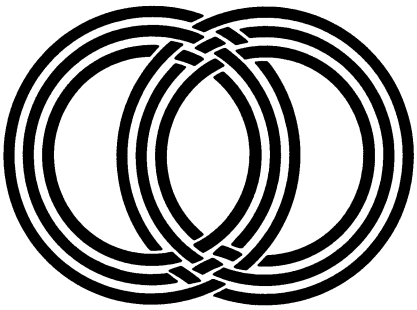
DIALOGUE

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 makes every effort to ensure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment on a variety of viewpoints and a broad range of topics. These views are not necessarily those of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or of the editors.

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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, University Station—UMC 7805, Logan, Utah 84322-7805. Artists wishing consideration of their artwork should send inquiries to the Art Editor at the same address.

IN THIS ISSUE

An aura of intrigue often surrounds those groups who have left the larger Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and survived. For many such existing organizations, a key cause of disaffection is plural marriage. Some left early because they opposed the doctrine of polygamy; others broke away when the practice was abandoned. Even though these groups have developed their own leadership and doctrine, they belong to the larger Mormon experience.

Two articles discuss experiences within the fundamentalist group that exists primarily along the Utah-Arizona border. Martha Bradley focuses on the women involved in the last major government raid on these villages while Kenneth Driggs analyzes the written and spoken ideas of the late fundamentalist leader, Leroy S. Johnson.

It is interesting to trace the development of specific Mormon doctrines. Roger Launius, Guy Bishop, and Grant Underwood discuss vicarious temple work and specifically baptism for the dead, Launius analyzing the RLDS attitudes and rejection of this ordinance, Guy Bishop studying the actual practice of the principle in Nauvoo, and Underwood comparing and critiquing these two perspectives.

It is a fact that many Latter-day Saints succeed in interfaith marriages even though such marriages theologically diminish the prospect of eternal companionship. Karen Marguerite Moloney has brought together the essays of five individuals who have dealt with that reality throughout their married lives and who offer here their very personal responses to love and to doctrine.

Once again, Samuel W. Taylor brings wit and truth together, this time in a delightful remembrance about burlesque theater in Salt Lake City. The short story in this issue, "And," sensitively addresses the dilemma of married LDS students trying to balance work, education, and physical and emotional needs. This issue also features poignant poetry by Emma Lou Thayne and Holly Welker.

If this issue has a theme, it is diversity within the greater culture that stems from the Mormon experience.

LETTERS

Avoiding the Trap

Donlu D. Thayer's article in the Fall 1989 *Dialogue*, "Top Kingdom: The Mormon Race for the Celestial Gates," was both interesting and thought-provoking. As a mother, I, too, have considered the wisdom of competition, particularly when a child of mine has been the "loser," inconsolable over a seemingly trivial contest.

In light of the article's excellence, I was very surprised to note Thayer promoting the very competition she was decrying. Near the end of the article she described a "masculine worldview" and a "feminine worldview" and left little doubt that she considered the feminine far superior to the masculine. In so labeling these respective views, she brought to mind the continual, yet undesirable, competition between men and women. How much more effective the article against competitiveness could have been had that labeling been different! Nongender, noncompetitive labels such as self-seeking (instead of "masculine") and group-seeking (instead of "feminine") would have been equally descriptive while avoiding the competition trap.

Paula Larsen
Delta, Utah

Compromising Competition

It was most fitting that my copy of *Dialogue* arrived the day before I left on a long, boring flight to Frankfurt, Germany, where my son David had completed a mission for our church. David and *Dialogue* were conceived at about the same time. I remember attending a student ward at the University of Utah in the late sixties, and a frequent topic at firesides was "*Dialogue*, to be or not to be?" My bookshelves now hold every issue since the first with only a few missing that were loaned out and never returned. When David was in high school, I pulled from the shelves the volumes containing my favorite articles and essays for him to read.

At times during the last twenty-two years I have been lonely. The joy I experienced discussing in student wards was dampened when my husband and I returned to the "real" world of resident wards. Suddenly "blind obedience" seemed to be a much admired trait. Our stake president was much enamoured with numbers and percentages. Sacrament meeting attendance was prominently displayed from the stand along with the page numbers for hymns.

In the past I have been outspoken, but now when sitting in a class at church I usually keep my ideas to myself. I have learned not to upset people. My ideas have never changed anyone and have only made most of my fellow ward members mistrustful of me, thereby increasing my loneliness. *Dialogue* helps alleviate that feeling of isolation. I smiled and underlined repeatedly as I read Donlu Thayer's "Top Kingdom" (Fall 1989), even adding stars and exclamation points. (I do not consider a book or article worthy of reading unless I have an overwhelming urge to *underline*.) In her essay, I found

ideas (so eloquently expressed) that I have been thinking and saying for years! I, too, have been sickened by the destructive competition of sports. Instead I have urged my children on in academic competition, thinking it to be more benign, if not very beneficial.

My son David's two years in Germany were difficult. His ideas about being a missionary often conflicted with the expectations of his mission president, who expressed goals in terms of numbers of baptisms, numbers of Books of Mormon given out, and numbers of hours worked. I just wanted David to go to Germany and love and teach the people. David wanted to teach with the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Ultimately that is what he did, but not without a lot of rebuking by his district leaders.

"Success" for missionaries—or for anyone with a Church calling—seems to be a paradox. Striving for success means being concerned with self, but the gospel of Christ means concern for others. In a little motherly advice I sent my son, I urged him to love the people, follow Christ's teachings, and success would come. And it did. Not the success measured in numbers, but a whole new dimension to his life. I saw a person who had been successful academically learn to value and care for people.

Perhaps Donlu Thayer would be interested in an experience I have had with competition. Almost ten years ago, realizing middle age was fast approaching, I—a klutz whose only C in high school was in gym—took up running. (Actually at my speed, slow jogging is probably a better description.) I remember the sweat and ecstacy the first time I ran *five* miles. Since I had little hope of getting much faster, my goal became to go farther. I began entering races; and because of sparse competition in my age group, I even won a couple of ribbons.

Eventually I decided to try a marathon. I'm sure among the front runners in a marathon the competition can be intense. But in the back of the pack, feelings are different. Friends are made. The strong help the weak. My future daughter-in-law and I ran the St. George marathon in 1987. Janet was running out of steam (far ahead of me), but another woman who could have run ahead, stuck with her, offering emotional support to help her reach the finish, a beautiful example of love, not competition. I have read of people running a race together and crossing the finish line holding hands. To me, that is an example of the gospel of Christ.

Thanks, *Dialogue*, for being a friend. I promise I'll have Lisa, my seventeen-year-old daughter, read the "Top Kingdom" essay I enjoyed so much . . . after she competes as a Sterling Scholar in April.

Maude Norman
Bountiful, Utah

A Hug at the Finish

Donlu Thayer's "Top Kingdom: The Mormon Race for the Celestial Gates" (Fall 1989) provided some real food for thought. I've often thought that the Special Olympics has the right idea about rewards at the end of the race. No matter what the athlete's "handicap"—or in what order they arrive—*everyone* is met at the finish line with a hug and a ribbon. What a wonderful way to compete!

Shelley Smith Garay
Cali, Colombia
South America

More Science/Religion Controversy

If any one thing is clear from LDS writings on science and religion, it is the belief that science and religion will be unified by ultimate truth. Most often writers take a generally accepted scientific premise or theory and compare it with an

LDS teaching. If there is an apparent conflict, then either the scientific premise is suspect or the LDS teaching is found to be "unofficial"; in either case, unity is preserved. The choice of whether to reject the scientific or the religious premise to preserve unity is sometimes more a function of the perspective of the author than of any recognized ultimate truth.

Dialogue authors of scientific persuasion have in the past argued that creationist stories firmly entrenched in Church teachings and vigorously defended in LDS congregations are not religious truths because they are not found in an official declaration of the First Presidency. In the extreme, this approach leads to acceptance of prophetic infallibility in the Church, a position uniformly denied but perhaps closer to actuality than we care to admit. Most of what is accepted in the Church as gospel truth is not found in any official declaration of the First Presidency, and history has shown these declarations need not be regarded as the final truth on a matter.

Comparing scientific and religious truths is difficult; different methods are used to arrive at truth in the two areas. Charles Boyd (*Dialogue*, Winter 1989) rejects much of science as "forever tentative," citing seemingly conflicting interpretations, extensions, or revisions of modern scientific theories as evidence that science does not offer "ultimate truth." In his reply in the same issue, David Bailey essentially agrees and points to a few examples of LDS teachings and doctrines as also "forever tentative."

Boyd seems to set very high standards for scientific truth. If I interpret his ideas correctly, principles of ultimate truth, at least in science, should be completely supported by all direct or peripheral experimental evidence, should have no substantial published criticism, and should remain essentially unchanged since first formulated. These are tough standards; and although I believe we can arrive at truth using less restrictive criteria, many scientific principles meet and exceed Boyd's standards. The second law of thermodynamics stands essentially as it was formulated by Carnot and Clausius over one hundred years ago; concisely stated, "The entropy or disorder of the universe strives toward a maximum." This simple scientific declaration is supported by all relevant experimental data and has not been successfully criticized or challenged, yet it stands in direct conflict with the concept of a god who intends to maintain order in all things through eternity but is constrained by physical laws.

Some resolve these types of difficulties by employing standards for truth even more restrictive than Boyd's and relegate troublesome scientific theories to mere human supposition. What happens when we apply Boyd's standards to LDS doctrine? The task is difficult because the essence of a Church based on continuous revelation is truth accompanied by continual change. Because all fundamental LDS doctrine and beliefs have undergone revision at one time or another, not a single one can stand up to Boyd's standards for ultimate truth.

Henry Eyring's admonition to find the truth in the Church and follow it is easier for some than others. Some accept the pronouncements of the General Authorities as the basis of religious truth, but this invokes a new, much lower set of standards for discerning truth than Boyd espouses. If we apply consistent standards to both science and religion, identification of any ultimate truth in religion requires standards loose enough to also accept as ultimate truth the scientific theories supported by leaders in the field of science, including the theories to which Boyd objected.

When standards defining truth in science and in religion differ, the science/religion controversy continues, but it is not waged on equitable grounds. Extending the rigorous standards for truth expected in science to religion essentially eliminates the controversy. Religious

truths do not survive the test. The science/religion issue will not be resolved, not because science is forever tentative, but rather because religious truths are too illusive.

Norman L. Eatough
San Luis Obispo, California

Thoughts on Bailey and Boyd

I would like to make a few random observations on the Bailey-Boyd exchange (Winter 1989) concerning David Bailey's, "Scientific Foundations of Mormon Theology" (Summer 1988).

First, Charles Boyd objects to Bailey's use of the word "theology" in a Mormon context. I remind him of Widtsoe's *A Rational Theology*, Roberts's *Seventy's Course in Theology*, and Pratt's *Key to the Science of Theology*. Beyond precedent, however, why concern ourselves with mere terminology? Need we all goosestep together parroting the same words?

Second, why should anyone be "saddened" (Boyd, p. 143) by an article that merely proposes an open discussion of the way science may impact theology? Although I personally see no need to revise doctrine or issue new pronouncements as a result of current scientific knowledge, I found Bailey's article informative and stimulating.

Third, Bailey claims that quantum theory limits the extent of God's foreknowledge. Does not the special theory of relativity, which, as I understand it, renders the matter of sequence of events relative to various time frames, suggest the possibility of deity knowing things before they appear to us to have happened? (I hasten to add that I am not a scientist, and I offer the idea out of mere curiosity.)

Fourth, Boyd finds it regrettable that some General Authorities have from time to time become embroiled in scientific debates but holds that they have been much less "anti-scientific" (p. 149) than some critics have suggested. Although I greatly admire and sustain the General Authorities, some have indeed played hob with science, pooh-poohing, for example, the great weight of evidence pointing to a very old earth as well as life and death for millions of years before the "adamic dispensation." Those usually charged with an anti-science attitude have all also produced sermons and writings I greatly value. However, when (or if) they discourse on such subjects as science or the stock market, I prefer the views of men like Henry Eyring or Charles Boyd respectively.

Regarding the age of life on earth, I am in awe of the alacrity and derring-do with which our "fundamentalist" friends assume the sisyphean toil of rolling tyrannosaurus rex into the post-Garden world—truly a textbook case of the Emperor's Clothes.

Thomas J. Quinlan
Salt Lake City

The Philosophy of Heaven

Many years ago I came to recognize that the basic materialism of existential philosophy and its determination to accept the cosmos as is, without idealistic prettification, presented many parallels with Mormonism. To be sure, Mormonism accepts the existence of God, while the best known variants of existentialism don't. But the Mormon concept of deity is so radically different from conventional religion—being really an extension of human existence—that I had come to think of Mormonism as "deistic existentialism."

Indeed, for the past couple of years I have been building up courage and awaiting the muse to undertake writing a paper setting forth this view for *Dialogue* readers. Imagine my delight in receiving your most recent issue (Winter 1989) to read a presentation by Michelle Stott

which, with all pride of conception, I must concede is probably better than I would have written myself. Again, *Dialogue* has accomplished its stated purpose of publishing thought-provoking treatment and commentary on Latter-day Saint doctrine and history, bringing thoughtful Mormons into intellectual contact with the broad world philosophy, religion, and letters.

As has been said by any number of past General Authorities, Mormonism is the "philosophy of heaven," and one's testimony can only be strengthened by delving into the best of the world's philosophies and thoughtfully comparing them to the religion revealed and restored by latter-day prophets. Descartes, Pascal, Hume, Kant, Whitehead, Sartre, or Heidigger provide us with many provocative and useful insights, but in my estimation not a single important new truth not contained in revealed religion. One would hope that some contemporary Church leaders had as much faith in the intellectual supremacy of the gospel (and the ability of Latter-day Saints to compare and choose) as did the Prophet Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, David O. McKay, or Spencer W. Kimball.

David Timmins
Washington, D. C.

One for All

In my essay "Beached on the Wasatch Front: Probing the Us and Them Paradigm," published in the Summer 1989 issue of *Dialogue*, I asserted that black South African Church members are required to use a separate entrance to the temple. I was, however, mistaken. I have since learned that my source was misinformed, and further checking (with Stanley G. Smith, who oversaw construction of the temple) has confirmed that all members of the Church in South Africa use the same temple entrance. I apologize for any confusion my inaccuracy may have caused.

Karen M. Moloney
Westwood, California

The Road to Zion

Though Jeffrey Jacob has done a fine job of introducing the concept of a Mormon utopian ideal (Summer 1989), his article falls short of giving direction. He lists five characteristics of a Mormon utopia—equality, cooperation, community self-reliance, voluntary simplicity, and ecological integrity—then drops the idea like a hot potato.

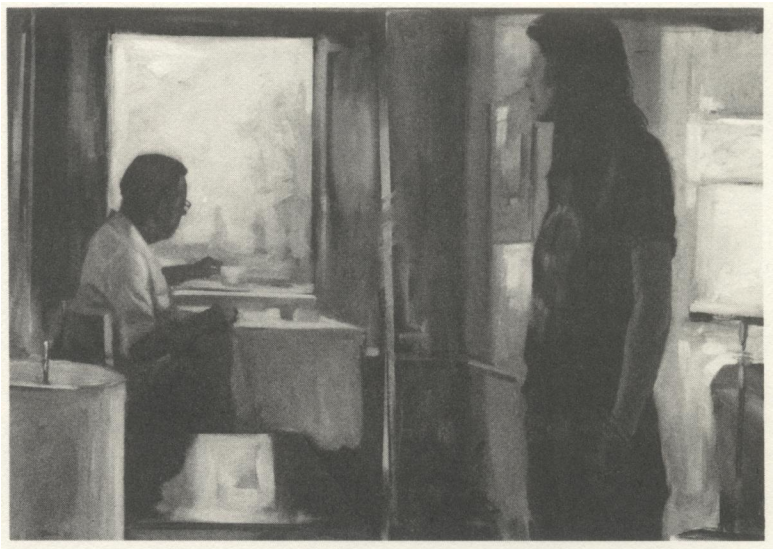
The Latter-day Saints failed to realize a utopia during both Joseph Smith's and Brigham Young's lifetimes. Since that time, the Church has been on an "alternative" route. The Welfare Program has been hailed as a move towards the law of consecration and utopia, albeit a small one. Unfortunately it hasn't worked. We are as far today from a utopia as at any time in the history of the Church. Jacob's article represents the prime reason we are not even contemplating the utopian question—worldly concerns. Unfortunately, the world is not the least interested in Jacob's five characteristics of a Mormon utopia. In fact, the world views these qualities with contempt unless they are profitable. And therein lies the rub. The "well-to-do" middle class does not find any answers in a utopia and does not believe it can work. These attitudes prevent any practical advance towards creating a utopia.

There are those, however, who have been willing and able to hold such attitudes despite all worldly concerns. The Anabaptists (Amish, Mennonites, and Hutterites), the Hutterian Brotherhood, and the Israeli *kibbutzim* have all reached a plateau of success. We can learn from these people. We need not approach them in guilt from our past failures, but in brotherhood. A Mormon utopia is a prophetic

destiny of the Church. Why not now? Why not us?

It seems that most of us are more concerned about progress reports, financial statements, profit curves, sales projections, the GNP, DOW averages, political office, and money in the bank than we are with being pure in heart, following God's commandments, having no poor among us, and being equal in all things. We have two choices: Zion or Mammon. Are we justified in gathering the wealth until we can live the law of consecration? There is no better road than the one to Zion. Jacob's status as an upper-middle-class gatekeeper gives him the opportunity to pass some utopians on into society. I wonder if he is taking advantage of that opportunity.

Robert Hubble
Red Wing, Minnesota



Things Happen

Emma Lou Thayne

I

Things happen. Early in the world you travel into them. One day
You rise without prayer in a far camp and silently hurry away.
Having slept under stars and still breathing the greyed fire,
Who would take time to suppose this the middle of a lifetime?
You whisper kisses to those left flowering, a big hand, a small foot
uncovered.
You travel the sleepy gullies, come out of the mountains laughing:
Because it is morning and you and that son have places to go,
Even the heartless freeway is acceptable, having an end.
His traveling is dextrous, fast, like you used to ski,
You reading to him from the new owner's manual of how.

II

Things happen. A crash like a shot, your hand full of blood
From temple and eye, the split second. Speed ramming steel
Into your newly spent lifetime the blanks of bewildered abruption.
Not in on what was before you, gone the luxury of seeing, of choice.
From the highway, through the windshield the splatters of morning.
Smashed to floating that side of your face, what it held.
Instant the clouds, the passages saying You hear me?
Another place, a distant light, a flower in wind, you echoing Why?
Spilled questions wrenching your temple and eye to strenuous focus:
A dark navigable by caress and whisper. A stillness.

EMMA LOU THAYNE lives in Salt Lake City, has ten books published, the latest As for Me and My House *(essays and poems); is mother to five daughters, on the Board of Directors of the* Deseret News; *is read regularly in Church and regional publications; and 40,000 copies of her peace poems* How Much for the Earth? *will be published in Russian in Kiev, USSR whenever* glasnost *says it is time.*

III

Things happen. As a writer you imagined yourself inside another,
Slowly connections emerging from disconnections. Now
Through pain you travel painlessly by a new Manual of How.
That son, a surgeon, turns hazard lights on, goes ninety to emergency.
"Impossible." Patrolmen, doctors, reporters heft the six-pound shaft.
To you nothing here is immediate, crucial, in the least attractive.
No expecting beyond hours of X-rays, stitches, shots, ice.
All that time returning, you vague about familiar hands,
Tangled in your head, the blow to trace, surely someone else's story.
Approaching landmarks like on a curve seeing where you've been,
Things happen by the light of a new Manual of How.

You Heal

Emma Lou Thayne

One morning you wake
and everything works
and almost nothing hurts.
After seven months of returning
and the surgery up through
your mouth, you even can focus.

After things happen, under the scarring
you heal. It takes its jagged course
upward and then
believe it or not,
so much for it,
and it is done
the chance of happening.

Then the heart of not
figuring a way back
just happens again
in the still world
like rain running the
skies and green becoming
the hand of the sun.


7


20

The Women of Fundamentalism: Short Creek, 1953

Martha S. Bradley

AT 1:00 A.M. ON 26 JULY 1953, Arizona state officials and police officers moved through the inky darkness of an eclipsed moon to begin an armed invasion of the tiny village of Short Creek in the isolated area north of the Grand Canyon. The crime of these American citizens? They were practicing polygamists, nearly all of them of Mormon antecedents but repudiated and excommunicated by their Church.

At 9 A.M. that same morning, Arizona's Governor Howard Pyle intoned solemnly over KTAR radio:

> Before dawn today the State of Arizona began and now has substantially concluded a momentous police action against insurrection within its own borders.
>
> Arizona has mobilized and used its total police power to protect the lives and future of 263 children. They are the product and the victims of the foulest conspiracy you could possibly imagine.
>
> More than 100 peace officers moved into Short Creek. . . . They arrested almost the entire population of a community dedicated to the production of white slaves who are without hope of escaping this degrading slavery from the moment of their birth. (*Arizona Republic*, 27 July 1953)

This 1953 raid was the third of three, launched not simply against offending individuals in a community but against the entire community.

MARTHA BRADLEY *received her Ph.D. in community history from the University of Utah.*

The first had come in 1935, and the second in 1944. What was it about the men and women of fundamentalist Mormonism that threatened the "moral fiber" of America? Why did the state of Arizona find it necessary to launch a crusade to "protect" the women and children of an entire community? Why was their communal seen as un-American?

THE WOMEN OF FUNDAMENTALISM

A girl growing up in the shadow of Short Creek's red butte knew the boundaries of her world. She and the other women of Short Creek were geographically and socially isolated, living in the rigid gender-marked world of patriarchy. The powerful male world of fundamentalist Mormonism does not exist without the supportive and obedient female world. Bearing children to a righteous husband as one of his several wives was, in these women's views, not only the husband's will but also God's will. One of the government's motives in the 1953 raid was to "free" these women from a form of sexual slavery and to "protect" the young women of Short Creek from an untenable situation in which their sexuality during early adolescence became the property of a husband who was usually much older in a situation of limited choice.

How did these women function as individuals? How much did they have to say about the way they lived their lives?

Perhaps the most crucial question was that of arranged marriages, after plural marriage itself undoubtedly the single custom that ran most deeply counter to American culture. Two years after the third raid, the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency heard testimony in 1955 about social conditions in Short Creek. One senator asked whether young girls had been free to choose their own husbands, and Robert S. Tuller, Superior Court judge in Pima County, emotionally testified that they had been denied that right, then added:

> To force a young girl not yet competent to think or speak for herself into a plural marriage with a man not of her choosing, is to force her into bondage. To say that a fifteen year old girl who marries a thirty, forty, or fifty year old man, selected for her by a committee of other men, does so voluntarily without force or duress is merely to quibble with words. Our law wisely decrees a child of such age is incompetent to make any voluntary decision in that. (*Committee* 1955, 28)

Mrs. Alfonzo Nyborg, a monogamous resident of Short Creek raised in a polygamous home and wife of the town's deputy sheriff, testified before the same committee that teenage girls and boys were allowed very little autonomy by comparison with the larger society: "The children, they don't have a mind of their own. They [the male leaders] just

live their lives for them. The same way with the young boys. They go out and work and do what they tell them to do, and they hand the money over, and they [the male leaders] give them back what they want." Mrs. Nyborg expressed pessimism about young fundamentalists' ability to break out of the system. "It seems that once they get them it is awfully hard to get loose." She also reported once commenting to a girl, the wife and daughter of polygamists: "They must hold something over you so that you do like that." The girl answered, "They do, but I can't explain it" (Committee 1955, 32).

Although the doctrine of individual free agency, one of the classic foundational beliefs of Mormonism, occurs repeatedly in fundamentalist literature, the context and examples usually assume that the reader, like the speaker, is male, and the issue of choice was most frequently invoked in the context of being free from the constraints of society to live a polygamous lifestyle. Women in Short Creek had few choices to make as adults. Here the culture of fundamentalism collaborated with the limited opportunities offered in this isolated, rural frontier community. Shiryl Jessop Blackmore (1985), the daughter of Edson and Alyne Jessop, grew up in Short Creek and married into polygamy but later moved to LaVerkin. She described her adolescent awakening to the realities of her limitations in a recent oral history interview: "When I was sixteen I first realized that I would probably never see the world. That Short Creek and the few miles of fields around it that I could walk through might be all I knew of life." Then a woman in her forties, she shuddered in remembrance, then summarized what she had seen as her choices: "1. Finish high school and then get married. 2. Get married as a teenager. 3. Leave the town altogether, which would bring disgrace to my family and shame on my head."

But leaving was not a real alternative because she was ill equipped to fend for herself: "I was not trained for a job, I knew no one outside of town, the thought of a world full of strangers terrified me. Leaving was simply not an option." She also understood clearly that discussing her concerns with either her father or her mother was not an option either. They would have considered such questioning nothing short of treason, a sin to be repented of. She and others like her had to wrestle with their problems privately.

Short Creek itself reinforced the authoritarian nature of fundamentalism in allowing its young people little room for independence. In 1953 Short Creek was still essentially a frontier community. Homes had no electricity or central heating, often no plumbing. The sheer physical labor required of women to care for their children and houses under these conditions should not be underestimated. Furthermore, funda-

mentalism's *raison d'être*–large families–meant that pregnancy, childbirth, and nursing intensified the physical demands on a woman every two or three years from the time she was married until the end of her childbearing, typically in her mid-forties. Girls were pulled into their mothers' lives to supply necessary domestic help from childhood until their own marriages.

In 1953 there was no local public high school nor avenues to trade or higher education. The Short Creek Academy offered only limited classwork. Partially as a consequence, the marriage pattern differed markedly from general U.S. norms. The average age at first marriage for fundamentalist women in Short Creek was sixteen, though fourteen and fifteen were not uncommon. Eight of the sixty-four women arrested in the 1953 raid were minors (Superior Court 1953). Four teenage wives testified, agreeing with Mrs. Nyborg, that women in Short Creek typically married in their teens and had frequent pregnancies. This information about age at first marriage admittedly was extrapolated from a small sample group (approximately one-third of the total female population); but at the time of the raid, at least a dozen girls between fourteen and seventeen were either pregnant or the mothers of up to three children (Committee 1955, 14). Those at the academy would leave class to nurse their babies (Pyle 1984). All girls between the ages of eleven and eighteen, perhaps fifty in number, were a particular concern of the juvenile justice system for they were potential plural wives and mothers (Committee 1955, 20). The raid seemingly did nothing to dissuade these young girls from marrying polygamous husbands.

Evidence indicates that this situation was due, in part, to limited opportunities. As the public school system improved over the next two decades, the average age at first marriage increased dramatically until, by 1988, it had leveled off at nineteen, much closer to the approximated state average of twenty-one (Bureau Vital Records 1985).

Marriage decisions were considered religious decisions—not private ones—and hence fell within the domain of the presiding patriarchs. Sect leaders John Barlow and LeRoy Johnson exerted tremendous influence on the distribution of wives. When approached, they advised men when and who to marry and how to live in plural households. Even when Dan Barlow (1986) married his fifth and final wife at age forty, he deferred to the judgment of his patriarchal leader and foster father, LeRoy Johnson. Because Dan believed LeRoy Johnson was the mouthpiece of the Lord, he was predisposed to accept his advice.

Such a system is not necessarily coercive or exploitive. When fewer than five hundred individuals lived in Short Creek, the patriarch knew everyone and probably had reasonably accurate ideas about how well

two people might be suited to each other. In other cases, parents arranged marriages. Also, young men usually married girls near their own age for a first wife, although later marriages tended to see increasing gaps in the ages of bride and groom—a pattern that had also held true for nineteenth-century Mormons practicing plural marriage. In these young marriages and even in later plural marriages, romantic involvement was a frequent element in the courtship. Love in marriage, no matter what the age, was an esteemed value (V. Barlow 1988).

The primary aim of marriage, however, was not love but a celestial social order. Plural marriage was part of a deferential and hierarchical society that was strictly ordered along patriarchal lines. The child was subordinate to the mother. The mother bowed to her husband's authority. He, in turn, looked to the prophet for direction, while the prophet was answerable to and spoke for Jesus Christ. As God was at the head of the world, the husband was the earthly head of the family. The appropriate behaviors directed toward one's superior were deference and obedience. The appropriate behaviors directed toward one's subordinates were instructional, benevolent, and either rewarding or punitive.

The official fundamentalist requirements for women are summarized in Joseph Musser's editorial in *Truth*, the Salt Lake-based fundamentalist periodical, in 1948: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. In placing man at the head, he bearing the Priesthood, a law, an eternal law, was announced." The roles of both were rigidly prescribed, "Man, with divine endowments, was born to lead, and woman to follow, though often times the female is endowed with rare talents of leadership. But women by right, look to the male members for leadership and protection." Women were taught to "respect and revere themselves, as holy vessels, destined to sustain and magnify the eternal and sacred relationship of wife and mother." She was the "ornament and glory of man; to share with him a never fading crown, and an eternally increasing dominion" (1948, 134). Musser also spelled out these male-female roles in more secular matters: The man "shall fight the physical battles in protection of his loved ones, and bring into the home the necessaries of life." The wife "adorns the home, conserves the larder and renders the habitation an earthly heaven where love, peace, affection, gratitude, and oneness shall abound, she the queen and he the king" (1948, 134).

Men were encouraged to look for women with a "kind and amiable disposition; love, unaffected modesty, for industrious habits, [and] for sterling virtues." The ideal wife had "cleanliness in person, in apparel, in cooking, and every kind of domestic labor." She was cheerful and had "genuine religion to control and govern every thought and deed" (*Truth* 10:113).

If a wife were found wanting in any of these areas, it was the husband's responsibility to instruct her and remedy her deficiencies: "Let him realize the weighty responsibility now placed upon him as the head of the family and also let him study diligently the disposition of his wives, that he may know how to instruct them in wisdom for their good." Because men were superior to women, the "weaker vessels," it was the husband's responsibility "to nourish, cherish, and protect; to be their head, their patriarch, and their saviour" (*Truth* 10:114).

Traditional gender assignments were reinforced by a dress code which was spelled out for the women though not for the men. Pants, scanty attire, and make-up were all discouraged: "The female cannot wear men's attire and display to the world those finer and more sensitive qualities that crown her with beauty and grace known only to her self," editorialized Musser in 1947. "When a corpulent woman forsakes her protective skirts for overalls she displays a figure that is anything but attractive. Her feminine charms have forsaken her" (1947, 19). Polygamist Edson Jessop of Short Creek explained in a national news story, "We believe in covering our bodies and we frown upon make-up; silence itself is reproof enough if one's wives come out with short sleeves or painted faces" (1953, 30).

Interestingly enough, these prescriptions—right down to the prohibition against pants—could have appeared in any nineteenth-century Mormon publication without sounding even faintly strange; what is more, they could have appeared in any twentieth-century Mormon publication up to approximately the mid-1970s and still have sounded completely familiar to orthodox Mormon women and men. Even today, it is the intensity of the decree, rather than the concept itself, which would sound extreme to orthodox Mormon women.

Perhaps the only substantive difference in how Mormon and fundamentalist women viewed their position in society was the literalness with which the latter took this advice and the pervasiveness in fundamentalist society of the belief that women were in a separate class from men. They willingly took their place in this rigid society and—conditioned by tradition, history, and spiritual experiences which reinforced such roles—considered it to be God's will for them and a source of great personal happiness. One young plural wife in a Salt Lake City fundamentalist family said in a recent interview that she and her sister wives gladly looked to their husband's leadership as a priesthood holder. "We are lucky to have one of the elect of God in our home," she emphasized. Her sister wife added, "When you only get a small part of your man, you glory in what you have" (Mrs. S. W. and C. W. 1986).

Clear roles have the useful social function of providing cultural stability. Against the turmoil, materialism, and "juvenile delinquency" which characterized post-war America, the psychological security and emotional reassurance of a profoundly religious, home-centered life must have been deeply consoling for many fundamentalist women. As the "outside world" came to be characterized as a threatening place of persecution, legal action, and imprisonment, the ideal of home as a haven acquired peculiar power.

The polygamist also married to follow God's injunction to Adam and Eve: "Multiply and replenish the earth." Accordingly, sex was for procreation only and governed by strict guidelines based on theological considerations. The fundamentalist patriarch spoke of sexual activity in puritanical terms, again an echo of nineteenth-century Mormonism, and saw in polygamy the cure-all for the world's problems of prostitution, homosexuality, infidelity, and sexual debauchery. Monogamy, claimed Musser in another *Truth* editorial, was a lesser sexual law which had put "many women . . . in their graves [as] the victims of the sexual over-indulgence of their husbands." Polygamy "will at least modify this trouble and subdue the natural animal in man" (1948, 182).

Sexual activity within marriage was, in the polygamous system, for procreation. Rulon Allred describes first approaching patriarch Charles Zitting in the early 1940s with the idea of marrying a plural wife. Zitting, one of the original practitioners who claimed John Taylor's ordination to plural marriage, put Allred through a grueling interview on his private life, sexual experience, past history and attitude toward religion, and attitudes about women. Zitting seemed to look straight into Allred's heart with his piercing dark eyes (Taylor 1953, 76). "If you are ready to enter the Principle," he said, "this is the law." Zitting then declared the purpose of plural marriage to be producing children, forbade sexual intercourse between conception and the child's weaning, and warned, "A man who looks upon his wife with lust is damned. A man who can live this law is worthy of his exaltation, but don't enter the Principle unless you can meet the requirements" (in Taylor 1953, 76).

Zitting's explanation of "the law" of abstinence during a woman's pregnancy and lactation seems to have been a generally accepted rule. Polygamist husbands were counseled to exercise self-control and moderation; then, "the sexual relation, properly employed, rather than reflecting mortal weaknesses and being immodest, lewd, coarse, vulgar or indelicate, and something to blush over," would be elevated to a higher plane and become "a divine principle dedicated by the Gods for the perpetuation of life and birth of earths" (Musser 1944, 102).

The rhetoric of fundamentalism does not celebrate sexuality but treats it with respectful caution as a necessary evil—at best a force which men must learn to control and from which pregnant women must be protected. Still, sexual consummation sealed the marriage with a powerful bond. Musser went so far as to say "a real man could not live sexually with a woman without loving her" (1948, 182).

Although the polygamists were fundamentally opposed to contraception, sharing a husband with five other women could work against quick conception. Nor is there any reason to believe that all husbands expected to provide or were capable of providing sexual intercourse every night, since "tempering the lust of the husband" was also one of the residual effects of righteous living (Musser 1948, 184). Perhaps the most effective contraceptive device was the commandment to observe gestational abstinence, thus insuring that children would be spaced at least eighteen to twenty-four months apart, "thereby conserving [the mother's] health and enabling her to bring forth healthy and beautiful children" (Musser 1948, 185). It was bearing these children that, for the polygamous woman, was the ultimate blessing and her unique role in the plan of salvation. Barrenness was seen as a reproach—God's curse on the woman and her husband (*Truth* 14:135).

Musser and other fundamentalist leaders derived their philosophy of gestational abstinence or the "sexual law" from extensive readings about the relative virtues of abstinence during pregnancy and picked from those readings a combination of ideas that made sense in their minds. It is virtually impossible to document how extensively this doctrine was practiced, but the ideal was in place by the 1940s. For the fundamentalist, gestational abstinence emphasized the theologically sacred nature of birth. During gestation and lactation, the woman was separated from earthly passion and joined with God in the act of creation (Musser 1942, 187).

Practical arguments in fundamentalist literature concentrated on the benefits of gestational abstinence for both mother and unborn child. According to one unidentified mother, writing in 1941, it "results in superior brain development, while the reverse leads to idiocy. Intercourse during pregnancy drains the nerve-vitality of the mother and child . . . when the nervous system of the mother is so sensitive and may be so easily upset" (*Truth* 7:185).

One polygamous woman expressed this same concept in highly colored language: "The embryo and fetus destroying practice [intercourse during pregnancy] is hideous. It is little short of involuntary baby slaughter. An ugly unholy picture it makes." She continued with a poignant observation that told much of the complicated nature of these

marriage relationships. "Yet the loving, faithful wife submits, usually without protest, because she wants to please her man and keep him loving her alone" (in Musser 1942, 130). Fundamentalist women were often reluctant to speak about sex outside of the context of reproduction. This woman, at least, acknowledged its role in the husband-wife relationship.

Short Creek was the "lambing ground" where the women of plurality from all over the region—Utah, Arizona, and Idaho—came to give birth in a home setting with the assistance of an experienced midwife. For example, in the east wing of her lovely plantation-style home in Short Creek, nurse-midwife Lydia Jessop, first wife of Fred Jessop, delivered hundreds of babies. She brought to her work a sense of professionalism and careful standards that soon were acknowledged as appropriate by county health officials (Jessop 1988).

During the three Short Creek raids, the women of Short Creek were dealt with as mothers. Several women were indicted on charges similar to those applied to their husbands, but none were imprisoned. Rather, they were allowed to stay with their children and put under the protective custody of the state. Furthermore, it was as mothers that these women exerted power and influence. Although the state "protected" them, it also attempted to limit their capacity for teaching the doctrine, for they were recognized as crucial in perpetuating both the doctrine and practice of plural marriage.

In fact, the role of fundamentalist women represents a distinct shift in the evolution of the defense of polygamy. Nineteenth-century Mormon polygamy defended its Constitutional right as a religious practice; twentieth-century fundamentalism defended a woman's "inalienable right to motherhood" (Musser 1945, 275). In the 1950s, fundamentalist Mormon polygamy was essentially a cult of motherhood. Musser called polygamy a "woman's rights program." What mattered most was not marriage, he said, but "quality" motherhood, "and to try and withhold the right thereof from any fit woman of our breed and nation is an infamy as well as national insanity" (*Truth* 10:275).

Idealized motherhood thus counterpoised patriarchal power in fundamentalist society, and it was as a mother that a woman in Short Creek exercised what influence she had. "Motherhood was the grand capstone of the life of the woman. Greatness, glory, usefulness await her otherwise but here alone all her powers, all her being can find full play," lauded Musser in 1949 (*Truth* 14:184).

"We who believe in polygamy are joyed at the role the Lord has given us," said Rhea Kunz in 1987. "Unlike so many mothers today, we don't fear childbirth." Another mother added, "We don't worry because

of the extra expense that another mouth will bring. We know that the Lord will provide and care for us" ("Polygamous Wife" 1944, 26).

According to Musser, polygamy offered to all women the lure of marrying a man of her choice and becoming a mother. From his perspective, "every normal woman yearns for wifehood and motherhood. She yearns to wear the crown of glory. The most precious and yearned for jewels are children to call her mother" (*Truth* 14:134). Polygamy also served the practical sociological function of integrating the "thousands of American women who are [otherwise] a permanent surplus on our marriage market and doomed to spinsterhood and childlessness" (1944, 102).

How did this practice work? Behind the theory and the theology of fundamentalist "celestial marriage," how did families live out their united lives?

First, fundamentalists viewed their unions as both sacred and eternal, thus increasing the significance of all relationships in the home. Much official counsel warned against anger and criticism and encouraged harmony:

> Speak not the faults of your wives and others; for in so doing you speak against yourself.
>
> Never seek to prejudice the mind of your husband against any of his other wives, for the purpose of exalting yourself in his estimation, lest the evil which you unjustly try to bring upon them, fall with double weight upon your own head.
>
> Let each mother teach her children to honor and love their father, and to respect his teachings and counsels.
>
> Suffer not children of different mothers to be haughty and abusive to each other; for they are brothers and sisters the same as the children of the patriarch Jacob. . . . Always speak well of each of your husband's wives in the presence of your children. . . . If you consider that some of the mothers are too lenient with their children and too negligent in correcting them, do not be offended, but strive, by the wise and prudent management of your own, to set [a] worthy example before them. (*Musser* 1944c, 113-15)

In Short Creek, a polygamous woman typically spent much of her married life in the same household as her sister wives and their children. Typically, she was also expected to generously love each of them. Making a plural marriage work thus required enormous sacrifice, self-control, and commitment to the principle.

One polygamous wife in an anonymous interview acknowledged the difficult times. "Sure we became angry and jealous. We are after all human beings. But when I felt most hateful I went into my room and closed the door." There she inhaled slowly and "prayed for the strength to endure—or at least to be pleasant" (Janice T. 1986).

Husbands minimized jealousy in various ways. Rulon Allred was careful to express his affection only privately to his wives. To flaunt his romantic involvement with six separate women would have, Allred believed, resulted in discord. It was something they all knew existed, but it was easier not to witness it.

A second patriarch, Edson Jessop, attempted to encourage thinking first of the group and considering the plural family "above all a unit. My wives trust me. A man of our faith never walks the chalk line as does the man with only one wife." Jessop tried to "spend my time where I'm most needed, perhaps where there is sickness or trouble," and claimed that his wives "trust me to do whatever is best for the family as a whole" (Jessop and Whipple 1953, 29).

Jessop saw his role as "diplomat" and explained, "Even when my families lived separately, I rotated my evenings; once a week we met together at one Home Evening." In this setting it was possible to "pray and sing together, air your problems and your grudges, play games and visit and afterward sample Marie's special angel-food cake or Alice's cream puffs. You not only have fun—you forge bonds that will endure a century" (Jessop and Whipple 1953, 27).

In one family, the five wives felt most content by alternating weeks in the kitchen, garden, and laundry (Janice T. 1986). Another family "specialized," with one woman caring for all of the children while her more proficient elder sister wife sewed, laundered, and ironed while the third baked bread and prepared meals.

Edson Jessop's six wives were nearly all the same age and good friends. "They cooperate efficiently, one handling the sewing for the family, another the cooking and so forth," he commented. "What counts is not the number of wives, but the number of united wives. In fact, there are times when I wish mine would at least get mad at me separately instead of all together" (Jessop and Whipple 1953, 30).

In answer to the oft-voiced question about the nonexclusive nature of plural marriage, polygamists simply turned away from metaphors of romantic love. Instead, they explained with analogies to a mother's love for her several unique and individual children (Johnson 1988). Edson Jessop also used the metaphor of friendship. "Naturally a man values his wives for different qualities, just as he values his friends. Perhaps one wife has pretty hair, and another is wonderful with the children, perhaps one is witty and keeps him cheerful, and another brings him closer to God" (Jessop and Whipple 1953, 29).

After childbirth or during illness, sister wives assumed the incapacitated woman's roles. "It is a joy to have a companion with whom to

share sorrow and happiness, sickness and health," commented one woman, "[to have] in times of distress someone to lean upon and turn to for assistance; [when sick], to know that your children are receiving a mother's loving care" (*Truth* 10:26).

This type of close companionship seems more analogous to the friendship between a husband and wife in a close monogamous marriage than to the more usual women's friendships of today. Perhaps in the absence of husbands, these women learned to meet most of their social and emotional needs with each other. In one family, when two plural wives were offered the option of living in separate homes, they chose instead to share a home as "best friends" (Mrs. S. W. and C. W. 1986). A first wife, preparing to meet a potential third wife, remarked candidly to her husband: "After all, it's more important that she get along with us than with you. A plural wife doesn't see much of her husband, but she is entering into the family of her sister wives" (Taylor 1953, 78).

The shared persecution of the three raids, in which the women saw themselves and their children as martyrs for a holy cause, also increased their shared commitment. Furthermore, the raids were simply dramatic climaxes in an ongoing saga that encouraged the women to see themselves as part of a larger family, the community of believers. Polygamy served as a boundary separating those inside the community from all outsiders, including blood kin who did not accept the principle of plural marriage. It functioned as a powerful adhesive that enhanced the resolve and unity of the group.

Unlike Mormon polygamy of the nineteenth century, which had its roots in the marital traditions of monogamy, this highly enmeshed society looked for guidelines in its own hundred-year Mormon history of the practice. In the 1950s mothers of the new generation of young polygamous women taught their daughters what it was to be a plural wife, what it was to be female in fundamentalist society. Through their behavior, through example and tradition, and through belief these women taught their daughters to continue on the path they believed was the one sure way to salvation.

Young polygamous women like Colleen Jessop Darger learned from their mothers' examples. Vera Black attested to this fact in her testimony before the court, *In Re State in Interest of Black* (283 P. 2d 887). In answer to the question "Now that principle (plural marriage) was taught in the home, in your home, while you were a young lady?" Vera said, "Well I don't know what you mean exactly, if anyone lives the situation, why they naturally get it in their lives."

Vera's testimony continued along this same vein.

Q: It had the sanction of your parents, didn't it, your father and mother?
A: I presume it did.
Q: And were you opposed when you proposed to become a plural wife of Mr. Black, were you opposed by them?
A: I guess I had my free choice.
Q: You sought their counsel I am sure didn't you?
A: Well they never stopped me.
Q: They rather encouraged it did they not?
A: They didn't have too much to say about it, they gave their children their free agency.
Q: It was discussed in the home?
A: Well that is what I mean, I was along enough in years that I had knowledge enough to think for myself, I had my own head.
Q: Do you feel like you would be willing to continue to violate the laws of the State of Utah by living as man to wife with Mr. Black in the future?
A: It would be a pretty hard thing to do to give anybody up after you have lived with him as I have. I couldn't live without him.

Thus, paradoxically, fundamentalist women triumphed by accepting limitations. The patriarchal order stressed a woman's need for male guidance and support. The exaltation of her fertility locked her into the single role of mother. These very limitations led the courts to deal with fundamentalist women as dependents, like children, unable to take care of themselves and in need of protection and intervention. But in safeguarding their motherhood, the courts also gave them the cradle in which they would continue to nurture fundamentalism.

THE 1953 RAID

Outsiders watched the growth of polygamy in the quiet shadow of the red butte that surrounded Short Creek and were alarmed at its increasing strength. The Mormons carefully guarded their temples, wards, and mission systems as they watched the polygamists in the Colorado Plateau area and quickly gathered information about those involved in any way with the group for excommunication proceedings. Increasingly, however, Arizona's government and the Mormon Church focused on the town's women and children. It was the "plight" of these "victims," more than any other factor, that led to the third and most socially devastating raid on the fundamentalists of Short Creek on 26 July 1953.

This concern underlay the rhetoric of Governor Howard Pyle's radio message which referred once to "insurrection within its own borders" but continued in the language of protectionism: "to protect the lives and future of 263 children . . . the product and the victims of the foulest

conspiracy . . . a community dedicated to the production of white slaves . . . degrading slavery." He continued:

> Here is a community—many of the women, sadly right along with the men—unalterably dedicated to the wicked theory that every maturing girl child should be forced into the bondage of multiple wifehood with men of all ages for the sole purpose of producing more children to be reared to become mere chattels of this totally lawless enterprise.
>
> As the highest authority in Arizona, on whom is laid the constitutional injunction to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed," I have taken the ultimate responsibility for setting into motion the actions that will end this insurrection. (Pyle 1953)

The day chosen for the raid, Sunday, July 26, was the same weekend as Mormon Pioneer Day, a state holiday in Utah. The Twenty-fourth of July held profound significance for the Mormon people and their unwelcome closet cousins, the fundamentalists. It marked the day of the Mormon pioneers' official entry in the Salt Lake Valley.

Friday, July 24 was hot and dry. Even farm animals lingered in the shade beneath the few trees that lined fields and streets in Short Creek. The weekend's festivities began with an evening social held in the schoolhouse, the only building in town large enough to seat a group of people. Still, the room was crowded with enthusiastic citizens singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the Mormon favorite "Come, Come Ye Saints." After the school orchestra performed, the town patriarch, eight-four-year-old Charles Zitting, rose to entertain his audience with stories of his youth in Utah. He also warned them of rumors of an impending raid. His listeners chuckled and exchanged disdainful glances. The threat of another raid seemed insignificant compared to the two years many had already spent in prison as a result of earlier raids in 1935 and 1944.

Saturday night the fundamentalists gathered beneath the stars for a dance that, like all socials, opened and closed with prayer. Again, the main topic of conversation that night was the raid. Mothers, sobered by even the remote possibility of arrest, returned home and told their children, "If we are separated we will be rejoined."

"You must be brave," whispered Viola Broadbent, cupping the trembling chin of a child about to burst into tears, "The Lord will be with us" (Broadbent 1986).

Earlier that same Saturday while Short Creek had been preparing for its evening dance, the forces of the raid had gathered at Williams, Arizona, 125 miles to the south, in the handsome red sandstone high school. Its auditorium on the second floor had boasted fifteen rows of permanent seats. Quickly the room filled with perhaps sixty or seventy

Arizona highway patrolmen, deputy sheriffs, national guardsmen, and liquor control agents. Many were returned vets eager to reenlist in the work of making a better America. The remainder of the room filled with civilians, attorneys, and social service workers.

The team was briefed and divided into two groups who would converge on the town from two directions, one from the Arizona side and another from the Utah side, thereby giving the illusion of support from the Utah government. As dusk fell, the lights of the first group could be seen fifty miles away like a trail of fireflies winding through the undergrowth. After descending from the Kaibab Forest, they turned out their lights, moving ahead cautiously by waning moonlight. An eclipse would occur at 4:30 A.M., making the darkness absolute except for starlight.

As the children of Short Creek slept, their supposed "saviors" were traveling along the more than four hundred miles of dusty roads in less secrecy than they had supposed. Fred Porter, the local sheriff and a monogamist, had alerted the polygamists about the impending raid. They were expecting something. Long before the cars doused their lights, lookouts on the red butte above Short Creek spotted the caravan coming from the Kaibab Forest like a streak of fire moving along a spill of gasoline.

"Holy cow!" muttered one lookout incredulously. "I counted one hundred cars in that line-up. Half the cops in Arizona to round us up" (D. Barlow 1987). Then Lydia Jessop, Fred's wife, sent up a young man to say that a phone call from "one of the boys" warned that "a hundred cars" were "coming from the Utah side."

One of the men scratched a match. It flared in the inky darkness, lighting the calm, clean-shaven faces with an eerie glow. A second man then lit a stick of dynamite, lobbing it up and out. It cracked in the sky like lightning in a summer storm, warning the families waiting below that the government had arrived.

After the tension, there was a certain amount of relief. In fact, the Johnsons, the Barlows, the Jessops, and the Broadbents welcomed martyrdom. Persecution for their religious beliefs had always hallowed their suffering.

When the caravan of "good samaritans" swirled into Short Creek at 1:45 A.M. with lights flashing and sirens blaring their arrival to the world, they found the people of Short Creek—men, women, and children—standing behind the picket fence that circled the schoolhouse. They had assembled during the preceding hour, dressed and hair brushed, to sing while they waited. Unlike their singing two nights before, the music was intermittently broken by nervous gasps, tears, and whispers moving through the crowd like a wave upon water.

When Sheriff Fred Porter climbed out of the lead car, LeRoy Johnson, wearing a clean white shirt, necktie, dark pants, and dark blue suspenders, stepped forward to meet him. "We've run for the last time," he told Porter. "We're going to stand right here and shed our blood" (Group 1988). His white hair framed his craggy, intelligent face. Porter did not respond to either the desperation or the near-invitation to violence. "We don't want violence," he said, raising his voice slightly so that it carried over the waiting congregation, "but we're here to do a job and we're going to get it done."

There was no violence. The warning stick of dynamite was the closest thing to force on either side. By 4:30 A.M. the town of Short Creek had been "secured" by the combined forces of the state of Arizona. Deputy sheriffs fanned out through the crowd to serve warrants on thirty-six men and eighty-six women. Within eight minutes, they had served warrants on all the adult fundamentalists on the Arizona side of town. The charges included statutory rape, polygamous living, cohabitation, bigamy, adultery, and misappropriation of school funds (Superior Court 1953). The highway patrol quickly strung makeshift barbed-wire fences around the school yard and put all the adults behind them. Some had their children with them; others had left children at home in bed asleep. None could leave to attend to their children or the animals that roamed hungry in the fields or stood patiently in the barns until late afternoon. Patrolmen also set up tents for the command center and a kitchen and promptly served heaping piles of bacon and eggs to the prisoners and their jailers. A third tent housed two Mohave County Superior Court judges, Lorna Lockwood and Jesse Faulkner, who took jurisdiction over every child, including the alleged juvenile wives, and made them wards of the court.

Late that afternoon the thirty-six men who had been arrested were driven to Kingman along with eight women who were either childless or whose children were grown. Kingman County Jail, where the fundamentalists arrived at 11 P.M., thoroughly disgusted them. "It was just horrible," shuddered Millie Johnson, then fifteen years old. "Unbelievable conditions for human beings. The walls were crawling with bugs. It was filthy, just filthy." The eight women immediately demanded clean sheets, hot water, and soap. Before they went to sleep that night, they had thoroughly scrubbed the walls and floors. But "we just couldn't seem to wash away the filth of what had happened to us" (M. Johnson 1988). Transferred to another section of the prison the next day, they began to scrub again. They also prayed and began to fast. By the end of the week, LeRoy Johnson had raised

$43,000 to release all thirty-six men and eight women. In most cases their families were no longer in Short Creek to welcome them home.

Separation: The Women's Experience

Twenty-four-year-old Viola Broadbent, the first wife of David Broadbent, had sat all that first day with the other women on folding chairs in the center of the school yard. Fanning their faces with their aprons and shading their babies with their hands, the women waited, chewing the state's sandwiches and drinking sodas. By 4 P.M., most of the mothers and their children had been sent home where they waited for the next three days. On the second and third days, a court photographer and a deputy sheriff photographed each home and each wife with her children. They also photographed outbuildings and junked rusting cars that the children played in, incorrectly labeling such cars as "dwellings" for some plural families. Later, the fundamentalists would mention, among their resentments, the added indignity of being linked with this image of slovenly indigence.

On Thursday night, 31 July 1953, 125 women and children attempted a mass escape through the hills north of Short Creek on the Utah side, but were caught and returned to their homes by the police officers (G. Johnson 1988).

At 9 A.M. on Tuesday, 29 July, the third morning, an officer appeared at Gwen Johnson's front door and told her to pack for a journey, not specifying for how long or how far. A strong woman, she and her husband, LeRoy Johnson, had six children. Furthermore, they had taken in the six orphans, ranging in age from ten to eighteen, of John Y. Barlow who died in 1949 and his first wife, Mattie, who died in 1944. Gwen was intelligent, serene, and dignified, inspiring love and respect not only in her home circle but among the other women of the community. Seven months pregnant with her sixth child, she was especially worried about three of her foster children, sixteen-year-old Sam, fourteen-year-old Truman and eighteen-year-old Alwin who would surely be left at home without anyone to care for them. She scrambled to pack for her five children and three youngest foster children.

Less than an hour later, Mrs. Johnson and her children gathered up their suitcases and joined other women and children who were walking up the street to the school yard where five big yellow school buses waited. Behind them, many left canning projects—bottles still sitting in pressure cookers on burners that had been hastily switched off, counters heaped with ripe fruit that was rotting within twenty-four hours, loaves of baking bread left to char or sour in the cooling ovens (G. Johnson 1988).

When one police matron summarily told a mother to be packed for a three-day trip in ten minutes, she protested, "I can't be ready in ten minutes. I've got all the squash cooking. How many clothes do I need for three days?" The matron immediately threatened, "If you don't hurry, I'll go and get someone that will make sure that you do" (Group 1988).

At the school, state welfare representatives explained to the 56 women that the government was taking custody of Short Creek's 164 children but that they could, if they wished, accompany their children into foster homes (G. Johnson 1988).

Because of the confusion of dealing with so many uncooperative women and children, it was almost 5 P.M. before they were all finally aboard the buses to begin the arduous seventeen-hour drive down the canyon to Phoenix. The state provided sandwiches, soda, formula, evaporated milk, and boiled water, but the ride was horrendous. The children cried and fidgeted in their seats. The bus drivers had been instructed to refuse to stop for any reason. The buses had no built-in toilet facilities, and the only provision was a single child's potty in the aisle of each bus. In addition to the children's needs, many of the women were pregnant. One mother, frustrated beyond endurance, snapped at the driver angrily: "When Governor Pyle can control my kids' kidneys, I'll leave plurality!" The bus drove on. One pregnant woman, close to her delivery date, went into labor as the bus twisted and jolted; she refused to tell the officials on board or ask them to stop. Marjorie Holmes's six-year-old daughter, Susie, already sick when they boarded the bus, was feverish and dehydrated by the time they reached Phoenix seventeen hours later. Holmes implored the matron on board to let her take the child to the hospital, but the matron, suspecting a trick, refused. The girl eventually died from complications of this illness (D. Barlow 1988).

Behind them, Short Creek's unnatural quiet lengthened into evening. Truman, Alwin, and Sam Barlow, and their half-brother Joseph Barlow, divided up the responsibility for the homes left vacant in Short Creek and worked hard into the night, rounding up and tending the dogs, chickens, and cows left roaming through yards, emptying ovens, washing dishes, and closing windows and doors (A. Barlow 1988). The thirty plural wives on the Utah side of the creek redoubled their sisterly efforts, canning the fruit, tending the animals, and helping the men in the fields (Black 1988).

At 7 A.M., the buses reached Mesa and Phoenix. Some went to the National Guard Armory, others to the YMCA. The Y's parking lot was crowded with women in bright summer dresses, LDS Relief Society sis-

ters designated by the state as foster mothers for the fundamentalists' children. Many were not assigned foster homes but were housed in the Y itself, jamming its gymnasium and hallways. Ester Spencer, ironically the only wife for the moment of Floyd Otto Spencer, was pregnant with her eighth child. For three and a half months, she shared a hallway, three cots, and a single toilet with five other mothers and twenty-nine children (in *Truth* 21:5). After a few days, most of the women and children left the armory and the YMCA and were distributed to foster homes throughout the Mesa area.

The children, as wards of the court, received state welfare aid. By 1955, the cost of supporting the children and their mothers in their foster homes for twenty-two months was $110,000, the annual budget of Mohave County (Committee 1955, 8). Foster arrangements varied considerably. Alyne Bistline Jessop and her three children were ushered into a room with clean towels and a rocking chair (Blackmore 1985). Another woman led a mother and four children to a toolshed behind her Mesa home. It contained only four single beds, no chairs, dressers, or toilet facility. When the mother burst into tears, the foster mother commented, "If you break the law you have to accept the punishment," then turned and walked back to her own home. The family stayed there seven months (Group 1988).

When Margaret Hunter Jessop's bus reached the armory, her first priority was getting her children to the restroom, but instead they were all shepherded into a large gymnasium. "I noticed that there was a lady standing there watching me wherever I went. She came up to me and said, 'I've decided that you're the family I would like to take.'" Bewildered, Margaret and her children followed her out of the building. As they were driving down the street, the woman said kindly, "'Now this is going to be quite an experience for both of us, and I hope you will be comfortable.'" The home was newly built on a quiet dead-end street where the foster mother's husband was waiting to meet them.

Margaret felt that she and her children were treated well but was appalled to learn that the woman had chosen her family because "she wanted to adopt another child." Margaret refused adamantly to even consider the idea; but still, "a number of different people came to that home and looked my children over. I remember so much how those people . . . followed them around, they were so hungry for a child."

The woman, Margaret recalled, "had been told that our lifestyle was sort of prehistoric. She was surprised that we weren't the backwoods type of people that she had supposed." In fact, when told to transmit an ultimatum from the authorities that Margaret would, the next day, have to choose either to renounce her faith or give up her children, the

woman "broke down and cried." Fortunately, this forced choice never materialized, and the foster mother eventually helped the family find a comfortable apartment that a retired couple had cared for well. She also gave Margaret a washing machine, her mother's sewing machine, and paintings by her mother, enlisting her sisters to help collect furniture and decorations (Timpson 1988).

Even the fundamentalist women who were treated well and lived comfortably were haunted by fears of losing their children to arbitrary government action. Many of them spent hours walking through their neighborhoods, gradually finding each other at parks, in shopping centers, or on the streets. The policy toward the polygamists was still in constant flux. There were those in control who still advocated the idea of permanent separation of the women from their children. Even after the women were in their own apartments, they had limited mobility. The government agents with whom they had regular contact, Arizona state social workers, attempted to keep them separated from other members of the group, refused to provide any information about their husbands, refused to tell them where their sister wives were, and gave them no information about how long they had to stay in Mesa.

Viola Broadbent found that a number of Short Creek women were living in apartments near her own. Soon they would meet each afternoon in the park. One day she noticed a man standing at the fence of the park watching her children. After a while he approached her, squatted down before one-year-old Lydia, and said, "I have been watching you. My wife and I would like to adopt your daughters and give them a good life in a Mormon home." Recoiling in horror, Viola quickly swept Lydia up in her arms and, dragging her five-year-old, ran all the way back to her apartment. She never returned to the park and "never felt safe, even for a moment," until she returned to Short Creek (Broadbent 1986).

Marie Darger was shy even before the raid. For her, at age five, Mesa was an ordeal in fear. "I was afraid every time I went to school that they would take my mother away while I was gone." Even after their return to Short Creek, "I was always afraid of strangers, even strangers among us." Ruefully she confessed, "I always felt like the raid was my fault. When I was a little girl they were always telling us that if we were good, if we were righteous, that the Lord would protect us. Well, I knew that I had been a bad girl from time to time and I reasoned in my own little mind that this was the reason why they raided us, God was punishing all of us for my sins. I was afraid and ashamed and I couldn't ever shake it" (Darger 1988).

One of the more bizarre moments of the raid came a few days after the women and children had arrived in Mesa. Arizona highway troopers, struggling to reconcile their images of odious lawbreakers with the human tragedy of disrupted families, staged a picnic in Candle Park. Their wives baked cakes and prepared salads; the troopers paid the pavilion rental themselves. They didn't want the children to always remember them with fear and resentment and worked hard to melt their terror, playing with them, teasing and joking with them, tossing the little ones into the air. Marie Darger remembered "a big mountain of a man" breaking down and weeping at the grievous irony that his "protection" had inflicted such pain on them (Group 1988).

After six months in Mesa, social service workers moved Viola Broadbent, her four daughters, another plural wife, and her children to a small town outside of Flagstaff. This was part of a state policy to redistribute the mothers and children to small towns throughout Arizona, again attempting to destroy the unity of the group. After twenty-two more months, Viola's husband, David Broadbent, then out on probation, came for her in an old jalopy of a truck that many of the men shared to retrieve their families (Broadbent 1986). The ordeal of separation from their community was over. The series of hearings and trials of the past two years had led to legal victory for the Short Creek fundamentalists.

Only a handful of women did not return to Short Creek when they had the chance. They had not been broken. The principle of plural marriage had not, in their way of thinking, been tainted by the accusations, the arrests, and the legal action.

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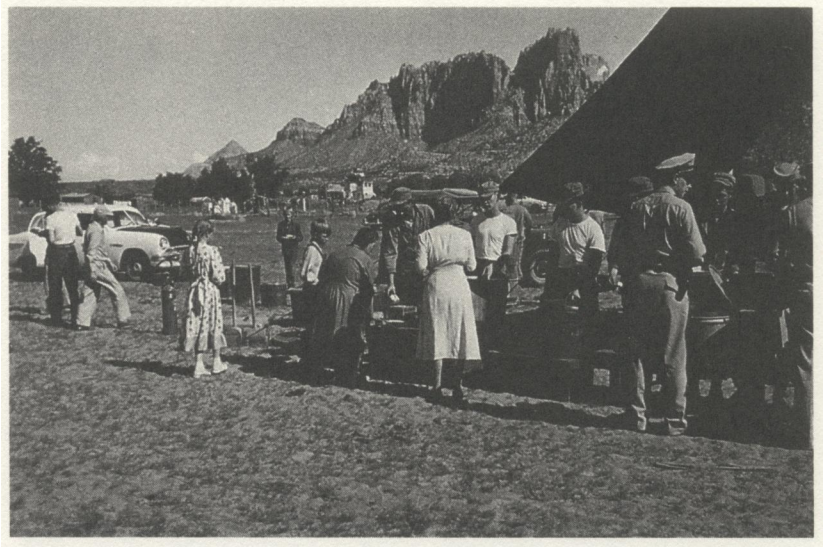

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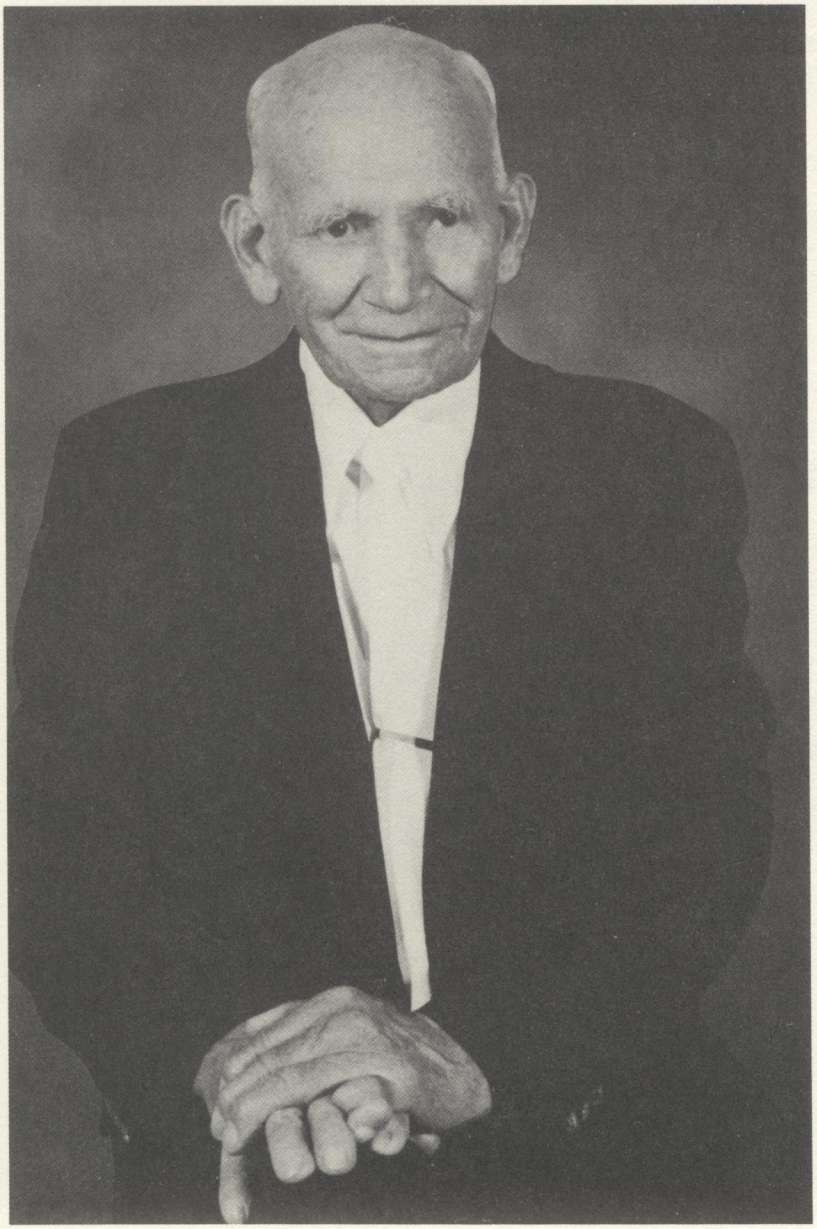

Fundamentalist Attitudes toward the Church: The Sermons of Leroy S. Johnson

Ken Driggs

AT THE AGE OF NINETY-EIGHT, Leroy Sunderland Johnson died in Hildale, Utah, on 25 November 1986. Johnson presided over one of the oldest and largest fundamentalist Mormon groups, organizers of the United Effort Trust in Colorado City, Arizona, formerly known as Short Creek. Accepted as a prophet by his group of fundamentalist Mormons, Johnson's thirty-two years as senior member of the Council of the Priesthood was a time of stability, growth, financial success, and greater public acceptance. An obituary in the January 1987 *Sunstone* magazine called him "a dominant figure in post-manifesto polygamy for over half a century."

A number of fundamentalist groups have broken with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints over plural marriage and related issues. While the various groups most often sympathize with each other, their philosophies and leaders differ distinctly. Johnson's group has never adopted a name, identifying themselves as the fundamentalist arm of the Church. They emphatically reject the violence that has sometimes brought other groups into the public eye and shaped impressions

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of Mormon fundamentalism. Like most fundamentalists, Johnson's group tends to be reclusive, adopting styles and customs distinctly out of fashion. They model their religious organization after the nineteenth-century united order. Those followers I have encountered have always stressed their general goodwill toward the Church. They have many more agreements than disagreements with President Ezra Taft Benson and his predecessors.

Johnson's followers are *not* part of Allred's group of the Apostolic Brethren based in the Salt Lake Valley, the Davis County Kingstonites, the Singer-Swapp family, any of the Mexican-based LeBaron groups which have been involved in notorious killings, or Alex Joseph's Church of Christ in Solemn Assembly. Royston Potter, the former Murray, Utah, police officer who went to court to challenge anti-polygamy laws in the late 1970s was also not a member of Johnson's flock.

The Johnson group traces its priesthood authority from an 1886 vision they claim President John Taylor received while on the underground at the home of John W. Woolley in Centerville, Utah. During the intense prosecutions of polygamy in the 1880s, President Taylor and most other Church leaders went into hiding, moving from one refuge to another protected by bodyguards. In fact, John Taylor died on the underground in 1887, pursued by authorities until the end.

The Woolley home was a favorite stop for Taylor. He often met there with other Church leaders to conduct Church business. Fundamentalists believe Taylor had been considering a proposed statement suspending plural marriage. Jesus Christ and Joseph Smith are said to have appeared to him and instructed him not to give in. The following day, he told some of his party about the vision and set five of them apart to continue plural marriage no matter what the Church might do. The five were Woolley and his son Lorin C. Woolley, George Q. Cannon, Charles H. Wilkins, and Samuel Bateman (Van Wagoner 1986, 183-94).[1] The vision was never presented to the general Church membership for a sustaining vote and indeed, the Church denies its existence (Reimann 1974, 185-224; Anderson 1979; cf. Collier 1979, 145-46; "Four Hidden" (1948): 148-52).

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[1] Most fundamentalist Mormon groups trace their priesthood authority to this visitation to Church President John Taylor. The Woolleys did not come forward with their accounts of these events until well into the twentieth century, after the deaths of Cannon and Bateman who, along with Wilkins, left no known account of the experience. The Woolleys maintained steadfastly that these events did happen and were the driving force behind early fundamentalism.

In 1904 President Joseph F. Smith issued the second manifesto in response to the Reed Smoot hearings, apparently closing the door on plural marriage for good (Clark 1971, 4:84-86). In 1912 and again in 1929 the Woolleys came forward, first privately, then publicly, with the "accounts" of the vision. After his excommunication from the Church in 1924, Lorin C. Woolley organized a seven-member priesthood council to continue to advance plural marriage under proper priesthood authority (Van Wagoner 1986, 190-93). After a 1933 "final manifesto" (Clark 1971, 5:315-30), the Church began excommunicating those who continued to support plural marriage. A more organized fundamentalist movement went public. Although families and small groups were spread over Mormon areas of the Rocky Mountain West, the movement increasingly centered on the little desert hamlet of Short Creek on the Utah-Arizona border. Today the Utah side of the community, where Johnson died, is called Hildale, and the Arizona side is Colorado City.

In the mid-1930s a group led by Eldon and Charles Kingston broke away from the Short Creek group. In the early 1950s, the main group divided to create the Allred and Johnson groups. Other splinter groups continue to break off today. The old Short Creek community remains one of the largest and most influential of the organized groups. Many students of Mormon polygamy believe the majority of modern polygamists are not affiliated with any group; some even retain membership in the Church while holding plural wives in secret (Baer 1988, 31-42; Flesher and Freedman 1983; Van Wagoner 1986, 190-222; Anderson 1979; Reimann 1974; Stumbo 1988).

Johnson first came to national public attention in 1953. A secret two-year investigation of his community by the state of Arizona came to a climax with a pre-dawn raid Sunday, 26 July 1953 by 102 law enforcement officers led by Attorney General Ross Jones, another one hundred invited newsmen, and an assortment of judges, social workers, nurses, and a National Guard field kitchen. Arizona governor Howard Pyle had declared the little fundamentalist community to be "an insurrection against the state." Arizona law officers brought 122 arrest warrants and seized 263 children whom the state deemed to be endangered by the fundamentalist environment. The state of Utah joined in by seizing more children and attempting to terminate the parental rights of fundamentalists in court. Eventually a plea bargain resulted in twenty-seven no contest pleas followed by probation, but family and community life in Short Creek was disrupted for years, and the community had to shoulder great financial burdens. To the Short Creek community, it was a traumatic and heart-rending experience.

Much of the national news media played the raid as a comic incident, but the raid was not always applauded. In two critical editorials, the *Arizona Republic*, Arizona's most influential newspaper, likened the raid both to "the hated police-state roundups of the old world" and a Keystone Cops farce (28 July, 1 August 1953). The Phoenix newspaper also commented on 1 August that "[the authorities] must also remember that the state has countenanced polygamy in Short Creek by taking no effective action against it for years."

The raid made headlines in nearly every major newspaper in the country. Johnson, then sixty-five, was identified as one of three leaders of the community. The others were Richard S. Jessop, fifty, and Carl Holm, thirty-six. It was Johnson who acted as the spokesman, calling the raid the "most cowardly act ever perpetrated in the United States," and the police "Storm Troopers masquerading in highway patrol uniforms" (*Deseret News* 27 July 1953, 1).

Johnson organized the community's defense during the raid, arranged bail for the defendants, found legal counsel, and raised funds to pay for it. The raid solidified his authority in Short Creek, leaving little doubt that he was leader after 1953.

From 1953 to 1986 Johnson led the Short Creek group and was a frequent speaker at fundamentalist religious gatherings in the western United States and Canada. His sermons were recorded by tape or shorthand with increasing regularity. Then in the mid-1980s the transcribed Johnson sermons were published as a seven-volume set along with a few sermons attributed to John Y. Barlow by the Twin Cities Courier Press of Hildale, Utah. The full set of the *L. S. Johnson Sermons* contains over three thousand pages of typed, double-spaced text, a sort of fundamentalist *Journal of Discourses*. As might be expected, much of the content deals with fundamentalism and the Church. The books are a rich source of fundamentalist history and beliefs as taught by Johnson and should not be overlooked by scholars.

THE WARREN JOHNSON FAMILY

Johnson's sermons frequently refer to his family, English immigrants who first settled in the East. Johnson recalled that his non-Mormon grandfather, Jeremiah Johnson, "was a polygamist. He had two wives and raised two families [twenty children] in the same home at the same time; but not under the direction of the Holy Priesthood, because he knew nothing about the Priesthood" (1983-84, 1:315). Johnson's father was named Warren. He graduated at twenty-five from "one of the eastern colleges," but because of poor health his doctors gave him only a few months to live and suggested that he might live longer in the more hos-

pitable climate of California (1:315). So he left his home in Marston, Massachusetts, for the West. He got as far as Dubois, Idaho, "in a nice buggy" before ill health overtook him. He struggled on to Farmington, Utah, where a kind Mormon family named Smith took him in, nursed him back to health, and interested him in the LDS Church. After reading the Book of Mormon, he met Brigham Young in Salt Lake City, "and that was the first time he was absolutely convinced that Mormons did not have horns." He was converted "and entered into the law of plural marriage" (4:1226).

President Young, knowing this new convert was an educated man, "called him to go down into Nevada on the Muddy River and teach school for a colony of the Mormons down there" (4:1226). This settlement, the first of several missions for the older Johnson, was near the former St. Joseph and the present-day Overton, Nevada. Warren was later called by President Young as a missionary to the Navajo Indians in northern Arizona at Lee's Ferry. Johnson recalled that his father served there for twenty-two years until he was released by President Wilford Woodruff (3:864).

John D. Lee, the proprietor of Lee's Ferry, established the ferry in 1871 at Lonely Dell on the Colorado River and operated it until his arrest in 1874 on charges arising from the Mountain Meadows massacre. One of his wives, Emma Lee, operated the ferry until 1879 with the assistance of Warren Johnson. The two were recognized as capable and careful operators. In 1879 Emma Lee left with her family to settle across the river in Arizona. The Church later bought the ferry from her for one hundred cows contributed by the people of southern Utah and northern Arizona. The ferry continued operation until the Marble Canyon bridge was completed in 1929, much of the time under the management of the Warren Johnson family (Peterson 1973, 75-77; Brooks 1957, 292-95; McClintock 1985, 91-97).

After the Manifesto of 1890, Warren Johnson, concerned about his responsibility to his two wives and seventeen children, wrote Apostle and later President Joseph F. Smith. In a 15 December 1891 letter, Smith told him that God did not require men to put away their existing plural families. "What the Lord requires is that we shall not bring upon ourselves the destruction intended by our enemies, by persisting in a course in opposition to the law" (in Lyman 1986, 142). "My father was a man that had lived the law, but he refused to give up his plural families after the Manifesto" (5:254).

Johnson also recalled that his father broke his back and journeyed from Kanab to Salt Lake City "to be blessed under the hands of President Wilford Woodruff. When he came back, he had a

wheelchair—given to him by President Wilford Woodruff. He taught us children to honor and obey the leaders of the Priesthood. That was his great charge to his children, especially his sons—to honor and obey those who presided over them in Priesthood" (1:327).

In 1900 Johnson's parents moved with Church colonists from southern Utah to Big Horn County, Wyoming. Warren Johnson was still in his wheelchair and made the difficult journey in the back of a wagon. Apparently, the family wanted to find more available land for its twenty children, especially the sons. Johnson's mother was the only midwife in an area without a doctor. A year after the move, Warren Johnson died and was buried in the small town of Byron (2:557, 597-98; 3:798).

LEROY JOHNSON'S CHILDHOOD

Johnson was born 12 June 1887, probably at Lee's Ferry, and was baptized at the usual age of eight, a few years after the 1890 Manifesto suspending plural marriage. Although he believed the Manifesto damaged the authority of the priesthood in the Church, he believed "my baptism took" (2:693). Like many pioneers of his generation, Johnson's formal education was limited by the demanding life of the West. By age eleven, in 1898, he had gone as far as the sixth grade in Kanab, Utah. He was twenty-two before he could return to school and eventually completed the eighth grade. He was one of fourteen adults in the school; only two of them graduated from the eighth grade (6:108-9). He remembered his family had had four children die within one two-week period at Lee's Ferry (4:1485). When his father died in 1901, Leroy was only fourteen (4:1227). At age seventeen he received a patriarchal blessing which he believed directed him toward his fundamentalist beliefs (2:632).

Johnson's childhood memories in Big Horn County, Wyoming, include Apostle Abraham Owen Woodruff bearing his testimony "that except the people woke up and accepted the fulness of the gospel and lived it and applied it to their lives, they would not be able to obtain the blessings that the Lord had in store for them in the country" (5:254). Johnson said about Woodruff:

> I was only a boy about thirteen years old when Abram O. Woodruff passed away. I heard him talking to my father. He [Woodruff] said "I hope the Lord will take me home before I do anything that will deprive me of my salvation." This was in Wyoming. He went back to Salt Lake, was asked to go down and preside over the Mexican mission. He went down and established himself there. His wife took small pox and died. A week later, he died with small pox. So, the Lord takes us at our word. (3:881)

Woodruff had been ordained an apostle at age twenty-four in 1897 by his father, then Church President. He died in 1904 in El Paso, Texas, a week after his wife. An advocate of continued plural marriage, his death probably saved him from the Church discipline that came to Apostles John W. Taylor and Matthias Cowley after the second manifesto. Taylor was excommunicated, and Cowley was disfellowshipped in 1911 (Alexander 1986, 66; Jorgensen and Hardy 1980).

Leroy Johnson lived most of his life within the sphere of the devout Mormon community of St. George, about forty-five miles from present-day Colorado City. According to a recent study, more than two men in five in St. George in the 1870s and 1880s participated in plural marriages, the majority of married women were plural wives, and the majority of children grew up in plural families. Johnson's childhood experiences in a devout plural family in the 1890s were the norm, not the exception. Young people married early even by pioneer Mormon standards, usually by their late teens. For both men and women, status within the community and the Church was closely tied to participation in a plural marriage (Logue 1988, 44-71). It is not surprising that Johnson absorbed most of St. George's religious and cultural attitudes.

Johnson as a Church Member

Leroy Johnson believed in continued plural marriage before he was even aware of the fundamentalist movement. "I tried for some years before I became acquainted with President Barlow or President John W. Woolley to get into the principle of plural marriage, because I had it in my heart" (3:1159). Woolley was the first acknowledged leader of the modern fundamentalist movement, having been excommunicated by the Church in March 1914 for "insubordination to the discipline of the government of the Church" for continuing to perform plural marriages as Salt Lake Stake Patriarch ("Excommunication" 1914). Johnson heard of the Woolleys and fundamentalism as early as 1924 (4:1433) or 1926 (5:241) and first met John W. Woolley in 1928, the year Woolley died. "I shook hands with him and heard his story on the 1886 revelation, and I believed it" (4:1504). Johnson recalled that he was very outspoken in his belief in "the Celestial Law" but "had not taken any action about it any further than to express my feelings." Johnson's stake president repeatedly scheduled interviews with him "regarding my worthiness of being maintained in the Church," but he recalled that the stake president kept missing them out of a fear of the confrontation (4:1268). This was probably in the mid-1930s.

In fundamentalism's early years stories were rife of continued plural marriage by the General Authorities of the Church (Quinn 1983, 183-85). In 1976 Johnson recalled a Kanab sermon preached by President Heber J. Grant in which he found subtle support for his fundamentalist leanings.

> I had just listened to a conference report and heard President Grant speak from the stand, and I thought he condemned the law of plural marriage, the Celestial Law, pretty severely.[2] I had been laboring for some time to get the Spirit of the Gospel, and President Grant had scheduled a stopover in Kanab and was going to speak to the people. I went to the Lord and told him I was going to that meeting and for Him to cause that Brother Grant would give me the key as to whether plural marriage could be lived in this day or not. (4:1243)

He felt Grant did give him such a key. While Grant did not speak directly on the subject, Johnson came away satisfied. "Every once in a while he dropped a word to let me know that the true principles of the gospel were always discarded by the majority of the people" (4:1244).

Before his excommunication Johnson, his older brother Price, Isaac Carling, and their wives had driven to Salt Lake City to attend general conference. The women attended the meetings in the Tabernacle; but at Price Johnson's urging, the men met with another group in Cottonwood. At this meeting, Johnson first met Joseph Musser, John Y. Barlow, and other fundamentalist leaders. At first Johnson resisted the fundamentalists' ideas, but over the next few weeks as he discussed them with his brother, he became convinced they were true. Shortly thereafter Musser and Barlow visited Short Creek with their families, which further solidified Johnson's testimony. "It doesn't make any difference what men say, I know that President Barlow holds the key of the Priesthood," he told a friend (6:346).

THE SHORT CREEK EXCOMMUNICATIONS

About the time of Musser and Barlow's visit, President Grant gave his new counselor J. Reuben Clark, appointed in 1933, a mandate to end secret plural marriage in the Church. Clark, a relative of the

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[2] Grant made formal public statements over a number of years denouncing continued plural marriage. He threatened excommunication and the full cooperation of the Church in criminal prosecutions of offenders. These statements came at the April 1921 general conference, a widely circulated letter of September 1925, the October 1926 and April 1931 general conferences, and the sixteen-page June 1933 "Final Manifesto" that was read aloud in every congregation of the Church (Clark 1971; Quinn 1983, 182-85; Alexander 1986, 60-73).

Woolleys,[3] went at it with great energy. He employed a sort of ecclesiastical loyalty oath which required suspected fundamentalists to repudiate fundamentalist teachings and the suggestion that plural marriage continue in any form (Quinn 1983, 184-85).

Perhaps Musser and Barlow's Short Creek visit forced Johnson's Church leaders to act. He recalled his eventual excommunication as coming in 1935. "The high council came out to Short Creek in 1935 and called us on the carpet and told us our die was cast and that we were only to accept or reject their edict, there would be no argument." The presiding officer was President Claud Hirschi (6:342). At the time Short Creek was in the Zion Park Stake (now the Hurricane Utah Stake).

According to Johnson, the high council delivered its message, and a ward clerk then circulated "a little paper to sign," probably the loyalty oath. The fundamentalist periodical published the text of a sample oath in its March 1936 issue:

> I, the undersigned member of the Millville Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, solemnly declare and affirm that I, without any mental reservation whatsoever, support the Presidency and Apostles of the Church; that I repudiate any intimation that any one of the Presidency or Apostles of the Church is living a double life; that I repudiate those who are falsely accusing them, that I denounce the practice and advocacy of plural marriage as being out of harmony with the declared principles of the Church at the present time; and that I myself am not living in such alleged marriage relationship.

Johnson and his wife Josephine discussed it and decided not to sign. Only four or five members of the Short Creek congregation were willing to sign it. Most members of the ward, including the Johnsons, were notified of their excommunication a few days later.[4] Johnson found his

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[3] Clark was himself the child of a plural family. His mother, Mary Woolley Clark, was a daughter of Edwin D. Woolley and plural wife Mary Wickersham. John W. Woolley was a brother of Mary Woolley Clark, making him J. Reuben Clark's uncle. Lorin C. Woolley was therefore Clark's cousin. Another of Clark's cousins, Janet Maria Woolley, would become a post-manifesto plural wife of excommunicated apostle John W. Taylor (Taylor 1974, 1-52; Quinn 1983, 181-83; Parkinson 1967, 196-99, 313-14, 334-35).

[4] The Short Creek congregation was attached to the Rockville Ward of the Zion Park Stake. The Transcript of Ward Record for 1934 and 1935 shows twenty-two excommunications for polygamy-related matters. Johnson, who was a high priest at the time, was excommunicated along with his wife and fifteen others on 7 September 1935 for refusing to sign the loyalty oath. The excommunications of the twenty-two were for refusing to sign the oath, for preaching plural marriage, or for practicing it. Johnson's brother Price and a plural wife, Helen Hull, were among those excommunicated on 30 August 1934.

excommunication to be "a great load . . . lifted off my shoulders," but his wife "felt like the earth had fallen out from under her." For a while the couple met with and were courted by other Mormon dissenters, but eventually they chose the Woolley group (6:343).

Johnson referred to his excommunication as being "handled by the Church," meaning that "I have no records in the Church today" (5:151). In 1970 he rejected the importance of his excommunication, saying, "They may have gone through the motions of excommunicating me, but how can they excommunicate a man for believing what Joseph Smith taught?" (1:233).

Sometime after the Short Creek excommunications, the Church sent an emissary, an Elder Crawford of Rockville, Utah, a returned missionary,

> to come out to Short Creek and preach repentance to us. He was an ambitious young man, full of faith, as far as the Church was concerned. He was very definite in his explanation of what he was sent out to Short Creek for.... He went on at great lengths to let us know that we had committed one of the greatest sins a people could commit in breaking away from the Church and claiming plural marriage to be a great saving principle. (1:342)

Apparently Barlow became Short Creek's spiritual leader, and Musser returned to Salt Lake City where he edited the fundamentalist periodical *Truth*. Barlow, as senior member of the Priesthood Council, soon ordained Johnson as a member of the Council of the Priesthood and as his successor in the leadership of Short Creek (Baer 1988, 38). Barlow, who kept homes in Short Creek and Salt Lake City, died in 1949 at age seventy-four in Salt Lake City.

JOHNSON ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SHORT CREEK

Over the years, Short Creek (or Colorado City, as it was later known) became more than just a small town hidden in the "Arizona Strip" north of the Grand Canyon. Johnson's sermons reflect its special religious significance for fundamentalists.

He taught that through inspiration three or four landowners offered the site "as a starting place for the gathering of the saints." The site "was choice above all other spots of ground in the surrounding country. In fact, the statement was made that the time would come when one acre of this ground would produce more than ten acres of the best soil in Salt Lake Valley" (3:844). However, Joseph Musser had said that this richness would only be realized "when you are united" (4:1465).

Brigham Young had considered successful colonization of the St. George area and nearby Muddy River, Nevada, a high priority. Over a thousand families were called on missions in the 1860s and 1870s to settle in southwestern Utah, Johnson's parents among them. In 1864 Young built a home in St. George and began spending his winters there. The Church committed substantial resources to keeping the colonists afloat (Arrington 1958, 217-23; 1985, 295, 308-10; Logue 1988, 8-12).

According to Johnson, Brigham Young had visited the Short Creek area along with George Q. Cannon, his counselor in the First Presidency. Johnson claimed that in 1926 Young's buggy driver, an old man in Rockville named Gifford, related the following story to him. Young and Cannon were traveling by buggy from St. George to Kanab. The prophet ordered his driver to stop while he surveyed the land. "This will someday be the head and not the tail of the Church. This will be the granaries of the saints. This land will produce an abundance sufficient wheat *[sic]* to feed the people" (3:854-55).

Johnson on the Manifesto of 1890

President Wilford Woodruff pledged through the Manifesto of 1890 to discontinue plural marriage and urged Church members to abide by federal laws which prohibited the practice. The Manifesto was widely opposed in the Church, and it was a generation before it was truly enforced (Quinn 1985, 9-105; 1983, 179-86; Alexander 1986, 60-73). Johnson and other fundamentalists see the Manifesto of 1890 as the event that divided the Church.

> We all know that Wilford Woodruff signed a manifesto in order to make the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints a part of the world, or in other words, in order to save our dignity with the world, he made a covenant with them that we could do away with the Celestial Law. (1:317)

> In 1890 the Manifesto was signed by the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and not only did they sign away their privileges to the New and Everlasting Covenant, or the law of Plural Marriage, but they broke every other commandment that God has given. Why? Because God says: Break one of these commandments and you are guilty of the whole. (1:211-12)

As a result, Johnson taught, "This [Short Creek] is the only place, my brothers and sisters, upon the earth that you can hear the fullness of the everlasting gospel preached" (1:212). He described the Manifesto as a work of evil: "The evil powers tried to destroy that which God had set up, but before He allowed this condition to transpire, He provided an

escape for this revelation to be continued" (2:533). He saw the Manifesto as "one of the greatest stumbling blocks of all times," allowed by the Lord as "the great test" of the righteous (4:1357). The Church "tried to make peace with the enemy by signing away their rights to Holy Priesthood" (4:1339), and "the Lord caused a division to come upon the Latter-day Saints" (4:1535).

Johnson preached in a 1976 sermon:

> "But," says the enemy of righteousness, "we live in a different age. What was good for the people in the days of the Prophet Joseph is not necessary in the lives of the people in the day in which we live." This is not so, my brothers and sisters, for God says: "My word is one eternal round, and what I say to one I say to all. My purposes never fail. And all who will not listen and put into their lives the Gospel of Jesus Christ will fall by the wayside." (4:1307)

Johnson also taught that the Manifesto did not prohibit continued plural marriage but left the choice up to individuals. "After Wilford Woodruff signed the manifesto, the Lord told him that it was now pleasing in His sight that men should use their own judgement regarding these principles. He also says in this book, the Doctrine and Covenants, that except a man obeys the laws that pertain to the blessings of Celestial Glory, he cannot obtain it. So, we are only trying to keep alive the principles of life and salvation" (1:234).

JOHNSON ON THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Johnson said of his community's uncommon family structure, "I do not believe in polygamy, and I do not like the word. The Lord does not use it." His term and, he believed, the Lord's term, was "plural marriage" (3:1021).

In a 1974 sermon concerning peace in the home and among wives, Johnson taught that in the celestial kingdom "there are three heavens or degrees." He quoted J. Golden Kimball to the effect that it took more than plural wives to ensure an exalted station in the heavenly kingdom. Then he asked the men in his Colorado City congregation, "Are you training those wives so they will be in harmony with you and take you into the highest degree of the Celestial Glory and give eternal increase?" (3:807-9).

At another point while preaching on a similar theme, he quoted Brigham Young: "The Prophet Brigham Young said that the law of plurality would damn more than it would save. And this is true. Why? Because we treat lightly that ordinance. We do not know how to train

ourselves when we get them. We labor under a great delusion. Many of us think that when we have wives sealed to us that we have our calling and election made sure, and we need not go further, but this is not so" (2:422). If a properly sealed plural family lived obediently, on the morning of resurrection only the husbands could "bring . . . forth" their wives (2:747).

JOHNSON ON THE FUNDAMENTALISTS AND THE CHURCH

Johnson and his group never pretended to form a new church. Johnson always identified the Colorado City community as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (1:14-18; 3:950; 4:1479) or "the Fundamentalist group of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (2:693).

Johnson and other fundamentalists distinguish between the priesthood and the "monogamist," "popular," or "corporate church." The Church, according to their view, is a legal creation to satisfy gentile expectations and is subordinate to the priesthood quorums. It is "a vehicle of the Priesthood, instead of the Priesthood being a vehicle of the Church" (1:173).

Describing his beliefs, Johnson said, "It is not in modern doctrines of the Church, but it is the original doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the fundamental principles. I was grateful when I heard that Mark E. Peterson [*sic*] branded us as 'FUNDAMENTALISTS'" (4:1491). He once called his group "the fundamentalists of the Fundamentalist division of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (4:1635).

> Some people think because we speak of the everlasting Gospel and the law of Plural Marriage, that we have pulled away and left the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that we have hung on to one principle of the Gospel, namely, plural marriage, and discard everything else. This is not true. For we believe that no man can receive the Celestial Law without first coming in at the door of Baptism for the remission of sins and keeping himself clean and pure from the sins of the generation in which we live. (1:210)

Yet he had observed in 1952, "We have separated ourselves from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as it now stands" (5:28).

As if to underscore this connection with the Church, in 1952 Johnson delivered a sermon on the Articles of Faith. After presenting all thirteen Articles of Faith, he said,

> There is only one thing in which we differ from those who profess to be Latter-day Saints today, and that is in living of the higher principles of the Gospel

> as they were revealed to the Prophet Joseph and given to him. Because they conflict with the laws of the land seemingly, they have been abandoned and laid on the shelf. And because we contend that they are as true today as they were the day they were given to Joseph Smith, we are condemned; and they say we are trying to establish something new and advance new ideas in the earth. (1:15-16)

In this context, Johnson somewhat indignantly charged that his followers were "a people who had been branded as apostates from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when they have only done that which the Lord has commanded" (1:212).

JOHNSON ON THE STANDARD WORKS

Johnson and his fundamentalist group embrace the scriptural standard works of the Mormon Church unreservedly as the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price (4:1503). "I hold in my hand the standard works of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," said Johnson in a 1977 sermon in Salt Lake City. "So every man, woman and child that believes in this book is under condemnation unless they live according to the teachings in it. There is nothing else for us to do, my brothers and sisters, in this day now, a hundred and fifty years since the Prophet Joseph brought this work into the world, but preach repentance to a generation of people who are unbelievers" (4:1420). Sermons delivered from the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants were the norm for Johnson, coupled with praise of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, and others. "We have been greatly blessed because we have this Doctrine and Covenants, the Book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price to refer to as the word of God to the generation in which we live" (4:1704).

JOHNSON ON THE *JOURNAL OF DISCOURSES*

Johnson and his followers believe with considerable pride that because of them the *Journal of Discourses*, a lengthy compilation of the sermons of nineteenth-century Church leaders, is available to twentieth-century Latter-day Saints.

He often told his followers that the orthodox Church "sent agents out around the country gathering up the *Journals of Discourses* [*sic*] and the *Millenial Star*" (1:136; 4:1690). He claimed these agents had visited those who owned copies and also bought them from retail and used book stores. Presumably this was to suppress previous teachings promoting plural marriage. He charged that the Church had "removed from the homes of the Latter-day Saints the testimonies of the early leaders of this Church. . . . They gathered up their literature and burned it, so

they could not get it" (5:345). Apparently at some point there was an effort by the Church to take the *Journal of Discourses* out of circulation (Taylor 1978, 233). Johnson recalled this happening "in about 1924-25" (4:1525).

Johnson recalled that in 1954 fundamentalists republished the set at a cost of $55,000, and sold them through Deseret Book after an initial press run of five hundred were "scattered among the people and libraries" (1:61; 4:1490, 1525). Johnson claimed that "this incited the envy of the leaders of the Church. Why? Because the *Journals of Discourses* [*sic*] were being distributed among the people of the Church, and it wasn't by the consent of the Church" (1:228). He believed the Lord had inspired his servants to have the fundamentalists republish the set (3:1191) and considered it the greatest missionary accomplishment of the previous thirty years (1:298).

Johnson also reacted indignantly to what he saw as an attempt in 1930 by the Church to replace the Doctrine and Covenants with a volume by Apostle James E. Talmage called *Revelations of a More Enduring Value*. The replacement took out of the original collection "some two hundred sections and parts of sections." The effort was a failure, according to Johnson (1:317-18; 3:1209-10; 4:1660, 1681).[5]

Johnson on Temples

Johnson looked forward to the day when he and his followers would again enjoy the blessings of the temples although they did not believe that temples are essential for the exercise of priesthood authority in performing sealing ordinances. They believe their leadership had that authority in a direct line from John Taylor and that unions performed under proper priesthood authority are for time and eternity. Speaking of his people, Johnson said that "there is nothing in the world I would like to see more than to see them prepare themselves for the holy temple, that they might go there and receive their endowments" (2:675). He presumed all fundamentalists felt the same way. "There isn't anyone here but what would like to have access to the temples of our God and have their work done" (1:175). He seems never to have lost the respect for Mormon temple rites and his own temple marriage (6:360-61).

But Johnson disapproved of substantial changes he noted in LDS temple ceremonies early in the twentieth century—changes in both content and manner of presentation of temple ordinances, evident

[5] The author has attempted to verify the publication of such a volume but as of this writing has been unable to do so.

when Johnson said he last visited a temple (see Buerger 1983, 10-44; 1987, 33-76).

> When I see the great trend of the people today, the great cry of the Latter-day Saints is to go to the temples and be married for time and all eternity; but the ordinances of the temples have been changed in my days. They do not receive the same instructions today that were given to us when I went through the temple. I went through the temple first in 1914. The last time I was permitted to go through the temple was in 1928. In that short period of time, great changes had taken place. So, I know that the changes that have been made over the years are mockery in the sight of our Father; for He is not pleased with the Latter-day Saints, including a great number of the fundamentalist arm of the Latter-day Saints. (3:1091-92)

Referring to the Latter-day Saint community in general, Johnson said in 1973, that "since we have desecrated our covenants that were made in the holy temple, and we have changed the ordinances and broken the everlasting covenant, we have got to repent of these things" (2:675).

JOHNSON ON THE FULLNESS OF THE GOSPEL

Johnson was convinced that most members of the Church did not enjoy a fullness of the gospel. "The majority of those who bear the name of the Latter-day Saints have rejected the fullness of the everlasting gospel. Why have they rejected it? Because they have thought more of their own judgment than they did of the Prophets of God" (5:190). He applauded the missionary efforts of the orthodox Church, but he qualified that praise. "Even those who are being converted today to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints do not believe in the fundamental principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as they were given to the Prophet Joseph Smith" (4:1704).

JOHNSON ON THE LINE OF PRIESTHOOD AUTHORITY

According to Johnson, at some point after the death of John W. Woolley in 1928, Woolley appeared in a vision to his son, Lorin C. Woolley, who was then head of the fundamentalists. The father instructed the son to call and set apart

> to carry this work along . . . Joseph Leslie Broadbent, John Y. Barlow, Joseph Musser, Charles F. Zitting, LeGrand Woolley, and Louis Kelsch. . . . And before John Y. Barlow passed away, he called Leroy S. Johnson and J. Marion Hammon and had them set apart as Apostles of the Lord, Jesus Christ. He later called President Guy H. Musser and Rulon Jeffs[6] and had them set apart. Later on he called Richard Jessop and Carl Holm, and Brother Alma Timpson. (4:1606-7)

Johnson would sometimes trace the fundamentalist line of priesthood authority for his followers. "The Gospel is true. Joseph Smith was

a Prophet of God. Brigham Young was his successor in the line of Priesthood. John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff, John W. Woolley, Lorin Woolley, Leslie Broadbent, John Y. Barlow, Joseph White Musser, Charles F. Zitting and the Council you see before you are also successors in the line of Priesthood" (3:1153).

JOHNSON ON THE RAIDS ON SHORT CREEK

Johnson's sermons contain repeated references to various "raids," especially the Arizona raid on Short Creek on 26 July 1953. He recalled "that great day when the army came in and took over the city of Short Creek. . . . They took the men out and put them in jail. They ravaged their homes, took their wives and children, loaded them on buses and took them away" (3:1081). He also remembered it as the day "we were carried away by the unbelievers" (2:693).

Johnson believed that the Lord:

> had to know again how the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints felt toward the Celestial Law, so, this is what happened: soon after these people landed in Phoenix, Arizona, there was a quarterly conference held in Mesa, Arizona. President David O. McKay was in that conference and he made this statement, "I want the people to know that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is in full harmony with the actions of the state of Arizona in the Short Creek episode." What did it mean? Wait and see. It isn't over yet, and I doubt very much if the persecution of this people is over. (3:1082)

Arizona authorities concede they had kept the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints informed of their plans for the raid (Maloney 1953; Quinn 1983, 186), and the Church-owned *Deseret News* applauded the action on 27 July 1953 saying, "We hope the unfortunate activities at Short Creek will be cleaned up once and for all."

Johnson taught that the orthodox Church supported the 1953 raid financially. "They answered to the tune of $50,000 to assist the state in carrying away the women and children of this people" (4:1391). At other times he said they provided $100,000 in support and that the legal costs of the fundamentalists were $50,000 (1:227). The Short Creek raid continued a policy of supporting prosecutions for plural marriage that dated back to President Heber J. Grant (Quinn 1986, 184-87; Clark 1971, 5:292-303).

Johnson also was convinced the Church was behind the 1944 raids:

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[6] Rulon Jeffs succeeded Johnson in 1986 (Bitton 1987).

> Sometime along the line, President Grant made remarks that he would like to live to see all these polygamists behind bars. And he did. When the 1944 raid came along, they arrested Brother Musser and Brother Barlow and put them in jail along with Brother Zitting and others, Brother Kelsch. And do you know what happened? After the prison gates closed behind these men, President Grant passed away. So, he lived long enough to see them behind the bars. (4:1386)

Johnson felt his own children and others had been abused and taunted because of their modesty and beliefs while in Arizona state foster care (5:382-83), but he once suggested that supplies sent in by the state of Arizona to provide for families "while we laid in prison" might have been an indication of God's support and protection. He was proud that the fundamentalists came out of the ordeal with little or no long-term debt (3:1000.) He believed the Lord would always deliver his chosen people from the enemies; for him the outcome of the 1953 raid was proof of that. "We learned in the raid of 1953 that the Lord was willing to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies, simply because we were willing to do things that he asked us to do" (3:1026).

Johnson saw the raid and President McKay's statement as a turning point. "The key is turned and from now on we will win the battles of the saints," he recalled telling his wife (4:1391).

A Christmas day 1954 letter from Johnson to his religious community reflects the still fresh trauma of the 1953 raid:

> Today we find ourselves threatened with the experience of being separated from our children and we feel like the Lord surely will not allow this to happen. . . . Let us as parents gather our families around us as much as circumstances will permit and . . . seek to get the spirit of God and keep it so that God will be pleased to grant unto us deliverance at this time. (1:132)

JOHNSON ON DAVID O. MCKAY

Johnson often commented on President David O. McKay. In 1960 he compared their respective priesthood authority: "President McKay has the same opportunity that I have, but he has rejected the saving principles of the gospel. . . . President McKay had the gospel given to him in a pure line from the Prophet Joseph Smith, and so did I" (5:151).

But when President McKay died in 1970, Johnson praised the man who had supported earlier prosecutions.

> Today, nearly three million people are mourning the loss of a great leader. He took his place in the leadership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and he filled it with honor before the people. I don't know of a man who has been loved by a greater number of people than has David O. McKay. It will be a great day of mourning and admiration given to his name, and I want this people to understand

> that the priesthood join in with the rest of the world in mourning the passing of David O. McKay. (1:147)

Johnson also paid attention to the public comments of other Church leaders and sometimes announced his approval. For instance, in 1976 he applauded a Brigham Young University commencement address on improving morality within the Mormon community (3:1218).

In 1963 Johnson expressed some satisfaction that "offshoots" of fundamentalism had drawn attention away from his group.

> We are glad for all these things because the fire is taken away from us. The Church now is about to fight some of these offshoots because they have carried the fight to the Church, and we have kept our mouths shut as far as the Church is concerned. . . . We might say a few things here that sound like we are fighting the Church teeth and toenails, but we have kept the commandments of the Lord in this. . . . If we have to stand and face the enemy, we will do it. But if the Lord has another offshoot from the Church to take the fire away from us while we do our work, that is all right, because we want to get our work done. (5:305-6).

JOHNSON ON CONTEMPORARY LIFE

Johnson was skeptical of much modern thought. He rejected evolutionary theory: "In my growing-up years, I ran across a book called the Darwin Theory. I only read a small part of it, but I read enough to tell me that if I read anymore I wouldn't be Mormon" (3:949). He was suspicious of space exploration and saw it as an effort to discredit God (1:118-19). In a 1962 sermon, he worried aloud about the Cuban missile crisis and a son he had serving in the Marines at that time (5:277). He disapproved of the low morality of the Nixon administration (3:907). He frequently preached against long hair on men but said "the woman's hair is her glory . . . and there are certain ordinances of the Priesthood that she will need beautiful hair in order to perform" (3:1189).

He thought little of modern fashion and was distressed that "the daughters of Zion would walk the streets of our great and glorious city of Salt Lake as harlots; and you will not be able to tell the face of a Saint from a Gentile" (5:14). He instructed parents never to allow their small children to run naked, but to clothe them, teach them modesty "and the sacredness of their bodies" (6:231). In 1974 he urged members who had television in their homes to "get rid of it" because of the harmful influences on their families (3:890). He disliked television crews who came to film exposés on the community (4:1616). He urged his follow-

ers to clean up dirty or unsightly homes and guard against accidents. "The spirit of God cannot come to a home that is ill-kept, while He blesses the occupants of it with health and strength" (5:311).

JOHNSON ON THE MISSION OF FUNDAMENTALISM

Johnson explained the religious mission of his community in a 1970 sermon in Salt Lake City.

> The reason for us gathering people together and teaching them like we have been teaching them today is to try and bring up a people that Joseph Smith can use when he comes to set in order the House of God; for we believe that Joseph Smith is the One Mighty and Strong, who will come here clothed with power and the mantle of righteousness to set in order the House of God. He has to have men prepared for that great work. He has to have men who have not fought against the laws of the Celestial Kingdom; because God has said that Zion cannot be redeemed only upon principles of the Celestial Kingdom. (1:233)

In 1974 Johnson stated this purpose more simply, "These principles have got to be kept alive" (3:886).

Leroy Johnson, prophet of fundamentalists, and his followers may seem like a footnote in the total Mormon experience. They have not attracted much attention from scholars. However, a study of the Mormon fundamentalist movement provides remarkably illuminating insights on the experience of the Church and its accommodations to a modern society. The Johnson sermons contain a wealth of history for both nineteenth and twentieth-century Mormon historians.

Fundamentalism is essentially a protest movement against the religious and cultural accommodations the Church made as it searched for a way to survive under the often savage pressures of the gentile world in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Those accommodations began with the 1890 manifesto and gained speed during the long administration of President Grant. Fundamentalism strives to remain close to the Mormonism of the 1880s, which is seen as the golden age of the faith. By studying fundamentalist beliefs, we better understand those changes. Although plural marriage is the most obvious topic, shifts and changes can also be seen in temple ceremonies, religious communalism, the Word of Wisdom, and the strong hold of religious leaders over the last century's Mormons, a hold that is considerably diminished today.

With the organized criminal prosecutions of the fundamentalists ending in the late 1950s, the community now seems much more secure in its relationship with the outside world and more ready to tell its story to outsiders. The time is certainly ripe for scholars to listen.

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Photographs courtesy of the Leroy S. Johnson family.

An Ambivalent Rejection: Baptism for the Dead and the Reorganized Church Experience

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THE REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS has often been characterized in recent historical scholarship as a "moderate Mormon" movement seeking to develop an identity somewhere between the more radical Mormonism of the Great Basin and the mainstream of American Protestantism (Blair 1973; see also Launius 1988b). While midwestern and mountain Mormonism sprang from the same historical roots, their theological development took such different courses that today they probably diverge to a greater degree than do the doctrines of the Reorganization and many other contemporary American Christian churches. While some have suggested this is a recent development, it is more likely a consequence of a course charted in the earliest years of the Reorganized Church's history.[1]

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[1] See the works of Richard Price, *Decision Time*, (1975); *The Saints at the Crossroads* (1975); *Action Time* (1985). Price is a Reorganization conservative who interprets redirec-

Tracking the development of the doctrine of baptism for the dead within the Reorganization demonstrates this fundamental point. Although baptism for the dead had been adopted by the early Latter Day Saint movement, it did not relate well to the peculiar mindset and theological bent of the Reorganization and seemed to do so even less over time. Gradually, without overt action or explicit discussion, it moved from general, albeit cautious, acceptance to essential, albeit unofficial, rejection. Why did this evolution take place? What theological and historical considerations within the Reorganization made this possible, or even probable? As the Reorganized Church enters a new age with the building of a temple in Independence, how will it deal with this critical doctrine?

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD AND THE EARLY SAINTS

Baptism for the dead first appeared in the early Mormon church in Nauvoo. Predicated on the double assumption that God loves all people and grants each an opportunity for salvation and that salvation cannot be granted without baptism, the doctrine provided for the baptism of dead people by proxy. Those who had died without accepting the gospel would be taught after death, and others could be baptized on earth in their stead. It was an extremely attractive concept for many Latter Day Saints, because it allowed for the salvation of all and signified the justice and mercy of God. It answered the fundamental question of what would happen to those who did not embrace the gospel as the early Saints understood it, particularly ancestors who had already died. This concern was registered by members of Joseph Smith, Jr.'s, family for the soul of his oldest brother, Alvin, who had died suddenly in 1823 without baptism.

Years of persecution and the loss of loved ones also made the issue attractive to the church membership. The Saints' desire to understand the nature of the hereafter, particularly as revealed in obscure passages of scripture, also prompted the doctrine's ready acceptance. As Richard P. Howard observed:

> All these developments—the Smith family's grief over Alvin, the intense persecution of the Saints, the speculative theological propensities of church leadership—produced a milieu in which baptism for the dead came into focus as a means of sealing the deceased

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tions in the church's policy and doctrine as evidence of apostacy from the truths of the Restoration. He has become the chief spokesman for Reorganization fundamentalists, and a rival church organization is now developing around him. For a similar discussion without the criticisms of the institutional church see Howard J. Booth, *Recent Shifts in Restoration Thought* (1980).

> ancestors and relatives of the living Saints into the promises of the Mormon kingdom (celestial glory). (1983, 20)

Joseph Smith apparently first considered the propriety of baptism for the dead after reading the only biblical reference to it: "Else what shall they do, which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?" (I Cor. 15:29). His consideration led to the full-fledged development of the doctrine. He made the first public disclosure of it on 15 August 1840 in Nauvoo at the funeral sermon of Seymour Brunson. Simon Baker later remembered that Joseph Smith told the congregation that although baptism was necessary for salvation, "people could now act for their friends who had departed this life, and . . . the plan of salvation was calculated to save all who were willing to obey the requirements of the law of God" (in Ehat and Cook 1980, 49). At the October 1840 conference the Prophet instructed the Saints of Nauvoo about baptism for the dead and called for the construction of a temple, in part to accommodate the ritual which was then being conducted in the Mississippi River (see Ehat and Cook 1980, 38, 71, 76-79, 209-14, 333, 363-65, 372; Cook 1981, 242-51, 284-85; Smith 1843, 82-85; Lyon 1975, 435-46; Hill 1976, 170-80; Howard 1969, 224-27).

The Nauvoo Saints began enthusiastically incorporating the doctrine into their belief system. A 19 January 1841 revelation formalized the practice and was included in the 1844 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants, along with two 1842 letters on the same subject. With this undisputed revelatory instruction, the practice was codified as a temple ritual and recognized as such by the Nauvoo Saints. There can be no doubt about the doctrine's importance in church theology to Joseph Smith and the early church members. The Reorganized Church could never claim, as it did with some other religious conceptions of the period, particularly plural marriage, that Joseph Smith, Jr., was not its originator (LDS D&C 124, 127, 128; RLDS D&C 107, 109, 110).

The Development of an Official Position

Very early in the movement's history, the Reorganized Church adopted an official position about baptism for the dead. This official pronouncement denied neither the possibility nor the viability of baptism for the dead. Instead, it took a cautious position acceptable to all in the early Reorganization: the doctrine was a permissive one, which God had allowed to be practiced for a time in Nauvoo during the 1840s; but without additional divine guidance, the Reorganized Church was not prepared either to teach or practice the temple ritual. It was, in offi-

cial church parlance, a doctrine of "local character," directed by God to be practiced at a specific time and specific place under strict control of the church leadership. The fundamentals of this position were suggested in an 1884 General Conference Resolution which stated "that the commandments of a local character, given in the first organization of the church are binding on the Reorganization, only so far as they are either reiterated or referred to as binding by commandment of the church" (*Rules* 1980, Resolution 282). In other words, unless the Reorganization specifically reaffirmed a particular questioned doctrine, it had no force in the church's official theology. Two years later the April 1886 General Conference passed a resolution especially singling out baptism for the dead as one of those "commandments of a local character" that would not be practiced until reinstated by divine revelation (*Rules* 1980, Resolution 308).

This stand has never been officially rescinded. But the institution's official position tells less than half the story, for the movement has walked a torturous path during the past one hundred years as it sought to deal with the legacy of baptism for the dead. From a general acceptance of the policy—a position that recognized it as a permissive but legitimate rite, to be executed at the specific redirection of God—in time the Reorganization gradually drifted away from the doctrine. At the present, I suspect that while the doctrine still has some support, the overwhelming majority of Reorganized Church members no longer accept, even theoretically, baptism for the dead. Until recently, although the church has continually suggested that baptisms for the dead be carried out only by divine direction in a temple built for the purpose, with no prospect for the building of such an edifice in the immediate future, the doctrine was shunted into a limbo between belief and practice. To ignore, as Alma R. Blair has appropriately remarked, was ultimately to reject (1973, 222).

THE EARLY REORGANIZATION'S CONCEPTION

The Saints making up the early Reorganization never questioned the propriety of baptism for the dead. It had been introduced by Joseph Smith, it was contained in their Doctrine and Covenants, it was a part of the early Latter Day Saint belief system, and it had been promulgated rapidly and with enthusiasm during the Prophet's lifetime. Whether to accept it into the Reorganization was never of the slightest concern to the earliest members of that dissenting church. The new organization, Richard Howard commented, "had no basis, either in sentiment or in public deliberations, to make a departure from such a firmly established doctrine as baptism for the dead had been since 1840" (1969, 228).

This doctrine was such a distinctive part of the Reorganized Church that it contributed to the conversion of Alexander H. Smith, a son of the founding prophet and the brother of Reorganized Church president Joseph Smith III, who had affiliated with the Reorganization in 1860. Emma Smith had joined at the same time, and the youngest brother, David H., united with the church shortly after. Alexander, however, hung back, unwilling to make a commitment to the Reorganization even though he was interested in its message and generally agreed with its position.

In April 1862 the second-oldest son, Frederick G. W. Smith, took ill and died without baptism. This greatly troubled Alexander, who was concerned that Frederick would be consigned to hell. Vida E. Smith, Alexander's daughter, remembered a turning point in this perplexity:

> That his beloved brother was lost was a horror such as has filled many hearts; but to him there came a balm, the testimony of the Spirit, the first communication direct from that Comforter, saying, "Grieve not; Frederick's condition is pleasant; and the time shall come when baptism can be secured to him," admonishing him to do his duty and all would be well. Satisfied of the necessity of baptism for the living, and comforted by the evidence of its possibility for the dead, on May the 25th of the same year [1862], his brother Joseph baptized him in the grand old Mississippi. (1911, 13-14)

Alexander Smith, of course, went on to serve as an apostle and later Presiding Patriarch in the Reorganized Church.

If baptism for the dead was a true principle, then it was incumbent on the Reorganization either to practice it or to explain why it could not do so. The reasons varied depending upon the era; but throughout most of the nineteenth century, Reorganized Church leaders argued that the doctrine had to be executed under a rigid set of conditions at the specific direction of God. They tied this closely to the rejection of the church when Brigham Young accepted leadership and moved its administration to Utah. "Baptism for the Dead was also rejected," stated an unsigned article in the *True Latter Day Saints' Herald* in March 1860, "and yet this doctrine was believed in and practically observed by the church in the days of Paul." The author went on to make the case that it had been explained to Joseph Smith "before the Book of Mormon was revealed." Even so, the author wrote that Smith did not institute the practice until commanded to do so by God, and then only within a well-defined set of parameters. When the Saints withdrew from Nauvoo, the author continued, the opportunity to practice it had passed, and Young's followers should have stopped. Because they did not do so, the writer concluded, their church was "rejected" ("The Early Revelations" 1860, 67).

An endorsement of baptism for the dead also emerged from the Reorganization's Joint Council of ruling quorums in May 1865. During the meeting, William Marks, the one man in the Reorganization to have been "in the know" about doctrinal ideas of the Nauvoo period, stated at this meeting that the doctrine had originally been considered a permissive rite, to be practiced only under the most restricted conditions in a temple built especially for the purpose. Marks asserted that Joseph Smith "stopped the baptism for the dead" in Nauvoo, at least for a time, and Marks "did not believe it would be practiced any more until there was a fountain built in Zion or Jerusalem" (Council of Twelve Minutes 1865, 12). At the conclusion of this meeting, the Joint Council affirmed a cautious policy, resolving "that it is proper to teach the doctrine of baptism for the dead when it is necessary to do so in order to show the completeness of the plan of salvation, but wisdom dictates that the way should be prepared by the preaching of the first principles" (Council of Twelve Resolutions 1865, 3).

The ensuing years saw considerable discussion of the reinstitution of baptism for the dead. In virtually every instance Reorganization leaders endorsed the idea but withheld practice awaiting a divine mandate. They usually coupled this stance with a condemnation of Utah Mormonism for continuing the ritual without God's sanction (see "The Rejection" 1861, 17-18; J. Smith III 1883; "Building" 1894; "Baptism" 1864).

The Reorganization condemned the Mormon method of conducting baptisms for ancestors without direct and individual revelation. "It is not commonly known that President Young taught and administered baptism for the dead in a very different way than Joseph did," stated a July 1880 article in the *Saints' Advocate*, published by the Reorganization at Plano, Illinois. "Joseph taught that baptism for the dead could be done, properly, only by revelation, . . . Have President Young and his followers observed this essential restriction?" Of course, the article answered with a resounding no, and the author concluded that the Utah faction had "departed away from the teachings of the 'Choice Seer,' however much they may have claimed to follow him" ("Baptism" 1880).

Perhaps the clearest expression of the Reorganized Church's concept of baptism for the dead can be found in an 1874 *True Latter Day Saints' Herald* editorial:

> For the Doctrine of Baptism for the Dead, we have only this to write; it was by permission, as we learn from the history, performed in the river until the font should be prepared. The font and the temple which covered it are gone, not a stone remains unturned,

> the stranger cultivates the soil over the places where the corner stones were laid; and when memory paints in respondent hues the rising light of the glorious doctrine, the mind should also remember how sadly sombre and dark are the clouds lying heavily over the horizon where this light was quenched; "You shall be rejected with your dead, saith the lord your God."
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> The practice of "Baptizing for the Dead" was made a part of the practice of the Church only after years of suffering and toil; and not taught nor practiced until a place of rest was supposed to have been found; does not add to, nor diminish the promises made to the believer in the gospel proclamation; and while it was permitted, was of so particular form in its observance, that a settled place, and only one, was essential to the keeping of the records of baptism. . . .
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> Baptism for the dead is not commanded in the gospel; it is at best only permitted, was so by special permission, and we presume that should we ultimately prove worthy, it may be again permitted. . . .
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> In conclusion on this subject, let those who are most anxious for the reinstating of the doctrine and practice of baptism for the dead remember, that there is but little of direct scriptural proof that can be adduced in support of the doctrine; and that left mainly to the direct institution of it among the Saints, we must be fully prepared to meet all the consequences attendant upon its introduction, or we shall rue the mooting of the subject. ("Editorial" 1874, 434)

The anonymous author went on to say that the Saints should live justly and not concern themselves with such practices as baptism for the dead until such time as God should direct.

Joseph Smith III and the Doctrine

Joseph Smith III, who became Reorganized Church president in April 1860, played a critical role in developing the church's policy concerning baptism for the dead. Smith never questioned the doctrine publicly and only hesitantly considered its propriety in private late in his long career. Too much religious background from Nauvoo eliminated any serious reconsideration of the issue the early Reorganization, and I doubt that he had either the will or the inclination to deal with the issue. Smith's mother, Emma, had been a proxy in the baptism for the dead rituals in Nauvoo. His lone counselor in the First Presidency in the 1860s, William Marks, had been stake president in Nauvoo and had participated in the proxy baptisms (Bishop 1990, 7). And, as already mentioned, the doctrine was particularly comforting to his brother Alexander.

Even if Smith had been willing to challenge the ritual on theological grounds, he probably still would not have done so early in his presidency because he was generally unwilling to take strong and forceful action publicly that might needlessly upset the harmony of the church (see Launius 1988, 361-74). Throughout his life, Smith recognized the doctrine as legitimate, at least in principle, and allowed the door to remain

open to its eventual practice or possible rejection in the Reorganization.

Smith wrote to Alfred Ward on 9 May 1880 about this issue. "Baptism for the dead, temple building, and gathering are not rejected," he wrote, "and what you may deem laying on the shelf, remains to be seen." He added, however, that baptism for the dead was at best a permissive doctrine that might or might not be practiced again. In a similar manner, he wrote to Job Brown on 5 January 1886 that he believed in the principle of universal salvation and that baptism for the dead was one means of achieving it, "but [I] do not teach it; having as I understand it no command to do so."

Apparently, Joseph Smith III began to modify some of his ideas concerning baptism for the dead at least by the early 1890s.[2] He still positively regarded it, but his comments on the subject show inconsistency. His 3 May 1894 letter to Mrs. N. S. Patterson shows that he still stressed its permissive nature:

> We do not feel at liberty to baptize for the dead yet, though we believe it. It is a permissive rite, and the church was forbid the practice in about 1844, until the Temple was finished. The temple was not finished in the time alotted sic, and the privilege ceased. It will be renewed soon we believe, when we can practice that ordinance.

On 5 May 1894 he even defended the doctrine against charges that it was unscriptural by pointedly asking a correspondent: "Will you please state wherein the doctrine of baptism for the dead is contrary to the Book of Mormon?"

At the same time, he began asking more questions about the doctrine. Perhaps it was challenges from others, or the completion of the Salt Lake Temple, or his own personal feelings that by the 1890s resulted in a subtle shift in his willingness to reexamine the issue. In an intriguing 26 May 1893 letter to L. L. Barth of Rexburg, Idaho, Joseph Smith III described his basic position about baptism for the dead and the Mormon concept of the eternity in general. "Personally, I would not value going through the temple a dollar's worth," he wrote, "and then only as a matter of curiosity, I cannot see anything sacred or divine in it." Smith also suggested that baptism for the dead might be rejected

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[2] In my biography of Joseph Smith III I argued that by the 1890s the prophet was more comfortable with his position in the church, that the peculiar circumstances of his presidential position, his time in office, the successes of his policies–particularly against polygamy–prompted greater shifts in his administration than at any previous time. This may help explain what appears to be a subtle and tentative, but nonetheless important, reexamination of the doctrine of baptism for the dead by the Reorganization prophet (see Launius 1988, 296-311).

at some date in the future, arguing that God could either "enjoin" or "permit" it to suit his purposes, and it was not humanity's concern ("Baptism" 1893, 115).

There can be no doubt, however, that Joseph Smith III held at least a tangential belief in baptism for the dead until his death in 1914. Usually in the latter years of his presidency, he alluded to it in connection with the temple in Independence at some distant future time. He wrote to J. W. Jenkins in 1902, "We believe that when the temple is built baptism for the dead will be practiced, and we are in hopes that perhaps permission may be given before that." But Smith never implored God for revelations and guidance about the practice of the ritual. The abstract principle, without any tangible expression and with fewer and fewer people concerned with it, began a path toward rejection.

Early Challenges

There were opponents of the doctrine of baptism for the dead from the earliest period of the Reorganization, and they vocally disagreed with the Reorganized Church's cautious official position about its legitimacy as a permissive rite to be practiced at the express command of God. A few—notably Reorganization founding father Jason W. Briggs, who was admittedly such a liberal element in the movement that he withdrew from it in 1886 because of irreconcilable doctrinal differences—even advocated that the church reject the premise outright as unscriptural and adopt a more "Christian attitude."[3]

Russell Huntley, in most instances an orthodox church member (he demonstrated as much by donating significant funds to the church to provide for the publication of the sealed portion of the Book of Mormon when it came forward), also thought the doctrine ridiculous (Launius 1985).[4] In a February 1875 article in the *True Latter Day Saints' Herald* Huntley challenged the concept: "Then we find the believer and the doer saved; the unbeliever that has the law and will not keep it, lost; and the little children and those without the law redeemed by the atonement, the blood of Christ. Now where does the baptism for the dead come in, as all are saved that can be saved? I see no place or need for that ordinance." Huntley's position, as might be expected, relied

[3] In addition to Briggs, Apostle Zenos H. Gurley, Jr., also questioned the necessity of the doctrine. Both withdrew from the church in 1886 over theological issues (see Smith and Smith 1967, 4:524-28; Vlahos 1971; Blair 1980; Russell 1987).

[4] In the 1880s Huntley asked for and received back the money he had donated for a trust fund to publish the remainder of the Book of Mormon.

heavily on Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon's 1832 vision of the three glories, which indicated that salvation would come to a much broader category of human beings than most Christian churches accepted but did not mention baptism as a necessary prerequisite to this redemption (D&C 76).

For several years thereafter, baptism for the dead was discussed in church meetings and periodicals, but mostly in noncommittal ways (Stebbins and Walker [1888], 166, 216-18; Griffiths n.d., 139-40; Parsons 1902, 114-20). For instance, the author of a 5 January 1889 statement in the *Saints' Herald* debated the wisdom of baptism for the dead, declaring that even though the doctrine could be rectified with the existing body of scripture and then practiced, there was little reason to believe it would be reinstituted any time soon and perhaps never. Joseph Smith III was in Utah when this appeared, and it seems unlikely that he had approved its publication. At the preconference meeting of the Quorum of Twelve in 1892 the apostles voted "that as a Quorum we put ourselves upon record as being ready to promulgate the doctrine as soon as the Lord shall so direct us as to time, place, and conditions for observance" (in Edwards 1969, 5:145). There was, however, little enthusiasm for the pronouncement from most of the quorum members, and nothing came of the exercise, not even a request to Joseph Smith III that he prayerfully consider the matter, a common action in other cases of doctrinal interpretation.

A TIME OF WITHDRAWAL

During the early years of the twentieth century, Reorganization leaders withdrew further from considering baptism for the dead as a legitimate doctrine. The official position remained constant throughout this period; the doctrine was "permissive," to be practiced at some future, unspecified time. Questions about the doctrine were much less common during the first half of the century than before 1900. Discussion in the *Saints' Herald* dropped drastically.[5] Most discussion, both in church periodicals and elsewhere, involved debate with the Utah Saints about the issue (see Phillips 1904; H. Smith 1907; J. F. Smith nd; E. Smith 1943; Ralston 1950; Carpenter 1958; Hield and Ralston 1960). This debate became not so much about when to implement the doctrine—the old

[5] There are only nine articles on the subject listed in the card file index for the *Saints' Herald* at the Reorganized Church Library-Archives for the period between 1900 and 1960. In addition, such influential tracts as A. B. Phillips, *Latter Day Saints and What They Believe* (n.d., 203-6) has a lengthy discussion of baptism and resurrection, but no commentary on baptism for the dead.

"permissive" position—as about whether it was necessary at all.

Russell F. Ralston, a member of the seventy assigned to full-time missionary service in Utah in 1948, was one of the most important students of the issue (Ralston 1989a; 1989b). In his work in Utah, Ralston needed answers to doctrinal questions about the Restoration churches but found very little quality information. To rectify this deficiency, he enlisted the aid of Charles R. Hield, the apostle in charge of the region, and prepared a series of study papers on the various doctrinal dissimilarities of the Latter-day Saint and Reorganization churches. They found that most of the Reorganization's doctrinal materials placed too much emphasis on the subject of plural marriage to the exclusion of other critical issues. Accordingly, they began by studying each church's concept of God. That led naturally into a consideration of temple rituals, one of which was baptism for the dead.

Ralston approached baptism for the dead from a fresh perspective. By the late 1940s no one in the church remembered Nauvoo and the practice of baptism for the dead. Since the doctrine had no practical application in the Reorganization, there was no body of knowledge surrounding it from continued practice, as in the case of the Latter-day Saints. Ralston was free, therefore, to consider the issue without defending or condemning it. While Ralston denied that he was consciously departing from previous approaches to the subject, he articulated well the shifting position of many Reorganized Church members during the immediate postwar era as the church began to struggle with broader questions. Having moved beyond the borders of western culture, the Church was also forced to consider anew its role within the broader context of Christianity. Baptism for the dead was apparently one of the issues reviewed (see Booth 1980; Potter 1980; Cole 1979).

He quickly found that baptism for the dead had a very strong pedigree in the early Mormon church, although he thought its scriptural support was suspect. In spite of this, he began by asking, "Was baptism for the dead as now understood and practiced a false doctrine?" That was, of course, a remarkably different premise from one that recognized the doctrine's viability but argued its restrictive nature. Ralston reasoned that baptism for the dead was only legitimate if baptism was essential for salvation. His studies all indicated that baptism was not essential to salvation and therefore that baptism for the dead was a false doctrine deserving of rejection. Israel A. Smith, the Reorganization's president from 1946 to 1958, supported Ralston's conclusions and asked Ralston to prepare his studies on Restoration doctrines for publication (Ralston 1989a).

The 30 October 1950 *Saints' Herald* contained the first of several

pathbreaking articles by Ralston on baptism for the dead. This article accepted the basic church position that the practice of baptism for the dead in the early church had been formally directed, circumscribed, and governed by revelation. Ralston suggested that the practice was strictly limited for a time to the Mississippi River and to the Nauvoo Temple when it was completed. He also concluded that "the ordinance of baptism for the dead was only to be *permissible* in *Zion*, her *stakes*, and *Jerusalem*." Without a temple specifically for the purpose, "there is *no place on earth* where this ordinance can be *legally* practiced" (1950, 1047). Ralston was here taking at face value an argument he had heard from Elbert A. Smith, a longtime church official currently serving as presiding patriarch, who believed that in spite of the doctrine's strangeness, it might have to do with a special relationship between some of the living and their dead, even though it had nothing to do with their salvation (Ralston 1989a).

After reaffirming the standard church position, Ralston next considered whether baptism for the dead was essential "to the salvation of either the living or the dead." He suggested, "I believe that if baptism for the dead is essential to their salvation, then God is unjust." He argued that those who had died without a knowledge of the gospel should not be penalized and that Joseph Smith, Jr., had learned as much in a 1836 revelation when he saw his brother Alvin in the celestial kingdom, even though he had not been baptized. Ralston used several scriptural citations to show that baptism was not essential, including Christ's promise of paradise to the thief on the cross. "Considering the above fact," Ralston commented, "we can but conclude that baptism for the dead *is not* essential to the salvation of the dead" (Ralston 1950, 1048).

Ralston also used the Book of Mormon, asserting that while it contained the fullness of the gospel, it made no mention of baptism for the dead. He also invoked the Doctrine and Covenants 34:3, dated December 1830, to demonstrate that God had "*sent* forth the fullness of my gospel by the hand of my servant Joseph Smith" by that early date, apparently without any consideration for the historical evolution of the church after that period.

Ralston also used the only biblical reference to baptism for the dead in 1 Corinthians 15:29 to demonstrate the doctrine's error. In the first instance I have found of this particular argument, Ralston asserted that in this scriptural passage "Paul was not talking about Christians." He wrote:

> In this fifteenth chapter, Paul is expounding the truth of the Resurrection. Talking to the saints (members of Christ's church) at Corinth, he says, "Else what shall *they* do, which

> are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are *they* then baptized for the dead?" You will note carefully that Paul does not say, "why are *you* (members of Christ's church) baptized for the dead," but specifically talks about *they*. Who are *they*? There is no indication that *they* are Christians. (1950, 1048)

This last argument has become a standard in Reorganized Church efforts to discredit the practice of baptism for the dead. Based on this assessment of scripture—and the discrediting of the biblical reference to baptism for the dead had to take place before the Reorganization could reject the doctrine—Ralston concluded that "we feel the only logical conclusion is that baptism for the dead is not a basic principle of the doctrine of Christ" (1950, 1048).

Having cast doubts on the biblical sanction of baptism for the dead, it was now easier for Ralston to challenge the latter-day revelations of Joseph Smith on the subject. Ralston suggested that the sections in the Doctrine and Covenants concerning baptism for the dead were deficient as scripture: one was a cautious revelation that limited the practice, and the other two were 1842 letters that Ralston cast aside as nonrevelatory writings. He also offered an entirely different interpretation of the scripture in Malachi 4:6 about turning the hearts of the children to their fathers, using a statement from the first vision that reads: "And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to the fathers" (Ralston 1950, 1049; Smith and Smith 1973, 1:13).

At the end of this article, Ralston offered six basic conclusions about baptism for the dead: (1) baptism for the dead at best is very strictly limited; (2) there is no temple on the earth where baptism for the dead can be practiced according to the limitations of God; (3) baptism for the dead is in no way essential to the salvation of either the living or the dead; (4) baptism for the dead is not a basic principle of Christ's gospel, for the Book of Mormon, which contains the fullness, does not teach it; (5) the doctrine is at best permissible, and this only under very specific conditions; and (6) "members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints cannot feel justified [either] in accepting or rejecting it, nor can we rightfully do so unless God in his wisdom shall reveal it in such a way and with such a purpose that it will be completely consistent with him, his Son, and his gospel" (Ralston 1950, 10-49).

In the next few years, Ralston followed this article with several essays on baptism for the dead in church periodicals, each laying waste to the practice. In a 1952 article in the *Saints' Herald*, he commented:

> The whole matter of baptism for the dead is so very indefinite that it would be difficult to

> come to any conclusion as to just what did occur. There are no records of any revelation of God coming through the prophet telling any one individual to be baptized for any specific dead person. Since there are no records of such, I feel it is safe to assume that there was no such revelation.

When questioned about the possibility of proxy baptism for someone on the verge of converting to the church at the time of death, Ralston asserted that "God has a way by which he offers celestial salvation to those whose hearts' desire is worthy and who through no fault of their own had no opportunity to be baptized in this world." He did not allow, however, for any requirement for baptism at any time, considering it an unnecessary act (*Question* 1955, 224-26; Ralston 1955, 525).

In 1960 Russell Ralston and Charles R. Hield published an expanded tract on the subject, which laid out in detail the official Reorganized Church position but firmly defended the nonpractice of the rite by the movement. They asserted that "while the Reorganized Church does not completely reject the principle of baptism for the dead, *it does very strongly deny any concept which makes baptism for the dead essential to the salvation* of either the living or the dead."[6] Interpreting scripture and restoration history, the authors' case against the practice was similar to, though more detailed than that offered in Ralston's earlier writings.

One of Ralston and Hield's most interesting and original arguments for the rejection of baptism for the dead is that the doctrine makes humans the saviors of those for whom they are baptized, rather than Jesus Christ. "If salvation for the unbaptized people on the other side must depend upon frail mankind today, then judgment depends upon the works of the living and not upon one's own life," they wrote. "Any doctrinal concept that makes man a savior is obviously false" (1960, 11).

This has become an especially important rationale for members of the Reorganization and has been used repeatedly in recent years to discredit baptism for the dead (see Elefson 1984, 12-14). James D. Wardle, a Reorganized Church member living in Salt Lake City who operates the only combination barber shop/theological seminar that I know of, echoed this position in an unpublished study in the early 1960s: "To

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[6] Hield and Ralston, *Baptism for the Dead*, p. 9. This tract was incorporated into a larger publication by Ralston, *Fundamental Differences* (1963, 209-65). An earlier edition of *Fundamental Differences* had been published in 1960, but its discussion was much circumscribed from that of the 1963 edition because of a fear that it would preempt the sales of the Hield and Ralston booklet on *Baptism for the Dead*, published in 1960 (Ralston 1989a).

trust in baptism for the dead is to prefer the interference of men over the redemptive power which is already assured through Jesus Christ."

During the 1960s the Church moved even further from the doctrine. Instead of explaining that baptism for the dead was a permissive doctrine that would be practiced upon further revelation from God, several church leaders publicly challenged and then overturned, at least to their satisfaction, the doctrine's theological underpinnings. Charles Fry, long a leading figure in the church's hierarchy, concluded in a 1963 study:

1. The doctrine of Baptism for the Dead was never revealed of God; never commanded of Him; and never endorsed of Him.
2. Its entrance into the church was irregular and illegitimate, and in disregard of the law.
3. It came out in due season and was no part of the "Restoration" of latter days. . . .
4. It is based upon false promises including an erroneous interpretation of scriptural baptism.

Another argument at this time commented that the sections in the Doctrine and Covenants mandating baptism for the dead had not been officially adopted by conference action of the church before the death of Joseph Smith and therefore should not be binding on the church. As a result, some church officials advocated removing these sections from the Doctrine and Covenants (*Question* 1967, 195-96; Draper 1989).

George Njeim and the Prophet/Theologian Dichotomy

Also at center stage in this reevaluation of the legitimacy of baptism for the dead was George Njeim, a president of seventy and full-time missionary. Njeim published what was, after Russell Ralston's writings, the most comprehensive analysis of the subject. His work, like Ralston's, dealt not only with baptism for the dead, but with the personality and doctrinal thinking of Joseph Smith as well. In a serialized article appearing in the *Saints' Herald* during the first three months of 1970, Njeim analyzed what he called the two sides of Smith's religious personality: the prophet and the theologian. Using a complex argument—and ultimately one that may satisfy only those looking at the issue through the lens of the Reorganization—Njeim argued that during the latter 1830s Smith began to rely less on revelatory power and more on his own instincts and doctrinal ideas. He emphasized the Prophet's early visions as central to the divinity of the movement and offered the decrease of visions in the latter 1830s and of revelations published in the Doctrine and Covenants after 1838 as evidence of Smith's spiritual deadening. The theological innovations especially of the

Nauvoo period—the temple endowment, the progressive nature of God, the Book of Abraham, plural marriage, and others highly prized by some Mormon factions—Njeim credited to Joseph Smith's theological speculation, prompted by Smith's attempts to rationalize the various scriptural passages he studied. Njeim explicitly included baptism for the dead in his list of speculative doctrines introduced in Nauvoo and urged its outright rejection by the Reorganized Church.

Njeim repeated many of Ralston's arguments and concluded that baptism for the dead had been a "theological accident" which arose only because the church's particular circumstances, the prophet, and the place came together to create an environment ripe for doctrinal speculation. His conclusions summarized this basic belief:

> I must admit that teachings of Joseph during this period (1839-1844) have concerned me greatly and nearly caused me to leave the church. Once I began to see the theological background, my concern was eased. My faith is in the God who gave Joseph his visions resulting in the Book of Mormon and convincing me of the divinity of Christ, who is my Savior. . . . That Joseph may have made mistakes in trying to find explanations for vexatious verses in the scriptures does not bother me now. He was a man such as I am, and I have found myself wrong many a time in my interpretation of a doctrinal issue. (Njeim 1970b, 26)

By creating the dichotomy of prophet and theologian in Joseph Smith, Njeim was thus able to offer Reorganization leaders a rational vehicle, even if it was a bit rickety, to bury baptism for the dead. Several others seconded his position (Ashenhurst et al. 1970, 22-23, 25).

THE PIVOTAL 1970 WORLD CONFERENCE

From whatever perspective we view it, the 1970 World Conference of the Reorganized Church was one of the most difficult in the movement's history. Racked with controversy over issues of peace and war, religious education, liberalism and conservatism, and racism, the pivotal meeting will affect the Reorganized Church indefinitely ("Conference Resume" 1970, 3-6; Russell 1970, 769-71). One action of this conference moved several sections of the Doctrine and Covenants from the main body of the work to a "Historical Appendix" at the back of the book. Among the five documents consigned to this appendix were the three on baptism for the dead, which had been so recently reinterpreted. This decision culminated years of study about the doctrine, which had evidently led the majority of church members to believe that baptism for dead was a non-Christian concept deserving of rejection.

The desire for change, of course, had been fermenting for years. In

1967 when the First Presidency considered revising the prefatory material for each section in the book, a logical question arose about the propriety of deleting certain sections with seemingly no relationship to the current church. At the April 1968 World Conference, delegates from the Utah District proposed including in a new edition of the Doctrine and Covenants only those revelations "attested by Joseph Smith, Jr., or by one of his lawful successors," and "presented to and acted upon by the presiding quorums of the church . . . as revelation authoritatively binding upon the whole church." Other sections not considered revelatory and binding on the Reorganization were to be placed in a historical appendix. This resolution, which passed on 6 April 1968, did not designate which sections of the Doctrine and Covenants might be relegated to an appendix, but there was little question that those relating to baptism for the dead were to be among them (*World Conference* 1968, 283; Draper 1989).

On 7 April 1970 the First Presidency offered a lengthy resolution to the World Conference creating the historical appendix. Innocuously named "New Doctrine and Covenants Format," this resolution presented, in addition to the historical appendix, a new introduction to the Doctrine and Covenants, a new order for sections in the book, and a new set of introductions to individual revelations (*World Conference* 1970, 286). The issue caused heated debate. The first controversy involved an amendment to the resolution, offered by Earline Campbell of Los Angeles, California, providing for the deletion from the book of all sections to be placed in the historical appendix.

Melvin Knussman spoke for those still holding to the legitimacy of baptism for the dead:

> In view of the long historical tradition of the Doctrine and Covenants as we have it today, I feel it would be tragic if we would at this time seek to make these changes. I feel that we better let well enough alone, for by making changes at this time I feel it will in the long run raise more problems than it would solve ("World" 1970, 84).

Even more eloquent was the argument of Madalyn Taylor, a delegate of Santa Fe Stake near Independence, Missouri. "I would vote an emphatic no to this whole resolution," she said, then continued:

> There was a time as recorded in I Nephi when scholars in the vision of then removed many precious things that were plain from the Bible and after these plain and precious things had been removed by theologians this book went forth among the Gentiles and because of the lack of revelations, due to the tampering of men, Nephi was shown that many should stumble until in the latter days, they should be had again.... If ever there

> was a time in the history of the restoration when people have itching fingers and desire to tamper with things, it is now. Change the Book of Mormon, change the revelations, change the name of the church, change the ordinance. This is all that the word apostacy in the Greek language means. Apostacize, abandoning of that which is a faith of belief. I beg the delegates to consider well before they vote on this resolution. ("World" 1970, 86)

For Melvin Knussman and Madalyn Taylor as well as for a minority of other church members, removing the sections concerning baptism for the dead represented a serious departure from the church's "tried and true" system of belief.

C. Robert Mesle, then a theology student and now on the faculty at Graceland College, silenced some of this dissent with research he and some associates had conducted concerning the place of baptism for the dead in the theology of selected church appointee ministers. In describing a survey he had sent to these individuals he noted:

> We received somewhere in the area of 90 replies. Of these, 56 percent agreed strongly that baptism for the dead was not valid, 42 percent agreed, 11 percent were undecided, and no one felt that it was valid. Two, we asked, how do you view the concept of baptism for the dead? 12 percent felt that it was an ordinance requiring revelation through the present prophet to be considered valid, 32 percent felt that it was invalid on scriptural grounds, and 56 percent felt that it was invalid on all grounds. Third, we asked, what would you like to see done to sections 107, 109, 110? 18 percent said remove all three sections entirely from the D. and C.; 66 percent said place all three sections in an historical area of the D. and C.; 5 percent said place sections 109 and 110 in an historical section of the Doctrine and Covenants and leave 107 remain as it now stands, and 11 percent were undecided. We feel that this might give the Conference some idea how the men involved with the question feel about it. ("World" 1970, 88)

It should be noted that a portion of Mesle's research on baptism for the dead had been strategically published in the *Saints' Herald* in April 1970 to coincide with the convening of conference. This article challenged in no uncertain terms the scriptural foundation of the practice and was one more means of building the case for placing the baptism for the dead sections in a historical appendix (see Ashenhurst et. al 1970).

In the end the delegates passed the First Presidency's resolution. In spite of the minority opinions expressed, the conference did not seem to have been seriously divided on the issue. Votes at these conferences are usually taken by raising hands. If the vote had been close, the house would have been divided and an actual count taken; this was not done (see Troeh and Troeh 1987). After a lengthy debate, the conference deferred to the hierarchy and easily passed the resolution. Indeed, this action was typical of many conference episodes when considerable debate and wrestling among the members over a particular issue ended in approval of the leadership's original position. Robert Slasor, from the

unorganized section of eastern Ontario, voiced the basic trust most members have for the church hierarchy when he remarked: "I think the First Presidency and those that have been involved with them have done such an excellent job of improving this . . . I for one would like to see it [the First Presidency resolution] accepted just as it now is and then look toward the future with the possibilities that if change is needed it then could be made" ("World" 1970, 85).

Although this decision did not silence all discussion of the subject among church members, it represented for most the implicit rejection of baptism for the dead. Church officials offered several explanations for relegating the scripture to the appendix where it no longer had the force of commandment. All were firmly rooted in the historical development of the Reorganization's understanding of the practice. First, the action recognized the long-standing position that the doctrine was only permissive but allowed for its future practice if God directed its implementation. Second, since the original revelations had never been approved for publication in the Doctrine and Covenants by formal church vote during Joseph Smith's lifetime they never should have been placed there in the first place. Thus, placement in a historical appendix simply corrected a past error. Finally, the questionable sections were of historical value and in an appendix they would still be available for study by the church members (*World* 1970, E-4; RLDS D&C 107: Introduction).

These were excuses, not the real reasons. Most of the church hierarchy and many of the members openly questioned the legitimacy of baptism for the dead. Israel A. Smith had been opposed to the doctrine as early as the 1940s and was the first to propose the idea of ousting the Doctrine and Covenants sections dealing with it (Ralston 1989a; 1989b). His younger brother and successor as president of the Reorganized Church, W. Wallace Smith, was even more adamant. He and his counselors in the First Presidency in 1970 opposed the concept and were in favor of ultimately exorcising the sections from the Doctrine and Covenants.

The First Presidency's position concerning baptism for the dead was clearly expressed two years earlier at the 1968 World Conference. On that occasion W. Wallace Smith's revelation about the building of a temple in Independence was returned by the priesthood quorums for clarification about the nature of temple ministries, particularly about provisions for endowment rituals akin to those practiced by the Latter-day Saints. Smith considered this issue and prepared a second inspired statement which concluded that "there is no provision for secret ordinances now or ever" in any temple to be built by the Reorganization

(RLDS D&C 149, 149a; Draper 1989). These "secret ordinances," Smith explained, included baptism for the dead. That the statement was easily accepted by the conference body also indicated a consensus among the membership of the church.

This is not to say, however, that there was complete agreement; and at least to some, the 1970 action to place the baptism for the dead sections in the historical appendix represented a compromise allowing all parties to escape with an acceptable solution. Vivien Sorenson, a member of the Seventy and a full-time appointee minister, for instance, has said that he believed in baptism for the dead and looked forward to the day that it would be practiced again, but he voted for the "appendix" decision so that the issue would be settled. If he had not done so, he was convinced that at a later conference sufficient votes would have been mustered by the First Presidency to remove the sections from the Doctrine and Covenants entirely. To do so, he believed, would have wrongfully closed the door to the potential of baptism for the dead. For Sorenson and others of a similar minority view, that half a loaf could be accepted until God spoke on the subject again (Sorenson 1989).

CONCLUSION

At present a few church members still cling to the older permissive rite position and await the time when baptism for the dead can again be practiced. This number, however, is declining with almost every passing year. Once again, to ignore (and that has been the Reorganization's policy) is to reject (see Whenham 1970). The decision to relegate baptism for the dead to the back of the book represents, I believe, a decision also to relegate it to a limbo world of church theological consideration (see also Holm 1970, 156-64; "Question" 1970, 1978; Williams 1978; Madison 1988).

At this time, with plans for building a temple well underway in Independence, it would seem the ideal moment to reintroduce the practice, if ever that is to occur. Joseph Smith III certainly believed that baptisms for the dead would be practiced in the Independence temple, yet there are no plans for a baptismal font in the building's basement. Perhaps the ultimate moment of rejection for the practice will be at the dedication of the Independence Temple. When Wallace B. Smith opens the temple to the public sometime in the 1990s and there is still no provision for baptisms for the dead, the Reorganized Church will have officially relegated the concept to theological speculation, something it did tacitly more than twenty years ago. For good or ill, the

Reorganization will have finally abandoned one of the most unique practices arising from early Mormonism.

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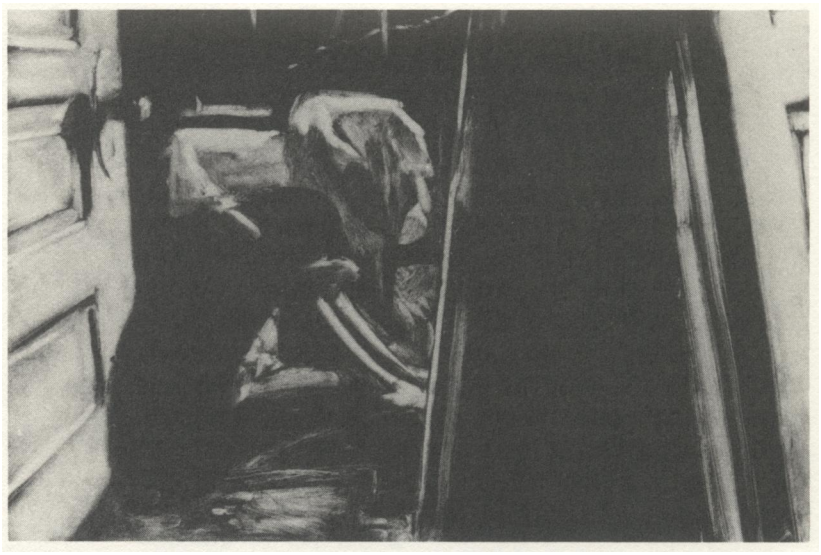

"What Has Become of Our Fathers?" Baptism for the Dead at Nauvoo

M. *Guy Bishop*

> Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead? (1 Cor. 15:29)

ALTHOUGH THE BIBLE briefly mentions vicarious baptism, the belief was not a part of mid-nineteenth-century American religions. Even such denominations as the Disciples of Christ (Campbellites), who professed to find the "law" for Christian life and worship spelled out within the New Testament, offered no response to the Apostle Paul's reference to baptism for the dead (Ahlstrom 1972, 447-49). It was left to Joseph Smith and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to establish a doctrinal stance on the subject.

In an epistle to the early saints of Corinth, Paul mentioned vicarious baptism in relation to the resurrection and as a way to overcome humankind's "last enemy"—death. This final victory was also a great concern to the Latter-day Saints in Nauvoo. Many Saints had died in the Mormon War in Missouri during 1838 and in malaria-ridden

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Nauvoo in the early 1840s. Finding a way to, in a sense, overcome death must have been a comfort to those constantly reminded of the frailties of mortality (Bishop 1986; Meyers 1975; Bishop, Lacey, and Wixon 1986). The Nauvoo *Times and Seasons* printed a 15 April 1842 essay on baptism for the dead which observed, "When speaking about the blessings pertaining to the gospel, and the consequences connected with disobedience to its requirements, we are frequently asked what has become of our fathers?" The Latter-day Saint belief that baptism by proper priesthood authority was a necessary prerequisite to admission to the highest of heavenly glories led to this intense concern about their deceased ancestors.

In 1836 the Prophet Joseph had reported a vision of his deceased brother, Alvin, in the celestial kingdom: "I saw Father Adam, Abraham, and Michael and my father and mother, [and] my brother Alvin that has long since slept. [I] marveled how it was that he had obtained an inheritance in that Kingdom Seeing that he had departed this life before the Lord had set his hand to gather Israel . . . and had not been baptised for the remission of sins" (in Faulring 1989, 119; see also HC 2:380).

Four years earlier, the Prophet had pronounced that one "can never see the celestial kingdom of God without being born of the water and of the Spirit"; hence Alvin Smith's presence in that kingdom was a glaring contradiction. When Joseph sought divine clarification as to how his beloved brother could have inherited celestial glory, "the voice of the Lord" informed him, "All who have died without a knowledge of this Gospel, *who would have received it* if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom of God; . . . for I, the Lord, will judge all men according to the desires of their hearts" (HC 1:283; 2:380). This heavenly decree would be the genesis of the Mormon practice of baptism for the dead.

Mormon emphasis on following patterns outlined by heavenly decrees, including the law of baptism, left lingering questions in 1836 about *how* these worthy dead might literally fulfil this requirement. We have been left with scant evidence of how Joseph Smith formulated the Mormon plan of baptism for the dead. But, by the time the beleaguered Saints had crossed the Mississippi River in 1839 and had begun to reestablish themselves in western Illinois, the Prophet apparently knew how the worthy dead were to meet the mandate for baptism.

In August 1840, he preached the funeral sermon for Seymour Brunson, a respected and faithful Latter-day Saint. In the course of his remarks, Joseph made the first public mention of the doctrine of vicarious baptism. In a later epistle to the Twelve Apostles who were scattered doing missionary work, he wrote:

> I presume the doctrine of "baptism for the dead" has ere this reached your ears, and may have raised some inquiries in your mind respecting the same. I cannot in this letter give you all the information you may desire on the subject; but aside from knowledge *independent of the Bible*, I would say that it was certainly practiced by the ancient churches; and St. Paul endeavors to prove the doctrine of the resurrection from the same. (HC 4:179, 231; 1 Cor. 15:29)

This allusion to information independent of the Bible seems to indicate that the Prophet received supernal directives as well as scriptural input. Joseph Smith had contemplated and, indeed, expected a restoration of all things since early in his prophetic career. For him the vision of his brother Alvin in the celestial kingdom and the subsequent exploration may have served as another piece in the puzzle of the restored gospel he was trying to assemble. All of these fragments—the uniquely Mormon ideas of eternal progression, the potential of future godhood for the most faithful, priesthood sealings of marital relationships, as well as baptisms for the dead—ultimately came together at Nauvoo during the early 1840s in an outpouring of doctrinal development (Lyon 1975; CHC 2:90-92). While the very moment when the Prophet envisioned vicarious baptism as a doctrine to be instituted among the Illinois Saints may be historically cloudy, its place in the larger view of eternal salvation is quite clear.

Not long after the Brunson funeral, Nauvoo Mormons began to act upon this new revelation. On 12 September 1840, Jane Neyman walked into the Mississippi River and was baptized for her deceased son, Cyrus. In successive baptisms for the dead performed at Nauvoo, many women acted on behalf of male relations or friends, and vice versa. Gender distinctions between proxy and heir were not made until after the Prophet's 1844 martyrdom, when Brigham Young assumed leadership of the majority of the Saints. Young stated in 1845 that "a female should not be baptized for her male relations," since such was deemed to be inconsistent with the laws of heaven. Wilford Woodruff later noted, "When that [baptism for the dead] was first revealed . . . a man would be baptized for both male and female [but] afterward we obtained more light upon the subject and President Young taught the people that men should attend to those ordinances for the male portion of their dead friends and females for females" (JH 9 April 1857; Nauvoo Baptisms 1841; Whitney n.d.).

During the first two years of its practice at Nauvoo, baptism for the dead was not closely circumscribed. Faithful Saints simply identified their deceased relatives for whom they wished to be baptized and then performed the rite. Local congregations were granted much latitude in the performance of vicarious baptisms. The Quincy Branch, for exam-

ple, met in November 1840 and appointed two brethren, James M. Flake and Melvin Wilbur, to officiate in all of the branch's proxy baptisms (Quincy 1840). This lack of institutional control over the ordinance was to be short lived.

In January 1841 Joseph Smith announced a revelation calling upon the Nauvoo Saints to erect a temple. The sacred sanctuary would provide for, and seemingly allow greater institutional control of, baptisms for the dead. "For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth," the revelation noted, "that they, my Saints, may be baptized for those who are dead; For this ordinance belongeth to my house, and cannot be acceptable to me, only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to build a house unto me . . . after you have had sufficient time to build a house unto me, wherein the ordinance of baptizing for the dead belongeth, . . . [Y]our baptisms for your dead cannot be acceptable unto me" (HC 4:277). The rite was further institutionalized in August 1842 when Joseph Smith decreed that "all persons baptized for the dead must have a recorder present, that he might be an eyewitness to record and testify of the truth and validity of this record [of baptisms for the dead]" (HC 4:277). Recorders were admonished to take care in their duties, for any errors in the record might be, the Prophet speculated, "at the expense of our friends, they may not come forth [in the first resurrection]" (HC 5:141).

The work of these recorders shows that baptism for the dead was a major religious activity for many Nauvoo Saints. It became necessary in 1843 for Nauvoo Stake President William Marks to convene a special conference to appoint recorders to keep track of all the baptisms for the dead (Faulring 1989, 400-1). During 1841, for example, 6,818 ordinances were performed (see Table 1) by an adult population that could not have exceeded four thousand persons (Flanders 1965, 1).

Approximately 55 percent of the proxies were male and 45 percent female. Most ordinance work was performed in behalf of aunts and uncles, including great-aunts and great-uncles, followed closely by grandparents and great-grandparents. Together these relationships accounted for almost 48 percent of the baptisms performed in 1841. Proxy baptisms for parents and siblings (including step-brothers and sisters) were also a significant proportion. Other relationships included in-laws, friends, spouses, children, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren. Interestingly, 43.9 percent (2,937) of the baptisms performed in 1841 were the cross-gender ordinances that Brigham Young later opposed. This may explain why a large number of the proxy baptisms from the Nauvoo years were redone in Utah.

Participating in baptisms for the dead must have brought great per-

TABLE 1

NAUVOO BAPTISMS FOR THE DEAD, 1841

Sex of Proxy	*Number*	*Percentage*
Male	3,715	54.48
Female	3,027	44.39
Undetermined	76	1.11
Total	6,818	
Cross-gender Baptisms	2,937	43.10
Relationship of Deceased to Proxy		
Uncle/Aunt	1,667	24.45
Grandparent	1,580	23.17
Parent	1,015	14.89
Sibling	969	14.21
Cousin	714	10.47
In-law	251	3.68
Friend	203	2.98
Spouse	116	1.70
Child	106	1.56
Niece/Nephew	92	0.35
Grandchild	16	0.23
Undetermined	89	1.31
Total	6,818	

Source: Nauvoo Baptisms for the Dead, Book A, 1841. Microfilm, Family History Center, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.

sonal joy to the Nauvoo Saints. In 1841, for instance, Joseph Grafton Hovey was baptized for his grandfather, Ebenezer Hovey, and grandmother, Elizabeth Lever; William Aldridge for his wife, Agnes; Josiah Arnold for his wife, Martha, and daughter, Mariette; George Scholes for both of his deceased parents, a dead brother and a sister; and John Bleazard for his grandparents, mother and father, five uncles, one aunt, a cousin, a brother, and a sister—a total of thirteen deceased family members! Imagine the joy of these faithful Saints, who had been admonished by their prophet, "The greatest responsibility in this world [which] God has laid upon us, is to seek after our dead" (Smith n.d.). Not only were the Nauvoo Mormons fulfilling this charge through vicarious baptisms,

but they must have felt deeply satisfied opening the door to the celestial kingdom for their relations and friends.

The most active proxy in 1841 was an unheralded Saint by the name of Nehemiah Brush, who was baptized for over one hundred deceased relatives and friends (see Table 2). Brush acted in behalf of cousins, aunts and uncles, grandparents, and others. Listed among the four "friends" for whom he was baptized were western explorer Zebulon Pike and Revolutionary War general Anthony Wayne. James Adams, a trusted associate of the Prophet, performed the second most baptisms—sixty-seven performed mainly in behalf of friends. One of Adams's more noteworthy friends was the "late president" John Adams. During 1841 the most baptized woman at Nauvoo was Sarah M. Cleveland, who became a counselor to Emma Smith in the presidency of the first Relief Society as well as an eternity-only plural wife to Joseph Smith. Sarah acted as proxy for forty deceased individuals, including Martha Washington, listed as a "friend" (Nauvoo Baptisms 1841).

Baptisms for deceased friends often reflected personal reverence for historical figures. In addition to the previously mentioned noted historical figures, other Saints showed a fascination with saving the greats of bygone generations such as Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, and "Gen'l. Montgomery [who] fell at Quebec," for whom John Harrington was proxy. Also Stephen Jones was baptized for Thomas Jefferson and the Marquis de LaFayette. The greater the historical reputation, the more times proxy baptisms were performed. In 1841 alone, George Washington, for example, benefited from proxy baptisms done by Don Carlos Smith, Stephen Jones, and John Harrington. Many of these eminent men from the past, including most of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and former U.S. presidents, as well as several noted women, were again baptized in the St. George Temple in 1877 (Kenney 1985 7:568-69; Arrington 1985).

While the participation of Nehemiah Brush, Joseph Grafton Hovey, and George Scholes is of interest, how involved were the leading Saints in Nauvoo? Since performing proxy ordinances would seem to indicate acceptance of the practice, did the Church hierarchy respond wholeheartedly, or was baptism for the dead a ritual offered up to benefit and increase the commitment of Nauvoo's lower echelon Saints while the more influential members were busy with the emerging ordinances of sealing and plural marriage? The Nauvoo Baptism for the Dead records clearly demonstrate that it was a rite of the people but that the more prominent Saints participated as well. During the early 1840s, baptisms for dead relations and friends were performed by Wilford Woodruff, Ezra T. Benson, William Marks, Vilate Kimball, Eliza R. Snow, Charles Rich,

TABLE 2

INDIVIDUAL CASE STUDIES BY PROXY NAUVOO BAPTISMS FOR THE DEAD

Nehemiah Brush	*Number*	*Percentage*
Cross-gender	48	43.24
Parent	1	0.90
Grandparent	10	9.00
Uncle/Aunt	37	33.33
Sibling	3	2.70
Cousin	43	38.74
In-law	7	6.31
Friend	4	3.60
Niece/Nephew	6	5.41
Total	111	
James Adams		
Cross-gender	27	40.29
Parent	2	2.98
Grandparent	3	4.48
Uncle/Aunt	10	14.92
Cousin	6	8.96
In-law	4	5.97
Friend	33	49.25
Niece/Nephew	6	8.96
Total		67
Sarah Cleveland		
Cross-gender	23	57.5
Spouse	1	2.5
Parent	1	2.5
Grandparent	1	27.5
Grandparent	11	27.5
Uncle/Aunt	16	40.0
Sibling	1	2.5
In-law	3	7.5
Friend	7	17.5
Total		40

Source: Nauvoo Baptisms for the Dead, Book A, 1841. Microfilm, Family History Center, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.

and other prominent Saints. Even William and Wilson Law, who would one day become bitter enemies of Joseph Smith over the issue of plural marriage, engaged in vicarious baptisms (Allen and Leonard 1976, 191, 199; Flanders 1965, 274).

Members of the Prophet's immediate family were active participants, too. His wife, Emma Smith, was baptized in behalf of her father, Isaac Hale; Lucy Mack Smith, Joseph's mother, performed the ordinance for her parents, Solomon and Lydia Mack, and for her sister, Louisa Tuttle; Joseph's brother Samuel was baptized for Uncle David Mack; and Hyrum Smith acted as proxy for his brother Alvin, whose earlier vision to Joseph had initiated baptisms for the dead. Interestingly, Joseph Smith's name never appears on the Nauvoo records as a proxy. Elder G. Homer Durham, however, noted that the Prophet officiated on at least one occasion when he performed the baptisms for 105 persons in the Mississippi River (Durham 1977).[1]

At the Church's October 1841 general conference, Joseph Smith shocked the gathered congregation by stating, "There shall be no more baptisms for the dead, until the ordinance can be attended to in the Lord's House" (HC 4:426). The Nauvoo Temple project had been announced the previous January, but little progress had been made. In this instance Joseph Smith may have suspended the baptisms to motivate the Saints to press forward with the temple since it was just one month later that the baptismal font in the temple's basement was finished and dedicated. The oval-shaped wooden font was to be temporary until it could be replaced with one of cut stone (Colvin 1962), but must have seemed elegant. Built of pine timber, it was sixteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and stood seven feet high. Resting on the backs of twelve carved oxen, modeled after "the most beautiful five-year-old steer that could be found in the country," this temple font now became the desired location for performing vicarious baptisms (HC 4:446).

In December 1841 the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, headed by Brigham Young, used the appeal of the baptism for the dead doctrine and the new temple font to encourage the ongoing "gathering" to Church headquarters at Nauvoo. "For while many are thus engaged in laboring and watching and praying for this all important object [the completion of the temple]," an 1841 ecclesiastical letter from the Twelve to the Saints abroad noted, "there are many, very many more who do not thus come up to their privilege and their duty in this thing"

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[1] Although Elder Durham identified his source as Joseph Smith's journal, I have been unable to locate it, and the occasion is not mentioned in the History of the Church or other published documents.

(HC 4:472). Those who failed to relocate to Nauvoo were said to be missing, among other things, the chance to redeem their dead. Baptism for the dead not only offered the Saints a means to save their worthy dead, but gave the Church a way to motivate those who were slow to do their duty.

With the completion of the temple font, vicarious baptism became more organized and structured. On some occasions, however, as when Wilford Woodruff and his wife, Phoebe, went to the Mississippi River in August 1844 "to be baptized for some of our dead friends," the river was still used as an alternate site (Kenney 1985, 2:455). This may have been because the new stone font was under construction in the temple or because the turmoil surrounding the June 1844 deaths of Joseph and Hyrum had suspended normal procedures.

At any rate, after November 1841 the temple font was the designated place for performing the ordinance. Access to the font was granted only to those who complied with Church dictates. William Clayton, as recorder of the Nauvoo Temple, issued signed receipts verifying that the bearer was a full tithepayer and thus was entitled to use the baptismal font.[2] Apostle John Taylor stated that, "A man who has not paid his tithing is unfit to be baptized for his dead" (JH 6 Oct. 1844). In this respect, baptism for the dead at Nauvoo set a lasting precedent, requiring verified worthiness for participation in temple rites.

The emergence of baptism for the dead as a vital component of the Mormon plan of salvation heralded an ongoing fascination among the Saints with genealogy. Family history took on added significance when viewed in the light of Joseph Smith's teachings. Responding to prophetic urgings to save the dead, letters to distant relatives flowed out of Nauvoo. Jonah Ball, for example, wrote to his kin in 1843, "I want you to send me a list of fathers relations his parents & Uncles & their names, also Mothers. I am determined to do all I can to redeem those I am permitted to." The following year Sally Carlisle Randall beseeched a relative to "write me the given names of all our connections that are dead as far back as grandfathers and grandmothers at any rate. I expect you will think this [baptism for the dead] is strange doctrine but you will find it is true."

Many Saints proceeded with the ordinance work without worrying whether or not their beliefs seemed strange. British convert Ellen Douglas informed her parents and sister, who were still in England, that "God has appointed means whereby those who have not the priveledge

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[2] For an example of a Nauvoo Temple receipt, see Frederick Kesler, Papers, Box 3, Folder 8, Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City.

of obeying the Gospel not having heard it" could be vicariously baptized. It was her intention, she said, to enter the waters of baptism for her deceased brother-in-law in order to give him the opportunity to accept Mormonism in the spirit world. Ellen Douglas then urged her sister to prepare herself so that *she* might meet her spouse after death (Parker 1843).

In Nauvoo, baptisms for the dead were both practiced often and defended often in theory. In several instances, the *Times and Seasons* rallied to support the doctrine. On 1 May 1841 the newspaper reviewed Mormon salvation theology and observed that vicarious baptism was the approved manner by which the sting of death might be destroyed. "What about the dead?" the paper asked. "God has been pleased to answer our inquiry and disclose a truth, once well understood and practised upon, that [a] believing kinsman may step forth in [a deceased person's] behalf and be baptized for the remission of sins." The article cited the Apostle Paul's epistle to the Corinthians (1 Cor. 15:29) and argued that he well understood this principle.

In a Sunday sermon delivered in March 1842, Joseph Smith gave some "edifying remarks" on baptism for the dead. Perhaps responding to questions about the biblical significance of the practice, the Prophet contended that the New Testament supported the belief. Wilford Woodruff followed Joseph Smith, noting that the singular mention of baptism for the dead was unimportant since, "If there is one word of the Lord that supports the doctrine [then] it is enough to make it a true doctrine" (Kenney 1985, 2:165). Opponents had spoken out against the precept since shortly after its introduction, but their reaction did not concern the Nauvoo Saints. "We are not surprised that this doctrine should meet with the bitterest opposition in the sectarian world," the 1 May 1841 *Times and Seasons* essay declared. "The devil will no doubt oppose this doctrine with all his hosts [because] it enters his dark dominions, bursts the prison doors, proclaims liberty to the captive spirits, and sets them free."

As late as 1843, Joseph Smith and Wilford Woodruff were still actively combating charges that vicarious baptism was of no biblical importance. According to Woodruff, the Prophet taught the Saints that the "doctrin of Baptism for the dead is clearly shown in the New Testament. And if the doctrin is not good then throw away the New Testament. But if it is the word of God then let the doctrin be acknowledged" (Kenney 1985, 2:240). An editorial in the 15 April 1842 *Times and Seasons*, probably written by Joseph Smith, sought to turn the tables on Mormonism's critics with a latter-day parable. "Two men who have been equally wicked [were] taken sick at the same time," the tale read.

The first sinner was visited by a "praying man" (a priest or minister) who converted him just before death. The other wrongdoer's final visitors were a tailor, a cobbler, and a tinsmith. Hence, he died without religion. "Why," asked the narrator, "is the first saved but the second is damned?"

The Nauvoo Baptisms for the Dead records after 1841 appear less reliable since the records seem less complete, and, therefore, we must view with some reservations conclusions drawn for the ensuing years. Yet, this early Mormon dedication to the practice continued for the duration of the Saints' stay on the banks of the Mississippi River. There is no available data for 1842, but in 1843 at least 1,329 proxy baptisms were performed. The 1844 record shows a renewed effort to redeem the dead with 3,359 ordinances taking place. In June 1844 Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered at Carthage, Illinois, but their deaths had little discernable impact upon the practice—baptisms for the dead apparently were suspended for just two weeks. In 1845, for no clear reason, only twenty-four baptisms were registered. The record did record one particularly noteworthy event, however. For the first time a woman, Melissa Lott, was listed as a witness (Nauvoo Baptisms, Book C). We can only speculate about the reasons for this sparse number of baptisms. The anti-Mormon activities in Hancock County had increased by this time, the Church had not yet emerged with a clear successor to Joseph Smith, and the majority of Saints were preparing to evacuate Nauvoo. A large number of Saints were also working hard that year to complete the temple (Bennett 1987).

Charlotte Haven, a non-Mormon visitor to Nauvoo in the early 1840s, left her observations of the practice of baptism for the dead. One cold day in May 1843 she and a friend were walking along the river when they witnessed the ordinance.

> We followed the bank toward town, and rounding a little point covered with willows and cottonwoods, we spied quite a crowd of people, and soon perceived there was a baptism. Two elders stood knee-deep in the icy water, and immersed one after another as fast as they could come down the bank. We soon observed that some of them went in and were plunged several times. We were told that they were baptized for the dead who had not had the opportunity of adopting the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints. So these poor mortals in ice-cold water were releasing their ancestors and relatives from purgatory!

Drawing a little nearer, these critical onlookers were surprised to hear the name of George Washington called. "So," Miss Haven sarcastically observed, "after these fifty years he is out of purgatory and on his way to the 'celestial' heaven!" (Haven 1890, 630).

Baptism for the dead emerged as a significant part of the religious

life of mid-nineteenth century Latter-day Saints. While other Nauvoo-era doctrinal developments such as the endowment, the concepts of eternal progression and potential godhood for the most righteous, and plural marriage have held the historical and theological limelight in Mormon *studies*, baptism for the dead occupied a prominent place in the sacred *activities* of the community. When contrasted with sealings and the plurality of wives, baptism for the dead was Nauvoo's universal ordinance. Without a doubt, any devout Latter-day Saint who wished to be baptized on behalf of deceased relations and friends could do so. Gender discrimination was nonexistent from the beginning, as women and men shared equally in vicarious baptisms. And no "Quorum of the Anointed" dominated this rite as was the case with the introduction of other sacred rituals at Nauvoo (Allen 1987; Ehat 1982). To their own satisfaction, Nauvoo Saints had resolved the question, "What has become of our fathers?"

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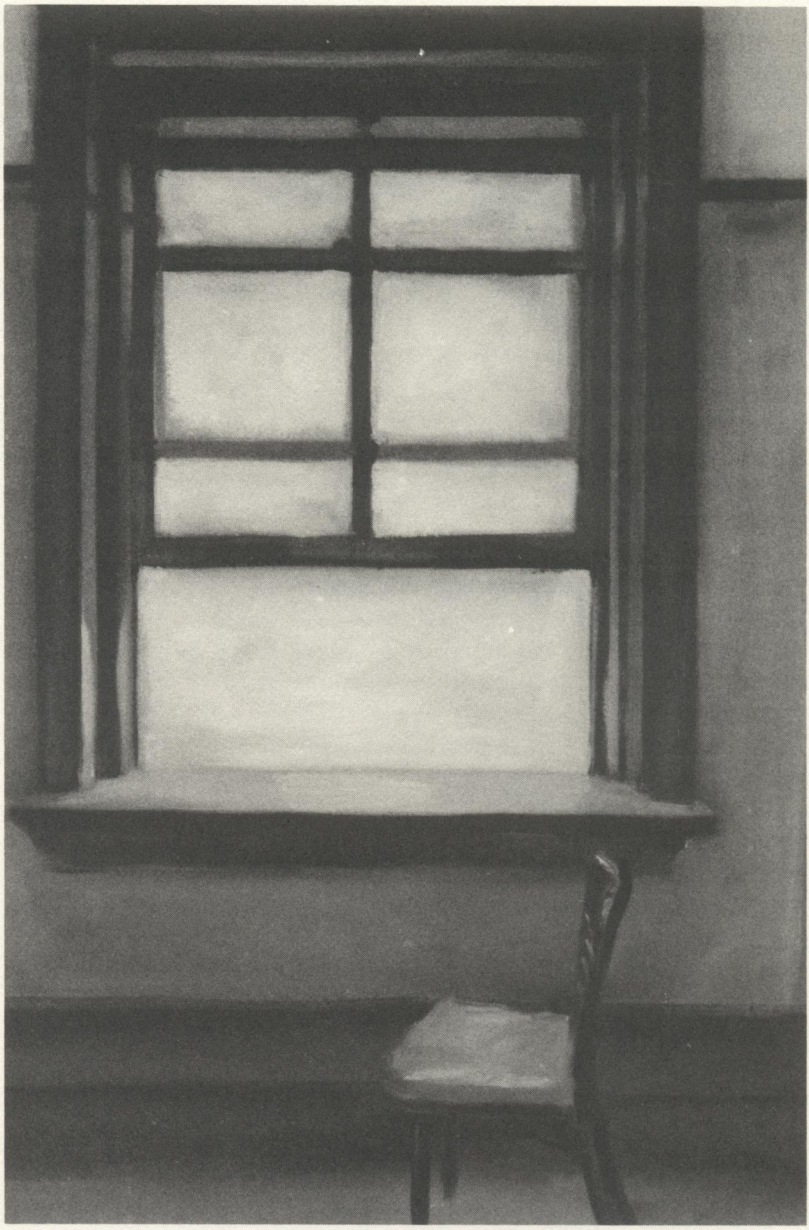

Baptism for the Dead: Comparing RLDS and LDS Perspectives

Grant Underwood

THE PRECEDING ARTICLES by Roger Launius and Guy Bishop give us a clearer view of how and why two churches sharing a common beginning and espousing belief in virtually the same extra-biblical scripture can end up far apart 150 years later. Tracing these different trajectories of thought across time takes us from a beginning point of mutual belief in baptism for the dead to the Reorganization's complete rejection of it as nonessential and even non-Christian or to the Latter-day Saints' enshrining of it as the third leg of their tripartite mission statement to proclaim the gospel, perfect the Saints, and redeem the dead. While both churches have retained allegiance to the early period, what each considers normative from that period is significantly different. In a very real way, though many who would later join the Reorganization lived in Nauvoo, they never held truck with the theological and liturgical developments of the 1840s. For them what was worth preserving in Mormonism was pre-Nauvoo. Latter-day Saints, on the other hand, look back to those years as the precise period when Mormonism really came into its own.

GRANT UNDERWOOD *resides in Claremont, California.* *A version of this response was given at the Mormon History Association meeting in Quincy, Illinois, in May 1989.*

Roger Launius's essay whisks us along a fascinating tour of how for well over a hundred years the RLDS have attempted to come to grips with baptism for the dead. Launius provides more than just the history of a doctrine; he explores a larger struggle for identity, baptism for the dead merely being the case study. In the years following World War II, as the Reorganization moved increasingly toward ecumenical Christianity, it became obvious that something had to be done with Joseph Smith's theology, which was altogether too exclusivistic and, by mainstream Protestant standards, too speculative. Yet, RLDS leaders had no desire to throw the baby out with the bath water. Consequently, a certain amount of intellectual tension prevailed. The inevitable resolution was perhaps most creatively expressed by George Njeim with his "prophet-theologian" dichotomy: doctrine that strayed too far from the new theological path being pursued could be designated "mistaken speculation" without damaging respect for and faith in Joseph Smith's truly "prophetic" insights.

In the earliest years, though, Launius "could find no evidence . . . that anyone questioned [the] truthfulness" of baptism for the dead. Instead, Reorganized Church members simply acknowledged it as a rite requiring divine revelation to be reinstituted and debated when and under what circumstances such an event would take place. By the 1950s, however, the winds of thought were blowing in a different direction. No longer was it just a question of "when" but "whether" it would be restored. RLDS apostle Russell F. Ralston challenged the very foundation upon which baptism for the dead was based—the essentiality of baptism itself. Like many Protestant theologians, he argued that to require the rite of all humans who have ever lived regardless of circumstance would be "unjust." Besides, had not Christ promised salvation to the unbaptized thief on the cross? Moreover, Ralston was bothered by baptism for the dead's seeming dependence on human saviors rather than on a divine one. He even attempted to exorcise the doctrine from New Testament Christianity by arguing that the one explicit mention of the practice (1 Cor. 15:29), was actually describing pagan rather than Christian behavior.[1]

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[1] From any perspective, this is highly irregular exegesis. I have been unable to find a widely used commentary on Corinthians which denies that baptism for the dead, however understood, was a practice among at least some Christians in Corinth. In the new *Harper's Bible Commentary*, Elisabeth Schussler Fiorenza notes that "more than thirty interpretations have been proposed to explain this practice, but none is satisfactory." At the very least, it seems to be saying that Corinthian believers would "undergo baptism vicariously for their dead in the hope of saving them." Moreover, Paul "does not question the merits of it but refers to it to elucidate his point" (1988, 1187).

If to Mormons, such thinking seems a betrayal of some of Joseph Smith's most precious teachings, to the RLDS it represented a deliverance from ideas that had grown uncomfortable. As leading thinkers in the Reorganization increasingly fell under the influence of twentieth-century liberal Protestant ideals, a more fundamental reworking of the early period, something beyond simply denying polygamy and promoting lineal succession, was needed. Ecumenism and "incarnational theology" began to replace sectarianism and speculative theology. If there were no longer a "one and only true" church, if "the Apostasy" and "the Restoration" were not specific events that happened at a particular time in history but rather processes continually at work among God's children, then the crucial need for baptism for the living or dead was no longer apparent.

The matter came to a head at the 1970 RLDS World Conference. There, the body of the church rejected as revelations the three sections of the Doctrine and Covenants dealing with baptism for the dead (RLDS 107, 109, 110; LDS 124, 127, 128) and placed them in the back of the volume as part of a historical appendix. So important, actually and symbolically, was this conference that one wonders to what degree it should be considered the Vatican II of the Reorganization. Despite dissent from within some priesthood quorums and church jurisdictions, the trajectory toward ecumenical Christianity continued unabated. Today, on the eve of the construction of the RLDS temple in Independence, Launius points out that there are no plans for a baptismal font in the temple basement and that support for the vicarious ordinance has virtually disappeared. In short, he says, it has been relegated to "the nether world of church theological consideration."

A fascinating story indeed! And whether it be labeled the "Protestantization" or the "liberation" of the Reorganization, it certainly indicates a sea change of attitude during the twentieth century. But has it been universal? Launius acknowledges a few dissenting voices along the way, though he minimizes their number and influence. However, I would like to know more about the Vivien Sorensons of the Reorganization who still hold, with Joseph Smith III, that baptism for the dead will be restored. Are these dissenters basically traditionalists who represent a primitivist reaction to ecumenical trends? If so, in what other areas do they seek to retain the early heritage? Beyond that lies the broader question about the nature of heterodoxy in the Reorganization generally. Do various factions exist? What theological or ideological orientations do they espouse? How much opposition emanates from those uncomfortable with picking and choosing which portion of Joseph Smith III's (or his father's) teachings will be consid-

ered doctrine and which will be labeled speculation? What is the relative size and strength of opposition groups, and how does the RLDS Church handle dissent? Whatever further research may reveal, Launius has demonstrated skill both in relating his particular subject to broader developments within the Reorganization and in whetting our appetite for more of the same.

What strikes me as the major contribution of Guy Bishop's paper is his careful analysis of the Nauvoo Baptisms for the Dead Book A. From it we learn that in the early years nearly half of the baptisms for the dead were cross-gender, that more aunts and uncles were baptized than either parents or grandparents, and that the ceremony was widely participated in by ordinary residents of Nauvoo. Bishop introduces us, for example, to the otherwise unknown Nehemiah Brush, who was vicariously baptized 111 times in 1841. Particularly revealing is the fact that in addition to relatives, enthusiastic Saints were also baptized for a number of "friends," among them certain of the Founding Fathers. It no doubt interests Latter-day Saints to learn that George Washington had already received several vicarious baptisms in Nauvoo before Wilford Woodruff was baptized for him again as part of the full ordinance work for the dead performed in the St. George Temple.

Bishop's survey of the early history of baptisms for the dead piques interest and invites further research at a number of points. For instance, he lists leading figures in Nauvoo who participated in the ordinance, including members of the Prophet's own family, and notes thereby that baptism for the dead was "an ordinance of the hierarchy as well." But what of Joseph Smith himself? Why is there no record of him being baptized for the dead, not even for Alvin? Was it because he preferred to let others have the experience? Or, why does there appear to have been such a dramatic drop-off in baptisms for the dead after 1841? No records exist for 1842, and baptisms for 1843 were down by two-thirds. Does this reflect simply a lapse in record-keeping, or was it because once the Nauvoo Temple font was finished in November 1841 performance of the ordinance was restricted to that site? And what is the connection with the epistles of September 1842 (LDS D&C 127, 128; RLDS Appendices B, C)? How should their timing and content be accounted for?

Questions also surface with regard to the relationship between tithing and baptisms for the dead. Bishop states that "access to the font" required "approved compliance with church dictates." This is intriguing in light of the current LDS practice requiring individuals to have a worthiness-certifying "recommend" in order to enter the House of the Lord. Then, as now, did one have to be a tithepayer, as Bishop

suggests, in order to participate in the temple ordinances? Bishop cites as evidence a copy of a "temple receipt" signed by William Clayton and a statement by John Taylor that "a man who has not paid his tithing is unfit to be baptized for his dead." Since both date from the post-martyrdom period, we will need more evidence from the earlier years to establish this as a practice during the Prophet's lifetime. Moreover, the Taylor statement needs to be placed in perspective. An LDS Church leader today might remark that a man who does not do his home teaching is unfit to enter the temple. But that is quite different from having home teaching performance written into the official temple recommend questions.

Following the Prophet's death there was a great push to finish the temple, and tithing was stressed as the crucial way to accumulate the labor and resources necessary to complete the task. In that climate, one might expect some attempt to see that those who received from the temple gave to the temple. While an effort to link tithing to temple participation is certainly understandable, the comprehensiveness of its application remains to be demonstrated.

Another tantalizing tidbit is Bishop's remark that "during the first two years of its practice" there was a "lack of institutional control" over baptisms for the dead. What did this mean? What discussions did it prompt? Did Saints merely accept without question the theology of baptism for the dead and argue only over procedures, or did they wrestle with the concept as well? While the answer would provide a fascinating footnote to Mormon intellectual history, there is an even more fundamental lacuna in this story that needs to be addressed: doctrinal development between Joseph's 1836 vision of his brother Alvin in the celestial kingdom and the 1840 announcement of baptism for the dead. The unexamined assumption is that the 1836 vision was "the genesis" of the practice of baptism for the dead. No doubt it played a role, but what about the Prophet's reflections on scriptural passages such as 1 Peter 3:19 or 4:6 and Isaiah 24:22? Were there "lingering questions in 1836 about *how*" the worthy dead would "receive" the gospel, as Bishop suggests? Or, did some people, like later RLDS from Russell Ralston on, perceive the vision as an answer in itself, merely proclaiming that all those who "would have received" the gospel had they had the chance in this life will automatically inherit the celestial kingdom?

A thorough exploration of these matters would also include such items as an editorial that appeared in the March 1837 *Messenger and Advocate* arguing that it would be unjust for God to condemn those who had not lived where and when they could hear the gospel. Admitting that God has "no other scheme of saving mankind but the gospel," the

editor asked what was to be done. The answer lay in the text for the editorial—1 Peter 4:6, with its declaration that the gospel was "preached to them that are dead." Thus, "all who do not have, or have not had, the privilege of embracing or rejecting the gospel here in the flesh, have that privilege in God's own time before the judgment day." In this way "will the character of God be vindicated" (Smith and Rigdon 1837, 470-71). How representative was this article of the soteriological thinking that was developing in the later 1830s?

Also relevant would be a history of Mormon beliefs about the postmortal spirit world. In Wilford Woodruff's diary entry for 3 January 1837, the day he was ordained a seventy, he remembered Zebedee Coltrin saying "that I should visit COLUB & Preach to the spirits in Prision & that I should bring all of my friends or relatives forth from the Terrestrial Kingdom (who had died) by the Power of the gospel" (in Jessee 1972, 380). By modern Mormon standards, this is an odd conjuncture of concepts, yet, rudimentary notions of salvation for the dead are clearly evident. Where did these ideas come from and how were they sorted out in subsequent years? In short, we stand to benefit from a careful study of the period leading up to 1840.

Such a study should also be sensitive to the intellectual milieu in which these ideas were worked out. Universalists had long reacted against traditional notions of damnation by trumpeting God's salvific benevolence toward his children, and ideas about the spirit world had been given an elaborate boost in the eighteenth century by the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Even more interesting is the fact that "Mother Ann's Work" began among the Shakers in 1837. Through spiritualist phenomena, Shakers were informed that bands of Indian spirits as well as spirits of people from all over the world who had died long ago were being converted to Shakerism. Artaxerxes was only one famous figure from the past whom they singled out as having embraced the Shaker gospel in the spiritual world (Reese 1987). Future research will no doubt ferret out many fascinating details of doctrinal development, but regardless of who now picks up the baton, Bishop and Launius have done a fine job of introducing us to the topic.

Taken together, these two articles provide an excellent example of how thought-provoking it can be to compare doctrinal developments within the RLDS and LDS churches. At the very least, they remind us that even Mormon scripture is not so perspicuous as to compel uniform interpretation. Let's hope to see more of this kind of work in the future.

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Commerce

Holly Welker

Sitting naked by the pool I can see
many more trees than the two very tall
ones visible from my kitchen window
as shadows in the early morning. If
someone comes, the only problem is being
embarrassed that I'm not ashamed.

A close
friend moves to Australia. I cover my walls
with paintings from China and their obscure
secret codes. I remember one morning
in London leaning back in the bath.
The sunlight through the frosted glass and the
frosted air was warm and direct. The steam
brought to my nose the warm soapy smell
of myself and I thought, I thought, well,
I still thought a spread-out life was a rich one.

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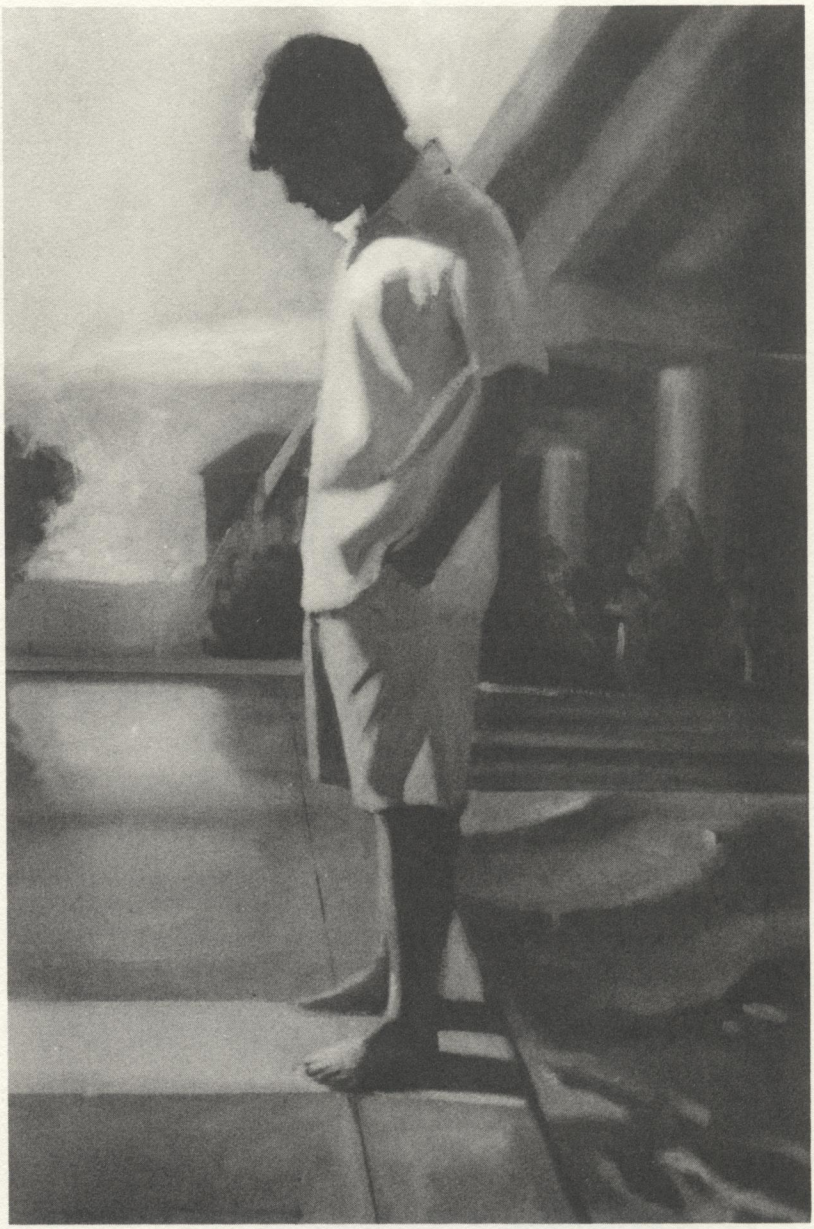
Sitting naked by the pool what is there
to put on. My life lies in fragments
across the world in ways I can't say
are good, bad, or even indifferent.
Letters come. I save the stamps for my
brother. He has the change I brought home,
except one Chinese copper coin.

The parts
of me I discovered out there, I bought them.
I sold other parts and left them behind.
Like the pool, I reflect only what's before me now.



PANEL

Eternity Be Damned? The Impact of Interfaith Vows

Introduction

Karen Marguerite Moloney

IN ANY RELIGION THAT stresses the importance of marriages between its members, choosing to marry someone of another faith is not a casual act. In fact, marrying outside the home faith is likely to incur serious opposition from family and friends—and can even make the person who does so a second-class citizen in his or her own church. At a minimum, interfaith marriage is likely to create—or increase—marital conflicts over such matters as church attendance, child rearing, and value and belief systems. In addition, Latter-day Saints must wrestle with the question of the eternal status of their marriage: does choosing to marry someone other than a Latter-day Saint effectively exclude one from exaltation—or even from the celestial kingdom? Does it mean that, no matter how deep the love or successful the marriage in this life, death dissolves the relationship, dooming two who became one to become two again—for all eternity? Or, assuming the Latter-day Saint has been faithful in every other way, will that person be "reassigned" to another spouse at some unknown point beyond death? Would he or she even *want* to be?

In view of such uncertainty, the Mormon spouse in an interfaith marriage may feel inordinate pressure to convert the non- Mormon spouse, sometimes imposing additional strain on their relationship.

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Alternately, in an effort to decrease areas of conflict, the Mormon spouse may modify his or her beliefs and religious practice, becoming in the process "less active," and may even be drawn to leave Mormonism behind. But as thorny as these problems can be, Latter-day Saints who may have never intended to do so, continue to fall in love with persons of varying religious persuasions—and find that they must confront these issues for themselves.

The following essays are written by five individuals who have not only chosen to marry spouses who are not Mormon, but who approach their marriages from a rich variety of viewpoints. I applaud their willingness to examine their lives with us in such a public arena. Obviously, their experiences are relevant not only to persons involved in similar situations, but to all of us who struggle with the issue of difference in an intimate partner.

Eternity with a Dry-Land Mormon

Levi S. Peterson

I'VE HEARD THEM CALLED both dry Mormons and dry-land Mormons. They are people who live intimately among the Mormons without becoming members of the Church. They are a puzzling lot because they often behave so much like Mormons that it seems they could have no possible objection to baptism. I have been married to a dry-land Mormon since 1958. Althea came to BYU with a Mormon friend in 1953. The friend left after a quarter, but Althea stayed. She liked living among the Mormons but didn't want to join the Church. As for our marriage of thirty-one years, I predict it will continue till one of us dies. The question I will address in this essay is whether Althea and I will be together in eternity.

I remember the misalignment between me and a serious-minded Mormon girl I was dating as I left on my mission in 1954. My aspiration ran toward a lifetime of exploring philosophy, art, and literature; hers toward raising a Latter-day Saint family with a man who, as she often said with fervor, honored his priesthood. Some months after I entered the mission field, it became evident I was not destined to be a man who

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honored his priesthood, and this young woman and I had the good sense to break off our correspondence.

Near the end of my mission I was surprised to receive a letter from an utter stranger, Althea Sand. She had heeded the plea of my brother, who had informed the girls of her Heritage Halls apartment that I, an exile in Belgium, would appreciate a letter. Returning to BYU, I found Althea to be attractive, eminently good natured, and interested in philosophy, art, and literature. Born in Stanton, Iowa, a Swedish immigrant community, she had been baptized by the rite of her father's religion, Lutheranism. When she was six, her parents moved to Long Beach, California, where she lived until she came to BYU at eighteen. In Long Beach, she attended the Methodist church, her mother's preference. As for her current stance toward Christianity, I suspect she is, like me, part doubter, part hoper. I'm not certain because she has preferred to keep her faith a private matter, offering me only infrequent and elliptical statements about it. To be truthful, I haven't been very curious. I often feel that my own preoccupation with religion is morbid, and I find it perennially refreshing to live with a woman for whom religion is not an issue. Althea loves nature and happily joins me on hikes and pack-trips into wild places. I think she likes to live among the Mormons—as I do—because she gathers strength from their fundamental decency. She is utterly loyal to her close Mormon friends and is as devoted to my Mormon relatives as if she had been born one of them.

Althea and I were wed by a Mormon bishop in my brother's home on a bright Sunday morning. Looking on were her parents, my mother, two of my brothers and their wives, my sister, and Althea's best friend. After a pleasant luncheon on the back lawn, Althea and I departed on a brief honeymoon. That blissful trip was made memorable by a bout of diarrhea we contracted from a supper we ate at a Grand Canyon lodge. Only a thin plank wall separated the bedroom and bathroom of the rustic cabin we occupied that night. Perhaps we were lucky to be so quickly disabused of the fastidiousness which often characterizes the newly wed.

Althea and I lived in Provo for two years while I completed a master's degree in English and she served as secretary of the Freshman English program at BYU. We lived a year at Berkeley while I attended the University of California and for four years in Salt Lake while I completed a Ph.D. at the University of Utah. Althea worked as a secretary during our Berkeley year and during the first two of our Salt Lake years. During the last two years in Salt Lake she took English courses and taught as a graduate assistant. Since 1965 we have lived in Ogden, where I am a professor of English and Althea an instructor in Spanish at

Weber State College. Obviously she has been entirely supportive of my academic career. She also encourages my literary effort and accepts the occasional invasion of her privacy which it entails. She is a ready conversationalist, a voracious reader, and an inveterate taker of college courses. She holds baccalaureate majors in office administration, French, and Spanish and has taken many graduate hours in Spanish and English.

Althea has demonstrated her tolerance for living among Mormons in many ways. At the birth of our only child, Karrin, Althea suggested that she be raised a Mormon if for no other reason than that she would thereby relate better with her innumerable Mormon cousins. When Karrin was three, Althea and I began to attend meetings in our Ogden ward. When Karrin was eight, our liberal bishop allowed me to baptize her. Of her own volition Karrin attended seminary in high school. She is now twenty-four and a third-year law student at the University of Utah. Thanks more to her Sunday School teachers and seminary friends perhaps than to her parents, she remains an independent yet believing Latter-day Saint. As far as I can tell, her mother approves of this turn of events.

Althea never chides me for my inconsistent practice of Mormon mores. Except for the hottest weeks of the year, I regularly wear one-piece temple garments. The unesthetic vision which I present thus clad has never dampened her affection for me. She accepts, perhaps even desires, that I say grace over our food at every meal. She listens patiently if disinterestedly to my articulations of esoteric Mormon doctrine and to my fulminations against the illiberalities of the General Authorities. She is tactfully silent when I sing hymns while vacuuming or helping her with the dishes. She doesn't murmur over my regular attendance at sacrament meeting, though she herself, now our daughter is grown, no longer attends. She cheerfully accompanies me to church socials, community events, and family reunions, where the uninformed among those with whom she converses do not realize she is not Mormon.

I come now to the question whether I would willingly spend eternity with this affectionate wife, and my answer is of course yes. I come next to the question whether I would therefore hew myself to the entire regimen of the Church in order to be worthy of a temple marriage and whether I would try to persuade Althea to be baptized and make herself similarly worthy, and my answer is no.

During the summer before Althea and I married, I lived with my mother in a Provo apartment. Each afternoon as I returned from work, my mother had a new proposal for delaying the wedding until Althea

could be baptized, which I doggedly refused to consider. My mother, the daughter of a polygamous pioneer bishop, was industrious, compassionate, and intensely religious. She believed with great urgency in the necessity of marrying within the covenant. In her view, I had, by my failure to marry in the temple, spurned that uncompromising Judge who forbids the mingling of the just and the unjust in eternity. She feared of course that, if I persisted in my disobedience, she and I would never see one another again once either of us had died.

I recognize now that my alienation from Mormonism was an assertion of independence from my mother and that my marriage to a gentile was the cornerstone of that assertion of independence. This is a sad thing to say, given the fact that I have always loved and respected my mother. I note with some comfort that I wrote her a weekly letter for almost forty years, and Althea and I visited her on every vacation and took her into our home for months at a time during her old age. Over the years my mother came to trust and respect Althea; and when she lived with us during her old age, she received Althea's daily care and ministration with gratitude. Yet until senility erased her missionary zeal, my mother never ceased, in person and by letter, to urge Althea's baptism.

If Althea wished to become a Mormon of her own accord, I certainly wouldn't object. I would hope desperately, however, that she would not evolve into a punctilious Latter-day Saint who would fret and mourn over her husband's failure to honor his priesthood. Although I consider myself a Mormon through and through, I remain fixed in a perverse determination not to resume full activity. I do not drink coffee merely because it tastes good; I drink it on principle. So I will make no secret of the fact that I am as pleased today that my wife is a gentile as I was on the day of our wedding.

Would I maintain my perversity if I were convinced that a relentless God had ordained the rite of temple marriage? Probably not. As I have said elsewhere, I am a Christian by yearning; I live by hope, not by faith. Though I doubt God exists, I hope he does. And I find in my hope certain intuitions as to what God's character must be. Among my intuitions are these: that God is a marvelous yeast working upon the human conscience rather than a legalistic judge or a meticulous giver of rules; that he pities humanity and would do more to assuage the afflictions of mortality if he could; and that he forgives sin far beyond the capacity of vengeful human beings to comprehend. I believe God has ordained the rites of baptism, confirmation, healing, and wedding for the comfort, not the condemnation, of human beings. A ritual is not a ticket allowing one to enter a certain door or gate. It is a reminder and a symbol; it

concentrates meaning and rouses emotion.

Though I have never witnessed a temple wedding, I have, I think, a clear picture of one. The bride and groom, dressed in white, kneel on either side of the altar, facing one another and holding hands. Around them are loved ones and friends, similarly clad in white. A temple official delivers a brief sermon of admonition and encouragement, then marries them by a simple recitation that differs from a civil ceremony chiefly by specifying that the bride and groom are wed for both time and eternity. The harmonious atmosphere of the temple, the ardor of the bride and groom, the well-wishing of those looking on combine to make it a holy experience. In a real if mysterious way, God is present and gives his blessing.

Who could gainsay or belittle this splendid expression of the human desire that conjugal love extend beyond death? In and of itself, it is a flawless ritual. But it must be said that certain barbarities attend its peripheral circumstances. When my niece married, her groom's parents could not look on but were required to wait in the foyer of the temple because his father smoked. A good-humored Catholic friend, who sat with them, called it the room of the unworthy. A further barbarity lies in the fact that the Church will not permit civil weddings in the chapel of the ward meetinghouse. If one is to marry in a meetinghouse, it must be in the Relief Society room or cultural hall. Generally speaking, authorities of the Church prefer that civil weddings not be held in a meetinghouse at all. They prefer almost any other setting where bride, groom, witnesses, and magistrate can manage to assemble: a church of a different denomination, a commercial wedding chapel, a home, a mountaintop, a bar, a casino. Unfortunately, this attitude suggests that marriage contracted by a civil ceremony is not sacred.

Several years ago a student invited my wife and me to her wedding in St. Paul Lutheran church in Ogden. I was profoundly moved by this ritual. The minister wore a robe, and candles burned near the altar. The bride marched solemnly into the church on the arm of her father, joining the groom at the altar. The bride wore a gown, the groom a tuxedo, both of white. The minister welcomed the congregation and, like the official at a Mormon temple wedding, preached a brief sermon of admonition and encouragement. He led the bride and groom in an exchange of vows, then administered the Communion of the Lord's Last Supper to them alone. As I watched this sincere young couple kneel to receive the wafer and wine in token of the Lord's promise to resurrect them from the dead, I recognized an utter grace, a complete and unsullied holiness. In light of that experience, I think the Latter-day Saints would do well to remove weddings altogether from the exclusive

confines of the temple and return them to the more democratic precincts of the ward chapel, where the ritual of wedding could work upon the hearts of jaded and sinful onlookers, reminding them of their own long-past and perhaps much-violated vows to love and cherish their chosen spouse.

I don't doubt the temple is a holy place. But many other places are holy too. Holiness is as wild and free as the pure air and uncorrupted water of a pristine wilderness. It is God's gift to all humanity. It is not to be seized upon, capitalistically, by a single group of people, however good and intelligent they may be, and subdivided and sold for the aggrandizement of their particular theology. I believe there was an immense holiness present on that Sunday morning when Bishop Ross Denham made Levi Peterson and Althea Sand husband and wife. I will affirm that holiness continues to characterize that marriage, because this couple exercises fidelity, mutual concession, kindness, and affection toward one another.

I believe that on resurrection morning there will be no soldier angels herding the unvaliant onto cattle cars for transportation to a lonely and eternal incarceration. On resurrection morning, God will dispose of the newly risen with astonishing mercy. He will restore me to my loved ones, to my mother and father, my brothers and sisters, and, of course, my wife. He will be indifferent to earthly rituals. He won't care whether I have been baptized, made a high priest, or wed in the temple.

A wedding announces a marriage, celebrates it, establishes its hope and ideal, but doesn't create it. The joy a couple has in one another's presence creates their marriage. I therefore believe that, if God grants Althea and me to participate in the miracle of the resurrection, he will also grant us the privilege of continuing our marriage. There will need be no other reason than that we have loved each other long and dearly.

One View of Interfaith Marriage

Karen Lewis

FIVE YEARS AGO I would never have imagined that I would marry outside of the Church, let alone that I would discuss the experience in public.

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The number of people who will read this does not bother me as much as the thought that I may in some way be seen to represent a large but nebulous group of LDS spouses married to an equally nebulous group of non-LDS mates. Therefore, I will begin with this disclaimer: what I describe here is only my experience and should be generalized with caution. Rudyard Kipling expressed a parallel concept in his poem "When the Earth's Last Picture Is Painted." He described the activity of the righteous after death as if they were artists painting on a "ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair." The joy and the purpose of their creative activity was that "each, in his separate star, / Shall draw the Thing as he sees it / for the God of Things as They are!" Similarly, I shall describe the things that I happened to see and observe; and perhaps they will benefit someone; but after all, they are just things as *I* see them, and not necessarily things as they are.

The two major questions I will address are, "Why did I marry someone who was not LDS?" and "What was it like to be married to a non-LDS spouse?" A very quick summary of my reasons for marrying outside of the Church would be that I thought it was the right thing to do. But I suppose a few more details would be helpful.

Let me begin by describing myself. I was one of those kids who actually loved going to Primary and Sunday School. Even when my family went camping for a vacation, I would want my father to find us a church to go to on Sundays. One of my favorite books, once I learned to read, was *Egermeier's Bible Story Book*. I knew that I wanted to be married in the temple. I tried to build my whole life around the question: "What does God want me to do?"

The years went by, and somehow I was not finding my Prince Charming among the dapper young LDS lads. I stayed active in the Church, still looking and hoping. And then someone appeared who seemed highly compatible and qualified, except that he was not of the LDS faith. As I grew more emotionally attached to him, I did not feel that "eternity be damned," but rather that the match would be compatible with eternal principles. The following entry in my journal, written to a cousin about my decision to marry someone who was not LDS, accurately describes my feelings at the time:

> Never fear. All is well. I am choosing wisely. I was brief in my initial communication with you due to time, and I am still fairly pressed, but I wanted to reassure you. I did not mention his "nonmemberedness" because that is only a small part of the total picture. In thought, word, and deed he acts "LDS"; the substance is there; the label may or may not ever come.... I am less likely to describe myself as "being in love" as I am to say that I have found a profound, comfortable, enlightening contentment. We're two people who enjoy each other's company, ideas, and spirituality—intensely. I feel very good about my

decision. Most people in the Church have a hard time understanding, though. Thank you for your trust in me. My one concern is that friends and relatives will perform the "faux pas" of treating him as not good enough unless he joins the Church. Non-judgmental acceptance is much more likely to accomplish that purpose than judgmental finger-pointing.

I suspect my thinking was influenced by a lovely story in C. S. Lewis's *The Last Battle*. Lewis tells of a battle between the forces of the lion Aslan (a Christ figure) and of the vulture Tash (the Evil One). In this story, a young warrior who has always tried to honorably and faithfully serve Tash finally meets Aslan and realizes that he has spent his whole life serving the wrong master. The young man expects Aslan to kill him for his incorrect allegiance; but instead Aslan welcomes him into his kingdom, explaining that all good deeds, even when done in the name of Tash, are counted as service to Aslan, while all evil deeds, though done in the name of Aslan, are actually claimed by Tash.

This story made a lot of sense to me and seemed consistent with gospel teachings. I saw in my fiancé a young man who just had not been fortunate enough to have been born into the LDS church. He was very enthusiastic about the Church, very supportive of my attendance and participation, and said that he would be happy to raise our children in the LDS faith. What more could I ask for?

So I married him and had lots of interesting experiences. Let me start with the positive ones. I found that I was suddenly stripped of the protective and restrictive cocoon of almost total social interaction with Latter-day Saints. I had grown up in Chicago and had had many non-LDS neighbors, playmates, and classmates, but most of my social life revolved around the Church; my parents did not socialize often with non-LDS neighbors or business acquaintances. It was as if we lived in a microcosm of Provo, Utah, transplanted in the middle of Chicago. I was taught tolerance for, but not involvement with, other religions. Mark Twain once said something to the effect that what we can learn about a cat by walking down the street holding one by the tail is ten times more than we could ever learn just by standing at the side of the road watching someone else do so. There are many things that we may know intellectually and yet not truly understand until we have certain experiences.

So it was with my interaction with people of other religions. By attending other church services and by meeting dedicated members of other denominations, I discovered that there are a lot of *good* people in other churches—people trying to do God's will and to live righteous lives. I had known that the Church had no monopoly on goodness, but I had somehow gotten the message that members of other churches were

immediate targets for missionary work, rather than people who were knowledgeable about spiritual matters.

I found myself spiritually moved by many of these church services and by the unselfish examples of Christian service and love that I found among the members of these different congregations. I discovered that Baptists have extremely enthusiastic services, that Catholic services are full of pageantry, and that most people don't talk during their church services. I have pleasant memories of one Episcopalian service where the priest ended his sermon by hugging everyone in the congregation. He conveyed such a warm spirit of love that I wasn't *too* embarrassed. These and other positive experiences convinced me that Christians (and I include Latter-day Saints under that title) spend too much time trying to convince one another of the errors of their separate ways and not enough time trying to understand each other and searching for ways to become allies in their struggles against evil.

I have noticed that my new attitudes towards other denominations have changed the ways in which I respond to people. Several months ago, a workman in my house noticed some of my LDS books and asked, "Are you a Church member?" A few years ago I would have quickly replied, "Why, yes!" This time I hesitatingly answered, "Do you mean of the *LDS* church?" I prefer to see this not as a weakening of my faith, but rather that I am more comfortable with and less defensive of my beliefs and therefore am able to accept the fact that other truth-seeking people believe differently from the way I do.

During the time of my marriage, the most influential person in my non-LDS religious life was the minister of the Presbyterian church where my husband and I attended regularly. As a young man, this minister had lost his right hand in an accident. He must have come to grips early with the decision that he would use this tragedy to improve rather than ruin his life, because he was an extremely optimistic, forceful, and sensitive individual. He did not hide his handicap, and I am sure it must have been a highly effective tool in counseling people, especially those with imaginary woes. It's embarrassing to complain about minor problems when you're looking at a man with only one hand.

This minister fully accepted me and never treated me as though I were strange or different, as some members of that congregation seemed to. He would have been more than happy to talk to me about my religious beliefs but he never pressured me to change. Because of that, if I had allowed anyone to sway me from my LDS belief structure, he would have been the one. Those who have ears to hear, let them hear.

Not all was smooth sailing, though, as evidenced by the fact that I am currently divorced. It is very difficult to try to be objective about a

situation in which one has been emotionally involved. I also want to avoid a public complaining session. However, part of our marital conflicts did involve church-related issues that profoundly affected me. Let me describe them as best I can.

My husband found out quickly that because he was a "nonmember," he was not completely acceptable to many LDS people. For example, soon after we moved into a ward, we received a letter from the stake missionaries, telling us of the sorrow of couples who were not able to share eternity together. He occasionally heard talks in sacrament meeting by family members who were praying for their father to join the Church so that they could be sealed in the temple. My husband did not enjoy feeling like a second-class citizen and did not want his children to see their father as inferior. His proposed solution was to raise our children as neither LDS nor Presbyterian, but something "neutral," like Episcopalian. That did not go over very well with me. For someone indoctrinated in LDS belief, raising children in the Episcopalian faith did not seem like neutral ground. I found it interesting that although I could accept my husband's having a different religion, I was very unhappy about raising children in a different religion. The LDS belief system gave my life such deep and precious meaning while I was growing up that I did not want that stolen from my children.

Sometimes *I* was the one who felt direct pressure to join my husband's church. We juggled our schedules so that we attended LDS Sunday services part of the time and Presbyterian or other services the rest of the time. My husband expressed interest in joining one particular congregation, so I attended the membership preparation class with him. One of the members of the Presbyterian congregation asked me, "Why don't you join, too?" I responded: "My current belief system is like a beautiful tapestry. I find it very lovely. I must be very careful not to unravel too many threads, because I might destroy the whole thing."

After our marriage, I began to feel a certain amount of competition between our two belief systems. I felt that I was not giving the time I needed to be "active" in my Church. In turn, I believe my husband felt somewhat defensive about his religious background. Several times I heard him say that just because he spent less time with his Church than I did with mine, that did not mean he was any less devout or committed. Before marriage, he would sing the praises of LDS people and their way of worship. Afterwards, he replaced the laudatory comments with others like "That's stupid," or, "That's too restrictive." Before marriage, we attended both my services and his. After marriage, he was happy not to let church interfere with his Sundays. I began to hide my religious

feelings or ideas so I wouldn't get criticized, but at the same time, I was confronted by doubts. "Could he be right?" I wondered. "If I can't verbally defend my feelings, could I be wrong?"

How much can you compromise before the fabric of your life starts to unravel? What habits are essential to being true to yourself, and what can you give up and still maintain your integrity? I found myself constantly questioning habits by which I defined my religious life. For example, here were all of these good non-LDS people who drank coffee. What was so bad about drinking coffee? Skipping church meetings? What about shopping or going to a movie on Sunday? Was a full tithe 10 percent or 5 percent of total combined salary if one spouse is a nonmember? Was it more righteous to keep a husband happy or to fulfill a church calling?

One of my bishops in Los Angeles had been a nonmember when he married an LDS woman and had joined the Church thirteen years later. He had a favorite saying: "It is good to have an open mind, but not so open that your brains fall out." I was starting to feel like my brains were falling out. I was starting to be uncertain about my definition of "good." I was experiencing too many questions and too few answers. I was haunted by the thought, "If I have all of these questions, maybe my beliefs aren't true after all."

I finally decided to trust myself, and I resumed my single status. I'm still adjusting to the perturbations of my faith. However, two concepts have helped me regain perspective: first, don't try to learn to fly an airplane in a snowstorm. In other words, times of great stress are not the best times to devise a new value system. And, second, where there is the greatest capacity for doubt, there is also the greatest opportunity for faith. Just because I may doubt something does not mean it is not true. I just may not have fully understood things yet.

At the present time, I would be very reluctant to consider marrying someone who was not LDS. My experiences taught me that differences of religion in a marriage can be personally threatening, can serve as sources of unresolved conflict, and can even be faith-shattering. When the apostle Paul recommended: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (2 Cor. 6:14), I suspect he did so less out of an attitude of ostracism than out of a practical knowledge of the demands of marital life. When spouses pull each other in different directions, progress is difficult; and without progress towards common goals, a marriage is less likely to survive. Some people may be able to juggle the uncertainties, demands, and compromises involved in interfaith vows. I was not. My best wishes and congratulations go to those who can and do so.

From Here to Eternity?

Leona Mattoni

MY MARRIAGE IN 1968 to a man who was not a member of the Church has been instrumental to my growth and development not only as a person but also as a Latter-day Saint. In my husband Rudi, a totally non-religious individual, I found a sensitivity to human needs (particularly those of women), a tolerance for others' views, and a political and social awareness which I felt should be the hallmark of God's church but which seemed sorely wanting in the Mormonism of my experience. Although I knew I would be living in a home without the priesthood, that did not seem like a particular drawback when weighed against the nurturing atmosphere for self-realization, including the freedom to practice *and* question my beliefs.

During the years when I struggled actively with the question of what I believed, the period of my life that I refer to as my reconversion, Rudi was often the only person with whom I could discuss my concerns and doubts. Although he had no frame of reference for some of my most burning questions, for example, the divinity of Joseph Smith's role in the restoration, his open-mindedness and thoughtfulness often lent insight to my searching. Above all, I could safely speak in his presence some of the rather scary thoughts I had about the Prophet, polygamy, and non-universal priesthood. I question what kind of progress I would have made had I been married to a Church member at that time. Rudi was in no way threatened by my belief-related turmoil, nor was our marriage affected by my activity status. Had my husband been LDS, on the other hand, my turmoil could have been extremely threatening to my marriage. I would have hesitated to express some of my dark thoughts, fearing to lose my mate's love or shake his testimony. In my marriage to a nonmember, however, sharing my personal concerns fostered trust, respect, and intimacy, not jeopardy.

During this stage of my life, *Dialogue* and *Sunstone* were of critical importance to me. Contrary to popular opinion, they did not drive me from the Church but rather were my lifeline to membership as I struggled to grow in gospel understanding. I was comforted and encouraged to discover that others had reconciled questioning and a deep commitment to the faith. Reading these journals might have created friction in

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an LDS marriage; Rudi, however, not only approved but also actively supported the concept of scholarly dialogue.

Twenty years ago Latter-day Saints did not accept women's expanded role in society as readily as they do today. When my first marriage ended in divorce, I was determined to complete my education. Though I was already equipped to earn an adequate living, I was interested in more than simply earning a living and biding my time until some man might again rescue me from singleness. I wanted professional credibility and the option of a lifetime career, irrespective of marital status. I was not surrounded by role models for these aspirations at church, but I did find complete sympathy for my attitudes in Rudi. Years before I ever heard the Young Women admonished to prepare for their own economic well-being, Rudi advocated that very preparedness as being essential to women's emotional and financial security. He was an understanding, enthusiastic supporter of my lengthy and sometimes tortuous graduate years. After our marriage and while I was engrossed in my doctoral studies, we built an independent analytical testing laboratory into a thriving business. Rudi admired the business skills and professional expertise that I acquired seat-of-the-pants style. His affirmation of my need for fulfillment outside the home was liberating in comparison with the restrictive attitudes for women then prevalent within the Church.

Being married to a nonmember offered me church-related benefits as well. A case in point has to do with church service. Church service is so integral to our belief that many of us have difficulty refusing any church-related request. It is much easier for someone married to a nonmember to say no, both for the person saying it and for the one whose request is denied. I increasingly need to weigh carefully the consequences of additional responsibility upon my relationship with my husband and family. When I decline to serve on yet one more committee, I meet with immediate acceptance of my refusal if I point out consideration for my husband's needs. In contrast, even in situations where it would be appropriate to say no if your spouse was a member, individuals in a Mormon marriage often feel they can't refuse. A refusal might be read as weak faith by either their spouse or the person they refused. I enjoy a respect for good judgment of personal circumstances that ought to be accorded every Latter-day Saint.

One distinct advantage of marriage to a nonmember who is not also a member of another church is we do not need to negotiate about which church's social activities we will attend. We did, however, need to negotiate the religious training of our child. The birth of our son provided a powerful incentive for me to resolve my religious dilemmas. I

resumed regular church attendance and scripture study, feeling it essential that I have a clear fix on what I wanted to teach him about God if he were to be a whole, healthy person. Eventually I was called to be a Primary teacher. I will be grateful always for those years in the Primary; they gave me a precious experience with my child, taught me about children in general, and provided the forum in which I relearned and reaccepted the gospel fundamentals. When our son was five years old, our wise bishop pointed out to me that the purpose of Primary is to prepare children for baptism. He urged me to make that clear to Rudi immediately to avoid sudden misunderstanding when Carlo's baptism approached. Although Rudi heartily endorsed Carlo's attendance and participation in all the Church activities, he initially had deep reservations about heading Carlo toward baptism. He felt that eight was too early an age to make such a commitment. He had envisioned that Carlo would be raised in the Church atmosphere but would remain free of commitment until he was older. Our discussions convinced him that it would be hard for Carlo to be actively involved, especially as a teenager, without belonging. He also realized that at this stage of Carlo's life, this was something he truly desired to do. My willingness to allow Carlo the freedom to rethink the matter of his belief, should he so desire as he became older, was essential to Rudi's willingness to permit him to proceed toward baptism now. It was also established that I would never require Carlo to serve a mission and that Rudi would not deny him the right to do so; it would be Carlo's choice at the appropriate time. Having witnessed my own lengthy grappling with Mormonism, Rudi was reassured that I would grant Carlo freedom and support for possible future redefinition of his belief.

I see the potential for negative consequences to a child raised in such an environment and to the entire family. Fortunately these have not been our lot. A child could conceivably become confused and feel conflict because of a parent's nonbelief, thus weakening their relationship. A child's desire to miss church meetings for any reason could become an arena for family conflict. Lack of unity in parental belief could lead to a child's indifference or sense of diminished importance to the practice of religion. Other negative outcomes are no doubt possible. For our family, however, the situation has fostered tolerance and deep respect for agency. Carlo learned tolerance at an early age for the right to believe differently or not at all. He is keenly aware of the right and responsibility he has in both the choice and practice of belief. He is sensitive to the fact that good people exist in other religions and without formal religious affiliation. He has discovered that not all spiritual people are counted among the Latter-day Saints. There is added incen-

tive in an interfaith marriage for parents to practice the kind of tolerant acceptance of others that should be a universal ideal.

Religious differences in a family affect far more than the children's education in the faith. In fact, divergent religious attitudes can become the whipping boy for every marital problem. An apparent case of a spouse who cares more for the needs and wants of the ward than those of his or her partner may upon closer examination prove to be a case of using religious commitments to avoid dealing with painful or time-consuming human relationships at home. The quick fix of appreciation for service to others, of doing "God's will," may be irresistible compared to the slow process of deciphering your spouse's emotional semaphores. All that the nonmember spouse sees is that the Church comes before everything else. Indeed, religious differences can so effectively camouflage the basic issues that they are never addressed. Rudi and I have not escaped this problem entirely, but an enhanced awareness of my tendency to fall into this trap helps me remain vigilant to avoid it.

With the maturation of my belief has come a desire to push beyond the intellect toward greater spirituality. This promises to be a quest as arduous as the one that brought me this far. Intellectual pursuits figure largely in my efforts thus far. Reading, study, and discussion expand my knowledge and understanding. Words are vital to this process obviously. Spirituality, however, seems to transcend words.

As I seek to more fully open myself to this enticing, elusive dimension beyond the realm of words, I do not draw the same comfort from my relationship with Rudi that I did during my earlier struggles. His need for spiritual experiences is far more limited than mine. We share a love of music, art, theater, and nature, all of which offer spiritual encounters, but we are not able to share the spiritual insights which come through prayer, fasting, church meetings, temple-going, and other church-related activities. Neither do we enjoy the closeness that develops when problems between a couple or within the family are approached through united prayer. All of this is at the expense of intimacy between us. We are presently seeking ways to overcome this loss of intimacy while preserving our individual differences. It will be interesting to see how we resolve this. Even recognizing the problem has not been easy. That we have diagnosed the situation, however, encourages me that the essential strength of our peculiar interfaith pairing is intact, and that we will break new ground in our marriage.

It should be apparent, then, that on balance I consider that my marriage to a nonmember has been more than adequate for time. But what about eternity? Eternity was not an overriding issue when I decided to marry a second time. I cannot claim, as some Latter-day Saints do, per-

sonal revelation in support of my choice of husband. Neither can I say I felt divine disapproval. Although my first marriage was to a member (we both joined the Church shortly after our marriage), we were not sealed in the temple. Any sense of failure I carried away from the marriage, therefore, was not compounded by the searing disappointment, anger, and bitterness I frequently observe among divorced women who were sealed to their husbands. Perhaps this was a blessing in disguise, permitting me to focus on my myriad opportunities for growth and the acquiring of Christlike virtues that marriage affords, along with the more immediate joys of loving and being loved. Marriage to Rudi has been in turns hard, wonderful, exasperating, fulfilling, frustrating, rewarding—in short, not so very different from any marriage of twenty-one years. For now I choose to relish the challenge of loving well and living the gospel well within this union and let the question of its eternal duration take care of itself.

Two Faiths, Two Baptisms

Richard L. Popp

I LIKE THE EXOTIC RING to saying, "I married a Lutheran minister." Heads turn. Conversations start. I like to think I rebelled against narrow parochial views, made a statement about cultural pluralism. I like to think I expressed my independence, my freedom to choose, my will to remake the world. This is pure fantasy, however.

In truth, I married my best friend. We met while working in the same office one summer. She says I was one of the few people to encourage her when she decided to enter seminary. Maybe I did, but it still bothers me that people would pay someone to preach to them. I have learned, though, to appreciate the extra income she can make on weekends, and I relish the thought of seeing the faces of my home teachers the first time they come to the parsonage door and wonder what they've gotten themselves into.

The small Montana town where I grew up had Mormons, but not many. The Catholics had the largest church in town; the Protestants were split among eight denominations. My family attended church ten

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miles away. No one church dominated, and there were so few people that we had to get along with all our neighbors.

People who lived in town were merchants, store clerks, teachers, mill workers, preachers. The people at my church were mostly farmers and ranchers, whose parents had homesteaded in the alkali flats left over after the rest of the valley had been settled. My brother and sisters all dated non-Mormons in high school; there really wasn't much choice. I think my parents watched our choice of friends closely but acknowledged that Gentiles were sometimes better influences than the rural and less-educated Saints. Most of the other Mormon kids in my school belonged to three large families, all of whom lived far out in the country. The twelve girls in one family were known for chasing missionaries and any other boys they could catch; their cousins who lived on the opposite side of the valley were strictly disciplined and worked long hours on their farm. A third family of boys had a well-earned reputation for deer poaching.

Much of my time in priesthood class was spent listening to stories of Saturday night parties of the other young priesthood holders, shared when our teacher was late. Of course I could hear the same stories at school on Monday, but somehow they were more unsettling at church where we were supposed to be learning about "a style of our own." It was difficult to share the gospel with friends who knew that the Mormon bishop's sons were responsible for knocking up three girls in the valley. It was equally difficult to try to explain to my friends why some Mormon girls shunned associations with Gentiles, while others tried to act "loose."

Kids didn't talk about religion much in school, but many of my friends were practicing Methodists, Lutherans, and Catholics. My Catholic girlfriend organized a nondrinking party at the time of our senior class "kegger," I assumed for my benefit. A good 10 percent of my classmates were happy to come, and it had little to do with me or my beliefs. I give credit to my non-Mormon friends, who expected me to be in church every Sunday, for keeping me active during those years.

My brother went to BYU and didn't look back, marrying someone he met there. My older sister went steady with a Methodist all through high school; he joined the Church in his senior year, and they later married. My other sister dated non-Mormon boys in high school but married her BYU home teacher, who was also a convert.

My brother and sisters escaped to BYU and brought home marvelous stories of the "True Church" and the way it really worked. I made my own plans to follow them. I can still remember the exhilarating feeling of being surrounded by Latter-day Saints for the first time in

my life. Having grown up with two languages, one for church and family, another for school and friends, it was a tremendous relief to be able to speak the same language all seven days of the week.

I expected to find a spouse at BYU as my brother and sisters had. Although I was daunted by the process of, shall we say, "sifting," which my roommates took on with great zeal, I am confident that there were a number of women I would have been perfectly happy to spend eternity with. I fell in love with several of them, and a couple even returned the compliment. Bad timing, however, cut my opportunities short. For financial reasons I decided to go on a mission after I graduated, and I did not have a reason to go back to BYU after that. I received a scholarship to study history at the University of Chicago and continued my education there.

I am tempted to complain about the awful singles scene in Chicago. However, one night while a roommate and I were bemoaning our lonely existences, we tallied up recent marriages and concluded that the chances of finding a Mormon mate and having a successful marriage were as good or better in Chicago as anyplace else. Although there were dismally few Mormon singles in Chicago, many did pair off and seemed to do well.

I give all this as background to my own decision to marry outside of the Church, a decision which I made only after a great deal of thought and prayer. Was I rebelling against my church? Was I dissatisfied with Mormon women? Did I give up and take what was available? I don't think so. I married my best friend. We were both uncomfortable about marrying someone of a different faith and made that decision only after careful deliberations.

I think it is unusual for two people active in different churches to marry. I think it is certainly unusual for a Mormon returned missionary still active in the Church to marry a Lutheran minister. We have long and animated discussions about religion. While we respect each other's beliefs, neither of us will let a facile statement go unchallenged. Theologically, everything is up for grabs, and I am not allowed to be complacent or to assume anything about doctrines or practices.

The responses to our marriage have been somewhat different from what I expected. At first, my family was relieved to find out that I was getting married at all, since I had waited until I was nearly thirty. But after thinking about it, they grew more uneasy. My brother and sisters all had temple marriages, and I had broken a perfect record for our family. My decision seemed to state an opinion about their choice, to demonstrate a rejection of their church, and by association, of them.

By contrast, my ward members have been very supportive. Someone

was quick to point out that the chapel at Chicago Theological Seminary, where we were married, was also where the mission president and his wife were married years before, when there was no temple in Chicago. Many cared enough to remember that my wife's name was Wendy Lee and not "Sister Popp." My bishop made a point of telling me that my marriage did not affect my eligibility for temple attendance or callings to leadership positions. The fact that my wife is a candidate for the ordained ministry is fascinating to people I would not otherwise consider open-minded, and it has led to long conversations with a number of ward members.

Ironically, Wendy's family has been very supportive, while her church has not. After some worried questioning about my religion and warnings from distant aunts who told Wendy to read *The Godmakers*, her family welcomed me very cordially. Because Wendy's family is mostly in Chicago while my own relatives are scattered, I feel as if I have a family for the first time in years.

Our two faiths are a problem for Wendy as she searches for a position as a minister. Some people are convinced that if I were present when one of Wendy's parishioners came to the parsonage to talk to her, I would try to convert them to Mormonism or would give their parish membership list to the missionaries. Perhaps there is a basic misunderstanding about the type of Mormon who would marry a Lutheran minister. I would laugh at this, but so far Wendy has not been able to get a call to a congregation.

Having explained the particular circumstances of my life, my point is that my choice of a spouse was both natural and normal. When Mormons live with non-Mormons, a certain percentage are bound to intermarry, and I'm part of that percentage. Except for the two and a half years I was at BYU, I have spent my whole life surrounded by non-Mormons, living in neighborhoods with them, going to school with them, working with them. Many are better people than some Church members. Some would be improved by becoming Latter-day Saints, but many more would not.

I believe that the Church leaders' counsel to date and marry within the Church is wise. Without any regrets for my own decision, I would not recommend interfaith marriage; with it come problems that I would not wish on anyone. I would expect any Church leader to point out the potential hazards to those who are contemplating it, including opposition from family and friends and conflicting commitments between church and home. Still, as long as Mormons continue to live among their Gentile neighbors, there will be those who, for various reasons, decide to marry nonmembers. And some of those will be happier than

others who obeyed Church teachings and married within the Church.

I was serving as membership clerk in my Chicago ward when Wendy and I were married, and I was curious about the statistical group I had just joined, the "part-member family." I'm sure my ward is not representative in any way, but a full third of the families at that time included a nonmember spouse. Some of these were "problem" families who never attended church and were difficult to home teach. But others were solid members of the ward. I also became aware of many couples I assumed were stalwart, dyed-in-the-wool, pioneer-stock Mormons, one or both of whom were, in fact, converts of some years. They sympathized with my stories of non-Mormon in-laws, and many of their experiences were similar to my own.

People who have been raised in the Church will and should continue to seek out and marry those who share their religious and cultural background. As more Latter-day Saints live throughout the country and world, we should not be surprised if some of them find plenty in common with their non-Mormon neighbors, sometimes enough to marry them. This may provide a challenge to Church leaders, and to a theology that emphasizes group solidarity. However it may also provide some strengths, in linking the Church to the larger community and in providing ways to understand the people around us who don't choose to be Latter-day Saints.

Same Religion, Different Churches

Carrie A. Miles

IF YOU WANT TO LEARN how to have a successful interfaith marriage, I have to start by telling you as a social psychologist that I don't recommend marrying outside your faith. Although I have been happily married for twelve years to a non-Mormon, social survey data show that people who marry spouses of another faith are more likely to divorce and are less likely to be active participants in either church. Further, those who marry within their own faith are more religious than they would be if they had not married. If my husband Larry and I had not been able to find a common ground to bridge our faiths, to find a

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common religion, we would not have married each other. We were both very serious about that.

I grew up in southern California. My family on my mother's side crossed the plains during pioneer times and settled in a small Utah town. My father is not a member of any church. Although Mom took us to Sunday School and Primary, religion was something we didn't talk much about in our house. I didn't like the tension around the issue, and I resolved not to perpetuate it in my own family. When our Primary teacher told our class the odds were that half of us would marry out of the Church, I swore I would not be in that half. I was very active in the Church, and I went to college at BYU.

After receiving my bachelor's degree, I entered graduate school at the University of Chicago. I signed up for university housing and ended up living in an old hotel that had been turned into a dorm. The University of Chicago is in Hyde Park on the south side of Chicago (what the Jim Croce song calls "the baddest part of town"). Dorm residents had to have a key to even get into the lobby. Our rooms were all private, with our own bathrooms and alcoves in the walls where old Murphy beds had once been. Downstairs was a huge communal kitchen with dozens of tiny refrigerators and multiple sinks and stoves. Most of the residents were first-year graduate students, and everyone was very friendly. I arrived on a Monday and met Larry on Tuesday. As fellow refugees from the West Coast marooned in the Midwest, we quickly became good friends. Because the communal kitchen wasn't immediately ready, we all ate out together for the first few days. Larry became my refuge from a couple of fellows in the dorm whose interest in me I didn't want to encourage. But because Larry was a friend, I didn't worry about encouraging him.

Early in our relationship Larry noticed the "Mormon" books in my bookcase. When I asked him about his religion, he at first said he was a Jesus freak, then softened that to a "generic" Christian. I learned he participated in a small religious movement descended from Adventist movements in the "burned over" district in western New York. He, his father, and his grandfather had all been leaders in this lay church that calls itself the Berean Bible Students. It claims to be exclusively true and encourages members to isolate themselves religiously from other groups. While Larry has been extremely involved in the leadership of this group at various times, he ignored its claims of exclusivity and really did consider himself a generic Christian. He strongly believes certain things about the nature of God and the world, yet he remains open-minded and nonjudgmental.

When I was in high school, I had shared the gospel with my friends,

and in fact, one had joined the Church. There hadn't exactly been anyone to preach to at BYU, so I was a little out of practice, but now I found myself in Chicago with this very nice fellow who was interested in religion. As our relationship progressed, I started working on him. To my surprise, he not only accepted a Book of Mormon, he actually *read* it. That was a shock, because we all know quite a few card-carrying members who have never read the Book of Mormon. Despite his willingness to read the book, however, he just couldn't believe it. We talked a lot about religion, and we agreed on some things. His church and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were both established in the same area of New York and hold many beliefs in common that separate them from mainstream Protestants. Their common tenets include leadership by a lay clergy, the concept that Jesus Christ is the son of God and a separate individual from God the Father, baptism by immersion, and prohibition of smoking and (at least among the non-Italian congregations) drinking. But although Larry was curious and open-minded, he just didn't believe Mormonism. It is too divergent from the Bible-based Christian beliefs he held, and negative experiences within his own religious tradition led him to particularly object to the claims of exclusive truth.

In the meantime, our relationship had grown more serious. Larry lived around the corner from me in the dorm, and we cooked together with a group of other students, studied together, and spent a lot of our free time together. However, we were both very concerned about the differences in our religious philosophies, and neither of us wanted to get more involved in a relationship that was doomed because of our differences. My ambivalence is best illustrated by a dream I had. In my dream, Larry and I were married in the ward building where I grew up. After the ceremony, however, the mass of people leaving the chapel carried me off in one direction and him in another. You can interpret that for yourself.

Finally, in the early spring, we decided not to see each other anymore, and I began dating a member in my branch. But Larry and I were miserable apart, and by summer we were once again involved with each other. I was convinced that two reasonable people who loved each other could find a way of working out their differences. Hadn't I been taught that if a person is honest and investigates the Church, he or she will become convinced of its truthfulness? Larry was one of the most honest people I knew, so I was sure he would eventually accept the Church as true.

Later that summer I went to one of Larry's church camps with him. Larry's father had started these camps when Larry was young. This par-

ticular camp was a family camp, and people of all ages were there participating in Bible studies, singing Christian camp songs, and having testimony meetings. As the week went on, I was jarred to realize that the Holy Ghost was working at that camp. I felt it at those testimony meetings as much as I had ever felt it at Mormon testimony meetings (and I mean the really good ones). This was a devastating revelation for me. I had gone through my entire Mormon experience believing in the "one true Church." I wasn't prepared to find the Holy Ghost in a congregation of people who sang Bill Gaither hymns (if you have never heard one, think "saccharine" and you'll get the effect). The experience shook my world view. My perceptions of myself, the world, and my future were all tied up in the central authority of the "one true Church."

It was difficult for me to sort out my feelings, and it took time, but slowly my view of religion began to change to accommodate this experience. I found I no longer cared about any particular doctrine. My faith in Christ was intact, strengthened, in fact; but I no longer had faith in my own ability to discern exclusive truths. Ultimately I decided to follow the example of Paul, who said he was "determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified" (1 Cor. 2:2).

A friend from the Hyde Park branch once told me that Larry and I had the same religion, we just belonged to different churches. I think she was right. Larry never had been sectarian, and after the camp experience I eventually became less so. Larry did not convert me to his religion. I still love and respect the Mormon church. I have just joined a wider circle of faith that allows me fellowship with "generic Christians" as well as with Latter-day Saints.

When we were in Hyde Park, we were still involved in the Church and our friends there, but I haven't been to an LDS service since we left Chicago seven years ago. This is in the main because, although we are happy associating with Latter-day Saints, they don't quite know what to do with us. Most don't know what to think about Larry any more than I did when I first met him. After all, here is this very nice fellow with high moral standards, who knows the Bible backward and forward, who probably knows the LDS scriptures and history better than they do, and who doesn't even drink *coffee*. But he still persists in saying, "Thanks, but no thanks" to the Church. So we just don't go. Although we haven't formally joined any other church, our family does attend services with a congregation of Christians.

I would like to emphasize a few points. First, religiously homogeneous marriages are preferable. If religion matters to you, life is much more pleasant if your spouse believes the same things you do. And remember that although you might think religion doesn't matter to one

of you when you begin a marriage, it may begin to matter a great deal when children enter the picture. I have several friends with mature marriages and immature offspring who are dealing with this issue now.

Second, it probably won't help to become more ecumenical if your potential spouse does not. Moving from a sectarian perspective into a larger world of belief and fellowship is not the same as asking that one of you leave his or her preferred religion to embrace the other's. I think that is much harder. I don't think I could have done that.

And finally, despite our early struggle, I believe God has led me to where I am now in this life. I am very happy, especially with my husband and family. If God led me here, I have to trust him to take care of us in the next world, too. Besides, there is a lot to be said for being married to a charming fellow who empties the dishwasher before he goes to work in the morning and who believes that equal treatment of the sexes is a religious imperative. If *Mother* in Heaven has any say in handing out the eternal rewards, I'm sure that Larry will do very well indeed.

How I Destroyed the Old Salt Lake Theatre

Samuel W. Taylor

YEP, IT WAS ME who done it. Me and the kid with the telescope. We were the cause of the historic theatre's demolition. Let me tell you how it happened.

I was living in Salt Lake City with widowed Aunt Ellen, my father's sixth wife, and working at the Baldwin Radio plant in East Mill Creek. As I remember, I was fifteen years old. After work I'd often walk the mile or so to Highland Drive, grab a streetcar to town for a big night, take in a movie, buy a magazine, or stand with the men on a corner watching the girls in short skirts get on and off the streetcars.

On one such expedition I picked up a copy of a new magazine, *Liberty*. A cartoon on its cover showed it marching with the two big weeklies, *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. I hadn't published anything yet, but I just knew I'd be in all three of them, wait and see. I didn't carry a lunch pail because I was an author, not a wage slave.

In those days, people sang "Among My Souvenirs," "My Blue Heaven," and, of course, Irving Berlin's tunes: his latest, "Blue Skies," and earlier classics, "Always" and "All Alone." Charles A. Lindbergh

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thrilled us by flying the Atlantic; Babe Ruth, Sultan of Swat, hit sixty home runs; Hollywood awarded the first Oscars; the Mormon prize-fighter Jack Dempsey lost the heavyweight fight to Gene Tunney with the disputed "long count"; and CBS began broadcasting the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir.

An era of world peace was forecast when fifteen nations signed the Kellog-Briand Anti-War Pact, agreeing that the resolution of differences would "never be sought except by pacific means." Al Jolson ushered in motion picture talkies with *The Jazz Singer* and the song, "Sonny Boy." A young cartoonist named Walt Disney introduced Mickey Mouse in *Plane Crazy*, and Clara Bow was the "It" girl.

In short, all was well in Zion. Then a New York musical, *Artists and Models*, arrived at the Salt Lake Theatre. I was there for the first night, clutching my four bits, in the queue waiting for the door to open at the outside stairway leading to the upstairs gallery. I found a seat in the first row, next to a teenager with a big telescope for viewing the stage far, far below. Before the show began the kid let me look through his telescope; the people in the front rows seemed so close I could almost touch them.

The show had a lot of pretty chorus girls, production numbers, and comedy skits. One skit, about a husband arriving home late at night, went about like this:

Husband: (Entering): Hello, honeybun.
Wife: My goodness, dear, it's late! (They kiss.)
Husband: Had to stay and finish up accounts. End of the month, you know.
Wife: You ought to have more help on that job.
Husband: Tell that to the boss. He's a slave driver.
Wife: I'll warm up supper, dear.
Husband: Never mind. Elsie brought me a sandwich and a cup of coffee.
Wife: She's rather cute, in a coarse sort of way.
Husband: She can type a hundred words a minute. That's what counts.
Wife: And the way she dresses! You'd think she was a call girl!
Husband: And she knows where stuff is in the files. (Yawns.) Boy, I'm bushed. Let's hit the sack.
Wife: I'll get your pajamas. (She gets them from closet as he takes off shirt.) Dear, where is your underwear?
Husband: I've been robbed! (Blackout.)

It got a big laugh. Pretty hot stuff, that one.

In the finale, a production number, an artist stood at his easel while a procession of gorgeous models posed one at a time on the dais as he tried to decide which one was the most beautiful subject for him to paint.

Well, the first girl stepped onto the dais wrapped in a robe that she held at her shoulder. She struck a pose, then opened the robe to reveal herself topless and almost bottomless. She held the pose a few seconds, closed her robe, stepped down, and exited.

Wow! I had twenty-twenty vision, and my eyes were the size of four-bit pieces. The kid with the telescope leaned out so far I thought he'd tumble off and land in the audience far, far below. With that telescope, he could practically reach out and touch those models.

One by one, the entire line struck a topless pose; and, as the curtain rang down, the gallery turned to bedlam.

Next day's *Deseret News* smote *Artists and Models* hip and—er—thigh. This sort of disgusting filth just wasn't appropriate in Zion. It was tasteless pornography, pandering to the basest human passions. It made sport of virtue and glorified sin. The entire production was a vulgar affront to moral standards. New York should know that Zion wasn't Sodom and Gomorrah.

The theatre had been criticized before for allowing shows that made heroines of fallen women, that weren't faith promoting, that didn't teach a moral lesson, that were a far cry from wholesome entertainment. The theatre was losing money; and after more than sixty-five years, the place definitely was shabby and in need of expensive rehabilitation.

More to the point, the Mountain States Telephone Company had made an offer for the property—an offer too good to refuse.

Because of the excoriating review, the theatre was a mob scene the next night as people, drawn by the lure of evil, clamored for tickets. I was there early, clutching my four bits in one sweaty hand and a borrowed pair of field glasses in the other. The kid with the telescope was right behind me in the long queue at the outside stairway to the gallery. By curtain time, there wasn't even standing room.

Then, what a disappointment! The chorus girls wore modest street dresses. The underwear skit was cut. And in the final, big production number, the models stepping onto the dais displayed less than you could see standing on the street corner watching girls step onto a streetcar.

The fate of the Salt Lake Theatre had been tentative for some time, and I'm sure *Artists and Models* was the straw that broke the camel's back. At the theatre's dedication, Daniel H. Wells had prayed, "O Lord, preserve forever this house pure and holy," and had asked that, rather than allowing "wicked influences to predominate or prevail . . . let it utterly perish and crumble to atoms." And that's what happened.

In the theater's place rose a service station grotesquely shaped like an aircraft with wings sheltering the gas pumps and air hoses. On the rear fence was a graffiti, "Built by a prophet and torn down for profit."

The historic playhouse, the oldest theater in Utah, was demolished for the protection of innocent youth, which means the likes of me and the kid with the telescope. I don't know if it saved him; in my case the damage was already done. I still think the underwear skit is funny. Worse than that, I treasure my memories of *Artists and Models*.

Many years later, with the vision of those topless lovelies still indelibly burned into my brain, I have just one regret. I wish I'd had a reason to use those field glasses the second night.

And

N. E. Houston

> The association of man and woman
> In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie—
> A dignified and commodious sacrament.
> Two by two, necessarye coniunction,
> —T. S. Eliot

Amos enjoyed her company, but he felt lost. Despite the many times they had walked across campus together, he still felt lost. The fog had set in heavy over by the Carillon Tower, screaming like someone falling off the overpass into the canal and drowning, someone who'd been walking atop the overpass wall and had slipped in the fog. He wanted to go down into the water and grab the man out, but what if he couldn't get back up the bank and perished too? The first thing was to get across the parking lot, and to do that he had to cross the road. No cars hit him, but he almost collapsed in the parking lot, the fog pressed so heavily on him. It lay darkly on his eyes, willing him to sleep—but he kept moving forward till he came to the stairs by the fountain in front of the administration building and grasped firmly the handrailing. Greenish white light flashed in the distance, probably copy machines in the library, great and spacious—the fog was lifting. He saw people

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standing in windows, actually in the windows—freshmen, probably, standing on the sills, palms planted on either side of the window casing—giant X's. But what were they doing? Hazing had been abolished for years at BYU. In one flash he saw her, her red hair and long legs, very long, lost in the fog, standing by the Tree of Knowledge, the six cement slabs standing on end in a row, joined by two cement dowels through the center. The two end slabs looked like S's facing opposite directions. The center slabs grew progressively straighter. A menorah?

She beckoned impatiently. Flashes from the copy machines lit up her smooth, full cheeks, her nose, the loose bun in her reddish hair. "I'm sorry," he said, then shouted, "I'm sorry." Loud enough to travel a hundred yards, again, "I'm sorry. I was just figuring out how to describe that sculpture." The people in the windows laughed and pointed at him, their long bony fingers held up along the line of sight of their red eyeballs—terribly red: no lids, no brows or lashes, no sleep. He realized that he was bent slightly, his hands crossed in front, protecting his vitals. They were right to mock. He hadn't stopped to puzzle over the sculpture; he had stopped because he didn't want to take her hand.

And in the periphery of his vision he could see a body floating in the fountain. He should help this person, pull him out, or her—no chance of his own drowning here. But they kept laughing and pointing at him.

O.K.! I don't want to take her hand because I'm married. But if I tell her that, she'll be terribly hurt. And I've met her father, haven't I?

He put his arm around his wife, sleeping on her side, and kissed her back. He shivered. His mouth was dry and it hurt. Beneath his lower lip inside a canker was growing daily larger. He looked at the clock. Five A.M. He got out of bed and went to the kitchen for some water—too much too quickly in a too-dry mouth. On the table lay the bottle of Lysine Beth had brought home. He found some orange juice and swallowed some with a tablet. His mouth felt less dry.

Sonnets from the Portuguese was lying on the kitchen table. Alfred was learning how to count, and Beth had probably been counting the ways she loved him. He picked up the volume idly and opened to her bookmark. Lines in the second sonnet were lightly marked.

> and laid the curse
> So darkly on my eyelids as to amerce
> My sight from seeing thee,—that if I had died,
> The death-weights, placed there, would have signified
> Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is worse
> From God than from all others, O my friend!

A strong image. Amos was glad she had marked the lines lightly. A frightening image. He didn't like his books marked up. He wondered why she had marked them. Relief Society lesson? No. As if she'd read his dream before, he'd had it, or when he'd had it before, and was interpreting it for him. Familiar, that thought, as if he'd dreamt she could read his dreams.

"Dammit, Beth. Stop that." He started at the sound of his voice. Had she heard? He reached nonchalantly across the table and parted the curtain slightly. No, Beth, I didn't say anything, Beth, just looking out the window, Beth. Think this fog'll ever lift? How many days now, Beth? Well, sure, I'm keeping count.

No neighbors stood in their windows mocking his surreptitious glances. He had felt the weight of the fog on his skin. Cold. Very cold on his eyes. So lost. He hadn't expected to see the library again. He looked at the bottle of Lysine, at the book, waiting for him to wake from a dream they were sure he'd had before.

She was very innocent, pure. He didn't want to hurt her, but he couldn't keep seeing her.

"If you ever do anything like that to me, there's no coming back. It's over. Finished, Mister. Just forget it!" Beth had given him a very hard look. "Things like that don't just happen. People make choices."

Their first big argument, that. About a friend who'd committed adultery and divorce. He'd thought it an abstract discussion, she a defense.

Oh, Beth, is that what you thought I was doing? He looked at his wife sleeping and replied to the Beth-voice in his mind. I wasn't doing that, Beth. It was you, your vehemence. How easily you scorn people. What if she wrote him off like that?

That's right, Amos, switch to third person. That's what I like about you. You're so detached.

He didn't want to be conducting this silent argument. He wanted to be in bed in his wife's arms. Beth. A beautiful name. It meant "house." Beth-Lechem, the House of Bread. Second letter of the alphabet. Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth. Aleph, the beginning. Beroshit, the beginning of creation. Then Beth. Then a house.

He wanted to bend over and kiss her softly, feel her arms around him, pass his fingers over her body, feel her shiver in his arms—join her.

But she didn't like being wakened. He shivered. He had felt so relieved in the dream when the fog lifted. He could feel the pavement under his feet, the girl's hand reaching for his if he climbed back in bed. Inevitable—somehow.

He bent down and kissed Beth on the cheek. "Come back to bed,

Amos," she muttered.

Damn, you sleep so lightly, he thought, crawling into bed. He had trained himself to wake up at slight noises, because he could get back to sleep easily and she couldn't.

As if merely thinking about the next sound he would hear brought the sound into being, Alfred started crying.

The baby who looked so beautiful asleep looked disheveled and disoriented awake. "Well, Alfred, you've done a noble job here." Amos threw the sheet, pajamas, undershirt, and blanket, all of them wet, on the floor. He took Alfred into the bathroom, always amazed at how much more this baby could make when he had already made a flood. When Alfred had finished peeing, he said, "Mi. Ba-ba."

"You want some milk, huh? Well, I'll give you a whole ba-ba, Fred, but let's get another diaper first."

He changed Alfred, got a small bottle from the fridge, and put his son down on the bedroom floor. "Drink this while I make up your crib."

Al, Alf, Fred, Red, Ed—a very mutable name. He wondered how many names the baby would grow up with.

Pulling the corners of the sheet down over the mattress, he said, "Can a name be falsified, Alfred?" He picked up his son and kissed him. "I love you, Alfred. Don't wake up till after I've gone to school. 9:00 will be good. Your mother needs the sleep, and I need to think about the problems with falsification. Big paper due, you know. Whatever possessed me to read the positivists this semester?" Another kiss. "I'll kiss you again if you promise not to become a philosopher."

He tucked the baby in and kissed him, feeling again the foreboding that made his skin prickle. How much could a thing change and still be what it was? Could you state beforehand the conditions under which it would cease being what it was?

Amos sang softly as he headed back to the bedroom, "For unto us, a son is given."

Beth stirred. "Go to sleep, Amos. How can I sleep when you're tossing and turning all over the place and jumping in and out of bed?"

"I'm sorry. I forget what a light sleeper you are. I can fall asleep anywhere."

"Amos, we've been married for three years. If you'd just make that fact important, you'd remember it."

"Speaking of three years ago, Beth, you remember that terrible fight we had, about the Davidsons?"

"I do. I was so angry at the way you harangued all the way across campus that I wouldn't let you come into my apartment."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it. I just—" he paused.

"You were certainly strident."

Beth had been pretty strident too. "I guess. I get this horrible feeling sometimes that I could end up like that. I don't know why because I have no heart for that kind of thing. Just foreboding, maybe, and a certain kind of compassion." He paused. "It's thoroughly repugnant to me." His voice trailed off.

"Amos, did you wake me up just to apologize? You defend yourself against too many possibilities, Amos," she put an arm around his shoulder and kissed him. "You think too much. Now snuggle up and fall asleep. *Please* fall asleep."

"It's just that there are pressures involved, and our responsibility is not to judge those who fall into . . . who sin."

"I worry about the way you talk, sometimes . . . like you don't want people to have to be responsible for their actions. Maybe you just don't want to be responsible for your own."

"I don't think making people responsible necessarily means punishing them."

Beth sighed. "I love you, Amos, but I'm too tired to argue right now, or discuss, or whatever."

"Good night, Beth. I love you, too."

Foreboding and a certain sense of compassion. What had he meant? Always wondering, "What if I were in that position?" Prone? "No, I didn't mean—" Prone to what? That was the question. There was something about the naked male body—especially very skinny men like himself—almost too ludicrous to be prone to anything. To think of any couple he knew and loved prone together in the altogether was too embarrassing altogether. The wide-screen exposure of flesh didn't make it any less so. He supposed this insistent embarrassment was proper; sex was too intimate a con-joining to be thought of recklessly.

"I like it hyphenated that way," Beth had said. "I mean don't you think it's just a big con sometimes? All the violins, the soft flutes, and no one says anything about the messy sheets or what to do with the condom—"

"Con-dom?"

"Yeah, that's part of the con, too. You never see some guy withdrawing erect because it loses its seal otherwise."

"I would hope not. You can get in a lot of trouble peeking in people's bedroom windows, especially to the accompaniment of violins and soft flutes. Actually," he paused, "I don't think the flute goes soft."

"Amos!"

"Well, you're the one who brought it up."

"I don't control your body."

"You think I rise for just any lady? Such a gentleman."

"Welcome to the Bedroom Comedy Hour, ladies and gentlemen. I mean, look, if sex were music, if it *were*, it wouldn't be Mozart or Beethoven or the Music of the Spheres, it would be PDQ Bach."

"You mean because it's over pretty damn quick?" he'd said, pulling her closer.

"You said it, Amos, not me," drawing apart slightly. "I can't control what your body does."

Amos looked at her asleep now. "I can't control what your body does." That was a refrain of hers. Said originally to tease him, to acknowledge the effects of physical love on the body—a verbal kiss. He remembered the Bedroom Comedy Hour because it was one of their few memorable times of love-making after Alfred's birth.

Alfred. Alfred and the Big Change. How's that for a bedtime story, Red, old boy?

The Bedroom Comedy Hour, one of those times when the cold between them had melted and the only fog in the room was the heat of their bodies condensed on the window panes. Now the fog pressed in on those panes like a death-weight, a girl waiting in the fog.

Foreboding. Can you guarantee the statement, "I will not adulterate my marriage?" Or falsify it? Maybe that's a way to get into my paper. I will never again take two philosophy classes in the same semester. If the positivists are right and you can't make a truth-claim unless you can state in advance the point at which you would say, for example, "Well, given these conditions God no longer exists," how would you falsify the statement, "I will be faithful always"? By beginning to think about the conditions in which you would be unfaithful? By inventing those conditions? He shuddered.

Still, he thought he was becoming a better partner.

He got out of bed, scribbled a note, and put it with his school books. He climbed back into bed. 5:30. He had to get up at 7:00. He kissed the back of Beth's neck; she stirred, said nothing, but he remembered her earlier words. He fell asleep, pushed the snooze button when the alarm went off at 7:00 and again at 7:10, wondering if he could really afford another ten minutes. He got out of bed.

Monday morning. He looked out the living room window to a valley still full of gritty fog. Another weekend gone. He hadn't done anything, was still tired, and wouldn't be home till eight or nine tonight.

What the valley needed was a good wind to blow away the dirt and the fog, to bring rain. What he wanted, now, was to lie between Beth's arms, lick her breasts, and draw his fingers up her back. "Don't you feel

it all over your body?" she would say. "Don't men, I mean—all just in one place? Oooh," she would say on a descending scale, "I feel sorry for . . . Oooh" (scale ascending). But she wouldn't wake up this morning till after he got to school.

As he closed the bathroom door, took off his garments, and turned on the shower, Amos thought about the pause in that line, "For unto us, a son is given." In the pause after Alfred's birth, things had begun to change, begun as Beth's body recovered from a difficult birth, to change. Begun to change as her body recovered its rhythms and added the rhythm of Alfred's pumping her milk into his body, the rhythm of his heart pumping blood to his hands and legs, pumping him around the apartment to his father's books, to the clacking keys of his father's typewriter, where he would slap his hands over several keys at once till Amos stopped unjamming them, stopped trying to type with one hand while holding Alfred's in the other, stopped trying to guide Alfred's fingers to particular keys, and took him in his arms with a bottle, holding him close, rocking him into that wonderful moment when his breathing changed, his body relaxed, and his eyes stayed closed as Amos put him back in the crib. Amos tested the water, stepped into the shower thinking, you should (strong moral should) desire time with your child more than with your typewriter, even if he can't bring you a degree, even if he brings you interruption. Interruption has its own rhythm—erratic, sporadic—erotic, or not.

"Of course children get jealous of a new baby, Amos. Look at what happened when Alfred was born and you didn't get as much of my attention as you wanted."

"Beth, it's as if you don't need me. As if you get everything you need from Alfred."

"Oh, honey," caressing his head, "I know. I don't want it to be that way." She'd kept caressing his head, said nothing more.

Too painful to pursue. Of course he wanted her intimacy; who else could laugh at the image of PDQ Bach playing the Music of the Spheres on the left-handed sewer flute? "If sex is like that for you," he'd said, "why are you so solemn?"

"You mean during?" She gave a small sigh, more an exhalation perhaps. "When you make love to me I want to concentrate on the sensations going through my body, on the fact of our union, of your being there. There is something deeply satisfying about two bodies working in rhythm with each other." Like the rhythm of soaping up, head, shoulders, knees and toes, not to mention the naughty bits. Careful not to slip with your feet soaped up.

Amos wondered if she knew she was talking about herself and

Alfred. Damn Freud. He had made it impossible to make such an observation without making it in oedipal terms. It was just—there was something intensely sexual about a woman nursing a baby, something that tapped directly into the streams of human being.

"That's not sexual, Amos. It's the kind of intimate physical contact people need to grow, the kind babies die without, the kind of touching that tells us we're loved. That's not sex, Amos. That's not in and out in ten minutes and see you next time.

"Look, I'm sorry, Amos, but—we need to talk. I love you so much, yet I feel sometimes like you're making love to me, but that's all, like I'm not somehow involved in what you're receiving. Does that make any sense?" She paused.

Shampoo. This has got to last until the first paycheck in January. "I" (the syllable becoming a sigh) "know this is hard to hear, but you need to know why I'm so reluctant to make love. It's not that I don't want you. Sometimes when you're away I want you so bad I can almost taste—" She started laughing and said, "Get that look off your face. You know I don't mean it that way. You know I don't go in for—"

And the moment of seriousness had passed as Amos said, "You don't go in at all, Beth. That's like Emily Dickinson saying, 'Wild nights—Wild nights—Were I but moored in thee tonight,' dashes and all."

"Well," she said, cupping his head in her hands, moving his lips toward hers, "every ship needs safe harbor."

Rinse. Coldy boldy. My father called it that when we used to shower together. A cold rinse at the end. And I've been doing it what, seventeen, eighteen years? A ritual because my father taught me. Alfred, I took you in my arms when you could finally support your head. I held you securely and soaped you up, then put the smallest drop from that ounce of shampoo the hospital gave us and, careful of your soft spot, rubbed it into your hair, fine and light and blond. Then I tilted you back to rinse—so the water wouldn't run in your eyes—then handed you out to your mother, towel in arms, to wrap and rock and dry you, diaper you and nurse. That was safe harbor for you, Alfred. A pipe ran through the bathroom, the cold water pipe, I guess, and all these drops used to condense on it. She didn't want you to get dripped on. We haven't been as close since you were born, Beth and me. You and me, either. I'm sorry about that. I spend all our time together trying to keep you out of my typewriter or my books.

He threw his towel over the shower curtain rod and began to shave. You're right, Beth. I could never write about what sex is like with you. The things we say to each other, the touching in fine and private places;

that can't be conveyed outside the bounds of our own sheets. I guess that's part of the chastity of having no sexual intercourse except with your husband or wife. *Intercourse* is a fascinating word; it means both *discourse* and *copulation*. Our intercourse has been interrupted, Beth. And without intercourse . . . Not only can I not share it with anyone else, I can't even talk to you—"Shut up," he said to the mirror. Have I been saying any of this out loud? How long has it been, Beth . . . three weeks? No, I'm not keeping count, honey. "It's just that . . . ," he muttered. "Shut up," he said. "Just shut up. Just *shut* up." He looked around guiltily.

He went into the kitchen, got a bowl of cereal, took it into the living room, blessed it at the coffee table, and took a mouthful. Then he lifted his typewriter into its case and snapped it shut so Alfred couldn't play with it. Hmm, another note:

> That child at Socrates' trial who couldn't walk, it wasn't crippled. It was a baby! The famous abhorrer of the human body became a new father at 70?

Might work nicely for his other paper. He smiled; Alfred wasn't the only one who interrupted his typing. One night last May Beth had come into the living room, dishtowel over her shoulder, while he was typing again after a frustrating half-hour of begging (wasn't that foreplay?) his words to do something dazzling (or even moderately intelligent) on the page before him. "Amos, remember a while back when you were explaining the concept of being toward, of directedness, what a hard concept it was for you? Well," she hesitated, then continued, "you're not being toward us." She paused. (Another mouthful of cereal.) "You're directed somewhere else." (Said quickly, followed by a long pause and a slow reiteration.) "You're directed somewhere else."

She was uncanny. Did she just sense the right moment when he couldn't say, "Beth, I've just gotten back on track with this paper. I can't talk for a few minutes," without proving her point?

"Beth, I get up in the middle of the night to change Alfred's diaper so you don't have—"

"It's not my job, Amos. It's not a favor; it's something fathers are supposed to—"

"So you don't have to. Because I love you."

"Amos—I appreciate that, but Alfred thinks you're just the diaper service." She paused, looking at him. "Sometimes I feel you do these things at night so you don't have to spend time with us during the day."

(Eat. Don't stop to think about it.)

"Beth, I'm in school. I'm sorry, but I've got so—"

"Well, *I'm* sorry, Amos, I'm sorry too. I'm really sorry, but how long are you going to be in school? How long? How long do I subsist on afternoon phone calls while you're gone till seven or eight at night?—and that's early. Sometimes I want you so much in the afternoon—or the evening. Instead I'm here all day with the baby and his diapers, being tired. And you come home and start grabbing at me. You come home late, you're home ten minutes, and it's 'Flop on your back, woman.' No time to talk, or even cuddle on the couch, or enjoy a meal. No time to even be married—"

Blinking rapidly, she came round the coffee table and sat next to him on the couch. "Now you can't hide behind your typewriter, because I'm here too. We need to talk." Pause, looking at him. "Amos, you've got another year till you graduate. Then two years for your master's, and what, another three for your doctorate? And then what, Amos? Are you going to teach, is that it? Are you going to teach for the next thirty or forty years?" (He glanced at the clock. You should allow yourself more time. You're going to be late unless you leave in the next few minutes.)

Amos hadn't known what to say. "Yes. I want to teach . . . and write," he added softly. "Stories, Beth. I want to write stories." That was something he couldn't easily talk to Beth about. He remembered the way he had felt in the dream, knowing he should tell the girl, 'I'm sorry, I can't take your hand. I have a wife, I can't do it, I just can't,' knowing he should slide down the bank and help the man who was drowning, but he lacked the courage. He lacked the courage to declare a plan, even as he worked toward it, confident it would work out.

"Don't you see, Amos, you're always going to be in school." A tear began its way down her cheek. He kissed the cheek, and wiped the tear. (Another mouthful. You can do it, Alfred.)

"You've got to work it out, honey," she had said. "You can't keep using school as an excuse to stay away from me. You took vows, honey." (It's not fair bringing up this particular memory when I'm about to be late for class again.) "We knelt in the temple, Amos, and took vows across the altar to support each other," she said, crying again. "And you don't. Amos, you don't," she sucked in breath, "support me." He held her tighter.

Beth had stopped crying, and after a while had begun to kiss him, and they had made love there on the couch and had fallen asleep. Waking later, Beth said, "I love you," as they were climbing into bed. "I love you, Amos, but I don't think we've solved anything just now. This is important, honey, or you're going to wake up one morning and say, 'Where did it all go? My wife, my family, what happened?'" (Last bite.

Drink your milk.)

"Do you know what your little boy did today? I had a compass out to draw him a nice big circle, and he picked that compass up and said, 'Ae. Ae,' he said, then, 'Daddy,' pointing at the Ae. Our son knows that things are like each other, Amos, and he knows that your name is like the sound it starts with. Don't you want to be here for things like that?"

Running through the cold dirt-sodden fog today was not like going to school in the May sunshine that next morning after she had pulled him close, kissed him hard, and fingered his pants like the scale on a recorder. "Hurry home from school, Mr. Left-handed Sewer Flute."

"Another concert so soon? Goodness."

"Don't be vulgar—just hurry home," and she had done it again.

"'It is *very* provoking," said Humpty Dumpty—'"

"Especially when everyone is going to notice," she said, touching him again.

"I'm riding my bike. I'll have a lap."

And when he had come home she was wearing a cravat. What was so marvelous about Beth was that she knew what his quotes meant, knew his sense of humor, knew how provoked Humpty Dumpty had become there in Wonderland that Alice couldn't tell the difference between a belt and a cravat. "Humpty omelet, for later," Beth had said, opening her loose robe to him, "Come on."

He heard the morning trumpet calling on campus a mile away. Ten minutes till class time.

"Wait, wait, wait, wait, I just got home. Not even ten minutes. We need a little time to just talk or eat something or cuddle up on the couch—"

All across campus thousands of students would be stopping

"God! Amos!" cracking like a whip the Maker's name.

and placing their hands on their hearts,

Amos flinched. This woman, so devout.

or hurrying into nearby buildings.

"You certainly do know how to ruin an evening."

And he heard through the dawn's gritty fog the first strains of what Francis Scott Key had strained all night to see, and what those farther away than ten feet from the flagpole probably couldn't see this morning.

"I'm sorry. I just, it's hot, and I'm all sweaty, and," and he had actually felt a bit irritated when she pulled him in the door, "and—"

"Then I suggest you take a shower. And make it cold. Go on—maybe it'll put you in a better mood. Damn. And I had it planned so nice."

Ten minutes later she had stepped into the shower. "I decided not to let *your* perverse desire to feed me my own words ruin my evening. Put this on, and turn up the warm."

"In the shower?"

"Mmm. It's the water, you know."

And they had dried each other off, and all evening had lain between clean May sheets and made love again and woken up to Fred in the middle of the night and gotten him back to sleep remarkably fast and made love again, the first time since their honeymoon they had spent such a co-operant night, first time in three years—

Another damned weekend gone. And no studying done. Again.

And it was Monday.

He set the book down, though he couldn't afford to squander the Monday time. The library was not a comfortable place to sleep. He put his Monday coat down on the Monday afternoon desk and continued his afternoon period of Monday not-studying—head Monday down on the coat.

The dry spells always ended like that, suddenly, always giving him the sense that things were back to normal, their problems solved. And thus he fell asleep.

He woke up, neck aching, rows and rows of books waiting to open themselves to him. To co-operate with him. That was a hell of a word to use with reference to your wife. It had been ruined by too many monocled movie-Nazis. He put his head back down.

He had to go to work in an hour, had to stay awake and study. Damn canker sore; he took a Lysine.

He took his book and lunch out into the west stairwell, where he could look out on the campus and think about Socrates, the hard-thinking drinker. There was a note in his lunch with a picture—Beth's imitation of a child's drawing of Alfred, decorated with some of Alfred's crayon slashes and an "Ed loves Daddy," written in crayon. He ate some casserole. "I *like* it cold," he said to the questioning Beth-voice hovering just at the edge of hearing.

He looked at the people walking through the fog past the library to their classes, their breath with the breath of a thousand automobiles hanging inverted in the air till the air they breathed out would be the air they breathed in, or until the wind came and blew it away, or the rain fell, absorbing the acid in the air to wash ponds and grass, fish, trees, and bronze, to wash the twelve-foot bronze Indian standing on the lawn surveying the fog, surely cold, wearing only a loincloth. "A definite dress standards violation," Beth had said. "I think we ought to

write a letter to the editor."

"He's got a pipe too," Amos had said. "Not a good example to impressionable freshmen."

When they were courting, Beth had had some freshman roommates who used to shout out the upstairs window, "Let's get naked," and then slide to the floor giggling. Looking at the naked buttocks of the bronze Indian, it struck him how daring they must have felt, and how innocent they were to take such pleasure in that kind of daring. Let's get naked is the altar call of marriage, he thought.

How innocent he and Beth that first night, how vulnerable and open to each other. He had told her once his fear of dogs, "especially those big ones about yea high, that come up and start sniffing your crotch, nuzzling and pushing, like they're going to heave you up in the air. I'm just waiting for one of those to reach over and bite, crunch 'em right off." She had laughed and assured him that wouldn't happen, dogs didn't do that, but he soon regretted telling her. As her bitterness towards him increased, she threw his fear back at him as if it were a moral failing. "My God, man, you are always trying to protect yourself, always trying to cover those gonads. You've got to take chances, you've got to make choices and live with the consequences; we were not meant to live comfortable, easy lives."

How sweet and vulnerable that first night. Now there was an edge of hardness, even at their most intimate moments. That hurt Beth, too. It was a hell of a thing to be afraid of your wife (Beth's words), but he couldn't tell her how he felt because she wouldn't give to him liberally and upbraid not.

He saw a woman too great with child and books making her way up the ramp out of the fog toward the library. Beth's growing stomach, how beautiful he remembered it. How he had kissed it and recited:

> Three things there are more beautiful
> Than any man could wish to see:
> The first it is a full-rigged ship
> Sailing with all her sails set free;
> The second, when the wind and sun
> Are playing in a field of corn;
> The third, a woman, young and fair,
> Showing her child before it is born.

"You like that, Baby? That's by a fellow named W. H. Davies. I'll read you lots of poems when you come out."

The baby gave a tremendous kick. Three, in fact.

"He's just like John the Baptist leaping for joy in his mother's womb," Beth said with some awe.

Amos, though he had felt the baby kick many times, felt the same awe and had to swallow before he could say anything. After a moment, "What if it's a girl?"

"O.K., Salome dancing."

He shook his head. "Amos used to read poetry to Alfred before he was born," Beth had told her mother. "So when Amos came back to the hospital in the afternoon, after we'd all had a chance to rest up, and said, 'Hello, Baby. Hello, Alfred,' that baby focused right in on him. Followed his voice everywhere."

Amos hadn't even noticed. That Beth cared so much to observe and study things like that was another reason he loved her. One day when he came home she had made a mobile for Alfred's crib: several discs of heavy white paper, faces drawn on two, a woman's with a curving black patch reminiscent of the yin (or yang) for hair, circles for eyes and glasses, then a nose and mouth. A man's face done much the same way, in black magic marker and white space, was clearly his. He was amazed at how essentially right the almost abstract drawings were. "Newborns like things with strong contrast," Beth said. "Simple shapes with strong contrast. They can really focus on those. I thought it might make him feel secure to look at his parents, too."

Looking at the fog, feeling the canker sore under his lip, he felt considerably less than secure. What had Beth said last May watching him hunker down under the covers. "You do that to hide, you know. You always want to cover your bases, or you're hiding in a trench, one of the trenches of your mind. You've dug in for the duration, with your typewriter, and built up a library, and you're riding out the storm—"

"In a trench?"

"North Atlantic Trench, honey. Amos, I didn't marry a soldier under siege, or a man whose only way of dealing with the world is to turn it into stories."

"Hmm," he said, taking a notecard from his pocket,

> Try a parable. A man locks himself in his house for nine years trying to falsify the statement, "I exist." He gradually shuts out everyone else, until he finds out he doesn't exist. Like Ethan Brand realizing the unpardonable sin is searching for the unpardonable sin.

"Beth, I'm not hiding. I sleep with my head covered because I like the feeling of security. Damn. Why do you always have to be right?"

She laughed and kissed him. "You are the patriarch, Amos. Your calling isn't security; it's to face the danger and lead out, to lead us

through the mists of darkness to the Tree, Amos. Amos, you hold the priesthood, you are the man of the family, the man—even," she paused, "even though you don't have a hair on your chest."

"Ow. I would if you didn't keep pulling it."

"Well, I must not be getting the follicle; it keeps growing back."

The stream of people traversing campus to change classes had subsided to a few faithful tricklers holding fast the iron rod as they pressed on through the fog. Forty-five minutes left to study before work. Well, better than nothing. He looked at the drawing and smiled. He wanted to give Beth a kiss—just a kiss. She would like that.

Beth took the bobby pins out of her hair and let it fall down her flannel-pajamaed back. She was the only woman he knew who could say "No" by letting her hair loose.

Amos kissed her cheek, then her neck, running his hand up and down her back. "Oh now, listen," she said, "don't go starting anything. In the morning," her voice a rich alto, tempting, pointing toward the future.

"It's all right," he said. "You'll be too tired. You always are." Then he added quickly, "So will I."

They hadn't made love in three weeks. (You keeping count? hung acidly in the air in a ghostly dance with questions about his bases of comparison with the sexual habits of other couples, and the temperature of his food.) "We're both too tired, always."

He hated it when she said, "In the morning." He always slept badly, knowing he would oversleep. "I couldn't stay awake in the library today," he said, still running his hand along her back. "What's your day been like?"

"Well, Alfred could stay awake. And it was so cold we couldn't even go outside, so I've been cooped up here washing diapers and chasing the baby, all day. When he *finally* went down for a nap I finished *Eye of the Needle*. Ooh, as long as you're there, could you scratch my back please?"

"Sure. Anything to oblige."

"It was pretty good, but I hated that part where she's just (Oh, that's good. Could you do that again, under the shoulder blades) found out Faber killed her husband and the shepherd, and she's going to make love to him (Could you get the small of my back, please) one more time, and pretend to like it—so he won't suspect. And then it says, 'After a few minutes she didn't have to pretend' (Just my back)."

"I thought you might have an itch on your front."

"Just my back. Anyway, that's the worst kind of pornography—"

"Tickling?"

"Now quit that," she said, squirming around to face him. "I don't—"

She was laughing, so he kissed her. "Quit tickling me!"

"Sorry, I thought you were just playing."

"You never know when to quit."

"Sorry. So, would you like a superlover like Faber?"

"No, you'll do fine."

"Just me and my herd of buffalo?"

"Are you trying to start a fight?"

"No. I just—"

"Why else would you bring that up again? Honestly, Amos, sometimes you *do* have the finesse of a water buffalo in heat."

"Thanks."

"Change the subject, Amos."

"Had any nice dreams lately, Beth?" slightly exaggerating her intonation.

"Keep pushing, Mister Mock Turtle."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything by it."

"The hell."

"What, I can't use your name anymore?"

"You sure know how to ruin an evening."

"Sorry. I thought we were going to change the subject."

"Good night," she said and turned over. Then, after a few minutes, "I had the strangest dream last night. We were rival spies, and Faber was chasing us all over England trying to kill us."

"On foot?"

"No, submarine and airplane. Old World War I biplanes. And you kept saying, 'Curse you, Red Baron.' And then he caught me, and I was calling to you for help, and you stood off in a corner smiling and laughing, writing it all down, as if—you were writing the script."

"Hey, it's only a dream." He snuggled close, a hand on her top shoulder, the other working under the shoulder she was lying on. "I love you, I wouldn't do that."

"Yes, you would. Because Faber turned into Fred. And I was nursing him, and he had teeth and kept biting me. And you said, 'Well, I can see you've got everything under control here. I've got to go to school.' And my nipples were bleeding, Amos, my breasts; and you said, 'Look, I'm going to be late for class.'"

"Is that why you don't want to make love?" Amos asked slowly.

"Well, I know what's on your mind. I'm here all day long with the baby. Sometimes I just want some adult conversation. Half the women on the block work. The other half are home with their kids all day. They've got the same problems I do, and I can't talk with them. Do you know how many girls come up here from little southern Utah towns just to escape and get married? Girls who've never even been out of the state? What am I going to talk about with girls like that? Fred is charming, but I don't want to talk about him all day. I want to talk about books, or what's going on in the world, or what it's like to live abroad. Instead I'm cooped up doing diapers all day. Can't go anywhere in the fog and cold anyway."

"Get in the car and—Oh come on, Beth, don't cry." They were sitting up now. He hugged her. "If it would help, take a drive." He kissed her, but she pulled away.

"Stop, Amos. This is all for you. I graduated early just so I wouldn't be a drain on our resources. But you just keep taking classes and taking classes. Don't you think I wanted to take extra classes too? And you don't even share them with me, any more than you share your spirit with me. You know you haven't taken me to the temple for two months? We don't have family home evening because you work Monday nights. We don't read the scriptures together, you don't discuss the gospel with me. Sure I can do all this alone, but how are we going to spend eternity together if we can't even spend time? I need you spiritually. We both do. I see myself turning into a shrew. I don't want that. I want you, Amos, and not just to tell me the clever thing you said in class today, or occasionally someone else's snazzy remark. But all you know how to do is argue."

"Yeah. I suppose so." It offended Amos that she was right. He'd never considered himself very good at the Socratic method, but his approach to learning was dialectical—or confrontative anyway. He didn't quite feel comfortable with *dialectic*. Did people still say *snazzy*? He knew how to set up two epigraphs in dialectic to each other and to whatever he was writing. But if someone started talking about the dynamics of their movement within the dialectic, he began to sweat and try translating into more concrete terms. It was one of those nasty little words like *phenomenological*. Although he could now comfortably use the word *epistemology*.

"Trying to come up with a clever response?"

"No, I'm just thinking about the phenomenology of epistemological dialectics."

"Quite a mouthful. Been rehearsing long?"

"Wholly extempore. I think that was a once-in-a-lifetime perfor-

mance."

"You're too much an analyst. That's why I can't talk to you about books. You start asking about all the symbolism, or the thematic development or— All that stuff works on a subconscious level for me. A poem is a whole, beating thing. It sings, it celebrates, it says come, dance, dance before the Ark, love me in wild nights. But you're more interested in wordplay than foreplay. 'Surgeons must be very careful when they undertake to use the knife, for under all their fine incisions beats the culprit, life.' What you want to do, Amos, is pin the poem down."

"I also remember what happened to David when he danced before the Ark. Naked, as I recall."

"Oh, Amos," her voice wistful, sympathetic. "Honey, I don't despise you for your love of words. I don't despise you at all: I just don't want to make love to you. You treat me sometimes like you treat your words."

"You mean I try to pin you down?"

"You like to back your words into a corner and worry them, tease out their implications, like a badger worrying its prey. Sometimes you badger me, Amos. A lot. I don't feel loved or cherished or even wanted when you do that."

"But I do love you, Beth. I just get frustrated sometimes. Beth, you have no idea."

"I do have an idea. Sex is not everything in a marriage. Look, Amos, this is fruitless. You act as though I didn't want you, when in fact, sometimes I'll be sitting here in the middle of the day and this great wave of desire sweeps over me, and I'd like to call you and say all kinds of things I could get in trouble for saying over the phone."

"I've never heard any indication of that."

"You would have if you'd come home earlier tonight instead of working on your silly paper. But now I'm too tired. So wake me before school."

"Yeah. I'll do that, Beth. Sweet dreams." We could have been making love all this time we've been talking, he thought.

After a few minutes, as Amos drifted toward sleep, Beth said, "That's another thing you don't share with me, Amos: your dreams."

"Well, they're not nearly as colorful as yours. Often, I don't even know they're dreams; they're so real. I dream I've committed adultery and I'm afraid to tell you. I know I'll never see you again. And the world in my dreams is very bleak, everything in grays, and I wake up shivering. Then I look over and there you are. It's like discovering repentance. Nightmares are the best argument yet for God's existence."

Beth laughed. "With whom?"

"What? Oh. I don't know. I've never seen her face. I'm not sure she's even present in the dreams."

She laughed again, gently. "Poor man. You've had too much to do this semester. I guess you just need to get off into some anonymous place for a while."

"No, you've got the image backward. She's the one who enters me. Beth, she has a tongue like you wouldn't—what a thing to be talking about with your wife. Doesn't it bother you that I have dreams like this?"

"Why? Does she represent a desire for another woman?"

"I hope not; she's got a tongue like a frog."

"Oh, you've got this thing for animals? Honey, you'd better read Leviticus again," she said, laughing.

"No, it's sticky, like she could reach in there and pull out my soul."

"Well, they don't call it soul-kissing for nothing, honey," she laughed, slipping her arm around his shoulder. After a moment she said, "Nope. I still don't like it. We're just going to have to find something else, Amos."

"Yeah. It's not the same as before we were married, is it?"

"Nope, it's not the same. Look, wake me in the morning," she said, kissing him. "I do think about you when you're gone."

If you don't let your cat have a litter before you spay her, you'll have a mighty nervous cat on your hands. He kept waking up with this piece of advice running through his mind. Where had he heard it?

P.E. 184, Social Dance. The Latin Hustle. Lab night with a live band. Forward, back, stomp, stomp, stomp. He couldn't get it. "Rock forward on the ball of your right foot, then back on the heel, then stomp left, right, left," she said.

"I'm never going to be Fred Astaire at this rate."

"So don't worry about it. Ginger Rogers said she knows a dentist in Los Angeles who can dance better than he ever could." The music got louder. "Said she gets tired of hearing what a great dancer he is. Like always hearing what a great guy your ex-hus—" The music was very loud now, and he couldn't hear.

It was the baby. Amos climbed out of bed, blinking.

The clock read 2:30.

Alfred's diaper was dry, but he had caught his foot in a crib slat. Amos freed him, kissed him. "You see, I'm not just the diaper service. I do slats too."

Alfred asked for milk. Amos put two ounces in the bottle, turned the knob on the music box three times, covered Alfred, and went back

to bed. 2:40. He could still sleep for four or five, no, four hours.

He kept thinking about what Ginger Rogers had said. He was too tired to ponder the connection, but he felt his face flush and wanted to hit Beth. He blinked in astonishment, shook his head sharply a couple of times, then kissed the back of her neck instead.

"Don't even think of it, Beth; that would be too horrible."

"Stop mumbling and go to sleep. What is it now?"

"Divor—Oh God, Beth. We've got to work this out. I'm sorry it's so hard to talk. I didn't even know you were awake."

"The music box always wakes me." She turned over to face him and pulled his head onto her shoulder. "It'll work out, honey. The world looks better after sleep."

"G'night."

He turned over. Did anyone still do the Hustle? He remembered discovering, shortly after their marriage, that Beth hugged him differently now—danced closer. When he told her that, she'd put on her Groucho glasses and said, "If I held you any closer I'd be on the other side of you."

He woke up again. 4:30. So tired.

They hadn't been dancing for some time. Fast dances he didn't like: he felt too conspicuous, and formal dances were too hard to learn, even though Beth had offered to teach him some.

5:45.

The alarm was set for 6:00. He reset it for 6:30, then stopped it quickly when it went off. Beth hadn't stirred. He snuggled up close, ran his hand over her legs. She did not say "mmmm," as she did occasionally, or even nothing (next best)—only, "That's all you wanted to get married for. Dammit, quit waking me up. I'm too tired."

He rolled back over and looked at the ceiling, cursing himself. Don't get up just yet, she'll think you're running away. "Your legs, they're very long," he'd said the first time he'd met her. Then he'd flushed and said, "Should I notice things like that?"

She'd started laughing. "You make it sound like a birth defect or something."

He laughed too. "I'm sorry. I mean, maybe it's one of those things you're supposed to notice but not comment on, um, I uh, ayuh," he said, laughing. He hated dances, but this was a special Midsummer (actually July 5) dance, outdoors.

"Well of course I want you to notice my legs. They're the best part of me. That's why I always get the leggy parts, high kicking and all. By far the most attractive part of me."

"Oh, I don't know. I raawther like the rest of you."

"I saw you in the parade yesterday," he'd said, introducing himself. "I'll have to come and see your play."

"I've never much liked parades, but it's good publicity. So tell me, why do you remember me out of, how many hundreds of girls were in that parade?"

"It was your hair. The light caught your hair, almost auburn. I've always been partial to anything verging towards red. And your legs. They're very—" He woke up, looked at the clock, and cursed. 7:30.

He ran to the bathroom to wash and shave, then to the kitchen to stuff some fruit and leftovers into a bag, then orange juice and Lysine—the baby was awake. He didn't have time to change him, but after he had, he filled Fred's bottle and settled him back in the crib to play quietly, or with joyful noise.

He ran all the way to school and was late. Again.

Three papers to write before next Friday. "Flew and Falsification" coming along fine, "Socrates as Superman" a good idea, but no time to do all the research he should. Well, just play New Critic with this third paper and look very closely at Ethan Brand's quest for the unforgivable sin, glad he had finally found a topic. But he felt almost a panic over the lack of time.

He stayed late in the library.

"You know," Beth said over the phone, "the baby only sees you in the middle of the night. You leave before he gets up, and even when you don't study late, he's in bed before you get home." She laughed, "All right, Alfred, talk to Daddy. I think I could train this boy to high jump if I held the phone high enough."

"Hi, Alfred. Momma tells me you've been playing with all the pots and pans. I'd come home and play with you, but I've got to write a—"

"Hiya."

"Oh, he gave it back," Beth said. "You should see the smile on his face."

He turned around; three people were waiting to use the phone. "I've got to go. I'll be here till ten or eleven."

"Could you leave a few minutes early and pick up a gallon of milk?"

"Yeah. I guess so," feeling mild panic at the loss of study time.

"I'm too tired tonight. I'll wake you in the morning."

"Right."

"Things of the Spirit," he said, "I find too intimate, hard to share, a

bit embarrassing. I'm a little like those people across the river partaking of the fruit of that tree. It's delicious, and then they feel ashamed and not very desirable. It's not that I don't want to share my spirit with you, Beth. It's just that I feel awkward, like a new groom who wants to be alone with his bride, who doesn't—"

"Doesn't want any intrusion?" She didn't seem hurt by the suggestion, as Beth normally would.

"No. Yes. Like someone who wants solitude at present. The sharing comes later."

"I don't think you're seeing what's happening over there," she said. "They feel ashamed because they're looking across the river at all of us standing here in the windows pointing at them and mocking. They're ashamed because they're paying attention to us, not because they partook of the fruit. The fruit of the Tree of Life, my own, my dear, my love, fills you with the love of God, the desire to tell your family, exhorting them to partake."

"Let's get naked," she said. And he realized he wasn't talking to Beth. He felt drawn toward her (it seemed her father was there, too), compelled. Better co-operate. It would mean excommunication, divorce, but he could do nothing else: He wanted to co-operate. "No. Look, I'm a married man, have a wonderful baby, charming—seventeen months—Damn." Not again.

He woke up and just lay there (it hadn't even been erotic) the phrase "masturbating with words" going through his mind, Beth's phrase for the delights he took in words. It was nothing to be ashamed of, Elder Packer had said. The body is like an overproductive factory which has to discharge what it produces. It does this all by itself while you're asleep, usually accompanied by erotic dreams. It doesn't need any help from you. Nothing to be ashamed of, but all the deacons and teachers and priests sitting with their fathers there in the Marriott Center watching the conference broadcast were glad the lights were dim and their fathers couldn't see how embarrassed they were to be talked about before the whole priesthood, even as they were relieved to learn it wasn't masturbating (with words, the Beth-voice added). But it was years since he was a teenager. And for married men, for married men, this was not perfectly natural. For married men it signified some wrong (with words) in their marriage. It betokened not concord, but shame (with words), this overproductive fac(masturba)tory that discharges its effluent into the erot(ting)ic river of dreamtime: The stream I go a-fishing in.

Amos made another assault against the shame he felt. That's not what I'm doing in school. That's not what my love of words means.

That's not a physical love. My love for Beth is physi(words)cal.

Finally, he said softly, "Damn the sexual nature of all language," got out of bed and opened his drawer quietly, so Beth wouldn't hear, wouldn't know what had happened.

He threw Alfred's wet blanket on the floor, then put the baby down on a changing pad, and peeled off his soaked pajamas, undershirt, and diaper. "Pee pee potti-pot." He straddled the baby on his hip and headed down the hall to the bathroom. Alfred let loose. "'Where Alf the sacred river ran,'" Amos muttered. "Listen, Alf, these were just clean. You're supposed to do that in the potti."

He dressed Alfred again, filled the bottle halfway, yawned, and put him back in the crib. "I can still sleep for another hour after a quick shower." Instead, he picked the baby up again, with a blanket, and went out to sit on the living room couch. "I love you, Alfred, nestled in the crook of your father's arm, like this. Even if you did just pee all over me. There's so much to teach you. I'm afraid sometimes you're going to grow up without me." He held Alfred's bottle for him, even though he knew the baby didn't need help. "The world is wondrous, so wondrous you can see angels dancing on the head of a pin. You can see God moving in His majesty and glory in even the smallest particle, in charms dancing on a quark with the angels on the head of the pin, in that negligible little half an X chromosome we call a Y. X, X, X, and Y join in a fullness of joy to form a Tetragrammaton showing forth the image and glory of God. You didn't think you were going to get a Sunday school lesson with your apple juice, did you?" He held the sleeping baby close against his heart, listening to Alfred's breathing. He himself awoke ten minutes or so later and started crying soundlessly. He walked to the crib to put his son down. He didn't know why he was letting himself cry. He wiped his face and went into the living room.

He'd bought an abridged Bible the other day for a quarter at the DI. Truly an extravagance, one more heavy book to move from apartment to apartment, house to house. He opened to the frontispiece, a nice print by Blake, and saw God measuring out the universe, a compass running along his thumb and forefinger. Beth had said, "You know, books to you are like a saloon door beckoning to a drunk at happy hour."

"Saloons at happy hour? Something a bit anachronistic about that."

"Something a bit anachronistic about you," she'd said, squeezing his arm affectionately.

God, beard blown to one side, was blowing into the universe. Where is that second wind coming from? Is that the opposition in all things to which even God is subject, which sets the spheres to vibrating

musically? God's presence, and the wind blowing his beard, don't you see, holding the universe in measure like two legs of a compass, answers Flew's question. What would cause you to doubt God's existence? His absence, or his ceasing to exist. You would know if that happened. Things would fall apart, and you would have no desire to hold them together. All compasses would disappear, all compassion. There would be nothing left to circumscribe everything, unify, encompass all knowledge, secure all creation into one great whole. One integer. Numberless. Numberless are the works of his hands. Encompassed about everlastingly in the arms of his love. Flipped, that compass becomes a 'V'—the point at which the lines of the torso converge with the lines of the thigh, at which male and female converge and create. The compass in your marriage has slipped sideways somehow, has developed teeth.

He pulled another pair of garments from the dresser, went into the bathroom, and stood under the shower. Christmas break's a-coming on mighty fast, Beth. Hang on, and I'll spend a lot of time with you.

The door opened and shut as Beth walked in, opened the window, then reached into the shower pretending to grope around for the faucet. She turned the shower off, then stepped out of her robe and into the tub, touched him again, and said, "What's this? Listen to the rain. You didn't realize it was raining, did you? And the fog is gone. Here, put this on."

"It's better when you do. I'm going to be very tired later."

"Later," she said, kissing him and pulling him toward the far end of the tub. "Come. Here. I won't bite."

"I'm trying to turn the water back on."

"Silly man. You shouldn't have turned it off in the first place. Bring the soap."

Things will be all right now. We can work out our problems. I will sleep well tonight, his temple said to the library table it had no time to rest upon. Xanthippe. I have to say something about Xanthippe. Plato has her wrong. She has a baby to support (cliché, cliché. No it's a wonderful word for a child who can't stand up alone) and a husband who spends all day talking philosophy and refuses to take any money for it. And here he is about to leave her alone to take care of this baby, and he's worried about a borrowed chicken? It must be hard being married to a . . .

Amos was asleep there in the library when she put her arms around him, her fingers over his eyes. "'and laid the curse/So darkly on my eyelids as to amerce,' the slash is important," he muttered. "Otherwise no

one knows you're quoting poetry, and they wonder where the capital letter came from. Do you cease to exist when you stop thinking, Descartes? When you sleep?"

"Sleep," she said.

"'that if I had died/the beath-weights' hmm, hit the wrong key on my typewriter. What is Beth awaiting? What are you a-weighing, Beth?"

"Why typewriter?" she said gently. "Why typewriter? You can feel things without your typewriter, can't you?" she said taking her hands from his eyes and placing them on either cheek.

And he felt tears start again. "'Nay' is worse/From God." He could feel the tears running under her fingers, fingers pulling his lips toward hers. "'O my friend.' I'm sorry I can't kiss you. I have a canker."

REVIEWS

Pertinent to Our Enterprise

The Vocation of a Teacher by Wayne C. Booth (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1988), 353 pp., $24.95.

Reviewed by Helen B. Cannon, a freelance writer, teacher of English composition at Utah State University, and an editorial associate of *Dialogue*.

WHY, YOU MAY ASK, review a book on teaching for *Dialogue*? The reasons are several and compelling.

In the first place, author Wayne C. Booth, surely one of the most significant critics now writing in English and perhaps in any language, unashamedly traces his roots to Mormonism. Early in *The Vocation of a Teacher*, explaining his "*insane* love of literature" (p. 14), he recalls stories absorbed in his Utah childhood about his great-grandfather, Richard Thornton Booth. This self-taught ancestor, born in Lancashire, England, in 1821, had from boyhood such an insatiable desire to learn from books that he worked his trade on the loom with "one hand [and] his legs and feet, leaving the other hand free to hold the book" (p. 15). Though this allowed young Richard to devour books, it left him permanently bent and crippled. It was through a book, the Book of Mormon, that the boy found conversion that transformed his life. As a boy Wayne Booth heard many such stories of salvation found in books, and he retains still his faith in words as potentially transforming.

Having recognized a 1980 *Dialogue* article, "Art in the Church: Or the Truths of Smoother," as being indeed by Booth, author of the landmark *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, I thought, "What a coup for *Dialogue*!" The style, wit, and wisdom of this Mormon version of "The Screwtape Letters" were unmistakable. Mormonism honors certain luminaries and tends to ignore others. Sports figures, entertainers, entrepeneurs receive recognition in the pages of *This People* and the *Ensign*. A prominent literary critic probably shouldn't be expected to make a ripple in the popular press, but he should find notice, and even praise, in the scholarly sector.

More important, though, than his heritage and professional reputation is what Wayne C. Booth offers to readers in general and to *Dialogue* readers in particular. Booth admits to his life-long attempts to extend human awareness and understanding, and more precisely, to join minds through language. *Dialogue*, too, has been devoted to these same goals—to the critical understanding of words, to considerations of rhetoric beyond passive or blind acceptance, to developing a special alertness to the rhetorics of "pablum and poison" that invade our culture.

As a reader on *Dialogue's* editorial board, I read many submissions that could benefit from what Booth teaches about

clarity and integrity in writing and thought. As jargons become ever more recondite, it becomes apparent that those most committed to dialogue and understanding often have difficulty making their thoughts accessible to others. Booth's "Occasion 3: The Scholar in Society" (the book is a collection of "Occasions"—reworked talks, lectures, and writings) ought to be required reading for every *Dialogue* contributor.

Booth's challenge for this speaking "occasion" has been to "say something useful to the would-be scholar about how to relate the scholarly role to society" (p. 45). With characteristic thoroughness, Booth first examines exact meanings of *scholar*, *intellectual*, and *society*. Dismissing as chauvinistic the old joke that an intellectual is "a man who has found something more interesting in the world than sex" and as simplistic the definition wherein "an intellectual is said to have read an article on a given subject, while the scholar has read a book" (p. 45), Booth looks seriously at true scholarship and at the functions of such scholarship in society. How applicable his requisites should be to LDS scholars. He raises the question of autonomy—a question terribly relevant to journals of "alternate voices" in the Church nowadays. I look back through twenty years of *Dialogue* and ask myself some of Booth's posed questions:

> What may have been published for the sake of scholars' autonomy that has been boring or unintelligible to readers?
>
> What did certain submissions contribute to the vitality of [Church] culture?
>
> Was the research dictated by a genuine desire to learn something, or were the authors motivated by self-serving "unscholarship"?

Shouldn't Mormonism's scholarly community, and every right-reasoned society, "keep the rational habits [of true scholarship] passionately alive"? (p. 74) Booth would agree with Primo Levi's assertion, "We must not write as if we were alone. As long as we live we have a responsibility; we must answer for what we write, word by word, and make sure that every word reaches its target" (*Other People's Trades* [New York: Summit Books, 1989], p. 174).

Many of Booth's "Occasions" deal with his dedication to teaching these honest rhetorical habits of thought. He does not care for academic snobbery, for "publish or perish" threats that diminish a university's central purpose of teaching, nor does he approve of the "star" system of grants and awards that tends to reward those who pull away from undergraduate teaching to pursue their own stardom.

For Booth, "rhetoric" is a broad and idealistic term, extending far beyond the subject of English. While recognizing that for many the term connotes "verbal trickery or deliberate obfuscation" (p. 108), Booth sees it as the discipline of teaching others to think analytically. Sometimes I agree with one of his colleagues who wishes Booth would "abandon the sleazy term altogether," opting for something like "philosophy of discourse" or "theory of communication" (p. 309). In a courageous talk to the managers of *Time*, Booth challenged them to "raise the critical powers and mental habits of their readers," rather than catering to and reinforcing "a flat and stupified credulity, . . . [where] the audience is presumed to be incapable of asking that old-fashioned question, What's the evidence?" (p. 143).

Many LDS readers have a problem beyond the incapacity to ask. There is the fear abroad that it might, in fact, be sinful to ask about the evidence. Yet free agency is central to our belief, and as Booth points out, "When we are manipulated, we are not free" (p. 177). Only in the right kind of knowledge can we make free choices. We cannot recover meanings richer than our own small minds (p. 184). "The limits of my language are the limits of my world," said Wittgenstein. Booth would broaden our worlds through language. Liberation, too, he asserts, extends beyond indoctrination, which also enslaves us to the opinions of others.

A large part of Booth's own success as a scholar and teacher, I suggest, lies in his warmth and deep humanity. "There are . . . worse failures," he admits, "than never learning to think. Never learning to love, never learning to enjoy laughter or music, never knowing friendship —these kinds of binding would seem to me even more tragic than never learning to think. But if anything is clear about recent experiments in anti-rational lifestyles, it is that even loving and laughing and friendship and making music can be poisoned by thoughtlessness" (p. 189).

Though this book is obviously not a religious text, there is something religious about its presentation. A religious quality—in the best sense of the word—informs his style, and apparently his life. In his imaginative flights, biblical tone and idiom come naturally to Booth, and his "English Teacher's Decalogue" seems transcribed from stone tablets. In a more deeply religious way, Booth emerges from the page as a kindly, democratic, humble man. Those qualities inform his teaching, surely, and his "Teacher's Journal" section is candid and helpful to anyone who teaches, including those called to teach in the Church. LDS Sunday teachers, unfortunately, though, have little opportunity to apply Booth's pedagogic wisdom, since their time has been pared away, to the extent that little substantive teaching interchange can occur.

As Booth says, a teacher can never tell where his influence stops. He remembers teachers and learning experiences from his undergraduate days at BYU. Now on the lecture circuit himself, Booth recalls the Lyceum series held in the Provo Tabernacle, where he listened "with every nerve, hoping for views from the great world." But it was his high school chemistry teacher in American Fork who managed to transform in one year "a more or less unquestioning young Mormon believer into—well it's hard to summarize the beliefs of a flaming youth who emerged from that year" (p. 298).

His last Occasion, "Epilogue on the Idea of a University," addresses the question of how we might speak as specialists and yet make ourselves understood. Booth is his own best example; this book is accessible, engaging, and highly relevant. He calls for ways to combat the "ethnocentrism of disciplines," the "tribalism" and "nationalism" of specialities (p. 325). Booth's suggestions are reasonable and, I'm tempted to say, brilliant and ought to be required reading for specialists in any field, including religious disciplines.

He concludes the book with his own law of fructification (rather than parsimony): "Never pursue a problem without at least two hypotheses—and don't despair when two or more of them survive your tests. And never forget that all human problems resist reduction to any one formulation or method of inquiry" (p. 334). What of this law is not pertinent to our enterprise?

Mormon Splinter Groups

Recreating Utopia in the Desert: A Sectarian Challenge to Modern Mormonism by Hans A. Baer (Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1988), 225 pp., paper $14.95, cloth $44.50.

Reviewed by Mark P. Leone, associate professor, Department of Anthropology, University of Maryland, College Park.

IN THIS ETHNOGRAPHY of a Mormon splinter group, Hans Baer postulates that Mormonism's capacity to produce schisms is a two-fold reflection of itself. As Mormonism entered the mainstream in this century, it abandoned its poorer members, who, citing the Church's communitarian origins, founded revitalized versions of the faith that aided them in their deprivation. So, as Mormonism was to its poor adherents from 1830 to 1890, the new Mormonisms are to the equally poor between 1930 and 1970. Thus, Baer argues that the search for a restored early church is neither a social nor a historical quest, nor a reform, but the kind of schism to be expected as an upwardly mobile, class-tied institution marginalizes a portion of its own population. Modern Mormonism created Mormonisms just as the Federal Era created early Mormonism out of Protestant Christianity and widespread poverty.

Baer, one anthropologist studying a tiny, distant, quasi-Mormon group, places within this context Maurice Glendenning's (founder of the Aaronic Order) conversations with the Angel Elias, the increasing conservatism of the Mormon church in the twentieth century, the long history of schism within Mormonism, the search for communitarian ways of life, and much of the American contemporary communal movement. Baer worked ten years on his extremely thorough book, and the time shows. In addition to getting to know his subject well, Baer also read and reworked much of the important literature on religious conversion, revitalization movements, churches and sects, social deprivation, utopias, communes, and modern Mormon scholarship. He also took chances with himself and used his own vulnerability to teach. Any modern ethnography should tell us about its topic, its author, and ourselves. This book appears quite ordinary, but no ordinary effort went into it.

The Levites or the Aaronic Order were founded in the 1930s by Maurice Glendenning, a convert to Mormonism, who received revelations from the Angel Elias and established in the 1940s in the Utah desert common-property communities that continue to this day. Branches established in Salt Lake City are not communal. The order was never polygynous, does not proselytize, and never numbered more than a few hundred members. Early members were Latter-day Saints; Levites exist within a largely Mormon context, and although they have become more akin to evangelical Protestants and less formally Mormon, Baer is correct to analyze them in the Great Basin Mormon-centered context.

Baer establishes the deprived economic background of the members of the Aaronic Order over three generations. He shows how the top-heavy hierarchy within the tiny order places marginal people on top in their own world. And he also shows how Glendenning's insecure environment led him to see his dreams and fantasies as visions and depictions of a cure for marginality. Baer chooses not to analyze Glendenning's revelations as

wished-for resolutions of struggles with authority, but rather uses them as psychobiography, revealing a relatively ordinary man, likeable enough, struggling with the immense problems of the first half of this century: poverty, insecurity, economic depression, powerlessness, rootlessness, and poor education. In this environment, the new religion flourished. Baer describes theology, practical philosophy, and everyday thinking of the Levites, some rooted in Mormonism, some about the second coming, and some about Jesus as a savior.

Baer's volume makes apparent the threefold dilemma currently facing Mormon scholars. First, thanks to the historical community, we know much about nineteenth-century Mormonism, but information is more scarce about the twentieth, particularly about the central Church in Salt Lake City and the people and communities practicing plural marriage. Second, anthropologists like Baer carry on where historians must leave their task. We look at the small, living communities, but we have not gotten inside the bureaucratic culture nor into the communities practicing plural marriage. This is not for lack of effort, but lack of access. Third, because historians do not study the present directly and anthropologists are not privy to the very powerful or the very private among the living, we are left to study Mormonism indirectly by looking at its past or its living margins. Supposedly we can see the center, our real concern, by reflection or inference. Supposedly also, particularly for social scientists, Mormonism is itself a way to see United States society more clearly. This is in fact the oldest rationale for studying Mormonism.

The threefold dilemma we see reflected in Baer's volume is the failure of historians and anthropologists to see into and analyze the core of the Church. Modern living Mormonism is fully American; it is not a vision of where America will be. It is America. Neither historians nor anthropologists have yet dealt with this. Furthermore, the tools we are now using to study Mormonism may not be the best for describing the internal workings of late twentieth-century phenomena. Rather, the tools for seeing our society are powerful and dangerous and largely untried in Mormon scholarship: psychoanalysis, the various Marxisms, critical theory of the Frankfurt School, and interpretivist theory in literary criticism. Baer tries some of these; other scholars are trying others. But, it seems to me, these are the very tools that can help us address our dilemma and learn to know ourselves.

New Perspectives on Nineteenth-Century St. George

A Sermon in the Desert: Belief and Behavior in Early St. George, Utah by Larry M. Logue (Champaign, Illinois: The University of Illinois Press, 1988), 165 pp., $19.95.

Reviewed by Allan Kent Powell, historian for the Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SERMON IN THE DESERT should be taken seriously by those interested in early St. George and in the workings of polygamy and family life in a small nineteenth-century Utah community. It offers to local history students and writers of new methods a look at issues and an alternative to the traditional chronological or topical narrative approach to community studies.

Larry Logue argues that community studies can improve theory making by generating new theories and effectively applying older theories within the manageable scope of a community framework. In using his study of St. George to examine theories about past American life and the Latter-day Saints, Logue sets out to look at five issues: (1) parents' roles in marriage making; (2) the marginality of plural marriage; (3) the role of theology in the lives of St. George residents; (4) the relationship between theology and family behavior; and (5) the tension between nineteenth-century American culture and the nineteenth-century Latter-day Saint anti-American separatism. Included in all of these issues is "the central project... to explain as fully as possible the people who lived for a time in southwestern Utah and produced records that we can examine" (xi).

Logue sets for himself a monumental, perhaps impossible, undertaking, and it is understandable why in a book of less than 120 pages of text and appendices he is not able to provide a thorough examination of the stated issues. In the attempt, however, he does extend Mormon scholarship a significant distance. His chapter two, "Mormonism and the Worldview," is alone worth the price of the book. Here Logue explores the relationship between official and popular religion. The brief sketches of official pronouncements and individual beliefs about such issues as sin, the devil, death, the spirit world, resurrection, relationship to God, trials and suffering, contact with non-Mormons, persecutions, and attitudes on public and private family life indicate that "the people of St. George applying their free will to their beliefs as well as to their actions, made their worldview a mosaic of official doctrine and popular emendations. Residents accepted the church's familial model for social relations, but they saved space for individual action and resisted when the church encroached on that space" (p. 35).

With this interesting introduction to belief and behavior, the rest of the book concentrates on polygamy and family life in St. George. Perhaps most readers will be attracted to the book for its treatment of the perennially popular subject. They will not be disappointed. Logue's conclusions about polygamy and family life in Utah's Dixie, especially compared with other contemporary areas in England, Italy, and Belgium, shed meaningful light on nineteenth-century life.

Instead of relying on traditional census schedules to determine the extent of polygamy, Logue extends his data set to family group sheets and published genealogies, thereby identifying 446 marriages and 2,405 individuals in St. George before the 1880 census. Logue's methodology, explained in detail (in Appendix B), will interest those applying similar demographic methodologies and demonstrates the author's thoroughness in constructing his data set. Those deeply interested will want to compare Logue's methodology with that of geographer Lowell "Ben" Bennion, whose 1984 *Journal of Mormon History* article, "The Incidence of Mormon Polygamy in 1880: 'Dixie' Versus Davis Stake," reaches essentially the same conclusion as this study about the rate of polygamy in St. George using spatial rather than the period analysis. Logue proposes that polygamy in St. George was much more common than previously supposed. Though 14 percent of St. George families were probably not eligible to participate in polygamy because of their relative inactivity in the Church, still "almost two-fifths of all husbands' time, nearly three-quarters of all woman years, and well over half of all child-years were spent

in polygamy before 1880" (p. 63)

An unexpected discovery is that, for St. George at least, plural marriages had about the same total fertility rate as monogamous marriages. While Church members may have differed with Church authorities on some points, large families were agreed both in official pronouncements and public practice. "Fertile marriages met the duty of Mormons to embody spirits waiting for their mortal experience and at the same time accumulate treasure for their parents' own after life, since heavenly exaltation depended in part on a large progeny" (p. 87).

Perhaps the most original contribution of *A Sermon in the Desert* is its examination of mortality. Children suffered a significantly high mortality rate, with just over 70 percent living to age five. The most dangerous time for children was after the first year, when they were weaned from breast milk. In contrast, the death rate for men was much closer to twentieth-century standards. The author suggests several factors that account for this: the St. George climate hindered infectious diseases in adults; adherence to the Word of Wisdom seemed to produce better health and fewer fatal accidents; and women, in time of food shortages, saw that their husbands were fed even if they had to do without. Women suffered a much higher death rate than men, one-fourth of the deaths occurring in childbirth. Tuberculosis and malaria also claimed a greater number of women than men. Still, if women were more susceptible to death than men, they were only part of a worldwide pattern. They did not see themselves as victims; in their Mormon view, they were sacrificing for the kingdom and would gain a just reward.

A Sermon in the Desert is an analytical history based on careful study of nineteenth-century diaries and journals. It is also one of the first book-length attempts to apply current quantification methods to the study of the Mormon past. Readers who expect the book to read like the familiar accounts of Utah's Dixie by Nels Anderson, A. Karl Larson, and Juanita Brooks will be surprised by its unique style. But though Logue may not have the narrative style of the past generation of historians, he writes with respect, admiration, and clarity. We are fortunate that this pioneering examination of a Mormon community using quantification methods, in contrast to so many other attempts at quantification history, is done so well. Larry Logue has written a book that should excite the professional history community, yet that may be enjoyed by the lay community as well. Such a feat, especially where quantification methodologies are applied, is an all too rare accomplishment in today's world of historical scholarship.

Passion Poems

How Much for the Earth? by Emma Lou Thayne (Salt Lake City: Utahns United Against the Nuclear Arms Race, 1989), 24 pp.

Reviewed by Linda Sillitoe, a writer and journalist living in Salt Lake City, whose latest book, *Windows on the Sea and Other Short Stories*, was published by Signature Books in 1989.

ONE MIGHT SUSPECT that a book of poems published by Utahns United Against the Nuclear Arms Race might possess as interesting a history as the poems that comprise it. *How Much for the Earth?* by Emma Lou Thayne entered its third printing in English in 1989 with translations already available in German and Russian. Proceeds from this printing and from a

Kiev, USSR, publisher go into separate funds for peace.

This volume, carried in the hand of its Utah-born, Mormon author, opened doors as no visa can during her recent visit to the Soviet Union. There poets are read by the people, not only by the literatae. Passion and even propaganda have their place, for poems and poets speak for the times, as happened here during the Vietnam War and, with less recognition, during the women's movement.

In this "Suite of Poems: About Time for Considering," Thayne is as accessible and intimate as readers of her earlier collections might expect. For the first time, she is as overtly political as overtly personal. This slim volume traces her own journey from a high school physics class, through the nuclear victory of World War II, to a realization of the mushroom-shaped shroud that overhangs our planet. In one poem we witness the birth of a grandchild and in another meet a visitor to Dachau, indelibly etched on our memories:

> He stares without motion
> involved as a lover
> awaiting a lover in a crowd. Like
> a camera his gaze inches
> from end to end of the barracks,
> returns, returns
> to the door. It is more than a
> memorial he is attending.
> The building keeps everything; it
> remembers.
> He listens to its voice with a look
> of such sadness
> I want to touch it away. Who
> might have known I could be
> so held by what passes between a
> stranger and the years,
> him searching for a day and finding it?

In this collection, Thayne's poetic voice entices us as storyteller, prophet, cajoler, and exhorter. Form, image, and statement merge and meld with scarcely a seam. Here, too, even writing the possibility of ultimate destruction, she celebrates life with the vibrancy of her other works:

> Smell of soap, hot animal. An
> apple crisp. A ball hit,
> Tongue of a lover, dream of a dead
> mother stroking our cheek.

These poems remind us that the personal and the political are inextricably intertwined; that none of us can sit out the dance of life and expect it to indefinitely continue.

Hearkening unto Other Voices

To Be Learned Is Good If . . . edited by Robert L. Millet (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1987), 242 pp., $11.95.

Reviewed by Robert J. Woolley, a physician in St. Paul, Minnesota.

WHEN I FIRST picked up a copy of *To Be Learned Is Good If . . .* I assumed that the implied remainder of the title would be a continuation of Jacob's famous statement about hearkening unto the voice of God. Having read the book, though, I now believe that some of the twelve authors would prefer to append the words . . . *If They Hearken unto Our Way of Thinking.*

This collection of essays addressing "controversial religious questions" bristles with intolerance of diverse views of scripture, faith, and history. We are told that Christians outside of Mormonism are "seal[ed] from any meaningful understand-

ing [of] the scriptural records" (p. 116); that their theology is "false and absurd" (p. 68), "unscriptural, foreign to the spirit or content of the New Testament, and doctrinally untenable" (p. 70).

Under greater criticism, though, are the authors' fellow Saints, the "self-proclaimed intellectuals" (p. 212), who are "grievous wolves among us" (Preface). If we are "hesitant to 'read into' the biblical record what we know from modern revelation" we are guilty of "naiveté" and "irresponsible scholarship" (p. 61). If we have faith in a "religious phenomenon," we must accept its "historicity" and believe it to be "an objective and discernible occasion" (p. 191). If we believe that Joseph Smith placed any of his own doctrinal understanding "into the mouths of Benjamin or Alma or Moroni," we thereby charge the Prophet with "deceit" and "fabrication" (p. 67), strip the book's "teachings and core message" of "their divine warrant as God's revelation" (p. 220), and "threaten to decoy the . . . Saints from the saving substance of the gospel" (p. 221). "Revisionist" historical models are not only incorrect, they are dangerous (chs. 1 and 13), and their authors will "answer to God himself for their actions" (p. 6).

Even when the authors do not directly attack alternative views, they find no room for them: Our history must always promote faith. The JST is a pure restoration of lost truths, not inspired commentary. The doctrines of the Church have been taught in all ages exactly as we have them. There is no discrepancy between recitations of the First Vision. Biblical criticism, properly understood, contradicts none of the cherished traditional LDS interpretations. All scriptural stories are literal. The Bible is best understood not by its own internal evidence but by interpretations provided by modern Church leaders. With a few exceptions, these essays neither produce nor allow new insights or fresh perspectives.

An uncomfortable tension between the desire for academic respectability and the disdain for "temples of modern . . . learning" (p. 210) pervades the book. In the preface, editor Robert Millet lauds his authors as "men who have received academic training in some of the finest institutions of higher learning in the United States" while simultaneously decrying the "worldview of Babylon" and the "cynical secular world" (pp. ix-x). Continuing the self-contradiction in his first essay, "How Should Our Story Be Told?", Millet writes, "The crying need in our day is for *academically competent* Latter-day Saint thinkers to make judgments by . . . the Lord's standards" (p. 4, emphasis added). When did the Lord start requiring worldly training for writers of "sacred history" in the mode of the Book of Mormon, which he holds up as the "perfect pattern for the writing of our story" (p. 2)?

Both Millet (pp. 188-89) and Monte Nyman and Charles Tate (p. 78) praise modern criticism for what it can teach us about the Bible but then fail to cite any such enlightening discoveries and even lambast the conclusions reached by such methods. Michael Wilcox says that when we turn our analysis from historical or literary figures to the prophets we must leave behind "our leanings to the worldly definition of . . . scholarship" and use "the Lord's emphasis" (p. 210). But Stephen Ricks and Daniel Peterson spend an entire essay (pp. 129-47) analyzing acts of prophets (such as Moses' use of Aaron's rod or Joseph Smith's mystical means of finding lost items) by the standards of definitions of "magic" as used in modern reli-

gious studies scholarship.

Inter-essay conflict is also abundant (though usually not regarding the central themes of the essays, which are quite homogeneous in their conclusions). Millet, for example, in one place downplays the influence of the Gospels' authors on those writings' final form (p. 199) but in another tells modern historians how to write inspired sacred history in the scriptural model (pp. 1-8). He quotes Robert Matthews's statement that the Bible "was massively, even cataclysmically, corrupted *before* it was distributed" (p. 192), while Nyman and Tate spend thirty-eight pages defending the proposition that "there is absolutely no reason not to believe in the truth of the Bible and its message" (p. 79). Louis Midgley says that the "Book of Mormon claims no immunity from historical criticism" (p. 223), while Wilcox asserts that worldly criticism of "light and truth revealed through the . . . prophets" puts us in the foolish position of "judging, commenting on, and counseling an infinite . . . Deity" (p. 210).

My last criticism of the book as a whole is a lack of specificity in its denunciations: "*Some* seek to suggest naturalistic explanations" (p. 3); "*Some* are enamored with the use of . . . theoretical models" (p. 3); "*some self-serving historians* grovel for 'truth' that would defame the dead" (p. 5); "*Many enemies of the Church* have accused . . . " (p. 18); "*a few Latter-day Saints* are busy reinterpreting . . . the Mormon past" (p. 219; emphasis added to all quotations). Midgley caricatures the views of LDS historians without citing them a single time (pp. 225-26). Surely those "grievous wolves among us" (p. ix) should be clearly identified for Church members. "Note that man," wrote Paul of the rebellious, "and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed" (2 Thes. 3:14). (Paul continues his letter with other advice that could well be heeded: "Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.")

Let me now comment on a few aspects of individual essays.

LaMar Garrard's paper on the tradition of integrity in the Smith family and Bruce VanOrden's on the compassion of Joseph Smith strike me as useful works, free of the offense and narrowness of some of the other chapters.

Ricks and Peterson present an interesting discussion of the appropriateness of the word "magic" for events in the Bible and in the life of Joseph Smith. They conclude that works performed by the true power of God should never be called "magic." Of course, objectively determining what power was actually at work raises obvious difficulties, but this article is a worthwhile contribution to this ongoing discussion.

The essay by Louis Midgley is, for me, the most frustrating. He appears to make remarkable concessions: "Since the Book of Mormon . . . claims to be authentic history, it follows that faith is necessarily exposed, at certain points, to disconfirmation by the work of historians" (p. 223); and, "the Restoration message is true if—and only if—the Book of Mormon is an authentic ancient history. And clearly these questions can be tested, if not settled, by the methods of the historian" (p. 224).

But while Midgley seems to thus lay his faith on the altar of historical criticism (a move that would rightly be condemned by several of his fellow writers in this book), he in reality does no such thing. He removes some questions from historical scrutiny altogether when he says, "Some things about the past are simply true; otherwise our faith is in vain" (p. 223). And, despite his previous intimations, he never puts any particular point of history on the

table to examine what historians have said of it. He thus displays no evidence, beyond simple assertion, of truly believing that important historical events and the faith that is founded on those events "might possibly be false" (p. 223).

Midgley also says we should "welcome" challenges to the authenticity of the Book of Mormon and to the Joseph Smith story (p. 224). But he never seriously discusses the validity of any such challenges and refers to those who raise them as "savants," "cultural Mormons," "marginal members who . . . can neither spit nor swallow when it comes to the gospel," "not sound guides," and "the rebellious" (p. 225-26).

Midgley shows himself to be incapable of mythological thinking or of seeing as genuinely faithful any scriptural hermeneutic other than the strictly literal. The Book of Mormon is either historically true or it is "fiction." "The question of the historical authenticity of the Book of Mormon is necessarily the initial question. . . . A negative . . . decision about the initial question closes the door to a faithful response" (pp. 223-24). He is obviously aware that there are Church members who are not restricted to such a dichotomy, but he gives them no fair hearing. His unyielding demand for absolute historicity reminds me of Northrup Frye's comments:

> Someone recently asked me, after seeing a television program about the discovery of a large boat-shaped structure on Mount Ararat with animal cages in it, if I did not think that this alleged discovery "sounded the death knell of liberal theology." . . . This attitude says, for example, that the story of Jonah must describe a real sojourn inside a real whale, otherwise we are making God, as the ultimate source of the story, into a liar.
>
> It might be said that a God who would deliberately fake so unlikely a series of events in order to vindicate the "literal truth" of his story would be a much more dangerous liar, and such a God could never have become incarnate in Jesus, because he would be too stupid to understand what a parable was. (*The Great Code: The Bible and Literature* [New York: Harcourt Brace Jovonovich, 1981], pp. 44-45)

I began this review by suggesting an alternative ending to the title *To Be Learned Is Good If. . . .* Perhaps it would be better to replace the title entirely, as the book ultimately conveys no belief in the goodness of learning, or, for that matter, of faith, when either of these leads the seeker outside the narrow confines of the authors' definition of "truth."

Tempering Memories

A Good Time Coming: Mormon Letters to Scotland edited by Frederick Stewart Buchanan (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1988), x, 319 pp., $24.95. Foreword by Charles S. Peterson. Volume 4 in the Utah Centennial Series edited by Charles S. Peterson.

Reviewed by John S. H. Smith, a Scot, who is a historian and writer currently teaching at sea for the U.S. Navy.

THE LETTERS IN THIS collection, ably edited and annotated, are neither literate nor consistently interesting. They lack

informed perspective and only occasionally throw any light on the larger questions of the times of which they are a part. Almost wholly absorbed with family or personal matters, the letters are relentlessly ordinary. Yet this is their value as historical documents and the source of their fascination.

The MacNeil-Thompson collection, from which this book has been fashioned, is housed in the archives of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. It consists of letters sent home to Scotland from Utah, Arizona, and Illinois by members of the MacNeil-Thompson family and two of their friends. The letters tell of failure and heartbreak, of dreams never clearly articulated but unmistakably gone sour. They are a record of the bad times that memory often later suppresses or selectively edits when the "good times" come around. Sadly, the good times never did come around for this luckless family. Their history, frustratingly and elusively incomplete though it is, makes this book a necessary corrective to the cloyingly upbeat and deceptively positive histories of pioneer families with which we are all familiar.

The level of religious commitment of the various letter-writers is never very clear, perhaps because Scots tend to be reticent in such matters. Caution and realism shape their experience of Mormonism, which does not appear to be as central to their lives as their response to the doctrine of "gathering" might suggest. John MacNeil, easily the most interesting family member, is the only letter writer who displays any passion on the subject: "All they preach about hear is water ditches, field fences, canyon roads, cooperative Stores & Such like things" (pp. 105-6).

John MacNeil's increasingly negative view of the Church—"Like all the rest of the Churches, its pay Money, pay Money, all the time & don't ask where it is going" (p. 184)—was matched by his resentment each time he lost a mining job to cheaper Chinese labor—"The Chinese is raising Hell with this Country. They work for a doller per day & Stands kicking & Cuffing around" (p. 184).

This combination of free thinking, resentment of job insecurity, a reluctance to acquire new job skills, and failure to adapt to the enterprising spirit of frontier Utah was, comments Buchanan, "a reason why he [MacNeil] never became truly integrated into Mormon society" (p. 106 n. 26). This judgment, which goes on to imply that MacNeil's misery was largely of his own making, is probably correct although lacking in sympathy. John MacNeil's misfortunes were more than just the product of negative thinking.

In a Dickensian hell in Smithfield, Utah, MacNeil is appalled and humiliated while working in the home of a Sister Douglas, "a mean Curse of a woman" who makes him sleep on a child's mattress on an unheated kitchen floor. "With cold i am froze nearly stiff. The question may suggest to you, why don't she give you a larger mattress to lie on. She Says i must be like the indians (and) pull my knees up to my chin" (p. 108).

From the indignity of his first months in Utah, MacNeil stumbles through the remainder of his hapless life. Through a marriage to a widow sealed to another man, through the spiritual isolation of apostacy, all the way to his accidental —and, typically, uninsured— death in a mining accident, MacNeil is a victim. In his last years he is spared nothing, for his children are a source of despair. He wrote his sister, "I have Burried five of My Children and have five Left and am Sorry I didn't burry them also. Theyr Not worth Owning" (p. 286).

The bleak sketches of the lives of most of the MacNeil-Thompson family suggest the difficulty of adapting foreign working-class attitudes to the aggressively middle-class environment that Mormonism created for itself. A few, such as the young James MacNeil who drowned while trying to save his expensive team of horses, seemed to have made that necessary adaptation. However, class values and mobility are topics with which most Americans are uncomfortable, and it is doubtful if they will ever be a productive sub-area of research in Mormon history. Instead, *A Good Time Coming* deserves to be read and appreciated for preserving tempering memories from a time more commonly celebrated with tales of spiritual and material success.

The letters have been skillfully handled by Dr. Buchanan, and the footnotes are both useful and thoughtful. His prefatory remarks, covering Scottish Chartism and related topics as well as preliminary family information, are succinct and germane. The book, part of the Utah Centennial Series, has been handsomely produced.

Quest for Meaning

The Chinchilla Farm: A Novel by Judith Freeman (New York: W. W. Norton, 1989), 308 pp., $19.95.

Reviewed by Gary Topping, curator of manuscripts, Utah State Historical Society.

AS A CHILD IN WILLARD, Utah, Verna Flake remembered a search party being called when someone had let the neighbors' chinchillas out of their cage. In the end, fears that the exotic, expensive little animals would never be seen again came to naught, for the chinchillas proved to be too timid and too tame to go anywhere and huddled in two small groups close to the house. For a while we wonder if this is Judith Freeman's metaphor for small-town Mormonism which, by the standards of mainstream Christianity and American culture, seems so exotic on the surface yet sometimes comes to appear, as it does here under Freeman's examination, so banal as to be unable to contain a sensitive, searching soul. Eventually, though, we learn that Freeman wants more than that from her metaphor, for she explains to us that chinchillas mate for life, and when a mate is removed, the survivor often goes into depression which can result in death.

This engrossing new novel is a story of lives dislocated by failed marriages and of the quest, not so much for new relationships (though that end either transpires or is implied in each case here), but rather for meaning in a world of failed dreams. It is a big order Freeman sets for herself, since such answers, if one is to avoid sentimentalism, cannot be neat or complete.

To make things even more difficult, she inhabits her story with characters aptly described on the dust jacket as "off-center" and delineates their world in intimate detail. Though the story moves from Willard, Utah, to Los Angeles to Baja, California, its main point of reference is the working-class, Mormon world of Willard, where Verna grew up and where the story opens. To some degree it is the television and country music-saturated world of working-class America, but here it is grafted onto the Mormon elements of sacrament meetings, garments, missionaries, and other institutions so exotic to the

non-Mormon world.

When Verna quits her job at the bowling alley after her auto mechanic husband runs off with a barroom floozy named Pinky (don't you love it?), hitches up a horse trailer full of possessions to her four-wheel-drive truck, picks up a hitchhiking transient named Duluth Wing (!), and heads for Los Angeles where she boards for a time with a friend whose husband is writing a doctoral dissertation on Franz Schubert, the situation begs to be played as farce. But Freeman, amazingly, plays it straight: she is serious about these people, and her sympathetic portrayal brings us along with her into their world.

The novel reaches a tremendous emotional height during the trip to Mexico as Verna helps her ex-sister-in-law Inez and Inez's retarded daughter escape from a sadistic redneck husband while Duluth tags along seeking relief from alcoholism. The husband follows them, bringing tragedy, but through that tragedy emerges healing for Inez, Duluth, and the daughter. It is healing bought with pain and courage, and under Freeman's skilled guidance, it is deeply satisfying and realistic.

Other aspects of the novel are less satisfying. Although Freeman's settings are detailed right down to the last beer can and flat tire, she can't seem to get her geography right. From Parowan, Verna and Duluth drive west (?) to Orderville, of all places, on their way to St. George, and at one point we learn that one of Verna's friends is from Thoreau, New Mexico, which we are told is north of Albuquerque. To carp at such gaffes may seem pedantic, but for one who knows this country, they erode the story's realism.

And marrying Verna to Vincent, the Schubert student, seems quite a reach. Verna's musical solar system revolves around Patsy Cline, and even though Vincent gently requires her to listen to classical music on her radio and on the stereo system he buys for her during their courtship, she still doesn't get it. Nor does she "get" *Faust*, which Vincent gives her, along with *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for reading on her Mexico trip. Maybe she got the Shakespeare better than the Goethe, though we are not told she even read the play, for she and Vincent name their daughter Silvia after the Shakespeare lyric set to music by Schubert. Nevertheless, the nature of the accommodations made by the couple to their radically diverse backgrounds remains largely mysterious.

The Chinchilla Farm follows a collection of short stories, *Family Attractions*, as Freeman's second book. One hopes for many more to follow, for it exhibits the emergence of a major literary talent.

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Compiled by Susan B. Taber

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ABOUT THE ARTIST

This issue features the work of Margaret W. Morrison, a native of Salt Lake City, graduate of the University of Utah, and currently an instructor in the art extension program at the University of Texas at Austin. Morrison says of her work:

"Dealing with the human figure as imagery is a complicated matter. The observer is preconditioned to react in a certain way towards that imagery: Does this piece tell a story? Are these people that I recognize? Is this a specific moment in time? What are they thinking about? What are they saying?

"I think most viewers experience a piece, make a quick 'closure' decision, and move on, almost as if thumbing through a book and then slamming the cover closed . . . finding nothing there to pull the viewer in to a level deeper than mere visual recognition.

"I intend in my work to keep that book from slamming closed, offering more than story or portraiture. I try to involve the viewer in several levels of psychological discovery and hope that my imagery pulls at dreams, memories, and feelings you can't quite put your finger on—a sense of timelessness, a balance between detachment and preciousness."

ART CREDITS

Front cover: "Bound Shrine," mixed media, 28 3/4" X 21", 1988

Back cover: "Vaulted Shrine," oil on paper, 28 3/4" X 21", 1988

p. 10: "Reliquary," oil on paper, 21" X 28", 1987

p. 84: "The Loss," monotype, 21" X 27", 1987

p. 98: "Studio Window", oil on paper, 11 " X 14", 1988

p. 105: "Guest," oil on paper, 22" X 29", 1989

p. 108: "Five before Five," oil on paper, 21" X 30", 1989 (detail)

p. 133: "Frieze," charcoal and acrylic, 21" X 28 3/4", 1987

p. 162: "Before the Guests Arrive," charcoal and acrylic, 19" X 25", 1989

All artwork courtesy of Phillips Gallery, 444 East 200 South, Salt Lake City, Utah.


MARGARET MORRISON