and humor — decking speeding rats in a humble missionary apartment in a small California farming community, dancing to Eddy Fisher's voice on Chicago's North Shore, shopping in Marshall Fields, teaching at the Orthogenic School in Chicago under the tutelage of the renowned Bruno Bettelheim, and romantically sacrificing it all for a newly discharged serviceman who had

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MARCIA FLANDERS STORNETTA has a degree in English from BYU and now works as a freelance writer in Stanford, California, with her husband Scott and their daughter, Christiana Marie.

dated her two roommates for comparison. I had been reared on an oral family history. I had always enjoyed listening to my mother. Even the tales of her early marriage and daily life — of teaching seminary to support my father through medical school, walking several blocks to spend the month's last dime on ice cream cones at Snelgrove's, roaming through the nearby Catholic cemetery with her first toddler for lack of a nearby park, and squabbling endlessly with her mother over toilet-training my younger brother Mark—were exciting.

As peach halves plopped into syrup, she rehearsed the familiar story of her departure to the California mission. And as usual, the story she told and the story I heard were different. I framed her experiences with my own time and understanding. I always envisioned a black and white photograph of my mother bundled in her thick otter coat — which she wore in high school and surely would never have needed in San Francisco — with two suitcases in hand, standing next to my grandmother on the hill of their new house — which they moved into during my mother's mission. The edges of the picture always vanished at this point, and I saw my grandfather — who was actually attending conventions in the East at the time — and Mother hop into the sparkling green 1949 Cadillac — even though Mother left on her mission in the early forties. Then Grandfather would ease the Cadillac carefully down the hilly driveway and chug towards the train station. Grandmother never seemed to accompany them to the station but went back to the kitchen, stared vacantly out the bay window at the hill and driveway, donned her apron, and returned to her dishes. Mother always capped the story with her point: caught up in the excitement of leaving home, she never realized until years later how painful it was for her mother to see her only daughter and eldest child leaving home for the first time.

It did not occur to me to question why Mother repeated the same story not only the first year, but every year I left for college. The summer I nonchalantly hopped on a plane for a summer in Washington, D.C., and the month that I carefully packed and repacked my suticase for maximum utilization before I left for eighteen months in Tokyo, she told the same story. I never realized that it was an "I didn't realize" story.

Only when I was the one left at the curb waving good-bye, wondering and worrying, did I begin to understand what Mother had felt. A week together crowded with Rodin sculptures, shopping sprees, chocolate milk shakes, and sunny beaches provided only temporary distraction from the harsh reality of my mother's malignant biopsy. Even the traditional anniversary red rose my father presented my mother could not erase its shadow. As my father posed us for a mother-daughter snapshot in front of my towering high-rise apartment before they left, reality returned. We exchanged warm hugs, car doors slammed, and then they pulled away from the curb. This time I was the one left behind with the sink full of waiting dishes.

I headed for the comfort of my grandmother's oak rocking chair with its torn and cracked leather. The dishes waited. Would I ever see my mother alive again? The chair rocked and creaked. I remembered how I used to hear my grandmother creaking in this chair. When my mother was gone, would I

be able to hear her voice? Would I remember her face? Her touch? I thought of the warmth of Mother's laugh one summer evening over Grandmother's kitchen table. The three of us, mothers and daughters, giggled together over my dilemma of two boyfriends. I thought of my first day in the temple (Ready to preach and proselyte, how glad I was that I had exclusive rights to the room and needn't be bothered by the chatter of soon-to-be brides.) I remember no embrace, only Mother's face — tears welling, but not spilling. For a moment there, we silently shared and savored this rite of passage. Then she zipped my temple dress, and I was finally ready for the endowment.

And I thought of a hot summer day shifting nervously in a mourner's pew. I remembered watching Mother's fingers as they passed over the white georgette and aging green satin draped and tied over Grandmother's frail body. So gently my mother tied the bow around Grandmother's neck, softly kissed her lips, veiled her face, and then stood back as they shut the casket.

How unfair it all seemed: A mother loses her daughter to life and excitement, a daughter her mother to death.

Since we parted,
Like a spreading vine,
Your eyebrows, pencil-arched,
Like waves about to break,
Have flitted before my eyes,
Bobbing like tiny boats.
Such is my yearning for you
That this body, time-riddled,
May well not bear the strain.

(Lady Ōtomo)

My body is not time-riddled, just hormonally imbalanced. When my pregnancy began, my mother's cancer recurred for the second time. Over the phone, I cried and she cried. We cried that she might never see my child. But my tears were for my mother, not my child.

As the weeks passed, I looked at my burgeoning abdomen and wondered how I could ever love Christiana (or Wakefield Scott if medical science proved to be wrong). I neatly pressed the tatted and embroidered dress and covered my childhood crib with the cross-stitched crib sheet, both rescued years before from my grandmother's basement. My own pink sweater, washed and folded, lay next to the baby afghan my mother knit after her first remission. Afraid she might never see any of my children, she had completed it two years before I had thought of having a child. But Christiana's namesake spoon, carried across the plains and passed through generations of hands, lies hidden securely in my jewelry box. It reminds me too much of time. Each week as my daughter's birth grows closer, my mother's death grows nearer.

I remember my blunt confession to Scott two weeks before our wedding. I told him I didn't love him — at least, I admitted, not like I loved my mother. He laughed. He didn't want me to love him like my mother. And he was

right. Love isn't exclusive. But I wonder if I can really love a daughter as much as I have loved my mother?

And now as my pregnancy comes to an end, Mother's cancer recurs once more. I want to turn back the clock, to be the daughter my mother cuddled night after night in the rocking chair. And yet, when my daughter kicks, I begin to yearn for her. I long to hold her in my arms, to cradle and to comfort her. I want to forget time. Alone in my rocking chair in California, I think of Mother alone in her bed in Utah. I yearn to be with her, to be the daughter I once was. But I yearn also to be the mother rocking.

During these rocking moments I recall my one summer of feminist freedom. For five weeks I spent my days among the feminist writers. I skimmed book after book on shelf after shelf. Sitting Indian-style one day on the carpet, I chanced across a feminist psychologist whose name I have now forgotten. A century's emphasis of psychoanalysis is wrong, she wrote. It is not the oedipal complex, but the severing of ties between mother and daughter that is the major psychological crisis of humankind. I think now that I agree.

Had I only known
My longing would be so great,
Like a clear mirror
I'd have looked on you —
Not missing a day,
Not even an hour.

(Lady Ōtomo)

As a child, I once threw a shoe at my mother in anger. I resolutely refused to clean my room and neatly carved the immortal words, "I hate Mom," into such strategically located areas as my dresser, window sills, and bedstead. But I was a child. Now I don't want to miss a day or an hour of the time she has left. But I don't want to leave my husband, and his graduate fellowship can hardly subsidize the deregulated airlines or the breakup of AT&T.

I want my mother next to me. I want her lifetime of advice. I cannot bear the pain of parting, nor can I face the years without her. I remember the first day I learned of the cancer. Mother was sedated following the surgical biopsy that had cut her chest open, Dad was barely conscious in intensive care following open heart surgery that could not be postponed, and my elder brothers could only offer support through phone calls from their homes in the East. As I stood in the hospital corridor between my parents' two rooms, for the first time, I was alone. There was no one to hold me. No one to make the pain go away.

But my mother lived. She even saw me married and will now see my child. My grandmother was ninety-one, my mother fifty-eight when Grandmother died. Grandmother had struggled through ten years of increasing blindness, deafness, feebleness, and senility. At the end, she wanted to die. Her death was a blessing. And yet my mother told me how alone she felt.

Just as I assured myself that I would learn to love my husband and my child, I assure myself that my mother will never really leave me. Just as

Grandma is always there. As I rock and wait for my daughter, I remember Grandma brushing the gray strands of hair into place before her mirrored closet doors as she rocked in her oak rocking chair. She is there in each stroke of her paintings hung in my home, in the penciled comments in her books on my shelves, and in each diamond of her ring, which I now wear.

And my mother is here too, set in the opals in her ring and stitched in the baby sweater and afghan in which I will adorn my daughter. She is bound in three volumes of neatly typed letters sent nine thousand miles. And she lives in a hundred pages of her personal history. She lives as I remember the jeers of kindergarten classmates after an "accident," the pain of adolescent acne, unpopularity, and well-intentioned parents, and the newlywed struggles of balancing a family budget. She will live again as I too learn the joy of my daughter's first cry, the frustration of her dirty room, and the longing as she leaves for college.

Feminist psychologists tell me my mother will never leave. So do well-meaning friends citing scriptures and Mormon philosophies and folklore. And my mother assures me as well. "When the time comes for you to tie the bow of my temple cap, I hope you will hear my silent words of peace and love." But that makes the parting no easier.

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Pruned

Kathie Rampton Rockwood

I have always been a flowering vine,
Seeking new trellises to trail on,
Climbing ladders to the sky,
Lusting over neighbor fences
And stretching green tendrils to fly.
I have blossomed profusely
Season after season,
First petal to peek through snow.
I have sifted my fragrance
And scattered it windward
To the four corners of my earth.

Yet once in a verdant life
Comes a storm that would tear
The heartiest oak to firewood shred.
The clouds sit smugly black,
Horizon-laid and waiting,
Wind-ready and panting for the unleashing.
And I must, with speed of light,
Prune back,
Discard the blossoms,
Petal by petal,
Plucking religiously
Til there is only naked stalk —
Then turn all my blood to root,
Send shooting down and inward
Sap strength to tunnel new finger feelers
Down, down,
Strong around
Mighty rock and weighted earth.

And the land and sky
Unleash their fury.
But I,
Root
And hold,
Grown cold and craven
Fighting, not to thrive,
But merely
Pruned,
To survive.

A Mormon "Pilgrim's Progress"

The Backslider by Levi S. Peterson (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986), 361 pp., $12.95.

Reviewed by Richard J. Cummings, professor of languages and director of the Honors Program at the University of Utah.

LEVI PETERSON'S first novel is an event eagerly awaited by all those who have come to appreciate such masterful, prize-winning short stories as his "The Confessions of Saint Augustine" and "The Road to Damascus," both republished in his prize-winning 1982 collection of short stories, *The Canyons of Grace*, (Urbana: University of Illinois Press). It is therefore not surprising that the novel received the Association for Mormon Letters' Best Novel Award for 1986. It is indeed a memorable first novel which more than lives up to the expectations of those who had already recognized in Peterson a rising master of Western regional fiction.

What we have here is a sprawling, brawling narrative — at once Dickensian and Rabelaisian—which explores the highways and byways of Mormonism in a manner that is provocative, entertaining, illuminating, irritating, and, ultimately (at least for the reader who is open to its earthy candor), deeply gratifying.

The Dickensian quality is unmistakable in the rogue's gallery of memorable characters which the author describes with a sure hand, invariably zeroing in on that trait or mannerism which is most revealing and of which we would expect the character to be most self-conscious. Even the hero, Frank Windham, is caricatured as having "a square jaw, a big mouthful of white teeth, a button nose and a shock of brown hair which bounced above his shingled temples like loose hay on a wagon" (p. 5). His future wife calls him "Horseface" when she first meets him and immediately comments on the size of his hands even though "Frank's big hands weren't something he liked to have mentioned" (p. 12).

The names of Peterson's characters are as appropriate to southern Utah as Dickens's Pickwickian names are evocative of nineteenth-century London. Whether it is Clara Earle, the hero's future mother-in-law, who "had the shape of a tripod: fat thighs, big buttocks, narrow shoulders, a little head . . . tartared teeth, ruddy cheeks and cheerful eyes" (p. 2), or Jeannette, her younger daughter, who "had big woodchuck teeth, golden braids, and a chest as flat as a board" (p. 44), or Salsifer Jamison, the hero's uncle, who was "about seventy but looked older" whose "jowls and dewlap drooped" and whose "head was bald except for a little rim of bristle" (p. 80), or Farley Chittenden, the lecherous polygamist with a "redbrown walrus mustache and a shiny bald dome circled by a rim of wild prophetical hair" (p. 159), or Rossler D. Jarbody, the fee-conscious, jack-Mormon lawyer whose garish clothes "snarled and spit at each other" (p. 174), the net result is an unforgettable dramatis personae ideally suited to the colorful setting.

Although the characters are predominantly Mormon, the author varies the diet by including Masons, Fundamentalists, Protestants, and unbelievers as well. In making Marianne, Frank's girlfriend, a nominal Lutheran, he effectively uses their contrasting belief systems to highlight various theological issues and personal tensions. It should be noted that, despite the broad

humor of the novel and the occasional lapses into crude rural slapstick, the author avoids the extremes of callous ridicule and mawkish sentimentality in recounting the adventures and relating the foibles of his characters.

The Rabelaisian quality of the novel becomes apparent early on when the hero, Frank Windham, reflects on the anatomical proximity of the organs of reproduction and elimination, noting that "God had showed what he thought of people's sex organs when he put them in such cozy company with their bladders and guts. He had created people with sex organs so they could get married and use them once in a while to multiply and replenish the earth. But even before he started, God knew that people wouldn't stop at multiplying and replenishing the earth. . . . They'd lust and lasciviate and tickle themselves any old time for fun and pleasure" (p. 44).

Peterson's unrepentently scatological approach to his story and his frequent graphic allusions to the whole range of bodily functions and sexual activity are sure to offend the prim and prudish and will doubtless elicit accusations of tastelessness and even prurience. I must confess that, at several points in the narrative, I was tempted to complain that the author had gone out of his way to remind the reader that living is firmly based in a series of crass physiological events — ingestion, defecation, urination, regurgitation, copulation, intoxication, expectoration, parturition, menstruation, masturbation, and expiration.

However, behind this endless sequence of bodily activities and physical events lies a value system of unassailable integrity which, for want of a better term, I would call holistic humanism. By that I mean that for Levi Peterson, the human experience is a seamless whole: just as reproduction and excretion are inextricably linked, so are the mind and the emotions, the body and the soul. Anyone who tries to separate the spiritual from the physical does violence to the human condition and must suffer the unhappy consequences whether it be guilt-ridden hypocrisy, mental imbalance, or worse yet — suicidal or homicidal destructiveness.

Approached on the purely physical level, the novel seems disarmingly picaresque. We follow the hero in his peregrinations across the width and the breadth of Utah, with a little hell-raising in northern Arizona for good measure. On a deeper level, we realize that Frank is engaged in a spiritual pilgrimage, which, while not divorced from his efforts to become a rancher or his courting interests or his concern for his deranged brother, nevertheless goes beyond these purely physical pursuits which it encompasses and to which it gives meaning.

It is significant that the novel opens with Frank deep in prayer trying to confirm a bargain — a "pseudo-covenant" — which he thought he had struck with God. "Actually, it was Frank's bargain, God never having confirmed it. That was the way with God. He never offered Frank any signs, he never gave him any encouragement. He left him penned up with his own perversity like a man caught in a corral with a hostile bull" (p. 1).

So Frank begins his pilgrimage trying to get a response from God, which, when it is not forthcoming, leads him to rebel by resorting to riotous living. Then he has a vision of a vindictive God observing him through a celestial gunsight, and, out of sheer dread of retribution, he adopts an austere life-style. His heroic efforts to renounce all vanities and pleasures — especially those of the sexual variety — only lead to the disheartening episodes of recidivism which give the novel its name. Finally, just when his sinful backsliding has all but destroyed any sense of self-worth he might have had and he is besieged with self-destructive impulses, he has another vision in which Marianne's Savior, the "cowboy Jesus," sets everything right in a life-affirming, surprise ending.

It should be clear by now that, although Frank Windham is neither John

Bunyan's Christian nor a typical Mormon, he is engaged in a pilgrimage which is instructive to Christians generally and to Mormons in particular. For all of his josh-ing and parodying, Levi Peterson's basic message seems to be clear and simple: the human challenge lies in avoiding the all-too-human extremes of debauchery and asceticism in favor of a balanced way of life through which we can celebrate our humanness while pursuing moral and spiritual betterment — a kind of ethical Word of Wisdom which prizes moderation in *all* things. Theologically speaking, Peterson shows equal disdain for God as the "celestial chief executive officer" with whom the faithful can make redemptive business deals and for the vengeful God of the Old Testament.

Although the novel has enough universal human appeal that it can be read with profit and enjoyment by anyone, only the Mormon reader can fully appreciate the wide range of insights into the Mormon experience which the novel affords. In this connection, it is significant that the hero is introduced spiritually before he is described physically. After first meeting him on his knees prayerfully — and fruitlessly—seeking confirmation of his "pseudo-covenant," we are told that "Frank would be lucky to inherit even the Telestial Kingdom. A fellow who belonged to the true church and who believed in God but wished he didn't was in big trouble" (p. 5). This is a significant departure from the typical fictional Mormon protagonist who is either riddled with doubt or has left the fold completely. However outrageous his conduct or observations may be, Frank Windham is a Mormon "true believer" who accepts the divinity of the LDS faith in spite of himself and whose only issue is the nature of his relationship to his maker and whether he is doomed to perdition.

In introducing us to Frank Windham, Levi Peterson turns the tables on those who expect the heroes of fiction about Mormonism to be either pious frauds or hopeless renegades. Frank is simply a red-blooded Mormon cowboy who feels he has been cursed with insatiable animal appetites and an unshakable testimony which at first bedevils him but with which he eventually comes to terms.

Indeed, it is the process of coming to terms which Levi Peterson employs so skillfully not only to tell an entertaining and often touching story, but also to compile a veritable encyclopedia of the varieties of Mormon religious experience. He includes not only mainstream Mormonism in all its diversity — Sunday meetings, interviews with the bishop, baptism, ordination, anointing of the sick, scripture reading, private and public prayers, viewings and funeral services ("Sure as daylights somebody at a funeral always had to say the corpse looked natural . . . Salsifer didn't look natural unless, of course, natural meant looking shrunk, fallen, and dead" [p. 213]) — but also the more sensational, fanatical, and heretical undercurrents of Mormonism such as polygamy and blood atonement ("Ross Drummer gave himself to men . . . they cut his throat . . . he had a black witness . . . he asked to be cleansed by his own blood" [p. 334]).

Very much in the humorous tradition of Mark Twain, Peterson has a special knack for carrying certain aspects of Mormon belief to their absurd conclusion, a knack which is bound to exasperate the orthodox as much as it will delight the heterodox. Frank remembers how, as boys, he and his brother had led their dog Rupert into the waters of baptism noting that "he won't make the Celestial Kingdom unless he's baptized," after which they nearly drowned the poor beast: "If his foot comes out of the water, we've got to do it over" since "God will send you to hell if part of you ain't under the water" (p. 108). When a black raven appears on the scene, Frank shouts "Keeerummm, it's the Holy Ghost!" and the parody is complete. Is this irreverent and even blasphemous, or is it a good-humored and creative adaptation of idiosyncratic Mormon prac-

tices and folklore? I would submit that answering this question is very much like taking a Rorschach test — the truth of the matter lies more in the beholder than in what is beheld.

One aspect of the novel which may perplex some readers is the time frame within which the narrative is placed. Nothing explicit is said to indicate when the events of the novel are supposed to take place, although revealing that the going price for goats is $25 (p. 3), that English 3 is offered at the University of Utah (p. 22), and that one of the characters is a faculty member at the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City (p. 49) are all clear giveaways that the action is not set in the present. In fact, it is not until page 50 when Clara thinks "it was disloyal of Harold Stassen to try to push Vice President Richard Nixon off the Republican ticket" that we realize by inference that the novel is placed exactly three decades ago in 1956. Even though this displacement to an earlier time is not explicitly heralded and comes more as a kind of shock of recognition, it has a subtle but unmistakable effect on the way in which the reader responds to the narrative. Somehow setting the action in the fifties, in a relative "age of innocence" which antedates the civil rights movement, the Vietnam War, and the political ferment and sexual liberation of the sixties and seventies heightens the grotesqueness and raunchiness of the thoughts and actions of the major characters while at the same time lending to the novel an aura of nostalgia. The novel makes its point even more emphatically than if it had been placed in a contemporary setting because the author cultivates a relentless realism which refuses to gloss over anything. At the same time, the novel comes through as a loving retrospective because of the warmth with which the characters are drawn and the tolerance and understanding with which their follies and shortcomings are related.

Although in Levi Peterson, the backwaters of Utah may not yet have found their Shakespeare, they certainly have at least found their very own John Steinbeck! In a sense, *The Backslider* is the first instance of a new genre which combines in broad strokes with subtle touches caricature, humor, theology, folklore, and plain old everyday horse sense in a way which readers will either admire or detest, but which must be approached on its own terms.

This trail-blazing first novel is a veritable tour de force which, I predict, will create even more admirers for Peterson and which whets the appetite of the true aficionado for more, much more, in the same vein.

Politicians, Mormons, Utah, and Statehood

Political Deliverance: The Mormon Quest for Utah Statehood by Edward Leo Lyman (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1986), 327 pp. $22.50.

Reviewed by Allan Kent Powell, Historic Preservation Coordinator, Utah State Historical Society.

FEW STATES IN THE UNION had a longer or more bitterly contested statehood struggle than did Utah. Edward Leo Lyman has searched out and chronicled the detail, factors, and individuals which make up the drama in *Political Deliverance: The Mormon Quest for Utah Statehood.*

As Leonard Arrington notes in his introduction to this definitive study, "[Lyman] provides so much new data from so many previously unmined sources that the popular understanding of how plural marriage began to be abandoned and how statehood came to Zion will have to be reassessed" (p. ix). Still, Lyman's work is based on

the foundation of earlier studies of the statehood and polygamy issue including Leonard Arrington's 1958 *Great Basin Kingdom*, Howard LaMar's section on Utah in his 1966 volume, *The Far Southwest: 1846–1912, A Territorial History*, Klaus Hansen's 1967 *Quest for Empire*, Gustive O. Larson's 1970 *The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood*, and Henry J. Wolfinger's 1971 "A Reexamination of the Woodruff Manifesto in the Light of Utah Constitutional History."

The 1890 Wilford Woodruff Manifesto was not so much a revelation or decisive announcement to end polygamy, rather a political strategy to gain statehood and prevent the enactment of the Cullom-Struble Bill which would have disenfranchised all persons belonging to a church organization that taught or practiced polygamy.

With these points outlined clearly in his introduction, Lyman proceeds to review events and circumstances related to statehood from 1849 to 1896. For some readers, the detail may be overwhelming and uninteresting. But those who persist will find a stimulating lesson in nineteenth-century politics including the role of lobbyists and the debts that they expected to collect for their services. They will also find that the political opponents of Utah's statehood were not so much anti-Mormon as anti-polygamy.

While the quest for statehood occupies center stage, other interesting sub-themes add richness to Lyman's study. These include the demise of the People's and Liberal parties; the emergence of the Democratic and Republican parties in Utah; nationally the shift of political support for statehood from the Democratic to the Republican party; the manner in which Mormons and gentiles came together in national parties; the ambivalence of Church leaders toward political participation by their fellows; the ease with which Mormons were drawn into the practice of slinging political mud at each other; and how Church leaders were unable to keep promises or at least fill the political expectations of loyal lobbyists like Isaac Trumbo.

While acknowledging Wolfinger's pioneering work in bringing to light the negotiations and political concessions made by Church leaders to federal government officials before the Manifesto, Lyman challenges Hansen's thesis regarding the preeminence of the Council of Fifty in the fight for statehood and Gustive O. Larson's view that polygamy was primarily a weapon used by opponents to destroy the political power wielded by Church leaders. Lyman finds that the first presidency, not the Council of Fifty, was the primary Mormon group concerned with economic and political affairs in Utah during the 1880s and 1890s. Lyman observes that critics of statehood did not mandate "cessation of political activity by the Mormon hierarchy [but the] regularization of political affairs in Utah" (p. 3). This meant the breakup of the Mormon People's party and the Gentile Liberal party and the amalgamation of political activities across religious lines within the Republican and Democratic Parties.

Acknowledging that plural marriage presented the greatest barrier to statehood for Utah, Lyman credits historians with recognizing the importance of the polygamy issue and cites the conclusion of Orson F. Whitney in his *History of Utah* that if Mormons had abandoned polygamy in 1862, the Republican party probably would have supported Utah's statehood application at that time. Lyman finds that polygamy was not on the wane in the late years of the century and concludes that without the anti-polygamy raid plural marriage "would have continued to flourish, at least among the Mormon elite . . . for at least another generation" (p. 4).

Students of Mormon History and nineteenth-century political history will find *Political Deliverance* indispensable to an understanding of the statehood process for Utah and the compromises and concessions that Church leaders had to make to attain that long-sought goal.

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Disciplined Geography

An Ancient American Setting for the Book of Mormon by John L. Sorenson (Salt Lake City and Provo, Utah: Deseret Book Company and Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies, 1985), xxi, 415 pp., $14.95.

Reviewed by Lavina Fielding Anderson, an editor and writer in Salt Lake City.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH this information-packed, attractively printed, and modestly priced volume began in manuscript as a member of the *Ensign* editorial staff in 1975 when Sorenson, at the invitation of managing editor Jay M. Todd, spent an afternoon a week for two or three months presenting various aspects of his research tying the Book of Mormon to a Mesoamerican setting. It was a graduate seminar with a master teacher who, though sometimes brusque and bristly on paper, was invariably pleasant and undefensive in person.

In my early teens when my prime demand on literature was a strong plot, my favorite part of the Book of Mormon had been the account of the wars in the latter half of Alma. Of all those autumn afternoons on the twenty-second floor of the Church Office Building, the one that stands out in my mind was spent tracing, under Sorenson's guidance, the routes of armies "over," "down into," "around," and "up to" various military objectives that corresponded with mountain valleys and passes, lowland plains, and river courses in Mesoamerica. The Book of Mormon thereby acquired a solidity and reality by being tied to terrain that it has never lost for me.

Although the *Ensign*'s initial plans to publish Sorenson's manuscript as a series was eventually abandoned, I was delighted to know that the project continued on until this joint publication by Deseret Book/FARMS was possible.

My previous exposure to Book of Mormon geography had been from hobbyists whose esoteric efforts, to be quite frank, I had classified among those of most genealogists and vegetarians — of passionate and absorbing interest only to themselves and therefore, if published, usually self-financed. The breadth and eclecticism of Sorenson's disciplined and multi-disciplined approach remains one of its strongest appeals.

The book is carefully written for the lay reader. It contains no abstruse terminology and no assumptions that the reader is supposed to already have. He is careful to claim "plausibility" and "probability," not certainties, nor does he rely on appeals to authority or testimony. The logic of its organization intelligently deals with most of the associated questions by way of clearing the ground for a detailed examination of the text.

A preface jointly written by Leonard J. Arrington, Truman G. Madsen, and John W. Welch provides reassurance to an LDS audience that the book is worthy of serious consideration. Sorenson's important intro-

duction spells out his own priorities and premises in a discussion that provides the foundations for the rest of the book.

> Until recently, after 150 years since the Nephite record was first published by Joseph Smith, we had neglected to pin down the location of a single [New World] city, to identify confidently even one route the people of the volume traversed, or to sketch a believable picture of any segment of the life they lived in their American promised land. In many respects, the Book of Mormon remains a sealed book to us because we have failed to do the work necessary to place it in its setting (p. xvii).

He does not disguise his love for the Book of Mormon nor his strong personal interest in the Mesoamerican thesis, to him the most plausible: "But strong feelings need not rob disciplined inquiry of merit" (p. xix).

The text is illuminated by thirteen fine maps including a topographical map of Mesoamerica on the endpapers. Five of these maps appear in the first chapter, "The Book of Mormon Mapped," where he deals with the potentially vexing questions of what view General Authorities since Joseph Smith have held of the Book of Mormon's location, carefully presents a case for the possible size of the land based on distances within the book itself and the probable speed with which various parties and individuals were able to cover terrain, the reasonableness of a "two-Cumorah" hypothesis, why the Nephites might have used conventional north-south terminology when Mesoamerican quite distinctly runs northeast-southwest, and why it is still useful to study geography despite drastic alterations at the time of Christ's crucifixion.

His answer to this last question is: "Mormon and Moroni both lived and wrote *after* the catastrophic changes. They had no trouble identifying locations they personally knew . . . with places referred to by Alma and Helaman before the catastrophe. Nothing about the pre-crucifixion geographically seems to have puzzled them. . . . The narrow pass was still in its key position during the final battles as it had been more than four centuries before. The River Sidon ran the same course, and Ramah/Cumorah, the landmark hill, presided unchanged over the annihilation of its second people" (pp. 45–46).

The next chapter, entitled "Getting Some Things Clear," chews its way steadily through some vital topics: the nature of a lineage history, which Sorenson argues the Book of Mormon is, rather than a political or social history, Mesoamerican cosmology, what we learn from archaeology, anthropology, and accounts of early Spaniards, what dated Mayan monuments have to teach us, the usefulness of dendrochronology (the study of growth rings in trees) and carbon-14 dating combined, language history, the Nephite writing history, and biological characteristics we could expect from the Semites of Lehi's area in the Old World.

For example, on this last point, Sorenson notes from the evidence of skeletons, art, and living descendants, that men were approximately five feet six inches, women five feet, and relatively few weighed more than 130 pounds. "Their build was slender and gracile, unburdened by heavy muscles. (This information was not known to the artist who prepared the illustrations used in the Book of Mormon in recent years.)" (p. 82)

An important chapter on cultural history in the area follows — the history, religion, political structure, social patterns, and traditions of the Aztecs and Olmecs. The discussion examining the evidence for equating Olmec and Jaredite traditions is particularly interesting.

The heart of the book for me is chapters 4–8 which basically follow the chronology of the Book of Mormon from first landing through final destruction. I encourage the reader to work through this section of the book with Book of Mormon in hand, following the maps and reading beyond the quotations for contextual understanding.

After the careful preparation of the earlier chapters, it is illuminating to appraise the case Sorenson makes for locating some of the important cities of the Book of Mormon at identifiable Mesoamerican sites: Kaminaljuyu on the suburbs of Guatemala City with the city of Nephi, for instance, or Santa Rosa on the upper Grijalva with Zarahemla (pp. 141–52). Map 10 on p. 199 which uses both Book of Mormon and Central American place names was particularly helpful.

These chapters also include illuminating cultural discussions of, for example, the Maya calendar, dating the birth of Christ, the use of metals in the Book of Mormon, an analysis of the twelve animals mentioned in the Book of Mormon and their probable presence in Mesoamerica, the operation of secret societies, Quetzalcoatl as Christ (Sorenson argues for a much more limited identification than has been popular in seminary classes), and military strategies and remains.

An example of Sorenson's blending of Book of Mormon reports and Mesoamerican reconstructions is his discussion of the flourishing of the church in the generations immediately after Christ's visit. After acknowledging that "we would not expect a high degree of administrative and ritual uniformity" because of the "linguistic, cultural, and social differences . . . and also because of difficulties in routine communication, . . . still, we ought to be able to detect new religious practices in the Mesoamerican materials around the mid-first century A.D. And we can."

> Certain old incense burners went out of use or changed form, and the use of the little clay figurines, which probably had some sort of religious significance, was abandoned in many places. Both those features, the burners and the figurines, had parallels in Palestine, where they represented religious practices either of a folk nature or connected with Mosaic orthodoxy (pp. 330–31).

I found occasional drawbacks. Though charitable, Sorenson's custom of not identifying by author the theories he displaces makes it difficult for the beginning student to form a very clear idea of the dialogue on this subject that has been going on for much of the twentieth century.

Given the wealth of material in the book, not all of which can be logically predicted by reading the chapter headings, the index could have been much more helpful. It usually confines itself to the main discussion of a particular topic, rather than the three or four places in the text where it is discussed. (I recall at least two other discussions of the use of clay figurines as cultural/dating devices, for instance, but *figurine* does not appear as an index entry.)

Furthermore, one of the most impressive archaeological reinforcements of a Mesoamerican setting is Stela 3 at La Venta (p. 121). My memory of sketches of this stela shows a short, broad-faced and broad-nosed individual facing a taller, thinner man with a pronounced hooked nose. Sorenson hypothesizes that this stela, which dates to "about the sixth century B.C. seems to show the meeting of leaders of two ethnic groups," possibly the Mulekite landing. However, the photograph of this stela on page 121 is virtually unintelligible; and since Sorenson does not include a physical description in the text, a possibly telling point is lost.

Certainly an archaeologist, anthropologist, or cultural historian reviewing this book would find other problems and raise other questions. And certainly the dialogue of Book of Mormon geography will continue. Sorenson was neither the first nor the final word on this topic. But his volume is clearly the most persuasive landmark in that wreckage-strewn landscape.