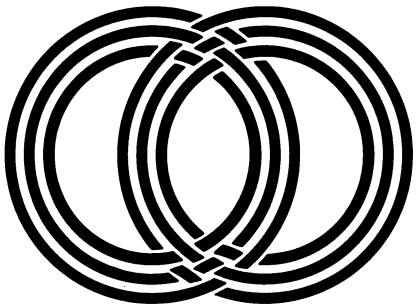
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



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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 Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or of the editors.

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Artwork provided courtesy of Gayle Weyher Gallery, 167 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111; (801) 534-1630.

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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

Few aspects of Christian scholarship have caused as much controversy as the biblical creation story. Fundamental Christians have held fast to a literal reading of the Old Testament. Simultaneously, many students of the biblical account have reached a variety of conclusions about its meaning. Followers of Joseph Smith are in the process of contributing to the scholarly debate, but with a larger canon: they add a translated book of Abraham, a revealed book of Moses, and an "inspired translation" of the Bible.

Anthony A. Hutchinson brilliantly examines these various creation stories in DIALOGUE's lead article. His thorough analysis of Joseph's interpretive and revelatory capacities will provide the careful reader with a new perspective on the revelatory process and appreciation for the important contribution of current biblical scholarship.

An essential lay leader in every Mormon congregation is the Relief Society president, the head of the adult female auxiliary. This difficult call, requiring a full-time commitment as an administrator, spiritual advisor, counselor, and friend is the subject of a panel discussion by four current or past stake and ward Relief Society presidents, each describing the unique challenges and rewards in her calling.

Lavina Fielding Anderson has collected material on Church members' responses to a prophet's discourse — in this case, President Ezra Taft Benson's advice to parents. President Benson called for a restructuring of current twentieth-century lifestyles, and Anderson explores the inevitable conflict between a prophetic call and popular opinion.

John Lehr's historical essay on the late nineteenth-century Mormon settlement in southern Alberta is one of many new studies of Mormonism in Canada; we plan to follow it with others in future issues. In "Notes and Comments" Gerald Bradford offers a neutral evaluation of one part of the ongoing debate over the relevance of the "New Mormon History."

We are pleased to publish Michael Fillerup's dynamic story "The Bowhunter," a graphic study of one man's confrontation with his past, with himself, and with the complexities of a life seemingly out of control.

Two fine essays are featured in the "Personal Voices" section. Margaret Blair Young's prize-winning essay on acting in Thomas Rogers' play *Huebener* involves both actors and spectators in the contradictions and truths of the theater. Karin Anderson explores the dilemma of Mormon missionaries involving themselves, against strict mission guidelines, in the poverty of their contacts. Her heartfelt reflections on the comfortable wealth most Church members take for granted are a solemn reminder in our times of Christ's teachings on charity.

LETTERS

The Cruelest of Paradoxes

I was disappointed that R. Jan Stout's essay on homosexuality (Summer 1987) evoked so little serious commentary from DIALOGUE subscribers. Eugene England's response (Fall 1987) and Kurtis Kearl's emotional attack on Stout and DIALOGUE (Winter 1987) were both disappointing. At least the Spring 1988 issue provided additional perspectives, both heart-rending and insensitive.

Stout and DIALOGUE deserve credit and appreciation for publishing a long overdue essay. This is a core issue, one which demands resolution — for upon this issue, and in the balance, hangs the coherence of either God's or the Church's dealings with humans. As DIALOGUE's resident essayist *honoris causa*, England would have done well to suggest what he and the Church suppose God's intentions are in having created (whether through natural cause or divine will) so painful a paradox.

England's letter, characteristically reflective and sensitive, expresses the simplistic and naive views of the medically and biologically ill-informed. Unfortunately, England's position on homosexuality (and, presumably, psycho-sexual pathology in general) simply reflects the Church's uncompromising stand, which promotes a brutal confrontation between religious absolutism and the reality of biologically determined sexual behavior. Unresolved is the question of why so many humans are flawed with religiously nihilistic sexual behavior, which is unsusceptible to personal will or professional therapy.

Carlfred B. Broderick, for example, is a respected psychosexual therapist who suggests in his book *One Flesh, One Heart* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1986) that homosexual behavior may be amenable only to "a series of miracles" (p. 80). Although his anecdotal cases include no precise diagnosis and cannot be objectively verified or used in followup studies, Broderick's position lends support to the virtual certainty, supported by the ongoing mass of research and clinical studies, that the vast majority of such genetically/hormonally/biochemically directed behavior is beyond any voluntary governance. This presents homosexuals, the Church, and religion in general with the cruelest of paradoxes.

England's certainty on this issue is not enough. It never has and never will be enough to the thoughtful, inquiring, seeking minds that have expressed themselves in hundreds of letters to DIALOGUE in the past twenty years, searching for a reasonable understanding of who God is and what he is about. With homosexuality so extensively documented in the scientific literature as being uninfluenced by personal will, therapy, or even (in my view) miracles and prayer, I sense a regrettable distortion of reality in England's letter.

And yet, seldom has a writer's personal influence and sensitivity penetrated to my heart and innermost being as has Eugene England's, in his eloquent reflections on life, our religion, and the cosmos. From the first issue of DIALOGUE I have sensed a mutual understanding and personal relationship with him through his writing. But at the same time, he should not escape some accountability for what I see as occasional misconceptions of documented reality or unfortunate, idiosyncratic lapses into irrationality (not the least of which was

"Blessing the Chevrolet" [Autumn 1974], with its unconscionable presumption of the priorities of petitionary prayer).

Any comment on Adam Shayne's letter (Spring 1988) would detract from its tragic beauty and explication of the reality of homosexual Mormons. The Church and religion in general bear a heavy burden in terms of their dealings with homosexuality, masturbation, and other sexual "sins."

Wilford Smith's sensitive but, in my opinion, wishful letter uses "biological reductionism," situational homosexuality, and "a few rare cases" to support, again, a naive belief that homosexuality is a voluntary psychosocial disorder justifying divine censure. "Rustin Kaufman" (a.k.a. Joseph Jeppson) has occasionally "made" the letters section for me, but I was saddened that Rustin chose flip spoofery to comment on an essentially tragic human/deity issue. In my opinion, both of them would have done better to remain silent.

R. Forrest Allred
Fresno, California

Failure to Cooperate

My first issue of the newest decade's DIALOGUE (Spring 1988) came yesterday afternoon. I started reading it immediately, working around and between fixing and eating dinner. I had to put the issue down to go oversee my three Cambodian seminary classes but picked it up again the minute I got home. I settled down into my spa and didn't get out until after twelve. My skin was wrinkled, but my mind was filled. You've made a great beginning.

I must share an endorsement, unintended as it may have been, with you. Six weeks ago our Gospel Doctrine teacher came "unglued" and burst into tears during class because her weekly lecture was continually interrupted by class members asking questions. She finally regained control but lost some of her class, permanently, I fear.

Afterwards, one of the young men who had grown up in the ward and had recently returned with a bride after law school and a mission took me aside and told me that Gospel Doctrine classes were not the place to discuss "deep" subjects. I had only wanted to know if each of us should work toward and prepare for a theophany as Nephi had. When I pressed him about what we were supposed to do, he whispered that anyone who wanted depth could read DIALOGUE.

I'm not sure he intended a compliment, but he pinpointed what many of us have to do who can't stand lectures. I realize why attendance at Sunday School in our stake is more than 25 percent less than sacrament meeting, but I'm not sure that solo study of "strange" magazines is the solution. It would be too easy, without the give and take and correction of wise heads, for error to creep into our theology if we had *only* DIALOGUE for stimulation, but life would be very dull if we had to give it up.

May I add a footnote to Paul James Toscano's excellent essay, "Beyond Tyranny, Beyond Arrogance," in the same issue? He notes the high council which excommunicated for "intent" (p. 63). Even less well known is the council which excommunicated for "failure to cooperate." George P[erses] Stiles, a seventy and the same Judge Stiles Michael Homer refers to in his article ("The Judiciary and the Common Law in Utah Territory, 1850–61," pp. 103–4), was accused of and excommunicated for adultery (CHC 4:199). I was curious why the Manuscript History would devote eleven pages to such an event and asked William Lund for permission to review the history. He, naturally, declined but did agree to review it himself and tell me its substance. He reported to me in September 1966 when I visited his office that Stiles was excommunicated for failure to cooperate with his ecclesiastical superiors. Since Stiles was friendly and supportive of the Church in his early days and apparently also in the first portion of his

term, I wonder if the trial would have ever happened if he had not voted against the interests of the Church in the matter of jurisdiction of the probate courts.

I was eventually able to make a hurried review of those same eleven pages. My notes, now over twenty years old, report that several brethren, including Porter Rockwell and Wilford Woodruff, testified against Stiles. Rockwell reported that a lady of the night had approached him "outside the Tabernacle" and asked: "Did you know that Judge Stiles has been sleeping with me?" Woodruff testified that a girl told him she had seen Stiles and a woman having sexual relations.

At the trial after these recitations, Stiles was asked how he pleaded. Being a lawyer of sorts and a judge, he knew enough to demand a confrontation by the accusing witnesses. They were never named or produced, and Stiles refused to enter a plea. Several long speeches followed, each assuming the verdict, and each carefully transcribed in a beautiful round hand. Several of the council members and some of the Twelve vented their spleens at the unwelcome judge and at judges in general who associated with loose and easy women. Last came the verdict: excommunication for failure to cooperate!

Both Wilford Woodruff's journal for that date and the account of Hosea Stout have since proved helpful. Stout's review shows that A. P. Rockwood, one of the presidents of the Seventies, took part in the trial. Perhaps, in my hurried perusal of the trial record, I confused Rockwell and Rockwood.

The gentiles' oft-repeated but never proven charge that Brigham Young kept or allowed prostitutes to practice in Salt Lake City, in exchange for their cooperation as informants on the activities of their guests seems supported by the events of the trial. It seems plausible that Rockwell could have been involved, for he seems admirably suited to act as controller for such informants. Why such "ladies" would openly approach and discuss their trade with church leaders and notables seems inexplicable unless such duties were in exchange for the freedom to practice their trade in the city. They were not produced at the trial, most likely because their testimony to any one act or series of acts was otherwise unsupported and they were, by their profession, subject to easy impeachment.

William L. Knecht
Moraga, California

Cultural Imperialism

Having read the excellent article, "Refugee Converts: One Stake's Experience," by Robert and Sharyn Larsen (Fall 1987), I would like to comment on my own experiences as a branch president in charge of a bilingual Spanish-speaking and English-speaking branch in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

In the fall of 1958 I accepted a faculty position in sociology at the New Mexico Highlands University, attracted by its location in the heart of Spanish-speaking northern New Mexico. Having served a mission in Argentina, I had long wanted to relocate in the American Southwest to study the culture, history, and socio-economic conditions among the diverse Mexican-American groups in the region.

In the late 1950s the Las Vegas Branch had around 300 members — a few more Spanish-Americans than Anglo-Americans. The branch was a fusion of a Spanish-speaking branch belonging to the old Spanish-American mission and an English-speaking branch under the jurisdiction of the former Western States Mission. The two branches were joined when the Albuquerque Stake was organized. The Spanish-speaking members, many of whom spoke no English, were promised that half of all meetings would be in Spanish — a promise never kept. As a concession to the Spanish-American members, a single Gospel Doctrine class was conducted in Spanish.

In the fall of 1959 I was called to be branch president. I might add that most

of the Anglo members were immigrants into the region, while virtually all of the Spanish-Americans were local converts. As many Spanish-American members were becoming inactive because they did not understand English and because they were treated insensitively by Anglo-American members, I organized a series of Spanish language cottage meetings in the homes of many Spanish-speaking members who often invited their Spanish-American friends. Conversations among the Spanish-Americans increased, and the work in Spanish flourished.

Shortly after I became branch president (it may have been in the spring of 1960) I was notified by President Wilson of the Albuquerque Stake that all Spanish language church meetings would be discontinued upon orders from Church authorities in Salt Lake City. I protested, pointing out that many of our Spanish-American members did not speak English and many who did were not comfortable in the presence of more articulate English-speaking members. My strong protests were ignored. President Wilson, sensing my emotional resistance to his orders, visited our branch quite often to see that we were complying. I was forced to shut down the Spanish language Sunday School class but continued cottage meetings in Spanish on the underground. When I left Las Vegas in 1962 the new branch president, though sincere and dedicated, spoke no Spanish and had little understanding of Spanish-American attitudes and values.

My research in northern New Mexico brought me back to Las Vegas every two years or so. Within four or five years I noted sadly that many Spanish-American members had become inactive while others had moved to cities where Spanish-speaking branches and wards still existed. Some even joined Spanish-speaking Pentecostal congregations. My last visit to the Las Vegas branch was in 1981. I noted that only one Spanish-American was in attendance. I was depressed to find out that the members of the branch presidency did not even know the names of inactive Spanish-American members.

The all-English Church policy in the Southwest thus destroyed a once promising Spanish-speaking branch. The Church also acquired a reputation of being prejudiced against Spanish-Americans — a reputation it has not quite overcome. Even though the incredible policy of closing out Spanish-speaking wards and branches in the United States has now been reversed, the Las Vegas branch never recovered from the earlier Church policy.

Clark S. Knowlton
Salt Lake City, Utah

One of the Great Ones

After reading the articles about Hugh B. Brown in the Summer 1988 issue of DIALOGUE, I should like to add a bit to the story of President Brown, one of the great men of his time, and make a correction to his memoirs edited by Edwin Brown Firmage.

I first met Hugh B. Brown when he was mission president in London during World War II and I was an Air Force correspondent. Mission headquarters was at an old red brick mansion far west out Nightingale Lane. When I had a free Sunday I'd visit the mission headquarters, where Hugh Brown conducted services for military personnel of all ranks and both sexes.

At this time I'd written an article, "Fifty Thousand Amateur Chaplains," about LDS servicemen who had all the spiritual qualifications of a chaplain but no commission. Hugh B. Brown was kind enough to read the piece and make suggestions.

After the war, when I wrote *Family Kingdom* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1951), the story of my father, John W. Taylor, and his six wives and thirty-six children, Hugh Brown was on the BYU faculty. He most generously consented to

read the manuscript, and his suggestions were invaluable.

I again met with Hugh B. Brown, when he was a member of the First Presidency, at an annual meeting of Nauvoo Restoration, Inc., at Nauvoo. We were at the same table during breakfast, and as he left I said, "It's bad policy to talk about a man behind his back, but there goes one of the great ones."

In the spring of 1965 Hugh B. Brown did an enormous service for the John W. Taylor family. I had written him, asking his advice on the steps to be taken to reinstate my father, a former apostle, who had been excommunicated. He lost his Church membership during the troubled times of the Smoot Investigation, when his later polygamous marriages became public knowledge, and a sacrifice was needed so that Reed Smoot could retain his seat in the U.S. Senate.

In response to my inquiry, Hugh B. Brown arranged for me to meet with the First Presidency, who subsequently approved my request to reinstate John W. Taylor. On 21 May 1965 my brother Raymond stood proxy while President Joseph Fielding Smith performed the ordinance to restore my father's priesthood, office, and blessings.

Thus it is an error to say that my father "apostatized." He never did. He accepted the role of scapegoat for the welfare of the Church, as his reinstatement certifies. And as further evidence, my mother, his third wife, continued to receive her share of his salary as an apostle each month for the remainder of her life. I took the check to the Farmers and Merchants Bank in Provo, with strict orders to deliver it to Brother Olson and nobody else.

I do think a footnote stating that my father was reinstated might have been included in Brother Firmage's article. And, incidentally, Sam Weller's 1974 Western Epics edition of *Family Kingdom* gives a detailed account of the restoration hearing.

Sam Taylor
Redwood City, California

P.S. As an example of Hugh B. Brown's advanced philosophy, he time and again advocated giving the priesthood to blacks. But the time for that hadn't arrived, and on each occasion he repented, stating that he had been "misquoted."

Coming Home

When I was visiting my daughter recently, she showed me a copy of DIALOGUE, and I read it. It was like coming home. I have a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and the Book of Mormon, but I also have many questions and rarely find someone with whom I can discuss them. Most members seem to view my attempts at open discussion as a lack of or weakening of my testimony, certainly not the case. To me it is just a healthy, intelligent curiosity. Someone once told me that I wasn't like any Mormon they had known before. I took that as a compliment.

Chris King
Calgary, Alberta

Questioning the Jensen Thesis

Vernon H. Jensen spent two pages criticizing my *Political Deliverance* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1986) in the Summer 1988 DIALOGUE. He claimed that the primary factor in the controversy about statehood for Utah was the Gentile reaction to the prevailing Mormon control of the economic system and implied not only self-deception and negligence on my part, but gullibility on the part of the book's reviewers for not recognizing such omissions. Jensen mentioned the Godbeite movement and the Kingdom of God and otherwise indicated his preoccupation with a Utah some twenty years before the period on which my study is focused.

My only comment on all this is that Jensen really cites no evidence to bolster his critique and frankly, in examining the vast primary source material I studied for

the book, I saw none that would have helped his cause. As an afterthought, if mining were the largest single item in the Utah economy at the time and the Gentiles controlled nine-tenths of that and virtually all of the smelting industry, how could the Jensen thesis hold true?

E. Leo Lyman
Victorville, California

A Mormon Midrash? LDS Creation Narratives Reconsidered

Anthony A. Hutchinson

LATTER-DAY SAINTS, with other groups in the Judeo-Christian tradition, accept as scripture the stories of creation found in Genesis 1–3 but are unique in accepting as scripture three other parallel versions of the same stories. These include chapters in the books of Moses and Abraham brought forth by Joseph Smith, Jr. Both of these works are currently published as separate parts of the Pearl of Great Price, the fourth of the Latter-day Saints' canonical works. Yet the book of Moses itself is only an edition of one part of a larger separate work, the Joseph Smith revision of the King James Version of the Bible (JST), which is accepted as quasi-canonical in the LDS Church but as scripture in the RLDS Church. The book of Abraham was produced between 1835 and 1840 as a separate effort and was published by Smith in 1842.[1] In addition, the LDS Church accepts a fourth version of this material in its temple ceremony, which is not officially published or publicly recognized. Traditional Mormon belief sees these three texts — Moses/JST, Abraham, and the temple ceremony —

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[1] These books are normally referred to in LDS writings as "The Book of Moses," "The Book of Abraham," and "The Joseph Smith Translation of the Bible (JST)." Though I follow here standard LDS usage in identifying the first two of these by "Moses" and "Abraham," I do so without intending thereby to suggest any connection between these books and various ancient texts similarly named. A more precise terminology would be "Joseph Smith Abraham" and "Joseph Smith Moses." I will also use "JST" here, although this usage has only recently been popularized by R. J. Matthews (1975, 12–13). I am reluctant to use this designation since Matthews' primary reason for using it is somewhat problematic: he identifies Smith's reworking of the King James Version (hereafter KJV) as a "translation" only because Joseph himself thus identified it. I feel this is misleading, since Smith himself used the term "translation" in ways very distinct from its normal modern usage (see Hutchinson 1985). A more precise terminology would be "JSR," i.e., Joseph Smith Revision (of the KJV).

as direct revelation to Joseph Smith, inspired restorations of ancient writings that had become corrupted or lost by the time the standard Genesis accounts were written.

Joseph Smith's contributions to scripture antedate the last century's wealth of biblical and archaeological research. Such research has deeply influenced the way in which scholars, academic theologians, and many educated non-specialist laypersons now read the Bible. Newly uncovered documents and newly deciphered languages have shed further light on biblical languages and provided extensive historical and literary context for the Bible's stories. New critical tools and methods for dealing with these materials have further aided and fostered this process of developing greater and clearer biblical context (R. Brown 1968, 21–35; Albright 1957). The impact of such methods and data upon the personal faith of Christian and Jewish scholars, as well as that of people in the pews of differing denominations, has varied. For Latter-day Saints, most of whom have not yet become familiar with either the riches or challenges of these critical contributions, most of the last century's work is yet to be assimilated.

It can be both exciting and daunting to learn with these other believers and scholars this greater context. This is particularly so because the context suggests that biblical literature did not fall from heaven perfect, complete, and inerrant, but rather grew gradually, conditioned by historical factors such as literary tradition and convention. Indeed, the context suggests that biblical literature in large part arose from the imaginative appropriation of earlier traditions — usually from creative adaptation of previously formulated oral or written texts.[2] Scholars have tried to trace the origin and growth of the gospel stories in the New Textament, for example, by seeking out the various sources of John, as well as by identifying the relationship between the earlier synoptic gospels, Mark, Matthew, and Luke (Bultmann 1968; Dibelius 1935; Taylor 1953). Even the central resurrection narratives are now understood to be richly embellished and theologized retellings of earlier stories about Easter morning, which in turn are at least in part drawn from the earliest apostolic assertions of the reality of Jesus' resurrection, followed by listed appearances of the risen Lord (Dodd 1951; Taylor 1953; Fuller 1980; R. Brown 1973; Fitzmyer 1982). Similar insights abound in Old Testament studies, as I will show later.

INSIGHTS OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM

Many parts of the Bible are now seen to be made up of reworked earlier texts or traditions. Whole critical disciplines within biblical studies relate to this fact: source, redaction, and composition criticism all attempt to under-

[2] For fuller discussion, see any of the standard critical commentaries or introductions to the Bible, including: Kaiser 1975; Eissfeldt 1976; Bright 1976; Kummel 1972; Wickenhauser and Schmid 1973. Good introductions for the non-specialist are: Anderson 1973; Perrin 1974; Brown *et al.* 1968. For general treatments of how the newer approaches have affected mainstream Christian understandings of revelation and inspiration, see: Dulles 1983; Brown 1982; Rahner 1964; Dodd 1960.

stand in different ways how the Bible uses and adapts pre-existing documents and traditions, some right within the Bible itself. We find in the Bible today discontinuity of beliefs, disharmonious doctrinal or historical formulations, narrative inconsistencies, and outright contradictions. But this is quite natural. An example of a Bible writer adapting an earlier section of the Bible for his own purposes — purposes at odds with those of the author of the adapted section — is found in the book of Chronicles. The chronicler uses and adapts his source in the books of Kings and Samuel. For example, 2 Kings 15:1–5 is adapted by 2 Chronicles 26:16–23. Here the chronicler has inserted his own rigid theology of retribution into a text previously reflecting a less rigid theology. Where 2 Kings describes King Azariah (Uzziah) as a righteous man struck down inexplicably by leprosy, 2 Chronicles explains that the righteous Azariah was not the king who took the throne name Uzziah, but rather a priest who saw the headstrong king punished by a well-deserved case of the disease. A simple case of narrative inconsistency is found within the book of Samuel itself: 1 Samuel 17:23, 50 says that David killed the giant Goliath of Gath, while 2 Samuel 21:19 says it was Elhanan who killed the giant by that name. This, of course, is corrected by the chronicler, whose insertion of "the brother of" before the name Goliath in 1 Chronicles 20:5 is taken up by the King James translators in 2 Samuel 21:19 (note the KJV italics on the words "the brother of") as a means of harmonizing the two Samuel passages.

The theology about God assumed by the three major traditions now identified in the Pentateuch is another case in point. The Yahwist tradition (J) portrays an extremely personal deity named Yahweh, whose actions and concerns appear in largely human terms (Kaiser 1975, 85–90; Ellis 1968). Another tradition, the Elohist (E), elevates this God, restricts the use of his name, and places angels and dreams as buffers between God and the world (Kaiser 1975, 91–96). The Priestly tradition (P), on the other hand, portrays a God who is wholly other, removed from the phenomenal universe of time and space (for examples of all of these, see Kaiser 1975, 109–13 and McEvenue 1971; for a fuller description of J and P, see below). All these traditions and texts are accepted as inspired. Yet when we understand them as mere sources of doctrine or collections of true propositions, instead of as literature which affects both our intellect *and* emotions, they appear to be contradictory. Examples can be multiplied in the New Testament, especially in the way the various gospels handle parallel texts and scenes in the life of Jesus: often the passages are close enough to be clearly describing the same scene, but the differences in the telling can be great.

Significantly, such discontinuity of the beliefs expressed in scripture has arisen from a historical tradition of faith striving for continuity: people tend to preserve the stories and texts they hold as sacred but often adapt them in light of the new circumstances they experience. Often a particular text sets up a specific problem of faith or point of religious reflection for the believers of the tradition, which they solve by adapting the problematic text. The later text that now seems to contradict an earlier one results simply from efforts at understanding it or making sense of the scenery of thought it produced.

This imaginative reworking of earlier tradition in the Bible can take many forms, such as when Old Testament passages are accommodated and applied to new, updated situations in the New Testament about which the original texts knew nothing (Fitzmyer 1974). A simple example is found in Matthew's use of Hosea 11:1, "when Israel was a child I loved him, and I called my son out of Egypt." What for Hosea is simply a poetic description of the exodus becomes in Matthew 2:15 a prediction of Jesus' return from the flight into Egypt. In this case, an older passage has been applied to a new situation in an effort to shed light on both.

An important example of this process at work is the literary form called "midrash." Named for the Hebrew word for "interpretation," this literary form was used in Jewish rabbinical sources from the late Old Testament right through the Middle Ages. Its primary concern is to understand and shed light on an original scriptural text by translating, embellishing, and adding to it (Bloch 1957; Wright 1967; R. Brown 1979b, 557–63; Vermes 1970, 1973). Midrashes are found in the Old Testament deutero-canonical or apocryphal book of Wisdom (chapters 11–19, based upon Exodus 7–12), as well as in the New Testament (Hebrews 7, based upon Genesis 14:17–20; 2 Corinthians 3, based upon Exodus 32; and Galatians 3–4, based upon the Abraham story in Genesis). Its fullest examples are found in the Aramaic paraphrases of the Old Testament known as the targumin. To show how these writings characteristically expand upon the scripture they paraphrase, explaining difficult sayings and harmonizing the scriptural text with accepted orthodoxy, I give here a short parallel example from the targum Pseudo-Jonathan, usually held to be a late reworking of the rabbinically-approved targum Onkelos and incorporating ostensibly Palestinian midrashic traditions.

Genesis 3:22	*Pseudo-Jonathan*
Then Yahweh God said, "Look! the man has become like one of us, knowing good and evil;	And the Lord God said to the angels who ministered before Him, "Look! Adam is alone on the earth, as I am alone in the heavens above; and it will happen that there will arise from him those who will know to distinguish good and evil.

The author of this targum has given a paraphrase that expands the doctrinal and imaginative possibilities of the biblical text. The potential difficulties posed to orthodox Jewish conceptions about the one-ness of God by the phrase "has become like one of us" are resolved by introducing into the text the explicit reference to angels (thus the Lord is still one of a kind in heaven), as well as inserting the idea that the point of comparison between the man and God is not knowledge of good and evil, but rather their uniqueness (God is alone in heaven as Adam is alone on earth). The text even becomes an occasion for a back-dated "prophecy" foretelling the rise of the Jews, "those who will know to distinguish good and evil" because of the Torah. Note that the embellishment of the biblical text here is imaginative and linked to the dynamics of the problems and words of the text itself.

Another clear example is found in the New Testament, in the Hebrews 7 reworking of the story of Melchizedek in Genesis 14:18–20. The chapter begins with an implicit quotation of Genesis, then proceeds to give interpretations of such names as "Melchizedek," "Salem," etc., even explaining the payment of tithes in the Genesis passage. But it does all this in an effort to apply the text to a new situation, the question of the origin of Christ's priesthood. Here, even the silence of the Genesis text about Melchizedek's biographical information becomes a point of departure for Hebrews, which characterizes Melchizedek as "without father or mother or genealogy, and has neither beginning of days nor end of life" (v. 3).

To be sure, the Hebrews example here is not clearly as text-oriented as the Pseudo-Jonathan passage: while Pseudo-Jonathan attempts to give a paraphrase of Genesis, Hebrews attempts to prove the superiority of Christ to the ancient Jewish temple ritual. Such different purposes in using antecedent scripture have been discussed recently by Eugene Boring (1982). In discussing the sayings attributed to Christ in the synoptic gospels, he argues on form-critical grounds that many of them originated not from the historical Jesus but from the work of early Christian prophets claiming to speak the words of the resurrected Christ. Boring notes that these prophets employed two modes of scriptural interpretation and usage: (1) a scribal or rabbinic mode aimed primarily at preceding scriptural texts quoted as such, interpreted, and expanded in a midrashic or targumic fashion; and (2) a pneumatic or apocalyptic mode that overrides the interpreter/text, subject/object division of the scribal mode and recombines texts, images, and phrases into a new framework and textuality. For Boring, this later mode lies behind works such as Joel, Daniel, The Revelation of John, and Mark 13. But even this later technique tends to play upon the inherent imaginative possibilities of the scriptural snippets thus used.

Since the imaginative character of large sections of the Bible can now be demonstrated, most academic theologians today recognize that the Bible contains *inspired fiction*. Such material is based upon (possibly historical) antecedent oral or written traditions, such as traditional cycles of stories and sayings, in epic, mythological, or wisdom traditions. Jonah, an excellent example of the parable form, is a good instance of fiction which is recognized by believers as inspired by God. Similarly, one might add the parables placed onto the lips of Jesus by the gospel writers — they have only rarely been thought to represent historical events.

Likewise, the infancy narratives in Matthew 1–2 and Luke 1–2 are thus characterized by Raymond Brown, their foremost modern commentator (R. Brown 1979b, 32–38; 1979a). This is because the details of the stories are so different from one another as to suggest that both cannot tell what actually happened unless we forcibly harmonize the reading given to each.

Matthew's story tells of the star, the magi, and the flight into Egypt. It seems to assume that Mary and Joseph's home was in Bethlehem, for it mentions no pre-birth move of the family, and when the wise men arrive, they come to Mary and Joseph's *house*. Likewise, when Joseph is told in a dream

in Egypt to return to his home, he heads for Bethlehem but decides because of a further dream about the political situation there to bypass Judea and set up a new home in Nazareth (the town that Jesus was publicly known to have come from).

Luke tells a very different story, in which Joseph and Mary leave their home in Nazareth and travel to Bethlehem to be enrolled (KJV "taxed") in a census that Luke appears to have dated incorrectly: Luke relates Jesus' subsequent birth while Mary and Joseph stay in a stable outside an inn filled to capacity: the shepherds visit, and after an apparently leisurely trip to Jerusalem for the baby's blessing in the temple, Mary and Joseph return directly to Nazareth.

Luke's story seems to preclude Matthew's references to Herod and the plot to kill the baby Jesus and the subsequent flight into Egypt; Matthew's story seems to preclude the immediate return to Nazareth from Jerusalem which Luke recounts. Of course, there are ways of forcing the two stories into harmony. One way is to follow Luke's story to the presentation in the temple, then assume an otherwise unmentioned return to a house in Bethlehem, where within two years (the age given by Herod in the baby's death warrant) the wise men show up. Similarly, it is sometimes suggested that Matthew is telling the story based on Joseph's reminiscences, while Luke is telling it based on Mary's. But it is hard to imagine how one original story could be fragmented to produce two so divergent ones. Such conscious harmonizing of the stories makes one wonder how serious an effort is being made to understand the stories rather than use them for theological or devotional purposes. When read as imaginative literature, however, their deep faith becomes apparent in their use of such images as the "star" of Balaam's oracle and the "shepherd" of Israel.

Such obviously conscious literary and theologized imagination in the infancy narratives is paralleled by clear usage of archaic mythological material in the Old Testament. Sea monsters and divine battles appear in Job 41:1, Psalm 74:14, and Isaiah 27:1; giants, desert demons, and sphinxes (cherubs) appear elsewhere.

But why should Latter-day Saints care what scholars say, especially when it sounds as if they are stripping the text of its claims to be "true"? For one thing, the question "What *really* happened?" is a concern of modern readers and reflects more a post-enlightenment understanding of the world than an ancient one. Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century rationalist attacks on the historical authenticity of biblical narrative share something with nineteenth- and twentieth-century fundamentalist arguments for the inerrant historical validity of the Bible in its original form: both approaches underestimate the interplay between imagination and history in biblical narrative.

Modern critical approaches, which stress the concept of "myth," now seem far closer to the mark. "Myth" in this usage has no perjorative overtones (as in "That's not *true*! It's only a *myth*!"). Rather, the term refers to the fundamental expression of an idea or a complex of ideas through narrative, or the casting of theology in story form — in effect, the mediation of meaning, truth,

and value through storytelling (Perrin 1974, 17–37). It is a positive, helpful term, and biblical theologians use it to better understand how stories mold our hearts and move us in ways not possible by mere propositional teaching. Such use also tries to explicate the role of imagination in shaping our values, heartfelt emotions, and individual and community experience into stories and story-cycles.[3]

It is also now clear that several books of the Bible were actually written by authors other than those to whom they are ascribed in the works themselves. For example, the pastoral epistles (1–2 Timothy, Titus) and perhaps two of the captivity letters (Colossians and Ephesians), though presenting themselves as having been written by Paul, were most likely written by disciples of Paul a generation later claiming Paul's authority and inspiration by using his name as a literary device. Similarly, the book of Daniel, though not explicitly claiming the sixth-century B.C. Daniel as its author, seems to follow the standard tendency of books of the apocalyptic genre to present themselves under the name and authority of various great religious leaders of the past (Koch 1972). In its present form it comes largely from the period immediately preceding the Maccabean revolt against the Seleucids (Kaiser 1975; Eissfeldt 1976). Such use of pseudonyms in the Bible ought not trouble us, since the ancients held a much more diffuse concept of authorship than do we.[4]

The general issue of falsely attributed authorship (pseudonimity) does extend to the possibility, at least, of pious fraud in one or two biblical writings. Parts of Deuteronomy originally may have been written as an effort by King

[3] These new approaches present, of course, certain theoretical problems to many of the traditional ways of understanding religious truth. Many systematic theologians of various denominations are currently addressing these issues. (For examples, see the titles at the end of note 2.) The two major problems here concern myth and history on the one hand, and, on the other, the relative character of religious truth claims. While quite complex, these questions do not present insurmountable difficulties to those desiring to both understand a critical study of the Bible and preserve the essential content of their specific traditional faith. Regarding myth and history, one need not lapse into a sort of existentialist docetism or a fideist anti-rationality to recognize the mythopoetic and imaginative qualities of early Christian scriptural narrative. Rather, one may freely agree that a myth's power in part depends upon the historical reality of the events or persons within it, but only when this historical reality is somehow directly related to the reality the myth seeks to mediate. Thus, the "Fall of Man" myth does not seem to depend on a historical Adam for its validity, since we only need to look in a mirror for the best evidence of a Fall. The power of a myth about redemption through Christ crucified and resurrected, however, seems directly dependent on whether Jesus in fact died and then bodily reappeared to his disciples. Similarly, one may recognize non- or supra-propositional truth in religious claims and discourse without lapsing into an irreligious positivism or some kind of sentimental theological liberalism emptied of all propositional content. This can be done, for instance, by positing a secondary, or analogical, connection between religious truth claims and the ostensible object of their discourse.

[4] On ancient concepts of authorship and their effects upon pseudonymity, see Brown *et al.* 1968, sec. 78. It is important to note here that even apart from the question of pseudonymity, in which the document at issue presents itself as having been written by someone other than its actual author, modern biblical research has shown that many authors to whom works have been traditionally ascribed, but who were not specifically claimed as authors in the works themselves, did not actually write the works in question. Examples include Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the supposed eyewitness authors of the four gospels, and the KJV ascription of Hebrews to Paul (indeed, more than a few early church fathers had serious doubts about Pauline authorship of Hebrews).

Josiah (640–609 B.C.) at religious reform, then consciously ascribed to the great lawgiver of the past — Moses — to overcome opposition to the reforms at issue. Most scholars believe that Deuteronomy is in some way connected with the "book of the law" ostensibly discovered accidentally in the temple after being lost for a long time (2 Kings 22:8–23:30; cf. Deut. 12:1–14) and used as the charter and authority for Josiah's reform. While the ground document behind Deuteronomy may well have originated during an earlier effort at reform under Hezekiah (715–687 B.C.), both de Wette and Wellhausen, two early but highly esteemed modern Old Testament scholars, believed that pious fraud lay behind the "discovery" of the book of the law in the temple (Kaiser 1975; Eissfeldt 1976).

A larger question raised by modern scholarship involves the nature of the religious experience lying behind the writings of the prophets in the Old Testament. It is clear that a type of intense religious experience lies at the heart of the mission and self-perceptions of the prophets of ancient Israel, and that this core experience is linked to an awareness or consciousness not normally experienced. Just as in the other biblical writings, the prophets' own accounts of their experiences and message show evidence of conscious reliance upon a variety of literary conventions and religious traditions and images, such as stereotyped inaugural vision narratives, rhetorical patterns borrowed from Hebrew law, and Canaanite mythological imagery. It is also clear that the word of the Lord, overpowering and devastating as it is, often did little to change the prophets' habitual behavior or objective knowledge: they were often just as ignorant (or brilliant) or irascible as before. Their religious experiences themselves did not fall from heaven without prior historical conditioning: they were colored by their own appropriation of antecedent religious tradition. This is particularly the case in Isaiah's inaugural vision (Isa. 6) or in much of the abstruse imagery of Ezekiel's visions. Indeed, one can see that literary imagination, symbolism, and embellishment, sometimes borrowed from unrelated contexts, all have played a part in the prophets' accounts of their intense experience of God.[5]

THREE CREATION NARRATIVES: GENESIS, MOSES AND ABRAHAM

With these perspectives as a background suggesting possible parallels to Joseph Smith's experience, let us now look at the creation narratives he produced between 1830 and 1842: Moses (which is duplicated in JST Genesis) and Abraham. Clearly, a major task in analyzing the LDS creation scriptures, which include the classic narratives in Genesis, is to determine how these vari-

[5] On the literary conventions and imaginative components of the prophets' accounts of inaugural visions, see von Rad 1965, 53–69. On the question of the states of consciousness at issue in Old Testament prophetic experience, see especially pp. 62–63. Note that von Rad takes issue with the idea that the prophets' experience was identical to certain forms of medieval mysticism on the grounds that "even in their most sublime experiences, the mystics always remained within the limits of the accepted dogmas of their own day, whereas the prophets precisely in their inaugural visions were led out to new vistas of belief." Von Rad does not distinguish between the supposed differences in the states of consciousness of the prophets and the mystics. See also MacKenzie 1956, 29–40.

ous texts are interrelated and which direction, if any, of development exists between the texts. Traditional LDS and RLDS formulations regarding Smith's role as a translator and restorer of ancient truth generally have encouraged suggestions that Moses and Abraham (for the Utah Church, at least) represent in English pure, ancient forms of the creation narratives (see, e.g., Matthews 1975, 236). In this view, the text in the Joseph Smith documents existed in an ancient manuscript form which was then corrupted or substantially edited, resulting in the traditional Hebrew text lying behind the King James Version (KJV) of Genesis. Critics of this view who argue that the Joseph Smith texts were merely uninspired reworkings and corruptions of the KJV Genesis text are naively unaware that reworking and creative adaptation of text are hallmarks of the Bible itself.

Whatever the preconceptions one brings to these texts, however, the question of the *direction* in which the texts developed remains — which text is earlier and which is later? The question can be analyzed and seemingly answered through relatively probative means: the techniques of source and redaction criticism developed in biblical research itself. Careful comparison of parallel texts is coupled with the question, "Which direction of development best accounts for the detailed differences and similarities between these texts?" In addition, the particular theological tendencies of each text in and of itself are noted, and an effort is made to set them within a context of the historical background of the text's known origins. In order to apply this methodology, it is first necessary to examine closely the Genesis creation narratives themselves and then compare them with the Joseph Smith texts.

Genesis

Modern scholars agree that there are two separate creation narratives in the first chapters of the Bible, the first found in Genesis 1:1–2:4a and the second in Genesis 2:4b–3:24.[6] The first account is generally held to be part of the "Priestly" tradition (usually denoted by the letter P), a very ancient tradition stretching into the pre-exilic period, but edited and put into its principal form as we know it probably during the exilic period. The second story is attributed to the "Yahwist" tradition, perhaps dating in its principal formu-

[6] For summaries of the many reasons for the consensus about the more recent forms of the documentary hypothesis of the origins of the Pentateuch, see Kaiser 1975, 66–115, and Eissfeldt 1976, 158–210 (note that Eissfeldt's "L" source is by no means part of the current consensus). Recent attacks on the documentary hypothesis based upon statistical analysis of the texts have generally been discounted for two reasons. First, they employ a particular statistical method held to be highly suspect, or at least not probative. Second, these analyses actually address a form of the documentary hypothesis generally understood to be deficient in light of the mid-twentieth century work of the Scandinavian School. The newer forms of the hypothesis stress the separate texts of the Pentateuch as traditional narrative strands, or tradents, rather than insisting upon separately written documents. Similarly, most Old Testament scholars today would see some hand of the Priestly circle at work in the overall redaction of the entire Pentateuch. On this, see Wenham 1978.

Regardless of scholarly contention regarding Pentateuchal sources, all critics agree that Gen. 1:1–2:4a and 2:4b–3:24 are separate narrative units. For an example of a major scholar who rejects the documentary hypothesis and yet still splits these two particular texts into separate narratives, see Cassuto 1964.

lation to the tenth century B.C., in the southern part of the united kingdom of Israel under Solomon, though its collation might be dated as late as that of the P.

The Yahwist is usually denoted by the letter J. Since the specifics of these accounts are very relevant to our analysis, I will summarize briefly the scholarly consensus on these stories.

The "Priestly" Account. The P creation account (Gen. 1:1–2:4a) depicts the creation of the universe as understood by an ancient Hebrew author in a schematized seven-day pattern. Though scholars disagree hotly about whether "day" here means twenty-four hours, the author apparently intends to speak of seven days as we would understand them. This is suggested by the connection he sees between this story of creation and the Israelite weekly Sabbath — indeed, the story is the charter for Sabbatarian worship and rest. The works of creation are clearly demarcated in the text by repeated formulae such as "and God said," "and it was so," "and the evening was and the morning was, day number one." Such repetition is a favorite technique of the Priestly tradent, which is also believed responsible for many of the more stereotyped Old Testament genealogies. These formulary brackets lend a certain redundancy to the story. But it is important to understand that the text is not merely repetitive. It has enough alteration to make it interesting. When P's works and days are represented schematically, they appear quite varied in form (Pasinya 1976; see Figure 1). The repetition and alteration mark the work as a carefully wrought piece of literary art akin to the panel story found in folk tales such as the story of the Little Red Hen (McEvenue 1971).

Many details suggest that Genesis 1 is indeed part of a distinct tradition in the Old Testament. It uses a vocabulary very similar to the P version's account of building the tabernacle (Gen. 2:3/Exod. 39:43; Gen. 2:1/Exod. 39:32; Gen. 2:2/Exod. 40:33; Gen. 2:3/Exod. 34:43; Gen. 2:3/Exod. 40:9; Weinfeld n.d., 503). Similarly, many words in Genesis 1 elsewhere are

FIGURE 1

LITERARY PATTERNS IN THE P NARRATIVE

A = Command; B = Fulfilment; C = Seeing; D = Narrative Expansion; E = Naming; F = Close of Day Formula

Day 1: A B C D E F

Day 2: A A′ D (B in LXX, absent in MT) E F

Day 3: A A′ B E C
A B D C F

Day 4: A (large expansion) B D (expansion) C F

Day 5: A D C D (blessing) F

Day 6: A B D C

A (expansion) D D (blessing) D (food) B C F

only attested in P or reflect concerns of P (*lĕmînēhû*, vv. 12, 21, etc.; *mĕ'ōrōt*, v. 14; *lĕhabdîl bēn*, vv. 7, 14; *sêreṣ*, v. 20; *mô'ădîm*, v. 14; *pĕrû ûrĕbû*, vv. 22, 28). The narrative itself presumes a cosmology and view of the universe quite foreign to our modern understanding. Following standard Semitic perceptions about the world, the P tradition assumes that the world is basically the central object of the universe and that it is basically a flat or slightly domed disk surmounted by an immense vault of the heavens.[7] This vault is a solid, though transparent, object, and it keeps the waters above it from rushing down and inundating the world, much as the solid ground keeps the Deep — or waters beneath the earth — from rushing up. Small "windows" or sluice-gates in the over-arching vault do allow some of the waters to fall as rain. A similar world view is evident in many Old Testament passages, such as those listed with Figure 2.

The actual work of creation, as described in this chapter, is placed in a highly contrived narrative framework, designed to support major theological concerns which are evident throughout the Priestly tradent. The structure, basically a diptych with two mirrored sections reflecting each other in the text (see Figure 3), points out an absolute disjunction between Creator and creature. God not only creates here the objects of the universe but also the very fabric and framework of the universe itself. Part one of the diptych involves establishing frameworks and structures by distinction and division: light from darkness, upper from lower waters, dry land from seas, and the plants (viewed as inanimate parts of the scenery) from the land.

Part two involves the ornamentation of this framework, with each decorative object sequentially matched to its particular counterpart in the first part of the diptych. Elemental Light and Darkness in day one is mirrored by the placement of the luminaries of the heaven on day four; the upper waters of the heavens and the lower waters on day two are mirrored by the creation of the air and water creatures (considered as one work of creation bracketed by the literary formulae described above) on day five; the dry land which is raised up out of the seas on day three is mirrored by the creation of land creatures on day six; and finally, the creation of vegetation, also on day three, is mirrored by the advent of primeval humankind on day six (in the P tradent, primeval humankind is described as vegetarian — cf. Gen. 1:29 and 9:3). A probable

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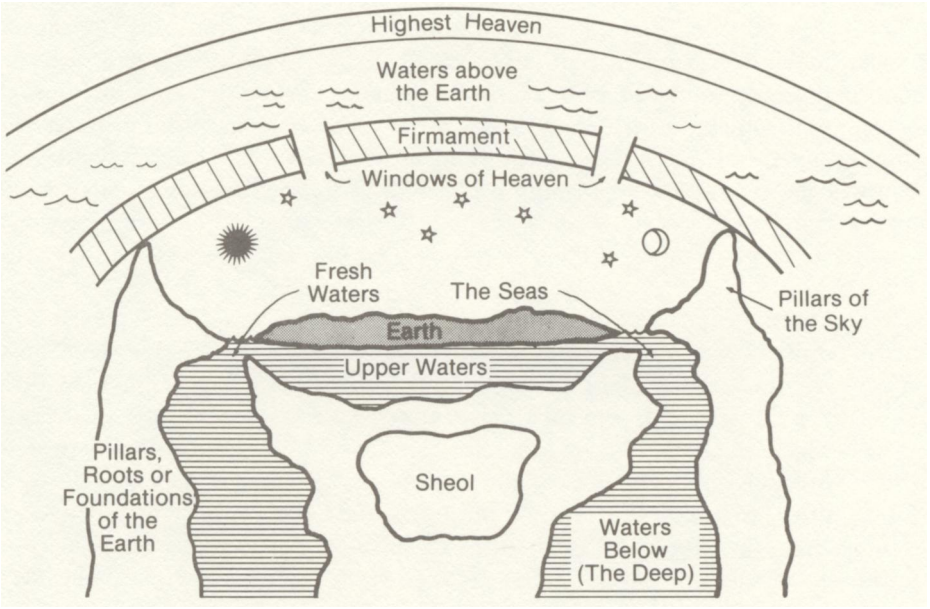
[7] The earlier Latin Vulgate translation of *rāqîa'* as *firmamentum*, suggesting a hard physical object as the vault of heaven, has been shown by recent research and textual discoveries to be more adequate than any association of the Hebrew word with the idea of an atmosphere, relying upon the basic meaning of the root *rq'* "to stretch," and understanding *rāqîa'* as "expanse." As shown by the Phoenician use of the root in *mrq'* "tin dish," the root means to hollow out a piece of metal by beating it (the root is onomatopoeic), to stretch it into a bowl. It is thus that *rāqîa'* must be understood: a great inverted celestial bowl, the vault or dome of heaven. In any case, it is obviously viewed in the Old Testament as a solid object, as hard as a polished bronze mirror (as in Job 37:18). Note that in Genesis 1:20, the birds fly "in front of the *rāqîa'* " in the Hebrew text, making "expanse" an unlikely meaning here for *rāqîa'*. Efforts by various LDS authors, e.g., McConkie 1966, 260–61, to understand *rāqîa'* as an atmospheric expanse are simply efforts to interpolate the book of Abraham understanding of the word back into the text of Genesis and the thinking of the ancient Semites.

FIGURE 2

THE HEBREW COSMOS



Firmament: Job 37:18 (cf. 2 Sam. 22:8)

Windows of Heaven (sluice-gates): Gen. 7:11; 2 Sam. 7:2, 19; Mal. 3:10

Pillars of Earth: Ps. 75:4 (KJV 75:3); Isa. 48:13; Job 38:4–7, 16

Fresh Waters as part of the Deep: Deut. 8:7 (MT)

Seas: Gen. 1:9; Job 38:8–11

Upper Waters: Ps. 148:4; Dan. 3:60 (in the Greek additions to Daniel)

Subterranean Waters: Exod. 20:4; Gen. 7:11; Ps. 24:2; 33:7; Deut. 4:18

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theological concern becomes evident when we note that the mirrored pair of days three and six each contains two works rather than the usual one work found in the other four days of creation. This occurs possibly because the Priestly author here is forcing eight works of creation (perhaps from antecedent tradition) into a framework of six days, in order to allow a seventh of day rest. This suggests a desire to make the creation narrative a vehicle for teaching Sabbath observance: a charter, as it were, for the Israelite day of rest.

P's theologizing tendency is apparent throughout the narrative. The interplay within the literary patterns of the narrative set forth in Figure 1 above shows a concern to demonstrate that God's word is fulfilled. The anti-Canaanite polemic implied in Genesis 1:14–19, where the author refuses even to name the sun, moon, and stars (these being viewed in the local religions as deities), is paralleled in other passages in P. The portrayals of humankind as created

FIGURE 3

GENESIS 1:1–2:4a

PRIESTLY CREATION NARRATIVE STRUCTURE

Part One: Division and Framework	Part Two: Ornamentation
Day 1:	Day 4:
I Light/Darkness	V Heavenly Bodies
Day 2:	Day 5:
II Upper/Lower Waters by the *rāqîaʿ* (a solid vault)	VI Air and Water Creatures
Day 3:	Day 6:
III Dry Land/Seas	VII Land Creatures
IV Vegetation (from land)	VIII Humankind (cf. Gen. 1:29, 9:2–4)
Day 7: God rests from God's labors	

in the image of God, and as the crown of creation to whom all creatures are subject, are again in seemingly deliberate contrast to contemporary pagan religious views in which the other creatures themselves were on occasion worshipped as divine.

The narrative itself, nevertheless, appears to draw upon and radically adapt general ancient Near Eastern mythology to its own ends. For example, the myth of a primeval battle between the creator and a monster personifying chaos has survived in legends of Marduk and Tiamat in Mesopotamia, and Baal and Yamm in Ugarit. In the Genesis P account, chaos simply becomes "the Deep" with no resistance to the creative act (Pritchard 1969, 66–67, 130–31; Heidel 1951; for more dramatic and less demythologized remnants of the earlier stories, see Psalms 24:2; 74:13–14; 89:10–11; Job 9:13, 26:12; and Isaiah 51:9). The plural usage of "Let us make man [humankind] in our own likeness and image" (Gen. 1:26), referring in Genesis to the divine council assisting God, may be a remnant of a Mesopotamian creation myth in which the creator god addressed his consort before engendering the first human couple.[8]

[8] On Yahweh and the council of the gods in the Old Testament, see Cross 1973, 186–90; and Robinson 1944. Old Testament texts include: Jer. 23:18; 1 Kgs. 22:19–28; Isa. 6:1–12; Ps. 82; Ps. 89:6–8; Zech. 3:1–10; Job 1:6–12; 2:1–6. For examples of the prophetic forms where the divine council is addressed, see Judges 5:2; Isa. 35:3–4; 40:1–8 (reading 40:6a with ms 1QIs^{a}). For examples of the form of the covenantal lawsuit (*rîb*) before the divine council, see Isa. 3:13–15 (cf. Ps. 82); Mic. 6:2; Isa. 6:2; and Jer. 3:2. The use of the plural in Genesis 1:26 (P) and 3:22 (J) has been explained by Gerhard von Rad as an

This incident becomes, in the hands of the Priestly tradition, part of the profound teaching that every human being bears "some almost intangible resemblance to God, whereby he is distinguished from all other creatures" (Sawyer 1974, 426; cf. Westermann 1984, 145–58).

The "Yahwist" Account. In contrast to P's version, the J account in Genesis 2:4b–3:24 is about the creation and defection of man and woman from Yahweh rather than about the creation of the universe. Where the P narrative may be characterized as formal and theological, the author of the J story is a master narrator who incorporates most of the theology directly into the story. Where the author of P states didactically that humanity is in the image of the divine, J portrays Yahweh in human terms as a potter working a lump of clay and then breathing into the earthen nostrils to animate man. Where the P tradent joyously but directly proclaims "How good it was!" after the works of creation, J simply lets his narrative style reveal the joy and love of Yahweh's works.

A comparison of the stories in J and P, however, reveals far more than mere differences in style. In P, the action takes place during seven days; in J, only one day is mentioned. In P, the work of creation moves from wet to dry, starting with a primeval chaos of water and ending on the land; in J, the first scene is dry, and only after it is moistened a bit can the work of creation begin. In P, God's creative speech alone accomplishes creation; in J, a divine potter works the moistened earth. In P, both genders are created simultaneously (*'ādām* in Gen. 1:27 means both male and female, cf. Gen. 5:1–2, also a P text); in J, Yahweh creates the male first, after which he creates the other animals and organizes an animal parade in order to provide the man with "a help fitting him" (Gen. 2:18 — note, KJV "an help meet for him," though often misconstrued, means simply this). Finding none among the animals fit as a helper, Yahweh becomes a carver rather than a potter and makes out of the man's side a woman.

The J story itself has quite separate theological concerns from those of P. Where P is concerned with the Sabbath, the oneness and otherness of God, the reliability of God's word, and the goodness of God's creation, J is concerned with etiologies — stories which explain how things got to be the way they are — as well as with the tender weaknesses of humanity, the love of Yahweh for his creatures, his forgiving mitigation of punishment, and the problem of human alienation from Yahweh. A somewhat detailed summary of the J story is an effective way of gaining perspective into its meaning, since the Yahwist clothes his theology so integrally in the narrative itself. It will also provide important context to the development of the creation story evident in the LDS variants of the text.

To begin with, Yahweh creates man out of the clay, molding him as a potter would (2:4b–7). According to standard Hebrew theological anthro-

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effort to soften the comparisons being drawn here between human beings and God by placing God in the company of the lesser members of the divine council. This is possible, in light of the rarity of the plural pronoun for God in these two stories (1973, 58–59). For a more complete view of the matter, however, see Sawyer 1974 and Westermann 1984, 145–58.

pology, the Yahwist sees man as a unity, not as a soul/body dichotomy. He is simply dust animated by the breath of Yahweh; a later verse states that to be made of dust implies that one will return to dust someday (3:19). There is no explicit thought here of man being created deathless or immortal, nor is there any hint of a fall from grace or from immortality. The Yahwist gives no clue to any acquaintance with these theological elaborations, later imposed upon the story. There is simply the reference to the Tree of Life — but this is in passing and is not developed.

A garden is planted for the man, in the middle of which are placed two trees — that of the knowledge of good and evil and the tree of life (2:8–9). (At this point the narrator, or an insertion by an editor, makes a short digression to give us a tour of the waters of paradise [2:10–14].) The man is then placed in the garden, to tend and cultivate it (2:15), and is informed that of every tree of the garden he may eat (including, presumably, the tree of life) — but he is commanded to refrain from eating from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for, Yahweh God says, "the moment you eat from it you will most certainly die" (2:16–17). Note that this is *not* a threat that the man will become *mortal*, for his mortality is already implied by his composition. (See 3:19, where Yahweh punishes the man for eating the forbidden fruit by condemning him to work hard *until* his return to the dust, which itself occurs simply "because dust you are and to dust you shall return.") There may be an overtone of mortality implied in the threat, but the story makes perfect sense without recourse to such an idea. Rather, the threat is that the man would die directly as a result of eating the fruit.[9]

The J story is not about the man partaking of the fruit of the Tree of Life, and as the climax of the story shows, this possibility is precluded by subsequent events. Later Jewish and Christian readings of the story make much of the idea of a fall implied in the threat, but this idea must be understood as just that — a *later* understanding imposed upon the story, primarily by St. Augustine's reading of it.

After the command, Yahweh decides the man ought not be alone, and creates the animals to find a helper fit for the man. None of the animals *are* fit, however, so Yahweh causes the man to fall asleep and forms from his side the woman, who indeed is fitting (2:18–24). (Note that the woman is seen here as neither inferior nor subordinate, for the Hebrew word for "helper" does not normally mean an ancilliary aid coming from below, but rather, an essential and necessary succor coming from above. The KJV rendering "an help meet for him" is accurate.) This scene closes by the Yahwist observing dryly that "the man and his wife were both naked [*'ărûmmîm*], yet felt no shame" (2:25; Wambacq 1970), thus anticipating what is to occur in the next scene.

A new departure in the story is marked in Genesis 3:1 by the use of a non-

[9] This is shown by the use of the infinitive absolute *môt* in Genesis 2:17, as well as the fact that there is little if any hint in the story that the man's life in the garden was to be deathless. If such was intended by the use of the "tree of life" image, it is simply not developed in the narrative.

consecutive Hebrew verb form (Hebrew narrative normally uses consecutive verb forms in connected narrative). Up to this point, a very strictly observed sequence of verbs in consecution has tied the narrative together, but 3:1 breaks the sequence. The new departure involves the presence of the snake. The Yahwist's role as master narrator is illustrated in the paronomasia, or play on words, which begins to appear in his introduction of the snake and is further developed in the verses to follow. While the man and woman are described as naked, *'ărûmmîm*, the snake is crafty or subtle, *'ārûm* (3:1). (This word play is further drawn in 3:10, where the man explains his fear at Yahweh's approach because of his being naked, *'ērōm*, and in 3:21, where Yahweh makes clothes out of leather, *'ôr*, for the man and the woman.)

The snake itself is not presented as demonic, nor even as some sort of metaphor for a human-shaped temptor. It is merely a snake, one of the creatures which Yahweh had made (3:1), and as such is not seen, in the context of J's story, as an evil intrusion upon paradise. The snake's only problem here is its craftiness. There may well be a little of the lampoon in J's use of a snake as the creature to introduce the temptation of the knowledge of good and evil to the man and woman, then still in innocent nakedness, for the snake as an obvious phallic image had long been used as part of the iconography and ritual of the Canaanite fertility cult, with all of its obscene and licentious practices. Contrary to later speculations based upon the saying pronounced upon the snake in 3:14–15, commanding it to crawl upon its belly, the snake does not seem to be explicitly envisioned as going about on legs before the curse. A likelier view is that the snake is hanging from the tree or bouncing about erect on its tail (like a pogo-stick) as in some Canaanite representations. The later pronouncement withers this symbol of Canaanite phallic cultism, and reduces it to slithering about in the dirt.

Whatever its reasons and mode of entry as the agent of temptation, the snake asks the woman whether God indeed has forbidden all the garden's fruit. The woman replies to the snake that it is only the tree in the middle of the garden which is forbidden (3:3). (Modern Western readers of the story sometimes note an anomaly in the story here, in that the commandment forbidding the fruit of this tree had been given to the man alone, before the creation of woman, and yet the woman answers the snake's question as though she had been present when the commandment was given. Though this may be a problem for modern readers, it seems not to have been for the Yahwist, who perhaps here was combining earlier separate stories, or relying on some idea that proto-man somehow included both man and woman.) The woman exaggerates her restatement of the original command, however. While Yahweh had forbidden only the eating of the fruit, she states that even to touch the fruit is death (3:3). This lack of harmony between the command and the woman's report of it probably does not stem from a rough-edged redaction by J of previously separate narrative strands. Rather, J here may be deliberately characterizing human nature. The human tendency toward exaggeration seems to be a special concern for J, since it also turns up in J's story of Cain, where Cain overstates almost to the point of melodrama the punishment meted out by

Yahweh (4:14). The snake replies that death will not result, and, enticed by the chance to become as God (or, the gods), the woman partakes and gives some to her husband (3:6–7). Again, it is worth noting that in Canaanite ritual, one became as the gods through sexual rituals, imitating them and consorting with them. This is not to say that the sin of Eden in this story is the sexual act or the concupiscence which later Jewish and Christian tradition understood. Rather, while disobedience to the command is the basic issue, the illustration is clearly fraught with various allusions to sexuality and the fertility cult.

After partaking, the man and the woman, rather than dying from a poisoned fruit as Yahweh had suggested, become aware of their nakedness and sew themselves little fig leaf loincloths. J implicitly contrasts the pitiful human sartorial effort here, *hagōrôt* (which would just cover the bare essentials, so to speak), with the beautiful leather clothes Yahweh himself sews at the end of the story. The loincloths, or "aprons," as the King James Version elegantly but misleadingly puts it, are donned directly out of the shame of nakedness, not out of fear of confronting Yahweh: before their sin, they are under Yahweh's close love and care and so are not conscious of their nakedness. The ancient Hebrews saw the state of undress as a sign of weakness and pitiableness, and here J implicitly associates such pitiableness with all humankind. Upon sinning against Yahweh's command — not upon his return — they become acutely aware of their condition and make efforts to remedy their circumstance: their fig leaf loincloths. Though they had previously felt under the care of Yahweh and had felt no shame, upon his return they now feel dread and fear — for indeed they recognize their nakedness and know shame.

As in another of J's primeval history stories, the Cain narrative, here we find a reckoning or accounting. Yahweh returns, taking an evening walk in the garden to cool off, so anthropomorphic is J's portrayal of him (3:8). The man and woman hear the sound Yahweh makes as he walks through the bushes and trees of Eden. (Note that the KJV "they heard the voice of the LORD god walking" is simply a mistaken translation of the Hebrew, where the word *qôl*, which can mean "voice" or "sound," would rightly refer to the sound Yahweh makes as he walks, and not to his voice.) They hide out of fear; Yahweh calls out to the man, "Where are you?" Note that J is not trying to show Yahweh peeping underneath bushes and behind trees to find out where man is. Rather, he poses a simple question, "Where are you?" — a question made the more profound by its echo in the Cain narrative, with Yahweh calling Cain to account by saying, "Where is your brother?"

Moreover, the nakedness of the man and woman is not merely a lack of adequate covering of the body; their hiding in the bushes from Yahweh is not a game of hide-and-seek. Now they are truly naked before Yahweh in their disobedience, and this is more the issue than their location. The man answers, then, not the question of where he is hiding in the bushes, but why he felt a need to hide from Yahweh: "I heard the sound you were making in the garden; but I was afraid, because I was naked, so I hid myself" (3:10). The reckoning continues, progressing from point to point almost as a judicial in-

quiry. "Who told you that you were naked? You have eaten, then, from the tree of which I had forbidden you to eat!" At this, the man again in an entirely human way tries to blame someone else for his fault. "The woman whom you put here with me—she gave me fruit from the tree, and so I ate some" (3:12). Yahweh turns to the woman: "Why did you do such a thing?" She, in turn, tries to lay the blame upon Yahweh's crafty creature the snake, just as the man tried to lay the blame on the woman that Yahweh had made: "The snake tricked me, so I ate some" (3:13).

At this point, we might expect Yahweh to question the talking snake, but he does not. Only the human beings are animated with Yahweh's breath, or, as the Priestly author put it, are created in the image of God. Only the human beings stand responsible for their acts and are liable to be questioned in the docket by Yahweh. Only they had received a commandment that could be broken. The snake, "the craftiest of all the creatures Yahweh God had made" (3:1), was merely fulfilling the measure of its creation. By declining to have Yahweh interrogate the snake, J appears to suggest that the origin of evil is mysterious and hard to identify. Whatever its origin, J makes clear that evil did not come from Yahweh.

This story, reflecting J's concern in the primeval history with origins and firsts, provides a large number of short etiologies, summed up in the verdicts meted out at the end of this little judicial scene. Like Kipling's *Just So Stories*, or P's explanation of the rainbow as God's bow set in the cloud (Gen. 9:13–17), the verdicts here explain how things got to be the way they are. The snake is cursed with a humble form of locomotion, and there is hatred placed between human beings and snakes. The story thus answers the question, "Why do snakes move in such a peculiar way, and why are they so detested by people?" The etiology is not simply an irrelevant myth, however. Since temptation arises from the snake in the story, and since Genesis 3:15 talks of strife between snakes and men, it might be that J is giving us a subtle image for the internal strife that arises in a person when tempted, a strife whose etiology appears here as well.

When seen in light of the etiologies at the end of this story, the verdict against the snake has little in it that warrants it being read as a proto-evangelium, or early prediction about the bruising of the head of the devil by Jesus. Though this reading of Genesis 3:15 has been traditional in Christianity, it is based on a poor understanding of the concord of pronominal gender in the verse's Hebrew by several of the early versional translations of the verse.[10]

Additional etiologies follow. The woman is to be punished by intensified

[10] Genesis 3:15 is probably best translated: "I will place enmity between you and the woman, / And between your posterity and hers; / It will strike at your head, / While you strike at its heel." The word for posterity, *zera'*, is masculine, and so is referred to by the masculine pronoun *hû'*, rightly translated by a neuter pronoun "it" in English, since the English word "posterity" is neuter. The Septuagint (LXX), Peshiṭṭa, Old Latin, and Vulgate versions translate the noun variously with neuter, masculine, or feminine nouns, and the pronoun with pronouns having concord with the gender of the translated word or with the masculine pronoun in Hebrew. It is probably on this account that the proto-evangelium reading of the verse developed. See below, p. 60.

pains of childbirth and subordination to her husband — both etiological descriptions rather than theological prescriptions. In similar fashion, the question, "Why do men have to work so hard for a little food, and why are we so tormented by weeds?" is answered by the curse or ban placed on the ground on the man's account.

The woman's subordination begins immediately, as the man then gives the woman her name, Eve (3:20). To modern readers this verse might seem misplaced, since the animals were named immediately before the creation of woman (2:18–24). But recall that J uses narrative to express theology where P tends to use propositionally phrased theological statements. While P states that the animals were placed under the domination of humankind, J allows the man to name the animals, since in the ancient Semitic mindset to own something included the power to name it. Since in the J story the woman was *not* the man's subordinate, but a help or partner suitable for him, until *after* the later pronouncement of Yahweh, the man does not have the right to name the woman until after he has been established as her master. And this he does, immediately after Yahweh renders his judgment. The name given the woman, *ḥawwâ* "Eve," suggests a fertility theme: only now in the story is the woman sexually mature, though subordinate to the man. J's etymology of the word, "the mother of all that live," again suggests an "Everyman" or "Everywoman" reading of the story.

The climax of the story, in which Yahweh makes leather clothes for the man and the woman, then drives them from Eden and sets a guard of cherubim to prevent their return, is understandable only in the context of J's storytelling concern with Yahweh's mercy and kindness toward his creature, the human being. The difficulty is that Yahweh implied that the man would die on the spot upon eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and yet, this threat was not carried out. We should recall in this context that the man and the woman, coming from the dust, were implicitly doomed to die eventually and return to dust (3:19), *unless*, it seems, they ate the fruit of the tree of life. (It is clear from the last verses in the story that they had not done this before they ate the fruit of the forbidden tree of knowledge of good and evil.) The story, then, does not deal with a fall from grace or a fall from immortality, but rather with a disobedience, a defection from Yahweh's word. It is but one of several early rebellions in J's primeval history.

Thus the J storyteller portrays Yahweh looking at the man and the woman, pathetic in their fig leaves and trying unsuccessfully to cover their nakedness, and pictures a Yahweh moved to compassion. He therefore punishes them with a hard life and expulsion from the garden of delight but does not follow through on his threat to kill them for eating the fruit. Just as he later mitigates the punishment of Cain by placing a mark upon him,[11] Yahweh here mitigates the punishment of the man and the woman. But he does prevent them from eating any of the fruit of the tree of life, as he says, "The man has become like

[11] Perhaps the mark was the tribal tattoo of the ancient Kenites, who were nomads and had some kind of non-Israelite worship of Yahweh. This also, it appears, is a J etiology. See von Rad 1973, 107.

one of us, knowing what good and evil are. Therefore, he must not be allowed to put out his hand to take fruit from the tree of life also, and thus eat of it and live forever" (3:22). Likewise, he further takes pity on the reprobates — probably best described as "lovable wretches," a good modern English translation of J's concept of the *yēṣer hāraʿ* at work in human beings (cf. Gen. 6:5 and 8:21) — by sitting down and sewing (as a seamstress would) nice leather clothes for them (the KJV "coats of skin") to replace the fig leaf loincloths. Yahweh then sends them out into the harsh world and places cherubs — the sphinx-like mythological protectors of royal thrones, the ark of the covenant, and pomegranate trees — to guard the way of the tree of life, with a flaming sword, to prevent them from returning.[12]

Clearly the purpose of both of these exquisite Genesis stories is to present religious faith and theology, not the historical or biological origins of species on the planet. Indeed, the J narrative itself speaks always of the man and the woman, rather than a historical Adam and his wife, Eve. J is thinking more in terms of Everyman and Everywoman, and his myth of creation and defection is a powerful statement on human alienation from God and God's loving kindness. The P narrative is highly theological and does not speak of any individual human beings, but rather of humankind (*ʾādām*). The J account does not use *ʾādām* as a personal name, "Adam," but only as "the man." The Greek Old Testament translates this as a personal name, however, after Genesis 2:20, as does the KJV. But this is merely an artifact of translation — the Hebrew text uses the same word throughout the stories. The fact that Moses 3:19–20 and Abraham 5:19–20 seem to follow the KJV here suggests that they stem at least in part from the Old Testament tradition only after it left its native Hebrew tongue.

The historicizing of the universal and mythological figures of these stories, at any rate, actually started with the redaction of the stories by P into their present setting in the Pentateuch, where they preface genealogies and an epic narrative leading from the creation to Abraham and his family in Genesis 12. The tendency to understand these stories as historical, as referring to a historical Adam and Eve, the first of their race, came more and more with time and is particularly noticeable in the Old Testament Deutero-canonical or Apocryphal Book of Wisdom 2:23–24, Romans 5:12–19, and I Corinthians 15:21. It is important to remember that they were originally unconcerned with the type of historical questions that are reflected in these later theological expansions upon the stories.

The Books of Moses and Abraham: Comparisons with Genesis

As we turn from the Genesis texts to their parallels in the writings brought forth by the Prophet Joseph Smith, it is important to recall that the King James Version translators knew next to nothing about the literary units in-

[12] For more about cherubs, see Gen. 3:22–24; 1 Kgs. 8:5–9; Ezek. 11:22–25; 41:15–20; 2 Sam. 6:2. For photographs of ancient Near Eastern graphic representations of cherubs, see Westermann and Lessing 1977.

volved, and thus failed to discern that there were two separate stories of creation (P and J) juxtaposed in the first three chapters of Genesis. As a result, the KJV contains several important mistranslations of Hebrew Genesis. Such textual "artifacts" introduced by the KJV translators provide important opportunities for analysis, both of the priority of various creation accounts and of the reason for variations in the more recently composed versions.

Regardless of their attitudes toward the relationship between the traditional Genesis text and the Joseph Smith creation texts, all Latter-day Saints agree that the Hebrew Genesis came before and lies behind the King James Version. If, as will be seen, variants in the Joseph Smith texts are patterned after and connected with problems existing only in the mistaken English of the KJV (rather than in the earlier Hebrew), then the Joseph Smith texts may well be better understood as more recent midrash-like reworkings of the KJV. If this is the case, are there apparent rationales for the specific form taken by these reworkings?

Below is a schematized commentary on the relationship of the Joseph Smith texts to Genesis. In each section, I present a comparison between a KJV text and its parallels in the books of Moses and Abraham, followed by textual notes to illuminate any relevant variant readings of the manuscripts and early editions of the Joseph Smith texts. In the case of the Joseph Smith Revision of the Bible (JST, of which Moses is part), especially, the variant manuscript readings are important in establishing possible intent in some of the more subtle variants (e.g., when the change from a plural to a singular occurs regularly in the final manuscript, it is deliberate). Then I will describe the alterations of Moses and Abraham, in each section of text, and propose an explanation of the significance of the differences.[13]

The P-J Seam

In Example 1 the KJV translators have mistranslated an important seam between the P and J accounts and thereby generated a number of problems. Modern understanding of Hebrew verbal syntax and the literary devices which set off each story allows us to make a much more intelligible translation, as illustrated here by the New American Bible (NAB) rendering of these verses.

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[13] I shall limit textual notes to major variants which bear upon an understanding of the interrelatedness of Genesis, Moses, and Abraham. In my comments on Moses, I shall assume that the draft manuscripts of the JST Old Testament, JST OT mss 1, 2, and 3, located in the RLDS archives, are related to one another in the following manner: The prefatory revelation (Moses 1; RLDS D&C 22) and JST Genesis 1:1–31 (Moses 2) were originally drafted in OT ms 1. OT ms 2 copies this material from OT ms 1. From Genesis 2:1 on, however, OT ms 2 was used as the original draft, and OT ms 1 was copied from it. OT ms 3, it is generally recognized, is the final draft relying upon one or both of these earlier composite draft/copies. See Howard 1969, as well as Matthews 1975, 60–81, for descriptions of the manuscripts, their contents, and two differing opinions regarding the interrelatedness of OT mss 1 and 2. I propose here this hypothesis of the composite character of OT mss 1 and 2 on the grounds that analysis of variants in the manuscripts reveals prior readings in OT ms 1 only before the marks in the manuscript separating Genesis chapters 1 and 2. Beyond that point, readings reflecting priority occur only in OT ms 2. This hypothesis has the advantage of being in harmony with Howard's intrinsic considerations as well as with Matthews' extrinsic considerations.

EXAMPLE 1 — THE P-J SEAM

NAB Genesis 2:1–9	*KJV Genesis 2:1–9*	*Moses 3:1–9*	*Abraham 5:1–9*
1 Thus the heavens and the earth and all their array were completed.	Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.	Thus the heaven and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.	And thus we will finish the heavens and the earth, and all the hosts of them.
2 Since on the seventh day God was finished with the work he had been doing, he rested on the seventh day from all the work he had undertaken.	2 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.	2 And on the seventh day I, God, ended my work, and all things which I had made; and I rested on the seventh day from all my work, and all things which I had made were finished, and I, God, saw that they were good;	2 And the Gods said among themselves: On the seventh time we will end our work, which we have counseled; and we will rest on the seventh time from all our work which we have counseled.
3 So God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on it he rested from all the work he had done in creation.	3 And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.	3 And I, God, blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it I had rested from all my work which I, God, had created and made.	3 And the Gods concluded upon the seventh time, because that on the seventh time they would rest from all their works which they (the Gods) counseled among themselves to form; and sanctified it. And thus were their decisions at the time that they counseled among themselves to form the heavens and the earth.
4 Such is the story of the heavens and the earth at their creation.	4 These *are* the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created,	4 And now, behold, I say unto you, that these are the generations of the heaven and of the earth, when they were created, in the day that I, the Lord God, made the heaven and the earth;	4 And the Gods came down and formed these the generations of the heavens and of the earth, when they were formed in the day that the Gods formed the earth and the heavens,
Second Story of Creation At the time when the LORD God made the earth and the heavens—	in the day that the LORD God made the earth and the heavens,		

[5] while as yet there was no field shrub on earth and no grass of the field had sprouted, for the LORD God had sent no rain upon the earth and there was no man to till the soil,

[6] but a stream was welling up out of the earth and was watering all the surface of the ground—

[7] the LORD God formed man out of the clay of the ground and blew into his nostrils the breath of life, and so man became a living being.

[5] And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the LORD God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and *there was* not a man to till the ground.

[6] But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

[7] And the LORD God formed man *of* the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

[5] And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew. For I, the Lord God, created all things, of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. For I, the Lord God, had not caused it to rain upon the face of the earth. And I, the Lord God, had created all the children of men; and not yet a man to till the ground; for in heaven created I them; and there was not yet flesh upon the earth, neither in the water, neither in the air;

[6] But I, the Lord God, spake, and there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

[7] And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul, the first flesh upon the earth, the first man also; nevertheless, all things were before created; but spiritually were they created and made according to my word.

[5] According to all that which they had said concerning every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the Gods had not caused it to rain upon the earth when they counseled to do them, and had not formed a man to till the ground.

[6] But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

[7] And the Gods formed man from the dust of the ground, and took his spirit (that is, the man's spirit), and put it into him; and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

EXAMPLE 1 — THE P-J SEAM (continued)

NAB Genesis 2:1–9	*KJV Genesis 2:1–9*	*Moses 3:1–9*	*Abraham 5:1–9*
8 Then the LORD God planted a garden in Eden, in the east, and he placed there the man whom he had formed.	8 And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.	8 And I, the Lord God, planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there I put the man whom I had formed.	8 And the Gods planted a garden, eastward in Eden, and there they put the man, whose spirit they had put into the body which they had formed.
9 Out of the ground the LORD God made various trees grow that were delightful to look at	9 And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight,	9 And out of the ground made I, the Lord God, to grow every tree, naturally, that is pleasant to the sight of man; and man could behold it. And it became also a living soul. For it was spiritual in the day that I created it; for it remaineth in the sphere in which I, God, created it, yea, even all things which I prepared for the use of man; and man saw that it was good for food. And I, the Lord God, planted the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and also the tree of knowledge of good and evil.	9 And out of the ground made the Gods to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight
and good for food, with the tree of life in the middle of the garden and the tree of the knowledge of good and bad.	and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.		and good for food; the tree of life, also, in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Thus KJV owned by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery used in JST preparation (Cooperstown, N.Y.: H. & E. Phinney, 1828; including Apocrypha and marginal notes) in RLDS Archives (hereafter JSKJV).

v. 3: "created and made"
JSKJV marginal note: Heb. created to make

v. 7: "life" JSKJV marginal note: Heb. lives

(Textual variants refer to JST Old Testament manuscripts in RLDS Archives, numbered as in Howard 1969; see note 13.)

Several minor variants between OT mss; most are insignificant.

v. 4: "when they . . . and the earth":
OT ms 1: (omits)

v. 9: "and it became"
OT mss 1 & 2: and they became
OT ms 3: and ~~they~~ it became

v. 9: "planted the tree"
OT mss 1 & 2: placed the tree
OT ms 3: ~~placed~~ planted the tree

Thus *Times and Seasons* (hereafter T&S), except for minor spelling and punctuation variants.

(The Book of Abraham was first published in *Times and Seasons* 3:9–10 [1 and 15 March 1842]: 703–06, 719–22. All extant book of Abraham manuscripts in LDS Church Archives end before parallel texts from Genesis 1–3 begin.)

The KJV so badly garbled the meaning of the Hebrew at the seam between the accounts that the clearly subordinate clause structure of the beginning of the J story has been lost in translation. Thus the subordinate structure also found at the beginning of the P story in Hebrew, as well as in the Babylonian creation epic, the *Enuma Elish*, is not seen in KJV Genesis 1, and as a result 2:5 becomes confused. The KJV translators had no real idea about the consecution of the Hebrew verb, nor a clear sense of the semantic range of the word *ṭerem* (translated as "before" in the KJV and, more correctly, as "as yet . . . no" by the NAB). As a result, verse 5 in the KJV ends up seeming to make some reference to a creation *before* creation that simply does not exist in the original Hebrew: the KJV reads, "in the day that the LORD God made the earth and the heavens, And every plant of the field before it grew: for the LORD God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and *there was* not a man to till the ground." Note the phrase "and every plant of the field before it grew" is read here as simply a third object of the verb "made." The implication in the KJV is that God "made . . . every plant of the field before it grew," i.e., created it in some form before creation itself.

Moses. Significantly, this highly misleading translation in the KJV is textually paralleled by major variants in the two Joseph Smith texts, almost certainly efforts at harmonizing chapter 1 of Genesis with chapters 2 and 3. In Moses 3:5 the hint of a creation before creation in the KJV is made explicit by adding the words, "For I, the Lord God, created all things of which I have spoken [i.e., the things outlined in the preceding matter, Genesis 1], spiritually before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. . . . And I, the Lord God, had created all the children of men [here the book of Moses is very near an understanding that "man" in Genesis 1 refers to all humankind] . . . for in heaven created I them; and there was not yet flesh upon the earth, neither in the water, neither in the air." The book of Moses thus clearly states that the land, water, and air creatures whose creation is described in Genesis 1 are not yet upon the earth at the beginning of Genesis 2. And this includes the man, who is thereafter created after the model of the Yahwist tradition in Moses 3:6–7.

Probably the single most significant expansion in any of these verses in Moses is found immediately after the moist-clay creation of man, for here Moses not only follows the J story, but explicitly states that this modeling of man produced the "first flesh upon the earth, the first man also" (v. 7). Given the apparent textual expansions throughout this passage, this statement can only mean that any creation of living creatures in Genesis 1 must be part of the spiritual creation which the book of Moses has just said preceded the physical constitution of the earth's inhabitants. Otherwise, there would be no sense in stating that the man created was both "the first flesh" *and* "the first man." [14]

[14] Various LDS opponents of Darwinism, anxious to prove that Genesis 1 recounts the history of the physical origins of life on the planet, have argued that "the first flesh" in Moses 3:7 refers merely to becoming mortal through the fall and insist that Moses does not intend to represent the material parallel to Genesis 1 as an account of spiritual creation. But this position, while harmonizing Genesis 1–2 with the temple account and Abraham 3–5,

The book of Moses expansions seem to represent an attempted reconciliation of the two conflicting biblical accounts of creation. Since they play upon the way the KJV had rendered the P-J seam — a rendering that is wholly inaccurate and simply a continuation of a linguistic artifact introduced into the biblical tradition — they would appear to be a reconciliation attempted in 1830 by Joseph Smith. The book of Moses attempts to reconcile the two stories by suggesting that the creation of the plants, animals, and human beings in Genesis 2 is indeed a physical creation starting with "the first flesh on the face of the earth," while creation of life in Genesis 1 consists merely of a spiritual creation, a creation "in heaven" while there was yet no "flesh upon the earth, neither in the water, neither in the air."

This understanding of Genesis 1–2 had already found expression in the Book of Mormon, published shortly before Joseph worked on this section of Moses. There, the premortal existence of Jesus (a concept originally expressed in the Gospel of John) had been paralleled by statements that "all men were created in the beginning after mine own image" (Ether 3:15–16; cf. 2 Ne. 2:17–18; Mosiah 18:13; Alma 18:32; 22:12; 13:3; 3 Ne. 9:15; 26:5). These Book of Mormon passages are somewhat ambiguous — do they refer merely to God's foreknowledge of his creatures' existence (so-called "ideal" preexistence) or to a real existence before physical creation? Parallels with the book of Moses expansions suggest that the verses intend real and not merely ideal premortal existence. For instance, Moses 3:5 rounds out the Ether 3:15–16 formulation just cited by stating, "and I, the Lord God, had created *all* the children of men . . . for in heaven created I them" (italics added).[15] To put it simply: Joseph's reflection on the two accounts of creation and the curious KJV seam bridging them triggered an insight or speculation about human premortal existence. As a result, the book of Moses teaches that as far as life is concerned, Genesis 1 concerns a spiritual creation and Genesis 2 a physical one.

Abraham. When we look at the book of Abraham reworking of the same material, we find a wholly different set of problems. These are understandable in light of Joseph's developing thought and abilities between the time he worked on Moses (1830) and on Abraham (1835–40). In this interim, the Prophet had acquired a rudimentary, if artistic, acquaintance with the Hebrew language and the Hebrew Bible, under the tutelage of Rabbi Joshua Seixas, who taught briefly at the Kirtland School of the Prophets (see Zucker 1968; Walton 1981). In the book of Abraham version of these verses, no longer is there an apparent effort to resolve the conflict between the P and J stories by making one preexistent and the other physical. Rather, the text merely assumes

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chooses to overlook Joseph's use of the term "flesh" in the JST expansion of Genesis just two verses before, in Moses 3:5. There the whole point of talking about "flesh" is to say that it did not exist yet because creation had been spiritual up to that point in the narrative. See Smith 1:75–78; and Andrus 1967, 140–43.

[15] If this is a correct understanding of these chapters in Moses, the hypothesis recently advanced that Joseph did not teach real (as opposed to ideal) premortal existence of spirits before 1833 must be modified. Cf. Ostler 1982a and 1982b.

preexistence (see Abraham 3 and the discussion of example 3 below) and then elaborates extensively upon the doctrine. This process of elaboration forces another solution to the conflict of P and J.

Having joined Genesis 1–2 together as a spiritual-then-physical creation story, Joseph was faced with the question of how to fit the Genesis 2 material into the Genesis 1 day-by-day scheme: on what day was man physically created? The book of Moses appears to lie behind Joseph's March 1832 interpretation of the Revelation of John. He stated that the (physical) creation of man (in Genesis 2) occurred on the seventh day in the (spiritual) creation week sequence (of Genesis 1): "as God made the world in six days, and on the seventh day he finished his work, and sanctified it, and also formed man out of the dust of the earth" (D&C 77:12).

Within three years, Joseph had started work on the book of Abraham, and we find W. W. Phelps alluding to the doctrine of premortal human existence in an editorial in the *Messenger and Advocate* (1 [June 1835]: 130). Phelps not only refers to our having lived with God in another world but also states that "we shall learn by and bye" of this because of "new light . . . bursting in to our minds, of the sacred scriptures," a reference probably not only to the book of Moses passage, but to treatments of the preexistence theme later to be published in Abraham. (Note that this same editorial makes oblique reference to the book of Abraham's curious racial ideology and possibly to later Mormon plurality of marriage theology — well before either of these ideas had been publicly promulgated.)

A major problem had been intrinsic in the way the book of Moses handled the seam in Genesis. If to harmonize the awkward seam in the KJV, we take the entirety of Genesis 1 to be an account of preexistent creation, other anomalies rear their heads almost immediately. Many of the biblical texts, which at the time were becoming or shortly to become early standards in LDS apologetics (through the work of such men as Parley Pratt, Orson Pratt, and Benjamin Winchester), are not easily reconciled with a preexistent understanding of Genesis 1. If, for instance, Jesus is the first-born of all creatures (Col. 1:15), and this is interpreted *literally*, then why was not the first thing created in Genesis 1 — which the book of Moses speaks of as a spirit creation — *Jesus* rather than the *earth* or *light*? Why was Jesus himself seemingly at work with the Father in the creation from the very start of the text (note Jesus' apparent involvement in Moses 2:26–27 and 4:28)? As Joseph's theology of God evolved, abandoning a fuzzy trinitarianism (as in the Book of Mormon, the early revelations, and the Lectures on Faith; see Alexander 1980; Hale 1983) and thus requiring more and more accounting for the persons of the divinity, such problems must have multiplied. As prooftexts from Isaiah 14 and Revelation 12 developed into a full-fledged narrative about a war in a premortal heaven (already in the book of Moses this tradition exists in rudimentary form— see Moses 4:1–4), one might have wondered why Genesis 1 did not tell any of that story if indeed it told of the premortal creation and life of human spirits. Similarly, the problem of chronology — on which day was man created? — needed to be addressed more fully than it had been in 1832.

Some modification was therefore necessary in the earlier book of Moses understanding of the relationship of Genesis 1 and 2–3. It is perhaps because Joseph himself recognized this that the text at issue in Moses was never published during his lifetime, even in extract, as were many of the other pericopes surrounding it in Joseph's revision of the KJV Old Testament.[16] This is not to say that the book of Moses' solution to the P-J seam problem was fruitless. On the contrary, it was at the very least the means by which the myth (in the non-pejorative sense) of premortal existence was arrived at in the first place. And that, at least for those of us who hear the voice of God in our hearts when the idea of preexistence plays upon our minds, makes the Moses text the means by which God revealed an ennobling truth of the gospel.

The harmonizing tack taken in the book of Abraham is clear when the variants in this text are looked at carefully and compared to stereotyped variants throughout Abraham. There, all creation of life is deferred and replaced by planning and preparing. Note the effect of the phrases in Abraham I have italicized below, when compared to the KJV:

KJV Genesis 1	Abraham 4
20 And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl *that* may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.	20 And the Gods said: *Let us prepare* the waters *to* bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life; and the fowl, *that they may* fly above the earth in the open expanse of heaven.
21 And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.	21 And the Gods *prepared the waters that they might bring forth* great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters *were to bring forth* abundantly after their kind; and every winged fowl after their kind. And the Gods saw *that they would be obeyed, and that their plan was good.*
22 And God blessed them, saying Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.	22 And the Gods *said: We will* bless them, *and cause them* to be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas or great waters; *and cause* the fowl to multiply in the earth.
. . .	. . .
24 And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.	24 And the Gods *prepared* the earth *to bring forth* the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after their kind; and it was so, *as they had said.*
25 And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.	25 And the Gods *organized the earth to bring forth* the beasts after their kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind; and the Gods saw *they would obey.*

[16] The first publication of these verses was in the *Millenial Star* (Liverpool, England) 15 March 1851, pp. 90–93. See Matthews 1975, 52.

26 And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.	26 And the Gods *took counsel among themselves* and said: *Let us go down and* form man in our image, after our likeness; and *we will give* them dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
27 So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.	27 So the Gods *went down to organize* man in their own image, in the image of the Gods *to form* they him, male and female *to form* they them.
28 And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.	28 And the Gods *said: We will* bless them. And the Gods *said: We will cause them to* be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, *and to* have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.
29 And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which *is* upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which *is* the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.	29 And the Gods said: Behold, *we will give them* every herb bearing seed *that shall come upon* the face of all the earth, and every tree which *shall* have fruit upon it; yea, the fruit of the tree yielding seed to them *we will give* it; *it shall be for their meat.*
30 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein *there is* life, *I have given* every green herb for meat: and it was so.	30 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, behold, *we will give them life*, and also *we will give to them* every green herb for meat, and *all these things shall be thus organized.*
31 And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, *it was* very good.	31 And the Gods *said: We will do everything that we have said, and organize them*; and behold, *they shall be very obedient.*

The creation of life in the P account in Genesis becomes planning and preparation in Abraham. At the seam between J and P (Gen. 2:4/Abr. 5:4) the gods decide to end their preparatory work on the seventh time: "On the seventh time we *will* end our work, which we have counseled, and we *will* rest on the seventh time from all our work which we have counseled" (Abr. 5:2; italics added). The work of the council has ended; all life will be brought forth upon the earth during the seventh period of creation, followed by rest (v. 3). The gods then put their counsels into action: "And the Gods came down and formed these the generations of the heavens and the earth" (v. 4).

The difficult KJV verse, 2:5 ("and every plant of the field before it was in the earth," etc.), now no longer refers to a creation of spirits before the earth's creation, for in the book of Abraham it is the premortally existent spirits them-

selves ("the gods" — see Abr. 3:22–4:1) doing the creating. The verse now refers to "all that which they [the gods] had said concerning every plant of the field before it was in the earth" (Abr. 5:5), namely, the plans for the actual creation of plant, animal, and human life. While man is formed as the first living thing on earth, he is not the first thing prepared or planned for.

Abraham 5:7 further expands upon the Genesis and the book of Moses conceptions of man's creation: where Genesis has Yahweh put breath into the man to animate him, and the book of Moses (following KJV Genesis) has the Lord God animate man by placing a "spirit" into him, the book of Abraham now understands this "spirit" essentially as a preexisting "noble and great" spirit-god, who had been busy preparing a place for the second estate of fellow spirits (Abr. 3:25–26): "And the Gods formed man from the dust of the ground, and took his spirit (that is, the man's spirit), and put it into him; and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living soul" (Abr. 5:7). This addition is paralleled by that in verse 8, where KJV "the man whom he had formed," unchanged in Moses except for the change to first person narration, becomes in Abraham, "the man, whose spirit they had put into the body which they had formed."

In both verses 7 and 8, Joseph's study of Hebrew between his work on Moses and Abraham may have been helpful, for he appears to understand that "spirit" and "breath" are the same word in Hebrew, *rûaḥ*, which allows the striking transformation here, not found in the book of Moses. This embellishment heralds much of Joseph's later theology, which in many ways democratized divinity. No longer is the human being a clay mannequin animated by Yahweh's breath, or, in philosophical terms, no longer is the human person contingent. Rather, the gods take the spirit, presumably uncreated, of the person-to-be and clothe it in flesh. As with the Johannine Jesus, God is made flesh and dwells among us.[17]

There are other minor variants in these Joseph Smith texts; most are stereotyped and will be discussed below. But this first example is clearly significant in that, whatever the motivation, most of its variants are patterned and connected with a problem existing only in the English of the KJV, and not in any ancient form of the text.

EXAMPLE 2

The Third Day

KJV Genesis 1:9–13	*Moses 2:9–13*	*Abraham 4:9–13*
9 And God said, let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry *land* appear: and it was so.	9 And I, God, said: Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and it was so; and I, God, said: Let there be dry land; and it was so.	9 And the Gods ordered, saying: Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the earth come up dry; and it was so as they ordered;

[17] Such a theology, clothed in narrative and claims to antiquity, is sufficiently centrifugal and imaginative that it can offend hearts that long for a strong theological center and a traditionally orthodox Christian image of an omnipotent and omniscient God quite different

10 And God called the dry *land* Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that *it was* good.

11 And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, *and* the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed *is* in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

12 And the earth brought forth grass, *and* herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed *was* in itself, after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.

13 And the evening and the morning were the third day.

JSKJV thus, with minor punctuation and capitalization variants.

10 And I, God, called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters, called I the Sea; and I, God, saw that all things which I had made were good.

11 And I, God, said: Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, the fruit tree yielding fruit, after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed should be in itself upon the earth, and it was so even as I spake.

12 And the earth brought forth grass, every herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed should be in itself, after his kind; and I, God, saw that all things which I had made were good;

13 And the evening and the morning were the third day.

2:9 "heaven":
OT ms 1: Heavens
OT ms 2: Heavens (?)
OT ms 3: Heaven
2:10 "the Sea":
OT ms 1: the Seas
OT ms 2: the Seas
OT ms 3: the Sea (? — if a final "s" is there, it has been blackened out)
2:12 "which":
OT ms 3: ~~that~~ which

10 And the Gods pronounced the dry land, Earth; and the gathering together of the waters, pronounced they, Great Waters; and the Gods saw that they were obeyed.

11 And the Gods said: Let us prepare the earth to bring forth grass; the herb yielding seed; the fruit tree yielding fruit, after his kind, whose seed in itself yieldeth its own likeness upon the earth; and it was so, even as they ordered.

12 And the Gods organized the earth to bring forth grass from its own seed, and the herb to bring forth herb from its own seed, yielding seed after his kind; and the earth to bring forth the tree from its own seed, yielding fruit, whose seed could only bring forth the same in itself, after his kind; and the Gods saw that they were obeyed.

13 And it came to pass that they numbered the days; from the evening until the morning they called night; and it came to pass, from the morning until the evening they called day; and it was the third time.

4:10 "the dry land, Earth":
T&S: the earth dry

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from human beings. Such a sentiment, I think, lies behind most RLDS rejection of Smith's later theological innovations. But the book of Abraham view ought not be rejected out of hand simply because of its idiosyncratic tendencies. If one follows the speculative and

KJV Italics and the Joseph Smith Texts

A problem faced by those studying the KJV in 1830 or today is its italicized words. This expedient was taken by the KJV translators supposedly to indicate English words interpolated to make a smooth translation. Contrary to popular impression, however, the italic typeface in the KJV text does not necessarily reflect a difficulty in the underlying Hebrew. Indeed, the placement of italics in the KJV is inconsistent. A simple survey of alterations between Genesis and the book of Moses reveals immediately that many of the differences between the texts occur where the KJV owned by Joseph and used by him in his work on the JST marked the text in italic typeface. The Moses and Abraham variants in the preceding example were connected with an internal English language problem caused by a KJV mistranslation of the P-J seam found in Genesis 2:4. Such a connection seriously undermines a hypothesis of the priority of the Joseph Smith texts to the text of Hebrew Genesis.

In the present example, the association of many changes in Moses with the KJV italic problem also weakens the credibility of the book of Moses' priority. One could argue, of course, that God had a hand in helping the KJV translators to miraculously save some underlying form of the Hebrew text not otherwise preserved. Indeed, an unsigned editorial in the *Church News* (6 March 1983, p. 16) made just such a claim in trying to defend as ancient Book of Mormon readings parallel to the KJV but not supported by ancient biblical manuscripts. Such an argument convinces only those unaware of the KJV's many errors in rendering the Greek, Hebrew, and Aramaic of the Bible — readings which themselves turn up in the Book of Mormon and the JST. Claims that God inspired KJV *italics* despite the KJV's patterned usages and errors do little to solve this problem in a convincing fashion (Barney 1986; Larson 1985; Hutchinson 1985). At any rate, in this example, the Moses variants often parallel KJV italics.

Moses. This text, of the entire third day, is somewhat typical of what is seen throughout the book of Moses. There is in general a flattening of P's artful, varied repetition in Genesis by such insertions as "and it was so" in verse 9, and "even as I spake" in verse 11. Words italicized in the KJV have generated some of these changes. In verse 10, "saw that *it was* good" becomes "saw that all things which I had made were good." Modern scholarly consensus suggests that the Hebrew *kî tôb* lying behind KJV "that *it was* good" ought to be translated "how good it was." The book of Moses typically replaces KJV "and God saw that *it was* good" by "and I, God, saw that all things which I had made were good," or something similar (Moses 1:4, 9, 18, 21, 25, 31). But, as elsewhere, the change itself reflects an English solution to the English problem of the italics and has nothing to do with the clearly intelligible Hebrew Genesis. Similarly, in verse 11, the italicized "*and*" is simply deleted, and the italicized "*is*" becomes "should be," though the KJV correctly trans-

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imaginative trajectory of the Johannine community itself in the New Testament, one sees similar centrifugal forces at work. Yet by such forces came important, if not universally accepted, developments of biblical doctrine. See R. Brown 1979c, 1.

lates the nominal clause in Hebrew with the simple verb "to be" and need not have placed the word in italics at all.

Moses 2:10 changes KJV "Seas" to "the Sea." This change occurs only in the last of the three manuscripts of the JST Old Testament (OT ms 3); the earlier JST manuscripts retain the KJV plural. The change may have been an effort to harmonize this text (as well as Gen. 1:2, 6, 22) with a common speculation that before the days of Peleg, there was but a single primeval ocean and continent (Gen. 10:25; D&C 133:24; RLDS D&C 108:5f).

A problem with the logic of the action as described in KJV English may have provoked interpolations at the end of verse 9. As the KJV reads ("let the dry *land* appear"), we may well ask, "Well, if the waters are gathering together in one place, what is going to come up out of them is certainly not going to be *dry* land, at least for a while!" This is not a problem in the Hebrew text, since the word translated by "place" in the KJV perhaps ought to be translated "basin," thus stressing the *process* of the waters running downhill into a newly created hollow, leaving the land exposed to view and drying. A literal rendering would be, "let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one gathering place (basin), so that dryness be seen, and thus it was."[18] Also, the use of the words *yabbāšâ* "dryness" and *wĕtērā'eh* "so that it be seen" stresses the fact that the waters are gathered precisely to *bring about* dryness, rather than to expose something already dry.

The book of Moses remedies the problem in the KJV, despite its minor and somewhat fanciful character, in two ways. First, it separates the gathering together of waters from the creation of dry land, by inserting the words "and it was so" after the gathering. Next, it makes the dry land a separate work of creation by imitating the KJV at the creation of light, and adding "and I, God, said: Let there be dry land." What is probably most interesting here is that the book of Moses does not change the italicized word right in the affected text: KJV "let the dry *land* appear" becomes "Let there be dry land" — the italicized "*land*" remains while the unitalicized "appear" departs. This results from the effort at tidying up the passage's logic, and because concrete "land" is less easily deleted from the text understood in a literalist tradition than is the somewhat abstract "appear."

Similar changes occur in verse 11, where the KJV has this garbled rendering: "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, *and* the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed *is* in itself, upon the earth." The Moses version tidies this up by inserting words perhaps intended to distinguish between fruit and nut trees ("the fruit tree yielding fruit, after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed should be in itself"). The Hebrew syntax

[18] The problem is that the Massoretic text of the Old Testament has pointed the consonants *mqwm* as *māqôm*, "place." The LXX, however, translates it as *συναγωγήν* "a gathering-together," related to the verb *συνάγω* at the beginning of the verse in the LXX. Now that the use of the enclitic *mem* has been demonstrated clearly in Ugaritic, and has shown up at numerous previously difficult passages of the Psalter, some scholars today posit *mqwm* here as *miqwē(h)-m*, using the same word that appears in verse 10. They translate this as "gathering" of waters, or, simply, "basin." To be sure, others dispute such a reading (see Westermann 1984, 78–79). But however solved, this problem in Hebrew was outside of the ken of Joseph Smith and his contemporaries.

here is not particularly difficult, and the New American Bible correctly renders the phrase, "Let the earth bring forth vegetation: every kind of plant that bears seed and every kind of fruit tree on earth that bears fruit with its seed in it."

The book of Moses deletes the italicized "*and*," which was erroneously interpolated into the passage in the first place by the KJV translators. They had not understood the ancient Hebrew idea that seeding plants ("herb yielding seed") as well as fruit trees are both subgroups of *deše'*, vegetation in general (KJV "grass"). In short, the Hebrew text describes vegetation with two subgroups, the KJV makes this into three types of created plants, and the book of Moses adds a fourth group of plants to the KJV's three. Rather than repair the KJV error, the Moses version elaborates upon it in a way that is more compatible with arboriculture as Joseph Smith would have known it.

Abraham. Where the book of Moses tried to solve the problem of the dry land appearing from under the waters by having dry land created separately, the book of Abraham reflects more sensitivity to the images involved in the Hebrew text and makes explicit the idea of a gradual recession of waters and drying out of the exposed land. The earliest published text of Abraham in the *Times & Seasons* is all the more explicit here: "the gods pronounced the earth dry" (v. 10).

Though the use of "pronounced" here instead of KJV "called" is odd (particularly in the light of the fact that Joseph left "called" for the same KJV and Hebrew words in verse 8), its explanation reveals much about the imaginative processes underlying Joseph's revisions of the Bible. The substitution in Abraham 4:10 of "Great Waters" for KJV "Seas' "(cf. Moses "the Sea") in the same verse where "pronounced" is substituted for "called" gives us the clue to what Joseph Smith had in mind.

As every beginning student of Hebrew learns, the verbal roots can be inflected into various *binyanim* or conjugations, which alter their meaning. The simple root, when its middle letter is doubled by means of a small dot called a dagesh, becomes intensive. *Qātal*, for instance, means "he killed." *Qittēl* (the vocalic changes are patterned as well), on the other hand, means "he slaughtered or massacred." The Hebrew word in verse 10 translated by the KJV as "Seas" is *yammim*, which is the plural because the original Semitic root underlying the word is *ymm* (the second "m" regularly drops out of this class of noun in the singular in Hebrew). The expression *miqveh hammayim*, "gathering together of the waters," precedes this word in the Hebrew text, separated from it only by the verb translated in the KJV as "called." Graphically, the two words, one for "the waters" and the other for "Seas," are very close:

הַמַּיִם יַמִּים

"the waters" "seas"

A major visual difference, in fact, is that the *mem* (מ = "m") in *yammim* has a dagesh in the middle of the word, while the *mem* in *hammayim*,

also doubled with a dagesh, is immediately after the attached definite article *ha-* (ה =“the”), which normally causes the letter immediately following it to double. In short, the proximity of the words encourages an inexperienced reader (or a highly imaginative one) to see a connection between the two words, so graphically similar, and to understand the dagesh in the middle of *yammîm* as somehow related to the intensive verbal conjugations. Thus, one could understand the word *yammîm* as some kind of intensive form of *mayim* “waters.” It is perhaps thus that the book of Abraham speaks of “Great Waters,” albeit erroneous in terms of Hebrew and Semitic philology.[19]

Thus we can explain the occurrence of the book of Abraham’s “pronounced” for KJV “called” in the second half of verse 10, since the Hebrew word here, *qārā’*, simply means to say out loud and can range in sense from “call” to “read” to “pronounce.” It appears at the end of verse 10, where the play between the graphic morphology and the pronunciation of the two words *yammîm* and *hammayim* lies behind the use of “Great Waters.” By analogy, the first usage of *qārā’* in the verse (KJV “God called the dry *land* Earth”) is altered in Abraham to conform to the language of the latter part of the verse. Thus, since the gods “pronounced” the “gathering together of the waters . . . Great Waters” at the end of the verse, they also (following the *Times and Seasons* edition) “pronounced the earth dry,” or (in modern editions) “pronounced the dry land, Earth.” To be sure, this balances the Abraham verse nicely, but it does so in spite of the fact that the particular semantic overtone of “pronounced” in the first half of the verse is somewhat beyond the range of the word *qārā’* in Hebrew.

As noted above in our discussion of example 1, there seems to be a systematic effort in Abraham to harmonize the conflicting details of what we now recognize as the separate P and J stories of creation, by explaining Genesis 1 as preparation for life and Genesis 2 as the execution of the prepared plans. Verses 11 and 12 in our present example manifest several textual variants from the KJV Genesis that may be part of this effort: “Let us prepare the earth,” “the Gods organized the earth to bring forth grass,” as well as the more subtle change at the end of verse 11, where the KJV “and it was so” (already expanded to “and it was so even as I spake” in Moses) becomes “and it was so, even as they ordered.”

This last variant, with its introduction of “ordered,” deserves some comment, since it is linked to another pattern in Abraham — a concern for order and a stress on obedience to the gods’ commands. Thus Abraham 4:7, 9, and 11 all introduce the verb “to order” and answer this order of the gods with a fulfillment formula also using the verb “to order.” (Note that in Abraham 4:9, the original KJV Genesis 1:7 word “said” that has been replaced by “ordered” is followed immediately by a redundant “saying.” This is probably a remnant of the KJV “said” and lends to the reworked Abraham passage a

[19] Yet this is not the only time that Joseph, using his Hebrew as an artist and not a philologian, ran rough-shod over the basics of the Hebrew language. See Zucker 1968 for examples. For the classic example of Joseph’s abuse of Hebrew syntax in pursuit of a separate theological good, see his 7 April 1844 sermon in Ehat and Cook 1980, 340–62.

Hebraizing style similar to that found in the Book of Mormon and some of the Joseph Smith revelations.)

Yet another stereotyped variant in these verses is also best understood in light of the book of Abraham's patterned stress upon order. Note that in Abraham 4:10 and 12, the KJV Genesis formula, "God saw that *it was* good," becomes "the Gods saw that they were obeyed." Where the book of Moses resolves the KJV italic problem in this phrase fairly simply, the book of Abraham regularly makes reference to the idea of obedience wherever the KJV Genesis formula occurs. The reference takes various forms throughout Abraham chapter 4:

KJV Genesis 1	*Abraham 4*
18 . . . and God saw that *it was* good.	18 And the Gods watched those things which they had ordered until they obeyed.
21 . . . and God saw that *it was* good.	21 . . . And the Gods saw that they would be obeyed, and that their plan was good.
25 . . . and God saw that *it was* good.	25 . . . and the Gods saw they would obey.
31 And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, *it was* very good. . . .	31 And the Gods said: We will do everything that we have said, and organize them; and behold, they shall be very obedient. . . .

One exception to this pattern is found in Abraham 4:4, where "And they (the Gods) comprehended the light, for it was bright," parallels KJV Genesis 4:4, "And God saw the light, that *it was* good." But here, "comprehended" replaces the usual Abraham "saw," and "bright" replaces the usual "obeyed," suggesting KJV John 1:5, "the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

These stereotyped Abraham variants reflect general theological concerns of order and obedience as part of the work of the gods, and they help establish as well the book of Abraham's programmatic deferring of the creation of life to the second account of creation. Since plans, orders, and preparations are made in the first account of creation, fulfillment and obedience to plans must follow in the second.

The Abraham variants in the discussion of the various plants (Abr. 4:11–12) no longer reflect the resolution of the garbled KJV text adopted in Moses 2:11–12. Where the book of Moses introduced a fourth category of plants to understand the KJV text, Abraham makes sense of the KJV and Hebrew text here by deferring the creation of life to the next chapter.

Where Genesis uses the formula "and the evening and the morning were the X day," the book of Abraham inverts the evening-morning sequence of the Hebrew day and gives a more modern morning-evening sequence: "From the evening until the morning they called night, and . . . from the morning until the evening they called day; and it was the third time" (4:13).

The same pattern appears in Abraham 4:5, 8, 19, 23, and 31, including the shift from KJV "day" to Abraham "time." Both of these changes may reflect Joseph Smith's new acquaintance with Hebrew: *yôm*, normally translated as "day," can indeed mean a period of time, much as our phrase "in those days" does not really mean 24-hour days *per se*, but rather an unspecified period. As with "pronounced" in Abraham 4:10, the Hebrew lexicon's equivalent English word has been used in place of the Hebrew word itself and pushed in its English usage far beyond the semantic range possible for the original Hebrew word. *Yôm* means an unspecified period of time only in stereotyped locutions, and in this context there is very little room semantically for such a meaning. Although eliminating twenty-four-hour days from the creation narrative is helpful in harmonizing the story with the general implications of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century geology about the age of the earth, this reading would be highly unlikely in light of P's concern in the story with the weekly Sabbath.

EXAMPLE 3

THE OPENING VERSES

KJV Genesis 1:1–2	*Moses 2:1–2*	*Abraham 4:1–2*
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.	And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Behold, I reveal unto you concerning this heaven, and this earth; write the words which I speak. I am the Beginning and the End, the Almighty God; by mine Only Begotten I created these things; yea, in the beginning I created the heaven, and the earth upon which thou standest.	And then the Lord said: Let us go down. And they went down at the beginning, and they, that is the Gods, organized and formed the heavens and the earth.
2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.	2 And the earth was without form, and void; and I caused darkness to come up upon the face of the deep; and my Spirit moved upon the face of the water; for I am God.	2 And the earth, after it was formed, was empty and desolate, because they had not formed anything but the earth; and darkness reigned upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of the Gods was brooding upon the face of the waters.
JSKJV thus.	2:2 "water": OT mss 1 & 2: waters OT ms 3: water	4:1 "that is the gods": T&S (these words in parentheses after "formed")

The Opening Verses

Changes in the opening verses of the Joseph Smith creation texts reflect the way the meaning and sense of the KJV have been altered by prefatory

material to KJV Genesis 1 in Moses and Abraham. Some instructive points emerge from these changes.

Moses. What now constitutes the text of chapter 1 of Moses and RLDS D&C 22 appears in both JST OT mss 1 and 2 as "A Revelation given to Joseph the Revelator June 1830." Starting with the phrase, "The words of God, which he spake unto Moses at a time when Moses was caught up into an exceedingly high mountain," this revelation is highly Christological in orientation and apocalyptic in tone. Through its narrative about the visions of Moses, it deals with the greatness of God and God's works, the implications of intense visionary experiences, the discrimination of good from evil in such manifestations (Moses 1:20), the plurality of worlds (Moses 1:4–5, 28–35), and the relative authority of the biblical record (Moses 1:4–5, 25–42). The last two of these themes offer important insights into how Joseph Smith may have understood the Genesis creation accounts during his work on the JST.

Both the Renaissance and Enlightenment had done much to undercut the traditional Christian understanding of Genesis 1–3 as historical records. Ethan Allen's *Reason: The Only Oracle of Man* (1784, 357–84) and Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* (1794, 22–29, 76–77, 90–91, 105–15) give a good indication of what American deists at the end of the eighteenth century were saying about literal readings of the Old Testament. Such concerns did not fade in the nineteenth century (see, e.g., Ingersoll 1902, 46–129; Clemens 1938, letters III and IV). The Smith family was exposed to such influences: Joseph Smith, Sr.'s father, Asael, threw *Age of Reason* at him upon learning, to his disgust, that his son was interested in Methodism (R. Anderson 1971, 207).

Deists questioned the ability of human language to communicate God's word, the reliability of the Genesis account, and its specific details. How could Moses, for instance, the traditional author of Genesis, really *know* about the earth's origins? Did he really write it in the first place? Since the Bible gives no direct attribution of the Pentateuch to Moses, how could it be called the books of Moses (as in the superscription of the KJV)? How could the stars, millions of miles away, have been created for the sole purpose of illuminating one small solitary planet? Why should God create the plants on day three, while there is apparently not even any sunlight until day four?

The introduction to and expansions found in Moses answer many of these questions, especially that of Mosaic authorship and biblical authority. If the texts of the Bible as received are viewed as corrupt and deformed, that would account for the anomalies attacked by the deists. The preface affirms the authority of Genesis by saying Moses wrote Genesis, and knew whereof he spoke, since his account was revealed directly. Since it is in the very "words of God, which he spake to Moses" (Moses 1:1), throughout the book of Moses the text is in the first person, not the third person, when it speaks of God. The preface to Moses follows the Book of Mormon in explaining the anomalies in the Bible *as received* as opposed to the perfect words of God *as revealed*: They stem from a "day when the children of men shall esteem my words as naught and take many of them from the book which thou [Moses] shalt write" (Moses 1:41, cf. 1 Ne. 13:34).

These deleted words presumably would include the Moses variants, since the preface also contains a none-too-veiled reference to Joseph Smith, Jr.'s making the words available again (Moses 1:41). The book of Moses preface's beginning words remove from biblical authority any shadow cast by Tom Paine's irreverent claim that Genesis 1 was mere hearsay or otherwise Moses would have introduced it "with the formality that he uses on other occasions, . . . by saying 'the Lord spake to Moses, saying' " (Paine 1794, 23).

Among these precious truths portrayed as lost and now restored in Moses are the additions to Genesis 1:1, in which God tells Moses specifically that the account about to begin is only about "*this* heaven and *this* earth . . . upon which thou standest" (Moses 2:1, emphasis added) as opposed to all the worlds seen in the overwhelming vision in the prefatory revelation (see especially Moses 1:4–5, 8, 27, 33–35).

The claims made by the book of Moses that its variants are a restoration of the original form of a perfect Bible text make sense in the context of nineteenth-century theology and disputes between believers and sceptics. As noted at the beginning of this article, however, such a portrayal of the ancient forms of the Bible is inadequate in light of current knowledge. As to the claim that the traditional Hebrew (and dependent KJV) text has eliminated the book of Moses readings, we need to go no further than these first verses of Moses that parallel the Bible, which appear to expand upon KJV. The changes fall into the same patterns already described. The italicized "was" in the KJV Genesis 2:2 becomes "I caused . . . to come up," probably due to the general shift to the first person and, perhaps, the phrasing of KJV Genesis 3:6, "there went up a mist." Similarly, singular "water" replaces the KJV plural "waters," which, like the change from "Seas" to "the Sea" in Genesis 1:10 discussed above, occurs only at the level of JST OT ms 3 and harmonizes the text with the common speculation about Peleg. The words "for I am God" are added, also part of the movement to the first person (as is the change to "my Spirit"), and as an explanatory expansion upon "I caused . . . to come up." None of these detailed changes make much sense if we posit an ancient scribe who deletes these details, either because he esteems God's words "as naught" (Moses 1:41) or "because of wickedness" (Moses 1:23). There seems, in contrast, to be a much better explanation if we posit Joseph Smith attempting to solve genuinely troubling problems in KJV Genesis.

Abraham. The variants in the Book of Abraham reflect a much richer textual background than do those of Moses. The book of Abraham breaks off abruptly at its parallel to the end of Genesis 2, apparently unfinished. The lengthy preface to the Genesis 1–2 parallels, like the Moses preface, changes the meaning of the text boldly by altering its context. Abraham 1–3 itself seems to be a creative expansion on Genesis 12, interlaced with themes potentially inspired by Josephus (*Antiquities* 1:155, 158–59, 167–68) and the vignettes from the Joseph Smith papyri (now known to be Book of the Dead scenes rather than illustrations from an ancient book by Abraham [Ashment 1979; cf. Nibley 1979]). The narrative brings up such authority-related issues as the priesthood, succession, apostasy and restoration, and Abraham's role as father of the faithful.

The lengthy passage on sacred cosmology in 3:1–16 uses such Hebrew loan words as "Kokaubeam" (*kôkābîm*, "stars"), and probably stems from the tradition of Abraham as astronomer based on the passing reference to Abraham and the stars in Genesis 15:5 ("Look now toward the sky, and count the stars, if you can"). Its chief importance seems to be as a narrative technique for introducing the premortal council of gods.

The changed context for the Genesis passages seems to address the issue of biblical authority, as did the JST. For here the account of creation is seen as a revelation to Abraham, as it was seen as a revelation to Moses in the JST.

Another element of the changed context in the book of Abraham account lies in the reference to premortal existence in the three chapters of preface. Where the book of Moses claims creation had as its purpose to bring to pass "the immortality and eternal life" of the human family (Moses 1:39), the book of Abraham sees creation as the preparation, for and by the preexistent spirits of the "noble and great ones" (Abr. 3:22), or the "Gods" (Abr. 4:1), of a place for moral testing and growth. This is so that those who would "keep their second estate" [20] might "have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever" (Abr. 3:26). Where the passing reference to pre-existent creation in Moses stems from problems in the KJV rendering of the seam between the P and J stories, the book of Abraham abandons this earlier understanding of the seam, while keeping the insight about premortal existence, and expands this into a full-blown narrative (Abr. 3:22–28).[21] Thus it is that the book of Abraham introduces a stereotyped use of the plural "Gods" instead of the singular "God" found in KJV Genesis and "I, God" found in Moses. This reasonably could stem from Joseph's study of Hebrew and his literalistic treatment of the grammatical plural ending *-îm* in the word *'ĕlôhîm*, "God." The plurality of worlds idea in Moses and the sacred cosmology section of Abraham logically extend to a plurality of gods, itself associated with Joseph's Nauvoo period theology of exaltation to godhood and with the development of the secret rituals of the Nauvoo Holy Order.[22] The book of Abraham gives a new

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[20] This expression is seemingly borrowed from KJV Jude 1:6, itself another example of a misleading translation by the KJV. The Greek *τὴν ἑαυτῶν ἀρχήν*, KJV "their first estate," simply means "their own position."

[21] Several converging theological developments allowed this. Several biblical texts understood by the early saints as referring to a "war in heaven" and the origin of the "fallen angels" (in Isaiah 14, a description of the fall of the king of Babylon; in Revelation 12, a description of the dragon's fall from heaven with a third of the stars; in Jude 1:6, a reference to the fallen angels) were conflated and interpreted in light of (1) Joseph's developing conceptions of premortal existence of human spirits, and (2) Joseph's association of the category "angels" (which in classical biblical, Jewish, and Christian formulations constitutes a class of spiritual beings separate from humankind) with either premortally existent human spirits or postmortally vivified human spirits or resurrected beings.

[22] Regarding Joseph's plurality of gods concept, see Ehat and Cook 1980, 378–83, 393n2, 408n4. On his theology of divinization, see pp. 84n9, 341, 344, 350, 357, 399n99. It is not clear whether the idea of a plurality of gods in Abraham, a text "translated" circa 1835 but only published in 1842, reflects an intermediary stage between Joseph's monotheism and somewhat limping trinitarianism, found in the Book of Mormon and the "Lectures on Faith," and this ostensibly later pluralist theology. In Abraham, there is no question about a person's becoming a god only after long years of mortal faithfulness and after the properly authorized

context to the creation narratives which radically alters their theological context.

The shift from KJV "created" to the book of Abraham's "organized and formed" seems compatible with Joseph Smith's belief in the eternal nature of matter, a view also held by a nineteenth-century theologian Joseph was familiar with, Thomas Dick (1830, 101–2). Joseph's Hebrew study may have helped him realize that words in any foreign language do not have the precise range of meaning as their English counterparts.[23] He freely used alternative English words in Abraham and apparently was no longer as concerned with the KJV italicized words. Thus the Hebrew *bārā'* "created" becomes "organized and formed," stressing the idea that the creative act was not *ex nihilo* (see Ehat and Cook 1980, 61, 341, 359).

But the book of Abraham has not fully, even here, escaped the bounds of thought imposed upon it by English, since in Hebrew, *bārā'* applies only to the creative act of God, never to the creative acts of human beings. In addition, the P author of Genesis definitely sees God as creating not merely the objects in the universe, but the framework of the universe itself. Had ancient Hebrew been less bound to the concrete expression of thought (abstraction being very difficult in the language itself),[24] it is not wholly unlikely that P would have phrased its belief in terms of the *ex nihilo* doctrine of later Judaism and Christianity. Yet, while capturing the basic religious drift of the Genesis 1 description of God's creative act, the doctrine of *ex nihilo* creation itself relied heavily upon Greek philosophical abstraction quite foreign to ancient Hebrew culture. But the book of Abraham goes far in the other direction — while keeping Hebrew cultural concreteness by denying *ex nihilo* creation, it reduces the majesty of P's God to mere premortal human spirit-gods. By having to consider even the earth as a work of creation in order to assert its creation from material already existing, the book of Abraham ignores the deep symbolism of P's having God create light before all else.

The book of Abraham replaces KJV "created" with "formed" to avoid *ex nihilo* overtones. With the earth being one of the works of creation, the book of Abraham must give an alternative rendering of *tôhû wābôhû*, KJV "without *form* and void" (Gen. 1:2, emphasis added). For how could the gods have *formed* the earth without *form* and void? The book of Abraham remedies the problem by using the words "empty and desolate" and adds the qualification "because they had not formed anything but the earth." Abraham

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ordinances of the gospel. Rather, the "noble and great ones" are seen as premortally existent gods, who later will come to earth for mortal life and moral trial, to determine their worthiness for being "added upon" (Abr. 3:26). Yet this concept of being "added upon" certainly is connected with Joseph's explicit theology of divinization put forth in discourses at Nauvoo, and so the ideas seem to be linked at least secondarily.

On the relationship of these ideas to LDS temple rituals, see Quinn 1978; L. Brown 1979; and Buerger 1983.

[23] Note, e.g., Joseph's giving a variety of English terms to give the range of one Hebrew word, the preposition *be-*, in Ehat and Cook 1980, 358.

[24] For an excellent discussion of this problem, see MacKenzie 1956, 12–13; and von Rad 1962, 384–85.

is getting its choice of words for *tôhû wābôhû* from the Hebrew grammar Joseph studied in Kirtland (Seixas 1834, 78). The italicized KJV "was" in Genesis 1:2, which had been rendered "I caused . . . to come up" in Moses, becomes a simple "reigned" in Abraham — less full than Moses, but a richer rendering of the Hebrew nominal clause than the KJV.

In another change, "moved," the KJV translation of *měraḥepet* (Gen. 1:2), which had been untouched in Moses, becomes "was brooding" in Abraham. Again Joseph here has borrowed his terminology from his Hebrew grammar (Seixas 1834, 77). However, the grammar erroneously derives this meaning of the intensive inflection of the root *rḥp* from its use in describing an eagle hovering over its brood in Deuteronomy 32:11. Today it is clear that the word in this form means to sweep through the air or something similar. Most dictionaries before this century, however, agree with Seixas in defining the word as "to brood." The metaphorical possibilities of this word in English (as in "to brood over a problem," "to think over"), not really present in the Hebrew, appear to lie behind Joseph's choice of it to render *měraḥepet.*

The last alteration in this textual example involves "waters" (Abr. 4:3). Joseph's Hebrew study seems to have disabused him of the idea that the KJV "waters" is incorrect. His grammar tells him that *mayim* means "waters" and is dual in form but plural in meaning (Seixas 1834, 23), and it is thus that he renders it, despite his earlier understanding in JST OT ms 3 that the word should be construed as singular. Where he changed it to the singular in Moses, he leaves it plural in Abraham.

Other Examples of Development Between the Three Texts

Those variants examined in the Joseph Smith texts are more readily explained by seeing the KJV as their underlying text rather than by seeing them as reflecting a hypothetical uncorrupted Hebrew text. With this direction of textual development in mind, let us look briefly at several other textual examples to see whether their theology and doctrine is consistent with such a hypothesis of priority. All of these texts show some of the stereotyped variants described above; however, I shall limit my remarks here to general observations on how the variants affect the doctrinal content of these works.

The Creation of Humankind. In example 4, the Joseph Smith texts expand upon the Genesis text in two differing ways, much as each handled the seam between the P and J stories. The Genesis use of "let *us* make man in our own image" (italics added) leads to two different interpretations. The book of Moses explains the plural by adding "And I, God, said unto mine Only Begotten, which was with me from the beginning." This expansion referring to Christ is similar to other Christological embellishments in Moses (2:1, 27; 3:18; 4:1–4, 28). The book of Abraham, in contrast, interprets "us" to mean "the Gods," consistent with its own doctrines of the plurality of gods and premortally existent spirits.

It is possible to argue that the reference to Christ in Moses *had been* excised from an underlying and no longer extant form of Hebrew Genesis by some ignorant, corrupt, or designing scribe anxious to purge the text of any

EXAMPLE 4

THE CREATION OF HUMANKIND

KJV Genesis 1:26–27	*Moses 2:26–27*	*Abraham 4:26–27*
26 And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.	26 And I, God, said unto mine Only Begotten, which was with me from the beginning: Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and it was so. And I, God, said: Let them have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.	26 And the Gods took counsel among themselves and said: Let us go down and form man in our image, after our likeness; and we will give them dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
27 So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.	27 And I, God, created man in mine own image, in the image of mine Only Begotten created I him; male and female created I them.	27 So the Gods went down to organize man in their own image, in the image of the Gods to form they him, male and female to form they them.

idea contrary to orthodox Jewish conceptions about the one-ness of God. But this argument would have to overlook the fact that Hebrew Genesis does in fact have the plural pronoun, and that the differences between the texts in Moses and Abraham are most easily explained by positing this simple, unelaborated plural as the bridge between the two widely variant Joseph Smith texts.

The Rivers of Eden. In example 5, the book of Moses preserves the KJV text virtually intact, except for minor variants where the KJV italics occur. The book of Abraham, in contrast, eliminates the four verses giving the names of the waters of paradise. The difference between the dates of the books of Moses and Abraham gives us our most likely explanation. Between Moses in 1830 and Abraham in 1835, Joseph had begun developing his theology of a sacred geography of America, locating the garden of Eden in Missouri (D&C 78:15; 107:53–57; 116:1; cf. RLDS D&C 77:3e; 104:28a–29b; and RLDS *Church History* 2:153–54). Since the names of Eden's rivers were known as ancient Near Eastern sites, they could have worked against Joseph's emerging understanding of Zionic geography, and their absence from the text in Abraham may thus be explained.

Yahweh's Threat of Death. Example 6 also shows a Genesis text adapted in two different ways by the Joseph Smith texts. The problem presented by the Genesis text was alluded to above in my discussion of the J story of humankind's defection from Yahweh. Yahweh here forbids the fruit of the tree of knowledge and threatens death as a punishment for disobeying this command. Yet later in the story, the commandment is broken, and sudden death does not

follow. In terms of J's story, this is to be accounted for in Yahweh's loving mitigation of punishment. Yet in a literalist reading of the KJV, the disharmony between the Lord's threat and the suite of events is troubling.

Similarly, the idea that somehow the fall of Adam and Eve was a necessary and good thing (a *felix culpa*, as St. Augustine put it) makes the command of Yahweh itself seem somewhat incongruous. The Book of Mormon teaches that the fall of Adam and Eve was a necessary and good thing (2 Nephi 2:11–27; 1830 edition pp. 63–65), as does Moses 5:10–11. The book of Moses resolves this dilemma by adding a mitigating clause, "nevertheless, thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given to thee; but remember that I forbid it" (3:17). This expansion softens Yahweh's command and tends to harmonize the verse with a theology of a blessed fall. But the book of Abraham is not so concerned with this question as with the disharmony between Yahweh's threat of death and the subsequent expelling of the man, alive, from the garden. The book of Abraham adds after the threat, "Now I, Abraham, saw that it was after the Lord's time, which was after the time of Kolob; for as yet the Gods had not appointed unto Adam his reckoning" (5:13). This

EXAMPLE 5

The Rivers of Eden

KJV Genesis 2:10–14	*Moses 3:10–14*	*Abraham 5:10*
10 And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.	10 And I, the Lord God, caused a river to go out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.	10 There was a river running out of Eden, to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.
11 The name of the first *is* Pison: that *is* it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where *there is* gold;	11 And I, the Lord God, called the name of the first Pison, and it compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where I, the Lord God, created much gold;	
12 And the gold of that land *is* good: there *is* bdellium and the onyx stone.	12 And the gold of that land was good, and there was bdellium and the onyx stone.	
13 And the name of the second river *is* Gihon: the same *is* it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia.	13 And the name of the second river was called Gihon; the same that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia.	
14 And the name of the third river *is* Hiddekel: that *is* it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river *is* Euphrates.	14 And the name of the third river was Hiddekel; that which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river was the Euphrates.	

EXAMPLE 6

YAHWEH'S THREAT OF DEATH

KJV Genesis 2:15–17	*Moses 3:15–17*	*Abraham 5:11–13*
15 And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.	15 And I, the Lord God, took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.	11 And the Gods took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.
16 And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:	16 And I, the Lord God, commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat,	12 And the Gods commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat,
17 But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.	17 But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, nevertheless, thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given unto thee; but remember that I forbid it, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.	13 But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the time that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die. Now I, Abraham, saw that it was after the Lord's time, which was after the time of Kolob; for as yet the Gods had not appointed unto Adam his reckoning.

addition relies upon the cosmological ideas of Abraham 3 and Facsimile No. 2, figure 1, which notes that "One day in Kolob is equal to a thousand years according to the measurement of the earth."

This concept derives from a literalistic reading of biblical metaphors such as "for a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday" and "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (Ps. 90:4; 2 Peter 3:8; cf. Ps. 84:10; D&C 77:6). It is related to the contemporary and later Utah speculations concerning the placement of the earth before the Fall (see, e.g., *Times & Seasons* 3 [1 February 1842]: 672; JD 17:143), which themselves seem designed to harmonize the problem in Genesis of a first-day creation of light versus a fourth-day creation of the luminaries. The expansion in Abraham makes the Lord's threat not one of quick *death* (as in J), but rather, one of *mortality*, i.e., death sometime within a thousand year period. As in the other examples cited above which involve two differing variants in Moses and Abraham, this difference between the two creation narratives is difficult to understand in any way other than as two separate reactions to the same text in Genesis. This, in turn, suggests the priority of KJV Genesis to the texts.

Apart from these examples of divergence between the way Moses and Abraham handle Genesis, there are many specific cases within each of these texts where it seems that theological and stylistic elaboration is occurring. I will discuss each text separately in this regard.

Other Examples in Moses

As noted above, the KJV italic/book of Moses variant problem occurs regularly. Here are some of the occurrences not already noted.

KJV Genesis	*Moses*
1:16, *he made* the stars also	2:16, the stars also were made, even according to my word
1:20, fowl *that* may fly	2:20, fowl which may fly
1:30, wherein *there is* life, *I have given every green herb*	2:30, wherein I grant life, there shall be given[25] every clean[26] herb
2:19, that *was* the name	3:19, that should be the name
2:23, this *is* now	3:23, this I know now
3:6, it *was* pleasant	4:12, it became pleasant
3:6, to make *one* wise	4:12, to make her wise
3:7, they *were* naked	4:13, they had been naked
3:9, where *art* thou	4:15, where goest thou[27]
3:10, I *was* naked	4:16, I beheld that I was naked
3:11, thee that thou *was* naked	4:17, thee thou was naked
3:12, gavest *to be* with me	4:18, thou gavest me, and commandest that she should remain with me[28]
3:13, what *is* this *that* thou	4:19, what is this thing which thou
3:14, thou *art* cursed	4:20, thou shalt be cursed
3:17, cursed *is*	4:23, cursed shall be
3:19, dust thou *art*	4:25, dust thou wast

[25] This change is curious; the regular shift to the first person in Moses is seemingly reversed, with a first person in Genesis becoming an impersonal third person in Moses. This "noninterpolation" probably results from the cluster of italics here in the KJV and the fact that the immediately preceding words ("wherein *there is* life") resolved to the first person as expected ("wherein I grant life"), thus requiring a stylistic adjustment to avoid the somewhat clumsy "wherein I grant life, I have given."

[26] Abraham 4:30 reverts here to "green." Moses "clean" is perhaps influenced by KJV Genesis 7:2 "every clean beast."

[27] See discussion below on the programmatic shift in Moses 4:14–16 from a series of simple verbs to verbs of motion, pp. 59–60.

[28] The variant, though triggered by a KJV italicized phrase, seems to hint at an explanation of the Eden story apparently developed later in the Utah tradition. Where 2 Nephi 2:22–23 (RLDS 2 Nephi 1:111–13; 1830 ed. p. 65) states that had Adam and Eve not sinned "they would have remained in a state of innocence," this passage in Moses seems to speak of a need for Eve to remain with Adam in order to fulfill the commandment to multiply. While within the context of the book of Moses this idea is not developed at all, and while there are no parallel passages here from the book of Abraham, this book of Moses expansion of the Genesis story seems to have provided the core concept of the later LDS harmonization of the two apparently contrary commandments in the story. For, at least as interpreted in 2 Nephi 2:22–23, the story has the Lord giving a command to multiply on the one hand, and, on the other, a commandment not to partake of the fruit necessary for such a loss of "innocence."

In later accounts of the LDS temple ceremony, these two commandments are not seen as conflicting. Rather, both commands become impossible only *after* Eve's transgression, since

In addition to shifts in italicized words, the book of Moses also regularly flattens the artful, varied repetition of the P creation narrative, by adding phrases to some verses by borrowing from and adapting P formulae occurring elsewhere in the story (on this, cf. figure 1 above). Examples are found in Moses 2:5 ("and it was done as I spake"), 2:6 ("and it was so even as I spake"), 2:7 ("even as I spake"), 2:21 ("all things which I had created were" — an expansion also triggered by KJV italics). A major flattening of the subtleties of style and theology is found in Moses 2:18, where the names of the sun, moon, and stars are added to the P text that for theological reasons declined to name them.

Several expansions in Moses of J's story of humankind's defection from Yahweh reflect major theological developments of and departures from the J story. To begin with, Moses 4:1–4 provides an interpretive background for the story quite different from that of the J story in Genesis, just as Moses provided a new context for the P story. The expansion manifests the Christologizing tendencies of many book of Moses interpolations noted above, and provides answers to some of the more troubling questions raised by literalistic modern readers of the J narrative, including that of the origin of evil, the talking snake, and how temptation could have been introduced into paradise in the first place. The verses speak of Satan (identified by an internal reference back to the book of Moses introduction — cf. Moses 4:1 and 1:21), and describe a primeval rebellion of this fallen angel (Moses 4:1–4; cf. Rev. 12, Isa. 14, and John 8:44, which have all been accommodated in the development of this narrative).

Thus the book of Moses tries to account for the seemingly abrupt introduction of temptation in the garden; the interpolation of Moses 4:6 into KJV Genesis 3:1 further develops the idea: "And Satan put it into the heart of the serpent, (for he had drawn away many after him), and he sought also to beguile Eve, for he knew not the mind of God, wherefore he sought to destroy the world." Indeed, the Moses 4:7 interpolation adds to same KJV verse the parenthetical remark, "(And he spake by the mouth of the serpent.)" Where in the original J story, the serpent is merely a crafty creature among the other creatures Yahweh had made, in the book of Moses the serpent is a representative of the Devil.

This development, encouraged by traditional Christian readings of the J story, is textually made possible by a slight misunderstanding in the KJV of the Hebrew of Genesis 3:1. What rightly ought to have been translated "Now the serpent was more subtle than any *other* wild creature that Yahweh God had made" has been rendered by the KJV "Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made." This loose KJV

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it will result in her expulsion from the garden, leaving Adam alone and unable to father children. See, e.g., Stenhouse 1873, 48–49; and "Mormon" 1905, 167. Of course, the two commands are *not* contrary in the context of the J story, which does not portray a Fall as such. But in light of later theological elaborations, such as the imposition upon the story of a concept of a historical Fall from grace (see, e.g., Rom. 5:12–19; 1 Cor. 15:21) or the development of a transgression of Eve theology (see, e.g., 2 Cor. 11:3; 1 Tim. 2:14), this particular interpretive trajectory becomes wholly understandable.

rendering gives the impression that the serpent was not among the creatures created by the Lord, and could contribute to an understanding of the snake as demonic.

Similar lengthy expansions occurring in the book of Moses text suggest that these opening verses in Moses 4:1–4 are designed to help make sense of the rest of the story. Moses 5:1–15, for example, is a lengthy expansion dealing with the cultic and family life of Adam and Eve after their expulsion from the garden. Highly Christianized in viewpoint, it provides background for the Cain narrative in Genesis 4:1 and helps answer questions caused by story's abrupt introduction into the narrative, such as: "Where did the brothers get their wives? Where did they get their instruction concerning sacrificial ritual? Why did murder turn up so soon in human history?" A second example, Moses 5:18, 21–31, provides a plausible dramatic background for the seemingly inexplicable rejection of Cain's sacrifice and his subsequent murder of Abel. A third example is found in Moses 5:49–6:1, which seems to flesh out the details of the cryptic reference in KJV Genesis 4:26, "then began men to call upon the name of the LORD." Similarly, Moses 6:2b–7 provides background for the reference to "the book of the generations of Adam" in KJV Genesis 5:1. Interestingly, the book in P is simply part of a stereotyped formula used to preface the Genesis 5 genealogy, and not an allusion to a historical book written by Adam, as portrayed in Moses 6:8.

Finally, the very long passage in the book of Moses on the prophecies of Enoch (Moses 6:26–7:67), inserted within verses verbally paralleling KJV Genesis 5:21–22 and 5:23–24, seems to serve the purpose of fleshing out the details of the life and preaching of that mysterious figure of the Old Testament, Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who "walked with God: and he *was* not; for God took him" (KJV Gen. 5:24), just as the many ancient versions of the Enoch cycle attempted to provide more information on this cryptic and tantalizing reference in the Bible. Joseph did his JST work on this passage about the time that he was beginning to be concerned with the issue of communitarian economics as an expression of gospel values, issues raised in the Rigdon-Campbellite Ohio community that joined the Church en masse during this time. The Joseph Smith Enoch story seems to be rooted in Smith's concerns during the period; these concerns in turn probably found firmer direction and expression as a result of the Enoch text. Whatever parallels may be suggested between this lengthy story and various ancient Enoch legends, it is apparently unconnected to any parallel biblical prototype text. Yet the narrative function it serves fits into the book of Moses's general pattern of expansion and embellishment on KJV Genesis.

Several other variants in Moses 4 reveal theological tendencies. Moses 4:14–16 appears to alter KJV Genesis 3:8–10 in such a way as to remove from the scene any hint of the Lord searching through the bushes, trying to find the hiding place of Adam.

KJV Genesis 3:8–10	*Moses 4:14–16*
8 And they heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the	14 And they heard the voice of the Lord God, as they were walking in the

cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God amongst the trees of the garden.

9 And the LORD God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where *art* thou?

10 And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I *was* naked; and I hid myself.

garden, in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife went to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.

15 And I, the Lord God, called unto Adam, and said unto him: Where goest thou?

16 And he said: I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I beheld that I was naked, and I hid myself.

Where the Genesis passage has the Lord God walking in the garden to cool off, the book of Moses has Adam and Eve doing this. KJV "hid themselves" becomes in Moses "went to hide themselves." Where KJV has the Lord ask "Where *art* thou," the book of Moses asks, "Where goest thou?" These changes add elements of motion to simple verbs and fit in with the transferral of the walking in the Genesis 3:8 from Yahweh to Adam and Eve — thus avoiding the apparent incongruity of the Lord searching through the bushes for Adam.

Moses 4:21 is another example of a theologically motivated elaboration. Here, the curse upon the serpent in KJV Genesis 3:15 is changed in a subtle yet significant way. The KJV reads, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." As I noted above in my discussion of this passage in Hebrew Genesis (see note 10), the verse serves as an etiology for snakes' locomotion and human hatred for snakes.

But the book of Moses interprets it in the tradition of a long-lived yet accommodated Christian interpretation, which sees the verse as a *proto-evangelium* or early prophecy of Christ. Where KJV reads, "it shall bruise thy head," Moses reads, "*he* shall bruise thy head" (emphasis mine). This is a highly improbable understanding of the original sense of Genesis, because the only possible antecedent of the pronoun at issue in Hebrew is the "seed" or "posterity" of the woman. In Hebrew this noun is masculine, and refers to "a seed," "semen," or "offspring." It usually is collective and means "descendants" when referring to people. The pronoun following it is also masculine, because of concord of gender, not because of some prophetic intent to refer to Jesus by a masculine "he."

Since Joseph had not studied Hebrew at the time of his JST work, some scholars have suggested special insight on Joseph's part to have "restored" the masculine pronoun of the original Hebrew text. But such a view is not well-founded: the KJV that Joseph owned and used for his work on this very text of Genesis includes an editor's marginal note on the word "it" in Genesis 3:15 specifying that the word was "he" in Hebrew. In addition, the change only occurs in OT ms 3.

Moses 4:26 makes a curious addition to the KJV verse explaining the name "Eve." The KJV reads "And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living" (Gen. 3:20). The book of Moses adds, "for

thus have I, the Lord God, called the first of all women, which are many." While this expansion has been cited by some as evidence of a teaching of polygamy in Moses, a far more likely understanding is proferred by the book of Moses' treatment of the name "Adam" in the introductory revelation. There we read "And the first man of all men have I called Adam, which is many" (1:34). In Hebrew the name *'ādām* is actually a common noun referring to humankind as opposed to beasts. *Ḥawwâ*, "Eve," is explained in Hebrew Genesis 3:20 with the folk etymology associating it with the word *ḥāy* "living."

But the book of Moses interprets both of the names in light of its theology of a plurality of worlds and creations, a theology, as pointed out above, in part aimed at responding to deist attacks on biblical authority. Thus, "Adam" means "many," and "Eve" means "first of all women, which are many," because each of the numerous worlds and creations mentioned in Moses 1 are seen as having their own Adam and Eve. The context of the reference to Adam in Moses 1:34 occurs in the central text discussing the plurality of worlds.

A final example of theologically generated book of Moses variants involves the closing verses of the "Fall" narrative (compare verse 22 with the extract from the Targum Pseudo-Jonathan on p. 14):

KJV Genesis 3:22–24	*Moses 4:28–32*
22 And the LORD God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever:	28 And I, the Lord God, said unto mine Only Begotten: Behold, the man is become as one of us to know good and evil; and now lest he put forth his hand and partake also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever,
23 Therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.	29 Therefore I, the Lord God, will send him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken;
	30 For as I, the Lord God, liveth, even so my words cannot return void, for as they go forth out of my mouth they must be fulfilled.
24 So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.	31 So I drove out the man, and I placed at the east of the Garden of Eden, cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.
	32 (And these are the words which I spake unto my servant Moses, and they are true even as I will; and I have spoken them unto you. See thou show them unto no man, until I command you, except to them that believe. Amen.)

Moses 4:28 adds a Christologizing expansion triggered by the plural pronoun in KJV Genesis 3:22. The addition of Moses 4:30 draws a parallel between the sending forth of Adam and Eve from the garden with the going

forth of the words of the Lord — a parallel aimed apparently at resolving the disharmony between Yahweh's threat of death and its non-fulfillment in the story. This disharmony was later resolved in the book of Abraham by speaking about the length of the Lord's days. Moses 4:31 accurately corrects the redundantly plural word "cherubims" in KJV Genesis 3:24 to the simple Hebrew plural "cherubim." This change occurs only in OT ms 3 and perhaps stems from a period following Joseph's study of Hebrew. Moses 4:32 is also completely an interpolation, echoing the themes in the introductory matter added by the book of Moses before Genesis 1:1, and reminding the reader that deist criticisms of the creation narratives are not valid.

Other Examples in Abraham

Several specific variants in Abraham (published in 1842) can be explained by acquainting ourselves with the Hebrew grammar Joseph Smith studied under Rabbi Joshua Seixas during the winter of 1835–36 (Zucker 1968; Walton 1981; the text at issue is Seixas 1834).

Among these is a series of stereotyped variants in which the KJV and Moses "divide" parallels Abraham "cause to divide." The variant shows up in various active and passive forms in Abraham 4:4, 14, and 17 (paralleling KJV Gen. 1:4, 14, and 17). The probable explanation of this variant becomes clear when we understand that the Hebrew word underlying the KJV "divide" is *habdîl*, erroneously understood as a causative verbal form in the Seixas grammar (1834, 39). The word, meaning simply "to divide" or "to distinguish," in form mimicks the causative conjugation of Hebrew, the hiphil. But this occurs only through an accident in the history of the language and a collapsing of otherwise discrete verbal morphology (Jouön 1923, 54f). But this was not known to even the best-informed Semitic scholars a century and a half ago, and the resulting misunderstanding of the verbal form (as taught by Rabbi Seixas) underlies this pattern of textual change in Abraham.

Another group of variants which seem rooted in the Seixas grammar involves the use of the word "expanse" in the book of Abraham where KJV and Moses use "firmament." Though Abraham 4:4–8, 14–17 could be seen simply as an attempt to harmonize the creation text with nineteenth-century cosmology, it is important to note that the choice of the word "expanse" in Abraham was supported by the Seixas grammar. There, the Hebrew word lying behind KJV "firmament," *rāqîa'*, is rendered consistently by "expanse" (Seixas 1834, 21, 32, 78). That Joseph knew the Hebrew word well is shown by his use of it in the Seixas transliteration, *raukeeyang*, in the Abraham Facsimile No. 1, figure 12, and Facsimile No. 2, figure 4, where he equates it with the same meaning that Seixas ascribes to it, "expanse." But it is now clear that this understanding of the Hebrew word is misleading (see note 7 above).

A final variant in Abraham, apart from the influence of the Seixas grammar, is related to many of the other patterned variants which appear to make sense of the Hebrew Genesis, and yet ultimately departs from and obscures the sense of meaning imparted by the ancient author of the original text. In Abraham 5:14–21, the creation of the animals, the animal parade, and the naming

of the animals (vv. 20–21) all occur *after* the deep sleep of the man and the creation of the woman from the man's side (vv. 15–19). In KJV Genesis 2:18–25, the passage concerning the animals (v. 19) occurs first, as it does in Moses (3:19). As we saw above, the progression of the story in the Yahwist's ancient account has a definite dramatic logic and theological point: Yahweh creates the animals in an effort to provide the man with a help suitable for him; the animals are not suitable; so finally Yahweh creates the woman, "bone of" the man's bones, "flesh of" the man's flesh (Gen. 2:23). The union and solidarity of the couple is suggested by the narrative, and the uniqueness of the relationship results logically from the drama of the unsuccessful animal parade.

The inversion of the story sequence in Abraham seems to have resulted from the common Protestant usage of "helpmeet" to mean "wife." If the Bible says God is going to make a "helpmeet" (note that this is not what Genesis says when it speaks of "an help meet [i.e. suitable] for him"), why does God proceed to create animals? The book of Abraham solves the difficulty. Eve is not named at this point in the Abraham text. This suggests that the unfinished sections of Abraham would have retained the traditional place of naming Eve after the judgment of Yahweh. (In the later Utah tradition this sequence was to be reordered.) The rearranged order of the man's sleep and animal parade in Abraham has all the marks of a text dependent on Genesis, and not vice versa. Where Genesis makes perfect sense when it says "and for the man a suitable helper was not found" (2:20), this same phrase is superfluous in the book of Abraham, revealing its character as an inadvertent loose end resulting from Joseph's editing of the KJV.

Utah Developments

The Temple Creation Narrative

Developments of understandings of Genesis did not end with the books of Moses and Abraham. In 1842–44, the Nauvoo Holy Order, an elite later to become the workers in the Nauvoo Temple in 1846, was initiated by Joseph Smith into the secret and sacred rituals they were later to give there. The accompanying dramatic narrative in part included a dramatic version of the creation of the earth and the fall of Adam and Eve. Though it is difficult to establish conclusively the specific form of these stories in the earliest years of the endowment,[29] collation of published exposés and private accounts by be-

[29] This difficulty results not only from the attendant secrecy of these sacred ordinances, but also from the fact that the ceremonies themselves were not committed to a standard written form until 1877, when Wilford Woodruff, Brigham Young, Jr., John D. T. McAllister, and L. John Nuttall collaborated with Brigham Young in the effort (Buerger 1987, 50–51). It is clear that President Young, by his own account, played a major role in the organizing and systematizing of the ceremonies. According to Young the rituals had been given to the Nauvoo Holy Order by the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1842, but in a simpler form due to the limitations of physical arrangements available to the Order (Buerger 1983, 17–18).

The crucial question here for those interested in the possibility of Joseph Smith's later reworkings of the creation narratives is, of course, just how much creativity Brigham Young manifested in the disposition of the endowment allegory itself, in addition to the obvious arrangements he made for the physical disposition of the rooms, altars, and curtains described

lievers may give a reasonable approximation of the ritual at various stages over the years. My own preliminary survey of these accounts suggests that the basic outline of the ritual was in place before Joseph's martyrdom. In particular there is evidence that the creation account, *in its basic outlines*, comes from a period no later than 1845, and possibly 1844 (Buerger 1987, 47).

If these temple-related narratives do derive ultimately from Joseph Smith, some interesting additional observations can be made. Where the reworkings in the book of Moses are very cautious, but more venturesome in Abraham, the temple rendition of the creation story seems to have rejected Genesis except for its repetitious use of formulae and division into works and days. Comparing the bare outline of published accounts of the ceremony's creation story (figure 4)[30] with that of P (figure 3) demonstrates just how innovative this rendition

FIGURE 4

WORKS OF CREATION IN LATER LDS TRADITION

Day 1. Earth
Day 2. Land/Waters
Day 3. Appearance of Light and Luminaries
Day 4. Plant Life
Day 5. Animal Life
Day 6. Man and Woman

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in the 11 December 1845 journal entry of Heber C. Kimball. Judging from the self-perception within the Holy Order as preservers and not innovators, as seen in such journals as Kimball's (one obviously not written with public posturing in mind), there is an *a priori* likelihood that the ritual as it existed in 1845–46 had not changed since Joseph Smith's death. For more on this, see L. Brown 1979; Buerger 1983 and 1987.

[30] The outline is suggested by a variety of exposés, though the specific list as such can only be found in the more recent ones. That the outline as given probably existed in the ritual during its earliest years is suggested by several items: (1) There appears to be a remarkable stability in this section of the ceremony in regards to the list of *dramatis personae* involved, as suggested by the Heber C. Kimball journal references to ritual participants (see note 31 below), nearly all exposés throughout the years, and various LDS sermon references. (2) The basic arrangement of instructions and subsequent execution of plans, with daily relaying of instructions and reports of the creative labor, is reported clearly in an exposé as early as 1848, referring to the ceremony as performed in the Nauvoo Temple. See Lewis 1848, 6–24. (3) As early as 1879, an exposé explicitly describes the works and days of creation as beginning with the earth and continuing with the separation of land from water, of light from darkness, and then states obliquely that the creation progressed to a point where the world is described by the Gods as "fair and beautiful," upon which preparations are made for the creation of man. See "Lifting" 1879.

The matter passed over obliquely by this exposé was made explicit by a 1911 description of the order of creation, "earth, sea, vegetation, animals, etc." See Jewett 1911. (The passing over of light by Jewett is incidental, for nearly all earlier exposés make some reference to the creation of light, though most remain silent about the other elements in the order of creation.) Thus, the outline presented here was probably represented in the ceremony from Nauvoo on, despite the naive tendency of most nineteenth-century exposés to assert that the ceremonies followed the account of the creation in Genesis. More importantly, whenever these accounts say anything *explicit* about the order of creation, the details mentioned accord with the pattern reconstructed here in Figure 4 and are in distinct disharmony with Genesis.

was, and just how much it conformed its sacred cosmology to the standard scientific cosmology of the day.

The setting of the ritual also remythologizes the figures of Adam and Eve. In the mid-nineteenth-century forms of the ritual, each male actually acted out parts of the Adam role, and females acted out parts of the Eve role, thus experiencing the creation, fall, and mortal life. Ritual lampooning of non-LDS religious communities, part of the ceremonies from the very start (and apparently surprisingly raucous in the nineteenth century), together with a stylized representation of God's response to sectarian confusion by revelation and apostolic messengers, carried the ritual Adam and Eve into situations that could not be seen as historical. Clearly, the Adam and Eve of the endowment were intended as mythic personages in the strictest sense: in representing Everyman and Everywoman's search for religious truth and authority, they symbolically mediate the meaning and value — indeed, the truth — that Joseph's theology of revelation, priesthood order and authority, and exaltation to Godhood attempted to phrase propositionally.

A preliminary analysis I have conducted of the texts of the various exposés — subjecting them to a rigorous scrutiny designed to sort out obvious mis-remembrances, confusions, or outright lies — reveals that in large part the text of Moses 3–4 lies behind much of the dialogue found here, while the plurality of gods concept of the book of Abraham seems to inform much of the dramatic presentation of the creation proper.

Just as several alterations are made in Moses and Abraham to update and regularize the stories to nineteenth-century ways of thinking, so also specific textual dislocations, emendations, and variants in the temple allegory seem to remedy or resolve further difficulties. The serpent becomes a demonic temptor played by a man in the drama, who is questioned explicitly about this role; the naming of Eve now joins the animal parade of the book of Abraham, along with other relocated verses aimed at clarifying hard-to-understand texts; and Moses 4:21 and 28 receive slight textual emendations that heighten particular theological tendencies therein. While many changes may postdate Joseph Smith, their appearance implies that later LDS leaders have followed his footsteps in adapting and reworking sacred scripture into new sacred scripture.

The Adam-God Doctrine

The final stage in the nineteenth-century development of these stories took place in the Utah period when some leading hierarchs taught the Adam-God doctrine. The Adam-God knot originally appears to have come from the book of Abraham creation narrative and the endowment creation drama. A basic problem implied by the description in Abraham of premortally existent "Gods" creating the earth, who were later to become mortal and live upon their handiwork the earth, was this: In what way precisely is it proper to call these "noble and great ones" (Abr. 3:22) "Gods"? The Abraham text provides a minimal response to this question: since these premortally existent intelligences or spirits *create* the world under the direction of "God" and "one . . . like unto God"

(Abr. 3:23–24), they can rightly be called creators or "Gods." But despite this, the question is complicated by the fact that in the temple rituals, the "Gods" creating the world are in part personally identified. As L. John Nuttall recorded, Brigham Young summarized this part of the ritual, "this earth was organized by Elohim. Jehovah & Michael who is Adam our common Father." [31]

This identification was a turning point in the development of LDS doctrines concerning the Godhead and later became a major point of reflection in various re-orderings of LDS doctrines in this regard. While earlier LDS views had generally associated Jehovah with God the Father, this occurred in the context of a non-systematic trinitarianism where even Jesus as the Son could be described as Jehovah, since Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were seen as "One God" (Alexander 1980; Kirkland 1984; Hale 1983; Buerger 1982). Later LDS formulations — starting apparently in the 1880s with George Q. Cannon and finding fruition and near-canonical authority in the 1916 Doctrinal Exposition of the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve entitled "The Father and the Son" — were to make clear identification of Jehovah as Jesus (Clark 5:23–34; Kirkland 1984; Alexander 1980).

But the pluralist theology of God in Nauvoo made no such association. Joseph's use of "Elohim" and "Jehovah" as name-titles referring to separate deities among the family of the Gods could easily have been interpreted in light of the contemporary theology of divinization. Thus, with the identification of the book of Abraham's "Gods" as Elohim, Jehovah, and Michael/Adam in the temple ceremony at Nauvoo, it would have been possible to speculate that Michael/Adam was not merely a premortally existent spirit preparing an earth for his "second estate," but rather a God in the same sense that the other two principal players in the endowment creation narrative were — exalted men who had gone through a mortal life elsewhere, been found worthy, and subsequently risen to glory as Gods.

This would have required an accommodation of the book of Abraham, to be sure. There, the "one . . . like unto God" (Abr. 3:24) most likely refers to the same person that the expression "one . . . like unto the Son of Man" (v. 27) does, i.e., Jesus. But as any of Seixas' Hebrew students could not have failed to notice when confronted with the identification of Michael/Adam as one of three creator Gods in the temple ceremony, the Hebrew name *mîkā'ēl* means "who is like God." On this account it would have been possible to link the "one . . . like unto God" of Abraham 3:24 with Michael/Adam, thus effectively separating this character from the other creator gods in Abraham, who are clearly portrayed as the not-yet-embodied spirits of those "noble and great ones" who were to come to the earth they were creating.

With this accommodation of Abraham, the idea that the temple's Michael/

[31] L. John Nuttall Journal, 7 February 1877, cited by Buerger 1982, 32. We know from the 1848 Lewis exposé, and from numerous references in the Heber C. Kimball 1845–46 Journal (see especially 10, 11, 12, 13 Dec. 1845) that this was also the case in the ritual at Nauvoo. Apparently the association of Michael-Adam with the other creator gods (Jehovah and Elohim) in the ceremony results from (1) Joseph's belief (found in Abraham) that premortally-existent human beings helped create the earth and (2) the fact that this figure in the ceremony symbolically represents all the initiates in the ceremony.

Adam was a God in the sense of already having undergone a mortality, and having been raised to exaltation, follows naturally. This is the idea that Brigham Young later entertained and taught as Adam-God, that, "Adam helped to make the Earth, that he had a Celestial boddy when he came to the Earth, and that he brought his wife or one of his wives with him, and that Eave was allso a Celestial being, that they eat of the fruit of the ground untill they begat children from the Earth." [32]

To be sure, Adam-God was a much more complex theological matrix than simply a claim that Michael/Adam underwent de-celestialization upon partaking of earthly fruit — it expanded this inceptive idea to fuller claims "that Adam was the only God that we should have, and that Christ was not begotten of the Holy Ghost, but of Father Adam" (Buerger 1982, 15). But the central idea in the Adam-God mythology appears to be a de-literalized reading of the story of the partaking of the "forbidden" fruit in Genesis and its book of Moses parallel. Other ideas ultimately taken up and incorporated into the web of Adam-God thinking involved other implications of the more esoteric elements in Joseph's Nauvoo theology. Thus, the hierarchy of gods hinted at in Abraham becomes an active element in Brigham's thought on Adam-God (Buerger 1982, 18–19), and the closeness of God to the human family, hinted at by the tendencies of Joseph's later theology to democratize divinity, becomes for Young the real religious heart and insight of the Adam-God teaching.[33]

Thus, Joseph's theology of exaltation, with its attendant ideas, practices, and rituals, presented a new set of questions rather than solving questions raised in Protestantism. Though the theology of divinization satisfied the need of many of the Saints' hearts for a close God and a reward on the other side truly worthy of sacrifice here, it also raised questions about mechanics — such as "When I become a God, who will my Jesus and Holy Ghost be?" or "How exactly will I fit into creations of new worlds for *my* eternal increase?" or "When I become a God, how will my earthly family that has been eternally sealed to me fit into the scheme of things?" Adam-God was in some aspects clearly an attempt to address these sorts of questions. The developed concept of a hierarchy of Gods, and Young's theology of a God who provided physical bodies through procreation for his eternal offspring — both of these reveal a paradigmatic use of Adam-God to explain the mechanics of divinization. As Brigham Young stated in a sermon on 28 August 1852,

> After men have . . . become Gods, they have the power then of propogating their species in spirit . . . and then commence the organization of tabernacles. . . . How can they do it? Have they to go to that earth? Yes, an Adam will have to go there, and he cannot do without Eve; he must have Eve to commence the work of generation, and they will go into the garden, and continue to eat and drink of the fruits of the corporal world, until this grosser matter is diffused sufficiently through their celestial bodies to enable them, according to the established laws, to produce mortal tabernacles for their spirit children (JD 6:273–75).

[32] As found in the Samuel H. Rogers journal, 16 April 1852; cited in Buerger 1982, 15.

[33] See especially Young's remarks in February 1857 to the Deseret Theological Institute, cited at length in Buerger 1982, 23–24.

Adam-God answered many of these questions satisfactorily for some of the early Saints; they received the doctrine with joy and peace. When the teaching was presented in an 1870 meeting of the School of the Prophets, Joseph F. Smith stated that "the enunciation of that doctrine gave him great joy" (in Buerger 1982, 31).

On the other hand, the doctrine never was destined to become normative, since it wreaked far too much harm upon other important doctrines. But seeing the function it had and the types of concerns it addressed helps us to understand how Brigham Young came to teach it. The major objections to teaching it involved its innovative character (Brigham's memories notwithstanding, most Saints apparently did not remember any such teaching from Joseph Smith), the patent dislocations such a teaching had on the numerous biblical and early LDS scriptures which portrayed God as above Adam, and Jesus as above Adam, and, finally, the fact that Adam-God undermined a historical reading of the creation of man story in Genesis 2 and its LDS parallels (see Buerger 1982; Bergera 1980).

Curiously, it was probably this last matter that most exercised Young's most astute opponent, Orson Pratt. Yet, of all the Adam-God thinking Young set forth, it was this last item which most effectively survived to become part, however small, of the LDS orthodoxy of the twentieth century. Young replied to criticisms that his doctrine was contrary to the story of Genesis 2 by attacking the idea that man had been literally created from moist clay — he called it a "baby story." As he memorably put his case, "Supposing that Adam was formed actually out of clay, . . . he would have been an adobie to this day" (JD 2:6). Though this striking rejection of a literal and historical understanding of the Genesis 2 account of the creation of man and woman was originally part and parcel of Brigham's thinking on Adam-God, it has become part of modern LDS piety regarding the creation stories, a piety that sees the story of creation as simply figurative insofar as the man and woman are concerned.[34] Despite such a piety, however, many Saints, and the correlated curriculum itself, tend to limit such an anti-historical reading to the details of the story, while maintaining belief in a historical Adam and Eve.

Thus the heart issue of Adam-God was the idea of the continuity between God and the human family. Twentieth-century Mormon tradition has accepted this basic belief while rejecting all its peculiar mythological formulations. But where Adam-God had to be rejected, the mythos it offered of a God who is our father not merely in a metaphorical sense was powerful enough to undermine Mormon literal-mindedness about the claim of a creation of early man out of a mud pie.

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[34] See, e.g., McConkie 1966, 17. Another aspect of Adam-God to survive its demise and become a part of twentieth-century LDS orthodoxy was Brigham's rejection of the biblical attribution of Mary's pregnancy to the action of the Holy Ghost. While Brigham's attribution of paternity (Adam-God) has been rejected, his tempering of biblical literalism has here too been accepted. See, e.g., McConkie 1966, 822. Both of these accommodations were used by the progressive theology movement in the LDS hierarchy at the turn of the century; see esp. the 1909 and 1916 doctrinal expositions of the First Presidency.

The 1909 Doctrinal Exposition of the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve on "The Origin of Man" laid the groundwork for the twentieth-century orthodox Mormon approach to these texts: while this supported the basic historical character of an Adam and Eve, it viewed specific details of the narratives as less than historically reliable. It borrowed details from all the texts but overlooked the texts' disharmonies (Clark 4:199–206). This approach still informs much of the standard LDS understanding of these texts. Currently, Church members implicitly understand the temple account to be the most reliable, and spend little effort sorting out the texts' differences. The temple ceremony's idea that its account is "figurative so far as the man and woman are concerned" is generally used to respond to rationalist or scientific criticisms of the various accounts; the idea itself is not used to undermine literalist or historical understandings of the figures of Adam and Eve themselves.

Conclusion

This discussion of variants within the Joseph Smith creation texts suggests that few, if any, can be explained by the traditional claims that Joseph Smith restored a "pure" Genesis. On the contrary, they have readily understandable reasons and clear meaning if we see Joseph Smith creatively reworking KJV Genesis to resolve some of its problems. While others, perhaps, may wish to propose some relationship between these texts and various ancient apocalyptic documents, any effort to understand their actual wording and doctrine must deal directly with the specific variants of the text themselves.

The patterns and tendencies found in Joseph Smith's creation narratives are not unique. Midrashic technique is found in the Bible, a large part of which resulted from the same kind of appropriation, reworking, and adaptation we find in Joseph Smith's work on Genesis. Indeed, religious imagination and appropriation of antecedent tradition can be shown in almost all of the world's holy books; this tradition, however, does not correspond to "inspiration" in the same sense and degree that believing Latter-day Saints see in the Bible and Joseph Smith's writings. But inspiration, indeed revelation, can occur through such a process, for many of the texts we confess as inspired or revealed manifest these patterns and tendencies. Similarly, to see midrashic technique in the Joseph Smith scriptures does not imply that he knew anything of ancient targums or midrashim, but rather that like them his works tried to make sense of scripture by playing upon its inherent possibilities.

Others have identified this tendency in those writings of Joseph Smith which claim ancient, as well as divine, origins (e.g., Ashment 1979; Ostler 1983; Stendahl 1978; Charlesworth 1978; Walters 1981). Edward Ashment's excellent 1979 study of the book of Abraham facsimiles demonstrated clearly that Egyptian Book of the Dead vignettes were imaginatively (and, from a strict point of view of papyrology and Egyptology, erroneously) restored and interpreted by Joseph. Ashment wisely rejected the commonly proposed dichotomy between (1) a view of Joseph as responsible for the creative restorations of the facsimiles, and also a fraud, and (2) a view of Joseph as a

prophet whose insight into the original form and meaning of the vignettes was perfect. Rather, he supported a "third possibility, which is that Joseph Smith is ultimately responsible for the extensive restorations of Facsimiles 1 and 2 and can yet be a prophet" (Ashment 1979, 33). Indeed, it seems that if anything, the presence of imaginative midrashic technique, pseudonymous authorship, and the reworking of doctrines and texts in Joseph Smith tends to ally him more with the ancient prophets of Israel and authors of the Bible than it separates him from them.

Still, other implications may be less affirming to traditional Mormon beliefs. Given the differences among these texts concerning the order, timing, and details of creation, it seems unwise to use them as if they were infallible and harmonious guides to the ancient history of the race or the origin of the species on the planet. Clearly, it is the theology of each story that is most important. Also, we must ask about the implications raised here to the claim of many of Joseph Smith's works that they not only have a divine origin but also have an ancient origin. Such texts include not only Moses and Abraham, but the Book of Mormon, the whole JST, D&C 7 (RLDS D&C 7) and the "record of John" section of D&C 93 (RLDS D&C 90) as well. While such a sensitive and crucial subject is too complex and broad to be addressed here, perhaps our examination of Abraham and Moses will encourage us to take Ashment's warning against dichotomies seriously.

The issues raised here ultimately feed into greater religious and existential questions of the uncertainty of all human knowledge, even that affirmed to be revealed from heaven. This issue is the one potentially most disturbing to Latter-day Saints who feel that somehow revelation resolves the problem of human uncertainty. I personally feel that we must be honest, must try to see the world as it is. If that means living with uncertainty, so be it. Such a view sees scripture and revelation less as cures to the disease of human uncertainty, than as stopgap medicines that help us endure a sometimes painful condition — not a disease, really, but simply the way we are. The stories we hold sacred, and tell to one another, rather than ridding us of doubt and giving us certainty, serve to help us raise our sensitivity and desire to serve, help us to find moral courage within ourselves, and make some sense, however fleeting, of our lives.

When I first came to the conviction that Adam and Eve as described in Genesis were not historical figures, I suffered a sense of loss. When I realized that Joseph Smith's opinions of Genesis were more reflective of his own understanding as a nineteenth-century American than of the ancient biblical tradition, I again experienced a certain disappointment. But as I came to see that these awarenesses gave me new understanding of these creation stories I loved so, and as I further understood the meaning and significance of the various scriptural authors' contributions to the creation-story traditions outlined here, I saw that the stories still spoke deeply to me. Indeed, they in some ways gained new power because of their newly acquired clarity of meaning. Though my understanding of religious and scriptural authority changed, the stories' power endured.

However these issues will eventually be sorted out by others, it is important to remember that it is the sacred and canonized texts of the creation narratives themselves that furnish the evidences and patterns to encourage a reevaluation of our traditionally held views. Perhaps we should remember how Jews have traditionally seen the narrative midrashim of their own tradition: "The Haggadah, which is to bring heaven nearer to the congregation and then to lift man heavenward, approves itself in this profession on the one side as glorification of God and on the other as consolation to Israel" (Strack 1980, 202).

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How Do You Spell Relief? A Panel of Relief Society Presidents

Introduction

Sharon Lee Swenson

THE IDEA FOR THIS PANEL SPRANG FROM LAST YEAR'S western Pilgrimage reunion, an annual meeting of women. We were sitting around observing who'd become a Relief Society president and being amazed. We tried to figure out what it could possibly mean and came to no conclusion but decided it would be interesting to talk about.

Well, it *has* been interesting. Planning it was interesting. Maureen kept going to England and the other two women live in Chicago, so all the plans for tidy coordination lapsed into the more usual mode of winging it — or going by the Spirit. Our current definition of what we're doing on this panel is that each woman will talk about some aspect of being a Relief Society president that she chooses. Let me assure you, that whatever you thought a Relief Society president was, you're wrong.

The Life and Times of One Relief Society President

Maureen Ursenbach Beecher

For over a decade prior to my calling as a ward Relief Society president I had researched and written about the history of the organization and its women. Eliza R. Snow and her sisters of the "female hierarchy" were women I knew and loved. To be called to participate in the twentieth century continuation of their work was, as my kids would say, "awesome." To discover the meaning of my call, I turned to the roots of the tree whose branches have spread so far, whose fruits I hoped to taste.

Versions of these articles were presented at the Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City, August 1987.

Still Canadian at heart, MAUREEN URSENBACH BEECHER lives now in Salt Lake City with her husband Dale and her children Dan and Bronwen. She is an English faculty member at Brigham Young University and is affiliated there with the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute. She has survived eighteen months as Relief Society president of the Colonial Hills Ward.

The ordering of a constitution for their new sewing society was the first official act of the group of Nauvoo women gathered in Sarah Kimball's parlor in March 1842. Sensing its importance, Eliza Snow showed her draft document to Joseph Smith, who praised it highly but rejected both Eliza's constitution and Sarah's sewing circle in favor of the Relief Society which he organized the following Thursday. The society, he then instructed, should operate not according to a single written document but on the double base of precedent and present circumstance. "The minutes of your meetings will be precedents for you to act upon — your Constitution and law," he said at their organizational meeting. He also enjoined what he termed elsewhere a "living constitution": "Let this presidency serve as a constitution — all their decisions be considered law; and acted upon as such," he said (Minutes, 17 March 1842).

When I was called to be a ward Relief Society president, I accepted both injunctions: to ensure continuation of the established traditions of the society, but also to override precedent as circumstances demand. The tension between the two approaches has made our presidency examine each decision carefully. As Elder Boyd K. Packer warned in a 1984 address, "There is a temptation to try to solve problems by changing boundaries, altering programs [or] reorganizing the leadership." But he also stressed, "There is a spiritual ingredient not found in the handbooks that you must include in your ministry if you are to please the Lord."

The conservative mandate I took from what I consider to be the most significant set of revelations to women: the minutes of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo and Doctrine and Covenants 25 to which the minutes refer. As spelled out by Joseph Smith and recorded in the Relief Society minutes on 17 March 1842, the purpose of the society was to "look to the wants of the poor." The women were, however, "not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." Currently, General Relief Society President Barbara Winder has reiterated those same purposes in her own statement of the mission of Relief Society. The organization "helps women give compassionate service," she wrote, and also "helps women build faith and testimony" (1986a, 4, 7). The "increased emphasis on gospel study and its implementation in our lives" recommended by Sister Winder brings the purposes of the present society ever closer to the Prophet Joseph's injunctions to the Nauvoo society. He said, "The object is to make those not so good, equal with the good," and "their principles are to practice holiness." And those two directives of the Prophet on 26 May and 31 August 1842 line up exactly with the mandate Bishop Michael Lowe gave me when I was called to preside over the Colonial Hills Ward Relief Society in July 1986. "Make a Helen Alldredge out of every woman in this ward," he said, referring to the insatiable drive of that good ward member to perform works of charity; and "create an atmosphere for spiritual growth of the women of the ward," referring to an earlier anonymous survey which revealed a shockingly small incidence of what might be called "spiritual experiences" among the ward members.

The Prophet Joseph in Nauvoo, Barbara Winder in the Women's Building, and Bishop Lowe in my own ward, each with a righteous claim to divine

instruction, spoke to me clearly, and the Spirit confirmed their message. Our stewardship in looking to the well-being of the women of the ward is a shared one.

And so with a background of more than a decade of considering women's issues and Relief Society history, my once angry feminism calmed to a rational level, and with the aid of a good staff, I was ready. My close friend Sharon Swenson, as feminist as I and even more susceptible to professional overload, was already succeeding splendidly in that office. Cathy Stokes, less than a decade in the Church, was presiding over a Chicago Relief Society, using initiative and clear vision in what might seem a cut-and-dried organization.

Just as whisperings in my soul had told me of the coming responsibility three months before my calling, so I was assured the day after I was sustained that where I was ignorant, the Spirit would teach me. That day, immediately after we had served one funeral luncheon, Bishop Lowe called to say that Brother Leonard had just died.

"Will you be seeing the family tonight?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then you'll tell us what we should do?"

"I'll call you later."

Relieved, I hung up the phone. But something was not right; what else could I do? I reasoned. Even as my mind was still pondering the possibilities, my dungaree-clad body was on my old three-speed bike pedaling over to Sister Leonard's house. I hardly knew this refined and cultured lady, but my arms reached out to enfold her small body in my ample one, and we wept together. It was late afternoon, and the family was gathering. Instinct, or the Spirit, told me what my Relief Society president mother would have known and done automatically. "We'll have dinner for you all here within the hour. Is there anything else you need?" I raided the supper tables of both counselors and our wonderful Sister Alldredge — I have become shameless in my demands for sacrifice from our women — and returned bearing food and the love of the ward. It was wrong, I know now. I should have called Bea's visiting teachers and given them that privilege; but the Spirit had some things to teach me. We would work on visiting teaching later.

I come from a line of Relief Society presidents. I was raised under quilt frames and on long walks with my mother to visit sisters who always seemed to live miles beyond the end of the street car lines. My grandmother Mildred Harvey presided over the Lethbridge Stake Relief Society in the early 1900s, which meant she and her counselors would drive team and wagon over prairie roads to visit their wards. While reading the *Woman's Exponent* a few weeks ago, I found great-grandmother Anne Harvey listed in the presidency of a Relief Society in Heber City in 1873 (1 Jan. 1873, 114). However, despite these involved ancestors, the spirit of Relief Society, as Goethe said of all good things, must be earned anew by all who would possess it.

The timing of my calling was perfect for me. Barbara Winder and the general Relief Society were soon to implement a new policy freeing local leaders from the constraints of a centrally established schedule and encouraging

"greater simplicity, flexibility and adaptability" in the curriculum (Winder 1986, 75). My study of Mormon women's history had convinced me that unless otherwise restrained, women will perceive societal needs and solve them. As diverse as Latter-day Saints are worldwide, we function more effectively at the local level when given general direction but not bound by detailed instructions from the Women's Building downtown.

I took lessons in administration from the nineteenth-century Mormon women about whom I had read and written. When Brigham Young asked Mary Isabella Horne to "lead out" in teaching her sisters the principles of retrenchment, she sought advice from General Relief Society President Eliza R. Snow, clarified her calling once with President Young, and then created an organization which crossed ward boundaries and continued as a precursor to the later general boards for several years. The structure was not the usual pyramid of president, two counselors, and staff, but one more conducive to networking than to delegating: a titular president and seven counselors, one of whom was Sister Snow. During the period in the 1870s and 1880s when Sister Snow had no counselors, no general board, and no budget, that Retrenchment group served as the means by which the women spread their gospel of good works throughout the Church. Its effectiveness had not yet been fully assessed in print; perhaps the forthcoming history of the Relief Society by Jill Mulvay Derr and Janath Cannon will fill that gap.

Unconsciously at first, we Colonial Hills Ward women followed the Retrenchment model. Our presidency, consisting of a president, two counselors, a secretary, and a treasurer, never sits as a governing phalanx at the front of Relief Society attenders in neat rows. Only the woman conducting stands at the front, with a secretary sitting nearby to take roll. The rest of us are among the women, making use of the little time at the beginning and end of our precious fifty minutes to take care of bits of business and to touch and hear our sisters. We have changed the seating arrangements, too. Our long narrow room, shaped like a cathedral where a mitred priest would preach to a remote congregation, has been rearranged sideways with the women forming a semicircle around the discussion leader. A baby row is near the door, yet still just a few feet from the teacher. This arrangement, I realize now, is a physical expression of the underlying philosophy of what needs to happen in Relief Society: women talking together openly, honestly, equally, and intimately.

The meetings of that nineteenth-century Retrenchment Society consisted for the most part of testimony bearing, perhaps more like a Quaker meeting, wherein the women shared their concerns, their dedication, their lives. In and around the testimonies, they discussed the tasks of social action, committing themselves in that context. We have tried in our ward to replicate that informality, to give opportunities for voluntary service rather than assignment and follow-through. Sometimes it works. For the rest we go back to the corporate model. Sometimes that works.

The acts of Christian caring which past secretaries used to tally at each meeting as "compassionate service" go on daily in our ward. Sometimes I hear about it; I seldom need to be involved. One woman leaves her ailing husband

to take her widowed friends shopping. Another picks up cinnamon rolls ("These are her favorites") and drives to Sandy to visit a neighbor now confined in her daughter's home. Child care is swapped readily among the younger women. Several twosomes walk or run together regularly, hearing each other's problems. One seventy-year-old widow has a regular route of others to bring to every function. One back-injured man had his lunch brought in regularly so his wife could work a full day without interruption. A ninety-year-old woman was aided to and from bed by a home teacher so she could stay at home with her ninety-two-year-old husband. The former high priest group leader organized a team to provide support for a member whose dying lasted two years, and the Relief Society arranged for palliative care at home for the man's widow when cancer took her a year or two later. Recently two women underwent surgery the same day, and the ward united in fasting and prayer; the one's suspected cancer was diagnosed as benign, and the heart patient was home eight days later. It would have been seven, but too many visitors on Sunday had weakened her! The people in our ward care for each other.

Our stake has few obvious problems. It is encompassed by political District Six, which has the lowest incidence of crime in Salt Lake City ("Council" n.d.). The neighborhood elementary school showed the first grade average scores on standardized achievement tests to be in the 84th percentile (Borovatz 1981). The streets are clean, the trees large and shady; the houses, though forty-odd years old, are well maintained. There is no industry close by; the one small grocery store which serves as the community center is, by virtue of a couple of video games stashed behind the grocery carts, a safe teen-age hangout. When I referred to our neighborhood as "middle class," I was corrected by a neighbor who modestly proposed that "there are some who would think it *upper* middle class." But to my knowledge there are only two swimming pools within our ward boundaries, and more Dodge mini-vans than BMWs. Sharon Swenson in her transient, central city ward grinds her teeth when I confess I have never filled out a welfare order. Our bishop has never, to my knowledge, been called out of his sleep to bail a ward member out of jail. Our young people have for the most part not been seriously involved with drugs or alcohol. Shaving cream on a neighbor's car or retaliating toilet paper on the perpetrator's trees seem to be our worst expressions of tension. Colonial Hills is a nice ward.

Demographically Colonial Hills has its own peculiarities. In comparison with North American LDS Church averages, its proportion of single-headed to married-headed households skews to the side of the single. Where the average for United States and Canadian wards is 68 percent married and 32 percent single, our figures show 63 percent married and 37 percent single-headed households.[1] Of our married households, only half have children at home. Of the single-headed households, fifty-nine have only adults, and just nine have children. All of those nine are headed by women. Of the single women in our ward, I know of only ten that are in the labor force; thirty-four,

[1] Kristen Goodman and Tim Heaton (1986) provide the data against which the Colonial Hills Ward is here measured. Marie Cornwall gave useful suggestions for its application.

or 65 percent, do not work outside of their homes. In the United States and Canada 81 to 86 percent of single Latter-day Saint women are employed; our figure is 35 percent. The disparity is explained, I suppose, by the fact that the median age of our single women is 35 as compared with 24.7 for the Church and 30.0 for the United States generally. In other words, our single women are mostly older, many beyond earning age. Significant to our Relief Society is that we have a greater than average number of widows and married couples with no children at home, a fewer than average number of households with children, and an average number of single-headed families.

Compassionate service sorts of responsibilities for the older women living alone are easy to deal with. Where the visiting teachers fall through, there is always our Helen or the neighbors. One corner of our ward takes such good care of itself I need make only one call to any one woman to check on the well-being of eight widows. The married couples with no children are nearly all retired with comfortable incomes. Our education counselor and her husband travel often with couples or ward groups. Some of these couples serve missions abroad or in neighboring stakes. Basically they all take care of themselves. That leaves two groups which demand Relief Society attention: those married women with children still at home and those single heads of households who have the difficult task of being both nurturer and breadwinner for their children.

One wonders why the first group would present a problem; so much of the Church program has for so long been directed to the needs of two-parent families that it would seem they would be best cared for. But even in a ward so comfortable as ours, where so few are forced to work away from home, things are less than perfect for the young mothers. A survey we took recently, trying to identify needs we could address in homemaking programs, drew disconcerting responses to its last question, "What do you consider your greatest challenge to personal spiritual progress and life satisfaction?" From women identified only as "under 40" came these replies: "Getting enough encouragement from self and others so I feel accepted before God, and worthy to approach him"; and "Human weaknesses, procrastination, criticism"; "Too much to do, not enough time, life is too hurried"; "Getting so tired with taking on too much that I lack in finding needed amounts of quiet time to do my part in letting the spirit be with me." And one response, eloquent in its brevity: "Anger! Unrealistic goals!" How to address these cries for help without adding one more demand on the already too little time is our current challenge.

The "block plan," or consolidated meeting schedule, has made those mothers of young children extremely difficult to reach with Relief Society support. Fewer than ten women in that category can be found on Sunday morning in our Relief Society meeting; the rest who are at church are in Primary or with the Young Women. Those who are not so occupied sometimes stay away, I hear, because when they do come they find no one their age to associate with. In an attempt to encourage our older women to reach out to the younger attenders, a board member pleaded in a mini-spot for them to learn the names of the young women. "To them," she joked, "all of us white-haired ladies look

alike." To which another of the old guard replied, "To me, all those tall blond ones downstairs look alike!" We laugh and make a little progress. Holding our summertime luncheon in the yard of an eighty-seven-year-old sister bonded a new friendship between the hostess and the twenty-three-year-old homemaking leader.

We try to reach the young mothers in Primary and Young Women; we put displays downstairs where they meet, send notices, deliver programs, plan homemaking classes, even hold retreats when we can find funding and a cabin. But the sad fact that they can never share with us those tender, thoughtful, joyous Sunday meetings cuts them out of the weekly reinforcement of the bonds of sisterhood. Sometimes the Young Women leaders forge close ties among themselves; those who attend Primary preparation meetings under the care of a sensitive president sometimes nurture one another. But the rest move in and out of ward activities without knowing the blessings of sisterhood they could be giving and receiving.

The group which commands our current attention — and we must remember that these "groups" are not groups but individual, unique women who share some circumstances — is the single heads of households with dependent children. In our ward, seven of the nine women who fit this category are divorced, and two others have legal action pending. All seven divorced women are in the work force, and the two others will likely take jobs when their settlements are completed. Three of our single women are totally aloof from the ward; one, after sending her children to us for Primary, attends an appropriate singles ward. Two appear to be content with their single lives; the rest are in more pain than I see in their married or widowed counterparts. Only one comes regularly to Relief Society meetings. One shies away from all contact with our ward, fearing the displeasure of people among whom she grew up.

Despite the love these women feel from individual sisters — neighbors and relatives — they need more. A caring marriage and family therapist has agreed, with our new bishop's concurrence, to meet with them next month as a group to discuss "Issues of Divorce." In order that discussion can be open, neither Bishop Shields nor I will attend. Perhaps when we've used up our professional "freebie" the women will have discovered enough caring among themselves to continue meeting together. Perhaps not, but it's worth a try.[2]

The hidden ills remain: in a ward four city blocks long and two blocks wide, fewer than half of our members of record attend meetings. Unresolved offenses have lain for years beneath the surface of some members' skins. There is false pride: an older woman with a newly-developed physical infirmity is now unwilling to meet with us, embarrassed lest it be known; another suffered alone for four years, refusing to accept help during her husband's deterioration with Alzheimer's disease; a mother went through a winter of anguish over her son's experiments with drugs without once sharing her pain, not even with another mother whose teen-aged daughter, her values in conflict with those of the family, had recently left home.

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[2] Since this writing the group has continued to meet, drawing on each other and guest speakers for support in their recovery from divorce.

The other half of the people living within our ward boundaries are non-Mormons, not many of whom seem to be clamoring to join the Church. The minister of the nearby Lutheran church commented on incoming parishioners' complaints about standoffishness — ostracism was his term — among the children in this "Mormon dominated environment" (Nilsson 1987).[3] Considering President Kimball's prophecy that multitudes would be drawn to the Church because of the actions of our women, we are not succeeding. I must add, however, that we're trying hard. Several families have promoted block parties on various streets, and my Latter-day Saint neighbor takes goodies as often to the non-Mormon (anti-Mormon, actually) women across the street as she does to the sisters she is assigned to visit teach, and is loved in return. Ward support flowed to a non-member family whose father underwent heart surgery; and after the funeral of a much-loved atheist neighbor, the family was fed at the ward.

There we are, then. We are not the *Ensign* model of the system working perfectly, but we are no *Dallas*, either, covering scandals with a veneer of respectability. We have good people, trying to care for each other, with a new, energetic young bishop (it's hard to forgive him for looking like Robert Redford!) who sees beyond programs to the people whose lives they are designed to bless. And Relief Society is an important part of that blessing.

But I forget. This panel is focused on Relief Society *presidents*. What has happened to my life since my calling a year ago? I've learned some things, repented of other things, been challenged beyond my abilities by some things, and been blessed beyond my understanding by other things.

While I learned early that the Lord can guide me if I try to make myself useful, I also discovered that inspiration doesn't come on demand. I remember Steve Christensen confessing that as a bishop he felt inspired in his counseling about half the time; so he retained a psychiatrist for the other half! Knowing that I may indeed be on my own when I make a visit, I have learned to take the risk and leave it to the Lord to decide whether or not to intervene. Where I used to trust only that which I could affirm for myself rationally, I've learned to put even greater confidence in the wordless warmth of the Spirit. Women's gifts, no longer of tongues and hands-on blessings, seem now to be tears, touches, and tenderness. "Who can interpret my tears?" questioned one woman in the warmth of spiritual sharing. I've learned to wait patiently for the Spirit to move "as it listeth." These may be my sisters, but they are more significantly daughters of eternal parents whose love for them is all encompassing.

I've repented, almost, of trying to understand everything and of thinking I can correct every ill, enrich every life. My still ardent feminist friends may not approve, but I no longer need to defend fair and helpless damsels from the dragon institutions that once seemed to swallow us all. I see now a greater

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[3] The charge cited was couched in a paragraph of observations about life in Utah, some of which were very positive, such as "gratitude for the welcome they've received from their neighbors" and relief that Zion Lutheran church was not listed among the sponsors of an anti-Mormon pamphlet distributed locally.

vision than my earlier view of the Relief Society as an autonomous body whose purpose was to see to the needs of women; I see Relief Society as Joseph Smith saw it, yoked together with priesthood quorums in the service of all. From the women's movement we learned to look closely at the abuses women have suffered, and still suffer. I am aware of abuses yet occurring; but through a new, wide-angled lens, I see the solutions not in women's isolated action, but in the cooperative, egalitarian effort of us all to rectify the wrongs dealt to each of us, to make things better for everyone. That's much harder, and it can happen only in an atmosphere of mutual respect and equal strength.

The challenge, I have learned, is for the whole ward to be involved cooperatively in our generation's crossing of the plains. One ox team, however strong and willing, cannot pull all the wagons. The real need now is to instill in visiting teachers *and* home teachers a hunger for doing good, to open the hearts of women *and* men to receive each other's ministrations and so be blessed. Home teaching is a promising program; so is visiting teaching. But no one has demonstrated convincingly how to make them interface effectively, how to cover all bases without duplicating services. If any ward can learn to do that, ours can.

Rich blessings do come, personal as well as corporate ones: the simple joy in my heart as I greet each of my sisters on Sunday morning; my counselor's baby cuddled in my arms accepting my surrogate nurturing while his mother tends to her duties; my neighbor's inactive husband who calls me "the high priestess" but supports his wife in her Relief Society activities; a woman who shares in testimony meeting her discovery that her husband's illness is terminal and then accepts the loving support that flows out to her. Richest of all is knowing each woman, her abilities and her weaknesses, her triumphs and her peccadillos, and realizing that she knows the same of me, and that we share love, enriched by that knowledge.

"I now turn the key to you in the name of God," said Joseph Smith to the Nauvoo Relief Society on 28 April 1842, "and this Society shall rejoice and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time." So has it been, and still is. The Lord is with us yet.

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"Plenty Good Room" in Relief Society

Catherine M. Stokes

I'm Relief Society president in the Hyde Park Ward, Chicago Heights, Illinois Stake. I was baptized 28 April 1979 and was called to be the Relief Society president in August 1983. Up to that point, I'd been Sunday School chorister, nursery leader, single-woman transition member on the stake board, and third counselor in the Relief Society in charge of sisterhood. Not having grown up in the Church, I had no experience to draw on when I was called to be the Relief Society president, but I'd had three Relief Society presidents to observe: Diane Mangum, Jeri Crawford, and Susan Wakefield.

So when I was called to be Relief Society president, I said yes — and then I had to figure out what I'd said yes to. My daughter's reaction was, "They have made a *serious* mistake. You don't have a bouffant hairdo, and you don't do Jello. And besides," she said, "Relief Society presidents smile all the time and have to take everything. You may smile, but you don't take *anything* from *anyone*. This is not going to work."

While I was turning my calling over in my mind and struggling to understand it, I got an answer to my questions in the form of a song. An old spiritual says,

> There's plenty good room,
> Plenty good room,
> Plenty good room in my Father's kingdom.
> There's plenty good room,
> Plenty good room,
> So choose your seat and sit down.

I decided that the Relief Society should be a place and a condition of "plenty good room" for the women in our area. We have descendants of the founding fathers and mothers of the Church as well as converts who joined the Church all the way from childhood to their seventies. We have welfare recipients and the very, very affluent. We have postdoctoral students and a sister who is learning to read. We have a member whose first trip out of Chicago was going on a single adult activity and those who have traveled

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worldwide. The men in the ward speak German, Japanese, Italian, Swedish, and several varieties of English. The sisters provide French, Spanish, Cantonese, signing for the deaf, and several varieties of English. In terms of ethnics, we have Samoans, Chinese, blacks, Jamaicans (there *is* a difference), Caucasians of all flavors, Spanish, Mexican, and a deaf group inherited from another stake. On a given Sunday in Relief Society, you may see translating in French, Spanish, and Cantonese, and signing for the deaf.

As for occupations, we have secretaries and all those traditional occupations for women, a college vice president, a lawyer, postdoctoral and doctoral students, women with a variety of masters' degrees, homemakers with and without degrees — we have it all.

The question of career versus homemaker is not an issue. Everyone works— either inside or outside the home or both. We had a temple assignment during the week which we were not able to fill because all of the women with temple recommends were either working outside the home or tending children — their own and others' — inside their homes. Now we trade with wards that have more flexibility that way, and we serve on Saturday temple assignments.

I looked at this range of needs and abilities and thought about how an organization could be structured to meet those needs — especially an organization *I* was in charge of. My daughter was only partially right. I *do* do Jello when the occasion demands, I don't have a bouffant hairdo, and I may accept some but not too much that I consider unnecessary from anyone. I felt pretty strongly that I should not waste any time trying to fit myself to the job; instead, I should try to fit the job to me and my time constraints. I work full-time between two cities, so I only have time to spend on pursuits of value.

The organizational problem was the first one. Susan Wakefield, whose third counselor I had been, gave me a very valuable insight about the organizational structure of the Relief Society: We say that the most important function is compassionate service; however, compassionate service is not explicitly represented in the presidency. You have a counselor for education, who deals with Sunday meetings, and a counselor for Homemaking meetings, which happen once a month, but your visiting teaching/compassionate service person is tucked way over yonder reporting to the president on a dotted line. Under the most recent development, this function is even split between two women.

To strengthen that structural integrity in the organization, I would have the education counselor handle both Sunday meetings and Homemaking meetings, while the other counselor would be directly in charge of visiting teaching and compassionate service. Or have three counselors.

To communicate the importance of compassionate service within the existing structure, I got the best woman in the ward for visiting teaching coordinator, and I spent as much time with her as I did with the counselors. I delegated as much as possible, remained available, reviewed what came back— and hoped I'd created a healthy, successful program. I had a couple of guidelines on assigning visiting teaching companions: new converts with experienced members, and black sisters with white (we have about 30 percent black mem-

bers of Relief Society). Then the visiting teaching coordinator pretty well handled it by herself.

I never focused on the percentages of visits. I knew that they were usually very high but dipped when the whole ward turned over with the school year, but I let the coordinator and her assistants handle all of that, too.

We sometimes had to "stretch" the definition of a visit. The manual says two women have to be in the visitee's home giving her the prepared message. Well, that's not always workable. We decided that as long as there was some activity the companions and visitee agreed on (shopping, tending kids, going to the temple) *and* a gospel discussion, that was a visit.

Once the presidency had "jelled," I thought we should be spending our time visiting the sisters, rather than in meetings, when a lot can be handled by phone. We have few board meetings, but each department meets as often as they feel necessary to deal with their responsibilities.

For a while, we had presidency meetings during Sunday School because of the demands on everyone's time. The forty-minute time limit kept everybody focused on the agenda. After about a month the Sunday School president approached me and asked, "Are you aware that the Relief Society presidency is erratic in its attendance?" I responded that we were sacrificing some Sunday School class time so that we'd have more time available for family and service. Fortunately, demands quieted down, and we only met occasionally during the Sunday School period.

Unless other responsibilities prevail, I go to Relief Society lessons, but Homemaking is strictly optional. I believe that attendance at Homemaking should be out of interest, not loyalty.

Something else I do to fit the job to me is *not* to visit every newcomer. Usually the crowd of newcomer students hits the fourth Sunday in September, when school starts. Instead of going to their apartments, I invite eight or ten new couples and their children, as well as single members, over to dinner, and I also invite a similar number who have been in the ward for a year or two who live fairly close to the new move-ins. Sometimes I call one of the older members of the ward and say, "Invite So-and-so over to dinner and me too. I want to get to know them." In the course of the evening, I see the older ward members assume much of the responsibility for getting the new ward members to feel at home. I do that regularly until I have seen most of the new members of the ward.

For new babies, I make house calls. That's when being the Relief Society president is really fun. I think it's important that a husband and wife have a date all by themselves fairly soon after the baby comes, so I call as many as I can when the baby is a few weeks old and tell them to schedule an evening. Visiting teachers are also encouraged to do this.

Another fun activity is to have some of the children of the ward — two or three at a time — come and sleep over Friday nights and watch Saturday morning cartoons with me. I started doing this before I was Relief Society president. I believe it's good for everybody: the children like it, it gives the mothers a break, and I love it. I remember one little girl coming up to me in Church and saying, "We haven't been to your house for a long time. When

can we come over?" Her mother blushed and tried to shush her, but I just said, "Now, it's all right. It's really all right." Meanwhile I'm thinking that the kids know when they need a break too.

Being Relief Society president just gives me more momentum to put ideas that I have always thought were good into practice. I see the point of what we're supposed to learn as members of the Church as a circle, and the points on the circle are LOVE — LEARN — SERVE. LEARN — SERVE — LOVE. SERVE — LOVE — LEARN. I think these are part of our task as Christians because, as we read the Savior's words, he's telling us to love, to learn, and to serve. They're so interlocked that it's hard to separate them. You could spend a whole symposium on whether you love before you learn or love after you serve or whatever. But if you're at a loss about where to start ("How can I love these people I don't know?") — well, *serve* them to learn about them and you will, inevitably, eventually love them. In the circle of loving, learning, and serving, bonding occurs, just as it does with an infant and parent. As we love our God, we serve him and learn more about him. As we serve him, we love him more and learn more about him. As we learn more about him, we increase both the quality and the quantity of our service to others and in so doing, increase in our love and service to him. That's how I see this "plenty good room" place.

I have done some reading to offset my lack of historical knowledge, and I really do appreciate *Sister Saints* as well as Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton's *The Mormon Experience*. Both books describe bonding experiences among women in the early Church. Women bonded around many of the adversities they shared. During the trek across the plains they helped one another survive, shared meager foodstuffs, gave birth in or under wagons, buried their dead children, wept together. Early in this century the Relief Society ran businesses, established schools, sold wheat to the government, and cared for one another in a variety of ways.

After reading about these powerful bonding experiences among Mormon women, my question became, What do we bond around today? I think that the visiting teaching program is a place for bonding to begin, and I am pleased to see spontaneous service occurring without much encouragement. There's a strong family feeling in our ward because so many people are away from their home and families. Dozens of times, I have found out after the fact what service has been done. I am pleased that nobody seems to think they need the Relief Society president's okay to do something.

I'll give some examples. One sister, a convert, worked at the University of Chicago Medical Center, which, for one reason or another, had a lot of out-of-state LDS patients. She would look them up, take care of their immediate needs, and call me to tell me what the Relief Society needed to do. I always saw that the Relief Society responded. For instance, a car fell on one boy and crushed his head in shop class, and the doctors were putting him back together at the Center. His mother was with him. I was called and told that she was getting awfully tired of hospital food and needed some fellowship. Could we bring her supper every other night for a while? We could and did.

One single mother with several little children and considerable emotional strain had sensitive visiting teachers who arranged three times a week for someone to take care of those children and give her a break. After several months the need no longer existed. The visiting teachers bore their testimonies in tears, telling what a blessing that service had been to themselves.

Single men in the ward do a lot of compassionate service — particularly child care. I didn't know I wasn't supposed to ask them, and nobody ever said no. In fact, the Homemaking counselor arranged for the elders quorum to do the nursery on Homemaking nights. In this way, no woman had to miss the meeting if she wanted to attend.

We do a lot of things as a Relief Society that families might do elsewhere. In addition to funerals we help with wedding receptions. We also organize baby showers for first babies. Everybody helps and generally has a really fine time.

Bonding today has a necessary prerequisite — communication. Tone, body language, and actions change the meaning of the words we use and can create or remove communication barriers between people. I'm most familiar with the communication barriers between black and white people. I hasten to add that not all black and white people — particularly certain socio-economic groups — have these barriers, but generally black and white people have differences in style, delivery, and directness. One problem I have is with the sweet sisters who never tell me exactly what they are talking about. They go all around the point. I have to call someone and ask, "What are they talking about? What are they trying to tell me?"

In a work situation with two female employees, one black and one white, we discussed an assignment that each of them had. The black woman said, "Well, I want to do it this way."

My response was, "Well, you can if you *want* to."

The white employee said, "You said more to her than those words said, because the rest of the message was, 'You can if you want to — if you want to deal with me.' " She was correct.

This reminded me of how subtle language can be. It reminded me of how carefully we need to work with each teacher, reminding her to bring out in discussion what the sisters think she has said, what it means to them.

I'll give another example. The visiting teachers went to visit a recently baptized single woman. They chitchatted, gave the lesson, and did all those other good things they were supposed to do. Then they asked, "Is there something we can do for you?"

This recent convert promptly said, "Sure, you can take me down to the drugstore so I can get a refill on my birth control pills."

Well, the visiting teachers just about lost it, but they kept their cool. When we spoke about it, I agreed, "Yes, there is a problem. The problem is that she doesn't understand the commitment she made when she joined the Church, because the missionaries talk about being morally clean. Well, morally clean may mean whether you steal or murder. Some people don't associate morally clean with sex at all."

At any rate, the sister eventually learned what the commitments were. And when she did, she said, "I cannot live that." Although she's no longer active in the Church, we still visit her and are friends. I feel that there's been some degree of bonding with her.

I'm a lot more sensitive to black-white barriers because of my personal experience, but I recognize there are miscommunications between other ethnic groups as well. A lot of Church members are from the Intermountain West where they've never been close to anybody black. They often encounter blacks with fear and trepidation. Sometimes, if I sense particular fears, I'll take a meal over — one of the few times I do. When these women see somebody standing there holding a meal, saying, "I'm the Relief Society president," it's just like magic. Those four words — "the Relief Society president" — work better than anything else I know.

I encourage all the women to ask questions — any question they're puzzling about. One of the questions I got was, "Why do you black people walk around with Saran Wrap on your heads?" Now that was a legitimate question, and I'm glad she asked it. (The answer is that some blacks who straighten their hair with chemicals put a special conditioner on it, then wear a plastic cap for the maximum benefit. However, wearing the cap in public is a matter of personal taste.) I encourage women to ask questions — to ask me, to ask certain older black women who can handle it, or certain white women whom I designate by name: "If you have questions about what the white folks are doing and I'm not around, call one of these people." I have said it just that directly in front of the Relief Society group. I guess I'd rather risk a mild offense than be misunderstood, because I may never discover the misunderstanding.

We had an experience where an older couple was coming through on the train and the husband had a heart attack. They took him to one of the university hospitals where he promptly died. His wife refused to sign anything until "the Church" came. The elders quorum president called me, and another sister and I went over to get her. "Hello, Sister," I said to this elderly lady from a remote town in Utah. "I'm the Relief Society president." She never blinked. We took her to a member's home, put her up for the night, got an undertaker, and sent her on her way the next day.

I marvel at the clout that the Relief Society president has. You could buy into that and could really get into trouble if you did. I don't think that it's only the priesthood-bearers who are warned against the use of power and unrighteous dominion in D&C 121. I believe it applies to us all — including parents.

Earlier I mentioned my selective attendance at Homemaking meeting. Let me hasten to point out that Homemaking is particularly useful in bridging communication barriers because it gives you things to do together. Some women love Homemaking because they're learning to do things and they think it's just wonderful. We have lectures or other offerings (book reviews, for example) for women who might be mildly disenchanted with homemaking, or we ask them to participate by giving a class or demonstration. When we feel comfortable about exposing what we don't know about each other as

people, interactions move along more quickly in an environment of acceptance.

I have to give you one of my biases about how I function personally and as a president. One of the most important roles that anyone can have is to participate in the rearing and guidance and spiritual development of children. As Latter-day Saints, as members of the household of faith, I believe that the children belong to all of us. I cannot call myself a Christian if I watch a woman come into a room, struggling with a child on each hip and dragging three behind, if I don't get up and take at least one. I think bearing one another's burdens and sharing one another's joys includes the children. I further believe that all women have a unique and primary role in rearing these children, guiding their spiritual development and teaching them to learn, which is what we need to do in this age of information explosion. At the same time, I believe that women have been, are, will be, and should be on the cutting edge of discovery and achievement in literature, science, art, business, philosophy — whatever there is to discover or achieve. I believe that the balancing of these roles is one of our major challenges. If children are to be reared in today's environment, sacrifices have to be made. To make most great things happen in the world, somebody has usually had to give up something and that somebody has usually been somebody's mother. I don't deal with the rightness or wrongness or fairness of that. I'm saying that we have to protect the children.

Relief Society should help us with balancing in our lives. Relief Society should help us with values as we study the scriptures, share experiences, counsel, pray with, and pray for one another. I see our responsibility to preserve the values we believe in, to be role models, witnesses for those values, to preserve what is of value in our faith, cultures, and traditions, for ourselves, for our children, for our society. I believe, further and finally, that we are admirably suited to do this, joyously and with confidence, and without apology, for as it says in 1 Timothy 1:7: "For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind" that we might serve, that we might love, that we might learn.

Relief from What?

K. Carpenter

Preparing these comments about Relief Society has been exciting and difficult. I served as stake Relief Society president in my Chicago stake for two years during construction of the Chicago temple. These years were a unique and a grand time in my life; so I will base my comments on my personal experience with Relief Society and especially on the perspective that I have gained from my stake service.

To begin I must relate an experience I had. Our family took a trip to Fairview Canyon and spent the night in the family cabin. Late in the evening

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as we went outside to tell our college-bound son goodbye, we took time to look up.

Now for those of you who live under mountain skies and glance heavenward after sunset from time to time, maybe this would not have been the stirring experience it was for me. I had forgotten what the heavens looked like! An inspiring, breathtaking vision opened before me. I saw bright stars. I saw clusters. I saw all the diversity of the constellations. I saw the pattern of the Milky Way — I'd forgotten that magnificent galactic pathway even existed! And because my mind had been on Relief Society service preparing for this speech, it was natural to find myself quietly thinking: With this clear, clean vision of the heavens before me, do we have a clear, clean vision of what Relief Society can be?

I remember the words of Joseph Smith when he said: "The Lord and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy" (HC 4:607). Thus the officially organized group of Mormon women in that first Nauvoo Relief Society meeting room received the keys to unlock the heavens in behalf of themselves and their sisters.

And I find myself wondering still, since that night in Fairview: Have we retained a clear, expansive vision of the powers that were entrusted to women of that earlier time? Do we remember that those same keys remain in our care to be turned, again and again, in Utah, in Illinois, in Mexico, and one day in the Soviet Union?

I know from my experience in Wilmette Stake that those keys are always available and waiting to be turned. Wilmette Stake has three wards near its north boundaries, in a basically rural, farming area. One of these wards encompasses a neighborhood with a heavy concentration of Navy personnel, who are continually transferring in and out. Then we have two fairly affluent suburban wards, a cosmopolitan mix of stable professional families, singles, and students from Northwestern University. In Chicago there are two city wards, two good-sized Spanish wards, and finally one Polish and one Korean branch. Until recently we also had a deaf branch meeting near our south boundaries, where most members are black.

Coming from Salt Lake, I had brought with me an image of Relief Society operations and activities lifted straight from the safely homogenized, sheltered heartland of Mormondom. I had no idea what a call to leadership might entail in this bewildering mix of scattered wards and subcultures that made up my stake in Chicago. So when I became stake Relief Society president, I looked frantically for a little "black book" to tell me what it was I was supposed to do. There wasn't one.

Instead I discovered that my job was to advise, instruct, and help clarify the vision of those serving in wards and branches under me without impinging on their individual authority or responsibilities; I was to strive for unity of purpose in this wonderful and bewildering diversity — in other words, I was to help turn the keys to meet the needs of the sisters around me in our time and place. To borrow from the title of this panel, I had to discover how I could

learn to "spell 'relief' " — and how I could help other women in Chicago, Illinois, do the same.

I asked my husband while I was preparing this paper, "How do *you* spell 'relief'?", and he answered quickly: "R-e-l-e-a-s-e-d." (And that is just what happened to me when he was called into the stake presidency.) I asked a sister-in-law the same question, and she answered, "c-a-s-s-e-r-o-l-e." I asked my father-in-law, and he said, " 'Relief'? Are you talking about Relief Society? Does that exist anymore? I thought all these old women's clubs had disbanded."

So! I asked myself, "Relief from what?" The obvious answer was relief from suffering. There is a wonderful song in our new hymnbook entitled "As Sisters in Zion."

> As sisters in Zion we'll all work together . . .
> We'll comfort the weary, we'll strengthen the weak.
> The errand of angels is given to women;
> And this is a gift that, as sisters, we claim:
> To do whatsoever is gentle and human,
> To cheer and to bless in humanity's name.

Do we, as Latter-day Saint women, respond to this call to relieve suffering humanity?

Throughout our history and in times of catastrophe we seem to have responded well. I recall help proffered by certain stakes to a Jewish relief fund, to Armenian refugees in Constantinople, to the Hoover clothing fund for Europe. And there are others. But what about our commitment as individuals?

I am thinking right now of a woman I heard about in Chicago. She is a North Shore Episcopal lay reader who, bothered by hunger in the world, joined an organization that provides animals for the needy — pigs, chickens, goats, bees, and sheep. She feels, as she explains it, that this kind of charity, which provides food and steady income, promotes self-respect and self-reliance. "We are a development agency," she insists, "not a relief group."

Certainly she has found a way to "bless and cheer" humanity — and without any specific instructions from any authority other than her own conscience.

The need for individual service "in humanity's name" is often least evident when it is close to home. The suffering that surrounds us in our own communities may seem less dramatic than famine in the Third World, but it is just as painful and real. We do provide our famous "casserole" relief in times of crisis but are usually absorbed only by periodic needs of our own.

I noticed a half page that appears regularly in the Salt Lake *Tribune* listing various calls for volunteer help. What a wonderful way to identify community needs! No one is directing us from the pulpit, no one is saying, "you must," or "you ought to." One key that Relief Society means to reinforce within us can certainly be applied here: "It is not meet" that we be commanded in all things. And it is not meet, either, that we work only through official Church channels to relieve human suffering.

For each sister today the vision should show relief from selfishness. "To bless and to cheer" means more than relieving physical suffering or deprivation. It means sharing our talents and testimonies, both in and out of our Church callings. It means enriching and developing the lives of others in our schools and in the political community. I am impressed by those in my community who spend innumerable hours and resources serving on school boards and library boards, developing community symphonies, and "doing whatever is gentle and human" to build up the world around them.

I used to have this happy vision of Relief Society sisters meeting to pat each other on the back for wonderful hours of sacrifice and compassionate service. But when I see my non-member neighbors offering their time and help, with no official callings or titles or no gold stars handed out at the end of the month, I realize what we need to learn; and I feel inspired to go out into the community along with these men and women and contribute whatever I can.

How about relief — for ourselves and for those we lead and serve — from the boredom of blind, rote activity? Is this a part of our Relief Society mission? Have we unwittingly fallen into patterns of repetition without relevance? Too often we repeat the same tasks, thoughts, and procedures, the same socially evolved activities, and we carry this static and lifeless attitude into Relief Society. We need the peace to look around us, to see what really needs to be done, what fires need to be kindled, what walks and talks and quiet moments lie waiting to be enjoyed.

In our Church callings as well, we often shift the responsibility for innovation and relevance to "the powers that be" above us — ward or stake leaders, general boards, correlation committees, or General Authorities. Leaving thought and study, observation and prayer, and finally solutions to the challenges to "those in authority" seems easier and less risky than being personally responsible for searching out the unique characteristics and requirements of the groups with which we are working.

Can we, as sisters, inspire each other to awaken and respond creatively, "in humanity's name," to the individuals with whom we work and serve, as parents, spouses, neighbors, teachers, and Church administrators? Our times cry out for this kind of relief.

Sisters of a certain age frequently announce, "I'm not going to Homemaking meetings anymore. I've done it all. I don't need any more unfinished projects." How can we help relieve these women from the burden of their boredom, from the sense that Homemaking projects — or any projects — can only be repetitious, trivial, and valueless? How can we help them see that clear, clean, expansive vision of life and its endless potential? Can we lead them to the awareness that their lives and their homes were meant to be endlessly exciting — and unfinished — projects; that not even God himself has "done it all"?

Can Relief Society provide us relief from reliance on the expectations of others for our identity? In "the world," degrees, titles, and paid positions seem necessary for validity. I frequently hear people ask, "What do women want?" I don't think we're really sure yet. We don't have all the answers, but we do

have something that provides balance as we seek answers. Aided by the words of our prophets and the scriptures, we have the knowledge of our eternal individuality and our divine potential.

In the same vein, do we in Relief Society relieve each other from the burden of living up to labels? Do we feel the need to bestow implicit or explicit titles on each other ("Here's Molly Mormon; here's Jane, the bishop's wife; here's Sister Oakley, our visiting teacher leader; here's my grandmother, the temple worker") before we can accept each other as valuable and interesting individuals? Or do we really value each other as unique, irreplaceable, and multi-dimensional daughters of God?

Tied closely to the relief found by breaking free of cardboard labels and the expectations of nebulous "others" is the quest for relief from ignorance.

"What do you think of Relief Society?" I asked my cousin.

"I've had so much fluff," she answered, "that I feel like I'm cotton candy! I'm tired of being manipulated through tears."

I could see her point. There seems to be a trend in recent years towards entertainment as a prime goal in lesson presentation and in Homemaking meetings. I recently happened on a wonderful cartoon: a Relief Society teacher stands, surrounded by flowers, posters, and wordstrips, stammering to the class in front of her, "I — uh — was so busy preparing for my lesson this week that I — uh — forgot to prepare a lesson" (Pat Bagley, *Treasures of Half-Truth*. [Salt Lake City, Utah: Signature Books, 1986], n.p.).

It doesn't have to be this way. A teacher's lesson preparation can be geared to encourage thoughtful response and preparation from the class. It can encourage thorough home study, so that lessons from the manual become springboards for deeper insights.

We also need to understand that neither gospel scholarship nor gospel insights are fostered by easy emotionalism. Tears can be an honest and inspiring expression of profound love or conviction. But emotional display can also serve as a handy substitute for gospel scholarship — and even for deep emotion.

One day a friend of mine who now lives in Salt Lake went walking with me in Chicago through a Catholic convent garden. We had both been curious for some time about the stations of the cross, which were well displayed that day in the garden around us. As we paused to admire and discuss them, we decided that they must have served originally — and very successfully — as visual aids for the nuns of earlier times, to help them focus on the Savior. Then, as the idea caught on, they gradually became stereotyped fixtures, ends in themselves, no longer a means to achieve the deeper ends of instruction or spiritual insight.

This is something we need to continually guard ourselves against. Latter-day Saints are *not* immune to this kind of idolatry. We need to remember that tears, time-honored quotations, and even visual aids in Relief Society, can, if we lose our perspective, defeat their own ends and become lifeless.

The other day I picked up a copy of the Relief Society manual for next year and began to thumb through it. I liked what I saw. There is excellent potential in the lessons. If we take the responsibility on ourselves, as teachers

and as class participants, to develop and magnify that potential, we should have a great year.

Along with the Relief Society manual, I brought home a copy of the Melchizedek Priesthood manual. Comparing the two books, I observed both are titled *Come Unto Me* and designated as "Personal Study Guides." This is a first for Relief Society; former manuals have been called "courses of study." There are, however, some significant differences. First, I noted that the general instructions to the quorum leaders identify the scriptures as the class "manual." Quorum members are repeatedly encouraged to "study, understand, and apply" the scriptures and are instructed to bring their scriptures for discussion at every meeting. Each priesthood guide contains a Book of Mormon reading schedule, along with a calendar for noting the corresponding lesson schedule so that class members can always come prepared.

The priesthood lessons themselves are flexible and intended for adaptation, according to the needs and backgrounds of the class members, under the inspiration of the leader. Relief Society lessons have some flexibility of order, but not content.

The first lesson in the Relief Society manual also encourages sisters to bring scriptures to class "so they can read and mark the scriptures referred to in each lesson." Instructions are there, in print, for all. But I somehow sense that while the brethren are strongly encouraged to study, the sisters are given a gentle nudge.

We cannot look to the borrowed light of others' thought and scholarship to lead us through our own inner journeys. We have good teaching techniques and aids to offer the brethren and lessons to teach them about accepting and expressing their emotions. But we can also learn from their example to seek spirituality through scholarship, beyond posters, wordstrips, and tears.

Linked again to our mission to relieve gospel sleepwalking and ignorance is the call for relief from mediocrity. In Chicago we struggled with ethnic diversity, with age-group diversity, and with the diverse priorities of working women and full-time housewives, many without transportation. In the midst of all these struggles, we were particularly perplexed about what to do with Homemaking meeting. We had received a lot of feedback on this particular meeting. We wanted to make this meeting relevant, helpful, and available to all the groups and individuals involved in our stake Relief Society. After a great deal of pondering and prayer, we decided to use the personal and family preparedness resource wheel in the welfare book as the basic Homemaking "study-guide-cum-manual."

As the months went by, we began to feel very good about this approach. We could see that it was promoting self-reliance and responsibility among our sisters and their families throughout the stake. So when I visited Salt Lake that year, still flushed with our success, I paid a visit to the Relief Society offices. I had a lovely, informal chat with one of the general counselors, during the course of which I asked her if the general officers would consider changing the name of Homemaking meeting. I had explained to her about the welfare wheel that had met the needs of the sisters in our stake so well; and I won-

dered if some women who might feel alienated by the term "homemaking" would respond with more interest to the themes of practical service and personal and family preparedness.

The counselor didn't want to change the name from "homemaking." Everyone comes from some sort of home, she pointed out. "Home" is a universal concept. All right; I could understand that. But our visit was not quite over. "Have you seen our Homemaking display downstairs?" she asked me.

"No," I said, "I have not." So she led me to a display room downstairs, and there, in a position of honor, was the welfare wheel, taken from the very same page of the same book that we had used so successfully back home in Wilmette Stake! I like to think that the inspiration that helped us choose this wheel as our theme, after study and prayer, in Chicago came from the same source that inspired its display in Salt Lake.

There are many others ways I have learned to spell "relief" these past few years. There is, especially, the ever-urgent call for relief from loneliness, from alienation and despair. Learning to understand sisterhood and the joy of compassionate visiting teaching is the "errand of angels" here. But the final message that I would like to leave with you is that same image that began this discussion: keys turning in each of our hands to open up the designs and blessings of heaven. Soon I will return to Chicago. And the vision I will catch looking up from my backyard into the night sky will be very different from the vision that awed us the other night outside our cabin in Fairview. It will be very different from what many of you see, looking up from this valley into the stars. But we all must continue to look up. We must strive for that clear, clean, expansive vision of heavenly patterns and purposes; we must continue turning the keys to illuminate the teachings, the works, and ultimate aims of Relief Society.

Our vision and service begin "here," at home, wherever we stand. Our challenges cannot be neatly solved or precisely outlined in a little black handbook. They are ever-old, ever-new. We read in Philippians 4:11–13: "In whatsoever state I am . . . I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Using these words from the writings of Paul as our guide, we will continue to look up, seek the visions, and turn the keys that spell "relief" — with all its infinite variations — in whatever time and whatever place we find ourselves, ready always to learn, to suffer, to rejoice, and to serve.

The Amazement of Grace

Sharon Lee Swenson

My ward has 300 women, and over 50 percent are older than sixty. One bishop laughed when he called it "the newlyweds and the nearly deads" be-

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cause the other large group is young couples who are recently married and either renting or buying a first home and establishing their families. The number of people who do canning assignments is pretty small. I think there are about twenty of us, and I get really tired of canning. (We did pears this morning, in case I don't seem to have the usual intellectual aura about me of one who has enjoyed a full morning of Sunstone discussions.)

The presentations to this point have raised a whole range of issues that need to be discussed: How priesthood leaders impact Relief Society, how we impact them, Relief Society as an organizational model, the developing role of the Relief Society, Relief Society in personal lives, and the relationship of the ward and stake Relief Societies.

For my part, I want to speak personally, not institutionally, and focus, not on the program, the sisters, or how well I've done (which seems particularly questionable) but instead on what has happened to me as a Relief Society president. Three kinds of access have opened to me as a result of my calling: access to God and to my Heavenly Mother, access to my sisters, and access to myself. All three types are closely interwoven and connected.

Before I was called, I knew some things about Relief Society presidents. I'd known a lot of them, but I never really loved one until I met Cathy Stokes. I didn't love her because she was a Relief Society president. I just loved *her*. I felt rapport with her and was warmed by the radiance of her love for me, for all other sisters, and for the gospel.

Before I met her, I knew that a Relief Society president had certain qualifications. She was a good cook (Jello was one of her accomplishments), she was well-organized, she always carried a loaf of homemade bread (for which she had ground the wheat herself), she was sweet, and she had a long-suffering spirit. I knew I couldn't even *talk* like a Relief Society president — you know, that coo which parallels the priesthood voice? "It is *so* special to see you sweet sisters today and we want to tell you how much we *appreciate*, etc., etc. . . ."

My feelings about Relief Society presidents were complicated by my feelings about Relief Society itself. I have always believed in eternal and universal sisterhood, so I saw Relief Society as the contemporary expression of that sisterhood. My most recent calling had been Spiritual Living teacher, and I frankly loved it — loved the sisters, loved reading the lesson and trying to figure out how in the world I could ever teach it, and then praying about it and finding ways.

Simultaneously, I was also somewhat critical of what I perceived as weaknesses of Relief Society. It was boring and out of touch with what women were really doing. And in some ways, when I was called I felt that the Lord was calling my bluff: "You don't like it? Fix it."

A year and a half ago, just after I returned from a retreat with my Retrenchment sisters, the bishop issued this calling. As I heard his words, a bolt of lightning shot through me. I'd never felt anything like it before. It was as if something tingled from the top of my head down to my toes. It was a vivid and confirming witness that the calling was not wishful thinking on the bishop's part nor a hallucination on mine.

My first task was to select counselors. My technique for getting inspiration is to get in my car and drive to Park City. It's virtually infallible, which makes me suspect that God is closer to Park City than Salt Lake City. That first day, my ostensible agenda was counselors, but the underlying question — the real agenda — was, "Do you really want *me* to be a Relief Society president?"

I received the knowledge, "Yes. I want *you*." It was supremely comforting knowledge. Some people talk about the mantle of a calling. I felt the crown of my calling. Let me try and explain what that revelation meant.

All my life, I have felt that someday I would be great and valuable. Someday. Not now, not yet. But someday, I'd do everything just right. I'd be slim, attractive, and soft-spoken, without a semi-lisp and southern Utah drawl. When I opened my dresser drawers, I would see neatly folded clothes with crocheted sachets nestled among them. I would have a spotless refrigerator filled with healthy, delicious food. I'd read poetry and would have abandoned my current need for regulator doses of strong murder mysteries. But I knew I wasn't that person then.

The witness I received on the way to Park City was that the Lord wanted *me* — murder mysteries, mixed-up drawers, and all, complete with failings and weaknesses. I was loved of the Lord and had something important to give my sisters. That something was I, myself, and what I knew — the love I had for them and my knowledge of the Lord. I also understood that I would be a medium for divine love, a channel to tell those women, "The Lord loves you. You have power. Use it."

When I was set apart, I received the keys of my calling. I don't use them often enough, but they are there. I am a chatelaine of spiritual wealth. I turn the keys for my sisters, and I turn keys to them.

I have access to God through direct revelation. He tells me what I need to know when I ask him. When he doesn't, he tells me why he's not going to tell me. I've had a turnover of counselors you wouldn't believe. Our Homemaking counselors will not stay in the ward. As soon as we call someone, she promptly feels a need to move. About the third time this happened, I had a list of the ward sisters by me on the seat while I was driving to Park City, and I felt the Spirit say, "This one."

I looked and said, "Are you sure? She's eighty-seven years old."

The Lord said, "Yep. That's her." And it was.

When I had to replace my eighty-seven-year-old counselor, I prayed long and hard and got a name which seemed so amazingly off the wall, even for the Lord, that I said, "I don't know if you're aware of it, but this woman has difficult circumstances right now. I don't think this is the best thing for her right now. I don't even think it's a *good* thing for her right now. And for heaven's sake, think of the organization!"

And the message came back, "Call her."

So I did, and in about six weeks, she said, "I'm leaving the ward."

But the change in her and the change in us because of our interaction with her was profound. I feel that she was at a turning place in her life, on the brink of something potentially dangerous for her. The chance to be with us

and serve her sisters — to take action on behalf of others — helped change the way she looked at herself and at her life. And we came to love her. It was not a wasted six weeks. I learned again that the Lord's inspiration operates with a lot more knowledge than I have.

A part of me has always been desperately anxious to follow the program of the Church, to get the job done right, and to accomplish the Lord's goals — but part of my lesson in humility (or humiliation, I can't tell which) is that I also really wanted to look good myself and wanted counselors that would make me look good. This experience taught me that the Lord knows things I don't and has reasons I'll be able to understand if I act on them in faith.

In addition to this sometimes stunning access to the Lord, access to my sisters has been life-changing for me. When I was called, I was taking a class in feminist literary criticism that drastically rearranged my mind — and soul. I knew that Relief Society would give me access to women that I did not know very well and probably would not voluntarily choose to know better. I have a small circle of intimate friends and have liked to keep it that way. But because of this calling, I now have a reason to be concerned and involved with every woman in our ward. Even learning names is a big job because one-third of the membership changes three times a year. But I'm eager to do it. I've found that I can help look after these women, learn their names, and remember them. I can also sometimes look at them with spiritual eyes and see their essence very quickly, understanding and knowing things about them that I didn't have access to before. I'm grateful for this new way of being with them, this new way of knowing and loving them.

I've counseled with one older sister several times, and I've been astonished to find myself chewing out this woman, telling her bluntly, "You shouldn't do that. That's not a good idea." Every time she sees me she hugs me and says, "You're wonderful. I love you." I'm astonished by this response of hers to my chiding, that love somehow communicates through impatience. I can't solve her problems. That's the heartbreak of being with my sisters. I can't solve any of their problems. But what I can do is tell them I love them and tell them the Lord loves them — that I know what I'm telling them is true and that they should find out for themselves.

In the third area, access to myself, I feel as though I've been on a journey within for the last several years. Yet I feel in many ways as if I'm just beginning now to open my eyes to who I am and what I can do. For a very long time, I lived my life crippled by insecurity and fears of being incompetent. I lived under the shadow of feeling I wasn't smart enough or nice enough to be loved or to be successful.

Part of this feeling stemmed from the wounds I suffered because of my infertility, which for Mormons is like being cursed by God. I had what I felt was a righteous desire for children; and when I learned that I would never bear a child, I felt that I must have done something terribly, terribly wrong, but I couldn't find out what it was, so I could never fix it. I was left feeling that whatever else I did would be unimportant compared to that one, central, important lack. I still live sometimes with those feelings of inadequacy and still

have traces in my life of all the activities I plugged in to fill the gap of not being able to bear a child — including adopting two children. Trying to write a dissertation, I threw out half of the things I do and I still found that things are maniacal at our house. That indicates to me how many things I put in.

I still feel a reluctance to assume the power that's available to me and to act on the knowledge that I have. But the greatest change in me is knowing with a surety that God loves me, just as he loves my sisters. When I pray about them, or for them — asking for news or information — what I feel is a wave of love that is almost physical, almost substantive. And that love includes me.

As I've learned about these sisters, I've also learned about their weaknesses. Inevitably a Relief Society president discovers a lot of painful and sinful areas of people's lives. Getting close to people means getting close to their pain, knowing that they are suffering a great deal — largely because of their own choices, in many cases. But I know that the Lord loves them, even if they don't do what they've promised him — or even if they sign up to can pears and then don't show up. I feel unwaveringly the unqualified love of our Heavenly Parents.

What are the implications for the nature of Relief Society and women in the Church from my experience?

1. It's a slow and complex way to grow; but if you kept changing Relief Society presidents every year, think of the wonderful spiritual growth that would happen, especially if you also gave each woman a great bishop, a supportive husband, wonderful kids, and a job at BYU to keep them off the streets — or on the road.

2. Whether we're in a Relief Society presidency or not, we can ask our Heavenly Parents for information, and we'll get it. There's absolutely no question in my mind about that. I didn't have to be called to this office to receive the revelations and information that I did. I probably wouldn't have received the names of Homemaking counselors if I didn't need Homemaking counselors; but certainly I would have received a great deal more if I had been asking for more.

3. We have an individual responsibility to create change. It's not really fair or productive to carp about a program. Get in and change it. The one thing that really gripes me is how passive the sisters are. I ask, "What kind of a Relief Society do you want? What do you want it to be? What do you want it to do for you? What do you want to do for it?" And then I experience the longest silence in the world.

4. The program is made for us — not us for the program. All over the Church, women should be creating groups that work for them and their sisters, for their spiritual development and for the needs of the ward. What we should find all over the Church is a rich diversity.

My mother is in a Relief Society presidency, and sometimes she really suffers. They keep trying to have Homemaking meeting because it's in the handbook, but almost nobody comes. The presidency has proof positive that their homemaking meetings aren't working, but they don't feel confident enough or free enough to say, "Well, let's try something else." In my ward

right now, we have a book group for work meetings. We have some mini-courses, but we also have a book group because I had to be there and I didn't want to make any more crafts. The bishop thinks it's a great idea and is only sorry he can't join.

I respect, in general, the program as it exists. I don't want to sweep it out; I just want to modify it. I think that the institutional changes toward flexibility have been in exactly the right direction, giving Relief Society presidents an invitation to build an organization that will work for our sisters. I was grateful for the opportunity to create something that would work for the women in my ward.

However, as I try to look at this experience in perspective, it's hard for me to know how significant these concepts and discoveries are for the sisters. I've tried to share my experience with them and myself with them. But I suspect that I'm the chief beneficiary.

Sometimes in Relief Society I feel that I've been called to move my sisters across a river, to a new place, a place only glimpsed from this shore. Some of my sisters don't want to go, and there are days I don't want to go either. Some are going to fall in the river and be lost. I know that, and it hurts me. But the Lord wants me to get out there and move them across.

We have only begun, in the Eleventh Ward of the Salt Lake Central Stake, to build the tiny boats or rafts or ropes — I'm not sure what they are — that will carry us across. I'm not sure how long the journey will be or if I have the strength to actually guide us there. But I know we should swing out, jump in the water, and begin the crossing — that the new land holds the full blossoming of the tiny seeds that are now beginning to grow in our hearts.

Failed Friendship

E. Victoria Grover-Swank

Sisters nod and smile,
inclining intimately toward her in the crowded room.
Years of testimonies shared and friendships deified
linger in the worn cushions and heavy curtains.
She brushes jostling shoulders, turns and feels
a burst of fire upon her face.
"Oh, Father in Heaven, dear Mother!"
The vacant smile starts a roaring in her ears
telling her she is betrayed again. Betrayed!
Her heart melts, cracks, vanishes in the flame:
"Dear God," she cries in silence, "I cannot breathe!"

Oh, how she longs to be wrapped in the cool, dark emptiness of space.
A rocky asteroid;
A shimmering dust mote in the rings of Saturn;
A shifting particle in the millenial billowing of nebulae;
A single hydrogen atom hanging between the galaxies.
Alone, alone, alone.
Light years from the familiar faces of the strangers sitting here beside her...
She gave everything!
Strength, compassion;
Time, talent, energy. Her secret heart!
Dear God! She gave her deepest trust!
Now she must share this community of Christ,
yet live a separate sisterhood again.

"Oh Mother," she prays, "where is my friend?"

Must she forever be a wandering comet,
drawn to the sea of worlds by the gravity of love,
then thrown away again by that same force?
Each time she leaves behind an icy piece of her heart,
thawed by hope, and burnt up in desire.
Diminished yet again, she returns to the void,
a frozen ball of flame and tears once more.

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A Voice From the Past: The Benson Instructions for Parents

Lavina Fielding Anderson

IN FEBRUARY 1987 AT A FIRESIDE FOR PARENTS, President Ezra Taft Benson delivered an address called "To the Mothers in Zion." In October 1987, he delivered a parallel address in the priesthood session of general conference called "To the Fathers in Zion." The first address created a great deal of discussion, both in agreement and in disagreement, among individual women and in gatherings of women. The second seems to have taken its place among other conference addresses in almost total silence. I wish to discuss these two addresses and the responses to them.

I must admit that the immediate reaction to the "Mothers" speech — largely negative in my immediate circle — caught me off guard. I was meeting with a group of women on the night that it was broadcast, and my husband, Paul, thoughtfully recorded it for me. I listened to it the next day, mentally observed that the speech had a decidedly old-fashioned ring to it, and used the tape to record *3-2-1 Contact* for our son, Christian. I was immediately sorry. At a midweek lunch with some women, the address was the main topic of conversation, and someone had made photocopies of the delivery text. At a weekend scripture study group with other women, it again dominated the conversation. *Network*, a newspaper for Utah women, devoted an editorial to it and also published an article reporting comments from twenty-six men and women, both LDS and non-LDS (Shepherd 1987; Hilton 1987).[1]

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[1] Editor Karen Shepherd (1987), after chronicling many of the advances for women in the state since the bitter 1978 experience of the International Women's Year convention, pointed out:

> The LDS Church seems no less intent than it ever has been on insisting that women stay as much as possible in traditional roles. In a recent speech to women, President Benson lays down the law. A woman's place is in the home, he says, whether the family needs the money or not. Furthermore, women must bear many children regardless of

When the edited version appeared in pink pamphlet form in late March or early April, I found six copies on the doorstep. I assumed that they were either a gift from a friend who knew I'd be interested in the issue or proselyting literature from someone who thought six would be more effective than one. I promptly distributed them to my friends and discovered only later that they were for Paul. He was supposed to take them to his home teaching families that month although, as a letter to bishops clarified, they were not to replace the scheduled home teaching message for the month.

The speech was again the subject of an explosive discussion during an annual women's retreat that I attend in early summer. By then, opinions had crystallized, but much of the tension and emotional response was still there, unresolved.

Basically, the speech advocated that women place mothering responsibilities first by refusing paid employment. Since this has been virtually the major message Mormon women have heard from their male leaders since the 1920s, it is hardly new. Yet it seemed to arouse emotions out of all proportion to its content. I have made no effort to collect opinions randomly and representatively from Church women in a variety of regions, but I have asked many women about their own reactions and those of other women with whom they have talked. It is important to note that no one suggested President Benson's concern about children was misplaced or that child-rearing was not supremely important. Women who responded positively to President Benson's message seemed to focus on the benefits for children; those who responded negatively seemed concerned with the sweeping nature of his instructions, which did not adequately acknowledge the diversity of women and their circumstances.

Among the affirmative responses I have heard to the address was one woman, then pregnant with her third child, who expressed decided approval of the speech: "The world has seduced us away from our children," she said. "We needed this strong reminder to return to them." Another, the mother of four and a schoolteacher, had been trying to spend quality time with her children and her husband, then underemployed. She was driving home at noon to fix his lunch, staying up to help the children with their projects, and getting up at 3 A.M. to correct her students' papers. She felt the address "was exactly

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their economic means. He does not address women who are the only means of support for their children, and he did not suggest what Utah would do if it were to lose 44 percent of its entire work force, a work force that accepts a wage which is just slightly more than half (52 percent) that paid the male work force.* His words have no application in reality for most women in 1987, but they do have the powerful affect [sic] of making women feel as guilty and alone as they felt in 1978. . . .

Most women are mothers at some point in their lives and nine in 10 women work for 28 years of their lives. Most men are fathers, and fathers can no longer afford the luxury of being fathers only on weekends. This state [Utah], the United States, the world is now at risk if we don't take care of our children. We can't afford another ten years of denial. . . . We women . . . must relentlessly pursue the goal of economic independence. We must convince the men in our lives that such independence will benefit everyone, including them.

* According to an article published in *Utah Holiday* in February 1988, based on 1980 U.S. census statistics, 52.6 percent of all Utah women work full time, "a full point above the national average." It agrees that women make up 44 percent of the Utah work force but says their earning rate is 54.2 percent of men's. It also adds that, while nine out of ten women work twenty-eight years of their life, men work only twenty-nine (Cannon 1988, 50).

what our family needed. I know he was inspired." She stopped teaching in mid-year.

Another, the mother of seven, said, "My husband and I were sitting behind his secretary, and we just watched her squirm. Maybe now she'll quit and take care of her teenagers." My father wrote in early March that he was pleased with the address: "I wondered if any General Authority would dare take that firm stand again." He also reported that his stake president estimated 80 percent of the tithing in the stake came from families "where the mothers are remaining in the home."

Another woman commented that her sister, the full-time mother of five, was greatly distressed because other women in her ward, also not employed, had made "strident" comments in Relief Society and during testimony meeting about women in the ward who were "violating" the prophet's counsel. Still another friend commented during late spring that her bishop had held up the pink pamphlet in church for three weeks running with approving references and strongly encouraged all women of the ward to read it. (His wife, whose job at the University of Utah had been eliminated due to budget cuts and was therefore unemployed at the time the speech was given, found another job within a few weeks.)

These positive reactions seem to come from people who found the counsel helpful to them personally, either in validating choices that they had made or in helping them to make such choices. Another group seems to have approved of the speech because they felt that its counsel would help resolve or eliminate problems that other people were having or because they generally gave their support to any strong position taken by a Church leader.

However, such reactions were not the most common ones, in my experience. Overwhelmingly, the reaction I have heard from women has been one of pain and of anger, whether they have been employed or not. One woman, who has worked all her adult life and has five children, said that her husband, who was a bishop, had been besieged during the week following the address by women full of hurt and resentment. One in particular came to his office, spilled forth angry feelings at what she considered to be the "unreasonable and unreasoning" attitude conveyed in the speech, and was "quite deflated" to hear this bishop agree, "You're right. I agree with you completely. It's the worst advice to women I've ever listened to."

Another, whose husband was bishop of a student ward, said that for the next three or four weeks, she had many young student wives come to her privately in tears and pain. "There're not talking to each other," she said. "They don't even seem to be talking to their husbands, but they have to talk to someone." One of these young women with one child and a ten-hour-a-week part-time job quit her job; the family moved into a small basement apartment, and her husband, who was already going to school full-time and working part-time, got a second part-time job. However, when my friend told her bishop-husband about the young women who came to her, he told her that the husbands of these women in pain were, for the most part, singularly unaffected. None of them voluntarily brought up the subject to him. He learned

about the couple who moved into the basement apartment only because the husband explained why they had to move out of the ward. This bishop also reported one husband summarizing what seemed to be a group consensus when the topic came up during priesthood meeting: "My wife and I talked about what we wanted to do educationally, when we wanted to start our family and why, and we knew what the Church position was when we made those decisions. Nothing has changed, including the Church position and our own situations. I don't see any reason to reevaluate our decision."

One single man told a friend that he was "devastated" by the speech because his skills are such that he will probably never have a job that will pay more than medium range. "Looking at things objectively," he said, "on the salary I'm likely to make, I could probably not afford to feed, clothe, and educate any children. Does this mean I should not get married?"

A Relief Society president whose children are adopted wept, "I've struggled with infertility for more than fifteen years. I thought I'd resolved the issue. But when he said that a woman's first responsibility is to bear children, that knife turned in my heart again. I felt that it didn't really matter what else I did because what I *couldn't* do was so much more important."

An older working-class couple in my ward who raised their nine children in West Virginia both did shift work in a factory so that one of them would be home with the children. Now retired, they are routinely on call when their married children here have a sick child who cannot go to school or its usual daycare. The woman bristled a bit, referring to the address, in defending her daughter and daughters-in-law, while her husband observed mildly in his Southern accent, "If'n you can get jobs out of the top drawer all your life like he's got, I think that's just fine. But it took both of us workin' just about as hard as we could all our lives — and the kids workin' too — to get our family raised, and I don't see things gettin' any easier."

Still another woman reported that her neighbor, now a grandmother, came to her in "agony." Not all of her children have turned out in the perfect church image, yet my friend had never heard this woman be other than positive, cheerful, loving, and accepting of even her deviant children. "I've never seen such pain and such a sense of betrayal," my friend recalled. "She had a photocopy of the talk and had the ten ways of spending quality time with children underlined. She wept, 'I stayed home, I never worked, I was always there when they got home from school, I made cookies, I read to them, I prayed with them, I always had hot meals for them, and I loved them. Tell me, what more could I have done? I did everything on this list and it still didn't work."

What caused these powerful emotional responses? Why did so many women react with guilt, anger, and pain?

First, the language of the address was directive and prescriptive. Thus, it was possible to hear it as also accusatory, despite President Benson's obviously sincere desire to "lift and bless your lives." Although the fireside was for "parents," the instructions were focused only on mothers. Women were thus assigned, by implication, total responsibility for the emotional and spiritual

welfare of their children. ("Mothers . . . are, or should be, the very heart and soul of the family," p. 1).

Second, the lack of differentiation between the physical and the emotional components of motherhood can easily put women in a double bind. Misleadingly, women are often praised for quantity (having a large number of children) as though they were simultaneously producing quality children, usually a much more difficult process.

For example, the address describes a mother's "God-ordained" role as being "to conceive, to bear, to nourish, to love, and to train" (p. 2). However, the physical processes of conception, pregnancy, and birthing are not "quality" operations, like loving and training. In fact, they are virtually involuntary operations. While a woman's attitude about pregnancy may greatly affect her feelings about the experience, the physical facts of the experience are largely out of her control. It has always seemed somewhat paradoxical to me that women are so urgently commanded to — and commended for — allowing a natural process, over which they have little or no control, to continue to its end. Making direct comparisons between the "creative" process of pregnancy and the "creative" process of writing or painting is to completely ignore will and talent as elements of creativity. I fully acknowledge, however, that raising a healthy, happy, productive child in the years after birth taxes every ounce of creativity — and many other qualities — to the fullest.

Third, the view of mothers "in the marketplace" as being the "world's way" not the "Lord's way" seemed to arouse particularly painful emotions. This section impressed me as perhaps being least in touch with the realities of the 1980s. Again, the prescriptive language virtually ignores the economic realities that have shelved or underemployed large numbers of men, plus the rising costs of living and education that have made one-salary families a minority. The speech seemed to envision the "marketplace" for men as a farm where harder work would invariably produce more food. This situation is no longer the case in our monetized society.

The evidence lies in the patterns of women's lives. In the United States as a whole when the 1980 federal census was taken, 51 percent of all women were working. In Utah, over 52 percent were (Cannon 1988, 50). Nationally, the average is now "some 70 percent" ("Do" 1988). Because women are paid less than men, their wages represent about 30 percent of the wages paid in Utah. Even so, a drop of 30 percent in the taxes paid state and local government would represent a reduction in services almost certain to have far-reaching and undesirable negative consequences.

When it comes to Latter-day Saint women in the United States, data collected in 1981 by the Church Research and Evaluation Department (Goodman and Heaton 1986) indicate that 35 percent of the Church's women will experience divorce and that only 19 percent will, at age sixty, be in an intact first marriage (p. 92). While United States women average 2.23 children, LDS women have an average of 3.27 — 3.46 if temple married (p. 95).

Fifty-one percent of LDS women were either working or looking for work in 1981, compared to a national average of 52 percent. If a married LDS woman

has children under age six, the figure drops to 36.5 percent but climbs to 57 percent of mothers with children between six and seventeen. Over 80 percent of the single women in the Church are in the work force, including those with children (Goodman and Heaton 1986, 100). Thirty-three percent of single Mormon mothers with three children survive at or near the poverty level; so do 7 percent of married couples with at least two children (p. 101). I have no reason to believe that any of these figures have decreased in the seven intervening years.

Despite President Benson's acknowledgment of divorced and widowed women and those "in unusual circumstances" who are "required to work for a period of time," I found it perplexing to have the address state that "these instances are the exception, not the rule." I know of virtually no divorced or widowed mother who can look forward with any confidence to a time when she will not be required to work. And as Claudia L. Bushman trenchantly observed about the lack of welfare funds supplied to single mothers, "The luxury of being a full-time mother is only for those who can afford it. Single and poor mothers who have to work, *have* to work. The Church does not put its money where its mouth is" (1987, 39).

I also have some question about whether the "rule" really is an employed father and an at-home mother with several children. Nationally, such a configuration occurs in only 7 percent of the households; and within the Church, only 19 percent — fewer than one in five — of LDS households have two adult members with a temple marriage and children at home (Goodman and Heaton 1986, 95). There was no breakdown on how many of these mothers were employed; but if they followed the more general pattern, up to 57 percent of them would be.

If I were a single parent, I would also be deeply concerned about the implication that a full-time mother is essential for the child of a two-parent family but optional in the case of my child. This position seems illogical on its face. Should it not be twice as important for the remaining parent to be fully available all the time to the children?

The address also quotes President Spencer W. Kimball's "John and Mary" article, published in 1949 when he was an apostle, urging married women not to " 'compete with men in employment' " and a 1977 area conference speech begging them to " 'come home from the typewriter, the laundry, the nursing, . . . the factory, the cafe. No career approaches in importance that of wife, homemaker, mother — cooking meals, washing dishes, making beds for one's precious husband and children' " (p. 7). I am not the only person to observe that this list of tasks could be performed by any man, any woman, and any child over a certain age. What is missing from this role definition of a mother is a description of interactions with children or with a husband.

Furthermore, I found myself needing to translate this 1977 language into possible careers. "Nursing" is obvious. The typewriter implies secretarial skills, the factory describes a setting, but the cafe suggests waitressing as a career, and the reference to "the laundry" left me baffled. Certainly all of these services are important and necessary, but they are all, with the exception of nursing

and some secretarial jobs, relatively low paid and relatively unskilled labor. If such activities were the sole income for a family, the family would probably be below the poverty level. If women were engaged in these activities to earn money, a more persuasive argument to keep them home would be to compare what they would be making on welfare payments. I also wondered about the omission of teaching, long considered to be a suitable occupation for women, from this list.

An additional difficulty I have with this advice is that it does not acknowledge the reality that many women have serious educational commitments to demanding, complex, and highly skilled employment and literally cannot afford to work at low-paying jobs, dropping in and out of the work force, any more than men can. According to the LDS demographic study already cited, 53.5 percent of LDS men and 44.3 percent of LDS women — "about a third more than among U.S. men and women" — have some college experience (Goodman and Heaton 1986, 97).

Another philosophical difficulty with this address is that by focusing so narrowly on the task of mothering, President Benson implies that mothering is not only a woman's most important responsibility but that it is also her *only* responsibility and that it is *only* her responsibility. There is little expression in this address of the role of a father although he is supposed "to provide, to love, to teach, and to direct" (p. 2). The implication is that the mother alone is responsible for "the salvation and exaltation of your family" (p. 8). Teaching children the gospel is assigned to the mother. "It cannot be done effectively part-time," says the address. "It must be done all the time in order to save and exalt your children" (p. 11). If this were true, then fathers are truly expendable, except for conception and money.

I am reminded of the first priesthood meeting my husband attended in our current ward. The elders' quorum president announced that he had just taken his second part-time job. (He was already working full-time.) He asserted with conviction, "No one else is going to raise *my* children." What he had overlooked is that obviously *he* was not going to raise his children.

Successful motherhood is difficult to define since it is a process that lasts intensively for at least twenty years, since it never really ends, and since the ultimate evaluation depends on how well someone else — namely the child — does, not on what you yourself do. No wonder so many women feel inadequate, guilty, and defensive about their parenting.

The speech lists "ten ways to spend time with your children." This list is vast, encyclopedic, and comprehensive. It recommends (1) being home "when your children are either coming or going . . . from school, . . . from dates, when they bring friends home," (2) regularly spend[ing] unrushed one-on-one time with each child," (3) "read[ing] to your children . . . starting from the cradle," (4) "pray[ing] with your children, . . . under the direction of the father, . . . morning and night," (5) "hav[ing] a meaningful weekly home evening with your husband presiding," (6) "be[ing] together at mealtimes as often as possible . . . [for] happy conversation, sharing of the day's plans and activities, and special teaching moments," (7) "daily . . . read[ing] the scrip-

tures together as a family," (8) "do[ing] things together as a family," (9) "teach[ing] your children . . . at mealtime, in casual settings, or at special sit-down times together, at the foot of the bed at the end of the day, or during an early morning walk together," and (10) "truly lov[ing] your children" (pp. 8–10).

Certainly the counsel in this list is good. I know no mother, including myself, who does not enjoy spending time with her children and who does not try to do most of the things on this list. However, following this list completely is impossible because it is vague and lacks any standard of "enough." Item 8, doing "things" together as a family, could cover virtually every other item on the list. Furthermore, it assumes that spending time doing these things will automatically produce the promised results: "Your children will remember your teachings forever, and when they are old, they will not depart from them. They will call you blessed — their truly angel mother" (p. 11). But what if the children fall away from the Church, are alienated from the family, and call you something besides their "angel mother"? The implication is clear that it is because you didn't spend enough time with them. The woman who wept in betrayal and anger at this list provides the balancing perspective that time is not the only factor.

Thus, a serious problem with this presentation is its assumption that only women can mother children. The related problem — that a mother should *only* mother, has the automatic effect of condemning women who do other things. Since the quotations from President Kimball seemed uncharacteristically harsh compared to my memory of how he typically addressed women, I curiously compared this speech with his address at the first women's fireside in 1978. Certainly he made a great many references to marriage and motherhood. Out of 96.5 column inches, 36.25 are devoted to such topics as marriage, divorce, motherhood, bearing children, and homemaking. But he discusses the importance of marriage as "re-emphasizing some everlasting truth," the first of which is "to keep the commandments of God," pray, study the scriptures, and "keep your life clean and free from all unholy and impure thoughts and actions" (p. 102). Between the sections on marriage (p. 103) and those on motherhood and home life (p. 105), he pays tribute to the "talents and leadership" of his wife, praises Mormon women as "basically strong, independent, and faithful," characterizes "selflessness [as] a key to happiness and effectiveness," urges Christian service in many settings, encourages women to "have a program of personal improvement," and observes:

> We should be as concerned with the woman's capacity to communicate as we are to have her sew and preserve food. Good women are articulate as well as affectionate. One skill or attribute need not be developed at the expense of another. Symmetry in our spiritual development is much to be desired. We are as anxious for women to be as wise in the management of their time as we are for women to be wise stewards of the family's storehouse of good. We know that women who have a deep appreciation for the past will be concerned about shaping a righteous future (p. 105).

President Kimball then goes on to talk about cultivating Christlike qualities, free agency, trust in the Lord and "each other," the importance of

"reach[ing] your fullest potential," and a reminder that "in you is the control of your life" (p. 105). He then discusses the importance of home and family life, speaking of marriage as "a contributing and full partner[ship]." He concludes: "We thank the sisters of the Church for being such great defenders of the church, in word and in deed. We love and respect you!", then quotes Joel's prediction of prophetic gifts for "your sons and your *daughters*" and of an outpouring of the Lord's spirit "upon the *handmaids*" in the latter days.

Rather than a narrow focus on mothering tasks alone, this speech is widely based, positively stated, and actively encouraging. It counsels women to make a broad range of choices, fulfill potential, and exercise agency. It clearly communicates love, appreciation, encouragement, and respect for women. This tone, which permeates President Kimball's address was, in my memory, a trend-setting approach to women that was generally typical of the addresses of other General Authorities and of the women leaders during the late 1970s and early 1980s.

I feel that President Benson was completely sincere in such statements as: "I pay tribute to the mothers in Zion and pray with all my heart that what I have to say to you will be understood by the Spirit and will lift and bless your lives in your sacred callings as mothers" and in his tribute to his own wife. The tone in the "Mothers of Zion" address may seem more narrow, rigid, and authoritarian than it really is, simply because the contrast is so great with what women have been accustomed to hearing. The basic information about the importance of motherhood is very similar in both addresses; the second address may seem controlling and coercive simply because of how it is said, not because of the information itself.

Certainly, similar prescriptive language is used in President Benson's address to fathers given at the October 1987 general conference: "You have a sacred responsibility to provide for the material needs of your family. . . . Adam, not Eve, was instructed to earn the bread by the sweat of his brow." Being financially supported is "the divine right of a wife and mother. While she cares for and nourishes her children at home, her husband earns the living for the family, which makes this nourishing possible." He rebukes men who "because of economic conditions . . . expect the wives to go out of the home and work" and reiterates the "importance of mothers staying home to nurture, care for, and train their children in the principles of righteousness" (pp. 48, 49).

I am concerned about three issues: (1) Children are defined as the woman's not as the couple's. (2) There is not a syllable in this speech that recognizes the responsibilities of divorced fathers to continue to supply economic support for their children and that at a time when the percentage of nonpayment of child support is a national scandal. (3) Third, and perhaps most important, there is no acknowledgment of work as anything other than as a means of providing money. Are there no reasons besides monetary ones why men work? What about status, power, ability to control and make things happen, association with peers and friends, the stimulation of growth, the self-esteem of responding successfully to challenges, and the ability to make a difference in a community, business, or industry?

True, one could argue that parenthood supplies many of the same satisfactions and challenges for men as for women. True, many men have unsatisfying or limiting jobs. But these conditions aside, I find that this second speech is similarly out of touch with current economic realities and leaves untouched and unexplored the psychological realities of men and women by its strict focus on gender-assigned tasks.

I also find it unbecoming for men to urge women to do a job that the men themselves express no desire to do. It arouses in me the suspicion that they might not choose to do it themselves, even if they had that ability. For example, how different would be the tone of a man giving an address that said, "My dear sisters, it has been a source of great longing to me all my life to bear a child, to feel that little body growing within me, to experience birth, and then to nourish that child from my own body. I realize that my assignment to the priesthood is of equal value to the Lord and that the work I do there is extremely important; but I can't help wishing that I could also have the opportunity to experience the joys and challenges of your role. Because I can't, I plead with you to fully appreciate the unique blessing that you have been given."

I wonder why groups of men have not discussed President Benson's address to them, why I have sensed no emotional reaction and not even much interest. As I have asked among my circle of male acquaintances for responses, most didn't pay much attention to it. One man joked, "I remember exactly how I felt. Disappointed. He [President Benson] prefaced his talk by saying the meeting had been great and he was debating about just having his talk published but dismissing the meeting. And then he decided to give it anyway." Another one said, "I could tell it was supposed to be the other side of the coin for the mothers' talk, but I'm not sure that it really evens things up to just be sure you've dumped on everybody." Still another shrugged, "It was nothing new." These responses do not shed much light on a basic underlying question: Why did women hear the counsel addressed to them so personally and react so passionately while men seemed to consider the counsel addressed to them as optional?

I'm happy with strong statements about the centrality and value of family life. But I want them addressed evenly to both fathers and mothers. I want them to address the economic and social realities of childrearing in this generation. I do not want to hear motherhood equated with priesthood again — ever, as long as I live. I want an acknowledgment of the diversity of family types in the Church, not the monolithic insistence on only one model. I want the Church to respect, support, and help all types of families, not just one. I want the Church to acknowledge that our lives have many facets in addition to that of parenting and to respect and support those facets. I want to find in my church a source of love, communion with God, and celebration of community rather than separation, isolation, and guilt.

We have heard such uplifting addresses in the past. I look forward to the time when we will hear them again.

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Polygamy, Patrimony, and Prophecy: The Mormon Colonization of Cardston

John C. Lehr

IN THE SPRING OF 1887, CHARLES ORA CARD, president of the Cache Valley Stake of Zion, led a small group of polygamous Mormon families into Alberta, Canada. On the banks of Lee's Creek, a few miles north of the international boundary, they established the village of Cardston as the first Mormon settlement on Canadian soil.

Like settlements established earlier in Mexico, Cardston was a haven for polygamous Mormons fleeing prosecution in the United States. In the years before the 1890 Manifesto, vigorous enforcement of anti-polygamy laws drove many Mormon polygamists from their domains in the United States. Although this has been widely acknowledged as the genesis of Mormon settlement of Alberta, attempts to suppress polygamy did not make settlement in Canada inevitable (Dawson 1936, 196–98; Wilcox 1950; Lee 1968, 14). Indeed, the origins and destination of this northward migration can only be understood in the light of the personal circumstances of two men: Charles Ora Card and President John Taylor. The deciding factors were Card's dedication to the principle of plural marriage and his understanding of Mormon theology and prophecy and John Taylor's patrimony and Anglophile sympathies.

Polygamy began early in the Church. Joseph Smith secretly taught the doctrine as early as 1841 (Van Wagoner 1985, 75–77). What was later known as Section 132 of the Doctrine and Covenants was first secretly recorded 12 July 1843, stating that the Lord commanded Joseph Smith to restore the patriarchal order of Abraham, Jacob, and David, and that only those who participated could hope for the highest exaltation in the resurrection (O'Dea 1957, 62–63). From the beginning of settlement in Utah, polygamy was practiced openly. It was first announced to the general membership of the Church at a conference held in Salt Lake City on 28 August 1852 and broadcast in a

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special edition of the *Deseret News* some three weeks later (O'Dea 1957, 104).

With the exception of a fifteen-year period during the presidency of Brigham Young, polygamy was illegal whenever and wherever Mormons practiced it (Quinn 1985, 15–16). Certainly it set the Mormons apart from Gentile society, polarized the Mormon community, and aroused the hostility of Gentiles already fearful of the social cohesion, political influence, and evangelical energy of this dynamic new church.

For much of the Church's history, Gentile attacks have focused on plural marriage, depicting polygamous Mormons as lustful and immoral. For example, Harriet Beecher Stowe crusaded against polygamy, describing it as "a cruel slavery whose chains have cut into the very hearts of thousands . . . a slavery which debases and degrades womanhood, motherhood and the family" (in Stenhouse 1875, vi).

In Congress the Morrill Act of 1862 attacked plural marriage by outlawing bigamy in all U.S. territories; the Edmunds Act of 1882 targeted Mormon practices by disfranchising polygamists and making plural marriage a crime. In 1887 the Edmunds-Tucker Act attacked Mormon society and the Church itself by abolishing women's suffrage, dissolving the corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and demanding a more inclusive voter's registration oath, all in an attempt to stamp out the practice of polygamy (O'Dea 1957, 110; Quinn 1985, 16). The Church was shaken to its foundations.

Not all Mormons were polygamous. No matter how theologically desirable, plural marriage was not always economically possible. Indeed, members of the Church who embraced the law of Abraham and entered into plural marriage faced no easy lot. Not only did polygamy run counter to the social values of most, if not all, converts to Mormonism, but its practice required radical personal and familial adjustments (Mehr 1985, 84–85; Embry and Bradley 1985, 99–107). Those who accepted polygamy required a reconciliation of secular law and spiritual law as taught by Joseph Smith. Since it was a test of faith, polygamy was adopted by the more orthodox, or devout, members of the Church, who were usually the better established community leaders. Probably at no time were more than one in five Mormon families polygamous (Ivins 1956, 229–39). In the 1880s, to avoid the federal government's vigorous campaign of enforcement, polygamists lived with their plural wives secretly or went on the Mormon "underground," assuming false identities and affecting disguises. Others sought to circumvent federal law by contracting plural marriages on the high seas or beyond the borders of the country.

John Taylor, Brigham Young's successor as senior apostle and later third president of the Church from 1877 to 1887, ardently defended the principle of plural marriage (Quinn 1985, 27). In 1885 he openly defied the United States government by proclaiming that God's law transcended the law of the government; therefore, government could not abrogate the principle of plural marriage. To avoid arrest, he promptly went into hiding and lived on the Mormon underground until his death two years later (CHC 6:122–23; Jenson 1:19).

Because he knew the difficulties of life on the run, Taylor encouraged polygamists to establish a Mormon colony in Mexico. For even though polygamy was illegal there and certainly alien to Roman Catholic culture, Mexican authorities appeared to be willing to turn a blind eye so long as it remained clandestine (Hardy 1987).

Refuge in Mexico appealed to many fugitive Mormons including Charles Ora Card, president of the Cache Valley Stake (See Hudson 1963; Bates 1960; Godfrey 1987). Card, like Taylor, was pursued by U.S. marshals. His life was complicated by his first wife, who not only had apostatized but was attempting to obtain a divorce. At every opportunity she had revealed Card's whereabouts to the authorities. After being arrested and escaping from custody, Card was convinced that to remain in Utah was to court disaster (Wilcox 1950; 23–24; Hudson 1963, 82–83; Godfrey 1987). He resolved then to move to Mexico. Early in 1886 he met with President Taylor to seek his permission to leave Cache Valley. To his surprise, Taylor advised him to go instead to Canada and to find a place to establish a Mormon colony. British-born John Taylor had lived in Canada for several years before converting to Mormonism in 1836, and he believed that British justice would allow Latter-day Saints a fair hearing (Jenson 1:19).

Many believe that President Taylor "called" Card to serve a mission in Canada and establish a bridgehead for Mormon settlement. Although this interpretation has achieved wide currency among Latter-day Saints in Alberta, it is not supported by documentary evidence (Stutz 1987). But what is certain is that Card heeded his prophet's advice and turned his sights toward Canada, specificalliy toward the southern area of British Columbia and Alberta (then the Northwest Territories) immediately north of the international boundary.

Unlike President Taylor, Card had no affinity for the British. He was of Yankee stock, from the "Burned-Over District" of New York State, and his family had lived in New England for several generations. Card had no real experience of Canada, the British, or Canadians. When John Taylor advised him to look to Canada, Card was forty-seven, a respected community and church leader who had played an important role in developing Utah's Cache Valley. He was an experienced pioneer, a veteran of a handcart trek from Iowa to the Salt Lake Valley, and a sawyer by trade. He had been called to be president of the Cache Valley Stake in 1884 (Godfrey 1981, vii–xi). And as a high-profile Church leader with three wives and an ex-wife bent on his downfall, Card was a prime target for prosecution under the Edmunds Act.

Card did not undertake his journey of exploration alone. President Taylor assigned two other Mormon fugitives to accompany him: James W. Hendricks and Isaac E. D. Zundel (Card, 14 Sept. 1886). Like Card, both were wanted for "unlawful cohabitation" and stood to benefit if a refuge from prosecution could be established in Canada.

Card and his companions went by wagon and train from Utah, through Oregon, to Spokane, where they purchased horses and equipped themselves to explore Canadian territory. On Wednesday, 29 September 1886, the party crossed into Canada. Card recorded in his diary that day: "[I] crossed the

British line and for the first time in my life, placed my foot on the sod of British Columbia and in fact, it is the first time on British soil for any length of time. Only crossed Canada in the night from Buffalo to Detroit in the spring of 1872." As he passed the boundary marker, Card recorded that he took off his hat, swung it around, and shouted, "In [British] Columbia we are free!"

Unable to find a tract of land in British Columbia large enough to accommodate a Mormon settlement, Card's party went by train to Calgary and explored the southern part of Alberta before returning to Utah. Card was impressed with this country. In his journal he commented favorably upon the soil, vegetation, and climate. On 22 September he particularly noted the Indian population:

> North of us and east of us are tribes that all speak Blackfoot language. Here would be a good place to establish a mission among the Lamanites, who in these parts seem to be of rather lighter complexion than we usually find them and seem intelligent for an uncivilized race, although they are much degraded by many lowlived White men that allure them to whoring.

Upon his arrival in the United States Card submitted a report to President Taylor and received permission to return to his home in Logan. There he busied himself preparing to lead a colonizing expedition to Canada, studying the geography of Alberta, and learning what he could about conditions in Canada (Card, 23 Nov. 1886). Despite his industry, it appears that Card had no great enthusiasm for settling in Canada, apart from respite from harassment and prosecution. Although in his journal entries of 16 and 24 December Card referred to Canada as "a land of refuge" or "our refuge in the north," subsequent bitter comments reflected his resentment at being forced to settle in a foreign land for loyally observing "the mandates of Heaven." As deputy marshals stepped up their harassment and Card's situation in Utah became daily more intolerable, he increasingly resented the prospect of exile: "I have been arrested for the observance of the laws of God, been in the hands of the law, have been exiled, have been on British soil to seek refuge for the oppressed and downtrodden of God's peoples" (31 Dec. 1886).

Nor was the irony of a republican Yankee seeking refuge in British territory lost on Card, who wrote: "It seems strange that my grandsires fought to establish religious liberty, and in that great struggle that stained our fair land with a deluge of blood to free from the rule of a tyrant King, that now it seems their grandchildren should be obliged to gather into the domains of a government that is ruled by a queen" (1 Jan. 1887).

Nowhere in Card's diary is there any direct indication that he was formally "called" by President Taylor to establish a Canadian settlement as a mission for the Church.[1] Had this been so, Card would scarcely have lamented the injustice of this lot to the same extent, if, in fact, he would have complained at all.

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[1] On two occasions Card wrote of his intended settlement in Alberta as "the northern mission," but in both instances the context is ambiguous (Card, 19 Feb. and 17 March 1887). The term appears to be used in the conventional non-Mormon meaning of the word, rather than in the sense of a "mission" to which he received a "call" from the Church.

Early in 1887 Card's attitude toward the Canadian settlement project changed dramatically. When Samuel Smith of Brigham City visited Card on 21 January 1887, Card discussed his northern venture, arguing that "the land of refuge is the north." To his surprise, Smith related that he had been present at an 1843 priesthood meeting in the basement of the Nauvoo Temple when Joseph Smith prophesied that:

> England or the nation of Great Britain, would be the last nation to go to pieces. She would be instrumental in aiding to crush other nations, even this nation of the United States, and she would only be overthrown by the ten Tribes from the north. She would never persecute the Saints as a nation. She would gather up great treasures of gold and yet we should seek refuge in her dominion (Card, 21 Jan. 1887).

This testimony clearly impressed Card. Thereafter entries in his daily journal changed dramatically from resentment to optimism. The "Canadian refuge" was cast in a new light. Since it had been prophesied that the Saints would seek refuge in British dominions, Card saw himself no longer as an exile from Zion, but as a pioneer whose destiny would be to fulfil Joseph Smith's prophecy.

It is debatable whether this prophecy was widely known among Mormon leadership, if, indeed, Joseph Smith did make such a statement. Card certainly appeared startled to learn of it. But two years later, after the Canadian settlement at Cardston was firmly established, Apostle John W. Taylor addressed a Cardston fast meeting and spoke of Cardston's destiny. Card was impressed and recorded in his journal on 4 July 1889:

> Elder J. W. Taylor rose and spoke and bore a powerful testimony, stating he had beheld the Savior. He predicted that this would become a fruitful land and yet in time of need, it would be a haven of rest for those people who desired to serve God. Those who were seeking fame [to defame?] of our people, who flaunt so much about liberty in Utah, would be put to the fruit of the battle when the Negroes rise up against their masters, which soon would be the case. The Red Man would stalk through the land as the battle axe of the Lord, and after they had done their work, they would be changed to a skin of whiteness in a day.

Card incorporated Smith's proprecy in his formal address of welcome to Lord Stanley, Queen Victoria's representative in Canada, when Stanley visited Fort MacLeod, Alberta, in the fall of 1889:

> Our Prophet Joseph hath discerned that [of] all the Kingdoms of this world, the British Principalities, by reason of their high integrity and their judicial purity, will be the last to fall, and it is for this reason, as well as from an affectionate admiration of her own womanly virtues, that we invoke the blessings of heaven upon the Sovereign of these vast realms (Card, 14 Oct. 1889).

Although Card eventually came to see his work as a colonizer from the perspective of millenialist theology, his journal entry on 25 February 1887 before his departure for Canada that spring, indicates that he still viewed the establishment of a Mormon colony in Canada as a short-term venture, noting that "I expect to make a short stay [in Canada] with other of my exiled brethren."

Even though Joseph Smith's prophecy had changed his outlook, Card was dismayed when he found it difficult to assemble a strong contingent of settlers to accompany him to Alberta. While forty-one men initially had promised to go with their families to Canada, only a few followed through. Some thought that it would be only a matter of time until the polygamy issue was resolved and the pursuit of polygamists terminated; they decided to stay "and run their chances." Others simply concluded they did not have the means to settle in Canada. Although Card was depressed, he remained committed. He recorded in his journal 4 March 1887, "I resolve to go it — I go alone."

When Card received word of the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker Act, he resolved to press ahead, decided which wife would accompany him, and purchased equipment for the move north. He received informal neighborly assistance from the Mormon community, and President John Taylor sent word that he "desired we make the northern mission a success and desired the brethren all to throw their influence in that direction" (Card, 17 March 1887). Nevertheless, Card's preparations for departure were hindered by "spotters" who kept a watch on known polygamists and their sympathizers and by U.S. deputy marshals who then raided their residences. To Card, his choices were limited:

> . . . as our enemies are so bitter and there are so many traitors among the false brethren that it is with much precaution we can keep out of their clutches. But thus far, the Lord had prospered me and mine in that direction.
>
> It gives me a variety of thought to either leave the city and valley I have helped to settle and made my home for 27 years and either exile myself or go to prison and have my substance wasted in fines by minions of the lowest type (20 March 1887).

Card also hoped that if polygamous Mormons moved to Canada, U.S. deputy marshals would decrease their harassment of the Church and Mormon community. Thus Card was motivated by several beliefs: that the Canadian refuge had been prophesied by Joseph Smith; that he would eventually be captured and imprisoned if he did not move north; that it was the duty of all fugitive Mormons to leave the Mormon heartland to reduce the pressure on their families and the Church; that there were opportunities for proselytizing among the Indians in Alberta; and that he had the blessing of President John Taylor.

After Card and his group of eight families established a new Mormon colony on Lee's Creek, Alberta, a steady trickle of fugitive Mormons immigrated, until the 1890 Manifesto suspended the practice of polygamy and removed the main reason for polygamist emigration to Canada. But by then other forces were in operation. A land shortage in Utah and Idaho made it increasingly difficult for young farmers there to acquire land. The new frontier in Canada offered opportunity to homestead under the terms of the Dominion Lands Act. A quarter-section of land could be acquired by paying a ten-dollar entry fee and by completing cultivation and residency requirements.

Demand for land also led the Church to conclude cooperative agreements with Canadian enterpreneurs to develop irrigation lands in southern Alberta. Church members would then have opportunities to enter farming. Utah busi-

nessman, Jesse Knight, entered into the sugar beet industry in Alberta with similar motives. He developed irrigation and also established the town of Raymond. The Church last attempted to provide agricultural land for purchase by Mormon settlers when it purchased the Cochrane Ranch in Alberta in 1910. The villages of Hillspring and Glenwood were established on this property. This marked the end of organized agricultural expansion by the Mormon community in Alberta, although independent migration by Mormon settlers continued to extend the bounds of Alberta's Mormon country until it came to embrace a huge tract of country lying south and west of Taber (Lehr 1974, 20–29).

Long before this, economic needs superseded theological concerns in the extension of Mormon domains. After 1890 polygamy was not a significant element in expanding the Mormon settlement in Alberta. And there is reason to doubt that it was of real importance after 1887.

In November 1888 Card and Apostles John W. Taylor and Francis M. Lyman traveled to Ottawa to appeal to the government for the right to practice polygamy in Canada. They met with a polite but firm refusal from Justice Minister Sir John Thompson and Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald (Card, 9–16 Nov. 1888; Champion 1987, 10–17). Some Mormons, contrary to law, secretly engaged in plural marriages in Canada, even after the Manifesto, but this was rare. After 1890 polygamy did not play a role in attracting Mormon settlers to Canada (Embry 1985, 108–16).[2]

Although polygamy was a major reason that Mormons initially migrated beyond the borders of the United States, the direction of that migration to Canada can only be explained by Charles Ora Card's circumstances and John Taylor's favorable disposition towards British justice. It was these two Mormon leaders, instrumental in channeling the migration of polygamists to Alberta, whose philosophies combined to shape part of the geography of Mormon settlement in North America. Card and Taylor, though of very different backgrounds, shared their faith and an unshakable determination to maintain the principle of polygamy.

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[2] The Canadian government consistently maintained that the Mormon settlers in Alberta understood that polygamy was illegal in Canada and "were in nowise disposed to attempt the practice" in Alberta. See Canada, 1888.

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ABOUT THE ARTIST

The work of Bonnie Sucec tells a powerful story about the artist and the fascinating environment that cultivates her images. Her own words reveal her private sensibility and offer insight into her work.

"I like to think that my paintings have content and tell stories — even make social comment. I don't want them to be too light. They've got to have a little substance; they are not just color, shape, and whimsy. I like matches — both their shape and their function. Strike a match and set something on fire. I had a match collection when I was a kid, but my mother made me cut all the matches out because they were dangerous.

"My animals have such a nice variety of shape and sizes and they don't have to be real. I like the colors and positions, and I can make them up. Their particular characteristics don't appeal to me as much as their overall shapes. The animals I've been painting lately are confrontations. They are set up in tense situations, looking at each other. I want them doing something."

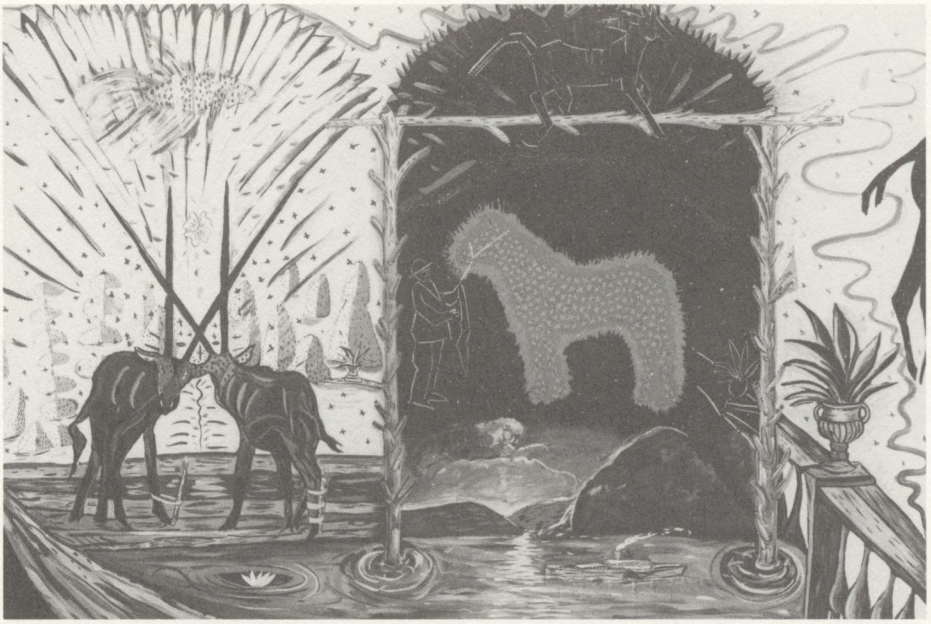
Like the Chicago Imagists, Sucec has a profound sense of the painter's craft. She works her surfaces and then reworks them to perfection. Her sense of craftsmanship belies the apparent crudity of her subject matter. She leans toward the expression of introverted states of mind, ruminations in fantasy, highly personal idiosyncratic mythologies, and subversive, even anti-social sentiment.

Sucec's various college experiences have all influenced her narrative style. She says about her study of sculpture: "One thing nice about sculpture was I didn't have to learn how to weld and chisel and all those traditional things. If it couldn't be glued or taped I was doomed. I can draw anything I want to, it just takes me a long time. You can get lazy and skip that part and then the abstract work is pretty flat, if you don't know how to see. There is a lot of abstract work that's very surface — it's not very interesting. I really work on my surfaces. All your work says what you know about art, how you use color, what you know about shape; the ideas are all right there."

Above all Sucec loves images. She works in Salt Lake, perhaps because she thrives on the struggle for personal narrative cultivated in a place that forces her to be alone, thus refining and intensifying her inward vision; or perhaps because Salt Lake can be, even to a painter, a fascinating, turbulent, even strangely thrilling place to work in, to collide with.

"I have a couple of drawings that are my headache drawings. I have lots of migraine headaches, so I paint lots of animals with head injuries or their heads popping off. It looks more interesting to me. I was in Ecuador three years ago. I felt kin spirits with all that South American magic. It was wonderful. My parents have a home in Mexico. I guess I'm really influenced by the sense of decoration — I like color and animals and magic. I don't know much about magic, but it's great when something wonderful happens that you can't explain."

(Adapted from "Acting Out," exhibition notes by Gayle Weyher; in "Times and Seasons: Bonnie Sucec," leaflet published by the Salt Lake Art Center, 1988.)



Doing *Huebener*

Margaret Blair Young

EVERYONE IS INSECURE IN SOME WAY. But only a schizophrenic or a Theatre Person would alleviate that insecurity by becoming someone else. As a Theatre Person I had been a queen, a bitch, an unwed mother, a murder victim, and a nun. This time, I was the mother of Helmuth Huebener.

But of course, *Huebener* was not a typical play. It was based on the life of a seventeen-year-old Latter-day Saint German boy who had circulated anti-Nazi pamphlets and was consequently beheaded by Hitler's "government." Tom Rogers had used real transcripts from a real trial to research and write his play. Essentially what we were doing — the cast; Ivan Crosland, the director; and Tom Rogers — was an act of resurrection. We each did our "part" to bring Huebener back, to make his life significant and his death movingly poignant.

We met, that first day of rehearsal, and got acquainted. Most of us were young — only slightly older than Huebener had been when the Nazis executed him — and marriageable. I don't know about anyone else, but I was checking out the cast for possibilities. The lead, Russ Card, was the best looking, a quarterbackish kid with dark, wavy hair and blue eyes. He was an accounting major, not a Theatre Person, which was a good sign. Bill Darley, who would play one of the judges, looked like John Denver. He was an English major, had won the Mayhew short story award, and was in the ROTC. Chris Peterson and Rob Martell, who played Nazi soldiers, were both a little grim and desperate looking. Mike Evenden and Mimi Bean (Mr. and Mrs. Sudrow, Huebener's grandparents) were in love with each other but wouldn't admit it. Corey Sprague, who had the role of Karl-Heinz Schnibbe (one of Huebener's closest friends and co-conspirators), was cute and funny. Paul Nibley, my husband in the play, was a tease. Scott Wilkinson (*Bruder* Zoellner, the branch president who had excommunicated Huebener for not being loyal to the gov-

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ernment) came off as a semi-snob. He was married to Hollywood actor Bob Cummings' daughter at the time and seemed to think he was hot stuff.

Rehearsal was intense. Rehearsal is always intense. I enjoyed it, though, because I enjoyed acting and because the script called for the mother to embrace her imprisoned son. Russ got better looking with each day of practice.

When I wasn't on stage, I was practicing my feminine mystique. I told Chris Peterson he was cute. He gave me a stunned, timid smile and took to watching me wherever I went — onstage and off. Rob Martell talked to me about his woeful love life. Paul Nibley insisted he was going to kiss me opening night, because a husband should be affectionate with his wife, shouldn't he?

Crosland had decided we should use German accents, so much of the time when I wasn't flirting I was figuring out how to do that and still be understandable. Then I had to make sure I had the correct balance in my lines between emotion and restraint. I had to be heartbroken, but I couldn't gush, for heaven's sake.

The prison scene required me to "break down." I puckered up for the great cry at the first rehearsal, on cue. Crosland said I had to fight the tears more. People fight their tears, he said. "Try to smile."

Try to smile. That was a big order. I saw little motivation in the scene for a smile. The mother is conversing with the son, trying not to show how frightened she is for him, how upset, trying not to let him know how much damage his actions have caused the family, how deep the consequences of his honor have gone.

"But tell me," she asks. "When is your trial?"

"Not before August. It's still months away. They'll try us, I've heard, in Berlin."

"So."

And there it was — the place for my smile. "You're that important to them." A congratulation. Something almost cheery. My son has attained significance. Smile. Then cry.

Oh, I wanted to cry. Russ's cupped hands were under my face when I bowed my head. I wanted to fill those hands with tears. I wanted to charge this scene with such power, such gut feeling that the audience would tremble on the spot. But I couldn't manufacture the moisture. I could not cry on cue. I hoped that by opening night, if I did things like read *The Diary of Anne Frank*, I would have ready tears. For now, I just kept practicing. All of us kept practicing, getting ready for the run. Theatre People take their shows seriously.

The set was simple. Backstage was strung with wide metal strips that gave an appropriately cold, hard feeling to the stark furnishings. Our costumes were simple too. Crosland had toyed with the idea of making the judges surrealistic — doing up their faces as skulls. (The publicity pictures of the judges were, in fact, cadaverous.) Finally, he left their faces undone but draped the men in long, red robes. My own costumes were simple and frankly hideous. One was a forest-green suit that looked like a box with shoulder pads; the other was a polka dotted polyester creation with huge pleats extending from the waist. I looked like "Madame Hips" in it.

Tom Rogers came to almost every rehearsal, often frantically rewriting a scene when it just didn't click. At the last minute he deleted a prayer where Helmuth says to God, "I know you have called me to do this thing, though I don't understand why." I never knew if this deletion was theatrically or politically motivated. Some critics of *Fires of the Mind* had insisted that prayers on stage appear awkward and contrived. But there were deeper controversies than that surrounding the prayer scene. Could it be that the director — or whoever — wished to avoid suggesting Huebener had actually been inspired to resist the Nazi miasma?

After about five weeks of rehearsal, we were ready for opening night. I had read Anne's diary and had indeed been moved. Tuning in to Tchaikovsky and Pachelbel as I read had made my experience with the doomed girl's thoughts even more emotional. I had also read the awful scenes of tormented children in Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov* to get me ready. But even with my adrenalin flowing as I faced the audience, I could not cry.

So I faked it. A few movements of the shoulders, a finger under the eye, heaved breaths. The audience didn't know the difference.

I found that just as difficult as crying was serving the cranberry juice in the first scene without spilling it. In that scene, I leaned over, cup in hand, to say my line to Paul and doused his lap. I never meant it to happen, but it did — practically every night.

A week into the run he threatened me: "Tonight's the night," he said. "I'm kissing you in the first scene."

I begged him not to. (I don't kiss without rehearsal.) "If you won't kiss me," I promised, "I won't spill the cranberry juice on your lap." We shook on it.

That night I poured half the glass on him. I stared down at my accident — it was too big to be ignored; even the audience must have noticed — and Paul smiled tenderly at me, leaned across the sofa, and kissed me. I remember restraining a giggle, telling myself over and over that this was the real show. I couldn't crack up and say, "I'm sorry. I'm in a weird mood. Let's go back to the beginning." This was serious stuff here. I thought about the day my Aunt Carolyn died. I tried to recall how sad I had been and to mimic that image of myself at the funeral. It didn't work. I grinned through most of the scene. I tossed off lines like "The less we talk about it the better" as though they were jokes.

Spilled juice was only one fiasco, and a pretty minor one at that. There were others; our show was not miraculously protected. One night the prop girl forgot to put the cranberry juice out and Mimi said, "Oh, I thought I had it here, but perhaps it's in the cellar." She left the rest of us on stage to improvise conversation while she hunted it down. There were missed entrances and misplaced props. And the red curtain that draped the "execution chamber" kept falling down before the last act, when Russ was supposed to pull it over his head. There were tiny fiascos and little catastrophes, but the snow worked beautifully for the most part, and as a cast we became tightly bonded.

We had fun too. I remember Corey joking about how we could handle intermission: "Unt now, for your half-time entertainment, ve vill take three

of you from the audience, unt SHOOT you. You, you, unt you! Upstage NOW!" Still, when the play was over each night, there was a lingering reality that I hadn't often felt in the theatre department. Huebener's ghost was ubiquitous. This was probably because nearly every audience included German immigrants who had known him.

The real Karl-Heinz Schnibbe came three times. Word circulated through the cast that he had been in a Siberian prison camp and had weighed ninety-eight pounds when the Red Cross rescued him. You'd never know; now he was stereotypically tall, dark, and handsome.

He spoke to me in German after the first show he attended. I told him it was just the accent I had worked on; I couldn't understand the real thing. The other two nights he came, he embraced me after the show and called me "Mother Huebener."

Ruddi Wobbe, another co-conspirator and friend of Huebener's, came one night also. And other nameless Germans compared our acting to the truth they had known. "Yes, the judges were like that — but scarier. They wore red robes. Oh, I will never forget. Blood-red robes." "Ach, dat is yust how he was, dat Helmuth. But he cocked his head to the side all de time, like dis. During Sunday School, he vud do dis all de time." "Oh, yes, he looked so much like my Helmuth, but my Helmuth was smaller really."

We had scratched at truth, and we felt it. Somehow, all of us with our various insecurities and hidden agendas had done something significant and controversial. *Huebener* was a BYU "event."

We were invited to take the show to California, and Thomas S. Monson came to see it for approval. But after Brother Monson's visit, the Church said California was off limits. Crosland announced the decision before our penultimate show, encouraging us not to let it bother us, but to go out in a blaze of glory. The play, Crosland reported, would apparently summon too many memories in the German members and perhaps awaken old resentments. There could be problems. So our show was branded "verboten."

Tom Rogers was pretty subdued about the decision; at least he didn't make any public denunciations of the Church or Brother Monson. But we Theatre People were theatrically livid and energized.

Had we simply done too good a job bringing Helmuth Huebener back? Were people too ashamed to face his excommunicated ghost (for his posthumous reinstatement in the Church was only a sentence in the program)? And who had the right to censor us? What excuse could a government or a church possibly concoct to rationalize its silencing of a truth seeker? Were Tom Rogers and Helmuth Huebener — and everyone who had worked on this play — less important than those nameless German immigrants whom the Church claimed to be protecting?

We all said brave things. "They can't do this to us." "This story needs to be told!" Dave Sterego, who played the prosecutor, said he would write his own play about Huebener then if the Church wouldn't let this version go where it needed to. We were all of us like Karl-Heinz Schnibbe in that great court scene where the judges ask him if he has any questions. Schnibbe says

he does, then repeats the title of one of the fliers he and Huebener had circulated: "Where is Rudolph Hess?" (It was a great scene. The audience would still be tittering as the guard — Tom Nibley — slapped Corey who then bit a "blood" capsule and let the red juice slip down the side of his mouth.) We were like Karl-Heinz, confronting the Church bureaucracy, answering a faceless ecclesiastical judge with the bold, "Where is Helmuth Huebener?"

But, alas, the blood in our mouths was as fake as the capsule of juice in Corey's. We were just kids, after all, who had been playing around and had stumbled inadvertently upon this can of worms. The truth is, we were insecure and cowardly. We were impotent actors making impotent theatrical speeches. We had never intended to be more than actors. And when it came right down to it, we weren't. None of us lost our heads. But we did become more dedicated to the play. Closing night found us vigorous and defiant in the comfort of our roles.

We toasted Huebener in the last scene of the last night, closed the show, struck the set, took off our make-up, had a party, and went back to being our regular selves.

That was ten years ago.

Several of us have been divorced since then; some have gone through excommunications of their own; all have had to come to grips with the hard realities of life. (When Scott Wilkinson's wife left him, a friend told me, Scott looked like "a lost puppy.") I kept in contact with several of the cast members, and so I know some of the trials they have faced since closing night. We have all starred in our own tragicomedies.

My big trial was a divorce, something I had not even considered possible in my youth. I remember coming home from Venezuela, where I had been living with my now ex-husband, and sitting on Tom Rogers' living room couch trying very hard not to cry (oh, that delicate balance between emotion and restraint!) as he said so gently, "I want to tell you, I feel that this terrible thing is not your fault." How I loved Tom, that sweet, empathetic author of controversial plays!

And the play Tom had created — the play that had, for a couple of weeks, resurrected Helmuth Huebener — has stayed with me more than any play I have ever worked in.

For me, Huebener is more a reality today than he was ten years ago. I have grown up, married, divorced, remarried. I have seen more wickedness than I ever imagined I would. I have seen it even in my own nature. I look at the world now with mature eyes — a mother's eyes — no longer innocent, no longer insecure. I watch my mischievous, willful son and wonder what awaits him, where he will go, what he will do, what he will stand for. I wonder the same, often, about myself. I have scripted some of my own answers to the questions, but scripts can be changed when they don't work or when the world demands other answers.

I have thought a lot, too, about why the Church closed us down. I finally understood the decision (though I still didn't agree with it) through the ex-

communication of a friend who had seen the show and had said to me afterwards, "This play means more to me than anything. You can't understand how much it means. Someday, you will."

I do understand now. My friend's cause was polygamy, not, in my opinion, as heroic as anti-Naziism, especially since I know his wife and six children and have seen how, intoxicated by his cause, he has betrayed them and deceived himself. But I can see how he and other on-the-fringe Mormons might find justification for their costly decisions through Huebener's story and by Huebener's posthumous reinstatement and heroification. It was more than tormented Germans the Church was protecting. But how I wish Huebener could be honored here as he is in his homeland. Honored, even, by the Church he loved.

My husband went to Berlin last year and visited the chamber where Helmuth Huebener was beheaded. He brought me a pamphlet describing the victims of Naziism who had lost their lives in that dark room. "Helmuth Huebener," says the pamphlet, "was a member of the American cult, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." There was a picture of the boy beside this epitaph.

I read those words several times and looked at Helmuth's picture (this was the first time I had seen what he really looked like.) I felt I knew him. A young kid — half my age — who had cocked his head "like dis" during Sunday School, had flirted with girls, maybe thought about getting married, certainly thought about doing something important with his life. An insecure kid whose mother had been divorced and whose world was often gloomy and despairing. A quarterbackish kid with dark, wavy hair, light eyes, and dreams. Youth itself at the brink of possibility, full of innocence and purpose.

I think if I could do that prison scene again, I would hold on to the boy even tighter than before. And this time, I know I could cry.

The Man at the Chapel

Karin Anderson England

I WROTE TO MY MISSION PRESIDENT for the last time almost two years ago during the final week of my mission. I think I expressed my love to him and my gratitude for the example of faith and commitment he and his wife had shown me. I was sincere, and I believe I still am when I assure myself these emotions have not changed; but I am disturbed at the resentful thoughts of him that return more frequently now than during the first eighteen months I was home. My resentment troubles me.

I know I am making him a scapegoat; he too readily personifies my ambivalence toward eighteen months of excruciating confrontations with myself. I know I don't understand the positions he had to take in order to meet the responsibilities of his calling. Still, too many faces haunt me — too many images return to me that seem to have no relevance in my present life. The pain and dilemmas come back at the times I most want to forget them, and he looms behind them all.

I don't know what happened to the disheveled man and woman who knocked on the locked doors of the church foyer in Jonesboro, a few miles south of Atlanta. By chance all of us were there — it was a Tuesday morning, and we had interviews with President. I was more concerned with the flaws in my companion than with the welfare of penniless travelers or even of our few investigators. President must have endured far too many complaints like mine. I can't remember what remedies he had for an ailing companionship; I hadn't wanted to blame myself enough to listen.

I do remember the dull faces that peered in the door as my companion spoke to President in the Sunday School room. Elder Lessee let the couple in. The man explained as he stared at the carpet that he had been in Florida looking for a job which had not panned out. He and his family had stayed longer than they had anticipated, had not planned to be jobless so long, and

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needed just enough money to get back home to Wisconsin. If we would lend them the money, the man said, he would pay it back when he resumed his former employment there. I wondered how long it took to drive from Georgia to Wisconsin. The woman glanced obliquely at the trophy case as she excused herself to return to a crying child in the car.

I realized I hadn't seen a space for contributions to wayfaring families on the tithing slips, but I knew that many of the local Protestant congregations provided relief funds and even sleeping facilities in their churches. I guessed that such services were necessary functions of Christianity in the mission field.

I assured the man that we could help them, he only needed to wait for President, who emerged a few minutes later with my tearful companion. He looked surprised at the unexpected visitor who stood, with his hands in his pockets, by the door. I leaped up to make officious introductions, then sat by my companion in a burst of exemplary righteousness. As I explained the situation to her, President withdrew farther into the hall with the man, then sent him back to the foyer until he could finish interviews.

Sister Goodliffe and I tried to make conversation with the man and Elder Ryan pulled some pamphlets from the missionary rack and asked if he would like to read. The man smiled politely and said no thanks, he thought he'd better wait in the car with his wife, leaving us to ponder the cosmic influences that must have led them to the doors of the true church at this hour.

When President emerged with Elder Lessee, we waited expectantly to see Mormon welfare in action. Instead, President told us to go home and he'd see what he could do. I asked if we could all give five or ten dollars (my father wouldn't mind, I knew), to get the family at least a few more miles toward home. He told us it wouldn't be necessary. I asked if we had some kind of fund for these occasions, like the Baptists did, and he said no. Not much could be done if they weren't members of the Church. People did this too often, taking advantage of charities.

So we left him with them. I remember a grimy toddler staring out their car window as we pulled away from the parking lot. I am quite sure that President must have given them help or money himself. I hope so. I really wish I *knew* that he did.

I began to understand over the next ten months how naive I was to believe my church could relieve the poor and hungry of the South, let alone the whole country or the Third World. I began to see that giving one of my consecrated mission dollars to every unfortunate person I met would soon make me as penniless as any of them. Sometimes I pondered the potential justice in relinquishing all that I had, but I never gave everything away. I still had enough to buy groceries every week. I did not learn on my mission, except maybe vicariously, what it really meant to go without.

So why am I angry with my mission president and the Macon Ward when I think of Mary Johnson? I hardly knew her. The sisters before us had taught her, and the elders had baptized her in spite of the reluctance of the bishop and the ward mission leader, Brother Dickey. He had told those sisters, just as he had told us, that they shouldn't tract in the "Projects." Those areas were

simply too dangerous, and converts there only brought welfare and inactivity problems into the ward.

True, but what could those sisters have done? When they called at a home where Mary worked, the lady of the house let them in, listened for a few minutes, and let them out again. Mary overheard, asked for one of the pamphlets they left, and called the sisters that night from a laundromat pay phone.

She lived in a hot, barren Project apartment with her three youngest children and was frequently visited by her grown children when they lacked a place to stay. She had no electricity or phone. She had sacrificed those services to pay the gas bills, more concerned about cooking food and warming the apartment in winter than lighting the three squalid rooms. In summer the rooms stayed relatively light until almost ten o'clock if the family unlocked and opened the doors and windows. Although the neighborhood crime rate was high, Mary felt safe as long as it was light.

I could hardly make myself believe, when I met her, that Mary was the woman who had, of her own initiative, called the sisters. She seemed stupid and sullen at first. Her eyes were dull and averted as we introduced ourselves as the "new sisters." She let us in without a word. The conversation was strained. I felt her spirit momentarily, though, when Sister Alder brought out the lariat her family had sent from home. We went outside to watch her rope the kids and garbage cans. Mary hung back in the door, embarrassed at the attention we "white girls" were attracting among the neighbors, but the children were so delighted that Mary finally dropped her inhibitions and laughed, long and rich and free. She met our eyes a few times after that and walked us out to the car when we could no longer see in the apartment.

I still have difficulty believing that Mary ever summoned the nerve to commit to the demands of the restored gospel. In her case, the commitment meant more than the tithing mite she could pay from each meager paycheck. It meant she had to endure the stares of her neighbors each Sunday as she got into the car of an uncomfortable member of the ward missionary committee for a ride to a white church, to a chapel finer than any building she had ever been in. It meant sitting alone because even the best-willed members felt too foreign to approach her. It meant clinging to the always temporary sister missionaries for support, understanding more with each new pair why we could so much more easily than the "real" Church members boost her in her baptismal promises.

Mary had shown so little trust and confidence in us that I was surprised when she was waiting for us one Sunday, lurking like a backward teenager in the foyer's alcove. She looked right at me and said, "Sistah Anderson, I got to talk to y'all."

We couldn't find an empty room. Finally, we went through the stage door and sat on the steps in the dark. I could see Sister Alder's pale face in the dimness but nothing of Mary except her eyes turned toward me. They glowed with tears and disappeared as Mary leaned into my arms and sobbed for almost five minutes before she could speak.

She simply wasn't surviving financially. The paycheck she brought home from full-time housework wouldn't even pay the gas bill. Her twelve-year-old daughter wanted to come to church with her, but she didn't have a dress to wear. Cedric was on the free lunch program at the elementary school: without that she probably couldn't feed him enough. Her oldest son had left his girlfriend and had come home to stay. She didn't know for how long. He didn't have a job.

I thought of the bishop and the ward mission leader and wondered if they would find the time and money to help beyond the obligatory tokens. I wondered if either would have the self-control to spare us a sermon. I felt helpless as Mary pulled herself together and looked away in humiliation. We all went into sacrament meeting, late, and sat together on a back bench. I couldn't take the bread and water. I felt too guilty, sick at the luxuries of my race and geography. The woman who spoke talked about decorating our homes so they would be beautiful places for our families. I couldn't believe it. I don't remember what her husband discussed.

Mary asked us to drive her home after the closing prayer. We protested briefly, hoping the next two meetings would offer her more, but gave in, breaking mission rules to take her home in our Church-owned car. We returned and sat miserably through the rest of the meetings.

Later, at home, I couldn't summon the energy to pray for strength. Perhaps writing a letter to President that day was a prayer, in my mind. At least I knew he existed; I had seen him and shaken his hand. Maybe I hoped he would have better access to an answer than I did. Maybe I couldn't understand the answer, though — I didn't hear back from either him or God. I didn't even hear whether the ward found any solutions, because I was transferred five days later.

I left some of my clothes behind for Mary's daughter — a meaningless sacrifice, since I had gained weight and they hardly fit anymore. I don't know whether Mary ever got them or whether she ever brought her daughter to church. I don't think I would feel differently if I knew what had happened. Nothing will change that Sunday.

Trying to explain my emotions now won't alter what happened. I was only a spectator then, even when I was drawn in and petitioned by the actors. Now I'm only an outdated witness, accusing authority and deity of callousness with only a dim knowledge of any higher operations. I know that, at least in part, my anger was fundamentally rooted in sign seeking. I wanted miracles that would make my mission president and all the hierarchies he represented as reassuring as my father, who performed wonders without price or prerequisite every day in my "real" life, two thousand miles away. I wanted salvation from ugliness and poverty the way my father provided salvation from freeway breakdowns, untyped college papers, and unpaid expenses. I didn't want to understand a God who did not demonstrate the same reliability for his daughter Mary — or for me.

Or for Melanie, the girl I met in Mableton with my last companion, Sister Laurence. I sometimes feel an urge to call my mission president and confess

the lies I told him that month. I'm almost certain he knew something of them. Since he never pressed us to confirm his doubts, I have hope that we had his partial, uncertain approval. However, I don't think he knew the extent of my blatant disobedience in a situation that could have threatened our lives and that troubled my companion's conscience and peace of mind even more than my own.

Jim, a young man from the Smyrna Ward, called early one morning with a referral. He stammered through a description of his night shift as a convenience store security officer. Melanie, a girl who worked at a store on Fulton Industrial Boulevard in one of the most crime-ridden areas of the city, had called for his help when threatened by an exhibitionist. During the two hours he spent with her, he brought up the subject of the Church, to which he had belonged for six months. He asked us to visit her.

We did, of course. We pulled up to her apartment building with some trepidation. It was in a bad part of town, and we had to enter a dark, filthy hallway to find her door. Melanie answered in her nightgown, unconcerned about who saw her that way. She let us in with no questions and invited us to sit on her grimy sofa. A two-year-old boy with no diaper peered at us from the kitchen, and a little girl a year younger slept on the floor. After my eyes adjusted to the dimness, I saw a deep welt under Melanie's right eye. Her eye wasn't swollen, but the welt was so dark it was almost black and must have been six or seven days old. I tried not to let it distract me as we talked to her.

We didn't manage much of a discussion. Melanie did most of the talking. She interrupted herself frequently with inanities and digressions, laughing heartily at her own jokes. The two most complete stories she told us were accounts of the exhibitionist the night before and a high school experience in which two Mormon missionaries had nearly succumbed to the enticements she and her girlfriend had offered during a postcurfew joyride.

We had few investigators then, although we had been working hard. We longed for something to replace the hours of fruitless searching and empty report sheets. I knew Sister Laurence and I were both straining to see potential in Melanie. I kept trying to see divine manipulations in the exhibitionist's appearance on the night a Mormon security guard would be free to chat with Melanie, who must, somehow, be more receptive to the gospel than we could discern.

We returned two days later. Melanie was dressed this time, wearing jeans and a T-shirt with an obscene message on it. She was very glad to see us, and we managed to present more of a discussion. She listened intently to our promises that she could have her husband and children forever. She shifted.

"I want the kids, but I sure don't want my husband forever," she said, jarring us with her raucous laugh. "Why do I want to spend forever with a guy who beats the hell out of me?"

Suddenly serious, she told us how she hoped every night he would not come home, how, when he did, he was likely to pound her until she was senseless. He had assaulted and abused both the children. He kept the car keys, drove Melanie to and from work, and each payday picked up her minimum wage

check and kept it. I think of this now and cannot believe she was ignorant and frightened enough to have permitted such a lifestyle, but the world was different there. I was beginning to cower to it almost as much as she did.

My companion and I walked back to the car in silence. I was remembering too many things I had been trying to forget — old acquaintances caught in the same traps: alcohol, drugs, abuse, and neglected children. Desperate lives that fed on pain, misery, and betrayal. Friends who suffered and yet mercilessly betrayed my attempts to help or understand. I wanted to forget we had ever met Melanie before she could feed my disillusionment.

Sister Laurence was dumb with horror and outrage. She had never encountered anything like this. I wanted to explain, to warn her, but I could only smile dimly as she stared at me, her eyes and mouth wide open. Although we still had several things to do that day, none was important enough to keep our minds off Melanie. I called the mission home when we came home for the night, but President was out of town. I talked to his wife, wondering at the naiveté in my voice as I pleaded, "I know it's not our calling, I know we can't take care of everybody, but isn't there anything we can do?"

Her compassion was genuine and immediate. I cried with relief as she assured me that we should try to find help. She told me to call LDS Social Services and assured me that it would be appropriate to call our bishop. She asked me to call her with an update.

The Social Services office was closed for the night, but we called as soon as it opened in the morning. I explained the situation to the secretary. She asked, "Is she a member?"

I reminded her that we were missionaries and that Melanie was one of our investigators.

"Has she been to a state agency?"

I explained that I understood the state could do nothing for the children without knowing their legal entity, and they had no birth certificates.

"Does your bishop know about her?"

I told her no.

"Well, we have to charge twenty-five dollars an hour. Can she pay for that?"

"No."

"Can your ward finance it?"

I told her thank you, I'd call the bishop.

"Tell him he needs to send us the referral. It has to go through the proper channels."

I hung up, shaking with anger, and called the bishop. He was at work. I told his wife I would call that evening.

We saw Melanie that day. She woke up to answer the door and looked relieved to see us. We sat down to tell her what we had not yet accomplished but didn't get through it all before her husband kicked open the door. My heart nearly stopped. Melanie hardened and Sister Laurence looked as though she were going to shrivel where she sat. He stared at us.

"Who's this?" he demanded.

"The missionaries I told you about." Melanie spoke in a belligerent, toneless drawl.

He looked at my companion, then spun to glare at me.

"Get the hell out of here. Don't come back."

I stood. "Come with us," I said to Melanie. "We'll take the kids."

"No, you'd better go," she answered. Her eyes pushed into mine. She mouthed silently, "I'll call."

We left, brushing past her husband in the doorway, horrified to be abandoning her. He slammed the door behind us. We heard him shouting before we were out of the entry hall.

Unable to concentrate on missionary work, we went home and called the mission office. President was still not back. We tracted halfheartedly until we knew the bishop would be home. He explained with some frustration that he had his hands full with ward members and simply could not stretch himself or the ward welfare fund any further, especially for someone who wasn't a member of the Church.

I believed him, but I couldn't accept his position. My church, my religion, my faith could do nothing for a woman too ignorant and defeated to help herself. I could see no solution to the circumstances that made her what she was or that put her in that position, but I wanted something to get her out, to give her the option, if nothing more to try again.

We didn't have to call President that night. The phone was ringing when we returned to our apartment. I listened to Sister Laurence recounting the details as I changed out of my missionary dress. Her voice was touched with hysteria by the time I returned to the front room. She handed me the receiver. I knew who it was, but still his voice startled me.

President said he understood my concerns and that Melanie's situation was very serious, but he also knew better than I did how dangerous that kind of situation could be. He reminded me of the all-important rule that missionaries not get involved with the personal problems of their investigators. He told us not to see Melanie again.

The questions I'm asking now occurred to me then, but I was too close to the situation to articulate them. The one that seems most obvious now was at that time little more than a dim paradox plaguing me throughout my mission. How could I teach the most fundamental principles of morality and existence without becoming personally involved? Further, how important *was* my safety? I could not risk my own safety without risking my companion's also. We both had families who loved us and worried about us and would suffer if we were hurt. On the other hand, our reverence for gospel forbears is at least partly based on their willingness to transcend mortal fears and serve God in spite of threats and dangers.

We missionaries certainly risked ourselves each time we solicited an invitation into a stranger's house, even in the suburbs. We increased the hazards when we walked and tracted our way through the poorer sections of our area. I'm sure none of our leaders ever guessed the frightening route we drove twice a week, long after dark, through the worst industrial sections of Atlanta to

teach two young boys to read. Still, they did know there were risks. We all hoped that the Spirit would protect us in our righteous purposes. I knew that looking for danger, indulging my passion for adventure through a false sense of supernatural protection, was foolhardy. I did not know where to draw the line between being foolish and exercising faith.

We hadn't asked for Melanie or for the brutalities of her existence. Yet we were there, her only link to a civilized world and, as far as we could see, her only hope for deliverance.

I hung up the phone, went to bed, and stared into the darkness all night. Was God testing my obedience? Or my ability to discern his will? Or did he simply see no other way of helping a defenseless woman and her children?

Melanie called the next night, just as we were leaving to meet an investigator at the church for a homemaking meeting. She was hysterical. Her husband had just gone, leaving Melanie's head spinning from his assault. Both children were screaming in the background. She was afraid the little boy's arm was broken.

Her husband had left his spare car key on the dresser. Melanie wanted us to take her to the warehouse where he worked so she could take the car and leave the state. She didn't know where she would go. I was sick. I told her we could do nothing for at least two hours. She calmed and assured me he would be at work all night. They would be safe until I called.

On the way to the church, Sister Laurence demanded to know what the conversation had been about. I told her, and we were silent for the rest of the ride. Our investigator didn't come. We hung back at the doorways, feeling awkward and alien without a legitimate reason to be there. We examined the stocking reindeer and cotton snowmen with forced enthusiasm, then eased our way out of the cultural hall and into the darkness of the empty chapel. We sat in the center and, without any signal between us, dropped to our knees between the benches and prayed in silence.

I don't know how long it was before I noticed Sister Laurence looking at me. She whispered, "Can we say a prayer together?" She bowed her head and waited for me to speak. I prayed for Melanie and for us. I asked that Melanie's husband be kept all night in the building where he worked, especially when we took her to the car. I prayed the car would start, once we got there, and that we would be forgiven for disobeying our leaders. I prayed for a witness that we should help, that we would know we were doing the right thing.

I stopped, and we both stayed on our knees, pleading silently for an answer. I felt nothing but stubbornness. Sister Laurence followed me out to the car, and we drove home. We loaded everything from the refrigerator into a bag and drove to Melanie's house. She came out to meet us as the headlights flashed across the building, and we went into the apartment to help her carry the whimpering children and the single suitcase to the car. We drove down Fulton Industrial to the warehouse. We turned the headlights off and crept around the lot with only the parking lights until we found her husband's car. Sister Laurence and I each gave her the fifty dollars we kept for emergencies in accordance with the missionary rulebook. Melanie took the groceries and the money

with characteristic flippancy and said, "Well, thanks. I really appreciate this."

She put the children in the long Ford sedan and, after two halting starts, drove away.

We trembled in fear and relief all the way home. We lay awake all night, waiting for Melanie's husband to call, or break down the door, or suddenly appear in the bedroom. We expected, in the morning, to hear from Melanie herself, telling us that she had come back, that the car had broken down, that she had decided to give her husband another chance.

When the phone did ring and we heard President's voice, we were sure that our disobedience had been revealed to him and he was calling with severe chastisement; but his voice was warm, his confidence in our trustworthiness apparently unshaken. I lied to him, telling him that everything had worked out, that Melanie had moved in with her parents in another state, that there was no longer anything to worry about.

We never heard from Melanie again, and we saw nothing of her husband. She may have gone right back to him, one hundred dollars richer and with a few more groceries than usual, or she may have gone straight to another just like him. The further I get from the experience, the more I convince myself she somehow put herself right back into another hopeless situation. I am distant enough from that world now that I can tinge my memories with self-righteousness; I catch myself believing that Melanie's contributions to her own plight somehow made it foolish for us to help. I can see the help we gave her as the futile token it was.

She still comes to me, as Mary does, and the family in Jonesboro, and hundreds of others for whom I could do nothing, who made me hate myself for my blessings and ineffectiveness. President is always there, too, behind them, less distinct and urgent but representing the selective conscience of the enchanted world I live in. I want to reach to him and bury my face in his white shirt, obliterating the spectres around me. I want them to go away and him to stay, but they are too large for my will. They will reverberate, absurdly, in my eternity, and so will he.

Here's the Church

Kathy Evans

While the organist pumped
"Let Us All Press on in the Work of the Lord,"
and the chorister flapped her arms
like a whooping crane, and some sat there
on the second row as straight as poles
for the welfare beans, we sat
folding embroidered hankies, rolling
the corners, making two babies in a linen cradle,
rocking them from our fingertips, and playing
"Here's the church, and here's the steeple.
Open the doors, and here's all the people."

While infants cooed and were jiggled,
while babies bawled and were carried out
or put over the shoulder for a blasphemous
burp, while children squirmed and wriggled,
and the old men in the high priests quorum
snored over the din of the sacrament hymn;
while the high councilman in severe tones
went on and on about chastity, charity,
and the three degrees, we sat there
in our Sunday dresses, first nylons, and new
pumps, whispering the names of the deacons
we'd date: Butch Fulkerson and Brent Parhduhn,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

I always felt we were inside a plane, strapped
down together by an invisible safety belt.
Some would bail out into oblivion, others
stay right on course, and a few, not only called
but chosen, would fly directly into the blue
runway lights of paradise. And what of us,
we two, who remained seated under the No Smoking
sign? We, who counted our sins as the good shepherd
counts his sheep; we, who stared
at the deacons much too long? Where would we
land? Stewardesses or ministering angels?
Wives of the priesthood bearers? Mothers
of all those spirit children, waiting
like the hankie babies we held in our hands?

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The Case for the New Mormon History: Thomas G. Alexander and His Critics

M. Gerald Bradford

MY OVERWHELMING FIRST IMPRESSION of Thomas G. Alexander's "Historiography and the New Mormon History: A Historian's Perspective" published in DIALOGUE (Fall 1986) is that the author, in the words of a character in a recent Paddy Chayevsky screenplay, is "mad as hell and is not going to take it any more." This is unfortunate. An article, ostensibly devoted to clarifying the theory and method of a new approach to Mormon history, becomes instead a largely polemical attack on some whom Alexander considers critics of his way of writing Mormon history.

Obviously historians hold profoundly different opinions on how to write Mormon history, differences that are not just academic but go to the very heart of understanding the Mormon tradition and hence affecting the faith of believers. And yet, with all that has been written in the last twenty-five years, we still do not know much about the historiography of this new approach. A well-thought-out article, clarifying this situation, accurately portraying the various sides in the matter, and presumably defending one approach over others, would have made a real contribution to the much-needed dialogue on this subject. But on each of these fronts, Alexander's article comes up short.

Instead of identifying and assessing methodological claims made by New Mormon Historians[1] or otherwise discerning presuppositions at work in their writings, Alexander proposes that this new way of writing Mormon history is an example of a larger scholarly effort he terms "human studies." He spends

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[1] Alexander identifies only a few New Mormon Historians, but I believe he would include in the group himself, Leonard J. Arrington, Davis Bitton, James L. Clayton, Lawrence Foster, and Jan Shipps. He might also include Marvin J. Hill and Melvin T. Smith, although he feels these two "go too far in the direction of detaching their personal religious and moral views from their work" (p. 39).

a third of his article trying to establish that human studies, manifesting a "relativistic historicism," are free from secular or naturalistic biases ("positivistic biases," as he puts it); he then claims that the New Mormon History, since it is a part of this humanistic endeavor, must also be free from any positivistic taint. As I read Alexander, he does not adequately support either claim.

Alexander describes human studies in terms of "positivism" and "historicism," [2] and explains much of the latter notion in terms of the "genetic fallacy." [3] He takes his definition of "positivism" from the nineteenth-century evolutionary thinking of August Comte (p. 27), who stated that all human knowledge is contained within the boundaries of science (the systematic study of all phenomena, human or otherwise) and the explication of the laws embodied therein. Not surprisingly, Comte rejected the unverifiable speculations of theology and metaphysics. Alexander also refers to a twentieth-century version of this movement, known as Logical Positivism or Logical Empiricism (p. 27), but does not point out how this version developed beyond the earlier position, nor does he seem to appreciate that while both of these views of positivism have become largely outmoded, this ideology has had, and continues to have, a profound influence in the natural as well as the social sciences.[4]

[2] Alexander uses the term "historicism" in at least two ways: (1) an older, absolutistic view associated with such thinkers as Plato, Hegel, and Marx, whereby general laws or principles of historical development enable us to predict the future course of history (Alexander does not describe this view in these terms or in reference to these thinkers but seemingly has this position in mind when he quotes from Meyerhoff and Windelband [p. 31, n2; p. 32], even though he confusingly speaks of a "third" type of historicism); and (2) a modern relativistic view, whereby all historical claims or events can be understood only in light of the presuppositions, interests, and concepts of a particular culture at a particular stage of development (p. 42). Alexander associates the first view with positivism and sees the second as a rejection of positivism (p. 32), noting that the second view sees "generalization, models, hypotheses, and paradigms as aids in understanding rather than as tools in predicting. Such generalizations and models are also not 'truth' in any absolute sense of the term" (p. 33). I fail to find in his discussion, however, support for the claim that "relativistic historicism" is wholly free from secular and naturalistic presuppositions and that, by association, the human studies are free from positivistic influences.

[3] Alexander's definition of "relativistic historicism" is unclear, in part, because he chooses to deal with the notion in terms of the "genetic fallacy." He never says what he means by this latter term, except to say how this mistake can be avoided, namely, by the historian demonstrating "convincing causal connections between the thought of historical personages and their cultural surroundings" (p. 34). Whatever Alexander has in mind here, it is not the genetic fallacy. This is a mistake in reasoning whereby something is wrongly described or evaluated, solely in terms of its origins. For example, it is a mistake to conclude that because consciousness originates in neural processes, assuming for the sake of argument that it does, that consciousness is nothing but neural processes. Alexander seems to mean by the term an erroneous explanation of something based on a mistaken account of its origins. Fawn Brodie was wrong about the Book of Mormon by claiming that it originated with Ethan Smith's *View of the Hebrews*, for instance, according to Alexander (p. 31), but he never tells us why. In any event, his use of the term is confusing; it does not go very far in telling us what he means by "relativistic historicism" and is no help in establishing his main point, which is that this version of historicism is free from all secular and naturalistic influences.

[4] The positivist influence continues in various forms of behaviorism and in sociobiology, psychoanalysis, and especially its latest incarnation, psycho-history. A recent study concludes that

> positivism has left a mark on philosophy that is still very much in evidence today. . . . And even if the "verifiability theory" is not accepted, it is still regarded as one of the

Furthermore, nowhere does Alexander establish his key point that human studies are free from all secular and naturalistic influences. He gives a lengthy account of one view of historicism that emerged in the late nineteenth-century and that is associated with human studies. In one broad sweep, quoting or making reference to such luminaries as Friedrich Schleiermacher (p. 31), Max Weber (p. 32), Michel Foucault (p. 32), and Freud (p. 35), not to mention Hippolyte Taine (p. 27) and Nume Denis Fustel de Coulanges (p. 42), among others, Alexander contends that this historicism, by virtue of being part of human studies, sought to distance itself from the more extreme stance of the positivists, but he fails to show that this effort was wholly successful. The preponderance of the evidence seems to be to the contrary.

As to Alexander's assertion that the New Mormon History is an instance of human studies, he simply states, "I believe the New Mormon History is an aspect of the historicist tradition within human studies" (p. 31). Nowhere does he provide enough detail for the reader to conclude either that New Mormon History is an instance of what he is calling human studies or that it is free from positivistic biases.

Aside from this theoretical groundwork, the real thrust of Alexander's article is to answer the claims of two groups of critics of the New Mormon History. But in reconstructing the position of his opponents and in dealing with their charges, Alexander, once again, comes up short.

He deals with the first group, the "secularists," in less than two pages. These are scholars such as Klaus J. Hansen and Mario S. de Pillis, historians of Mormonism noted for their distinctive approach to the subject and hence their opposition to the New Mormon History. Alexander respects these critics and acknowledges that they understand the work and objectives of the New Mormon Historians, but he differs with their interpretation of Mormon topics strictly in secular and cultural terms and accuses them, in a rather telling phrase, of being in error in "attempting to move [the New Mormon History] more toward positivism" (p. 31).[5]

The second group, called "traditionalists," includes David E. Bohn and Louis C. Midgley, both political science professors at Brigham Young University, and two graduate students, Neal W. Kramer and Gary Novak. Unlike the "secularists," these individuals are not historians, but Alexander groups them according to their peculiar criticisms of both the "secularists" and some of the New Mormon Historians. Alexander directs his anger at the "traditionalists," clearly feeling that their opposition to certain historians, himself included, has become something of a "cultural purge" (pp. 44–45, n5). (I

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standard options, and a standard point of departure, in discussions of meaning and in philosophy generally. A student of philosophy today could hardly fail to encounter it, and he will be expected to know what may be said for and against it (Hanfling 1981, 1–2).

Much of what is said in this passage about the impact of positivism on philosophy applies as well to the social sciences.

[5] Alexander considers the "secularists" only in terms of their criticism of his methodology, but these individuals are historians of Mormonism first and critics of other approaches second. Comparing and contrasting these two approaches to writing history would have been helpful.

wonder if this group might not better be called the "gang of four," given Alexander's tone.) Alexander is "personally frustrated" (p. 44) with these critics and devotes nearly two-thirds of his article to settling accounts with them.

Even though Alexander says it is "imperative" that bridges be built between the New Mormon Historians and their "traditionalist" opponents (p. 45), this is only after he has accused them of misrepresenting the New Mormon Historians by "the selective citing of quotations out of context" (p. 38) and of "completely [failing] to understand the views of those they attacked" (p. 45). Furthermore, he claims, they have "not [refrained] from personal attacks by insinuating or stating that the New Mormon Historians who are Latter-day Saints are enemies of the Church" (p. 46) and there is "little reason to believe that they will not continue to misrepresent the views of the New Mormon Historians" in the future (p. 46). Unfortunately, most of these charges are not documented. Whatever else Alexander is trying to achieve here, his objective does not appear to be bridge building.

I find it disappointing that nowhere does Alexander fully describe the position of these "traditionalist" critics. Furthermore, what he does say about them is often confusing[6] as well as difficult to follow since a number of his references are to works that have never been published or are not readily available.[7] The rules of scholarship require a careful and accurate reconstruction of the position of one's opponents supported by references to sources in the public domain. Because this is not always the case, it is often impossible for the reader to determine whether Alexander's interpretations of his critics are correct or whether his countercharges are justified.[8]

[6] For instance, Alexander focuses on Bohn's view of objectivity, that historians think they can "escape from [their] own historical condition . . . and exist beyond time and space in some fourth dimension from which [they] can gaze upon the past objectively" (Bohn 1983, 23). Alexander first assumes that this definition is standard: that it is possible to "view an object outside oneself without personal bias" (p. 27). However, he later links this view with positivism to dissociate it from New Mormon Historians (p. 37) and holds that Bohn is wholly mistaken in attributing this stance to any of the New Mormon Historians. He then claims this notion is a call for absolute detachment, which for him is both impossible and undesirable (p. 38). Bohn, he argues, would be "hard pressed to find a single historian practicing today who believes that objectivity is possible in any absolute sense" (p. 37). Finally, Alexander acknowledges that some New Mormon Historians "have tried to detach their personal religious and moral views from their writing" (p. 39) in their search for objectivity. In other words, he comes full circle in his reasoning. After reading Bohn, I would conclude that both of these authorities probably agree on the impossibility of this kind of objectivity and on the unfortunate fact that some New Mormon Historians may have fallen victim to this. In any event, I think that Alexander's treatment of this notion confuses the very questions he is seeking to clarify and that he and Bohn are in fact quite close on this point.

[7] Of ten "traditionalist" sources he cites, three are published and readily available, three are published but in periodicals not readily available, and four have never been published.

[8] Alexander's reconstruction of Bohn's 1983 article "No Higher Ground" is particularly careless. Bohn, he states, "hypothesized that New Mormon Historians would 'theorize that he [Joseph Smith] was an epileptic and that his visions were the inevitable hallucinatory properties of his seizures'" (p. 29). Bohn gives the example, but nowhere does he ascribe the view to anyone in particular — it is simply a useful example for the point he makes. Alexander continues:

> [the New Mormon Historians] have accepted Joseph Smith's experiences as he reported them. In answering Bohn, Larry Foster, a Quaker who wrote one of the most important

These flaws aside, Alexander's line of development is essentially this: On one level, he charges these critics with a fundamental misunderstanding of what the New Mormon History is all about, resulting from their having made a "category mistake," which means, for him, that they are not "sufficiently familiar with the subject matter under discussion" (p. 26).[9] But Alexander also implies that his opponents are disingenuous in their intent. He can find no reason why these critics refuse to give any credence (in his view) to the New Mormon Historians' explanation of their own work other than "sheer arrogance" (p. 44). On this level, Alexander writes as if his critics know full well what the New Mormon Historians are up to.

Alexander, I believe, has neither made correct judgments nor grasped the fundamental issue in this confrontation. He has correctly focused on the question of positivism (or secularism, or naturalism) but does not seem to recognize the implications that follow. If I am right, this would account for his preoccupation with discovering a hidden agenda in his opponents' position and why he claims deliberate misrepresentation on their part.

The issue for Alexander is, rightly so, whether or not the New Mormon Historians are positivistic in their orientation. This charge has been leveled by the "traditionalists" not only at this group, but also at the "secularists" (pp. 27–28, 30–31; Bohn 1985, 2). But the "secularists" also see evidence of positivism in the work of some of the New Mormon Historians. Alexander cites E. K. Hunt, for example, who

> assumed that the New Mormon Historians use exclusively secular categories, and wondered "how . . . [they] integrate these religious tenets into their secular theories and assessments of facts." [Hunt] suggests that "religious experiences . . . cannot be

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early studies of polygamy, pointed out that New Mormon Historians . . . take Joseph Smith's experiences very seriously indeed. They are, he said, "among the most powerful religious experiences on record" (p. 29).

No doubt Foster takes the prophet's experiences seriously, but does he "accept them as Joseph Smith reported them"? Elsewhere he has stated that such visionary experiences are due to "internal psychological mechanisms . . . causing Joseph Smith to experience a sort of 'waking dream' of exceptional power and significance" (1985, 4). This, of course, is not how the prophet reported or accepted these experiences and certainly not how he understood them.

[9] As with his treatment of "historicism," "genetic fallacy," and "objectivity," Alexander's handling of the notion of "category mistake" is a prime example of his imprecision in dealing with key concepts. His charge is serious and, if proven, could support his claims about misrepresentations by the "traditionalists," but he does not offer a sound argument. Alexander quotes Gilbert Ryle in defining "category mistake" but stretches the application of the concept far beyond what Ryle means by the term. Ryle describes "category mistakes" as "systematically misleading statements" which are grammatically correct but semantically nonsensical. For example, Ryle suggests that it makes perfectly good sense to say of someone, "he has the habit of talking loudly." But it would be a mistake, and nonsensical, to speak of the "habit" itself as loud, since "habit [is] not the sort of term of which 'loud' and 'quiet' can be predicated" (1949, 33). A more sophisticated version of this conceptual confusion would be for a person to think he or she could relate to fictitious characters in the same way they relate to real people (1949, 16).

Alexander's claim, that his critics are not sufficiently familiar with the subject matter they are dealing with, simply does not describe a category mistake. Alexander appears to quote Ryle to this effect (p. 26), but this cannot be since Ryle nowhere makes this point in the pages indicated. Since he places so much emphasis on this claim (pp. 26, 41), I find his mistaken or purposeful misuse of this concept in his own criticisms to be quite serious.

> described or communicated in the same manner as ordinary experience that can be apprehended with the senses and intellect and that we generally refer to as objective," and that they must be interpreted as "metaphorical communications" (p. 30).

For Alexander, this charge can be answered by contending that the natural sciences are positivistic, while human studies are not, and by identifying New Mormon History with human studies. He is "frustrated" precisely because, in his view, the "traditionalists" either cannot or will not see what is for him a clear resolution of the matter. Unfortunately, I find in reading the published works of some of these critics, particularly two *Sunstone* articles by David Bohn (1983; 1985), that from their perspective Alexander's solution simply will not work — hence the two sides are talking past each other.

Bohn, for instance, in "No Higher Ground" argues that the social sciences, including ways of doing secular history, are products of the contemporary historical condition which he describes as a "broad but ill-defined sort of positivism" (1983, 28). I assume that Bohn, in describing the contemporary *zeitgeist* in the social sciences and humanities, has chosen the generic label "positivism" (he also uses "secularism" and "naturalism" on occasion). One may quarrel with his selection of terms, but for me his intention is clear, the label is apt, and he gives an adequate argument to defend his position.

For Bohn, the fundamental issue is not whether history follows the canons and perspectives of what Alexander would term human studies, as opposed to the natural sciences, but whether or not the "ideological baggage, the questions, values, and commitments which constitute" the worldview of secular historians are compatible with the subject matter being studied, in this case Mormonism (1983, 30). In Bohn's view, it is not enough that New Mormon Historians take seriously the claims and experiences of those they study; nor is it enough that these historians not detach themselves from what they study and exercise imagination and intuition in arriving at their interpretations. It is, rather, a matter of the presuppositions reflected in the language and concepts the historians use in rendering interpretations. For Bohn, it is a matter of competing hermeneutics, of competing worldviews.

Alexander never confronts this problem directly. He merely states, without further elaboration, "a particularly odd characteristic, it seems to me, is that works they [the "traditionalists"] have cited in an attempt to explain the points of view of the New Mormon Historians indicate a major interest in the philosophy of science and in phenomenological hermeneutics, not in historical methodology" (p. 41). Given Bohn's position, it is not surprising he and others would focus on problems in the philosophy of science and competing hermeneutical theories, since, for them, these concerns undergird questions of historical methodology. It is precisely at this junction that Alexander fails fully to comprehend the central issue at hand — hence, the real dispute between the New Mormon Historians and the "traditionalists" is never joined in this article.

In a section entitled "Dealing with God in History," Alexander claims that in doing New Mormon History, he uses

> models from the social and behavioral sciences and religious studies *to interpret the events; but nowhere* in that essay [he is referring to his 1976 article on Wilford Wood-

> ruff in *Church History*] *do I imply that the experiences were* purely naturalistic, false, or inauthentic, mere psychological projection, the results of biological or environmental determinism, or *anything but the memory of the people who reported them* (p. 40; italics added).

What is Alexander's point? On one level he seems to be saying that he only reports experiences as they are recounted by those who had them. Yet he also says he is interpreting, not just reporting, in terms of the categories of the social sciences and religious studies — that is, he is explaining the meaning or value of what others say they experienced. But to do this is to imply something. One cannot interpret and not imply. I find in this assertion strong evidence that Alexander has not understood the argument of the "traditionalists" and thus has not answered their objections by confusing the question of interpretation in the historian's work. Let me illustrate this point.

Asked how a historian should construct generalizations (i.e., interpret accumulated evidence), Alexander responds that the criteria are subjective, chosen according to what the historian thinks is relevant according to his own worldview (p. 36). On this basis, Alexander concludes that

> none of these scholars have produced narratives that tell the story exactly as Joseph Smith or Wilford Woodruff would have described it to their contemporaries. This is because historicists have a dual task: to interpret what was in the minds of historical persons and to answer the questions they perceive as most relevant to their contemporaries. The authors have also drawn on a wide range of models from religious studies and the social and behavioral sciences to produce their narratives (p. 40).

Alexander maintains that in proceeding this way the New Mormon Historians recognize no sacred-secular dichotomy — they are not writing secular narratives but accounts that interpret things according to *both* religious and secular categories (pp. 40, 44). What is missing, however, is an explanation of how such a "synthesis" of sacred and secular categories is possible, and more importantly, how such interpretations are able to avoid a reductionistic treatment of all things religious; that is, how they are able to prevent secular categories from gaining the upper hand. Certainly there is more to it than Alexander's promise that "religious" terms will be used or that "sacred experiences" will be taken seriously.

The categories of the social sciences and religious studies are hardly bias-free and in their own way reflect various worldviews, positivistic or otherwise, that may or may not be at odds with the Mormon worldview. Alexander cannot acknowledge using these categories and still interpret his subject in a way that is necessarily compatible with and supportive of the Mormon worldview. To assume that there is no difficulty in drawing upon the social and behavioral sciences and religious studies in this respect is naive. This is the central issue of the argument between Alexander and his opponents.[10] The "traditionalists"

[10] Some people write history, and in this case, Mormon history, using concepts and offering interpretations that imply a wholly secular or naturalistic worldview, where the notion of an "unseen reality," or of "God" as a transcendent being, simply does not come up, is not "real." Lawrence Foster, I would argue, holds to something like this position. When Foster interprets the Prophet's visionary experience, for example (see note 8 above), he

recognize problems in trying to write history that understands the Mormon tradition other than on its own terms and thus question the methods of the New Mormon Historians, who, on the other hand, favor this alternative way of writing Mormon history. Since Alexander does not address this key dispute, the separate arguments continue apace rather than meeting in useful dialogue.

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implies that whatever the Prophet may have thought was the cause of his experiences, and he always attributed them to God, they really resulted from certain peculiar, idiosyncratic psychic states. According to Foster's view, such experiences can always be explained in these terms and hence interpreted according to this view of the way the world is. Part of what makes Foster's view of such things distinctive is precisely its avoidance of any explanatory reference to what could be called, for want of a better term, an "unseen reality." This is not to disparage this view, but just to try and understand it for the purpose of contrasting it with other possible interpretive schemes. The rub comes when such a worldview is employed to interpret, in this case, a religious tradition that is conceptually and in every other way founded on an acknowledgment and acceptance of an "unseen reality." If one of the objectives of an interpretation is to enable us to understand something, and that interpretation proceeds in terms that are inherently alien or at odds with what it is purporting to describe and understand, then we should not be surprised when the resultant description does not "ring true," or in some key respects "misses the mark" and hence gives us little help in our quest for understanding.

The Bowhunter

Michael Fillerup

JACK SLOWED DOWN, LOOKING FOR A SIGN. Seeing none, he sped on down the highway, grumbling to himself. Dean could have given more specific directions — or better, first-hand instructions, not this friend-of-a-friend nonsense. It was prime hunting time, and he was going to miss it.

He drove another mile before turning around and heading back. Dean had insisted there was a sign: "Don Haines says Dave Alderman says . . . ." Jeez! Jack still couldn't believe it — no, he couldn't *understand* it: five years in Flagstaff and his brother had never been on the peaks.

"Too busy," he had shrugged. "Too many irons in the fire, I guess."

No. Too stuck-in-the-muck. Too damn housebound. Too Di-a-na.

Jack looked at the fast fading darkness and wondered if he hadn't made a mistake. The massive zigzag of the San Francisco peaks was emerging like a row of pyramids, eclipsing half the sky.

He turned onto an unmarked dirt road, his Chevy LUV struggling for traction, slipping and sliding along the muddy ruts, compliments of last night's thunderstorm. Several pickup trucks were parked along the shoulder where clusters of camo-coated hunters huddled around campfires, laughing, chatting, sipping from their mugs. He rolled down the window. The smells of fresh coffee and woodsmoke in the chilled September air filled his nostrils like sweetened snuff. He should have camped out too — to really do it right. But Carmen was already put out enough. Every excursion was like World War III now. The Great Compromise. A little tit for a helluva lot of tat. For two days of hunting in northern Arizona he had agreed to tack on to their vacation a week at Carmen's mother's in Provo.

The truck rattled across a cattleguard. A half mile up ahead a grove of aspens waited like an army in crazy green headdress. Tight ranks. Like an ambush, Jack thought.

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He pulled over onto a level, grassy area and unloaded his gear: a small day pack, a recurve bow with a seventy-pound draw, and a mounted quiver containing six aluminum arrows tipped with broadheads, razor-sharp. He liked to hunt light.

Fishing two tubes of camo paint from his pack, he squeezed some green goop onto his fingertips and smeared it over his face, throat, and hands. Checking his face in the side mirror, he broke up the ghoulish green with quick, short strokes of black. He had never been much to look at — porcine nose, swollen cheeks, a ponderous brow protruding above bleached blue eyes, the left one frozen in a permanent squint, like a boxer's swollen shut. Not like his younger brother, whose dimpled, baby-bottom cheeks and high-flown hair used to break all the girls' hearts. Tall, blond, slender. Classic California. Jack was six inches shorter and thirty pounds heavier, every ounce rock solid. "Orangutan," they used to call him in high school, as much for the ungainly length of his arms as the red fur carpeting them — and everything else: chest, legs, back, behind. (They had paid for it, though, on the football field with cracked heads and bloody noses.)

Jack looked at his painted hands and wondered what his old classmates would call him now. Camouflaged from head-to-toe, he looked more like a human salad than a would-be Nimrod.

A muddy trail snaked through a meadow of knee-high grass, rising gradually to where white aspens merged with dark, rain-stained pines. Beyond this, the mountains bulged like giant monuments, their silver peaks rising to sharp pinnacles that scraped the gray underbellies of the clouds. Back in Texas he would have scouted out the territory weeks in advance until he had found a frequented trail or bedding site and then set up his blinds. But this was mule deer country. Muleys were vagabonds, wanderers — nothing like the predictable, habit-manic whitetails back home. You couldn't scout a muley in July and expect to find him in the same spot in September.

Jack started up the trail briskly, with quick, military strides, his legs swishing through the damp grass. Soon his sneakers were soaked and his pants damp to the knees. He really hadn't come prepared for wet weather, but since it was only a day hunt he could manage all right.

He climbed over a barbed wire fence and soon found himself weaving through a dense mingling of aspens and evergreens. He moved quickly but quietly, trying to blend with the sounds and rhythms of the forest. Since taking up bowhunting five years ago, he was always amused by poetic descriptions of the "deep silence" of the woods. There was plenty of racket: squirrels chattering like gossipy old shrews, birds cutting in with machine-gun chitter, and from some invisible center, an inexorable buzzing — bees? yellowjackets? — a sound without a source, growing neither louder nor softer but pervading the entire forest. This was acceptable. This was music. It was human noise that stood out. A snapped twig was like clashing cymbals to a buck.

Jack gazed up at the intersecting branches raftering the slug-gray sky. The clouds were big, sodden sponges waiting to be squeezed. The weatherman's promise for clear skies was not to be. It was going to be another wet,

dripping day after all. An ambivalent blessing: although the moisture helped cushion his footsteps, preventing that brittle cornflake crackle that gave away September hunters, it could also make the stalking miserable, especially if he went a long time without seeing any signs of game. So far he hadn't — no tracks, no droppings, no scraped saplings or snagged bits of fur. Normally the sun was a nuisance — casting shadows, flashing warning signals off of rings and belt buckles — but today Jack would have welcomed a little color. Red and gold flowers were scattered about, but there was something moribund about them. Sapped of their brightness, they looked like popped balloons or scraps of crepe paper, a post-party depression.

He hiked on, carefully straddling fallen timber and easing around boulders barnacled with lichen. As he started up a steep embankment and the muscles began gripping in his thighs, he smiled. He loved a swift, tough climb. Soon sweat was oiling his back and shoulders. The faint spray of moisture on his face as he brushed past giant ferns piqued him like after-shave. But by the time he reached the top of the hill, he was feeling down again, and a little queasy.

Damn virus, he thought, lumbering along. All summer he'd been pestered by it. Since Christmas, really. It was either one long, lingering strain or a series of smaller ones. Either way, it irked him. He never used to get sick. Not even colds. But ever since Anna started kindergarten — "the germ factory," Carmen called it. "She brings home every virus in the book." This last was a bugger Jack couldn't seem to shake. He really should have stayed home and rested, to get over it once and for all. That was Carmen's advice, and Dean's. Fat chance! No way was he going to miss out on his hunt.

He stopped a moment to catch his breath. Skipping breakfast didn't help. He was nothing when his blood sugar dropped. Plus he was a little out of shape. Thank long hours with the Bureau for that. The paperwork! Much more than he'd anticipated. Well, that would change too.

He checked the piece of thread tied to his bow. He was downwind, so he began still-hunting — moving in super slow motion, like a statue trying to sneak from one end of the forest to the other without anyone noticing. Although his body was advancing at a snail's pace, his heart was thumping like an engine at rush hour. Yes. This was what he loved; this was what he had come for: the forest like a maze of surprises and possibilities. He was a time traveler stepping into the past, leaving behind cars, contraptions, videos, taxes, shopping lists, agent I.D. cards and putting himself on simple terms with the animals — primitive terms. *Their* terms. He shunned the devices of contemporary hunters — compound bows with their array of pulleys and cables; artificial scents, lures, rangefinders, and other gadgets to guarantee a kill. He hunted with a simple recurve bow he had fashioned himself — no sight, no finger release. Why, he didn't even carry a watch or compass anymore. Sensing his way through the woods by instinct, shooting by instinct. Bare bow and bare soul. He had once read that many Indian tribes used to undergo a prehunting ritual in which the hunters would literally transform into the animal they were to stalk, a prehuman flux. Likewise, he tried to feel himself into the animal.

And he was proud of his prowess in the wilds. Not bad for a kid from the

L.A. suburbs, raised on skateboards and street football. His old classmates were doctors, lawyers, and professors who drove El Dorados and BMW's. While they were working weekends to make even bigger bucks to buy even bigger cars, he was sneaking around the woods looking for spoors. Three, even two years ago Jack would have smiled at the thought, but lately he was beginning to wonder. Carmen, his job, the kids, life in general. He used to be so confident about what he had done, where he was going, how he was going to get there . . .

A soft crackle broke his train of thought. He froze, searching the woods carefully for an ear twitch, a gray hump hiding within the mottled green and brown. He had let his mind wander, suicide for a bowhunter. For every deer you actually saw, four or five had probably slipped by. He reminded himself to focus, concentrate.

He spotted a narrow opening between two pines where the grass was trammeled flat. A game trail. As he picked it up, he was surprised — happily — when several shafts of sunlight seeped through the overgrowth, dropping little gold pieces on the forest floor. The damp pine needles sparkled like sunken treasure, an underwater mirage. He felt a surge of anticipation. There were deer out there, somewhere. He could sense it.

Soon he found evidence: a pile of droppings beside a lightning-charred stump. They were dark brown, the size of unshelled peanuts. Elk. He mashed them lightly with his sneaker; the insides were moist. Fresh.

He ducked low and turned sideways to slip between two pines leaning against each other like doomed lovers. He had always wondered how elk, with their high, thick chests and branching antlers, could move so adroitly through such an evergreen obstacle course. Magicians, he had mused. Or spirits drifting right through the trees. Then, three seasons ago he had watched one in action. Picking his way through the timbered congestion, the bull seemed to know exactly the width and height of his rack and had dipped and twisted it accordingly, squeezing through impossibly narrow openings. A magnificent sixth sense.

As Jack followed the game trail, the forest sounds grew more pronounced, more lively and animated, as if the maestro sun had finally raised his authoritative wand signaling the wilderness symphony to commence. All prior noise had been an ear-grating exercise in finding the right notes. But the hole in the sky soon clamped shut, and the sketchy sunlight bowed to wintry gloom. He was climbing uphill again; he could feel it in his legs and lungs. The peaks were long gone, lost behind the wall of evergreens.

He hiked another mile before stumbling upon a flow of volcanic rock. It curved through a grove of aspens, dividing it in two, then soared quickly up the mountain to become its silver peak. In actuality it had taken a destructive downward course, burying anything in its path. Jack wondered how many millions of years ago the mountain had blown its top and sent its broken pieces tumbling down the hill. Was it capable of a repeat performance? Staring at the huge, lichen-covered blocks, he thought of Pompeii and those jungle-strangled cities of the ancient Mayans. The longer he looked, the more it

appeared as though some of the rocks were moving — subtly, stealthily. Like hunters, he thought. Sneaky bastards.

Still feeling queasy, he stopped for a short rest and a little food. He leaned his bow against a rock, removed his pack, and spread a plastic garbage bag on the damp grass. He sat down and began bolting down trail snack. Much better. He'd underestimated his hunger. No wonder he'd been feeling so down and out.

The surrounding branch and bristle reminded him of those line-drawing puzzles he used to do as a kid, where you try to find the little pictures hiding within the big. He noticed two squirrels chasing each other from branch to branch, like fuzzy-tailed trapeze artists. They reminded him of an amorous married couple, playful but forthright, the female intermittently stopping the chase to scold her suitor with jittery head and hand gestures that made Jack think of silent films. He chuckled softly.

From the muddy access road the forest had appeared as a thick buffalo pelt, triple-textured, shrouding all but the very tips of the peaks. Close up, though, it became a wonderland of subtle happenings and soap opera scenarios, a microcosm behind every tree — if you looked for it. On every excursion he made a point of noticing something different, something new. If he didn't, it was his own fault. He was out of touch, too bogged down with peripherals — the daily diaper duty of life. Funny, Carmen felt that way about church. "If you're not spiritually fed, you've only got yourself to blame. . . ." Jack disagreed. Sundays were sheer automata. Business as usual. The repetition tortured him.

He had joined half-heartedly — not exactly as a condition of marriage (she hadn't given him an *ultimatum*), but close enough. Although he had been attending regularly since then, he had never had what he considered a deeply religious experience. Oh, he'd had occasional inklings, Sabbath flutters, but nothing that took him by the shoulders and shook fire and thunder through him. The closest he had ever come was his baptism and confirmation. When Carmen's father had placed his gentle hands on Jack's rusty-haired head, confirming him an official Church member, hot and cold tremors had scurried madly through his body, like a cat-and-mouse chase. It was a weirdly fluish feeling, wonderfully strange inside and out, as if he had been stuck in the icebox and then tossed into the fire.

But the intensity of that moment — like love? passion? Carmen? — had gradually dissipated until now it seemed as if it had never happened, or at best had happened to someone else and he was simply reiterating the story. Now he was a Sunday Mormon. He prayed, fasted once a month, paid his ten percent, attended all (most?) of his meetings. Generally kept his nose clean. But it was ersatz. Letter-of-the-law nonsense. He was enduring to the end, kowtowing to some stubborn sense of principle and duty.

He took a swig from his canteen and ran a sleeve across his mouth. Cool and spikey going down, the water settled in his stomach with a satisfying, split-second spasm. Well water. Dean had that over him too.

He had wanted Dean to come along. Why else would he have come all the

way to Arizona to hunt? Colorado had twice the game and was half the travel time, if a deer was all he wanted. But Dean had hemmed and hawed and hadn't gotten a tag and license. Also, he was taking the kids to the county fair today, his three and Jack's two. That was his excuse anyway. Jack had sent him a bow for Christmas, a nice PSE compound, with instructions and a note: "Read! Buy a bale of hay! Practice! Practice! Practice!" Had he? Probably not. Diapers to change, dishes to wash, laundry to fold. Helping Diana with the household chores was one thing; doing half of them, when he was working full-time at the shop and Diana was home all day . . . it wasn't right.

But that was Dean. The stay-at-home. Momma's boy. While Jack and their father had traipsed off to the tennis courts, Dean was in the kitchen making Rice Krispy cookies with Mom. Still, as brothers they had enjoyed some good times together — ditching school and driving down to Ensenada for a day of deep-sea fishing, hot-wiring Mr. Levy's Cadillac and leaving it up for grabs on Mulholland Drive. . . . A shiver scurried across Jack's massive shoulders. What had once stirred fond memories now left him feeling mildly depressed, though he wasn't sure if it was because he had changed or his brother had. Or the world. Life had changed.

No, it was Dean. He could thank Diane — Di-a-na — for that. He was too nosey now. The little brother playing big. Everybody's keeper. Last night on his redwood deck, a black-light glow above the peaks, purple-on-purple:

"So how are things with you and Carmen?"

"Fine. Great. Like you say, it gets better and better. . . ."

This was a lie. Things had never been worse. Lately she had been acting more and more like Diana. The same banal arguments: she couldn't just take off and leave the kids, so why should he?

"It's not the same," he said.

"Double standard."

He refused to argue the point. She didn't understand. Besides, she didn't like the wilds. A two-hour picnic was her limit with Mother Nature. The ants, the dust, the mosquitos, the campfire smell. Leaves, twigs in the punch. Kids. Laundry. Pack and unpack. Every outing was cleaning the Augean stables.

She didn't used to be like that. He had married an outdoor girl — a hiker, a skier, a swimmer. What had happened? Kids. Kids had happened. Motherhood had sucked the life and vitality out of her. So because she couldn't — or thought she couldn't — he shouldn't? Was that her game? Misery loves company? No. She wasn't miserable, just hampered. And in many ways, self-hampered. *Everything* was a hassle. Going to the store, a movie, church. She rolled her eyes wearily: dress the kids, pack the diaper bag, get munchies, bottles; strap the kids in the car seat, stop, unstrap, put them in the stroller. Stop-unstrap-strap-go. It wasn't worth it.

But other women managed — Margie Johnson had seven kids and still got around town like a taxi driver. Deformed foot and all. (Jack never mentioned this when they argued; he was hard but not stupid.) Besides, he had encouraged Carmen to go out, make friends, take a college night course. Get out of the damn house for a while. He'd watch the kids. Do *something* to even the score.

"I don't have friends here," she had said, dripping with self-pity.

"Whose fault is that?"

"I had friends in Oregon."

Of course. She had loved Klamath Falls, and so had he. The town. But his job as assistant city manager . . . he was a rubber stamp, a paper shuffler. He had stuck it out two years before quitting to join the FBI. His military experience had given him an in. Immediately he was transferred from Klamath Falls. Sorry, the Bureau doesn't stake out utopias.

"We live in Houston now."

"I know. And whose fault is *that*?"

"Listen, I'm going hunting. I'll be back tonight — *sometime* tonight."

He didn't like being so gruff, but it was the only way. Every time he had given her an approximate hour, he'd been held up — a late hit, a late stalk. You can't leave the animal out there bleeding to death just to get home in time for dinner. Still, she'd held him to the deadline. Arms folded, tapping her foot, nodding: "Mmm hmm . . . mmm hmmm." The kids screaming like the end of the world when he trudged inside, dinner dished out on their plates, growing cold. Making the scene as godawful as possible.

"Dammit, you can't hunt on a time clock. It just doesn't work that way. You don't under —" He wisely checked himself. Accusations of not understanding were the very worst insult to an outdoor girl — formerly outdoor — a magna cum laude graduate who spoke three languages and had been published in the *Modern Language Journal.* She was no dumb blonde. But she didn't — she couldn't. . . . Not this.

"It doesn't work that way," he had said.

This time he wasn't lying. In fact, every trip now he drove further and further from home and hiked deeper and deeper into unfamiliar territory, as if intentionally trying to lose himself inside the forest labyrinth. At nightfall, when he should have been heading home, he would continue his aimless wandering as the full moon stalked him from tree to tree. He would hike until ten, eleven, midnight. Sometimes he would lie down on a bed of soft grass and close his eyes to the bubbling of a brook and the chanting of crickets and imagine himself falling asleep and waking up like Rip Van Winkle, with a beard to his knees. The thought always enticed him, but, ultimately, he would hike back to his car by moonlight and drive on home, stumbling into bed at three or four A.M. Carmen? She was out. Zonked. Slipping in beside her, he always wondered if he hadn't made a mistake.

But that was typical now. More and more he shunned company. He wanted to hunt alone, to be alone. And not just in the woods. At work he volunteered for solo assignments. At church he herded his little family into the chapel at nine sharp and beelined to the car right after the last amen. He took the rear exit, avoiding the hand-shaking mob. He boycotted church socials, dinner invites, any gathering of two or more. He was turning into a hermit minus the beard.

"Tonight," he had said. "Sometime."

No, he didn't like that tone. But if he was soft, accommodating, sensitive — like Dean? And where was Dean? Hemmed in, penned in. He had to get a passport and visa to go around the block. It was no way to live.

"I can't make friends *for* you."

"*You're* my friend — my best friend."

When she said that, he felt sorry for her.

"You *are*," she said.

Someday she was going to use the past tense.

Jack took a final swig and screwed the cap back on the canteen. His eyes quickly scaled the pines. The clouds had darkened in spots and grown threadbare in others, like faded blue jeans. The sun was a fuzzy blotch, a mole stubbornly trying to burrow its way through. Judging by its position, Jack figured it must be two or three o'clock. If he retraced his steps he would make it back to the access road by dark — no late stalks tonight: Dean would hit the panic button and send out the National Guard. Stuffing the canteen and trail snack into his pack, Jack surveyed the surrounding aspens as if snipers might be lurking within. A light breeze blew, shaking the lime-green leaves like sequins.

He had felt good heading out, but the queasiness soon returned to his midsection and quickly spread throughout his body. Nothing serious — feverish tremors, more irritating than distressing, but they were impeding his usually keen judgment. Weaving between the pines, he came on a fallen oak tree. It was rotten timber; he could see and smell the bat dung caulking the hollow center. Still, instead of going around — a minor inconvenience — he clutched a branch for support and slung his leg up over the side. The branch snapped and sent him reeling to the ground. A stupid, novice mistake. He popped up and brushed the wet pine needles off his backside. His shirt and pants were damp on the elbows and rear. He took his arrows from their bow-quiver and eyed each for damage. All okay. He hiked on, muttering self-reprimands.

The humming noise seemed to be growing louder. Was he nearing its source? Or had it centralized in his brain? Suddenly his head was buzzing fiercely. The whole damn hive must have been unleashed inside. He should have brought along a couple of aspirin, just in case. But he was too damn stubborn, self-willed. Had to do it *his* way. Because he was Jack W. Robinson, and he could outrun outhunt outhike outbike outlove. . . . He didn't need anyone or anything. Just like his old man. A carbon copy. That's what Dean had meant to say last night on the redwood deck. Why else had he ushered him outside so quickly after dinner? To show off Robinson Acres? All that he, Jack, could have had? Floodlights illuminated a lawn as big as a football field; the plastic dome over the swimming pool bulged like a giant blister. Every house in the neighborhood soared into the night sky like a churchhouse. Cathedral row. Was Dean rubbing his nose in it? No. That wasn't like Dean. He'd just wanted to clear the air.

"So how do you like your job?"

"I like it — I do." He nodded vigorously.

Dean got right to the point, more or less. "I could really use some help right now. I'm swamped."

Who was convincing whom?

"No thanks," Jack said.

"You're sure? This is no B.S., Jack. I really could use the help."

Did he think Uncle Sam was starving him?

"Thanks. We're fine. I like what I'm doing."

"You're sure?"

"Thanks."

Carmen would be mad — furious. She still made occasional digs about "the refusal." Semi-jokingly. But Jack had been a swinging single then. . . .

A small tear appeared in the clouds. Sunlight leaked through, tossing quick-glitter on the pines. Jack struggled along. He felt so listless, waterlogged. What was wrong? Every step another layer of mud stuck to his shoes. He was walking on twelve-inch heels, teeter-tottering on orthopedic feet.

He stopped to rest again. As he set down his bow and day pack, he saw a white flicker, a quick fuse, in the collage of green. A gray hump emerged from the shadows like a tiny island in the fog. Another hump, smaller and snow-spotted, followed behind. They were in no danger: it was buck season. Antlered deer only. Besides, he would never have shot a doe with a fawn.

The mother lowered her head and began nibbling the grass, but the little guy had noticed him. He was approaching on skinny, nimble legs, herky-jerky, like an old movie clip. Ten yards shy he stopped. Staring directly at the hunter, a camo-Picasso, he tilted his head this way and that, trying to make sense of the mottled configurations of greens, browns, and blacks, this human plant. He edged closer, five feet. Jack could have reached out and touched him. He was tempted — counting coup, like the Indians. The little fellow stamped his forehoof, jerking and twisting and ducking his angular head like a shadow boxer. Curious. Just full of it. Like Dean's kids.

Jack was thoroughly enjoying the spectacle, but the mother was not. Something was fishy, but she wasn't sure what. Intermittently she raised her nose, sniffing suspiciously. Seeing, smelling nothing, she resumed her cautious nibbling. Ultimately her sixth sense got the best of her. She stamped a hoof and motioned to junior with her head. Reluctantly the little guy obeyed but kept glancing back until they had disappeared into the shadows.

Jack clapped his hands triumphantly, violating the silence and sending a clattering of hooves through the woods. "Dean!" he gasped, looking around, almost expecting to find his brother there. "Dammit, Dean. . . ." This was it. To bag a buck was nice, but this was the real trophy. The journey truly was the destination.

Riding a momentary high, he spread the plastic garbage bag and sat down, recalling other deer he had taken. Two years ago, for the first time, he had almost been shut out. He had missed most of the season with special training for the Bureau. It was closing day, four A.M. Carmen didn't like it. "Sunday now? What do I tell the kids?"

"The ox is in the mire."

"Whose ox? Whose mire?"

"Yours. Mine. J. Edgar's."

"What next, Jack?"

"I'll be back . . . later."

He had driven to a wooded area an hour away and set up a tree stand. It was just after daylight when an eight-pointer began picking his way through the snow. It was a long shot, fifty-five, sixty yards, but he decided to chance it. He nocked an arrow, drew, anchored, released. The arrow hissed through the frigid air: one, two, three — counting to himself — forever it seemed. Then a quick double-rip, like fabric tearing, and the arrow bounced off an icy crust on the other side and scooted off across the snow. The buck looked around as if he had been struck by a pebble, lowered his antlered head, and continued nosing for grass. Then he folded up his spindly legs, lay down on his side, and calmly closed his eyes.

The rule was to always — *always* — wait a half hour minimum before retrieving your deer, no matter how sure the shot, because even a mortally wounded buck could spring to his feet and put a mile or two between himself and the hunter before dropping for good. But this time Jack had violated the rule, monkeying down the tree and sprinting to the animal. His instincts were correct. The arrow had nicked the heart and pierced cleanly through both lungs. A perfect shot, an instant kill. He skinned and gutted the animal in time to make it home for church at noon.

Another shot, two years earlier, had not been so perfect. Again he had shot from a tree stand, but this time it was autumn and the distance only thirty-five yards. But the broadhead had stuck in the buck's spine. He recalled the nightmare in painful detail: the animal lunging forward, his forehooves desperately pawing the ground as his hind legs collapsed; the grunting and snorting and awful head-heaving as he dragged himself miserably through the mud. Then Jack, sliding down the tree like a fireman, leaving half his palms on the bark, racing over and putting another arrow in the contorting animal, in the chest this time, the vitals; the buck's head rearing back, his anguished eyes glaring at his torturer — a split-second still-shot — then lunging again, twisting his antlered head as if trying to unscrew it, and the sounds — the awful snorting, choking sounds — the crippled leaps, blood dripping from both nostrils. Another arrow, another lunge. More flailing, grunting, snorting. "My God! Oh, my God!" He was turning him into a pin cushion.

Then the buck knife. Grabbing him by the antlers, sawing across his furry throat — a sloppy job; short, jagged cuts, the skin resistant, rubberized. Finally it gave, but a ghastly cry, blood-choke. "Dammit! Shit!" The vein! Get the vein! Not the damn vocal cords! He tried again, carving a fraction higher. The skin broke and blood gushed out like water from a faucet, smothering his trembling hands, splattering on the brown-and-gold earth.

Jack closed his eyes, bracing his forehead against his fists. That experience had almost made him give up bowhunting. He had sat out one season, a depressing winter. Housebound. Pacing the living room like a caged animal, staring out the perspiring windows at the gloomy Oregon sky, the eternal drizzle. No wonder the women went bonkers.

Three years later he had shot and killed a man. It was self-defense, in the

line of duty. What had bothered him far more than taking a man's life — this man's in particular: he was drug scum, a low-life who dealt cheap stuff to grade school kids, a playground parasite — was how easy it had been. He drew his pistol, he pulled the trigger, a man was dead. That simple. He remembered little about the man except that he wore a mustache. Brown. Wispy. Was he white? Hispanic? Married? Kids? Did he like baseball? Who cared? Who the hell cared?

Jack let his mind go blank. He listened to the squirrels shrieking back and forth and the never-ending buzz and the wind like an invisible presence, a cool hand stroking the back of his neck. He felt his strength dissipating again, a soft fever in his arms and shoulders.

He was on his feet. Grabbing his bow, shouldering his pack, heading out again. He didn't go far before entering an area that looked hauntingly familiar. The pines were sparse, arthritic, their crippled limbs cobwebbed with moss. Fallen trees were gutted, sawdust spilling out their jagged ends. The woods here seemed in a state of transient decay. Jack looked around, trying to get his bearings. No, he had not passed this way before. He decided to follow the downward slope, assuming that would eventually lead him back to the access road.

The woods thickened. Soon the pines were packed so tightly he had to turn sideways to squeeze through. Leaning and fallen trees barricaded every opening and thoroughfare. He crawled under some, over others, sneaking through gaps like a rat in a three-dimensional maze. An hour later, knees and elbows raw and bleeding, forehead lacquered with sweat, he stumbled onto another clearing: no. It was the river of volcanic rock. He was walking in circles.

His eyes followed the igneous flow up the mountain. A white mist spilled over the top, billowing downward like an avalanche in slow motion. Somehow he had gotten turned around. His built-in homing device had gone haywire.

Then he heard a sound like a rope being swung around and around — a huge rope, huge circles. He looked up and saw an enormous bird — eagle? condor? — beating its enormous wings. It was skirting the tops of the pines like a B-52 bomber. The bird traversed the gap in the sky and plunged down into the descending mist. Jack listened until he could no longer hear the haunting whoosh whoosh whooshing of its wings.

Gripping his bow, he started back down the mountain — or at least in the direction he thought was down. The woods looked dull and dark now, varnished without the shine. The aspens shook their leaves like a half-hearted cheering section. He told himself to relax, keep cool — follow the fundamental procedures. The Marines and the FBI had taught him that. But suddenly the forest had become his enemy. The pine trees glared at him like totem poles, every knothole a nefarious eye. He hastened his step to a trot. Soon he was sprinting recklessly through the woods, lowering his shoulder fullback-style and crashing through the branchwork. Limbs reached out like withered arms and clawed his camo clothing, scratched his cheeks, went for his eyes. He couldn't account for his panic; this had never happened to him before. Stumbling, he

took a shot on the hip that stung like a bullet. He scrambled to his feet and ran on, busting branches, trampling ferns and flowers, a human tornado.

He covered two congested miles in minutes. Sweat poured down his face and stung his eyes. He licked his salty lips. The sky had turned to soot. The mountain grumbled like a cantankerous old man. He was running out of gas. The nausea hit again, hot and cold tremors. He looked around, blinking, trying to clear his eyes. The trees were swaying like dancers on a crowded floor.

Again he ordered himself to slow down. His legs finally obeyed, but his heart raced on. His free hand was a machete hacking at branches. He began talking aloud — praying. Sort of. Except his voice, his words, seemed foreign to him. It was someone else speaking, uncertain quite what to say. Simple words, naive — like Anna and Jack, Jr.'s bedtime prayers: please bless Blankey and Pooh Bear and. . . . His words were repetitious but for once they were not mechanical. They were real. Please, God, please.

The mountain grumbled again, a cynical reply. His ankles and knees were growing stiff. Rusty hinges. Hot and cold tremors chased up and down his spine, and a sweat and mucus mix formed in his mouth; he swallowed some, spit out the rest.

He saw a dead oak tree up ahead, its thick, gnarled trunk caught in a tortured pose, as if it had been electrocuted. It reminded him of a painting: Gethsemane.

Then he noticed the buzzing had stopped. Everything had. The forest was utterly still. He recognized that silence. He had heard it two days ago when they had stopped at the Grand Canyon en route to Flagstaff. It was just after sundown. The Japanese tourists had capped their cameras and filed back into the tour bus like an army of black and white Munchkins. Carmen and the kids had also gone back to the car. Standing alone on the overlook, Jack had gazed down into the vast, multi-tiered cavity that looked like a stairwell to the center of the earth. It had appeared fake, painted on. Overhead, a crow was circling the empty expanse, pinching something white in its beak — bread for some homeless Elijah? As night filled the void like black water, Jack had listened to the bottomless silence. It was the sound of peace and death and what comes after. It was the earth sighing.

Listening now, he heard voices within the silence, whispers flowing secretly from tree to tree. Children's voices. They grew louder, rising to a glass-breaking pitch. He had heard that sound before also, walking down the corridor at church:

> Whenever I hear the song of a bird
> Or look at the blue, blue sky . . .

Then he had peeked through the little window on the door at the rows of young children, Anna and Jack, Jr., among them, singing obediently along. But his kids had looked so stiff compared to the others, like they had guns pointed at their backs. Especially Anna with her perpetual side-glancing eyes — big, brown, half-spooked. Checking the corners — for what? The boogeyman? Child molesters? Kidnappers in Santa Claus clothing? Had he and Carmen laid it

on too thick about not talking to strangers and staying close to Mom and Dad? No. They had been frank but tactful. Carmen was good at that. But little Anna sensed some inherent danger — congenital paranoia? — *out there*! At school, at the store, at the park. Walking on eggshells, like a doe in season. Flinching at everything.

Jack, Jr., was worse. It had been near impossible getting him to stay in the nursery. That worried forehead. His mother's high cowlick. Doomed to early baldness. But why was he so afraid to play beartrap with his cousins? When Dad and Uncle Dean had lain out on the floor reaching for daring victims, his cousins had charged right in, laughing when they were caught and trapped in a scissors hold. Jack, Jr., had played the wallflower, fingers in his mouth, blue eyes bulging. Caution was one thing, but intense paranoia? It was no way for a kid to act. Yet the vibes were there.

Whenever I feel the rain on my face
Or the wind as it rushes by
Whenever I touch a velvet rose
Or walk by a lilac tree
I'm glad that I live in this beautiful world
Heavenly Father created for me.

Beautiful, yes. The mountains were beautiful, the forests, the oceans and deserts. The animals, they were beautiful. People? The double-breasted executive, Mr. Yuppie, who lived in a castle on Houston's west side with his beautiful blonde wife and one-year-old daughter. A letter to his "business" partner: "I've been putting semen in her bottle at night to acclimate her to the taste...." My God. Sicko-weirdo. The world was full of them. The kid didn't have a chance.

Kids. If the perverts didn't get them .... The Houston man who blistered the buttocks of a two-year-old — Jack, Jr.'s look-alike, that same mournful look of imminent disaster. A fly forever on the verge of being swatted. He'd had an accident, a little dribble down the leg. So what? Hadn't Mr. Macho ever wet his pants? Whack! Whack! Whack! with a hairbrush. "Don't you never do that again!" Later, sniffling, rubbing his fist back and forth under his runny nose, the boy had crept back into the living room where Mom and Mr. Macho were watching TV. She was trailer trash. Swollen arms, swollen face. Levis that could barely contain her thighs. Hillbilly hair. Her boyfriend was spread out on the sofa, cracked vinyl with the foam rubber stuffing leaking out. Shirt open, beer dribbling down his chest, a tattoo on his upper arm: LIVE TO RIDE, RIDE TO LIVE.

"What did you learn, boy?"

"Ass hurt," the boy said, pointing to it. Miming Mom's vocabulary.

The man lunged and grabbed the boy by the arm, shaking him till his eyeballs did somersaults. "What? What the fuck did you say? I'll teach you to talk like that!"

He snatched the nearest thing — a pepper shaker — pried the boy's mouth open, and emptied it. The kid gagged, flailing his spider arms, then went limp.

The mother screamed — token protests, but they got her probation. The judge tried to strike a deal to have her ovaries removed, but bleeding hearts had rushed in screaming human rights. Human? Mr. Macho got ten. He'd be on the streets in two.

That was the beautiful world his kids sang about in Sunday School. The real world. Jack's world. This wasn't the Cosby Show. In the world he worked in, love was never spoken. Satan picked your nose and made you eat it. Shat and fed it to you on a cowpie platter. Carmen, Diane — what did they know about it? Dean, he knew something, but what he knew he was trying to forget. And Jack? He wanted, however blindly, to believe again.

He continued on, walking now, picking his way through the pines. An hour later when he once again found himself standing at the bottom of the volcanic river, he finally admitted to himself he was lost.

He closed his eyes, half-hoping that when he opened them he would be somewhere else. When he did, everything looked out of focus. Fog coming? Or was he going blind? Scales frosting up his eyes? No. Just the damn virus playing havoc with him. He removed his pack and began stuffing his mouth with trail snack. The raisin-nut-oatmeal mix had a fecal taste. He spit it out and rinsed his mouth with canteen water.

He hiked on, his queasiness giving way to despair. The buzzing started up again, from nowhere, and the taunting chatter of squirrels. His arms and legs were growing numb. He tried to wriggle his toes, but they had turned to stone. His strength was draining fast. He dropped his bow and fell to his knees, then onto his side. He rolled over onto his back and could feel the pine needles piercing him. I'm a pin cushion, he thought. It comes full circle.

He tried to move, but his body refused. He was staked to the ground. Gazing up at the branch-fractured sky, he admitted something else: he was afraid.

The clouds clamped shut. The thunderheads billowed like smoke from a devastating fire, and he heard the first faint plinks of rain.

It began as a soft, easy drizzle but quickly thickened until fat beads were splattering all over him. He mustered up enough strength to roll onto his belly and then, with nauseating effort, as if he were carrying the planet Atlas-style on his shoulders, he rose up on his hands and knees and squirmed the shoulder straps free. The pack slid down his back and hit the ground. He tried to unzip it, but his fingers were prosthetics. He finally managed, using his teeth, and removed his plastic poncho. But he couldn't get it on. His hands weren't cooperating.

Clawing the soggy soil, he dragged himself towards a fir tree and huddled underneath, head tucked like a skid row drunk, as the rain hurtled ruthlessly down. He looked up. Though it showed no burns or black scars, the tree looked lightning-struck. Skeletal. This whole part of the forest appeared to be cursed, scourged. The rain roared down, thoroughly drenching him. His camo clothing clung to him like an amphibious second skin. His teeth chattered. He hugged himself to stay warm. He was standing under a roof with no shingles.

My God, what had he done? What had he ever done? The day of his

graduation, his father shoveling down the rest of his Taco Loco, too hyped up to truly taste the Mexican chef's handiwork:

"We'll go fifty-fifty to start, and when I retire, I'll give you the whole damn thing! That won't be long — two, maybe three years is all."

Jack had forked a gob of cheese off his enchilada and studied it for the longest time as his father's cavernous smile gradually closed. No. Sorry. He couldn't see himself pushing pencils for the next forty years.

His father smiled, nodding. I'm a Vet, I understand, his pale blue eyes had said, dirgeful. He opened his billfold and dropped a fifty-dollar bill on the table — triple the tab. His paying hand patted Jack on the shoulder, then suddenly gripped it like a talon. His eyes were filled with tiny pink fractures. Jack was seeing him, for the first time, totally exposed. His bald head — the one that used to flash like a warrior's helmet whenever he charged the net with his Jack Kramer Special and slammed home the foolhardy lob of his foolhardy opponent — was wrinkled now, a turnip texture.

"Jeezos peezos, Jack, take the damn thing, will you?"

Jack looked down; he couldn't bear to see his father like that: pleading. "I can't, Pop."

"Who then? Who? You tell me!"

Dean? The Momma's Boy? Take over the dry-cleaning empire he'd built from scratch? It would fold in a week. Dean didn't have the temperament, the gumption, the balls for crissake.

"Sleep on it. Will you do that? Think it over?" He was begging. It was pathetic. He was.

"I have, Pop. I'm sorry."

"Goddammit all! You know what you're throwing away? To go play army?"

Jack stared at his napkin, spotted with enchilada sauce, like blood. Then he felt a thunk, his father's knuckles on the side of his head. Like old times. Except this time he did not call him knot-head or asshole. He didn't need to.

Two days later Jack boarded the plane for Officers Candidate School in Quantico. Did he regret it now? Standing on Dean's redwood deck at twilight, gazing across the fleet of multi-storied rooftops and the golf course receding into the pines like a rolling green ocean. . . . Dammit all, Dean! Dammit! Don't look at me like that — that mopey-dopey-eyed pitying look. I don't care. I honest to God don't care about your swimming pool and Cadillac and your clear-as-crystal well-water. Just please don't look at me like that. Don't think what you're thinking.

No. He was doing what he wanted. Maybe not what Carmen wanted or what Dean and Diane wanted. But you have to trade a lot to live like the lords and ladies of the mountain. White collar bark and beg. Here, boy! Fetch, boy! Roll over, boy! They needed so damn much — or thought they did — to be happy in the great American way. Hell, all he needed was a bow and a sleeping bag.

And an umbrella, he thought as the rain splattered down, varnishing fallen logs and lichen-covered rocks. He was lost in a rain forest. He fumbled with his poncho, but his fingers were rubber hooks. Fat and worthless.

Gradually the rain thinned. He stood up, but his legs were sand bags. He stumbled towards a huge log and sat down. It crumbled on contact. He was sitting in it, like a porta-john. The Great White Hunter, stuck! If Dean could see him now! If Carmen. . . !

Pressing down with his palms, he tried to lift himself out, but his arms were empty sleeves. He felt like a total ass. Where was his dunce cap? Dean could do no worse than this.

Thunder cracked the sky. The B-52 dropping its leftovers. The sky was black and boiling. Lightning slashed across it. The devil's pitchfork. Or God's crooked cimiter? The mountain exploded again, and the ground beneath him trembled.

Then a pellet struck him in the head. Another. Handfuls. Hard white bullets were striking the earth and hopping around like Mexican jumping beans, millions of them. Thickening like snow. Christmas in September. What next?

Jack covered his head with his hands and waited it out. Carmen would laugh if she found out — and it would not be a fun laugh. It would be sinister. Just desserts. Quiet, think-no-evil Carmen had summoned the gods on her behalf.

What had happened to Carmen? To him — *them*? Had they become dumb statistics, victims of the life cycle: boy meets girl, they fall in love, get married, have children; they grow old, they die. . . . When he tried, he could still see and smell those premarital summer evenings in the hammock on the porch of the old stone house overlooking the Provo Valley. Crickets, the muddy canal, the tantalizing redolence of fresh-cut grass. Warm nights, clear skies, the electromagnetic manta ray outline of the Wasatch. The cool aphrodisia of apple blossoms, Utah Lake paved with midnight, the furnaces of Geneva Steel lighting up the sky like Moses' fire by night. Her supple body in cut-offs that rode her thighs like a teddy, frayed hems on golden flesh, back when they were both virgins and permanently in heat, drunk with the mystery of flesh and summer and innuendo. Dangling the carrot. Playing her trump card so expertly. How they suck you in, those Mormon girls: a little hot necking, purring in your ear: "After you're married in the temple, do you have to wear your garments *all* the time?" Running a finger down his chest, his belly, to his belt. Always stopping there. The prenuptial tease.

Typical, that once the ring was on the finger . . . No. She hadn't planned it that way. Who could have foreseen? A universal lament among men. Maybe the Italians had the right idea — a wife for formal home life, domestic cares, public entourage, and a mistress for skin thrills. Sexfeste. To purge the male animal.

Or polygamy. Another erased option. Then again . . . one wife was plenty. More than plenty? If they only realized their holding power, what just an occasional surprise, to wake up in the middle of the night to her hand stroking your crotch — lips even. Yes. No. Go. It wasn't just the raw meat thrill of it either, but her, your wife, doing it to you and no one else. A stroke of righteous wickedness once in a while. If they only realized . . . . But maybe it was better they remained stale. On ice. Easier to get out the door.

Jack listened to the last hard pellets rebound off the pines. The clouds had shredded slightly. Jack sucked in the wintry fragrance — like Thor, tightening his magic belt to double his strength — and brought his fist down on the log: it gave way like balsa wood. Again. Again. Again. Smashing a gap around his entrapped buttocks, pressing down with both fists, he managed to lift himself out, but the effort sapped his little remaining energy. Three steps and he was on his knees. Dear God, Father . . . . He knew what he wanted, needed, to say, but the words — he couldn't articulate.

He closed his eyes, thinking, saying nothing. When he opened them, sunlight spotted the ground, a leopard look. The wet pine needles glistened brilliantly, yet little drops continued striking his camo hat. He looked up and saw a blue wedge splitting the grim clouds. Sunshine rain. The devil's beating his wife, he thought. Then he realized the drops were falling from the bearded branches overhead. He laughed, his voice booming through the woods. He felt his strength returning, a helium sensation. But when he tried to stand, his body crumbled. He lay twisted on his side, gunned down. Alone — so totally alone. As the sun spots dimmed, his spirit seemed to depart with them, leaving his wrecked body behind. Something grabbed him by the throat, his peppered throat, and reached down until he gagged. He was choking. Thrashing on the wet ground, clawing at his collar, he cried out. It let go. But the voice was not his but his son's. Whiney Jack, Jr., spindly, fidgety, nervous-in-the-service. And so damn tense. When he ate, his bowels knotted up and he would be constipated for days. Screaming on the toilet as he tried to push out baseballs. *Always* yelling — he had no other volume. Loud and louder. So intractable, demanding. Just like . . . Dad?

Jack had finally plugged his ears — his heart, too? Had he and Carmen grown accustomed to his constant racket, like the yellow jackets buzzing in the netherwoods? No wonder she looked dragged through ten knotholes at the end of the day. Zombie eyes. He ought to tell her, express at least this much. It was so damn hard. Hey, but that's life. He couldn't help — yes. Some things. His gruff homecomings. Eight, nine, ten o'clock sometimes. New job, long hours, commuting an hour to and from. Sure he was tired, too pooped to pop. But if there were dirty dishes in the sink, he'd look, grunt, mumble something — kids asleep? Grab his dinner from the oven, wrapped in tin foil. Wolf it down. Caliban. While Carmen quickly cleared the table and slipped off to bed to play possum.

The woods grew darker. His eyes climbed the pines. The sky was smothered again. An old woman's wind-ravaged hair. Witch whorls. Lying on his side, he curled up like an embryo and closed his eyes. Dear God, Father. . . .

When he looked again, little geysers were steaming up the forest, as if a great fire had been quenched. He rose to his feet and slowly, comically, like a drunk on a tightrope, began picking his way through the webwork. Eventually he stumbled across a game trail and followed it through a chain of small meadows, encouragingly familiar, that ended in a thick grove of aspens whose sour apple scent was weirdly inebriating. Where was he now? The white-trunked trees formed a protective wall around a garden of hanging vines and

flowers. Blossoms of all colors spotted the scene like bright wallpaper. Sunlight leaked through the branched rafters. Looking up, he saw deep cuts and slices of blue. Tiny prisms and mini-rainbows sparkled on the grass. Waist-deep in ferns, inhaling the green delirium, he began shivering again, but not from the wetness or the cold. He felt warm and weak but wonderfully so. Light as air. His spirit departing again but this time his body was coming along for the ride.

Then he saw it — them. There were two.

They were standing side by side, identical except one was slightly larger than the other, like a mature father and son. Big and beautifully black, a small tree branching from each head, they stood perfectly still, like statues chiseled from obsidian, staring at him as if they had been expecting him and were maybe a little peeved because he had kept them waiting.

Even if he had had an elk tag, even if he had been within range — fifty yards, fifty feet, ten inches . . . No. It would have been the height of petty human arrogance, like shooting an arrow at the sun or trying to build a tower to heaven.

Jack returned their stare, waiting, but for what he wasn't sure. He wanted them to stay, linger, approach even.

The exchange was brief. The bigger one, the poppa, lifted his head slightly — a dare? a challenge? an invitation? — waited a moment or two, then turned and strutted off, his miniature following like a shadow. The aspens seemed to momentarily part for them, an Arabian Nights phenomenon.

Then they were gone.

The barbed wire was a giveaway. He followed it up a small rise and down a mile or so to where the forest ended abruptly, a few feet shy of another fence-line. By the time he reached the trail, the sky had cleared except for a few clouds bunched up above the peaks. Birds twittered, and the aspens blazed flesh-white as the sun made a soft landing on the hilly horizon. It flared briefly, a phoenix-finale, then dropped out of sight, leaving only a gassy pink residue behind. The blue sky darkened. Calm waters. A coyote howled. Then silence. Jack paused to listen. It was the sound of twilight, of the wind. It was the sound of the rock he had tossed over the great canyon's rim whistling all the way down to the bowels of the earth. A bird, a falcon falling.

Forgeries, Bombs, and Salamanders

Salamander: The Story of the Mormon Forgery Murders by Linda Sillitoe and Allen D. Roberts, with a forensic analysis by George J. Throckmorton (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1988), xiii+556 pp., $17.95.

Reviewed by Jeffery Ogden Johnson, Utah State Archivist, Salt Lake City, Utah.

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE you will see an image that stays with you for years. On 16 October 1985 I saw an image that will be with me a lifetime: a burned out sports car and yellow ribbons cordoning off the street behind Deseret Gym. The yellow ribbons had been put there by the police to keep the curious back. The burned out sports car belonged to Mark Hofmann. As I drove by the scene on my way home from work, I did not realize how the bomb would affect the Mormon scholarly community. During the next months, the picture of that burned car would be flashed on television many times as reporters would explain new details of the case. The questions that were being asked those long months ago are the questions that are now answered by Sillitoe and Roberts in this book. Linda Sillitoe, one of Utah's finest poets and novelists, developed her skills in investigative reporting at the *Deseret News*. Allen Roberts is a Utah architect specializing in historical preservation who has published several investigative articles and historical essays.

Salamander is so well written and interesting, I had a hard time laying it down. Though books without footnotes usually make me very uncomfortable, the narrative style worked very well in this case. The lack of documentation could be seen as a weakness, but I assume that several sources did not want to be quoted and the popular format did not lend itself to footnotes. It could also be argued that the book would be too expensive if the extra documentation were published. I hope future researchers will have access to the research notes, including the many interviews.

The book opens with an account of the two murders. It details the cold-blooded way Hofmann went about the business of killing his friend Steve Christensen and bystander Kathy Sheets on 15 October 1985. It was the bomb that went off the next day and destroyed Hofmann's sports car that connected Hofmann with the mystery. This book cannot ascertain with surety the target of the third bomb, but the authors argue that it was not a suicide attempt as Hofmann later stated.

This third bomb connected the earlier killings with the Mormon historical documents business and put the historical community into a panic. Historical researchers and document dealers left their homes and took precautions to protect themselves and their families. Dean Jessee, Mormon document expert, and forensic expert George J. Throckmorton started putting the puzzle pieces together which led to the confession and imprisonment of Hofmann. Sillitoe and Roberts document how investigators slowly and carefully pieced together the evidence. This meticulous process seemed never-ending to those of us waiting for reports on the nightly news, but this book makes it clear why such care was necessary.

Many of us in the scholarly community acted like typical fraud victims. Many supported the perpetrator and refused to help the investigation, to the great frustration of the prosecution team. When the truth was revealed, most in the community felt pain and anger at the betrayal they had received at Hofmann hands.

Valeen Avery, past president of the Mormon History Association, in her 1988 presidential address discussed the price David Hyrum Smith, last son of the Prophet Joseph Smith, had to pay when his family refused to help him face the past. We are luckier. Sillitoe and Roberts force us to look at events in our recent past. Hopefully, a good clear vision of what happened can help heal the pain we all felt when we found we had been fooled.

The book's last few pages, written by George J. Throckmorton, contain information concerning twenty-one of the Hofmann forgeries. This part should be of special interest to archivists and history students. Anyone doing research in Mormon history should be aware of these forgeries. Several have been published or used in historical studies. The list not only includes the "Salamander" letter, but also the Joseph Smith III blessing; the Lucy Mack Smith letter to her sister-in-law (which I used as the basis for a sacrament meeting talk a few years ago); the Joseph Smith letter to Josiah Stowell (thought to have been the earliest known writing of Joseph Smith); a Betsy Ross letter; and the Joseph Smith to Jonathan Dunham letter (thought to have been the last known writing of Joseph Smith). It also includes the "Oath of a Freeman," thought to have been the first printed document in the United States. When the Library of Congress could not pay Hofmann's asking price for the "Oath" and Hofmann could not get the money to pay off his creditors, he took the desperate steps which led to murder.

Throckmorton states that 107 documents were proven forgeries and 68 documents could not be proven either genuine or forged. It is too bad that there is not a complete list of these documents in the book so prospective researchers or buyers could be watching for them.

Hofmann had begun to shape our view of Joseph Smith. The forgeries changed our perceptions of the Prophet's attitudes about folk magic and plural marriage, as well as his feelings the day he died and his opinions about a successor. The Lucy Mack Smith forgery made us think that Ishmael and Lehi in the Book of Mormon were relatives. The Church picked up this concept quickly and published it in several places. The explosion of the third bomb brought an end to Hofmann's influence and his forged documents.

Though the murders and forgeries were painful, I am glad that Sillitoe and Roberts have researched and written their story. This book will become an important document offering insight into our own times. I found *Salamander* to be interesting, well written, and important. Not only does it help us understand the Hofmann incidents, but it is a warning to be careful what we accept and who we trust. It also highlights the disastrous consequences of greed. Hofmann's greed affected more than the Christensen and Sheets families. The historical community lost a dear friend in Steve Christensen and a good deal of its credibility. Hopefully we can learn from the mistakes of the past, regain faith in ourselves, and again bring the highest standards of scholarship to the study of Mormon history.

Salamander: The Story of the Mormon Forgery Murders by Linda Sillitoe and Allen D. Roberts, with a forensic analysis by George J. Throckmorton (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1988), xiii+556 pp., $17.95.

Reviewed by Mary Blanchard, a graduate of the University of Utah in English, currently working on a masters in American literature and creative writing at California State University, Sacramento.

THIS IS NO ORDINARY MURDER MYSTERY; nor does it in any way exploit the people

Many of us in the scholarly community acted like typical fraud victims. Many supported the perpetrator and refused to help the investigation, to the great frustration of the prosecution team. When the truth was revealed, most in the community felt pain and anger at the betrayal they had received at Hofmann hands.

Valeen Avery, past president of the Mormon History Association, in her 1988 presidential address discussed the price David Hyrum Smith, last son of the Prophet Joseph Smith, had to pay when his family refused to help him face the past. We are luckier. Sillitoe and Roberts force us to look at events in our recent past. Hopefully, a good clear vision of what happened can help heal the pain we all felt when we found we had been fooled.

The book's last few pages, written by George J. Throckmorton, contain information concerning twenty-one of the Hofmann forgeries. This part should be of special interest to archivists and history students. Anyone doing research in Mormon history should be aware of these forgeries. Several have been published or used in historical studies. The list not only includes the "Salamander" letter, but also the Joseph Smith III blessing; the Lucy Mack Smith letter to her sister-in-law (which I used as the basis for a sacrament meeting talk a few years ago); the Joseph Smith letter to Josiah Stowell (thought to have been the earliest known writing of Joseph Smith); a Betsy Ross letter; and the Joseph Smith to Jonathan Dunham letter (thought to have been the last known writing of Joseph Smith). It also includes the "Oath of a Freeman," thought to have been the first printed document in the United States. When the Library of Congress could not pay Hofmann's asking price for the "Oath" and Hofmann could not get the money to pay off his creditors, he took the desperate steps which led to murder.

Throckmorton states that 107 documents were proven forgeries and 68 documents could not be proven either genuine or forged. It is too bad that there is not a complete list of these documents in the book so prospective researchers or buyers could be watching for them.

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involved in the excruciatingly complex and convoluted "Mark Hofmann story," a story of forgery, fraud, and brutal murder. More than a retelling of the incredible events which led to three bombings and two deaths in Salt Lake City on 15 and 16 October 1985, it is a fine piece of literature — deeply moving, cleanly written, and consistently compelling as it builds with high-style crescendo to a disturbing yet cathartic ending.

Linda Sillitoe and Allen D. Roberts faced an onerous task when they set out to give shape in narrative form to this bizarre story. Their joint research, meticulously thorough and virtually flawless, and Sillitoe's masterful sense of storytelling come together perfectly to illuminate a ponderous mass of information. Based on 145 pages of dates, times, and events which they compiled, the chilling saga unfolds; its plethora of characters, at first rather intimidating, becomes a group of well delineated, easily distinguishable individuals.

One of the most impressive features of the book is that it is intelligible to people outside the Mormon culture. Its tone is sophisticated, and the authors add no extraneous details, assumptions, or conjecture. They let the facts speak for themselves, without glossing over anything — including serious mistakes made by some LDS General Authorities. The form of the book is shaped by its content. The chapters are deftly organized so that sections explaining the forgeries are interwoven with sections about the people and events, reflecting while at the same time clarifying the complex and confusing nature of the story.

Signature Books, a regional publisher (one of the few dedicated to Mormon studies), has marketed *Salamander* nationally, and it is now the best-selling nonfiction book in Utah, according to the Intermountain Booksellers Association.

The photographs in the book are well chosen, and the forensic analysis by George J. Throckmorton which includes the infamous "Salamander letter" is fascinating. The authors provide no formal footnotes because the footnotes are built into the text. One might venture to say that other books on this subject are likely to be, at best, imitations of the real thing. It is amazing that Roberts and Sillitoe have managed in a sensitive and high-toned style to reveal the whole truth while being kind to everyone in the story. They have successfully eschewed whitewashing, and certainly no one's sensibilities should be offended by the truth.

Salamander does leave some questions unanswered. How did Mark Hofmann fool so many people for so long, including members of his family? How did he manage to supply document dealers with all the material they used to authenticate his forgeries? How could someone who would help a neighbor move during a rainstorm (p. 418) premeditate and coldly carry out the heinous crime of murder? Why hasn't someone done an in-depth psychiatric study of this manipulative, soft-spoken man with the sinister, sociopathic personality? Who was the third bomb really meant for?

The process of writing this book must have seemed at times like a protracted nightmare, but the authors knew, as did Shakespeare, that "foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes." It is profoundly satisfying to read *Salamander*, mainly because of the stark contrast between Hofmann's web of lies, deceit, and murder and the way Sillitoe and Roberts unveil the reality behind it all. It somehow makes the losses of Steven Christensen and Kathleen Sheets real for everyone.

Joseph in an Alternate Universe

Seventh Son by Orson Scott Card (New York: Tom Doherty Associates, 1987), paperback, 241 pp., $3.95.

Reviewed by Sandra Ballif Straubhaar, a sometimes-employed professor of German and humanities residing in Michigan.

THERE IS A TIME-HONORED TRADITION in science fiction and fantasy of the "alternate universe" story, set in a time and place partially familiar to the reader but with carefully chosen differences. Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle* is set in a time much like our own *except* that the Axis powers were victorious in 1945; Katherine Kurtz's *Deryni* books are set in a world rather like medieval Wales, except that magic telepathic powers play a significant role. An author may or may not devise a rationale for the existence of the alternate universe; the story-type has become so commonplace that readers seldom demand one. Certainly Mormons should have no trouble suspending disbelief in such cases: our cosmology embraces "worlds without number," allowing for infinite variation.

Orson Scott Card's new fantasy series, of which *Seventh Son* is the first volume, is based on just such an alternate universe. What we have here is the Joseph Smith story, in fair detail, in a universe in which magic — New World folk magic such as hex signs, dowsing, treasure-seeking, Native American magic, and the like — works. It promises to be — dare I say it? — a white salamander story. (The books haven't gotten that far yet, though; it will be fun to see if the salamander makes it into the series or not.) Much has been changed, of course, including many of the names of the principal players; but there is hardly a well-known episode in the life of the young Joseph Smith that doesn't somehow make its permuted way into the book.

In Card's alternate vision, enlightenment and Protestant sentiments in England have resulted in numbers of visionaries and magic-sympathizers being deported to the colonies, where magic is openly fostered. This allows the aging William Blake to be on hand on this continent to tutor the young prophet and Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin to be admired for their skills in wizardry as much as for anything else. As in any other alternate-universe story, much of the delight of the narrative comes from working out the details of the permutations. Here Card does not disappoint us. Fantasy-reading friends of mine who have had no clue (until I informed them) of the doctrinal punch line that must inevitably come (in book three, I figure: book two, *Red Prophet*, is only out in hardback and so I have not read it, but I have heard that it is not the conclusion) have without exception enjoyed the story hugely thus far, chiefly because of these intriguing permutations.

I can't help but wonder what will happen to these charmed readers when they get to the First Vision, though. But perhaps Card won't get around to it. We've already had Moroni, or something like him. Some of my gentile friends were alarmed to hear that the other-worldly visitor who advises the Presbyterian minister (sometimes in the form of a dragon — or is it a salamander?) is intended to be The Devil, in capitals: what was he doing in a nice little nature-celebrating story that didn't seem to be substantially occupied with Christian mythology? (You mean this is going to be a pro-Christian story? What a waste!) Increasingly the story is going to have to take sides, for better or worse, from here on out; in book one it has already begun to do so. For instance, if there are any Presbyterians left who are passionate enough to be offended, this book has offended them; and those same fundamentalist Protestants who have been alienated by a certain section of the temple ceremony will, if they read the book, be alienated again by it. Surely Card knows how delicate his task is: to retell the Mormon sacred story in a way that honors the original but also entertains (without preaching at) the countless fantasy fans for whom our sacred story means nothing.

No book is perfect, of course. For instance, Card has again noted the "soft pink squishy" (his words!) nature of female flesh, an image that I have remarked on in previous reviews. Lithe muscular women do not abound in Card's universes, but rather pendulous-buttocked and -breasted

ballooning beauties. (The young prophet's sisters are just such a bunch: they wobble flabbily as he chases them upstairs, intending to goose them.) In addition, the (intended) lively, earthy family talk that fills the books is not always, in my view, effective; the characters are sufficiently convinced of their own cuteness that I am reminded of the excesses of Heinlein's later novels. Presumably, though, what can't be cured must be endured.

Some years ago I expressed in print my disappointment that Card, an obviously talented writer in a largely transcendental genre, did not invest his writing with more explicitly Mormon themes. Now he has done it, and in spades: he has chosen the biggest Mormon story of them all. The Joseph Smith story is something that unfailingly calls up shivers and awe in the most jaded Latter-day Saint, regardless of our disillusionment with modern mega-institutions and attitudes. The raw chutzpah of choosing that story takes one's breath away. So far Card has not disappointed us, for the most part. I would venture to say that the Prophet himself would at least smile at this enterprise.

Honoring Arrington

New Views of Mormon History: Essays in Honor of Leonard J. Arrington, edited by Davis Bitton and Maureen Ursenbach Beecher (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1987), 438 pp., $19.95.

Reviewed by F. Ross Peterson, professor of history, Utah State University, and editor, DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT.

LEONARD ARRINGTON deserves to be honored. Nineteen of his professional associates, former employees, and friends have each contributed to this book a previously unpublished essay to thank a man who fostered their individual careers. Although Arrington's contributions are highlighted in the introduction and the volume ends with a detailed bibliography of his work, the essays do not focus on him or on his all-too-brief tenure as LDS Church historian from 1972–80. Each essay covers a topic of special interest to its author; only the authors' appreciation for Arrington links the pieces together.

In some respects the volume is a historiographical statement. During Arrington's years as Church historian, numerous scholars, young and old, inside and outside of the Church, were able to utilize Church archives and records in an unprecedented way. The result was a "New" Mormon history or at least a new view of the Mormon saga. Indeed, historians produced numerous volumes and articles published by scholarly presses and professional journals. The "in-house" publications also benefited by the breadth of historical research and writing. Numerous religious historians like Jan Shipps, Lawrence Foster, and Mario dePilis considered Mormons writing objectively about their own historical experience new and exciting. Arrington and his colleagues shared a brief but fleeting moment of open scholarly glory.

But the reality of writing objective institutional history in a grand way became dangerous to the larger Church institution. Arrington's plan for an officially sanctioned, eighteen-volume sesquicentennial history was scuttled in midstream, he was demoted, and his division was exiled to Brigham Young University in Provo — minus the historical documents.

Most of the contributors to this festshrift participated with Arrington in that shining moment. They offer here articles that exemplify what Arrington sponsored and encouraged. Their work is in areas familiar to them; their narratives are neither threatening nor earthshaking. Like Arrington himself, the essays are appropriately calm, dispassionate, and straightfor-

ward. Each has considerable merit, but none will change many critical minds who champion a need for creative historical analysis rather than narrative description. However, their efforts deserve a close reading. I was most excited by two essays about women in the Church. Carol Cornwall Madsen's "Schism in the Sisterhood: Mormon Women and Partisan Politics, 1890–1900" and Jill Mulvay Derr's "Changing Relief Society Charity to Make Way for Welfare, 1930–1944" make significant contributions and fit well together in this collection since Arrington championed women's issues and history. The political and social welfare contributions of Mormon women were and are tremendous. These essays certainly paint an alternative picture to the stereotype of homebound, downtrodden Mormon women.

In the final analysis, this collection of essays adds significantly to Mormon historiography. While the viewpoints are not necessarily new or intended to revise earlier preconceptions, the essays are good history, and they do service to the mentor and colleague honored. They illustrate a continuing need for a complete and open analysis of the Mormon historical experience. Until the Church overcomes its fear of history, we must view the Arrington period as a mirage, so near, yet so far.

A Celebration of Diversity

A Heritage of Faith: Talks Selected from BYU Women's Conferences, edited by Mary E. Stovall and Carol Cornwall Madsen (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1988), 191 pp., index, $10.95.

Reviewed by Helen Cannon, a teacher in the English department at Utah State University.

IN 1986 DESERET BOOK published an anthology of talks selected from BYU women's conferences. That collection, *Woman to Woman*, as the title suggests, included talks exclusively by Church women. Now, a 1988 anthology includes both male and female voices.

That is one difference in the two collections. Another is that, while *Woman to Woman* listed no editor, *A Heritage of Faith* credits two competent ones, Mary E. Stovall and Carol Cornwall Madsen, who have selected and arranged the talks (from 1985, 1986, and 1987 women's conferences) thematically under the headings, "Seeking Spirituality," "Coping with Hard Realities," "Inspiration from the Past," "Women in an International Church," and "Individuality and Community." Though the talks probably were not originally written to those assigned themes, they fit nicely under the headings now.

Stovall and Madsen have gathered here a balance of the bold and the conventional, of the provocative and the familiar. Consider, for instance, ninety-year-old Camilla Eyring Kimball's candid view of old age as "a time of dependency on others after a lifetime of being self-sufficient," a comment she immediately tempers with the reassurance that old age can hold the "satisfaction of enduring to the end by being faithful to important values in life" (p. 4). In a similar balance, she notes dangers of learning, while fondly relating her lifelong love of study and teaching. Citing 2 Nephi 9:28–29, Sister Kimball concludes "that learning has its risks. But on the other hand, ignorance has its risks too — just a different set" (p. 8).

Patricia Terry Holland takes a hard look at the complexity of women's concerns and cautions against the Paula-Perfect Syndrome of being "caught in the crunch of trying to be superhuman instead of realistically striving" (p. 12). From experience she counsels for a "stilling of the center," for an "acceptance of diversity," and for faith in a Mother in Heaven. This section

also includes talks by Dallin H. Oaks and Carolyn J. Rasmus.

In the section "Coping with Hard Realities," besides Francine R. Bennion's scriptural, philosophical understanding of suffering as applied to our own lives and Deanne Francis' behavioral, psychological exploration of the charted phases of grief, we additionally find two very specific looks at "Hard Realities" for women within the Church: women as affected by divorce laws, presented and analyzed by lawyer Stephen J. Bahr, and Anne L. Horton's candid sociological discussion of child and spouse abuse within the Church. Her challenge for us is to understand as well as to eliminate this problem in our midst.

The third section, "Inspiration from the Past," has only two selections, one by Carol Cornwall Madsen, and the other a joint paper by Harriet Horne Arrington and Leonard J. Arrington. These are both strong and relevant historical portraits suggesting that when we feel inclined to congratulate ourselves, assuming Church women have "come a long way," perhaps, in the light of crusades and achievements by our nineteenth-century sisters, our own strides are often tentative and even mincing.

In terms of boldness and relevance, perhaps talks in the section "Women in an International Church" would win the prizes. Betty Ventura, Val D. MacMurray, and John P. Hawkins speak from experience and training on the necessity to move beyond insular, provincial concepts of the Church. Noting cultural differences as well as a need for gospel unity, Ventura discusses certain cultural barriers that are controllable if "humanizing" principles, rather than programs, schedules, and, what she calls "Americana," are allowed to govern. What we want to achieve, she says, is "not a melting pot," but rather, "a mosaic" (p. 145).

Virginia Woolf, in her classic *A Room of One's Own*, imagines Shakespeare to have had a wonderfully gifted sister — a sister bent on writing. Though as adventurous and ambitious as her brother Will, whenever sister Judith picked up a book, she was told to "mend the stocking or mind the stew," and when yearning for theatre, was told to marry the first man who would put a ring on her finger. In a similar vein, Val MacMurray imagines how it would be for his seventeen-year-old daughter Heidi to have been born a third-world child. How would she function in the Church — or in the world even? Would she had lived to celebrate that seventeenth birthday? Would she have had chances to learn, or to marry, or to have children of her own? How might the gospel enhance, and even save, his "Third-World Heidi's" life? How must the Church change to properly encompass these Heidis?

John P. Hawkins looks at behavioral differences in a world-wide Church and concludes "because behavior says things, I believe that we, as Mormons, must abandon the adherence to precise patterned behavior as a definition of Mormoness. . . . Procedural uniformity may make members comfortable when they travel about the Church, but it tends to make many local Saints uncomfortable" (p. 167).

Finally, Karen Lynn Davidson and Louise Plummer look at how it is possible to remain individual within a generally conforming society. Davidson concludes that "we do not all need to be the same. Sameness is one of the false premises of peer pressure. One of the most important things we come to learn as adult women is that two profoundly different people may both be fine, devoted members of the Church" (p. 183). Then humorously, Louise Plummer asserts the same necessity — the need for diversity. Just because her mother is a prudent, prepared "ant" doesn't mean that the Church — or the world — has no need for herself as a "grasshopper." Rewriting the end of the fable of the grasshopper and the ants, Plummer has the ants coming to the grasshopper in all their preparedness and saying, "We are bored to death. Won't you tell us a story, or at least a good joke?" The grasshopper consents, and when asked where she gets

all of her good ideas, she replies, "They come to me while I'm taking long hot baths" (pp. 190–91).

The collection has come full circle, then, back to Pat Holland's earlier realization that until she told herself it was all right *not* to sew, she had to suppress the urge to tear out all the handsewn pleats in the pinafores of six little girls, trouping ahead of their mother down the church aisle, the mother in her own handsewn immaculate outfit.

The diversity of voices in *A Heritage of Faith* in itself speaks in favor of diversity.

BRIEF NOTICES

A Small Light in the Darkness and Other Stories by Jack Weyland. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1987, 202 pp., $9.95.

A COLLECTION OF SIXTEEN STORIES by this popular Mormon adolescent fiction writer, most have been reprinted from the *New Era* or are scheduled for publication therein. With humor and a genial style these stories illustrate contemporary concerns of teenage Mormons, notably outside the Wasatch Front. The young characters face inner temptations against integrity, sexual morality, and keeping the Word of Wisdom; they are challenged by others' indifference, prejudice, and hostility toward their religious beliefs. While battle lines between Mormons and "the world" are clearly drawn, the characterizations of Mormon youth are vivid and clever, and there are many twists in what could be predictable formula fiction.

A Love That Endures by Barbara Elliott Snedecor (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, Inc., 1987), 132 pp., $7.95.

CHRISTIANA SADLER has, at age twenty-one, moved from the family farm in Idaho to, not Rexburg, not even Utah, but New York City — seeking a career in writing. Her previous successes at BYU did not prepare her, she finds, for the competitive business world of New York; her naivete, it seems, carries her through an otherwise hostile environment. As she tells her story, however, it becomes clear that this coming of age story has more to offer than Chris's romance with her Jewish architect friend, David; more than a handsome, spurned Mormon suitor; and more than simple success or failure in her writing career. This story weaves together the underlying strength of family support, the uncertainty of living alone, and the self-discovery of a year-long chapter in a young woman's life. Snedecor's first novel, at first glance suited for the romantic fiction market, is in fact a graceful and reflective work, with serious questions and no simple answers.

Ezra Taft Benson: A Biography by Sheri L. Dew (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1987), 565 pp., index, notes, $17.95.

A DETAILED AND ANNOTATED BIOGRAPHY of the thirteenth president of the LDS Church by the former editor of *This People* magazine, this book is readable, accessible, and informative. With access to many sources—Benson's personal journals, family records, journals, and interviews, published and unpublished writings, speeches, and interviews with other General Authorities — Dew has traced Ezra Taft Benson's life from farm beginnings to his government work, national farm cooperative positions, and as a cabinet member under Eisenhower and apostle of the Church. While the research was seemingly exhaustive, the author comments of her work, "As Nephi explained in his writing, I have not told everything, but what I have told is true" (p. ix), suggesting a noncritical approach to the work.