

DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



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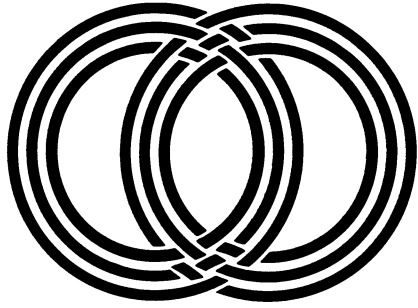
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DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

We send out this winter issue of *DIALOGUE* with the hope that each of you will find within these pages a reflection of our continuing commitment to furthering tolerance, understanding, and the love of Christ.

The theology of grace is only dimly understood by most Latter-day Saints. In the first of a two-part study, Blake Ostler taps the greatest philosophers in the Christian tradition and establishes a foundation for understanding the concept of grace. The second part of this study, especially relating grace to Mormon theology, will appear in our Spring 1991 issue.

Vella Neil Evans explores official and unofficial Church discourse to discover the implicit and explicit messages given Latter-day Saint women about their right to paid employment. Her historical analysis is timely and provocative. In a probing discussion of what it means, or should mean, to be a male priesthood holder, Eugene England points the way toward healthier, more whole relationships. In a third article exploring feminist concerns, Lavina Fielding Anderson views the language of scripture, LDS hymns, and prayers as a reaffirmation of gender inequity.

Many readers of Sherlock Holmes have wondered about Arthur Conan Doyle's references to Mormonism within his works. Michael Homer's essay on Doyle and his reaction to spiritualism and new religions creates a context of understanding. Support and understanding are also the themes of Marge Whitman's essay on the suffering and fear that are part of experiencing cancer.

Todd Morley's personal essay examines the well-traveled process of returning home for Christmas. Its universal relevance is a gentle reminder of family and cultural bonds. We are honored to present a posthumous short story by award-winning author David Wright. His daughter, Charlotte, submitted this powerful story, written shortly before her father's death. For the most part, it appears just as he wrote it.

As a note and comment, Milan E. Smith has responded to Carl Sandberg's "Knowing Brother Joseph Again" (Winter 1989). Obviously stimulated by the essay, Smith discusses the role of Joseph Smith once more and calls into question some of Sandberg's conclusions.

We are pleased to offer the works of five poets—Loretta Randall Sharp, Lewis Horne, R.A. Christmas, and Laura Hamblin—and the paintings of John Hafen, one of Utah's most acclaimed early landscape painters.

After careful study and consideration, judges have selected the winners of our annual writing awards, and we announce those winners in this issue. We appreciate all those who submit their work to *DIALOGUE*, thank our loyal readers, and wish all a joyous holiday season.

LETTERS

Choking in the Dust

The very interesting articles by Delmont Oswald and Lawrence Young (Spring 1990) touched a sensitive nerve in me and again brought to mind my own reaction to President Benson's 1988 address to single men. Both articles alluded to a growing and persistent problem for which Church leaders and members continue to demonstrate fear, insensitivity, and great ignorance: homosexuality.

In the spring of 1988, I was just beginning to admit to and come to terms with my own homosexuality. At the time, I was experiencing a great deal of anguish and psychological pain. The address added even more guilt to the tremendous load I already carried. Not only was I past the critical age of twenty-seven, I was gay besides. President Benson's talk was a slap in the face, not just for the condemning and insulting tone directed toward single men, but because it never acknowledged the legitimate reasons why men might choose to remain single and gave no reassurance to those who would not or could not marry.

A commonly held attitude reflected by the talk is that if a man marries, he cannot be homosexual. Therefore, if we can manage by any means to marry off all our single men, we will not have to deal with homosexuality and can continue to deny its existence as a real problem of good Church members. President Benson's failure to acknowledge homosexuality as a factor preventing some men from marrying was virtually another effort at denying this very persistent and difficult issue.

I was raised in the Church, served an honorable mission, and have held a vari-

ety of positions in the wards I have lived in since my mission. I am an active, temple-going member, with a great love for the gospel and a conviction of the utility and necessity of the Church organization. I feel great pain that the Church I love so much and have devoted my life to offers me only no-win options. If I remain single, I will be discriminated against, as positions of significant responsibility and leadership are filled by married men. I will be hounded relentlessly to get married, and (according to Mormon myth) I will be denied exaltation and condemned to spend eternity serving my married brothers as a ministering angel, whatever that is. And I will be lonely, presumably for eternity. If I marry, I run the risk of making myself and at least one other person miserable for many years, with the almost certain risk of divorce. I also have the option of living with a male companion and either leaving the Church because of an overload of guilt, or being forced out by excommunication. At the moment, I am having difficulty deciding which of these options I want most.

I have found no reassurance, advice, or comfort from Church leaders as I face my dilemma. Instead, I hear silence at best; at worst, rabid condemnation. I am a virtual outcast simply by nature of my single status, not to mention my sexual orientation, which, by the way, I will never be foolish enough to divulge to my bishop.

I look forward to the day when the Church has the strength and self-confidence to at least acknowledge homosexuals, and homosexuality as a human condition. I never expect, nor do I desire, the Church to condone homosexual practices or any other kind of intimate sexual

behavior outside of marriage. But I do expect the Church to be nonjudgmental about my sexual orientation, to acknowledge my value as a worthy priesthood holder and son of God, and to extend to me the same opportunities for service and leadership accorded to my heterosexual, married counterparts. Until that day, I am forced by the Church to live, choking, in the dust.

Name Withheld
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dialogue Generations

During my eight-month-old son David's romp with me on our large bed after his afternoon nap, he rolled and squirmed deftly over to our Summer 1990 DIALOGUE, left there from my rest time. He picked it up, leafed through the pages, and showed great interest. I removed it from his hands when it approached the mouth (I do not consider it disposable), and he whimpered, an accurate replication of his father's response when I wrestle it away at dinner time, or when it is my turn to read. I was pleased that David's interest marked the true beginning of a third generation of DIALOGUE enthusiasts, a fact that was sure to overjoy both his grandmas, Mary Lythgoe Bradford and Mary Ellen MacArthur. I am confident DIALOGUE will be around to entertain and inspire David's future offspring also and am grateful for the courage my children's forbearers had in creating this unique form of Mormon communication. As David once again zeroed in on the DIALOGUE, I realized with mild dismay that his interest in the cover, ironically purple (the Bradford signature color), had been inherited along with his beautiful Lythgoe looks. He certainly has a heritage both strong and rich, with giant shoes for him to fill.

Jane MacArthur Bradford
South Pasadena, California

Disappointing Issue

Until the Summer issue of DIALOGUE, the contents, for the most part, have been provocative and stimulating reading. However, the two articles on the polygamists of Short Creek and their leader are so hackneyed, paraded before us *ad nauseum* in newspapers, magazines, and on television, that I resent paying money to read about them again.

The other two subjects, baptism for the dead and interfaith vows, do not have the scholarship or interest of previous articles. I hope you can improve on the contents before the next issue. One of the writers on interfaith vows is mistaken about marriages not allowed to be performed in LDS chapels. We have had several in our ward.

To sum up this issue, its articles are out-of-date, have no impact, and are of little relevance to today's reader.

Gwen Millet
Castro Valley, California

A Broader View

The excellent panel presentation on the "Impact of Interfaith Vows" (Summer 1990) brought to mind D. H. Lawrence's thoughtful essay on the marriage relationship in his book *Sex, Literature and Censorship* (Irvington Press, 1953). Lawrence expressed the following affirmation of marriage vows that endure beyond death:

And the church created marriage by making it a sacrament, a sacrament of man and woman united in the sex communion, and never to be separated, except by death. *And even when separated by death, still not freed from the marriage. Marriage, as far as the individual went, eternal.* Marriage, making one complete body out of two incomplete ones, and providing for the complex development of the man's soul and the woman's soul in unison, throughout a life-time. Marriage, sacred and inviolable, the great way of earthly fulfillment for man and woman in unison, under the spiritual rule of the Church. (pp. 106-7, italics added)

Later on Lawrence expressed his belief that his marriage partnership would endure through the eternities because of the deep love he and his wife shared. For him, the eternal nature of marriage did not hinge on ritual or vows, but on the loving concern and commitment of marriage partners to each other and to the relationship.

This is very close to what Joseph Campbell said in his television documentary "Love and the Goddess": The degree of commitment each partner brings to the other partner and to the marriage covenant determines the durability of the marriage in this life, and in the hereafter.

I think it is helpful for Latter-day Saints to be aware that other people have understood the importance and sanctity of marriage as a permanent, enduring covenant and partnership.

Thank you for another excellent issue of *DIALOGUE*.

Shirley B. Paxman
Provo, Utah

Memorable Fiction

What a rare pleasure: to encounter a piece of contemporary short fiction as brilliant, memorable, and relevant as the story "And" by N. E. Houston (a pseudonym, perhaps?) in your Summer 1990 issue. Although it has been quite a few years since my husband and I struggled through the "baby makes three" phase of marriage, the story stirred powerful chords of recognition—conscious and subconscious. I assume the author is male from the point of view chosen, but I greatly admire his capturing the feelings of both sexes. I *liked* this couple, and I hurt for them. And like a fine piece of poetry, the story heightens its subject matter with its skillfully crafted verbal pyrotechnics. Bravo, N. E.!

How remarkable that contemporary literature in general, and especially Mormon literature, so seldom deals with this nearly universal human experience. In a milieu that so highly values marital success, we often struggle on alone, think-

ing our problems are unique to ourselves. By publishing a story like "And," *DIALOGUE* continues to prove the need for its existence, for where else would the story find its audience? Now if we could only find a way to honor its author with the rewards, financial and critical, that such an effort deserves! In any case, thank you, *DIALOGUE*, for continuing to support new as well as established voices in the Mormon literary and academic community.

Mary Ellen Mac Arthur
Eugene, Oregon

A Final Rejection

As an addendum to my article, "An Ambivalent Rejection: Baptism for the Dead and the Reorganized Church Experience" (Summer 1990), it might be worthwhile to note that the April 1990 World Conference of the Reorganized Church took another important step which signals rejection of baptism for the dead. The mass meeting of the elders brought forward a resolution for consideration by the conferees deleting the historical appendix in the Doctrine and Covenants, where the sections on baptism for the dead had been moved at the 1970 World Conference. The resolution said:

Whereas, Certain rites and practices cited in the Appendix of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants are not presently practiced in the church; and

Whereas, Some uninformed persons do not know how to make the distinction between the body of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants and the Appendix, but take certain sections of the Appendix to denigrate, accuse, or indict the doctrines of the church; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the World Conference authorize the removal of the historical Appendix of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants from all future publications of the book. (The Appendix will find its place in the historical manuals of the church.) (*World Conference Bulletin*, 6 April 1990, p. 359)

Though not specified, it was clear that the "certain rites and practices" referred to baptism for the dead. The temple ritual had become too embarrassing for the church to allow the mandate for its practice to remain a part of the Doctrine and Covenants, even as a historical appendix.

On 7 April 1990, the delegate hearing committee published its report about the removal of the historical appendix and further explained: "The sponsor expressed concern that certain parts of the Appendix were causing problems for the Saints in Africa and in other parts of the world. Detractors were using these statements against the church and its doctrines." The report stated that most delegates at the hearing sympathized with those advocating deletion of the appendix, but that the hierarchy's representative "stated that removing the appendix to the historical manuals of the church would not remove the problem, but could cause difficulty later" (*World Conference Bulletin*, 7 April 1990, p. 380). The representative, however, did not vigorously defend the maintenance of the appendix as a part of the Doctrine and Covenants. More important, what statements were made in defense of the appendix had nothing to do with the viability of baptism for the dead but only with administrative procedures. A series of pro and cons were distributed about evenly between each side; again, however, none dealt with the specific issue of baptism for the dead. No one tried to salvage the doctrine.

On Saturday, 7 April 1990, the resolution came up for discussion and vote by the main body of the World Conference. There was some discussion about repercussions over the passage of this resolution, but no one apparently questioned the logic of removing the appendix. The resolution passed easily. The conference chair did not even see the need for a division of the house, indicating that it was a lopsided vote in favor of the resolution. With this action, all future editions of the Reorganized Church's Doctrine and Covenants will have no historical appendix and all

reference to baptism for the dead will be expunged from the record of revelation to the church (*World Conference Bulletin*, 8 April 1990, pp. 391, 399). For good or ill, this action probably represents the final rejection of the doctrine of baptism for the dead by the Reorganization.

Roger D. Launius
New Baden, Illinois

New Light

My article on the sermons of fundamentalist Mormon leader Leroy S. Johnson (Summer 1990) left an interesting question unanswered which I'm now able to shed more light on. Several of Johnson's sermons expressed disapproval at what he saw as an attempt by the LDS Church to replace the Doctrine and Covenants with an abridged volume. This volume supposedly removed the 132nd section dealing with plural marriage as well as several other important sections. Johnson remembered that it was called *Revelations of a More Enduring Value* and that it was largely the work of James E. Talmage. For instance, in 1978 Johnson said in a Christmas Eve sermon:

I have a little book in my possession that is called *Revelations of a More Enduring Value*. It was supposed to take the place of the Doctrine and Covenants that we have at the present time. Some of the revelations that we have in the Doctrine and Covenants today were torn to pieces and certain words taken out of them. This little book was framed by James E. Talmage, one of the most learned, I guess, of any of the apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He attempted to take the present edition of the Doctrine and Covenants off the market and put this little book called *Revelations of a More Enduring Value* in its place. But there was only one edition made. There was a time when you could not buy the present Doctrine and Covenants that we have. I bought one of those little books. I sure put a great value on the old Doctrine and Covenants that I had. (*The L. S. Johnson Sermons*. 6 vols. Hildale, Utah: Twin Cities Courier Press, 1983-84, 4:1681)

At the time I wrote the article, I was unable to locate or verify any such publication. By sheer chance, I recently came across a volume in the Wisconsin Historical Society collection which fits Johnson's description. *Latter-day Revelation: Selections from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, published by the Church in 1930, contains forty-one sections, some of them incomplete. The 132nd section is not included. No author or editor is listed. The sensitive nature of such an abridgment was hinted at in the last paragraph of the book's forward: "The complete Doctrine and Covenants is a current publication, accessible to all, so that comparison between that volume and this is a simple undertaking. Every omission from the full text is indicated in these pages—by asterisks where parts of Sections are left out and by the absence of some Sections in their entirety."

I cannot say for certain that this publication was the one Johnson found offensive, but it is likely at least a successor to it. I am not in a position to verify Johnson's interpretation of why such a publication was produced. The Church's view of the need for such a volume would

likely differ from Johnson's, and my pointing out its existence should not be interpreted as agreement or disagreement with his analysis.

I would like to make a second minor point having to do with the capitalization of Johnson's first name, "LeRoy" or "Leroy." Most news accounts of the period use "LeRoy," but Colorado City community leaders have told me he always signed his name "Leroy," the version I used. Any readers who chanced upon my article "After the Manifesto: Modern Polygamy and Fundamentalist Mormon" (*Journal of Church and State* 32 [Spring 1990]: 367-89) will find I used "LeRoy" but have since been corrected on that point. Fortunately my endlessly patient editors at DIALOGUE were kind enough to make the correction in my manuscript at what was surely the last possible minute.

One final point is a compliment to DIALOGUE's art editor. The last few covers have been very attractive. The art is striking and a really nice choice for a quality publication.

Ken Driggs
Tallahassee, Florida

ANNOUNCING THE
1990 DIALOGUE WRITING AWARD WINNERS

LOWELL L. BENNION ESSAY PRIZE

- §350 Lavina Fielding Anderson, "A Strenuous Business: The Achievement of Helen Candland Stark"

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY

- §300 Blake Ostler, "The Concept of Grace in Christian Thought"
§200 Alison Walker, "Theological Foundations of Patriarchy"
§100 Roger D. Launius, "An Ambivalent Rejection: Baptism for the Dead and the Reorganized Church Experience"

HISTORY

- §300 Amy Bentley, "Comforting the Motherless Children"
§200 Vella Neil Evans, "Mormon Women and the Right to Work"
§100 Martha S. Bradley, "The Women of Fundamentalism: Short Creek 1953"

CONTEMPORARY ISSUES

- §300 Delmont Oswald, "A Lone Man in the Garden"
§200 Levi S. Peterson, "Eternity with a Dry-Land Mormon" from the panel "Eternity be Damned? The Impact of Interfaith Vows"
§100 Lawrence A. Young, "Being Single, Mormon, and Male"

PERSONAL ESSAY

- §300 Sonya Woods, "The Playhouse"
§200 Helen Beach Cannon, "Empathy"
§100 Ruth Knight, "Carrying On"

FICTION

§300 Helen Walker Jones, "The Six-Buck Fortune"

§200 Lisa Madsen de Rubilar, "Songs"

§100 N.E. Houston, "And"

MARGARET RAMPTON MUNK POETRY AWARD

§100 Holly Welker, "I Can Wait For"

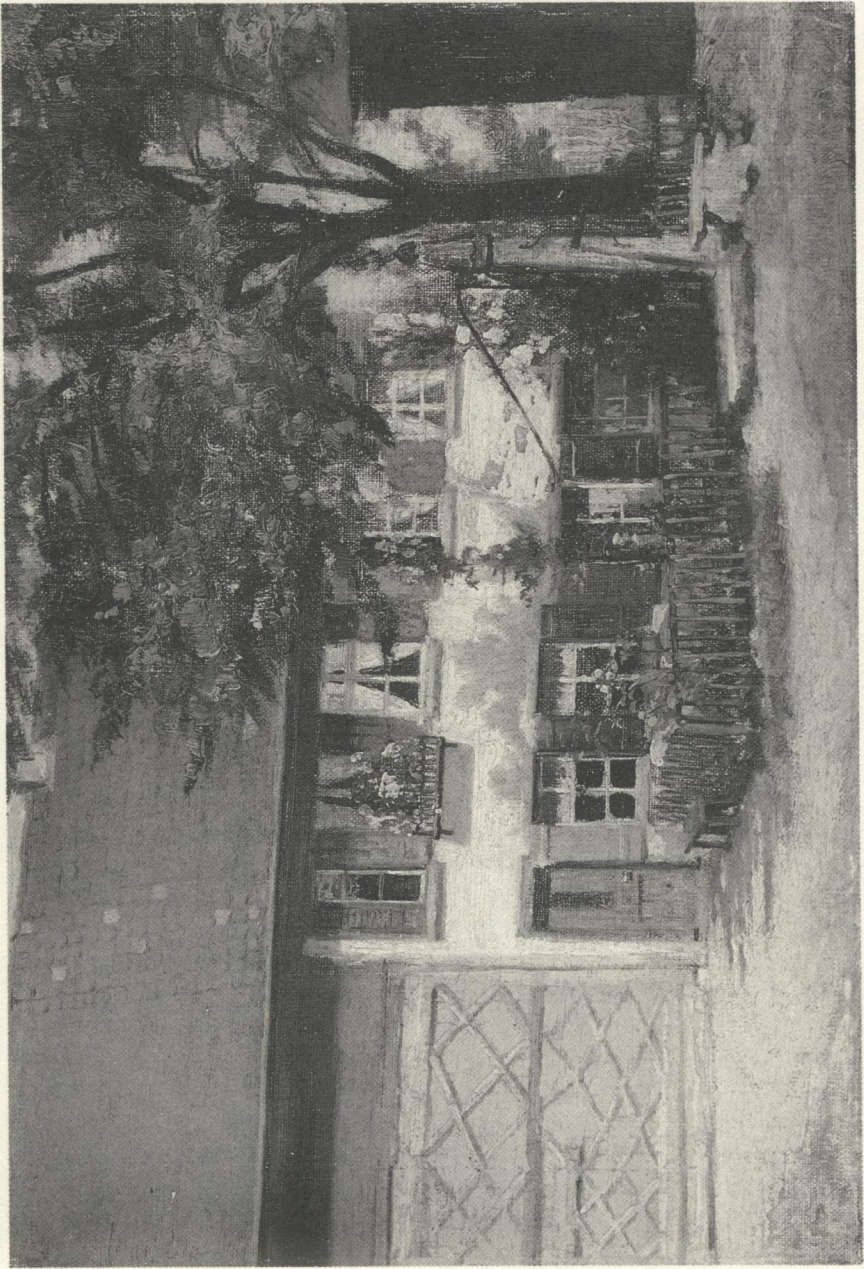
§75 Loretta Randall Sharp, "The Long Way Home"

§50 Dixie Partridge, "One of the Women"

SPECIAL 1992 ISSUE

In response to the increased interest in the International Mormon Church as well as racial and ethnic diversity within the greater Mormon Community, *DIALOGUE* will publish a special issue addressing these concerns. *DIALOGUE* invites submissions of personal essays, articles, fiction, poetry, and letters to the editor by 1 June 1991. All manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, and sent in triplicate with return postage to:

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University Station UMC 7808
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The Concept of Grace in Christian Thought

Blake T. Ostler

THE CONCEPT OF GRACE and its relation to individual salvation is probably the most debated issue in the history of Christian thought. The list of combatants is virtually a *Who's Who* in Christian thought: Augustine versus Pelagius, Banez versus Molina, Luther versus Erasmus, Calvin versus Pighius, and Whitefield versus Whitely. These debates have always centered on the same issue: whether God's saving grace is compatible with human freedom. Discussions of grace in Mormon thought are too often carried out in almost complete ignorance of the evolution of Christian thought on this topic.

Both Mormon and non-Mormon interpreters of Mormonism frequently assume that, at least so far as modern Christianity is concerned, Mormonism is alone in emphasizing free will and works over salvation by grace alone. For example, Rev. William Taylor described the Mormon position as a denial that grace has any role in salvation: "Mormons deny grace, except as a way of saying that Jesus' atoning sacrifice won resurrection and immortality for all men, regardless of their worth." Catholics, he says, in contrast, "emphasize that this 'new creation' is something we can never earn; it is God's gift, given out of love, in Grace" (Taylor 1980, 44). We can hardly blame the good Reverend for adopting this view of Mormon belief, for he quotes Bruce R. McConkie's *Mormon Doctrine* which says that Mormons believe that persons must achieve salvation by good works and that God's grace consists in universal resurrection. Such a view misunderstands both Mormon and traditional Christian thought.

BLAKE OSTLER is the husband of one and the father of three. He graduated from the University of Utah with a juris doctorate and is a philosophy instructor at the Brigham Young University Salt Lake Center and an attorney in private practice.

I suspect that the Mormon emphasis on good works to the almost total exclusion of grace in the process of salvation evolved in reaction against the more radical fundamentalist Christian notions of salvation by grace alone. Yet have we overreacted? Which doctrines of grace should we guard against in Mormon thought, if any? Are some notions of grace congruent with the Mormon view of salvation? Mormons have often overlooked the fact that there has been at least a significant, even if a minority, view within traditional Christianity which has emphasized free will and works in conjunction with notions of grace. Moreover, Mormons have often oversimplified the notion of grace as if it were a simple, unitary concept, namely that God arbitrarily confers saving grace on those he wishes to save and that once grace is accepted, one is saved regardless of what one does. God arbitrarily damns everyone else, not for any act of theirs, but by his "good pleasure." Grace signifies the acceptance of the believer into the class of saved persons independently of the human will or deeds. Yet this reductive understanding misconstrues virtually every thinker in the history of traditional Christian thought. In partial defense of these Mormon misunderstandings, it may be noted that Christians from the fundamentalist camp are often no more aware of the history and nuances of the idea of grace than most Latter-day Saints. Indeed, most of them would probably be surprised to learn that, historically, Baptists have emphasized free will and human endeavor in conjunction with divine grace.

We Latter-day Saints have much to learn from those who preceded us in attempting to understand the message and meaning of Jesus of Nazareth. My purpose here is to explore the history of notions of grace promulgated by the seminal thinkers in Christian history and thus provide a *prolegomena* to further discussion of grace in my own tradition. Some of the world's brightest and kindest thinkers have devoted their best efforts to elucidating the relationship of grace to works, and of both to salvation. We ought to take advantage of their efforts and learn from them. At the very least, such a study will increase our awareness of the complex and interesting tensions inherent in the concept of grace as it relates to other Christian beliefs such as free will, deification, and salvation.

THE HISTORICAL PROBLEMATIC

Paul and Pauline Thought

A review of the Apostle Paul's thought is necessary both to put the later debate over grace and free will into proper context and because

his writings and those attributed to him are a part of the Mormon canon. Paul's notion of justification by grace therefore forms a part of the Mormon concept of grace.

The primary problem Paul confronted was that some Christians who had been (and in many ways still were) Jews believed that observing the Law of Moses was necessary for Christian salvation (Gal. 2; Acts 15). (For a general discussion of the debate, see Brown and Meier 1982, 111-27). Paul's discussions of grace and works were set forth almost exclusively in Galatians and Romans where Paul addressed issues raised by the "Judaizers," those claiming that the Law of Moses must be observed (Brown and Meier 1982, 118-20). In Romans and Galatians, Paul argued that observance of the Law of Moses was not necessary because Christians have transferred from serving the Law to serving Christ Jesus. Paul argued that the transfer from the Law of Moses to the gospel of Jesus Christ came only through faith in Christ, not through any observances. In this context, Paul often spoke of freedom (Gal. 5:1, 13). However, Paul did not mean that the individual will was free; Paul never explicitly addressed the issue of the role of the free will in salvation nor whether the will is free as opposed to being in bondage to sin. Paul spoke only of "freedom from" the requirements of the Law of Moses—a freedom that should not lead to self-indulgence (Gal. 5:14). Freedom of will should not be confused with "freedom from" the requirements of the Law of Moses. As Krister Stendahl, the present chaplain and former dean of the Harvard Divinity School, has convincingly argued, Paul was not preoccupied with his bondage to sin as were Augustine and Luther who erroneously interpreted Paul's letters as addressing the subject of original sin (1976, 78-96). As Morna Hooker put it, "We see Paul through the eyes of Augustine or Luther or Wesley when we see him as a man struggling—and failing—to keep the Law and so convicted of sin" (1980, 40).

Paul adopted several key terms difficult to translate into English because of their cultural richness. He taught that individuals have been "washed clean . . . have been sanctified . . . have been justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 6:11).¹ Every term in this phrase is pregnant with meaning peculiar to Paul. While "to justify" (*dikaioō* or *dikaiosisynē*) in Greek meant literally to "declare innocent" or "acquit" in the sense of a jury verdict of "not guilty" (Thayer 1979, 150), in Galatians and Romans, "to justify" or "justification" almost always referred to entering into a proper relationship with God the

¹ All references to biblical quotations are from the New Jerusalem Bible, 1986 edition.

Father through the saving action of Christ Jesus (Goppelt 1976, 137–41). Just as Israel had been elected to the covenant relationship with God without regard to whether Israel deserved such a relationship, so the covenant relationship was now offered to Christians without any conditions (Romans 11:1–6; Sanders 1977, 470–72). The central notion is a loving relationship which is unconditional. The covenant relationship was therefore a grace that was not and could not be earned by any works. The only condition to *entering* the relationship was faith in Jesus (Romans 5:1–2; 11:6). The relationship could not be earned by obeying the Law of Moses; in fact, trying to earn the relationship through such works only showed that one had betrayed Christ and transferred back to the regime of the Law of Moses (Gal. 5:2–5).²

Augustine, Luther, and Calvin interpreted Paul as placing a wedge between Christian grace and moral works, between law and faith. They, together with almost all Protestants (with the exception of some recent Protestant scholars), understood Paul to denigrate *all* works and to teach that salvation comes through grace alone—*sola gratiae*. However, this view does not do justice to the richness of Paul’s thought. It is clearly true that Paul disapproved of reliance on works (*ergon*) of the Law (*nomos*) of Moses. However, Paul did not denigrate *all* works or all laws (Sanders 1983, 32–34). In fact, Paul taught that there are conditions to *remaining in* the covenant relationship with Christ Jesus (Romans 11:22). The conditions were observance of the “law (*nomos*) of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus” (Romans 8:2); or “the law of Christ” (Gal. 6:2); or “Christ’s law (*nomos*)” (1 Cor. 9:21), or “the law (*nomos*) of faith” (Romans 3:27 KJV). The only faith that justified was “faith which worketh (*energoumené*) by love” (Gal. 5:6; 13. See Gal. 6:4; 1 Cor. 13:2; 2 Cor. 9:8; Eph. 4:17; and Col. 3:5–7). The law of Moses had been replaced by the law of love which summarized the Torah in a single command. Whenever Paul used the terms “works” or “law” in a sense disapproved, he referred to them in connection with the Law of Moses. However, Paul also used the terms “law” and “works” in a sense approved—in connection with the law of Christ and works of love.

It is important not to read into Paul’s view the contradiction between works and grace seen by Augustine, Luther, and Calvin. As E. P. Sanders concludes, Paul did not perceive a tension between being saved by grace and being judged by works (1977, 516–18). In particular, Paul recognized that persons could “fall from grace” if they rejected Christ by failing to trust in him *or* by conduct inconsistent with the law of love—conduct injurious to the covenant relationship—such as

² Unless otherwise indicated, chapter and verse designations are identical to the KJV.

murder, fornication, or sodomy (Gal. 5:5-6; 19-21). Though the covenant relationship is entered (i.e., persons are justified) by grace through faith in Christ, all persons will be judged according to their own works (1 Cor. 3:12-15; 11:29-32; 2 Cor. 5:8-10; Romans 2:6-7). According to Paul, only those who endure "in grace," or "in the Spirit," or "in Christ"—that is, only those who belong to Christ on the Day of the Lord (i.e., the day of judgment)—will be saved (1 Thess. 5:23; 1 Cor. 1:8; 7:34; 15:58; 16:13; 2 Cor. 4:16; 11:3; Phil. 1:27; 2:15; Gal. 6:9).

Many earlier interpretations of Paul have failed to understand that Paul's teachings about salvation by grace did not differ significantly from Judaic teachings. Both viewed salvation by grace as consistent with judgment by works (Sanders 1977 and 1983). Numerous documents present the Jewish view of grace, including the Old Testament, the Jewish pseudepigrapha, Rabbinic literature (the Mishna, Tosefta, Sifra, Palestinian Talmud, Babylonian Talmud, and the Midrash Rabbah), and the Dead Sea Scrolls. Nevertheless, studies of Paul have suffered from the misconception that Christianity was a religion of grace while Judaism was a religion of works. This view of Judaism is simply wrong. For Jews, the Law itself was a grace which justified persons. For example, no group was more strict or more adamant than the Qumran Covenantors in their observance of the Law of Moses. Yet, the initiates at Qumran would sing:

As for me,
 if I stumble, the mercies of God
 shall be my eternal salvation.
 If I stagger because of the sin of flesh,
 my justification shall be
 by the righteousness of God
 which endures forever.
 When my distress is unleashed
 He will deliver my soul from the Pit
 and will direct my steps in the way.
 He will draw me near by His grace,
 and by His grace will he bring my justification.
 He will judge me in the righteousness of his truth
 and in the greatness of His goodness
 He will pardon all my sins.
 Through His righteousness He will cleanse me
 of the uncleanness of man. (Vermes 1968, 93-94)

The Jews at Qumran were convinced that they would be justified through God's grace and righteousness. Nevertheless, God required them to obey the Law of Moses. For the author of the Qumran hymn, God's grace was offered within the system of the Law of Moses. Though the covenant relationship was offered as a grace, God demanded obe-

dience to the Law. Those who breached the covenant by disobeying the law of Moses would be cut off from the covenant relationship (1QS 2.2–8 1QH in Vermes 1968, 153–54). Both the Qumran covenantors and most Jews in Paul’s day did not perceive justification by grace as opposed to works of the Law. Similarly, they did not perceive obedience to the Law as somehow nullifying grace. Only through grace—through the election of Israel—could they enter the divine-human relationship, but disobedience could sever that relationship. There is no notion in Judaism or in Paul’s teachings that God’s love is earned or merited, for no one could do enough to merit God’s election and freely offered covenant relationship; but once entered, one had to be faithful to the demands of the divine relationship.

Paul’s view of grace differed only in one particular, that persons were justified—that is, entered into a covenant relationship with God—through the saving action of Christ Jesus, not through works of the Law of Moses. Paul’s notion of grace in no way implied that persons were free to do whatever they pleased—and it is unlikely that those who understood Paul to teach libertinism were Jewish Christians since they would have understood that the covenant relationship offered by grace required conduct in conformance with the terms of the covenant, namely those requirements stipulated by the new law of love delivered by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount (Piper 1979, 100–33). Paul taught that one’s covenant relationship to God was not offered on conditions—it has always been offered in unconditional love or by grace. Nevertheless, one had to observe the terms of the covenant relationship once entered (Hooker 1980, 38–40).

Paul and James

Because the letters of Paul and James apparently contradict each other, they have exerted a tremendous influence on later discussions of grace and works. James’s letter may have been a direct response to Paul, though if so, he did not understand Paul’s teachings, for he alters the meaning of every key term used by Paul. However, it is more likely, though not entirely certain, that James was responding to persons who misunderstood Paul’s teachings. The latter interpretation is more probable because Paul himself noted that what he said had sometimes been misconstrued to mean that “we are free from sin now that we are not under the Law but under grace” (Rom. 6:20). Paul retorts, “What then? Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid” (KJV Rom. 6:15). And elsewhere Paul complained, “Some persons are spreading slanderous

reports that we teach that one should do evil that good may come from it. In fact such persons are justly condemned" (Rom. 3:7-8). The anti-nomians (those who taught that freedom from law meant freedom to sin) appear to have derived their (mis)understandings from the writings of Paul, for they adopted Pauline slogans; but they distorted them in a way that Paul would have rejected. (See Davids 1982, 47-51).

James appears to be combatting the same distortion of Paul's teachings (Reicke 1974, 34-35). James's opponents argued: "You say you have good deeds, but we have faith" (see James 2:14). They argued also that persons are "justified by faith alone" (*pistis monon*). In Romans and elsewhere Paul asserted that "a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law" (Rom. 3:28 [KJV]; 9:32; Gal. 2:16). Compare James's position: "You see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith alone" (James 2:24 [KJV]). Yet James is responding not to Paul, but merely to a slogan derived from Paul (Jeremias 1954-55, 368-71). The key to understanding James is that he vigorously rejects the notion of faith *alone* (Davids 1982, 50). He insists that "faith works together with (*synergei*) deeds . . . works perfect and fulfill faith (*pistis synergei tois ergois . . . ton ergon he pistis eteleiothe kai eplerothe*)" (James 2:22). The term used here by James, *synergei*, became the catchword for the later position known as "synergism," roughly the notion that God's grace and human works are both necessary for salvation. However, James uses the term not to refer to the subject of this later debate (the role of human free will and works in salvation), but only to clarify the necessary connection between faith and works in the Christian life.

Both James and Paul approved of "law" in the sense of the law of liberty, or the royal law, as James terms it (2:8, 12). For James, the law binding on Christians was the law of love taught by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, which fulfilled the law of Moses because it summed up the Law in a single commandment (James 2:8; Davids 1982, 16, 114-16). Paul, as we have seen, condemns the term *law* when used in the sense of the law of Moses, but approves law in the sense of the "law of Christ" or "law of grace" or "law of life in Christ Jesus" (Luck 1971, 161-79).

James argued that God will justify (*dikaioutai*) or declare one righteous by virtue of his works (*ex ergon*). As Davids points out, James did not use the term "justified" in the forensic sense of justification of *sinners* as Paul did (1982, 51). Paul referred primarily to present justification—the transfer from the regime of the law of Moses to the lordship of Christ Jesus (Hooker 1980, 32-33)—whereas James referred

to God's act in the final judgment of declaring a person righteous. James spoke solely of eschatological justification. Though there is a sense in Paul in which justification is already accomplished in Christ, presently available to Christians and yet to be accomplished through participation in Christ's glory with the Father, judgment by works is always in the future. Whenever Paul did speak of judgment, he also spoke of judgment according to Christian "works" or deeds, as did James (Gal. 6:7-10; Rom. 14:11-12; Sanders 1977, 515-18).

When James condemns the notion of "faith alone," he is targeting a mere intellectual assent to proper doctrine. He approves profession of faith only when it produces deeds of love. Faith alone will not do. James was emphatic that faith does not really exist without deeds of love. It is inaccurate to interpret James to say that if one has faith, then works will naturally follow; rather, faith and works are two aspects of the same act of accepting Jesus's law of love. Faith neither follows from nor precedes works because, for James, faith apart from works is a false dichotomy—like a body without a spirit. Paul would agree totally with James that faith must be manifest in works. Paul would not argue that faith could exist apart from works in the sense of deeds of love; rather, he would ask if faith not manifest in deeds of love were faith in any genuine sense (cf., Gal. 5:6; 6:4; 1 Cor. 13:2; 2 Cor. 9:8). The diatribe against a mere profession of faith in James finds its closest New Testament parallel in Matthew: "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of the Father" (Matt. 7:21).

Finally, it must be noted that James did not deny that faith has a role in justification; it was simply that faith that justifies is consummated in brotherly love, not mere profession (James 2:14, 17-22, 26). Paul and James both addressed a distortion of Paul's teachings, and they both agreed that justifying faith entails a life which manifests deeds of love. Neither accepted the slogan that man is justified by faith alone (Schillebeeckx 1983, 161-64).

In summary, Paul's condemnation of works referred to ceremonial works of the law of Moses; whereas James referred to works only in the sense of works of love. James's condemnation of faith referred to mere intellectual assent that was not manifest in works of love; whereas Paul referred to faith in the sense of faith manifest in love. Moreover, James did not deny faith a role in justification, but found a synergy between faith and works which justifies a person (James 2:22). However, James used "justified" to mean "is finally judged righteous" (Goppelt 1976, 208-11). Paul did not use "justification" in this sense (Reicke 1974, 34). Nevertheless, Paul would agree that judgment is

“according to deeds” (Rom. 2:6; 4:10; 1 Cor. 3:12–17; 9:23–27; 2 Cor. 5:10; 6:1; Phil. 2:12; 3:8, 14).³

The following chart shows approved and disapproved senses of key terms for James (J) and Paul (P):

Term	Sense Approved	Sense Disapproved
works (<i>ergon</i>)	(J) works of love (P) works of love	works of the law of Moses
law (<i>nomos</i>)	(J) royal law (P) law of Christ, law of Moses	
faith (<i>pistis</i>)	(J) faith manifest in love (P) faith manifest in love	mere intellectual assent
justified (<i>dikaiosyne</i>)	(J) by faith and works of love (P) by faith/by grace	through mere profession through the law of Moses
final judgment (<i>krisis</i>) (reward)	(J) by deeds (P) by deeds	

Christian Thought Before Augustine

After Paul and before Augustine, Paulinism had little influence on Christian thought outside the canon. As Elaine Pagels has shown, mainstream Christians from Justin Martyr and Irenaeus through Tertullian, Clement, and the brilliant teacher Origen “regarded the proclamation of moral freedom, grounded in Genesis 1-3, as effectively synonymous with ‘the gospel’ ” (1989, 79). These same church leaders unanimously denounced the gnostics for denying what the orthodox considered to be humanity’s essential God-given attribute—free will. For Justin Martyr (ca. 165 C.E.), free will was a fundamental tenet of Christianity:

Unless the human race have the power of avoiding evil and choosing good by free choice, they are not accountable for their actions, of whatever kind they be. But that it is by free choice they both walk uprightly and stumble, we thus

³ Yet Paul and James certainly understood the example of Abraham in Genesis 15:6 differently. James and Paul both accept Genesis 15:6 as establishing justification by faith, but James sees such an interpretation as a distortion unless it is put in the context of Abraham’s deeds of obedience in the arrested sacrifice of Isaac.

demonstrate. We see the same man making a transition to opposite things. . . . But this we assert is inevitable fate, that they who choose the good have worthy rewards, and they who choose the opposite have their merited rewards. (*Apologia pro Christianis* Bk. 1, Ch. 43, in Roberts and Donaldson 1977, 1:177)⁴

For Irenaeus (ca. 200 C.E.), the story of Adam and Eve proclaimed “the ancient law of liberty because God made man a free [agent] from the beginning, possessing his own power . . . to obey the commands of God voluntarily and not by compulsion of God” (*Adversus Haereses* Bk. 4, Ch. 37, 1 in Migne). Irenaeus thought of humankind as originally immature and requiring mortal experience to grow. As Irenaeus explained:

It was possible for God Himself to have made man perfect from the first, but man could not receive this [perfection], being as yet an infant. . . . Man has received the knowledge of good and evil. . . . [S]ince God, therefore, gave [to man] such mental powers man knew both the good of obedience and the evil of disobedience, that the eye of the mind, receiving experience of both, may with judgment make choice of the better things . . . learning by experience that it is an evil thing which deprives him of life. . . . Wherefore he has also had a twofold experience, possessing knowledge of both kinds, that with discipline he may make a choice of the better things. But how, if he had no knowledge of the contrary, could he have had instruction in what is good? (*Adversus Haereses*, Bk. 4, Ch. 38–39)

According to Irenaeus, humans, as originally created by God, did not have either an evil or a good nature, but were capable of both: “Since all men are of the same nature, able both to hold fast and to do good; and, on the other hand, having power to cast it from them and not do it—some do justly receive praise even among men who are under the control of good laws” (*Adversus Haereses*, Bk. 4, Ch. 37, 2). As for Adam and Eve, in his Proof of the Apostolic Preaching (ch. 16), Irenaeus pictured them in the Garden of Eden as innocent children not yet fully aware of evil. Their transgression did not call for divine judgment, but rather for God’s compassion on account of their weakness and innocence. Irenaeus thus viewed our present life as an opportunity for spiritual growth, with human deification as the ultimate goal:⁵

⁴ Tatian (ca. 175 A.D.) taught that God did not make humans already good, but made them free to become good or evil according to free choice (*Oratio* 7, in Migne 1877, 90, 6). Theophilus (ca. 175 A.D.) also regarded Adam and Eve as children, placed in mortality so that they might mature and become perfect ultimately through sharing in God’s divinity through free will (*Ad Autolytus* 2, 24–25 in Migne 1877–90, 7).

⁵ By “deification” Irenaeus meant that humans shared fully as heirs in the divine gift and immortality and *not* that humans were uncreated like God.

By this arrangement, therefore, and these harmonies, and a sequence of this nature, man, a created and organized being, is rendered after the image and likeness of the uncreated God—the Father planning everything well and giving his commands, the Son carrying these into execution and performing the work of creating, and the Spirit nourishing and increasing [what is made], but man making progress day by day, and ascending towards the perfect, that is, approximating to the uncreated one. . . . Now it was necessary that man should in the first instance be created; and having been created, should receive growth; and having received growth, should be strengthened; and having been strengthened should abound; and having abounded, should recover [from the effects of Adam's sin]; and having recovered, should be glorified; and having been glorified, should see his Lord. (*Adversus Haereses*, Bk. 4, Ch. 38, 3)

Irenaeus saw the true meaning of human life revealed in what Jesus became and what humans may become as a result: “It was for this reason that the Son of God, although He was perfect, passed through the state of infancy in common with the rest of mankind, partaking of the infantile stage of man’s existence, in order that man might be able to receive him” (*Adversus Haereses*, Bk. 4, Ch. 38, 2). We therefore cannot blame God for not making us perfect, because we are yet in an immature stage of existence and need to experience both good and evil: “For we cast blame upon Him, because we have not been made gods from the beginning, but at first merely men, then at length gods” (p. 4).

Ultimately we will be deified if we properly use our freedom according to Irenaeus: “Our Lord Jesus Christ, who did, through his transcendent love, become what we are, that He might bring us to be even what He is Himself” (Bk. 5, preface). Irenaeus’s doctrine of deification was a development on Paul’s concept that persons become reconciled to God by sharing in what Christ did and ultimately become what Christ is: “He was rich, but he became poor for your sake, to make you rich out of his poverty” (2 Cor. 8:9); “For your sake God made the sinless one to enter sin, so that in him we might become the goodness of God” (2 Cor. 5:21). Indeed, Morna Hooker has stated that Irenaeus’s notion of deification is “the neatest summary” available of Paul’s thought (1980, 46).

Virtually all mainstream Christians until Augustine believed that persons are morally responsible because they have a choice between good and evil (Kelly 1978, 348–52). As J. N. D. Kelly noted:

A point on which [the Greek Fathers] were all agreed was that man’s will remains free; we are responsible for our acts. . . . Augustine’s starting point was not theirs. . . . The orbit within which they worked was quite different, being marked out by the ideas of participation in the divine nature, rebirth through the power of the Spirit, adoption as sons, new creation through Christ—all leading to the concept of deification (*theopoiesis*). Their attitude is illustrated by the statement attributed to Athanasius, “The Son of God became son of man so that the

sons of men, that is, of Adam, might become sons of God . . . partakers of the life of God. . . . Thus He is Son of God by nature and we by grace.” Cyril of Alexandria made the same point: “We are made partakers of the divine nature and are said to be sons of God, nay, we are actually called divine, not only because we are exalted by grace to supernatural glory, but also because we have God dwelling in us.” *Grace thus conceived is a state of communion with God, and if a man must use his free will to attain it, there can be no question but that the blessedness in which it consists is wholly the gift of God.* (Kelly 1978, 352; emphasis added)

Augustine and Pelagius

Aurelius Augustine (354–430), bishop of Hippo, fundamentally altered the Christian understanding of grace. Augustine read the story of Adam and Eve very differently from the Greek fathers. Instead of viewing them as imperfect, immature creatures who were to undergo moral development and growth and finally be brought to the perfection planned by God, Augustine held that the man Adam was created finitely perfect and then incomprehensibly destroyed that perfection through the sin of pride.⁶ Instead of viewing Adam’s action as something in accordance with God’s plan which occurred during the immature stage of the race and an understandable choice due to human weakness, Augustine viewed Adam’s action as a “Fall”—an utterly sinful and malignant act which completely disrupted God’s plan due to a moral crime. Instead of seeing our world as a divinely appointed period of probation, mingling good and evil and allowing human development towards divine perfection, Augustine maintained that human trials are a divine punishment. Most important, instead of regarding humankind as confirmed in free will (as a necessary condition to moral responsibility and growth), Augustine emphasized that the human will had been fatally injured and, as a result, humans could will only evil in accordance with their depraved nature (see especially Hick 1978, 214–15). Furthermore, Augustine transported these ideas into Paul’s letters, including Augustine’s own teaching of the human will’s moral impotence and his sexualized interpretation of sin (see Pagels 1989, xxv).

Augustine unfortunately developed his doctrine of the Fall from a faulty text of Romans 5:12. In the Greek, Paul’s text reads: “so death passed to all men *in that (heth ho)* all sinned.” However, the old Latin

⁶ I will follow Augustine in using the terms “man” and “Adam” without reference to Eve. Augustine was not a modern feminist and did not speak of both Adam and Eve, but only of Adam, when describing the defection of the human will from its original goodness as a result of pride. Though less sensitive to issues of gender, his writings nevertheless clearly relate to women.

version used by Augustine read “*in whom (in quo) all sinned.*” The notion of original sin derives all too easily from this faulty text. (It is of singular importance to understand that Augustine’s dramatic break with Greek Christianity resulted in part from his poor understanding of Greek.) The term “original sin” was first used by Augustine in his early work, *De deversis quaestionibus ad siplicianum* (Williams 1927, 327). Augustine held that all persons were seminally present (“in whom all sinned”) and actually participated in the sin of Adam—a position known as traducianism. Therefore, Augustine reasoned that after the Fall all descendants of Adam and Eve were captives of an evil nature through genetic inheritance *and* by actually being present with Adam when he sinned.

As a corollary to his view of original sin, Augustine asserted that God created humankind with the power both to sin and to refrain from sinning. Thus, *before* the Fall Adam was in a state of moral freedom (*posse non peccare*). *After* the Fall, however, all persons were unable to avoid sin (*non posse non peccare*). Augustine reasoned that persons were nevertheless free even if they could not choose good because they could do precisely as they desired—they could act evilly in accordance with their depraved nature. This notion of free will modified the commonly held view that free will required choices among genuine alternatives of good and evil. All Christian writers prior to Augustine who addressed the issue maintained that a person could not be truly free unless the person was able to also refrain from sinning. In contrast, Augustine taught that persons are “free” to choose to sin but not free to choose not to sin. Further, any escape from sin is wholly dependent on God. Augustine’s theory of grace was, then, entirely monergistic—in other words, salvation was ultimately up to God alone (in *Enchiridion*, 104; see Dodds 1871–76).

Augustine also held that grace was bestowed in several stages which marked the transition of the human will from total servitude to sin and depravity to blessedness. The first stage was *prevenient grace* (*gratia praeveniens*). The Holy Spirit was the efficient cause which brought the human soul to a sense of sin and moved it to faith. In other words, God, not the believer, was responsible for initiating redeeming faith in Christ. Augustine called the second stage *operative grace* (*gratia operans*). Another mode of grace was extended from God who justified and restored to the human will the power to do good. The regenerated will was not, however, restored to freedom wherein one might will to choose good or evil (*libero arbitrio*), but to liberty (*libertas*), by which the human will was made unable to sin (*non posse peccare*).

Clearly not all persons received operative grace. However, since the depraved soul is incapable even of choosing to accept grace,

Augustine reasoned that the difference between those who accept grace and are saved and those who reject grace must be determined solely by God. Hence, Augustine held that some, but not all were predestined by God's absolute decree (*decretum absolutum*). God decided to save some (but not all) from the fallen mass of humankind (*massa perditionis*). The divine decision was not made on the basis of foreseen faith or human works, but simply by "God's good pleasure." Augustine stated that "predestination is the preparation for grace, but grace is the gift itself. . . . God elected us in Christ before the foundation of the world, predestinating us to the adoption of sons, not because he saw that we should become holy and sinless of ourselves, but he elected and predestinated us that we might become so. But he did this according to the good pleasure of his will; that man might not glory in his own will, but in the will of God towards him" (*De Predestinatione*, 100.18). Thus, God arbitrarily chose to save some and to leave others to damnation.

Those who actually accepted operative grace did so because of "irresistible grace" (*gratia irresistibilis*) by which God is able to overcome the resistance of even the most obstinate sinner so that the regenerated sinner willingly (and thus voluntarily in Augustine's thought) accepted divine grace. "It is not to be doubted," said Augustine, "that the human will cannot resist the will of God" (*De Corroptione et Gratia*, 14; *Enchiridion*, 100.2). Thus Augustine hypothesized a double predestination: God decreed the sinful soul's salvation both by preparing the will to receive grace and by ultimately moving the human will to "voluntarily" accept the grace offered. God decided to leave the rest of humankind to flounder in its naturally evil state and sink to ultimate damnation.

Augustine defended what may seem inequitable treatment. There is nothing wrong in God's damning some people, he argued, because *all* persons deserve to be damned as a result of their sinful nature inherited from Adam; but God in his "mercy" has predestined some to be saved from their just deserts. Augustine viewed infant baptism as necessary to regenerate depraved human nature. Unbaptized infants were lost according to Augustine (*De Civitate Dei* Bk. 5, Chs. 21, 13); *Contra Julianum* Bk. 4, Ch. 3). His position on infant baptism followed directly from his views of original sin and depraved human nature (Cooper 1984, 93-113).

Finally, Augustine altered the notion of human deification, though not even Augustine fully rejected the notion because it was simply too well established in Christian thought. Augustine held that persons are deified through adoption, not through a process of maturing from childhood to fully mature humanity as Irenaeus had taught. In his commentary on Psalm 49, Augustine quoted: "I have said, Ye are gods;

and ye are the children of the Highest. But ye shall die like men: and fall like one of the princes’ ”; then explained, “It is clear that He calls men *Gods* through their being deified by His grace and not born of His substance. . . . Now he who justifies, Himself deifies, because by justifying He makes [them] sons of God. ‘For them gave he power to become the Sons of God.’ If we are made *sons of God*, we are also made gods; but this is done by grace of adoption, and not by generation” (Enar. in Ps. 49.i.2.).

In essence, Augustine asserted that human deification was identical to being adopted as sons and daughters of God rather than full participation in God’s nature through a long process of growth in grace as Irenaeus had maintained. As Gerald Bonner noted: “It must be kept in mind that, for Augustine, deification is the privilege of the elect, a small minority, while the great majority of the human race pertains to the *massa damnata*” (1986, 385).

Augustine’s redefinition of Christian doctrine scandalized the British monk Pelagius. Pelagius was concerned primarily with the corrupt Roman society which he had experienced while visiting Rome and felt that Augustine’s theology of grace without responsibility would make matters worse. In contrast, his theological starting point was the traditional affirmation of free will and moral responsibility. God set before Adam and Eve a choice which he also posed to all persons: a choice between “life and death, and good and evil” (Deut. 30:15 [KJV]). He then commanded them to choose life (Deut. 30:19). The final decision, however, was up to Adam and Eve’s free will, for Pelagius maintained that the possibility of freely choosing the good entails the possibility of choosing evil (1877–90, 30:16f).

Pelagius maintained that when God created human beings, he bestowed upon them, by grace, the power (*posse*) to not sin (*posse non peccare*). Though the *power* derived from God, the will (*velle*) and actualization of decisions (*esse*) derived solely from the human soul. Further, God had implanted in the hearts of all persons the natural law, or knowledge of right and wrong. Thus, human beings, who enjoy freedom of alternative choices as a result of God’s grace, are nevertheless ultimately responsible for their free choices. Further, Pelagius rejected the Augustinian view that “sin” is an inherited state of being and held that sins arise only from specific acts which violate God’s law.

Pelagius rejected the notions of original sin and the view that persons are captives of depraved nature because he held that the Fall did not affect the human will. Instead, God created each soul immediately at birth, so the soul could not inherit Adam’s original sin. Only Adam could be guilty of Adam’s sin. Pelagius pointed out that if the offspring of Adam and Eve inherited original sin, then the offspring of sanctified

parents ought to inherit their sanctification. Of course, proponents of original sin could not adopt this view—though it seemed to follow from their position. Adam’s transgression of God’s law had introduced death and spiritual alienation from God into the world. However, Pelagius clarifies, an individual’s spiritual death results from individual actions and not from an evil nature: “Before willing there is only in man what God has created” (*In Romanos* 5, 16; *ad Demetrius* 8, 17). Little children therefore do not need baptism, for they are just as God created them prior to any free decisions.

Pelagius also rejected Augustine’s notion of double predestination, believing that God, no respecter of persons, offers his grace equally to all, leaving all thus to share equally in moral responsibility (*De Castigiis*, 13). Pelagius held that God predestines, but he does so based upon the works he foresees that persons will perform and they are therefore saved on the basis of merit (*In Romanos* 9,10; Augustine, *De gestis Contra Pelagii* 16). Finally, Pelagius argued that persons could, in theory, live a sinless life. However, Pelagius did not envision perfection obtained in a single moment, but rather through continued efforts of free will throughout life (*Ad Demetrius* 30, 42).

Some of Pelagius’s disciples, such as Coelestius, sharpened Pelagius’s arguments against Augustine. The more general tendency, however, was to moderate both the positions of Pelagius and Augustine into a view which came to be known as semi-Pelagianism. The essence of this view was that salvation is effected by a combination of two efficient agencies, both human will and divine grace. Semi-Pelagians held that the Fall had not obliterated free will but had only weakened it. They tended to contrast the Augustinian view that the will had been “mortally wounded” with the position that the “will is only injured.” The role of grace is essentially to strengthen the human will. Grace of itself is not sufficient because it cannot force the human will; but the human will of itself is also insufficient because it is unable, unaided, to exercise grace-accepting faith. Though semi-Pelagianism was a good attempt to reconcile the opposing positions of Augustine and Pelagius, it lacked the theological rigor of either position.

In later discourse, positions maintaining that the decision whether to accept grace is ultimately solely up to God have been called “monergism.” Positions which hold that divine grace and human will must both cooperate have been called “synergism.” The view that humans can save themselves without divine grace has been viewed as “heterodox” or improper thinking (though not even Pelagius ever adopted such a position).

Medieval Positions

I find the notion of middle knowledge developed by the sixteenth-century Jesuit Luis de Molina to be one of the most sophisticated and powerful theological notions in Christian thought. It also provides a strong basis for the notion of a type of predestination consistent with human freedom. Conceptually, middle knowledge fits between *natural knowledge* and *free knowledge*. Molina affirmed that God has *natural knowledge*, which is knowledge of all necessary and possible truths, as in assertions such as “all red apples are red” or “mermaids possibly exist.” Such truths are *prevolitional* or true prior to God’s providential activity. That is, God does not bring such truths and possibilities into existence; rather, they are true independently of God’s volitional creative activity because they are true in all possible worlds that God could create.

In contrast, God knows which of these truths will obtain in the *actual world* because God has determined by his *free knowledge* which of these logically possible worlds he will bring about. Thus, by his natural knowledge, God knows that a world with cows and with mermaids is logically possible. By his free knowledge, he knows that the actual world will include cows but not mermaids because he has chosen to create cows but not mermaids. Moreover, God’s free knowledge is *postvolitional* or a result of God’s sovereign will. God can thus determine which world is actual by knowing which world he will cause to exist.

Neither natural nor free knowledge, however, extends to free human acts. God cannot know free acts by his natural knowledge because, given free will, each of the following types of worlds is logically possible:

(A) If Molina is created in circumstances C, then he will freely accept the grace offered by God.

(B) If Molina is created in circumstances C, then he will freely refrain from accepting the grace offered by God.

Let’s call a possible world in which (A) occurs an “A-world” and a world in which (B) occurs a “B-world.” Now, by his natural knowledge God knows that both A-world and B-world are logically possible, but God does not know which world is actual because such truths are contingent on human freedom; that is, it is logically possible for each proposition to be either true or false. Or, to put it another way, God could know by his free knowledge that “Molina will accept his grace when offered” in the world he creates, but he can’t know whether Molina will *freely* accept God’s grace, for a free act is one that is not caused by antecedent events or circumstances. So not even God can *cause* free

human acts consistently by allowing human freedom, according to Molina. Thus, God cannot know whether he has created an A-world or B-world unless he also knows the truth of conditional propositions (“if . . . then” statements) such as whether (A) is true and (B) is false.

Molina claimed that God knows the truth of conditional propositions like (A) and (B) by his *middle knowledge*, or knowledge in between natural and free knowledge. That is, God knows by his middle knowledge what any free, possible person X would do in any possible circumstance if God chooses to create X. An interesting fact emerges, however, when such truths are held to obtain *prior* to God’s creative activity, namely, that whether or not such a proposition is true is *not* up to God. Like natural knowledge and unlike free knowledge, middle knowledge precedes God’s creative activity. Like free knowledge, however, middle knowledge is of contingent truths—truths which might or might not happen. Moreover, if (B) is true, then God cannot create an A-world because Molina will freely reject God’s grace if circumstances-C are created. If B is true, then God cannot bring about an A-world without coercing Molina to accept his grace. And Molina held that such coercion is not consistent with free will. Thus, God discovers, so to speak, when he reviews all of the possible worlds, that he cannot create some possible worlds which contain free beings. God could create a different possible world which does not contain circumstance C but instead includes a situation S in which Molina will freely accept God’s grace if it is offered, but situation S is different from circumstance C which exists in an A-world. Let us call those worlds which contain free creatures that God can create, *feasible worlds*.

It follows that it is not entirely up to God whether Molina accepts God’s grace when it is offered because Molina is free; it is only up to God to offer his grace. Nevertheless, because any given person’s salvation depends on which among all feasible worlds God has chosen to create, God in effect chooses to save some and not others. For example, if God chooses to create an S-world (the world in which Molina will be in situation S), then Molina is predestined to be saved. If, on the other hand, B is true and God decides to create a world in which Molina will be in circumstance C, then Molina is predestined to not be saved. Thus, Molina’s salvation depends, in this sense, entirely on God’s decision. God ultimately controls who will and who will not be saved because he knows what any given person would do if placed in any given situation. Thus, we can schematize God’s providential act of salvation as follows:

God finds himself in a creation situation consisting of:

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 1. Natural Knowledge | God knows all logically necessary truths and all logical possibilities |
|----------------------|--|

2. Middle Knowledge

God knows that if Molina were created in C, then Molina will reject grace; and if Molina is created in S, then Molina will accept grace when it is offered.

God views feasible worlds and decides to create C-world

3. Free Knowledge

God knows which propositions about free human acts are true—God knows that Molina will reject grace when it is offered because Molina is in circumstance C.

Yet Molina held also that whether persons are saved or not depends on their free choice to accept or reject God's grace even though God foresees via his middle knowledge which they will do; but God does not offer his grace or choose to create any given world *because* he foresees that persons will accept or reject the grace when offered. God may have chosen to create a given possible world because it contained the greatest balance of good in relation to evil, but God cannot eliminate all evil because every feasible world which includes significantly free creatures may also contain some evil. Remember, whether *feasible* worlds contain evil is not within God's control; rather, it is a fact dependent upon which conditional propositions are true prior to God's decision to create.

Molina thus maintained that God is not responsible if some persons are not saved, even if God is ultimately responsible for which feasible world he creates and thus which persons are in fact saved. Molina could hold this view because he also maintained that God offers *actual* grace to all persons, or grace which provides the supernatural assistance needed to perform those acts that God has ordained will allow persons to merit eternal life. Actual grace is divided into *prevenient* (or *antecedent*) grace, which precedes the human will and prepares it to freely accept God's grace when offered, and *cooperating* (or *consequent*) grace by which the human will concurs with God's actual grace.

Luis de Molina also emphasized that God desired all persons to be saved. It follows that God offers sufficient cooperating grace to all persons to merit salvation. That is, everyone receives sufficient grace, or the grace which empowers one to perform saving acts. Molina was, of course, aware that some persons do not accept cooperating grace. When persons do accept cooperating grace, it is called *efficacious* grace. For Molina, efficacious grace is, so far as God's offer of grace is concerned, identical to sufficient grace—it is merely termed efficacious grace when it is actually accepted. The key point is that whether or not God's grace becomes efficacious depends on us relative to the world God has chosen to create, not on God. Further, it may be that no matter what

possible world God creates, Molina will refuse God's saving grace. If Molina is incorrigible in all circumstances, in all feasible worlds, then God cannot save him unless God can coerce salvation. Since salvation requires a *free* response to God's offer of grace, however, there may be persons whom God simply cannot save. Molina believed that he had developed a system which accounts for both human freedom, *and* a strong notion of predestination, *and* salvation by grace. Indeed, one cannot help but be struck by the sheer genius and theological power of Molina's vision.

Thomas Aquinas, who predates Molina by over 300 years (1225-1274), had argued that God's foreknowledge arises from his all-encompassing causal activity. The Thomist God is pure actuality (*actus purus*) who knowingly causes, directly or indirectly, all that occurs (Aquinas, *Questiones disputate de veritate*, Qu.5, Art. 1). In contrast to Molina, Aquinas had maintained free will is possible even if God moves the will to accept grace. He also maintained that if God did not move the will, then grace would not be accepted. According to Thomists, God gives to some *efficacious grace*, or grace which moves their will to "freely" accept God's operative grace to salvation. Aquinas admitted that "God does reprobate some persons. . . . [A]s predestination includes the will to confer grace and glory, so also reprobation includes the will to permit a person to fall into sin, and to impose the punishment of damnation because of that sin" (*Summa Theologica* Pt. 1, Qu. 23, Art. 3).

Molinists quizzed Thomists as to why God did not grant *efficacious grace* to all, because he could have saved all persons without violating the Thomist notion of free will. Thomists responded in essentially the same way that Augustine had: all persons deserve by nature to be damned, and God is not required to save all since salvation is an act of unmerited grace. Moreover, it is better that not all are saved, according to Aquinas; thereby not only God's grace and mercy are made manifest in the elect whom he saves, but also his justice, both vindictive and retributive, is manifest by permitting some to remain in sin and subsequently punishing them with damnation (*Summa Theologica*, Pt.1, Qu.23, Art.5).

Finally, the Thomists argued that God in fact has bestowed *sufficient grace* on all persons, though he has not bestowed *efficacious grace* on all. However, God's goodness is not impugned, Thomists claimed, because the rejection of sufficient grace by reprobates was up to them, just as the Molinists themselves claimed. Some Thomists (like some Calvinists) have conceded that God's salvific action displays an apparent harshness and arbitrariness. Aquinas himself stated: "Yet why He chooses some for glory, and reprobates others, has no

reason, except the divine will" (*Summa Theologica* Pt.1, Qu.23, Art.5, Reply 3).

Calvinism and Arminianism

Martin Luther (1483–1535) and John Calvin (1509–64) essentially adopted the Augustinian notion of regenerative grace. Both accepted the Augustinian view that, due to human depravity, persons are not free to do good. In his 1551 treatise entitled *Concerning the Eternal Predestination of God*, Calvin attempted to salvage a notion of human free will at least in name (1961, 53–56). Luther, on the other hand, made no pretense to preserve the notion of free will (Urban 1971, 113–39). He freely admitted in his *De Servo Arbitrio*, published in 1524, that persons are not free unless their wills, which have been destroyed as a result of original sin, are regenerated and enabled to choose to accept God's grace. In the absence of regenerating grace, persons are in servitude to sin because they are capable only of choosing evil but not good. "This bombshell knocks 'free-will' flat, and utterly shatters it . . . that all we do, however it may appear to us to be done mutably and contingently, is in reality done necessarily and immutably in respect of God's will" (1957, 615).

Luther's pivotal contribution was to transform the medieval view that God's righteousness consisted in retributive justice to the notion that God's righteousness consisted in his mercy. The crucial question for Luther was how sinful humanity could stand before the holy God. Though Luther's early view was that grace combined with their good works to render some believers sufficiently righteous to stand before God, his later view was that God's grace *alone* is decisive. Luther maintained that God's grace — his righteousness — consists of treating humanity as righteous no matter what they do as long as they accept Christ. Luther declared that God's righteousness is imputed to humanity. In other words, saved persons are not judged according to their own deeds, but according to Christ's merits alone. Though works follow naturally from faith in Christ, according to Luther, works — in the sense of moral conduct — have no place in securing salvation. Luther essentially replaced the notion that all persons will be judged according to their own works with the view that the elect are judged on the basis of Christ's merits.

Luther's view of original sin was reflected in the Augusburg confession: "The hereditary evil is guilt (*culpa*) and crime (*reatus*); whence it results that all men, on account of the disobedience of Adam and Eve, are odious in the sight of God, and are by nature children of wrath. Moreover, this inborn sickness and hereditary sin is truly sin

and condemns to the eternal wrath of God all those who are not born again through Baptism and the Holy Spirit” (in Leith 1963, 68; Latin text in Beute 1955). Given Luther’s conviction that all persons are loathsome creatures, it followed that persons could be saved only if God ignored their unrighteousness and replaced it with his righteousness: “The elect who fear God will be regenerated by the Holy Spirit. The rest will perish unregenerated. . . . For if it is not we ourselves, but God only, who works salvation in us, it follows that nothing we do before his working in us avails unto salvation. . . . Hence it follows that free will without the grace of God is not free will at all, but is the permanent bond-slave and servant to evil, since it cannot turn itself to good” (*De Servo Arbitrio* 1542, 632, 634, 636). The most renowned Catholic thinker contemporary with Luther, Erasmus, argued that Luther’s scheme made God unjust: “By the light of grace, it is inexplicable how God can damn him whom by his own strength can do nothing but sin and become guilty. . . . [T]he fault lies not in the wretchedness of man, but in the injustice of God” (*Diatrise seu collatio de libero arbitrio*, 19).

In a desire to show unity, both Lutherans and Calvinists agreed with Augustine that the Fall had dealt a mortal blow to human will: “Before man is illuminated, converted, regenerated, and drawn by the Holy Spirit, he can no more operate, co-operate, or even make a beginning towards his conversion or regeneration, with his own natural powers, than can a stone, a tree, or a piece of clay” (*Formula Concordiae* in Hall 1877, 389–90). The *First Helvetic Confession*, adopted by conventional Calvinists in 1536, established a similar formula:

We attribute free will to man in this sense, viz: that when in the use of our faculties of understanding and will we attempt to perform good and evil actions, we are able to perform the evil of our own accord and by our own power; but to embrace and follow out the good, we are not able, unless illuminated by the grace of Christ and compelled by the Spirit. For it is God who works in us to will and to do, according to his good pleasure; and from God is salvation, from ourselves perdition. (Latin text in Niemayer 1870, 281–82)

The *Second Helvetic Confession*, drawn up by Heinrich Bullinger in 1561 and widely espoused thereafter by reformed churches, was even more explicit with respect to the status of free will in three states: before the fall and after the fall, unregenerate and regenerate:

Man *before the fall* was righteous (rectus) and free; he was able to remain holy or to become evil. Man gave in to evil, and involved in sin and death both himself and the whole race of man.

Next we consider the condition of men *after the Fall*. The intellect of man was not taken away by the Fall, neither was he robbed of his will . . . but his intellect and will were so changed and weakened (imminuta), that they cannot any longer

perform what they could before the Fall. The intellect is darkened and the will has been changed from a free to an enslaved faculty. For it is the servant of sin. . . . Wherefore there is no free will to good in an unrenewed man; no strength for acting holy.

The confession went on to specify, however, that after regeneration the will is strengthened and free from its numbing bondage to sin:

In the third place, we are to consider *whether the regenerate have free will and how far [an regenerati sint liberi arbitrii, et quatenus]*. In regeneration, the intellect is enlightened . . . and the will is not only changed by the Spirit, but is strengthened in its abilities so that it spontaneously wills and performs the good. . . . [T]he will of the regenerate in choosing to do what is good, not only is acted upon but also acts itself [*regeneratos in boni electiones et operatione, no tantum agere passive, sed active*]. For they are acted upon by God, so that they can act for themselves [*aguntur enim a Deo, ut agant ipsi, quod agant*] . . . but no one can be helped unless his own will becomes active [*nequit autem adjuvansi, hisi is, qui aliquid agit*]. (in Cochrane 1966, 291-92; Latin text in Niesel 1893, 1521)

The sole dissenter from the Augustinian doctrine of original sin among the Protestant Reformation leaders was Zwingli, who stated his views at Augusburg in 1530. Zwingli's *Fidei Ratio* argued that Adam and Eve could not truly sin because the sin was not against law: "I think this regarding original sin—that is properly sin only that which is a transgression of the law; for where there is no law there is no transgression, and where there is no transgression there is no sin properly so called. . . . Hence, whether we will or no, we are compelled to admit that original sin, as it is in the posterity of Adam, is not truly sin, in the sense spoken of, for it is not a crime against law" (1953, 221; see also Locher 1965, 10-12).

Jacobus Arminius (1560-1609), the seventeenth-century Dutch reformer, rejected the Calvinist views of original sin and human will. Arminius modified the doctrines of original sin and grace in the direction of the Greek fathers and Semi-Pelagians, though he diverged from them in some respects. Arminians agreed that Adam's act resulted in physical and spiritual death but held that "there is no ground for . . . imputing Adam's sin to his posterity in the sense that God actually judged the posterity of Adam to be guilty of, and chargeable with, the same fault which Adam had committed. . . . God threatened punishment to Adam alone, and inflicted it upon Adam *alone*" (*Apologia pro Confessione Remonstrantium*, Cap. VII, in Schaff 1887, 3:508-9). Arminians viewed the Fall as a misfortune and not a fault. In particular, Adam and Eve's sin was not passed on to their descendants nor did it merit eternal reprobation so that God could justly damn the human race for inheriting an evil nature. The key argument adopted by Arminians was that, whatever consequences Adam's sin entailed, Christ has

since redeemed humankind, so “the doctrine must be held that the most benevolent God has provided for all a remedy for that general evil which was derived by us from Adam, free and gratuitous in his beloved Son Jesus Christ . . . so that the hurtful error of those [misguided theologians] is plainly apparent, who are accustomed to found upon that [original] sin the decree of absolute reprobation, invented by themselves” (*Confessio Remonstratum*, Cap. VII). Thus, as for the status of infants, Arminians held that “God neither will nor can justly destine to eternal torment any infants who die without actual and individual sins” (Arminius, *Opera: Delcaratio Sentimentii*, in Darby and Auburn 1956, 2:374). Further, Arminians maintained that even non-Christians were granted a common grace sufficient to save them.

Arminians adopted a two-stage theology of grace. In the first stage, God grants grace that is efficacious to restore persons to the pre-Fall ability to choose between good and evil. In other words, God restored all persons to free will at birth automatically. The popular nineteenth-century Arminian theologian, Nathan Banks, argued: “Those gentlemen who urge the doctrine of total depravity against the truth of [man’s free will] seem to forget one very important trait in the Gospel system, viz., the atonement of Christ, and the benefits which universally flow from it to mankind, by which they are graciously restored to the power of action” (1815, vii).

The second stage of grace involved God’s granting *sufficient grace* to all persons, who are then free to accept or reject it. The Arminian Declaration stated: “Sufficient grace for faith and conversion is allotted not only to those who believe and are converted, but also to those who do not actually believe and are not in fact converted . . . so that there is no decree of absolute reprobation” (*Confessio sive Declaratio*, Cap. XVII). This view of grace was clearly synergistic. Every person who hears the gospel receives a degree of grace sufficient for conversion. If a person is not converted, it must be for the want of some human agency to cooperate with the Divine Grace; and therefore the differences between the saved and the damned are ultimately referable to the individual human free will. The Calvinistic view, in contrast, was monergistic. For Calvinists, no person received grace that was sufficient for regeneration who did not also receive such divine influence as overcomes the hostile will. In this way, divine regeneration was not conditioned on any human agency, but due only to irresistible divine grace. For Calvinists, if a person is not saved it is because God did not will to save that person.

Arminians also taught that God’s election of some to salvation is conditional—the election is conditioned on human faith foreseen by God. Arminius claimed that God’s election “has its foundation in the

foreknowledge of God, by which he foreknew from all eternity those individuals who would believe through his *preventing grace* (i.e., grace which prevents persons from falling from grace), and through his subsequent grace would persevere . . . and he likewise foreknew those who would not believe and persevere” (*Opera: Declaratio Sentimentii*, 247). Later Arminians rejected even the notions of preventing grace and persevering grace on the ground that if persons were unable to reject Christ, they are not free. They argued that there is nothing praiseworthy in a person’s enduring in Christ if he or she is not free to do otherwise.

The Calvinists were not slow in responding to the Arminian arguments. Jonathan Edwards, the great eighteenth-century Calvinist theologian, argued that if free will is understood as the ability to do what one pleases without external constraint, then “a universal determining Providence . . . is not at all repugnant to moral agency” (1754, 351). Free will could be squared even with divine coercion on this view because if a person desired to do what God coerced that person to desire, that person was still free! Such a view of free will does not require a choice between good and evil as the Arminians claimed. However, such a view seems quite inadequate and does not capture the ability to avoid sin, which the Arminians insisted on. Edwards acknowledged that Calvinism was losing ground to Arminian theology and sought to buttress the austere doctrine of the Reformers. Edwards deftly argued that he had defeated the entire catalogue of Arminian objections against Calvinism:

It is easy to see, how the decision of most points in controversy, between *Calvinists* and *Arminians*, depends on the determination of . . . *Freedom of the Will requisite to moral agency*; and that by clearing and establishing the *Calvinistic* doctrine in this point, the chief [*Arminian*] arguments are obviated [including] . . . objections of *Arminians* against the *Calvinistic* doctrine of the *total depravity and corruption of man’s nature*, whereby his heart is wholly under the power of sin, and he is utterly unable, without the interposition of sovereign grace, savingly to love God, believe in Christ, or do anything that is truly good and acceptable in God’s sight. (*Freedom of the Will*, Pt. 4, Section 14 [emphasis in original])

Edwards unleashed two salvos against Arminians. He argued that the Arminian notion of free will conceived as indifference and self-determining power was incoherent. Arminians believed that the will could be free only if it was equally inclined or “indifferent” to good and evil. His second argument was that God’s infallible foreknowledge rendered human acts necessary in precisely the same way the Calvinist notion of necessity of the will did; Arminians would therefore have to accept the Calvinist notion of free will as absence of external

coercion or else reject their own notion of God's foreknowledge. Recent reexaminations in the philosophy of religion have sustained Edwards' arguments for the incompatibility of foreknowledge and free will.⁷ Yet the Arminians regarded the Calvinist notion of free will as inadequate—for how could a will that has no choice but to be evil truly be free? Arminians could not accept such an obviously inadequate notion of free will and Calvinists could not square a stronger notion of free will with grace.

CONCLUSION

The concept of grace is a rich and multifaceted notion arising out of the most profound of religious experiences. The apostle Paul adopted the term grace (*charis*) to describe this experience—being declared not guilty even when one is aware of profound imperfection. Grace is in essence an experience of acceptance by unconditional and unfathomable love from the being who knows us better even than we know ourselves. Grace is an undeserved gift. It is acceptance into God's covenant-love even before we have chosen to obey the covenant.

Grace also describes much more—it describes the decisive redemptive activity of God on our behalf and what we must do in response to God's offer of salvation. The debate over grace has clearly divided those who emphasize God's omnipotence and sovereignty at the expense of human freedom (such as Augustine, Luther, and Calvin) from those who emphasize human freedom and moral responsibility despite God's knowledge and power (such as Pelagius, Luis de Molina, and Arminius).

The system of salvation by grace alone promulgated by Augustine, Aquinas, Calvin, Luther, and modern fundamentalist Christians, even if not univocal and monolithic, has had tremendous appeal throughout Christian history. This system of grace expresses well the experiences of those who, like Augustine, feel that they are incapable of freely choosing to accept God on their own; rather, an inexplicable change

⁷ The argument for the incompatibility of foreknowledge and free will from the necessity of the past has been supported by Nelson Pike, in "Divine Omniscience and Voluntary Action" (1965, 27-46); by John Martin Fisher in "Freedom and Foreknowledge" (1983, 67-69), and "Ockamism" (1985, 80-100); and by William Hasker in "Foreknowledge and Necessity" (1985, 121-157).

The argument for the incoherence of freedom of indifference is discussed by Anthony Kenny in *The God of the Philosophers* (1979, 51-71) and in *Freewill and Responsibility* (1978, 30-33). I have tried to respond to arguments similar to those raised by Edwards by modifying both divine omniscience and the notion of human freedom. See "The Mormon Concept of God," *DIALOGUE* 17:2 (Summer 1984, 65-93).

of heart and movement of the human will seems to be controlled totally by God's mysterious good pleasure. Just as a baby undergoing birth, such persons do not contribute anything of their own to the labor of being "born again." Either God chooses them or they are lost. Either God accomplishes their salvation or they are damned. Converts like Augustine experienced salvation despite the opposition of their naturally evil will. Such persons feel as if they are the beneficiaries of God's relentless pursuit and irresistible grace which overcomes their obstinacy. Surely there is room in Mormonism for such experiences—so long as God is not made into an arbitrary tyrant in the process.

The theocentricity of this view is appealing; its simplicity and explanatory power are impressive. Every event in human history comes down to just one thing: God's will. Moreover, this position provides considerable comfort. The most trivial event is weighted with divine significance, for each event is an expression of the divine will. Also an advantage, the perils of contingency are eliminated in such a system. Augustine felt that salvation left up to humans even in the least degree would be in peril. If God's salvation depends in any way on us, how can we be certain that God's plan for us will be fulfilled? Any view of salvation which is premised on any exercise of free will admits a weak link in the chain of divine assistance—a chain which is sure to fail if we are left to our evil nature apart from God. The absolute assurance of salvation can be found only in a God who has assumed complete responsibility for the entire process of our salvation. Perhaps the question that "born again" Christians who ask, "Have you been saved?" actually mean us to consider is, "How can you be sure of your salvation if it depends in any way on you?"

Yet thinkers from Pelagius to Luis de Molina, from Erasmus to Arminius and Whitely, have been unsatisfied with a God who is able to save all persons but who chooses not to do so. They reject notions of grace which eviscerate any notion of free will toward salvation in the sense of freedom to do otherwise or to refrain in the circumstances. These persons were morally outraged by a God who would damn persons from all eternity whether by permission or specific divine decree and double predestination. Compounding the offense was the equally outrageous view that persons suffer from an evil nature not because of themselves, but as a result of forces outside their control. How can a loving Father damn persons for evil acts resulting from circumstances outside their control? Erasmus was quite correct to point out that the problem of sin is not with those reprobated from all eternity, but with God. The God of those who adopt such views is impaled on the problem of evil—an evil which God specifically created for his mysterious purposes.

But do those who reject the strong notion of divine predestination and salvation by grace alone have anything acceptable to put in its place? I think that they do. I prefer the Arminian notion that free will is not obliterated by God's grace; rather, free will is made possible only through Christ's gracious atonement. In this way, grace becomes the foundation for human free will and moral responsibility rather than the ultimate negation of any meaning to human choices. I like the notion of divine concurrence and cooperating grace suggested by Luis de Molina. God desires to save all persons and gives sufficient grace to all to accomplish their salvation—but whether God's loving offer of relationship will be accepted is ultimately up to human free response. I think this notion is particularly appropriate if God's grace is understood as an unconditional offer to enter into a loving relationship committed to the growth and happiness of those involved. It seems that any *genuine* relationship must be entered freely. Moreover, in what else could God's offer of grace consist if not in a loving relationship of mutual commitment to happiness of the other? This view of grace is more consonant with the ancient revelation that proclaimed God as love. I think that Molina's system of grace premised on middle knowledge is especially worthy of consideration—though I believe that it too is ultimately incompatible with genuine free will.

My heart lies with those who have seen God as committed inexorably to the salvation of all persons. I cannot worship a God who is able but chooses not to bring all persons into a loving and saving relationship. I cherish the view that sees humans as cooperating in salvation with God. My predilection is that there is much greater room in Mormon thought for a notion or notions of grace consistent with its commitment to human free will. Finally, my admiration, respect, and deep gratitude go to Aquinas as well as Molina, to Luther as well as Erasmus, in other words to all those who have attempted to explicate God's grace in a way faithful with their most profound religious experiences.

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Illness in the Family

R. A. Christmas

One of the kids was sick, so his ex came over.
“How are you doing?” she said.
(That’s what she always said.)

“I’m getting better every day,” he said.
(But only a little better, he added — to himself.)
All he could think of was taking off her clothes.

“I worry about you,” she said.
(The child was sick, but not very sick.)
It was painful standing there by the bed

dying to just grab her and fall into it.
They tucked in the child, and heard a prayer.
It was time to go, there was somebody waiting.

“Take care of yourself,” she said at the door.
(Never — she had never looked so lovely.)
She hugged him quick, and that was that.

Then he went back into the hospital of his life,
and she sped away like an ambulance,
and the child recovered from a minor illness.

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Mormon Women and the Right to Wage Work

Vella Neil Evans

ON 23 SEPTEMBER 1989, President Gordon B. Hinckley offered the following challenge to Mormon women: “Get all the education you can. Train yourselves to make a contribution to the society in which you will live. . . . Almost the entire field of human endeavor is now open to women.” He further cited Rachel Carson as an exemplar, “trained in her field and bold in her declarations” (1989, 96–98). A week later, Elder Russell M. Nelson of the Council of the Twelve proclaimed, “The highest titles of human achievement—teacher, educated professional, [and] loyal employee . . . are earned under a uniform requirement of worthiness” by both men and women (1989, 20). After nearly a century of Church leaders’ increasing disapproval of women’s paid employment, these two addresses attracted considerable attention. The statements quoted, here taken from context, suggest real support for women’s wage work. As analysis of the complete text will demonstrate, however, the speeches actually reflect subtle “shifts in spirit,” not changes in Church policy.¹ In this essay, I will analyze recent Church discourse against a pattern of constricting employment options for women and will discuss the implications of that pattern.

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¹ I have lifted the statements cited from context and linked them together to summarize the elements of support. However, this concentration produces an exaggerated expression of approval. The complete texts are much more equivocal and ultimately provide slight, if any, increased support for women’s wage work. In support of this claim, the lead editorial in the 4 October 1989 Salt Lake *Tribune* observed that

From the time the Church was organized in 1830 until it was well established in the American West, most Mormon women participated in some exchange-value employment.² These efforts were usually necessary for survival, taken for granted by the community, and ignored in Church discourse. Some sisters were employed as domestics, tutors, midwives or nurses; but most labored on the family farm or business, took contract work into their homes, or sold or exchanged items that they had produced.

Advertisements for women seeking work appeared in local papers of the period, but the most extensive record of exchange-value effort is located in private journals and correspondence. Caroline Barnes Crosby recorded in her journal that when her family moved to Kirtland in 1836, she "braided near a hundred" palm leaf hats and earned seventy dollars in that "first season" (in Godfrey, Godfrey and Derr 1982, 50). While a young married woman in Nauvoo, Zina D. H. Jacobs noted that she knit mittens for twenty-five cents a pair and spun extra knots of yarn to "procure an honest living" (in Beecher 1979, 304, 318). And during the trek west, when a money economy was less practical, Eliza R. Snow wrote in her diary that she had made a cap for "Sister John Young" and was paid roughly two pounds of soap. She observed: "So much I call my own—I now begin once more to be a woman of property" ("Pioneer Diary" 1944, 113).

Others were much more energetic than Sister Snow. Historian Leonard Arrington notes that one California woman "helped build her house, doing all the work on the fireplace and chimney. . . . [She] cut wild hay along the river bottoms, and stacked it for the cows in the winter; she grubbed the brush, hauled manure on the land, sheared the sheep, plowed, planted, helped make the irrigating ditches, and spun and wove cloth." And when she wasn't otherwise occupied, the woman "took in washing" (1977, 50). All such efforts distinguished Latter-day Saint women from the American middle-class ideal of dependency and fragility that was popular at the time (see Welter 1966).

After the Church was established in the Utah territory, women continued their exchange-value activities. For some time, economic

while President Hinckley's message was welcome, the speech really reflected only a "slight attitude shift among the leadership of the Church" ("Condoning Women" 1989). President Hinckley further reinforced a conservative position at the Belle S. Spafford Social Work Conference, "Women in the Work Force," held in Salt Lake City on 23 February 1990.

² "Exchange value" signifies goods or services that are traded, exchanged, or sold as a part of a larger community economy. "Use value" work is consumed by the producer or limited to private or family consumption.

conditions remained unstable: impoverished converts drained community resources, crops and businesses failed, some polygamous men could not support all their wives and families, and non-Mormon merchants increasingly took advantage of the Mormon market. During this early Utah period, Brigham Young distinguished himself as the only Church president to persistently encourage women's exchange-value efforts. Quotations from his sermons reveal both his injunctions to women and also the range of justifications for their income-producing work.

In 1856 Brigham Young advised mothers to teach their daughters "some useful vocation," so they could "sustain themselves and their offspring" in the event their husbands left home either to serve Church missions or to devote their "time and attention to the things of the kingdom [of God]." Young noted that women's employment would prove the sisters "helpmeets in very deed" to their husbands and also contributors "in building up the [community]" (JH, 10 Dec. 1856).

Roughly ten years later, President Young advised women to take up work that would "enable them to sustain themselves, and [which] would be far better than for them to spend their time in the parlor or in walking the streets." He also advised women to take up printing, clerking, and retail selling to relieve the men who might as well "knit stockings as to sell tape" (JD 12:407). Along those same lines, in 1873 Brigham Young suggested that women had the strength to enter many male occupations but had been excluded because the men feared that women would "spoil their trade." He also criticized the "big, six-footer" man who sat sewing in a tailor shop while some women worked in the fields "plowing, raking and making hay" (JD 16:16-17). Thus men's need for greater freedom, community demands, women's skill at commerce, and the danger of indolent women justified women's wage work.

Young's most frequently cited statement concerning women's paid employment presents a somewhat different set of facts and values. On 18 July 1869, the President of the Church said:

We have sisters here who . . . would make just as good mathematicians or accountants as any man; and we think they ought to have the privilege to study these branches of knowledge that they may develop the powers with which they are endowed. We believe that women are useful not only to sweep houses, wash dishes, make beds, and raise babies, but that they should stand behind the counter, study law or physic, and become good book-keepers and be able to do the business in any counting house, and all this to enlarge their sphere of usefulness for the benefit of society at large. In following these things they but answer the design of their creation. These and many more things of equal utility are incorporated in our religion, and we believe in and try to practice them. (JD 13:61)³

³ The Church at the time also believed in and tried to practice polygamy, which allowed some women to leave their children and housekeeping duties to sister wives

We should not infer from this that Brigham Young advocated paid employment as a principal career for women. He told his daughter Susa that even if she were to become the greatest woman in the world but fail in her duty as wife and mother, she then would have “failed in everything.” On the other hand, Young also told Susa that anything she did after filling her primary assignments would contribute to her “honor and to the glory of God” (Gates 1930, 232). Thus Young supported female wage work only after domestic responsibilities had been fulfilled.

Given that qualification, however, the 1869 sermon is unexpectedly liberal. Young recognized the “privilege” of professional study but concluded that women were educable and as effective in practice as men. In addition, Young suggested that professionally trained women would serve society *and* develop an extensive range of natural female “powers.” In this latter assertion, Young clearly ignored the prevailing nineteenth-century belief that women had limited, feminine “traits” and were destined to operate in a separate sphere from men.

Not many nineteenth-century women became mathematicians, pharmacists, or attorneys as Brigham Young suggested. On the other hand, several Latter-day Saint women distinguished themselves by studying medicine at eastern universities and then establishing successful medical practices among the Saints. The Relief Society operated its own hospital for twelve years and until 1920 maintained a nurses training program that trained a significant number of Mormon women. Others found work in the numerous Relief Society cooperatives or in more traditional commerce.

Brigham Young died in 1877, and his immediate successors addressed other urgent matters including the precarious financial condition of the Church, the increased federal prosecution of polygamy, and then the drive for Utah’s statehood. In contrast to a male focus on church and state politics during this late nineteenth-century period, both the *Woman’s Exponent*, the organ of the Relief Society, and the *Young Woman’s Journal*, published by the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, supported paid employment for Mormon women. Writers and editors were typically prominent women within the Church whose statements would appear authoritative to female readers (see Beecher 1982). In addition, the journals were widely read by Mormon women and the publications’ support for wage work was thus well known.

while they pursued their own education and careers outside their homes. In contrast, lack of childcare and domestic support prevent many contemporary women from combining a demanding career with marriage and family.

An unsigned editorial in the 1 April 1877 *Woman's Exponent*, entitled "Be a True Woman,"⁴ claimed that every job that opened for women was a "blessing" and urged readers to undertake the "real work"—an interesting comparison implied. On occasion, both the *Woman's Exponent* and the *Young Woman's Journal* supported women who worked for personal fulfillment, and both denied the exclusive, male breadwinner ethic. The *Exponent* observed that even those women "possessed of superior attainments" didn't like being "dependent altogether upon the . . . 'men folks,' but chose to earn some money on their own" ("Women" 1883). And the *Journal* stated that even "true women" no longer believed men should support them (Smith 1890). Both publications also assumed that women could manage two careers. The *Exponent* on 15 August 1877 specifically attacked the "pernicious dogma that marriage and a practical life work are incompatible" (p. 46) and elsewhere observed that if women were incapable of combining work and marriage, then neither could a "man do justice to any professional calling and prove a kind, affectionate, and loving husband" ("Head vs. Heart" 1874).

In response to warnings against creating a "third sex" and lost femininity, the *Exponent* concluded that the "large number" of employed women were "not brusque [or] masculine [but] wore bangs . . . ruffles and laces [and were] like the rest of woman kind" (N.V.D. 1892, 161). The most radical discourse ignored Brigham Young's dual career policy, which mandated motherhood and homemaking prior to, or in conjunction with, paid employment. In 1890 the *Journal* claimed that a woman "should have perfect liberty to follow the vocation which comes to her from God, and of which she alone is judge" (Smith 1890, 176). As early as 1873 the *Exponent* claimed that women were fully capable of deciding for themselves their life's work and concluded, "If there be some women in whom the love of learning extinguishes all other love, then the heaven-appointed sphere of that woman is not the nursery. It may be the library, the laboratory, the observatory" ("Education" 1873). These statements are significant because the writers stressed psychological benefits to women as a primary justification for women's work. In addition, some female leaders went so far as to suggest that a woman's personal decision, *even* if contrary to patriarchal assignments, could be correct for her.

As the Church moved into the twentieth century, internal schisms, the challenges of heterodoxy, and financial problems continued to

⁴ Most of the *Exponent* citations which have no author are taken from editorials which would have been written by Lula Greene Richards from 1872 to 1877, or by Emmeline B. Wells from 1877 to 1914.

demand the attention of the General Authorities; and sermons typically addressed issues of doctrine and accommodation. Articles from the *Deseret News*, however, indicate a marked decline of popular support for female employment during this time. For example, the 21 May 1904 *Deseret Semi-Weekly News*⁵ reprinted an essay by F. M. Thompson which claimed, “The woman wage earner is under one aspect an object of charity, under another an economic pervert, under another a social menace.” Thompson also charged that commercial labors undermined women’s health, trained them to work like machines, and left them without necessary homemaking skills. The *News* concluded, “Women themselves are beginning to see a light, in which they may better appreciate their mission on earth.” That mission was domestic.

At the turn of the century, large immigrant populations and smaller families in the so-called “native white stock” resulted in a popular concern over maintaining white supremacy and its traditional institutions. At the same time that a need for more white babies was perceived, however, middle-class women were increasingly visible outside their homes. Many entered commerce or higher education, some for financial reasons and others in response to feminist encouragement. Many more joined “ladies clubs” or participated in reform movements as part of the “social housekeeping” thought appropriate for women at the time. As a result of the discrepancy between the middle-class woman’s assignment to produce a large family and her activities outside her home, religious and secular publications throughout the country examined the problem of “race suicide” and women’s activities (particularly higher education and wage employment) that were thought to reduce fertility.

The *Woman’s Exponent* and the *Young Woman’s Journal*, however, continued to advocate women’s wage work in varying degrees. Direct approval in the *Exponent* was less frequent and became more moderate; but the *Journal* maintained some direct support and provided indirect approval through role models. Lengthy feature articles were frequently devoted to female entrepreneurs and successful women in science, government, education, literature, the fine arts, and general business. In 1904, however, the *Journal* warned its youthful readers that a private income would give them “dangerous power” (“The Girl” 1905); and three years later lamented that if young women didn’t damage their nerves in the paid labor force, they were likely to be “constantly besieged, after marriage, by the lure of gold” (Gates 1908). In such

⁵ During different periods, the *News’s* distribution schedule and name varied. These variations do not indicate a different publication or change in ownership.

instances, the *Journal* identified negative consequences for women wage earners that did not accompany the male image.

In spite of such concerns, an increasing number of LDS women became commercially employed during World War I and the 1920s. By 1914, the relatively liberal *Woman's Exponent* had been replaced by the more conservative *Relief Society Magazine*, and support for Mormon women's right to work was somewhat attenuated. However, the *Magazine* ran a monthly feature that reported the varied efforts of working women and thus indirectly supported female employment. For example, in 1920 the publication recognized several dozen women for their achievements, including Jean Norris, a New York attorney appointed to the office of city magistrate; Lady Astor, who was elected to the British House of Commons; and Mrs. Yone Susuki, the "richest woman in the world," who employed thirty-five to forty thousand production workers and had an enlightened management policy (Anderson 1920).

During this same period, the *Relief Society Magazine* promoted cottage industry for its Latter-day Saint readers. In one article, Sylvia Grant advised women to earn "pin money" by cooking, sewing, knitting, telephone soliciting, addressing envelopes, and finishing film. Grant concluded that even when it was not "absolutely necessary" for a woman to make money, there was "ever so much satisfaction in earning enough to buy silver candlesticks instead of just ordinary ones" (1936, 572). Later, male Church leaders would denounce women who worked for luxuries.

The *Young Woman's Journal* maintained significant support for female employment until 1929 when it was absorbed by the *Improvement Era*. In 1927, for example, the *Journal* ran an extensive series on women's careers written by Agnes Lovendahl Stewart and entitled "What Shall I Do?" Among other suggestions, the magazine recommended teaching music (January), working in domestic arts and science (March), owning a beauty shop (May), and writing professionally (December).

In January 1929, the *Journal* told girls that setting a goal of economic independence was "vitally important" and reprinted the following with apparent approbation: "Many writers of today advocate the advisability of women continuing in their active outside profession even during the period when they are giving their best efforts to the home and family. They claim that a woman is a better wife and mother if she has these outside interests along with her home interests." Several paragraphs later, the article concluded that dual careers for women were "coming to be perceived as the wise plan for all women who would achieve, as well as to help others achieve, full personality" (Carroll 1929). Thus the sisters' publications defended women's work on

the grounds that it served the community, the family, *and* the woman herself.

In contrast, during the same period, Latter-day Saint men maintained their disapproval. The 19 May 1928 *Deseret News* quoted J. Reuben Clark's Mothers Day sermon, delivered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. Clark claimed that the famous women of history had been wrong to acquire prominence because in doing so, they had placed themselves "in the field of competition with men." Early issues of the sisters' publications had infrequently defined women's employment goals in terms of competition. For example, in 1876 the *Exponent* warned that women were "no longer willing to be trammelled by narrow conventionalities" and if men were "really superior," they should "move on" as there was "room higher up" (Emile 1876, 84). In 1890 the *Young Woman's Journal* contended that "where woman is the stronger, she takes the precedence of man"; and men should acknowledge women as their competitors in "the arts or trades" (Smith 1890). After the turn of the century, however, Mormon women gradually withdrew their support for competition between the sexes, while the men increased their disapproval of the practice.

During the Great Depression, almost all popular discourse condemned women's wage work because it took jobs away from men. The Depression ended with the onset of World War II, however. Between 1941 and 1945, over four million American women entered the work force; and the national media promoted the move as patriotic. In contrast, Church discourse blamed working mothers for increasing juvenile delinquency and advised Mormon women not to seek paid employment during the war emergency. Instead, the *Relief Society Magazine*, the only remaining sisters' publication, advised women to volunteer in the war effort by planting victory gardens, preserving food, saving grease and cans for the war industries, and keeping their homes secure and attractive. The sanctity of home and family was a major concern, and the *Magazine* printed several variations on the following advice: "Keep home life in normal balance [and] so inviting" that adolescent girls, in particular, will not want "to roam the streets" (Williams 1942, 680).

The foregoing identify a value hierarchy which has buttressed arguments against women's paid employment for the last half century: a woman's obligation to nurture is greater than her need for income or self-fulfillment. The highest-ranking Latter-day Saint leaders have consistently supported this hierarchy, which was only indirectly challenged on the soft-news pages of the *Relief Society Magazine* from 1945 until its demise in 1970. Since the end of World War II, however, essentially all official Church pronouncements have discouraged wage work for

women. For example, in 1961 Esther Peterson, President John F. Kennedy's assistant secretary of labor, claimed that a woman's place was where she was "happiest—and it can be at home, at outside work or both." The *Deseret News* responded that, "a woman's place is . . . where she can give the greatest happiness to others," and most women worked not because of the "high cost of living, but because of the cost of living high" ("Mother" 1961).

In a similar vein, the December 1969 *Improvement Era* explained that a "cardinal teaching" in Mormonism is that the "man is the head of the family. He is to be the bread winner" (Tuttle 1969, 108). In 1971, Elder Thomas S. Monson of the Quorum of the Twelve equated women's liberation with deception and denounced free child care and equal employment as "evils" of the women's movement (1971, 17). In 1977 the *Church News* claimed that working women were probably responsible for juvenile delinquency, broken marriages, and ultimately a "handicapped new generation such as we have never before seen in America" ("Preserving Femininity" 1977).

In scores of similar statements, marriage, parenting, and home-making are authoritatively defined as both necessary and full-time obligations that offset a woman's right to wage employment. Paid activities which women term "self-fulfillment" have been officially re-defined as "self-indulgence." During the recent period of increasing options for most American women, contemporary Church leaders have cited a nineteenth-century theory of separate traits and spheres—which Brigham Young had rejected—to counteract twentieth-century feminism.

The feminist movement probably did not create Latter-day Saint women's interest in paid employment, however. In the late 1970s, as the effects of a national recession intensified, increasing numbers of Mormon women left their homes to join the paid labor force full- or part-time. The propriety of women's work became even more troublesome within the Church; but despite apparent need, Church leaders did not redefine the sisters' options. In 1979, during his final year of active public leadership, President Spencer W. Kimball published a reaffirmation of the sisters' domestic assignment in *Woman*, a book featuring treatises on role clarification for Mormon women by fifteen General Authorities. He stated that God intended the male to "till the ground, support the family, and give proper leadership" while the woman was "to cooperate, bear the children and rear and teach them" (1979a, 80).

During this same period, the Church advised women to prepare to earn a living "outside the home, if and when the occasion requires" (C. Kimball 1977, 59). However, male Church leaders have consis-

tently emphasized the word *requires* and interpreted “true need” as divorce, widowhood, or the husband’s long-term disability. For example, in the March 1979 *Ensign* President Kimball said that women should not earn the living “except in unusual circumstances. Men ought to *be men indeed* and earn the living under normal circumstances” (p. 4, emphasis added).

In addition, from the prosperity of the 1950s to the leaner years of the eighties, even women whose families were reared were directed into volunteer service rather than paid employment. In 1979, the *Church News* advised such women to take “extra classes at school” and engage in “charitable pursuits in which [they] may help the sick, read to the blind, assist the aged, possibly influence for good those who are delinquent” (“A Woman’s Place” 1979). And President Kimball advised women whose children were “gone from under [the] wing” to “bless” others’ lives and “help build the kingdom of God” (1979b, 14).

Concern over competition and perceived threats to male dominance may have prompted some men to promote compassionate rather than salaried work for Latter-day Saint women. Speaking to a fireside group in San Antonio, Texas, in 1977, President Kimball called mothers to “come home” to their husbands and families and to abandon the paid employment that created “an independence which is not cooperative” (in Benson 1987a, 7). Ezra Taft Benson, then next in line to lead the Church, told BYU students, “Men are the providers, and it takes the edge off your manliness when you have the mother of your children also be a provider” (in Anderson 1981, 18). And in 1979, Benson also warned women that competition with men would diminish their “godly attributes” leading them to “acquire a quality of sameness with man” including aggression and competitiveness (undesirable in women but desirable in men).

From 1979 to the present, Ezra Taft Benson has maintained that conservative stance. In 1981, he observed that “Adam was instructed to earn the bread by the sweat of his brow—not Eve. . . . Contrary to conventional wisdom, a mother’s place is in the home.” He also said women were unwise to disrupt their parenting even to “prepare educationally” for future emergencies that might require their employment (1981, 105). Two years later, Gordon B. Hinckley, speaking for the First Presidency, claimed that woman’s real responsibility is “bearer and nurturer of children [while the] man is the provider and protector. No legislation can alter the sexes” (in Eaton 1983).

In February 1987, Benson, now Church president, told Latter-day Saint couples that while widowed or divorced women might have to work “for a period of time, . . . [a] mother’s calling is in the home, not in the marketplace” (1987a, 5–6). At the church-wide, semi-annual

priesthood meeting in October of that year, he told his male audience that the Lord had charged all “able-bodied [men] to provide for their families in such a way that the wife is allowed to fulfill her role as mother in the home.” President Benson concluded that young married men, like “thousands of husbands” before them, could work their own way through school and have their families “at the same time” (1987b, 2–4). This directive obviously puts tremendous pressure on young Mormon men (who tend to marry young). It would seem to prevent many of those without affluent parents from participating in extensive graduate or professional training. At the same time, it indicates the strength of President Benson’s injunction to the women to remain in their homes, *even* at the expense of their husbands’ preferred occupations. Thus the last word from the highest Church authority is that family men should fill an exclusive breadwinner role. President Benson’s 1987 addresses also draw to conclusion a century of constricting employment options for Mormon women.

Secondary patterns within these discourses also provide interesting information about gender stratification within the Church. As historian Larry Foster has previously noted, the Church has grown increasingly more Victorian in its attitudes towards women’s roles (Foster 1979). Victorian feminine traits of gentility, patience, self-denial, purity, and other passive virtues fit an inherent nurturant role. Men have also delineated women’s “natural abilities” and ecclesiastical, domestic, and secular duties. In contrast, women have never had the power to define men authoritatively or create policies for them. From time to time, however, women have defined *themselves* and their duties; and typically these self-definitions have been more complex and varied than have the male definitions of women.

Second, men and women justify women’s roles in different ways. Male directives rely on revelation (a privilege of priesthood holders), Old Testament injunctions (given by male prophets), societal and Church needs (both structured and maintained by men). Women are also admonished to accept their male-defined roles or weaken their standing as “natural” women and faithful Latter-day Saints. In contrast, women leaders have made no claims to revelation for the Church at large. They have, however, considered their own interests and needs, and those of the women they know, when defining roles. Some women have questioned the notion of separate spheres and of unique mental and emotional traits for males and females. Some women claim that each sister can independently interpret God’s will concerning herself.

Men, more than women, have also been openly intolerant of competition between the sexes, both in employment and in the right to

define people and policies. This intolerance may reflect the value of power to some Latter-day Saint men. Certainly the effort to eliminate such competition has been visible within the last generation: women no longer publish independent journals, attend conferences called and designed by women alone, or present their own discourse to the Church until it has been reviewed and approved by men. Not surprisingly, women's official statements currently conform to the men's.

Against this backdrop of constricting options for women, the addresses by President Gordon B. Hinckley and Elder Russell M. Nelson take on significance. The first was introduced by a nostalgia for rural America and simple truths. I believe that President Hinckley spoke with unusual warmth at the 1989 General Women's Conference. He appeared appreciative of the sisters and concerned over women's domestic and financial well-being. In the presence of President Ezra Taft Benson, Hinckley encouraged extensive education for women and claimed that women had nearly unlimited choices for their endeavors. He did, however, wish marriage and freedom *from* "the marketplace" for *all* Mormon women.

Two weeks later, Elder Nelson claimed that the "potential for women" was greatest within the Church. In subsequent sections of his address, however, Nelson restricted that potential to a celestial salvation and a "divine mission" in which women place service to others ahead of personal need. Support for paid employment was confined by example to teaching school; and while Nelson praised the selfless efforts of his own favorite teachers (all unmarried as he identified them), he failed to recognize their relatively low salaries. Instead, he noted how the "vicarious ambitions" of those "humble women" had fueled *his own* efforts (culminating in a prestigious medical practice and powerful Church calling). Nelson ignored the irony of his own remarks, however; and his discourse suggests that woman's work, salaried or not, is literally serving man.

Most important, neither Hinckley nor Nelson recognized the financial realities for women today: Eighty-five percent of Mormon women will likely work for a significant period of time (Bernard 1990, 3). Between 5 and 10 percent of American women will never marry; most of these will support themselves and perhaps other family members as well. Many who do marry will find poverty in divorce. The Utah divorce rate currently exceeds the national rate of 50 percent.⁶ Given

⁶ KSL news anchor Dick Nourse reported on 1 November 1989 that the Utah divorce rate currently exceeds the national average of 50 percent. Exact figures on temple divorces are difficult to obtain, but they are probably lower than those for Mormon couples married outside the temple.

that 67 percent of the people living in Utah are Latter-day Saints,⁷ this information suggests that from 30 to 50 percent of Mormon marriages probably end in divorce. Most divorced women receive custody of their children but scant child support and no alimony for themselves. In addition, most Latter-day Saint women will outlive their husbands, some by many years. Many will marry men whose ability to provide will be impaired by illness or injury. Many will marry men who are, or will become, severely underemployed.

The accuracy of these claims is already apparent: Latter-day Saints comprise two-thirds of the population of the state of Utah. In apparent violation of counsel, however, in 1987 women made up 44 percent of Utah's labor force. Sixty percent of Utah women over the age of sixteen were working or looking for work. This is 4 percent higher than the national average. Fifty-eight percent of married women, 71 percent of women in child-bearing years, and 37 percent of women with preschool children were labor-force participants. According to the July 1989 *Utah Labor Market Report*, most of these women work or seek to work out of economic necessity. Utah has ranked in the bottom quartile for per capita income for decades. Utah women earn less than two-thirds the salary of their male counterparts and eleven cents less on the dollar than the average American woman. Utah women also constitute the largest single group of discouraged workers in the state (ULMR 1989).

The single-female head of household may be at greatest risk. Nearly 23 percent of all families in America today are headed by a single parent—typically female and typically poor (“U.S. Gets” 1990). Such families are increasing, and the increase is most pronounced among U.S. minority populations and in developing countries. Interestingly, the Church is growing fastest in just these minority communities and in third world countries, where women outnumber men as converts. However, neither President Hinckley nor Elder Nelson noted the extent of this population—Mormon women who must work, do work, and receive low pay.

Neither did President Hinckley or Elder Nelson address the psychological needs of women who work for personal satisfaction. President Hinckley admitted early in his speech that some Mormon women “hunger [for] attention and opportunity to express their talents”; and he seemed to promise freedom in such expression when he stated that “almost the entire field of human endeavor” was open to women. However, by wishing women freedom *from* paid work, he left this

⁷ This figure was provided by Don LeFevre of the church's Public Relations Department on 20 April 1990.

“recognition” of need without solutions. Thus real changes for women are found in the spirit of Hinckley’s address.⁸

The Church’s general proscription against women’s wage work is problematic. As long as current social and economic conditions prevail, and as long as the Church idealizes early marriage, large families, and full-time mothering, most women will not prepare for work that will support them adequately; such work usually requires extensive training and/or sustained participation in the labor force. Instead, many women will continue in poorly paid work and then suffer if they are members of low-income households or if they become sole providers.

Without institutional support, Mormon mothers who need to work will struggle unnecessarily to combine parenting with wage employment. Women who resign positions simply to obey counsel may feel resentful and unfulfilled. Women without economic need who choose to work may feel rejected by an institution that claims to love and serve them.

In a gesture of true support of Church members, I would like to hear leaders address not only these alleged “women’s” issues, but the range of *human*, work-related problems that define and constrain daily life. Is men’s full-time employment and exclusive breadwinner assignment in the best interests of all concerned? Devotion to career has served the business community; does it serve individuals or the family? Does the Church condone the extended work week of the high-paying careers that keeps many professionals—largely men—away from their families? No one has recently suggested that men might like to share their provider role, although Brigham Young recognized that interest. Young also recognized the wide range of women’s abilities and the value employed women could provide to the community. During the nineteenth century, *all* Mormon women who contributed to the “kingdom” were termed “Mothers in Zion,” even if they were single and childless. Thus woman’s nurturance was given wider scope and women’s options were increased. Such freedom might benefit all concerned at the present time.

Have Church leaders taken into account the strain on Mormon males to support a large family, contribute hours a week in church

⁸ President Hinckley reinforced a conservative position at the Spafford Social Work Conference the following February. There he agreed that rising expenses place difficult burdens on families; but he also claimed that working mothers are a “root cause” of many tragic and widespread social problems, including the breakdown of the family and increased crime. In addition, he said that women who work only for personal satisfaction are likely to pay a terrible price for that choice. See Tim Fitzpatrick, “Ellerbee, Hinckley Differ on Working Women,” the Salt Lake *Tribune*, Saturday, 24 February 1990, B-1.

attendance and service, and nourish relationships with wives and children, relatives and friends? What about the problem of day care in families where both parents work?⁹ I would like to see the Church make a serious and sustained effort to teach members that both mother and father in dual-provider homes must do their share of housework and child care.

Finally, Church leaders might understand that women's interest in wage work may be neither unwholesome competition nor dangerous disobedience. Work can express and define the self. Chosen freely, it reflects the diversity of women and their lives. Those who truly want to address the potential for women within the Church might consider these issues.

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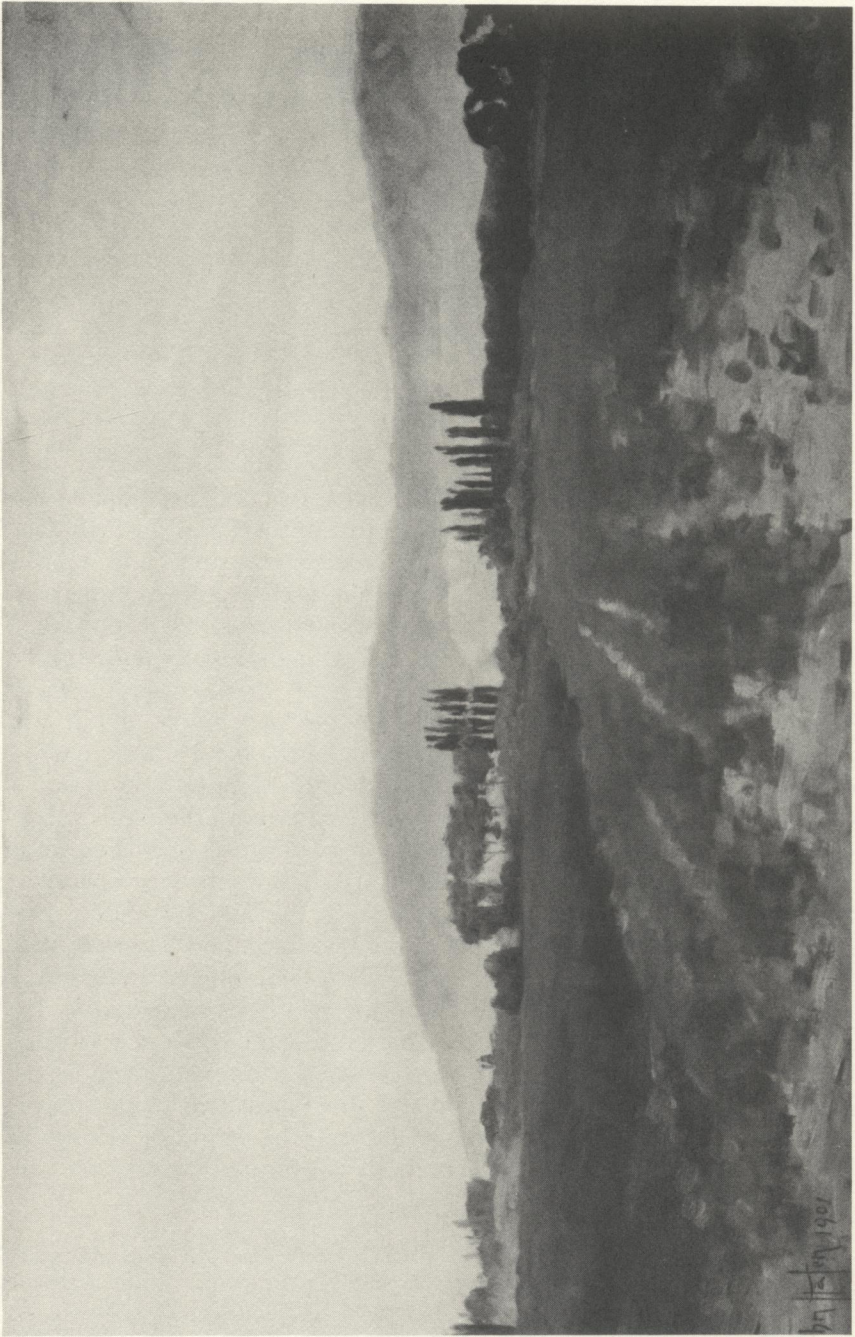
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⁹ The article "When Mom Can't Be Home: Making the Best of Second Choice," (*Ensign*, Feb. 1990, 16-21) by the General Presidency of Relief Society, is a first of its kind. More needs to be done along this line.

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On Being Male and Melchizedek

Eugene England

ON 27 JULY 1989, in the middle of the night, two people stopped their truck on our street, watched until they thought we were in bed, then ran across our front yard, threw a grenade-sized stone and a brick from the vacant lot next door at our main front windows, ran down the hill, jumped in their truck, and drove off. The stone crashed through a double-paned window, just below the stained-glass fleur-de-lis my wife Charlotte had made for our entryway; the brick struck the large bay window where Charlotte's violin lies on our piano, but it was waterlogged and merely crumbled, leaving on the pane a long, narrow smudge, the color of Utah Valley air above the Geneva steel plant.

A friend of our daughter living with us observed the figures from her upstairs window as they ran off. To her they looked like large men, possibly steelworkers. We had been thinking about steelworkers because our son, Mark, had participated, at the July 4 Freedom Festival, in a demonstration about pollution at Geneva and had published a follow-up letter in the Provo *Herald*. Then Charlotte had received a threatening phone call aimed at Mark the day before the attack. For days, as we looked out through the shattered window, we felt violated and exposed to continuing threat, even when Joe Cannon, president of Geneva Steel, after reading a report of this vandalism in the paper, sent us a very kind letter of apology and said he would be telling his workers not to engage in such actions in the future. We weren't sure

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his words would stop the fear and scapegoating that tend to produce violence.

Violence is near the surface not just for people who think their jobs are endangered by efforts to stop pollution; it is near the surface for those, men *and* women, whose sense of self in a clearly defined theological and experiential system, no matter how wrong doctrinally or outdated in human experience, is threatened by new ideas about gender. But, you say, surely not for women. Why not? Isn't there implicit in the claim to full equality the right for women to be as fearful, as revengeful, as violent as men? Shouldn't one rallying cry still used to exploit feminism—the Benson and Hedges “You’ve come a long way, baby”—contain not only the obvious irony that women are no longer prevented from smoking or kept at home by their husbands, so they can now die of lung cancer or executive-stress heart attacks just like men? Shouldn't that rallying cry also announce that women can enjoy the more violent male privileges? Shouldn't women also participate in what Robert Heilbrun calls the “man-honor-fight” syndrome (in Bamber 1982, 17), one of the major realities of Western culture? And why shouldn't women go for some of the “unrighteous dominion” that almost all of us exercise whenever we get any authority (D&C 121:37)—and that perhaps all of us really want, as Donlu Thayer reminded us at the 1989 Sunstone Symposium.

The only time I've ever felt like a prophet was in 1969, in the midst of the threatened and sometimes actual violence over the Church's denial of priesthood to blacks. In that bleak time, during which I attended the first women's rights meetings at Stanford University, it suddenly was clear to me that much greater anger, hurt, wounding—even violence—would result when Mormondom's various denials to women became unbearable. Is my prophetic intuition coming true? Certainly feelings are running very high—and so is irrationality and scapegoating, an almost inevitable precursor to escalation and violence. And women are certainly equal in this; in fact, *all* of the surprisingly outspoken and frequent denunciations of the Mormon Women's Forum I have heard have been by women. In nearly every Utah ward I have visited during the past six months, some woman teacher or speaker or testimony-bearer has expressed with great emotion her gratitude that she is not like “those women in Salt Lake who are demanding the priesthood” and has exhorted her sisters to renounce any such heresies and heretics.

The message is separation, alienation, with an undertone of fear; and fear clutches at *me*. I know “those women in Salt Lake.” Not only are they not at all like the stereotype being projected on them (for one thing they've never “demanded the priesthood”), but one of them is

my daughter Rebecca. I think of Christ's frightening prediction about our day and the people *within* his kingdom, like you and me and the women in the wards I visited and "those women in Salt Lake":

Then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another. . . . And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But [they] that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved. (Matt. 24:9-13)

So, on this anniversary of the founding of the Mormon Women's Forum, as my prophecy, tragically, seems to be coming true, what can I say? How should we speak? How should *I* speak so that love will not wax cold?

I have chosen mainly to tell some stories, about what it seems like to me to be male and Melchizedek. You must make of them what you will. I think they have some power to heal us and to teach us how to heal others with love. But that will be up to each of us.

John Taylor, who was President of the Church from 1877 to 1887, was visited once by two men who asked him to resolve a bitter quarrel that had alienated them from each other. President Taylor was an exceptionally good singer, with emotional power tempered in such experiences as singing for the Prophet Joseph in the final hour at Carthage Jail. He told the two, "Brethren, before I hear your case, I would like very much to sing one of the songs of Zion for you." When he had finished, he commented that he never heard one of the Church's hymns without wanting to hear another and so sang one more—and then another, and another. Finally the two men were moved to tears and left, fully reconciled, without any discussion of their problem (in Grant 1940, 522).

I wish I could sing, as President Taylor did—or as Michael Hicks did at the "Pillars of My Faith" session at the 1989 Sunstone Symposium. I would like to sing to you, as he did, of both individualism and community. I would sing a version of our wonderful old Mormon hymn:

Know this that every soul is free,
To choose her life and what she'll be.
[That] this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no one to heaven.

And I would sing a later verse we don't often hear:

It is my free will to believe;
'Tis God's free will me to receive;
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
'Tis all free grace and all free will. (*Hymns*, no. 240)

I would also ask in song, from the wonderful old Protestant hymn,

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels' feet have trod?

And I would answer,

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river
Gather with the Saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

But I can't sing. So I will tell you more stories.

On 13 May 1843, George A. Smith rode out from Nauvoo with Joseph Smith, to visit a Mr. Mahon. As they waited for him to join them, Joseph asked George A. his opinion of W. W. Phelps as an editor. George A. tells us in his 15 May diary entry that he replied,

I thought Phelps the sixth part of an editor, that was the satirist. When it came to the cool discretion necessarily intrusted to an editor in the control of public opinion, the soothing of enmity, he was deficient, and would always make more enemies than friends. But for my part I would be willing, if I were able to pay Phelps for editing a paper, providing nobody else should have the privilege of reading it but myself. Joseph laughed heartily and said I had the thing just right. . . . At the close of our conversation, Joseph wrapped his arms around me and pressed me to his bosom and said, "George A., I love you as I do my own life." I felt so affected I could hardly speak.

On 29 April 1846, William C. Staines was struggling through the mud of Iowa toward Council Bluffs, with perhaps fifteen thousand Saints, when Brigham Young, who was constantly rushing up and down the trail pushing out mired wagons, encouraging, worrying himself near distraction, visited Staines' camp. In the evening, Brother Brigham gathered around a fire with these weary Saints and, according to Staines' journal entry for that day,

Spoke of the time when the brute creation would be perfectly docile and harmless. It would be brought about by our faith and patience. That we should not kill the rattlesnakes but should cultivate the spirit of peace with them. Saw two of them in his travels—told them to move out of the way and they did—that Br. Joseph taught this when the camp went to Missouri 13 years ago. As long as the brute creation sees anything to harm them, so long the enmity will remain.

Richard Bushman once said something about Joseph Smith that I believe applies equally well to Brigham Young:

Joseph . . . is not like other individuals (notably, revolutionaries, legislators or religious leaders) who become so absorbed in their public life that their private life is neglected, who seem to have little left for the people who are closest to them, but concentrate instead on the public occasion, the public cause, the good of the people, the fight against evil, etc. That was not true of Joseph. Though he was so engaged, he still drew back to his family and there obtained his deepest satisfactions. (in Durham 1975, 13)

In support of this, I offer two letters. The first is from Joseph to Emma, written 12 November 1838, just after he was placed in Liberty Jail:

I received your letter which I read over and over again, it was a sweet morsel to me. Oh God grant that I may have the privilage of seeing once more my lovely Family, in the injoyment of the sweets of liberty and [social] life, to press them to my bosam and kiss their lovely cheeks would fill my heart with unspeakable gratitude. . . . Tell little Joseph, he must be a good boy. Father loves him with a perfect love, he is the Eldest must not hurt those that are smaller than him, but cumfort them. . . . Julia is a lovely little girl, I love hir also. She is a promising child, tell her Father wants her to remember him and be a good girl. . . . Oh my affectionate Emma, I want you to remember that I am a true and faithful friend, to you and the children, forever. My heart is intertwined around yours forever and ever. (in Jessee 1984, 367-68)

The second letter is from Brigham Young to his wife Mary Ann, written 12 June 1844 as he traveled East on his last mission for Joseph:

My beloved wife, while I am wating for a boat to goe to Buffalo, I improve a fue moments in wrighting to you. . . . This is a plesent evening on the Lake but I feele lonesom. O that I had you with me this somer I think I should be happy. Well I am happy now because I am in my cauling and duing my duty, but [the] older I grow the more I desire to stay at my own home insted of traveling. . . .

. . . How I want to see you and [the children]. Kiss them for me and kiss Luny twice or mor. Tel hir it is for me. Give my love to all the famely. . . .

I do feel to Bless you in the name of the Lord.

You must excuse all mistakes. (in Jessee 1978, 326)

In late September 1839, a group of apostles and seventies gathered in the Kirtland Temple. On their way to do missionary work in England, they stopped at the place they had fled just two years before, at the temple they had abandoned. Some were still very ill from fevers that had attacked them as they started. Brigham reports:

I preached in the forenoon, brother Taylor in the afternoon. In the evening I anointed brother Taylor in the house of the Lord. . . . Brother Kimball opened the meeting by prayer; I then anointed brother Taylor with pure sweet oil, and pronounced such blessings as the Spirit gave utterance. Brother Taylor then arose and prayed for himself. Brother Turley, one of the Seventies, was anointed by D. S. Miles, one of the Presidents of Seventies, which was sealed by loud shouts of hosanna; then their feet were washed and the meeting closed. (Manuscript History, pp. 57-58)

Hugh Nibley, in his Sunstone Symposium address on "Criticizing the Brethren," told of going with various General Authorities in the 1950s to stake conferences to recruit students for BYU. He once traveled through the Southwest with Elder Spencer W. Kimball, and on a stopover in Los Angeles ran out from the station to a nearby used

bookshop and bought a ten-volume set of an obscure theologian's writings. Nibley reports, "I barely made it back to the train by running across a lot. I jumped on the train, plunked down beside Brother Kimball, who was already on the train. . . . As we sat talking about the books, Brother Kimball casually took an immaculate linen handkerchief from the breast pocket of his jacket and, stooping over, vigorously dusted off my shoes and trousers. . . . It was no great thing—*pas d'histoire*. Neither of us said a thing about it, but ever since, that has conditioned my attitude toward the Brethren. I truly believe they are the chosen servants of God" (1989, 24). Hugh Nibley has said that he has never had prominent position in the Church, and the best things he has accomplished were not known by others; he has had the pleasure of that private understanding with the Lord. In the last sequence of *The Faith of an Observer*, the video prepared by the Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies about Nibley's life and work, this Mormon high priest, the only time that I recall seeing tears in his eyes, distills the wisdom of his life: "Repent and forgive," he says, "Repent and forgive."

Like most of you, I grew up hearing about Mary Fielding, wife of Hyrum Smith and mother of Joseph F. Smith, who anointed and blessed her sick ox out by the Sweetwater so she could bring her family on to Zion. Lavina Fielding Anderson has taught us that most of the repeated stories surrounding Mary Fielding are, for good or ill, folklore, that they reduce our whole sense of the woman while glorifying her mere faithfulness (1980, 5). But, as Anderson reminds us, such stories also keep us continuing in faith, and this story moved me, at a time I felt great need traveling across South Dakota with my young family, to put my hands on my Chevrolet and give it a blessing (England 1974). I thought at the time that the Lord responded so I could serve some pressing needs at the branch in Minnesota where I was president, but I think now it might just as well have been for my wife and children.

Anderson has also noted that Mary Fielding's story is now what I would call "uncorrelatable"—I think that's a new word I've invented, a useful one that means "cannot be included in official Church materials." Apparently the problem is not so much that a woman did the anointing as that it is no longer orthodox to anoint animals. Or apparently trees, as I found when the *Ensign* sent to the correlation readers my poem about blessing a tree, and it was turned down "for doctrinal reasons."

"Doctrines" are strange weapons. Most Latter-day Saints apparently now believe that there is some doctrine against praying to our Heavenly Mother—or to Christ, for that matter. Yet it would seem hard to misunderstand that when we sing Eliza R. Snow's hymn "O My Father," which was originally entitled "Invocation, Or Our Heav-

only Father and Mother,” we are literally praying to our Eternal Father and Mother. And it would seem hard to deny the testimony of my great-grandmother, who, alone on a homestead in Idaho while her husband served a mission in England, so sick she could not get up for help, called her children around her and asked them to pray to Jesus for her because he loved little children and would hear them—and they did and he healed her.

As for a woman anointing with oil, we have the carefully recorded experiences of Eliza R. Snow and other women at Winter Quarters and the words of Joseph Smith, which I found in Elder John A. Widstoe’s *Priesthood and Church Government* (1954, 357), then the basic Church leadership manual, when Charlotte and I were missionary companions in Samoa and had no other elders nearby. Joseph taught that the gifts to cast out devils, speak in tongues, and heal the sick are given to all who believe and are baptized, “whether male or female.” When challenged by doubters, he pointed out that the fact that women actually heal people by anointing with oil proves that God honors it (in J. F. Smith 1964, 224).

What is it like, being male and Melchizedek? In the summer of 1970, my family and I arrived in Northfield, Minnesota, where I had taken a job at a Lutheran college. We went to church the first Sunday in a rented hall over Joe’s Bar, a scene literally like those in the old missionary stories, with beer bottles on the stairs and fumes from below. It was testimony Sunday, and after the sacrament the other members of the branch (my family of eight had nearly doubled their attendance) all looked around expectantly to see what we had to say.

I thought, then, that our future in the Church there looked dismal, that we had little in common with the members and that they would have little interest in the doctrinal and ethical issues that had been so important to me as a student and Institute teacher at Stanford. But five years later, when we left that branch, our family had had perhaps its richest time of spiritual growth and happiness in the Church. What had made the change? Well, as you might have guessed, the second week there I was called as branch president. I had the good sense *not* to begin talking about my theological and moral and political concerns right away but instead tried to be a good pastor for my little flock, visiting their homes, sharing their sorrows and insecurities. I helped a terrified young convert bless his sick daughter, gave encouragement to a woman who worked all night as a janitor to support her drunken husband, and responded to a call in the middle of the night to comfort the parents of a boy whose brother had just killed him driving drunk—and later tried to help the brother forgive himself. After about six months, I could talk with my branch about anything I wanted

to and felt fully accepted. They trusted me because they had learned firsthand that I was true.

In 1978 we built a home just north of Brigham Young University and moved into what we were told immediately was “the best ward in the best stake in the Church.” Each Sunday we were given statistics to back up this claim: percentages for attendance, home teaching, tithe paying, etc., were all in the 90s, the ward had about thirty missionaries out all the time, and it enjoyed a beautiful rock chapel, with a pipe organ, and dozens of BYU professors to teach the classes and lead the ward. I found myself feeling just the opposite from what I had felt in Minnesota, alienated from all that open prosperity and what I saw as smugness. I seriously considered taking my family over to the southwest side of Provo or out into the country to find a struggling ward like the Minnesota branch we’d known. But I believed in the divine anti-gerrymandering that forms Mormon congregations by geography rather than choice and stayed put. Ten years later, I felt I had had another time of great spiritual growth.

What made the difference? Again, as you might have guessed, I was called into service. Four years ago, a new bishop, a person quite different from myself, a business type who seemed to me an obvious Philistine and who I had been convinced thought of me as a pinko egghead, called me to be his counselor. He must have been hit hard on the head by an angel even to think of me. But, because of that priesthood calling, we prayed together, wept together over others’ heart-break and sin, comforted the dying together, and now I love him as I do few others, would give my life for him. I have also come to realize that this “best ward in the Church” is just like the rest, full of people with grief and problems and people who are willing to quietly help and comfort each other. We have recently been released because that bishop needed to give fuller attention to his family—and perhaps because I did too.

There is another part of being male and Melchizedek. When I helped found *IALOGUE* in 1965, I was serving in the Stanford Ward bishopric. We editors invited friends and Church members and leaders in Palo Alto to a meeting to explain what we were doing and to invite support and contributions. My stake president approached me afterwards and said, “Gene, I think this journal can be a good thing, but if you are involved you will never obtain high position in Church.” I replied, “Why are you telling me this? It’s fine with me if I never have high position.” Besides, I thought, if you really believe, as you often say, that the Lord inspires such calls, independent of the prejudices of those who make them, how can you know whether he will call me? But his prophecy has come true.

Two years after this experience, in 1967, I wrote an essay stating why, as a Mormon Christian, I could not support the war in Vietnam (England 1967); and I began to point out, in the Institute ethics class I taught, the scriptures and First Presidency statements that had influenced my decision to oppose the war. One of my Institute students had been thinking about conscientious objection for his own reasons and decided about this time to apply. His parents assumed (wrongly, I believe) that I was responsible for his decision; they spoke to that same stake president, who then called the Institute supervisor in Provo. He directed me to stop discussing the war in my classes or be fired. After a month of thought and discussion with Charlotte, and prayer, I stopped.

In April 1989, Charlotte and I saw the Ballet West production of Act II of *Swan Lake*. I had been thinking about a panel presentation I was to make at the BYU Women's Conference and could not resist interpreting the ballet as a parable about men and women and marriage in Western culture. Prince Siegfried has come of age and, in keeping with the central human tradition, must choose a bride. He is out hunting swans with his companions but is in a meditative mood about his upcoming responsibilities. He sees a swan come out of the lake and turn into a beautiful woman, who tells him that she and her companions are under a spell and only at night can take on human form. When the sorcerer, Von Rothbart, appears in the form of an owl, the Prince wants to shoot him but is prevented by the woman, Odette. She and the maidens dance in a glade as the prince searches for her among them, and then in a marvelous pas de deux they fall in love. But, with the dawn, Odette succumbs again to the spell and turns back into a swan.

This ancient story is perhaps the most popular modern ballet, and extended commentary about its relevance to us is tempting; but let me mention only two things: First, there is a strange confusion in the prince's companions, who aren't certain which to shoot, the owl or the swans. They can't decide whether to attack whatever it is in our culture that enslaves women and turns them into passive, less-than-human creatures—or to attack the women themselves. Certainly this has been one of the amazing reactions to the Mormon Women's Forum, which is somehow seen as more dangerous—and more to be opposed—than the sexism that so horribly abuses and endangers women. Perhaps the prince's friends recognize their kinship to the owl, the male sorcerer, and cannot attack what is deep in themselves.

Second, viewed from our seats back in the mezzanine, the dancing of Daniela Buson was elegantly shaped, flawless, and wonderfully expressive, in Lev Ivanov's classical choreography, of her transitions

from swan to woman to lover. But as I looked through my opera glasses at Buson's face, I saw a constant mask of pain, tragic yearning, and fear combined in this woman escaping enchantment in response to her womanly nature. I remembered that most of the great ballerinas, beginning at least with Pavlova, have naturally taken on that face. Is it fear of being drawn back into the enchantment or of being taken out into something even more terrible and demanding—mature love and marriage? I found it hard to watch that face, perhaps because I have seen such a face of combined fear and yearning on Mormon women, young and old, who have come to my office for counsel in the last decade, perhaps even more because I have begun to recognize such fear and yearning combined in myself as a married Mormon man.

In the past ten years, I have become increasingly unsure about the value and satisfactions of my traditional male role as aggressive achiever, doer, decider, spokesman—which, for all my achievements, has left me lonely and defensive, in some ways emotionally immature. I have become uneasy about what our culture has traditionally designated the “masculine” virtues of courage, pride, self-confidence, rational assertion, generalization, decisiveness—which, for all their apparent value, seem to leave individuals and societies in constant, unsatisfied desire, engaged in endless envy, rivalry, and imitative violence. I have found inadequate, for my own needs as a poet and essayist, the traditional male style of straightforward narration, logical conclusiveness—which, for all it says, leaves much of what is most important to me unsaid. Instead, I find myself, though I'm still not very good at it, wanting to listen, cooperate, nurture with presence, learn rather than teach. I yearn to *be* more than to do, to give mercy more and seek justice less, to heal rather than to help, to be meek. I want to hear my inner voices, record their circling presence, trust my unconscious mind as it moves upon silence, as it responds to the unpredictable, uncapturable breeze of the Holy Ghost. I do not want to be the sorcerer, to hold power that changes women into something else.

My best piece of writing so far, I believe (and more objective critics have agreed), is a personal essay called “Easter Weekend” (1988). In writing it, I began to discover the “woman” in myself, a voice that hovered and circled rather than thrusting to conclusions, that combined narratives like a mosaic to get at emotional patterns rather than moving through logical exposition to a rational conclusion. With increasing assurance, I listened for and finally heard and expressed new voices, different from my own but part of me. No, I don't believe women naturally write that way or that all men should. I only know that I discovered important things, things I am excitedly exploring, that

cultural male modes and models had not provided me. To paraphrase Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*, “I was a better man when I was a woman than I was when I was a man.”

Let me conclude with some remarks on what I see beyond patriarchy, beyond polygamy, perhaps even beyond priesthood. I only ventured a prophecy once, remember, and it is becoming so true I am loathe to venture again. But some reflections: One of the women I heard fulminate against “those women in Salt Lake” was teaching a Gospel Doctrine class. Later in the lesson, she talked about the angels that appeared at the Kirtland Temple and recalled that it was Gabriel who also appeared two times to Mary. Then this modern Mormon woman said, “When the angel spoke, Jesus leapt in her *wound*.” She repeated it, unconsciously I’m sure, three or four times, “. . . Jesus leapt in her *wound*.”

I cannot imagine what strange kind of Freudian slip this was, but it frightened me with its bland but violent irrationality. I do not believe God wounded women in the womb. It frightens me that many, perhaps most Western Christians, apparently including most Latter-day Saints, still believe that. The idea that Eve, because of her womanly nature, was the first to fall and the cause of Adam’s fall, and that thus all women are inferior and must be punished in childbirth and subjugated by men, persisted into Joseph Smith’s time; but one of the most remarkable achievements of the Restoration was to denounce it. In fact, the Lord warned Joseph many times that the plain truths of the gospel had been lost to God’s children because of what he called “the tradition of their *fathers*” (D&C 74:4; 93:39; my emphasis). Joseph was given to understand specifically that “our wives and children” have been made to “bow down with grief, sorrow, and care” because of “that spirit which hath so strongly riveted the creeds of the fathers, who have inherited lies, upon the hearts of the children, and filled the world with confusion” (D&C 123:7). Nothing has more literally fulfilled that description than the false Christian creeds concerning the Fall, teachings which have directly obscured the central truth that both male and female are alike unto God and have caused women and children sorrow and all of us great confusion.

Given the deep entrenchment of that false idea about Eve in American religion of the early nineteenth century, one of the most amazing revelations of the Restoration was received right after the Church was organized in 1830. In Doctrine and Covenants 29, the Lord explicitly denies the idea of Eve’s prior transgression by saying *Adam* was the one who initiated the Fall: “The devil tempted Adam, and he partook of the forbidden fruit and transgressed the commandment. . . . Wherefore, I . . . caused that he should be cast out from the Garden”

(29:40–41). But of course God is using the term Adam, a plural proper noun, to mean here *both* Adam and Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Adam as President Spencer W. Kimball called them. The scripture affirms what we might have expected: Our great, divinely chosen first parents, the first eternally married couple on earth and the model for us all in our marriages, made that crucial decision through consultation and agreement and some kind of *united decision and action*. Much of the pain I have seen on the faces of Mormon women in the past few years could be removed, I believe, if we taught this true doctrine, which honors women and men equally and gives them equal responsibility.

Margaret Toscano and others are right, I believe, in analysis that shows that Joseph Smith intended a shared priesthood of some kind, higher than the Melchizedek or at least more inclusive, and actually succeeded in giving it, at least in part, to the temple couples in Nauvoo (Toscano 1985). Why was it lost to women—or at least increasingly hidden? Perhaps for the same reason that the priesthood, given to blacks at the beginning of the Restoration, was later lost to them. Perhaps it took Joseph Smith to bring off something so radical in a Western culture, and his premature death prevented the complete revolution. Perhaps the reasons are historical, involving the old paradigm from Leviticus of God's chosen people living a lesser law. We, meaning white males, given the racism and sexism intrinsic to our culture, were simply not ready for blacks—or women—to have the priesthood and function in it in ways that would be a blessing to blacks or women. When we became ready enough to accept black *men* in that role, priesthood power was given to them through revelation. We are becoming ready, I believe, to accept women in that role, and perhaps it will be given, through revelation.

But, of course, the situation is not the same, despite the parallels. Many more people are involved, and the threats to our past identity and traditional gender roles in Mormonism are much greater. In addition, it may be more difficult to overcome the powerful false popular theology about Eve that was developed to explain sexist practices than the false theories concerning Cain or our premortal existence that were developed to explain our racist practice of priesthood denial (see England 1990).

What then can we do now? One thing might be to do what faithful members did in the sixties and seventies regarding blacks and priesthood: expunge sexism from ourselves, struggle to understand that we are indeed alike to God and what the full consequences of that equality are. We can insist on equality as a principle, work patiently toward countering in effective ways the sexist false theology concerning Eve and polygamy, and wait for God slowly to change the sexist

practices of the Church when it will indeed be a blessing to both women and men for him to do so. That time will not come without spiritual preparation.

The last official Church statement on blacks and the priesthood invited people all over the earth to pray that all the blessings of God will come to all his children—which, of course, could only happen when blacks were given the priesthood (First Presidency 1969). Few obeyed that invitation. Maybe there are important things we are not yet doing concerning gender roles, such as that kind of prayer. And maybe we are focusing too much on our wounds. We are all wounded in various ways, whether we hold the priesthood or not, whether we are the victims or victimizers in the war of the sexes; but God has not done the wounding. We must not wear our wounds as stigmata. Only Christ has a right to those.

Certainly we are not living the fullness of whatever priesthood men and women have right now, in order to prepare for the fullness to come. We must, I believe, hold to the basics, the covenants we know are true, such as the law of the gospel. We need to obey *all* the temple covenants, and we need to renew them often, even if the experience is partly painful. We can be practical about this and reduce the pain.

I was once wounded by some things I had to do in the temple, which I didn't understand, except as products of the deep and understandable paranoia of nineteenth-century Saints about the betrayals and violence inflicted on them. Perhaps those parts of the ceremony wounded me as much as the figurative enactment of Eve's apparent punishment and submission did some women. At any rate, I dealt with my problem by focusing on healing and central gospel principles that overwhelmingly contradicted the negative implications I otherwise could let come in—and now the recent changes have removed the problem. May I suggest to any who are still troubled by the Adam and Eve enactment that you memorize D&C 29:40 and Eve's great speech in Moses 5:11 about "our transgression" and 2 Nephi 26:33 and repeat them when it would help.

The testimony of Washington, D.C., attorney Kathleen Flake at the 1989 Sunstone Symposium's "Pillars of My Faith" session may also be helpful. After she tells of her separation for a time from the Church (mainly because of its sexism) she relates her tentative and painful beginning to return:

Finally, one day having escaped to the Blue Ridge at a Yoga retreat, I sat meditating upon the conflicts which I tolerated, even fostered, in my life in my attempt to ward off the threat I felt from the institution of the Church. It came to me as surely as any revelation I have ever received that, if I truly wanted to know God the Mother and be called her daughter, I would have to conform myself to

the law of the gospel and make peace with her Son's Church. I bowed to this necessity and in doing so found the pillar to my faith.

In the few months from the time I submitted to his will and travelled the distance from the [legal] bar to the temple without so much as a touch of vertigo, Christ has cared for me with a sweet genius I cannot adequately describe. It was in those days of learning of him that I found the thing upon which my life could be ordered in such a way as to bear all the old and some new stresses. It is, I think, this pillar that will remain standing into eternity, years after other parts of my temple have worn away. It is simply and ambiguously stated as the love of God. I fear this answer will disappoint you. That you would have me say something that sounds less sentimental, more exotic. Or, maybe I'm the one who is embarrassed to be talking this way after all the years of intellectual pyrotechnics. Nevertheless, I must say unequivocally, with John, that God is defined by the love he offers us and that this love is enough, his grace is sufficient. (Flake 1989, 36)

With Kathleen, I testify that Christ's grace is sufficient to take us where we need to go. I believe we are moving quite quickly past patriarchy in its negative sense. My children's generation is almost there, and remarkable new helps are coming regularly. Here is one such help, a passage from Carlfred Broderick's book on building a celestial marriage, *One Flesh, One Heart*:

Immediately after setting me apart as a stake president, Elder Boyd K. Packer sat me down to give me a few points of advice on how to succeed in my new calling. I was fully prepared to be receptive to his counsel, but I couldn't help being taken aback by his first admonition.

"Now, President, I don't want you treating your wife like you do the stake."

I was mildly offended. I said, "I wasn't planning on treating either the stake or my wife badly."

"I know," he continued, "but you need to treat them, well, differently. In the stake when a decision is to be made, you will seek the opinion of your counselors and other concerned individuals. Then you will prayerfully reach a decision on the matter, and they will all rally round and support you because you are the president and you have the mantle of authority. In your family when there is a decision to be made that affects everyone, you and your wife together will seek whatever counsel you might need, and together you will prayerfully come to a unified decision. If you ever pull priesthood rank on her you will have failed in your leadership." (Broderick 1986, 31-32)

Finally, as an indication of progress and hope, I don't believe we will ever, and I mean *ever*, practice polygamy again. I cite my reasons in my essay "On Fidelity, Polygamy, and Celestial Marriage": Mainly that a requirement so central and important to our eternal salvation should be firmly grounded in the scriptures, but eternal polygamy is not. Even D&C 132 supports such an idea only ambiguously (England 1987).

Gradually women are realizing that they don't have to believe polygamy is the ideal nor continue to be dishonored by the thought. One of

the things I feel best about in my life is the women who have read my essay and told me it freed them from the necessary expectation of polygamy, enabling them to feel honorable for the first time.

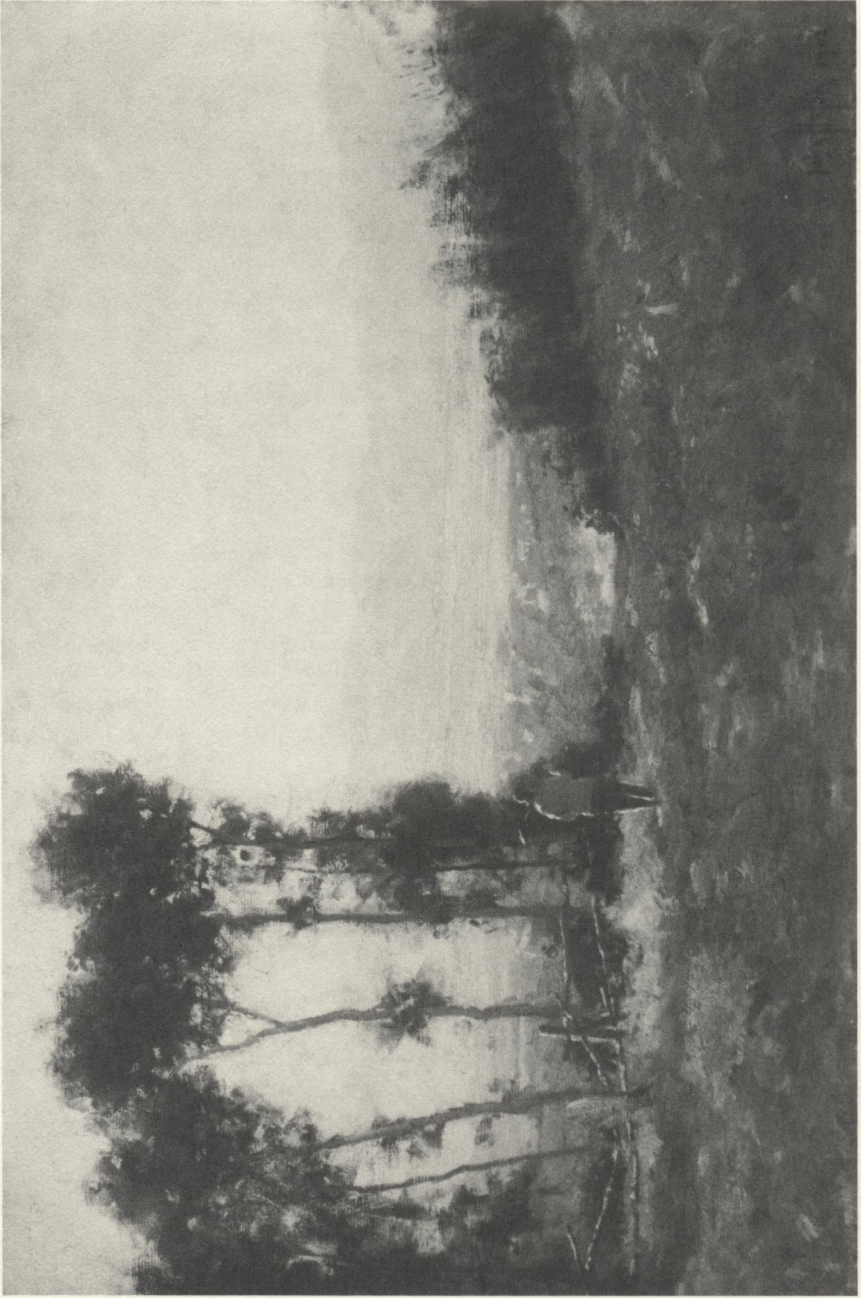
What lies "beyond priesthood"? I don't know. I believe the Melchizedek Priesthood is a preparatory priesthood, like the Aaronic. Perhaps, rather than being given to women, since it carries with it the trappings of authority and power that have been so misused by some men, it will wither away in favor of the temple priesthood. That priesthood, though we don't know much about it, is already shared fully and equally by sealed men and women as kings and queens, priests and priestesses. But those titles seem, in light of Joseph's teachings, to be clearly figurative. We will be monarchs only in the sense that a chief must be the servant of all, and priestly only as we become bearers of the healing and serving gifts.

The glass is dark before me, but I see some things clearly: Wherever we are going, it will not be by force or by fear, by imitation or by rivalry, but only as described in our greatest revelation on priesthood, Doctrine and Covenants 121, especially verses 41-46, which all of us who hold or wish to hold any kind of priesthood should study regularly. If what is coming has anything at all to do with priesthood, it must come by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned. It will distill upon our souls as the dews from heaven and flow unto us, without compulsory means, forever and ever. It will come only to those whose faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.

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The Grammar of Inequity

Lavina Fielding Anderson

THE THOUGHTFUL AND SUBTLE philosopher Montaigne once remarked: “Most of the grounds of the world’s troubles are matters of grammar” (in Auden and Kronenberger 1962, 155).

Now this is not just one of those terribly clever French writers being cute. He was expressing a principle that I, as a writer and editor, have come to see as a fact of our universe. The way we arrange words is determined by and, in turn, determines the way we arrange our reality. The labels we apply to people determine, in large measure, our relationships with them; but our relationships also reshape those categories and labels.

This essay explores some of the strengths of deliberately choosing to relate to our world with gender-inclusive language in three areas crucial to our religious life—our scriptures, our hymns, and our prayers. I recognize that not everyone is comfortable analyzing the way we speak or altering traditional forms of speech. That discomfort may become particularly acute in the discussion on prayer where I double the stakes: I urge not only using inclusive language, but also replacing the formal language of prayer with everyday speech. I make this double plea because I feel that one shift in understanding—including Mother in Heaven—cannot occur without the other—praying in the most familiar and direct ways we can.

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Why am I urging this program of grammatical reform? Inclusive speech is not only ethically right but has profound spiritual consequences. How we read the scriptures and how we pray shape our relationship with our divine parents. It is a truism to say that we speak in ways that are familiar to us, but it is a painful thing to realize that the familiar speech of our religious experience excludes women. The mother tongue belongs to the fathers. For Latter-day Saints, familiar religious speech is the language of the King James and Joseph Smith translations of the Bible, the Doctrine and Covenants, the Book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price. The scriptures are profoundly exclusionary. It is an agonizing paradox; but to the degree we love and use the language of the scriptures, we also love and use the language of exclusion.

Yet this is not my view of God. I feel to the very depths of my soul that the Savior's mission was to women as well as to men, that our theology embraces a divine couple, that the place of our Mother in Heaven is as secure as that of our Father in Heaven, and that a full understanding of godhood will eventually include an understanding of her powers, principles, and responsibilities.

I feel that women must be fully included in the gospel of Jesus Christ, not because the scriptural texts fully include them nor because our theology perfectly includes them but because any other pattern does violence to the fabric of the universe, distorting and misshaping the image of God that I strive, however imperfectly, to see and reach toward. When language becomes a veil, masking and disguising God, then it is imperative, as a matter of spiritual health, that language change. I think that the process, though arduous, will be accompanied by joy.

INCLUSIVE LANGUAGE IN THE CHURCH

I had the instructive experience some time ago of reading through an entire conference issue of the *Ensign* (November 1988) looking specifically for messages of inclusion and exclusion. I would not particularly recommend this exercise, except as a research project, since it narrows one's focus. Nor is it the way I usually read conference addresses. However, I enjoyed spending this concentrated time with the conference texts, discovering points of agreement, feeling called to repentance by some talks, comforted by others, and being astonished by still others.

But with my particular assignment in mind, I looked for references to women and made lists. I excluded scriptural quotations because women are comparatively rare in the scriptures. In the interests of

fairness, I also excluded references to Jesus and Joseph Smith. This particular conference happened to be the October 1988 conference, in which Richard G. Scott was made an apostle. I excluded references to him that were ritual expressions of welcome to the Quorum of the Twelve and references to President Benson that were expressions of support, appreciation for his presence, and so forth.

Here are the results of what I found:

1. Except in the priesthood session, all talks were addressed equally to both men and women.

2. When speakers quoted named individuals who were not scriptural personages, they quoted thirty-one men and five women.

3. In examples and stories, thirty involved men only, nine involved women only, and seventeen involved men and women.

4. Twenty men and two women were named.

Yes, the results were fairly lopsided. So what else is new? And furthermore, expressions of ritual indignation about the imbalance are actually pretty boring. Far more interesting are some additional observations:

One is that Michaelene P. Grassli, the Primary general president, spoke in the Sunday afternoon session with General Authorities on both sides. This is definite progress. This new custom is a trend which I'm happy to applaud along with the continued presence of the women organizational leaders on the stand.

Another cheering item is that about half of the General Authorities who referred to their wives called them by their names. I also consider this to be a helpful, hopeful trend since a name is an individual expression of personhood whereas "wife" (like "husband") is a role that is automatically created by marriage.

Even more significant in the good news department were the evident, serious, concentrated efforts of the men who spoke to use inclusive language in their remarks. For example:

1. In Elder Neal A. Maxwell's eloquent address, he said: "Why do some crush and break the tender hearts of spouses and children through insensitivity and even infidelity?" and called them "pathetic men or women." The reference to "breaking the tender hearts" of course echoes the language of Jacob's strong denunciation of adulterous husbands in the Book of Mormon ("ye have broken the hearts of your tender wives," Jac. 2:35). Elder Maxwell has correctly noted that either spouse can commit adultery with the same devastating effects (p. 33).

2. Elder David Haight rephrased a quotation from Laurel Thatcher Ulrich that had originally applied only to women so that it also included men: "I suppose every Mormon [man and] woman [have] measured [themselves] at one time or another against [their] pioneer ancestors' "

(brackets his). Elder Haight also added a masculine example to parallel Laurel's feminine one. "Could I leave my wife and children without food or means to support themselves while I responded to a call to serve a mission abroad, or take these same innocent ones, dependent solely upon me for their survival, into hostile territory to set up house-keeping and provide a livelihood for them? Or, were I a woman, [and here's he's quoting Laurel's example], 'could I crush my best china to add glitter to a temple, bid loving farewell to a missionary husband as I lay in a wagon bed with fever and chills, leave all that I possessed and walk across the plains to an arid wilderness?'" (pp. 82-83). Yes, we all know that most pioneer women could probably not accurately be described as "solely dependent" and, in fact, usually managed to support those same husbands on missions while putting food on the table for their children at home—but it's quite obvious that a sincere effort to apply a principle of inclusiveness prompted Elder Haight's remarks.

3. President Thomas Monson, in speaking at the priesthood session, referred to athletic teams of "young men and young women" (p. 44).

4. President Howard W. Hunter reminded his listeners that "God knows and loves us all. We are, every one of us, his daughters and his sons" (p. 60). This language is particularly noteworthy because it specifies daughters and sons, rather than the more usual phrase "children of God," and also puts daughters first.

5. Elder Richard G. Scott, in referring to the dedication of the Mexico City Temple, mentions the presence of "many of the men and women leaders of Mexico and Central America" (p. 76), a deliberate and inclusive specification instead of the more usual reference just to "leaders."

In short, I feel confident in affirming a sensitivity and courtesy on the part of General Authorities that manifests itself in real efforts to use more gender-inclusive language and to include women more visibly in the public rituals of general conference. Why, then, did I end up feeling those all-too-familiar and all-too-awful feelings of grief as I read the thoughtful and kindly messages of these sensitive and decent men?

The answer is that it has very little to do either with them or with me. The mechanisms of patriarchy are embedded deep in our culture and our language. I have long been dismayed at what the Church "does" to women, but I have been short-sighted. The Church neither invented the mechanisms of patriarchy nor shaped the grammar of inequity. The sources of oppression seep through the bedrock of our culture itself. That insight has brought me feelings of understanding and even forgiveness that are very healing.

However, it has not brought me acceptance. Inequity is wrong—ethically and morally wrong. If the wrong runs to bedrock, then correcting it cannot be done quickly and easily—but it must be done. I am not qualified to discuss political and economic strata in that bedrock, but I do want to explore the sedimentary accretions of its grammar.

I am going to use President Ezra Taft Benson's powerful closing address as an example. I do so with some hesitation, since I am aware of the real danger of making a person "an offender for a word," in the terms of Isaiah's rebuke of those whom he calls "the scorners" (Isa. 29:20–21). Not in a critical spirit, then, but to demonstrate the terrible irony that "feasting" on the words of the scriptures is a diet deficient in inclusiveness, let's look at that address. President Benson speaks to "my beloved brethren and sisters" and refers to "offspring of a loving God," children of God, members, parents, leaders, teachers, and families, all in gender-neutral language. But he also refers to "the agency of man" and "all mankind" and says (1) "God reveals His will to all men," (2) "I testify that it is time for every man to set in order his own house. . . . It is time for the unbeliever to learn for himself that this work is true," and (3) "In due time all men will gain a resurrection" (p. 87). Although he appropriately uses masculine references about the apostles Christ chose and about the president of the Church, there is no contextual reason for exclusionary language in the settings of the quotations I have just cited.

I am not, as I said, accusing President Benson of insensitivity or discourtesy to women. I am simply using his address to point out how deeply and strongly traditions of usage grip our language. Yet I believe that we cannot correctly understand either the God we worship or our own ultimate potential as gods as relationships of male-female inequity. If I am correct, then we must change those traditions and foster a new language of inclusion. But how? We will not find a complete answer to this dilemma in the scriptures, nor in our history, nor in our theology, although we can find support for an inclusionary position in all three. I believe that we must find the answer first in our own hearts, then turn outward with questions—not questions like "Why are things the way they are?" or "How can we make *them* or *it* change?" but "How can I behave so that my actions mirror the truth of what I feel in my heart?"

What are the implications of approaching our scriptures, our hymns, and our prayers with language that reflects our deepest convictions about the relationships that should exist among men and women and about our even more important relationship with God?

READING THE SCRIPTURES TO INCLUDE

An obvious beginning is to read the scriptures with inclusionary language. This is quite a bit easier than we might think. Our son, Christian, was, as I recall, about four and a half when I realized how adept he had become. Our bedtime story involved a rabbit in red overalls, and I said something like, "See the bunny? He's looking for something to eat." Christian, absorbed in the picture, commented absentmindedly, "Or she." At age eight, Christian had no trouble editing John 3:3 at normal reading speed to emerge as: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man [or woman] be born again, he [or she] cannot see the kingdom of God." Inclusionary language has already become, to a large extent, the familiar speech of our son, and we hope that he will learn to correct exclusionary language with the same reflex that he corrects incorrect grammar.

I might add that Christian is getting into the spirit of the thing at age nine and is lobbying to include children. Now, if a nine-year-old can successfully negotiate the grammar of this passage—"Except a man or a woman or a child be born of the water and of the Spirit, he or she cannot enter into the kingdom of God"—I think the rest of us just might be able to stumble along in his or her footsteps.

In addition to the very real psychological impact for women of consciously including themselves and for men of consciously including women, there are some theological advantages. Think, if you will, of Christ as the "Son of Man—and Woman."

Let us become editors—all of us. Let us shape our daily experience so that inclusionary language becomes our common speech.

SINGING OUR HYMNS IN A NEW VOICE

My husband, Paul, who has received probably more attention and appreciation for his hymn texts in the new hymnal than anything else he has done in a list of quite considerable achievements, has observed wryly that more Mormons get their theology from the hymnal than from the scriptures. As a former English major, I would also observe that more Mormons get their poetry there as well. It is unfortunate, then, that our current hymnal, the first in two decades, made no visible effort to modify or reduce exclusionary language in its texts.¹

¹ I hope to see in print soon an excellent paper on exclusionary language in the hymns that Jean Ann Waterstradt, retired professor of English at Brigham Young University, delivered at the Association for Mormon Letters annual meeting 27 January 1990 at Salt Lake City.

It is more difficult to change words in many hymns than in the scriptures, however, since there are requirements of rhythm and, even more difficult, of rhyme to consider. Frankly, our family editings are not overly concerned with creating smooth alternative readings to the hymns; but our growing ability to spot and correct exclusive language as we sing along has enlivened many an otherwise lackluster song practice session. This month in our ward, we've been singing "Know This, That Every Soul Is Free" (no. 240), which includes those truly shattering lines: "Freedom and reason make us men;/Take these away, what are we then?/Mere animals . . ." As I recall, I sang "make us persons," Paul sang "make us human," and Christian sang "make us homo sapiens." Christian then continued with gusto, "Take these away, what are we then?/ Meer schweinchen . . ." (He had just learned the German word for "guinea pig" and was delighted to find such a good place to use it.) I think this memory may even replace that memorable Sunday when we all disgraced ourselves with giggles over a line that talked about how "faith buoys us up" and Paul triumphantly sang, "boys and girls us up."

Many uses of "man" or "men" in a hymn yield gracefully to such monosyllables as "we," "us," "all," or "souls," as: "Gently raise the sacred strain,/For the Sabbath's come again/ That we may rest . . ." (no. 146). Or the line from "It Came upon the Midnight Clear": "Peace on the earth, good will to all . . ." (no. 207); "And praises sing to God the King, and peace to us on earth" (no. 208). I confess that I haven't found a graceful solution to the last line of "I Believe in Christ," which concludes: "When on this earth he comes again/To rule among the sons of men" (no. 134). Usually we just go for broke and recklessly cram in, "To rule among the sons and daughters of men and women."

I'd suggest experimenting with your own singing to find gender-inclusive language that you feel comfortable with. I loved reading Kelli Frame's (1989) report of her glorious experience in singing "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" with feminine pronouns ("She overcometh all/She saveth from the fall . . ."). At our last scripture study group, I tried singing it with inclusive pronouns: "They overcome it all/ They save us from the fall/ Their might and power are great./ They all things did create/ And they shall reign forevermore." It truly *felt* glorious!

ENCOUNTERING OUR HEAVENLY PARENTS IN PRAYER

A third area in which our language truly benefits from thoughtful reshaping toward a more inclusive reality is in our prayers. Here, I think grammar offers a single-stone solution to two hard-to-kill birds:

the impediment of formal language and the fact that our public prayers are addressed only to God the Father.

I am not, at this point, urging that we pray to Mother in Heaven. I hope the time will come when we can address both of our divine parents in our public petitions; but for the moment, I propose a first step toward that solution. I think that the real obstacle to including our Mother in Heaven in public prayers is not theological as much as it is grammatical. We've all worked hard to master the intimate pronouns and verb forms of seventeenth-century England. We have a real intellectual and emotional investment in the grammar of such prayer phrases as: "We thank thee that thou hast preserved us in health and dost maintain us before thee and pray that thou mightest continue so to do." Again, after putting in thirty or forty years, we hear such language as familiar speech. There is a shock in hearing, "We thank you that you have preserved us and do maintain us and pray that you will continue to do so."

I am firmly convinced, however, that we have confused reverence with grammatical familiarity and, as with inclusive language in the scriptures, it's simply a matter of saying the new words over and over until we get used to them. I suggest that we start praying privately in our own normal speech, using *you* and *your*. It will make these prayers more intimate, more natural, and more loving. It is a pleasant coincidence in our language that *you* is both a singular and a plural pronoun. I think that once we make the grammatical adjustment of hearing the ambiguous *you*, we can then tackle the theological problem of how many people it refers to.

There is, however, a political problem. (There usually is with grammatical points.) The Church has a policy on the language of public prayer. Those seventeenth-century pronouns and verb forms have become shibboleths of ecclesiastical respectability that are hard to displace. When I worked on the *Ensign* staff, we prepared a special issue on prayer in January 1976. It included a message by Elder Bruce R. McConkie, "Why the Lord Ordained Prayer," that included ten points he thought essential in understanding prayer. In addition to such points as "ask for temporal and spiritual blessings" and "use both agency and prayer," he also insisted, "Follow the formalities of prayer."

Our Father is glorified and exalted; he is an omnipotent being. We are as the dust of the earth in comparison, and yet we are his children with access, through prayer, to his presence. . . .

We approach Deity in the spirit of awe, reverence, and worship. We speak in hushed and solemn tones. We listen for his answer. We are at our best in prayer. We are in the divine presence.

Almost by instinct, therefore, we do such things as bow our heads and close our eyes; fold our arms, or kneel, or fall on our faces. We use the sacred language

of prayer (that of the King James Version of the Bible—thee, thou, thine, not you and your). (p. 12)²

This argument deserves some serious consideration. I do not question that Elder McConkie was absolutely sincere in what he said or that this description represents his experience. However, I honestly cannot say that my best prayers have always been uttered in “hushed and solemn tones.” Many of my best prayers have been uttered when I’ve been all but speechless with fury, or sobbing with pain, or near bursting with delight. I know, because these are the prayers when I feel instantaneous and profound contact—not always answers, but unquestionably a fully understanding listener.

Nor do I believe that we “instinctively” assume the posture of prayer. I may hold the world’s record for length of term as a Sunbeam teacher, and I can state authoritatively that there is *nothing* instinctive about folding one’s arms. Likewise, I don’t think we instinctively use the “sacred language” of prayer. I think we instinctively try to use the most meaningful language we have, but people who are floundering around trying to decide between “wilt” and “wouldst” are not having a worshipful experience. They are having a confusing experience and, if the prayer is offered in public, probably an embarrassing one as well.

For that same issue of the *Ensign* in January 1976, the staff commissioned an article by a BYU professor of English called “The Language of Formal Prayer.” It begins by quoting Joseph Fielding Smith’s guilt-producing statement that the rise of modern translations of the scriptures that use “the popular language of the day, has, in the opinion of the writer and his brethren, been a great loss in the building of faith and spirituality in the minds and hearts of the people” (in Norton 1976, 44). From that point, the article is well written and engaging. It explains the rules for using *thou*, *thee*, *thy*, *thine*, and their accompanying verb forms and provides several useful quizzes to check knowledge and skill levels as the article progresses.

I remember liking the article very much in 1976; now, I’m rather shocked at myself. It is not that the article’s quality has deteriorated in the meantime but that my feelings about how we should relate to God have changed. I recognize now that even in 1976, I was maintaining a rather complex double standard in my prayer speech. As a missionary a decade earlier in France, I had learned appropriate Mormon prayers

² This position is not just a historical one but a very current one. The home teachers’ message for February 1990, delivered by my visiting teachers along with the visiting teachers’ message for the same month, concluded its remarks on prayer with: “We can show greater respect to Deity by using Thee instead of you, Thou instead of your, and Thine instead of yours.” (Typescript in my possession.)

which, as a matter of linguistic convention, use the intimate pronouns, *tu-toi*. These are, like their English counterparts of *thee* and *thine*, the only pronouns in French for singular *you*. French, again like English, uses the plural “you” (*vous*) on “formal” occasions whether one individual or several is being addressed. Missionaries were forbidden to *tu-toi* anybody except little children “as a matter of propriety”; but normal French-speakers *tu-toi* lovers, relatives, youngsters, chums, pets—and God.

Clearly, if the Church were being consistent about addressing God in the most exalted and formal speech available to them, French members and missionaries would have been counseled to use *vous*. They weren’t, I believe, because the issue was not one of formality at all. The issue was one of having a special language—and in English, a now difficult, abstruse, and abnormal one—reserved for God. I am pleased that this is one cultural manifestation of Mormonism we have failed to export.

As I gained more familiarity and fluency in French, I began using French for my private prayers. I still remember how tender, how affectionate, how *close* it made me feel to God. Naturally I asked myself why my own language did not have quite this effect. As the daughter of two conscientious and thoroughly orthodox Latter-day Saints, I literally cannot recall ever having heard God addressed as *you* up to that point. I maintained the habit of praying in French for a full fifteen years after my mission because I cherished its intimacy. I feel a special love for Alison Smith, a convert of two weeks, because of her prayer in a University Second Ward sacrament meeting in Seattle two years after my return. Untutored in torturous King James English, she helped me realize that intimate prayer did not have to remain a solitary vice.

Since its founding, the Church has been attached to the King James Version of the Bible; but as Philip Barlow’s (1989) careful and convincing essay establishes, that attachment is largely a historic accident—a combination of tradition and the personal preference, bolstered by the persuasive but illogical arguments, of J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

Similarly, the attachment of any special reverence or respect to *thee* and *thou* is based on historical ignorance, a reading backward into a perfectly ordinary grammatical construction of a magical meaning. The grammar text I studied as a junior at BYU makes this point perfectly clear.

The author, Paul Roberts, explains lucidly and even humorously an evolution in English that I am quoting at some length because I think it represents essential information:

In Middle English, the following forms occurred:

	<i>Singular</i>	<i>Plural</i>
Nominative:	thou	ye
Genitive [possessive]:	thy, thine	your, yours
Objective:	thee	you

The functional distinctions of the genitive forms were not quite what they are at present, but *thou*, *thee*, *ye*, and *you* correspond to *I*, *me*, *we*, and *us*. Since then two important changes have taken place.

The first is the elimination of the singular and the use of the plural for both numbers. This apparently stemmed from the custom of kings to use the pronouns *we/us* in referring to themselves. Since the king spoke of himself in the plural, it was thought polite and proper to address him in the plural. This token of courtesy was then extended in the upper classes to all those of superior rank. Then, since one often wishes to be polite to equals as well as to superiors, it became the regular second person singular pronoun among the courteous. For a long time *thou/thee* continued to be used for communication with inferiors and intimates. . . . English, however, eventually extended the polite form to all situations; this may indicate more courtesy or democracy among the English. At any rate, the old singular has all but disappeared, and the formal plural now serves both numbers. *Thou*, *thy*, *thine*, and *thee* are now used chiefly in addressing God in prayer. They lingered a long while in poetic language, but are little used, except humorously, by first-rate modern poets. (1954, 58-59)

The second tendency, he continues, is a trend toward simplification: the nominative *ye* was annexed and overwhelmed by the objective *you*, and Roberts cheerfully predicts that the same thing would have happened to *I* and *he*, *she*, and *it* if left to their own devices, as the construction "Me and him will do it" demonstrates. "However," he sighs, "the efforts of elementary-school teachers have arrested the movement, or at least slowed it down" (1954, 59).³ I might also add that

³ A more recent grammarian, writing a decade after my BYU expert though still twenty years from our own time, provides a more elegant and thoroughly historical background:

A grammatical innovation, of somewhat questionable value, which is due to French influence, is the polite substitution of the plural for the singular in the second person. The origin of this custom is to be found in the official Latin of the later Roman Empire, in which a great person of state was addressed with "you" instead of "thou," just as, in formal documents, he wrote "we" instead of "I." The use of the plural "you," as a mark of respect, passed into all the Romanic languages, and from them into German, Dutch, and Scandinavian. It is a well-known fact that forms of politeness originally used only in addressing superiors have in all languages a tendency to become more and more widely applied; and hence in Europe generally the singular "thou" has, except in religious language and in diction more or less poetical, come to be used only in speaking to intimate friends or inferiors. In England, during the last two centuries, the use of *thou*, so far as ordinary language is concerned, has become obsolete; it is only among the speakers of certain local dialects that it continues to be employed even by parents to their children, or by brothers and sisters to each other. Our language has thus lost whatever advantage it had gained by having a polite as well as a familiar form of address; and unfortunately the form that has

Quaker plain-speech has simplified ruthlessly in the other direction. *Thee* is used for both nominative and objective cases: “Thee is a Friend” (rather than “Thou art a Friend”) and “God gives thee health and strength.”

My point is simple. There is nothing inherently “sacred” about obsolete though charming language. The eloquence and beauty of the King James Version deserve our study and love for those qualities—but not because they help us communicate better with God. God does not listen more approvingly to “Wilt thou bless us?” than to “Will you bless us?”. In fact, he probably does not even have to listen more attentively, given his merciful promise to listen to the prayers of our hearts rather than those of our lips. That being so, requiring children, young people, and converts to make their petitions to the Lord in a fragmentary and foreign formal language reminds me uncomfortably of the situation the Savior condemned during his mortal ministry: “Woe to you. . . . You shut the kingdom of heaven in [people’s] faces. You yourselves do not enter, nor will you let those enter who are trying to” (Matt. 23:13, New International Version).

At home, we use the Revised Standard Version, the New International Version, the Phillips translation, and *Good News for Modern Man* (or *Persons*). These editions do not use inclusionary language but, as I’ve mentioned, we’re handling that quite nicely on our own. Our intention is simple: we want Christian to understand the scriptures, to seek information from them, and to think about them. We want them to speak directly to him, to convey the spiritual experiences of others, and to be models of and catalysts for his personal spiritual experiences. We don’t want the scriptures to lie in a category completely apart from all of his other learning experiences.

I think other people will enjoy the same experience. When Paul gave a Christmas Sunday School lesson a few years ago, he read the Luke nativity from the J. B. Phillips version and had several people come up and say, “That was so beautiful! Did you write it?” I suggest that reading the scriptures in an accessible translation will bring a

survived is ambiguous. There is a translation of the New Testament into modern English in which *you* is everywhere substituted for *thou*, except in addresses to the Deity. It is a significant fact that in one place the translator has felt obliged to inform his readers by a footnote that in the original the pronoun changes from the plural to the singular. The English language is, in respect of clearness, decidedly the worse for the change which has abolished the formal distinction of number in the second person of the pronoun and the verb. (Bradley 1967, 44–45)

freshness and immediacy to their message that we quite desperately need. From there, it is an equally logical and rewarding step to make them gender inclusive.

A related grammatical point is the argument that *man* is a generic which includes *women* as part of “all mankind.” I concede that the term has, in fact, been so used and still is. But I don’t buy the argument. Rather, I see *man* as a categorical noun, the existence of which implies a correspondent: man/woman. Other examples are husband/wife, parent/child, teacher/student, master/slave. Correspondence is not the same as inclusion. The category of *husband* predicts but does not include the category of *wife* any more than the category of *child* includes the category of *parent*.

It is an unfortunate historical and social fact that most of these categories connote hierarchy—subservience and superiority. Precisely for that reason, then, I think we should be both scrupulous and courteous in acknowledging the real existence of each category. If one category cannot exist without the other, then both deserve to be named. Grammarian Roberts, writing more than thirty years ago, reflects both the cultural understanding of that time and the problems which have been fully realized in the succeeding three decades: “The word *man* is ambiguous in that it may be masculine (a male human being) or common gender (any human being). In “Man was put into this world to suffer,” *man* probably means both man and woman. In “Be a man,” it means *man*, not woman. This ambiguity of *man* has encouraged the substantive use of *human*” (1954, 51).

I think that it is much more graceful and practical to simply acknowledge that English contains both parallel terms and inclusive terms: brotherhood/sisterhood/siblinghood, mankind/womankind/humankind, husband/wife/spouse, son/daughter/child. If we want to communicate gender, then let’s use the marvelously specific tools our language gives us. If we want to communicate inclusion, then let’s not use confusing gender-laden nouns which we must afterwards explain.

For example, a well-meaning attempt at being inclusive can paint the unwary speaker into this type of corner:

“This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.” (Moses 1:39)

The word *man* as used above is generic. It includes man and woman, for, as Paul said, “Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord” (1 Cor. 11:11). (Hinckley 1988, 10)

I fully respect the speaker’s intentions, but how could it possibly have escaped his notice that *man* could hardly have been so unques-

tionably inclusive if he had to use both *man* (definitely male in Paul's example) as well as *woman* to define it? I anticipate the inevitable, though probably delayed, day when we will be able to read that scripture as "to bring about the immortality and eternal life of people"—or souls, or human beings.

Reading the scriptures inclusively, singing hymns inclusively, and praying with inclusive language are quiet grammatical revolutions that will reshape our reality to make it more truly a partnering—an equal honoring of maleness and femaleness. But it will be inadequate without an underlying commitment, which must be renewed often, to inclusiveness. We must accept the realities of the world we live in and forgive where we can understand; but we must never, never acquiesce in justifying it.

As I read through those often inspiring conference messages, wondering why I felt so sad, I received my answer when I came to the greeting of an apostle to Elder Richard G. Scott, the newest apostle. It reads: "Elder Scott, I would just like to add my welcome to the others that have been given to you as you assume this great position. You are joining a unique quorum. It is made up of very common men with a most uncommon calling. There is a spirit, a unity, a devotion in this body like none other you will ever experience. We are excited to have you and your great talent and abilities with us in our quorum. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!" (p. 73)

Then I knew the source of my sorrow. I will grieve before the Lord and I will not be comforted until those words can be spoken to a sister, as well as to a brother, before the Holy Parents of us all, until we can fulfill in our society the promise of Paul: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28).

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: Spiritualism and “New Religions”

Michael W. Homer

IT HAS BEEN OBSERVED THAT “many who look to Sherlock Holmes as the supreme literary spokesman for rationalism feel dismay and bewilderment about his creator having become a leading champion of a doctrine that seems at odds with his education and literary ideals” (Lellenberg 1987, 11). Yet Arthur Conan Doyle was both the creator of Sherlock Holmes and a believer in, and proselyter for, spiritualism. How, many have asked, could Conan Doyle’s most famous detective have expressed disbelief in ghosts while his creator later became convinced that he could speak with spirits?

Many who are confused by this seeming inconsistency do not realize that Conan Doyle was raised a Roman Catholic, a religious orientation that accepted the possibility of earthly apparitions—including the Madonna and other saints. Even after rejecting the religion of his family, he yearned for a new faith. Years before he invented Sherlock Holmes, he investigated at least two “new religions”—Mormonism and spiritualism—which, like the Roman Catholic Church, taught that spirits who had formerly lived on the earth could appear to believers. In addition, most readers of Arthur Conan Doyle do not realize that he saw no inconsistency between his acceptance of spiritualism and Sherlock Holmes’s rationalism and, in fact, believed that his ability to

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reason had led him to the true religion. In this article I will use Conan Doyle's recollections and autobiographical works of fiction to examine his migration from Roman Catholicism to spiritualism.

CONAN DOYLE AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM

Conan Doyle was born in 1859 in Edinburgh, Scotland, in a very strict Roman Catholic family.¹ He grew up during the pontificate of Pius IX, when papal authority was strengthened, unique Catholic doctrines such as the Immaculate Conception were being re-emphasized, and the Virgin Mary revealed herself at Lourdes. From the age of eight, he was tutored by priests and continued to study in Jesuit schools in the United Kingdom and Austria until he was seventeen. Although he was apparently attracted by the mystical, sacramental, and eucharistic aspects of Catholicism (Lellenberg 1987, 194–96), he first began to doubt his faith during his years in the Jesuit schools.

By his own account, two separate problems with Roman Catholicism brought on his religious crisis. First, he believed that the "extreme doctrines of papal infallibility and Immaculate Conception," introduced by the Jesuits, "made it . . . difficult for the man with scientific desire for truth or with intellectual self-respect to keep within the Church" (1924a, 14). Second, he resented the church's teaching, which he had first heard from the fierce Irish priest, Father Murphy, "that there was sure damnation for everyone outside the Church." Upon hearing this statement, Conan Doyle "looked upon him with horror, and to that moment," he later said, "I trace the first rift which has grown into such a chasm between me and those who were my guides" (Doyle 1924a, 14).

When Conan Doyle entered the University of Edinburgh at age seventeen, he was, by his own account, a nonbeliever. "I found that the foundations not only of Roman Catholicism but of the whole Christian faith, as presented to me in nineteenth century theology, were so weak that my mind could not build upon them" (Doyle 1924a, 26).

¹ The most authoritative biographies written about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are *Arthur Conan Doyle, A Memoir* by John Lamond (London: John Murray, 1931); *Conan Doyle, His Life and Art* by Hesketh Pearson (London: Methuen and Co., Ltd., 1943); *The True Conan Doyle* by Adrian Conan Doyle (London: John Murray, 1945); *The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* by John Dickson Carr (London: John Murray, 1945); *The Man Who Was Sherlock Holmes* by Michael and Mollie Hardwick (London: John Murray, 1964); *Conan Doyle* by Pierre Nordon (London: John Murray, 1966); *The Adventures of Conan Doyle, The Life of the Creator of Sherlock Holmes* by Charles Higham (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1976); and *Conan Doyle, A Biographical Solution* by Ronald Pearsall (New York: St. Martins Press, 1977).

These conditions had, according to Conan Doyle, “driven me to agnosticism” (Doyle 1924a, 27). During his university years he came under the influence of materialists such as Joseph Bell, his self-proclaimed prototype for Sherlock Holmes, who taught his students deductive reasoning through observing material phenomenon.

As a result of this training, Conan Doyle became convinced that observation and deductive reasoning could solve every mystery of life. Yet despite this training, his previous rejection of Catholicism, and his self-professed agnosticism, he continued to investigate religions to fill a void he felt without a religious foundation. However, he refused to accept any religion that required “blind faith.” Instead, Conan Doyle insisted, “I must have definite demonstration, for if it were to be a matter of faith then I might as well go back to the faith of my fathers. ‘Never will I accept anything which cannot be proved to me. The evils of religion have all come from accepting things which cannot be proved.’ So I said at the time [he left the Catholic Church], and I have been true to my resolve” (Doyle 1924a, 27).

Conan Doyle found himself caught in the conflict of science and religion: the Roman Catholic in him needed to know that life continued after death; the scientist in him refused to believe without definite proof. Thus, appealing to both religion and science, Conan Doyle recorded in his private journal that his goal was to “break down the barrier of death, to found the grand religion of the future” (in Pearsall 1977, 24).

CONAN DOYLE AND MORMONISM

Mormon Presence in Great Britain

Although Conan Doyle claimed in his autobiography that he remained an agnostic from the time he received his medical degree in 1881 until his conversion to spiritualism in 1916, this appears to conflict with his short stories and correspondence.² It is well known that even while attending medical school, he actively investigated “new religions” in an effort to fill the void created when he left the Roman

² See, for example, correspondence contained in *Letters to the Press*, edited by John M. Gibson and Richard L. Green (1986). Among Doyle’s most prominent short stories with spiritualist themes written between 1880 and 1916 are “The American’s Tale” (1880), “The Captain of the Polestar” (1883), “J. Habakuk Jephson’s Statement” (1884), “John Barrington Cowles” (1884), “The Great Keinplatz Experiment” (1885), “Cyprian Overbeck Wells” (1886), “The Los Amigos Fiasco” (1892), “The Brown Hand” (1899), “The Leather Funnel” (1903), “The Silver Mirror” (1908), and “The Terror of Blue John Gap” (1910).

Catholic Church. He attended his first séance in 1880, and many of his short stories published in the 1880s reflect his interest in, and growing acceptance of, spiritualism. It is less well known that Conan Doyle read many books about Mormonism before the middle of that decade.³ By the 1880s, Mormon missionaries had been proselyting in the United Kingdom for more than forty years, and English converts had accounted for more than 50 percent of the Church's members in the United States since the settlement of Utah Territory (Taylor 1964, 19–20; Thorp 1977, 51).

Politicians, newspapers, and journalists paid considerable attention to the movement, and some even traveled to Utah to observe the sect firsthand.⁴ Much published about Mormonism during this period—particularly that written by ex-Mormons—was sensationalist and emphasized the aspect of Mormonism certain to shock most English Victorians—plural marriage.⁵ Nevertheless, there were evenhanded and fair accounts of Mormonism, including *The City of the Saints* by Sir Richard Burton (1861), which spoke admiringly of the Mormons' industriousness, doctrines, and practices and recounted the story of Joseph Smith. Many investigators in Great Britain were attracted by the Church's claim of continuing revelation and a return to primitive Christianity, in spite of the practice of polygamy and rumors that the Church employed assassins—the Danites or Avenging Angels—to enforce polygamy and other Church doctrines in Utah.

The Mormon belief that God had restored his Church to its primitive condition and continued to reveal truths to his prophets would certainly have appealed to Doyle, since such doctrines were similar to the claims of spiritualism. In addition, Mormonism claimed many “tangible proofs” that life continued after death: visits from extra-terrestrial beings to the Prophet Joseph; gold plates; and witnesses, besides Smith, who saw it all. Thus, it is probable that Conan Doyle's investigation of the Mormon Church was not simply intellectual, but spiritually motivated also.

³ For a discussion of the writings Doyle consulted on Mormonism and possible sources for *A Study in Scarlet*, see: *Conan Doyle and the Latter-day Saints* by Jack Tracy; “Perpetuation of a Myth: Mormon Danites in Five Western Novels, 1840–1890” by Rebecca Foster Cornwall and Leonard T. Arrington; and “Recent Psychic Evidence: The Visit of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to Utah in 1923” by Michael W. Homer. Doyle evidently consulted both sensationalist and more objective accounts of Mormonism.

⁴ See Stansbury 1852; Ferris 1854; Gunnison 1856; Chandless 1857; Carvalho 1858; Remy and Brenchley 1861; Burton 1861; Bowles 1865; Greeley and Codman 1874.

⁵ See Stenhouse 1875; Beadle 1870; Jarman 1884; Mayhew 1851; Lyford 1886.

A Study in Scarlet

It is also not surprising that Conan Doyle's first published novel, *A Study in Scarlet* (also his first Sherlock Holmes story), written shortly after his investigation of Mormonism, was about Mormonism (1894). Here Conan Doyle used the vast knowledge of Mormon history and doctrine he had gleaned from his investigation into the Church and, through the story's characters, expressed his own reaction to its teachings. He drew the historical details of the story mainly from accounts written by Fanny Stenhouse (1875), Eliza Young (1876), Mary Ettie Smith (in Green 1858), John Hyde (1857), John Beadle (1870), William Jarman (1884), and other sensationalist authors whose works were available to Conan Doyle in Great Britain.⁶ In addition, he drew heavily from the plot of an 1885 Robert Louis Stevenson short story entitled "Story of the Destroying Angel." He may also have been influenced by other works of fiction, such as Mark Twain's *Roughing It*. His view of Mormon history and culture was tainted by these sensationalist authors and other English sources of the period—especially their condemnations of polygamy, autocratic leadership, and the activities of avenging angels.⁷ Even though Doyle probably consulted more objective accounts such as Burton, Remy, Chandless, and others (which criticized the same church practices in a less lurid manner), he chose to sensationalize his story of the Mormons.

Several factors may explain his decision. First, in the late 1880s Mormonism was popular in the British "yellow press"; it could attract readers and generate income for Conan Doyle's more serious literary pursuits. Second, Conan Doyle genuinely opposed what Victorian society deemed "aberrations in morality" and, according to one author, "must have been very much against the Mormons in their search for moral freedom" (Higham 1976, 74).⁸ Third, he was apparently convinced that the types of things he wrote about had actually occurred; sensationalist material critical of Mormonism written by persons who claimed to have lived in or visited Utah was abundant. Finally,

⁶ Doyle's reference to Heber C. Kimball alluding to his wives as "heifers" is from Young's book (1876, 292) and Browne's book (1865, 60). Mark Twain also had several characters in *Roughing It* refer to women as heifers (Clemens 1872, 35, 288), and in the Bible Sampson referred to his wife the same way (Judges 14:18).

⁷ Other writers who may have influenced Conan Doyle's view of Mormonism are Beadle, Jarman, Mayhew, and Lyford. (See Footnote 5.)

⁸ Conan Doyle expressed his disapproval of polygamy in at least three of his books, including *A Study in Scarlet*, *Our Second American Adventure*, and *A Duet with an Occasional Chorus*.

Conan Doyle had, as has previously been observed, investigated the Mormon message and was ready by the time he wrote *A Study in Scarlet* to expose it to other investigators and to dispose of it in his own mind.

A Study in Scarlet tells of a man named John Ferrier and a young girl named Lucy who are stranded in the desert of western America and have abandoned all hope of survival when they are found by Brigham Young and other Saints on their way to Utah. Ferrier adopts Lucy, and both join the Mormon church and become very prosperous in Utah. Doyle's descriptions of the Mormons show he admired their industriousness and perseverance. Furthermore, John Ferrier, one of the heroes of the book, accepts all the religious tenets of Mormonism except polygamy. Brigham Young gives him an ultimatum that his adopted daughter must marry within thirty days either Enoch Drebber or Joseph Stangerson, both practicing polygamists and the sons of two members of the Council of the Sacred Four (a mythical leading council of the Church), a situation strikingly similar to the accounts of Fanny Stenhouse and John Hyde, who claim that Brigham Young gave ultimatums to parents that their daughters marry Joseph W. Young. Ferrier delays responding to Young, but "he has always determined, deep down in his resolute heart, that nothing would ever induce him to allow his daughter to wed a Mormon" because of the practice of polygamy (1894, 148-49).

Ferrier does not immediately respond to Young's request but instead contacts Jefferson Hope, a non-Mormon miner who works in Nevada and California, who has previously fallen in love with Lucy and was planning to marry her before Brigham Young's next visit. Hope returns to Utah the night before Ferrier must "voluntarily" release Lucy to marry one of the two Mormon elders and attempts to help Lucy and her father escape from Utah. But the Avenging Angels, who according to the book are enforcers of polygamy for the Church hierarchy, prevent their escape. Lucy's father dies in the escape attempt, and Lucy meets the same end several days later of a broken heart, but only after she is forced to marry Drebber. Hope escapes and pledges vengeance upon the murderers, Drebber and Stangerson. Twenty years later, he tracks them down in London and kills them. Sherlock Holmes, in his first published case, is called upon to solve the mystery.

A Study in Scarlet indicates that the aspects of Mormonism that appealed to Conan Doyle, including the belief in continuing revelation and the return to primitive Christianity, were outweighed in his mind by one glaring defect, polygamy. This distaste was revealed by Ferrier's acceptance of all tenets of Mormonism except polygamy and by the polygamist Drebber's disgustingly free and familiar attitude toward

women. With Drebber's body is found a pocket edition of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, a book that contains many stories of sexual debauchery.

This same attitude toward polygamy is confirmed in Conan Doyle's non-fiction writing about Mormonism wherein he noted that although he found "many passages [in the Book of Mormon] which seem to me to be true, as they coincide with the spirit-information which we have ourselves received" (1924b, 102), he believed that Joseph Smith became misguided, swayed by those around him. "For want of this, some of the early spiritualists received counsel as to free love which cast a deserved slur upon the growing movement. So it was with Smith. He had revelations which could have come from no high source" (1924b, 102). He therefore concluded that his own observations concerning Mormonism should "serve as a warning against the indiscriminate adoption of supposed revelations, which, in the case of polygamy, have done so much to harm the movement" (1924b, 104).

Conan Doyle also rejected Mormonism for the same reason he claimed he had rejected Roman Catholicism: because the Church began to set up a special priestly caste and claimed to be the only true church. In *A Study in Scarlet*, Conan Doyle noted that obedience was paramount, inasmuch as Young spoke with the voice of Joseph Smith, which was the voice of God. Many years later, he noted that "instead of being a message of hope and knowledge for the whole human race such as we bring by Spiritualism, it is tending towards the discredited and old-world idea of a special priestly caste, of formal sacraments, and of a new sect, complete in itself and antagonistic to other sects" (1924b, 97).

In his story, Conan Doyle used the Danites, who harassed backsliders and enforced the doctrine of polygamy, as evidence of Mormonism's antagonism toward nonbelievers. In *A Study in Scarlet*, he observed that the Mormons, who had once been the victims of persecution, were now the persecutors and compared their tactics to those employed during the Inquisition of Seville and by the Secret Societies of Italy. Some years later, Conan Doyle returned to this theme in a book about his conversion to spiritualism wherein he wrote that the "murderous impulses" of the "early Mormons in Utah" had been "fortified" by reliance upon the "unholy source" of the Old Testament (1919c, 18).

CONAN DOYLE AND SPIRITUALISM

Conan Doyle's First Conversion to Spiritualism

It is apparent that although many things about Mormonism appealed to Conan Doyle, he rejected the faith because of polygamy and

because of reasons much like those that had caused him to reject Catholicism: the existence of a priestly caste, the belief in only one true religion, and intolerance for nonbelievers. Furthermore, he was aware of the competing claims of spiritualism and was already converted to it by the time he wrote *A Study in Scarlet*. In fact, the concluding pages of that book contain evidence of his growing commitment to spiritualism. When Jefferson Hope confessed to Sherlock Holmes that he killed Enoch Drebber, he claimed that the images of Lucy and John Ferrier appeared to him before the murder, apparently to express their satisfaction that he would avenge their deaths. Thus, when Conan Doyle's hero—named Hope—kills off the Mormons [and Conan Doyle's investigation of the Mormon Church], the spirits of Hope's loved ones appeared to him to reveal the "true" religion. Such symbolism underlies Conan Doyle's acceptance of spiritualism over Mormonism.

Given this perspective and his allusions to spiritualism in *A Study in Scarlet*, it is not surprising that a short time later, 2 July 1888, he wrote a letter to *Light*, a spiritualist newspaper, relating the events leading to his conversion to spiritualism (in Gibson and Green 1986, 25–27). According to this letter, Conan Doyle became converted to spiritualism after reading books by John W. Edmonds, Alfred R. Wallace, and General Drayson. To put their writing to the test, he and six other interested people met at his house nine or ten times and with the help of several novice mediums, received various messages delivered by table tilts and controlled writing. However, their efforts were inconclusive until Conan Doyle invited an experienced medium with "considerable mediumistic power" to interact with the group. The medium, writing under control, directed Doyle not to read a book by Leigh Hunt. Conan Doyle was finally convinced of the truth of spiritualism because neither the medium nor any of his group knew he was debating in his mind whether or not to read the book. As a result of this experience, Conan Doyle wrote:

[T]he incident . . . after many months of inquiry, showed me at last that it was absolutely certain that intelligence could exist apart from the body. . . . After weighing the evidence, I could no more doubt the existence of the phenomena than I could doubt the existence of lions in Africa, though I have been to that continent and have never chanced to see one. . . . Let me conclude by exhorting any other searcher never to despair of receiving personal testimony but to persevere through any number of failures until at last conviction comes to him, as, it will. (in Gibson and Green 1986, 25–27)

Conan Doyle had finally received the "definite demonstration" he had indicated would be necessary before he would embrace any new religion. He felt he had found evidence that life continues after death,

and that miracles consistent with primitive Christianity continued to take place.

It was no accident that Conan Doyle's "personal testimony" came so soon after he completed *A Study in Scarlet*. In the book, Watson, impressed with Holmes's deductive powers, observes that Holmes had "brought detection as near an exact science as it ever will be brought in this world" (1894, 58). Several years later, in "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty," Holmes explains: "There is nothing in which deduction is so necessary as in religion. . . . [I]t can be brought up as an exact science by the reasoner" (1893a, 392-403).

Some believe these observations on deductive reasoning indicate Holmes's sarcasm and disdain for religion. While Conan Doyle was always bewildered by the reading public's worship of his Sherlock Holmes stories (which he described in the 11 May 1923 *Deseret News* as "rather childish things") and was sometimes bitter at the lack of appreciation for his more "serious" literary efforts, he did observe:

I presume that since I am the only begetter of that over-rated character, I must have some strain of my nature which corresponds with him. Let me assume this. In that case, I would say (and you may file the same for reference) that of all the facts of clear thinking which Holmes ever performed, by far the greatest was when he saw that a despised and ridiculed subject was in very truth a great new revelation and an epic-making event in the world's history. (in Gibson and Green 1986, 312-14)

Thus, Conan Doyle's own observations enabled him (and the Holmes within him) to personally testify to the truth of spiritualism, including its belief that the spirit continues to live after the body dies. As he later wrote in his *History of Spiritualism*, "It [spiritualism] founds our belief in life after death not upon ancient tradition or upon vague intuitions, but upon proven facts, so that a science of religion may be built up" (Doyle 1926a, 2:247). Thus, spiritualism offered him what he had been seeking since he had lost faith in traditional Christianity and since the materialism of his medical training had eliminated the possibility of proving that there was life after death.

The Origins and Doctrines of Spiritualism

Although Conan Doyle chose spiritualism over Mormonism, he also recognized many similarities between these two "new religions." Both originated in the burned-over district of upstate New York within twenty years of each other (Cross 1950, 138-50; Doyle 1926a, 1:42). Both taught that mortals could speak and communicate with spirits, and both claimed to be most like primitive Christianity.

After Conan Doyle's first mention of Mormonism in *A Study in Scarlet*, he continued to mention it in both his books of fiction (1899b, 1926b) and nonfiction (1902, 1919, 1924b, 1926a, 1930) and recognized the similarities between the two religions: "I think that if the Mormons understood the philosophy of Spiritualism, and if they considered the possibility of Smith, their founder, being a strong medium, they would be able to get a connected and reasonable explanation of all that occurred, which would in no way detract from its dignity or other-world origin" (1924b, 87-88).

He also admitted that he believed Joseph Smith was sincere and honest in claiming to have received revelations but that "he was not aware of the strange way in which things are done from beyond" (1924b, 91). He observed that the message of Mormonism was essentially the same as spiritualism:

It was really the same which we have got ourselves, but which we have been able to interpret more fully because we have had a far wider experience, and have been able to systematize and compare many examples of what to Smith was an isolated miracle. The message was that the Christian creeds had wandered very far away from primitive spiritual truths . . . [and] that ritual and forms have completely driven out that direct spirit—communion and power which are the real living core of religion. (1924b, 92)

Conan Doyle's spiritualist movement originated in Hydesville, New York, in March 1848, at the farmhouse of John D. Fox. Fox and his family were disturbed for some time by unexplained raps at night. His youngest daughter, Kate, successfully initiated contact with the originator of the rappings who identified himself, in code, as a spirit who had been murdered five years earlier and buried in the basement of the Fox home. Many residents in the neighborhood confirmed the raps, and two of the Fox daughters, Kate and Margaret, were soon organizing sittings, as mediums, for communication with spirits. Many other mediums also organized sittings, and the movement spread throughout England and the United States.

By the 1880s, spiritualism reached the height of its popularity in Great Britain and offered facts, observable by all investigators, which would prove the existence of life after death, rather than relying on faith or the teachings of traditional Christianity. These "facts" were ostensible messages from departed spirits delivered through mediums, the materialization of parts of a spirit through a medium, and the presence of spirits in photographs taken of living persons on previously unexposed film (Doyle 1926a). Although Conan Doyle was aware of these "facts," he was also aware that the Fox sisters were attacked as frauds and that Margaret had denounced spiritualism and admitted that she was a fraud (Doyle 1930). Such information may have

convinced Conan Doyle to proceed cautiously in his investigations of spiritualism.

The Interlude before "The Revelation"

From 1888 to 1916 Conan Doyle was actively involved in the spiritualist movement. In 1891, he joined the Society for Psychical Research (Doyle 1918, 31) and, during the same decade, contributed generously to *Light* (Brandon 1983, 191). He did not proselyte the cause of spiritualism, as he later would, but instead continued to attend séances and study psychic phenomena as part of his own search for truth.

His writings during this period, both fiction and letters to the press, demonstrate his growing interest in the hereafter. His second published novel, *The Mystery of Cloomber* (1888), has been described as "almost embarrassingly pro-spiritualist" (Lellenberg 1987, 188). Many of his short stories published before 1916 also portrayed spiritualist ideas and concepts in a favorable light (Pearsall 1977, 24).

Conan Doyle also wrote three books during this period which his biographers have described as autobiographical: *Beyond the City* in 1893, *The Stark Munro Letters* in 1895, and *A Duet With an Occasional Chorus* in 1899. In the most important of these works, *The Stark Munro Letters*, Conan Doyle's hero, Stark Munro (who is really Doyle himself), reveals that he has only the "vaguest idea as to whence I have come from, whither I am going, or what I am here for. It is not for want of inquiry, or from indifference. I have mastered the principles of several religions. They have all shocked me by the violence which I should have to do to my reason to accept the dogmas of any one of them. . . . I see so clearly that faith is not a virtue, but a vice. It is a goat which has been herded with the sheep" (1895, 16-17). And yet, Conan Doyle, through Munro, also admits that his loss of faith has been traumatic: "When first I came out of the faith in which I had been reared, I certainly did feel for a time as if my life-belt had burst. I won't exaggerate and say that I was miserable and plunged in utter spiritual darkness" (1895, 45). And yet Munro also reflected Conan Doyle's optimism for the future of religions: "The forms of religion will be abandoned, but the essence will be maintained; so that one universal creed will embrace the whole civilized earth" (1895, 295).

Conan Doyle also revealed his attitude toward organized religion in his letters to the press. In correspondence dated 16 October 1900, he wrote, "I regard hard-and-fast dogma of every kind as an unjustifiable and essentially irreligious thing putting assertion in the place of reason, and giving rise to more contention, bitterness and want of charity than any other influence in human affairs" (in Gibson and

Green 1986, 67–68). Six years later, on 11 August 1906, the supposedly agnostic Conan Doyle also wrote:

I am a believer in the Christian system in its simplest and least dogmatic form. . . . I do not believe that the Divine Message to the human race was delivered once and for all 2,000 years ago, but I hold that every piece of prose and verse which has in it anything which is helpful to the individual soul is, in some sense, a message from beyond—a message which grows and expands as all vital things must do. (in Gibson and Green 1986, 121–22)

Of course, Conan Doyle's own prose and verse, which contained many stories of spirits returning and revealing themselves, was the type of literature he would have believed contained portions of the Divine Message.

During this interlude, Doyle also drowned Sherlock Holmes in Reichenbach Falls in Switzerland so that he could concentrate on more serious literary efforts in his studies of spiritualism (Doyle 1893). Ironically, Holmes was resurrected, or at least "born again" from the waters of Reichenbach in 1905 to help supplement Doyle's income.⁹ Sherlock Holmes books published in 1915, 1917, and 1927 enabled Conan Doyle to actively pursue his missionary efforts on behalf of spiritualism.

Conan Doyle's Second Conversion

While it is certain that Conan Doyle believed in spiritualism as early as the late 1880s, it is also true that he did not actively proselyte the spiritualist movement until 1916. It was the First World War that finally convinced him to more fully embrace the movement. "I might have drifted on for my whole life as a psychical Researcher," he wrote, "but the War came, and . . . it brought earnestness into all our souls and made us look more closely at our own beliefs and reassess our values" (1918, 38–39). As a result of this "earnestness," he suddenly saw that "this subject with which I had so long dallied was not merely a study of a force outside the rules of science, but that it was really something tremendous, a breaking down of the walls between two worlds, a direct undeniable message from beyond, a call of hope and of guidance to the human race at the time of its deepest affliction" (1918, 39).

Conan Doyle also realized, apparently for the first time, that "the physical phenomena . . . are really of no account, and that their real

⁹ Although he wrote *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in 1902, Doyle did not actually bring Holmes back to life until 1905 in *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*.

value consists in the fact that they . . . make religion a very real thing, no longer a matter of faith, but a matter of actual experience and fact” (1918, 39). He now turned with great zeal from the objective mode of spiritualism to its religious side. Shortly after his second “conversion,” he wrote two books, *The New Revelation* (1918) and *The Vital Message* (1919), in which he related his personal belief in the movement. In addition, he wrote numerous letters to the press about spiritualism, summarizing the beliefs and practices of spiritualists and asserting that he could not “recall any miracle in the New Testament which has not been claimed, upon good authority, as having occurred in the experience of spiritualists” (in Gibson and Green 1986, 275); that spiritualism is nothing more than what one would find going “back nineteen hundred years and studying the Christianity of Christ” (in Gibson and Green 1986, 278–80); that the date spiritualism was organized in upstate New York in 1848 “is in truth the greatest date in human history since the great revelation of two thousand years ago” (1986, 301); and that no faith is necessary to come to a realization that spiritualism is true (1986, 302–4).

Conan Doyle also wrote a two-volume work on the history of spiritualism, which even today is considered an authoritative source on the subject (1926a). In it, he complained about spiritualism’s critics, in particular, those who considered themselves scientists: “What is really not science is the laying down of the law on matters which you have not studied. It is talk of that sort which has brought me to the edge of spiritualism, when I compare this dogmatic ignorance with the earnest search for truth conducted by the great spiritualists” (1926b).

Conan Doyle could not understand the scientific community’s total rejection of spiritualism, particularly when he believed that it could be proven by “experimental methods” (1986, 302–4). He was particularly outraged by what he perceived as the scientific community’s persecution of spiritualism: “[I]t may be said that the attitude of organised science during these thirty years was as unreasonable and unscientific as that of Galileo’s cardinals, and that if there had been a Scientific Inquisition, it would have brought its terrors to bear upon the new knowledge” (1926a, 182).

He also observed that traditional churches felt threatened by spiritualism and that “religion so-called and science so-called united for once in an unholy attempt to misrepresent and persecute the new truth and its supporters” (1926a, 137). He claimed that “the ‘religious’ people, furious at being shaken out of their time-honored ruts, were ready, like savages, to ascribe any new thing to the devil. Roman Catholics and the Evangelical sects, alike, found themselves for once

united in their opposition” (1926a, 182–83). Ultimately, however, Conan Doyle claimed, “Powerful as it is, [the Roman Catholic Church] will find in time that it has encountered something stronger than itself” (1926a, 189).

Conan Doyle's Worldwide Crusade

Because of this perceived persecution and his newly found missionary zeal, Conan Doyle wrote thirteen books on spiritualism, spent great sums of money, and traveled thousands of miles to proselyte spiritualism across four continents, including the countries of Australia and New Zealand (Doyle 1921b), America and Canada (1923b, 1924b), South Africa and Kenya (1929b), and places closer to home. He also served as president of three psychic societies, founded a psychic bookstore and museum, and wrote hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles.

Although he had criticized Mormon leaders, history, and institutions in his first Sherlock Holmes detective story published thirty-five years earlier and reiterated those criticisms several years before his visit, he even took his spiritualist crusade to Utah in 1923. By that time, he was an experienced proselyter. Spiritualism was not unknown to Utah residents. Mormon leaders and the local press were aware of and had criticized the claims of spiritualism shortly after its initial appearance in upstate New York (Bitton 1974, 39–50). Parley P. Pratt and Jedediah M. Grant spoke about the subject in the Salt Lake Tabernacle during the 1850s (Pratt 1853, 43–46). During the same decade, both the *Deseret News* and the *Millennial Star* denounced spiritualism. Despite these denunciations, and perhaps in part because of them, some dissatisfied Latter-day Saints were attracted to spiritualism beginning in the late 1860s, including William S. Godbe, E. L. T. Harrison, and a former LDS apostle, Amasa Lyman.¹⁰

¹⁰ Mormon leaders continued to denounce not only the Godbeites but also spiritualism in general. In a 31 January 1869 address, George Q. Cannon distinguished between the “true” church in which a person is “satisfied with the truth or with the testimony of the servants of God . . . [and] . . . [the] heavenly influence of the spirit of God which rests down upon those who receive the truth in honesty” and the person who rejects such “truth” because he “wants a sign; he wants to hear somebody speak in tongues, or to see the eyes of the blind opened, or the deaf made to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, or the dead raised to life. Something of this kind he must have; the testimony of the truth, though borne with angel’s power, has no effect on such a heart. He wants something to convince his outward senses.” He then lamented that some were convinced by such mundane proofs as “something that could tip a table or give some other singular manifestation of power, such as feeling invisible

The Godbeite movement, guided by the principles and teachings of spiritualism, continued “for more than a decade as an important community force” (Walker 1982, 1977, 1974). Not only did the Utah spiritualists preach and conduct séances, “they spawned a rival church organization, the first successful anti-LDS newspaper, a seminal historical survey of Mormonism, and an unprecedented public forum that featured a stream of internationally renowned radical itinerants” (Walker 1982, 306). These itinerants, who were not allowed to speak to Mormon congregations, spoke from the pulpit of a newly constructed Liberal Institute in Salt Lake and were, according to some observers, more popular than speakers at the Tabernacle (Walker 1982, 312).

Part of spiritualism’s appeal for these disaffected Latter-day Saints was its similarities to Mormonism (see Walker 1974, 227–28; 1982, 315). Spiritualism’s beliefs in “the existence and life of the spirit apart from and independent of the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate” (Doyle 1926a, 262) were similar to Mormon beliefs in life after death and personal revelation. In fact, some Utah spiritualists claimed to have talked in séances with early Church leaders, including Joseph Smith, whom they recognized as an unsophisticated medium who had misinterpreted his “revelations” (Walker 1977, 78; 1974, 230; 1982, 315).

Although Utah spiritualism did not threaten the stability of Mormonism, its similarities troubled some Saints, who explained their spiritual manifestations away, calling them fraudulent or if legitimate, originating with inferior spirits (Bitton 1974, 46–49). By the turn of the century, James E. Talmage’s *Articles of Faith* asserted that “the restoration of the priesthood to earth in this age of the world, was followed by a phenomenal growth of the vagaries of spiritualism, whereby many have been led to put their trust in Satan’s counterfeit of God’s eternal power” (Talmage 1899, 236). Spiritualism, in the Mormon view, had become a tool of the devil.

This view was still prevalent several years before Doyle’s visit. In a November 1920 article in the *Improvement Era*, Joseph West argued that the spiritualism espoused by Doyle in his two recently published works, *The New Revelation* and *The Vital Message*, was very different “from true

hands laid upon them, or hearing music played by invisible performers” (JD 12:368–71).

On 19 December 1869, Apostle Orson Pratt claimed that many early Saints who left the church in Nauvoo and Kirtland had fled to the eastern United States and became affiliated with spiritualism (JD 13: 70–74).

inspiration or revelation from God!" (1920, 6–13). While noting the similarities between Mormon and spiritualist belief concerning the spirit world, West reiterated Talmage's view that spiritualism was a counterfeit form of Mormonism: "It is hard to get away from the conviction that Mr. Doyle found much of the truthful portion of his statements and descriptions of the spirit world in the doctrines of the 'Mormon' Church" (1920, 11). West also asserted that even though "the Lord permits loved ones who have gone before to bring comforting messages to the living[,] . . . in all such cases, the communication is directly with the person for whom [it] is intended, and not through a third, irresponsible person" (1920, 13).

Whether or not Conan Doyle was aware of Mormon feelings about spiritualism in general and his own works in particular, he was probably apprehensive about coming to Utah. Yet, rank and file Saints were not as aware of these fine distinctions as their leaders may have hoped. In fact, some Latter-day Saints were curious about ideas and experiences similar to those claimed by spiritualists. Not only is Mormonism premised on a belief in supernatural experiences, but Mormon folklore is replete with stories of supernatural events experienced by lay members—stories about the Three Nephites, persons returning from the dead, and visions of deceased family members (Bitton 1974, 50; Fife and Fife 1956).

By the 1920s, Salt Lake City also had a sizable non-Mormon population. The devastation and death of the First World War had undoubtedly interested some of these people—searching for consolation and hope—in the resurgence of spiritualism. In fact, in an 11 May 1923 article in the Salt Lake *Telegram* Conan Doyle expressed his belief that the war had been fought to produce precisely this result. This universal curiosity about the supernatural and life beyond death must have been a strong drawing card for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who came to Salt Lake City to recount his research into spiritual phenomena.

Although it was Conan Doyle's first trip to the western United States, he had long been interested in the area. The evening of his arrival, he spoke about "Recent Psychic Evidence" to five thousand people in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, site of previous denunciations of spiritualism and the Godbeites in the nineteenth century.

All three local newspapers, the Salt Lake *Telegram*, the Salt Lake *Tribune*, and the *Deseret News*, carried 12 May 1923 articles about the address and give us a good indication of Conan Doyle's proselyting activities from 1921 to 1930. After first thanking the Church for its "open-mindedness" in allowing him to speak in the Tabernacle, he

began his discourse, which was essentially the same one he had delivered throughout the world. He presented “tangible proofs” of communication with the dead, including his own psychic experiences and others recorded on “spirit photographs.” His own experiences included messages from his departed brother, mother, and son through mediums he claimed had no means of knowing the facts revealed.

Conan Doyle also showed two types of “spirit photographs” on a large screen erected on the Tabernacle stage. The first type purported to be photographs of materialized spiritual forms taken at séances. Spiritualists believed that during the visitation of some spirits a gelatinous material called ectoplasm “oozed from the medium’s mouth, ears, eyes and skin” and formed around the spirit to give it a visible, three-dimensional shape (Doyle 1926a, 109). The second type of “spirit photograph” Conan Doyle exhibited was photos taken in daylight which, when developed, showed spirits that had mysteriously appeared on the negatives. One such photograph, reported the *Tribune*, showed war dead in London with a cloud of spirit faces, thirty of which the speaker “affirmed . . . had been positively recognized by relatives and friends.”

In addition to these “tangible proofs,” Conan Doyle spent a portion of his two-hour lecture explaining the doctrines of spiritualism, some of which were similar to Mormon beliefs. In particular, he described the spiritualist’s concept of heaven as a “land of realized ideals” where spirits go after death and continue, according to the *Telegram* article, in “artistic, literary or other enjoyable pursuits,” including “missionary duties which consisted in descending to a lower plane to instruct others.” He assured his audience that this view was corroborated by messages from the spirit world. He also argued, according to the *Tribune*, that “one finds really but little of pure evil in the world,” that “as a rule humanity deserved compensation, not punishment,” and that even though the “spirits that are evil will be retarded . . . they, too, will have opportunity to go on as they grow into love.” Like the Godbeites fifty years before, Conan Doyle believed that Joseph Smith was a medium who had misinterpreted his messages, but there is no evidence he communicated this belief to his Utah audience (Doyle 1924b, 91–102).

Such optimistic ideals were evidently well received by the audience. The *Salt Lake Telegram* reported that Conan Doyle “held his audience fascinated, proving beyond question the intense interest in his subject.” Furthermore, as he finished “it seemed as though his audience was loath to leave . . . [after being] . . . so enthralled by this striking message Sir Arthur delivered.” However, the *Telegram* also

noted that “when he grew argumentative . . . his logic at times appeared to be far from invulnerable.” The *Tribune* thought that Conan Doyle by “self-evident sincerity and earnestness . . . sought by logic, patent facts and plain deduction” to deliver a message full “of cheer and uplift, calculated to inspire and help” and that such message was received by a strictly “attentive audience.” Even the Mormon *Deseret News*, which did not devote as much space to his visit as the other two dailies, wrote that Doyle had delivered an “optimistic lecture” with “an unusual earnestness.”

Conan Doyle’s previous uncomplimentary characterization of Mormonism appears to have been largely forgotten during this visit, even though he had resurrected it himself in his 1919 *The Vital Message*, where he referred to the “murderous impulses” of the “early Mormons in Utah” (p. 18).

A non-Mormon doctor named G. Hodgson Higgins did write to Conan Doyle while he was staying at the Hotel Utah, telling the English author that his first impressions of Mormonism had been tainted because “the book [probably *A Study in Scarlet*] gave one the impression that murder was a common practice among them.” Higgins asked Conan Doyle to “express his regret at having propagated falsehoods about the Mormon church and people” (Higgins 1923). Conan Doyle reassured Higgins that in his future memoirs he would write of the Latter-day Saints as he found them on his visit. However, he indicated that “all I said about the Danite Band and the murders is historical so I cannot withdraw that tho it is likely that in a work of fiction it is stated more luridly than in a work of history. It’s best to let the matter rest” (Doyle 1923b).

True to his word, Conan Doyle spoke favorably of the Mormons in his memoirs and even mentioned the Higgins letter. He also indicated that *A Study in Scarlet* was “a rather sensational and over colored picture of the Danite Episodes which formed a passing stain in the early history of Utah” (1924b, 87). Before he left Utah, the 13 May Salt Lake *Tribune* reported his eloquent tribute to the Utah pioneers, whom he compared to the settlers of South Africa he had met during the Boer War (see also Doyle 1902, 13). He did, however, refuse to give a public apology because “the facts were true enough, though there were many reasons which might extenuate them.” Although Conan Doyle’s initial contact with Mormons left him with a favorable impression, he remained convinced that his description of nineteenth-century Mormonism, patterned after sensationalist and lurid accounts, was accurate and historical. Perhaps his desire to be regarded as an author of historical novels required him to hold his view.

Conan Doyle's Continuing Literary Efforts

Even after Conan Doyle took up the torch for spiritualism, he continued to write to earn money for his proselyting activities. As already noted, he wrote two Sherlock Holmes books after 1916, and in the last series of stories, *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes* (1927), Sherlock Holmes, the pre-eminent rationalist, seemed to actually believe in spirits (see Edwards 1981, 1–8).

Conan Doyle's favorite character from this period was Professor Challenger, created in *The Lost World*, published in 1912. Challenger travels to South America and discovers a lost world where dinosaurs still live and successfully transports specimens back to England. Conan Doyle wrote two subsequent books about Challenger—*The Poison Belt* in 1913 and *The Land of Mist* in 1926—and two short stories in 1929—“When the World Screamed” and “The Disintegration Machine” (both in Doyle 1929a). Challenger ultimately provided Conan Doyle the chance to write “a big psychic novel . . . which shall deal realistically with every place of the question, pro and con” (Green and Gibson 1983, 197). Thus, in *The Land of Mist*, Professor Challenger is converted to spiritualism and explains to his critics how a reputable scientist can believe in a religious movement that teaches about a spiritual realm. Thus, Challenger became Conan Doyle rather than Holmes, who became convinced of the reality of spirits but was never converted to spiritualism.

The Cottingley Photographs

During this same period, Conan Doyle, who considered himself an expert on photography, became interested in photographs of fairies taken by two girls in Yorkshire. He had the negatives examined for evidence of double exposure, and when none was detected, he wrote letters to the press (Gibson and Green 1986, 291, 310), articles in *Strand Magazine* (1920; 1921a), and even a small book (1922) arguing strenuously that the photographs were not only genuine but also revealed new forms of life. As this stance became more and more controversial, he tried to separate his advocacy of the photographs from his proselytism of spiritualism: “Of course,” he was quoted as saying in the 9 December 1925 *Daily News*, “[fairy photographs have] nothing to do with spiritualism, which is concerned wholly with destiny of the human soul” (in Gibson and Green 1986, 310).

Yet both of these beliefs were really premised upon a belief in the revelation of extraterrestrial forms to human beings. Doyle died believ-

ing in the fairy photographs, but both girls later admitted that they had deceived him by photographing cardboard forms taken from a child's book of poetry. Nevertheless, one of them insisted that she had really seen fairies, but that she had falsified the photographs to create a false proof for a true story (Shepard 1984).¹¹

Pheneas Speaks

Perhaps the most ironic development in Conan Doyle's quest for a new religion occurred when he began to see himself "increasingly, as a prophet of the future of the whole world" (Brandon 1983, 226). He began to premise his belief in the hereafter on communications he received through his wife, Jean, from Pheneas, an Arabian spirit who was the guide through this uncertain future (Doyle 1927b). About the specific messages from Pheneas he said, "I have not only received . . . prophecies [concerning the end of the world] in a very consistent and detailed form, but also so large a number of independent corroborations that it is difficult for me to doubt that there lies some solid truth at the back of these" (in Gibson and Green 1986, 318). Conan Doyle also predicted that an impending crisis "would be soon, it would take the form of political and natural convulsions, and its effect would be absolutely shattering" (1928, 40).

Although he was spared the personal embarrassment of finding out that the fairy photographs had been "faked," he was severely disappointed when the prophecies and revelations concerning the end of the earth, given to him by Pheneas, were not fulfilled. He began to feel that he and his wife, Jean, may have become "victims of some extraordinary prank played upon the human race from the other side" (Brandon 1983, 227).

Although Pheneas's prophecies were not fulfilled, Conan Doyle remained a dedicated spiritualist until his death in 1930. Communications from deceased family members who had assured him that they lived in the spirit world had convinced him that life continued after death. These communications remained the "definite demonstration" which he had sought since his days at the University of Edinburgh. He believed that these apparitions and other evidences of spiritualism

¹¹ Several books concerning the Cottingley Fairy incident have been published in the past decade. See, Geoffrey Crawley, "That Astonishing Affair of the Cottingley Fairies," *British Journal of Photography*, 24 December 1982–8 April 1983; Kevin I. Jones, *Conan Doyle and the Spirits: The Spiritualist Career of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* (Welling-Borough: The Antiquarian Press, 1989); Joe Cooper, *The Case of the Cottingley Fairies* (London: Robert Hale, 1990).

were facts upon which he could deduce, in the same manner that Sherlock Holmes would have deduced, that life continues after death and that spiritualism was “a great new revelation and an epic-making event in the world’s history” (in Gibson and Green 1986, 312).

CONCLUSION

Inasmuch as Conan Doyle’s insistence upon a “definite demonstration” was, in part, a reaction to what he perceived as the Roman Catholic reliance upon unprovable dogma, it is ironic that he was accused of accepting, with little or no challenge, the representations of mediums who claimed to communicate messages from beyond. Although he recognized that many mediums were nothing more than conjurors looking for notoriety and economic gain, he believed that he could discern between true mediums and conjurors. Yet, he was fooled by the fairy photographs and apparently by Pheneas as well. In fact, throughout his life Conan Doyle demonstrated a need, apparently brought with him from his Catholic background, to believe in the supernatural. On the other hand, his medical training taught him to demand proof. After he finally received his “definite demonstration” in 1916, he refused to concern himself with the objective proofs of spiritualism and instead concentrated on its message and substance. Perhaps this is why he was taken in by some “conjurors.”

In *A Study in Scarlet*, Sherlock Holmes told Watson that he would not reveal his deductive methods since “a conjuror gets no credit once he has explained his trick” (1894, 58). Perhaps this allusion moved G. K. Chesterton, a Catholic and contemporary writer of detective fiction in Great Britain,¹² whose main character was the Catholic priest Father Brown, to write in 1914 a short story entitled “The Absence of Mr. Glass,” in which a Sherlock Holmes-type character, Dr. Hood, is fooled by a conjuror.¹³

It is not unlikely that Chesterton’s short story was not only a spoof of Sherlock Holmes but, in addition, of the very method by which Conan Doyle claimed to have found spiritualism. Like Conan Doyle, Dr. Hood criticized those who accepted Roman Catholicism on “faith”

¹² Chesterton was an Anglo-Catholic during most of his life but converted to Roman Catholicism in 1922 largely due to the efforts of Father John O’Conner, after whom he had patterned his Father Brown character (Gardner 1987, 11).

¹³ It has been argued that Holmes appeared in at least one other Father Brown story—“The Man with Two Bears” which appeared in *The Secret of Father Brown*—and that Father Brown appeared in at least one Sherlock Holmes story, “The Adventure of the Six Napoleons” (Gardner 1987, 197–98, n2).

and “superstition.” In addition, Hood, like Conan Doyle, relied on observed “facts”—“voices” through mediums, “spirits” in photographs, and fulfilled prophecies—and deduced from these facts that an extraterrestrial world existed and that he had spoken with some of its inhabitants. In doing so Hood, like Doyle, claimed that he could rely on facts, rather than on the superstitions of his former religion, to know that life continued after death. Father Brown would have seen the facts differently. To him the medium would be nothing more than a ventriloquist when he speaks in the voice of the spirit, a conjuror when he moves tables, and a magician when spirits show up on photographs. Father Brown would say that Doyle, like Dr. Watson, failed to ascertain the conjuror’s tricks and was therefore overly impressed by the medium’s claims.

Perhaps the lesson of Chesterton’s story and of Conan Doyle’s life is that one who seeks God should not expect proof of his existence but should instead be satisfied to rely on faith and the testimonies of others. Conan Doyle was fooled because he refused to accept the necessity of faith in religious matters, just as he had claimed Roman Catholics were fooled by dogma and tradition and Joseph Smith was misguided by his messengers.

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Cancer: Fear, Suffering, and the Need for Support

Marge Whitman

FEAR, SUFFERING, and a need for support are part of the experience of every person with cancer, but people are often uncomfortable with and shy away from these human emotions, which seem like admissions of weakness. Latter-day Saints in particular often believe that a person with “sufficient faith” shouldn’t fear death, that a “good” doctor can prevent suffering, and that people who need support must not be coping very well. Though we may not always be aware of or voice these attitudes, they become evident as we deal with those with cancer. I know, because I am both a cancer nurse and a nurse with cancer (in remission).

I first learned my blueprint for living with cancer from my mother. Mother was treated for breast cancer and numerous other health problems before she died of cancer of the pancreas when I was twenty-three. She spent her final weeks at home, where I nursed her.

Mother was seen as a pillar of strength by family, friends, co-workers, and clients. Because she was divorced and alone, she worked full time as a beautician to support herself until six weeks before she died. Family members wanted her to quit work as soon as she learned the diagnosis, but she agreed with her doctor’s suggestion that continuing to work would help her feel needed and would delay the role of invalid.

When ward members came to visit her, they reported each time how much she encouraged them. Because she was shy, they hadn’t known until her illness that this little divorcée, who had joined the

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Church only two years before her diagnosis, was so faithful and loving.

Going back to work must have been a burden as well as a blessing for her because customers and co-workers knew that she labored under the weight of a terminal illness. Several of her friends told me they were amazed by her ability to focus on the job, rarely referring to her condition.

For years tension had existed between Mother and a co-worker. This grievance had pervaded their working relationship, and Mother's attempts to reconcile the relationship had failed. However, the way Mother bore her illness, without burdening others or complaining, inspired the woman. A week after Mother stopped work, a large bouquet of white roses arrived at the house from the estranged friend, with a card bearing words of admiration, apology, and love. That prompted a beautiful reunion characterized by forgiveness and tenderness.

I traveled from North Carolina to Oregon to spend Mother's last six weeks with her. She had determined that she could no longer work. When I first arrived, she was dressed and appeared to tolerate some exertion; but almost overnight she had to sit more than stand, then soon lie down more than sit. My role changed from housekeeper to nursing assistant, and, as I now understand, I began to grieve in anticipation of her death.

Among the many things we discussed were her appearance, privacy as the disease progressed, the final hours of dying, the disposition of her worldly goods, and her funeral. She had specific wishes about these issues, but I wanted to reject the idea that she would die. I insisted on talking about how she would make her home with me after my husband finished graduate school and found a job. I talked about how she would see my daughter, her only grandchild at the time, grow to maturity. While she appeared to consider these ideas, she often steered our conversations to heaven and earth and what happens after we die. Mother hoped she would be able to help select her grandchildren before they were born.

One of her sisters had recently died of the same type of cancer, and Mother's decisions about her own last days seemed heavily influenced by what had just happened to her sister. She seemed to take comfort from the idea that she would see her sister shortly. I focused on the present—to give her the care she needed—and continued to deny that I was losing her until she was gone. I regret my stubborn denial that imposed a loneliness only the dying know. Years later when I read Kubler-Ross's works on death and dying, I realized that Mother had tried to talk to me about what she was experiencing and that I had unintentionally refused her that comfort.

As far as I could discern, she was comfortable until the end; and I felt that I had been faithful to her. She had prepared me for the end stages and the funeral during those last weeks and helped me increase my acceptance of her death. These experiences shaped my expectations eighteen years later when my own cancer was diagnosed.

FEAR

Cancer is frightening. Even as a young woman, I feared it. When my nursing instructors presented the symptoms and risk factors of cancer, I worried about my own health and about how I would be able to deal with cancer personally. I was twenty-four years old when my doctor detected a lump in my breast. I remember clearly the emotion that choked my voice when I called my husband to tell him about the condition—which later proved benign. After that I did everything I could to reduce risk factors for cancer, hoping that my behavior would protect me against the disease. It was not to be.

I will always remember the overwhelmed, powerfully disorganized feeling the diagnosis of cancer generated in me. To the very moment of diagnosis, I was in control of my life, my family, my home, my church responsibilities. At forty, I felt youthful but maturely confident. The information that my condition was malignant turned my planned, predictable world upside down. I focused on the immediate tasks of preparing for a sudden absence from home and family; and with the help of others, I successfully organized that aspect of my illness.

But dealing with the longer-term future and with relationships was much more difficult. I telephoned three friends whose love and encouragement I needed and shared my fears with them. They responded with expressions of love and grief, and the tender cord that connected us gave me the strength to hope.

To this point, my husband Dale had been immersed in the challenges of raising funds for and administering a professional school; he had relied on me to handle our home and family, freeing him to focus on his career. We had recently allowed ourselves to be distanced by these demands and had hoped that the future would allow us time to restore our former closeness. The diagnosis of cancer dramatically cut through that optimism. Tearfully we clung to each other, not just at the first, but with great tenderness for weeks and years after. Our priorities were suddenly boldly clear. I did not want to lose him; he did not want to lose me. In a heroic effort and with the support of wonderful colleagues, he was able both to give me the most

sensitive support imaginable and effectively act as a caring professional.

The experience that offered me the greatest strength occurred the night my breast cancer was diagnosed. My husband was out of town, so my seven children and I worked to organize ourselves for my hospital admission scheduled the next morning. Some of the older children were mature enough to put aside their own immediate fears and help get the younger ones to bed. Exhausted, we all fell asleep quickly. I awoke in the quiet of the night to the sound of a gentle rain, sat up, and turned on the light. As I listened to the rain, the short scriptural verse “Jesus wept” flowed into my mind. In that instant, I felt completely assured of Jesus’ love and compassion for me—as if the rain were tears of sorrow, shed for the trial my family and I were facing. From that moment throughout the course of my treatment, I felt sure of his love and of my personal worth to him. I was freed from the feeling that God was punishing me that I might otherwise have carried. It is common for cancer patients to hear the cruel notion that God has offered the experience for their benefit: “God loves you so he is sending this nightmare called cancer to try you.” I would like every individual to have the reassurance that earthly sorrows are not handed out to try the weak or test the strong, as well-meaning people sometimes suggest.

I also reject suggestions that a victim’s lifestyle has caused the cancer. Such advice is often accompanied by the suggestion of a specific diet or dietary supplement, often with a certain smugness as if the giver were party to special knowledge that would prevent or cure the disease. The very real fears induced by the diagnosis of cancer are not assuaged by simple explanations of cause or easy schemes of treatment. At this time, we simply do not know the cause of cancer. Risk factors associated with some types of cancer have been identified, but the cause remains elusive. Fear is an emotional response to the disease’s dangers. But learning the characteristics of a particular cancer and the available services and supports can help mitigate this fear. Knowledge gives power to protect and improve one’s lifestyle while managing the disease. People who truly want to help will consider first the feelings of the person with cancer, will set aside theories not accepted by the medical mainstream, and be willing to share the victim’s grief and hopes.

SUFFERING

To talk openly about one’s suffering is taboo in this day of anesthetics and relaxation techniques. We have been sold a view of a mod-

ern life without pain: painless childbirth, painless payments, painless relationships. However, this painless state remains elusive. It does not take much experience as the recipient or provider of medical treatment to learn that some things hurt. Adults with well-practiced self-control may be able to dismiss some of the pain that comes with the disease and its treatment; but when usual coping mechanisms are overcome, these individuals too find that pain is undeniably real and trying.

Pain can often be obscured with medication, but sometimes the costs or risks of painkilling drugs are considered too great. Therefore most diagnostic or short surgical procedures are done with local anesthesia which may not obscure pain entirely. Unfortunately, some health providers may increase suffering when they are rough, hurried, indifferent, or ignorant of the pain they cause. I was impressed and amused by the honest forthrightness of a night nurse who introduced herself to me by saying, "Hi! I have three services to offer: cold, hurt, and embarrass."

When the Savior was on the cross, he cried out from the depths of his suffering, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" To be ignored or treated indifferently increases the impact of physical pain. The loving companionship of a friend or family member significantly alleviates suffering as is demonstrated by the calming presence of husbands in delivery rooms. Women left to the care of impersonal professionals consider this suffering much greater than those who receive loving companionship and support.

When Joseph Smith faced surgery on his leg without anesthesia, he promised cooperation if his father would hold him in his arms. People need assistance to concentrate fully on something other than the painful experience. Slow, deep breathing or soothing sounds like the "white noise" of water falling or wind blowing through trees seem to help some people. I have supported many people through biopsies and suturing by insisting they look directly at me and listen to me as I talk softly but reassuringly to them. I tell them, "You are handling this situation very well and you can maintain control because I will stay with you and help you." One of the most trying aspects of nursing, in this time when nursing personnel are in short supply and medicine strives toward "efficiency," is the limited opportunity to support people who are suffering.

A doctor or nurse can be alienating as well as supportive. I found it very stressful to receive treatment from one physician who seemed to dislike me personally. I felt that he did not approve of my values and was indifferent to my personal needs. Changing to a different doctor was awkward for me, but the change provided greatly improved care

and emotional support. If circumstances had prevented my making a change, I would have needed other advocates to help me achieve a sense of dignity in that relationship.

The suffering that comes from cancer, like the fear, is emotional as well as physical. Social isolation, changes in lifestyle, feelings of rejection, and altered image also cause suffering. While suffering cannot be entirely eliminated, accurate information, empathy, and advocacy for the person who faces cancer can help diminish it.

SUPPORT

For persons reared to value emotional self-sufficiency, the acceptance of support from others may imply personal inadequacy. To the contrary, I think drawing on offers of support is the wise use of every healing resource available for the benefit of oneself and loved ones.

I suppose it is symptomatic of our society that strangers seek each other out to form a social network. Although friendships often develop in support groups, exchanging information for coping and management of the disease is the real purpose.

Not long after my own treatment for cancer started, I was asked to serve on a steering committee to organize a support group for breast cancer patients. I willingly attended the planning meetings because I knew there were many individuals “less fortunate than I” who needed this type of support. Driving to the first meeting, I said to myself, “I am so tired, and I can’t handle more ‘support’ relationships than I have now; I’d really rather not go. But these elderly ladies could probably use a dose of positive attitude.” I sat in the circle, far from the starting point of those introducing themselves, and listened as one by one the women told of their own experiences. The circle was so large that we had to conclude the evening before my turn came—but long after my own awakening. As I listened, I heard these women expressing my own thoughts. For the first time, I allowed myself to admit how I was feeling.

When friends and family had asked me almost daily how I was feeling and getting along, I would reassuringly answer, “Oh, I am just fine,” for fear I would worry them. And when feeling relatively well, I did not want to even discuss cancer. Denial of my illness had been one of my strongest coping mechanisms.

Often cancer patients and their families are so busy coping with lifestyle changes that they do not deal with their own fears. To face the fears alone may be overwhelmingly painful. Honest, open discussion is possible in the company of others who have gone through the pain and share the experience. As I became more involved in my support

group, I came to see it as a place where I could express myself openly without having to protect my family and friends from my fears and feelings.

It was a full nine months after my initial diagnosis and surgery, in a support group meeting, that I first allowed the realization that I probably still had cancer—that I was not cured. Until then I had clung to my surgeon's reassurance that no tumor remained after the operation; but in the presence of supportive fellow travelers, I could finally admit to myself what the chemotherapy doctor had been telling me: there was a good probability that I still had microscopically detectable cancer with the biological potential to spread.

A friend who was objective about cancer's seriousness and the necessity to treat it aggressively also helped me to persevere. Sometimes I could persuade my family that I should stop treatments; but when I would tell my friend this, she would camp at my door, her arms loaded with supportive books and articles, and persuade me to finish my treatments. She refused to be swayed by my distraught appeals. She thought there were apparent solutions to every problem. My chemotherapy often left me too sick to care for my precious, active two-year-old son. "Just put him in day care," she would say. "I'm getting weaker and can't burden my family," I would complain. "Arrange for someone to stay with you when you are sick," she would counter. Her solutions were obvious. My family and I had been too upset to find them.

We were also fortunate to have an excellent LDS social services marriage and family counselor available to help us deal with personal and family problems. I explored with him how I could respond to others' inquiries and concern. Undue attention made me uncomfortable, but I also did not want to conceal the fact that I was having some severe challenges. His professional skills were an enormous help.

Shortly after I realized I had cancer, I began to write about what I was feeling and learning in order to share with my family and friends how blessed I felt and to offer hope of safe passage to other cancer patients. Since then I have met several cancer patients who likewise wanted to write or record their experience in order to encourage others.

I can think of three reasons why cancer patients feel compelled to write about the experience. First, our survival is being challenged, perhaps for the first time, and we use our coping skills as never before. We want to "pull out all the stops" and marshal our total energy to fight a mortal enemy. When we have had time to recover from the initial shock, we want to describe the methods we used to keep our world intact. For example, during treatment I could not satisfy my appetite for scriptures. In a few days, I found I had read and reread

the first half of the Book of Mormon. Many of the things I wrote bear witness to the sustaining power of the scriptures.

Second, writing is a form of firmly setting goals. If I record an idea that I believe will be helpful, then I am determined to prove it helpful. I was convinced that small acts of faith were necessary for healing, so I committed myself in writing to daily prayer and scripture study. If I had written that a spiritual odyssey were necessary to healing, I might have planned a trip to the temple for the purpose of healing. Writing is a mirror to help identify and focus needs and strengths.

Third, writing satisfies the need to nurture. Serious illness saps the active energy required for service at home and in most organized activities. Writing, on the other hand, provides even the bedridden a small opportunity to serve others.

My exposure to cancer, as both caregiver and patient, has taught me about fear, suffering, and the need for support. During my time as a nurse, I have seen patients conquer difficult challenges by persevering and by participating in support groups. From my mother I learned to carry on as normally as possible and to have faith in rational prospects for the future. My own illness has shown me that faith in God accompanied by personal efforts to sustain myself and others provides a good quality of life. Perhaps my experience and my realistic optimism can help another hoping and searching for safe passage.

Going Home

Loretta Randall Sharp

“Walk,” scold your doctors, but you snort
that it will take a cold day in hell
to make you shuffle from room to room
like some old man. So here I am,
newly flown to the sick bed and volunteered
by Mom to get you out of the house.
Three tries, and you’re upright,
swaying like that long-ago copper woodpecker,
its beak picking up toothpicks
as you finished off your weekly catch
with beer and pickled pigs feet.
That woodpecker tarnished too black
for polish and long ago thrown away,
that red oilcloth with windmills on it gone,
the wood table covered with thick white paint—gone.

Mom puts on your shoes, checks the ace-bandaged legs
and the tape over the drain bottle,
then buttons you into an overcoat.
She gives you the cane for your left side;
I am the right brace, one hand, flat padding
beneath yours, the other gripping your arm.
I do not know how a five-legged walk is to go,
but the cane knows. It moves first, and we lean
into a step. And then the next, the cane
steadying itself in the first frozen skiff of snow.

LORETTA RANDALL SHARP is currently at the Taipei American School. She has recently received a 1989-90 Creative Artist Award from the Michigan Council of the Arts to complete a manuscript of poems about women and goddesses of India.

Once again, I am going along for the ride,
like that child who went each week to Skinner's Meadows
so you could catch another twelve fish.
That young girl with her paperbacks and orange Nehi
should still be in the deep grass dreaming
of getting away from the Copper City,
from beer and Hormel brine speckling your shirt sleeves
till they glistened like the Rainbows threaded
with wire and left cooling in the stream.
But here she is, steadfastly looking away
from her father gutted, sewn up again,
then turned loose to swim upstream. Here she is,
quickened by the rhythm of your hand jerking free
at each step, then plunging down, finding surcease
in her palm, again and again in a silent,
ungainly dance, no one speaking, you stripped
to only the essential motions, I rigid
as Gandhi's walking sticks, as Antigone,
as Lot's daughters, each of us caught
by fear palpable as salt brine, each
yielding to the inexorable season of love.

Just Enough Truth for Christmastime

Todd Morley

IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, I'll pack up my truck and with my roommate head for Utah. We'll be there the week before Christmas, skiing and visiting friends and family. We both bought new skis for the occasion, long white racers with matching bindings.

When I first looked at the skis, I was surprised to see they had no grooves in their waxy P-tex bottoms. I had learned as a child that grooves made skis stable. Now I imagined myself careening wildly down the side of a mountain, gradually shedding my equipment and clothing, uttering unmentionables in both English and Spanish—all because some negligent designer had forgotten to mold a shallow indentation into his prototypes. Then I realized the vision of catastrophe was not a vision at all. It was a memory, an inchoate recollection of one of my more spectacular wipeouts. My skis had had grooves in them, but they didn't keep me standing. I was too good at catching an edge.

The salesman had laughed. Grooves had been out for years; if a ski needed one nowadays, it was poorly designed and you ought to avoid buying it. This convinced me enough to get the new skis, but I've thought about taking the old ones along, just in case I want to have a good fall.

But, I wasn't going to talk about skis. The fact that the old skis have grooves and the new ones don't might suggest a critique of my generation's relativism, but my memory of the wipeout screws up the analogy. I was going to talk about the trip. You see, it's really the traveling I'm looking forward to.

Driving between Utah and California has always been a sort of pilgrimage for me. I was born in Salt Lake City. Soon after that, my folks finished college and moved to Los Angeles. Later we moved to

TODD MORLEY has received a B.A. in English and a Master of Organizational Behavior from BYU and is now working on a doctorate in operations research at the University of Chicago. He descends from Isaac Morley (see D&C 52:23), so Mormonism is "in his blood," as this sketch suggests.

Mountain View and then to Palo Alto, so I consider myself a Californian. But each year between Thanksgiving and Christmas, I get a little stiff in the joints. I usually recognize the ache straight off as an urge to be in Utah—which is misleading, because it's never taken very much Utah to make me want to come back home. It's the trip.

A few days after I notice the ache, I begin questioning it. Why do you want to go to Utah? You always get bored and become overly sensitive about the cosmopolitan breeding you imagine yourself having. The people are never as exciting as you think they'll be. Why go to Utah? But the ache remains. I have to follow the line of thought through an entire imaginary trip, beginning to end, to remember why I need to go skiing in Utah this Christmas.

When I was a child, Mom and Dad made a foam pad for the back of our first Volvo station wagon. We called it "The Mattress." We put it in the car whenever the family drove to Utah. The mattress lasted longer than the car; it also fit our second wagon, a classic mustard-yellow Volvo with boxy lines and dual carbs. The kids wrestled, ate, sang, changed into and out of PJs, and slept on the thing, through all sixteen hours of Interstate 80.

Mom and Dad took turns driving. The one resting read out loud from *Where the Red Fern Grows*, led songs, and disciplined the kids. It exasperated Dad that we were capable of so much chaos; Mom, that we could disobey with such virtuosity. We exasperated them by bugging each other. Craig and I worried our sisters with a variety of clever psychological techniques, all heavy on deniability. Authority was the girls' main weapon. "Craig, burp in Deborah's ear." "Mom, Craig's burping in my ear." "Todd told me to." "I did not; I was way back here, looking at the stars." It was a regular pageant, more entertaining than the family musical productions Mom always hoped she could pull off during the holidays.

I did look at the stars. The Volvo's rear end was designed with stargazing in mind. The window had a high vertical profile, allowing me to see nearly half the sky through the clear, thin nocturnal desert air.

Dad claims he cannot recall doing any of the drive at night. Then it was a tactical maneuver, designed to maximize the travel hours in which the kids were asleep and hence silent. It has since become a "foolish" policy, less because more accidents occur at night—which is true, and which adds to the *mystique*—than because it keeps the parents of college students awake in their beds worrying about the storm going through the pass—which is false, because, as enlightened college students will repeatedly emphasize to their parents, the parents *choose* to stay awake.

I also learned to recognize landmarks: a junk sculpture, a KOA

campground, valentines and initials painted on the sides of rocks, the humming mining operations, and the Bonneville Speedway turnpike. The speedway was a source of endless questions directed to Dad. How fast did the cars go? How could they go that fast? Did you ever drive your hot rods on the speedway? Why don't the rocket cars sink in the mud like we would if we drove off the side of the road? The speedway was only a couple of miles past the State Line Casino, but I had to concentrate to see it coming in the dark.

The length and monotony of the experience made driving to Utah an ad-hoc EST session: pseudo-togetherness and surface issues from Mountain View to Berkeley, open attacks to Reno, chaos in the desert, and bonding just before the Great Salt Lake. It was a perfect setup. The highway wore us all down. The confinement created an unbearable sensory intensity; after Sacramento, we could tell each other by the smell of our sweat. Mom's musical sensibilities would grow particularly acute, until they exhausted her. Whoever hadn't been doing their practicing got it for singing off-key or missing their entrance in "White Coral Bells." Mom knew lots of songs, but Dad could only take so many of the kids' embellishments. And reading out loud got hard on the voice. So my parents withdrew. Unless we stopped at the vista point to get some air, Donner Lake was just a momentary blue ripple under the Michelins. The overload drove my parents out of their senses and into themselves, where they found Utah and history and family.

It was then my parents would tell us about our past. We could tell by the glazed monotony of their voices that they had entered a sort of travelers' trance. They would barely notice us even if we tried to aggravate them, so it wasn't worth trying. Gradually we discovered that we didn't want to interrupt them anyway: their stories gave us ideas for some of our best pranks, told us how we could expect different relatives to treat us, and helped us anticipate or avoid sensitive moments in Utah. Dad's boisterous tales of watermelon wars inspired our snowball fights with neighbor kids at Grandma and Grandpa Morley's house. Mom's ironic quips about her mother's distaste for cooking warned us to locate the nearest convenience store as we approached her home. Their arguments about Grandpa's cigarettes and coffee suggested that we avoid the kitchen when we heard Grandpa's earthy voice responding to Grandma at the breakfast table. Asking the wrong questions might put Mom and Dad in a bad mood; and if they felt good, we might get to go hooky-bobbing* on the Volvo later. These stories were

*Hooky-bobbing was popular winter mischief among Dad's peers. According to his stories, they crouched behind a parked car, waiting for a passing vehicle (buses were favorite targets) to grab its rear bumper as it passed. They slid on their feet over

an asset to negotiate for. They gave us ourselves. saw leaves and branches pinned by the snow against the windows. It was the second station wagon, still pretty new. We saw Dad was angry, so we kept quiet. We watched him get out of the car, ask some passersby to call a towing rig, and eventually dig the car out of the snow. Mom somberly led us in a series of family prayers. By the time Dad finished digging out the car, each of us had at least one chance to pray. (I prayed twice; being the oldest, it was my privilege to pray first.) The prayers must have worked, because the car did. When we were back on the highway, Mom and Dad argued the relative efficacies of prayer and tow chains. I sided with prayer, but I knew Craig sided with the chains, because he peeked at the tow truck while he was saying his prayer. I don't think Mom saw. Nobody told.

Family prayers were the most obvious travel ritual, but my favorite was dinner at truck-stop cafes. I learned from my dad to love these cafes, even before I remember eating at them. (I admired his calling them "greasy spoons," discovering only years later that the metaphor was not his invention.) After a hard Saturday of yard work, Dad would take us to the Peninsula Creamery fountain for a milkshake, sometimes for a whole meal. I always ordered a chocolate shake—with a barbecue-beef sandwich, when I could get away with it. When we ate at the fountain, Mom got upset, because Dad never told her beforehand. She'd cook us a fine dinner, assuming a proper Saturday appetite and wanting inclusion in part of the day's labor ritual. We would return from the creamery content and convivial. I think Dad didn't want to tell her. He wanted this to be a secret among the men, one that favored us over the women—like getting donuts at Winchell's before priesthood meeting on Sunday mornings, which Mom said was breaking the Sabbath. Dad wanted us on his side. Mom knew in her heart that excluding her from our togetherness was the real sin; that is why she worked so hard to keep us out of the Winchell's clique at Sunday school. (It didn't work.) Dad had the fountain; Mom had God.

The rest of the kids favored McDonald's. I thought this was far too conventional, so I'd start lobbying early for a particular casino in Elko. It had a large, smoky dining room on the corner of Main and something. If we got there late enough at night, two waitresses would be on duty, one in her late teens or twenties, and one in her late fifties or sixties. Girly or Grandma, take your pick. The psychology worked on

the ice and snow, wherever their hosts carried them. Dad wisely compromised, in our case, by allowing us to hooky-bob on the Volvo.

me. I always hoped the older waitress would serve us, so I could hear her call me “sonny” or praise my blond hair. This was a ritual loaded with misogyny, but I took attention anywhere I could get it. McDonald’s couldn’t compete.

I liked the food. When my campaigning was successful, the reward was a hot roast-beef sandwich, which was really a piece of substanceless white bread cut diagonally, with sliced beef, whipped reconstituted potatoes, and brown gravy over the whole plate. Sometimes there would be beans taken from a green #10 S&W can on the stainless steel counter in the kitchen. The beans were good with gravy too. The large glass of milk I ordered with the sandwich always came minutes before the plate, and lukewarm. I inspected the glass after the meal to make sure a proper ring of cream appeared below the rim. We drank two percent at home.

And there were the mysterious vending machines in the bathrooms. When I stared at the machines, it puzzled me that my mother faithfully sent us into this room to wash our hands before dinner. Mom had no way of knowing that, in part, I pulled for the older waitress as an act of penitence.

The Utah ache drove me back for college. My roommates flew home at Thanksgiving and Christmas, but I never grudged them the flight. I drove eagerly, alone, straight through, any chance I got. These were sacred hours, a silence for spending pocket change on candy and scarce ten-dollar bills on gasoline. There was always time to pull over at the Bonneville Speedway and the junk sculpture. I’d coast to a stop, leave the motor running to keep the heater on, and close the door behind me. Then I’d stand motionless and reverent in front of these highway ornaments, letting memories return in full force, knowing I could stand there as long as I wanted. The winter wind seemed to have its own pair of hands, gripping but benevolent. Often they herded into the black desert night all of the scapegoats I cared to release into their custody.

I sometimes felt there should have been Christmas lights hanging on the landmarks. Each stop was a freedom I gave myself. Each curbside rite at these personal shrines was a tiny renewal blinking on a long wire that connected Ogden and Spring City to Glendale and Palo Alto. Somehow I knew I had to give myself these private gifts before returning home for the holidays. These gifts gave me something to bring back to my family. They still do.

Mom and Dad started splitting the sheets before I went to college, but I still get the ache every December. I’ve got to go back, even though I have no taxes to pay there. I already know where I’ll eat dinner. I could just drive to the cafe and back, but that would only

allow for one meal. Besides, now that I drive a four-wheeler, I've half a mind to test the mud beyond the shoulder of Highway 80 at Bonneville. And each time I drive all the way to Utah, I cut a slender groove into the asphalt on the cold desert floor. Maybe it will still be there when my son makes the drive.



This Then, November

Laura Hamblin

When the arduous season comes, again,
unexpectedly, air rushes through
needled trees causing a sudden
shift of time, a shift of light:
this new hue, this new sound.
And we listen to leaves, like words,
scratch and crack through the frigid sky,
and watch as nature begins

to die—gracefully—full of our own
death. It is what we cannot pronounce,
the commonness, the thinness of our
transient present. It is with us
still, flattened, like pressed leaves:
imperishable things imagined.

LAURA HAMBLIN lives in Aurora, Colorado, with her son and her dog. She is a Ph.D. candidate in English at the University of Denver, where she also teaches composition.



Of Pleasures and Palaces

David L. Wright

(1961)

I SAT WAITING IN THE DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM in the “House of Happiness” where only a correct, efficient, middle-aged nurse interrupted a grueling aura of lost wills, defeated pluck. The inmates, whose residence in the “House” indicated graduation from the central hospital, were considered either cured enough now to assume passive roles in organized society or sufficiently enfeebled to pose no more of a threat to nursely control than idiot children (“Time to take your pill, deary; Now . . . that’s a good girl!”).

The head nurse, whose educated cheerfulness assured me a textbook welcome, had gone to fetch my Aunt Lois, whose transfer from the hospital to the “House” had coincided with my return home for a vacation, of the homecoming kind which a writer convinces himself is necessary every half-decade or so. And now I was to bring her home again, “completely cured,” the hospital officials had assured my father, by the marvels of modern therapy.

DAVID LANE WRIGHT was born in Bennington, Idaho, in 1929. Although he served in the United States Air Force most of his life, he was first and foremost a writer—a fact verified both by the numerous publications to his credit and the quantity of unpublished works he left behind when he died in 1967, at the age of thirty-eight. His poetry was published in such places as *Golden Quill Anthology*, *National Anthology of Poetry*, and *Poetry Public Quarterly*; his fiction in such places as *The Humanist*, *Mutiny*, *Arizona Quarterly*, and *Best Articles and Short Stories*; and his play *Still the Mountain Wind* was produced by *Utah State University*, the *University of Minnesota*, the *Poet’s Theatre of Cambridge*, and *Brigham Young University*. His unpublished letters, poems, stories, journals and novels are housed in the *Special Collections Library* at *Utah State University*. This short story was submitted to *DIALOGUE* by his daughter, *Charlotte M. Wright*.

Waiting in the phantasmal silence, I watched the fingers of the older inmates pick at doilies while the younger and more mobile wandered from couch to rocking chair to window, often humming the substances of a fractured tune. Like lazy cats they searched out a patch of sunshine, a couch, a window curtain—lazy cats, clawless, purring harmony, quizzing the mystique of furniture with fixed and empty eyes.

Presently I felt the burn of eyes on the back of my neck, and turned. A stringy hawk-faced young woman lay curled like a fetus upon a couch, frowning me into focus. Spittle ran from her lower lip. She met my gaze with an idiot smile, then made a picket fence of her hand in front of her face. Her eyes, through the palisades, registered nothing as words stumbled through a guttural monotone:

“You wanta-see Loiey? Do ya? What for? Who you?” Her body uncoiled like a stiff rope, and she shuffled toward me, her arms rigid against her flanks. I scrambled to my feet and retreated to a conversational distance. But she staggered forward like a stunned boxer, her face looking up, her mouth close enough to my chin to bite it. She tapped a middle finger hard against my collar bone: “You Loiey’s boyfriend? If you him, you better git on out of here. Loiey, she don’t love *you* no more. Are ya? You Loiey’s lover? You better not.”

The nurse reappeared in the doorway. “Cynthia! Upstairs! Right this minute!” The command struck the woman like the whip that sends the tamed tiger back to his cage.

The nurse smiled professionally. “Sorry,” she said, dismissing the incident. “Your aunt will be here in a moment. She’s fixing up her room. I didn’t tell her who you are . . . thought she’d kind of enjoy the surprise.” Turning, she shouted up the stairs: “Loiey dear! Please hurry now! Don’t keep your gentleman waiting.” To me: “She’s so meticulous . . . sometimes takes an hour to make her bed. Every little wrinkle, you know. We’re so pleased with her behavior . . . so much better . . . we almost hate to see her leave us . . .”

Before I could utter the expected banalities, her eyes shot past my shoulder and she cried, “Uncle Billy!” I turned to see an old man methodically squeezing his crotch. “Come with nursey . . . hurry now!” She swept past me, pulled the dropsical old man from his chair and led him away, presumably to a bathroom. He followed like a bear on hind legs.

Soon the nurse reappeared, closely followed by an unbelievably fat, ugly woman whose only show of animation existed in the slow exercise of eyes which lay buried in face-flesh, like two small brown buttons in a mass of gelatin. I had no way of knowing, until first the

child-nose, sharp and thin, then the legs, still slender, and then I remembered a Lois-echo from another time:

"Through the lightning and the thunder, and I wished so hard it would quit, Daddy'd hold me close and say through his beard: 'Lois, my little Queen, whatever is to become of you . . . when I die!'"

Before I could speak, the nurse said, "Aren't you the same one—ten, twelve years ago?" I nodded, my eyes fixed upon the still-unknowning figure whose eyes had not yet registered recognition.

"I'll just leave her with you," the nurse said. "And when you're ready you can sign the papers. Loiey dear, now be a good girl, won't you? Your gentleman wants to be alone with you for a few moments." She squeezed my aunt's hand and left.

"Aunt Lois?" I said, my mouth brushing her ear and kissing her cheek. "Do you remember me? Your nephew—Carl's son."

Her eyes turned upon me slowly and a smile began to labor through the swollen flesh of her cheeks.

"This is roses—They're growing beside a huge, huge river."

"Why, why . . . Al-vin—is that you?" Her voice rose like a timid resurrection from the cemetery of silence—its assonance, like that of the deaf, a steady whine, without inflection. "It's not really you—is it? Where have you been so long . . . ? Why dearest, what happened to your hair . . . ?" Her lips proved barely able to manipulate under the weight of flesh obstructing their movement. "Are you feeling well, dearest?" she whined. Her hand touched and retouched my face, like a beggar woman examining, wanting a mink coat. "You look awfully old, my dear . . . Oh, I'm all better now, you know . . . Did Nursey tell you? She's nice. She says I'll never have to go back to that dirty old hospital again. . . . Did you come to get me? She takes me to Sunday School every Sunday . . . I hope so because it's been twenty years ago, you know . . . Did Nursey tell you? Except that awful time when your father . . . why did he hate me so much? I would have stayed home that time if he hadn't hated me. And I pay my tithing too, every bit of it . . . I make five dollars a month doing the wash . . . but I'm awful tired and my back aches most all the time so you see I really *do* need a vacation . . . I pay the Church fifty cents a month . . ."

"Why don't the lion lay down with the lamb? The lamb's willing, I can tell you that!"

A good many ears had tuned in, and I saw Cynthia malingering at the top of the stairs, descending two steps at a time, in jerks, like the minute hand of an old grandfather clock.

"Let's go out on the porch and talk," I said. "Or maybe take a drive, or walk to the drugstore. Would you like that?"

"Walk?" she said stupidly. "Where is there to walk to?"

I led her outside. She followed as if groping through blind cellars. "I got my things all ready," she said. "It'll only take me a minute. I haven't got very much . . . not very much at all." The whine continued, barely connecting the wistful spaces between words.

Outside, I expected her step to brighten as I placed her hand against my arm. But she stumbled through the same endless cellars, dumb to the maples, the box elders, the brilliant Utah summer sunshine.

"Green Willow, let's walk up to Pine Canyon and not anybody else but us. And build a campfire under Cemetery Rock with all those cliffs and all, and hawks floating around in the sky as free and pretty as you please, and the wind whooshing down slow then fast so it's sort of cold but not too much and yelling across the gorge and getting a couple of echoes back from the cliffs. Just us: and whistling, or singing, or climbing a tree, and nobody to point a finger at us and say, 'No!' Let's go there tomorrow . . . and take a lunch. Okay?"

(1949)

From the living room window I watched Dad's car turn down the road and saw a thin figure in the back seat bobbing like a child arriving at the town parade. Before the car had stopped, the figure jumped out and shrieked theatrically into the dome of a summer Utah sky. It was Aunt Lois—back "home" at last.

I had been well coached and, in addition, had read my aunts' and uncles' letters in which they had discussed the sensitive matter of Dad's trying to rehabilitate Aunt Lois. From these letters I was to understand that the family wanted to help their unfortunate sister just as much as Dad did, but they simply believed that taking her out of the state hospital now was not the best thing to do, either for her, for society, or for the family. The letters revealed other secrets too:

. . . I swear that everything she ever did or said turned into trouble with a capital T . . . since you didn't have to live with her after father died and we moved to Logan, you can't know her as well as we do . . . believe me, Carl, she was hell on wheels and all that you learned through hearsay I can confirm through experiences . . . Please understand, I am not condemning her—we all realize her predicament is not entirely her fault. She's had her share of bad luck, but . . . and it may even be, as your letters have suggested, that since she is still comparatively young and her major misfortunes occurred over eight years ago, she might be able to take a place in society again. I can only say that I doubt she's changed that much. . . . There are others to think of too. And what about your responsibility to the family as a whole? Is it worth reopening the family closet in full view of the families with whom we all spent our childhoods . . . ? Have you considered the welfare and possible embarrassment of your own family? What about Laura? And what about Alvin? Certainly, you can't expect a mere college boy not to be influenced.

She raised her arms limply, in the manner of a ballet dancer, and sucked in a deep breath. She was lean, lean as wire, just as I remembered her when on special occasions we visited Grandma Simmon's house in Logan during my childhood, and I listened impishly to the fragmented whispers of this most beautiful and wicked member of my father's family.

I walked out to the porch and waited, watched her, watched Dad, saw the embarrassment and tension work over his face, felt thrill and fear work into the excitement of my own responsibility:

Remember, your mother and I will be working at the elevator, so whether Lois can be helped to live a useful life depends more on you than us. You'll be with her most of the time. Now, I don't expect you to take unreasonable abuse, but when she tries your patience, remember she has been in an institution for over eight years, and if only half of what she told me about conditions in that hospital is true—well, I just can't live at peace with myself knowing that my own sister is subject to such humiliation. If we can't help her now, she'll probably have to stay there the rest of her life. Think of these things and be kind to her . . . study her diaries, study the letters from your aunts and uncles. Maybe the conditions described in them will piece together the whole picture and help you confront your tasks with understanding. You're young, but I think you can be man enough not to judge her . . . don't let me down.

At the gate she closed her eyes dramatically and her lips dropped loose, as if the hand of a kindly God would surely caress her—from the trees, the wind, anywhere. Then she saw our rose bush. She ran toward it and buried her face in the petals. “Oh,” she squealed. “Red red roses! Aren't they just love-ly?” Her voice too, unlike any Simmon's voice I'd ever heard, crackled with inflections of excitement, affectation, romance, discovery. Dad smiled and cupped her elbow in his hand, guiding her toward the house. I sensed that her joy not only brought him pleasure but reformed his hope that he could prove his brothers and sisters wrong . . . that the face of their worldliness and higher education (which he much admired) would not, in this instance, prove superior to his dogged faith. But I was afraid, for he was again believing what he wanted and needed to believe. It was so like him . . . stubborn, gracious, believing . . . to act upon the state psychiatrist's faint admission that Lois might recover stability in her childhood environment. And no more than typical that he would discount the voices of his brothers' and sisters' misgivings.

“But Carl,” she protested, her fingers tripping over the roses, “how on earth do they get water?” I couldn't hear Dad's reply but saw him point toward the ditch. Almost shouting, she trilled: “Why that's wonderful! Can you imagine that? From a harmless little old ditch! Why I

thought they'd at least need a river!" They had almost reached the first tree when Mother called them back to help with the packages.

She always assumed the world owed her a living. Her motto was: Let everybody else do the world's work and abide by the stuffy standards of decency—I'm Lois, I was born to have fun. . . . We know her all right—only too well. Backbone enough to recover? Just how much backbone did she show when she found out she was pregnant?

As they walked up the path under the trees, Aunt Lois looked all around her, as if in wonderland—first to the East Mountains and to big Baldy Mountain, and down the ridge to the cliffy gorge, Joe's Gap; then to the range of the West Mountains, sloping off to the Pescadero foothills, running off to the pasture lands where her father's cattle had once grazed; then into the thick-limbed poplars edging the village roads and house lots and down finally into the earth-stiffened path leading to the house of her brother, who alone among the twelve had chosen to stay in Utah and manage the family farm. I wondered what scenes passed through her mind as her eyes skirted over the unchanged landscapes of her childhood in the valley where she, the twenty-fourth and final child of her polygamous father, was born.

Suddenly about halfway up the path, she dropped the dress box she was carrying as if it deserved no existence in the scheme of her new life. "Oh," she squealed and threw her arms around Dad's neck, kissed him, and began to cry. Her face broke into an expression of overjoy. Emotion, normally not detectable in Dad's expressions, worked up into his throat. But he gently broke her away, his hands firmly pressing back her thin, rounded shoulders. Right then even in its cut of resolution, his face reflected a shade of panic, as if he suspected reality creeping up on him, like the first movements of an avalanche of terror.

Dear-sentimental-fool-of-a-brother-whom-I-love-beyond-all-humans-on-the-face-of-this-sorry-earth: Listen, Carl, it will never work. And it isn't a question of insanity. Because actually, there isn't a sane person in the whole family—except me. And Lois isn't the craziest by a long shot—you are! Every time I think about your damn big-heartedness I get sick. Why? Because you're the only person I care to remember from the "good old days" of our childhoods. And the memory makes me bitter because you remind me of the many times I played you for a fool and how little I have justified your persistent faith in me. . . . Did you ever stop to think that nine-tenths of the mischief caused in this mess of a world emanates from people who "try to do good"?

When I opened the door for them, Aunt Lois's glance reduced me to a footnote in the family catalog. "No!" she exclaimed. "This can't be my little curly top!" She leaned over the sharp edge of the dress box

and ran her hand through my thick hair and kissed me wetly on my lips. “MMMM,” she said. “A big college man already.” She stepped back, looked me over. “And so *hand-some!*”

Inside the house she dropped the dress box on the floor and struck a cheesecake pose, graced with slender, shapely legs, a thin waist, and too-thin arms. Her face, close up, retained the animation of youth but not the coloring. “*There you go!*” she trilled. “I guess I’m *still* a million dollar baby!” But her laughter faltered and by the time she added, “Aren’t I?” her countenance was straining for assurances. Dad put his arm around her and said, “Sure, Lois, you’re as . . . beautiful . . .” He detested that word, not only because it contradicted his Puritan values but it specifically symbolized the sort of vanity which had accompanied Lois’s downfall. “. . . Uh, nice-looking as ever, Lois.” Then, as if addressing a jury of unseen opposition: “You’re just as good as anybody else.”

First that criminal . . . then, well, marriage was all right for ordinary folks, fools like us, but not for Lois Simmons . . . the gay and happy life . . . no regard for our feelings . . . then the baby . . . then the strychnine . . .

But beautiful was exactly the word she needed. “*Am I beautiful?*” she asked. “Really?” Her eyes believed, then dimmed with doubt. Quickly, Dad led her to the Victrola. While cranking the handle, he pointed to the record already on the turntable. His hand trembled. “I’ll bet you remember this, don’t you Lois?” he said. She read the label, and an indulgent smile worked slowly over her face. Dad’s eyes glistened, and it was plain that “Turkey in the Straw” contained some meaning that Mother and I were shut out from. The violin began, scratching and wailing, tunneling from the past, and Dad offered his hand and swung her into a quick two-step. His agility surprised me, not so much the bounce of his stocky body, but the vigor of his spirit. She squealed happily but, badly out of step, soon faltered, then quit in confusion. “Oh, Carl,” she pouted, wringing her hands helplessly. “Not that old pioneer stuff!” Her brother’s eyes flashed a hurt, but he rallied a smile and again picked up the threads of their game. I’d never seen him act up so. He bowed and said, “As my lady wishes!” She giggled, arched her brow, and offered him a limp hand, which he slightly kissed with the aplomb of a half-baked count. “Anot-ah time, pah-haps,” she said. She wiggled away, like a movie queen, turned and laughed, her whole face breaking pixie-like into squeezed-up lines of wrinkle. Her tribute to wantonness—even in sport—brought flickers of embarrassment into Dad’s eyes.

Carl, do you honestly think she will ever fit into a Relief Society ladies’ quilting party? Or a Sunday School class? And what else is there for her to do back home? You’ve got to think of the time she’ll have on her hands. You mentioned

her helping you at the elevator or getting a job in one of the stores in Rockland. Lois, handling money? Have you forgotten her escapades with the criminal . . . ?

Dear Diary: When everything is all right again and Ralph is out from jail, I will get away from them. All of them, and run away with him and help him rob stores or do anything else he wants me to do.

I didn't know to what degree Dad expected me to indulge such goings on. Embarrassed, I picked up the packages and took them into the spare bedroom not knowing when or how my Great Role should begin. Above the splat and crackle of deer meat that Mother had begun to fry, I could hear Dad and Aunt Lois laughing, on her terms, like children playing as they pleased in a candy house they themselves had built. I remembered the little signs I had seen in Dad's eyes, and I thought: How is Dad going to succeed where his own father and mother had failed?

Dear Diary: Father was a mean old man. He couldn't stand to see anyone having a good time, or laughing. I was playing in the yard with two or three other kids and we were laughing and he came over very gruff and threw my doll over the fence, and said: "What's all the cackling about? Go do something useful for a change," and made me go pull up pig weeds the rest of the day.

And about Mother, Diary, well, for all the trouble I caused her, she never once accused me of hurting her. Instead she'd always say, "Oh, Lois, if you only knew how you were hurting your father." And he was dead, mind you, died even before we moved to Logan. (Mother said we moved so we could all "get a good education," but I think she mostly wanted to get away from the first family.) She always talked as if he were still living, and when I'd ask her how could I be hurting him when he was dead she'd say, "He isn't really dead, Loiey, he's watching you every minute of every day and he feels terrible about the things you say and the naughty things you do." She had me believing that stuff too. Like to have scared me half to death when it'd thunder and storm. I'd get spooky feelings, like he was really right close to me, like I could almost see his beard and his cane and his big wrinkled hands — watching me and groaning about how bad a girl I was, and never following the way of righteousness like he taught, and cussing the whole family for moving from the family farm to the "evil" city. I'd be so scared, Diary, I'd promise myself in the pillow I'd be good the next day and all the rest of the days if only the thunder and lightning would just go away and take him out of my mind. But the next day I knew he was really dead, so I'd go on doing and saying the same ole things over again.

Since Dad had to attend a bishopric meeting that first night, he asked me to take Aunt Lois to Aunt Cally's. As the last survivor of the underground days of polygamy, as Grandma Simmon's youngest sister, and as the woman who danced the last quadrille with Grandpa the night he suffered his last stroke and died, Aunt Cally had earned the highest respect. Unspoken protocol demanded that she would be the

first among the few relatives remaining in the village whom Lois must visit.

Aunt Lois minced over the crude cross-lots trail as nervously as a killdeer. When we reached the lane she stopped suddenly and looked directly into my face, reflecting the mischief of a little girl with some grand scheme up her sleeve.

"Listen, we don't want to go see old Aunt Snickly-Fritz," she said. As she spoke, she was already flying.

"You don't think I can run? Why, I used to win all the girls' races." She sped away, throwing her head back recklessly. "See?" she yelled back over her shoulder, "I guess I can still ru . . ." She stumbled and instantly reached out for the fence wire. By some miracle of dexterity, she did not quite fall.

"Are you hurt, Aunt Lois?" I said, jogging up.

"Oh, just a scratchy bit," she laughed. One of her fingers showed consecutive pinheads of blood, and when I looked down she impulsively smeared the blood across my face and laughed. "*There* you go!" she shrieked. "I've got *my* mark on you now!" Then she plopped the bleeding finger into her mouth and laughed, and in the dark I did not know how bad the finger was so we walked back home; she, talking periodically over the top of her finger, which she kept between her teeth, biting down hard when she laughed.

As the days went by, I realized that what Dad had told me about the predominance of my role was true, especially since he and Mother often worked far into the night at the grain elevator in Rockland. Sometimes she went with them. She typed extremely fast, and Dad said he knew he could get her a job with one of the Rockland businessmen after the grain season. But she tired quickly, couldn't work more than two hours, and spent the larger portion of the days home with me. I timed my fence fixing and other miscellaneous chores so I could be with her most of the time. Usually, she was passive, childlike, pleasant. She liked our walks across the foothills, went into raptures over wild flowers, asking simple questions about the life-death cycle of plants. But I could not exactly determine whether her questions and her seeming acceptance of my answers were genuine or center stage. And her moods, switching impulsively from hilarity to moroseness, often seemed edged with cunning.

She was most content when we would prepare a lunch, drive the pickup to the foothills, walk through the mountains, and end up our excursion sitting on Cemetery Rock in the Joe's Gap gorge. There we listened passively while the wind hummed through the chokecherry bushes and the pines swayed out from the cliffs. I was surprised to hear her quoting sizable passages of poetry—principally from the

English Romantics — Byron apparently her favorite. She told me reading poetry was all she ever did in high school.

But her night moods were entirely different. The door between our bedrooms ordinarily lay shut, but Lois, the first night, had announced, “We’ll just leave it open a teeny-weeny bit, won’t we?” then added emphatically, “So we can breathe.” But the second night when I absent-mindedly closed it, she leaped out of bed, threw the door wide open, her eyes sparkling with fury as she shouted: “Will you please Judas Priest Almighty leave this door open!” Boom! The door struck the wall . . . then silence . . . then a pillow thudded against the open door. My laughter brought her head bobbing around the door frame and a shoe sailed over my head. In her fury there seemed an element of enjoyment, of luxury. “You coyote bastard,” she said, her voice trembling. “You screwy southpaw,” I said, laughing. In that way we bantered, like children, until finally her repartee melted into compulsive giggling. Sometimes her squeals spilled into her pillow as the paroxysm made her unable to speak. Often she would fall asleep between spasms of laughter. It was as if all the carbonated laughter and nonsense of childhood had been bottled up and was only now exploding. But this belated spilling from the general grimness of her past was only the froth of her personality. As I learned a few evenings later:

I woke, sensing motion from her room. I listened closely. A word, a phrase, half-whispered, blended into the light thump and patter of rapidly moving feet. She sang, softly:

I met a mill-ion dollar ba-by—
In a five and ten-cent store . . .

She answered herself in whispered, dry, sensual, unsung, throaty tones: “And he said, ‘Baby, do you want any more?’ and I told ‘im, ‘Why sure, lover, sure I want more.’”

You made—me love you—
I didn’t wanna do it . . . I didn’t wanna do it . . .

Breathing heavily and, “Oh yes, I did. I sure guess I did!”

I got up, went to the doorway. Unperturbed, she blew a kiss my way and immediately drew me into the mesmeric atmosphere which had spread itself throughout the room. It was not a matter of pretending—the room *had* become a ballroom, gigantic, palm leafed, deepened in echoes of soft trumpet, muted in shadows, and the spell was such that I could imagine myself bedecked in tuxedo and silk hat, she in freshest taffeta. And the dream-world magic of her creation seemed

to hold all that life might have been for her, if, as the family so often said, “things had been a little different.”

“Don’t you *dare* tell me to go to bed,” she whispered thickly, spinning on her toes, tossing her arms high above her head, making her wrists go limp. “Watch this . . . *this* is the way we danced.” The ghost orchestra commenced a waltz, while she dreamed her head back and danced . . . upon marble floors beneath crystalline chandeliers—

Ever in dreams . . . with you . . . I’ll sway-ay . . .
To the waltz . . . you saved . . . for me-a . . .
Tum tum te-ti tu . . .

She stumbled upon the bed, sighed sensuously, cupped her chin under her hand, looked through me, frowned a bit.

Diary: If they put me in a cell with him that would be hunky-dory with me. Because just give us a floor and we will make the music . . .

Her eyes narrowed and as I gradually came into their focus, the ballroom slipped away and the tones of trumpet faded. I turned to leave.

“Wait,” she said. “I want to tell you straight to your face . . .”

“What?” I said, not really asking anything . . . sensing a battle I didn’t want to fight, or even know about.

“The trouble with you,” she continued. “You’re like the rest of them.” She sat up, intense. Her voice leveled and was like cold water. You poor damn chicken, living in these Lord shielded mountains. You don’t know straight up.”

I didn’t say anything. I both knew (the nerve of conscience?) and didn’t know (the bliss of personal myth) what she meant. But I felt instinctively it was right that she should unleash the furies tormenting her, and right—perhaps for my sake as well as hers—that I should listen.

She motioned me to sit beside her on the bed, and I had to obey. For in that moment she changed from the ballroom belle into my aunt, privileged, like all aunts, to admonish. She was not “poor Aunt Lois” now either, needing therapy; no, a woman now, and I a boy.

She took my hand, faced me squarely, and demanded: “Look at me. Get serious. Do you think I’m a million dollar baby? Or not?”

I squirmed. “Well . . . I . . .,” and begged somebody for inspiration. “What did Ralph think?”

She took the name in stride, as if it were perfectly natural that I should know about Ralph Turner. But I sensed that the river of her intention—whatever it was—had taken another course.

“Ah, Ralph.” Her voice stroked the name, and a small smile pushed her lips down. Her eyes glowed and the smile tripped back and forth.

A big curtain rolled back and there stood this woman, small, defiant, afraid, in the center of the stage, alone.

"I can tell you one thing: I meant *more* than a million to him, and I cost him more than money. Isn't it crazy? He was the only guy I ever wanted to give *everything* to. Everything I had. And for nothing." Her voice stumbled. "Absolutely nothing." The irony of the here and now must have struck her mind. She snickered, her smile fixed and grim. But her tongue idly ticked into another song and took her away again, to center stage.

We were sitting on top—
On top o' the wur-uld . . .

Her eyes snapped. "And we'll get back up there too," she said. "Because we don't need a house, a car, a job—nothing. Just to be together. That's all." Suddenly, she threw my hand back. "I know, damn you," she said. "You don't have to say it, you think everything's over. You think I'm only your ratty old aunt and he's a withered up old jailbird and he won't ever get out and you think I'm crazy waiting for him when I could have any man I wanted. But what do you understand about our kind of love? Nothing, that's what. Absolutely nothing! Oh they'll tell you all right he's the scum of the earth, a common crook—oh they got it all figured out real sweet what love is, *they* know all about it. Love—sweet, sweetie pie love: 'I'll love you if you'll be the same church as me and think the same thoughts as me, but when you don't, oh I'll still live with you all right but I won't love you any more, I'll just feel sorry for you! That's the way they tell you—that's all the more *they* know about love. Well, let me tell you something, Chicken Little, Ralph and me, we loved real big and real strong, rules or no, and we knew better loving than these holy Church lovers, and it wasn't dirty and cheap either like *they* say it was. Because *they're* dirty and cheap, that's what I say, Chicken Little, and don't think I don't know—I've had Saints in bed too, and sure, sure they get real excited, like eating a raw hamburger and treat you about like that too."

One night the ward missionaries were visiting and Lois strutted out from the bathroom with only a towel around her waist, smoking a cigarette. And when mother ordered her from the room she flew into a rage—right in front of everyone—and accused one of those visiting elders of having attacked her one night after a high school party. This incident was only typical of poor mother's heartache and suffering throughout Lois' adolescence . . .

I made as if to go. "I don't care," I said. "Don't talk like that . . . I don't care . . ."

. . . *When she was small father used to spank her for saying things against the Church, but poor mother, about all she could do was cry her heart out and plead with her not to revile the servants of the Lord . . .*

She tensed, as delighted as a fisherman making a strike. “Ha,” she said. “Hurts your holy white ears doesn’t it, Green Willow? Well, listen real close and you might learn something or two for a change—they do it fast too, like they just can’t wait to get it over with so they won’t be late for priesthood meeting. Now—how do you like that!”

“Shut up . . . please . . . it’s none of my business.”

“Oh, you just think it isn’t,” she said, her eyes glistening with pleasure. “And another thing, the Saints got you believing a whole bunch of one-woman-to-one-man-crap, that making love with others breaks the whole thing up. But let me tell you, Green Willow, Ralph made other women and I had other men, we both knew that, but you think we cared? You think that stopped us from loving each other? It’s who you love *most* that counts and how you going to know you’re the best, how you going to know you *deserve* to be loved if you don’t have any competition? I tell you we weren’t scared ‘cause our love was a great big love, a bigger love than . . .”

“So big it broke up,” I muttered. “Just like the family and the Saints said it would. That’s why the rules are . . .”

“No!” she screamed. And I thought she would strike me. Instead, her hands clenched a corner of a sheet, as if ready to tear it.

“No . . . stronger! Dammit! Stronger than anybody else’s. That’s what you great white-eared Saints don’t understand. You’re all in love with your Lord damn lies and never understand that *real* life goes deep and is tough and wonderful. I’m his million dollar baby now and forever. But you righteous bastards got to put us away and spit on us ‘cause you’re afraid. Sure, we had an accident, that’s the tough part, but we dared anyhow, we dared to . . .”

Whether she’s our sister or not the fact remains she tried to take the life of an unborn child, and perhaps her own life as well, for all we know . . . is this the kind of person you want in your home?

“Sure, that’s when you Saints step in ‘cause we’re weak then, helpless—you got too damn many laws and too damn many places to put people in. You wait around jealous, wishing you had guts enough to have some of our strength. Then we have an accident, a little bad luck, then you leap on us like a pack of jackals, trying to chew us to pieces. No, you don’t want us around to remind you of your sweet little dull routines . . . so you can cluck your tongues and say ‘See: Told you so!’ Sure, it’s easy to keep out of trouble—get married, eat, sleep and have sex once a month, *twice* if you feel real naughty. Ha!—that’s living? No, you can’t stand anybody who lives outside the nicety,

nice little rules—you've got to huddle together like a bunch of nanny goats in a storm and congratulate each other how nice and holy and sweet and righteous you all are."

"Why tell me?" I said. "You expect me to go out and preach your gospel? You think I'm a living image rulebook on correct courtship and marriage? I don't know about these things and don't care. Why don't you leave me alone?"

She dismissed my protest with a wave of her hand. "Oh, you're a green little willow," she said. "I'd just as well talk to a damn post. Why, I'll bet you never made a woman in your entire life. You'd like to though. Only you can't. You're protected by these holy mountains and these Lord God people who're nine-tenths dead since the day was born. Think you can escape? Ha! Just try it. Oh you'll get out of this part of the country all right—that's not what I mean. Sure, they'll send you on a mission, but by that time they've stolen your mind so you can't learn anything except what they've told you to—and you're so far gone you think great poetry consists of those sticky little verses in the Relief Society magazine about seagulls. Oh no, you'll never be put away, just dopes like me. You'll come back, marry a chaste little Mormon girl in the temple—just like you've been told to do—make love in your holy underwear, and commence having babies once every year or so."

I felt afraid. Not of her, but of what she was saying. I felt cold, wanting to clutch tightly at the pontifical coat of orthodox religion, to hold the warmth in, against the bitter winter's wind of my aunt's malcontent.

"Just you hold the phone a minute!" I said. "I might be your green little willow, but maybe I can see things you can't. All right, so maybe the Church rules don't fit every particular personality, every single condition in life. But suppose the Church made exceptions. Suppose it tolerated your kind of medicine. Why, the whole structure would collapse. Aunt Lois, can you imagine the confusion, the terrible panic of human beings scrambling like animals for the shelter of a belief they couldn't find? No—civilization has got to maintain simple lines of authority to feed hope into people—simple rights and wrongs, a simple system of reward and punishment, simple superstitions and fears—Oh, have it your way then! Not only *simple* but *simple minded*. Doesn't matter. The people have to have guidance and hope, or else they're lost . . ."

"Good!" she shouted, her eyes sparkling. "Damn good. I hope I live to see the day! I hope every damn one of the smug bastards gets as lost as they've made me be. Church people!—they're the Lion, they rule the whole damn forest, and the dreamers are the lamb. Why in

hell's name can't they lie down together? The lamb's willing, I can tell you that!"

"Is it?" I said. "I don't think so. Because the Saints have had to be dreamers too, early in their history. But they organized and built an empire. That's why they're the Lion now, and indestructible. And if the Lion ignored the lambs, they'd bunch up and destroy him with their own dreams. Then the lambs would organize and protect their own, feeding in the beginning upon the Lion's corpse."

She smiled, apparently pleased with the flow of words. Her eyes twinkled. "Shut up," she said. "You talk too much. And where'd you get all those fancy words?"

I smiled back as our seriousness broke for a moment, and we laughed softly, together. "Well, Aunt Lois," I said, "you're not the only one who has read a few books and developed a few original thoughts."

She propped the pillow against the bedstead and gathered her knees under her chin. Weariness spread across her features, accompanied by a certain atmosphere of contentment. She sighed, stretched, pulled her lips into a grotesque twist that started as a yawn and ended as a pout.

"Green Willow," she said, "isn't it the funnest fun being lazy? Like walking up to Pine Canyon and not having anybody along—or building a campfire under Cemetery Rock with those cliffs and all, and hawks floating around in the sky as free and pretty as you please, and the wind whooshing down slow then fast so it's sort of cold but not too much, and yelling across the gorge and getting a couple of echoes back from the cliffs. Just us, and whistling or singing or climbing a tree and nobody to point a finger at us and say 'No!' Let's go there tomorrow . . . and take a lunch. Okay, Green Willow?"

Dear Diary: I could count the stars easier than I could count the number of no's in my life, not only all the things they wouldn't let me do but all the things we never had: No money, no space to live in, no fun, no freedom, no friends.

Her eyes went very far away again. "It was peaceful like that sometimes in the mountains before we moved to Logan. It was a mess too in that little old log house, but sometimes it would be calm and you could dream. I remember that dirt roof, how the rain leaked through on terrible nights. And the trap door that used to go down into the tunnel where Mother told us Father used to hide when the marshals would come after him for having two wives. I never saw the real tunnel, it was just a potato cellar by the time I was born. But why I remember the dirt roof is when it rained I'd get scared and cry and he—Daddy—would come over to my bed and pick me up, and sometimes it'd thunder and lightning like mad, and he was so big, you just

can't imagine how big he was, such an awful big and strong man, even old like he was, and his chest broad and thick and warm to snuggle against, and I'd sniff against his shoulder trying to keep on crying so he wouldn't put me down because I knew nothing could ever hurt if he'd just keep holding me. I felt strong and brave next to the thump thump beat of his big heart and because I knew he'd fought about as many Indians as he'd baptized, and rode the Pony Express and been shot at by marshals and a hundred other adventures. He'd walk back and forth with me in his arms and hum 'Turkey in the Straw' right slow, or 'Rock of Ages,' and say through his beard, muffled in his beard, his voice very quiet, muffled through his beard . . . "

She stifled a whimper, managed to go on. " 'Loiey,' he'd say, 'Loiey, my little Queen, whatever is going to become of you when I die?' "

She shoved her fingers into her mouth and bit down hard. She sobbed and her eyes filled.

"Go on," she whispered huskily, getting back control. "Go on to bed; you got no right to make me talk all this junk. None of your damn business!"

She plunged into bed, face down, and jerked the covers over her head. Her hands clutched the pillow tightly. Underneath the blankets her feet kicked once, like a nerve.

Dear Diary: Daddy was holy all right, but sometimes he'd be ornery to everybody and get away with it. Nobody'd dare cross him, and that's when I liked him most—when he wasn't so holy, he was a real shoot-em-up, in fact. Yes sir, he was a damn good hell'n bent shoot-em-up. Drank like a fish and got in fights at the dances. Licked everybody who said no to him and carried the prettiest girl off on horseback. His father was a big wheel in the Church—almost as high as the president—so he thought he could get away with anything and he did too. But he got his comeuppance one night when he rode his horse up the churchhouse steps and right into the dancehall . . . shot out the lights, just like in the movies. Scared the living hell out of everybody. That's when he was kicked out of the Church and that scared the hell out of him—you bet your fanny he came crawling back. And like when he did anything, he went the whole way, he threw away his plug and his bottle and never touched tobacco or liquor the rest of his life. Whole hog or nothing—like the way he treated the bums that'd sometimes wander to our house, he'd either give them all the food we had in the house and put them up for the night, or he'd kick their fannies and yell at them all the way down the road, 'For God's sake go out and make a living and be respectable like everybody else.' Anyhow, overnight he changed from the slickest dressed shoot-em-up cassanova to the raggedest preachinest Mormon that ever lived. Why, Mother used to say he preached sermons with his chore clothes on and you could hear him yelling three miles away.

But Diary, what's funny is everybody else inherited the sermons, but I got left with all the shoot-em-up.

The days went on. But not the same. She had turned a corner and was frightened. She castigated me at every opportunity, furious that I should have glanced into the world of her private emotions and, by so glancing, remind her that hate and love are not easily divisible. She became cruel, petty, sulky; she complained about the food; she didn't have enough room; the bed creaked. Why couldn't she go to Rockland at nights alone; a hell of a way for a brother to treat his own sister, just like she was in jail; and there wasn't even any coffee in the house. She played practical jokes, like putting sugar in the salt shakers, and screamed hilariously at the results. I met these juvenile plays for attention with as much tolerance as I could muster.

One evening she sauntered happily from her room into the living room, where I was reading. She had cheese-caked before, but not quite this boldly. She was wearing only a towel tied around her waist. She stood beside the couch, her chin thrust high and arrogantly.

"Well," I said, looking up. "Mighty lovely. But don't you think it's a little conservative?"

She knocked the book from my hand. Her nostrils quivered and her eyes flashed fire. "Don't you realize your Dad hasn't bought me a new dress since I got here? Not one! Here I work my fingers to the bone, cooking and cleaning this Lord almighty house and what do I get for it? Not a red cent. You just stuff your bellies and never even say thanks. And what do *you* do? You lazy little cockroach, you just sit on your butt all day and read longhair books and won't even help me. And don't think I don't know why you never help at the elevator—sure, you gotta stay home and spy on your loony aunt, tend her like she's a baby. And they give you anything you want, too, like you're a king or something, but what do *I* ever get? Two smelly old house dresses and a cheap Sunday dress, and only one pair of silk stockings. I'd just as leave be in jail. Can't go anywhere or do anything but just work. Every livelong bastard day!"

I got up, shaking with anger. I wanted to hit her but remembered Dad's entreaties for kindness and patience, his sympathetic portrayal of her life in the asylum. "How many dresses have your other brothers and sisters bought you?" I said, struggling for complete self-control. "Now forget it. Go get dressed. I'll fix supper. You won't have to do anything. I'll even fix you a cup of coffee." Unknown to her, I had at last persuaded Dad to bring home a pound of coffee—the first and last that ever "disgraced" our cupboards.

I walked into the kitchen, affecting unconcern. She stormed into the bedroom. "You haven't got any blood!" she screamed. I forced

myself to ignore her. A period of silence. Then her voice, inflected with sarcasm, teased from the bedroom.

“What’s the matter . . . you scared, Green Willow?”

“I just don’t believe in incest, that’s all,” I said. I tossed it off lightly, tried to whistle over the kitchen work.

“Oh of course not,” she said, sarcastically. “I *know* you’d think it wasn’t *proper*. But the real reason is it’s too damn dangerous for your timid damn soul . . .”

I purposely banged pans and closed cupboard doors. But her voice rose louder. “You’d say it was nasty and sinful, but you’re just afraid what people would say if they found out, or if they didn’t, what your phoney conscience with all the ghosts in it would say—oh, yes, you’re a big boy, but you still believe in ghosts don’t you?—Like the great big bad ghost of God, and the big bad ghost of my damn-hell father who I hate. You hear that, wet ears? I *hate* him!”

I tried hard to make my silence tell her I didn’t care. But I did care. I was trembling from head to foot. I wanted to choke her, literally choke that voice out of existence.

“I *hate* my old man and I’ve hated him every minute of my life. So put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!”

“You know all the answers, don’t you?” I said. But my words had the effect of gasoline on a fire.

“Oh you wanna make love to some juicy little Saint gal out in the alfalfa patch all right, but you ain’t got the guts to take a chance of knocking her up and having the Saints turn against you and having to make it alone in the world and find your own ways and rights and wrongs. You gotta borrow the rights and wrongs you been spoon-fed because you’re afraid to think anything by yourself, or think anything respectful *of* yourself.

“Oh you don’t need to pussyfoot your old Aunt Lois, you’re gutless and the reason is you’ve been hammered so much that it’s more righteous to take the easy way out—never do or think anything against the tried and true principles—them Lord damn principles that don’t make you a human being but nothing but a hell machine popping out morals a mile a minute. Oh I could tell you some pretty stories about the Saints. What’s the difference between them and me is just they never got caught. Oh they ain’t so holy . . . I could tell you some stories . . .”

Whenever Dad had asked me about her progress, I had given him hopeful answers. Even as she degenerated, I had come to believe, like him, in the miracle of her recovery. But now I would have to tell him.

“They got their mark on you . . . they got you buffaloed, you green little willow. I thought you had some imagination, but you don’t know any more than . . . than a castrated polecat. Oh, sure, you’ll be

bishop some day, just you watch and see, and you'll probably be the best and dumbest bishop this hell-damn town ever had. Just go right ahead, you green little fool!"

She began to cry. And my rage gave way altogether to a bitter kind of sorrow. I could not find the source of my feelings; but for the first time they seemed to reach beyond the actors in my own life, to encompass all of the human family—the Lois's and Dad's and me's and everyone, bewildered and caught in webs of limitations spun of the materials of tragedy. And we—all of us—seemed blameless. And it seemed to me through the eternal dust of human intention—intention built mainly with fabrics of good will—surely Someone might have intervened, if Someone only cared enough.

I sat down and stared into the black window. The reflection startled me.

Her sobbing continued. "Don't cry!" I shouted. Then silence settled deep, deeper than the silence of mountains. Suddenly a splendid light flashed through the semi-darkness of the room. The headlights from a car had shone against the wall, crawled the sectioned window-pane, jack-knifed, merged into the ceiling, a blend of grace, spread easily over most of the ceiling, crawled down the side of the opposite wall then slid over my face. The window pane bars made a cross on my body. The car's tires whined down the highway.

The car brought my mind from the mystery of pains and disunity in the universe of the human soul back to the necessity of fixed routines. The folks would soon be home, tired, hungry. I began slicing potatoes into a frying pan, thinking how ridiculous the eating of food is.

I hardly realized or cared that her crying had stopped, until a wail of song streamed from the bedroom, like a wisp of smoke, wandering its way through an exquisite, waning strength.

. . . and he'll be big and strong . . .
the man I love . . .

Her tones fell sensuously, hopefully—as if she might yet spin a worthwhile reality from the invisible fibers of miracle. This quality of hope textured the singular and fatal stillness of the rooms. In my mind's eye I pictured her lips curving and pale, trembling in search of coherency—the spirit of her hanging on—to some frail limb of hope—seeking decency, knowing the ineffable terms, rejecting all of them, except her own, whose meanings she couldn't explain because they had no support, no framework in the judgment of her fellow humans.

She appeared in the doorway, her cheeks a dull-red from rouge, like a kewpie doll's, and her face whitened with a thick layer of face powder. Her hair stretched loom-like above her ears, bobbed in back.

Her eyebrows were penciled darkly with mascara. She wore her Sunday dress and high-heeled shoes. Her eyes gleamed unreal, twicking a pretention of merry wickedness . . . a serious mischief which fashioned for herself a queenship with subjects unnumbered and unknown.

I decided to do my best to make something grand of this scene, for it would be the last one. She'd have to go back to the asylum. I knew I'd have to tell.

"Here," she said, striding toward me. "Let a good-for-nothing kitchen slave show you how to slice potatoes." She grabbed the knife and recklessly spliced a potato in half. "This is all I'm good for." Her face cracked into a wreck and she wept, without control.

Suddenly, and with a gasp of frustration, she lowered her arm and lunged. The blade sliced thinly over my open palm, but I caught her wrist before the point reached my groin. Helplessness came into her eyes as the knife dropped to the floor. Then she looked at the small smear of blood on my hand and raised it to her lips.

"Are you going to tell?" she whispered. I sensed she knew the Great Game was finished now, and was glad.

"Yes," I said. "But understand, I don't blame you. . . . I feel different about things . . . you don't know . . ."

"Thinking's no good—no good at all," she said. "Come on, I want to play the piano. There's a song-story I dreamed up in the hospital. And it's just for you. All the lights out now, but the lamp."

From the corner of the living room, I watched her seat herself fastidiously at the piano, as if the knife incident had never happened. She made a quaint picture of light and soft shadow, as lightly, tenderly she stroked the keys of the treble cleff, playing indiscriminate rolls. Her fingers coiled like stiff ropes above the keys as her hands jack-knifed beneath her wrists. This was her right hand—tender, controlled, passionate, sympathetic, purely prospecting for rhythms, meanings, coherency. The probing was honest—bound to find something. There—the threat of a melody, almost like chimes. Suddenly her left hand struck like a cobra at the bass cleff, creating dissonant chords, resembling thunder. The pastoral-like melody fled, like a shadow in a burst of lightning. The chords rumbled violently, sound crowding upon sound, like animals stampeding into a wall. Then the left hand fell away and plunged limp into her lap. Silence—she looked at me. Her brow arched and out of the shadows came her voice:

Red sails in the sun-set . . .
Way out on the sea . . .
Oh carry my loved one
Home safely to me . . .

“This,” she said, racing her right hand fingers over the keyboard, “this is roses—red roses; and they’re growing beside a huge, huge river. And this,” her left hand again struck—“is the roaring, roaring river! And the roses . . . ” again playing only the right hand—“grow right beside this river, very brave and beautiful little things, not hurting a living soul. But the river” . . . Thump! Crash! Thump! . . . “It just keeps crashing up over the red-red roses, and every time it washes back it leaves the roses weaker and weaker until pretty soon they’ll have to give up. What else can they do? Their bushes are so small, you know, and they’ll be washed away and die. Where? Oh let me tell you where . . . let one who really *knows* tell you where:”

Down the river of gold-en dream . . .
Drifting along, singing a song . . . of love . . .

She moaned and her head dropped over the keys. But only for an instant. Returning sweetly to her parable, she said, “But this river isn’t like the river of golden dreams. This is a helluva bastard river—you know? It don’t have good feelings and it don’t have beautiful dreams; and it don’t care about red-red roses, even if they’re just minding their own damn business and wanting to be free and beautiful in the sunshine . . . ”

The right hand continued to dance, as softly as if a sparrow were running up and down the keys.

She smiled and laughed shortly. “And to think,” she said, “to think I tried to kill you. That’s darn near funny.”

“Maybe it wasn’t exactly me you wanted to kill,” I mumbled.

She laughed scathingly. “Page 107, Introductory Psychology! Think you’re awful smart, don’t you. All that big time analysis stuff. What do you know about life? And what do those guys who write the big books know about it either? They just read—they don’t really live. But please—don’t interrupt a lady. I’m telling you a song-story. Maybe it’s too hard for you to understand, since you can’t track it down in a book. Well, I’ll start all over again. You see, the left hand music is a big flood river and the right hand is flowers—red-red roses, remember?—growing on the bank of the river. And the thunderly old big river washes over the red-red roses whenever he feels like it, and he’s so mean it’s awful hard for the red-red roses to keep alive . . . they get all wet and dirty and chokey. See what I mean?”

Her left hand hit the bass keys with such force the room seemed to rock in a vertigo of sound. “Now maybe they’ll get swept away by the river.” Her voice was pitched high now—sonorous, majestic, and above the thunder. Louder . . . louder. “Maybe he’ll just pull ‘em up by the roots and throw ‘em away on the shore, all wet and soggy, and . . .

dead! Oh, he's an ornery old bastard. He don't have no pity, not for anybody!"

She stopped playing, but her foot remained on the fortissimo pedal, causing the bass sounds to cascade with echo. Clearly a phase of the concert had ended. The twangy metal echoes died slowly, the room grew still, and she looked down into her hands, lying limp, palms upward, on her thighs. Then slowly, the right hand rose again, circled high, arched above the keys, then again touched them. As she played—only the right hand—she eyed me narrowly and spoke, as to a child: "Now pretend maybe the red-red roses—maybe sometime just one of them, just one measly little old flower—wild and beautiful and tough—will be so hell-damn almighty stubborn, so full of the Judas Priest Devil that the old man river *can't* carry it away, and he'll *have* to leave it alone cause it'll be just *twice* as stubborn as he is. Oh, I don't know if it'll ever happen. And what do I care anyhow? But I'd sure hell-damn like to see it!"

Her mood shifted, and she pried into another melody. "Anyhow," she continued, "that's why you can't hear the right hand very well—but it's prettier, dontcha think?" She cocked her ear and her smile cued the right hand—into a dainty pirouette up and down the scale. "Just think! If I didn't play the right hand at all there wouldn't be any melody—just nonsense and thunder. So even if you can't hardly hear it, I guess it's worth playing after all, isn't it?" She smiled and added, flatly, "Or is it?"

"Why not just plant the roses farther inland?" I murmured.

She laughed. "Ha! That's all the sense you got! Whoever heard of a rose living without water?"

"You could move them a little ways back," I said. "Far enough so the flood wouldn't reach them, anyhow."

"Oh, no," she said crisply. "You don't understand. The river follows you wherever you go. You'd die if you did that . . . for sure. I mean, you gotta live, haven't you? So you better not be straying off; no, you better be staying close to it so you can at least fatten up before it kills you. It usually takes its good old time, you know, because it likes to tease and torment; but if you got away you'd die—die in a minute. No, you got to stay close—and fight." She smiled again, pixie-like. "The red-red roses, I mean."

I felt time running out. I motioned her to the couch. She sat down beside me.

I put my arm around her as she leaned her head against my neck and shoulder. With my other hand, the one with the dried blood on it, I held both of her hands. They lay small and white and passive in mine, seemed anxious to be held.

"Aunt Lois, don't think you are the only one with big bad rivers. They are not just one thing, or one person, or one group of persons. Grandpa had his rivers too, — you, for instance. And maybe he was wise enough to foresee that the Church would be your big bad river, after all."

"Maybe that isn't what I mean," she said. "You don't know." She sighed, affectionately. "Anyhow, don't read me that damn psychology book. I'm tired." Then she pressed her face firmly against my neck and spoke into my flesh: "When they get home just tell them to take me back, the game's all over. Don't go into this other stuff. Your Dad wouldn't ever understand. Nobody would. Anyhow, I'm too tired for a lot of words and fuss and bother. And someday maybe you'll understand our little secrets . . . someday . . . but not now . . . you don't know anything, yet."

We didn't speak again. . . . Once she opened my hand and kissed the palm.

In a few minutes car lights flashed in the window. Our eyes followed the slow march of the foursquared image, climbing the side of the wall opposite us, up the ceiling, then down again into our faces. We heard the sound of the car door, slamming shut, penetrating the vacuum of the night. She sat up, her eyes alert, darting wide with preparation for the next few moments' reality. She glanced nervously at me, smoothing her dress. Her lips tightened, and she wet them with her tongue. Then — quickly, for she had forgotten — she dabbed a doilie upon the spot where the blood from my hand still marked her lips.

Dad's voice sounded from the porch. "A busy night!" he said, opening the door. "Sure seems good to get back home!"

(1961)

The hospital stood tall and dominant at the south end of Center Street. It was a convenient place to turn around. In the seat beside me she stared blankly ahead; her arms resting folded upon her mountainous stomach.

"Well, it's goodbye to all of that," I said, making the U-turn.

"Those was sure funny things you talked about in the drug store," she said, her voice whining. "My goodness, I don't remember all those silly things about me."

(Try, a voice said: if you're a writer, you'll try — once more.) "But I didn't tell you about the red-red roses, did I? A long time ago you told me a story about them. Do you remember?"

"Oh," she whined. "Roses is all right, I guess. But flowers kind of bother my sinus. My health isn't as good as it used to be, you know . . ."

As we drove past the “House of Happiness,” she shifted the blubbery mass of her body and with great effort stood on her knees, facing the “House” squarely. She cupped both hands over the half-opened car window, like a child watching a parade, not understanding.

“What are people like out there?—in the outside world?” she said.

“Like fools,” I said. “Always trying to do things they can’t do.”

She settled back into the car seat. “Well, I don’t know if I’ll like it after all,” she said. “Cynthia, she was awful sweet to me, you know. Nursie said I’m cured now . . . But you think it’ll be all right? Outside, I mean? The Lord blesses those that pays their tithing . . . and I pay, . . . every time.”

“Sure, Aunt Lois,” I said. “You’re just as good as anybody else.”

I pressed down on the accelerator. There was a bad stretch of road through the mountains. And Dad had promised Aunt Cally we’d be home early.

Before dark.

The Youngest Daughter's Tale

Lewis Horne

Three of them are older. None
Grew bold enough in tone and manner
To carry her executive airs.

Caesarean-born after long labor,
She's taller now than any other.
She is she, she says. No other.

Her sheaf has bowed to theirs.
Her moon has richened in their glow.
Now hastening, she lifts her chin,

Gathers her own vocabulary,
Belts and buckles up the luggage
Ticketed with risk. We watch.

We are the scapegoats of her worry,
Driven into the atmosphere
Of our ill-rationed fret. We're

Accomplished in a fuselage
Jitter-boasted into orbit
About the center of her calm,

LEWIS HORNE is a member of the English Department at the University of Saskatchewan. His poems have appeared in such journals as The Fiddlehead, Poetry, Queen's Quarterly, The Southern Review, and in Harvest: Contemporary Mormon Poems. In 1982 his collection, The Seventh Day, was published by a small Canadian Press.

Glimmering so fragilely,
A sixteen-year-old calm – with storm –
Round which with migraine piloting

We circle, deployed into voices,
Voices spread with pensioned caution
To slide among the shrug of stars.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

“That Is the Handwriting of Abraham”

Milan D. Smith, Jr.

IN HIS STIMULATING ARTICLE “Knowing Brother Joseph Again: The Book of Abraham and Joseph Smith as Translator” (DIALOGUE, Winter 1989), Karl Sandberg seeks to explain the Prophet Joseph Smith’s translation of the Book of Abraham almost exclusively in terms of seership (where one does not necessarily actually view the material being deciphered, as opposed to using prophetic gifts to bring to light what was previously hidden or unknown). While such an explanation possibly provides important insights into the Prophet Joseph’s methodology in preparing the Book of Abraham for publication, it clearly fails to explain or even address several relatively well-known incidents in the Prophet’s life which strongly suggest that he *did* purport to translate (in the traditional sense) the writings on the papyri from their original language into English and that he considered the ongoing physical examination of the papyri an important part of translation.

Perhaps the best known example of the Prophet’s proclaimed intent in this regard is his preparation over a number of years of what he termed his *Egyptian Alphabet and Grammar*. In commenting about the work, BYU professor James R. Clark noted: “It is hard to understand why Joseph Smith bothered to compile or use this *Egyptian Alphabet and Grammar* in the first place if his transaction [*sic*] was a word for word direct revelation” (1955, 102). The book is a ruled journal approximately 8 x 12 inches in length and width, labeled *Egyptian Alphabet* on the outside spine (Clark 1955, 100). Sidney B. Sperry commented about the quantity of material contained in the book: “One of the things that strikes me about this whole business is the importance of our discovery, some 30 years ago, of *Joseph Smith’s Egyptian Alphabet and Grammar*. When we first opened it we found numerous pages of Egyptian material. . . . There must be a hundred times more material in this volume than there is in the whole Pearl of Great Price” (1968, 8).

MILAN D. SMITH, JR., received his doctor of law degree from the University of Chicago in 1969. He and his wife, Mady, have six children and live in Los Angeles.

Although Sperry's reference to the quantity of material in the *Grammar* was probably not meant to be taken literally, it certainly does indicate that the Prophet produced a very large body of written notes and materials as he prepared the Book of Abraham and the *Grammar*.

During the period he worked on the books, from at least 5 July 1835 to 9 March 1842 and possibly even longer, there is no evidence that Joseph Smith used seerstones.¹ In his diary entry for 5 July 1835, he recorded:

Soon after this, some of the Saints at Kirtland purchased the mummies and papyrus, a description of which will appear hereafter, and with W. W. Phelps and Oliver Cowdery as scribes, I commenced the translation of some of the characters or hieroglyphics, and much to our joy found that one of the rolls contained the writings of Abraham, another the writings of Joseph of Egypt, etc., a more full account of which will appear in its place, as I proceed to *examine* or unfold them. (HC 2:236, emphasis added)

Joseph also wrote in July 1835: "The remainder of this month I was continually engaged in translating an alphabet to the Book of Abraham, and arranging a grammar of the Egyptian language as practiced by the ancients" (HC 2:238). On 1 October 1835, he noted: "This afternoon I labored on the Egyptian alphabet, in company with Brothers Oliver Cowdery and W. W. Phelps, and during the research, the principles of astronomy as understood by Father Abraham and the ancients unfolded to our understanding, the particulars of which will appear hereafter" (HC 2:286).

Although Joseph had already published a portion of the Book of Abraham in the 1 March 1842 issue of the *Times and Seasons* (HC 4:542), he recorded the following on 9 March 1842: "Examining copy of the Times and Seasons . . . in the morning; in the afternoon continued the translation of the Book of Abraham, called at Bishop Knight's and Mr. Davis', with the recorder, and continued translating and revising, reading letters in the evening, Sister Emma being present in the office" (HC 4:548).

The *Grammar* Joseph prepared as he translated the papyri is an almost scholarly work which contains many pages of specific grammatical symbols and rules. For example, the Prophet made the following comment about a symbol he had translated as "Beth (Ba-eth)":

This character is in the first degree. It has an arbitrary sound or signification which is Beth; and also a compound sound which is Za and comprises one simple

¹ In contrast, the Prophet translated and filed for the copyright on the Book of Mormon (which contained some 588 printed pages in the 1830 edition) which he translated using the Urim and Thummim, in the period between 22 September 1827 (see Joseph Smith-History 1:59) and 11 June 1829 (HC 1:58).

sentence for its signification. It is only increased or lessened in its signification by its connection with other characters. One connection with another character gives it a compound signification, or enlarges the sentence. Two connections increases the signification still. Three increases it still; four increases still and five still. This is as far as a sentence can be carried in the first degree. In its arbitrary sound it may have more sounds than one, but cannot have more than five sounds. When it is compounded with others, it can only have one sound. Every character in this alphabet is subject to the above restrictions." (in Clark 1955, 105)

In addition, it appears that Joseph Smith believed some of the papyri themselves contained the *actual* writings of ancient patriarchs. In May 1844, just forty-three days before his martyrdom, the Prophet entertained in Nauvoo Josiah Quincy, a member of the famous Quincy family of Massachusetts and soon-to-be mayor of Boston. During that visit, which so impressed Quincy that he wrote an unusually favorable report about the Prophet which is often cited by the Church as evidence of the Prophet's good character and personal magnetism (see CHC 2:349-50), Joseph Smith showed Quincy the mummies and the papyri. Quincy reported about the visit: "Some parchments inscribed with hieroglyphics were then offered us. They were preserved under glass and handled with great respect. 'That is the handwriting of Abraham, the father of the Faithful,' said the prophet. 'This is the autograph of Moses, and these lines were written by his brother Aaron. Here we have the earliest account of the creation from which Moses composed the First Book of Genesis' " (1883, 386).

Unless Karl Sandberg can explain how the above references can be woven into his hypothesis, it is difficult to see how his explanation alone provides a complete answer to how Joseph Smith brought forth the Book of Abraham.

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Andante

Ellen Kartchner

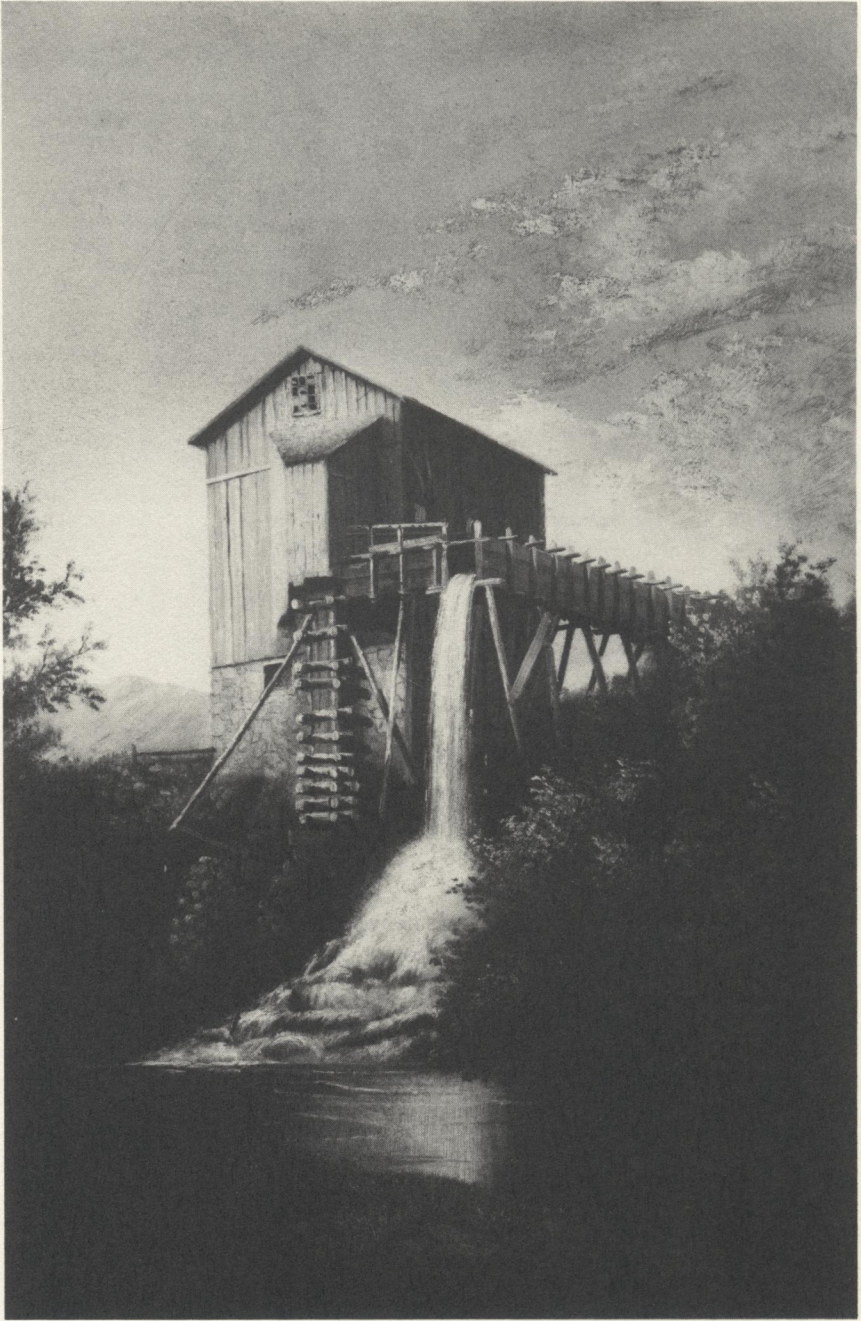
After your letter, I hoped to translate,
if I could, apples and bread into dark open streets.
That girl in Heidelberg drew a black line,
white paper against the shed door,
drawing that night into a curve,
and it was working so far:
closure over the fields, closure seeping
through the cars. The man across the aisle
leaned into the open window, trees in rhythm
of threes, of fives, as in a time songs will start
sufficing again; a door opens into an open
window onto open light, white space.

After your letter, I heard the train
weld the long, slow fixtures of towns,
and it's been like this—
a long, serious connection,
as when your mother
waited the seams between trains,
the ease of late-night cigarette haze
over your body, over your clothes, over
your eyes as you slept.
White birds sift through the dream

ELLEN KARTCHNER, a southern Arizona native, is currently in her second year of study with the Iowa Writers' Workshop and the four seasons. Her work has recently appeared in Sunstone.

and I recognize them, hearing
saxophone in the early morning heat:
how it is, God's gait over the world, how
it fractures into song. In Amsterdam
the Chinese men gambled, blue motion
under the lamps: faith. And I've seen,
in the gutting back home,
the callow, yellow, opaque organs as entire
and not without cause, blood smeared
like memory in the ribcage.

What keeps me close to mine?
A month of November.
Sun over, moon over you.



REVIEWS

Strange Love

The School of Love by Phyllis Barber (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1990), 113 pp., \$14.95.

Reviewed by Helen B. Cannon, USU English Department, Logan, Utah.

DISPARATE VOICES OF contemporary short story writers, among them Alice Munro, Margaret Atwood, Raymond Carver, Louise Erdrich, and even Mormon author Linda Sillitoe, all use external situations to probe the inner life of characters. All are authors busy with nuances of the craft, sharing at the very least a concern with characters in credible, if sometimes minimal life situations. In this reading context, I found Phyllis Barber's collected stories in *The School of Love* to present eccentric, strange territory in the land of current fiction. Though many of her stories begin in the "real" world, they drift into a landscape of dream and fantasy—worlds where the familiar suddenly becomes unfamiliar, where sanity approaches madness, where time warp defies chronology, where known intersects with unknown, and understanding takes on private symbology that calls for translation. Yet we've all traveled in these realms not real, and they reflect in an eerie way the deepest of our personal realities.

Many people read fiction to learn about human behavior; Phyllis Barber's stories call upon us to learn about the human heart—especially about our own hearts. That's why, the more I think about it, her title seems entirely apt, even though when I first read the collection I wondered. Surely someone looking for conventional boy-meets-girl romance would find the title puzzling, if not misleading. For here we are schooled in love that

defies conscious expression—love that wells up from the subconscious and that we only half recognize.

Barber's dual epigraph, "God is love" (1 John 4:8) and "Love is strange" (Sonny and Cher), points to her indefinable mix of the sacred and the profane, the rarified and the downright strange. Take the story "Tangles" for instance. The nymphet child, Alice, sleeps with her teddy bears—palpable bears of gray and brown and white. The white bear even has a music box inside. And Alice's father is real enough too—no dream daddy at all, but one who types and scolds and gives advice, and whose balding head Alice kisses. But what of the figures who are less certainly real? There is the man who follows her home from school and who reappears at various points in the story. He wants to touch her golden hair—to braid it, she thinks, into a cord and to lead her away. What part of this man with "yolky" eyes is real, what part nightmare, what part a girl's surreal conception of the men her father says "only want one thing"? Is he archetype or actual; sinister or holy? One moment (in dream or in reality) the man narrows his unnatural eyes to scream, "Respect for the man"; the next moment he is kissing Alice's cheek, kneeling holily and whispering, "Love one another," and then, Christ-like, lifting her up while reassuring her, "Be not afraid" (p. 22).

Here is a girl on the brink of sexual love, frightened, confused, mixing the little girl love she's known with mysteries of sacred love and with the equally strange adult love to which she now must be initiated. The only male/female love she's known till now has been for her bears (who all seem to be Teddies) and for her

father—all of this getting bizarrely mixed up in her rite of passage. We're *told* that Alice joins the circus. We're *told* that The Dwarf there fondles her with his "nubbed digits," "kneading" and "tweaking" between her legs until The World's Biggest Lady interrupts and they go back to their game of canasta. Violation *seems* to happen in a stuffy tent, or does it rather happen in a nightmare enactment of Everywoman's fears? At one point in the story, we do know for sure that Alice has crossed the line between sleeping and waking. In this identified dream-vision, Alice's father becomes one with the bears, his mechanical wind-up words proclaiming, "I love you most of all"—something perhaps most every girl subconsciously wishes could be true—that love could be for a known and gentle father rather than for a strange and threatening man.

This father/daughter motif appears in two other stories in Barber's collection—"Silver Dollars" and "The Glider"—where it is again clear that father love goes beyond filial devotion. This archetypal theme is not one that women freely discuss or even consciously admit; it brushes too close to the taboo. But it does well up as a familiar in Barber's impressionistic tales; at least it did for me. Other readers will find their own meanings; Barber demands that sort of reader participation. She says as much in her artistic credo ("Mormon Woman as Writer," *Dialogue*, Fall 1990), implicitly embracing as her own goal, Mario Vargas Llosa's description wherein "the truth (one or several) is hidden, woven into the very pattern of the elements constituting the fiction, and it is up to readers to discover it, to draw, by and . . . at his own risk the ethical, social and philosophical conclusions of the story" (p. 110). This accurately describes Barber's own method. In her *Dialogue* essay she reiterates that "much of the burden of interpretation lies with the reader who will make out of words what he or she wishes" (pp. 112-13). If Barber's stories, so wondrously diverse and imaginative, have a formula, it is this—readers

must be engaged in the intricate weaving process, must add their own strands to the warp of fantasy, the weft of reality.

Though Barber's stories in their wild imaginative flights defy ready classification, each does have commonality with what Carlos Fuentes has called the "privileged" language of fiction—providing access to life centers that we do not and cannot read discursively. People who choose not to understand fiction deny its unique psychic language—symbology that can bring us a deeper understanding of things we may not always want to hear, helping us to discover qualities and meanings not always apparent even to ourselves. Another commonality is that all central characters are girls or women involved in a quest for some aspect of love—females in archetypal stages of love.

Each of the stories in this collection deserves separate and close analysis: each deserves time and engagement. Meanings are not readily or conventionally accessible but require tapping of our deeper, sometimes suppressed sensibilities. While the story "Tangles" is unique within this set of unique stories, it does typify some aspects of the whole. In "Silver Dollars" and in "Tangles," we see teen girls on the brink of passage to womanly love, trying to use father love as a model, yet trying to break away from that familiar love as well. In "Love Story for Miriam" and in the brief impressionistic piece, "Almost Magnificence," we see spinsters who for one reason or another have been denied the passage to romantic love. In "Baby Birds," we observe mother-love that is unstinting. "Anne at the Shore" (a wonderful self-creation myth), "Criminal Justice," and another mere glimpse, "White on White," all explore self-love thwarted, discovered, or created, and in the three thematically related stories, "Radio KENO," "Oh Say Can You See," and "The Argument" (another fragment), we read of love that has run amok in motive and manifestation.

Again, Barber's discussion of her own technique defines her approach as can-

didly as any author's confession of method I've seen. Read her collection with the following apologia in mind:

I like to explore time warps, the edges of sanity, impressionism, experimental language, oblique approaches to the subject of humanity. I like subtlety more than dramatic intensity. I believe that truth is found in small places, not always in heroic epics. I am attracted to stories with barely discernible plot lines. Maybe this is because I, as a woman, have learned to survive by not being

obvious. It threatens me to be seen too clearly. Sometimes I adopt bizarre imagery and situations in my fiction, maybe hiding behind a veil of obfuscation. Maybe this could be considered a female ploy—an invitation to “Come in and find me.” (1990, 118–19)

If Phyllis Barber's fiction is deliberately obscure, it is never coy. Go into *The School of Love* and find her; go in and find yourselves.

Kimball's Diaries

On the Potter's Wheel: The Diaries of Heber C. Kimball, edited by Stanley B. Kimball (Salt Lake City: Signature Books in association with Smith Research Associates, 1987), 224 pp., \$59.95.

Reviewed by Ronald W. Walker, senior historical associate, Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History, and professor of history, Brigham Young University.

A CLERGYMAN VISITING Salt Lake City was invited to the Tabernacle where Heber C. Kimball addressed the congregation. The minister was so disturbed by Kimball's impish and impious ways that had his own family been seated in the Tabernacle, he claimed, he certainly would have led them out of the building. It was easy for those who scarcely knew Kimball to be offended by him. Robust, eager, at times utterly unrestrained by convention, Brigham Young's first counselor did not fit the mold of traditional sanctimony. But those who knew him best generally held a favorable opinion. In a 14 July 1867 sermon, Brigham Young recognized and praised Kimball's more traditional qualities. “Does he always speak the words of the Lord?” he asked. “No, but his honesty and integrity are as sterling as the Angel Gabriel's” (Historical

Department Archives, Brigham Young Papers, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City).

Sometimes admiration for Kimball came from unexpected quarters. Intellectual dissenters William S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison held him in high regard. When the Godbeites began their 1869 “reform” of Mormonism, they sought the guidance of Kimball's departed spirit in fifty New York City séances.

Stanley B. Kimball's edition of Elder Kimball's holograph diaries (diaries written in his own hand) helps modern readers judge the man for themselves. Kimball kept four journals, scrawled between 1837 and 1845 in common writing notebooks, four by six and a half inches each. To these, Professor Kimball adds three supplements. The first is the record of Elder Kimball's brief and occasional musings, jotted down during and after his arrival in Utah in 1847. The second appendix has the churchman's 1835 memories of Zion's Camp and the calling of Mormonism's first Twelve Apostles, while a third records Kimball's reminiscences of the Missouri turmoil. Although outside the scope of Professor Kimball's self-imposed “holograph diaries” restriction (most of this supplemental material has been heavily rewritten by others), these addenda have been included pre-

sumably as additional evidence of Heber C.'s work and personality.

What kind of man was he? Professor Kimball's transcripts retain enough of their original form to suggest a clear picture of Elder Kimball's personality. Spelling is often a phonetic, upstate New York, Yankee affair. Grammar is happenstance. Paragraphing and verb selection are random and inconsistent. Historical and literary allusion are either awkward or absent. The man clearly was unschooled, and it is apparent that he had to labor mightily to write a readable sentence. Equally apparent is his disposition. He forever frets over first wife, Vilate, and her children yet expresses little feeling for his many plural wives (perhaps because of the Nauvoo prohibition against speaking of such things). He revels in Brigham Young's companionship, and vice versa. "Brother Heber and I hate plaguedly to be separated," Young later testified. ("Remarks of Brigham Young Extracted from General Minutes Collection," 15 May 1855, Fillmore, Utah. Historical Department Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City). They are companions, friends, *alter egos*. As his later Utah reflections document, Kimball is frustrated, alarmed, and despairing when Daniel H. Wells, also President Young's counselor, appears to have driven a wedge between them.

Above all, Kimball is devout. Carrying little hint of his public antics, the diaries are serious-minded testimonials. Repeatedly he pauses to express zeal. May we "never bring a wound upon the Preasthood, or a stane upon our caricters but that we may be keep pure in Thy Sight," he wrote (p. 32). He repeatedly is at his devotions, sometimes recording actual words: "O God the Eternal Father in the name of Jesus Christ of Nasreth with Thou fore give me all the sins that I have ever done since I have come here on this Thy foot stool, and let my heart be sure in Thy sight" (p. 51). He sees events as providential. The hand of God is visible when he leads the 1837 Mormon van-

guard to Great Britain or when the Saints rush to complete the Nauvoo Temple before the exodus west. He ascribes Godly significance to each of his frequent dreams. Peculiarly, many have Kimball flying above events, as though the burdens of life and mission are beyond his stamina to bear. This look at the private, subconscious man reveals that beneath the rough exterior, there is vulnerable sensitivity. He seems unsure of himself.

Important biographically, the diaries also tell Mormonism's early story, sometimes as the only or primary source. We find glimpses of events and people: early proselyting, Zion's Camp, Nauvoo's Holy Order, female faith healing, meeting routines, and the melancholy scene when the eastern missionaries learn of Joseph Smith's murder. Men like Sam Brannan, Stephen Douglas, or Sylvester and William Smith briefly and often revealingly occupy the stage. It is the drama of a newly created religion in the male-dominated nineteenth-century American culture.

Of course much has been told before. The diaries have been previously published in various forms, but never *in toto*. To make the chronicle more intelligible, Professor Kimball supplies a useful biographical chronology and several maps. But unfortunately annotation is bare bones. Having completed a biography of his subject, the editor could tell us much. Instead, he generally tries to have the often spare text speak for itself. That plan may work for the specialist, but the rich texture of background events may escape the general reader. Kimball's publishers have done him a disservice by not requiring more.

Purists will also be discomforted by the middle path of the editing. While retaining original orthography, Professor Kimball aids readability by supplying some paragraphing, punctuation, and capitalization and by silently deleting cancelled line-outs and erasures. Some of Elder Kimball's idiosyncracies are lost in the process, opening the possibility of a

more accurate edition for the future. The dilemma of readability versus reliability forever haunts the editor.

For the moment, we may be thankful for what we have. This is an important and valuable work.

Plight and Promise

Windows on the Sea and Other Stories by Linda Sillitoe (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1989), 175 pp., \$9.95, paper.

Reviewed by Levi S. Peterson, professor of English, Weber State College, Ogden, Utah.

LINDA SILLITOE is a powerful wielder of the story writer's craft. In the stories at hand, her plots are organic, her sentences are flexible and lucid, and her metaphors convey a kinetic motion. Over and over she shows herself to be a master of scene, melding setting, dialogue, and gesture into efficient, vivid episodes. Achieving a fresh perspective and emotion in each story, she maintains undeviating suspense and variety.

Her subject matter is the Mormons of urban Utah. Inescapably, Sillitoe is one of them, though acuity of mind and an extraordinary empathy have disillusioned her. She is especially sensitive to the failure of an ideal union between men and women. She speaks resiliently for her own sex. No one illuminates the plight and promise of contemporary Mormon women more realistically than she.

Underlying these stories is a sense of the world's irremediable ills. In many of them, it is Sillitoe's express purpose to uncover those ills. The story entitled "Pay Day" presents a journalist suffering memory loss from an accidental head injury. A woman of deep sympathy, she plans to give ten dollars to a transient when she has cashed her paycheck. When she emerges from the bank, she lapses into confusion and hands a twenty-dollar bill to another transient. Though the presence of a policeman prevents the first transient from renewing his demand, she feels

guilty for failing him. Then she remembers seeing two cobras at a zoo whose entangled coils she impulsively likened to the journalist's profession. "Every story is important because an aware public might improve things, right?" she remembers saying to a fellow reporter. "But at the same time, there's the plain fact that nothing ever really changes" (pp. 34-35). One is reminded that Sillitoe has done signal duty as an investigative reporter. At this story's end, she deftly centers the evil which a reporter must daily record but never succeed in vanquishing upon the symbolic image of the entwined cobras, at once companionable and venomous.

Among the ills with which Sillitoe is preoccupied in these stories is the victimization of Mormon women by Mormon men. In the world Sillitoe depicts, men have defined a benumbing role for women and with a relentless energy attempt to enforce it. This theme is rendered tragically in "Bishop Ted," where a widow on Church welfare drifts into insanity because her bishop, militantly enforcing ecclesiastical discipline, sequesters her from a rebellious female friend who could have given her a saving support. This theme appears in equally sobering if less drastic circumstances in "Susanna in the Meadow," where a wife who desires the cooperation of her husband in achieving a dignified liberty discovers he will not grant it.

The same theme is given express articulation in "Mornings," where, interestingly, the point of view is not a woman, as it is in all of Sillitoe's other stories, but a man. This man perceives a variety of ways in which the official Church prefers discipline and conformity to charitable Christian service. For one thing, he knows

his phone in the Church Office Building is tapped on a regular basis. For another, when he and a companion move the furniture of an inactive single mother whom they have visited as home teachers, his companion attempts to barter their assistance for the woman's increased attendance at meetings. Most important, he has come to believe the role which his own loving wife fulfills all too well—Mormon mother, bound to home and children and distanced from her private needs and interests—is unrighteously repressive. In testimony meeting, he hears his wife express appreciation for her conversion to Mormonism. Like his wife, he has hitherto interpreted that conversion as a rescue from a sea in which she floundered. Suddenly he doubts it was a rescue at all, and he feels guilty for his part in it. "Someday—how had it escaped being today?—would she look at him and see in a blinding instant not a rescuer but a double agent who ensnared her in a hopeless plot?" (p. 143)

The world Sillitoe depicts includes women who resist and survive their victimization by men or who have luckily escaped it altogether. In the title story, "Windows on the Sea," an older woman, undergoing surgery for severe facial burns, offers healing help to a hospitalized adolescent who angrily preserves the specious honor of her family by concealing the sexual abuse her father has repeatedly imposed upon her. In this, the last story of the collection, Sillitoe suggests it will be women who heal and liberate their victimized sisters. To be noted as well is a protagonist's refusal to step into a demeaning role in "He Called Us Mormon Nuns." In this story a woman is affronted by the courtship of an eligible widower, who relentlessly suggests that she must resign her professional career and confine herself to motherhood. In total command of herself, the woman calmly contrives to turn the condescending widower over to her straight-arrow roommate. There is

irony in the story's title, which derives from a male friend's jesting accusation that this woman and her roommates are nuns because they aren't married. The story makes apparent that among the women of Mormondom, it is often the married rather than the unmarried who lead the confining lives of nuns.

In "The Spiral Staircase," Sillitoe honors the multitudes of Mormon couples who find respect, affection, and mutual fulfillment in their marriages. In this story, a wife frankly covets a position in a soon-to-be-organized bishopric for her husband. She fulfills her duties as wife, mother, and ward member with both pride and pleasure, disappointed only in the fact that her husband refuses to take his leadership potential seriously. Though he is reliable and well liked, he repeatedly behaves with a levity that strikes her as undignified. A culminating example of his behavior occurs after election day when he goes on a local radio show to concede the election to his opponent—a joke because he entered the election only by writing in his own name in the voting booth. Rather than responding with despair or anger, his wife decides to reciprocate with a joke of her own. She quickly invites in numerous ward members and greets him, as he returns that evening, with a backyard concession party. It is, of course, she who has bravely and sensibly made a concession. The fundamental affection between this couple has reasserted itself. Compared to that affection, the failed position in a bishopric is nothing.

There is no question a healing love is what Sillitoe desires for humankind. Taken as a whole, her stories are infused by a healing love. If there are aggressors and victims among her characters, there are also those who love and affirm and serve. Sillitoe does not abrogate the age-old union between women and men. Instead, she calls for its continued improvement.

Religious Themes in American Culture

Illusions of Innocence: Protestantism in America, 1630-1875 by Richard T. Hughes and C. Leonard Allen. Foreword by Robert M. Bellah (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1988), xviii, 296 pp., \$29.95.

The Democratization of American Christianity by Nathan O. Hatch (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1989), xiv, 312 pp., 29.95.

Reviewed by Robert C. Woodward, head of the Department of History, Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho.

THE WRITERS OF THESE BOOKS, with painstaking research, have produced studies that may help the present generation understand American history and culture just as Perry Miller and Henry Nash Smith aided understanding a generation ago.

After working for twelve years on *Illusions of Innocence: Protestant Primitivism in America, 1630-1875*, Richard T. Hughes and C. Leonard Allen have provided an insightful volume about the impact of primitivism on a large segment of the American population. For more than 350 years, many Americans have believed in a myth of "first times," when the church—or for some, society—at one time was pure and perfect. These believers felt that it was their responsibility to restore this primordial existence. The myth of "first times" ranges widely from Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine in earlier days to the contemporary scholar, Allan Bloom. The authors contend that the millennialism, a doctrine regarding the second coming of Christ, so evident during the early years of the Republic, was predicated on the restoration of the primordial past and that historians have overlooked such an understanding of millennialism. Hughes and Allen have chosen to study four religious groups: Puritans, Baptists, Mormons, and the "Christian" movement

led by Barton W. Stone and Alexander Campbell, and others.

Hughes and Allen have identified several ways that faith in the primitive ideal has influenced American attitudes and public policy. The myth has provided a rationale and justification for American manifest destiny and imperialism. For example, looking to nature and the book of Genesis, some found justification for taking Indian lands and territory from Mexico. John Quincy Adams asserted "that the Genesis account of creation 'is the foundation not only of our title to the territory of Oregon, but the foundation of all human title to all human possession'" (p. 214). To many Americans, the Spanish-American War had more "to do with extending the 'Laws of Nature and of Nature's God'" than with imperialism (p. 217). Even some involved in missionary activity during the nineteenth century failed to recognize that their goals in the mission field were no different from the nation's goals. The implicit imperialism in their world view was something they very likely would have denied.

While yet in manuscript form, *The Democratization of American Christianity* won for Nathan O. Hatch the Albert C. Outler Prize in Ecumenical Church History awarded by the American Society of Church History. Hatch focused his attention on five discrete religious groups: Christian churches, black churches, Mormons, Methodists, and Baptists. Between 1780 and 1830, common people moved into the political process and, by the tens of thousands, joined these religious communities. Part of a populist movement that appealed to the unlettered, they were led by capable, forceful, and intelligent men of their own kind who held their trust.

The democratization process came about when ordinary people assumed responsibility for working out their own salvation without the oversight of the established churches. No longer would they accept the stricture of creeds and tra-

ditions or the direction of a highly educated clergy. This process had "less to do with the specifics of polity and governance and more to do with the incarnation of the church into popular culture" (p. 9).

Revivals, gospel music, the printing press, and the camp meeting all played a part in making the churches democratic. The Second Great Awakening did much to divide the American clergy between those who sought a noncreedal religion and those who ministered to the established churches. The success of the revivalistic clergy "may have been the most profoundly democratic upheaval in the early republic" (p. 226) (although Charles G. Finney, the leading evangelist during the Awakening, appealed also to congregations in the established churches, whom he influenced to democratize their churches).

By the early nineteenth century, the Christian Churches movement called "for a populist hermeneutic premised on the inalienable right of every person to understand the New Testament for him- or herself" (p. 73). Although in time, the Christian Churches developed their own theology, the belief that religious truth had to come from the people has continued to be an important legacy of their movement.

The Methodist move toward democratization came through lay preachers and the elimination of formal trappings. The Baptist preacher John Leland sounded like Thomas Jefferson when he argued against the value of creeds. He saw the common people as more like those who were attracted to Jesus during his ministry.

BRIEF NOTICES

"Wild Bill" Hickman and the Mormon Frontier by Hope A. Hilton (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1988), xii, 144 pp., index, \$9.95.

LOOKING BACK at the early days of the

Following the Revolutionary War, large numbers of blacks were converted to Christianity. Black churches taught their members that they should be free and offered them dignity. When black ministers took charge of black congregations and successfully filled their pulpits, an important juncture in the history of the democratization of American Christianity had occurred.

After considering Joseph Smith's life and categorizing him as a visionary populist, Hatch gives considerable attention to the Book of Mormon. He contends that recent interpretations have failed to understand that the Book of Mormon made a strong case against the powerful, the rich, and the educated.

These two excellent books provide a comprehensive survey of an important but limited segment of religion in American history. At times each of these studies moves into the territory of the other. In one case, Hughes and Allen point out that certain churches in the South interpreted primordial times to justify slavery and, later, segregation; while Hatch presents evidence that the same churches were democratized by the influence of their black members. In another case, Hatch's study of the Methodists indicates clearly that they could have been included in Hughes and Allen's study of primitivism in American history.

Hughes, Allen, and Hatch have made here important contributions to the understanding of religion in American history, buttressing the argument that any effort to separate the study of religion from our understanding of society is to do violence to American culture.

Church in the West, it is often difficult to sort out just what kind of lives our forebears lived. How much "wild West" was there in the West, how much frontier experience, and how much was tempered by the efforts of Church members to

import the amenities of the various cultures represented among those who came to Zion? Some of the early Saints had access to considerable "civilization," even though the vagaries of crops and weather imposed unavoidable hardships. Others, by choice or otherwise, had to deal with Indians and frontier elements in ways that were very much a part of the free-spirited, wilder "mountain man" traditions.

Hope Hilton has tried to sort out the contradictions that surround one of her ancestors, William A. ("Wild Bill") Hickman, who gained such a reputation as an outlaw that members of his family in later generations were often reluctant to mention his name. Motivated initially by curiosity about discrepancies between family traditions and Hickman's autobiographical *Brigham's Destroying Angel*, Mrs. Hilton has searched widely in original sources and has put together a fascinating and believable picture of a significant life on the Mormon frontier.

William Hickman was a convert to the Church in the early Missouri days. When he moved to Nauvoo to meet Joseph Smith in 1839, the Prophet was so impressed that he had the twenty-four-year-old Hickman immediately ordained to the Council of Seventy. Hickman joined Hosea Stout and Orrin Porter Rockwell as bodyguards for Smith. After the martyrdom, Hickman and a few others continued in a similar assignment for Brigham Young and other leaders during the move west.

By turns cattleman, wagon-train master, gold miner, lawman, lawyer, legislator, ferryman, and gang-leader, Hickman moved from close association with Brigham Young to increasing involvement with the rougher elements of the community. Excommunicated in 1868 and increasingly bitter, he vented his spleen in a "rough book" that accused President Young and many former associates of all kinds of malfeasance. He died in 1873 in poverty and pain in Lander, Wyoming. In 1934, with the approval of the First Presidency, a nephew performed a proxy rebaptism, almost one hundred years after

Hickman's original decision to join the Latter-day Saints.

And the Moon Shall Turn to Blood, And the Earth Shall Reel to and Fro, And There Shall be a New Heaven and a New Earth by Anthony E. Larson (Orem, Utah: Zedek Books, 1983), 130-153 pp. and appendices, not priced.

WITH ONE EYE on the scriptures and the other on the sky, the author attempts to clarify enigmatic passages in the Old Testament and the Book of Revelation by comparing them with unconfirmed prehistoric accounts of solar system movements. He claims that the scriptures would not use idle imagery—the horrors and wonders spoken of have already or will eventually occur: planets on near collision courses, atmospheric activity resulting in manna and fire, the earth reeling, beautiful and frightening celestial configurations.

Irregular planetary movements and resultant worldwide disasters could possibly explain widespread early religious practices and symbolism. For instance, the nearly universal worship of Ba'al, the god of storm and destruction, could argue for consideration of Larson's theories. Scientists, of course, are skeptical about using scriptural and folkloric references to verify unusual cosmological events.

Myth, legend, and tradition, however, are rich in descriptions of celestial battles and do indeed chart the heavens controversially. Relying heavily on the 1950s writings of physician Ivan Velikovsky, Larson asserts that Jupiter and Saturn left their orbits in ancient times. Larson, following Velikovsky's research, assembled a significant body of examples of ceremonial activities from many cultures that seem to refer to planets out of alignment according to contemporary astronomy. Despite the scientific community denunciation and vilification of Velikovsky, Larson supports his conclusions.

Not for the casual reader, this highly speculative commentary on mythic traditions and symbolic systems requires

knowledge of the metaphors upon which religion is based. Compelling and thought-provoking, the trilogy challenges current scientific theories and may illuminate some esoteric biblical language.

The Political Theory of Liberation Theology: Toward a Reconvergence of Social Values and Social Science by John R. Pottenger (Albany: State University of New York, 1989), 264 pp., cloth, \$44.50; paper, \$16.50.

LIBERATION THEOLOGY emerged in Latin America during the late 1960s as a merger of Christian moral theology and radical, often Marxist, politics aimed at overturning the inequitably distributed wealth and oppressive governments in the Third World. Through the 1984 silencing of Leonardo Boff, a leading liberation

theologian, and the recent closing of two seminaries advocating liberation theology in Brazil, the Catholic Church has repudiated the movement's excesses. Nevertheless, it remains a potent force within both Catholicism and Latin America.

Mormon thought has so far remained uninfluenced by liberation theology, but Mormon missionaries in Latin America have sometimes run afoul of the movement indirectly when they have been accused of being agents for imperialistic American policies and institutions. Thus, it would seem desirable for Mormons to become aware of the forces causing turbulence in that area of the world. Pottenger's book, though high in price and academic in tone, is one possible source of such information on the intellectual foundations of liberation theology, its history, and its leading advocates.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

John Hafen: Art As Visual Poetry

Art yields [an] uplifting influence because the painter is an ardent and sincere student of nature. . . . [H]e communes with it, he loves it; God is the author of nature. Anything which He has created is elevating and refining in its lessons and influences. (Hafen 1905, 403)

This statement by John Hafen about the purpose of art, though stated as an ideal, actually best describes his own beliefs and the great legacy of his work. Hafen's landscape paintings reveal a humble man in awe of nature. His gift for painting, his love and reverence for nature, and his unique style springing from French and American Impressionism have transformed these realities into images filled with truth and poetry. While many regional landscape artists around 1900 attempted to portray the spectacular scenery of the Rocky Mountains, Hafen's intimate paintings express the depth and harmony of nature, conveying subtle moods and quiet moments.

John Hafen (1856–1910) was the son of Mormon immigrant parents who joined the Church in Switzerland and arrived by wagon in Salt Lake City in 1862. The family settled temporarily in Richfield and Tooele but returned to Salt Lake City in 1868, where over the next decade Hafen studied painting with the pioneer artists George M. Ottinger and Danquart Weggeland at the University of Deseret. He also met painters of his own generation: John B. Fairbanks and Lorus Pratt, son of apostle Orson Pratt. In his early twenties, Hafen decided upon a career as a professional artist and learned the photographic trade. After marrying in 1879, he assisted talented Utah documentary photographer George Edward Anderson in opening a tent gallery at Springville, Utah. Earning a living was a challenge for Hafen, but he always tried to stay close to creative art. He was also an illustrator for several commercial projects, including two fine lithographs of Joseph Smith as general of the Nauvoo Legion and a color booklet illustrating Eliza R. Snow's poem "O My Father."

In the early 1890s, largely through Hafen's urging, the Church sent him and four other artists to France to gain the expertise needed to paint extensive murals for the new Salt Lake Temple. The First Presidency set these five men apart as "art missionaries" and gave them financial support for their studies. The students enrolled in a demanding program of classically based academic training at the Julian Academy in Paris and also became conversant with the techniques and values of impressionistic easel painting which had become an accepted tradition in France by then. After returning to Utah in 1892, Hafen played a major role in planning and executing the murals for the Salt Lake Temple, which opened in April 1893.

Exposure to recent French landscape art, particularly the tonal art of the Barbizon School and the plein-air work of the Impressionists, totally changed John Hafen's work. Before his French studies, his art contained mostly narrative subject matter. His canvasses had been tightly executed, highly detailed, and painted in darker "Rembrandt" pigments; afterward, his landscapes were painted in the open air. Fresh color and light capture the reality of the moment, and the artist's feelings and astute observations become evident. Hafen now applied paint in visible, short broken strokes. In his own words: "In paintings that you may see hereafter cease to look for mechanical effect or minute finish, for individual leaves, blades of grass, or aped imitation of things, but look for smell, for soul, for feeling, for the beautiful in line and color" (in Gibbs 1987).

Commencing in the middle 1890s, Hafen concentrated on depicting the meaning and spirit of the Utah rural landscape. He completed many of his finest works, now considered masterpieces of Utah art, during this period, which lasted until 1907.

With no reliable private patronage in Utah, Hafen drifted into debt, unable to adequately support his large family. For several years beginning in 1901, the Church contracted with him for \$100.00 or more each month to complete a designated number of pictures, mostly landscapes and portraits of leading Mormon officials. The Church thus acquired scores of paintings, including some of his best, which became the nucleus of the finest existing collection of the artist's work. Several are currently on display at the Museum of Church History and Art, including "Forest Solitude, Brighton" (1901) and "Girl among the Hollyhocks" (1902), the latter a masterpiece of American Impressionism.

Finally, Hafen left Utah to settle in Brown County, Indiana, and became part of a loose-knit group of artists who painted the local landscape in a regional impressionistic style. He also received important commissions, including a portrait of the governor of Indiana. Just as financial prospects became brighter, Hafen contracted pneumonia and died in 1910. Today collectors and museums in the Intermountain region hold the work of this great Latter-day Saint artist and Utah impressionist in the very highest esteem. Of all Utah artists of his generation, he was likely the most successful in communicating the poetry and substance of nature.

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ART CREDITS

- Cover : "Girl Among the Hollyhocks," 1902, oil on canvas, 36" X 41", Museum of Church History and Art
- p. 12 : "Mothers Home in Switzerland," 1891, oil on board, 19" X 13", Rachel Hafen collection
- p. 43 : "Sunset," 1902, oil on canvas, 12" X 18", Museum of Church History and Art
- p. 62 : "Blackrock," 1902, oil on canvas, 26" X 30", private collection
- p. 63 : "Sevier Farm," 1901, oil on canvas, 30" X 42", Museum of Church History and Art
- p. 80 : "Early Evening," 1888, pastel on paper, 10" X 30", private collection
- p. 96 : "Mountain Stream," 1902, oil on canvas, 26" X 22", collection of Springville Museum of Art
- p. 122 : "Teepees," 1907, oil on canvas, 22" X 31¼", collection of Springville Museum of Art
- p. 138 : "Hollyhocks," 1909, oil on canvas, 36" X 42", collection of Springville Museum of Art
- p. 140 : "Geneva Dance Hall," 1896, oil on canvas, 20" X 38", collection of the Springville Museum of Art
- p. 172 : "Grist mill," 1887, oil on board, 18" X 12¼", collection of Springville Museum of Art

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