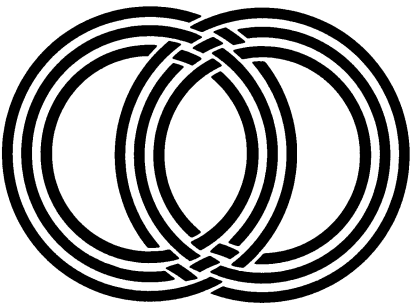
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



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A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

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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.

LETTERS

An Act of Courage

I want to commend you for publishing the excellent short story "And" by N. E. Houston in your Summer 1990 issue. The story is written with skill and sensitivity, and with great understanding and empathy on the part of the writer. I would like to see many more pieces of well-written and perceptive fiction in future issues.

Being a writer myself (*Light of the Morning*, a novel currently being handled by Herald House, Independence, Mo.), I appreciate the struggle and courage it takes to create good fiction like "And." My congratulations and best wishes to the writer, and to DIALOGUE for publishing it.

Elaine Stienon
Glendale, California

Surviving the Nineties

Thank you, thank you, thank you! With the help of DIALOGUE we will survive the nineties still "active" members of the Church.

Patricia Skeen
Eugene, Oregon

Afflicting the Comfortable

What a great book *Personal Voices* is. So much of what is in it tends to afflict the comfortable, the comfortable being me. I need the awakening these personal essays bring. I'm for putting together another collection!

Rick Pike
Salt Lake City, Utah

Concerned About Polygamy

During the hundredth anniversary of the Manifesto, fundamentalists made it their goal to get polygamy legalized and force the Church to resume this practice. They even enlisted support for their goal from the American Civil Liberties Union.

After reading Martha S. Bradley's article, "The Women of Fundamentalism: Shortcreek, 1953" (Summer 1990) and sensing her support for this lifestyle, I feel it is time to express some of my concerns.

As a Mormon woman whose great-grandfather died in prison because of this principle and as a psychologist with an inquiring mind, I have read widely and struggled with this doctrine for many years. I include here a list of my concerns.

1. There is a constant birthrate worldwide of 105 baby boys to every 100 baby girls. Where will all the extra women come from?

2. Polygamy means multiple mates. If polygamy is legalized, won't women also be able to have more than one husband? Won't this further erode the status of the family?

3. With all the concerns about overpopulation, isn't it a little irresponsible to be fathering numerous children, even if a man thinks he is for some reason more "worthy"? And who or what is to decide his worthiness? His position in the Church?

4. Men have trouble supporting and nurturing even one family, let alone several. Is it only their genes that are important? If so, couldn't artificial insemination take care of that with a lot less trouble?

5. In the LeBaron colony, the shortage of women was acute. Rena Chyno-

weth, the thirteenth wife of Ervil and the one who shot Rulon Allred, wrote in her book *Blood Covenant* (Austin, Texas: Diamond Books, 1990) about twelve-year-old girls being bargained for among the leaders. The younger men didn't stand a chance.

6. The Book of Mormon says,

> But the word of God burdens me because of your grosser crimes. For behold, thus saith the Lord: This people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the scriptures, for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David, and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord.
>
> Wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, I the Lord God will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord: For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none; . . .
>
> For behold, I, the Lord, have seen the sorrow, and heard the mourning of the daughters of my people in the land of Jerusalem, yea, and in all the lands of my people, because of the wickedness and abominations of their husbands. (Jacob 2:23-31)

These are strong words. Are we to believe they no longer apply?

7. History pretty well documents Joseph Smith's weakness for women. Are prophets infallible? Isn't it just barely possible that D&C 132 was a product of his own difficulties? Are we to accept all revelation unquestioningly, or is there some criteria by which it can be judged? I am concerned that since women do not hold the priesthood and have no voice in the decisions of the Church leaders, our concerns might not be considered in this matter.

These are my thoughts on this painful and controversial subject. Polygamy is incompatible with democracy and free agency. If the Church should ever decide to allow it again, I know I would have to leave. My heart would be broken. It makes no sense to me at all to want to work for the privilege of entering the celestial kingdom if polygamy is to be the order of the day there.

While I recognize that the Short Creek raids may not have accomplished any purpose and may seem to some to be inhumane, I believe they were an honest effort to deal with a lingering problem.

Virginia Bourgeous
Syracuse, Utah

One-Sided Treatment

Equity between the sexes is unquestionably an issue of importance, but one might reasonably ask if it is the only issue. The Fall 1990 issue of DIALOGUE was devoted almost entirely to this issue, as was a major part of the Winter issue.

Perhaps instead you could have devoted some space to addressing the completely one-sided treatment of this topic in DIALOGUE. Surely the word "dialogue" does not mean that those holding one point of view should spend their time and energy reinforcing one another's prejudices.

Is DIALOGUE going to treat a wide range of issues in an intellectually honest manner, or become merely a propaganda machine under the control of persons with only one point of view?

Richard H. Hart
Waldport, Oregon

Antiquated Pronouns

Lavina Fielding Anderson's marvelous article on "The Grammar of Inequity"

(Winter 1990) awoke in me the same longings to abandon the stiff, formal, and antiquated prayer pronouns advocated by the Church.

I served a mission in Germany, have a B.A. in German, and have spent nearly five years in that country. To Anderson's example of French, which continues to use two different forms of address for the second person, I would like to add German and nine more modern languages:

Danish
Dutch
Finnish
Italian
Norwegian
Portuguese
Russian
Spanish
Swedish

In these languages generally and in German particularly, the two forms of address are "familiar" and "polite." The familiar form is used among family members; intimate friends; adults speaking to children; small children addressing adults; among equals—especially blue-collar workers, laborers, soldiers, and athletes; with animals; and in prayers. Polite address is for strangers and outsiders and, as Anderson points out, uses the plural form of the verb as in English. Using the opposite form from the one expected is an insult or shows disrespect. In other words, using familiar pronouns with a stranger is an outrage, and addressing a friend with polite forms communicates cold rejection. Polite speech is formal, distant, cool, remote, detached. It is unthinkable to say *Sie* (the formal, polite, "you") to a father, heavenly or otherwise.

Two anecdotes will illustrate further.

My wife was born in Denmark but raised in the United States in a Danish household. Shortly after we became engaged and began praying together regularly, she asked if I'd mind if she offered her prayers in Danish. She explained that it felt much more comfortable. Prayers in English put God too far away. In Danish she could talk to her Heavenly Father in the same intimate terms she used when speaking with her parents and family members. She always says her private prayers in her native tongue. She is fluent in English and has no trouble vocalizing a sincere public prayer in the language of her adopted country and in the forms preferred in the Church. Rather than flout convention and revert to the more intimate second person pronoun "you," she prefers to use the legitimate forms of Danish. Even now, after twenty-four years, she continues to use Danish when we say prayers between the two of us alone, even at meals.

A friend in Germany came across a seminary home study lesson on prayer which urged members to use the traditional prayer language in English. Though he understood the concepts, he was frustrated because he could not apply the lesson in any of the non-English languages he supervised in the European office of the Church Education System (the nine listed above, less Russian, plus French and German). Furthermore, he lamented to me, he now realized that his native German was lacking, that it did not have a special language for prayer like English. I explained that, in fact, the opposite was true. English was lacking because it did not have the same intimate way to speak to God that was reserved for close, affectionate family relationships in German.

If our heavenly parents or the Savior were to speak to me using human language, I wonder which forms they would use.

The "thee, thou, thy" forms are holdovers from the King James Version. The J. B. Phillips New Testament Version cited by Anderson is an excellent example of how much warmer and accessible the scriptures can become when thoughtfully couched in modern speech. The William Barclay version (London: William Collins Sons & Co., 1976) might be even better. Not every so-called modern English version is so agreeable. The Church neither uses nor acknowledges these modern versions in English. How-

ever, in Germany, the Church has replaced the Luther version of the Bible with the German equivalent of the New International Version (also an excellent modern version), called *Die Einheitsübersetzung* (The Unity Translation, 1980). I bought my copy at the Salt Lake Distribution Center four years ago.

At times the Church seems to be troubled with the same "foolish traditions of the fathers" so often decried in the scriptures. I see evidence of linguistic discrimination. Though we publicly claim to be aware of our international status, we contradict that claim when we don't sensitively consider the nuances of non-English languages in our published materials. If the projections are accurate, English will be a minority language in the Church within the next decade. How will we justify the overbearing English bias then?

Richard C. Russell
Salt Lake City, Utah

Late Night Thoughts at the End of a War

I keep thinking of the soldier, somewhere in the desert, being interviewed on TV just as the ground war was to begin. I think of his earnest face and voice: "I want to do this now, so we won't have to come back and do it five years from now, so my *son* won't have to do it." I hope he is one of those now being welcomed by his wife and son. I rejoice in his safety and thank God that there were only a hundred or so Americans killed. I wonder what to say to God about the 100,000 or so Iraqis killed.

And I wonder if that soldier has heard the diplomats already talking about the problems that remain, the storm clouds gathering again: Iran and Syria jockeying for position to fill the vacuum left by Iraq, Middle East countries lining up to buy our new weapons that proved so terribly effective ($38 billion in orders already). I wonder if he hears expert witnesses saying that the Middle East is more unstable now than it was *before* the war, that the long-range problems that helped produce Saddam Hussein—the Arab-Israeli conflict and the gulf between oil-rich sheiks and the Arab masses—are not solved, perhaps made worse.

I want to be one to help keep that soldier's sons—and daughters—from war, so late at night I think about what we can do differently next time. And this is what I think: I believe Christ and the modern prophets when they claim that peace can be created, but neither through violence nor through passivity: "Resist not evil, but . . . love your enemies" (Matt. 5:39-44). "Be not afraid of your enemies. . . . Renounce war and proclaim peace" (D&C 98:14, 16). "To all who seek a resolution to . . . an international difficulty among nations, we commend the counsel of the Prince of Peace, 'Love your enemies' " (First Presidency Christmas Message, 1981). "Our assignment is affirmative . . . to take the gospel to our enemies, that they might no longer be our enemies" (Spencer W. Kimball, *Ensign*, June 1976).

Clearly the only way to do away with wars is to do away with enemies—not by killing them (because the chaos and suffering and injustices of war simply cause more enemies to rise up, even when we "win"), but by *changing* them through the power of active Christian love. We must "take the gospel" to them—through loving service, intelligent aid, morally consistent and peaceful efforts to heal differences and settle grievances, and personal examples of patience and nonviolence—in preparation to preach the specifics of the restored gospel.

Our nation hasn't done that in the past: We supported or acquiesced in the imperialist and then oil-hungry injustices by France and England that created ongoing inequities and grievances in the Middle East but have not consistently used our wealth, our oil-buying power, or our influence to find peaceful resolutions. We have supported the Jews' quest for a homeland, with money and weapons, but not

the equally morally demanding Palestinian quest for a homeland. I believe God would have blessed us in positive, consistent purposes, and thus we could have built a solid foundation for peace in the Middle East. Instead we have sold billions of dollars of weapons to all sides in the quarrels, pitting one against the other and constantly changing sides—for advantage, not principle.

I think of that soldier, and I wonder what we will do if we fail as a nation to use the Christ-like means for peace and then are faced again with an aggressive dictator like Saddam Hussein, "another Hitler." Can we avoid sending that soldier to war again? The scriptures and prophets suggest that there *are* conditions that justify going to war. For instance, President David O. Mckay called World War II a just war, and he cited as one "possible" condition, "defense of a weak nation . . . being unjustly crushed" (April Conference, 1942). But there are *other* conditons that the prophets and scriptures have set: using every peaceful means possible first, including genuine negotiation; not engaging in revenge or punishment, and *never*, as President McKay insisted, attempting "to establish a new order of government . . . no matter how better the government."

Our war with Iraq met the first condition, but I do not believe it met the second, and it is right now failing the others. We have *never* offered to negotiate (which means *some* compromise) with Saddam. We simply stated what we called our "unconditional" (non-negotiable) demands. When Saddam *tried* to negotiate on August 12—including offering to leave Kuwait—we made no response, and President Bush simply dismissed as "outrageous" the efforts, just before the ground war began and during its last few days, of Jordan, Russia, and finally Iraq to negotiate. He did so, I believe, because he had decided to go beyond the UN resolutions and the implied mandate of Congress (which was simply to free Kuwait) and to destroy Saddam's army and government and, if possible, Saddam himself. The result was the destruction of roads and bridges and water supplies all over Iraq and finally the killing of tens of thousands of Iraqi soldiers as they were retreating along the highways north out of Kuwait. Iraq is left in chaos, with rebellions and disease continuing to kill thousands, a nation likely to remain, like Lebanon or Cambodia, politically unstable and constantly violent.

I think about that soldier and how to keep his sons and daughters at peace, and I believe we can do so by thinking about how we could have avoided sending him to war *this* time. The responsibility is *ours*, not that soldier's, who did and risked what we asked—and is rightly welcomed home as a patriot. *We* can think about being willing to patiently negotiate, to use nonlethal, economic and moral sanctions in the face of aggression, and to avoid the spirit of war euphoria, of revenge, even blood-thirstiness, that the scriptures warn is a constant danger, even in a just war—a spirit that always plants the seeds of future conflict and causes the spirit of God to withdraw (see Mormon 3). Jordan's King Hussein has testified that in his efforts to negotiate Iraq's withdrawal from Kuwait immediately after the August 2 invasion, he became convinced that Saddam originally meant only a show of power to force Kuwait to take seriously his grievances (border incursions, including taking his oil, and desire for a port on the Gulf). But when Egypt and Saudi Arabia joined the U.S. in a coalition against Saddam, he responded to force with force—annexed and brutalized Kuwait and escalated his own rhetoric and intentions. Whether or not this is true, we will perhaps never know, but it doesn't matter because we refused to negotiate and eventually went to war.

Why *should* we be more patient next time, at the risk of a Hitler later causing a much greater war? Because, as President Hugh B. Brown of the British Mission wrote in 1937, in the very face of Hitler's increasing aggression, "War never

settles anything satisfactorily. . . . No one could with consistency maintain that [Christ], in any sense, favoured the resort to arms" (*Millennial Star*, 4 Nov.). The next year he unreservedly praised the Lord for blessing Chamberlain in his "courageous" application of "Christian" principles in dealing with Hitler at Munich (*Millennial Star*, 6 Oct., 1938). President Brown never changed his judgment about Chamberlain's actions in trying every possible means to avoid war, even though they ultimately failed.

Richard Bushman has written, in an essay on President Brown, "Whatever was lost by [Chamberlain's] compromise in 1938 was regained many times over after war broke out by our virtually unanimous sense that we had done all in our power to prevent hostilities. . . . The partisans of Christian love, though slow to fight back, are more likely to enjoy the strength of moral unity [and, I would add, the hope for God's blessings] when they come at last to battle" (DIALOGUE, Summer 1988, p. 59).

The time to have stopped Hitler, *without war*, was at the end of the *First* World War, when the Allies punished Germany, demanded reparations (as President Bush is now demanding of Iraq), and isolated it in a long depression that produced the chaos and resentments that sustained Hitler's rise to power. A Marshall Plan then, rather than *after* WWII, could, I believe, have prevented that terrible war. And economic aid, backing up serious negotiations and continuing nonviolent sanctions until they succeed, is our only chance for peace in the Middle East.

We have used over $70 billion in the Gulf War, much more than it would have taken to meet *all* of Hussein's legitimate grievances and also to *pay* for a Palestinian homeland. Now, when we have won a great victory, our greatest danger is the pride President Benson warned about two years ago and our greatest need the mercy President Hinckley pled for last year.

Late at night, thinking about that soldier, I read and reread a passage from the Book of Mormon, which was written to *us* about *our* sins, not to Saddam Hussein about his: "Man shall not smite, neither shall he judge; for judgment is mine, saith the Lord. . . . Why do ye . . . suffer the hungry, and the needy . . . to pass by you, and notice them not? Yea, why do ye build up your secret abominations to get gain, and cause that widows should mourn before the Lord, and also orphans to mourn . . . and the blood of their fathers and their husbands to cry unto the Lord from the ground?" (Mor. 8:20, 39-40).

Eugene England
Provo, Utah

How Can a Religious Person Tolerate Other Religions?

Dennis Prager

WHEN I WAS IN MY EARLY TWENTIES, a prominent American rabbi, Yitz Greenberg, once heard me lecture to a Jewish group. I was offering comparisons between Judaism and other religions. Afterward he complimented me on my speech but warned me to resist the great temptation to compare the best of one's own religion to the worst of other religions.

It was a very important warning. It is so terribly easy and gratifying to compare the most refined thinking of your own religion to the most superficial in another. You win the debate every time.

In that regard, if God acts in our lives—a proposition over which I have some conflicting opinions—he certainly arranged my radio show, KABC's "Religion on the Line." For eight years, every Sunday night, for two commercial-free hours, I have dialogued with Protestants and Catholics and, increasingly, members of other faiths as well. I have, by necessity, as well as conviction, developed an attitude of respect for the profundity of others' religious views. I frequently sum it up this way: *The moment you meet a person of another religion whom you consider to be as good, as intelligent, and as religious as you are, you will never be the same.*

DENNIS PRAGER is a Jewish writer and lecturer who has coauthored The Nine Questions People Ask About Judaism, *the most widely used introduction to Judaism in the world, and* Why The Jews? The Reason for Antisemitism. *He is currently writing* Happiness Is a Serious Problem, *to be published by Random House. He is also a commentator and talk show host on KABC Radio in Los Angeles. Mr. Prager writes and publishes his own quarterly journal,* Ultimate Issues, *in which he applies his religious values to social, political, and personal issues. For information on* Ultimate Issues, *write to him at 6020 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90232.*

This essay is adapted from a considerably longer oral presentation given at the Sunstone Symposium in Pasadena, California, March 1990.

I

Three distinct types come to mind when I consider the topic of tolerance. The first is secular tolerance, most vigorously espoused in our country. This is the way I would put it: You believe in nothing, you stand for nothing, so you tolerate everything. "Gee, I don't care what you believe." "It doesn't matter to me." "Live and let live." "It doesn't matter what you do so long as you don't hurt anybody." These are the mottoes of American secular tolerance.

They are very easy to live by. If you don't have any convictions, how could you possibly be infuriated by anyone else's? That is why religious people are labeled, almost by definition, intolerant. We take a stand on something. If the Catholic Church, for instance, will not give out condoms, the secular community will condemn the Catholics for not being activist enough on the issue of AIDS.

I don't object to birth control, yet I defend the Catholic Church's right to take a stand on this issue. One of the ironies I have found in American life is that, in effect, only those with convictions can truly be tolerant of others with convictions. In the final analysis, American secular tolerance is really only tolerance of those who are similarly secular and have no position. That is why, as a religious Jew, I frequently have more in common with religious non-Jews than with irreligious Jews.

Nonreligious Jews who come over for a Sabbath are usually far less comfortable with our ritual, our singing, and our benedictions before and after eating than are my non-Jewish religious guests. The Jew who is alienated from Judaism is still a fellow Jew because Jews are born Jews. This, I know, confuses many people, since two significant groups have real difficulty defining Jews: Jews and non-Jews. So let me explain. A Jew is a Jew by birth as an American is an American by birth. So *Jewish* is both a religion and a national identity.

The sense of identity that I frequently experience with religious people has nothing to do with national identity. In our home we strictly observe the Sabbath (which is why I do not broadcast on Friday night or Saturday), and we very frequently have guests over for a Sabbath meal. These guests are almost always religious, but only about half of the time are they Jewish. They may be religious Mormons, religious Protestants, religious Catholics—the people with whom I can make my Jewish Sabbath with great comfort.

So, part of the reason that I can, for instance, identify with the Catholic position even though I favor birth control is that is it a religious conviction. I understand religious conviction. Let me give you another example. Secular Dennis Prager, in fact the natural Dennis

Prager, the de-Judaized Dennis Prager, if you will, is so liberal that most of my radio show listeners would probably be shocked. My instinct is pure sixties: Do whatever you want so long as you don't hurt anybody. Therefore, I have no internal revulsion against homosexuality. If you want to do it, and you are an adult, who am I to object? I can even see bestiality, so long as you can certify that the animal said okay—that may be the one moral problem there.

I simply have no personal objection to anything that people do so long as it doesn't hurt others. But I am not only a secularized human being who doesn't care what people do. I am also a Jew. My religion tells me that the only sacred expression of sexuality is marital and heterosexual. It tells me that all other expressions of sexuality are, in varying degrees—and *varying degrees* is a very operative term for me as I believe very profoundly in gradations of sin—unholy. I would not even say immoral. I distinguish between the immoral—improper conduct toward other people—and the unholy—improper conduct toward God alone. Why is sex between two men immoral if they are consenting and of majority age? I can't use that term, immoral. I can use the term that describes what it really is, unholy. For those who do not care about the holy, and that is the majority of Americans today, certainly the majority of well-educated Americans, being unholy is no big deal. To say that a sex act is unholy is to use a term that has no relevance. But to us in the Judeo-Christian world, it is a very big deal.

So, what is my attitude toward homosexuality? Civilly, I am tolerant of it. I don't believe that a person should be persecuted for it, to say the least. I am opposed to "gay bashing" and "gay baiting." I am opposed to treating anyone who has not done evil as anything less than being created in God's image. I have very strong feelings about that. But I do not believe that homosexuality is an equally fine, alternate way of expressing one's sexuality. Am I therefore intolerant?

To my mind, despite my religious objections, I am tolerant. In fact, I should get credit for being so tolerant of something that my values are so opposed to. My approach is to allow civil rights and religious convictions to coexist. While having strong convictions, I don't seek to impose them via government fiat. I don't want the government to jail adulterers. But if there were to be a synagogue created called the adulterers' synagogue, as there is a gay synagogue, I would oppose that *within my religion*. I want every gay Jew to be able to pray in any synagogue, including my own. I do not want to create a synagogue specifically for men who have anal intercourse with other men, just as I don't want to have an adulterer's synagogue. Adulterers *should* feel a little funny about entering the synagogue—that is, after all, a purpose of religion: to make you feel a little funny when you violate the Ten

Commandments. You *should* feel something, or your religion has failed rather profoundly. But if we were to clear the synagogues of adulterers, we would barely have a Minyan (the quorum in Judaism of ten males forming the traditional service). There is a lot of adultery, I suspect, even among those of serious religious conviction.

My first definition of tolerance, then, is of American secular tolerance: You believe in nothing and you want others to believe in nothing. Such people have a difficult time tolerating people who believe in something.

II

A second type of tolerance is political. The central question here concerns the use of power: When you have power, do you repress others? It is very easy for a Jew to be politically tolerant of Christianity in America. It is deceptively easy for a Christian to be tolerant of non-Christians when the church no longer has any political power. It is remarkably easy for a Muslim in England to be tolerant of non-Muslims.

So the test of political tolerance is not easy to administer. The question is when you have power, are you tolerant? Do you repress? That is the real test. In this regard, church history has not been noble. When it had the power, the church was not tolerant of non-Christians. And please know that as a Jew who wrote a book on antisemitism, I am using the most understated language at my disposal.

I tell my fellow Jews, however, that their fears about a resurgent Christianity in America are not well founded. In the past, when Christians had much more power in America, Jews fared relatively well. Antisemitism in America did exist, but it was not necessarily religiously sponsored. Harvard medical school, for example, had quotas on Jews, but these were not instigated by Protestant churches. Generally speaking, Christians in America have a good record. So although European Christianity has a dismal record, I am not terribly afraid of Christians in America.

Political tolerance also concerns members of your own faith. It is frequently harder to be tolerant of members of your own faith than to be tolerant of members of other faiths. Orthodox Jews usually have a far harder time with Reform and Conservative Jews than with Mormons, Protestants, Catholics, or Muslims. It is within our own religion where differences are the most difficult to tolerate. Most traditional Communists, for instance, hated democratic socialists far more deeply than they did capitalists.

It is easy to be nice when you are a weak minority. An Orthodox Jew can easily tolerate other Jews when he or she has no power. But consider Israel, where Orthodox Jews have power because the state only recognizes Orthodox rabbis as rabbis. In a similar vein, how do Mormons treat members of their own faith who differ?

What do you do when you have power? That is the litmus test of whether you are really tolerant.

III

The third type of tolerance is the most rare. It involves *respecting* other beliefs, not merely tolerating them. In America, after all, it is easy to be tolerant. In fact, if "intolerant" means imposing your will on others, then it is actually difficult for a religion to be intolerant in this country.

That is why "tolerant" is a tricky term. I know of few religious people in America who wish to repress, through political or physical coercion, anyone else because he or she has a different religious faith.

In fact, I frequently remind secular liberals that when they charge churches with attempting to "impose" their religious will on the majority, they aren't being honest. If any group imposes its will on others, it is secular liberals. What else, for example, is civil rights legislation if not coercion? I wholly agree with such legislation, but I acknowledge that it is an imposition of my will on segregationists. If an American wishes to serve only white people in his own restaurant, he may not—because those of us who supported civil rights legislation have imposed our will on him. I object when secular people say, "Only the religious impose their will." Let's be honest. The religious impose their will far less in America than secular liberals do. The liberal argument against religious activists, "You can't legislate morality," is simply false. Virtually all liberal legislation is legislated morality.

Simply because our system of government forbids religious coercion, however, does not mean that all religious Americans are therefore tolerant by my third definition of tolerance. Real tolerance goes beyond absence of coercion. It involves respect. It is one thing to tolerate, it is quite another to respect another religion. To do so is very difficult—but not because people are emotionally opposed to respecting other religions. The problem is theological. *It is not usually our humanity but our theology that blocks respect for the claims of another religion.*

I did not understand this ten or fifteen years ago. I confess to having grown (or so I hope). It is easy not to repress other religions, but very difficult to affirm another religion's legitimacy while maintaining the absolute truth of your own. And I do not mean that we should

adopt the liberal religious attitude, "All faiths are equally beautiful, including my own." That attitude reminds me of an incident that sounds like a priest-minister-rabbi joke, but is, unfortunately, a true story. One night my topic for "Religion on the Line" was, "Why do you affirm your religion?" To be honest, I was very tired that night, and so I chose an easy topic. I could lean back in my chair and let the clergy on my chosen panel expound the virtues of their respective faiths. Is there an easier question for a clergyman to answer than why he affirms his own religion?

I was sure that I would have a relaxing evening. I started with the Protestant minister. "Reverend, why are you a Christian?"

"I believe," he responded, "that Jesus Christ is the son of God, that he is God, and that humankind attains salvation through belief in our Lord, Jesus Christ. I also believe that the Bible is the word of God."

"Thank you, Reverend. Now, Father, why are you a Catholic?"

"I am a Roman Catholic because I believe everything that the Reverend just said, and I believe that the pope is the vicar of Christ on earth and that the Church is the living, ongoing community of revelation to the world."

"Thank you, Father. Rabbi, now why are you a Jew?"

"Because I like it."

I had been sitting back, relaxing, expecting a brief but eloquent soliloquy on Judaism. I rushed back to the microphone. I was incredulous. That was it? "I am a Jew because I like it," period?

I said, "Rabbi, we all assume you like it. Otherwise, first, you wouldn't be a Jew and second, certainly you wouldn't be a rabbi. We take that as a given, Rabbi. But *why* are you a Jew? The reverend spoke about the truth of Christ, and the Catholic father spoke about the truth of Catholicism. Is Judaism true?"

I was trying to elicit from him some statement of Judaism's truth. But he was a good liberal rabbi. He said, "For me it is true."

I said, "Rabbi, that doesn't work—for *you* it is true. If I were to ask you, 'Do two and two equal four?' you wouldn't say, 'For *me* it is four.' Either something is true or it is not true. So what do you say?"

But he wouldn't go any further than personal preference. He just wouldn't budge. Finally an hour later, the Catholic priest, Father Michael Nocita, made the case for Judaism in one of the finest moments I have ever witnessed on "Religion on the Line." Even the rabbi loved it. "I believe that the Jews are God's chosen people," Father Nocita began, and went on to make an eloquent, persuasive argument for Judaism. Only in America could a Catholic priest make the case for Judaism's truth on behalf of a rabbi who wouldn't.

That rabbi's theological egalitarianism is not the type of respect I am arguing for.

I prefer Mother Teresa's response, in a recent interview, when asked about her attitude toward other religions: "I like every faith and I love my own." At least she distinguishes hers from the rest. But I would go further. I don't like every faith, to be perfectly honest. I love religion, but I don't like every religious manifestation.

To claim so would be like saying, "I like all political views, but I love my own." I *don't* like all political views. Some political views I find abhorrent. Many religious expressions I find evil, and others, if not evil, at least intellectually unacceptable. Earning my theological respect takes more than being inoffensive. I find totem-pole worship inoffensive, but I don't regard it with great respect. I would tolerate but not admire it.

Nor do I feel a moral imperative to respect totem-pole worship. All I have to do is allow the practice. I don't respect New Age thought. In fact, I openly maintain that it is modern paganism, but I do let people engage in it.

That is the reason why tolerance as respect for other faiths is so problematic. Respect for another faith is not always possible. To what extent is it desirable? That is the question that I would like to pose: Can we respect other faiths?

Let me tell you why we'd better.

We Jews—and in this regard, Mormons also—make a lot of noise for our small numbers. I know this from personal experience. On my frequent airplane flights to lecture to more distant Jewish communities, the person sitting next to me will often inquire, "Where are you flying to?"

"Kansas City—I am going to give a lecture."

"To whom?"

"To the Jewish community."

If the person is a non-Jew, I have frequently asked, "I am curious. There are four to five billion people in the world, how many Jews do you think there are?" Usually, I get an answer in the hundreds of millions, and never under fifty million. When I tell them, "You know, there are only thirteen million Jews in the world," they reply, "They must all live in my state!"

Clearly it is possible to make a lot of noise without great numbers. This fact has forced me to confront a very serious question which I posed to an Orthodox rabbi on "Religion on the Line" one night. I said, "You know, Jews don't generally proselytize, so let me ask you, Rabbi, since Jews make up less than two-tenths of one percent of the people in the world and are not proselytizing, what do you want the

other 99.8 percent of the world to do religiously? After all, you can't hold for a moment that only Jews want to relate to God. How are non-Jews supposed to relate to God?" He volunteered the classic Jewish response that there are seven basic laws for all of humankind to observe. They are fundamental laws of ethics plus the injunction to not deny God. They do not, however, concern prayer or relating to God. But since we Jews believe that all people have a soul that yearns for God, for me the question remains: What are the 99.8 percent of the world that weren't at Sinai or who didn't convert to Judaism supposed to do?

Over the course of history, Jews have been far too busy surviving inquisitions and crusades to worry about how others were supposed to relate to God. When your overriding concern is, "Will they rape my daughter tomorrow?" you are not disposed to worry about the theological predicaments of others.

In America, however, Jews are now confronted with this dilemma for the first time. We are not being maltreated. In fact, as a people Jews are being helped immensely, both within this nation and abroad. Jews should be and are deeply grateful. They are quite in love with America.

So how are Jews supposed to relate to non-Jews? We are not commanded by our faith to bring non-Jews to Judaism. What do we, a nonproselytizing religion, believe a non-Jew who yearns to know God should do?

I have grappled with this question. And I have concluded, at least tentatively, that I must be open to the notion that God may in fact reveal himself in other ways. Thirty-two hundred years ago, Jews received revelation at Mount Sinai. What was supposed to happen over the course of the next thirty-two hundred years? Was the rest of the world to have no access to God except through Judaism? That seems unfair, to say the least. People want God, and if they do not come to God, they will arrive at a poor substitute, such as Mao, communism, or worship of the natural environment.

I do not assert as a matter of faith that "I believe with perfect faith that Christianity is a divine revelation to Gentiles." I cannot say that. But, I cannot deny it either. That is very important. I am a religious, believing Jew. I believe in the chosenness of my people, I believe in God's revelation at Sinai, I believe the traditional beliefs of Judaism. But I will not say, privately, publicly, in my heart, in my mind, that God does not reveal himself in other ways. I have to remain religiously agnostic in that regard.

I just don't know. Recently I began reading the Book of Mormon, in part because a very dear friend of mine is a Mormon. Joseph Smith's

introduction moved me immensely. I was especially moved by the beauty and the humanity as well as the spirituality of it. Here is Joseph Smith having revealed to him the location and significance of the plates and being warned, in effect, not to pawn them! "Now listen, Joseph Smith, here is God's revelation to humanity. Be happy you have it, but don't pawn the plates—I know you really need the money." You have no idea how this non-Mormon was moved by that particular detail. Nothing else gives the story as much credibility to a non-Mormon as does that part of it.

In a similar way, what makes the Hebrew Bible so credible to me is how unflatteringly the Jews are portrayed. Why would any group make up a story about how lousy they are? When you study the history of any group, you study its heroes. When you study the Hebrew Bible, you find both heroes and villains, but the heroes are often villains. David and Bathsheba I am not terribly proud of. King David, from whom the Messiah will emanate, arranges to marry a girl he craves—after a voyeuristic episode or two of watching her bathe—by sending her husband off to get killed. Charming.

In Deuteronomy God tells the Jews that he is bringing them into Israel not because they are worthy, but because he is honoring prior covenants with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. God levels with them—they are a stiff-necked people. Now why would any group invent a divine insult? That is what I mean. Such details give great credibility to these accounts of God's dealing with the Jews and convince me of their divine origin.

Further, reading Joseph Smith's story I have to say to myself as a non-Mormon, either this destitute guy in upstate New York was self-deluded—all of a sudden the room lights up, he imagines this whole thing and fabricates this whole book—or maybe there is something more involved. And I have to say maybe there is something more involved with Mohammed, and maybe there is something more involved with the Apostles. If I don't allow for the something more, I end up having to say, "I have the only revelation God has ever made to humanity, period." God pinpointed 1 percent of the world and said, "You Jews now have seven laws to give to the rest of the world from whom I will be hidden." I just find that odd. It's not the God that I believe in.

I don't believe that Jesus was anything but a man from Nazareth. That is my belief. I'm being as straightforward as I can. But what about the billions who believe in him as divine? All wrong, all mislead, all deluded, all foolish? One of the things I most appreciate about Judaism is that I rarely have to deal with that problem. I don't have to assert that the only revelation is my own, because what Judaism demands from the world is not that it be Jewish, but that it be

ethical monotheist. Ethical monotheism—that all people believe in God and his law—is the animating ideal of my life.

So my standard of tolerance, in the sense of tolerance as respect, is this: Are you, are the fruits of your belief, good? Do you end up leading a holy and good life? To which the answer has to be with regard to millions upon millions of Christians, absolutely yes. Can it be argued that on the basis of a delusion a person leads a holy and moral life? Theoretically I can imagine it may be so. There were, after all, ethical pagans. But, outside of pure pagan polytheistic beliefs, as a Jew I am not required to judge the theology of non-Jews.

In fact, Judaism judges the non-Jew much less strictly than the Jew. The Jew has to live by all the Jewish laws and to affirm certain theological truths, and the non-Jew only has to live by the basic moral laws that God implants in all human beings. But a non-Jew wants more than that. A non-Jew wants to relate to God. And since we are not doing anything about bringing Judaism to non-Jews, I challenge my fellow Jews: What are non-Jews supposed to do—not steal, not murder, and then watch T.V.?

I direct this same question to Mormons and to Christians in general. What are those who will not accept your proselytizing to do? Are we consigned to the dustbin of history, as indeed some Protestants believe? "If you don't believe in Christ, all your good works are like filthy rags"—if I don't hear this on my show a hundred times a year, I don't hear it once. This is a notion, by the way, that I find so objectionable, so reprehensible, that I think it is blasphemous. I consider it arrant blasphemy to suggest that God doesn't care about how his children in a different religion treat each other. Does he only care about how you believe in him? Can it be true that even if you believe in him but don't hold to a certain prescribed wording of belief, then you are consigned to hell? I don't object to this idea because as a believing Jew I am the one being consigned to hell. If a Protestant says to me, "Dennis, with all respect, I think you are going to hell," I promise you, as God is my witness, it doesn't raise my blood pressure or pulse by a beat. Such theologically foolish statements don't bother me personally at all. I could even still like the man. I have had clergy over to my house who think I'm going to hell—and we still fed them a nice meal.

These clergy, however, represent a type of intolerance which devalues others' lives. It states, in effect, that if you don't believe exactly as we do, your life is worthless, there is no hope for you, end of discussion. A dear Protestant minister who expressed this official position on the show a few weeks ago was obviously terribly uncomfortable with it. Afterward, we spoke for a few minutes privately, and I said, "Lis-

ten, why can't you simply adopt the following approach: You truly believe Christ is the only way to salvation. Okay. But since you are not God, why don't you simply say, 'I believe that Christ is the only way to salvation, but I am not capable of saying how God judges the rest of humanity.' Just say that." He responded with some relief, "I like that." For some it is a relief. For others it is the more demanding form of tolerance.

Every religion has, I am convinced, its Achilles' heel. Judaism's Achilles' heel is law. Jewish law can become, as one great rabbi said, *adovah zara*, idol worship. But it is also Judaism's blessing. It is always like that. The most beautiful parts of you are also your greatest problems.

Christianity's Achilles' heel is the belief in salvation through faith alone. That is its beauty to a Christian, but it is also its burden. Faith, too, can become idol worship. That's the irony. Just as law can become a false god, so faith also can become a false god.

Proselyting faith can lead to a Walter Martin, a Christian who devotes much of his time to attacking Mormons. In eight years of "Religion on the Line," Walter Martin, a man whom I had never met before, is the only clergyman I have ever attacked. I said to him, "You know, you radiate hate." I mention this not to defame him but to demonstrate how theological doctrines can make a person worse than if he had been irreligious.

That is what I mean by Achilles' heel. Sometimes theology can make us meaner than if we had no theology. While it may be possible to remain an utterly loving, kind human being while believing that everyone who doesn't believe as I do will go to hell, it must be terribly difficult. It is not a doctrine that brings forth beauty in the soul or fosters human empathy.

Let me raise one last issue related to tolerance. There is a tension between tolerating differences within your own religion and yet needing to have a central core of belief. This is often a most wrenching tension, one I live with daily. It is not fully answerable. I argue in a book I am writing called *Happiness Is a Serious Problem* that the belief that *happy* equals *tension-free* is a major obstacle to being happy. There are gratuitous tensions, and there are necessary tensions. Cows do not have tensions. But if we want to be fully human, we cannot have tension-free lives. I confront this all the time. I try to run a difficult middle line of affirming the centrality of Jewish law while not observing those laws that I am certain were created by historical circumstances that no longer apply.

Mormons have this problem in a different form, to the best of my poor knowledge, because you are answerable to a central authority, as

are Catholics. We Jews are not. What we have instead is community which can be as severe as any meeting with your bishop or anyone else that you have to answer to about your conduct as a Mormon. Yet however irksome intolerance and error within my own religion may become, secularism keeps me religious. There is no choice to being religious. If there were a third choice, I might opt for it. There isn't. You are either religious or secular. Secularism, while absolutely necessary governmentally, is personally, morally, intellectually, emotionally bankrupt. It is a dead end in life. It is to assert that I am a hodgepodge of molecules that coalesced by sheer chance. Life is pointless, suffering is pointless, joy is pointless, all is pointless. For me this is no option.

So how do we define a central core of belief yet allow for tolerance within religion? In "Beyond Reform, Conservative, and Orthodoxy: Aspiring to Be a Serious Jew" (*Ultimate Issues* 4 [July-Sept. 1988]: 3–7), I try to tell Jews that Reform, Conservative, and Orthodox are all fine, but more important is to be a *serious* Jew. Judaism consists of three components: God, Torah, and Israel—God, law, and people. A serious Jew is one who is committed to all three.

My advice to Jews is, "Look, you are not going to do everything, so don't do everything. *But you may not do nothing.*" If you won't fast all day on Yom Kippur, how about until noon? It is inconceivable to me that God would say, "Either you will fast from sunset to sunset or it doesn't count." I do fast the whole twenty-five hours, and with no drinking that is not easy. Jewish fasting is tough, but that is the law. I cannot imagine, however, that God would say, "Well, so-and-so only fasted until three o'clock, so forget him." It doesn't work like that. Does three o'clock not work? Or what about a Sabbath that isn't twenty-five hours? What about watching no TV on Friday night? What about making the Sabbath just Friday night? Make that the Sabbath. After all, the Sabbath is one of the Ten Commandments. I always tell Jews that I would much rather they observe fifty-two Sabbaths than one Yom Kippur. But, most Jews prefer one Yom Kippur. It is easier.

I think we have to try to get rid of the all-or-nothing approach: Either you do it all or you do nothing. My motto is that there is no hypocrisy in religion. If you observe some laws of your religion and not all, you are not a hypocrite. You are inconsistent and you are imperfect, but you are not a hypocrite. You are only a hypocrite if you lie about what you do and do not do.

Tensions within religion are inevitable. If you think and you are religious, you will have tension, and those tensions will make you more fully human and tolerant.

Among the happiest and proudest moments in my life are when I get letters from Christians saying they have returned to Christianity or

become serious Christians thanks to me. That is what I mean by respectful tolerance. When you can have joy from knowing you have brought a person to another religion, then you know that you have embodied what I think God wants us to do in this world.

Words for Late Summer

Dixie Partridge

Cornmeal, dusted over these loaves
like pollen. And I wish again
for the old unwritten recipes: brown breads,
chicken baked in a wrap of cornmeal,
family reunion picnics I can't match
with my own.

The french bread I carry instead
to the park, we layer into sandwiches,
watch river trees and sky
dissolving into dusk.
We are alone above the bank,
transplanted to this plateau from mountains
years back.
Geese along the island
grow raucous, but their cries turn liquid
as they reach us, part
of the river's molten giving-back
moments before we lose the sun.

We stay too long . . .
one daughter waits darkly in the car
to be returned to her telephone.
The other children have disappeared
with a crackle of reeds down the bank,
investigating a new dark
rising from roots and rocks.

The poetry of DIXIE PARTRIDGE, Richland, Washington, has recently appeared in many national and regional journals and in several anthologies. Her first book of poems, Deer in the Haystacks, *was published by Ahsahta Press (1984).* Watermark, *her second book of poetry, received the 1990 Eileen W. Barnes Award and is forthcoming from Saturday Press.*

In the last traces of daylight,
the sky turns the color
of bruised skin. The voices

I hear my own, my sisters'—
late summer madrigal
of *no bears out tonight* and
mother may I,
when time was present tense and felt
through every bone-ache and tendon,
moments fixed in the certainty
that smells of baking from wood-stoked ovens
meant the clarity of dawn,
that any bruised waking
could be salved.

The Eastern Edge: LDS Missionary Work in Hungarian Lands

Kahlile Mehr

ON THE PERIPHERY OF HIS THOUGHTS, iron wheels clanked, March winds scratched past windows, a swaying passenger wagon groaned, and a steam engine chugged rhythmically. The tracks traversed the massive Iron Gate gorge, a slit in the Carpathians through which the Danube flowed on its way to the Black Sea. His destination, still a day's journey ahead, even after six days of travel, was an eastern European village, the Hungarian farming community then known as Szerb-Csernye (now Srpska Crnja, Yugoslavia).

Ferdinand Hintze, a Latter-day Saint missionary from Utah, traveled deeper into a realm as remote in beliefs from his faith as in distance from his homeland.[1] His March 1888 visit was the Church's first missionary effort and eventually led to a short-lived LDS outpost in Hungary. Missionaries encountered barriers that bent little and finally hardened against them. Only a handful of converts accepted baptism, and most of those emigrated to join the body of the Church in America.

Early missionary work in Hungary is the story of seed sown in a field not yet tilled, unlike the fallow soil of the present. In June 1988, Hungary officially recognized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-

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[1] A native of Denmark, Hintze had emigrated with his family to Utah at the age of ten. Raised in the American West, he was a veteran missionary, having served two missions for a total of four years in the U.S. Northwest. He had two wives, and as a polygamist, he was in danger of arrest and imprisonment. His service in the Ottoman Empire placed him far from the grasp of federal officials in Utah.

day Saints, and in 1990 the Church established a separate mission there. Missionaries have returned to the unfinished task to find a nation much more attentive to their message. The conditions surrounding the Church's new beginning are fortuitous and promising.

Before his visit, Hintze had served for a year as president of the Turkish Mission headquartered in Istanbul. He was responsible for preaching in two empires, the Ottoman and the Austro-Hungarian, an expanse that stretched from Central Europe into Asia Minor. The person he sought in Szerb-Csernye was Mischa Markow, a native of Hungary whom he had baptized at Istanbul in February 1887. Following his baptism, Markow had returned to his native land and presented the teachings of the American missionaries to members of his family. When some of them responded positively, the elated Markow telegraphed Hintze to come at once (Markow n.d., 52).

Though heartened by Markow's message, Hintze faced a reality in this part of the world that offered little encouragement. Religious orthodoxy was entrenched in both society and government. Religious leaders had little tolerance for any creed that might threaten their hegemony, and civil leaders sustained them against any heretical intrusions. At the same time, the people were not generally disposed to question authority, either ecclesiastical or civil.

In February 1885, three years before Hintze's visit, LDS missionary Thomas Biessinger tested conditions in Budapest, capital of Hungary, after having been expelled from Prague and Vienna for preaching. He was joined in Budapest by fellow missionary James E. Jennings. To avoid confrontation with the authorities, they did not preach openly or go house to house but instead engaged others in casual conversation hoping to find a responsive ear and turn the discussion to religious matters. Although they avoided official censure, they were unable to interest anyone in their message. After a little more than a month, the two missionaries despaired and left Hungary (Kimball 1973–74, 156–57).

Three years had passed since Biessinger and Jennings had come from the west when Hintze entered from the east. Traveling first by steamer to the Bulgarian port of Varna on the Black Sea, he then journeyed by rail to Rustchuck (now Ruse, Bulgaria), crossed the frozen Danube on foot, and boarded a train to Bucharest, from Bucharest to the Hungarian border, and then over the border still heading west. The Hungary of that day included the northwestern provinces of modern-day Romania and the northeastern provinces of modern-day Yugoslavia. Detraining in Hatzfeld (now Jimbolia, Romania) just west of the larger metropolis of Temesvár (now Timisoara, Romania), Hintze walked south for the final five miles (Hintze, 10 March 1888, 175–76).

The week-long journey at an end, Hintze entered the village expectantly. To his "astonishment," Markow told him that his family's desire to be baptized had cooled (Hintze, 10 March 1888, 176); realizing that his summons had been precipitous, he explained that he had been unable to inform Hintze, as he was already en route (Markow n.d., 52). Hintze salvaged the journey by ordaining Markow to the priesthood. With Markow interpreting, he also preached to Markow's curious neighbors who began pouring in from the countryside the day after Hintze's arrival. Local priests soon informed the police, who escorted the two offenders to the local magistrate. Hintze was ordered to depart.

Whereas Biessinger had failed in the face of apathy, Hintze was foiled by the authorities. "No Elder can go there yet," he wrote, "the priests govern to [sic] much." Yet, he harbored the hope that "if the Lord opens the way, saints may yet be found in those places" (Hintze, 10 March 1888, 177).

The judges in Hungary may have been prejudiced against LDS missionary efforts by events that had transpired a decade earlier. The practice of polygamy had created tension between the Church and the U.S. government. William Maxwell Evarts, secretary of state in 1879, published a circular for U.S. diplomatic officers in Europe. Evarts requested that U.S. diplomats encourage foreign officials to do what they could to thwart LDS efforts to convert their citizens to the Mormon "system of Polygamy." The Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, Count Gyula Andrássy, forwarded this advice to all governors in the empire (Kimball 1973–74, 147–49). Though this occurred years before missionaries appeared on the scene, it may well have lingered in the memories of many magistrates.

Soon after Hintze departed, Markow also left Hungary. He proselyted in Belgium for a year, emigrated to Utah, married, fathered two children, and grew in his new faith. He returned to Europe in the spring of 1899 as an official missionary of his Church and now a citizen of the United States.

In the Europe to which Markow returned, the missionaries were enjoying unprecedented success. The year before his arrival, a new German Mission had been created from the former Swiss and German Missions with Arnold Schulthess as president. It covered not only Germany but all of eastern Europe. Missionaries were enjoying a season of success, particularly as they probed eastward. They arrived at Koenigsberg, Prussia (now Kaliningrad, Russia), in March 1899. Within fourteen months, they had baptized twenty-nine people (*Millenial Star*, 25 April 1901, 268). Baptisms missionwide increased from 158 in 1899, to 301 in 1900, to 514 in 1901 (Schulthess n.d., [38]).

Some of this increase was in Hungary, and the main protagonist there was Mischa Markow.

Under the nominal control of President Schulthess, Markow labored first in Serbia. In June officials there gave him a train ticket and banished him. Crossing the border into Hungary, Markow ended up in Nagy Becskerek (today Zrenjanin, Yugoslavia), approximately thirty miles south of his hometown—Szerb-Csernye.

After forty days in Nagy Becskerek, Markov experienced scenes similar to those which had occurred during Hintze's visit to the Markow home eleven years earlier. The mayor appeared at his door with an escort of two policemen to arrest him for anarchy. The mayor raised his cane to hit Markow but was stayed when the missionary claimed American citizenship. Markow was searched, deprived of his possessions, and marched with a policeman on either side down the city's main street. Adding to the spectacle, an accuser tagged along yelling, "Anarchist! Anarchist!" (Markow n.d., 60).

Markow waited in a dimly lit cell while the authorities tried to decipher the English on his passport and missionary certificate. A local merchant who could speak English provided the translation. Having confirmed his citizenship, the authorities puzzled over a way to charge Markow with a crime sufficient to silence him. They decided to use his cell mate to offer Markow some liquor and lure him into a political discussion. Markow saw through the attempt to charge him with subversion and began to preach to his new acquaintance. The authorities failed to find charges that would stick; instead they banished Markow, escorted him to the railroad station, and gave him a ticket on an outbound train.

It was but a temporary setback. The dauntless Markow returned a year later after having been similarly expelled from Romania and Bulgaria for his preaching. He headed west in late August 1900 with the idea of proselyting in Orsova, a city on the Danube in southern Hungary. His plan was altered by a dream he had while traveling upriver. He beheld himself teaching in the city of Temesvár, not far from other Hungarian cities where he had previously labored (Markow n.d., 77).

In contrast to the apathy that Biessinger had faced in Budapest, Markow encountered in Temesvár a group of Catholics anxiously seeking new spiritual guidance (Markow n.d., 77). He wrote for assistance from President Schulthess and was joined on October 4 by Henry M. Lau.

The missionaries soon stirred opposition. The local Catholic bishop informed the high court about the undesirable missionary activity, and the court duly summoned the pair the week after Lau's arrival. Unsure of how to rule, the judge allowed the missionaries to continue their

work without restriction until the supreme court ruled on the case (Markow n.d., 78).[2]

The missionaries continued to prepare baptismal candidates and on 24 January 1901 baptized nine people, establishing the first LDS congregation in Hungary. The nine new members included an elderly couple, six middle-aged women, and thirty-five-year-old Franz Kortje, later to be called as a local leader.

With a small flock at hand, Markow requested official permission to hold meetings. The mayor denied the request and informed the court. The court then prohibited any further proselyting. Markow determined to continue work in Temesvár on the "sly," while sending Lau to Budapest to argue their cause and seek assistance at the American Consulate.

Markow began meeting without official permission thrice weekly after dark and at varying locations. Ten more persons, mostly young adults in their middle twenties, joined the Church in early March 1901. The group included Jacob Pfeiffer, Johann Schwerburger, and fifty-year-old Matthaus Sadorf. Pfeiffer and Schwerburger later emigrated to Utah, while Sadorf remained and served as a local leader.

The supreme court ruled against the missionaries in late March, and the Temesvár court ordered them to leave, allowing them three days to conclude their affairs. On the evening of Saturday, 30 March, a dozen prospective members took advantage of the darkness to be baptized. The branch now had thirty-one members.

A subdued congregation bid farewell on the Sabbath, 31 March (Markow n.d., 79), and the next day Markow and Lau departed, leaving local elders Franz Kortje and Matthaus Sadorf in charge of the branch.

The banished missionaries left Hungary to report to President Schulthess in Oderberg, Austria. Schulthess immediately made plans to send another missionary, Henry Mathis, to sustain the branch and make sure that the work proceeded cautiously to avoid further confrontations with the authorities (*Millenial Star*, 18 April 1901, 253).

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[2] Their activity momentarily drew international attention when, on 30 November 1900, a press dispatch datelined Vienna alleged that two Mormon elders in Hungary had been mobbed. According to the release, the pair was compelled to run a gauntlet of three hundred irate citizens pounding them with sticks, straps, and knotted cords. In conclusion, the report claimed that one elder had been unceremoniously dunked in a horse pond before the police arrived to rescue him. It may well be that the report was entirely fabricated inasmuch as Markow never mentioned the incident in his own account of his work in Temesvár. If the incident did occur, it did not preclude missionary success.

Markow proselyted in Munich for five months and then returned to America.

The arrival of Henry Mathis at Temesvár on 10 May 1901 temporarily restored the momentum of proselyting. For four months he taught earnest investigators, baptized two of them, and prepared others to receive baptism. Just after the start of an evening Bible class on 22 August, a stranger appeared at the door and asked Mathis to step outside. The stranger, a policeman in plain clothes, summarily arrested him. Mathis calmly accepted the court's penalty of a fine of thirty krone and banishment. The judge, however, reconsidered the fine and remitted it. Most of the branch turned out at the railroad station to send off the banished missionary ("Experience" 1901). With Mathis gone, Hungarian members were effectively severed from the rest of the Church for two years.

A local elder, Franz Kortje, performed a dozen baptisms after Mathis left, raising the total membership to forty-three. However, these successes were not a signal of things to come. Like a match struck, the flame would eventually die out as it consumed the matchstick. Missionaries returned in 1903, and even though efforts continued until the onset of World War I, success in terms of numbers never equaled the Temesvár conversions. Of the total number of persons converted in Hungary before the war, more than a third joined the first year.

In July 1903, Hugh J. Cannon, who had replaced Schulthess as the German Mission president, reinitiated efforts to seek legal recognition for the Church in Hungary (*Millenial Star*, 6 Oct. 1904, 636). While the decision was pending, a lone missionary reentered the country: Mischa Markow, returned from America for a second time. Although he had been called to preach in Russia, he nevertheless spent some time first in Hungary preaching in the city of Brassó (now Brasov, Romania), two hundred miles east of Temesvár. He approached the mayor, openly explained his purpose, and obtained permission to preach in the city for five weeks before leaving. Although he did not baptize any converts, he interested one Anna Wachsmann, who was baptized the following year. His work also anticipated the fact that Brassó would be the locus of missionary success in Hungary for the next seven years.

As Markow preached in Brassó, William A. Wetzel and Frank Pingree entered Temesvár and reestablished contact with the branch (Kimball 1973–74, 160). Greatly encouraged, Hugh J. Cannon created the Austro-Hungarian Conference of the German Mission in January 1904 to include Vienna, Temesvár, and Brassó. He appointed Clarence C. Jensen as president. By the end of January, missionaries entered Brassó to continue the work Markow had begun (Bernhardt

1933, 1). Authorities expelled Wetzel and Pingree from Temesvár during 1904, but other missionaries replaced them and a baptism was recorded before the year was out.

In September 1904, Count Tesza, Hungarian minister of the interior, rendered a verdict against the Church prohibiting further preaching on the grounds that it was "undesirable" to both state and religious interests (Smith 1904). President Cannon felt the prospects for missionary work were sufficient to justify a continued missionary presence in the country, even though this presence was technically illegal (*Millenial Star*, 6 Oct. 1904). The desire to operate openly continued to prompt efforts for recognition, but the religious imperative to proselyte took precedence over legal prohibition.

Missionaries pursued the work cautiously and clandestinely. In July 1905, Serge Ballif, successor to President Hugh J. Cannon, visited Temesvár, where he noted that the officers kept close watch. The missionaries had to be constantly on their guard. Two new members were baptized at a service conducted late at night. Ballif then traveled on to Brassó. Here he found the missionaries conducting most of their work in the guise of English teachers. In another late-night baptismal service, four people joined the Church. This group, plus a member who had been baptized a month earlier, constituted a branch of five (Ballif, 31 July–7 Aug. 1905).

No matter how intimidating the conditions in Hungary, Ballif found the prospects for missionary work much better there than in Austria. Even though the numbers were still modest, 1905 was the second most productive year in the early history of the mission. Severing Austria from the conference, he concentrated his efforts in Hungary. At the same time, he continued to seek legal status for the Church. Returning to Germany through Budapest, he consulted an attorney who advised patience for the present (Ballif, 31 July–7 Aug. 1905).

While outside conditions hindered the work, circumstances inside the newly founded congregations of the Church militated against establishing a firm base in Hungary. Missionaries sought to attract new converts, but those converted soon left Hungary to join the Church in America. Half of the forty-five Temesvár converts who joined before December 1904 had already emigrated by that date. The pattern continued in 1905 as fifteen of the nineteen persons converted that year left Hungary before the year was out (MH, Hungarian District, 31 Dec. 1904; Hungarian Conference 1904–14).

Several factors contributed to emigration. The LDS doctrine of the gathering, less emphasized in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century, still motivated Church members to leave their homes. The prospect of a new life in a land of freedom, far from the unstable

politics of a Europe constantly teetering on the edge of armed conflict, appealed to Church members as well to other Hungarians who streamed to American shores. A total of 335,000 Hungarians emigrated to America between 1900 and 1910, three times more than in any other decade. In 1911, President Joseph F. Smith reported to a Hungarian visiting in Salt Lake City that of the seventeen Hungarian families in the city, fifteen of them were LDS (Paztor 1911, 815).

Of the Hungarian converts in Utah, Jacob Pfeiffer became a prominent metalworker. He founded the Utah Ornamental Iron and Bronze Works, and his work includes the balustrades at the Utah State Capitol Building and the vault of Zion's Bank in downtown Salt Lake City. Johann Schweberger, whose father was a shoemaker, became a leather merchant.

Back in Hungary, the combination of members emigrating and the lack of new converts apparently dimmed prospects. In March 1906, President Ballif temporarily closed the Hungarian Conference (Ballif, 30 March 1906). A lone missionary, L. Lambert Pack, remained in Brassó until May, when he left after having baptized a family of three. Although the nine members who made up the small branch sustained their faith alone for five months, there was a sense of relief and happiness when Elders Leland Accomb and J. E. Langford arrived in September to reinitiate the work (Bernhardt 1933, 2). Again the elders had success for a season. The nine baptisms for 1906 and 1907 occurred in Brassó as did nine of the sixteen baptisms registered in 1908.

Though baptismal numbers were up, internal problems began to affect missionary progress. During July and August 1908, President Ballif toured both Temesvár and Brassó. In Temesvár he spoke with local elder Franz Kortje about improving his leadership performance. In Brassó the missionaries related an unspecified circumstance that reflected "great discredit" upon the missionaries who had worked there in the past (Ballif, 30 July and 1 Aug. 1908). Still, in Brassó he was able to buoy the members at the Sabbath services. On the following Tuesday, a group went to the woods to hold baptismal services for five converts, afterwards frying meat on coals and enjoying a barbecue (Ballif, 2 and 4 Aug. 1908).

While emigration and internal discord weakened the Church, the missionaries were further hampered because they did not proselyte in the Hungarian language. They preached only in German and primarily to the German minority. Not until 1909 was an attempt made to remedy this situation. When newly appointed missionary John Ensign Hill arrived in Basel, headquarters of the Swiss and German Mission, President Ballif assigned him to Budapest: "You go down to Hungary. There is a grand work for you to open up" (Hill 1962, 28).

It was not until he arrived at Budapest that he discovered the nature of the grand work before him. Hamilton Gardner and Earl Davenport, already proselyting in the capital city, met Hill and informed him that he would be the first missionary to preach in the Hungarian language. Hill wrote home that the announcement "almost took my breath" (Hill 1962, 29). Later, he learned that President Ballif had requested a missionary to preach in the Hungarian language and that President Joseph F. Smith himself had selected Hill to be that person.

Hill began studying Hungarian at the local Berlitz school on 5 January 1909. The teacher did not speak English, and the other pupil spoke only German. After three hours, Hill left the class feeling "somewhat blue." Still, he began tracting in Hungarian the week following his first lesson. Using the two words he had learned—one for "Good day!" and one for "Please!"—he went from door to door handing out tracts. When asked "What is this?" he could offer no explanation but simply went to another door to repeat the process. Armed with his limited vocabulary he knocked at thirty-four doors his first day and left twenty-one tracts (Hill 1962, 30–32).

Hill arranged to meet privately with his instructor on the condition that he teach the man English while Hill learned Hungarian. The pair walked about pointing at items such as the street, buggies, and people and repeating the words in their respective languages. The only problem was that the Hungarian words all sounded the same to Hill. He lamented, "It is just like trying to climb a steep, slippery wall where there is nothing to get hold of" (Hill 1962, 30–32). Later, he consoled himself: "The horses and the dogs seem to understand this language, so there is still hope for me" (Hill 1962, 39).

The police in Budapest reacted mildly to the presence of missionaries in the city. Missionary activity may have seemed less threatening in such a large cosmopolitan center than in the more provincial cities of Temesvár and Brassó. Summoned by the police to report the reason for his presence, Hill apparently charmed the authorities with his jovial disposition. Taking a liking to the friendly missionary, the police permitted him to buy a citizenship for a nominal fee and left him to continue his work. The other missionaries were summoned later, and when it was determined that they knew Hill, the police dismissed them to continue their work without any further questions (Hill 1962, 34–35, 41).

Hill worked as a lone Hungarian-speaking missionary for a year and a half. Although there was no rule at that time against missionaries working alone, apparently this was the exception and not the rule. Hill met with the other elders on occasion for meals and other visits.

In June 1909, Hill felt proficient enough in Hungarian to supervise the translation of missionary tracts. He was assisted by fourteen-year-old Ottille Franzen, a member of one month. Ottille was the stepdaughter of Karl Nemenz and the daughter of Anna Nemenz, the couple who boarded the two German-speaking missionaries in Budapest.

After several months, Hill, unsatisfied with the translation, obtained the assistance of his new landlord, Antal Weinzierl. An educated man, Weinzierl showed an interest in reading the translated tracts and offered to help reword them. Because the landlord was not available during the workday, they would begin work at 10:00 P.M. and continue until midnight or later. A bond of affection developed between the two translators as they labored together over the tracts. In December, the first results of their collaboration came off the press in a run of ten thousand tracts, two thousand each of five separate publications (Hill 1962, 41-44, 55).

During the time Hill was working on the translation project, he also preached the first LDS sermon in Hungarian. The occasion was a fast meeting on 8 August 1909. It was not until 28 November 1909 that a meeting was conducted entirely in Hungarian. The congregation included ten non-members, the most ever present at an LDS meeting to that date. Early the following year, Hill conducted the first baptismal service in Hungarian for Gustave Franzen, stepson of Karl Nemenz (Hill 1962, 53-58).

On his own initiative, Hill began on 3 November 1910 to translate the Book of Mormon into Hungarian, urged on by Weinzierl, who had assisted a year earlier in the translation of gospel tracts. Weinzierl translated from the German language edition of the Book of Mormon, while Hill worked from the English. They compared notes and then produced a single text.

After a week of working on the translation, Hill wrote to Thomas E. McKay (who had replaced President Ballif in 1909) about the translation and projected printing costs. McKay's response shocked Hill—the Church was not prepared to print a Hungarian language edition of the Book of Mormon (Hill 1962, 76).

It is impossible to determine from the available sources whether Church leaders felt Hill had overstepped his bounds by commencing the project without approval, if cost was the major consideration, or if some other factor influenced this decision. The LDS message had not had an encouraging reception in Hungary. Although a Hungarian Book of Mormon may have helped proselyting, perhaps the effort and expense of translation and printing could not be justified at that time.

Hill pleaded with President McKay to continue the translation, offering to pay for the printing himself. A second "no" came in the

mail on 1 December 1910. Hill wrote in his journal, "It was a blue day for me. I felt that half my life had been taken away" (1962, 28). He then sent his resignation as a missionary to the president. Evidently the depression passed; within a month McKay called Hill to serve as president of the Hungarian Conference.

The effort to preach in the Hungarian language lasted for five years but to little effect. The number of baptisms plateaued, then dwindled. After four baptisms in 1909, there were six in 1910, another six in 1911, two in 1912, one in 1913, and one in 1914.

From the beginning, the ban on LDS meetings severely hampered missionary work. Missionaries skirted the rule by holding public Sunday Bible classes and organizing choirs to learn songs in English. They met privately with members to partake of the sacrament. In Brassó, some missionaries avoided confrontations with the authorities by working in the countryside (Bernhardt 1933a, 3). Those who continued to preach in town played a game of cat and mouse with local officials. On 30 June 1910, the police forbade Elder Edmund L. Smith, working in Brassó, to hold public meetings. On 6 August, he recorded in his journal that his song class was attended by sixteen friends (non-members).

Members as well encountered difficulties when their allegiance was discovered. Young Helene Bammer, already baptized, was required by local tradition to be confirmed in the Lutheran Church. She attended Lutheran confirmation classes with others her age. One day, the pastor asked each student to choose a verse from the Bible that he would discuss with them privately. Helene's turn came. The pastor was impressed with her knowledge and asked her to pray at the conclusion of the interview. When the prayer was finished, tears welled up in the pastor's eyes as he said, "My dear child, I must admit, you are the first among my pupils to be confirmed who really knows how to pray." He asked for the source of her knowledge. When she truthfully revealed her religious affiliation, his countenance changed dramatically. In Helene's words: "Since that time benevolence on the minister's part towards me was gone" (Bernhardt 1933b).

Unexpectedly, in January 1911, the missionaries in Brassó received the long-sought permission to hold public meetings (Bernhardt 1933a, 3). On behalf of the Church, John Hill had cultivated the American Consul General in Budapest, Paul Nash, apparently reversing the anti-LDS disposition stemming from the Evarts edict three decades earlier (Hill 1962, 76). Under the auspices of the newly achieved legality, ten missionaries and President McKay held a missionary conference in Brassó on 22 April. It was a festive occasion, with everyone gathering for a group picture. A member recorded: "These were days of blessing and joy" (Bernhardt 1933a, 4).

Following the change in legal status, missionary T. R. Jones reported in a letter to the *Improvement Era* that "the police and officers are generally friendly. They know every missionary personally and are glad when they can help them." Jones quoted one policeman: "We like you Americans, and the gospel of Christ is good for our people" ("Messages" 1911, 116).

Efforts to obtain legal recognition for the Church also succeeded. Josef Ritter Grieg von Ronse, representing the Church, carried a petition through the negative rulings of two lower courts to appeal to the supreme court, which reversed the lower court opinions and granted recognition in November 1911 ("Says" 1911, 2).

Yet the official recognition made little difference. The opposition of the authorities now gone, the apathy of the populace still remained. On 5 March 1913 a group of LDS leaders gathered in Budapest: Rudger Clawson, an apostle and the current president of the European Mission; Hyrum Valentine, who had succeeded McKay as president of the German mission; Spencer Felt, Hungarian Conference leader; and proselyting elders Samuel V. Spry, J. Elmer Johansen, S. Joseph Quinney, and Elmer P. Madsen. They solemnly decided to discontinue missionary work among the Hungarian-speaking people for the present (MH, Hungarian District, 5 March 1913). This decision did not preclude leaving a few missionaries primarily to tend to the needs of the few members, mostly ethnic Germans.

Apostle Clawson reported in the *Millenial Star* the reason for the decision—that missionaries had labored for four years in Budapest without success. In one specific instance, he noted that Elder Quinney had distributed eight hundred tracts over a period of nine months and had nothing to show for it. Apostle Clawson summarized: "We were driven to the conclusion that the Hungarian people are not ready for the gospel" (*Millenial Star*, 13 March 1913, 174).

Only one active Church member, Anna Kaufmann, was left in Budapest. Since 1909 seven others had been baptized there, but they had all moved out, emigrated, or lost interest. In the country as a whole, of the 106 persons baptized since the arrival of Markow, fifty-nine, or half, had emigrated to America, five had moved elsewhere in Europe, and three had died, leaving forty members on the rolls with only a few still active.

In the end, it was not the opposition of the authorities but the lack of response that precluded the Church's early growth in Hungary. The missionary force in Europe was small and widely scattered. Unrewarded effort simply dictated that the effort be expended elsewhere. President Valentine reported to Apostle Clawson in October 1913 that the mission in Germany had been favored with many good, solid converts,

while "our actions in Budapest have proven the right thing and a burden has been lifted from the shoulders of this mission and a millstone from our elders' necks" (Valentine 1913). If the work could not proceed in Hungary, it would elsewhere.

The last two missionaries to serve in Hungary before World War I were David Stoddard and Charles Martin. Elder Stoddard found the people there more friendly than any he had previously encountered in Germany. His one concern was that the majority of those attending their meetings were "young ladies" and "the different preachers in town don't love us too much . . . and if they know that several young ladies are coming to our meetings they will have some nice stories to tell" (in Taylor 1990, 40).

The two missionaries were in Brassó when Austria declared war on Serbia. Elder Stoddard observed the preparations for war: "The farm lads were brought into town and given uniforms very quickly. They were bedded down for two nights in piles of straw that had been brought in and dumped in the streets, . . . were drilled for a short time, outfitted with weapons, and sent to the front." One young man, wishing to be baptized before he left for war, called at 4:00 A.M. and made arrangements to be baptized before his anticipated departure at 10:00 A.M. The plan was thwarted when he was required to leave at 6:00 A.M. (in Taylor 1990, 42–43).

The missionaries left 10 August 1914. Helene Bernhardt, a member in Brassó who remained faithful, reported years later that "long and dreary years now began for us all—isolated, no connection with the Church whatsoever, only dependent on ourselves. But this time also went by. The Lord was with us and did not leave us" (Bernhardt 1933a, 5).

The wait in Brassó lasted twelve years. In 1926, the branch was again visited by Church representatives. Sister Bernhardt wrote later, "Can you realize what it means to be able to partake of the Sacrament and to enjoy the spirit of meeting after such a long time." She had kept a meticulous record of missionary work in her city and recalled that "in all these years we have had 48 missionaries here in Kronstadt [Brassó], and 38 baptisms were performed. Really not many for such a number of years" (1933a, 5).

Other visits followed. In 1929, newly appointed Czechoslovakian Mission president, Arthur Gaeth, passed through Brassó. Hyrum Valentine, the last mission president to preside over Hungary before World War I, visited the same year. Helene felt as if "good old times had returned" (Bernhardt 1933a, 5). Also in 1929, the lone member in Budapest since World War I, Anna Kaufmann, passed away (Geschichte 1965, 16).

President Oliver Budge of the German-Austrian Mission and Elder Don Corbett, a missionary, passed through in 1931. President Budge later noted that Sister Bernhardt was holding together as a Relief Society "a group of the best women he had ever met." With priesthood holders present to administer the sacrament, they were once again able to partake of the sacrament emblems, weeping for joy at the privilege (Budge 1933).

President Gaeth, visiting again in 1934, reported four members in the Brassó Relief Society: Helena, age forty-two, converted in her youth and group leader; Anna Wachsmann, age sixty-seven, a Markow contact thirty years previously; Reginal Wolf, age fifty-four; and Marie Welkens, age sixty-five. The women gave Gaeth the tithing they had saved in their isolation. Each bore "staunch" testimony to the "goodness of the Lord." Before Gaeth departed, he held a meeting with the four and fourteen of their friends (MH, Czechoslovakian Mission, 20 Dec. 1934). With this meeting the historical record ends, and the fate of this group can be traced no further.

President Gaeth revived the effort to translate the Book of Mormon into Hungarian. In 1931 he employed as a translator Etus von Haragos, a Hungarian member baptized that year in Romania (MH, Czechoslovakian Mission, 26 July 1933). By January 1933 the work was complete. Gaeth anticipated spreading the gospel from his headquarters in Prague throughout the Slavic countries of Europe. But he did not remain long enough to see his vision come to fruition, and the draft translation was never published.

Eastern Europe succumbed first to Hitler's onslaught and then to Stalin's grip. The heavy hand of internal authorities that had hindered missionary work in the early part of the century was replaced by the iron fist of external authorities who effectively abrogated missionary work for the middle part of the century.

The first Church presence in communist Hungary came in 1959. The Church's Genealogical Department was invited to film the genealogical records in the national archives. Over the next thirteen years, 10,600 rolls of microfilm preserved the faded pages of parish registers, military and census records.

Unexpectedly in late 1964, two Hungarians wrote to Church headquarters requesting information. One letter was in broken English and the other primarily in Hungarian. No one at Church headquarters had enough expertise in Hungarian to read the one letter or to respond to either. However, a staff member knew of a Hungarian-speaking Church member in New York named Otto Neu and forwarded the letters to him. For the next two decades, Neu corresponded with and on occasion visited several contacts in the country. He also translated

the Church's primary proselyting pamphlet, "Joseph Smith's Testimony," into Hungarian and distributed copies to his contacts. However, communist rule kept Neu from baptizing or openly proselytizing (Neu 1964–84).

In June 1965, Ezra Taft Benson, then serving as the European Mission president, learned of faithful members living in Debrecen on the eastern border of Hungary. He arranged for J. Peter Loescher, Austrian Mission president, and Elder Siegfried Szoke, a missionary fluent in Hungarian, to visit Janos (John) Denndorfer, a seventy-year-old native of Switzerland, and Sandorne Toth, a devoted member who had endured an unhappy marriage with an alcoholic husband. During decades of isolation from the Church, Denndorfer had maintained a private tithing account (Loescher 1975, 127–28).

In the 1970s contacts between the western and eastern blocs increased as international tensions began to relax. At the same time, native Hungarians who had been baptized in other countries began to contact their relatives and friends in Hungary to tell them of their new faith. Gustave Salik, Austria Vienna Mission president from 1976 to 1978, sought out his Hungarian relatives and taught them the gospel. An attempt was made to establish a branch in Budapest, but the members feared government reprisal if official sanction was not obtained and the effort was aborted (Morrell 1990; Merkeley 1991).

Still hopeful, the Church made the decision to establish an unofficial presence in the country. Under the auspices of the Church's International Mission, Joseph T. Bentley, a retired BYU professor and administrator, was appointed with his wife, Kathleen, to reside in Budapest for eighteen months. Their task was to make friends and prepare the way for regular missionary work (Bentley 1982, 141).

The couple arrived in Hungary in April 1978 with a list of people to contact. Some on the list were Church members who had been baptized in other countries, some were relatives and friends of Church members living elsewhere, some were people who might be able to help the Church become reestablished in Hungary. Members already living there needed much instruction since their knowledge of Church doctrine and procedure was minimal. One exception was John Denndorfer in Debrecen. In Bentley's estimation he was a "grand ole man . . . full of the gospel and excited about it" (Bentley 1982, 167). A few members on the list renounced their allegiance to the Church, while several nonmember contacts expressed the desire to be baptized as soon as the Church received legal recognition (the recognition of 1911 having been long forgotten).

Bentley's BYU credentials helped him establish cordial relations with important leaders at the University of Budapest and in the gov-

ernment. He assisted the Church in seeking recognition through legal channels. The Bentley apartment became a waystation for other Church representatives visiting the country. One visitor was the Church's "ambassador," David Kennedy, who had come to talk with Imre Miklos, Hungarian state secretary and head of the State Office of Religious Affairs. Another decade would pass before these efforts bore fruit.

As the 1980s began, the lack of religious curiosity apparent in Hungary in the early part of the century seemed to have been replaced by a new spirit of inquiry. In the summer of 1984 Hungarian National Television filmed a documentary on Utah and the Mormons. Broadcast as a miniseries in November and December 1985, the program resulted in a flurry of requests for more information from Church headquarters in Utah. Unsure of the proper address, the correspondents addressed their mail in general terms to such locations as "Mormons, America," and "Missionary Center, Utah." Headquarters forwarded the mail to the Austria Vienna Mission president, Spencer J. Condie (Condie c1988, 1).

A Hungarian surgeon, interested by the broadcast, pored over back issues of medical journals to locate an article he remembered as being written by someone living in Utah. Assuming the author, R. Kim Davis of the University of Utah Medical School, to be LDS, Dr. Kereszti wrote requesting more information. Davis sent a picture of his family, their testimony, and an offer to have someone visit the Keresztis in Hungary. President Condie arrived at their home in Ajka, Hungary, in February 1986. He found a family that was not only anxious to learn more about the Church but one whose members spoke fluent English. Six months later the Keresztis traveled to Vienna to be baptized.

The desire of many Hungarians to learn about the Church and, concurrently, the improvement in East-West relations prepared the way for the visit of Elder Russell M. Nelson to Hungary in April 1987. Elder Nelson described the scene on Mt. Gellert, situated in a Budapest park, before he offered a prayer dedicating Hungary for missionary labor: "It was Easter Sunday. There had been a lot of people, a lot of traffic in the park. But all of a sudden, the people had gone home, and I had a sweet, peaceful feeling this [was] the spot" (in Van Orden 1988).

Elder Nelson told Imre Miklos of the dedicatory prayer. Miklos was well acquainted with the Church's intentions in Hungary, and his response was welcome. "He was visibly moved, even as I relayed that message to him through an interpreter, he was able to perceive that we were not there to exploit, but to bless the people of that country" (in Van Orden 1988).

Soon after, two missionaries and a missionary couple were transferred to Hungary. Wayne and Linnea Johnson of Sandy, Utah, came in from the Austria Vienna Mission as did Elder Jean-Marc Frey of Switzerland. The other missionary, Zoltan Nagy-Kovacs, a Hungarian linguist, came from the Germany Frankfurt Mission. In July 1987, the Austria Vienna East Mission was organized with Dennis Neuenschwander as president. It assumed jurisdiction over Church affairs in Hungary. Two new elders and another couple were brought in: Aaron Uppencamp from the Austria Vienna Mission; Christopher Jones, newly ordained missionary from Virginia; Alan and Ruth McFarlane from Salt Lake City, Utah.

On 1 June 1988, the long-awaited second recognition of the Church as a legal entity in Hungary was granted. Coincidentally, the recognition came on the centennial of Hintze's visit. Church membership has grown into the hundreds, fulfilling the hope expressed by Hintze a century earlier that saints would yet be found "in those places."

One of those places was Szeged in southern Hungary. Irute Meskiene, working at the Hungarian National Academy of Sciences in Szeged, met Utahn Marvin Smith, working there on sabbatical. She had previously read extensively on religion and formed her own opinion. She was surprised to find her belief similar to the faith which Smith espoused. When the Church was legalized, she requested baptism, and Smith flew back to Hungary to perform the service (Miasnik 1990).

In October 1989, the first meetinghouse in Hungary was dedicated in Budapest. A congregation of over a hundred, including many interested in learning about the Church, gathers there for meetings every Sunday (McFarlane 1990). Approximately three hundred baptisms had been performed in Hungary as of January 1991, three times the number performed in the entire pre-World War I period (Merkeley 1991).

Conditions in Hungary are the reverse of those of an earlier era. Civil authorities no longer hinder missionary activity. The decades-long suppression of religious liberty seems to have whetted rather than extinguished Hungarians' desire for religious fulfillment. The case of Ference Csapo, first branch president in Budapest, illustrates this new disposition. Seeking baptism, Csapo traveled sixty kilometers from Dunaujuvaros to knock on the missionaries' door (Jones 1989). LDS messengers are preceded by a positive image far removed from the grotesque public caricatures of the past. The days of Hungary as the eastern edge of missionary work recede as the gospel message is carried on to other lands and Hungary matures in its newfound faith.

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In the Back Lot at Hillview Manor

Mary Ann Losee

On any given Thursday,
Papa adjusts the strap
And plucks out a phrase or two

Of the Tennessee Waltz. The woman in blue—
Flowered flannel gestures for absolute
Silence. Lifting her cane from the tarmac,

She offers a quavering *A*. And then they swing
Into *Calloon* and the maid on the porch sweeps faster.
We'll do anything you remember. The slippers keep

Excellent time. Mrs. McGeary turns her good ear,
Leans into the arms of her walker. The red shawl
Slips from her shoulders. She asks for another waltz.

And it's goodnight, goodnight Irene,
Past the moon and the smell of dinner.
He'll play till the nurses come calling,

Their voices a little sharp.

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Dale Morgan, Writer's Project, and Mormon History as a Regional Study

Charles S. Peterson

AT THE 1968 ANNUAL MEETING of the Utah Historical Society, Juanita Brooks read a paper about the Southern Utah Records Survey of the early and mid-1930s that had been a forerunner to the Federal Writers' Project. She began with a direct and earthy line, "Jest a Copyin— Word f'r Word," and concluded with equal directness that the survey had taught her to see each record and to see it whole (Brooks 1969). They were simple lines and understated, but between them and hidden beyond was an adventure of the mind, a story about the personalities and events of one of the most exciting intellectual endeavors ever to take place in Mormon country. She spoke that evening about Dixie's poverty, about a king's ransom in pioneer diaries, about discovery, collection, and transcription, and about remarkable personal dedication.

Fortunately Brooks spoke also about friends made along the way. Most notably she praised her long-time colleague and advocate, Dale Morgan, whose work with the Writers' Project was the first step in a remarkable career as a historian of regional topics including state history, mountain men and exploration, and the Mormon experience.

This essay will take a look at Dale Morgan in the context of the Utah Records Survey and the Federal Writers' Project, with the intent to know him better and to shed light on regionalism's influence on Mormon history.

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In the years between the two world wars, regionalism loomed large in American thought. Artists, novelists, poets, pundits, historians, social scientists, and the public all made regional perception part of their thinking. The South, the Northeast, the West, and a score of subregions were characterized and commemorated. Nowhere did regionalism loom larger than in the programs and administrative apparatus of the New Deal. In cultural terms, New Deal regionalism expressed itself tentatively at first in the Historical Records Survey, of which Juanita Brooks's Southern Utah project had been an early experiment, and then more confidently after 1935 in the Federal Writers' Project, which was initiated under the Emergency Relief Act along with art, music, and drama projects (Brooks 1969; Brown 1983, 40; Mangione 1983, 39).

"A governmental adventure in cultural collectivism," the Writers' Project undertook to employ the down-and-out and at the same time provide creative opportunity for serious writers and leave a lasting literary mark. Unemployed writers of every description, and some who defied description, flocked to its standards. Before 1936 was over, 6,600 "writers" were enrolled, most of them certified as in need of relief, along with more than 12,000 volunteer consultants (Mangione 1983, 4, 9, 42). Directed nationally by Henry Alsberg of New York, the Project literally sought to rediscover America. In practice its political objectives and its literary dreams often clashed as ideological issues, New Deal politics, radical writers, deep-seated internal conflict, tension with state projects, and congressional investigations contributed to a stormy career. Nevertheless, it gave meaning to regional and national themes, producing a flow of state guides and thousands of regional statements. A surprising number of major figures were launched on distinguished careers by the project, including Morgan and Brooks. Other western regionalists affiliated with it included such figures as Ray A. Billington (the Massachusetts director), novelist Ross Santee (Arizona), historian George P. Hammond (New Mexico), and Montana director Harold G. Merriam, whose "infectious . . . evangelism" and determination not to "lose touch with the people" cast a lasting regional shadow in the Northwest (Mangione 1983, ch. 1-3, pp. 85-87, 92, 95; McDonald 1969; Chittick 1948; Shackle 1989).

No one reflected more honor on the Writers' Project or caused it more heartburn than Morgan's Idaho counterpart, Vardis Fisher. A graduate of the University of Utah, Fisher taught there in the 1920s and early 1930s before moving back to Idaho and a brilliant literary career which included *Children of God* (1939), a prize-winning regional treatment of the Mormons. Poverty-stricken despite several well-received books, the pugnacious Fisher had to subdue a fierce aversion for govenment bureaucrats when he took over the Idaho project. He battled

with the state WPA director and the Project's Washington office but "took his job with" what one writer termed "herculean seriousness." Determined to make the Idaho guide the first in the series, he worked day and night, ignored orders, arranged publication with Caxton Press, drank meddling Project editors under the table, and in general outmaneuvered all comers. To the dismay of the national office, Fisher's *Idaho Guide* beat the *Washington D.C. Guide* to the bookstands early in 1937 (Mangione 1983, 78–79, 201–9; Fisher 1960, 731–58; 1939). It was a regionalist's performance in the most direct sense. Critics hailed it at once. The Writer's Project was off to a good start. Still dubbed the "bad boy of the project," but now with an edgy fondness, Fisher continued his assault on Idaho history and was upgraded to regional supervisor for the Rocky Mountain States, and as such helped the *Utah Guide* mature (Taber 1968a, 1968b; DeVoto 1937; Bowler 1975).

In Utah the work of the Historical Records Survey initially proceeded with much more vigor than did the Writers' Project. That it did so was related in significant ways to Dale Morgan's development as a historian, a fact which now requires that attention be given to his early background. Born at Salt Lake City in 1914, he early experienced a number of crises. His father died when he was five, and when he was fourteen he suffered a total and permanent hearing loss due to complications from spinal meningitis. The next years were particularly difficult as he regained his general health and tried to adjust socially. Advised that commercial art offered some prospects for a handicapped person, he began specializing in that field while still in high school. But even in his early years, he had more of a way with the pen than with the brush and palette. After a fruitless period hunting advertising work in San Francisco, he abandoned all artistic activity except as an occasional diversion. In his affinity for intellectual activities and in his gift for the written word, he was a worthy descendant of his great-grandfather, Mormon apostle Orson Pratt.[1]

Morgan's mother was a devout woman who started him along conventional Mormon paths. During his early years, he was an active churchgoer, functioning in Aaronic priesthood presidencies and on one occasion receiving spiritual promptings that an older boy whom he had admired was "somehow sanctified and set apart, beautiful and holy"—anointed in fact to be a future president of the Church (in Walker 1986, 86, 97–98). As Morgan matured, he confronted a crisis

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[1] Biographical information on Dale Morgan is found in Billington (1973); Walker (1986); Brooks (1969) and throughout his correspondence, including letters written to Juanita Brooks (in Walker 1986, 25–29).

of faith, however, and during college became what he later termed a passive atheist. He made this transition "without bitterness." Later he explained to Juanita Brooks and Fawn Brodie that he was on the opposite side of the greatest of all intellectual divides from Brooks, whose historical assumptions proceeded from an assurance that God lives. While Brodie's intellectual stance seemed similar to his own, he felt that he was freer of emotional hangups about his Mormon upbringing than she and therefore addressed questions in Mormon history with less pain (Morgan 1945; Brooks 1945; Walker 1986, 84–91).

Helped by his untiring mother, Morgan attended the University of Utah from 1933 to 1937. His academic interests ran to the social sciences and the humanities, although, obedient to his rehabilitation counselors, he continued to study art. In the mid-thirties, he found a number of English professors at the University who took an interest in him. He and other students with a literary flair were especially influenced by the superb teaching of Sydney Angleman, who taught composition and English literature, and Louis Zucker, who in addition to undergraduate courses taught classical literature (Papanikolas 1989; Chamberlin 1960, 380, 478, 520).

Important in Morgan's academic experience was *The Pen*, the University's undergraduate literary magazine, where he associated with an outstanding group of students, some of whom are notable to this day in Utah and Mormon letters. Fawn McKay, later Brodie, contributed a single short story, which addressed larger questions rather than regional or Mormon themes, suggesting she was keenly aware of social and feminist issues. Helen Zeese, later Papanikolas, wrote frequently of Utah's new ethnic immigrants in prose that was deeply moving and elegant. Richard Scowcroft offered poetry and fiction that were western regional in character rather than narrowly Mormon. Ray B. West reflected on the social and generational dilemmas of early twentieth-century Mormons. J. Radcliffe Squires contributed only one short essay but competed aggressively for editorial position.

More than any of the others, Morgan ranged broadly in *The Pen*. Among other things, he addressed the character of the student body, literary criticism, and questions of class and race discrimination. He also wrote fiction only shortly removed from autobiography when he described a blind man making his way in the business world. Interestingly, the leftist or proletarian chords of the era are muted in the writing of all these young people, although there is a kind of protest in McKay's feminist references and in the passion and pathos of Zeese's essays. In an article laced with references to communism and other issues of the day, Morgan lashed out at the senselessness of most thinking and, as one of his student colleagues pointed out, a short story

examining death was "practically Hemingway" (Papanikolas 1989; *The Pen*, Autumn 1933–Spring 1937).

Like Morgan, Papanikolas and Brodie later made enviable reputations in history and biography, the one commenting on the Utah scene from an ethnic perspective, and the other emerging as a national figure after *No Man Knows My History* (1945) won wide praise abroad and created tension in Utah. West established and for years edited the *Rocky Mountain Review*. Giving it an emphasis on Mormon studies that Montana regionalist Harold Merriman thought overbearing, West functioned in the "broad borderlands" of history in works of regionalism which he both wrote and edited during a long career. Richard Scowcroft maintained his literary bent, writing Mormon novels and otherwise distinguishing himself at Stanford. J. Radcliff Squires found his way into the Historic Records Survey. There he and Morgan addressed each other stiffly as Mr. Morgan and Mr. Squires for a time before Squires went on to a Ph.D. and a professorial career at the University of Michigan (Squires 1941; Papanikolas 1989).

After graduating from the University of Utah, Morgan signed on with the Historic Records Survey in the fall of 1937, apparently in a nonrelief position. At the time, the Survey was headquartered in Ogden. During the next two years it was at its high tide, often enrolling as many as ninety employees. Of these about thirty-five were assigned to Ogden. Salt Lake County also had a substantial staff, but many counties employed only one person. A crew of six or eight county specialists traveled regularly out of the Ogden office. As the Survey evolved, Morgan signed himself as "project historian" and did much of the writing. Substituting a flow of memos and notes for the spoken word, he learned to manage various field workers and specialists as a support staff. Together the Survey team collected a rich historical resource, some fifteen million words in all. Morgan, who quickly began to regard history as "the chief value," felt things could hardly have been better.[2]

The county inventories to which he was assigned proved to be a good training ground. At first the emphasis was on issuing inventories of county records, accompanied by thumbnail sketches to introduce the counties historically. Published before mid-1938, the first three inventories show no specific evidence that Morgan contributed. He

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[2] Morgan correspondence 1939 UHS WP-HRS Gen. Corr. May 1938–June 1939. An Ogden *Standard-Examiner* clipping erroneously dated 29 January 1939 (UHS, WPA Clipping File) recounts that the Survey reached a maximum staff of one hundred in October 1939. In June of the same year, eighty workers were employed, sixteen of them women. For information about history's importance in Morgan's life, see Morgan 1942d.

was recognized as a consultant and editor in the Box Elder survey (December 1938) but apparently did not write the historical sketch. Thereafter Survey policymakers called for longer historical sketches but failed to make clear whether they were intended to introduce future historians to county records, or to serve as county histories, themselves useful to general readers. Morgan sought to serve both masters, writing lengthy, meticulously researched introductory histories that were hailed by his peers. As Ray Billington pointed out, Morgan quickly demonstrated that he could "write magnificently, blending the virtues of verse and prose in sentences that combined poetic imagery and word sense with the exactness of expression required by the canons of history" (Billington 1973, vii; Morgan 1939b).

During Morgan's first years, the Survey was headed by Maurice Howe, who with Charles Kelly coauthored *Miles Goodyear* (1937), a biography of one of Utah's first white residents. Howe subscribed wholeheartedly to the Survey's aims and supervised its affairs with sufficient distinction to attract the Washington office. In 1939 he was transferred to San Francisco, to manage the troubled California Writers' Project, and then on to the Washington office where Morgan maintained personal and professional connections with him. Morgan's ultimate opting for the history of mountain men and exploration suggests Howe's influence on him, as do his unrelenting quest for factual accuracy and his preference for narrative regionalism over social or religious history.[3]

Right hand to Howe in the Ogden office was Hugh O'Neil, general editor of the County Records Inventories. O'Neil was a Catholic and had a deep interest in the Catholic experience in Utah and the role of churches generally. In addition to directing the full editorial function of the Inventories, he wrote numerous articles on the churches of the territorial and early statehood era. These were serialized in the *Standard-Examiner* and earmarked as a future Survey publication with the newspaper as a sponsoring institution. They apparently never appeared in book form, and O'Neil left Utah, perhaps following Howe to San Francisco. While O'Neil lacked Morgan's energy and gifts of style, his editorial work undoubtedly contributed to the younger man's literary development (*Standard-Examiner* 13 Dec. 1938, UHS Obit. file; WPA, May-Aug. 1938; Ellsworth 1954).

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[3] Kelly and Howe 1937; Mangione 1983, 68-69. The Writers' Project-Historic Records Survey collection at the Utah Historical Society Library (WP-HRS) contains many items of correspondence between Morgan and Howe from which some feel for Howe's role may be gained. See also Brooks 1936; Howe 1937; Morgan 1945b; Brooks 1945a. Some sense for Howe's role may also be garnered from the press, see for example the Ogden *Standard-Examiner*, 26 June, 8 and 10 July 1936.

In 1939 another individual who was to figure largely in Morgan's life entered the picture. This was Darel McConkey, sent from Washington to push the *Utah Guide*. One of McConkey's main contributions was to get Morgan transferred half time from the Survey to the Writers' Project. In this new job, Morgan wrote the historical elements of the *Guide* and played an important editorial role throughout. Morgan's close friend Dee Bramwell took over Howe's position as director of the Survey in August 1939, and the heavy Ogden bias of the project was diminished by establishing the state office at 59 South State in Salt Lake City. Here Morgan was within easy access of three significant records sources: the State Historical Society, the State Archives on Capitol Hill, and the Church Historian's Office at 47 East South Temple.[4]

In July 1940, Morgan became "supervisor" of what by then was the Utah Writers' Project. Although a staff continued at the Washington office, the Federal Project had been discontinued, and the Utah Project entered into a new close relationship with the State Historical Society and the Fine Arts Institute. It is not clear if Morgan continued half time with HRS or whether he carried tasks underway there with him to the Utah Writers' Project, but it is certain that he was now a figure to be reckoned with in both programs (DMC B1 F14, July 1940-Sept. 1942; WPA, 57-79).

Morgan immediately set off on one of Utah's truly remarkable intellectual odysseys. He finished earlier projects, including county archive inventories for Weber, Carbon, Utah, Uintah, and Emery counties, in which historical sketches bear his byline, and an inventory with an unattributed sketch for Sanpete County. He continued to push the collection and transcription of diaries, two hundred of which had by this time been processed. As he wrote Juanita Brooks 29 July 1942, the Writers' Project was "theoretically" not "supposed to have anything to do with journals, but . . . as you may know, theories are very elastic. . . . It will be a sad day when I cannot find expedients to get something done that I regard as important." This work still helps form the backbone of Mormondom's superb achievement in family history.

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[4] On Darel McConkey see Mangione 1983, 63; McConkey appears frequently after 1940 in Morgan correspondence and in news releases. Bramwell appears as "Acting State Director" for the Historic Records Survey in County Archive Inventories for 1939 and in correspondence for that year; see WP-HRS (B51 F corr 1938-39). The move of the Records Survey to Salt Lake City also suggests Morgan's growing importance in the organization as well as his instinctive need to be where the records were.

In addition, Morgan wrote night and day on projects in process, bootlegged time for research, and outlined and promoted histories on all sides as if he were searching desperately for something to do. Among his promotional efforts were various undertakings that were never finished, including a proposed photographic history of Utah, a history of the Forest Service, and an attempt to rescue the foundering "Grazing History," a cooperative project undertaken by fourteen western states (see DMC correspondence, B1 WPA). More successful were his *State of Deseret*, which appeared as three issues of the *Utah Historical Quarterly* (April, July, and October 1940); *A History of Ogden* (1940); and *Provo: Pioneer Mormon City* (1942). The latter, especially, reflected his growing entrepreneurial skills. First, he sold the idea to Provo sponsors and then to the American Guide Series, which published it.[5] His capacity as something between a literary agent and a resourceful grantsman was also apparent in the regional history proposals that became *The Humboldt: Highroad of the West*, published in 1943 a few months after he left the project, and *The Great Salt Lake*, which did not appear until 1947 (Morgan 1942c).

Behind the promotional ventures, one sees Morgan developing as a regionalist. Into the regional mold he worked an intense interest in Mormon studies and his mastery of the political and folk culture of Utah as well as his growing passion for mountain men and western trails. With respect to the latter, he maintained close contact with Maurice Howe. Even more important was his association with regional writer/publisher Charles Kelly, whose interests, like Morgan's, extended from his location in Utah, and from trails, mountain men, and outlaws to Mormon studies. As a working historian, Kelly had helped Morgan again and again on thorny problems during the Historical Records Survey period. Kelly knew the salt desert trails that fed into the Humboldt, he knew the lake itself that occupied Morgan's time in the mid-forties, and he knew John Wesley Powell and the mountain men. He also operated from an angry conviction that Mormon history was largely the product of dictatorship, conspiracy, murder, and sexual perversion. In all but the fierceness of Kelly's soul Morgan followed him, improving upon him as a trail master, researcher, and stylist, but seeing the Mormon story in shades of moderation rather than the damning conclusiveness of Kelly's views.[6]

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[5] See Morgan's letters to Provo mayor Mark Anderson, BYU president Franklin Harris, and Provo Chamber of Commerce secretary Clayton Jenkins, 20 July to 29 November 1940, DMC B1 WPA Corr.

[6] The flow of correspondence between Morgan and Kelly began at least by 1939 and lasted throughout the period of this study. For a sample of their early relationship,

Of equal importance but pointing Morgan in different directions were Andrew Jenson and Francis Kirkham of the LDS Church Historian's office and RLDS Church Historian, S. A. Burgess. With Burgess and Kirkham, Morgan honed his growing understanding of Joseph Smith. Jenson, until his death midway through the Project, was the masterkey to local data, useful especially when all other sources failed. While Kirkham and Burgess objected to some of the points Morgan made, especially in the *Utah Guide*, his relationship with all three men was friendly and constructive.[7]

Beyond them, people like mountain men enthusiast Roderic Korn and novelist/historian Wallace Stegner found Morgan a useful resource as his command of Western trails and exploration broadened. Morgan respected the redoubtable meteorologist/historian Cecil Alter for keeping the *Utah Historical Quarterly* afloat, as well as for his multi-volume history of Utah and his fur trade work. He also looked to Alter as a sponsor and publisher, but, with the impatience of youth, found little interest in exchanging ideas with Alter, whom he called "an amateur with a professional streak" and "a popularizer . . . misinformed about some things and shallow about others." After moving to Washington late in 1942, Morgan wrote a friend that he avoided Alter because he tended "to flee at shadows," to be, in effect, "more sensitive about some things of anti-Mormon potentiality than Mormons would be" (Morgan 1942).

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see Morgan's letters to Kelly 7 March, 15 March, and 17 April 1939, WP-HRS #B51. Later correspondence topics ranged from the Mountain Meadows Massacre to barroom jokes about Apostle Richard R. Lyman's excommunication but focused primarily on the fur trade and western trails. For a biographical treatment of Kelly see Peterson 1984.

[7] For examples of Morgan's letters to Jenson, see 7 and 10 March 1939, WP-HRS; for typical references in letters to others see Morgan 1942a and 1942b; for evidence suggesting that Jenson had become almost a "public property" of the Records Survey, see Salt Lake *Tribune* items on 6 July 1936, 10 and 11 July 1937. When Maurice Howe became state and regional director of the Records Survey in 1936, Francis W. Kirkham took Howe's position as director of the National Youth Administration and maintained some contact with the Survey and the Writers' Project thereafter; see undated *Standard-Examiner* clippings, HRS-WPA Clippings File, WPA 57-64; also Morgan's letters to Bernard DeVoto, Francis W. Kirkham, and Fawn Brodie, in Walker 1986, 92-101, 145-50, and 174-76. Although Kirkham and Burgess show up together in Morgan's correspondence, Burgess's contribution to Morgan's grasp of RLDS history was similar to Jenson's for LDS history; see S. A. Burgess to Dale Morgan, 5 June, 6 July, and 6 August 1942, WPA 57-59, Ut Guide Corr.; and Morgan to Burgess, 1 July 1942, 26 April 1943, and 13 August 1948, in Walker 1986, 34-40, 41-45, and 160-65.

Utah's academic historians, interestingly enough, are almost totally missing from Writers' Project correspondence. Several of them were working diligently to advance the Mormon story as an essential element of the West's regional history and, by their interest in mountain men and exploration, seemed likely candidates for interaction with Morgan and others at the Writers' Project (see Hansen 1981).

The centennial of the Mormon arrival was approaching, and interest in Utah history was at an all-time high; men like Joel Ricks at the Utah State Agricultural College, Leland Creer, Levi Edgar Young, and before his death, Andrew Love Neff at the University of Utah, and William Snow at Brigham Young University enjoyed enviable public reputations. However, it appears that Morgan and his colleagues at the HRS or FWP received little active help from the professors. Leland Creer reviewed the *Utah Guide* favorably, a fact which itself suggests a certain distance from the project. Later Morgan reserved his most vitriolic criticism for Creer's *Founding of an Empire* (1947), finding it to be "the shoddiest kind of historical workmanship" (Walker 1986, 154–56). Apparently Creer returned the sentiment in kind. When Morgan's name was circulated as a possible recipient of an honorary Ph.D. at the University of Utah, Creer is said to have scornfully put him down as a "dilettante," not a historian (Cooley 1989). Perhaps Creer's view was partially molded by Morgan's reluctance "to formulate theories" or "large views" about history (Walker 1986, 110).

With characteristic appreciation, Morgan regarded his years at the Writers' Project as a grand tutorial in the history of Utah and the Mormons (1942d)—a sound judgment which is evident not only in the kind of people with whom he associated, but also in his response to the records to which he had access. The *Inventory of State Archives* (1940) opened the state to him, and the county inventories opened the counties and localities. An untrained but willing field staff gave him access to the folk in a way that few have enjoyed. Working from the Ogden and Salt Lake offices, he became what he laughingly termed a "one man correspondence bureau," writing dozens of history-related letters each day (Morgan 1939a). Correspondence became a habit that lent itself to Morgan's deafness and enabled him to "network" information, books, and primary sources among a wide circle of coworkers. It led to a vast number of letters that may ultimately prove to be a more lasting contribution to history than even his large list of published works.[8]

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[8] Even the relatively limited sampling of Morgan letters reproduced in Walker (1986) may represent a more important commentary than do the unfinished chapters of his Mormon history, although those chapters are without doubt the most concrete product of the work Morgan for years hoped would constitute his greatest achievement.

Morgan's lifelong fascination with libraries and archives was given a great boost with his move to Salt Lake City in 1939. In his three years there, he came to know secrets of the Church archives that escaped even its curators, discovering, among other things, Andrew Jenson's habit of inserting sensitive materials into the relatively open stake histories (Morgan 1942b). Having cleared such items through unsuspecting assistant Church historian Will Lund, he developed a certain confidence, painstakingly copying thousands of typescript pages and carefully working them through Lund's scrutiny. Emboldened, he had Lund read the *State of Deseret* in manuscript, which Lund accepted with one or two inconsequential corrections. Cecil Alter, the other reader, skirted several issues, agreeing to publish *State of Deseret* in the *Utah Historical Quarterly* only when he learned Lund had cleared it (Morgan 1942e).

Feeling almost like an undercover agent, Morgan developed his own code of research ethics. Fundamentally he was open handed with his finds. But he guarded carefully any materials copied from the Church Historian's Office under anything less than open circumstances. His faith in Juanita Brooks was complete, and he gave materials to her with total generosity, telling her only when she should not use his name or use it discreetly. Andrew Jenson's death became something of a screen providing an uncheckable blind for footnoting in case of a showdown as to how a source was acquired, for, as Morgan wrote to Juanita Brooks 16 July 1942, "Andrew is now among the immortals and he had a free hand around the H.O."

On the other hand, as much as he owed Charlie Kelly, Morgan refused to share any Church Archive's record with him that was even remotely restricted. His reticence to foster Kelly's Mormon interests was also apparent in the fact that he supported Brooks's interest in the John D. Lee journals which the Huntington Library had acquired (Walker 1986, 62).

The Church Historian's Office was the first of many libraries that bent Morgan in the direction of its collections. Indeed, the institutional hold of libraries on Morgan was extraordinary. He once described them as a "historian's supply line" without which one could no more subsist "than an army can" (1942b). But there was a deeper dependency for Morgan. Without the power of hearing as a social tool and without the benefit of any academic affiliation, he was more dependent on the recorded word than most, and throughout his life he reflected the influence of libraries and their holdings.

By late 1942, Morgan was "suffering from the malnutrition of" Salt Lake City libraries. Packing his books and research materials, he headed for wartime Washington, D.C., where he revelled in his access

to the National Archives and Library of Congress.[9] Soon his attachment to these rich facilities was such that he wrote Utah New Dealer Dean Brimhall, "I fear I [have become] a man of two countries" (1945a). Having made a preliminary search of the Mormon data in Washington by 1947, he barnstormed the country, visiting libraries, archives, and historic sites from New York to New England, Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri. Successive records collections laid their hold upon him, and he maintained contact by letter with many facilities long after leaving them. Finally he returned to Utah, expecting to stay.

But once the materials he carried home were digested, he heard again the siren call of great research libraries in 1949 and began to plan "to clear out of Utah" (Walker 1986, 174). It was a plan he put into effect when he later took a position with the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, California. One suspects that its holdings, as much as Director George P. Hammond's purposes, dictated that he concentrate on the fur trade and western maps, never exploiting the Bancroft's collection of Mormon/Utah materials.

If libraries gained a powerful hold on Morgan during the Writers' Project years, so then did history. This was apparent in his determination to follow each fact to its ultimate end, in his satisfaction with the well-turned word, and in his mapping out of enough research projects to last several lifetimes. One may well ask why this quiet man was thus driven. In response to such an inquiry, Morgan once marvelled that some seemed not to know what it was "to be scourged by a driving intellectual curiosity, to have the drive, the urge, and the will to know how something came about." He noted also "the attraction exerted upon an artist by a vacuum in the literature, a craftsman's urge to do a job well," and the need to "interpret" one's "origins." Although he had long since declared his independence, Mormon history clearly continued to be "a kind of catharsis . . . a challenge to . . . tread objectively between warring points of view, to get at the facts, uncover them for facts, and see what the facts have to say to a reasonable intelligence." Morgan concluded that for such reasons he was "neck-deep in the Mormons" (in Walker 1986, 121).

As Morgan left the Writers' Project, his most intense period of Mormon work lay just ahead. During the 1940s he drafted a plan for a comprehensive Mormon history in three or four volumes. Over the years he signed contracts with at least two companies for the series

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[9] This is apparent in his correspondence generally for his early months in Washington. For an example of this as well as his frustration with "the way it [the Library of Congress] is hedged around with rules," see Morgan 1943d.

and missed successive dates for delivery of the first volume. His research was continuous, but of necessity he worked around a wide range of other interests and the demands of making a living.

In his correspondence, he appears as a broker and clearing house to workers in Mormon history, passing gossip, research data, and an unceasing flow of advice, help, encouragement, and criticism. Whatever the case, whatever the day, he was ready to mull a point or debate an issue, informing his Mormon-studies associates that wherever they worked, their interests crossed his interests, which were comprehensive. As he put it, "These individual things [research interests] are parts of an infinitely complex organism that I am trying to see whole" (Morgan 1942d; Walker 1986, 46). For Bernard DeVoto's *Year of Decision* (1942), with its treatment of the exodus from Nauvoo and the Mormon Battalion, he was a repeated critic. He read Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* (1945) several times in manuscript, respecting always her historical analysis and the "intellectual experience" of her growing insights. He stood by like a fretful midwife as midwestern regionalist Milo Quaife and BYU psychology professor Wilford Paulson read Brodie's manuscript for Knopf & Co. and took on Bernard DeVoto in bruising letters when a DeVoto review indicted Brodie for not adopting his own "paranoid" theory to account for Joseph Smith's behavior (Morgan 1943b; Walker 1986, 67–73, 92–102, 106–16).

To Juanita Brooks, Morgan made even greater contributions. In his reverence for the pioneer record, he was her soul mate sharing each new find. Moreover, he was a comrade in arms from the old Historical Records Survey. His influence was critical in the evolution and development of Brooks' *Mountain Meadows Massacre* (1950) and *Quicksand and Cactus* (1982). Several of her edited works were also called to her attention by Morgan, including the journals of John D. Lee, Hosea Stout, Thomas D. Brown, and Martha Spence Haywood.[10] Morgan was also a promoter of Nels Anderson, who had pulled Washington strings to set up the original southern Utah Historic Records project and broken new ground with his sociological approach to *Desert Saints*. Even Maureen Whipple, who usually came in for brickbats from Morgan, was helped and on occasion commended for her courageous stands.[11] And with shifting emphasis, the circle of his correspondence went on to include Wallace Stegner, Ray B. West, Richard Scowcroft, Jonreid

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[10] The correspondence between Morgan and Brooks about each of her books and her edited journals is extensive and intimate. His high regard for each work is obviously closely related to the fact that she undertook the work.

[11] For criticism see Morgan 1943c and Walker 1986, 84–85. For praise and defense see Walker 1986, 123 and Morgan 1947b.

Lauritzen, Virginia Sorensen, and Harold Schindler in positive ways; and in bitingly negative ways it extended to others like Paul Bailey, whose work he described as "Bailey bilge" (Walker 1986, 49–52).

Partly because of this avalanche of correspondence, his own expected Mormon opus never appeared. The pressure of his mountain man interests and the lack of institutional support for his Mormon studies doubtlessly had much to do with it. The appearance, a decade and a half after his death, of his seven chapters dealing with Joseph Smith and the establishment of the Church may suggest an additional explanation (Walker 1986, 219–339). In evaluating the surviving portion of Morgan's work, one can find reasons for Morgan's hesitation in completing them. Granting these seven chapters had not been finished, the case made by the fragment chapters, of a youthful Joseph proceeding from one thoughtless assertion to another, is not convincing, a reality that a scholar of Morgan's critical capacity must have been keenly aware of. Those chapters and the projected history to which they belonged required a kind of analysis that he had not yet perfected. Again and again Morgan emphasized that historians should find all the evidence and let it present the argument. It seems possible, however, that fuller research will establish that he waited for new evidence or perhaps even for a theoretical superstructure that would allow evidence he did have to speak more convincingly.

In some degree, the failure of Morgan's Mormon history seems to be a natural result of his Writers' Project experience. The approach of the Project was local, or from the bottom up, as Morgan himself called it. It tended also to be narratively oriented and chronologically invested. As his plans for a multivolume Mormon/Utah history showed, he was capable of thinking about "the sociological development" of institutions and events. He considered the Mormon movement to have been both the product and the exemplar of Jacksonian America, and he contemplated a context-setting volume which he planned to call *This Is America*. As spelled out in his correspondence, his concept possessed some of the elements of Klaus Hansen's much later *Mormonism and the American Experience* (1981). It was the product of a wide-ranging and supple mind with advanced analytical capacity.

But in other ways Morgan's work was bound by detail. For example, his burning passion for the last fact led him while still at the Records Survey to write literally scores of letters all over the United States sleuthing out the origins and meaning of Tooele County's name. In this context, as state historian Gary Topping has commented, his conception of the "nature of the historical process" seems "curiously limited" (in Mulder 1986, 3; Topping 1989). One is inclined to view his "passion for minutia" and for "meticulous reconstruction" as a direct

product of his FWP experience and its milieu. Like many regionalists his career was in significant ways outside the realm of professional history but was part of a broader, more native kind of interest in the past. To this day, the advocates of state and local history and the buffs who lavish attention on rare books, detailed costume, and accurate re-enactment provide the great popular market for regional history. Morgan represented the best of this spirit. Ultimately, he was more part of it, more interested in the factual and narrative past than in interpretive theories or arcane argument. So for the moment, until fuller research shows him differently, Dale Morgan stands, product of the Writers' Project and Records Survey, in the company of associates for whom he set and still sets a worthy agenda of Mormon studies within the regional context.[12]

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[12] For Morgan on Tooele see UHS, WP—HRS B51 Corr 38-39 for a dozen or more letters written in 1939. Like so many other issues that Morgan identified, the question of Tooele's name has recently shown up in print. The writer apparently was unacquainted with Morgan's interest in the question and not only failed to cite his extensive correspondence on the topic but does not acknowledge his contributions to the *Tooele County Inventory* from which the article proceeds. See Tripp 1989.

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Scripture in the Reorganization: Exegesis, Authority, and the "Prophetic Mantle"

Larry W. Conrad

FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS OF MORMONISM, Latter Day Saints have held distinctive views about scripture. Particular, even peculiar, Latter Day Saint understandings of scripture surface at the very foundations of the movement. Historian Jan Shipps suggests that one of the difficulties with beginning the Mormon story with the First Vision account, as became common in the 1880s, is that it

> obscures the centrality of the story of the appearances of Moroni and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and, as a result, also obscures the extent to which Mormonism, through its demonstration that divinity had not ceased direct intercourse with humanity at the end of the apostolic age, responded to the concerns of the inhabitants of the biblical culture out of which it emerged.

She adds,

> Surely the story of the vision is important, but too much emphasis on it takes the Book of Mormon away from the limelight, obscuring the fact that it was this "gold bible" that first attracted adherents to the movement. (Shipps 1985, 31)

While the presence of the divine and the texts witnessing to this presence appear at the heart of Mormonism in general and the Reorganization in particular, both major streams of the Latter Day Saint movement remain curiously without an exegetical tradition. Commenting on the lack of such a tradition (and I would suggest the lack is even more pronounced in the Reorganized Church), Louis Midgley rightly laments that neglecting the texts heightens both churches' vulnerability to the competing values and ideas of the surrounding

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culture (Midgley 1987, 221). Although the RLDS profess to hold scripture in high regard, the church remains deprived of disciplined exegetical conversations which could prove most enlightening and could also help secure the church within the mainstream of the Christian tradition. The Reorganization currently utilizes only two major commentaries on the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants (see Hartshorn 1964; Edwards 1977). As RLDS historian William D. Russell has observed, the church has produced no biblical scholars. At the church's Graceland College in Lamoni, Iowa, the two courses specifically examining Latter Day Saint scriptures have not been offered since 1981.

RLDS writing on scripture tends to address specific topics and problems rather than exegesis of specific books or pericopes. Richard P. Howard's *Restoration Scriptures* (1969) deals largely with textual issues. Essays by Sharon Welch (1979) and Clare Vlahos (1983) examine underlying concepts of revelation. William D. Russell's work comes closest to grappling with the substantial questions of textual interpretation. He regularly questions the historicity of the Book of Mormon, urges the church to regard the book as a scriptural second witness for Jesus Christ, and criticizes the use and authority of the Doctrine and Covenants. Russell is the only RLDS writer to consistently define RLDS issues in terms of the scriptures and the exercise of hierarchical power. He recognizes the power of the scriptures in the Reorganization and the need for informed interpretation of them.[1] He also recognizes that the exegesis and authority of scripture in the RLDS Church remain closely linked to the First Presidency, the final interpreters of "the law." Summarizing this relationship, the Council of Twelve wrote in 1982: "We uphold the First Presidency in its essential function as the head of the church. . . . They are the ones who must finally interpret the meaning of the gospel found in the three standard books and in our own experience in terms faithful to the *spirit* of the Restoration" (*Saints' Herald*, November 1982, 32).

From 1986 to 1988, I served as a United Methodist pastor in the South, with a people and strata of American culture much at home with the Bible's stories, images, and metaphors. While serving there, I observed that wherever two or three Baptists gathered in Jesus' name, the subject of biblical inerrancy was with them also. In 1988, the General Conference of the United Methodist Church revised the Disciplinary statement of "Our Theological Task," largely guided by concerns over the primacy of scripture in the Wesleyan understanding

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[1] See Russell 1966, 1967a, 1967b, 1974, 1982a, 1982b, 1988, 1989, 1990.

of the relationship among scripture, tradition, reason, and experience in theological development. Issues facing the wider Christian community are further complicated by the particularities and peculiarities of the Reorganization. The RLDS scriptures both facilitate and manifest theological development within the Reorganization. The theological and historical ferment of the last thirty years had aggravated tensions already present within the church, including a broad range of issues related to the nature and role of scripture.

Speaking from outside the RLDS community, I suggest here directions in which RLDS theology may profitably travel. For the movement to be relevant and vital, authentic RLDS theologies must be found which creatively integrate contributions from the particular matrix of RLDS symbols, stories, and events; the wider Christian community; and the modern world. Undergirding such theologies will be the conviction that God is at work in and through all three.[2] The fundamental, guiding principle for integration must be faithfulness to the revelation of God in Jesus Christ.

RLDS thinkers need to move toward a more compelling integration of RLDS symbols and stories with those of the wider Christian community and tradition. Undergirding these developing theologies will be the conviction that God is at work in and through the RLDS context, the wider Christian context, and the contemporary context. Unfortunately, some RLDS progressives discount the contributions of their own tradition, allowing that tradition to be edged out by modern norms and mainline Christian thought. Meanwhile, RLDS fundamentalists value only the RLDS tradition. To be RLDS is to live with the tension between the church's origins in Mormonism and its openness to Protestantism. That tension is the defining characteristic of the Reorganization. When that tension collapses, one abandons the Reorganization. (See Conrad and Shupe 1985; Conrad forthcoming.)

Sensitive to these concerns and to the issues central to the church's future, I hope to illuminate three distinct areas of concern in RLDS scripture and to offer some constructive, preliminary suggestions for a fresh understanding of scripture. The three major areas, although interwoven, need to be carefully distinguished: (1) the exegesis and interpretation of scripture; (2) the authority of scripture; and (3) the role of the RLDS president.

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[2] For more on the last thirty years of RLDS reformation and current streams of RLDS thought, see Shupe and Conrad (1985). Fruitful correspondence with Louis Midgley over the years has led me to realize that the RLDS have been revisionists, even dissenters, from the beginning and that their faith differs vastly from Utah Mormonism. It is to the RLDS that I direct the theological suggestions in this paper.

EXEGESIS AND INTERPRETATION

Although some RLDS progressives question the authoritative role of scripture in the church (see Mesle 1990), the primary, underlying issue facing the church is the way the scriptures are interpreted. Perhaps RLDS progressives question and even scoff at the authority of their scripture because they are justifiably dismayed over past and present uncritical interpretations of the church's text. Generally, members have leapt ahistorically across twenty or thirty centuries and read the texts as if they were directly addressed to the modern reader. All too often, RLDS tradition has failed to differentiate between meanings of the text in its time and in our time. The result is an essentially uncritical interpretation.

This approach to scripture dates back beyond the Reorganization to the very beginnings of Mormonism. Jan Shipps notes that the reopening of the canon was directly tied to a dispensationalist theology and helped establish direct, ahistorical continuity with the apostolic era (1985, 2). She explains:

> Actually, the very first Mormons did not merely have a past that differed from the past of other nineteenth-century Americans; they had no recent past at all. Just as the outcome of the American Revolution had left the former English colonies without a usable political history, by designating all existing churches—not just the Roman Catholic variety—as corrupt abominations growing out of a "Great Apostasy" that began in the days of the ancient apostles, the Book of Mormon left the Saints with an enormous 1,400 to 1,800 year lacuna in their religious history. (1985, 51)

The uncritical reading of scripture and the reopening of the canon are thus grounded in what Shipps calls the "profound historylessness of early Mormonism," as well as in the Mormons' reinterpretation, recapitulation, and "reliving" of early Hebrew and Christian history (1985, 51–52, 62).

The Book of Mormon itself represents an apocryphal response to the human desire for scripture that speaks in an immediate way to a person or community. The Doctrine and Covenants, especially in its continuing RLDS form, attempts to extend the Book of Mormon experiment, providing immediately applicable, authoritative scripture for the present, without the apocryphal veiling of authorship. Given the distance from the early days of the movement, a distance enhanced by the developments of the last thirty years, the church must turn its attention to questions of exegesis and interpretation. At the very least, the church must assume responsibility for cultivating the theological and biblical disciplines (see Gilkey 1985, 29–41).

The church could also benefit from dialogue with the theology of David Tracy, especially his ideas on religious classics which open new ways of being in the world and disclose and conceal the divine presence. Throughout his writings, Tracy addresses questions of interpretation and authority. The scriptures deserve, even demand, critical exegesis because they witness to the revelation of God in Jesus Christ and rightly serve as the primary dialogue partners in the Church's ongoing work of discovering, clarifying, and embracing the divine activity in the world.

From my perspective, the Reorganization is divided by two fundamentally opposing views of scripture. The progressives give too little weight to scripture, the fundamentalists too much. The theology of David Tracy provides a way of interpreting scripture which views scripture as essential to theological development but makes the Bible neither an idol nor simply one more good book among many. Christianity cannot be a strict religion of the book since the Bible did not create the Church; the Church created the Bible. The Church shaped the biblical record, yet the biblical record also shaped the Church and continues to exercise authority in the Church. The Bible guides, inspires, and also corrects the Church. The biblical record's authority is not based solely on a centuries-old decision to canonize certain texts. On the contrary, the biblical record remains authoritative through its centuries-long, faithful, evocative witness to the divine activity in history. Most important, the Bible faithfully witnesses to the Christ event. Through the biblical words, the Church still encounters the living Word, Jesus Christ (Tracy 1981, 248–304).

The scriptures, Tracy insists, serve as "the normative, more relatively adequate expressions of the community's past and present experience of the Risen Lord, the crucified one, Jesus Christ." As relatively adequate expressions of the early Christians' experience of the risen Christ, the scriptures nevertheless

> remain open to new experiences—new questions, new and sometimes more adequate responses for later generations who experience the same event in different situations. Yet throughout the Christian tradition these scriptures will serve as finally normative: as that set of inspirations, controls and correctives upon all later expressions, all later classical texts, persons, images, symbols, doctrines, events that claim appropriateness to the classic witnesses to that event. (1981, 249)

Overshadowing the classic texts which witness to the Christ event stands the Christ event itself.

Modifying Paul Tillich's method of correlation, Tracy suggests that "Christian theology is the attempt to establish mutually critical correlations between an interpretation of the Christian tradition and an

interpretation of the contemporary situation" (in Grant and Tracy 1984, 170). In interpreting the scriptures, theologians will benefit from the hermeneutics of retrieval and of suspicion, both of which are enabled and encouraged by the New Testament texts themselves.

A hermeneutics of retrieval seeks to preserve what is faithful and valuable in the text. The hermeneutics of suspicion, on the other hand, supposes something may be wrong in the text and therefore approaches it with suspicion. The interpreter recognizes the possibility of a systematic distortion. A patriarchal culture, for instance, might have distorted the texts of the biblical witness. Tracy notes a person conversing with a psychotic may notice something is wrong or distorted and therefore have to break off the conversation to diagnose and identify points of disease, recognizing the need for healing (Grant and Tracy 1984, 162-63). The Church needs both types of hermeneutics. It learns, Tracy says, "to retrieve and suspect all in the light of the revelatory event of Jesus Christ. . . . All traditions—and even all scriptural texts—must on their own inner Christian grounds allow themselves to judge what is said by what is meant. The event of Jesus Christ judges the texts and traditions witnessing to it and not vice versa" (Grant and Tracy 1984, 184-85; see Küng 1988, 42-99).

The complex relationship between the Christ event, the texts witnessing to the event, and personal tradition and experience does not excuse the church from wrestling with the issues. Contemporary Christian expressions need not be identical to early Christian expressions, but neither should they be in radical disharmony with them. The RLDS need to develop criteria for appropriate expressions and must be more willing to engage the texts. This means, of course, taking a risk. Tracy observes that the most dangerous act for a fundamentalist may well be to engage the texts in conversation since the texts may well challenge the fundamentalist's preunderstanding (Grant and Tracy 1984, 173).

AUTHORITY

If the RLDS church is to move forward in its theology and mission, it must confront its history and its uncritical use of scripture. In addition to cultivating the theological and biblical disciplines, reconsidering its approach to scripture, and learning from historians like Shipps and theologians like Tracy, the church would do well to reaffirm the centrality of the Christ event and consider the consequences for understanding the authority of and relationship between the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants. Moreover, as the RLDS come to understand themselves as "part of a total [Christian] stream, affected by that stream and in [their] own way affecting that

stream" (RLDS n.d., 101), they will need to value the distinctive contributions of RLDS symbols and stories but also accept nontraditional interpretations that more accurately describe theological heritage and habits.

What disturbs me about the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and especially instant canonization practice of the RLDS, is the rapid elevation of contemporary materials to the status of scripture. The Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and recent RLDS Doctrine and Covenants sections are given scriptural status within a decade of their appearance or in RLDS practice within seventy-two hours. It is not prudent to place such untested texts alongside those which have been tested over 2,500 years, giving an RLDS section 156 the same canonical authority as Luke or Romans. My plea here is simply for RLDS to again confess the centrality of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. If the revelation of God in Jesus Christ is fundamental, then the biblical witness takes on a priority that supercedes that of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. Why? Because of the New Testament's historical closeness to the Christ event and its authoritative role in all subsequent Christian history. From a Mormon point of view, the Book of Mormon could be said to play roughly the same role. Like most Protestants, however, I regard the Book of Mormon as the writing of Joseph Smith in 1830 and thus quite different from the New Testament. William D. Russell and other leading RLDS thinkers and writers also regard the book as authored by Smith, not the ancient inhabitants of the Americas. Thus many of the Reorganization's own leaders already relativize the place of the Book of Mormon.

The Reorganization should come clean on the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. The books should not be in the canon of scripture in the first place. The progressives do not read them, and there is no point calling them scripture if one does not read them, preach from them, or teach from them. Texts should not be called scripture just because they once played a role in the church's history. Now that the RLDS want to move into the Christian mainstream, they should take these questions more seriously. Placing the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants on a level equal to the Bible is a significant barrier to ecumenical understanding.

Two key paragraphs in the Basic Beliefs Committee's *Exploring the Faith*[3] provide sound guidance for a re-evaluation of the canonical status

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[3] Under the leadership of Clifford A. Cole, then president of the Council of Twelve Apostles, a Basic Beliefs Committee developed a new statement of the Reorganization's faith. The Statement of Belief was published along with a series of

of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. According to the Statement of Faith,

> Revelation centers in Jesus Christ, the incarnate word, who is the ultimate disclosure of truth and the standard by which all other claims to truth are measured. . . . We believe that the scriptures witness to God's redemptive action in history and to [human] response to that action. When studied through the light of the Holy Spirit, they illumine [human] minds and hearts and empower them to understand in greater depth the revelation in Christ. (1970, 14)

Given the primacy of the revelation of God in Christ, RLDS theologians developing a working canon within the canon ought to give priority to the biblical witnesses rather than to the other two books erroneously accepted as canonical within the Reorganization.

Whether or not one accepts the entirety of Shipps' interpretation of Mormon origins, it seems clear that the reopening of the canon was directly tied to dispensationalism and the uncritical reading of scripture. Both dispensationalism and the traditional RLDS approach to scripture have been sharply undercut, if not altogether devastated, by the developments of the last thirty years of RLDS reformation. The canonical status of the Bible, unlike that of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, derives not merely from decisions of Church councils centuries ago, but from its power to mediate the divine presence through the centuries in provocative, evocative, and transforming ways. While the Bible incorporates the diversity of centuries of interpretation and reinterpretation and has acquired classic status, the Book of Mormon stands as the earliest book-length expression of Mormonism's founder. The Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants acquired canonical status within the RLDS community a few decades after their publication, without benefit of prolonged testing through time. In recent years, additions to the Doctrine and Covenants have been authorized within a week of their presentation to the church.

The dangers of canonizing too rapidly may be seen in the action of the 1970 World Conference in removing Sections 107, 109, and 110 to the appendix of the Doctrine and Covenants (Compier 1986). Twenty years later, the World Conference authorized publication of

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expository essays as *Exploring the Faith* in 1970. In the book's preface, the First Presidency observed that Joseph Smith's Epitome of Faith (known among LDS as the Articles of Faith) was dated: "In more recent times it has been recognized that a more adequate statement of the beliefs of the church should be developed" (p. 5). The book is the most significant RLDS theological work in recent RLDS history and reflects the depth to which the contemporary Reorganization has been influenced by Protestant thought.

the Doctrine and Covenants without the appendix (World 1990). The canonical status of the two books appears especially troublesome for RLDS progressives. In response to remarks I made on this subject at a Graceland College religion class in May 1990 and at the RLDS Theological Forum in Independence, Missouri, in June 1990, questioners defended the inclusion of these two books and the community's right to make decisions about its canon. Yet many of the progressives quickly insisted that they seldom if ever read or preach from the two books. In reality then, the two books are *not* functioning as canon for them.[4]

In practice, the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants have neither classic nor canonical status among the progressives within the Reorganization. When judged by an ecumenical Christian context and the time taken to test the writings before granting them authoritative canonical status, neither book merits theological inclusion within the canon of Christian scripture. Denying a book canonical status, however, in no way suggests that one could not benefit from its careful reading and study. Obviously dependent on the Bible, the Book of Mormon claims to be a witness for Jesus Christ. The book, therefore, should be regarded as authoritative only to the extent that it echoes the fundamental revelation of God in Jesus Christ. "The Book of Mormon," Russell insists, "is important for us not in giving us events to affirm as historically accurate but rather in helping us become better disciples of the One for whom the book claims to be a 'second witness' " (1983, 198).

The "Prophetic Mantle"

Having argued against an uncritical, ahistorical view of scripture and also against attempts to unduly diminish scripture's authority, yet also arguing for critical exegesis and conversation with those scriptures whose authority derives from their witness to Christ, I now question the role of the RLDS president, the church's desire for authoritative interpretation, and the Doctrine and Covenants. Any discussion of the Doctrine and Covenants must include mention of the integral role of the RLDS successor to "the prophetic mantle." The RLDS president assumes a unique role in the book's continuing growth, as

[4] Among the RLDS, Russell denies the historicity of the Book of Mormon but retains the book in the RLDS canon. His definition of scripture includes the qualification that it be "authoritative for the faith of that community" (1983). While the LDS may regard the Book of Mormon highly, the RLDS largely neglect it, and RLDS progressives do not take the book's theological perspectives seriously.

well as in the interpretation of all three books of RLDS scripture. The president's power to speak with such binding authority on questions of faith and morals has its closest parallel in the papacy.[5]

In 1982, in response to dissent from the conservative Restoration Festival, Inc.,[6] the Council of Twelve addressed a letter to the entire church:

> In a real sense they set themselves above the head of the church when they proclaim that they intend "to continue to function until the church returns to the original doctrines of the Restoration." In other words the R.F.I. leadership is expecting to identify and interpret what are "the original doctrines of the Restoration." One key doctrinal point in the Restoration as it is continued in the Reorganization is that it is the First Presidency that interprets the doctrine of the church, not a self-appointed board of men.

This letter displays the RLDS tendency to regard differences of interpretation as attempts to diminish the supreme directional control of the First Presidency rather than as legitimate disagreement on fundamental issues. The authority of the First Presidency is firmly established in RLDS tradition, at least as long as a lineal descendant of Joseph Smith, Jr., remains in office, and especially since Frederick M. Smith consolidated and concentrated power in the First Presidency from 1915 to 1946. Whether the issue is the Council of Twelve opposing the president (under Frederick M. Smith), baptizing those who practice polygamy (under W. Wallace Smith), or ordaining women and constructing a $75 million temple (under Wallace B. Smith), presidents use their power to settle disagreements and provide authoritative direction.

At this point, let me point out the theological difference between the authority of scripture and the authority of the RLDS president to speak "by revelation" in interpreting the tradition and its texts. I disagree with C. Robert Mesle who concluded a discussion on circumstances leading to the 1984 decision to ordain women by adding: "Reliance on the prophet is still fundamentally reliance on the authority of scripture" (1990, 17). To the contrary, the continuing RLDS dependence on the president is anything but reliance on scripture. The instant

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[5] A further parallel is the infallibility of church and presidential teaching. See Küng (1983) for a good Catholic treatment of the problem, and also Küng's constructive proposals on indestructibility or indefectibility (1980).

[6] Founded in 1979 and led by Greg Donovan of Detroit, Restoration Festival, Inc. was a conservative organization dedicated to traditional RLDS beliefs, which drew a negative and forceful response from the RLDS hierarchy. A brief history of recent RLDS dissent is William D. Russell's "Defenders of the Faith: Varieties of RLDS Dissent," *Sunstone*, June 1990, pp. 14–19.

canonization of presidential utterances is an aberration in Christian history and an assault on the authority of scripture. Instant canonization is oxymoronic, a gross trivialization of scripture. The Old and New Testaments required centuries to acquire canonical status, a status validated in succeeding generations. The biblical witnesses merit a degree of authority above that of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants (see Brown and Collins 1990). Arguing against the instant canonization of biennial presidential pronouncements, therefore, represents a higher, not a lower view of scripture.

The RLDS church tends to place its president and contemporary thinking above the biblical witness and the Christian tradition. This tendency began when Joseph Smith, Jr., interpreted his vision to condemn all existing churches and when he attempted to retranslate the Bible without studying ancient texts or mastering Hebrew and Greek. Had Joseph Smith, Jr., held a high view of the Bible, he would not have so radically revised Genesis, Isaiah, or the prologue to John. It is surely no coincidence that persons most offended by Mormonism are persons with a high, even fundamentalist, view of scripture.

Instant canonization trivializes the genre of scripture, separates the church from the wider Christian community, fosters anti-democratic trends in polity, and concentrates ecclesiastical power in the hands of a few. Not only does the RLDS practice imply the insufficiency of the Bible, but it ignores the centuries required for the Old and New Testaments to achieve canonical status. Breaking with tradition of the 1850s and 1860s, the contemporary church canonizes within days, and recently without even a copy of the text in their hands. Once approved, the documents bind the church with only extremely limited possibility of repeal, since the First Presidency ruled in 1986 that only those who introduce documents for canonical status have the authority to initiate their repeal (Compier 1986; World 1986, 288–90).

Having argued against instant canonization and the canonical status of the Doctrine and Covenants, how should one understand the book and the presidential office? Part of the RLDS desire for biennial presidential pronouncements stems from the continuing longing for scriptures which speak to the present moment without the need for detailed exegesis, hermeneutics, and mutually critical correlations. The RLDS desire to read a text from one context and apply it directly to another context is most easily fulfilled with the Doctrine and Covenants, which helps explain why the book's language pervades so much of RLDS discourse. The presidential utterances, however, should be understood as more than anachronistic exercises of hierarchical power; they should also be understood as responses to the church's genuine

need for authoritative and considered guidance to help them live as disciples of Jesus Christ in the contemporary world.

This need, however, may be met most responsibly in other ways. The guidance sought may best be offered by a teaching office. The authoritative teaching and interpretation rightfully delivered by the First Presidency need not be enshrined in scripture. On the contrary, not enshrining it in scripture heightens our appreciation and respect for scripture, removes a barrier to ecumenical understanding and progress, increases interest in the history and development of doctrine, and encourages creative theological reflection and dialogue.

The First Presidency functions best not when it arbitrarily settles discussions by preempting dialogue, but when it teaches and fosters the dialogue that helps all levels of the church hear, discern, and respond to the Spirit. Rather than determining and defending the truth, the Presidency's goal should be teaching and leading others to discover and embrace the truth. More specifically, the First Presidency serves the church effectively, responsibly, and faithfully when it encourages the production of the *Position Papers* for dialogue on education and growth in discipleship, supports projects like the Basic Beliefs Committee's *Exploring the Faith* (1970), and offers the *Presidential Papers* (1979) for study, reflection, and dialogue. It should teach, encourage, lead, and explore rather than issuing instantly canonized instructions like section 150:10–11 on polygamy and section 156 on temple building and the ordination of women. Although the First Presidency still responds to the church's need for authoritative guidance and interpretation through traditional means, better means are available and should be utilized.

World Conference resolutions already acknowledge the First Presidency as chief interpreters of "the law" for administrative and program purposes. RLDS theologians should develop the concept of the teaching office while noting the roles of the ordained ministry, theologians, lay members, and World Conference as interpreters and decision-makers.[7] The various sections of the Doctrine and Covenants should be regarded more as authoritative teaching, rather like papal

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[7] In the United Methodist Church, for example, "the Church expects the Council of Bishops to speak to the Church and from the Church to the world, and to give leadership in the quest for Christian unity and interreligious relationships" (*Book of Discipline* 1988, par. 527.2). However, the highest legislative and policy-making authority is vested in the General Conference: "No person, no paper, no organization, has the authority to speak officially for The United Methodist Church, this right having been reserved exclusively to the General Conference under the Constitution" (610).

encyclicals or pastoral letters from the United Methodist Council of Bishops, respected and authoritative but not canonical.

The major obstacle to developing the kind of teaching office I envision, however, is the immense satisfaction felt by all ends of the RLDS theological spectrum whenever a biennial presidential pronouncement meets with their approval. All sides of the church contribute to this problem, but over the last few decades, and particularly during the last ten years, the progressive wing has been especially guilty. RLDS progressives, who profess to prize dialogue, tolerance, pluralism, and a more democratic RLDS polity, seemingly cannot hail enough the presentation and implementation of section 156 of the RLDS Doctrine and Covenants. While numerous RLDS progressives have written about the ordination of women and "temple ministries" since April 1984, precious few have denounced the hierarchical power used to bring forth the document and the subsequent suppression of dissenting views. Since April 1984, the hierarchy has created special membership categories to prevent dissenters from blocking calls to the priesthood for women, ruled out of order attempts to reconsider section 156 on the World Conference floor, denied the Conference's right to initiate repeal of canonical status, silenced hundreds of dissenting priesthood members, and disorganized stakes, all to suppress dissent within the church. The silence of progressives on these issues has been deafening and inexcusable.

RLDS theologians, historians, and scholars remain too content with trying to influence the church's direction through its leaders in the Joint Council, bureaucracy, and appointee staff. Lacking forums to win popular support or even to openly dialogue on the issues, the temptation is to try to impose one's agenda on the church through the hierarchy. Neither the left nor the right will assist the Presidency in developing and implementing the teaching office as outlined here as long as they continually try to get the hierarchy to adopt and impose their own respective theological agendas.

Conclusion

This preliminary discussion and offering of constructive suggestions related to exegesis, authority, and the presidential office again demonstrates the urgent, critical need to do theology within the RLDS church. Wide-ranging dialogue should clarify what RLDS theology ought to be. The questions and crises of the last thirty years of RLDS reformation remain with the church in 1991, aggravated now by a polarization within the denomination. RLDS tendencies toward moderation and openness to the broader Christian community, present

since the early days of the Reorganization, have become more pronounced in recent decades, displacing the opposite tendencies toward emphasis on distinctiveness and the restoration of the New Testament era church.

Reforms have come to the church, but at great price. For the last thirty years, RLDS progressives have steadily dismantled traditional RLDS beliefs: challenging the notion that the Inspired Version is more than a theological revision of the Bible by Joseph Smith, Jr.; denying the antiquity of the gospel; arguing against the position that the gospel is a set of principles to be rationally held and believed; denying that the Reorganization is the only true and living church on the earth; rejecting the view that the Reorganized church is the restoration of the New Testament church and its priesthood offices; undermining belief in the historicity of the Book of Mormon; deemphasizing the gathering to Zion and the second coming of Jesus Christ. Especially since 1984, the leadership, supported by progressive members, has vigorously sought to suppress dissent among those speaking out for traditional RLDS beliefs. Although concerned about dialogue with the wider Christian community, non-Christians, and the modern world, RLDS leaders and progressives show no concern for dialogue with members of their own church who believe the way the church taught them to believe for generations.

One of the costs has been the polarization of the denomination and the church's inability to recognize, confront, and appreciate its own tradition. Having hurriedly placed new wine in old wineskins, the church is now torn between fundamentalists who would fossilize the tradition and progressives who would discard and forget the tradition. In the midst of this theological confusion, the church, still dazed from its recent reformation, struggles to find its center and itself. The confusion is most evident in the current church program and the priesthood. In pursuit of its primary program objective, the church, which never had an inkling of a theology of temples, now devotes all its resources toward completion of a $75 million temple project in Independence by the mid-1990s. In the rush to ordain women to the priesthood without considering the theological implications, the RLDS church has become the first church in history to ordain women to the office of patriarch! A decade ago, Paul Jones, professor at Saint Paul School of Theology in Kansas City, lamented that the RLDS church consisted of two divisions: "the conservatives who are chasing the wrong vision and the liberals who have lost any vision."

One can only hope that having spent years explaining what the RLDS church can no longer believe, the church's leaders and theologians will turn their efforts toward articulating what the church may

and should believe if it is to be centered in the gospel of Jesus Christ and fulfill its unique mission in the world. Perhaps some of the problems in the Reorganization stem from a tendency to see the church as an end in itself rather than as a means of divinely led creative transformation. Finally, the Voice which beckons us does not call us to be faithful to the RLDS tradition or to the currents of the modern world. Ultimately, the call is to be faithful to the God of grace and love revealed in Jesus Christ, the crucified and risen Savior of the world. In the light of this call, the issues related to scripture in the Reorganization are permeated by a single, overriding question: Given the insights and challenges of historical and theological research over the last thirty years of RLDS reformation, can RLDS theologians offer a compelling, comprehensive theological vision for faithfully following Jesus Christ within the RLDS church in the 1990s?

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Being Baptized for the Dead, 1974

Lance Larsen

It throbbed a little, the gash in my left palm.
I pressed the gauze, something to finger
while we waited—boys here, girls over there,
all of us wearing jump suits heavy enough
to paint pictures on. Wet to his waist,
right arm squared, the bishop was baptizing.

His voice, calm, lifting a little, made me think
of the hymns that morning, and the miracles
the temple matron dropped into our laps:
tumors melting, bones reknitting themselves,
angels pulling children from swollen rivers.
All it takes is faith, she said, a little prayer.

Staring at the oxen, their broad simple faces,
I began a litany of pleases, which I kept up
well over an hour. I pictured the gash
hemming itself closed with stitchless thread.
Above me, lions grazing, wolves nuzzling lambs.
When the bishop took my wrist, I bowed my head.

With each name, each watery erasure,
a glossy-haired spirit man thanked me, my left hand
pulsing in a glove of light. The wound?
Still scabbed, jagged—dark as an unwanted tatoo.
And the room filled with angels, frozen in flight,
wings severed by the same rusty tin can.

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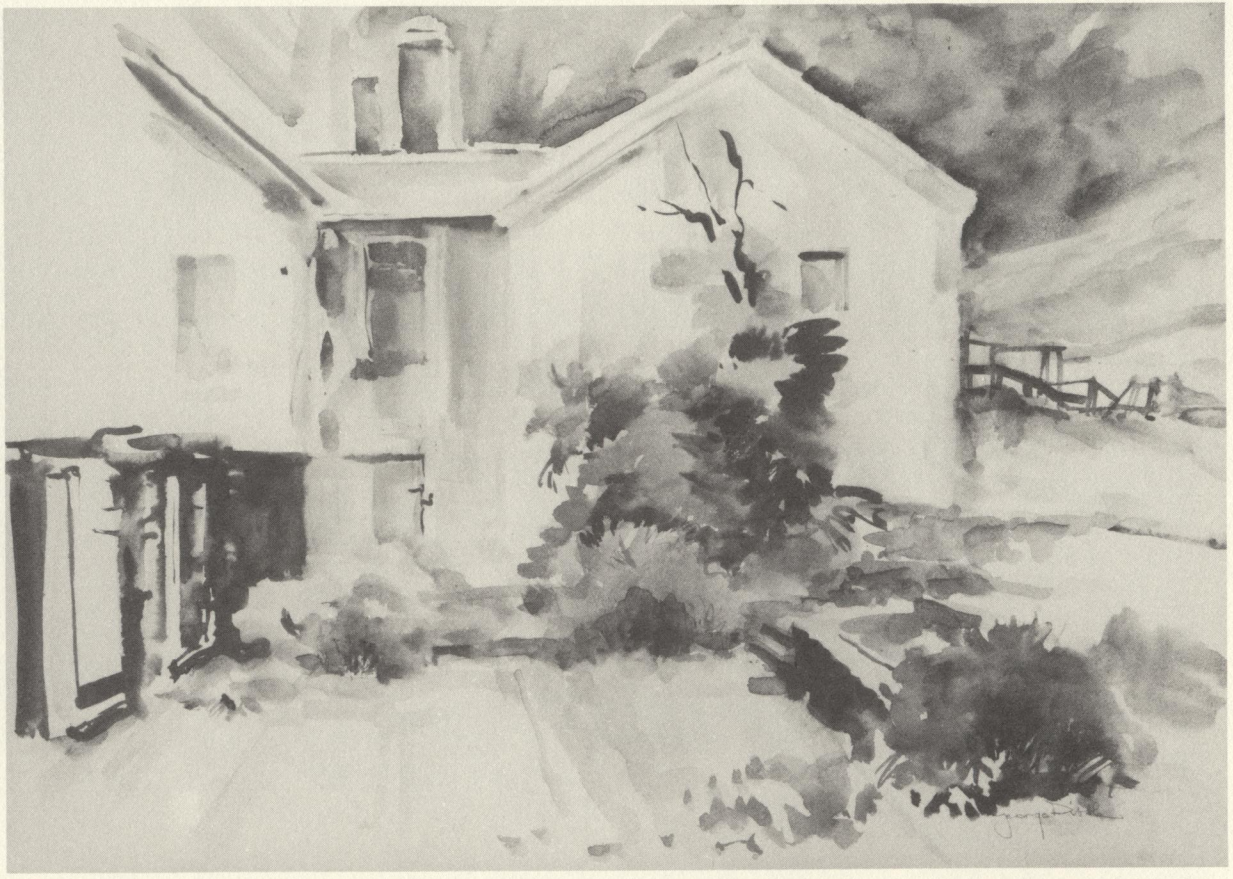

For Meg—With Doubt and Faith

Karen Rosenbaum

IN TIMES OF DROUGHT, it is hard to remember times of flood. After yet *another* California winter without sufficient water, we take quick showers, rarely flush the toilet, let our lawn grow long to hide the brown. But once, how many years ago, there was a winter when the rains wouldn't stop.

That winter I came home one night to find in my basement water which, when I waded in, almost reached my calves. The green shag rug looked like little plants at the bottom of a pond. The pedal for my sewing machine, the shelf where I kept bias tape and pinking shears, the floor level of the bricks-and-boards bookcase, the piles of things I always "organized" by separating them on the floor—all were under water. The storeroom was filled with sodden soap powder, dry milk, flour—nothing but ruin. Worst of all, my journals and scrapbooks, my wallpaper-catalogue scrapbook of mementos, my boxes of letters and unmounted pictures (in dated envelopes, indexed by rubber bands)—were now waterlogged, heavy, smeared.

In the days that followed the flood, I saved what I could. I drained and blotted newspaper clippings and snapshots on rags. I put paper towels between the pages of albums and journals. I laid letters out over every dry surface I could find. What little order there was in the documentation of my life-up-to-then had been destroyed.

I am waiting for time to put it all back together.

That is why, as I sit down to write a memoir of Margaret Rampton Munk, I depend mostly on my memories. My memories seem simul-

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taneous, not chronological, so I may not have all the times right; but there are truths other than time. Yet time does matter. The friendship between Meg and me survived twenty-five years (during more than twenty-two of those we were separated by at least 3,000 miles) and survived even her death because of our reliance on those water-soluble items, paper and ink, and because of a devotion we shared, a devotion to the written word.

Somewhere in my blotched and sticky photo collection is a black-and-white snapshot taken on Chesapeake Bay the summer of 1960. You would have to be told that the seventeen-year-old East High School graduate skimming a rowboat across the water is my brother Richard and that one of the small figures perched in the boat is Meg, planning in the fall to begin her sophomore year at the University of Utah. I, a soon-to-be junior at the U, snap the picture from a boat reluctantly captained by Russell Munk, a Montpelier, Idaho, boy and a senior at Harvard. The event is a Washington, D.C. ward Saturday social; "row boating and digging for clams" is probably how the advertisement read. Attending the Washington Ward, certain westerners meet—in the East.

We are all there to work and to see the nation's capitol. Because of my father's summer assignment at the headquarters of the Bureau of Mines, my family lives in the District of Columbia that summer, in a big, unair-conditioned house that we rent on Newark Street. Meg has come east with friends to type and file "on the Hill" and to visit her grandmother. Russell has come south from Cambridge to get some firsthand experience with government.

A lot of the picture-memories that follow stick together, like the pages in my storm-rinsed albums. I can't provide a sequence. In the Ramptons' backyard swimming pool in Salt Lake City, Meg and Richard and I sing songs to one another underwater and try to guess the melodies. The Ramptons' house burns, even the swimming pool looks singed, everything smells like smoke, and everyone is wearing borrowed clothes. In Jack Adamson's Milton class at the University of Utah, Meg and I sit next to her mother, on the right side of the front row. Mrs. Rampton is the favorite student of all our favorite teachers. We are proud to sit next to her. In the *Daily Utah Chronicle* office, on heavy manual Underwood and Royal typewriters, Meg and Rich and I pound out editorials and campus news. Meg and I both send personal news to Russell, she in nicely rounded, erect letters of blue or black ink, I in smudged elite typewriter lines, marginless and single-spaced.

In June of 1961, we board a United Airlines plane for Boston with two friends and four pillows. This is my first flight. Meg has flown

before and has learned that flying doesn't agree with her. She has taken Dramamine, but she still looks sick. While I excitedly look out the window and narrate nonstop everything I see, she eyes the little brown bag in the pocket in front of her and answers questions through tight lips. We are to sublet an apartment in Somerville and to find summer jobs. Russell, who will soon return to Idaho to contemplate missionary service, is astonished to see us. We have not told him that we are coming.

We have not come to Boston to see Russell. We have come to see Harvard and Fanueil Hall and Walden Pond and stone walls. Quickly we learn how to ride the MTA; quickly we discover that milkshakes in New England are called frappes and that if we stand in long lines at Brigham's, we can have ice cream cones with jimmies—chocolate shot.

Meg's job search is interrupted before it begins; the Institute of World Affairs offers her a scholarship for a program in Connecticut. She'll return to Boston in time to fly back to Utah with us at the end of the summer. This time I'm on the aisle, excitedly talking with a high school friend who is returning home from Europe. Meg, again dosed with Dramamine, sits quietly in the center seat, keeping track of that important brown bag.

In the fall of 1962, I leave Salt Lake for Stanford. The next years will take me to New York, Paris, Israel, and back to California. Meg will graduate from the University of Utah in 1963 and, after a summer in Israel, will live in Boston, New York, Tokyo, Manila, and eventually, again, Washington. During those years, only for a few months do we live close enough to see each other. Twice I take a weekend bus trip from Manhattan to Cambridge, where Meg occupies a room in a big house and takes government classes at Harvard. Once, because I am in despair over love lost, she abandons her books and hops on a bus south to bring me comfort—and a package of cones and chocolate jimmies from Brigham's.

After the summer of 1964, when Meg returns to Salt Lake for a few months and I make plans to go to Europe, we will follow each other's lives almost entirely through letters. Letters tell me of her frustration that Russell, now returned from a mission to Hong Kong, must go to the University of Utah for a year before he can transfer to Harvard's law school. A letter from Russell arrives too; he has been carrying a Rampton-for-Governor sign around the smoky hall at the Democratic State Convention. I remember his advocacy of enlightened Republicanism and reassess his commitment to his and Meg's relationship. He must already be considering her dad a potential father-in-law.

In Paris in the fall, I vote absentee for LBJ—it is the first time I can vote. Meg votes absentee for LBJ and her father—she is still a Utah resident. I buy a little typewriter with a French keyboard and write my heart out in my tiny, seventh floor, *au pair* room. Though I have made some French-speaking friends and love the four little girls I take care of, the only people I can really communicate with are missionaries. I devour mail.

The next year, Russell transfers to Harvard. I take my typewriter to an Israeli kibbutz. I sit on my narrow bed at Beit Hashita and read blue airletters. Why, Meg writes, can't she get a revelation that she is supposed to marry Russell? The next letter warns me to expect a wonderful surprise. The surprise is an announcement of their wedding. I erupt with joy.

When I return to the United States from Israel, my parents are living in Washington, and Meg and Russell are summer-subletting a strange, stringy apartment in New York. When Meg arranges for me and a Harvard girlfriend to visit, the three of us spend the night giggling and talking in the kingsize bed, while, far down the narrow hall, Russell sleeps in the maid's room. Then I am off to California, and the correspondence resumes.

Letters tell of Meg's struggle to finish the Ph.D. dissertation. All the old Mia Maid lessons come to the surface. Why does she need a Ph.D. anyway? She wants to be a mother in Zion. Russell, however, didn't attend Mia Maid classes. He thinks she ought to finish. Maybe, she says, she'll write an article for *True Confessions*: "My Husband Forced Me to Become an Academician Instead of a Mother." Have *I* considered getting a doctorate?

The letters, now on thin, air-weight paper, arrive from Japan, where Russell is combining legal and language skills. Tokyo is a world with no checking accounts and small, polite men who come to the house to collect for utilities and trick Meg out of her money. She has ruined four pairs of Russell's socks by hanging them on the kerosene heater to dry. She has loved visiting Kyoto and the cherry blossoms, but her bright orange and green suit seemed too garish for the surroundings. She is teaching part time: American Government for the University of Maryland's Far Eastern Division and at Sophia University. She and Russell travel to Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Angkor, and Hong Kong. She lectures me on the nonexistence of SuperMormon, the knight in shining scriptures that I have been waiting for. She wonders if perhaps she has been misinformed about the process by which small spirits appear. Quickly she chastises herself for her impatience. Can I come and visit? It seems so expensive, I think, but maybe someday. . . .

They move from Tokyo to Manila, returning to the States in between. Meg stays in Idaho longer than Russ, long enough to become a resident so they can adopt little Laura. I drive to the San Francisco airport so I can be with Meg and the baby while they wait to change planes. Tucked into Laura's blanket are two essential items—her passport and her pacifier. Of the two, Meg values the pacifier more highly. Laura sleeps the entire stopover, and we pat her, squeeze her, and pronounce her perfect.

Life in the Philippines is painful for Meg, whose social sensibilities don't allow her to be comfortable in the midst of poverty and squalor, but her joy in having Laura makes *having* to have a housekeeper and a cook (they came with the house and would be out of work if she let them go) tolerable. At one point both Vilma and Hilda are pregnant, and Meg spends much of her time taking care of them and Hilda's child, Bing Bing. She begins writing narratives (as therapy, she says), and we send each other stories across the wide Pacific.

When she tries to type letters, Laura climbs up to help. When she writes letters by hand, Laura, who finds plain paper ugly, takes the pen and decorates. The envelopes aren't ugly. They are covered with large, brightly colored stamps. The letters tell of teaching and traveling and once a typhoon. Then they tell of Danny. One of the girls Russ home teaches has a sickly baby, and in her father's home there is no space for the baby nor any way for the girl's family to pay for the baby's medical care. Meg and Russell and Laura make space. They see to his medical needs, and Danny becomes theirs.

Somewhere I have pictures of the children when they are small, pictures I took. At least twice during the Philippine years, I arrange my Salt Lake visits to correspond with theirs. We talk loudly over fussing children. Once we all take a long drive because Laura is calm in cars and even—usually—falls asleep. This seems to me ironic because Laura finds any confinement—including shoes—difficult. By the time I meet him, Danny is wiry and energetic. When I leave Salt Lake, I board a plane and am home in two hours. On their way back to Manila, Meg and Russell take the kids to Baltimore, New York, London, Nairobi, Addis Ababa, Bombay, and Singapore. Laura and Danny avoid jet lag by ignoring everyone else's clocks. If their bodies tell them bedtime is 3 A.M., they go to bed at 3 A.M.

There is a job in Washington and, delayed by complications in getting Danny out of the country, they at last come home. Home is Silver Spring, just a few miles from the Maryland suburb where my parents lived during their five-year stay. I tell myself I was foolish not to have managed a trip while they were living in the Far East. However, Washington is accessible, and I make several trips back to see

them and their newest acquisition—round-faced, curly-mopped Andrew. I sleep in Laura's room and follow Meg about the house as she makes lasagna or does the laundry. We talk ourselves hoarse. Once *I* do the laundry, and Russell's garments, which Laura calls his angel suits, come out pink. Laura is delighted.

What do we talk about? What friends talk about. About the children in her life, about the men in mine. We talk about teaching and writing and believing and not believing. The children and the neighbors' children are in and out, and we talk to them and around them and above them. The Munks have no television, a choice I admire enormously. They do have a piano. When Meg is angry with the children, she sits down at the piano and plays until she is calm. I wonder if they will associate music with the period of dread discipline.

Since the two sides of the United States seem so much closer than does California to Manila, and since we've both become more affluent, we begin to do what other Americans do: we telephone. Thrift still predominates, however. Meg and Russell call me after 11:00 p.m. their time; I call them on Saturday mornings. Still, fat letters continue to cross the continent, and she sends poems and even a play. I trade in my French typewriter for a German one with European accent marks, one that won't slide across my desk when I throw the carriage return.

Once, after she reads an essay I write on the difficulties of believing, Meg sends ten pages contemplating her own struggles to believe—struggles she has never exactly resolved but for which she has developed a degree of acceptance. She could believe more easily, she says, if more of *my* prayers had been answered. I fold up the letter and wipe my eyes.

During a regular check up, my doctor finds a lump in my right breast. I am, if such a thing is possible, a study in quiet hysteria. I don't want to trouble my parents, but I want legions of the virtuous praying for me. I call both Meg and my brother Richard to engage their worry and their prayers.

My tumor turns out to be benign, and the only unpleasant repercussions are hives that cover every inch of my body except the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet. They are uncomfortable and frustrating but pose no health hazard, and when I look in the mirror and see my jaw swollen square like Joan Sutherland's, I have to laugh. I have escaped, for now.

Then the bad things begin to happen to Meg. I can't assign dates or sequence. Our friend Kay calls to tell me of the man from the service station, the one who finds out where she lives and stalks her around the dining room table with a knife. He slashes her hand as Danny rolls himself and a telephone into a rug upstairs and calls the

police. Meg talks the man into turning himself in, then draws all the anguish inside of her. She can't talk about it, she tells me, and I say I understand, but I probably don't.

And then Meg has a tumor. She must have surgery. Everything will surely be all right, be *benign* (such a gentle word), as it was with me. We don't believe in our own mortality quite yet. The surgery might have got it all, but there will be chemo, which will be much worse than airsickness. After a while everything settles down, and she buys a wig that looks like her own hair and ferries kids around to ball games and lessons and takes food to sick people and even writes poems and letters.

Sometime in all this, I meet a man who is different from the other men. We don't exactly rush into anything; after almost a year, we quietly and nervously get married. Before the wedding, I dare tell only a few people, those I figure I'll be able to face if we back out. Meg's "oh" is so poignant that I know *her* prayers have been answered. The next spring I take Ben to Washington, where he does a smashing imitation of Donald Duck. Andrew and Andrew's guinea pig trail him from room to room. The other Munks approve of him as well.

My brothers set up my new IBM pc in the study, and I switch from my portable, manual Adler to a big, complicated machine that hums in mysterious ways. Meg never abandons her old typewriter and her blue and black pens. We don't write as often as we used to, but she sends poems. We telephone.

One night she calls to tell me she must have more surgery—in a week and a half—but the worst news isn't hers, she says. A friend is dead, an apparent suicide. We breathe out our grief in sighs. So life doesn't go the way it is supposed to go. The days slip by. I teach. I prepare for teaching. We haggle with salesmen to buy a new car, the old car having been demolished by a sporty, eighty-year-old man in a sporty blue Triumph. Never convinced of the efficacy of prayer, I pray anyway. After the surgery, I telephone Meg's brother-in-law. My prayers didn't work.

This time the chemo isn't as bad as the time before. We talk regularly on the telephone, but the letters almost stop. We are so busy living, working, seeing to our routines.

To find room for our books, Ben and I buy a new house. My father has surgery for prostate cancer. We celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversaries of my parents and my two aunts and uncles. I type discussion notes and class handouts on my computer keyboard. We apply for an extension to file income taxes. I fret over a parking ticket.

One summer night Kay calls. Meg is skeletal, she says, her stomach bloated; she is hunched over from the pain—and now she can't keep down the medication. Should I go? What good could I do? Would I be in the way? Would I lock within me the image of her sick and not be able to remember the image of her well? That week I talk to Meg three times, to Russell once. Should I come? Come, she says.

I pack a tiny suitcase and go. I fly to National Airport, take the Metro to Silver Spring, walk to Live Oak Drive. My sister-in-law has given me a book about pain and death, and I have read it on the plane. What will I do here? What will I say? How can I help? How can I accept not being able to help?

Meg is lying on the bed. I have prepared myself so well to find her unimaginably altered that she looks better than I had expected. We smile and talk softly. She is sore where I touch her. I sit on the bed. There is something she wants me to do for her—as soon as she feels stronger. She'll tell me when. I stroke her hair. "Death," she whispers. "What a beautiful word." I was right to come.

The hospice nurse is wonderful. She has a little key that controls the pain box that Meg wears, a key that can make more pain medication come out. Meg hasn't been sleeping and is frantic right now. "Let go," the nurse says. "I can't," Meg cries, "until my little boy comes home." Andrew has been staying with Russell's sister in Virginia. So that he would go to school last month, she had promised him she wouldn't die while he was away.

That night, after family prayer in the study, she sends the others to bed and tells me what she wants me to do. In her mind she has been writing a talk that she wants given at her funeral here and the service she knows will be held in Salt Lake. She has planned her services carefully. It is important that others hear this talk. I have found one of the children's cassette recorders, and I get out my journal. She begins talking, and I flip on the recorder and scratch down what she says. Separations are always painful, she says. It is natural for her family to grieve because of that separation, but they have no reason to grieve for *her*. "All of my life," she says, "I have found it easy to believe that this life is neither the beginning nor the end of our existence. Of course, I always wondered if my faith would stand the ultimate test of death itself. I want you to know, as we gather here today, that my answer is 'Yes, yes, yes.' "

I weep as I write. I marvel that the words, barely audible, come out firmly, deliberately. "I say goodbye to you for a little while. And I love you forever and ever. And I'll see you in the morning."

I wake up the next morning in Laura's room. She breathes noisily. Three times last night she cried out in her sleep. Finally, I crawled over to turn off her radio. The house is silent now.

Meg has begun spending the night on one of the downstairs couches. Madge, a big comfortable woman from the hospice program, comes every night at 11:00 and stays until 7:00, so Russell can get some rest. Perhaps for the first night in many, Meg has slept. She has told the hospice nurse she would let go. She has written her talk.

I have little day tasks. I answer the phone. I concoct apricot nectar ices that Meg sucks from a sponge stick. I supervise the setting out of the great quantities of food that the Relief Society brings. The kids confide that they are getting tired of lasagna, so someone brings fish. The kitchen sparkles; Kay had organized all the helpless-feeling friends who wanted to do something—and they redid the kitchen and the bedroom. The rooms shine with love.

Putting together the faint recording and my practically illegible scrawls, I type up, on the old typewriter, a draft of the talk. We go over it together. Meg smiles and says very softly, "Ben spoiled my plans. I hoped if something should happen to me that Russell would marry you." I can barely hear her. "I saw us as sisters," she says. I rub her back, and she looks over to the piano. She says she fears she'll never teach another lesson nor play another piano piece. "You'll always be teaching lessons," I say.

The front door opens and the quiet explodes. Andrew bolts for his mother. She laughs and hugs him. Andrew plays hard, and he sleeps hard. In a few hours he will have collapsed on his bed.

That night Laura drives me to her basketball game. We have a small collision with a curb. Even this isn't hidden from Meg, currently situated on the family room couch, but she is in good spirits. She and Danny and I watch *Back to the Future* on the VCR. At last the Munks have bought a television set. Afterwards, I creep upstairs, and Meg gathers Laura and Danny to her. They talk until very late. Only Madge pays attention to the time in this household.

After midnight, I turn off Laura's radio. She is on her parents' bed talking on the telephone to someone, probably the boyfriend her parents worry about. Downstairs I can hear what I wanted to hear. Russ is playing the piano for Meg.

The next day I am to fly home. Meg's mom and her brother Tony are here. I type up the final draft of the funeral talk for Tony to duplicate. A hospital bed is delivered, and Danny, experimenting, folds himself up in it. I pack my little suitcase and go back downstairs. "This is going to be a hard one," Meg says, and everyone leaves us alone so we can sob goodbye. Tony takes me to Dulles Airport—

Russ's folks and Meg's sister are flying in about the time I'm flying out.

The pain medication is increased after that, and Russ or his mom tell me, when I call, that Meg is rarely coherent. Eleven days after the plane set me back down in Oakland, Meg dies. There is a kind of peace.

About six months later, a big manila envelope comes from Silver Spring. Kay, helping Russell sort through things, spots a fat bundle of letters that he is about to throw away. "Don't you dare," she tells him, "Karen would want those." "You do, don't you?" she asks me on the phone. "Of course," I say. Here they are, all in one place, my letters, starting with July of 1961, the summer Meg left Boston for the Institute of World Affairs in Salisbury, Connecticut. A first-class stamp cost four cents then.

This is the most organized part of my history, the letters in this manilla envelope. They are unwrinkled, unsmeared—having not suffered the flood-fate of most of my other treasures. As I reread parts of them, I see how much I told, how much I shared. I am sorry that Meg and I relied more on telephones in the last years—especially those last months. As ephemeral as paper is, it can be kept, can be a keepsake, can keep for us parts of a singular friendship, an acute mind, a selfless, principled, extraordinary human being.

"Talk to me afterwards," Meg said that last time we had together. "Not as if I'm a saint, but as if I'm a real person."

I do talk to her. Not so much aloud, the way I imagined I would. I talk to her when I sit down at the keyboard of my computer and watch green letters appear on the black screen, when I reread the drafts spitting out of my dot matrix printer, when I feed the changes back into the text, and print out the final copy, letter quality. I mumble over the words, and I listen, and I feel we are very close.

Why Am I Here?

Gay Taylor

I wonder why clouds aren't on
the ground. Why do things grow?
If the sun has eyes? Why does
everything start with a letter?
Why is the moon there and not
down here? I wonder
why people don't float, and why
they don't fly, and why
am I here?

I found this philosophical bit by Chip Janis in *In the New World* (1988), a little book of poems put together by young Indian students at the Pretty Eagle School and St. Charles Mission in Ashland, Montana. Why am I here? It is a question most of us come face to face with. I have heard that Leo Tolstoy, after he had fathered thirteen children, helped Tsar Alexander II free the serfs, and written dozens of articles and books, still tortured himself with the question: "Why am I living?" During one period this question so haunted him that he refused to keep a rope in the house for fear he might throw it over a rafter and hang himself. Yet by his late sixties, he did have an inkling of what life is all about. "The only meaning of man's life," he wrote in his book *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, "consists in serving the world by cooperating in the establishment of the kingdom of God; but this service can be rendered only through the recognition of the truth, and the profession of it, by every separate individual. 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you' " ([Luke 17:20–21] Boston: L. C. Page, 1951, p. 380).

Mormons, of course, hold fast to the idea that we came from God, that we are here on earth to gain virtue by resisting temptation, and that we will return to God to whatever degree of glory we have earned.

GAY TAYLOR was born and grew up in Idaho, a state with sensible names for their towns like Bliss, Chili, Fish Haven, Potlatch, Lava Hot Springs. Traveling around she knew immediately what to expect. Then she worked one summer, in her student days at BYU, in the registrar's office mailing out catalogues to towns in Utah called Tooele—pronounced Two Will Uh—or Panguich, and only the Panguiches know how to say that. It was unsettling. Being married—is it only fifty-six years?— to S. W. Taylor hasn't helped.

The Tibetans, the Buddhists, and others also believe that human destiny is decided on earth. All the early Christian world believed along those lines: do good, go to heaven; be bad, go to everlasting, burning hell. We are here to prove ourselves.

At Brigham Young University, my junior year, I won a $10 prize for writing the best Christmas story for the *Y News*; then in the spring I was awarded the Elsie C. Carrol medal for best short story. The next fall I got acquainted—on the strength of these triumphs—with writers, the first of my experience, some members of the faculty, some classmates. Three are still part of my life: Jean Paulson, who was editor of the *Y News*, Samuel W. Taylor, who was assistant editor, and Virginia Eggertson (later Sorenson, finally Waugh). That year Virginia and I both had pieces in the student magazine, *Scratch*, she a poem and I a story best forgotten. Sam had just sold his first article, a piece written for Professor M. Wilfred Poulson's psychology class, to a psychology magazine. A few months later the *Writer's Digest* bought his article entitled "How to Write Articles to Sell." That's Sam, never lacking in chutzpah.

I finished my degree and moved to California, hoping to become a newspaper reporter. After a depressing interview at the *Oakland Tribune*, where they said they had only one woman on the staff and had no intention of hiring another one (an uninspired prophecy if there ever was one!), I changed course and settled for a secretarial job at the Russian Institute located in the Hoover Library on the Stanford University campus. The Institute's agenda was to collect and publish ephemeral documents and journals concerning World War I and the Russian Revolution. My reporting ambitions shrank to letters to Sam still in Provo and to a redheaded BYU friend serving a mission in France. Eventually I had to write the redhead a "Dear John," and to this day he has not answered that letter.

Sam eventually decided he could write in one place as well as another, so he moved to Palo Alto where we were married and in no time at all bought a three-room house on a 50 x 150-foot gently sloping lot joining the Stanford campus, the part where cows grazed and oaks grew. We paid about $3000 for the house—furnished—and the land recently sold for $500,000. It was a good location for us. I could walk to work—about a mile—and Sam could walk to the nearest post office—about a mile—an important focus in his life from whence came the "we regrets" and also the checks. At that time he was selling about two or three stories a month (for one-half to three cents a word) to such periodicals as *Argosy*, *Western Stories*, *Blue Book*, *Short Stories*, and *Adventure*.

Sam joined the Author's Guild, and thirty or forty members met once a month in San Francisco, in North Beach where an Italian

dinner—complete with a help-yourself tureen of soup and bottles of red *vino de casa* marching down the table—could be had for fifty cents.

However, the writers we became best acquainted with were those who lived up and down the Peninsula, those who would drop in for lunch with Sam while I was at work or, as a group, would meet at our place of an evening. They all knew they were here to write—to inform, scold, inspire, amuse, or excite, to interpret the human condition. They also were sure they had something outside their conscious selves that took over when they were at their creative best. They were not church-going people but had a keen understanding of a divine spark within that was surely immortal. All that creative energy and excitement must go someplace! Our Jewish writer friends were an exception. One evening I talked with *Saturday Evening Post* writer Jaclund Maramur about his beliefs. He said a faction of Jews, of which he was one, held that a person's good works and their children were what remained after death, that the spirit went into a common energy pool. I disagreed. By now he knows who is right.

Let me tell about some of those good friends. On one side of us lived Winston and Dorothy Norman. Winston wrote funny stories for the *Post*, the coveted market for a short story writer. A believer in the notion that the earth is part of God's divine creation, Winston died recently of a heart attack while picking up litter on the Bodega Bay beach.

To the left of us lived a young widow, Virginia Nielsen, who wrote books for girls and is still, at a goodly age, writing books, mostly romances. Born in Idaho in the home of a bishop and with a parcel of brothers and sisters, she knew she was here to write in between helping her siblings go to school and get along in life.

Virginia Sorensen lived a block or so away while her husband, Fred, was getting his Ph.D. at Stanford. She kept a list of things to do posted above her sink: "6:30 to 7:00—feed babies; 7:30 to 8:00—breakfast for Fred" and so on till 10:30 to 10:45—"write poetry." She also managed to write "A Little Lower Than the Angels" during these years. As an arty gesture, she disregarded Sam's advice and wrote the whole book without punctuation. She later had to go to New York and put in all those little commas and periods by hand before Knopf would publish it.

Anne Morse, another *Post* writer, whose work is now in anthologies, lived a few blocks away. Her interesting experiences living for some years with the resident ghosts in a haunted English house gave her a knowledge of the wonder and mystery of the fourth dimension which she felt she had to share. She snatched writing time between

taking care of an exacting husband and two children and used to say what she really needed was a wife.

Albert Richard Wetjen used to come down from San Francisco. An alcoholic who needed thirty cans of beer during a day, he would tell Sam not to use so much mustard, it was bad for the stomach. Born to an English pub keeper, he spoke almost unintelligible cockney, was educated, he said, in the public library, and went to sea at age fourteen. His first beautifully written sea story made the *Post* when he was twenty-one. He said he hadn't a clue where his great stories came from, but they were meant to be written to teach such values as courage, hope, and loyalty.

Rutherford Montgomery, a long-time friend and writer of animal stories, some of which he turned into Disney movies, said that his 140 books seemed to come from outside himself; he needed to communicate to people the wonderful world of animals.

There was always a lot of gossip at these gatherings at our house about who sold what, troubles or triumphs with agents, adventures with New York editors or with Hollywood. One night Ralph Moody breezed in after a trip to Hollywood to discuss making a movie of his book *Little Britches* and stuck out his hand with this electrifying information: "This is the hand that shook the hand of the voice of Donald Duck."

At one of our meetings, Montgomery told about a neighbor who ordered something or other from Sears and got two dozen baby chicks. Everyone cried, "Don't tell that good stuff around Sam, he'll have it in *Colliers* next month." He was known to take notes on the palm of his hand. The story, as he finally wrote it, was about a budding author who ordered an unabridged dictionary and received one thousand baby chicks. It appeared in the 24 July 1948 *Saturday Evening Post*. By this time Sam had joined that magic circle of slick paper writers—those published in *Post*, *Colliers*, *Liberty*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Esquire*—and was earning $500 a story—rather than the $25-$50 the pulps paid. (Of course, he didn't sell as many.)

All the writers I've mentioned and dozens more came to talk shop, get advice, or just bask in the glow of a slick paper writer. Then came the war. We moved from Palo Alto to an abandoned apricot orchard on the outskirts of Redwood City, where we built an adobe and redwood house. A small steel manufacturing company with a war contract put Sam in charge of building a net across the piers of the Golden Gate Bridge to keep the Japanese Mosquito submarines from entering the harbor. Sam's only qualification for the job was that he could read a blueprint. Soon afterward, Uncle Sam sent "Greetings" (the missive asking a man to report for induction), and Sam was off to England,

first as a G.I. in ordnance handing out shoes, trucks, and other supplies, then as a correspondent with the Public Relations Office of the Strategic Air Force—Magazine Section.

The purpose of this group was to give to the towns back home news of their warriors in the European theater—good news if possible—to build up morale, sell bonds, and encourage the folks to accept rationing of gasoline, clothes, shoes, sugar, meat, cheese, beer, and fat, including butter and margarine. Uniforms were popular and a healthy-looking male in civvies walked the streets in peril of having his manhood questioned—rudely.

It was a time when more of our people knew why they were here than probably any other time in our history. The destruction of our fleet at Pearl Harbor with the attendant killing of sailors (the Battleship Arizona still lies in the bottom of the harbor with its fifteen hundred men entombed there) engendered such a sense of violation that no sacrifice was too much to revenge this outrage.

Sam's first assignment with the PRO to further the war effort was to write, with co-author Eric Friedheim, a book about the American fighter-plane pilots, those men whose job it was to destroy the German Luftwaffe and to escort the Allied bombers on their deadly missions over Germany. The book, *Fighters Up*, was published in England in 1944 where it became a best seller. Next he wrote the annual *Report of the Commanding General of the U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe to the Secretary of War*. He never saw the general, who was at that time back in the Pentagon, but the General was so pleased with the quality of the report that he recommended Sam for the Medal of Honor.

About this time, to make it easier for Sam to interview officers in their mess and clubs (off-limits to GI's), he got a field commission, adding another gold bar to his shoulder. Next he wangled a trip to New York to talk to editors about projected articles and stories. He sat down in a restaurant, his coat loaded with insignia and medals including the Bronze Star, Medal of Honor, and especially the one saying this guy has served overseas. The waitress came up immediately, set down a plate of bread and said, out of the corner of her mouth, "Butter under the slice."

She wasn't the only one who looked after him. During his two years in London, while the flying buzz bombs fell every night, Sam remained reasonably serene, though houses fell around him and the window of his room was blown out twice. (He also escaped from a bomber when it crashed and burst into flames.) A fey charlady, taking a moment from her dusting to observe him with some interest, had this to say: "Yank, I see you are protected. You have a bright aura. Besides there are two guardians standing behind you." Not to be irrev-

erent, but could these be the father and the son—President John Taylor and Apostle John W. Taylor, who wanted their stories told?

While he was a corporal in Ordnance, Sam got $50 a month to send home and something less to keep. He was not gifted with the divine fire for nothing and spent his spare time playing winning poker (the two guardians behind him?) and writing stories to sell. *Liberty* published his endearing series, "Letters to the President," in which a small town newspaper editor advised the president how to win the war. Sam wrote under difficult conditions. He started one story on a "casual" typewriter, which cost a dime for thirty minutes, while a line of men waited to use the machine, then ran out of dimes and no one would sell him one even for a dollar. He moved to his bunk and continued to write with a pencil. At lights out he again moved to the only room with a light on all night and finished the story—"Wing Man," published in *Liberty* 21 October 1944.

Sam was mustered out in the fall of 1945, and the Disney folks were waiting at the airport to say Walt had a job for him. Sam wrote a screenplay, using two of the "Letters to the President" stories, one about magic rubber and the other about a flying Ford. These were filmed years later as "The Absent-Minded Professor" and "Flubber."

Television killed off most of the magazines that had devoured all those great stories but not before *Colliers* serialized Sam's humorous Mormon story, "The Mysterious Way," later published as *Heaven Knows Why* (1948). And not before *Liberty* serialized, from February to July 1948, "The Man with My Face," which with Sam's collaboration was made into a movie and has gone through several editions.

Deprived of the markets for his short stories, Sam turned to articles and books, many concerning Utah and Mormonism. *Holliday* published "In Our Lovely Deseret" (Sept. 1948), "Utah" (Aug. 1953), and "My Mormon Family" (March 1959). (The State Department requested permission to send this article worldwide as Americana.)

"Time and the Dream Mine" appeared in *Esquire* (May 1944) and "What Moronism Isn't" in *American Weekly* (April 1955). *Family Kingdom* (1951—still in print) chronicled the story of Sam's father, Apostle John W. Taylor, his six wives, and thirty-six children, and his excommunication for marrying the last wife after the Manifesto of 1890. (In 1965 pleas from Sam and his brother Raymond brought David O. McKay to remark to his counselor, Joseph Fielding Smith, "John was a good man. I suggest we reinstate him in his priesthood and office.")

Sam continued to publish a variety of newspaper and magazine articles as well as more on Mormon themes: in 1953 *True* published "I Have Six Wives," the story of a modern polygamist, which was expanded into a book in 1956. The protagonist, identified in the arti-

cle by a pseudonym, can now be identified as Rulon Allred, the fundamentalist leader who was shot and killed in 1979.

Sam's "Impossible Journey" story of the Hole-in-the-Rock experience was published by *True West* (June 1960). *Nightfall at Nauvoo* (1971) is Sam's story of a village founded on a swamp, which boomed into the largest city in Illinois before being deserted by the Saints as they made the trek to the Salt Lake Valley. *Rocky Mountain Empire* (1978) brings us up to that date.

With the publications of these books, the character of our visitors changed. Inquiring Mormons descended upon us, much to our edification, amazement, and delight. Mind you, they knew from whence they came, why they were here, and where they were going; but they needed to find out if Sam had indications of a more direct route. We met the literary types who liked to discuss history and changes in history. Then there were the troubled Mormons, the ex-Mormons, the ex-Mormons for Jesus, the closet doubters, the out-of-the-closet doubters, the "how can you stay a faithful member and know what you know?" inquirers, the returned missionaries who have just learned there have been almost four thousand changes in the Book of Mormon, as well as students worried about evolution or the Equal Rights Amendment.

One delightful young couple (he was a returned missionary) came in to say they were leaving the Church because they just couldn't deal with all the discrepancies they found in it. Sam tried to persuade them to stick around, since after all, Joseph Smith himself said he sometimes spoke as a man. Notwithstanding, leave they did. However, they kept dropping in for more talks and finally invited us to their rebaptism party. They had found their habits, friends, and social life were all Mormon, so they might as well be too. Then there was the professional man, a contributor to DIALOGUE and *Sunstone*, who though immersed in Church history and doctrine, had no true belief in the soul's immortality until his son was miraculously healed. Now he knows.

A young Silicon Valley scientist who had spent two years researching the innovations made in the garments came around to ask, "If the Lord meant the garments to be a certain style, did we have a right to change them?" Sam pointed out that as far as he had been able to determine, the garments were initially robes worn by the men during priesthood meetings. Someone decided that it would be better to have those protective and identifying insignia on the undergarments where they could be worn at all times. The date of this change is lost in the mists of time, but Joseph, Hyrum, Willard Richards, and John Taylor did not have garments on in Carthage Jail. I told him my grandmothers and other pioneer women made garments from flour sacks, carefully embroidering the marks in.

I was fifteen when it was announced in sacrament meeting that the sleeves and legs of garments would be shortened. A little lady with a lot of young stair-step children stood up and wept, calling on the faithful not to use the scissors. A few years later, in a true Edgar Lee Masters' ending, her husband hanged himself in the barn, whether to stop the little stair-steps or because of frustration over the little woman's ideas of how to get to heaven, who knows?

Another striver for salvation was the old musician who repaired clocks and violins. He was detoured from the path to heaven because he taught reincarnation in Sunday School. Since we believe in eternal progression, the idea seemed perfectly sensible to him. After some years of spirited dialogue, he was ready to die and asked Sam if he ought to be rebaptized. Sam sent the bishop to the hospital, and the musician died baptized and happy.

One zealous type claimed to be already slotted into the celestial kingdom because he was perfect in every way—tithes, offerings, Word of Wisdom, temple, genealogy. He didn't mention the need for wonder, delight, joy in our heavenly parents, or humility. Confucius says tolerance is the greatest virtue. Humility comes next. And he who lays up his alms in public lays up no treasures in heaven; he has his reward on earth.

Then there was the bishop's wife who also served as Young Women's president, organist, and Primary teacher. To my inquiry she responded, "You don't think I would do all this if I were not expecting to make the celestial kingdom, do you?" Was it Dostoevsky who said, "There is no virtue in making the right choice, if you know for certain it is the right one"?

Jeri, a long-time resident of Palo Alto, was, to use her term, a "gung ho" Mormon until along in her fifties she read *Thinking and Destiny*, a book by Harold W. Percival touting reincarnation, in print continually since 1946. Once Jeri was converted to this way of thinking, she could not go to church anymore without feeling like a hypocrite, but her life still revolved around it: weddings, funerals, regular Sunday dinner with the family of her bishop's counselor. If her Relief Society visiting teachers did not show up as they should, Jeri was on the phone to complain. She lived the Word of Wisdom right down the line. She delighted in Sam's books and loved to stop by to talk fast and furiously about anyone or anything new—Sonja Johnson, Orson Scott Card, or the Singers. She died not too long ago, it is my opinion of overexuberance, but I am sure she is in a good place.

That delightful and clear-thinking man, Tom Ferguson, came to visit a few times. At first he was still excited about his book, *One Fold and One Shepherd*; later he was upset about the papyri and waiting

anxiously for the report from defender-of-the-faith, Hugh Nibley. Finally, he came in totally disillusioned, he and Sam agreeing that Nibley's long report was "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." However, he said he would remain faithful to what he considered to be a fine organization.

Another group of visitors knew that being polygamists was the only way to qualify for the celestial kingdom. I am married to arguably the world's foremost authority on Mormon polygamy—he grew up in it and has kept in touch—but I am not converted. I am convinced that the most outrageous idea ever thought up is that polygamy is the only road to the highest glory—unless you consider its outrageous opposite, lifelong celibacy. According to the the highest authority, there are only two great commandments: love God and love your neighbor as yourself. Your marrying habits are not mentioned.

But my opinions didn't stop polygamists of all shapes and sizes from coming to our door, some of them what I call pitiful cases. A high school girl living as a mother's helper in a bishop's family in a nearby town came to us on a bus wondering if it would be all right to follow his suggestion and marry him as a second wife. We told her the guy should be hung up by his thumbs for approaching her with such a notion and advised her to find another place to live.

Two young women visited us. One, married with two children, wanted her husband to marry her friend. Sam told them no and, whatever influence his veto might have had, the friend moved away and is excelling in her profession, unmarried.

Of course there are non-pitiful cases too. One evening at eight o'clock five young-to-middle-aged men, sleeping bags in tow, came in out of a driving rainstorm, full of excitement. They, polygamists all, had been to Mexico looking for the tribe of Lamanites who were allegedly preparing the stones to build the temple at Independence, Missouri. They had also visited true believers in Los Angeles and Arizona and were bursting with questions and gossip. We got out homemade bread, cheese, nuts, dried figs, apricots, apples and cookies, herb tea, and milk. They ate everything in sight and never stopped talking. One asked if he could use the telephone and explained, as I took him to the phone in another room, that he wanted to make an appointment for the next day to meet his newest father-in-law, number four. It suddenly occurred to me that if a man could get along with four mothers-in-law, he might be earning his Brownie points just as surely as someone who lashes his back and lives on acorns.

One man called one evening from San Francisco, about thirty miles up the Peninsula. On his way to St. George from Canada, he wanted to drop in for a visit. I invited him to breakfast the next morn-

ing. "All right," he said, "but I'll have ten children with me." We had learned that polygamists are insulted if you ask how many wives they have, but we assumed there might be at least two mothers, which turned out to be the case. After his call I made five loaves of bread and mobilized my daughter from next door to supplement my melons, milk, cheese, eggs, and jam. A truck arrived the next morning pulling a camper about the size of a two-bedroom house. Children ages four to fourteen and two mothers (one with a babe in arms) piled out, looking like a scene from a movie. The seven boys, dressed in emaculate Alice blue stretch suits with white stripes running up the legs, the two girls in white shorts and curls, lined up, shook hands, and gave names and ages as they came in. We spread breakfast for the kids on the back porch, and they ate and played on the lawn and swing set for the next three hours while their father and Sam ate breakfast and took pictures. The two women were friends, co-partners with their husband in a family-run, prosperous enterprise.

The idea of polygamy can take other interesting twists. Early in her young womanhood, a Los Angeles friend, descendent of pioneers, fell in love with a married man. He reciprocated her love but had a temple marriage and fine children. Neither of them wanted to disturb the family unit so, with the wife's consent, they agreed to an after-death sealing to each other. He died first, she was sealed to him, and now she too is in a position to know if all that was necessary for a seat on the first row.

Scientists say we are here because the earth evolved in such a way as to create the elements—carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus—needed by our type of life. When they are asked how they know these life elements were present, they say, "Because we are here!"

On 17 October 1989, I was lying under a table where I had dived at the first loud boom of our Loma Prieta earthquake. As the floor heaved up and down and sideways for thirty seconds, I had time to meditate on how the earth had survived through onslaughts of ice sheets, volcanoes, hurricanes, droughts, and floods. I had the impression, when the quaking stopped, that Mother Earth was feeling great, just like we would after a satisfying burp following Sunday dinner. Loma Prieta, a relatively minor effort on nature's part, still managed to tear down an elevated highway, crack hills into six-foot crevices, damage or destroy hundreds of homes over a hundred mile area, and splash the water out of a thousand swimming pools. I wondered if humans could do as much one way or another to harm or help this entity, this biosphere.

A group Sam and I have been involved with during the last decade, the New Agers, seems to think we can. Raised since childhood with

pictures of our beautiful blue planet taken from space, they believe that they are here to keep the planet healthy. Though they have a keen sense of their own divinity, they are not here to earn a particular place in heaven, but rather to make this earth a heaven. Could this be the Millennium sneaking in?

A college student in Salt Lake City wrote his grandmother: "My part-time job is becoming monotonous. I've sold so damn many magazines I'm starting to have nightmares of trees seeking revenge. Instead of this I've found a job raising funds for environmental groups. It pays a little less, but what the heck, I'll save my sanity."

In Iowa a transcendental meditator and his wife and family focus their energies and meditate for peace. Looking at the recent encouraging events in Eastern Europe, they say modestly, "If no one else wants to take the credit for this, we meditators will." This family is also restoring a hundred acres of prairie land to the grassy state it was in before the time of the plow, before the dust bowl.

We humans are puny movers and shakers compared to Mother Earth. However, the English scientist James Lovelock perceives our biosphere as a self-regulating entity with the capacity to keep itself healthy by controlling its chemical and physical environment. It will survive no matter what, he insists, and we, indeed all living things, are important to its survival.

A few years ago, my fifteen-year-old nephew lived with us and went to high school in the spare time he snatched from inventing things that blew up, flew, or slid up hills. He made a Rube Goldberg sort of device that covered half of a picnic table. A marble slid down a slot and sprang a lever that shot it up to a platform, where it raced around and down an incline and after a welter of such maneuvers dropped into a cup. Sam asked, "What is it?" Damon said, "I don't know." Sam said, "Put a cracker in the cup and call it a cracker cracker."

Maybe we are here to go through all the ineffable ups and downs and sideways of life, the roadshows, the polygamy, the recycling, the shouts and hurrahs, and in the end smash a cracker. Which may be enough.

Sisters

Jerrilyn Black

My sister and I had no whispered secrets
between us, shared no hollyhock days.

For us the center of the double bed
was a solid yellow stripe.
Sagging springs might have invited
cozy curl-ups, hugging warmth
from one another on white-cold nights.
I possessed one slat side next to wall,
mattress edge ridged like a misplaced spine
where I often clung to keep from rolling.
She was pink. I was brown. She danced
as fairy princess with a magic wand;
ruffles of blue tissue fluffed the skirt.
She never let me wear the shining dress,
cut it to pieces, then threw it away.

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She appropriated the open part of the closet,
the best drawers, mirror and dressing table.
I, two years younger, like a visitor, watched
her pluck her brows, paint her nails, brush
her natural-wavy hair. She appropriated
my boyfriends too, knew pink tricks
of phrase and how to flirt like tinsel.
Then she shrugged them back to me, like treats
she sometimes gave me, her tooth marks
marring the edges.

Years later I discovered
what she had really wanted—
my easily tanned skin,
my Joan Crawford arched eyebrows,
the way I could vanish into a book,
and my eyes that crinkle when I smile.

Rhythms

Marni Asplund Campbell

MY FATHER'S HEART IS STRONG AND SCARRED, bound in spots by thread, a delicate patchwork of veiny fabrics. I imagine, when I talk to him on the telephone, his physical presence. I can hear his breathing in the brief pauses before he answers a question—a necessary affectation, no doubt, after years of playing the law professor, gently withholding wisdom like a tweed-coated Socrates. He always signals the end of the conversation with a heartier tone, "Well, we love you, Marni," and it is at this moment when I think I can hear his heartbeat—slow, deliberate, like his golf game or the way he plays "Laura" on the piano. It was my lullaby, as he nursed me through cold Edmonton nights, his first pink daughter—a rhythm of protection, quiet reassurance.

During his ten years as bishop, his heart must have absorbed the shocks of a hundred lives worth of infidelity, drunken, angry hatred, and poisonous despair—absorbed them well on the outside, never showing the pain that threatened to burst its walls, like Milton's cannon, with the combined combustion of saltpeter and sorrow. A father for twice as long, it must have torn and bled with each scrape and sin. He taught me once how to skip, step-hop, step-hop, in front of our house. An uncommon moment for a man, tall legs moving to a child's double rhythms. But I tripped when I tried and fell on my nose, making it bleed. He carried me to the bathroom and cried, just a few small tears that got lost in my hair. I was secretly thrilled with the glamor of the injury and impressed by his emotion.

His father's heart was no less strong but grew fat on Alberta beef and fried bread. It sent him signals, tiny bursts of hot semaphore—

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stop, slow down—but they were silenced by ignorance and a glass of bicarbonate of soda. A heart as wide as the prairies, but still one day in the church cloakroom by the chapel, it stopped. Just stopped. In a glorious seizure it ceased and settled, my grandfather falling to the floor next to the dripping winter boots. Dad, still in college, bore the loss. But his heart also bore the hereditary weaknesses—the too-tender empathy that made it shudder at pain and ugliness, the fierce integrity that made it tremble at avarice, that luscious longing for meat and gravy. At the end of his meal, Dad would go to the cupboard for a piece of soft white bread and slowly sop up the last of his gravy, winking at his pleasure. And that germ of weakness that pulsed through his veins spoke to him one day. Stop. Slow down. He called the ambulance himself and waited for it in front of his office.

I told my little sister when she came home from kindergarten, "Emily, Dad had a heart attack today." I don't remember how I knew. Was there a note on the fridge, by the picture of Mark in Brazil? Did Mom call? Emily sat on my lap and cried silently, like a woman.

Dad spent a month in the hospital, waiting for the slow revelations that could chart the waste of flesh, the hardenings and softenings of chambers and tissues. The worst test, said Dad, was the angiogram. You were conscious so that you could cough and make the muscle jump for a more lively picture, and it was more painful than the attack, like having fire shot into your veins. And there, in the basement of the Hotel Dieu hospital, lit up like a crazy neon roadmap, was the impasse, the heart-plug, the forty-five years worth of saturated fats and silent anxiety. It was a quadruple block and needed to be removed.

The night before his surgery, we all went to the hospital and sat in a room at the end of the cardiac wing. Beautiful—surrounded by windows, on the eleventh floor, where we could see miles of Lake Ontario, dull gray and silver. It must have been January, because it wasn't quite frozen. From that height, the waves looked like a relief map, the continent of Europe in motion. We sang some hymns—we'd never really done much with Family Home Evening, but this seemed an appropriate time to approximate the form—and each one of us said something about Dad. But the miracle came when he silenced us with his presence and told us simple stories about his love and gratitude for his children, his wife. We have no promise of a painless life, he said, or even the presence of beauty to temper the suffering. All we know is that it is good to love. Then we prayed, kneeling by the windows, and left. I slept with my mother that night. She couldn't stand to be alone with the extra pillows and the telephone.

that it is good to love. Then we prayed, kneeling by the windows, and left. I slept with my mother that night. She couldn't stand to be alone with the extra pillows and the telephone.

I also stayed with her during the surgery, when I wasn't in school—ten hours that I remember in small bursts. Friends brought sandwiches, jello, ice cream. Mom ate nothing. Another family was waiting for their father in surgery, and at midnight a nurse came to tell them that he had died. And I learned then that death was nothing, really nothing, and that was the awful, leering injustice of it. Just a word and an absence—he is no more. Mom and I cried like it was for us, and we were alone.

Another friend came—she took me to the cafeteria; mom was immovable as a sphinx, convinced that her vigilance would speed the miracle. When we came back, the nurse had been there. The doctor had asked if we wanted a priest—the operation done, Dad's heart, romantic little organ, insulted by the thoughtless vivisection of the scalpel, refused to beat again. I found a quarter, called my father's bishopric counselors. As moments crystallize into permanence, they acquire unnatural dimensions. This one seems to me now gigantic, the time drawing out like Einstein's light-speed clock, aging more agonizingly than the bean I planted in Primary. They came and washed and anointed their hands, then his head, surrounded by green nurses and the surgeons, with the ghastly chest exposed, ribcage casually set aside like kindling, the hiss and click of electronic life methodically controlling the circulation. His heart began to beat. I asked him later if he'd had a near death experience, and he said, "No, Marni, just a damned painful one."

I suppose a girl always harbors a peculiar love for her father, a subtle fascination with his tallness and inherent opposition to her substance, but this is not really going to be about Dad. For I learned, during the hours in the waiting room, when we sat holding hands just for warmth and the reassurance of vitality, during the weeks after, when she lost twenty pounds and let me drive the car, even though I was still fifteen, when she finally ate with me, a whole strawberry pie with cream between the two of us, that my mother was a woman, enigmatic. Not a monolith of power dictating piano practice and bathroom cleaning, but a wife and lover, who knew much more intimately than I the rhythm of my father's life, the rhythm of my own creation. Her frantic energy was an expedient counterpoint to his soft sureness, the two bound endlessly together by mysterious ties of blood and bone. And last week, as I lay on a paper-covered table in the Health Centre, I heard a new rhythm, an insistent swish swish twice

the speed of my own, transferred through jelly smeared on my stomach and a tiny microphone. It filled the room with a mystical presence, stronger than my own life, more lovely than my husband's eyes as he smiled.*

**My father, Tom Asplund, died of a heart attack in September 1990, seven months after I wrote this essay, four months after the heartbeat became my daughter. More than ever, this is dedicated to my mother who continues to bear, with unflagging patience and humor, the heat and labor of the day.*

Confessions of a Utah Gambler

Russell Burrows

THE OLD HOMETOWN, Ogden, Utah, has long been an overlooked sports town. That is, if you take the adjective *overlooked* in an underground or an underworld sense, and if you broaden "sporting men" to include gamblers. I don't like to brag about antecedents, but I hail from a town with this to boast: Ogden was not a Mormon town, but a railroad town, and so a hotbed of vice.

This made the town strange and suspect. The rest of the state has been described, with some accuracy, as a voting block of John Birchers, a backwash of religious oligarchy, and, most recently, in debt to the new physics, a black hole of conservatism. Yet from its founding, Ogden has been that place apart, a haven from the general tide of righteousness. If you think I claim rather too much for my home, consider that I once introduced myself as an Ogdenite to a professor of religion at Brigham Young University and was told without the least levity or irony that I had "escaped from Sodom and Gomorrah."

The good professor was entitled to his view, of course, which was not without foundation. Ogden came by its reputation honestly enough. Hell-on-wheels, as the railroad camps were called, closed ranks just north of Ogden, where Chinese and Irish crews helped drive the golden spike that joined the transcontinental rails. That put Ogden on the map and largely made its fortune. The town could claim the biggest railyard west of the Missouri up until about the Second World War. And with the railyard came the Union Pacific Depot, rising at the west end of Twenty-fifth Street, gateway to Utah's cathouses and casinos.

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Though I came along too late for the glory days of Twenty-fifth Street, I am heir to stories of grandfathers who, how shall I say, kept taps on the nightlife? Among my granddad's favorite stories was the one of the reforming sheriff of the thirties. This stalwart would raid the Rose Rooms, the Wilson Rooms, and the Wyoming Rooms. His deputies would climb rickety stairs and come stumbling down again from the darkness, carrying over their shoulders "painted tarts" and "soiled doves." The buildup of the story was always to the woman who, having screeched and kicked a tremendous kick, spilled herself backwards over the deputy. He somehow managed to lose his grip on her, though not on her fur coat, so that she landed on the sidewalk—wearing nothing at all. Granddad, may his soul rest in peace, finally felt rewarded for all the time he had spent hanging around Twenty-fifth Street. He had seen how "the other half lives" and could go home to Grandmother and tend the home fires.

For all of that, my grandfather was not exactly Ogden's bumpkin. He possessed a sort of sophistication, not unlike the French, when they arrange for their sons to be with a woman for the first time. I hazard this assessment because Granddad once sent Dad, when he was an impressionable fifteen-year old, right into a nest of harlots. This took place shortly after Granddad had started contracting and happened to have a job remodeling a building on Twenty-fifth Street. The work required that he measure the pitch of the roof. A ladder would have been the most direct way of going about the job. But there was also a third-story window of the Wilson Rooms overlooking the same roof. Deciding which route must have taken hardly a moment.

My grandfather sent my father into the brothel, shielded only with a ruler, a spirit level, and sketchy instructions about climbing through a window. (Such family humor has on occasion rained down on me.) At the top of some stairs, Dad knocked on a door. A panel slid open to reveal a probing green eye. A woman's voice said, "We're not open yet, kid. Besides, you're too young." My dad summoned his courage and rapped again. After he found a voice and got through the door, he edged his way past women draped in feathers and fur. I am willing to bet that he tried to avert his eyes. I am just as confident that he took in every detail of that room. It couldn't have been lost on him that the women were in nightgowns. Nor that they were painted. Nor that they were on an unmade bed, playing cards. Distractions aplenty, the wonder is that he came back with that measurement as quickly as he did. And yet he didn't need much longer to figure out that he had gone about his errand circuitously, following a demonstrably longer path, but one many times more scenic and instructive.

Would that I had been there. This is a fantasy of mine, to myself climb a flight of stairs to a pleasure dome of old Ogden. Unlike dear old Dad, however, I am older when I set out on my adventures and do not fear talking to the ladies. Indeed, I have discovered during these reveries that I am something of a lady killer. Who would have thought it? Me—a *gentleman*? A creature of the night? Streetwise? I suddenly know not only what I want, but how to get it.

If I daydream at any length, I am sure to dwell on a woman who can be described, in a word, as extraordinary. She strongly resembles Miss Kitty of *Gunsmoke*, though she is not Miss Kitty, but a creation all of my own. She is, of course, gorgeous; her eyes fairly sparkle; her figure is full. Her laugh is wonderfully wry. Best of all, she is not the least maternal or dour, as can be Miss Kitty. (Matt Dillon, eat your heart out.) Far from it, this woman of mine has the most engaging manner of tilting her head toward mine and putting a small, gloved hand through my arm. We enjoy walking east from Ogden's Union Station under skies that glow purple over the mountains. Stopping for an apéritif in the Broom Hotel (the last word in elegance, though, sadly, no longer a city landmark), I encourage her to tell me more of the river-boat and cowboy gamblers she has known. In exchange, I tempt her with lies of what wicked lovers young Mormons make. We have, I point out, a legacy to live up to: our elders were not only concupiscent, but polygamists, to boot.

The mood thus set, I assume my fullness as a legend. I am a gambler of the Old West. I appear in Ogden's casinos dressed all in black: high-heeled boots, broadcloth suit, and broad-brimmed hat. My shirt is snowy white and ruffled. My vest, garish and flowered. For buttons, I sport gold studs. My "headlight," naturally, is the requisite diamond stickpin. This sartorial splendor I compliment with polished manners, acquired, you understand, from former days on the riverboats. Need I go on about myself? Modesty dictates no, except to add that when I turn a card, it snaps.

What a dream! What smoke! Please don't misunderstand—in life I am no such gambler, but, at best, a piker, a tinhorn. I am merely fascinated with fortune's wheel. Oh, I will make a modest little wager from time to time. But the Ogden in which I grew up afforded little of what is elsewhere termed *action*. By the time I arrived on the scene, Mormonism had idly exercised its influence over Ogden's suburbs. Our railroad heritage with all its color was no more. The neighborhoods were spic and span. It was all very dull and frustrating, take my word on this. When I have wanted to gamble, I have had to do so without the advantage of practice and have gambled poorly.

Still, let me say in my favor, I have never been so naive as to ask, "Why do men gamble?" I believe I know that one, thank you. What I am after is more basic: schooling in toting up odds and point spreads. I need to be rehearsed in what gamblers say to one another. In short, I need to start over and get what I missed as a kid, for poker chips have hardly been more than toys that, once upon a time, I would stack, one-, two-, three-hundred high. Simply shuffling a deck of cards ought not be as daunting as juggling in the circus. Why, it occurs to me that a great holiday gift—hint, hint—would be a book on blackjack or craps. No, I am serious about this. If gambling is, as the philosopher says, figurative of life itself, with odds seven to six against us (am I too optimistic?), then I must confess—I know little of life. There weren't that many gamerooms where I could have heard "deuces and jacks wild."

Am I a chump? (Hard question to ask of oneself.) I have tried to make the most of my chances. In high school, I was an aspiring and diligent gambler. We would gather at the home of my best friend, Bruce Peterson, where we experimented frankly with the Devil's playthings. Mrs. Peterson, alone among our mothers, didn't enforce the neighborhood's prohibition against seven-card stud.

Why, you ask? I have pondered this myself and have a theory: her tolerance was born of finding herself again single in a neighborhood that hadn't the slightest idea what to do with single adults. She was set adrift on the seas of life without benefit of priesthood. In short, she had to make her own way, on her own terms, and she did all right. A lesser woman might have gone down for the count, but Mrs. Peterson was one to rally. We saw this one night when she returned from a square dance, a bit tipsy, we thought, and with a new boyfriend in tow, a man with bowed legs and a pot belly, who urged us to call him "Pink."

Around Mrs. Peterson's kitchen table, we could banter back and forth, "My pair of Queens sees your nickel, Robert, and bump you a quarter." Oh, I admit that there was something pitiful about the Mason jars in which we kept our "bank rolls." But back then, we had an unstated agreement that pennies were too small for such as ourselves, while bills were still too rich. We wanted straightforward action, not great risk, nor the trouble that comes with great loss. We had ideas back then of remaining forever, in the corny phrase, poker buddies.

Now, I am certain that many of you are rising up to declare in a moral tone that we were not cementing friendships so much as falling into the bad habit of wagering our scant earnings from sweeping floors, sacking groceries, and pumping gas. There would be some truth in

that charge. Gambling does bring some to ruin, though I still say that Ogden's neighborhoods didn't furnish many compelling examples.

If all this sounds a little repressed, it's just because it is. A lively conception of sin went with the territory. And no sin, so far as I have seen, quite keeps up with gambling's propensity for breaking out at unexpected times and places. Sex and drunkenness, to name two other favorite pitfalls, are pretty much what they always have been, clear back, in fact, to Sodom and Gomorrah. But gambling has its inventive and dynamic dimension. Who, after all, has mastered all the games, which is also to ask, who has ever gone down all the paths of running amuck?

This hits me hard each time I recall the misadventures of an acquaintance, whose name I shall withhold. He was entrusted with money belonging to the Church when he happened on a little game. He paused and, yes, you guessed it—shot the wad. It's basic in Mormonism that there are only two ways of getting oneself thrown out of the Church. One is having indiscriminate sex. The other is making off with Church money. For all the Saints who have gotten themselves cut off for sins of the flesh, about an equal number have been thrown out for, might we say, sins of finance? Unfortunately, my acquaintance could not pay back the money. Fortunately, he knew a loan shark on, as it happened, Twenty-fifth Street. He showed up smiling on the next Sunday morning in the office of the bishop with the money in hand. The ward clerk, no wiser for what had gone on downtown, asked no questions. Although I believe I did hear of the shark having to flex some muscle to encourage my acquaintance finally to pay up.

Why did he gamble with Church money? Considering where he worked, he could not have avoided a game. He was an employee of the Union Pacific Railroad, an enclave that to this day tries to carry forth the spirit of old Ogden. He must have come from the railyard one afternoon feeling frisky. He was capable of that. A voice in him would have said, "Ah, what the hell." He laid the money on the line, and its loss nearly landed him in hell. I have always imagined that he did this some time mid-week, so he would have had a few days at least before Sunday to reflect on the enormity of his mistake. For my part, I have always been glad that I got the story after the fact and did not have occasion to blunder into a perfunctory: "How have things been going?"

This acquaintance eventually stopped attending church altogether, whether because of further gambling difficulties or a more general crisis of faith, I can't say. I followed him up until he entered a different sort of gamble: he married a very pretty and much younger woman. When he at last fell entirely out of sight, he had begun vacationing in Nevada's casinos. In this, he confirmed a theory of a former professor

of mine, Levi Peterson, who maintains that wide-open Nevada serves as a safety valve for Utah. Whenever we in Utah can't stand it any longer, well, there is Nevada just next door, where, in Levi's words, we can treat ourselves to "a moral holiday."

Quite a concept, isn't it? It expresses perfectly what many do yet are quite unaware of. It also clarifies a larger question: why are we astonished at one who bets a lousy hundred bucks of Church money in a poker game and yet wonder so very little at others who wager their days and talents and, yes, their money, serving that same Church for the big payoff—heaven?

My own views of gambling—and I speak now as one who lacks both the impetuosity to wager Church money and the faith to work for rewards in the hereafter—come from that contracting business my grandfather started. We have kept it in the family all these years, even though we often wonder whether we work it or if it works us. Mainly, it has gotten us by, though my father actually made the business thrive sporadically through the seventies. Whatever his fortunes, however, he genuinely loved running his own show; he felt himself captain of his fate, and so, more than many men, was happy.

Much the same can be said of the other men of the solidly middle-class neighborhood of my youth. Nearby lived a school teacher, a janitor, an accountant, a cabinetmaker, a machinist, and a plumber. All worked hard for their money. The only gambling they allowed themselves (besides hoarding up rewards in heaven) were baseball and basketball pools. And at that, their wagers were always for small—I mean very small—stakes. To fix the relative size of one of their pots, the winnings would barely have afforded them one of those $59.95 Weekend Fun Packages in Wendover or Elko. And that, only if they would have wanted more gambling. Which they wouldn't have. Enough would have been enough. The fun would have been over until next season's play-offs. They would have pocketed the money and gone home, for they were family men, whose joy was to treat the kids to ice cream.

Little wonder that I came out such a cautious fellow. For all of gambling's insistence on *action*, I have guts only for games that are excruciatingly safe and slow. On fishing trips, we have along a deck of cards to play while tent-bound during rain. That is boredom stacked alongside boredom. The stakes rise no higher than steak dinners to be settled up on the road for home.

I mention this gambling because I realize that most of my games haven't been for money, but for one or another kind of favor. I am a great one, for instance, to flip for cokes. I was also a very avid gambler when it came to a former girlfriend. She loved to bet. I loved that she loved to bet. For we would settle scores between us with little inter-

ludes of intimacy. (Would it help my case to observe that it was her idea as often as it was mine?) Oh well, no matter now—the point is that for once, if never again, I couldn't lose. There was no way to lose. The gentle blurring of winner and loser will perhaps prove to be the most rewarding gambling I will ever know.

What a difference between those light-hearted games and the grim contests where cash has been on the line. When some high roller has joined the game, it has been to teach me that my nerve doesn't extend very far. In gambling, as in life, I have wanted to see the future before committing myself. I have wanted to know the odds and, still when in my favor, I have found them small comfort against a run of bad luck.

That is why my college days have begun to loom as such opportunity lost. There was a constant game at the fraternity house. (Painful now to admit I ever belonged.) The boys had their own crap table, which, according to lore, had come from a Nevada casino. The table was the centerpiece of the annual Casino Royal Party and lent a certain authenticity to what was otherwise an embarrassingly jejune gathering. Indeed, that table was a little too authentic in the sheriff's opinion. A few of the boys (myself included) got to think that over when we were slapped with a court appearance.

I hope a sense of irony is coming across in that charge laid against me. I did not know the first thing about shooting craps and had never worked up the nerve to ask. I had stood by at the party but was nonetheless named in the county's suit. While dressing in my own Sunday-go-to-meeting suit for my trip downtown, I railed against the unfairness of it all. Wasn't I the boy too bashful to court dame fortune? I could neither walk her home nor hold her hand, but there I was—hauled up before an amused judge.

In the end, Ogden did right by me. I now abide the law more or less, while still keeping an interest in gambling, or at least in its metaphysics. I will never be another Cincinnati Kid. Never will hit it big; nor slide over the brink of ruin. I stand safely on middle ground. Oh, I gamble—but not so intent on sudden, fabulous riches, as on improving the general tenor of my life. I never supposed that I would live as deliberately as I do now. Political gambits, puny as can be at a Wyoming college, are the gravest risks I run. I look for gambling to break up the unrelieved quietude. Moreover, I look for it to prepare me for the unfathomable loss that may yet lie ahead. If gambling helps to put a brave face on loss, can it be all bad?

Brooding thus, I found myself last week in Wendover and decided to get back in the *action*. In the surreal casino, I faced a line of slots. So, okay, they don't afford the briskest action. But I felt up to them. I got coins, good Nevada silver, dug no doubt right there in the Silver

State. I kissed an orb goodby. Then a second. And a third. You know the pattern. Nothing much happened. Then, delightfully, the machine spit back a coin or two. I got a few bucks ahead; I fell a little down. But it didn't matter, I was back at it—Lady Luck, oh, be mine.

The lady who did visit me was sweet and withered and doddering. She had come across the desert on a bus from the Senior Citizens Center. She stepped up to my machine (I was away but a moment), slipped in two coins, and—wham!—jackpot. She had watched me load the machine and figured—rightly—it was ready to spill itself. Away she tottered with money that should have been mine. She looked like some Cassandra of a Wendover casino. And yet when she vanished, I knew her for herself: my guardian angel. Despite myself, Ogden and heaven watch over me yet.

Science: "Forever Tentative"?

Erich Robert Paul

ALTHOUGH THE EXCHANGE IN DIALOGUE (Winter 1989) between Charles Boyd and David Bailey concerning the epistemological status of contemporary science was interesting and informative, in the final analysis it was lacking.

To begin, Boyd himself falls into the trap that he has accused Bailey of stumbling into: assigning *facts* a higher epistemological status than *theories* (p. 143). Here it is actually Boyd who misunderstands the distinction between scientific *facts* and scientific *theories*. Except for the most obvious "facts" (such as "I exist!"), theories as *explanations* allow us to sift through and identify the facts. That is, without theories it is not possible to isolate the relevant "facts" from the maze of data in our conceptual environment. All *interpretive* endeavors, such as anthropology and history, encounter this same situation.

Bailey suggests that "it is high time for the LDS intellectual community to consider the theological and philosophical implications of recent scientific discoveries" (p. 155). This assertion implies that science is fundamentally in the process of making true claims—true, that is, with a capital T. This position is theologically reinforced by such oft-spoken LDS views as "the glory of God is intelligence," "knowledge and intelligence gained in this life will be to one's advantage in the next," and "God's 'science' is only more refined or advanced than ours." These views lead many Latter-day Saints to adopt a "realist" position, a belief that science (among other pursuits) can actually tell us what *reality* is. Here, if push comes to shove and if he is not very careful himself, however, Bailey's training may mitigate against the task he assigns himself. That is, Bailey the scientist will compel Bailey the Latter-day Saint to adopt the view that *science* actually reveals the very

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ground of *reality*. And Boyd's basic claim, that science must always remain "forever tentative," becomes profoundly relevant.

Still, there is a middle position somewhere between the Boyds and the Baileys. Scientific claims, however tentative initially, range from hunches to hypotheses, from empirical laws to theories and to "laws" of nature. While this "ordering" might seem to indicate that these various levels of claims range along a continuum, this is not the case. For example, empirical laws are regularities that appear in (empirically obtained) data, such as Kepler's three laws of planetary motion or Mendel's laws of inheritance. Laws of nature are intellectual constructs describing the way nature ought to operate. The principle of inertia, described by Galileo and Descartes, or the first law of thermodynamics, explained in Mayer's and Helmholtz's conservation of energy law, belong to this category.

In order to assert the truthfulness of any scientific claim, however, one must look to the idea of a theory. Suppose that a particular scientific claim has achieved the status of theory. This means that (1) there is substantial empirical, experimental, and/or mathematical support (evidence) for the theory; (2) there are no serious anomalies remaining that the theory cannot explain; and (3) the scientific community at large has achieved consensus on this theory. It also means that (4) the theory is part of a much larger conceptual structure and fits coherently into that larger frame. Thus, for example, the theory for hominid evolution is part of the much larger theory of evolution. Thomas S. Kuhn calls these larger superstructures "paradigms" (Kuhn 1970); a less ambiguous phrase is Larry Laudan's idea of a "research tradition," which captures the reconstruction of the historical past far better than Kuhn's idea of "paradigm" (Laudan 1977, 1984).

Whether paradigm or research tradition, however, *all* superstructures also make fundamental methodological and ontological assumptions. For example, in the process of totally rejecting creationism, modern evolutionary theory assumes an ontological world that rejects the following: essentialism (the idea that a specie has ontological status), nominalism (that the specie idea has no status), anthropocentrism (that the world, at the *biological* level, is human-oriented), and creationism (that God created all species at the beginning without any possibility of phylogenetic change) (Mayr 1972; Jeffery 1973).

The point is that, by definition, for a theory to have any scientific status it must be subsumed in a research tradition, which is a "set of ontological and methodological do's and don'ts" (Laudan 1977, 80). The purpose of theories in research traditions then becomes to reduce the empirical problems to the ontological and methodological requirements of the research tradition. Consequently, science *never*, in some

ultimate sense, makes truth claims with a capital 'T'—rather, science is a *human* process that allows humans to build *conceptual* models.

There are some sciences, however, that tend to be more factually driven than theoretically based, such as portions of chemistry and some of the biological sciences. While in these sciences empirical relationships tend to dominate, the lack of understanding of the "facts" is freely admitted precisely because these sciences are still without a totally comprehensive theoretical foundation. Still, all the sciences, whether they possess a deep theoretical foundation or not, are engaged fundamentally in solving problems—empirical, conceptual, and methodological.

Although extremely complex, "science" is, above all, a *human* enterprise. The debate over whether scientific claims are, in the final analysis, ultimately Platonic (mathematical essentialism) or Kantian (mathematical modelism) strikes me as moot at best. Ultimately science resides in the human *mind.* To that degree, science is a construct, a description, an abstract conceptual model of—or about—reality. In short, we should never make the mistake of confusing science with reality. Science as science is *Not* reality! Nor, for that matter, is theology or religion reality. All of these *human* enterprises are just that: human. They are ways by which humans *organize* their understanding of reality; by themselves, they are not reality itself. They are what we might call "meta" structures. So, the question becomes, how closely do these meta-structures approximate reality? As far as I can tell, we can only ascertain the ontological status of a scientific or religious idea if that idea comes from God—directly by revelation. Unfortunately, human interpretation of a revelation comes only in *human* terms (language), removing the revelation one more step from the original theophany.

The school of thought called "convergent realism" argues that science is moving progressively closer to the "truth." Maybe so; but, then again, maybe not. The question is: How does one know for *certain,* for absolute certain, that we have arrived at the final, ultimate, honest-to-goodness truth? This view simply begs the initial question: Whereas "realism" drags us toward the truth, "convergence" provides no criteria of assessing the alleged truth claims.

This gets us back to Boyd. With the rise of modern science in the seventeenth century, numerous scientists and religionists attempted to predicate many, if not all, of their theological views on scientific findings or on science understood theologically. This view came to be known as "natural theology" (Paul 1986, 1979). The idea was that God could be perceived through both his written word (the scriptures) and his created works (the world). For example, because nineteenth-

century observers felt they could see order in the cosmos, and because they believed that God does nothing in vain, they then deduced that most stars must be surrounded by planets inhabited with sentient beings. This theory was known as the "plurality of worlds" idea or, in LDS parlance, "worlds without numbers." The fallacy in this thinking, of course, is that the claims of scientific theories are in a constant state of *change*. The metaphor I prefer is that scientific research is like nailing jello to the wall: as soon as your scientific theory is reasonably well confirmed, it begins to slide. History has repeatedly shown us that religionists (and scientists) who engage in natural theology end up throwing out their theology (and religion) because the changing claims of science leave their theology without foundation.

Consequently, although I mildly agree with Bailey that the LDS intellectual community should consider the philosophical (and theological?) implications of contemporary science, we must do so tentatively. To do otherwise would be to fall into the pit that natural theology has dug for itself.

Like most believing religionists, Latter-day Saint scientists are caught in an epistemological dilemma. On the one hand, their scientific training has convinced most of them that empirical and quantitative processes are valid. On the other hand, the Mormon religious tradition provides a powerful matrix of scriptural evidence, extensive personal religious experience, and a living prophet, all of which subsume extra-physical knowledge. In this larger religious context, throughout our history, Latter-day Saints have consistently claimed that traditional epistemological approaches to understanding reality are not fully adequate.

A consistent understanding of the distinction between scientific knowledge and (revealed) religious knowledge by many Mormon thinkers, such as Orson Pratt in the early years of the Church and Henry Eyring in more recent times, should compel Latter-day Saints to divest themselves of the obligations of a natural theology. Mormonism contains no compelling theological reason to engage in any form of natural theology. Properly conceived, science is not, and should never become, an intellectual partner of theology—including Mormon theology. Looking at the same concern from the religious side, genuine faith, an essential component of any theology, can *only* be sustained outside the dimensions of historical and scientific evidence.

To keep that faith, however, Latter-day Saints may need to relinquish their realist view of the world, their belief that a traditional empirical and scientific approach to understanding the universe is sufficient. By rejecting Isis, however, we should not be seduced by Osiris: we cannot assume that *no* scientific claims are valid or that all of science

is an ill-conceived enterprise. To adopt that philosophy is to assent to an irrationalism that allows any number of ad hoc claims because there is no criteria of assessment other than rank prejudice, fear of challenge, or dogmatic authority. Although a middle ground is less philosophically secure, it is nevertheless sustained by the history of science that provides incontrovertible evidence that science must be seen in tentative and approximate terms. In short, at its very core, science is not a body of answers; rather, it is a way of asking questions.

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Burn Ward

Ellen Kartchner

1.

Late at night, the kids in their rooms come
drifting towards me, thinking of home, perhaps,
wrestling a kiss fire of pain.
And the ward is yellow with breathing,
the bedsheets blue; fast, slow movements
taming the black to their faces.
What they don't know are which facts
open a window, who is to die,
which dying has nothing to do
with their bodies, their faces melting
into fact, the sense of trees.

2.

The people that walked in darkness
have seen a great light
which He saw first, being God,
on the metaphysic beaches of light,
and slept, and when He woke, walked again
in this light daily over Sienna, daily
above the white houses.
And they that lived in the shadow of death,
upon them hath the light burned.

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The hills of Sienna in
the light darkness of evening
a circle, in perpetua, were a good idea—
internal, clean, rising like a moon—
and what a good idea, coming
as it did when I wasn't alive,
nor yet dead, burning.

FICTION

Heart of the Fathers

Thomas F. Rogers

The Child is father to the Man
—Wordsworth

You wake before the alarm you'd set for 4:30. You dress, almost ritually, and decide to fast. Today of all days you must maintain the proper mood—and your self-control. Yes, think of it as a ritual, a necessary rite. Like giving an inert body back to the earth. It has to be done. Someone has to do it. . . . But this is harder. Corpses don't talk back. You must keep the correct distance. Before the curtain rises, each actor must know the proper lines and be in his designated place.

Just before 5:00 you wake Janet, then the old man. Julie can sleep till the last minute. Meanwhile you step onto the chill front porch. It's still pitch dark and already raining. You don't like driving in the rain.

It was dark and wet—a frozen winter evening—when he re-entered your life some forty years ago. Flinging the last newspaper at the last porch, you had headed home. What would it be like, you had wondered, sharing the same house with him after all these years? Inside the front door your mother, smiling too broadly, informed you that "Dad" was in her room upstairs, resting from his long bus ride but still not asleep. You could go up and say hello. Blanking your mind, you had dutifully plodded upstairs. There, under a quilt, was the man whose profile you only vaguely remembered.

"Hello, Dad!" you finally blurted.

The man slowly turned his head—"Mike?"—then roughly kissed you, his bristles scraping your still beardless cheeks.

"How are you, Dad?"

The man waved you back—"Get to bed now. We'll talk in the morning"—then turned toward the wall.

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You stood awhile before returning to the stairs. It wasn't like you'd expected, but you already sensed that here was a man who knew what he wanted—whatever that might be—and would from now on have his way with you. Would this be your only mode of conversation—just agreeing and taking orders? Who *you* really were, you sensed, would only gradually become clear as you got to know this man now lying on your mother's bed. For the moment the idea had struck you like one more death, your own, and your future responses, you sensed, would be an evasion. . . .

So now, just last week, you'd written the letter that set in motion all this morning's activities:

Barbara Cugno,
Admissions Director, V.A. Psychiatric Hospital
Fort Lyon, Colorado

Dear Ms. Cugno:

I'm writing you and your staff, pursuant to my discussion with you this morning on the telephone.

You indicated that—providing available bed space—my father might be eligible for renewed residence at your institution. As your records will show, my father is a veteran of World War I, drafted and serving stateside for six months before that war's close.

Shortly after his return to our community in the early thirties, my father met and married my mother. I was born a year later, their only child. Before I was two, my father's brothers-in-law—a doctor and an attorney—persuaded my mother to commit him to the state mental hospital in Provo. He was then transferred to your facility on a veteran's benefit and remained there for some seventeen years, after which he was finally declared productive and able to live again in normal society. He resumed full-time employment as a building maintenance worker until his retirement at age sixty-five. He is now eighty-eight years old.

My wife and I believe that the schizophrenic condition which necessitated his earlier period of residence at Fort Lyon has, in his declining years, sufficiently manifested itself again to require further hospitalization. He is presently a ward in our home.

My father's irritability, verbal abuse, and constant demands have at this point created an intolerable disruption in our home. Our children are harassed and despondent, and my wife—his principal caretaker—is so fatigued by his demands that her doctor advises we do anything to spare her. My wife has a severe skin rash from diapering and cleaning my father with wet washcloths, and frequently lifting him in and out of bed has given her such traumatic bursitis that her doctor tells us her blood pressure has already reached stroke level.

I enclose a certification from the rest home where my father recently stayed on a short-term Medicare benefit which attests to his present mental condition. We plead with you to expedite whatever procedures you can to allow my father's return—some fifty years after he was first admitted—to your facility. We make this request with a considerable sense of guilt but are prompted by sheer desperation. I am prepared to escort my father to Fort Lyon if so authorized.

Janet comes to the door. "What are you doing out there?"

"Waiting for Riley."

"You told him not to come before 5:30."

"I'm afraid he'll be late."

"He's never late when he comes home teaching."

"He might oversleep."

"He'll be here. And things are going well so far."

"Is Dad dressed yet?"

"He's in his gown. And he's eating a soft-boiled egg."

"In bed?"

"Of course. He soiled the mattress last night."

"Again?"

"It's all right. It's the last time."

"Do you think he knows?"

"I think it's just another day to him. He thought he was eating dinner and asked me when he could lie down again."

"Don't let him lie down. Let's get his pillow. I'll take it to the car. Is his suitcase in the hall?"

"Yes. It's all packed."

"Good. I'll take it out too. You'd better wake Julie."

"She's already up. She helped me change him."

"What a thing to put her through!"

"She doesn't mind. I needed help and knew he wouldn't let you."

"I guess we all know that! What time is it?"

"Not 5:30 yet."

"They said to be there by 6:00."

"They don't need a whole hour to put him on before the other passengers."

"Maybe they think he's violent, that he'll resist and cause trouble."

"He's too weak. But he'll make the trip just fine."

"I hope so. . . . Do I hear him calling?"

"Yes. I'll go check on him."

"Why doesn't he ever ring that bell I bought him? It must not register anger like his voice can."

"Guess not." She goes.

Suddenly you're blinded. A car's headlights. Riley pulls into the drive, brakes, then slams the door, and bounds up the porch steps.

"Shh . . . !"

"Sorry. . . . "

"Now remember, you're not a high school history teacher any more. For the next half hour you're *Doctor* Martin."

"Right. Boy, would my dad be proud of me right now."

"Be tough. Be professional."

Janet appears in the hall holding a wet washrag.

"Where are your rubber gloves?" you ask, worrying about her hands.

"He was covered with feces."

You nod to Riley: "I'll wait out here till you call me in."

Riley joins Janet in the old man's room. "I'm Doctor Martin," Riley assures him. "We're taking you to the hospital today. You need . . . to be hospitalized."

"Don't need no one's spit. Yours nor mine."

"You need to go to a *hos*pital."

"Says who?"

"Uh . . . *I* do!"

"Why're yuh shouting?"

"I thought you couldn't hear me."

"That would be fine with me, you fool. Fine and dandy."

An awkward pause. Janet pokes her head out the door and signals that they're ready to lift him.

You take a breath and follow. He's sitting now, his legs dangling over the edge of the bed. He doesn't seem to notice you.

Sure miss my dog, Podie. Never forget how he thought he was a bird an' used to lie in the coop with the chickens. How he'd stir up all that dust, raisin' his front paws an' flappin' em like they was wings. Used to have to keep him off their nests too. Wanted t' hatch a egg, if he could.

Finally you speak up: "Okay, Doctor. We'll do it like this: lock hands behind his back, then each take a leg."

At last you touch him. How long has it been? Together you start to lift, but your hands slip on the old man's satin robe. He slides to the edge, taking all his weight on the small of his back, his legs still dangling. "God damn it! What in the hell you trying to do?? Some doctor you are!!"

Went to a doc years back in Oklahoma. I'd skinned myself bad on some barbed wire. Give me a ulcer that wouldn't heal. The doc had this here root from China, ground up in sulphur molasses. Said it would cure me, an' it did. What I couldn't believe was all them bottles he had on his shelf. An' whadaya think they had in them? Gallstones, kidney stones . . . an' a lot o' babies that never got born. Lots of 'em. An' tapeworms too. Row after row. Line upon line of 'em. I never seen such long tapeworms. All come out with that medicine. All them folks cured by the same remedy—Chinese root in sulphur molasses. Course it wasn't no cure fer them poor babies. But they got put out o' their mis'ry 'head o' the rest of us. That's what it did fer them. A big favor. Anyway, this Okie doctor made barrels of it each month for the queen o' England. Did the Queen herself have a tapeworm, I asked him. Course not, he said. Was fer her soldiers in India.

You look at each other, steel yourselves, then get a better grip. He's up. You set him down just once before the porch steps, then carefully descend to the car. Don't slip. That's all you need. Janet opens the car door. Your high schooler, Julie, is with her. She holds two pillows—one for his back, one to sit on. Together you ease him into the seat next to the driver, shielding his head from the door frame. This part is a piece of cake.

You close the door. Gently. Then, loud enough for all to hear: "Thanks, Doctor."

Riley plays along: "I'll send you a bill."

As you pass behind the car and Riley moves to his, you whisper: "Thanks again. Go get some sleep. . . . "

You begin the drive at the wheel—you, Janet, Julie, the old man. No one speaks. Rain again. The wipers go on. You strain to find words. Then you reconsider. Don't rile him. Leave him to his strange thoughts. . . .

Met a man once while I was workin' fer a spud farmer in Jerome, Idaho. His mouth twisted all the way to the side o' his face. An' he whistled when he talked. Yeah, whistled when he talked. When I got back to the house I told the farmer 'bout him. An' he said that man had gone out o' his tent once when he was a little boy, campin' out with his brother. They'd set some traps. Early the next mornin' the boy got up, went out an' found a bear cub. Then the cub's mommie come along an' give that kid just one fast swipe with her paw. That's all it took. The man was fifty or sixty by then—still talkin' outa the side o' his face an' whistlin' whenever he did.

The earth keeps receding beneath you, but the trip seems endless. The wipers wag away the miles. (How many wags to the mile? Fast or slow?) You can see Julie in the rearview mirror, staring through her window at the rain. What's she thinking? When you told her yesterday, she cried. But when you went to bed, Janet told you why: "She feels so guilty."

"Why?"

"She told me that—when she was a little girl—she used to pray he'd die."

"Die?"

"Because he was so mean. Not like other grandfathers."

"I . . . can understand. . . . "

Now Julie's head bobs against Janet's shoulder—she's asleep, exhausted. At least he used to talk to Julie, tell her all his worn-out stories. They had a few good moments. But like you and Janet, she must be tired of constantly submitting and agreeably nodding to his will. When each of you finally showed your hand, he couldn't take it.

It might have been the first time that people he couldn't dominate or run away from had stood up to him. At first he became incensed and raged, then he just sulked—still demanding care and attention from Janet. Just remember, Janet, this is the last time.

You risk a peripheral glance at the old man sitting next to you. He stares straight ahead. How's he taking this? Does he comprehend at all what's happening? If he does, he's not letting on.

How many apples kin you use today? It's depressin'. All this good fruit goin' to waste. An' nobody to take it off my hands. Don't tell me them apples is wormy. Don't tell me that! Before long I'll be too arthritic, an' you or someone'll have t' pick 'em fer me. An' fer all them people in Africa an' Asia. It's a damn shame. Apples rottin' an' people starvin'. But I'll tell yuh whose fault it is—all them corrupt churches an' politicians. They's in it together, yuh know. Why, look at what a apple's worth nowadays an' a dollar ain't. In my time was twenty cent a bushel. Yep, you could buy five bushel fer a single greenback. But now a dollar's not worth pickin' up. . . . Why a smart-alleck Boy Scout come by th' other day with a printed sheet. "Local Church bulletin," says he. "How much?" I ask, since I don't subscribe. "It's free," says he. "Everyone gets one." "It cain't be!" *says I. "How much is the newsprint? How much th' ink?" "I don't know," says he. "Well, yuh oughta know!" I yells at him. An' he up an' left. Maybe I scared the crap outa him. So what! Good riddance!*

The dark begins to lift. Cars and buildings come into view. The old man still looks straight ahead. Like a condemned convict. No one speaks for the full hour it takes to get there.

At the airport people are helpful and solicitous. This is nothing new to them. Commandeering a wheelchair, they help him into it, then head to the designated gate. As you wait to be called up, you eye Julie. She pretends she's watching the people come and go to and from the various flights. Will she kiss him goodbye? What last memory does she want of him? You don't dare ask—not in his presence. Then *you*'d be the intruder.

Suddenly it's time to board. An attendant whisks the old man toward the plane. You follow. No time for Julie. It's probably better that way. There's something good about such abruptness—a good way to part. A good way to die.

Janet goes with you to help settle him. A flight attendant joins you. Julie remains in a chair by the gate. Discreetly no one speaks about an aircraft. Perhaps the old man won't notice, will think instead that this is just a series of waiting rooms in some hospital. Entering the plane through an enclosed ramp might fool him for the first flight, but what about the small prop plane on the next one? Don't borrow trouble, you remind yourself. One thing at a time.

Just beyond first class, the aisle becomes too narrow. You return to the first-class bay, turn the wheelchair around, then wheel him backwards to the first row of second-class seats and awkwardly hoist him over the wheelchair's high arms and onto the seat nearest the aisle. With his pillows.

Other passengers filter in. Most glance at him quickly, then look the other way. Janet covers his knees with a patchwork comforter, then puts on his favorite cap, a Norwegian fisherman's. Or is it Greek? One woman, bending over, pats his arm and coos, "Oh, you're so cute. You remind me of my mother!" This woman will never know how close she has come to losing her head in a lion's furious jaws. But the lion ignores her. Doesn't even blink.

Had this here dream. . . . I was somewhere I'd never been. Some furin country, I giss, cuz I couldn't understand all these sick people. There was some kind o' epidemic. They was standin' all aroun' me droppin' in their tracks. But I was just fine. An' I'll tell you why: I knew what was causin' it—their cul-i-nary water that was comin' from a river runnin' through their town. An' you know why they was all a dyin'? There was a body in it. Body of a naked woman. Full o' germs an' maggots. Decomposin'. An' they was drinkin' them maggots an' germs. But I wasn't. No, sir. Fact is, I was drinkin' the same water they was—'cept they was downstream of that woman's body an' I was above it.

Another woman is ticketed for their row but, sensing a problem, asks to sit elsewhere. No problem. There are plenty of vacant seats.

Janet bends down, pecks his cheek, and mumbles a cautious "Goodbye."

"What? You're not staying?" So he can still speak. And how true to form. In his later years, how often—after chewing his visitors' ears off with his monologues—he'd grab them and plead, "You're not goin' so soon, are you?"

"The doctors want *Mike* to be with you." Janet is firm. She's learned that from him—to fight his fire with her own. And he takes it fairly well—from her.

Goin' t' give me my pill again, are yuh? Thins the blood, does it? Don't remind me. Makes me think o' Agnes. How she suffered so after her stroke—ling'rin' on all them years. Never sain' a solitary word. Never recognizin' me. Not once.

As she straightens up and turns toward the cockpit, you whisper your thanks: "Drive safely. Don't worry about meeting me when I come back. I'll catch a bus home." And she's gone.

What will the old man do now? He sits motionless. Oblivious again? Or just pretending? At least he's holding up well. A week ago, after you'd finally made plans—at wits' end—he suddenly weakened. You'd

begun to fear he might not make it. The last two days, in fact, he could hardly stand and—unlike the manic phase before when you couldn't get him to bed night or day and he'd completely worn you both out—he'd slept around the clock. That may have revived him, renewed his strength.

What's his reaction now the plane is moving? It's his first flight ever. He's hardly looked out the window and is still silent. Does he realize yet that he's on a plane? Or is he utterly overwhelmed and intimidated by both the novelty and the matter-of-factness with which you're handling him? The fact that his fate, his safety, is now completely in others' hands? Is he just not letting on? Or is he pleased with all the attention?

I run away from home in the seventh grade. First I stayed with some Montana Indians an' ate the raw entrails they shared with me. I was that hungry. It was cuz my Bible an' Book o' Mormon-thumpin' daddy beat me whenever I displeased him in the slightest way. That was all right. But then there was my sister, Flo. She sang in the ward choir back then. They give concerts here an' there an' one day she come back from one, brimmin' over with the pleasure it give her an' singin' to herself—I kin even remember the words: "We are all enlisted till the conflict is o'er. Happy are we." That's when our heartless daddy jist all at once slapped her face an' kicked her in the shins. An' that's when I decided next time he told me to go out an' cut a green switch so he could beat any o' us, I'd cut two. *One fer him. I was goin' to pay him back if he so much as touched us. I was tall as him by then too. But at the last minute the thought come to me—"What's the use?"—an' I jist walked out instead an' never come back till years later an' he was dead in his grave.*

The first time he made this trip, some fifty years ago, did Mother come with him? Other family members? Will this trip remind him of that one? Did they deceive him then too, pretending they were on some sort of excursion? How did they make that two days' journey? Did they drive straight through, or did they spend the night somewhere? Suddenly you want to ask his forgiveness, to explain, to say to him: "Please understand. I can't do anything more for you."

Who give you permission to dig more ditches around them trees? An' who said yuh could plant them vegetables out by th' north fence? Yuh dug up all the things I already planted there. Whadda yuh mean, it's just weeds?

The plane lifts off, and you glance at him again, sideways. Will you ever again dare look him straight in the eye? The other passengers, including yourself, involuntarily hold their breath, betraying a slight tension at the takeoff. He seems totally oblivious. And this his very first plane ride. Now his Bountiful suburb, his street and home, come into view through the window on your side. Would he like you to

point them out to him? Better not take the chance. Remember that hard-learned rule: never initiate a conversation. It will only provoke the slumbering lion.

I kin take care o' myself. Who says I'm too old? Some folks lives till they're a hundred and ten. . . . You had a wonderful mother. She practically died bringin' you into the world. But you never appreciated all she done fer yuh. Now don't get huffy. I did not *insult yuh. Just stated the facts.*

The flight attendant serves you each a muffin and a drink. Cheap airline. You order him coffee. Janet said not to forget. It will keep up his stamina while you travel. From the corner of your eye, you watch him nibble the muffin and sip the coffee through a straw. Though he complains about what you feed him, he always eats it. It's a good distraction.

At the Denver airport, they bring in a special chair on wheels—narrow and like a dolly. They strap him to it and whisk him head first out of the plane like some kind of merchandise. Clearly they're more experienced here and have no time to fuss. Outside the plane, passengers are lined up, waiting to board. Before you find a skycap and another wheelchair, the plane takes off again. You feel like the replaceable objects in a vending machine, waiting for someone to insert a quarter and set you in motion. The old man says nothing.

They had no right—plantin' that meter reader in the house. My sisters' husbands. My very own brothers-in-law. How could I know he was from the gas company or why he was there. Of course he come to kidnap you. I believe that still.

Finally they bring a wheelchair and show you to a waiting room in the commuter section. Another hour to wait. What might happen now that you're both so undistracted? What if he tells you to leave, makes a scene when the next plane's ready, refuses to board?

Them brothers-in-law had just helped elect a friend of theirs to the United States Senate, see. So in gratitude he makes Milt state party chairman an' after the war gets Clifford a high medical post in the nation's capitol. Well, I got wind o' what the senator had done to get elected—dipped his hand during the campaign in the laboring man's union dues. I was there. I saw it. An' I went right to the Senator an' told him what I thought o' it.

The waiting room doors keep opening, creating a draft. Luckily you're both sitting by an electric heater. You turn it on. "If you get too hot," you dare to suggest, "just tell me." Again you sense the need for ritual: For a moment you almost touched him the way you sometimes do, conversing with a new acquaintance or slightly distant friend. But just in time you have second thoughts. He might not accept it, might

think it indecent. It's okay to make him comfortable, but use the proper gesture. Do it just right. The way you'd dress a corpse.

That's when Milt an' Clifford sicked the gas man on me. I knew then I'd better leave the state or else. But I stood my ground. Ain't this a free country?

Still no response until minutes later. "It's too hot!" he barks.

"I'll move it then." Will those be his very last words to you? Better that than what he *last* said to you. You were helping Janet put him to bed. As usual, you picked up his legs, about to pivot him, while he sat on the bed's edge. Then, for some reason, unexpectedly and contrary to custom, he lifted his head and took you in—your faces just inches apart. His response was visceral and instantaneous: "Shit!" And just as spontaneously you shot back: "That's my name, I guess. If *you* said it. About the only thing you ever gave me, too."

Finally—again ahead of the other passengers—they transfer him to a van. You ask the agent if they can just wheel him to the plane in his chair, but you're told that the plane is too far out, that it's dangerous and against regulations. So attendants subject him to another series of rough hoistings—out of the chair, into the van, then out of the van and up the eighteen-passenger plane's narrow steps, which, when everyone and everything are stowed, fold inside the plane's door. At least these men are stronger than Riley. Still, there's a series of less-than-gentle maneuverings of the old man's dead-weight body—is he limp on purpose?—before they strap him into the seat nearest the door. Here the seats are less well padded, uncomfortable, even with the pillows. The van then returns for the other passengers—a Middle Eastern businessman in an expensive suit and just two others.

Throughout this flight he still says nothing, gives no acknowledgment that he's in an airplane, though you sit together just behind the cockpit, the pilot's back to you, the whirling propellers visible in either direction, the motors drowning you in sound, the small craft's movement noticeably bumpier. You're already over plowed fields, whose unsteady return of the sun's heat, now that morning is well along, causes frequent updrafts. These are the very fields the old man worked in his youth as a hired hand. You think to mention this, then remember the ritual.

What looks like the Fort Lyon hospital eventually looms on the horizon—a self-contained complex of multi-storied buildings with a tall smokestack and an enclosed green patch that must be its cemetery. Crowning irony—this country is doubly familiar to the old man, or should be. After his long, misspent years as a farmhand, after he had finally returned to his people, married, and fathered a child, he was sent half a century ago, in his early thirties, to this same facility to stay for sixteen of his most productive years.

So I give it to that gas man good: "You're a kidnapper, ain't yuh? Tryin' tuh steal my child. Come 'ere. I'm gonna show yuh what happens t' people that tries to steal a son of mine." An' I beat him good—good an' bloody. Never saw him after that. He never come 'round my place again.

You remember traveling here with your mother as a young child. You'd ride for two or three days on a Greyhound bus to this desolate corner of the dust bowl. You have vague memories of those visits—the too-polite interviews with the man, then middle-aged, who back then seemed just as formidable, just as much a stranger. The print shop where he helped turn out a newsletter with the daily announcements—menus, a bingo game, or the report of a visit from the local VFW auxiliary. A nearby tamarack-lined creek where young boys, perhaps the staff's dependents, skinny-dipped and netted crayfish. Back at the facility, the long row of doorless stalls in the patients' lavatory . . .

The place, you remember, is thirty miles from the local airport. They said a hospital aide would relieve you of him there. No need to go with them in the hospital car. No bus service back. The plane goes on to Nebraska and Kansas, so you'll have to wait at the small airport another six hours for the next flight back to Denver.

Mentally you rehearse the upcoming parting—the final wind-up. What, if anything, will each of you say in the face of such finality? Will the old man even have any sense of it? And will either of you show what is going on inside? Or will you manage—as so often in the past—to hide from each other?

Suddenly you feel pressure on your knee. It's his hand. The ride is particularly bumpy now. Is he simply fearing he'll pitch out of his seat and feeling desperate for support? Does he know whose knee this is? Perhaps this is a last tender, endearing gesture—the possible acknowledgment that you exist and that the old man claims you.

The tension between you—there as far back as you can remember—significantly worsened during that seemingly interminable manic phase, two weeks earlier when you finally said to Janet: "Go to bed. You've been up with him for twenty-four straight hours. I'm here. I can take the day off and care for him." He was, as usual, in his wheelchair in the living room. He always insisted on a fire when he was up, so even though it was balmy spring, he was sitting by the fireplace, where he had been, alone, for no more than ten minutes.

All at once he extended his cane—an accustomed gesture—to tap on the fireplace's brass frame and signal that he wanted Janet's help: to change him, wipe out his eyes, bring him food, or put him to bed again . . . for no more than several minutes.

"Tell *me* what you want, Dad. I've sent Janet to bed, and I'll get you whatever you need. But I'm not going to let you bother Janet.

You've worn her out. Completely. She has arthritis, as you well know. She needs at least twelve hours sleep each night to contain it. It's acting up again, and I told her to go to bed. So what can I do for you?"

No recognition. He continues the loud, impatient tapping.

"Now stop it. Tell me what you want. Don't wake her."

More tapping.

In frustration you pulled back the old man's chair to keep the cane from reaching the fireplace. The lion roared a stream of abuse. At least he acknowledged your presence, knew who you were. But he always did when sufficiently provoked.

"I never thought you'd be this way," he snarled.

"What way?"

"So greedy. So selfish."

"Greedy? Selfish? You've got to be kidding! By staying home from work and trying to help you? By taking you into my home?"

"*Your* home??"

"Yes. *My* home. You're in *our* home now. Though you seem to think we're all your slaves—here just to do *your* bidding. That we don't have our own needs or our own lives."

"Greedy! Selfish!"

"How can you possibly say that? Angry maybe. Ticked off, yes. But selfish? You have no idea how much we've done for you. But you'd better start realizing you're not in control here anymore. So you'd better help out, cooperate!"

No more words now. Instead, a long, cold stare. The evil eye, if there ever was one. But *you* stared back—even outstared the old man. It was as if he really couldn't believe what was happening. As if you were suddenly his worst enemy.

Finally, he started working the wheels of his chair, something he had never done before, never had the strength to do. But he worked and kept on working them until, miraculously, he maneuvered himself back within tapping distance. Once more he raised the staff.

"You bang that cane one more time and I'll take it away!" you warned. And the old man hit the fireplace again, harder than ever.

Seen a man killed once when I was real young. Couldn't o' been more than seventeen. Somewhere in the Dakotas. This man—he was real short—was comin' home from work the way he'd been comin' home for years, I imagine. But he wasn't supposed to. There was a strike on. An' he'd crossed the picket line earlier that mornin'. It was dusk, an' most people was already inside. It was by a bridge, headin' outa town. I just happened to be there. I was workin' fer a farmer at the time.

Losing your cool, you wrested the cane from the old man and tossed it across the room. More ugly stares. No words. Then the hands

went back to the wheel. The chair turned. And—miracle of miracles, after not walking for at least four months, since he had been hospitalized with double pneumonia and spent more time in a convalescent home—he slowly pushed himself out of the chair and, unassisted, with great dignity, walked the room's length and retrieved his cane.

"Look what you're doing! You can walk!"

"Shut your face! Don't come near me! Leave me alone!" He continued, now with the cane, through the dining room, into the kitchen, down a hall, and back into his room.

That was two weeks ago. The day you'd decided you could no longer keep him. The day you and he had ceased communicating—ceased for the nth time, though this time, you already somehow sensed, would be forever. Except for the intervening "Shit!" and "It's too hot!" he'd said nothing more for two weeks now. Since that altercation Janet had been your only intermediary. Throughout a lifetime though—two lifetimes—there'd been precious little recognition except for the sporadic, fitful passings near each other, the standing uncomfortably in one another's presence—each always conscious of the other, but mostly annoyed or threatened, neither showing any feeling except during periodic blow-ups. Like glaciers, coiled snakes. . . .

Now in this small prop plane the hand still presses on your knee.

Well, two men, a lot bigger than this first man, was waitin' there at the bridge when he gets off it. One of 'em has a big plank, an' without sayin' a word, brings it straight down on the little man's head. I hear a crack, an' then he falls to the ground. I'm close enough to see how it'd smashed in his skull—like some eggshell. Di'n't even bleed. You could even see his brains. . . . Then th' other two men see me standin' there an' come up to me. I'm thinkin' I'll *be next. "Did yuh see anythin', kid?" "No," says I. "I di'n't see a thing." An' they let me go, or I woul'n't be here to tell about it, would I?*

What's that in the old man's eyes? Tears? But they come often these days because his ducts malfunction. He's always asking Janet to wipe them away with warm water. Or are these *genuine* tears, induced by what he is feeling? And, if so, what *is* he feeling? Self-pity? Or the same sad nostalgia you, contemplating this day, have felt since you arranged for the old man's removal?

Still no words. Is he remembering something from his youth, something that the landscape—though he still looks straight ahead—can't help reminding him of . . . ?

Gotta keep the cookie jar full fer the neighborhood kids. Gotta always have cookies an' ice cream. An' why'd he take that cane from me? I'll show him. I'll get me another. An' thrash him like I woulda thrashed him if he'd hit Agnes one more time. Gotta have control. Or they'll control you. Reminds me o' them days in th' asylum. An' the men I knew there. That time I played a trick on the whole ward.

Put on this white attendant's smock an' told 'em all it was dinner time. An' they'd just had lunch an hour before, but none of 'em could remember. So they all went down to the dining hall an' just stood there—fer a half hour at least till a nurse come an' shooed 'em all back upstairs. Even then most of 'em never knew what happened. I laughed. I laughed so hard. . . . They was good old boys though. Some of 'em a little slow, a little incomplete. But we was close. We even shared toothbrushes. They'd hang all day on a string, them toothbrushes, an' by nighttime you never knew if it was your *toothbrush or someone else's. An' it didn't matter cuz we was* that *close. You'd talk to one of 'em one day, big as life. The next day you'd be out there, trampin' the grounds, out near the cemetery, an' some lady would come up to you, cryin', with a bouquet in her hands. You'd ask her what was the matter. She'd answer that her husband jist died, they'd told her. What was her husband's name, you'd ask. She'd give you the guy's name you'd had dinner with th' night before an' whose toothbrush you'd used before you went t' bed cuz he'd already taken yours. An' you'd tell her, lady, you been misinformed. I know that guy. I saw him jist last night. I used his toothbrush. He's fine. Live an' healthy as you an' me. An' then, whadaya think? You'd walk down t' the next row o' graves. An' there would be a fresh dug one an' a tag on a stick with his name on it. An' that night when you went to brush your teeth, his toothbrush would be gone an' someone else's in its place. . . . That was the one nice thing about them days in th' asylum*—nobody ever pretended!

You land at a tiny airport. A man is there to meet you—a Hispanic in a white uniform—pushing another wheelchair. That's reassuring, but also depressing. Another man stands by his side. A guard, in uniform and armed. The plane door opens and the steps lower. The other passengers exit first, businessman in the lead. Then the Hispanic enters the plane: "What's his name?" he asks.

"You can call him Bill."

"We've come to take you back to Fort Lyon, Bill."

"Shh!" you caution, hoping the motors' still deafening roar has kept him from hearing. "Don't mention its name, will you? Till you get there."

They lift him out—easier going down than up the steep steps—and into the wheelchair, then into a waiting car.

You take in the landscape—flat and utterly desolate. But, unlike the hectic, rainy pre-dawn, it is peaceful and warm in the sun. A good place to be when everything and everyone bother you. A good place to end your days when you crave isolation and, brooding, only want to turn inside yourself. Or is that only wishful thinking?

The rest happens quickly. First a word to the uniformed man before he gets in: "He likes his cup of coffee in the morning. Two lumps of sugar. Canned milk if you don't have any fresh cream." Then, hopefully out of earshot: "Tell them to . . . be kind to him, will you?"

"I'm just here to make sure he gets there."

"I see." Then to the Hispanic: "Will you ask them, please, to treat him well?"

Another blank look, then, "Sure. I'll tell them."

The window on the old man's side is still down. You can lean over and enact that last ritual gesture you've already rehearsed in your mind for days now. You do so, mechanically, as though your cue has come and you must this instant walk onto the stage, hoping the fear will shortly subside and the authentic feeling come. The kiss is only on the cheek, not on the lips as you'd planned. And you don't say, "I love you." Just "Goodbye, Dad. We'll be . . . looking after you." Which, as you say it, you know is a lie. The old man has already been relinquished—totally—into alien hands. Do your words at least imply forthcoming visits? No, that too would be a lie. You live too far away. You won't make the effort. And does he really care? He still hasn't turned his head, hasn't acknowledged the kiss or even that he's been spoken to. The lion didn't blink any more than when the stupid lady said, "Oh, you're so cute!"

Is this noble stoicism? A way, sensing he is trapped forever, to maintain some dignity, his lion's nobility? Then that too is worth applauding, the way you tried to applaud his miraculous walking two weeks ago—first unaided, then with his cane. Or is it—like the tears, the pressure on the knee, those silent thoughts—more nothing? Whatever it is, it's final. Besides, things can only improve at a distance—as the antagonism recedes and, with faded memory, you each fantasize a more ideal relationship. Or will he still be indifferent, his thoughts elsewhere?

No time to think or say more. As if this looming finality were the old man's doing, not yours, the car is gone. You're suddenly bereft, an orphan. And, unexpectedly, you're angry. You know a clerk is watching through the airport's large bay window—and the Middle Eastern businessman too, just now getting into his own parked car. But you can't help yourself. You lurch to a nearby fence post, lean on it, your free hand going to your eyes, your breath quick and labored. Another drowning.

When was the last time you cried like this? As you regain control—it comes in less than a minute—you ask yourself: What am I feeling? Why? The finality is clear enough: a death before the heart has stopped or the eyes have closed, the way it was with your mother after her stroke eight years ago. But this time *you* are the executioner, the judge—an only offspring consigning his progenitor to separation, to a spiritual, kinless death.

How do you ever divorce or disinherit someone? How do you disown a parent? Even if, feelingly, that parent has long ago divorced,

disowned, disinherited you? Isn't this just the ritual conclusion to what, in this instance, has long if not always been the case—the simple confirmation of a long-term circumstance, not a fresh, separate event? Only that you're more conscious of it. Is he? You'll never know.

You wait a good hour, then call Ms. Cugno. Has he arrived safely? How is he adjusting? "It's hard!" you blurt out unintentionally. "It's still hard!"

"Of course it is," she answers, understanding but matter-of-fact. "No matter what, he's still your Daddy."

"Well, how's he taking it?"

"Hold the phone. I'll go see. The doctor's examining him right now."

A long wait. "Daddy"? She called him "Daddy."

You had hoped for a reading from the doctor, but Cugno must have misunderstood: "He says he doesn't need anything."

Maybe that's the answer you're after. Even if you have somehow needed him all these years—still do, and so project your emptiness onto him—the old man doesn't need anything, or anybody. Not now anyway. *And maybe never did.* But why?

Six days later, you receive a call: "Your father expired this evening at 6:10. He was walking to the bathroom. . . "

"Walking?" With his cane? Unattended?

" . . . and fell. He expired immediately. It was so sudden we assume it was a cerebral accident. Or a coronary."

"I see . . . "

"What are your plans for the body?"

You think of that green plot in Fort Lyon, then answer, "We'll bring him back."

Six days. You could have held out that long. But you weren't sure how long he would linger. Did the trip hasten the end? If he *had* lingered, wouldn't he have ravaged and finally destroyed you—Janet first and, before that, what was left between you and her?

You can expect that as others find out, they will feign concern about how you are taking it. "Don't you miss him though? He was such a dear neighbor. All the children loved their 'Uncle Bill.' Gave them cookies and ice cream. And such a fine gardener before he got too old. Raised wonderful fruit. Practically gave it away. Never took advantage of anyone." True. "Adored your mother. And was always so proud of you and your accomplishments."

To those who know better and ask why you put up with him, you may want to say (but won't) that it's as natural, as fundamental as

breathing, to want to make contact and to keep trying. To seek to know him and have him know you. When he needs you like you've always needed him. Or so you want to believe. Even when he's nearly ninety and you're over fifty. That doesn't change. Maybe by then you're the only one who really cares. And if you are, maybe that's a good thing too. It makes being a son meaningful. At last. At long last.

But to those who would understand, you might then say that your father had already died to you that day in a distant provincial airport—if not long before, before either of you could possibly remember.

Besides, sadly or not, you can't miss what you never had.

I Consider Jonah's Whale

Paris Anderson

You must have been lonely,
slowly swimming
in that vast darkness,
waiting
for your divine purpose
to be fulfilled.
Your mouth so large,
and body bulky.
You must have felt awkward
among the swift and sleek.
Other whales
probably shunned you
and wouldn't play with you.
Your life was only misery.

And that vile-tasting man
you ate
and couldn't digest.
Your bowels wouldn't move
for three days and nights.
That cruel man,
doing such evil
to an intelligent
and gentle creature.
He made you sick,
and finally you threw up,
casting him upon the shore.

PARIS ANDERSON, author of Waiting for the Flash *(Provo, Utah: Scotlin, 1988), is a freelance writer living in Provo.*

Then, you swam back,
into that cold darkness,
your purpose fulfilled.
But later,
you must have wondered,
with indignation,
if the lesson taught
would have been taught
more effectively
if the nasty man
had been born
with your gaping mouth
and had been enticed
to swallow you.

REVIEWS

Affidavits Revisited

Joseph Smith's New York Reputation Reexamined by Rodger I. Anderson (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 178 pp., $9.95.

Reviewed by Roger D. Launius, NASA Chief Historian, Washington, D.C.

IN *ANOTHER PART OF THE TWENTIES* (1977), Paul A. Carter upended all of the stereotypes advanced by historians about the 1920s. The jazz age was really more of a waltz than most people thought; the nation, which had supposedly become urban, was still more rural and agricultural than statistics showed; the politics of Republican ascendancy were really less one-sided than most believed; and so on. In *Joseph Smith's New York Reputation Reexamined*, Rodger Anderson carries this type of analysis even further, overturning the scholarship, precepts, and myths about Joseph Smith before 1830, tying them to stakes, setting them afire, and dancing around them until they have lost their power of persuasion.

If Anderson's approach is heavy-handed, much of what he says is important and revealing. His work revolves around nineteenth-century affidavits and interviews about Joseph Smith's early life. D. Philastus Hurlbut, an excommunicated Mormon who in 1833 interviewed Smith's former neighbors in upstate New York, obtained several damaging affidavits which described the Smith family as destitute, lazy, and shiftless, as drunkards and scam artists who dug for buried treasure. These affidavits portrayed Joseph Smith as perpetrating the hoax of Mormonism on an innocent world. Published in 1834 in E. D. Howe's *Mormonism Unvailed*, this view of the Prophet was accepted as truthful by most non-Mormons until the 1960s.

Forty-seven years after the Hurlbut affidavits, in 1880, Frederic G. Mather interviewed nine of Smith's early contemporaries. These by-now elderly people confirmed Hurlbut's basically negative opinions of Joseph Smith. Probably in reaction to Mather's work, in 1881 William H. and E. L. Kelley, Reorganized Church apostles, visited Palmyra and also talked with long-time residents. Their work, published in the *Saints' Herald*, contradicted the Hurlbut/Mather research on almost every score. They reported that the Smiths, though poor, were hard-working, frugal, and upstanding citizens in the community. In 1888 non-Mormon writer Arthur B. Deming interviewed Joseph Smith's contemporaries in Palmyra one last time before their deaths, and his work verified the Hurlbut/Mather research. Deming's *Naked Truths About Mormonism* proved almost as significant in fueling anti-Mormon fires as had the Hurlbut affidavits fifty-five years earlier.

For the next seventy-five years or so, the polemicists on either side chose whichever set of recollections suited their purposes. Most outside of Mormonism accepted without serious question the Hurlbut/Mather/Deming findings; most within the movement relied on one form or another of the Kelleys' findings. No one attempted any sophisticated analyses of these research efforts until the 1960s.

The first to do so was Hugh Nibley, who attacked the efforts of Hurlbut, Mather, and Deming in *The Myth Makers* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1961). At least to the satisfaction of those who were predisposed to accept any refutation of the affidavits, Nibley demolished these efforts

to "smear" Joseph Smith's reputation, charging that many of Hurlbut's witnesses later retracted their affidavits when the Kelleys interviewed them nearly fifty years later. Even if they offered no retraction, virtually all of them contradicted each other. According to Anderson, Nibley was wrong on these and other points. Hurlbut's witnesses did not retract their earlier statements; the Kelleys visited only one of those originally interviewed by Hurlbut, and he reaffirmed his original statement. Anderson further contends that Nibley created the supposed contradictions by misquoting the witnesses and engaged in "illogic, unsupported speculation, factual errors, indiscriminate and arbitrary use of sources, disregard of context, and a lack of scholarly standards." In all, Anderson concludes, "Nibley's argument fails on every significant point" (p. 22). He dismisses Nibley after a single chapter entitled, sarcastically enough, "The Myth Makers."

Anderson spends the rest of the book dealing with the much more sophisticated and legitimate review of investigations of Joseph Smith's reputation made by Richard Lloyd Anderson in a 1970 *Brigham Young University Studies* article called "Joseph Smith's New York Reputation Reappraised." The similarities between the authors' names and the titles of their works are all that the two investigators and their approaches have in common. Rodger Anderson also refutes almost every one of Richard Anderson's arguments, concluding that the article fails because of the "misrepresentation of his contents and circumstances surrounding the compilation of the affidavits; failure to consider alternative interpretations for the evidence; and invalid conclusions based on faulty premises" (p. 28).

Motivated by a desire to defend Joseph Smith, according to Rodger Anderson, Richard Anderson put forth several arguments which were incompatible with the evidence. Richard Anderson suggested that Philastus Hurlbut had written the 1833 affidavits himself. Two of the affidavits were each signed by several Palmyra-vicinity residents, and Richard Anderson logically concluded that someone must have written the affidavits and then collected the signatures. In the absence of any countervailing evidence, a reasonable assumption was that Hurlbut had done so. From there, it could be argued with some legitimacy that Hurlbut was a heavy contributor to the individual affidavits as well. Richard Anderson based this accusation in part on the similar words and phrases he found in the various affidavits. As a result, he concluded that Hurlbut unduly influenced those he took affidavits from, and that conclusion has been an accepted part of studies of early Mormonism ever since. Rodger Anderson argues, however, that the affidavits may be similar because each person was asked the same set of questions. Even if Hurlbut did write any or all of the affidavits, Rodger Anderson adds, those being interviewed both signed them and swore before witnesses that they represented their positions.

Rodger Anderson also charges Richard Anderson with bringing *a priori* assumptions to his investigation—something which could probably also be said of Rodger Anderson—and refusing to explore evidence or test assumptions that might support the validity of the affidavits. For example, he disqualified witnesses discussing Smith's money-digging past, according to Rodger Anderson, if they had in fact been involved in the work themselves. According to Rodger Anderson, "To prove involvement in money-digging, he argues, the witness must actually have *seen* Smith digging, and since 'one might observe one of the Smiths digging and completely misinterpret his reasons for doing so,' that witness must also have *heard* Smith say he was digging for money" (pp. 40-41). Such a standard of evidence, Rodger Anderson comments, was much too strict, especially when he perceived that Richard Anderson did not hold pro-Smith witnesses to the same standards.

Rodger Anderson concludes that there is no reason not to accept as authentic the affidavits collected by Hurlbut and Deming, or that they were anything other than honest appraisals by people well acquainted with Joseph Smith and his family in upstate New York. While Rodger Anderson does inject some useful skepticism into Richard Anderson's defense of Smith, he makes an either/or assessment with no middle ground. Such a conclusion is just as difficult to accept as is Richard Anderson's. Take, for example, the affidavit Hurlbut took of Willard Chase, from my perspective the most interesting of those first published in 1834. Rodger Anderson says that Richard Anderson distorted the account and then rejected it. While I will not dispute that conclusion, Rodger Anderson's final assessment of Chase's affidavit as a reliable statement has other problems. Chase's affidavit does not mention any firsthand observation of treasure-seeking but shows intense interest in a seerstone Chase said he found while digging a well and then lent to Joseph Smith. He tried to get it back on several occasions, even though he said it was only a "curiosity." Why would he be so concerned unless the stone had some special significance attached to it? Indeed, Chase said he wanted the seerstone to use it to see "what wonders he could discover by looking in it." Other sources demonstrate that Chase was very much involved in money-digging in the Palmyra area, and he was not being entirely truthful when relating information about the subject. His account, while probably generally correct, should not be accepted without careful consideration of all particulars.

A significant revelation, at least for me, was Rodger Anderson's conclusion that the Kelleys' 1881 investigation had serious problems as legitimate historical evidence. Unlike Hurlbut and Deming, the two Reorganized Church apostles took no depositions and gave their witnesses no opportunity to read and sign what they wrote. They took notes during their interviews and then later wrote their report. Rodger Anderson went through the published account, as well as the notes from which it was prepared (housed in the Reorganized Church's Library-Archives), and found that the Kelleys apparently had fertile imaginations, for there is only a passing relationship between their notes and the published article. The published report, in fact, so upset some of the interviewees that at least three of the ten wrote denials of what it contended. Apparently the Kelleys' zest to defend the prophet outweighed their good judgment in presenting their case.

Rodger Anderson has presented an important and challenging study of nineteenth-century efforts to learn about Joseph Smith's early life. His conclusion that the Hurlbut/Mather/Deming research generally reflects the opinions of those interviewed without undue influence from those collecting the material seems relatively sound, although I am less sanguine than the author that some of the details of the Smiths' lives related by those interviewed are entirely truthful. Probably most of those interviewed did consider Joseph Smith to be something of a scoundrel and a charlatan, but whether they reached that conclusion before or after the formation of the Church is a significant question quite beyond the parameters of Anderson's study. His handling of the Kelley research was especially effective and must raise additional questions of historical integrity. A large and useful appendix containing transcripts of all the affidavits and the notes from the Kelley interviews completes the volume. Perhaps this study will spark additional research into this subject; such an accomplishment is as worthy an objective as any historian could ask for.

The Paradox of Paradox

Strangers in Paradox: Explorations in Mormon Theology by Margaret and Paul Toscano (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 291 pp., $12.95.

Reviewed by Helen B. Cannon, a member of the English department at Utah State University, a freelance writer, and an editorial associate for DIALOGUE.

RECENTLY I WAS ASKED to review Margaret and Paul Toscano's *Strangers in Paradox* for a local newspaper. While I tried in that review to be as honest and true as I know how, I realize that many things can shape—and occasionally distort—a reviewer's evaluation. When I was given the opportunity to write a review for *Dialogue*, I welcomed the chance to reassess both the Toscanos' book and my earlier responses to it. I will use—and quote extensively from—my newspaper review, but I hope to view the book from a less arbitrary and shaping perspective than I may have had earlier. This time around I want to open up my review and go deeper, borrowing freely from myself but expanding and commenting from what I hope is my now more considered view.

Let me first make plain my own stand and biases—as plain as is possible in the light of the ambiguities and paradoxes I myself wrestle with daily. I am a Mormon, I am a woman, I question, and I believe. I yearn for certain things to be true—some of the same things the Toscanos also yearn for.

Strangers in Paradox's catchy title (and gorgeous cover, heavy with symbolism) may sell some copies, but it won't guarantee reading among Sunday-go-to-meeting Mormons. And that's too bad. The book would enliven many a sleepy Sunday School class. Enliven, and in some instances infuriate, because the Toscanos' speculations on LDS theology run counter to the beliefs of most average adult Mormons. Study groups and journals within the Mormon intellectual community will hash and rehash the book's ideas; a few "outsiders" with theological bent will read the book with interest, if not with full understanding of its boldness, and the corporate Church will roll on.

The authors make it clear from the beginning that throughout the book they will emphasize the symbolic and the mythic, in preference to linear, causal, and historical analysis. Early on too, they admit an adversarial position in regard to what they call "corporate" or "secular" as opposed to "sacral" world view.

The division between secular and sacral, in the sense that Mircea Eliade expounded in his classic work, *The Sacred and the Profane*, informs the whole book. For the Toscanos, the Church has become desacralized, having lost touch with its origins, which were suffused with sacrality. Here is their distinction between the two concepts:

> The sacral world is interested in the transcendent, the supernatural, and the symbolic meaning of events; the secular world is interested in the here and now, the physical and the natural causes and effects of events. The sacral society sees nothing as happening by chance or accident; the secular society believes in the random occurrence of events. The sacral world is holistic, and all aspects of life are viewed as connected on a spiritual continuum; the secular world is compartmentalized, and life is seen in terms of the subject-object dichotomy. The sacral world sees history as recurring cyclical patterns; the secular world sees history as linear and often in terms of social progress. The sacral world is organic; the secular is mechanistic. The sacral society assumes there is meaning inherent in things; the secular society says that meaning is what we ascribe to a thing. The sacral society believes in becoming one with God and nature through ritual; the secular society believes in the control of nature through technology. (pp. 21-22)

The Toscanos see the contrast between early sacrality and contemporary secularity in every topic they examine, from "the

negative effects of patriarchal authoritarianism [leading] to the oppression of women" (p. 7), to "a redefinition of priesthood, not as an earthly structure of individual or corporate power but as the spiritual power of God bestowed by grace in equal dignity upon males and females alike" (p. 9), to the time when "apostles were . . . seen as missionaries rather than as a board of directors" (p. 163). They assert that "Joseph did not have a managerial view, he had a sacral one" (p. 188).

Abraham Lincoln is said to have liked to pose the trick question, "If you call a dog's tail a leg, how many legs does a dog have?" To the answer, "Five," he would quickly retort, "Wrong. Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it one." The Toscanos would like to believe, and so would I, that God is "not only flesh and glory but also male and female" (p. 48). Yet departing from their original rejection of historical proofs in favor of symbolic and mythic arguments, they go to considerable lengths to affirm through linear scriptural analysis this yearned-for definition of God. Particularly, in the chapters on the nature of the Godhead, I think the Toscanos fail to establish mythic and symbolic avenues to concepts of the Godhead that they wish to be so. Of course no one can be definitive about the nature of divine matriarchy and patriarchy, about time and eternity, good and evil, grace and works. Such theology can be only speculative, yet the Toscanos summarily dismiss views other than their own. They overturn mainstream dogma that is distasteful to them, only to set up nonsystematic dogma of their own.

Their book, dealing (they say) with paradoxes in LDS theology, itself presents certain paradoxes in the reading. Provocative, but speculative; insightful, but presumptuous; scholarly, but uneven, it causes me as a reader to be at once annoyed and grateful, skeptical and accepting, assenting and dissenting. I think the book will be perceived by some readers to be immensely important and by others to be in its implications terribly dangerous. If it were widely read, that is, which, as I have said, I fear it will not be.

But I can't promise a quick read. The book requires a hard look at definitions every step of the way. Halfway through I had to stop and ask myself, what, really, is a paradox, and are the Toscanos dealing in every instance with genuine paradoxes? If a paradox is an assertion that is seemingly self-contradictory, then some of the issues the authors treat are not paradoxes at all, but only questions or dilemmas. If a paradox, on the other hand, may be considered simply a belief contrary to received opinion, then the Toscanos are consistently within the paradoxical realm. For instance, the view of God as at once a God of flesh *and* of glory; a being of immanence *and* of transcendence, and the Father incarnate as Son—those seem to me to be paradoxes of the first order. But speculations about a Divine Mother do not seem paradoxical in the same way. Where is the contradiction? While a prayer in a public meeting begun with "Our Mother in Heaven" might raise eyelids and bowed heads in the congregation, it contains in its utterance no self-contradiction. Even in suggesting the paradox itself—that "God is not a single male person but a duality: God the Female and God the Male" (p. 8), the Toscanos present such tenuous scriptural and logical support that the issue seems more speculative than paradoxical.

Likewise, slim biblical evidence that the early priesthood was matrilineally transmitted and that women also received the priesthood by ordination, investiture, and anointing as well as by oath and covenant from God does not seem paradoxical to me—only highly speculative and, perhaps, wishful.

Furthermore, though the Toscanos examine many paradoxes that they see in modern-day LDS doctrinal interpretations, in truth, each paradox they consider is but a variant of one central paradox—that two underlying distinct and contradictory world views presently exist

in LDS theology (although there are not many in the Church today, they say, who embrace the alternate sacral world view). Take the chapter titled "The Case for Grace," for instance. In an unlikely alignment, according to the Toscanos, Mormon "progressives" (unidentified in the text—I wonder who they are) have wrongly interpreted Joseph Smith's teachings about grace, seeing in them endorsement of salvation primarily by works. These progressives, advocates of self-improvement and social progress, while fashioning themselves as champions of personal freedom, have tended to "promote rigidity." Go back, say the Toscanos, to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph and find there a case for grace through Jesus Christ. Christ's grace has nothing to do with rules and regulations. Such measurement of works, the Toscanos suggest, tends to lend power and importance to the ecclesiastical structure. It reinforces the role of the Church as definer of good and bad attitudes and behavior in every department of life, "from sex to parenting, diet, doctrine, economics, politics and social attitudes." In short, salvation by works feeds the Church machine, empowering it to reward the faithful and disenfranchise the rebellious (p. 125). This is a frontal attack on modern LDS orthodoxy, but where is the paradox? And in this case I would have to further ask, where are the proofs strong enough to support such a bold, challenging question?

The chapter "Women, Ordination, and Hierarchy" presents more proposal than paradox, and may, in fact, contradict the Toscanos' own espousal of the sacred inner over organizational outer forms. That women are denied access to, and activity in, the Church's power structure ought not to matter if the Toscanos' emphasis on inner spiritual power and authority is prime. Indeed this chapter most seriously departs from mythic defense and symbolic interpretation and stoops to a sort of debate format, attempting to refute point by visualized point the common objections to women's holding the priesthood. The underlying assumption here, in fact, runs counter to the authors' own sacral world view, implicitly conceding that the official and officiating functions are, after all, important. Ordained empowerment rather than direct spiritual empowerment suddenly becomes an issue. "One possible way to balance the duties of home and church," they propose, "is to allow each presiding office of the church to be a dual office, to be held by both husband and wife acting in concert. The office of bishop or stake president could be filled by a married couple. Thus we would have co-bishops, co-presidents, co-apostles, co-prophets, co-seers, and co-revelators with equal voice" (p. 214). And where, I ask, are unmarried women and men in this scheme?

The last two chapters of the book best follow the authors' proclaimed symbolic, mythic method. The Toscanos come full circle here, looking closely at symbols with their dual or multiple possibilities, so that, as they say at the outset, "the mind may perceive or intuit unknown or dimly perceived truths"—symbols "which serve to hide and reveal simultaneously" (p. 11). In as clear (if inadvertent) a justification of the book as I can imagine, they explain: "Many Mormons, upon first attending the temple, are surprised by the symbolic nature of the endowment rites. This is due, in part, to the fact that in Mormonism, ordinary church worship is as symbol-poor as temple worship is symbol-rich. Many are not prepared for this contrast, a problem exacerbated by the reluctance of members to discuss the endowment, even with the initiated" (p. 284).

I wish that someone had discussed this dramatic contrast with me before I first went, as a bride, to the temple—as a girl having grown up in a Church where even candles on a ward dinner table were anathema because of their associative or symbolic suggestion. I have, in fact, thrust the Toscanos' book upon my own daughter, insisting that she read these last two chapters before she goes to the temple for

her own endowments and marriage. A chapter like "Rending the Veil" beautifully illustrates how ancient symbols can encompass conflicting ideas and lend themselves to complex interpretation. The veil worn by Mormon women during parts of the temple service potentially can evoke both positive and negative associations. Margaret Toscano (who, I happen to know, deserves major credit for this chapter) makes an informal, convincing case for the veil, not as a symbol of subordination and second-class status as it often has been viewed (as in, say, Islamic culture), but as a positive, multileveled symbol for women as keepers of the mystery, as figures of hidden power and goodness. The woman's veil in this perspective can be viewed as a symbol of passage or of rebirth to a higher state of righteousness, just as the temple veil itself symbolizes passage to grace and power and knowledge. Calling on mythic, scriptural, logical, and intuitive sources, Toscano presents her case—an argument rich and informed; an enhancing consideration of a symbol that some have tended to view only as negative or demeaning. The beauty of paradox shines here. This penultimate chapter alone makes the book well worth the difficult go. The veil for my daughter will be a sweet symbol of passage; the symbols will have meanings I myself wasn't prepared to discover.

The last chapter, "The Mormon Endowment," has potential for healing certain sore points regarding the temple ritual that have recently become inflamed. The Toscanos elucidate without betraying sacred symbols. They write with genuine faith and insight. Who cares whether or not the chapter examines formal paradox? That may be the guiding paradox for the reader after all.

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Compiled by Susan B. Taber

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ABOUT THE ARTIST

This issue features the work of George Dibble, noted Utah watercolorist, teacher, and art critic. Dibble was born in Laie, Oahu, Hawaii, and began his studies at the University of Utah with Jack Sears and Mabel Frazer, receiving a teacher's diploma there in 1925. From 1929 to 1930 he studied at the Art Students League of New York with Ivan Olinsky, George Bridgman, and Howard Giles, then moved on to Columbia University, where he studied with Charles Martin, Arthur Young, and Sallie Tannahill, receiving B.S. and M.A. degrees in 1938 and 1940.

From 1930 to 1937 he was the art supervisor for Murray City schools, taught in Salt Lake City schools from 1939 to 1941, and from 1941 to 1972 was on the staff of the art department at the University of Utah, where he is currently professor emeritus. In 1990 he received a Distinguished Alumnus award from the University of Utah. His publications include *Watercolor: Materials and Techniques* (New York: Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1966) and the weekly art column, "The Art Scene," in the Salt Lake *Tribune*. Dibble married Cleone Atwood in 1932, and they have three sons, George, Jr., Stephen A., Jonathan A., and ten grandchildren.

About his work, Dibble says: "Watercolor, like any painting medium, has its own special characteristics. My goal is to consistently increase awareness of such qualities in transparent watercolor painting.

"Though watercolors can be capricious, they nonetheless have a high potential for expressing mood and feeling. The medium allows a wide range of approaches—from meticulously managed passages in controlled washes to spontaneously expressed combinations of water and fresh pigment.

"I find satisfaction in the stimulating reactions possible between special papers and freshly applied color. Over-management can result in muddy, unclear passages, although desired moods should prescribe the technique in most cases.

"I generally avoid try-out steps before working on an idea itself. Such procedures can result in tired, stale painting. It takes courage and confidence to sustain life in a work."

ART CREDITS

Cover: "Untitled," 15″ × 22″, mixed media, undated

p. 10: "Winter Walk," 17-1/2″ × 23-1/2″, watercolor, 1975

p. 23: "Lake Merced," 18″ × 24″, watercolor, 1952

p. 26: "Untitled," 22″ × 30″, undated

p. 45: "Cologne Cathedral," 17″ × 25″, mixed media, 1973

p. 64: "The Stair, Cottonwood," 15-1/2″ × 22″, watercolor, 1950

p. 82: "Old Mill," 20″ × 28″, watercolor, 1970

p. 118: "SS Oriana," 4-1/2″ × 6-1/2″, watercolor, 1985

p. 126: "Winter Yields to Spring," 10″ × 15″, watercolor, undated

p. 152: "Squash and Onion Blossom," 17-1/2″ × 23-1/2″, watercolor, 1980

p. 160: "Cane Fields, Kauai," 21″ × 29″, watercolor, 1980

All artwork courtesy of Phillips Gallery, Salt Lake City, Utah.