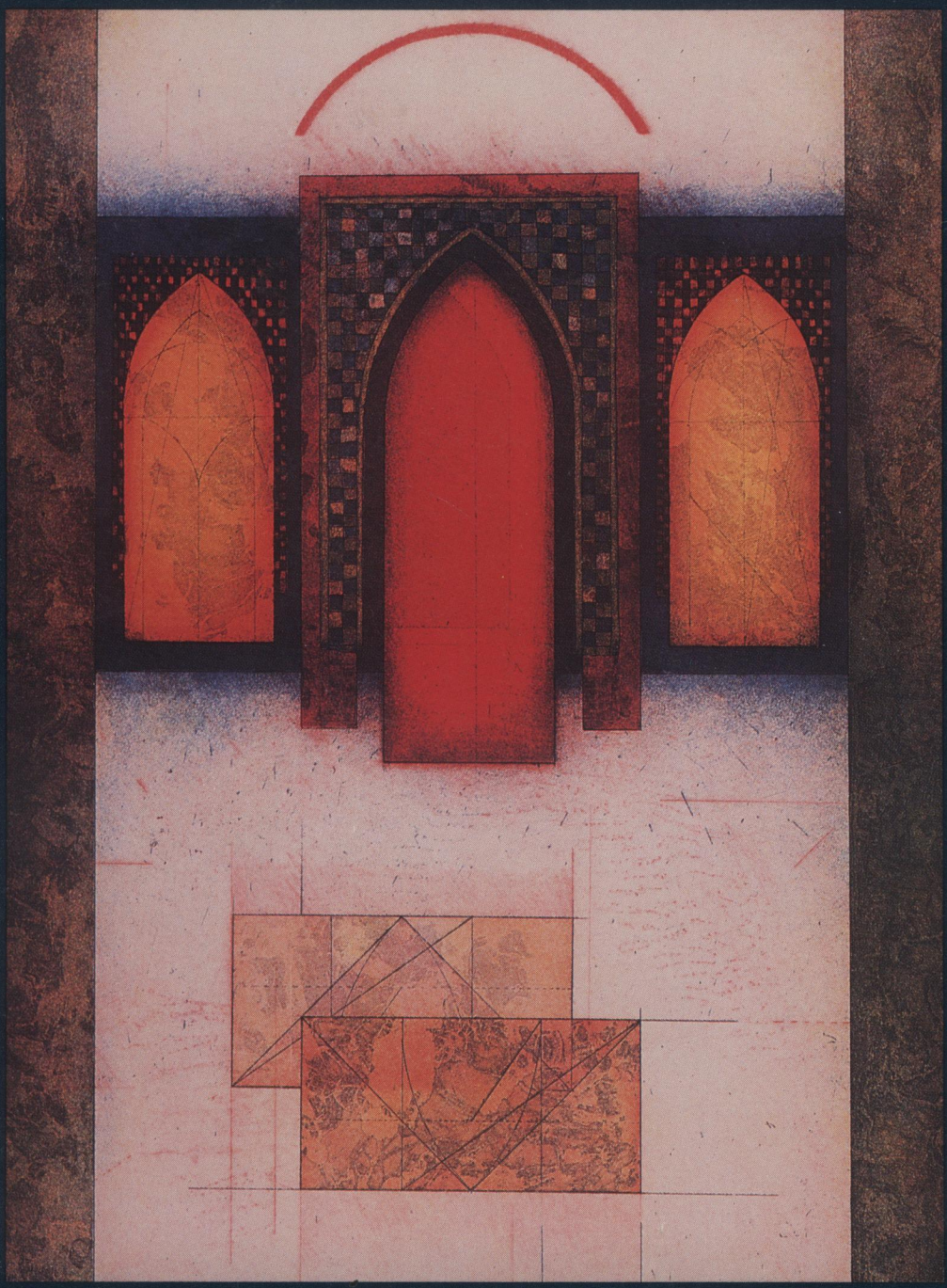
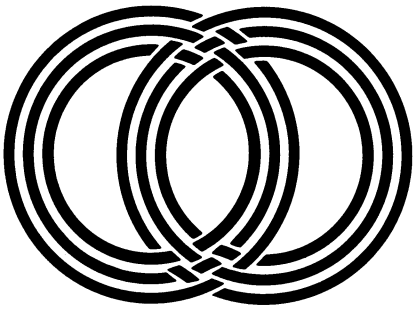
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT





DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, Vol. 24, No. 4, Winter 1991

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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

A Place Among the Sisters

I just finished reading the Fall 1990 DIALOGUE. As someone who aspires to write, I feel I should be better able to express how important this issue was to me.

I have struggled for a long time with almost every issue discussed in this volume of your magazine. More than once I have been tempted to leave the Church but know that I cannot. Denying my heritage and beliefs is as destructive to the wholeness I seek as denying the feminist and artist within me. Now I no longer feel so isolated in my search for a "place" among the sisters. I finally see a bit of blue among some very dark clouds.

Lori Brummer
North Platte, Nebraska

Words of Appreciation

It has taken me all this time, since you published Karen Rosenbaum's tribute to Meg, to find the fortitude to say "thank you." Her father and I wept together over the essay, and our own memories came flooding back.

We finally (after two failures) have persuaded a lovely maple tree to grow by her grave. It will turn brilliant red in the fall, and she will love it.

Again—thank you for publishing the article.

Lucybeth Rampton
Salt Lake City, Utah

Good Thoughts to Chew On

I would like to offer a few notes of appreciation to the editors and staff of DIALOGUE for your labor of love with the journal. It has helped create breathing room in the Church and has helped, I'm sure, any number of people to direct their inquiries into more fruitful paths than they might have followed otherwise.

I look forward to reading the next issue. With any luck at all, it will give me plenty of good thoughts to chew on. Not to mention a handsome cover to spark my curiosity, evidence of careful editorial review, proofreading, and composition. In short, another cause for celebration!

J. H. Bryan
Newark, California

The Cause of Peace

I enjoyed reading Eugene England's letter, "Late Night Thoughts at the End of a War" (Summer 1991), but I must take mild exception to the impression left that President Hugh B. Brown was a pacifist.

I knew President Brown fairly well. He was my father's cousin and friend and our long-time acquaintance. He was, in fact, my boyhood hero, a man that I thoroughly admired. It is a well-known fact that he raised a cavalry squadron from among Southern Alberta's young men to support Canada's war effort against Germany at the beginning of World War I. He carried out this recruiting assignment very successfully, much to the dismay and consternation of many of the parents of the recruits. Unfortunately, many of these young men were gassed while serving in France, and some did not return home. This experience may well have turned President Brown's heart against war.

Eugene England noted that if Germany had been allowed a fairer Versailles Treaty in 1919, we likely would not have had the Adolf Hitler problem and World War II. I agree. I would go so far as to speculate that if the Kaiser had been allowed to win World War I, we may not

have had any of the subsequent wars. We would have had "Deutschland Ueber Alles."

I understand President Brown's hope and prayers while serving as president of the British Mission that Chamberlain's 1938 visit to Hitler would prevent a world conflagration. I was serving a West German mission at the time and felt the same way, although it was quite obvious to those of us who were there that war was inevitable.

Upon returning home, I established a close friendship with Hugh C. Brown, President Brown's elder son. When England and France declared war against Germany in September 1939, Hugh was attending BYU. Although his home was in Salt Lake City, he had strong patriotic feelings towards Canada, the land of his birth, and joined the Canadian Air Force. I was invited to a family farewell dinner for him at the Saltair resort, and I could sense his family's bittersweet feelings of love and sorrow. However, there was never any question of how proud they were to have such a son. Tragically, he was later lost in a combat patrol over the English Channel.

I have learned that there is no such thing as making the world safe for our sons and daughters through waging war. That can be accomplished only with the help of our Lord, and in that good cause I am in complete agreement with Brother Eugene.

Anthony DeVoe Woolf
Auburn, California

Rustin's Theological Breakthrough

Scientists seem so smart to me (up to a point). For example, Cambridge University's Stephen Hawking, in his *Brief History of Time* (Bantam Books, 1988) left me awe-struck with his revelations about black holes and about a synthesis between quantum mechanics and relativity. But then—then—he suddenly tells us that although he understands *how* the universe was formed, he still doesn't understand *why*! *Why*? I wrote to Stephen and told him that this sentence proves to me that he spent too long at that conference of astronomers at the Vatican. I got back a postcard from his department, which said that his physical condition (he suffers from Lou Gehrig's disease) prevented him from personally responding to my letter.

In the Summer 1991 issue of DIALOGUE appeared a delicious "note" by Erich Robert Paul titled "Science: 'Forever Tentative'?" This too dazzled my mind. Paul says: "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" (p. 121). In defense of Paul, I must say that what he said thereafter modified this bald-faced apology (he said that *interpreting* revelation can be a pretty relative thing).

But now let me tell you what's wrong with the sentence quoted above: God got where he is by eternal progression as a heavenly engineer. And as such, God holds his own scientific theories, as *tentative* to him as are the hypotheses of modern human scientists to them. Many Latter-day Saints take God's scientific theories to be absolutes, just because his theories are more advanced than those of temporal engineers. Worse than that, they think that about his ethics as well. What they fail to realize is that *all* engineers (temporal or extra-terrestrial) have ethics which lag far behind their math acumens.

When God changed his ethic from "eye for eye" to "love thy neighbor," it was because, in the meridian of time, he suddenly switched to a new code. You see, it *wasn't* that former peoples of the earth were more barbaric, and therefore needed a law more suited to their barbarism. This concept of God's ethics goes a long way to explaining nineteenth-century Mormon polygamy and our delay in giving the priesthood to blacks. Now we realize also why Gene England's higher ethics are out of step with the divine timetable.

Joseph Jeppson
(his "Rustin Kaufman" voice)
Woodside, California

The Language of Prayer

As a non-Mormon, I found Richard C. Russell's letter in the Summer 1991 issue interesting. Perhaps others in non-Mormon circles can identify with his problem, but I cannot.

When I first learned to pray as a Christian, I learned that prayer is communication with God. With that understanding, I could never have submitted to a special "prayer language" form of English. That is not the way I communicate. I speak to God in the most natural way I can, for although I regard him with immense awe and reverence, he is still my Father. Moreover, I want to be understood, and while God has the capacity to understand my heart regardless of what my mouth says (otherwise hypocrisy would be undetected and unpunished), it does me no good to pray if in trying to conform to a certain "pattern of prayer," I must concentrate on *how* I'm speaking to the exclusion of *what* I'm speaking.

Prayer is supposed to come from the heart. The mind is not totally disengaged, of course, for I must clearly and accurately state my deepest desires in prayer, and that requires mental function. Nevertheless, prayer is less an intellectual exercise than a pouring out of the heart and soul; and unless I am greatly mistaken, few people, if any, naturally express their deepest feelings and desires in terms of thee and thou.

It might be beneficial for the members of the LDS church to read and reread Orson Scott Card's definition of "Prayerspeak" (*Saintspeak: The Mormon Dictionary*, Salt Lake City: Orion Books, 1981), reminding themselves that surely Jesus meant what he said when he commanded his disciples not to pray as the heathens do (Matt. 6:7). The pagans of his day, and of ours, believed that unless God was approached in a formal, ritualistic manner, he would not hear. The true God, by contrast, never provided either Israel or the church with a set form of prayer; the so-called "Lord's Prayer" was not intended to be recited.

I approach very closely to my God when I pray. I don't need to carefully formulate my sentences into the proper shape and include all the correct words of a "prayer language" that is totally foreign to me. Rather, I simply come to my Father as his child, knowing that, just as I hear my children even if they mangle their mother tongue, so he will hear me even if I don't measure up to some ecclesiastical format.

Robert McKay
Rush Springs, Oklahoma

A Difficult Trial

I am amazed at Virginia Bourgeous's total lack of understanding of Mormon doctrine and history (Letters, Summer 1991). I would like to respond to the seven items she listed in her concerns over plural marriage.

First, while there is a constant birthrate of 105 baby boys to every 100 baby girls, it is also well known that more male infants die each year than do female infants. Nature itself helps even out the number of males and females, as do those of both sexes who decide to never marry.

Second, while polygamy means multiple mates, polygyny means more than one wife. It was polygyny which was practiced by the Church and is still practiced by fundamentalist groups. While those outside of the Church might be inclined to practice polyandry if polygamy were legalized, I don't think it would erode the status of the family any faster than is already occurring. Because of the sexual revolution of the 1960s, our society has already experienced a significant increase in the practice of multiple sexual partners. I doubt that the legalization of polygamy would really make that much of a difference. Whether the ACLU succeeds in legalizing polygamy or not, multiple "spouses" already exist among many in our country.

Third, the United States is not facing a problem of over-population. For that matter, there would probably not be a problem in most of the world if the natu-

ral resources were better used and the political problems did not encroach upon the economic survival of various peoples.

Fourth, another purpose of plural marriage appears to have been testing and growth. Ideally the men and women who practiced plural marriage learned and grew through the complexities and self-sacrifice the lifestyle inevitably required. Artificial insemination would not encourage the interaction that is necessary for personal and spiritual growth.

Fifth, since it is highly doubtful that the Church will ever re-institute plural marriage, I don't think we need to worry about enough women to go around.

Sixth, I find it very interesting that when using the Book of Mormon to condemn plural marriage Bourgeous skipped Jacob 2:30. A number of writers have also fallen into this same mistake. Verse 30 states, "For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things." Those who are quick to use the Book of Mormon to condemn plural marriage should reread this verse.

Finally, it is up to every individual to decide whether or not a prophet is infallible when giving revelation. When determining if Joseph Smith had a weakness for women, we only have documents (many of which are inconclusive) to go on. As good as historians are, they have not yet figured out how to read the mind of a dead person.

Plural marriage was a difficult trial for both men and women, though undoubtedly women carried most of the burden. It was not, however, easy for the men either. Many found it a difficult and painful commandment to live. I fear that too many Mormons today are accepting the worn-out stereotyped images of lascivious old men fulfilling their sexual fantasies with young, innocent women who had no say in the matter. Mormon plural marriage was anything but a sexual romp in the seraglio! Polygynous households experienced both joy and pain, heaven and hell, and a lot in between.

Who are we to really judge? We cannot get into the hearts and minds of the early Mormons who chose to live the principle. Nor can we truly understand those today who choose this way of life. I personally am glad that I do not have to make that choice.

Craig L. Foster
Provo, Utah

No Medal of Honor

I enjoyed reading my everloving wife Gay's piece, "Why Am I Here?" (Summer 1991), but I hasten to correct the dear girl's lack of military knowledge. I was NOT—repeat, NOT—awarded the Medal of Honor, which is given for exceptional valor, of which I have none.

I received a high award, yes, but it was a noncombat medal, the Legion of Merit, given for services "above and beyond the call of duty." I also was awarded three battle stars, but I was in the battle zones after a story, not after the enemy. I was required to wear a Colt .45 at such times, but I didn't have the faintest idea how to use it.

Thinking back, I believe I might have received the Legion of Merit for eating doughnuts. I went to Italy on a big story, and what with travel, gathering documents, interviewing people and making notes, I simply couldn't meet the chow line schedule at the mess halls; so I lived on what was available at the Red Cross canteen, coffee and doughnuts. During the third week, I was chewing on a doughnut and I simply couldn't swallow it, nor have I been able to since.

On returning to London I needed a new jacket. When I put on one at the supply room, the sergeant grabbed a handful of loose fabric and said, "Who's going to be in there with you, Mac?" I replied, "I'm a growing boy; I'll fill it out."

Anyhow, it *was* the Legion of Merit, and as we used to say, with it and sixpence I could buy a cup of Bovril.

Samuel Taylor
Redwood City, California

A British Perspective

As a British Latter-day Saint, I have found DIALOGUE to be of inestimable value in understanding the history of the Church and interpreting historic events. Many of my questions during the twenty-eight years I have belonged to the Church have been answered or placed in the correct context in the pages of DIALOGUE. A writer whose insights I have come to respect over the years has been Eugene England. However, his latest letter to the editor (Summer 1991) disturbs me.

England's anti-war rhetoric is admirable but unconvincing. While Christ did not advocate war, neither did he advocate negotiating with Satan (Matt. 4:1-10), and many scriptures suggest more than passivity. Many thoughtful citizens feel uneasy about going to war yet recognize that unfortunately "Christian" ideals will only be respected by leaders who wish to respect them. Hitler had no intention of respecting "Christian" ideals and, indeed, imprisoned, tortured, and killed many who tried to oppose him on Christian grounds.

Similarly, Saddam Hussein is not prepared to listen to Christian idealists. We have all seen what Muslim fundamentalists think of Christian principles; they continue to hold hostage Terry Waite, who was on a very Christian mission, and others whose only crime was to be British or American.

Like Hitler, Hussein uses whatever causes suit his purposes. He ended a war against a fellow Muslim state to pursue what, to him, was a much more profitable aggression—overrunning Kuwait. True, Kuwait was not noted for its democracy. Nevertheless, to have ignored the invasion would have been perilous in the extreme. Eugene England makes much of Neville Chamberlain's diplomacy but totally ignores the cost of those no-war-at-any-cost Christian ideals—Czechoslovakia and Danzig. Even before this, Britain, America, and most of the League of Nations ignored the atrocities being enacted in Abyssinia. Had they acted against the Italians, Hitler would not have received the signals he did.

The West's hesitancy to deal with Hussein similarly gave him the signals on which to act. His total disregard for Christian principles is apparent in his double-dealing over the Kurds, the Shi'ite population, and the promises he made at the end of the Gulf conflict. It is most unfortunate that the Iraqi ruler was not removed from power before the Allied forces left Kuwait. To have left Hitler and the Nazi party in power at the end of World War II would have left evil there to regrow in the same way that bindweed or convolvulous sends out new shoots to strangle garden vegetable and flowers.

Eugene England blames the rise of Hitler on the excessive reparations demanded from Germany following World War I. These demands were a factor, but so was the worldwide Great Depression, which also provided a breeding ground for another evil dictator who rejected Christian principles—Josef Stalin. Hitler and Stalin believed "negotiation" meant giving in to their demands, which led to death or the loss of freedom for millions of innocent people. "Negotiations" at Tehran in 1944 and Yalta in 1945, when President Roosevelt gave in to Stalin, led to the separation and repression of Eastern Europe.

I feel strongly about the period 1939-41, when Britain stood alone against the might of Germany, Hitler's forces having swept all opposition aside. At this time, America as a nation was not ready to stand up against Hitler militarily and kept aloof from a European war. Fortunately there were some who saw the need to fight evil and volunteered to fight alongside the British. Many of us in Britain believe that we survived, against all rational argument, against all that was obvious, because the Lord recognized the evilness of Hitler, an anti-Christ, and knew he had to be removed. Until the USA was forced into the war by Pearl Harbor, God was our only refuge. This awareness

welded the nation together, giving it a morale that was really the turning point of the war. I know because I was there. I can deplore Dresden and Hiroshima but know why and how they had to happen. To condemn them out of hand is to be completely naive.

"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," says England about the recent conflict. Yes, there are glaring injustices in the Middle East, some of them the legacy of British and French involvement there. But again, England is being selective. Many Middle East states, including Iraq and Jordan, received their freedom from the Ottoman Empire as a result of World War I. The king England quotes as support for appeasement is from a line of rulers placed there by the British as a result of British blood being spilt in the Middle East. Also, had Iraq remained the kingdom created, again by the British, after 1921, it is unlikely this discussion would be taking place.

We must learn from the past. Negotiation is imperative, as England says, but both sides must be prepared to meet on common ground. Iraq was not prepared for constructive talk. Those who watched television news before the armed hostilities would have seen Iraqi-style negotiation—seizing British hostages and parading them on Iraqi television, Hussein forcing his "friendly" attentions on a bewildered British child, an Iraqi diplomat saying that these people were not "hostages" but "guests" held for their own safety. Negotiation *was* tried and failed. The reparations demanded from the Iraqis in no way proximate those demanded of Germany after 1918. Our teaching of "repentance" (a good Christian principle) includes the restitution of things acquired by the sinful act. We ask Hussein for no more than this. Repentance also requires a promise not to repeat the transgression. Disposing of chemical and nuclear weapons would be just such a promise. We expect Hussein to give freedom to minorities and to opposition leaders to allow democracy to grow in Iraq. It is patently obvious that he is not prepared to do these things without sanctions which include the possibility of force.

Alan Webster
Oxford, England

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Losing Lucy

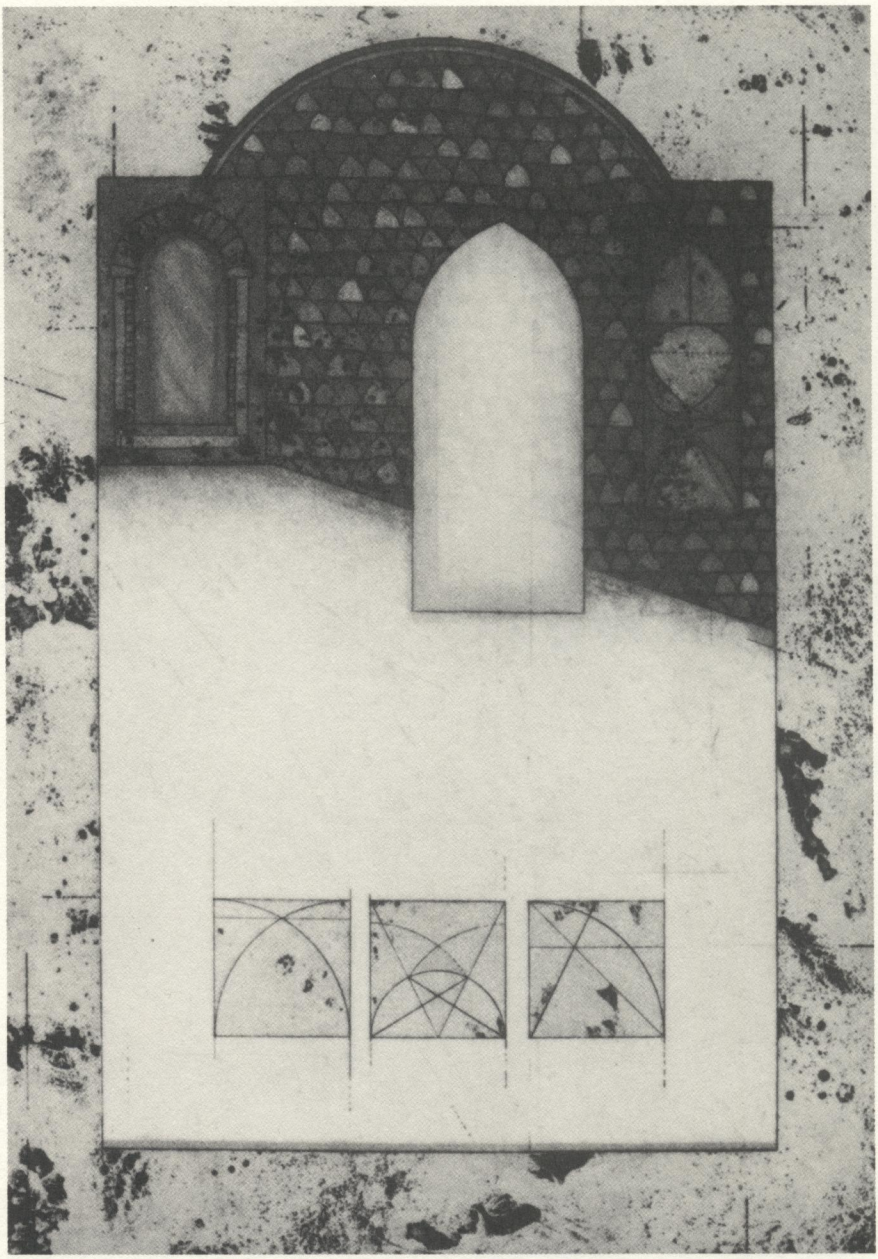
Karla Bennion

Just as we were meeting, she
Slid quick away—too far—
And I, surprised at sudden loss,
Ran leaping after her.

My eye still fixed on her bright face,
I felt by want of breath
How high I'd lifted from the ground,
Abyss of air beneath.

I reached—but she had turned—cruel heart!
To a remoter view.
The deep fall back is decades long
And dizzy down I go.

KARLA BENNION is a student in the clinical psychology program at Brigham Young University. She and her husband, John, a writer, have four living children.



Book of Mormon Stories That My Teachers Kept from Me

Neal Chandler

I AM ABOUT TO MAKE a confession—not to my bishop who does not read DIALOGUE and who would probably not want to hear it anyway, but to you who as DIALOGUE readers are surely more at ease with scandal. I would like to keep the exercise simple, but for the sake of honesty—and what is confession without honesty?—I'm going to undermine my confession by admitting right up front that I am about to do this right thing for a wrong reason. The right reasons for confession, according to tradition and the *Bishop's Handbook*, are a contrite spirit and the desire to repent. But I have searched my heart in this matter and found no particular pang, no ache of regret. In fact, it may be no more than a kind of perversity that brings me to admit what I will tell you now, namely, that when it comes to the Book of Mormon, that most correct of books, whose pedigree we love passionately to debate and whose very namesakes we have, all of us, become, I stand mostly with Mark Twain. I think it's "chloroform in print."[1]

I am guilty of this impiety, but I am not, I think, utterly incorrigible. I do not, for instance, stand with Karl Marx who insisted "the

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NEAL CHANDLER shuffles paper and sometimes teaches writing at Cleveland State University in Ohio. His own stories are still available from the University of Utah Press.

[1] This famous phrase occurs in the sixteenth chapter of *Roughing It* and is only a small part of Twain's puzzlement over Mormonism. "The book is a curiosity to me, it is such a pretentious affair, and yet so 'slow,' so sleepy; such an insipid mess of inspiration. It is chloroform in print. If Joseph Smith composed this book, the act was a miracle—keeping awake while he did it was, at any rate. If he, according to tradition, merely translated it from certain ancient and mysteriously-engraved plates . . . , the work of translating was equally a miracle, for the same reasons" (1872, 127). Twain was not a believer, but unlike many believers—and as the long book review which follows clearly shows—he at least had read the Book of Mormon.

Mormon Bible" was as difficult to understand as Prussian foreign policy, precisely because there wasn't a word of sense in either (Marx 1864). On the contrary, I find the Book of Mormon relentlessly long on good sense; but if good sense were also relentlessly engaging, you and I would watch our weight instead of television, our adolescent children would hang hungrily on our every word of sage advice, and we would, all of us, stay awake when high councilmen come to speak. We do not.

Perhaps, my problems with the Book of Mormon are my own fault. Perhaps I have simply read 1 Nephi too many times. But it is not just this repetition that wearies. 1 Nephi has its low points, but also hills, and rills, and some exotic vegetation along the way. No, it is not until the dry, open expanses of Nephi 2 that my eyelids and attention flag in defiance of my good resolve. If reading scripture is, indeed, like a journey home, then for me who have often made that long trek across Interstate 80 to my Utah birthplace, 2 Nephi looms enroute like . . . Nebraska . . . a sort of sub-Saharan Nebraska with miles and miles and desolate miles of nothing but more miles and miles, all of which must be faced with the terrible and certain foreknowledge that at the inconceivably distant conclusion of Nebraska, Wyoming lies in wait.

Oh, I do not deny that there are majestic moments, vistas of theological grandeur even in 2 Nephi. "For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things" (2 Ne. 2:11), for instance, or "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Ne. 2:25). I also value Nephi's psalm, not because it is great literature, as some contend, but because it seems so unlike Nephi. Still, these passages are brief oases in a vast and level plain of exhortation and prophecy, prophecy and exhortation. There are, at the outset, Lehi's exhortations to his wayward children and his prophecies, followed by the prophecies and exhortations of Jacob, which in turn incorporate the exhortations and prophesies of Isaiah, to be followed by the interpretations, prophecies, and exhortations of Nephi. Jacob then denounces the wicked, exhorts the righteous, and expounds at length the allegory of the olive tree for purposes both of exhortation and of prophecy.

Next, there is a reprieve of sorts. Enos gives us the world's briefest account of the world's longest prayer, and for those of us familiar with the history and practice of long-distance praying, this is surely a good thing. I must point out, however, that its virtue derives as much from what, mercifully, the account leaves out, as from what it contains. In any case, shortly thereafter King Benjamin, who is, incidentally, my favorite Book of Mormon exhorter, exhorts from his tower for several long chapters—without neglecting prophecy. Even 3 Nephi, to whose

familiar language and central testimony we quickly direct newcomers to the book, is not so much a narrative as a kind of grand first general conference report in which the life mission of Jesus of Nazareth, with its human contexts and conflicts, its personalities and parables, its trials and ambiguities and quiet human moments, is condensed—I want to say reduced—to conference talks replete with doctrines, prophecies, and, of course, exhortations.

Now I do not mean to suggest for a moment that doctrines, prophecies, exhortations, and/or conference talks are not good things. I suppose the Second Coming will be brought to us on television, and who can doubt what the format will be? Still, as a steady diet, the familiar format requires a pious asceticism not given me in more than measured doses. I am a restless exhortee. After a while I begin to watch my watch, roll my eyes, count again the remaining minutes or pages, hope for a commercial. It is not because I don't appreciate gospel principles; it is only because those principles unleavened, unamended, and uncomplicated by life itself or by stories of real living seem to me about as compelling as would grammar in a world without language.

When Jesus of Nazareth was asked, as he often was, some question turning on what everyone around him thought to be high, implacable principle, he did not quote from *Mormon Doctrine* nor from *Answers to Gospel Questions*. Instead, he told a story. And we, who have never very well understood why he did this, have ourselves long since lost the skill of storytelling. Jesus' stories to his first audiences were unheard of, striking, disquieting, unorthodox. To us, however, they—like our own stories for pulpit, classroom, and *official* publication—have become the very soul of orthodoxy; we know the central ones by heart, and because we know them so well, we hardly know them at all. They are, to borrow a simile from Nietzsche, like coins so long in use they have lost their imprimatur and circulate among us as smooth blank metal. We know they are a unit of value, but no longer remember clearly what that value is.

Who among us does not know the story of the good Samaritan? Once a man on his way from Jerusalem down to Jericho fell into the hands of thieves, who stripped him, beat him, then left him for dead. By chance a priest came that way and, seeing him along the road, passed by on the other side. Then a Levite came by, saw him, and likewise passed by. But when a traveling Samaritan came upon the injured man, he was moved to pity. He went to him and bandaged his wounds, bathing them with oil and wine. Then he lifted him onto his donkey and took him to an inn, where he nursed him. The next morning he gave the innkeeper some money, charging him to take care of

the man and promising on his return trip to pay any extra expenses. Then he went on his way.

Whenever I have asked for volunteers to recount that story, there have been numerous applicants to choose from. What's more, whoever was called upon told it confidently and comprehensively without reminder or hesitation. Afterward I have asked questions, and we have done what good Sunday School classes always do. We have carefully noted that the first man to pass by the victim on the roadside was, in fact, an official of the Jewish faith, and that the second, the Levite, was an even higher, aristocratically certified, religious official. And, finally, that the man who actually stopped to help, who went out of his way and out of pocket to care for the injured Jew, belonged to an ethnic group commonly despised by Jews. This, of course, is the cultural information most crucial to understanding the question which Jesus puts at the end of the story: "Which of these three men," he asks, "was neighbor to the man who fell among thieves?" (Luke 10:36). And yet, even carefully analyzed and placed into context, our tellings are a far cry from the parable as it was first told and intended. Jesus of Nazareth, a Jew, told his story *to* the Jews. We tell it—and, I think, rather *like* to tell it—*on* the Jews.

The truth is that in order to be faithful to a story, sometimes it is necessary to be not quite so faithful to the text. I am not a Jew in ancient Israel. I am a late twentieth-century Mormon living in Cleveland, Ohio, where, one might, for instance, speculate, there was once a certain man who on a Saturday evening went into a part of the city into which respectable men normally do not go. Why he went there has not been determined, though this is a matter of concern to many among us who think his reason makes all the difference in the world. Still, whatever the reason, his trip ended in misfortune. He was attacked by thugs who took his money and credit cards, his dark blue blazer, and his late model car with the George Bush bumper sticker. They left him beaten and filthy and unconscious in the gutter. And then by chance a certain high priest drove by, a former Mormon bishop and member of the stake high council, who was taking a short cut through that part of town because he was late for the priesthood session of stake conference. And when he saw the man lying in the gutter, he shook his head and said to himself with not a little disgust, "Look at that, would you. Just look at that. The things people do to themselves." And because there were other men, black men, standing on the sidewalk staring at him, he pulled into the center lane and, accelerating, ran a yellow light at the next intersection.

Not long after, there also came that way a General Authority, traveling from the airport in a very large car. He was a well-known official

from a well-known family, and when he saw the man in the gutter, he too was troubled, though in a different sort of way, and asked, "Shouldn't we stop to help?" But the security man who was driving and who was an experienced man who knew his business said, "That's not a good idea. This is a bad part of town. Anything could happen here, and besides, he's probably just sleeping it off. If you want to pick up this one, sir, what about the one on the next corner, and the next? You'd need a semi to pick up all of them." So the General Authority sat quietly back while his driver moved into the center lane and got up speed to get him to conference on time where he told the assembled brethren he'd been impressed by the spirit and by an experience he'd had that very evening to set aside his prepared text and speak instead about the importance of the Word of Wisdom in the last days.

At about this time, a certain aging hippie drove the very way the General Authority and the high priest had just come. He was a kind of middle-aged adolescent with a pony tail and an earring, who played lead guitar in a local rock 'n' roll band and drove a rusting VW van covered with bumper stickers promoting abortion rights, gay liberation, legalization of marijuana, and the making of love not war. And when he saw the man in the gutter, he put down his joint and stopped the van. And when he could not revive the unconscious victim, he dragged and lifted him inside the van and drove several miles out of his way to an emergency treatment center in the suburbs where the pretty girl behind the desk asked if he and the injured man were related. "No," he said. And she frowned and asked what the patient's insurance carrier was. "Who knows?" he said. "I found him in the street. Maybe he doesn't have one." To which she replied while filing her fingernails that in that case, unfortunately, they couldn't take him in, not without insurance. She was sorry, but it was policy, and there were no exceptions. But the lead guitarist with the earring and pony tail lost his patience, and he yelled at the girl behind the desk, and at the physician on call, and at an administrator on the telephone until they became mute and embarrassed and agreed to do what they could if he would just quiet down and go away. So he left, leaving his van in the parking lot and his wrist watch and van keys on the desk as a kind of unsolicited guarantee, and he promised to come back Sunday night right after his gig was finished and pay what he could of the charges. He took off down the street walking and whistling and smoking a cigarette and balancing his electric guitar on his shoulder like a ghetto blaster. It was almost Sunday, and the Sunday School question which hovered in the air and always has, though it's not often asked very well nor answered very carefully, is just this: who in that story was neighbor to the man who strayed into a bad part of Cleveland?

Though we sometimes relate stories, I suspect we rarely make them heard. And if we have trouble telling memorable Bible tales, problems with those from the Book of Mormon are immense. Did you ever wonder why stories from the Book of Mormon are so much less familiar? Oh, I know that primary song: "Book of Mormon Stories That My Teacher Tells to Me." It's my children's favorite, the one they always ask for. But when I asked them, and the other Primary children, and their older brothers and sisters, and their parents and priesthood leaders to tell me Book of Mormon stories, they were not very forthcoming or very helpful. My middle daughter said she liked "the one about the good Samarite or whatever you call him." My oldest liked the one about the man who didn't have to kill his son after all. And we were all relieved to find that the third suggestion, the story about getting the brass plates, actually did come from the Book of Mormon. My wife tells the story about the brother of Jared, about those Tupperware boats he built, and how he got them illuminated. That's a good story, and I like to hear her tell it, but there don't seem to be many others to match it. At least not many that people recall. Maybe that's because, like me, nobody much reads much beyond 1 Nephi. Or maybe it's because after all those miles of exhortation and prophecy, prophecy and exhortation, we are so glazed over and hypnotized we don't recognize a story when we see one. There are, after all, some amazing stories in the Book of Mormon. Remember, for instance, the remarkable story of Ammon.

Ammon is one of four sons of King Mosiah, all troubled adolescents, who cause endless headaches in the community and endless heartaches for their father. But unlike the less fortunate juvenile delinquents of our own acquaintance, these kids are turned decisively from mischief by an intervening angel. They are, in fact, so shaken by this supernatural dressing down that henceforward the wayward brothers become models of gospel rectitude, forsaking sin and rebellion for missionary work among the dangerous and benighted Lamanites.

After a difficult journey through the wilderness, the brothers separate, each entering a different Lamanite kingdom. Ammon enters a land called Ishmael, which like the ancient Greek island of Taurus, has an interesting law, making it a crime to be a stranger. All strangers are arrested, bound, and taken before King Lamoni, who decides whether the perpetrator will be slain, imprisoned, or merely banished. In general, Lamoni is in all such matters a consistent and reliable advocate of capital punishment. But, astonishingly, in the case of Ammon, he makes an exception. When he asks the young man what he is doing in Ishmael, Ammon replies that he wants to live there, perhaps even for the rest of his life. This answer clearly astounds the

king. (It seems likely that even the people of Ishmael were not particularly anxious to live there.) In any case, the answer so impresses Lamoni that, instead of following his own habit and the national custom by having Ammon slain, he offers instead to give him one of his daughters in marriage. (I am not making this up.)

Ammon, however, is a missionary and therefore forbidden even the most harmless romantic dalliance. Serious matrimonial alliance with a nonmember is out of the question. The young man declines, stating diplomatically that he wishes instead only to be of service—which is to say, a servant—to the king. This request pleases Lamoni not a little. Immediately, he puts the young foreigner in charge of all his herds and flocks, a great honor, or, at least, it would be if it did not place Ammon right back in immediate danger of losing his life. The difficulty, you see, with shepherding Lamoni's flocks is that when the king's herdsmen drive his livestock to a watering hole, marauding bands of Lamanites regularly lie in wait to stampede and scatter the animals. And when the herdsmen then report the loss, the angered king's invariable response is to have them executed. Though less at fault, obviously, than the actual thieves, the herdsmen are far more available to satisfy the royal thirst for justice.

And sure enough, when Ammon and the other shepherds approach a watering hole with Lamoni's flocks, they are ambushed by Lamanite rustlers, who drive off all the animals, leaving the herdsmen in disarray and open despair. All except Ammon, that is. Where others see calamity, Ammon, an altogether visionary man, sees golden opportunity. He rejoices, rallies, and organizes the shepherds to round up the scattered animals and head them once again toward the watering hole. The bandit Lamanites are a little stunned at the shepherds' return. In fact, Ammon's fellow shepherds are themselves a little incredulous, seeing nothing to be gained by tempting fate a second time. But Ammon bids them hang back and keep the flock together while he advances alone on the foe and delivers a quick object lesson. He pulls out a sling and in rapid succession terminates no fewer than six armed Lamanites. The startled bandits rush him as a body, but Ammon draws the sword he just happens to have at his side, decapitates the leader of these villains, and then severs every arm raised against him in anger.[2] Over a dozen limbs come down. It's an impressive display. (And I'm still not making any of this up.)

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[2] The fact that not one of the amputees, except, of course, the one who loses his head, actually dies of his wound seems to underscore a certain kind of divine charity attendant on this violence or at least to indicate an advanced state of Lamanite emergency medicine hitherto unrecognized by Book of Mormon commentators.

The shepherds nervously hanging back with Lamoni's reassembled flocks are certainly impressed. They too now fall to rejoicing and, fearing that no one will believe what they have witnessed, set about gathering up the severed arms to take back as evidence. They go straightway to the king to tell him what has transpired, and, as proof, lay the collected limbs out before him on the palace floor. And, indeed, the king is awed. It is perhaps safe to say that no one has ever brought him such a lavish gift of arms before. And when he asks to see the man who accomplished such a feat, everyone is astonished to discover that Ammon is not among them. Modestly and with a spirit of undistracted service, he has returned not to the court, but to the royal stables to carry on his duties as a servant.

Lamoni sends for Ammon, but his heart is troubled. Such deeds are not done by mere mortals, he thinks. Surely this Ammon must be the great spirit manifest somehow in human form. Feeling suddenly vulnerable, Lamoni is afraid to speak to Ammon when he arrives. Ammon, for his part, is much too polite ever to speak to his master before being spoken to. And so, scripture records, these two men stand carefully saying nothing at all and avoiding one another's eyes for over an hour before suddenly it occurs to Ammon exactly what the king is thinking and why he is afraid to speak in Ammon's presence.

Ammon breaks the silence to express these concerns, but his words only drive Lamoni even deeper into apprehension. Surely, thinks the king, if he can read my very thoughts, this must indeed be the great spirit. The servant, however, reassures his cowering master. "I am not," he insists, "the great spirit. But if I tell you how I do these things, will you believe whatever I say?"

It is at this point we learn that the entire chain of events in this story (Ammon's arrival, his refusal to marry, the civil service job, the predictable incident with the flocks, the stonings and dismemberments and decapitation, Ammon's modest withdrawal to the stables, and now this divining of thoughts) everything, everything has come together in a carefully worked out plot, a trap, a set-up. What can the terrified Lamoni answer now, but "yes"? Ammon has ensnared him, as the scripture says, "by guile" (Alma 18:23), and, in so doing, opened up the land of Ishmael for the full-time missionary program. "What do you know about God?" he asks next. "Would you like to know more?"

What follows must certainly be the most comprehensive Institute lecture ever given in the history of the planet. Beginning with "In the beginning," Ammon recounts the entire content and history of the Old Testament, then turns to the Book of Mormon from the beginning to the moment of his own speaking, and goes on from there to tell

and interpret the events of the New Testament, even though these have not yet taken place. It is an overpowering performance, and Lamoni is appropriately overwhelmed. He swoons and falls into a kind of coma. Unfortunately, what the court around him sees is that Lamoni has fallen to the ground, is lying motionless, and has stopped breathing. Those among them given to reliance on the reasoning of men conclude that he has died. They insist the queen must bury him. Others, of a more mystical bent, are convinced that somehow Ammon has done something supernatural to the king. He is not really dead. The queen should at least check carefully with Ammon before burying her husband. Perplexed, she does so. "Many," she tells him, "insist the king is dead, that he already stinks. They say I must bury him."

"What do you think?" Ammon asks in reply. When she allows that to her mind her husband does not stink, and when she is even willing to believe Ammon's promise that Lamoni will regain consciousness, he praises her extraordinary faithfulness. And indeed, on the very next day her faith is rewarded. As predicted, King Lamoni awakens from what turns out to have been a great vision in which all that Ammon had told him before his swoon, the whole gigantic lecture, has been confirmed and documented in living color. The tale he tells is so moving, so overwhelming that this time the entire court is overcome: the courtiers, the queen, Ammon himself, and King Lamoni all over again. The whole entourage falls into a swoon—everyone except a certain "Lamantish" woman named Abish, who, as it turns out, was converted to the gospel secretly two years before, and so, in effect, has already seen the movie. Consequently, she alone is left standing and feels called to make this great outpouring of the spirit known as a sign to all the Lamanite people in the surrounding country.

But when she goes out and brings in the people to witness the miracle, what they see is that the king and all his entourage have fallen to the ground, are lying motionless, and have stopped breathing. Despite all Abish can do to prevent it, the wicked conclusion begins to circulate that these people are, in fact, dead and should be buried before they begin to stink. Some even make preparations, while certain others, speculating that Ammon beguiled the king and certainly must have been responsible for this atrocity, actually attempt to mutilate the Nephite missionary's now defenseless body.

The whole transcending miracle which poor Abish wanted to proclaim to her people is teetering on the brink of disaster. But then, suddenly—by the intervening power of heaven, of course—first the

queen, then King Lamoni, and, subsequently, Ammon and all the transported court are returned to consciousness just in the nick of time to prevent great mischief and untimely interment. Elation and rejoicing, conversion and enlightenment sweep through the land. A people lost to the light of the gospel is restored again. Ammon continues, meanwhile, as an exceptional missionary and leader, converting Lamoni's father and opening all the Lamanite lands to missionary work. Eventually, he leads a large group of converted Lamanites back among the Nephites to the land of Jershon, where finally, loved and revered, he disappears gently and honorably from the record.

That is the very long and altogether remarkable story of Ammon. Why, when I ask for Book of Mormon stories, is it not recounted to me, either in part or in whole, as are the Parable of the Good Samaritan, the Sacrifice of Isaac, and so many other Bible stories? Certainly it's amazing enough. Sometimes, I suspect, it's a little too amazing, too heroic, too miraculous and incredible for credulity. But then there are Bible stories as well that strain credulity. Some of us simply assume that wonders and miracles occurred more commonly in distant and saintlier dispensations. Others hold the inverse but related belief that scriptural texts (ancient and modern) have never been strangers to hyperbole and even fabrication. Either view provides precedent and parallels, but in Ammon's case the parallels to biblical stories and heroes are particularly striking. Like Moses, Ammon rouses a lost covenant people and leads them away from slavery and through the wilderness to safety in a promised ancestral land. Like Joseph in Egypt, Ammon rises as a foreign slave to a position of power and prominence second only to the monarch. Like Samson, he single-handedly slays entire hordes of armed attackers. Like David, he defeats the king's powerful enemies with a simple shepherd's sling. David's victim was a giant, but Ammon kills more than one. In decapitations, the two heroes stand tied at one apiece. Ammon, however, clearly leads in the general category of mutilations.

There is a sense in which Ammon summarizes and surpasses all the biblical heroes, is all of them rolled into one . . . and is more. Possessed of the obvious heroic virtues enshrined in cartoon epics on Saturday morning television, Ammon is a super-hero. But unfortunately, the Book of Mormon account renders him only in flat cartoon dimensions.[3] He has Moses' leadership ability but, unlike the biblical

[3] The famous Arnold Frieburg illustrations are no off-the-wall fantasy. The painter and the book's more recent video animators have tapped directly into the mild but mighty spirit of the narrative.

prophet, is never out of control, never beyond his depth, never at a loss for words. He shows Joseph's dedication to service, but never appears so naive or impolitic as the young Joseph, nor so subtle and political as the mature Joseph. He has Samson's strength and courage, but not his brashness, nor vanity, nor weakness for the wrong kind of women. And Ammon's rise and reign show none of the wavering fortunes, none of the tragedy and human fallibility of David's. David, a great king and Israel's mightiest, most celebrated hero, is also human and in some important ways a failure: for every heroism there is a cowardice; for every certainty, a doubt; for every victory, a defeat.

In contrast, Book of Mormon bad guys are uncompromising in their villainy, and its heroes are insuperable in their virtue. They are large in stature, mighty and strong, unswerving in their faith and in their purpose, yet mild and sweet as mother's milk. Like Ammon, nearly all these men are cast in a mold I call *Nephionic paragonitude.* Now, I have invented this term, first to pay homage to the long, defining shadow which Nephi casts over all subsequent heroes in the Book of Mormon, and second, to label that influence with a proper and properly unmistakable abstraction. Nephi is, as we all know, of such exceedingly good report that it would probably be better had the reports not been written by his own hand. He is such a pure embodiment of faithful, faith-promoting, masculine virtue that he teeters on the page away from living flesh and blood into moral abstraction. He and those who follow are two-dimensional, light or dark, Nephi or Laman. They are plain and simple binary paradigms of good and of evil, and one wonders how much carving and shaping it took to make that world and those lives appear so uncomplicated and so unlike our own.

Roland Barthes writes about two kinds of writing in the world (1982, 185–93). One, self-absorbed and literary, which for this very reason provokes us, tells us more about the world than we expected. It cannot speak in doctrines or provide evidence to make some case or other, because the governing value is the *how* of writing, the language itself. And the strength and integrity of language lie precisely in its freedom from subservience to content, in its openness to ambiguity. It embraces risk and anomaly not ideologically, but by telling stories faithful to the complicated and shifting fine structures of real experience. Think of the book of Job. Even while it affirms, it raises agonizing questions.

The other kind of writing functions precisely in the service of doctrine. It gives evidence, explains, and instructs. The language itself, the *how* of writing, far from being an end, is never more than an instructional means. Such writing may sometimes have a free, but always has an insistent character. It discriminates. It edits. It speaks in

dialects: Marxist or Methodist or Mormon, for instance. It is inelegantly prone to exhortation and prediction and, like people who are a little too insistent, is met by readers with a little more wariness, a little more reservation. The Book of Mormon is clearly this kind of writing. Even stories have the insistent character of exhortation. The lives are not as we have experienced life, but as they ought or ought not to be lived according to doctrine. And though we have been schooled to dismiss our reservations and to value these stories for their doctrinal content, some of us resist passively by not rereading and not remembering them.

I may only be pointing up what, theoretically, everyone knows: namely, that the Book of Mormon is mostly an abridgement, a reduction to the plain and precious, from which many things are missing. And I am asserting wistfully that those missing things may also be extraordinarily precious though probably not plain at all.

There is presently a fashionable school of textual criticism which argues that it is not what a book says or openly asserts that constitutes its real subject, its deepest meaning, but rather what it fails to say or even directly suppresses. The arguments tend to be lengthy and arcane, but the phenomenon they describe is not unlike certain familiar kinds of conversation: "Of course I like your dress. I mean, you have some dresses I probably like better, but this one's fine. Come on, if I didn't like your dress, I'd say so." There are, to be sure, examples that cut deeper into blood and bone: "Of course I like your family . . . " or "Of course I don't think you're a failure . . . " or "Of course I'm not interested in him. Why would I be interested in anyone else?" Why indeed? The question rings on in every ear, including, you can be sure, the speaker's own. Good writers of dialogue know that almost all meaningful discourse between people who matter to one another is as much avoidance as approach.

The only absolutely unedited story I think I ever heard was told me in a Greyhound bus on the New Jersey Turnpike and told only—or perhaps I should say precisely—because I was, to the teller, a complete stranger and openly reluctant to listen. It was an unattractive account told by a young woman who, when we reached the New York Port Authority, was going to have to decide between two connecting buses, one which would take her to her brother's home in upstate New York, or another which would take her downtown to her pimp. And it was her own observation that she could tell neither of these men anything remotely approaching the whole, unedited truth.

Texts (including scriptural ones) are not unlike the human beings who write them. They gauge the context and the audience. They travel mostly within the safety of convention and say what is sayable over

and on top of what is meant, or what is recognized, even fixed upon, but carefully, reflexively not said or meant. When I was very young, I sometimes prayed aloud to diffuse with the sound of my own voice a notion which had come into my head, from who knows where, and which seemed to me a great sin: the notion that there might not be a God at all. Since then I have sometimes wondered what was measured by the urgency in those appeals: was it faith or fear? If fear, which seems more likely, then fear of what? of punishment? or of being right? of death perhaps? I do not know, but the true subject of those prayers was not their content.

If you'll forgive me that theoretical digression and indulge my now applying this theory to the Book of Mormon, we can, while being very fashionable, look for its underlying subject and deepest meaning in whatever is most clearly absent from and most resolutely suppressed in the text. I think the answer is quite clear. It must be sex.

The Book of Mormon is surely about sin and virtue, but with regard to sins of the flesh there is precious little, and of fleshly virtues there is nothing whatsoever. In this regard, and as scriptures go, it may just be the purest, most thoroughly purged and expurgated, fumigated, laundered, sanitized, and correlated ancient scripture ever brought to plate or paper. Next to the Book of Mormon, the Bible, both New Testament and Old, seems positively pornographic.

While I was in the mission field (during the last dispensation), a friend in another mission wrote me the following observation: "Right now," he said, "I've glanced long enough at my companion to tell that he is reading the Song of Solomon, the one book in the Bible Joseph Smith said was not inspired writing. Read it and see why." (I've read it, by the way, and beg to differ with Joseph Smith.) "This," my friend continued, "is a good indication of the preoccupations that my companion has. As a matter of fact, I think you two would hit it off. You are very much alike."

Now I didn't need to quote the last two sentences in order to make my point but have done so in the continuing spirit of confession. Two years before I received that letter, my high school seminary teacher drew wanton snickers when, in a hierarchy of motivational incentives commonly employed by advertisers, he listed "sex." We did not laugh, as we would have in junior high, because a teacher and cleric had used the forbidden three-letter word. We were by then terribly and self-consciously sophisticated. And we certainly did not laugh at the notion that sex sells. No, we laughed because in his hierarchy of motivators he listed sex as number seventeen.

Some things are laughable, especially to adolescent boys who have discovered something of the world's powerful preoccupations, and who,

because they are also new to these, and to the politics of presentation, are likely to laugh at the mincing arbiters of propriety.

You will, however, find no such temptations and few if any such boys in the Book of Mormon. There are, to be sure, Alma the Younger and the sons of Mosiah, who made so much trouble for the Church and for their fathers. There is also Corianton who went off into Sidon after the harlot Isabel. But these are not the awkward, ambivalent, pressingly human adolescent boys of our acquaintance. They are, instead, archetypal sinners, the rebellious heretic and the fornicator, whose sins are recounted in a past and distant perfect tense as prelude to the flood of exhortation which will convert them and turn them from evil to equally archetypal lives of *Nephionic paragonitude*.

There are here no tales of love nor of seduction. No long-smitten Jacob at the well. No Samson and Delilah. No desperate eunuch's wife with Joseph. No terrible passions like Amnon's for his sister nor David's for Bathsheba. No song for Solomon. No Mary Magdalene for Christ to kiss upon the mouth. No grudging celibate concession that it's better at least to marry than to burn. There is mention of whoring, yes, and of rape. But whoring's just a business, and rape is yet another tedious, sordid, brutal, and impersonal face of war. (In the Book of Mormon even war is boring.[4]) Of human sexuality, however, there is not a trace. There is barely any trace of gender. It's no secret that without imports from the Bible there wouldn't be enough named women in the Book of Mormon to employ the fingers of a single hand: Sariah, Lehi's wife; Abish, the Lamanitish woman; and, interestingly, Isabel the harlot. That's it. Only the addition of the biblical Sarah and Mary to this scriptural record covering some 522 pages and more than 800 years brings the compliment to five.

This is a book of men, by men, for men, and openly and conventionally, at least, about men only. It's a closed priesthood shop, whereby one is reminded that in our culture "priesthood" is principally a gender designation. If I were to categorize this book by gender, the temptation would be to call it homo-asexual literature. And if the theory guiding this rumination is right, it is only through cracks and fissures in this plaster eunuch that we can find our way to blood and bone and tissue. But where are these cracks and fissures?

Let's begin with the obvious—with Sariah, who is at very least an open blemish. Her name is mentioned only five times (the women's record) in the Book of Mormon. Still, we learn enough to conclude

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[4] If you want to know why, see the excellent eleventh chapter in Hugh Nibley's *Since Cumorah* (1967).

with one classic priesthood commentator "that she did not possess very great faith in the mission of her husband, or in the fulfillment of his prophesies; she rather regarded him as a visionary man, who was leading her and her children into trouble and danger by his dreams and revelations, and consequently [she] was prone to murmur when any difficulty arose" (Reynolds 1910, 311).

A peevish, niggling Sariah? A woman of little faith? I doubt it. Let's try the story differently. This time let's imagine Sariah in Cleveland where one day her husband complains aloud and for the umpteenth time that the city is a cesspool. All around them liquor and drugs, gambling, prostitution, and perversion. Every newspaper carries accounts of robbery and murder, of rape and fraud and infidelity. Charlatans run the government. And the people seem indifferent. The wealthy grow fatter and fatter, while the homeless go hungry, and ordinary working people slip into poverty. The place is going to hell in a hurry.

What can she say? She's seen the magazines on the racks at the grocery story, the movie marquees, the kids hanging around on corners when they ought to be in school. Her best friend is divorcing. Her neighbor's daughter is pregnant but unmarried. Her neighbor says the boy who did it uses marijuana if not worse. The evening news shows long gray lines of people at the unemployment office. It also shows the city fathers celebrating a bond sale with black ties and limousines and smiles and cheese and wine. Not a week before, a seventy-two-year-old woman froze to death in a doorway barely half a mile from her home. Sariah has eyes and ears. So what can she say? Her husband is right.

But when he tells her he's had a vision in which the Lord has commanded them to leave their comfortable four-bedroom ranch with family room and patio, leave their possessions, their troubled neighbors, and divorcing friends to move out into the mountains, she is uncertain. Embattled or not, a home is a home, a roof over your head, an investment of labor and memory. And divorcing or not, friends are friends. Troubled neighbors need neighbors too. And what about the children? It's true, she has one son, the youngest, who is excited about this. He's kind of a big kid, and strong, stronger than the other boys. He's enthusiastic and still young enough to think that going off into the mountains of West Virginia to camp with his dad is the greatest idea he ever heard in his life. But he's kind of self-righteous, and he's always preaching at the other kids, or tattling on them. They hate that.

Her older boys, meanwhile, are full-blown adolescents, and they're working through a heavy case of adolescent separation. They don't even want to go to breakfast with their family. And the oldest, Laman, well it's his senior year, for heaven's sake. He's finally on the varsity,

and he has a lot of friends. There are some scars a boy just never gets over. What happens when they want to date, when it's time to marry? This is not going to be any *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. Lehi is negotiating with the only family in the city weird enough to go along with an insanity of this magnitude. "The geeks of the universe!" She can already hear her sons' enraged complaining. And what about the girls? (Though nowhere named and barely mentioned, Sariah does have daughters.) How will they get along? These are city kids. They've never even been to Outward Bound. And what is the family going to live on, anyway? Nobody seems to be thinking about that. She's responsible for those kids. For keeping them going and fed and safe and moral and happy. Yes, her husband has had a vision, and her husband is a good man. But let's be honest. The whole thing sounds flat out crazy to Sariah.

And yet, Sariah is obedient. I have known latter-day Sariahs, women who wince but pack up their children, their aspirations, and even their better judgement and go along anyway. Sariah goes, and when her husband gets her and the children settled in tents in the West Virginia mountains, he says, "Hey, we've got to have our genealogical records. Uncle What'sis Name, the old reprobate, he's got them. I'm sending the boys. We're not going any further until they bring back those records." And so the boys drive back to Cleveland, and, you know, Uncle What'sis Name *is* an old reprobate, a mean drunk and miserly, and he's not about to give them anything. Instead he humiliates them and sends them packing. So when in the evening they find him falling-down drunk in the street, they kill him and mutilate the body. Then they steal the records they've come for, kidnapping a man who discovers them in the act, and they beat it back to the campsite in West Virginia.

So now they have their genealogy, but they also have the law after them, looking for some demented pack of vicious cult murderers, and even if they wanted to go back home again, they can't. They don't dare. Suddenly, incredibly, Sariah's sons, the boys she's raised to be better than the sordid world around them, are felons and fugitives and murderers. Just how is she to deal with that, to square it with the purpose for which her husband says he's brought them all out here into the wilderness? Oh, there are reasons. Men always have their reasons, their principled explanations. She's had this all carefully explained to her. But she has her own mind too, and her intuitions. We are talking here about a mother.

Was Sariah a grumbler? Oh, I hope so. While Lehi saw his visions, his wife Sariah saw hardship and heartache, mouths to feed, and bitter fighting among her children. She had spirits to raise, egos to soothe,

and the burden of arbitration without the right of opinion. And yet she went. George Reynolds comments, "Of Sariah's birth and death we have no record, nor do we know to what tribe of Israel she belonged. [After all, he might have added, she was only a woman.] She lived to reach the promised land, and, being then aged and worn out by the difficulties and privations of the journey through the Arabian wilderness, very probably passed into her grave before her husband" (1910, 311). We remember Lehi for his transcendent visions, but I think I should rather have had the earthbound story of Sariah.

I also love the story of Ammon, God's larger-than-life warrior who cannot fail, but I love better the mostly missing story of Abish the Lamanitish woman whose faith and works and very best intentions nearly bring disaster on them both. Ammon is a superstar, a plain and perfect hero, but Abish is more nearly, I think, a teacher about life.

And what of Isabel, the last named woman in that America? And called a harlot. I wonder. Was she a whore as Tamar was to Judah? Or like Delilah, a captive to her own beauty and to her embittered people? Did her brother or father ravish her and throw her out? Was she a sacred temple whore in service to some priesthood? Or just a businesswoman with a balance sheet and a managing director to set her hours and take her profits? I wonder about Isabel the harlot, as storytellers have always wondered about harlots, and sought without success to mark the fountainhead of obvious evil.

And then, what about unnamed women? The daughter of Jared, for instance, who unlike the brother of that other Jared has no long and shielded but finally discoverable name. She is only "the daughter of Jared," though cast in the pale image of Herod's Salome. A girl who dances to please a man to please her father. A pretty pawn. How old is she? Seventeen perhaps? or fifteen? or fourteen? Old enough to have been married by her murderous father to her father's murderer. Do children ever love too blindly or too much? Are women ever caught between their fathers and their lovers? Is the world arrayed in black and rosy white? Does every lunge at justice end in horror? Well, Shakespeare might attempt an answer. So might the writers of Genesis or Judges or Matthew. But the yield is pretty meager from the Book of Mormon.

I have a friend who is convinced that the missing first 116 pages of the Book of Mormon contain revelations on roadshows, and building funds, and potluck suppers, and recipes for Jello salads. I hope he's right. And I hope there's more: daddy daughter dates, and internecine warfare in the Sunday School, and gossip from the left and from the right. And children who don't quite repent to make us testimony proud, but don't quite go to hell in a hand basket, either. And church basket-

ball mayhem with recruiting scandals and crooked officials. And family soap operas with squabbles and love affairs and prime time marital sex. And women, lots of women with names and voices and opinions as well as smiles and duties and behinds, and sometimes with guilt and depression, and sometimes not. I want the whole recalcitrant, embarrassing variety of life that so weighs down our plain and precious precepts of the gospel. I want the truth. And story truths—as the writer Tim O'Brien once very nearly said—are mostly truer than the truths of exhortation.

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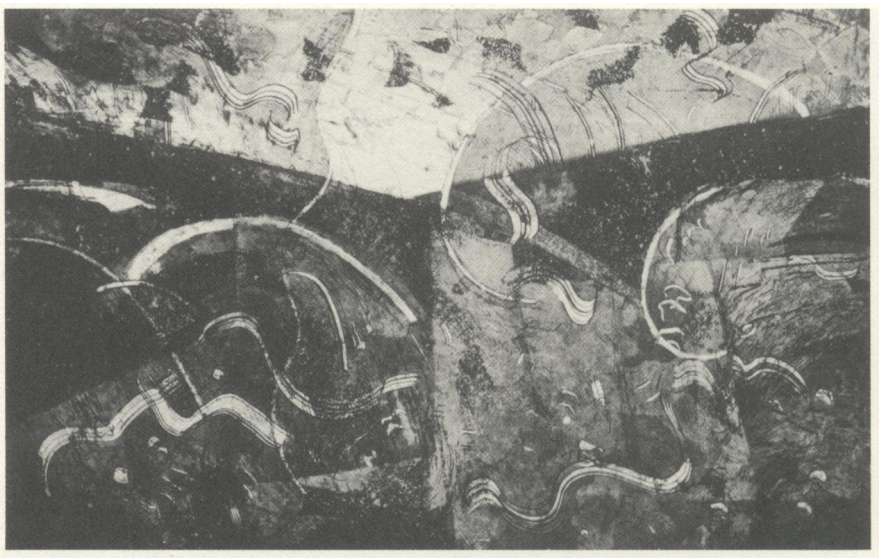

In Their Own Behalf: The Politicization of Mormon Women and the 1870 Franchise

Lola Van Wagenen

IMMEDIATELY UPON THE PASSAGE of territorial legislation enfranchising Utah's women in 1870, almost fifty years before the Nineteenth Amendment extended the vote to American women, arguments erupted between the Mormon and non-Mormon community over the reasons behind this legislation. Since that time, historians have continued to disagree about the motives of the Mormon-dominated legislature. Some dismiss this early woman suffrage in Utah as a fluke; others believe Mormon women were passive recipients of the vote or pawns of the male leadership. Still others are convinced the act was progressive, the result of a generally egalitarian ideology.[1]

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[1] Eleanor Flexner notes a difference between Mormon and non-Mormon interpretations of this event. Mormon historians, she states, see the enfranchisement as the "logical extension of an egalitarian attitude toward women basic to the Mormon creed." But to Flexner, a non-Mormon, woman suffrage was an interplay of other forces, the most significant being the need of the hierarchy to "enlist the help of women" against the passage of anti-polygamy legislation (1959, 165). In contrast, non-Mormon historians Mari Jo Buhle and Paul Buhle see woman suffrage in Utah as the act of a "progressive Mormon hierarchy" (1978, introduction); likewise Mormon historian Thomas Alexander states that woman suffrage was a reflection of "progressive sentiment in advance of the rest of the nation" (1970, 38), while another Mormon historian, Richard Van Wagoner, sees the activities of Mormon women as "orchestrated by the Mormon hierarchy" (1986, 109). Beverly Beeton concludes that Mormon women were "pawns" (1986, 37), and Anne F. Scott sees woman suffrage as "to some extent a gift from the male hierarchy" (1986–87, 10). Today, as in other

Amidst this array of opinions, it is somewhat surprising to find that what has been overlooked is the possibility that Mormon women themselves had a role in securing their suffrage. This oversight is no doubt due in part to the fact that Mormon women did not publicly draft petitions, nor did they hold public demonstrations to seek enfranchisement. As a result, many historians have concluded that they were not politically active until after suffrage, and then only in response to attempts to disfranchise them.[2] Had these scholars studied the actions of Mormon women within their church, a different view might have emerged.

There is ample evidence that Mormon women were not disinterested recipients of the vote. Their reaction to enfranchisement readily demonstrates their involvement. Moreover, they had *not* been politicized overnight: many were well prepared in 1870 to assume an active political role in their communities (Scott 1986-87). Both their religious and community activities politicized Mormon women and helped lead to the 1870 franchise. Although Mormon women did not openly seek suffrage, I believe they were activists in their own behalf, and their actions contributed to their enfranchisement. The record also shows that Mormon women were not totally isolated in far-away Utah. They engaged many of the same problems and sought similar solutions as did women's advocates in the States.

For Mormon women, 1870 signaled the end of a politicization that had begun in the 1840s and the beginning of a visible and aggressive political activism. This process occurred in three stages. The first began in Nauvoo, where some Mormon women were taught that all the doctrines of the restored gospel, including polygamy, signaled a new era for women. Promised equality and privileges greater than they had ever known, women participated in Church governance through the "religious franchise," the Church's method of voting (Cannon 1869; Gates n.d.; Gates and Widtsoe 1928, 7-9).

Clear evidence of a new era was most expressly manifest by the founding of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo in 1842. Sarah Kim-

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aspects of Mormon history, the old line between Mormon and non-Mormon interpretations is becoming increasingly blurred.

[2] Several sources suggest but do not develop the idea of women's activism. See Arrington in *Brigham Young* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1985, 364-5). Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, Carol Cornwall Madsen, and Jill Mulvay Derr, "The Latter-day Saints and Women's Rights, 1870-1920: A Brief Survey," *Task Papers in LDS History*, No. 29 (Salt Lake City: Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1979). Edward Tullidge, *Woman of Mormondom* (1877; Salt Lake City, 1975) states that women worked for passage but does not document the statement.

ball is credited with the original idea for the society, although the Prophet Joseph Smith blessed and sanctified the organization (Derr 1987; Crocheron 1884, 27; Derr 1976; Jenson 1901, 4:373). The Relief Society helped the sisters develop many of the same skills other American women were learning in similar benevolent associations (see Berg 1978). But in addition, Mormon women took their first united political action when they drafted—and delivered—a petition to the governor of Illinois seeking protection for the community of Nauvoo.[3] Sarah Kimball later claimed that when the Relief Society was established, "the sure foundations of the suffrage cause were deeply and permanently laid" (1892). In the upheaval following the death of Joseph Smith, the Relief Society was temporarily disbanded by Brigham Young. The Mormon sisters, however, resented giving up their organization and were firm in their conviction that they had specific powers in relationship to it. Angered by these assertions, Brigham Young lashed out saying, "When I want Sisters or the Wives of the members of the church to get up Relief Society I will summon them to my aid but until that time let them stay at home & if you see Females huddling together veto the concern and if they say Joseph started it tell them it is a damned lie for I know he never encouraged it" (in Derr 1987, 163).

The women, however, were steadfast in their belief that the Society was rightfully their own organization. They frequently asserted their convictions by quoting Joseph Smith's promise: "I now turn the key to you in the name of God and this Society shall rejoice and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time" (Minutes, Nauvoo, 28 April 1842). The activism that Mormon women initiated in Nauvoo established a pattern of participation that defined the first critical stage of their process of politicization. By the time the Saints were forced to leave Nauvoo, an inchoate sisterhood had emerged, one that quickened on the Great Plains. Survival on the westward trek dictated cooperation among Mormon women, and many learned through that ordeal and what followed both leadership and independence.

The second stage of politicization dates from the Saints' 1847 arrival in the Great Basin to the end of the Civil War. It was a time of severe stress for Mormon women. Plural marriage, combined with the frequent calling of males on Church missions, left many women alone to

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[3] Several hundred Mormon women signed the petition, which Emma Smith and other women then took to the governor. Joseph Smith attended a Relief Society meeting in August of 1842 and thanked the women for having taken "the most active part" in his defense ("Minutes," Nauvoo, Aug. 1842; Crocheron 1884, 3; Newell and Avery 1984, 127).

provide materially and emotionally for the welfare of their families. In addition, Leonard Arrington has described this era as marked by "harsh hyperbole, offensive rhetoric and militant posturing" on the part of Brigham Young and federal officials. The passage of the 1862 Anti-bigamy Act reinforced the national attitudes toward Mormons and polygamy (1985, 300). When that rhetoric was directed toward Mormon women, it appears, at best, insensitive and at worst anti-female (Evans 1980, 13). These were difficult years for Sarah Kimball, who taught school for several years under "very trying circumstances" and, according to an early biography, became "even more than ever convinced" of the need to change working conditions for women who were in competition with men. She saw "no other method that could be so effectual as the elective franchise" (Jenson 1901, 4:190). It is not clear, however, how broadly her sentiments were shared.

In spite of these difficulties and constraints, Mormon women continued their organizational efforts. They established a Female Council of Health in 1851 to discuss personal health matters and were active participants in the Polysophical Society, a western version of the lyceum which sponsored lectures by visiting scholars or dignitaries. Finally, on women's initiative, between 1847 and 1856, various forms of the Relief Society made brief reappearances in a decentralized and ad hoc form (Jensen 1983; Naisbitt 1899; Beecher 1975, 1). Throughout this second stage, 1847–65, women participated in various public efforts to help their own poor as well as Native Americans in the territory and promoted the health and well-being of other women. In these efforts, they learned to move forward carefully enough to avoid problems, but forcefully enough to break new ground.

The third stage of politicization ran from 1865 to the end of the decade. Though benign, the Utah War had been expensive for the Saints, and anti-Mormon sentiment was on the rise. Realizing that he had to find a less combative way to deal with the national government, Brigham Young began reassessing past economic policies and renewed an emphasis on cooperative efforts, including home manufacturing. In this climate, Mormon women worked for the permanent reestablishment of the Relief Society. Eliza R. Snow, President Young's most trusted female counsel, was not officially set apart as president of the "sisterhood" until 1880 but was authorized to reorganize the Relief Society in 1867 (Derr 1987, 172). "The time had come," she stated, "for the sisters to act in a wider sphere" (Minutes 1867).

While each ward Relief Society was officially under the "guidance" of the bishop, programs and priorities reflected the counsel of Eliza R. Snow and the vision of individual ward presidents. In the Salt Lake City Fifteenth Ward, Sarah Kimball was determined to prove that

women could contribute economically to the community. She tenaciously promoted home manufacturing, which included a variety of homecrafts such as straw hats and handmade gloves as well as food items, and the construction of a storehouse financed, owned, and operated by women (Minutes 4 Jan., 15 Feb., 18 June, 16 July, 14 Aug. 1868). Her statement when the Salt Lake City Fifteenth Ward chapel's cornerstone was laid indicates her support for women's economic independence: "A woman's allotted sphere of labor is not sufficiently extensive and varied to enable her to exercise all [her] God-given powers . . . nor are her labors made sufficiently remunerative to afford her that independence compatible with true womanly dignity" (Minutes 12 Nov. 1868).

Whether Kimball, Snow, and others saw economic independence as a step toward political activity is unclear. However, Kimball thought it right for women to be independent, but she was careful not to appear *too* autonomous. Programs were always approved by local male authorities. Eliza Snow also promoted programs of self-improvement and instructed the sisters that the time would come "when we will have to be in large places and act in responsible situations" (Minutes 25 April 1868). At the same time, she consistently reminded women of their duty as wives and mothers and of the importance of obedience. Nevertheless, the practical experience in domestic commercial enterprises, the commitment to self-improvement, and the constant affirmation of their spiritual powers had produced a vibrant sense of sisterhood. The Relief Society provided a sanctioned setting in which to discuss women's rights and responsibilities.

By 1869, the success of various Relief Society efforts was gaining public attention in Zion—many men who had been skeptical began praising the women's accomplishments. Among the women, pride and growing self-esteem were palpable. Change was aloft in the community of Mormon women. As an example, in the past when they were portrayed in anti-polygamy attacks as degraded victims, Mormon women had chosen not to respond; now increasingly they came to their own defense.

Ironically, finding a way to end polygamy was the motivation behind the earliest proposal to enfranchise Utah's women. The underlying assumption among non-Mormons was that Mormon women would vote to end polygamy. This tactic was suggested by the *New York Times* in 1867 (reprint, *Deseret News*, 15 Jan. 1867; Beeton 1986, x)[4] and was subsequently introduced as a bill in the United States Con-

[4] Gary Bunker and Carol Bunker note that the first suggestion that woman suffrage could be an "antidote" to polygamy came from William Ray in 1856 (1991, 33).

gress. To the surprise of the bill's sponsors, both Utah's territorial representative and the press in Utah received the proposal favorably; as a result it was subsequently abandoned. But from this time forward, the issue of woman suffrage was increasingly discussed in the territory—by women as well as men.

January 1870 signaled a turning point in the politicization of Mormon women. They had strengthened the position of their most valuable activist organization, the Relief Society. Widening their sphere of activity, they had thoughtfully debated women's roles. Their gender consciousness appears clear. They had moved into a highly visible public arena that they energetically sustained for the rest of the century.

Two events mark 1870 as a watershed in the history of Mormon women and political activism. First, in early January three thousand women gathered in a "great indignation meeting" to protest anti-polygamy legislation introduced in the national Congress. Then in February, acting Governor S. A. Mann, a non-Mormon, signed the woman suffrage bill passed by the territorial legislature. The circumstances surrounding these events show Mormon women as outspoken public activists in their own behalf.

The arrival in the territory in December 1869 of a new anti-polygamy bill, the Cullom Act, propelled Mormon women into political activism. Among other things, the Cullom Bill stipulated that anyone believing in polygamy would be denied the right to vote or serve on a jury. Though the Saints no doubt knew the bill had been introduced in Congress, seeing it in print must have been a shock—both the substance and language were outrageous and insulting. In fact, a number of non-Mormons found the bill offensive and spoke against its passage (*Deseret News*, 9 March 1870).

Mormon women were especially outraged, which was nothing new, but now their response was boldly public. They called for a meeting 6 January to plan a women's public protest; in probability it was approved by Church leaders.[5] Sarah Kimball opened the discussion stating, "Mormon women would be unworthy of the names we bear or of the blood in our veins, should we longer remain silent." Eliza Snow added that it was "high time" for Mormon women to "rise up in the dignity of our calling and speak for ourselves." The group voted unanimously to hold a protest, and a committee drafted resolutions. After the resolutions were read and approved, the meeting took an even more aggressive turn. Bathsheba Smith stated that she was pleased with the actions

[5] The *Deseret News* 9 March 1870. Sixteen years later, in 1886, Mormon women requested permission from President John Taylor to hold a similar meeting (Kimball, Pratt, and Horne 1886).

thus far, then moved "that we demand of the Gov. the right of franchise." The women voted, and the "vote carried." Then Lucy W. Kimball, stating that "we had borne in silence as long as it was our duty to bear," moved that the women "be represented in Washington." Eliza Snow and Sarah Kimball were "elected as representatives" (Minutes, 19 Feb. 1870).

In response to such bold action, one might have expected newspaper headlines the next day to have read "Women to Seek Franchise from Utah Governor," or "Snow and Kimball Elected to Represent Mormon Women in Washington." Instead *five* days later, the *Deseret News* headline read, "Minutes of a Ladies Mass Meeting." The article, which included the comments by Sarah Kimball and Eliza Snow as well as a full copy of the protest resolution, blandly concluded: "Miss E. R. Snow, Mrs. L. W. Kimball and Mrs. B. Smith made a few very appropriate remarks expressing their hearty concurrence in the movement and in the measures adopted by the meeting." The article was signed by Sarah Kimball.[6] It fails to mention both the motion to seek the franchise and Eliza Snow's and Sarah Kimball's election as representatives to Washington.

This represents a fascinating editorial decision. While the organizing meeting minutes show solid evidence of the quickening political behavior of Mormon women, excluding both motions from the public record obscured their efforts from immediate public (and eventual historical) scrutiny. There are several possible reasons for the omission. The sisters themselves may have worried about appearing too aggressive or about using the Relief Society for their own agenda—accusations that had been leveled at Emma Smith in Nauvoo—thereby endangering the position of the Relief Society; or the women may have wanted to discuss their resolutions with the Brethren before announcing them publically. The discrepancy may also show one reason why Mormon women's political activities are so difficult to trace: the women were more interested in being effective than visual. A low profile may have been critical to their success, and they knew it. Clearly, however,

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[6] Two different essays by historians report on this part of the meeting, but neither refers to a vote on the suffrage motion or to Lucy W. Kimball's motion. Beverly Beeton states: "A 'Sister Smith' even demanded of the governor that women be allowed to vote. At the close of the meeting Eliza Snow . . . " (1986, 31). Reported in this way, what happened becomes only one insignificant woman demanding the vote, rather than a motion made and passed by the whole Society. Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, Carol Cornwall Madsen, and Jill Mulvay Derr state: "Later in the meeting one Sister Smith rose to move that 'we demand of the governor the right of franchise.' Whether the motion carried or not, and whether or not the demand reached the legislature is not known" (1979, 10).

Mormon women had been talking privately about suffrage, and prior to their enfranchisement they were trying to do something about it.

Another possible reason for not publicizing their 6 January action on woman suffrage was the immediately upcoming mass protest meeting, which needed planning. This "Great Indignation Meeting" held 13 January 1870, brought three thousand women to the Salt Lake Tabernacle to hear the "leading sisters" of the Church speak from its pulpit for the first time. Though the meeting's stated agenda was to protest the Cullom anti-polygamy bill, proceedings indicate that some Mormon women had come to see polygamy as a women's rights issue. Although nine of the fourteen recorded speakers spoke directly to the defense of polygamy without raising the issue of women's rights or suffrage, five did broach the topic. In a surprising opening remark, Sarah Kimball stated, "We are not here to advocate woman's rights but man's rights" (*Deseret News*, 14 Jan. 1870). The 8 February *New York Times* picked right up on her statement: "One of the speakers declared they had not met to agitate for "women's rights" but "men's rights"; as did the *New York Herald*: "In these days when women threaten to become tyrants, it is refreshing to read such earnest pleadings in favor of the rights of men" (in *Deseret News*, 16 Feb. 1870). Those anxious about the danger of "strong-minded" women would undoubtedly be reassured by Kimball's comment. Most likely, that was her intent. She did not, however, overlook women's interests. She ended her speech, noting that not only would the legislation "deprive our fathers, husbands and brothers" of their constitutional privileges, but "would also deprive us, as women, of the privilege of selecting our husbands, and against *this* we most unqualifiedly protest" (*Deseret News*, 14 Jan. 1870, emphasis added).

Ultimately the protest served a number of purposes. Mormon women at last had a chance to show the outside world that they were articulate and willing to defend their beliefs. The newspaper coverage was perhaps the most positive account ever given of Mormon women, and that reflected well on the whole community. The *Ogden Junction* on 23 March commented, "If the Cragin and Cullom legislative burlesques have no other good effect, they have drawn out the ladies of Utah from silence and obscurity, exhibited them before the world as women of thought, force and ability, who are able to make strong resolutions and defend them with boldness and eloquence."

The anti-polygamy campaign had unintended consequences for Mormon women as well. The protest meeting proved to Mormon men that the women could organize a successful public demonstration and could be, in a "wider sphere" of action, a valuable asset "to the cause of Zion." Mormon men could only applaud the women's public defense

of polygamy. The women would not be accused of acting outside their appropriate sphere; defending polygamy became a sanctioned mechanism by which women increased their public participation.

Only four months before the meeting, Brigham Young had commented that he wished more women would assume their rights: "the right to stop all folly in [their] conversation" and "the right to ask their husbands to fix up the front yard" (JD 14:105; Evans 1980, 13). Obviously he was not grappling seriously with woman's rights or suffrage. However, almost immediately following the protest meeting, attitudes changed; male Church leaders moved in support of woman suffrage. Historian Leonard Arrington asserts that in the "aftermath" of the meeting, "Brigham and other Mormon leaders—both men and women—decided it would be helpful if the Utah legislature should pass an act granting woman suffrage" (1985, 364). By 12 February the territorial legislature had passed the woman suffrage legislation. Women actively lobbied acting governor S.A. Mann, and, a week later he signed the bill into law (Arrington 1985, 365).

At a subsequent meeting on 19 February at the Salt Lake City Fifteenth Ward, Eliza Snow suggested a committee draft an "expression of gratitude" to the acting governor (Minutes 19 Feb. 1870).[7] That task completed, the meeting became a "feast of woman's anticipations" (Tullidge 1877, 502). If this group shared a single political perception, it was that they had entered a new phase in the "era of women." Several speakers expressed their pleasure in gaining the vote, which they referred to as the "reform." Prescenda Kimball said she was "glad to see our daughters elevated with man," while Bathsheba Smith "believed that woman was coming up in the world." Other women expressed words of caution. Margaret Smoot said that she "never had any desire for more rights," that she had considered "politics aside from the sphere of woman." But Wilmarth East disagreed. "I cannot agree with Sister Smoot in regard to woman's rights," she declared, adding that she had always wanted "a voice in the politics of the nation, as well as to rear a family." Phebe Woodruff said she had "looked for this day for years. . . . [The] yoke on woman is partly removed," she noted, adding "Let us lay it by, and wait till the time comes to use it, and not run headlong and abuse the privilege" (Minutes 19 Feb. 1870).

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[7] The 23 February *Deseret News* reported that after the meeting, a committee took the letter of thanks to the governor, who told the women "that the subject has been much agitated . . . [and] will be watched with profound interest." He hoped, he added, that "the women would act so as to prove the wisdom of the legislation." According to George A. Smith, "the ladies said they thought the Governor was about as much embarrassed as they were" (1870).

For Sarah Kimball, however, suffrage was a turning point. She told the women that she had "waited patiently a long time, and now that we were granted the right of suffrage, she would openly declare herself a woman's right's woman." She then "called upon those who would do so to back her up, whereupon many manifested their approval" (Minutes 19 Feb. 1870). These are not the words of a woman who had been recently politicized. Moreover, the rights she was referring to were not religious rights, but the secular rights of women: political, economic, and social. It is hardly surprising that some women at the meeting were unready to "manifest their approval" and "back up" Sarah Kimball on woman's rights. Declaring oneself a "woman's rights woman" was no doubt a bold move for any woman. The implication is that Kimball now allied herself with the more militant American suffragists. The statement was so daring, in fact, that Sarah Kimball waited until after suffrage was granted to declare herself publicly.

Woman suffrage refocused the political activity of Mormon women. No sooner were they enfranchised than the outside world moved to disfranchise them. For the rest of the century, they were defenders of their own suffrage and were joined in that defense by many woman suffrage activists from the States. In turn, Mormon women were activists for the passage of woman suffrage for all women and were outspoken defenders of woman's rights. The degree of help that Mormon women received in return was uneven. Anti-polygamy activists tried to dissuade national suffrage advocates from defending woman suffrage in Utah, claiming that it only reinforced the power of the Mormon church and the strength of polygamy. As a result, support for Mormon women waxed and waned at various times for twenty-five years, and it differed between woman suffrage organizations and among individual suffragists.

Despite the efforts of many national and local advocates of women suffrage, in 1887 all women in Utah were disfranchised by a federal law designed to destroy polygamy and to reduce the political and economic power of the Church. Three years later the Mormons officially discontinued plural marriage and began a vigorous campaign to secularize political life and to secure statehood. In 1895 woman suffrage was vigorously debated during the constitutional convention, and despite fears that its inclusion might damage the bid for statehood, its advocates prevailed.

A month later national suffrage leaders, including a vigorous but aging Susan B. Anthony, were on hand to celebrate the victory with their sister-suffragists in Utah. In a tribute to Anthony, Sarah Kimball discussed the difficulty of the early years of the woman suffrage movement in Utah. She said that when she first read Anthony's publication

the "Revolution" (1869), she would not have "dared to say the bold, grand things that Miss Anthony said. . . . That," she states, would have made her "so unpopular," she would have hardly "dared to shoulder it." She continued, "As time rolled on we were very careful" ("Conference" 1895).

If a single word could describe the operative mode for Mormon women, it would be "careful." They consistently guarded their words and actions to make sure the hierarchy never felt threatened or interpreted the women's goals as inconsistent with the goals of the church. But the women tenaciously defended their right to participate in the political process. They knew that success was essential, but it was equally critical to succeed in the right way. A year after they were enfranchised, the leading sisters wrote a circular stating that "God through His servants had conferred on us the right of franchise for a wise purpose. This privilege has been granted without our solicitation, and in this as well as in many other respects, we realize that women in Utah possess advantages greatly superior to women elsewhere" (Gates n.d.). The document is a good example of the careful way Mormon women operated. They bypass credit, express their gratitude, and yet secure their continuing activity, in this instance by claiming divine purpose for their enfranchisement. By deflecting credit for their achievements, however, Mormon women themselves contributed to the illusion that they were not agents in their own behalf. Hiding their agency was not uncommon for other nineteenth-century women, and it is not uncommon today. But is it one reason their political activism prior to 1870 has been overlooked.

Mormon women helped gain suffrage by being activists in their own behalf. Suffrage was not granted women in 1870 because of an overwhelming egalitarian impulse on the part of the Brethren; rather the usual pragmatic decision-making process was at work. Four months before women were enfranchised, the male leadership was still undecided about the wisdom of woman suffrage.[8] The women of Utah appear to have been enfranchised only after they had proved their potential for political usefulness. And, in fact, Mormon women did much to buffer growing criticism of the Church and of polygamy by securing the support of many non-Mormon suffragists and by presenting to the American public an alternative vision of Mormon womanhood. Between 1870 and 1890, Mormon women defended plural marriage as a First Amendment right and woman's rights issue, but they also continued to agitate for woman suffrage after polygamy was no

[8] For comments showing a lack of resolve on woman suffrage from both George Q. Cannon and Brigham Young, see *Deseret News*, 6 August 1869, and the *JD* 14:105.

longer a central issue. In 1895 when woman suffrage was restored, support for woman's political equality in Utah, while not unanimous, clearly was broadly based. Thus the advocacy of woman suffrage was more than just expedient.

By the time women in Utah were reenfranchised, Mormon suffragists had earned the respect and friendship of many of their sister-suffragists, even though they steadfastly maintained the divinity of their church and continued to sustain and obey its male leaders. But apart from religious issues, when it came to political, economic, and social rights of women, Mormon women were, as Sarah Kimball would have said, "heart and hand" with the female activists of the world.

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Twentieth-Century Polygamy and Fundamentalist Mormons in Southern Utah

Ken Driggs

DESPITE OFFICIAL DENIAL, the Manifesto of 1890 did not bring an end to LDS church-approved plural marriages. It did, however, inaugurate an era of confusion, ambiguity, and equivocation in the Mormon community. After two generations of bitter struggle and the creation of thousands of plural families, one could hardly expect polygamy to simply disappear.

The years 1890–1911 were a period of ambiguity. When the federal government granted Utah statehood in 1896, federal laws regulating families gave way to state laws, and such legislation as the Morrill Act (1862), the Poland Act (1874), the Edmunds Act (1882), and the Edmunds-Tucker Act (1887) no longer applied. Although plural marriage was prohibited by both state constitutional and statutory law as a condition for statehood,[1] official enforcement was relaxed. As a result,

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[1] Article 3 of the Utah Constitution provides "First:—Perfect toleration of religious sentiment is guaranteed. No inhabitant of this state shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of worship; but polygamous or plural marriages are forever prohibited." Article 1, section 4 provides that "the rights of conscience shall never be infringed" and ensures a complete separation of church and state, but has been held not to protect religiously based plural marriage (*In Re Black*, 283 P.2d 887 [1955]).

Utah Enabling Act, ch. 138, 28 stat. 107 (1894), sec. 3, provides, in part, "First. That perfect toleration of religious sentiment shall be secured, and that no inhabitant of said state shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of religious worship: Provided, that polygamous or plural marriages are forever prohibited."

Mormons once again entered into new officially sanctioned plural marriages, and existing plural families continued to live together. This was especially true during the early presidency of Joseph F. Smith, 1901–18. Plural marriages continued to be solemnized both in Zion and in the Mexican colonies. Moreover, many members of the Quorum of the Twelve during this period were reluctant to grant unqualified support to the 1890 Manifesto, including Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff, a son of the Manifesto's author. This official reluctance lent tacit approval to the hundreds of plural marriages—some two thousand according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*—solemnized between 1890 and 1904. (I suspect their estimate was far too high, but the *Tribune* vigorously promoted it.) Historian Tom Alexander noted that "perhaps as high as 15 percent" of stake and ward leaders had entered plural marriages after 1890, "often at the urging of a Church leader" (1986, 62). D. Michael Quinn has estimated that fifty thousand living descendants remain of these marriages (1985, 104; see also Cannon 1978a, 1978b).

The selection in 1903 of Apostle Reed Smoot as a senator from Utah and the four years of Senate hearings concerning his seating forced Church leaders to again address the polygamy question, a confrontation which resulted in the Second Manifesto of April 1904 (*Proceedings* 1906; Shipps 1977; Jenson 1971, 178–81). President Joseph F. Smith said, in part, "I hereby announce that all such marriages are prohibited, and if any officer or member of the Church shall assume to solemnize or enter into any such marriage he will be deemed in transgression against the Church and will be liable to be dealt with, according to the rules and regulations thereof, and excommunicated therefrom" (in Clark 1970, 4:84–86). This time the Church meant business.

In 1911 Apostle John W. Taylor was excommunicated and Apostle Matthias Cowley was disfellowshipped (Jorgensen and Hardy 1980; Collier and Knutson 1987). However, it was during the administration of Heber J. Grant, beginning in 1918, that Church officials made concerted efforts to purge the Church of the most zealous advocates of plural marriage. Among those excommunicated were John W. Woolley, his son Lorin C. Woolley, Israel Barlow, Jr., his son John Yates Barlow, Joseph W. Musser, and others who would later play significant roles in the fundamentalist movement.

Early Fundamentalist Leaders

It would be a mistake to dismiss early fundamentalist leaders and sympathizers as a group of crackpots. Certainly LDS apostles John

W. Taylor and Matthias Cowley were educated, well-spoken, and thoughtful men. Taylor and Cowley are much respected and embraced by fundamentalists, but both refused to openly join the movement. They remained in the mainline Mormon community, and both were eventually restored to full membership, Taylor some years after his death (see Taylor 1974, 273–79). Other plural marriage holdouts served as stake presidents, bishops, and frequently patriarchs. Often they were from prominent Church families such as the Taylors, Barlows, Mussers, Johnsons, Woolleys, and others.

The family of Leroy S. Johnson, who presided in more modern times over a large community of fundamentalists based in Colorado City, Arizona, was fairly typical. He was a son of one of the plural wives of Warren Johnson, called on a mission by Brigham Young to replace John D. Lee as ferrymaster at Lee's Ferry in 1874 (Driggs 1990; Measeles 1981). His brother Price Johnson was convicted of polygamy in Arizona in 1935, one of the first fundamentalists prosecuted in the twentieth century ("Prison" 1935). Within Latter-day Saint society, these men were powerful, respected, relatively well educated (especially in religious matters) and could often claim extensive pedigrees dating back to the time of Joseph Smith.

HEBER J. GRANT'S RESPONSE

In 1918 President Joseph F. Smith died, and Heber J. Grant became seventh president of the Church, serving longer than any other president except Brigham Young. During his administration, Church membership nearly doubled. At the same time, Church leaders sought to mollify public hostility and garner good will by actively and publicly distancing the Church from polygamy holdouts. Although Grant had been convicted of a polygamy-related offense in 1899 ("Heber" 1899), he was determined to eradicate plural marriage within the Church community. He delivered stern messages denouncing the practice in 1925, 1926, and 1931 (in Clark 1970, 5:242, 249, 292–303). In 1933 his counselor J. Reuben Clark, a relative of the Woolleys, prepared a detailed, legalistic, sixteen-page "Final Manifesto" (Quinn 1983, 179–81; Clark 1970, 5:315–30). The statement, which was read aloud in every congregation in the Church, responded to and denounced fundamentalists, who continued to distribute literature at Temple Square during general conference.

Shortly thereafter Clark advocated a kind of ecclesiastical "loyalty oath" that suspected fundamentalist sympathizers were required to sign. Those who refused faced excommunication. Individuals had to pledge that they were not themselves practicing or advocating polygamy, or

spreading rumors that General Authorities secretly condoned plural marriage in their private circles. Musser published a version of the oath in the March 1936 issue of *Truth*, a monthly magazine published by fundamentalists beginning in 1935:

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

In 1935 the majority of the small dependent ward at Short Creek in southern Utah was excommunicated for refusing to sign the oath. Leroy Johnson and other future fundamentalist leaders were among them.[2] The loyalty oath apparently backfired. Instead of eradicating fundamentalism, the excommunications only created a core membership around which its leaders could build a more permanent organization. President Clark himself would come to reconsider this approach later in life (Quinn 1983, 184–86).

Fundamentalists Organize

In the 1920s many fundamentalists associated themselves with Utah inventor Nathanial Baldwin. Among those working in his Salt Lake City radio factory or serving as officers in his business was defrocked apostle Cowley. Until the business foundered, Baldwin was fundamentalism's most important financial patron (Singer 1979; Bronson 1989). Throughout the 1920s, fundamentalists existed as a loose association of friends and sympathizers from both within and without the official Church. At first they recognized John W. Woolley, an excommunicated Salt Lake Stake patriarch and temple worker, as their spiritual leader. With his death in 1928, his son, Lorin C. Woolley, assumed leadership and in 1929 organized the first priesthood council. He was succeeded in 1934 by J. Leslie Broadbent and in 1935 by John Y.

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[2] Those excommunicated in 1935 for refusing to sign the oath included Henry E. Covington, Viva Jones Covington, Leroy S. Johnson, Josephine Ford Johnson, Leonard Black, Vera Colvin Black, J. Warren Black, Ruth Walker Black, Millard W. Black, Eda Johnson Black, Charles C. Cox, Retta Stocks Cox, Karl J. Olds, Charlotte Colvin, Elva E. Walker Carling, Elizabeth Johnson Colvin, Melvin E. Johnson, and Lola Johnson. (See microfilm records of Rockville Ward, Zion Park Stake, Transcript Ward Record, 1935, also called Form E. Originals in LDS Archives.)

Barlow. Each lived in Salt Lake City but ministered to a following all over the old Mormon Zion.

Following mass excommunications at Short Creek in 1934 and 1935, Barlow and Joseph W. Musser visited the community. A few years earlier, members of Leroy Johnson's family had moved there from Lee's Ferry, where their polygamous practices had attracted the attention of local authorities (Stegner 1970, 209–26). Gradually Short Creek became both a center of fundamentalism and an experiment in United Order communalism, although other centers continued in Salt Lake City and at other outposts in Canada, Mexico, and throughout the Great Basin.

In spite of this growth, fundamentalism still lacked the structured hierarchy familiar to most Latter-day Saints. While many fundamentalists looked to the priesthood council for leadership, other "independents" opposed any structure. *Truth*, edited by Joseph W. Musser (and later his son Guy Musser), served as a unifying force among fundamentalists until it expired in 1956.

In 1949 John Y. Barlow, the man most fundamentalists recognized as the leader of the priesthood council, died. Joseph W. Musser became the leader of the council even though he had suffered a series of debilitating strokes and was now under the medical care of Rulon Allred, a naturopath and practicing fundamentalist. Musser's advocacy of Allred as his successor and other religious and policy disputes created a rift in the council (Bronson 1989, 202–43; Solomon 1984, 15–30) before Musser died in 1954. Allred emerged as the leader of a Salt Lake City group, which still exists under the leadership of Rulon's brother Owen Allred. Leroy Johnson assumed the leadership of the more traditional United Effort Trust group in Short Creek, now known as Colorado City, on the Utah-Arizona border. When Johnson died in 1986, Rulon Jeffs, a Sandy accountant, succeeded him.

CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS

In 1935 the Utah legislature made unlawful cohabitation, a polygamy-related crime, a felony for the first time. Even in the darkest days of the 1880s, Congress had left the offense a misdemeanor (Driggs 1988a, 1988b, 1990; Firmage and Mangrum 1988; Linford 1965). That same year, Arizona prosecuted a half dozen Short Creek residents, aided by the LDS Church, which had earlier excommunicated them. In a 4 April 1931 conference address, President Heber J. Grant had stated the Church's position concerning prosecution:

> We have been and we are willing to give such legal assistance as we legitimately can in the criminal prosecution of such cases [new polygamy]. We are willing to

> go to such limits not only because we regard it as our duty as citizens of the country to assist in the enforcement of the law and the suppression of pretended 'plural marriages,' but also because we wish to make our attitude toward this matter so clear, definite, and unequivocal as to leave no possible doubt of it in the mind of any person. (in Clark 1970, 5:292–93)

Fundamentalists were convinced the 1935 Short Creek trials were engineered by local LDS leaders after the excommunications ("Heber" 1936). In the first twentieth-century convictions of fundamentalist Mormons, two men were sentenced to eighteen to twenty-four months in the Arizona state prison.

Washington County, Utah, attempted more prosecutions in the late 1930s (*State v. Jessop* 1940). The 8 March 1944 *Salt Lake Tribune* reported a major multi-state and federal government raid that led to the arrests of almost fifty people, the eventual imprisonment of twenty-two of them, and publicity in such national publications as *Time*, *Look*, *Newsweek*, and most major newspapers. Again, the Church publicly applauded the raid. The following official statement appeared in the 8 March *Salt Lake Tribune*:

> Since the manifesto by President Wilford Woodruff was adopted by the church (on October 6, 1890), the first presidency and other general authorities have repeatedly issued warnings against an apostate group that persisted in the practice of polygamous marriage, illegal both as to the church and the state. Members of the church who have let this warning go unheeded and have violated the rule and doctrines of the church by entering into these illicit relationships have been formally dealt with and excommunicated as rapidly as they could be found out. This is the extreme punishment which the church can inflict.
>
> Notwithstanding excommunication, some of these persons have persisted in propagating their false ideas regarding the doctrine of plural marriage. Their attitude is one of rebellion against the church. Their activities are unauthorized, illegal and void.
>
> We commend and uphold the federal government in the efforts through the office of the United States district attorney and assisting agencies to bring before the bar of justice those who have violated the law.

Church members also assisted in the prosecutions. The 2 October *Ogden Standard Examiner* reported that Bishop Kasper Fetzer testified at one of the trials that Church officials "sent me on a special mission to try and save young people's souls from the clutches of the cult." Three appeals from these prosecuted cases reached the United States Supreme Court—*Chatwin v. United States* (1946), *Cleveland v. United States* (1946), and *Musser et al v. Utah* (1948)—the first time religiously based polygamy had been considered there in this century.

Finally, in the big Arizona raid of 26 July 1953, almost three hundred people were taken into custody, and national publicity was extensive. Page one articles appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Dallas*

Morning News, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and others. Reports in the *Arizona Republic* and *Deseret News* noted that as a result of the raid, twenty-seven Arizona men were placed on a short probation and over 160 children and their mothers remained in Arizona foster homes for almost two years ("147 Receive" 1955; "Short Creek" 1955; Bradley 1990). A United States Senate subcommittee came to Arizona in 1955 for largely unproductive investigative hearings, and the Utah Supreme Court decided the legally notorious *In Re Black* (1955) denying parental rights to fundamentalists who practice or advocate polygamy.

The last organized polygamy hunt came in 1955 when five men, all of them "independents," were arrested ("Two Utah" 1955).

A TRADITIONAL COMMUNITY

Today fundamentalist Mormons can be found all over the old Mormon Zion, with substantial congregations outside Mexico City and in western Canada. There is even a small western European following. They are not a monolithic group. There are several organized priesthood groups and perhaps an equal number of unaffiliated independents. A few remain active members of the LDS Church, keeping a low profile about their fundamentalist sympathies. The two largest organized groups are that based in Colorado City, which has a meeting house with seating for five thousand and which is presided over by Rulon Jeffs, successor to Leroy Johnson. The other, presided over by the grandfatherly Owen Allred, has its administrative base in Bluffdale, Utah, but has a congregation numbering in the hundreds outside Mexico City and a united order community at Pinesdale, Montana.

The fundamentalist Mormon community in Southern Utah today is primarily the United Effort Trust group at old Short Creek, now known as Hildale, Utah, and Colorado City, Arizona. A smaller community near Cedar City affiliates with the Allred group. In the interest of full disclosure, I should say that as an outside observer who has visited several fundamentalist communities and been a guest in both worship services and a number of homes, I am sympathetic to these people, though I have reservations about some aspects of their community life. Let me offer a few personal observations.

Most Latter-day Saints have a difficult time being clear-headed when it comes to fundamentalism. Years of hard feelings and emotional biases based on internal doctrinal differences and, to be honest, embarrassment over polygamy, make objectivity difficult. A small minority who call themselves fundamentalists have been violent, resulting in distorted stereotypes in the news of all fundamentalists. Main-

stream fundamentalism has no tradition of violence and no tolerance for it. Perhaps we should put polygamy entirely aside for a moment and consider the similarities of the fundamentalist Mormon community with other very traditional, socially conservative, and sincere religious communities. I find striking parallels with Old and New Order Amish, Mennonites, Hutterites, and others in the Anabaptist tradition (Hostetler 1974).

Fundamentalist Mormons are very traditional. Families and children are extremely important, indeed are the primary focus of community life. Divorce or, in the case of plural families, a "cancellation of sealings," is frowned upon, though it does occur. Community sexual mores are very restrictive, beginning with extreme modesty in dress and appearance.

For instance, accepted dress for women in Colorado City requires plain dresses to the wrists, ankles, and neck to cover garments. Makeup and jewelry are frowned upon. Hair is worn long and in old-fashioned styles. Men wear shirts to the wrists and buttoned to the neck, no matter what the season. I once attended Sunday worship services in Colorado City and counted only four men and boys out of about two thousand in attendance not wearing plain white shirts. Men wear their hair short and are always clean shaven. I'm told this style is not doctrinal, but is social custom advocated by the late Leroy Johnson.

Even the discussion of sexual topics is considered inappropriate. Men's and women's roles are very traditional and gender based, though many women work competently outside of the home. Hard, honest work, especially physical labor, is expected of everyone. Children are taught to respect their parents and adopt the community's shared values. As with any socially conservative community, fundamentalists have their portion of teenaged rebellion, and I expect they always will have.

With some reservations about subjects and their application, education is admired and encouraged. A college education in what are thought to be appropriate areas, usually practical fields such as business, education, or nursing, is thought to be a good thing. Many parents have proudly told me of their childrens' college study. Fundamentalist men and women seem to be no more or less educated than the residents of other rural, modest-sized communities in the Great Basin.

Fundamentalists are aware of the "world" around them and carry on a running debate about the problem of being in the world but not of it. Crime, divorce, a perceived erosion of respect for authority and patriotism, deviant sexuality, and declining honesty in our society are the great threats they see for the nation as well as for their community. They want no part of these evils and make conscious efforts to isolate themselves from what they believe to be moral cancers.

Two examples may illustrate. Television has only recently found its way into some homes in Colorado City. The few households with TVs tend to draw neighbors who also want to watch. Many are less than thrilled about this encroachment from the outside world. I suspect they fear less the electronic portrayal of monogamous households than the sex, violence, disrespect, and rampant materialism that they see there.

As a second example, the community has recently been involved in considerable litigation over parental rights and other issues connected with their practice of religiously based polygamy.[3] They have retained very able lawyers outside the community to represent them, most of them LDS bishops or stake officers. (I work with these lawyers as a consultant and expert witness. I am sixth generation LDS with a history of polygamy in my family.) Some of the leading cases that will support arguments on behalf of the fundamentalists involve the rights of homosexuals, lesbians, and other individuals whose conduct fundamentalists object to very strongly. While lawyers see no reason not to utilize these cases, the fundamentalists are most reluctant because they so totally reject the conduct involved.

If all this sounds like what you might encounter in an outlying, extremely conservative LDS stake, it should come as no surprise. We are all part of the same religious tradition with the same root values. We have much more in common than we have differences.

So how do fundamentalists differ from "regular" Latter-day Saints? "They're the ones who practice polygamy, and they're not really Mormons anyway" is far too simple a response.

A 1963 master's thesis by John Day characterizes fundamentalist Mormonism as a protest against adaptation. I think that's pretty much on the mark. The LDS Church we know today is so different from nineteenth-century Mormonism that Brigham Young and John Taylor would be hard-pressed to recognize it. The stress of legal and social pressure from the rest of the nation, coupled with economic and demographic pressures that resulted from great missionary success, made it virtually impossible for the nineteenth-century Church to survive unchanged. Adaptations to these new realities were unavoidable, and Wilford Woodruff's 1890 Manifesto was only one of those

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[3] Those cases are: *In the Matter of W.A.T. et al*, 808 P.2d 1083 (Utah 1991) concerning the Fischer adoption; *Williams et al v. United Effort Plan* (No. 87-C-1022J, D. Utah, United States District Court) concerning the partitian of the UEP trust; and *Barlow et al v. ALEOAC* (No. CIV 91-838 PHX RCB, D. Arizona, United States District Court) concerning the decertification of a polygamous law enforcement officer.

adaptations. It was neither the first nor the last, and it was not even the greatest (Alexander 1986; Shipps 1984).

While many Church members had pushed for these changes, a significant minority found them very unsettling. The vast majority of men and women on both sides of the debate were principled and sincere. Fundamentalism as we know it today has its roots among the conservatives who resisted both these changes in the Mormon community and changes in the nation at large as it became more urban and industrialized.

Doctrinal Differences

Change and division brought with it new theological constructs (see Musser 1980; Kraut 1989; Richardson 1988). Fundamentalists consider themselves part of the LDS Church, living within special priesthood organizations set apart to continue and preserve sacred ordinances. In 1991 the Colorado City community incorporated itself in Utah as the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the first time announcing its break with the Church through a legal creation. Outside of these priesthood groups, independent polygamists, not surprisingly, are much less concerned with direct lines of priesthood authority.

The priesthood councils believe that the temporal Church—the popularly accepted Church—is not the head of the priesthood. To them the leadership of the priesthood and the leadership of the Church are not one in the same but were divided sometime after the death of President John Taylor. According to this model, Ezra Taft Benson is the head of the corporate body, but Rulon Jeffs or Owen Allred, depending on the fundamentalist affiliation, is the head of the priesthood. The head of the priesthood is usually the senior member of the seven-member Priesthood Council and as such enjoys the direct counsel and guidance of God for his people.

As a consequence of this perception, fundamentalists do not always view changes that come through the Church as proper and binding. They do not recognize either the first or second manifesto or the suspension of plural marriage. They also feel the Church is "out of order," to use their phrase, in other significant ways. They do not accept changes made since the administration of President Joseph F. Smith in the temple ceremony or in the garment design. They refer to "priesthood garments" rather than "temple garments," as most Mormons call them. This is more a concern of the Allred group. (Many have stressed that they do not need to "sneak" into LDS

temples to perform their ordinances: they are concerned about proper priesthood authority, rather than ordinances performed in a specific place.)

Fundamentalists disagree with the Church's turn-of-the-century suspension of a literal, physical gathering of Zion and with temple-building outside of the old Zion. (The first temple opened outside the Great Basin was the Hawaiian Temple, dedicated in 1919 by President Heber J. Grant.) They also reject the discontinuation of religious communalism, such as the United Order efforts. All of the priesthood groups attempt to continue some form of communalism, including the United Effort Plan in Colorado City. In addition they reject the ordinations of blacks to the priesthood, what they refer to as the "Canaanite Revelation."

Other disagreements include the present more worldly role of apostles in the Church; the discontinuation of the Adam/God theory; the decision to stop sending missionaries out without purse or script; the infallibility of the prophet, especially when he appears to modify doctrines introduced by Joseph Smith; and the Word of Wisdom as a law rather than advisory counsel, a somewhat less tolerant position than they embrace.

Seemingly small points can be especially telling. In both of the large priesthood groups, prayers in worship services are often delivered by men with the right arm raised to the square. In the Allred group worship services, only priests and Melchizedek priesthood holders bless and administer the sacrament. Water is passed in large glasses or goblets, as in the last century. A Melchizedek priesthood holder hands the bread or water to the member, who partakes and hands it back to the priesthood holder, who in turn hands it to the next member. This is in contrast to the usual administration of the sacrament in LDS sacrament meetings by the Aaronic priesthood, and the passing of sacrament trays down aisles from member to member. I have never seen a woman speak in a worship service of the Colorado City group.

Even with these and other differences, fundamentalist meetings have a distinctly Mormon flavor. The congregation sings Mormon hymns from LDS hymnals. Pictures of Joseph Smith and Jesus Christ are in evidence. Speakers quote from the four standard works but use just as frequently the *Journal of Discourses* and the *Millennial Star*. Ezra Taft Benson might be quoted approvingly on some point, and the *Ensign* might be used in a meeting hall or home. Everywhere there is the comfortable sort of atmosphere we find when a lay clergy presides over meetings and delivers sermons. The language used will be peculiarly Mormon.

Plural Marriage

Then there is the issue of polygamy, or plural marriage as the fundamentalists prefer to call it. For them polygamy is a pejorative term that implies no priesthood authority. Though probably what fundamentalists are best known for, plural marriage certainly is not practiced by all fundamentalists and probably not even by a majority.

While romantic love is not necessarily the model for selection of spouses in Colorado City, I am told the feelings of the parties involved are taken into account. Marriages are most often arranged by parents and the community's religious leaders, who believe they are guided by divine inspiration. Sometimes this amounts to being sure that everyone in need of care is the responsibility of some priesthood holder. Not all such marriages work, and when they don't, a cancellation of sealings, a kind of divorce, is granted. Sometimes, with their parents' permission, young people marry before they reach majority. Large age gaps between husbands and wives are not uncommon. The Allred group, in contrast, uses romance as a model, but always with the prior approval of priesthood authorities.

Children and large families are the norm, as they are considered the primary reasons for marriage. It is my understanding that sexual relationships between spouses are not considered proper unless children are possible (Bradley 1990).

Stereotypes about fundamentalist lifestyles are sometimes accurate but frequently downright untrue. My experience with friends in Colorado City suggests that women are often reserved when they first encounter strangers, going through a stage of sizing the newcomer up. I have women friends there who are outspoken and obviously strong willed. Among them is Vera Black, the subject of *In Re Black* (1955), who is personable, yet a strong presence. Even young women under twenty, once they accept a newcomer in the community as a friend, are not shy. The stereotype of the meek and submissive Colorado City plural wife is simply off the mark in my experience. Most of their young people today seem to understand that there are other lives to be lived if they wish.

Polygamy in Colorado City may also serve as a distinct group identification practice, just as it did for nineteenth-century Mormons. It clearly identifies individuals as members of a distinct religious community; leaving the group and blending into the world become psychologically and socially difficult. Some religious historians believe this was on Joseph Smith's mind when he introduced the doctrine (Moore 1982, 1986). When a group practice also draws persecution from the world, group solidarity increases.

CONCLUSION

We can all benefit from religious tolerance. Because of our own experiences of a century ago, Latter-day Saints should be prepared to set the standard for tolerating the sincere religious views and practices of others, even when we strongly disagree with them. We need not accept practices without question, particularly those that may actually injure unwilling participants. But we should never be eager to condemn practices that are a valid reflection of religious faith.

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Mormonism Becomes a Mainline Religion: The Challenges

Summary versions of the essays in this panel were presented in a plenary session of the annual meeting of the Mormon History Association, Laie, Hawaii, June 1990.

Viewing Mormonism as Mainline

Mario S. De Pillis

APPLYING THE TERM "mainline," or "mainstream," or "oldline" religion to Mormonism may raise a few eyebrows. After all, doesn't "mainline" refer to the older, once dominant Protestant religions? Moreover, the term "mainline" lacks precision. How can it possibly serve as a meaningful category of analysis?[1]

There is some validity to this objection. Craig Dykstra, a vice-president of the Lilly Foundation (which has been financing scholarly studies of the decline of "mainline" or "mainstream" religions), went so far as to name the specific denominations that are now in the sorry state of being mainline. They are in a sorry state because they have been declining in membership and commitment since the 1960s. (Certainly not true of Mormonism.) With decline has come a loss of power and influence.

After noting the unprecedented diversity of contemporary religious life in the United States and the rich pluralism now evident in every major city in the United States, Dykstra pointed out in January 1990 that matters seemed far different just a few years ago. "Through the 1950s," he wrote,

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[1] The only adequate overview of the term "mainline" may be found under "Mainline Churches," in Daniel G. Reid, coordinating editor, *Dictionary of Christianity in America* (Downer's Grove, Illinois: Intervarsity Press, 1990).

> a cluster of Protestant denominations still wielded a cultural and social authority that gave them establishment status. The so-called "mainstream" of American Protestantism included a limited cluster of denominations: Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, as well as the United Methodist, American Baptist, certain Lutheran and Reformed Churches, and the Disciples of Christ. . . . But the former establishment no longer reigns. What was "main" stream is now one stream alongside many others—with significant consequences for American culture as a whole and for these churches. (1990, i)

Dykstra is right on target, but his emphasis on Protestantism is somewhat narrow. He certainly would think it silly even to mention the word Mormonism in the same breath as Episcopalianism, and he may not even regard the Latter-day Saints as Christian. Others like Martin Marty (1973, 1976) and William R. Hutchison (1989) tend to choose this narrower path, having in mind the old traditional churches that once ran the country: Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, and Episcopalianism. Back in 1972 Deane M. Kelley, whose influential book *Why the Conservative Churches Are Growing* started the mainline debate, included even Reform Jews and Unitarian-Universalists. Moreover, sociologists, who have given currency to the term "mainline religion," believe that Catholicism ought to count as mainline. Clearly, like many other debated terms, mainline is problematic.

Perhaps it is unfair to argue for a more inclusive list. Still, the shorter lists seem somewhat unhistorical to me. A narrow list does not accurately reflect the revolutionary changes in American religious life during the twentieth century, when three other groups have become an accepted part of that life: Catholics, Jews, and, as I now believe, Mormons.[2] And like the "Protestant establishment" (a term now favored by Hutchison), both Catholics and Jews have shared in the Protestant decline in membership and influence. I believe that during the last ten or twenty years Mormonism has taken on some of the characteristics of the mainline, even if, in dramatic contrast with the mainline, it enjoys explosive growth. Probably it is this very growth that has helped move Mormonism closer to the older, traditional churches.

But before turning to my argument for mentioning Mormonism in the same breath as the Protestant mainline, I would like to point out that a leading study, *American Mainline Religion* by Wade Clark Roof

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[2] Scholars who consider Mormonism an entirely new religious tradition *as well as* a mainline American religion face intriguing problems of terminology and logic. I shall not confront these problems here. There is evidence that historians are trying to push aside "mainline" in favor of the term "establishment Protestantism," by which they mean the people who used to "run America." See William R. Hutchison, ed., *The Travail of the Protestant Establishment in America, 1900-1960* (N.Y.: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1989), viii-x and the introduction, "Protestantism as Establishment."

and William McKinney, offers a broader definition of mainline than do Dykstra, Marty, and others. Roof and McKinney include even Jews and Catholics—and possibly the Mormons—in their concept of mainline. Mainline religion, they state, is "admittedly a vague, somewhat value-laden designation, yet it focuses attention on the religious and cultural center. By mainline (or mainstream) we mean the dominant, culturally established faiths held by the majority of Americans" (1987, 6).

But here is the crucial part of their definition, the part that perhaps justifies a redefinition of the place of Mormonism in American culture: "For much of American history mainline religion meant simply white Protestant, but as the boundaries of pluralism expanded mainline religion had come to mean more. Many groups—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, white and non-white—that *command the loyalties of large numbers of persons and help shape the normative faith and outlook of the populace lay claim to being in the mainline*" (1987, 6, emphasis added).

Where do the Mormons fit into this scenario? Roof and McKinney list four "other faiths" that have, they feel, a "greater distance from mainstream culture," but which they feel compelled to mention: Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists, and Unitarian-Universalists. The authors dispatch these four groups in one page. Perhaps because it is easier to exclude smaller groups, they arbitrarily give the 1987 Mormon church membership as three million, just about half the true figure of six million (1987, 97–98).

A reasonable definition of "mainline," one based in part on Roof-McKinney, allows the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I think, to take its place among the mainline groups. It shares five basic elements or characteristics of mainline:

1. Relatively high socio-economic class

Between 1945 and the 1980s, the educational level and income of two groups, Catholics and Mormons, rose rapidly: from the bottom of three groups of denominations to the middle group. Presently the Mormons stand at the top of the middle group, very close to the Roof-McKinney definition of "mainstream culture," "power," and "life style." The highest group of the three includes (in the order of their degree of accommodation to mainline culture): Unitarian-Universalists, Jews, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and United Church of Christ. For want of a digit or two in salary, the Mormons would undoubtedly be counted in the top group.

2. Access to social, economic, and cultural power (Roof and McKinney, 1987, 7)

Admiration for Mormon defense of family values, including opposition to abortion, is widespread. Economic power is also evident. Leading high-tech companies like Word Perfect, Novell, and Dayna Corporation are Mormon in their directorship or employees or both. Mormon C.E.O.s (chief executive officers) run perhaps a dozen Fortune 500 companies. The Church holds tens of millions of dollars worth of property in basic industries. It holds properties through the Zion Securities holding company and ZCMI (Zion's Cooperative and Mercantile Institution) and also runs agricultural enterprises in sugar beets (dismantled in the 1980s), oranges, cattle, sugar cane, and other large-scale food commodities. These holdings are so large that anti-Mormon critics regularly "expose" them as evidence of a frightening Mormon conspiracy to take over the United States—or at least the western half.

The Church's cultural power cannot be denied. Among other things, it sponsors and promotes Polynesian culture on the Pacific Rim through BYU-Hawaii and exerts influence through BYU campuses in the U.S. and Mexico. Though specific figures are not available, average Mormon educational levels (graduate and undergraduate) are very high.

3. The international Church

Since the 1930s, Mormonism has become a strongly international church. Far from being the latest novelty in Mormon history, this development comports perfectly with the Church's long-held claim to being a universal faith. Though Roof and McKinney do not list international activity as a trait of mainline religion, it seems an indispensable part of the definition. By contrast, sects and nonmainline religions are more culture bound, less transportable across national boundaries. For example, Shinto, so closely bound to Japanese culture, will never reach the mainline proportions of Buddhism in Asia, simply because Shinto is too closely bound to Japanese self-definition, while the world religion of Buddhism continues to expand not only on the Pacific Rim but also in North America. Within Japan, Shinto, whose priests consecrate the emperor, is very mainline.

It is all too easy to think of Mormonism as a narrow American religion, a kind of culture-bound American Shinto, replete with the old Protestant ethic, the American folklore regarding the Native Americans, the doctrine of Negro inferiority (repudiated since 1978), the penchant for businesslike organization, and so on. The mid-twentieth-century world has been an Americanizing world, and Mormonism has been part of that newly emerging world-historical development. The world has never been more ready to welcome this "American" religion. American historical theorists like Carl Becker and Franklin Levan Baumer did not invent the notion of timing and climate of opinion; it

goes back at least to Hippolyte Taine's *l'homme* [or *la race*], *le moment, le milieu*. Non-Mormon intellectuals must accept the successful exportation of Mormonism as one of the ironies that give meaning to history. As for the Mormons, they are happy to accept worldwide diffusion as manifestly the work of God.

The definition of mainline rightly includes the element of "widespread visibility and prominence." The rapidly internationalizing Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is quickly achieving a level of recognition, especially in Latin America, West Africa, and the Pacific Rim, that is comparable to the prominence of two other universal religions: Judaism and Catholicism. The Mormon presence in Northern Europe has been snowballing, despite the two-thousand-year headstart of orthodox Christianity and Judaism. Explosive growth in Latin America—it is now second only to Roman Catholicism in numbers of baptized adherents—has made the Church a political issue, resulting by the 1980s in the assassination of several Mormon missionaries. The assassinations of Catholic clergy are only slightly more frequent. In accordance with their newly established universal status, the Mormons have chosen Jerusalem itself as the site of their most prominent and prestigious Institute of Religion.

Non-Mormon scholars have turned to Mormonism with a seriousness that would have been undreamed of only ten years ago. Columbia is offering a history seminar on Mormonism. At Yale the noted critic Harold Bloom is writing a book on Mormonism, and in a November 1990 lecture at the University of Utah, Bloom held an audience of almost 1,500 spellbound with a provocative analysis of Mormonism that included statements like this: "The religion-making genius of Joseph Smith, profoundly American, uniquely restored the Bible's sense of the theomorphic" (in Clark 1991, 59). Mormonism is no longer just a topic in a divinity school course on sects and cults. The Church has achieved widespread visibility and prominence—and acceptance.

4. Growth of bureaucracy

Between 1950 and 1990 the Church bureaucracy grew from fewer than 500 employees in a small collection of nineteenth-century buildings in downtown Salt Lake City to almost 2,000, most of them working out of a skyscraper that dominates the city skyline. The growth of the bureaucracy reflected the explosive increase in Church membership during the forty years before 1990. When churches become well established, they develop impressive bureaucracies.

One difficulty with bureaucracy is communication. Bureaucrats have a hard time keeping in touch with their clients. Mormon church bureaucracy is better than most, but it still faces unprecedented prob-

lems: communicating with a membership that has suddenly doubled, dealing with a proliferation of new languages spoken by converts, and reaching members diffused throughout the globe, members who no longer "gather unto Zion" in America. How can the Church bureaucracy possibly communicate Church news and doctrinal discussions on an international scale?

The Church's response to these problems has been impressive. Back in the 1940s, the media enterprises of the Church (television, radio, publishing) were comparatively trivial. By 1990 the Church had established ten international magazines from Hong Kong to Czechoslovakia. The two generations after World War II saw at least a tripling of output of the print media and many new television and radio enterprises.

Similarly, in the economic area of Church activity, the office for temporal affairs known to the Saints as the Presiding Bishopric has had to administer vast new holdings in agricultural production and other enterprises too complex to mention even in summary. Such expansions in activity in a church with a strong sense of its special identity has required a bureaucracy that may exceed that of the Vatican—if one omits the local government employees (secular) of Vatican City. Any organization with a corporate identity needs a bureaucracy. At times the Mormon Church has had to divest itself of enterprises that put a strain on its very efficient administrative apparatus and that drained energy from its main mission to convert the world. Thus, in 1975 the Church got rid of the fifteen hospitals that it had operated in three western states under the Health Service Corporation. It sold out to the non-Mormon, non-profit Intermountain Health Care, Inc. Symbolically most significant, if not quite so vast as the Presiding Bishopric, is the Church's Office of Public Information. Mormon visibility in the larger society requires an office of professional spokespersons, because, unlike the Unification Church (Moonies) or other successful and relatively new religious movements, Mormonism has an ongoing relationship with the larger society, and (crucial for Mainline status) the larger society has an ongoing, continuous, and not-unfriendly relationship with Mormonism. Nonmainline groups do not need large public-relations offices. Nor does the larger society reciprocate with a continuous relationship like the serious attention of Ivy League scholars.

Max Weber conceived of bureaucracy as the result of the "routinization" of the power and the appeal of a charismatic leader. Because Weber conceived of bureaucracy rather narrowly as an instrument of political power that tends to take on a life of its own and to perpetuate itself—whatever the current regime—his classic model does

not do justice to nonpolitical bureaucracies like those of religions or of the nonprofit institutions so characteristic of American society. Still he made it clear that bureaucratization is the inevitable fate of any large institution that tries to perpetuate itself. Small sects do not have bureaucracies.[3]

5. Acceptance of social environment

Finally, Mormons, like other American mainline religionists, have, in the phrase of Roof and McKinney, accepted their "social environment, that is, the state, the local community, and its school district, the family, and the marketplace." The authors call these four elements "agencies of divine purpose" in a world that is "still taking shape," (1987, 6). This rhetorical flourish does not help much. If the world is "still taking shape," when will the process end? When the school district has achieved excellence? Clearly each of us has his or her favorite "agency of divine purpose." Accommodation can be theological as well as sociological. From a sectarian or even a piously mainline point of view, any believers who compromise too much with the world risk a betrayal of Christ.

Looking at the "social environment" (i.e., American society) historians would note that, because Roof and McKinney do not consider Mormonism a mainline religion (and probably not Christian), the Latter-day Saints presumably cannot be allowed to help in that "divine shaping of the world." But any objective observer must disagree, for it is clear that the Mormons do accept the five basic institutional arrangements of American society—namely, state, local community, local schools, the family, and capitalistic marketplace—and Mormons do try to shape these institutions. The present-day Latter-day Saints, for example, have no qualms about accepting and trying to improve the nontheocratic state government of Utah. Whether they help move that government in a godly direction is another question. (In 1991 a national newsweekly rated Utah as the best governed state in the Union.) Nowadays the Mormons accept Gentiles of all stripes in their state government. This accommodation to the Gentile world stands in stark contrast with the 1920s, when the local Ku Klux Klan could target the

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[3] See Weber on the three types of legitimate authority and the use of administrative staff in *The Theory of Social and Economic Organization*, ed. by Talcott Parsons (New York: The Free Press of Glencoe, Inc., 1947), 324-45, 358-63; and on the technical advantages of bureaucratic organization in the collection of essays, *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology*, ed. and trans. by Hans Gerth and C. Wright Mills (New York: Oxford University Press, Inc., 1946), 214-16, 228-30. The work of post-Weberian sociologists like Alvin Gouldner and Peter Blau is more precise and nuanced than that of Weber, but it is good to go to the classic source.

Mormons as secret conspirators and harass them; but by the 1970s the Klan was accepting even Mormons (however few) (Gerlach 1982).[4]

On the federal level, the Mormons, excluded from high elective and appointive office as late as 1932, have become an integral and invisible part of the mainstream. Beginning with Marriner Eccles in the New Deal and extending to Brent Skowcroft in the administration of President George Bush, Mormons have accepted cabinet level positions with all the naturalness of the Adams family accepting the presidency. On the local level, the Saints have become thoroughly immersed in grassroots political culture, committing themselves to share the local public schools with working-class gentiles and people of color. In this they are far more mainline and democratic than other relatively homogeneous mainline groups like white Baptists in the South or white Catholics in Philadelphia.

The Roof-McKinney list has a political slant (state, local, etc.), but cultural evidence of accommodation to mainline religion is even more telling. Surely the revelation of 1978 admitting black men to the priesthood and the 1990 changes in the temple ceremony that excised words expressing female subservience to men represent a dramatic new attunement to the main currents of American religious teaching. It is impossible for a non-member to get an official transcript of these ceremonies, and it is upsetting to Mormons when anyone publically quotes from such sacred, confidential material. But knowledgeable Saints do assert that in the newly revised ceremony church members are no longer enjoined to hold other denominations in suspicion. The elimination of this language goes far beyond trying to be less offensive to non-Mormon Christians; it represents a new and more accepting attitude toward the world, an attitude that is no longer the adversarial

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[4] Leonard J. Moore, a quantitative revisionist historian, has cited the Klan's targeting of the Mormons in the 1920s as evidence that the Klan, when not viewed with ideological prejudice, represented a mainstream, populist, democratic aspect of American culture. The Klan opposed undemocratic dominant powers like the Mormon Church and not just blacks, Jews, Catholics, and Southern Europeans, he argues. Stimulated by his own findings on the membership of the Klan in its 1920s center of power, Indiana, Moore concluded that historians must get beyond mere ideological explanations of the Klan and the diatribes of critics like H. L. Mencken. Moore underplays the southern culture of northern Klan states of Oregon, Colorado and Oregon.

Moore's interpretations seem grossly distorted, but he has apparently done extensive research; and his book, *Citizen Klansmen: the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana, 1921-1928*, is forthcoming from the University of North Carolina Press. See Moore's review essay, "Historical Interpretations of the 1920s Klan: the Traditional View and the Populist Revision," *Journal of Social History*, 24 (Winter 1990): 341-57.

we-versus-them, but one that accommodates itself to the religious mainstream.

And no student of the place of Mormonism in modern American culture can overlook the crucial importance of the nuclear family. In the years of polygamy before the Manifesto of 1890, the family was central in Mormon doctrine and daily life. When the Church changed its family structure to conform to the nuclear, monogamous norm of mainline culture, emphasis on the sanctity of the family continued. Indeed, the Mormon teaching that a healthy, loving, spiritual family life is indispensable not only to salvation "beyond the veil" but also to morality and happiness here and now has made the Mormon family an object of universal admiration.

One could continue applying other tests to classify Mormonism as a mainline religion. For example, I have ignored the role of women; I have left out the very important topic of the Mormon relationship to corporate capitalism; I have not examined the question of why, if Mormonism has come to resemble a mainline religion, it has not shared in the mainline's declining membership. But I have said enough, I think, to illustrate the usefulness of this exercise. At the very least, I would argue that, while defending its old communal identity, Mormonism has begun to resemble a mainline religion in everything except a decline in membership. If this be true, then the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints can expect to face the usual challenges to well-established religions: mainly the pride that comes with success.

One must not be too literal about using sociological categories. Mormonism has not lost its spiritual dimension. Its intellectuals have not been unaware of the dangers of being too acceptable to the world (American society), and all pious Latter-day Saints believe that their Church must ever remain in tension with the larger society. Still, for all its epistemological difficulties, the concept of "mainline" does help us understand the very recent history of Mormon society. If the threat of peaceful devolution to bland mainline religion did not exist, Mormon insiders like BYU history professor Glen M. Leonard could not pose the question to other Mormon historians in 1990: "Who are we and where are we going?" Nor would the pollster George Gallup, Jr., have been able to conclude in 1989 that the "American population that will emerge in the 1990s will be more Catholic, more non-Western, more Mormon, more unaffiliated, and less Protestant than it is today" (Gallup and Castelli 1989).

Certainly something has changed in the nature of the Mormon relationship to society since 1945. Part of that change is the dramatically lower state of tension with the larger society: a new Mormon status that goes with being mainline.

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Mormonism and the Challenge of the Mainline

Marie Cornwall

IN SOME WAYS, Mormonism looks in 1991 very much mainline. Yet discussing the challenge of this new social status rests on two assumptions: that Mormonism actually is a mainline religion, and that as a mainline religion it faces the same challenges that other mainline religions face. Both assumptions are not totally supported by the facts of Mormonism.

Yet a recent examination of American mainline religion by Wade Roof and William McKinney, sociologists specializing in the study of religion, provides data indicating that Mormons "show a phenomenal shift [in social status]: they have moved from the lowest-ranking reli-

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gious group in the mid-1940s to the top of the middle rank" (1987, 110). This ranking places them ahead of Methodists, Catholics, and Lutherans but still below Jews, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians. The indicators used to establish rank were education, occupational status, and income. My own analysis of survey data collected by the National Opinion Research Center (NORC) suggests that Mormons (both women and men) rank third in educational status, below Jews and Episcopalians, tied with Presbyterians and United Church of Christ, and more educated than Methodists, Catholics, and Lutherans.

Mormons are mainline by other standards as well. Political conservatism is one. More Republican than either Presbyterians (44 percent) or Episcopalians (41 percent), 51 percent of Mormons in the United States report they are members of the Republican party ("Portrait" 1991). When asked to describe their social class, 48 percent of Mormons report they are in the middle or upper classes. By comparison, only 37 percent of conservative Protestants and 28 percent of Jehovah's Witnesses report upper or middle class membership (Roof and McKinney 1987).

But Mormonism is not mainline according to most other indicators. When describing American mainline religions, Roof and McKinney group Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists, and Unitarian-Universalists together as "four smaller, but visible groups . . . [which] deserve some mention simply because they are generally well known to Americans, and each in its own way is something of a minority variant of the historic Christian faith" (1987, 97). "Something of a minority variant" does not sound very mainline after all. "Well known" is not as mainline as well respected.

Studies of social distance compare the extent to which various religious groups are "tolerated" by the general population. These studies show that conservative Christians are less accepting of Mormons than are mainline Protestants and suggest that, overall, the general population views Mormons as pretty marginal people (Brinkerhoff, Jacob, and Mackie 1987). While Mormons are more tolerated than Moonies and Hare Krishna followers, they are less tolerated than Pentacostals, Baptists, and members of the Church of Christ.

Sociologists have long used the church-sect continuum to describe and categorize religious groups. Sect-like religion is in tension with the society which surrounds it, while church-like religion is not. By definition, mainline churches are not in tension with society. Rodney Stark and William Bainbridge suggest that tension can be measured. It is possible to identify empirically where religious groups lie on the church-sect continuum. Using their criteria, Mormonism is very much in tension with society. For example, Stark and Bainbridge argue that mem-

bers of sect-like groups are more likely to believe "the morals in this country are pretty bad and getting worse," to disapprove of gambling, to approve of censorship of movies and books, and to be "concerned with trying to live as sinless a life as possible." Members of sect-like groups are also more likely to believe that "what we do in this life will determine our fate in the hereafter" (1985, 53, table 3.2). Using these criteria, Mormonism would very likely rate as sect-like, in tension with society, and not yet mainline.

Conservative Mormon mores also distinguish the faith as other than mainline. As sociologist Tim Heaton has pointed out, Mormons are more chaste, more married, have more children, and are more chauvinistic than the general population (1989). These attributes help to maintain the Mormon lifestyle as sect-like and marginal.

In addition, Mormonism's tendency to resemble the mainline is a trend for U.S. Mormons only. Mormonism is decidedly sect-like in the international arena. In most countries of the world, Mormonism's tendency towards the middle class and the well-educated is muted, and the sect-like character of Mormonism is consequently more pronounced and distinctive. Even if Mormonism should achieve mainline status in the United States, as defined by education level and social status, it will remain sect-like and marginalized in the international arena for many years to come. Furthermore, Church growth in international areas will mean that a smaller proportion of the membership will live in the United States.

And now for the second question: Does Mormonism face the same challenges as the mainline religions? Not really. One of the greatest challenges facing mainline religions is the loss of their membership. During the seventies, sociologists found that the more conservative churches were growing the fastest and the Protestant mainline was losing its membership (Kelley 1972). While some suggest the trend is changing as baby boomers return to religion to raise their families, Roof and McKinney remain pessimistic. They conclude: "The churches of the Protestant establishment, long in a state of relative decline, will continue to lose ground both in numbers and in social power and influence" (1987, 233).

My own analysis of NORC survey data suggests important denominational differences in the proportion of individuals who change religious affiliation or "drop out" of institutionalized religion altogether. Respondents were asked to report their religious preference at age sixteen and at the time of the survey. Analysis of the data suggests which mainline churches lost the most members: Presbyterians lost 30 percent, the United Church of Christ 36 percent, the Methodists 35 percent, Episcopalians 30 percent, and Lutherans 24 percent. By com-

parison, we found that 16 percent of Mormons, 14 percent of Catholics, and 10 percent of Jews changed affiliation. Further analysis found that 9 percent of Episcopalians, 8 percent of Presbyterians, and 6 percent of Methodists and Lutherans reported they had switched to no religious preference. By comparison, 5 percent of Mormons and Catholics and 3 percent of Jews had switched to no preference.

While many Latter-day Saints do not fully participate in their religion, most still claim Mormonism as their religious preference. And even with membership losses and inactivity, Mormonism's growth is phenomenal. Sociologist Rodney Stark (1984) estimates 265 million members by the year 2080, and current membership information suggests his expectation of 50 percent growth per decade since the 1960s is an acceptable assumption. So while mainline churches are faced with losing their membership, Mormonism continues to grow and to expand into international areas. Some estimate that by the year 2000 only 43 percent of Church members will live in North America, and upwards of 40 percent will live in Latin America.

So what are the challenges facing Mormonism? There are three major issues:

Growth, particularly growth in the international Church

One of the paradoxes of growth for any organization is that while new resources and new energy is necessary for organizational vitality, too much growth can suffocate an organization. It has been too often true that substantial Church growth in a particular area of the world has created tremendous administrative problems. Rapid growth without community strength and solidarity only produces a religious community paralyzed by a lack of resources, leadership, and member commitment. We have seen it happen in the British Isles, in Central and South America, and in Japan.

Bureaucratic and programmatic tendencies

Another paradox of organizational growth is that size produces greater organizational complexity: it multiplies the number of departments and divisions required to handle worldwide expansion (finance, distribution, curriculum, membership, buildings). These departments and divisions, along with branches, wards, missions, stakes, and administrative areas, require management, regulation, and direction. All of these administrative needs are in some way or another an anathema to the charismatic nature of religion and the fundamental needs of community-building and nurturing individuals. The correlation move-

ment which began in earnest in the 1960s continues with us, and the Church faces fundamental questions about how to strengthen and nurture individual members while administrating programs and activities. The problem is fundamentally different from issues faced by mainline religions primarily because of the centralized nature of Mormonism. Centralized control versus local management and administration will continue to be an issue within Mormonism over the next several decades.

Tension from within surrounding issues of change and stability, respectability and distinctiveness, and accommodation to societal trends

Armand Mauss in a 1989 DIALOGUE article has already pointed out Mormonism's ambivalence towards assimilation and accommodation. This ambivalence is a phenomenon typical of new religious movements whose tension with society requires periodic adjustment in order to survive. Movements which maintain too much tension may stagnate; movements which are too accommodating lose their distinctiveness and often their adherents. The phenomenon within Mormonism is somewhat atypical, however, simply because Church members are highly educated (much more so than their conservative Christian neighbors). The problem with an educated membership, according to sociological perspectives, is that education secularizes individuals, and the more educated members of a religious movement typically want their religion to accommodate and be less distinctive. Those religions that are less willing to accommodate generally lose their educated membership.

In the analysis of NORC data described earlier, I found that switching religions was related to educational attainment. For example, among Pentecostals, 31 percent of all respondents changed religions; however, 51 percent of Pentecostals with a college education had changed. Similar patterns are found among conservative Protestants, Southern and Northern Baptists, Disciples of Christ, and Catholics. The more educated respondents were more likely to have changed religions. I find no such phenomenon among Latter-day Saints. College-educated Mormons in the sample were actually slightly less likely to have changed religion than those with less than high school education (but the difference was not statistically significant). Furthermore, I found a positive correlation between several measures of religiosity (e.g., frequency of personal prayer, religious commitment, belief in God and an afterlife) and education among Latter-day Saints. The positive correlation does not show up for any other group. Because Mormonism tends to hold on to its educated members, we must expect that it will also be more likely to accommodate to its host society, at least more so than groups like the Jehovah's Witnesses or conservative Protestants.

Mormonism has generally proved its ability to accommodate. The 1891 Manifesto, the ordination of blacks, the accommodations to growth in the last three decades are all evidence. The Church has also proved its ability to spawn sects—fundamentalist organizations which are unintentionally created out of accommodation efforts.

The next crisis of Mormonism is already upon us. It has been created again by the host society—a society based on individualism, the capitalist enterprise, and the rights of individuals. The Protestant mainline has ordained women for many years. The feminist enterprise continues to raise questions about the ordination of women and the existence of a Mother in Heaven. How much Mormonism accommodates to these new societal pressures remains to be seen, but the experience of the RLDS in ordaining women should teach us something about the schism that will occur if change is too dramatic and too quick.

So perhaps the best advice for Mormonism is to avoid the mainline. While we yearn for respectability, it is our distinctiveness that helps us thrive. While we look church-like and mainstream in the U.S., the charismatic forces upon which religious movements thrive exist at our periphery, where miracles are still expected and still occur.

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An Australian Viewpoint

Marjorie Newton

DURING A HISTORY OF religion class I attended at Sydney University a few years ago, another student asked the lecturer when the Mormons first arrived in Australia. He didn't know and, looking round, asked, "Does anyone here know anything about the Mormons?" When I eventually confessed, the class stared at me in much the way science students might peer at the skeleton of a newly unearthed dinosaur, and the lecturer, an authority on the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia, beamed. A real, live Mormon! "That's wonderful," he said enthusiastically. "Tell them about the Mormons. Tell them everything! Tell them about Joe Smith and the Irish angel." I looked as puzzled as I felt. "You know, the Irish angel," he encouraged, "Moroney!" I can state unequivocally that Mormonism is not yet a mainline religion of Australia.

Let me define my use of the term "mainline." In Australia, we more often use the term "mainstream" than "mainline," although most Australians would accept the definition of sociologists Wade Roof and William McKinney: "By mainline . . . we mean the dominant, culturally established faiths held by the majority" (in Long 1990, 5). This definition is very similar to the criteria of the Lilly Endowment's advisory committee for mainstream-Protestant studies, namely, "national visibility and prominence" (Long 1990, 5).

Using these criteria, most Australians would identify their mainstream churches as the Church of England, the Uniting Church (an amalgamation of the Methodist, Congregational, and part of the Presbyterian churches), and the Baptist Church. While Australian academics would probably define "mainstream" as Protestant, I think the general population would also include the Roman Catholic Church as mainstream, despite a long history of anti-Catholic sentiment in Australia (Mol 1985, 33–42). Certainly the Roman Catholic Church is both visible and prominent in our society. One quarter of the Australian population has Irish roots, and large numbers of post-World War II immigrants have come from predominantly Catholic countries in the southern Mediterranean and Latin America. Catholics formed

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the largest Christian group (26 percent of the population) in the 1986 federal census (Castles 1990, 372).

In Australia, the term "mainstream" is often equated with "respectable." The Baptist Church provides an interesting case study, being regarded in Colonial times as a sect and therefore not quite respectable, until it was boosted up the social scale by the arrival in Australia of new-fangled American churches such as the Mormons, the Seventh-Day Adventists, and the Jehovah's Witnesses. Now, in turn, the Mormon Church and the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, and, probably to a lesser extent, Jehovah's Witnesses, are becoming if not "respectable," then at least verging on acceptance into the mainstream with the appearance of more unusual religions such as the Unification Church (Moonies), the Church of Scientology, and non-Christian religions like the Hare Krishna.

So, for Mormons in Australia—and in many other international areas—the challenge is to *become* mainline, rather than the challenge of being mainline. If the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and its leaders and members aspire to become mainline, I see several challenges in Australia.

First, there is the challenge of obtaining the numerical growth necessary to become "nationally visible and prominent." For over a century (1851–1955), the Mormon Church was numerically insignificant in Australia. During the last thirty-five years, however, LDS membership in Australia has increased by more than 2000 percent (from 3,500 in July 1955 to 76,000 in July 1990), while the population increased by less than 100 percent (from 9 million to 17 million) in the same period. As a result of this growth, the LDS Church finally achieved separate listing for the first time in the 1981 federal census results. Previously, Latter-day Saints were included in the total of assorted "other religions." However, one qualification needs to be made. While the Church claimed some 60,000 Australians as members in 1981, only 32,444 Australians claimed the Church. That is, then, only about half were willing to be recorded on the census as Latter-day Saints. However, should the same proportional growth of the Church to the Australian population continue over the next thirty-five years, by the year 2025, the Mormon Church in Australia will have a nominal population ratio of 1:35 instead of the present 1:240. Even with a 50 percent inactivity rate, the Church would certainly be "nationally visible and prominent" in census figures and number of chapel buildings.

Another challenge to be faced by the LDS Church in the quest for mainline status in Australia is overcoming the continuing stigma of polygamy. Polygamy and door-knocking are the twin aspects of Mor-

monism known to all Australians. In fact, the stigma of Mormon discrimination against the blacks is fading much faster in Australia than the stigma of polygamy. There are comparatively few aboriginal members, and they were never denied the priesthood. The polygamy image, on the other hand, lingers.

In the United States one phenomenon which has contributed to the LDS Church's mainline status is the national visibility and prominence not only of Church-sponsored organizations such as the Tabernacle Choir, but of many individual Latter-day Saints. Compared with the general population, a disproportionate number of Mormons in the United States have become prominent in government, industry, sports, theatre, and service organizations, not to mention assorted awards and titles such as "Mother of the Year" garnered by Latter-day Saints. There are as yet very few nationally prominent Latter-day Saints in Australia, certainly none in public positions comparable to cabinet secretaries, ambassadors, or state governors. No LDS members sit in any of the seven Australian parliaments, and, as far as I know, only one Australian city or town has an LDS mayor. There are few Australian LDS academics. In fact, there are very few Australian LDS "tall poppies" at all. Few Australian Latter-day Saints are involved even as rank-and-file members, let alone officers, in service clubs and community organizations. In this respect, the Reorganized Church, or the Saints' Church, as its members prefer it to be known in Australia, is far more visible in the Australian community. Despite its comparatively small numbers (approximately 4,000 compared with 76,000 Latter-day Saints), the Saints' Church is well-known for its sponsorship of Camp Quality and its provision and maintenance of retirement and nursing homes, holiday camps, and similar projects which benefit the larger community. LDS Church leaders in Australia are currently encouraging members to look outward and serve more in the community, with a view to achieving more community visibility so that suspicion and misconceptions may be finally put to rest.

Despite a continuing flow of immigrants who bring great cultural diversity, Australians are now more self-consciously Australian than ever before. In order to become mainline in Australia, the LDS Church may also need to modify its American image—not its American roots, but its American image and American cultural imprint—so that it might be possible to become Mormon without committing what author Rana Kabbani has called "cultural treason" (1989, ix). Many Australian Latter-day Saints feel a great need for their leaders to distinguish between gospel and cultural values. Although most of the former overt Americanism has been removed from curriculum materials, covert Americanism still permeates many aspects of the program;

consequently, the Church in Australia still has an American image which is not well received by most Australians, members and nonmembers alike.

Yet even as Church leaders are striving for universalism, there is reason to doubt whether a universal program is possible. In October 1986, for example, our Young Women joined with Young Women around the world in sending testimonial messages aloft in balloons. But most Church members in Australia live on the eastern seaboard. October is our spring, and the prevailing winds on the east coast are westerlies. Many of the balloons, I was told, floated happily out to sea, utterly futile as an exercise in testimony bearing but an ecological hazard for the whales and dolphins.

The fragmented nature of our current organization also mitigates against the Church being perceived as mainline in Australia. While the area president is responsible for the whole South Pacific, no president is assigned to preside over all LDS Church units in Australia or even in one state; there are only various stake and mission presidents and regional representatives, each with limited jurisdiction. When a major news story with religious implications breaks, as, for example, the Rushdie affair, the death of a pope, or even the results of a Gallup Poll on moral issues, the Australian media invite responses from various churches. Each of the mainstream churches has an ecclesiastical leader as spokesperson; the LDS Church has a public communications director. Our director is extremely capable and articulate and conveys a most acceptable image of the Church. But no matter how good a job he does, a comment from the LDS Church's professional PR man lacks the prestige—the sheer weight of office—of a moderator-general of the Presbyterian Church, a Roman Catholic cardinal, or an Anglican archbishop.

While many of these concerns would apply in other international areas of the Church, three interrelated problems are specifically Australian and may increasingly affect the Church's quest for mainline status, particularly in major Australian cities. These are the aging population, continuous immigration, and growing poverty. Most immigrants cluster in Sydney and Melbourne; both cities, especially Sydney, are rapidly becoming Manhattanized. Home prices and rentals are increasing beyond the economic means of young families, single parents, immigrants, and retired people. As these groups are being forced into less costly areas, finding enough leaders to staff the innercity stakes is becoming ever more difficult. Missionary work is also becoming more difficult as the message needs to be given in so many different languages. Ethnic wards have been created, posing language problems for the supervising stake leaders.

These difficulties raise some questions about the process of becoming mainstream. If we are heading toward baptism numbers which will place us in the mainstream, whom are we seeking? Can we try too hard to be mainstream in the sense of "respectable"?

I have observed that some leaders—both Australian and American—hope for a middle-class, mainline, "respectable" image for the Church in Australia. Middle-class converts have been gladly welcomed and meetinghouses are built when possible in middle-class suburbs. Obviously the conversion of numbers of the elderly, of single-parent families, of immigrants struggling to start life over in Australia, places an enormous strain on Church leaders, home and visiting teachers, and on tithing and fast-offering funds. But when an apostle instructs missionaries in one Australian mission that they are not to seek and teach people such as prostitutes and drug addicts, when missionaries in Papua New Guinea are instructed to baptize only middle-class nationals who will be self-supporting and provide leadership possibilities, when a mission president in Australia promises a restaurant dinner to the first missionary to baptize a doctor,[1] I am troubled. I seem to hear the voice of the Savior: "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. 9:13). Well-to-do sinners? Surely "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father" (James 1:27) still has more to do with visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction than with presenting a middle-class image. To me, the greatest challenge for the international Church will be for Mormonism to remain Christian as it consciously strives to become mainline.

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[1] All examples, including names of leaders making the statements, mission names and dates, told to the author by missionaries serving in the respective missions at the time. All names withheld by request.

A Reorganized Church Perspective

Richard P. Howard

THERE WAS A TIME when one could identify a sort of "mainline" religious configuration in the United States. Edwin Gaustad defined its characteristics thus:

> Mainstream refers to the older, culturally established, comfortably familiar denominations—those with a history that could be studied, with a liturgy that could be recognized, with a ministry that could be welcomed and trusted to pray on public occasions without giving offense. The mainstream in general could be relied on to keep proselyting zeal under control and sectarian pride in check, at least most of the time. (1990, 242)

Within that defined mainstream, Gaustad then identified the eight most prominent American denominations of the 1890s: Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Disciples of Christ, Episcopalian, and Congregational.

Gaustad's description of mainstream religion in the 1890s excluded Mormonism altogether. His analysis of the twentieth-century religious scene in America, however, included Mormonism in the "mainstream," based on two developments in Mormon culture. The first was the numerical growth and rapid spread of its population across the face of the continent and the globe. The other, which had made possible that expansion, was a cluster of four related changes which removed many of the features of original Mormonism which were characteristic of sectarian communal groups.

The first of these changes was Mormonism's survival of the loss of its initial charismatic leadership. Next was its transformation of a desert wasteland into a fruitful habitat, with all the strength and ingenuity which that implied. A third was the surprising way in which, being forced as a precondition of statehood to abandon polygamy, Mormonism championed traditional monogamous family loyalties. Finally, Mormonism also enthusiastically embraced cultural national values, even to the extent of passionate patriotism. Gaustad notes that having achieved mainline status by the operation of all these factors, Mormonism did not lapse into "lassitude and complacency but to an increas-

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ingly fervent missionary enterprise abroad as well as at home" (1990, 246).

Gaustad's analysis, it seems to me, describes surface developments but leaves us with unresolved conflict. If mainline religion consists of the large, culturally established denominations, how then can he place the Mormons in that setting? Mormonism still has far more—and more essential—traits in common with sects than with denominations. For, as I see it, Mormonism is even yet an intricate blend of counter-cultural sectarianism, despite its having embraced to varying degrees a few notable surface traits of denominationalism. In my view, numerical growth, geographical expansion, differentiation, adaptability, and espousal of national values are not enough to usher an otherwise authoritarian* sect into this nation's religious mainstream. That is, if this nation does indeed have a religious mainstream any more.

Let us, for the moment, assume that it does. Alma Blair's 1979 article summarizes the classic distinctions between a denomination and a sect. By those categories, Mormonism, even with all its sociological deviations, falls in the sectarian mode, despite Mormon development since the 1890s. Blair's article notes that members of a sect feel they possess a unique body of truth derived from special access to God. They allow strict behavioral codes to be imposed on them, with harsh penalties attached to disobedience. Ministerial education is relatively unimportant, beyond the most elementary requirements. Sect members engage in a fervent proselytizing regimen. They show little interest in organizational administrative structures and functions. For sectarians, the quest for sound doctrine is over, because they feel they already possess sufficient true doctrine for their exclusive mission. The worship rituals of the sect are much more spontaneous than they are elaborate and planned in detail. Members of a sect come from mostly the lower economic class. Finally, the sect conceives of itself as existing over and against the world it is commissioned to convert. Blair notes that as a sect gradually de-emphasizes and ultimately abandons these nine criteria, it eventually takes on the character of a denomination (Blair 1979, 23, 25). Measured by this yardstick, modern Mormonism yet remains largely at the periphery of the arena occupied by the so-called mainline religious denominations.

From my perspective within the Reorganized Church, I submit, however, that while the criteria posed by Gaustad in his definition of "mainstream religion" may have applied to the 1890s, the cultural and social transformations of the past century pose enormous difficulties when we try to identify such a mainline concept as operational in the 1990s. The American religious world of the 1890s was still in large measure absolutistic. Ours is far more pluralistic and relativistic.

As I attempt to determine the extent to which the RLDS variety of Mormonism can be thought of as part of America's mainline religious establishment, my assessment is, frankly, that the very word "mainline" implies far more homogeneity than our national religious scene demonstrates. The melting pot has refused to melt. The religious picture is one of an amorphous mass of sometimes contending, largely indifferent, and yet frequently cooperating denominations and sectarian establishments. Each seems intent on furthering its own aims, identity, and sphere of influence. Each is preoccupied with maintaining itself as an institution.

The RLDS church began in the 1850s as a dissenting sect of Mormonism. The earliest RLDS documents show a strident anxiety to displace all forms of Mormonism with its own one true manifestation of the Latter Day Saint communal genius. In a nutshell, the RLDS position was that polygamy was wrong and lineal descent in church presidency was right. On the force of this two-pronged argument, RLDSism was born and spent its first several decades trying to reclaim Mormons to their proper relationship to the gospel. To these two propositions was appended a third, which became the umbrella for RLDS evangelism and pastoral efforts: the whole law of the gospel and the church was to be found in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and the Doctrine and Covenants.

So it was that the Reorganization took form in the spirit and purpose of an authoritarian sect. Out of the mainstream, fishing mainly in the Mormon net, the earliest RLDS missionaries sought to reclaim the old-time Saints to the fold. But they also (and increasingly) fished in the nets of so-called mainline religions. When they did so, the RLDS elders found themselves being constantly mistaken for LDS polygamous Mormons and summarily rejected for that presumed identity. This state of affairs galvanized the RLDS church into action. They would deliberately seek to be identified with mainline American religion, while at the same time trying to be known as the true Mormon religion. This was to become, for RLDSism, the tightest of tight-rope walking they ever could have imagined.

On the one hand, while trying to win Mormon converts, RLDS missionaries first felt the need to denounce Utah Mormonism as an aberration. Mormons regarded RLDS missionaries who set forth these views as offending apostates from the true Nauvoo faith of Joseph Smith, Jr. On the other hand, while trying to win non-Mormons (Protestants), RLDS ministers felt impelled to show from scripture and quality of church life that they had much more in common with "mainline religion" than with Utah Mormonism. This became confusing for prospective converts when at the same time these RLDS mis-

sionaries felt the need to show that they were "true Mormons," yet in ways radically different from the common perception of what it meant to be Mormon. This state of affairs put the RLDS church between a rock and an even harder rock!

The crux of the dilemma was pastoral and internal as much as it was missionary, or external. At the heart of the matter was the impossible goal of trying to become acceptable to both Mormons and mainline American religion. A smoldering ongoing debate finally erupted into a brightly burning turmoil over these boundary issues within RLDSism in the 1870s and 1880s. The four critical questions were:

1. What is the gospel?

2. Which gospel principles and propositions must an RLDS member and representative believe and promulgate, so as to be considered faithful to God and the church?

3. In what ways are the scriptures of the church to be normative as standards of belief, church doctrine, and personal conduct?

4. To what extent are all the teachings and revelations of Joseph Smith, Jr., and his successors in the RLDS prophetic office to be embraced and implemented by RLDS church and its individual members?

At the risk of oversimplification, I hold that throughout the history of the Reorganized Church, its top leaders have been trying—often unsuccessfully—to address and resolve those questions. Often the issue has centered in the working relationship between the membership and the prophetic office. As the RLDS church has struggled to define and embody the implications of that relationship, the church leadership itself has, especially in the most recent four decades, moved slowly away from authoritarian sectarianism and towards denominationalism. With varying degrees of success, the leaders have been able to bring the members along with them, and the church now stands at the brink of genuine engagement with the larger religious and cultural worlds.

Although, as I have suggested, mainline denominations are less homogenous than in the 1890s, the RLDS trend towards denominationalism can be seen in the following developments:

1. The expansion of the concept of Zion from a remnant, gathered in a specific place—Jackson County, Missouri—to await the coming of Jesus, to a worldwide emphasis. Zion is seen increasingly as the principle of leaven in every culture, transforming human life, social structures, and systems by obedience to gospel principles.

2. The humanization of church history, so that history can be used for self-understanding and awareness, rather than for justifying the church's existence and place in the world.

3. Theological ferment, placing before church members new perspectives by which they can appreciate their priceless heritage of theology and belief in the context of other Christian and world religions.

4. Relativization of what formerly was an exclusivistic authoritarian stance. In short, RLDS leaders no longer emphasize the former claim to being the one true church. The church is defined increasingly as the worldwide Body of Believers, as was set forth by Joseph Smith, Jr., in the Doctrine and Covenants as all those who repent and come unto God (10:67; RLDS 3:16). By this definition, the church is wider than any one sect or denomination, broader than even the Christian faith. Indeed it encompasses every member of the whole human family who, on whatever terms, senses his or her dependence on God.

5. Viewing scripture as human records of divine revelation. As such, scriptures have not been transmitted inerrantly, yet they contain within them, at many points, inspiration capable of eliciting redemptive and compassionate human response and transformation.

These five developmental shifts, plus others that could be mentioned, have brought both clarity and confusion to the RLDS church since the 1950s. The schismatic strains begun in the early 1960s have accelerated as thousands of members have resolutely refused to follow the theological direction of church leaders.

The two most volatile issues over which church schism has occurred most recently have been the ordination of women (authorized in 1984 by revelation), and the building of the temple in Independence, Missouri[1] (construction now in process, completion scheduled for 1993). The conflicts over these matters, however, rest in the more than a century-old struggle which preceded the five developmental shifts outlined above.

The RLDS church, however, is beginning to emerge from recent stresses to a new threshold of involvement with the world. Specific actions taken at recent world conferences have committed the church to more creative engagement with worldwide environmental issues. Recent prophetic instruction has challenged the church, in concert with other religious and cultural organizations, to bring the ministry of love and compassion to human need wherever that need exists. Finally, the current temple project has the potential of challenging the RLDS church, despite its small numbers, to make a lasting mark on the pursuit of peace and reconciliation, at every level of human experience, from personal to global.

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[1] RLDS Doctrine and Covenants, sections 149, 149A, 150, and 156 form the immediate revelatory ground and authority for these issues.

Already RLDS churches, in dozens of local and regional jurisdictions, are finding new ways to unite with other churches and community agencies to increase the presence of God's love in the world. Specifically, new programs are emerging which promise to involve church members and agencies with the underprivileged, the disinherited, the brokenhearted, the starving, the aged, the sick, and those who struggle for freedom from want, fear, and neglect.

It may be that when RLDS temple programs are fully operational in the twenty-first century, long after all of us are gone, the face and heart of the RLDS church will have been transformed. My dream for the RLDS church is that from a struggling sect fighting Mormons a redemptive fellowship will have emerged, finding its place in the mainstream of world religions.

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Ethnicity, Diversity, and Conflict

Helen Papanikolas

WHEN I WAS A CHILD growing up in a Carbon County mining town in the 1920s, I would pass the Greek coffeehouses on Main Street after attending Greek school. Sitting inside were off-shift miners and sheepmen home for a time between lambing and shearing. They would be reading Greek newspapers, drinking Turkish coffee from demitasse cups, and quarreling over politics in Greece and Greek Orthodox church crises in America.

Farther north on Main Street, a Japanese woman would arrange fish in a display case. If it were Friday, she had more fish than usual to supply the needs of the American, Irish, Slovenian, and Croatian Catholics and the Serbian and Greek Orthodox. One of her steady customers was a Japanese woman who ran a boarding house. Behind the boarding house stood large wooden tubs where Japanese boarders washed themselves after their mine shifts: they were not allowed to use the showers at the mines.

I often heard music coming from the Denver and Rio Grande Western depot where the uniformed Italian marching band met incoming passenger trains. They were hired to serenade immigrant picture brides, sent by their families to marry men they had never seen. The bands also played funeral dirges as they escorted the dead to the graveyard, mainly young men killed in falls of coal and explosions. Immigrants were almost all young then. Behind the hearse their compatriots marched, wearing the sashes or emblems of their Yugoslav, Italian, or Greek lodges.

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Although America was ostensibly a melting pot, the immigrants did not know they were supposed to melt in it. In their neighborhoods they continued their age-old customs: they married and baptized their children in joyous communal affairs; they played their folk songs on ancient instruments; they sang of their nations' tragic history under waves of foreign invaders; they called midwives and folk healers to attend them; and they keened for their dead at the side of open coffins or buried them according to their ancestral customs.

Still, none of these immigrant groups was entirely united in traits and beliefs. The northern Italians and the southern Italians were hostile to each other; the Cretan Greeks were adamantly opposed to marrying mainland Greeks; the Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs (later called Yugoslavs) brought ancient political and religious differences with them. The Japanese did not want social relations with the *etas*, the lowest in their hierarchy. Facing all of them were the Americans, who had been in this country several or more generations than they and who made the laws and rules of the new land.

This was my first experience in diversity, living among many nationalities and races—the Depression-born Works Progress Administration (WPA) would count twenty-eight in my town. This was a world of anxiety for a child of immigrant parents. Stepping out of the home each day meant facing taunts for being different, for being "foreign." Yet being different colored and enriched my life. Other cultures were not strange to me. I did not think them unworthy because they were unlike mine. They were, instead, interesting. All my life I had an understanding of other peoples that I did not have to learn; being born into that multiethnic milieu made it almost instinctive.

Later there would be other experiences in diversity: the pull of two cultures on us immigrant children; the conflict between workers attempting to unionize and employers who were determined that they would not; questions about religion and politics. Diversity is a condition of life. It exists in nature, in the animal world, in every facet of life on this planet. It often brings conflict, but that conflict is not necessarily bad; the results, sometimes immediate but most often seen only after the passage of years, are often good.

When I hear people speak of the generations their ancestors have been in this country, I no longer feel, as I did as a child, that I have only tenuous ties to this land. No, their forefathers, as James Baldwin tells us, "left Europe because they couldn't stay there any longer. . . . They were hungry, they were poor. . . . Those who were making it in England did not get on the Mayflower" (1988, 9). My parents were no different. Adversity moved them to this unknown land; it is how we, their children, became Americans.

I use the word "we" Americans although my family's history in this country began in 1907 when my father arrived in New York without an overcoat. Not until two months later in freezing cold was he able to buy a heavy jacket. He had to spend his first wages on a gun to protect himself. I include myself in the "we" of America because I was born in America, in that Carbon County mining camp, and America's history is also my history. I am as American as those whose forebears came on the Mayflower.

From my vantage point as an ethnic historian, I still hear the peculiar description of America as a "melting pot." This was a flawed presumption one hundred years ago, and time has proved its fallacy. Some cultures remain closer to their ethnicity than others; even when language is lost, customs and religion survive. Many people of multiethnic background continue to consider themselves ethnic Americans, not simply Americans. This diversity is good for America.

They came, the immigrants, to a new land so vast that great spaces of wilderness and alluvial earth were known, even to the Native Americans, the Indians, only in the oral tradition of their people. Then over this wide country the immigrant poor and blacks laid down hundreds of thousands of rails, crisscrossing a terrain of prairies, deserts, mountains, and valleys. Under innumerable factory smokestacks, armies of American and immigrant workers labored for a few cents an hour. They felled great forests, dammed rivers, and built roads over mountains so high that the lack of oxygen sickened them.

The immigrants exchanged their brawn for wages. This symbiotic relationship gave America its might. It made us so prideful we became egotistical. Only now have scholars begun to see flaws in Ralph Waldo Emerson's and Walt Whitman's American individualism. These American giants promulgated the "illusion of omnipotence over the clear perception of reality" (Kivisto and Blank 1989, 183). At the ever-increasing immigrant influx from the Balkans, the Mediterranean, and Asia, this individualism reared into fanaticism. Industrialists wanted these millions of poorly paid immigrants to man the mines, mills, and smelters, build railroads and roads, and keep factories running. The illusion of America's omnipotence ignored the necessity of immigrant labor, without which America could not have become a great nation.

The history of immigrants in this country is stark with discrimination, hostility, and anti-immigrant movements—the resurgent Ku Klux Klan in 1923–25 both nationwide and in Utah is the most flagrant example. Yet the immigrants persevered and gave new blood to this country, transformed it with their labor and with the accomplishments of their progeny. They gave America the vitality that characterizes it. We must also acknowledge that not all young immigrant men were

hard working and virtuous. Some saw in America opportunities to make easy money as labor agents, procurers, and gamblers and stigmatized their entire people.

Throughout the years in the new land, the immigrants spoke of their native countries with nostalgia; even the water was better there, colder, more pure. Yet few returned to their homelands to live as they had planned. On visits they were disillusioned; they found fault; the water was not so good as they had thought. They came back earlier than they had intended to their American-born children and grandchildren, some of whom had married people of other cultures. They came back gratefully to this country that was now irrevocably theirs.

Whenever I see an exceptional television program, I watch the credits with pleasure. I see among the Anglo-Saxon, north European, and Scandinavian names, others such as Bonelli, Saccamano, Fragidakis, Manopoulos, Konga, Draculich, Yamasaki, Wong, Touroulian, Moustafa, Droubisky, Lowenstein. I feel a deep pride for these third- and fourth-generation progeny of those millions of immigrants who looked to America as to a guiding North Star. Among those moving names I know there are blacks who still carry the names of white masters. I know there are also Anglicized names arbitrarily given to frightened immigrants by harried Ellis Island clerks who would not take the time to write the difficult names. Other immigrants changed and modified names of their clans for convenience and sometimes for survival in a new land. During the Panic of 1907, my father went by the name George Nelson to keep from starving.

How did it happen that in such a short time the bearers of immigrant names have become prominent in science, business, literature, and the visual arts? Education was the magic. Yes, their forebears had to take freight cars all over the country to look for work; factory owners, mine, and railroad management worked with unscrupulous labor agents, early immigrants among them, to extract bribes in return for jobs. And yes, they lived and worked in abysmal conditions before unions cut their work from six and seven days a week and ten hours a day with wages as low as fifty cents to a dollar a day. They were, though, frugal, left labor to open shops, and spurred their children to get an education that would have been denied them in the Old World.

Most immigrants and their generations have done well in America, but blacks, Hispanics, and Native Americans are struggling still. When someone tells me, "Your people pulled themselves up by their bootstraps, let others do the same," I know I am looking at a person who knows nothing about the historic forces that preclude our comparing these groups with European and Asian immigrants. Such remarks are made not only by people who trace their genealogy back to Puri-

tan days, but also by children of immigrants themselves. Blacks were brought in chains, purposely separated from their own tribal people and placed with others with whom they had no common language and history. Their culture was almost destroyed. Kept from schooling, subject to sale, they endured the humiliation of slavery long after the Emancipation. The reasons blacks fare poorly in American life are complex; for our purposes, I quote from the former dean of Columbia Teachers College who said of a black child, "On the day he enters kindergarten, he carries a burden no white child can ever know" (in Hacker 1989, 63).

The indigenous culture of Mexico was almost completely annihilated by the Spanish conquest. The Treaty of 1848 ceded huge Mexican territories to the United States. While Hispanics continue to enter the American middle class, the never-ceasing arrival of Mexicans into this land can give the erroneous impression that Hispanics have not progressed.

Indian pride and freedom were nearly obliterated when white settlers plowed the land that had sustained them with seeds, nuts, berries, and small animals. Shunted onto reservations, the Native Americans were unable to live many of their ancient ways and some honored rites languished.

Yet the question persists: Why have the European immigrants done so well even in the face of hostility and severe work and housing restrictions? When reading the microfilms of old newspapers, I often found items about American Indians being fired and replaced by Italians arriving on a railroad construction site; or a labor gang of Greeks replacing blacks who were let go. Was it because the Indians or the African Americans were not good workers? No, the reason is obvious: the darker the skin, the greater the discrimination.

Yet we marvel at Asian students and their superior academic achievement. We are quick to compare blacks, Native Americans, and Hispanics with whites in educational status but would rather not compare Asian and Asian-American students with Americans. I am disturbed by the high number of Asians who meet admission standards in schools such as the University of California at Berkeley but are rejected. The Office of Education is investigating charges that school administrations' "fear of a preponderance of Asian Americans is a replay of attitudes colleges once had about Jews" (in Hacker 1989, 64).

To know why blacks, Hispanics, and Native Americans have comparatively few of their number graduating from colleges and why Asians have a great number requires a concerted knowledge about family stability, social patterns, environment, attitudes toward education, and the nation's economic climate. Why are some critics unable to see that

unemployment and low income affect people? For American Indians, unemployment is as high as 96 percent on certain reservations. In 1986, 31.1 percent of African Americans and 27.3 percent of Hispanics had incomes below the poverty level, three times the rate for whites (Commission 1988, 4). Disturbing statistics show an ever-widening gap between living standards of minorities and whites. We have to know the cultural traits and the economic realities of these groups before we make quick assumptions that can only further speed the decline of minority education and participation in American life.

Great strides were made between 1960 and 1980 during the twenty years' war on poverty and the civil rights movement. Stagnation and even reversal began ten years ago when the burgeoning budget deficit and the defense program slashed entitlement programs that were helping minorities. Because education is the key to progress, educators were alarmed. In 1988 the Commission on Minority Participation in Education and American Life (chaired by Frank H. T. Rhodes, the president of Cornell University, and including state governors, former presidents Carter and Ford, university presidents, and leaders in various fields) reached the conclusion that

> [m]inority Americans are burdened not by a sudden, universal, yet temporary economic calamity, but by a long history of oppression and discrimination. . . . America is moving backward—not forward—in its efforts to achieve full participation of minority citizens in the life and prosperity of the nation. . . . They are tomorrow's one-third of a nation. (pp. vii, 6)

The report concludes,

> The plain and simple fact is that full participation of minority citizens is vital to our survival as a free and prosperous nation. . . . [T]heir numbers will increase. The United States will suffer a compromised quality of life and a lower standard of living. Social conflict will intensify. Our ability to compete in world markets will decline, our domestic economy will falter, our national security will be endangered. In brief we will find ourselves unable to fulfill the promise of the American dream. (pp. vii, 30)

Helping minorities is not merely altruistic and "doing them favors." The entire well-being of our nation depends on facing and eradicating the evils that place young people in ghettos of place and ghettos of the mind. Education brought the American dream to the progeny of immigrants. Education must bring that dream to our racial minorities.

The drop in minority college graduates is tragic. Young people have fewer role models to give them the promise that education is the key to stepping out of the ghetto's mean streets, the *barios*, or being able to survive away from the reservation. How greatly improved, for example, a black child's life would be, Ira Glasser tells us, if more black police officers walked the streets of the ghettos. If black children

could see more black physicians, attorneys, judges, college professors, corporate executives, and foreign service officers, they could know that once they finished their educations, they too would find employment (in Hacker 1989, 63).

The Commission on Minority Participation in Education and American Life offered six strategies to improve minority education: it challenges (1) institutions of higher learning to recruit, retain, and graduate minority students; (2) national leaders to restore national solvency; (3) the presidency and elected officials to lead efforts to assure minority advancement; (4) private and voluntary organizations to initiate new and expand existing programs to increase minority participation; (5) each major sector of our society to contribute a new vision of affirmative action; and finally (6) minority public officials, institutions, and voluntary organizations to expand their leadership roles (1988).

Too often, however, minority graduates forget their people's needs. Yet when we learn that Ronald G. Coleman, associate vice president for diversity and family development and associate professor of history in ethnic studies at the University of Utah, is a nationwide authority on black history; when we look at the work of Victoria Palacios and other Hispanic professors and attorneys; when we see Native American leaders like the late Fred Conetah leading an awakening of Indian self-realization, our pride knows no bounds.

One of the most severe blows to minority children is that fewer minority students are preparing for teaching careers. This is a particular problem for minority students, the Commission reports, "but it also is a loss for majority students who otherwise only rarely may be exposed directly to minority citizens in professional roles" (1988, 13).

Carlos Fuentes, a leading Mexican writer, diplomat, and son of a diplomat said, "Cultures perish when deprived of contact with what is different and challenging" (1988, 93). Diversity in the schoolroom gives enrichment, makes students aware of the commonality of experience with those whose skin color is different and whose customs and perceptions are often more interesting than theirs. I remember being teased as a child because my family ate lamb, a symbol of Christ, on Easter; one of my ethnic Italian friends was ridiculed because he ate spaghetti. Time and World War II (when American GIs returned from foreign countries with expanded vision and some with brides) changed that: ethnic food has become American food. Missionaries of all denominations, and in Utah mainly Mormon, also return with changed views on ethnic peoples. The Brigham Young University "Culturegrams," short monographs on the traditions of various countries, are of inestimable value to missionaries, government officials, and our armed forces particularly.

We can look back now on that celebrated American individualism of which we would be justly proud if it were pure, untainted by the unwitting arrogance that American culture, views, standards, and perceptions are the right and proper ones to hold. Americans looked upon immigrants and racial minorities as inferior, even primitive, peoples. Americans have had, the pioneer anthropologist Ruth Benedict tells us, the notion that people rose from simple, primitive stages and arrived at a civilized state (in Caffrey 1989, 135). Yet even so-called primitive societies are highly complex and possess all the good and bad traits that supposedly civilized peoples do. How can we possibly say that the Native American view of the land is inferior to ours? The Indians believe the land has been given us to use, not to own, not to desecrate; it is holy.

Other nations realize the importance of knowing foreign languages to facilitate discourse between nations, to understand the mores and cultures of these countries. We in the United States have hardly been concerned with learning the languages and cultures of others. Americans see other nations through American eyes. This attitude has served us badly in diplomacy and in wars. Most often appointed for political repayment, diplomats are given crash courses on the countries to which they are assigned and are often a source of embarrassment to our government.

The tragedy of Vietnam continues to be minutely, tenaciously examined. Daniel Ellsberg said of his days as a prowar government official: "There has never been an official of Deputy Assistant Secretary rank or higher (including myself) who could have passed a freshman exam in modern Vietnamese history, if such a course existed in this country" (in Mirsky 1990, 29). In his book *Flashbacks: On Returning to Vietnam*, Morley Safer says, "Had the people in civilian and military command even the most rudimentary understanding of the [Vietnamese] history and language, this awful business would likely not have happened" (in Mirsky 1990, 29). How can we forget the high-ranking American army officer who told us that death did not have the same meaning for the Vietnamese as for us Americans. Life, he said, is cheap to the Vietnamese.

Our government still has not learned much about the Middle Easterners. The roots of their religious fanaticism, their ancient cultures, are measured by American standards. The historic struggles of the Middle East from Turkey's domination to protectorates under the British and French continue to be blank to Americans. Government officials show their ignorance when they speak of humiliating a Middle Eastern people. The Middle Easterners know considerably more about our culture because they send their young people here in great numbers for higher education.

We do not know what the United States would be like if blacks had not been brought from Africa in chains, if the Spanish had not traveled north from Mexico into Indian land and built settlements throughout the West, and if all immigration had ceased at the end of the last century. The nation would have been peopled by the British, Dutch, and Scandinavians, and by a lesser number of Germans and Swiss. Such a nation would have been much less diverse and interesting than what we have become.

Fortunately, immigration prevented such homogeneity and continues to prevent it. Neo-Nazis and other white supremists would be happy with such a country, but how do they know what ethnic strains they carry in their genes? None of us, no matter how far back we trace our genealogy, can know this for certain. Invaders and the invaded intermarried; for economic gain or for survival, people changed their religions and took on new names. Often posterity forgot their origins. In their history of exile, the Jews, for example, took on the physical characteristics of the countries in which they settled. In my own history, I found it hard to believe my father's description of his mother as having had blonde hair and blue eyes. Yet when I visited my father's ancestral village, I was struck by the number of relatives and other villagers who had light skin and hair. The closer we traveled to northern Balkan countries, the more prevalent these characteristics became.

The history of immigration makes it clear that the raw determination, the strong beliefs of the immigrant generation, begin to water down in the second generation and become pale by the third. The progeny of those pioneer Mormon journal keepers are shadows compared to their ancestors. The stark words, phrases, sentences are riveting there on the darkened pages; their progeny's comments on television and in newspapers are not. I think of the immigrant Greeks, Yugoslavs, and Italians I knew in Carbon County; they were giants of individualism compared to their children and grandchildren. Neither church nor civil authorities could make them change their stand when they believed they were right, and most of them spoke out even when they knew it was not in their best interests. I recall when I was researching the Carbon County Strike of 1933 that a Catholic bishop came to Carbon County to warn the Yugoslav and Italian Catholics to stop their strike activities and go back to work. Hardly a striker heeded the bishop's warning. The passing of generations waters down individualism, but America's vitality continues, renewed by fresh blood.

America's new immigrants, many from Asia, face the same discrimination and rejection of earlier arrivals. We hear people speak with dismay over Asian immigrant numbers, over their customs, over their taking jobs away from Americans. These complainers have not

paid attention to history; further, they have not really looked about them. Historians who go through microfilms of old newspapers read dire warnings of what immigrants will do to this country. *Mongrelize* was a favorite word. Greek coffeehouses and ethnic lodges were spoken of as sinister places of intrigue. Foreign-language newspapers were certainly, they editorialized, filled with subversive propaganda from the immigrants' native countries. Greek schools showed Greeks could never be Americanized. Italian, Greek, and Serbian priests could hardly speak English and should go back to their own countries. The American-born envisioned immigrant children as clones of their parents.

None of the dire predictions came to pass. Although ethnicity is not entirely lost, nor should it be, the progeny of immigrants are fully American. In my experience, and in that of others of immigrant background, we never felt more American than when visiting the countries of our parents and to our surprise were referred to as Americans, not Italian Americans, Greek Americans, or Lebanese Americans (as we are called in the United States) but Americans. We return homesick to this nation that is also ours. If people will let time pass, immigrants will accommodate, then adapt, then assimilate, retaining elements of their heritage, by the third generation.

We do not have to go into ethnic history for examples of assimilation. One in the recent past involves Americans. During the 1930s Depression, drought dried the topsoil of the Midwest, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, crops died without water, winds carried the dust a thousand miles away. At noon, Arthur Rothstein, the noted photographer of those years, told me, "the skies of New York were darkened." Farmers and storekeepers who depended on crop sales piled children and the most necessary of belongings into old cars and drove to California hoping for work. Sheriffs stood with guns at county boundaries to turn them back. There was no unemployment relief. People died of starvation.

Newspapers harangued over what the lowly Okies, as they were called, would do to California society. They would lower the standard of living; they would be a blight on the economy; they were inferior people. Within two generations the Okies entered the California middle class.

Diversity in labor history gives us several excellent examples of conflict that seemed at the time pernicious, but decades later proved to be salutary. One is the maligned Industrial Workers of the World, the IWW, the Wobblies, the I-Won't-Works, as cynical observers called them. A radical union for the times, the IWW was seen as syndicalist, anarchist; but it also welcomed nonwhites, women, the unskilled, and the foreign-born (all of whom most locals of the staid American Fed-

eration of Labor excluded from membership into its ranks). It fought employers of lumberjacks, migrants, dock workers, and miners for a living wage, decent housing, and an eight-hour day. These were radical demands at a time when foremen hired, decided wages, kept men at work for ten and twelve hours, provided lice-infected housing, if any, and charged the men for every necessity of life, leaving them at times with nothing to show for their labor. By 1932, the IWW was almost finished, yet the precepts it upheld— throughout confrontations with authorities, battles with management thugs, horrible beatings, and long prison terms under inhumane conditions—are today taken for granted.

Diversity in religion brings conflict, but without it there would be no change to fit the times. All religions must change to survive. Generations may pass before alterations are effected. I recall, for example, that the wedding ceremony in my Greek Orthodox church reached its final form in the year 1200. Often necessary changes are painful; I was dismayed the first time I saw the ancient St. John Chrysostom liturgy translated into English. I knew it was necessary, but it was also jarring to hear the words so natural in their original Greek chanted rather clumsily in English. Recent Greek immigrants in the East rail at the translation of the liturgy, even in the face of the high percentage of marriages outside the church and the loss of language among third and fourth generations. Many Roman Catholics yearn for the old Latin rite that is celebrated once a month in St. Ann's church. Splinter groups have arisen when long-held Mormon tenets have been disallowed.

We have serious problems to face, primarily in education, which is the key to success in American society. Again we must place the needs of minority students prominently on the nation's agenda—not only for their sakes but for the sake of the nation.

A thoughtful person wonders how to be of service. In answer I think of the great doctor, Albert Schweitzer, whom not many remember now but who spent his life in Africa building clinics for black Africans. He was deluged with visitors attracted to his remarkable work. One woman asked how people like her could help. He answered that everyone could not come to Africa to work as he had, but that each person could do his or her best for those nearby. When we see acts of discrimination; when we hear racial disparagements of others; when we hear superficial comments that condemn an entire culture; when we are silent while someone harangues against the African Americans, Hispanics, and Native Americans and argues that Asians should be barred from the country; when neighbors comment derisively about the customs of those who are different, we should defend the maligned. They are part of the diversity and conflict of our nation and, just like

the immigrants of the first twenty-five years of this century, they will enrich America with their new blood, infuse it with the vitality that we have not yet lost. Always we must remember that these minorities are one-third of our nation. Their numbers cannot be ignored; how they fare the United States will fare.

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Patchwork

Michael R. Collings

The fields south of Salt Lake
Must be old.
From the air, in October,
They lie barren, empty,
Browned with age;
And now and again
Ripped
Where a gully tears
A corner.
Perhaps spring
Will mend them
With threads of green.

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Bearing Our Crosses Gracefully: Sex and the Single Mormon

Robert A. Rees

IN THE MORE THAN five years I have served as bishop of a singles' ward, sexual transgression has been the most pervasive, persistent, and painful problem I have had to deal with. Scarcely a week goes by that I am not involved in counseling with those who have broken or who are contemplating breaking the law of chastity, encouraging new members of the ward in initial interviews to be forthcoming about any transgressions that need resolving, working with those who are attempting to repent of transgressions, holding councils for those for whom formal disciplinary measures may be helpful in changing established patterns, and trying to persuade individuals that there are sound reasons for following the Lord's counsel in these matters. The following is my attempt to formalize the ideas that I find helpful in attempting to maintain balance in my own sexual stewardship and in counseling others.

Sex is something we all have in common. Our sexual genders, our sexual power, our sexual identities are all gifts from loving heavenly parents who are themselves sexual beings. That our Heavenly Father and Mother are sexual beings is one of the most significant yet clearly radical ideas of the Restoration and one that sets us apart from the rest of Christianity. A related and equally radical idea is that we may become like God in this way, that is, eternally sexual.

In general, such doctrines are abhorrent to other Christian churches because they tend to see sex and sexuality not in their highest manifestations, which are spiritual, but rather in their lowest, which are carnal. Negative attitudes toward human sexuality can be traced back

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at least to Plato, who believed that the material world is a corruption of the spiritual or ideal world, and that the tangible, corporeal world is both less real and less important than the spiritual world. In Christianity, this led to a belief that God himself could not be physical (and certainly not sexual) and that since men and women were corrupt, the body and all its functions, especially its sexual functions, were corrupt. Sex was considered a necessary evil for the purposes of procreation, but an evil nonetheless.

The most influential of the early church fathers, believing with Plato that all matter was evil, could not conceive of a God with a body and saw their own bodies as terrible encumbrances, flesh to be tortured, denied, subdued, and, ultimately, gratefully escaped through death.

St. Augustine, one of the most notable of the early church fathers, as a young man went to Carthage, where, he says, "There sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves" (*Confessions* III, 36). He heard that song and gave in to its seductive power with abandon. Later, as a reformed sinner, he held extremely negative views about sexuality that influenced the Christian world into the twentieth century. Augustine believed that God had neither a body nor sexual feelings.

That spring day in 1820 when Joseph Smith went into the Sacred Grove was remarkable because it altered centuries-old ideas about God and humans. Joseph saw with his own eyes God manifest as a physical personage, one with body, parts, *and* passions. That vision restored the lost truth that we were created literally, spirit and body, in God's image.

Joseph Smith taught that matter is not only *not* evil but, in a reversal of Platonism, that the spiritual itself is really material: "All spirit is matter, but it is more fine and pure and can only be discerned by purer eyes" (D&C 131:7). He taught that when our bodies are purified, we shall see the spiritual and the physical as parts of a seamless whole. Joseph Smith might have agreed with his contemporary, Walt Whitman, who said of his body, "Welcome is every organ and attribute of me . . . / Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile" (1959, 27).

Mormons differ from other Christians in our literal belief that we are begotten of God spiritually and that Christ was begotten of him physically. Paul says in Acts that we are God's offspring (17:28–29). We believe that our spiritual conception was sexual just as we believe that Christ's mortal conception was. Elucidating on the latter, James E. Talmage says, "That child to be born of Mary was begotten of Elohim the Eternal Father, not in violation of natural law, but in accordance with a higher manifestation thereof" (1986, 81).

Since God is the designer and creator of our bodies as well as our spirits, and since he has all knowledge and wisdom, we should be able

to trust what he says about using our sexual powers. And what does he say? Sexual intimacy with another person is reserved for marriage. There does not seem to be any ambiguity or equivocation about this, either in the scriptures or in the words of latter-day prophets. The scriptures clearly condemn fornication and adultery as well as lustful thoughts and actions. Peter says, "Abstain from fleshly lusts" (1 Pet. 2:11); and in modern scripture the Lord admonishes, "Cease . . . from all your lustful desires" (D&C 88:121).

This does not mean that we cannot have sexual feelings or be passionate. What it does mean is that we must govern these feelings, control them so that we do not express them in lustful or inappropriate ways.

For having rebelled against God in the premortal existence, Satan does not have a body and therefore is denied sexual expression. In his envy of us and in his hatred of the Lord, he would convince us to go against God's counsel by persuading us to believe lies and half-truths about our sexuality. Let me cite just a few of Satan's deceptive arguments.

1. *It is not natural to suppress our sexual feelings or normal to control our sexual desires. Doing so endangers our physical and mental health.* The problem with this deception is that in some respects it is true. Of course it is not natural to suppress these feelings, but then God requires us in many ways to go against our natural inclinations. Scott Peck says, "All self-discipline might be defined as teaching ourselves to do the unnatural" (1978, 53). This is why King Benjamin says that "the natural man is an enemy to God, and has been from the fall of Adam, and will be, forever and ever, unless he yields to the enticings of the Holy Spirit, and putteth off the natural man and becometh a saint through the atonement of Christ the Lord, and becometh as a child, submissive, meek, humble, patient, full of love, willing to submit to all things which the Lord seeth fit to inflict upon him, even as a child doth submit to his father" (Mosiah 3:19). As far as I know, there is no evidence that we impair either our physical or our emotional development by abstaining from sexual relations.

2. *The need for sexual expression is more powerful than we are; it is greater than our ability to control it, and we have no choice but to give in to our sexual urges.* Satan, having failed in his attempt to deny us our free agency in the premortal existence, strives to convince us that we don't have free agency here. In actuality, we are free to choose in this domain as in others in which the Lord has given commandments.

I do not deny the power of sexual temptation. Our sexual feelings are pleasurable and powerful, and the temptation to express them is at times extremely strong. Nevertheless, the Lord has assured us that we

are more powerful than these temptations. As Paul tells the Corinthians, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10:13).

3. Conversely, *our power over our sexual feelings is ultimate; we can stop at any time once we have become sexually aroused.* I think it is safe to say that the more sexually excited and stimulated we become, the less free we are. That is, when we persist in inappropriate sexual activity, degree by degree we abandon our agency until we have almost none left. At a certain point, our desire for sexual culmination becomes greater than our desire for obedience. This reminds me of the line from Linda Paston's poem about a woman giving birth. She says, "I signed for this at a moment/when I would have signed for anything" (1976).

We need to be aware when we date that as we pursue sexual arousal, our bodies are designed to move toward culmination. When we are aroused to a certain point, there are only two possible outcomes—culmination or frustration, neither of which is a positive outcome for a single Latter-day Saint. Some people establish patterns of continual arousal and frustration and thereby erode both their power over their sexual feelings and their spirituality.

4. One of the most destructive of Satan's deceptions is that *women are not as fully sexual as men.* This belief has robbed women of their full sexual identities and has resulted in centuries of male sexual dominance. God created men *and* women as fully sexual beings. While they may be different in their sexual feelings and orientations, both have the capacity to find full sexual expression and fulfillment, and appropriately they find it together in mutual pleasure and joy.

There is no question, however, that centuries of cultural conditioning have made men more sexually aggressive than women, and more oriented to sexual gratification. It has been suggested that one reason men have been given the priesthood is to compensate for such destructive cultural ideas about sexuality. That is, the Lord, knowing Satan's plan to undermine our authentic sexual power, has designed a way to counter his designs. The priesthood, which is the power to act in God's name, should have the effect of giving men the power to overcome their negative cultural conditioning with regard to sexual aggression and exploitation. In matters of sex, it should provide them with the power to give leadership in keeping the Lord's commandments, and it should also enable them to treat women in sexual situations with love, respect, and tenderness. A man who acts otherwise loses his priesthood powers. I believe that Doctrine and Covenants 121 refers to sexual as well as to other kinds of behavior.

It is particularly distressing, therefore, to find priesthood holders who actually put sexual pressure on women and try to persuade them to engage in inappropriate sexual behavior. Instead of setting the example, they violate their covenants and priesthood principles to gratify their desires. I consider it perfectly appropriate for women to remind any Latter-day Saint man who violates gospel principles in dating that he holds the priesthood and should act accordingly.

5. There is a misconception that *it is okay to engage in sexual behavior as long as you don't go all the way*. From my experience, this is a particularly dangerous and destructive deception. In my opinion, couples who repeatedly engage in prolonged petting (and I think we should do away with the distinction between light and heavy petting), oral sex, or other such activities commit transgressions as great as those who, in a moment of passion, have sexual intercourse. When people say, "Technically, nothing happened," they are seduced by this deception. With chastity, as with all the principles of the gospel, we should be concerned with the spirit rather than with the letter of the law. Rather than trying to see how much we can get away with, we should be seeing how fully we can keep the Lord's commandments. It is interesting to note that one of the changes in the revised temple endowment establishes a broad rather than a narrow definition of sexual intimacy.

6. A related myth is that *if we engage in these activities, it is not all that serious and we can easily repent*. I have heard some argue that since the Church seems to be more forgiving of sexual transgression than in former times, one can transgress with impunity. This same attitude was prevalent among the Nephites. Paraphrasing 2 Nephi 28:8: "And there shall also be many which shall say: Eat, drink, and be merry: nevertheless, fear God—he will justify in committing a little sin; yea, read pornography, engage in petting, have sexual intercourse with someone you love; there is no harm in this; and do all these things, for tomorrow we die; and if it so be that we are guilty, God will beat us with a few stripes, and at last we shall be saved in the kingdom of God." The Lord says that he cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. Nor should we.

This attitude, which takes a cynical view of the atonement, is tantamount to saying, "Christ died for my sins and my sins cause him to suffer, but I will sin anyway, because it doesn't seem like the consequences are so great for me."

One of Satan's most powerful tools in persuading us to believe these false ideas is the media. Sexually suggestive and explicit material is all around us, reflecting the "evils and designs which . . . exist in the hearts of conspiring men [and women]" (D&C 89:4). Pornographic and even nonpornographic sexually explicit material can

become addictive. Those who seek pleasure in such material, like those who take drugs, tend to seek for greater and greater stimulation. I know this from personal experience. As a young boy I was exposed to such material and for a period of time was attracted to it. I found myself increasingly in bondage to the sexual excitement and stimulation these materials provide. It was only with the greatest effort that I was able to free myself from the attraction of such materials. Even today it is an area in which I must be vigilant.

St. Augustine's "cauldron of unholy loves" still sings to us—from porno shops, adult movie houses, massage parlors, and other venues of explicit sex. In books and on billboards, in newspapers and magazines, on radio and television, in films and videos, the siren sounds of sex beckon us. Even seemingly innocent advertisements contain subtle and sometimes subliminal messages of sexual enticement.

The biggest problem with these messages is that they lead us to see our identities first and foremost in sexual rather than in spiritual terms. The conclusion is that if we are primarily sexual beings, then sexual fulfillment must be our highest goal. A corollary conclusion is that if we are not being sexually fulfilled, then we are less desirable and less worthy than those who are.

R-rated films may be particularly seductive because they often are well made, artistically crafted, and may have compelling and positive messages. Often our justification for watching such films is that we are sophisticated enough to handle the material. If we choose to watch such films, we need to discriminate carefully as to which ones we will see. We also need to be honest about our motives for seeing them. If we are honest with ourselves, we will probably admit that sometimes we may go to such films for the prurient material they contain.

Here again I speak from personal experience. I teach film at UCLA and consider myself more knowledgeable than most about the subject. At times I have viewed R-rated films that I have regretted watching. I have come to believe that such films viewed indiscriminately subtly erode our spirituality and encourage us to unholy thoughts and acts.

One of the main problems with such films (and this goes for print media as well) is that they present an illusionary picture of intimacy. In speaking of this, Victor Brown says,

> Illusions deal with fragments of human beings, not with whole human beings. Illusions deny the consequences of human behavior. Illusions deal in indulgence, not in discipline. . . . If we relate to each other in fragments, at best we miss full relationships. At worst, we manipulate and exploit others for our sexual gratification. . . . Through fragmentation, the larger matter of human intimacy is reduced to the smaller part of sex. . . . Sexual fragmentation is particularly harmful because it is particularly deceptive. The intense human intimacy that should

> be enjoyed in and symbolized by sexual union is counterfeited by sensual episodes which suggest—but cannot deliver—acceptance, understanding and love. Such encounters mistake the end for the means as lonely, desperate people seek a common denominator which will permit the easiest, quickest gratification." (1981, 5-6)

Again, a loving Father who created us as whole beings would save us from such illusions and from diminishing ourselves and others.

I would like to distinguish here between the ideas that come into our minds spontaneously and those we consciously choose to place or keep there. We may not have a choice over the former, but we clearly do over the latter. Let me illustrate this with a Zen story. Tanzan and Ikado, two Buddhist monks, were walking down a muddy road together one day. Coming around a bend, they saw a beautiful young woman in a pink silk kimono with a pink camellia in her hair, trying unsuccessfully to cross the road. Without hesitating, Tanzan picked her up and carried her to the other side. Ikado did not speak again until that night when they reached the temple, when he said, "We monks do not go near women, especially young and beautiful women. It is dangerous. Why did you carry that young woman today?" Tanzan replied, "I left the young woman there by the side of the road. Are you still carrying her?" (in Bolle 1985, 12).

Whatever standards the world applies, if we have testimonies of the gospel and if we are living worthy of the gift of the Holy Ghost, we cannot be happy while giving in to sexual temptation. My conclusion from dealing with members of the Church who have engaged in illicit sex is that while such encounters may provide momentary pleasure, they do not provide lasting happiness. I don't know of a single instance in which engaging in this kind of behavior has brought happiness or peace. To the contrary, momentary pleasure is inevitably followed by an erosion of self-esteem, heartache, and spiritual estrangement from the Lord and from his church.

I am haunted by the words of a former ward member who, in explaining her improper sexual behavior, said, "I would rather be loved than saved." She has had several abortions, has been disfellowshipped from the Church, and has spent a number of years wandering in a dark and desolate spiritual wasteland. She thought she had chosen love over salvation, but in reality she had experienced neither.

Much has been said and written about the sexual revolution, a revolution that has taken place during our lifetime. I had a conversation with President Hugh B. Brown not long before he died. In speaking of the Civil Rights Movement, he said, "Remember that at the heart of every revolution is an important truth." The important truth at the heart of the sexual revolution, in my opinion, is the same mes-

sage that Joseph Smith revealed more than a hundred years before that revolution began—sex is good, and one of its purposes is to give us pleasure and joy.

To the extent that the sexual revolution freed men and women from some of the more negative ideas about sex, its effect has been positive. To the extent that that freedom has led to impersonal and uncommitted sex, promiscuity, sexual license, and deviant sexual expressions, its effects have been negative.

The sexual revolution has made possible more understanding of the physiological and psychological complexities of sex, has helped men and women have healthier attitudes toward their own sexuality, has created greater openness about sex, and has made possible more positive and more fulfilled sexual expression in marriage. But it has also opened the way for evil and unscrupulous people to exploit our need for intimacy.

One of the most disturbing things I have learned after five years of counseling single Latter-day Saints is that 90 percent of those who have engaged in sexual intercourse have taken no precaution against either pregnancy or sexually transmitted diseases. It is morally wrong to engage in intimate sexual relations outside of marriage. It is both morally irresponsible and downright stupid to do so without taking precautions. There is now no known cure for either herpes simplex, which among other things can cause sterility, or for AIDS, which may exceed the black plague in its destructiveness. If sexually active individuals don't care about themselves, at least they should have the decency to care about others, including the children who are the most tragic victims of such selfish behavior, either by being born out of wedlock or by being infected by AIDS or venereal disease.

If we are to keep our erotic poise, as a friend of mine calls it, we must discipline ourselves. If we truly love ourselves, we should be willing to submit to the discipline the Lord requires because only through doing so can we find lasting happiness in regard to our sexuality. Because he knows that ultimately we cannot be happy if we use our sexual powers inappropriately, a loving Father requires us to discipline those powers, even if it means that some must do so for the entirety of their mortal lives.

This is a great sacrifice, one that involves suffering and requires extraordinary courage and faith. One could argue that the whole purpose of our life here is to learn to use God's power as he uses it. Obviously, this applies to sexual as well as other kinds of divine power.

While there is no explicit doctrinal basis for it, some Mormons believe that only those who accept the Lord's requirements for sexual discipline will have an opportunity to express their sexual feelings in

the eternities. As LDS family therapist Carlfred Broderick says, "The eternal preservation of reproductive sexuality is the central, distinguishing characteristic differentiating the exalted from the merely saved" (1967, 101).

In dating and in related romantic activities, many Latter-day Saints engage in high-risk behavior. They permit themselves to do things they know may lead to sexually compromising situations, deluding themselves that nothing will happen or that they can handle any situation. Long lists of prohibitions or rules for dating tend to emphasize the technical and legalistic aspects of the gospel rather than the spiritual ones. I agree with Joseph Smith's philosophy of teaching people correct principles and letting them govern themselves.

While I do think there are a number of things responsible and righteous Latter-day Saints should not do—and should not permit others to do to them—I would like to mention just one. I am surprised by the number of single Latter-day Saints who feel comfortable spending nights together in the same room or apartment and at times even in the same bed. As innocently as these occasions may begin, as well-intentioned as the parties may be, and as confident as individuals may feel that no sexual impropriety will occur, frequently something does happen, and the consequences are often serious. Why take the chance?

Those who are dating should treat one another with respect. Latter-day Saints who choose to date nonmembers should apprise them at the outset of Church standards with regard to physical affection. Those who date within the Church should help one another abide by Church standards. Courtship is a prelude to marriage, and attitudes toward sex established before marriage will likely carry into marriage.

It might surprise single Latter-day Saints to learn that sexual temptation doesn't end with marriage and that self-discipline in sexual matters is required after marriage as well as before. Sex is an integral part of most healthy marriages, but because of its subtlety and complexity, it often requires incredible sensitivity and restraint. This is why it is important to develop the proper attitudes and behaviors about sex before marriage.

After thirty years of marriage, I have come to two important conclusions about sex. The first is that primarily and ultimately its fundamental basis is more spiritual than sensual. I don't yet understand this, I only sense that it is so. Perhaps there is some mysterious way in which spirituality and sensuality converge in the highest expressions of sexuality. Perhaps it is only when we have learned how to love another person spiritually that sexual relations with that person can have their ultimate flowering. It is no accident, I believe, that the early Church fathers used the sexual union of husband and wife as a meta-

phor for our unity with God. Some Eastern religions, unburdened by the often negative views of sexuality that have prevailed in the West, hint at the higher, spiritual basis of sexuality. It is because we do not understand this that so often our sexual relations are doomed to failure. I have counseled with dozens of single Latter-day Saints who have found disappointment in their sexual experimentation because, I believe, physical gratification was the primary objective of their relations and, therefore, the experience often left them empty or, worse, somehow diminished.

The second conclusion I have come to about sex is related to the first: God has designed male and female sexuality in such a way that it requires us to go beyond our own physical gratification and beyond the merely physical aspects of sexuality in order to achieve the ultimate fulfillment that sex is designed to provide. While men and women both have strong sexual desires, they tend to view sex differently and they achieve sexual fulfillment in different, if complementary, ways. For example, it is generally true that the context of lovemaking is more important to women than to men. Or to put it another way, women tend to have a much broader view of what constitutes lovemaking and experience the prelude and postlude to sexual intimacy in a more personal and profound way than men do. I personally believe that in general women understand the spiritual basis of sexuality to a greater degree than men do because their orientation to sex is more complex and multi-dimensional and because it is less sensual and selfish than is men's.

I believe that the differences in male and female sexuality are by design and that their purpose is to entice us to both raise and deepen our consciousness about sex, to require that we include in our sexual relations such principles as sacrifice, discipline, gentleness, consideration, patience, and, especially, love. Somehow, the Lord seems to be suggesting that we must move from eros to agape (which is translated as "charity" in the New Testament but which Moroni calls "the pure love of Christ") in our sexual relations, and most of us, including those of us who are married, have failed to understand this.

For those who have transgressed sexually, the Lord has prepared a way for repentance, and his forgiveness is complete and unconditional: "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more" (Heb. 8:12); "Behold, he who has repented of his sins, the same is forgiven, and I, the Lord, remember them no more" (D&C 58:42); "But as oft as they repent . . . and seek forgiveness, with real intent, they . . . [will be] forgiven" (Moro. 6:8).

Fundamental to the process of repentance is forgiving ourselves. For some that is the hardest step. Perhaps we do not fully understand

the atonement; we persist in believing that even if we repent, the scar is still there. We either refuse or are unable to take Christ at his promise. And what is that promise? "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18). Alma says our garments can be "purified until they are cleansed from *all* stain, . . . cleansed and made white through the blood of Christ" (5:21, 27); from 3 Nephi we know that it is possible to be "cleansed *every whit* from . . . iniquity" (8:1)(emphases mine). And Moroni in his last great witness testifies that if we repent of our sins and truly follow Christ and are filled with his love, "we may be purified even as he is pure" (7:48).

If, after repenting of our sins, after having been forgiven by Christ and by his church—if we still have not forgiven ourselves, in some significant way we are not accepting his atonement for our sins.

My own faith has been strengthened by those brothers and sisters in my congregation who have recognized the seriousness of their sexual transgressions and have repented of them by humbling themselves before the Lord and seeking his forgiveness. We have rejoiced together as they have been purified by the healing power of Christ and have been fully unified with his Church.

I would like to conclude by talking about Christ. What of his sexuality? The scriptures indicate that he developed normally, which would include normal sexual development with all its attendant sexual feelings. Did he know sexual temptation? Most certainly, for as Paul says, "[He] was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. 4:15). Paul tells us further why Christ experienced and suffered sexual temptation: "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. 2:18). The New English Bible is plainer: "For since He himself has passed through the test of suffering, he is able to help those who are meeting their test now."

Christ willingly took upon himself a mortal body and experienced and resisted sexual temptation so that in this, as in all matters, he could both identify with our suffering and, through his suffering, help us to endure it. In a scripture with profound implications, Alma says, "Now the Spirit knoweth all things; nevertheless the Son of God suffereth according to the flesh that he might take upon him the sins of his people, that he might blot out their transgressions according to the power of his deliverance" (7:13). Christ could have known about the temptations and infirmities of the flesh through revelation ("the spirit knoweth all things"), but instead ("nevertheless") chose to suffer them personally and actually that he might better identify with us, that in this, as in all things, he might show us the way.

In his novel *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Nikos Kazantzakis (1960) shows how Christ wanted to be just like everyone else, an ordinary person, free of the suffering he was ordained to endure for our sakes. The last temptation he faced was to come down from the cross and be just a normal person. Of course, he didn't, out of his love for humanity. He bore his cross courageously and faithfully to the end, and for one purpose only: to show us the way to God—even in matters sexual.

What, one might wonder, does the cross have to do with sexuality? The Book of Mormon gives clarification. Two remarkable scriptures, one in Alma and one in 3 Nephi, give a key to understanding what our attitude should be toward our desire to express our sexual feelings outside the bounds which the Lord has set. The first is Alma's discourse to his son, Corianton, who had gone to the land of the Zoramites and consorted with the harlot, Isabel. Alma tells Corianton the seriousness of this transgression and says, "Now my son, I would that ye should repent and forsake your sins, and go no more after the lusts of your eyes, but cross yourself in all these things; for except ye do this ye can in nowise inherit the Kingdom of God. Oh, remember, and take it upon you, and cross yourself in these things" (39:9).

It is curious that Alma uses "cross" here both as a verb and as a noun. "Cross yourself in all these things"; "take it [that is, your cross] upon you." In other words, Corianton was admonished to consider the denial of his sexual expression as a "cross," a cross like the one Christ carried to bring us to salvation.

Throughout the scriptures, the cross appears as a metaphor for the burdens that we must bear in this life if we are to follow Christ. Christ says in Matthew, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (16:24). In his Inspired Version, Joseph Smith rendered this scripture as follows: "And now for a man to take up his cross, is to deny himself all ungodliness, and every worldly lust, and keep my commandments." In 2 Nephi we are told that the true followers of Christ are they who have endured the crosses of this world (9:18). Jacob says he would "persuade all men . . . to . . . believe in Christ, and [to] view his death, and suffer his cross and bear the shame of the world" (1:8). Doctrine and Covenants 56:2 says, "He that will not take up his cross and follow me, and keep my commandments, the same shall not be saved."

The second Book of Mormon scripture, and the one that most powerfully links sexual fidelity to the cross, quotes Christ himself speaking to his disciples in the New World after his resurrection and ascension in Jerusalem. In reiterating the difference between the technical requirements of the old law and the spiritual requirements of the new, he tells them that looking upon another person with lust is tantamount

to committing adultery in their hearts. Then he says: "Behold, I give unto you a commandment, that ye suffer none of these things [that is, our lustful desires] to enter into your heart; for it is better that ye should deny yourselves of these things, wherein ye will take up your cross, than that ye should be cast into hell" (3 Ne. 12:29–30).

What the Lord is saying is that denying ourselves inappropriate sexual expression is a cross that, if we are true and faithful to him, we must take upon ourselves. Is it a hard cross to bear? We can all attest to that. Not the hardest, but a very hard one indeed. Is it impossible to bear? The faithfulness of many single Latter-day Saints testifies that it is not.

I am pleased to report that the great majority of men and women in my own congregation, among them both hetero- and homosexuals, have taken upon themselves this particular cross and, for the most part, are bearing it gracefully. There are others who, staggering under the weight of their crosses, have stumbled but through repentance have taken them up again with new resolve. And there are those who do not yet understand this principle.

For those who are committed to Christ in the covenant of the New Testament, being faithful in sexual matters is a common cross. That is, to one extent or another, whether single or married, we all bear it. For some, it is a greater cross than for others. I think it is a particularly difficult cross for single Latter-day Saints who are committed to Christ's call for sexual integrity, and I think this is especially so in a society where the norm is free and often wanton sex, where chastity is ridiculed as old-fashioned or repressive, and where we are constantly bombarded with sexually explicit material and numerous tangible opportunities to sin.

As Christ carried his cross to Calvary, the soldiers became impatient with his pace (slow, in part because of his agony for us in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before) and thrust his cross on one of his disciples, a Syrian named Simon. And herein is another important lesson: like Simon, we can help one another in the bearing of our sexual crosses. In his great call for Christian charity, Alma says that our responsibility is to "bear one another's burdens, that they may be light; . . . to mourn with those that mourn; yea, and comfort those that stand in need of comfort." As we do this, we "stand as witnesses of God at all times and in all things [even in sexual things], and in all places" and are "redeemed of God" (Mosiah 18:8–9).

We are a royal generation. Many have patriarchal blessings that inform us that we were preserved to come to the earth during this last great dispensation of the Lord's work, which is also the great day of Satan's power. As children of the promise we have been asked, in the

words of Alma, to come "out from the wicked . . . and touch not their unclean things" (5:57). That we must choose is made clear by the apostle John: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (1 John 2:15–17).

Let me close with my witness that the things I have said concerning the importance of our sexual feelings and their goodness are true, as is the commandment that we express them within the bounds which the Lord has set. It is also my witness that a loving Savior understands our sexual feelings and temptations. If we will come to him, bring our burdens and lay them at his feet, and if we will share one another's burdens, the day will come when we will understand why the Lord has put us under these obligations. When that day does come, we will experience the crowning of the many gifts and blessings of our sexuality along with all of the other blessings promised us by loving heavenly parents.

I pray that we may bear our sexual crosses gracefully and, like Paul, count it an honor to do so. I also pray that we may help one another to do so in love and fellowship. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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The Hero Woman

Karla Bennion

When the days drag on like TV reruns,
The Hero Woman comes.
She walks in with long strides from the hips.
She keeps her eyes on the horizon.
The job needs doing, she can handle it.
Her life is like a movie script.
She has secrets.
She does the unexpected.
He watches her from the edges of his eyes.
"What's got into you?" he says.
She smiles and shrugs and
keeps her mouth shut.

A Jew Among Mormons

Steve Siporin

IN THE FALL OF 1990, I was asked to speak to an undergraduate honors seminar at Utah State University about being a Jew among Mormons. I warned the student assigned the task of recruiting me that first, I was not a practicing orthodox Jew, and that second, as a traditional Jewish saying emphasizes, "Where there are two Jews, there are at least three opinions." Thus, my opinion was only one of many. In other words, I could hardly "represent" Jews in Logan, much less some generally held Jewish point of view. That was all the "yes" the student needed, and I found that I was not only scheduled to speak for ten minutes, but also to answer questions afterwards.

As the date of the seminar approached, I began to realize that the talk had taken on more significance than I had expected. The weekly honors seminar, called "Interactions," reaches beyond the university to the public, and my neighbors began telling me they were looking forward to my talk. So did staff at the library, former students, and faculty friends. I was alternately excited that I might attract a good turnout and nervous that I was about to be examined.

Although I had thought of the question of being a Jew among Mormons as a question about Jews, I was becoming aware that many of my Mormon neighbors might perceive it as a question about Mormons. They might be thinking of the subject in terms like "How are *we* doing? Are we *tolerable*? Are we *tolerant*?"

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No one person could answer those questions, but I felt glad that Mormons were concerned and wanted to know how others, a Jew in this case, felt about living among them. I also thought that such questions as I guessed my LDS neighbors were at least subconsciously asking might have sprung partly from their awareness of contemporary anti-Mormon prejudice. As a non-Mormon living in Mormon country, I and many others occupy a position that allows us to witness the unpleasant persistence of prejudice. When I travel and explain where I live, I sometimes hear the same kind of blanket, bigoted comments about Mormons that I heard aimed at blacks when I was growing up. I guess this is a "benefit" of living as a non-Mormon in Mormon country; people in other parts of the United States assume that I, as a non-Mormon, will share (and perhaps reinforce) their prejudice and thus invite me to eavesdrop on theirs. The "benefit"—a painful one—is to have learned something about the changing fashions of bigotry in America. As a nation, we are not as free of stereotyping other individuals as we seem to think we are. I probably would not have learned this without living in Utah.

Mormon neighbors and friends have been good to my family. When we first arrived at our house in Logan with a truck filled with all our belongings, two young men working in the yard next door came over and unloaded our truck for us. That was, literally, the beginning. Only a week later, when my wife and I were invited to a dinner, I already had realized that I could tell my twelve and seven-year-old sons they could go to any of our neighbors if they needed help while we were gone. Any of them. Each summer we are inundated with home-canned foods and fresh garden produce. I joke that our friends and neighbors won't let us plant a garden—they keep us too well supplied. We have never lived anywhere like this before. Nor had we ever before received greeting cards on our (Jewish) holidays from non-Jewish friends and neighbors. This pleasant practice continues, and we truly appreciate the acknowledgement of our difference as a valid and valued part of the neighborhood.

Part of the background to our welcome, I believe, is the Mormon assumption of a special Mormon-Jewish relationship. There is, of course, a theological basis to this relationship in the Book of Mormon. Both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young transformed this mythic idea into contemporary action.[1] And it was no coincidence that the first two

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[1] See, for instance, Steven Epperson, "Jews in the Columns of Joseph's *Times and Seasons*," DIALOGUE 22 (Winter 1989): 135–42. I use "mythic" not in the sense of something that is false but to mean something that is deeply believed by members of a religious faith. Myths take place in the deep past, reveal ultimate truths, and usually

elected Jewish governors in the United States were elected in Mormon country: Moses Alexander in Idaho (1914) and Simon Bamberger in Utah (1916).

Some revealing stories are told about Governor Bamberger. According to one account, when he was campaigning he sometimes ran into blunt opposition based on religion. Once when he was about to get off the train in a small, Danish Mormon town, he was threatened by gun-toting men who insisted that they didn't want any gentiles campaigning there. Bamberger responded, "But I'm not a gentile, I'm a Jew." And the men replied, "Come gather around. Let's listen to this Jew" (Zenner 1991, 2–3). In other words, Jews are perceived by Mormons to be even closer to Mormons, in some ways, than other Christians are.

I was told before I moved to Utah that I would encounter something called "philo-Semitism" (as opposed to anti-Semitism). Given a choice, there is no doubt which I prefer! Nonetheless, there is always the danger of exoticizing and stereotyping members of other groups we admire distantly and abstractly and turning individuals into objects. The fascination with Jews holds that potential danger.

Moreover, anti-Semitism does exist in Utah, and it is especially painful for children. I am grateful that anti-Semitism is not LDS policy. In fact, just the opposite is true. But anti-Semitism remains at an unconscious level, carried forward by language, probably the unfortunate inheritance of European and Euro-American converts and their descendants. Quite recently a student of mine told me that someone could have "jewed him out" of something. We all know what that means, but we rarely examine its insidiousness. The student and I were alone in my office, and so it was easy for me to make him aware of what he had said. He was embarrassed and hadn't ever realized the stereotyped prejudice that lay behind that expression.

But it is not always so easy to deal with such comments when they come up. What if they occur in public? At a party? In such cases (assuming the speakers are unaware of their meaning) must I embarrass them nonetheless, seeing that they need an education immediately? Or should I let public comments pass—and thus betray myself, my fellow Jews, my ancestors, and my children? How much harder this question becomes for my children and other Jewish children when they hear such expressions. What can they say or do? What pain and responsibility do they feel?

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explain the cosmological, social, and moral order. Thus the Bible, for instance, is myth for many Christians and Jews. Coyote stories function like myths for many Native Americans.

I have a son in high school. He came home in anguish one day when his best friends reacted weakly to the pseudo-argument that "maybe the Holocaust never happened." What was at best an ill-informed intellectual exercise for his peers seemed like the triumph of evil over human suffering to him. My son has met Holocaust survivors—he has heard their stories and seen the harsh, blue numbers in their flesh.

The Holocaust has seared the consciousness of all Jewish children; for them the Holocaust is not just another historical event to be memorized for an exam—it is an unbearable reality, as it should be for every human being. The pain a Jew feels, the pain a Jewish child feels, at the denial of the incalculable human suffering of the Holocaust is the feeling that Hitler is still winning. It is a new brand of unconscious anti-Semitism abetted by pseudo-scholarship.

Mormon country is not free of another kind of anti-Semitism that Jews encounter elsewhere: anti-Semitism masked as anti-Zionism. In 1975, Jews saw the United Nations declare that "Zionism is racism"; no other people's desire for nationhood has been branded in this way. Thus, we live in an age in which only one national liberation movement, the Jewish one, has been singled out as unworthy. Of course, not all criticism of Israel is anti-Semitic, nor is it fair to reject all criticism with a blanket accusation of anti-Semitism. But it is obvious that being anti-Israel has become a new mask anti-Semites use to disguise their racist agenda.

All the above forms of anti-Semitism can be found in Mormon country, though probably not as frequently as elsewhere in the United States. The truth is that everywhere in the United States where I have lived—from Omaha, Nebraska, to Salem, Oregon—a nearby synagogue has been desecrated, defaced, or bombed. That includes Boise, Idaho, and Ogden, Utah. I do not think that any of these acts were committed by Mormons; in fact, the weekend of the fire-bombing of the Boise synagogue, the new Boise LDS Temple was defaced with graffiti. In other words, all forms of anti-Semitism can be found in Mormon country, even though they are discouraged by the Mormon Church. The linguistic anti-Semitism that I encountered in a Mormon student is older than the LDS Church. It was probably part of the fundamentally racist English culture brought to this country by pioneers who had had little, if any, real contact with Jews.

When I look at the subject, a Jew among Mormons, from a Jewish point of view, it first becomes "a Jew among Christians." In other words, the problems are generic. Jews, naturally, do not distinguish between the various Christian groups the way Christians do. Differ-

ences that are significant up close seem less significant from far away. Many Jews will naturally place their experience "among the Mormons" within their long (and unhappy) history "among the Christians."

We Jews try not to forget—not because we are unforgiving, but because not forgetting is nearly a divine commandment in our understanding of G-d's will. One of the qualities that seems to characterize Judaism and the Jews, according to both religious and secular points of view, is a strong historical sense. Not only is our religion part of our history; our history is a central part of our religion. Consider the holidays of Hanukkah, Purim, and Passover, for instance, all of which commemorate historical (or pseudo-historical) events (of, one might add, a mysteriously recurring nature).[2]

We carry history not only within our holidays, rituals, and books, but within our families as well. We have faced the same difficulties for many generations. Christmas, for instance, was the time of year I hated most as a child; but I was not the first (or the last) Jewish child to feel that way. At Christmas, all the differences between my non-Jewish friends and me grew larger. (One precocious Jewish child in Logan recognized the defining power of the holiday when she referred to Jews and Christians as "Hanukkah people" and "Christmas people.") I felt that overwhelming feeling of alienation most strongly in public school where Christmas seemed to take over the curriculum from Thanksgiving until the end of the year. I remember the stressful feeling during the long days of rehearsing Christmas plays and singing Christmas songs in school. Would I betray my religion by singing these songs that were clear expressions of a different religious belief? The argument that "you could just sing it but not believe" didn't cut it, even with an eight-year-old. Was it wrong to disobey my teacher and call attention to myself by not singing? My mother faced the same problem in the 1920s, and she told me how she used to sing out "loud night" instead of "silent night." Her powerless, child's protest might seem laughable to us, but how else could she maintain her dignity?

The point is that the same thing happens to my children today in Logan. When Christmas approaches, our usually sensitive system suddenly suspends the separation of church and state. Ethnocentrism takes over and runs amuck. To protest puts one in the position of Scrooge in

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[2] Hanukkah celebrates the rededication of the temple in Jerusalem in 164 B.C., after a successful war of liberation against the Greco-Syrian Seleucid Empire. Purim, based on the biblical book of Esther, celebrates the deliverance of the Jews from destruction in Persia during the fifth century B.C. Passover celebrates the exodus of the Jews from Egypt under the leadership of Moses, sometimes dated as 1450 B.C.

the perennial favorite, *A Christmas Carol*.[3] To protest is to spoil everyone's fun, to refuse to join in and be a part of it all. But Jews cannot, by definition, be part of Christmas, if they are to be Jews.[4]

During Christmas, I still want to disappear, as my ancestors did during Easter when it was unsafe for Jews to be seen in public. They hid in their homes, and I suspect that today many Jewish children are torn between wanting to hide and wanting to join. How often can one explain oneself? A simple, innocent question like "What did you get for Christmas?" sets up the conflict, even in children: Do I have to explain, to a perfect stranger, that I'm Jewish and Jews don't celebrate Christmas, and maybe embarrass him? Do I just lie and say I got X? This problem, of course, is not particular to Jews living among Mormons but to Jews living among Christians.

So is the more serious problem of conversion. Jews have suffered, yet survived as a people, under the pressure to convert to Christianity for at least 1500 years (see Baron 1952–83). Nineteen-ninety-two will be commemorated not only as the five-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's voyage but also as the five-hundredth anniversary of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. By 1492 some Jewish families had lived in Spain for eight hundred years. Still, their choice in that year was conversion or expulsion. All Jews had to be out of Spain by the very tide on which Columbus sailed. In 1497, all Jews remaining in Portugal were forcibly converted. In Italy, where many of them fled, quotas of Jews were forced to listen to Christian sermons in church each Sunday. Any sign of interest in conversion was exploited. Even as late as the late nineteenth century, a Jewish baby who had been baptized by his Catholic nurse when his parents were gone was stolen from his home and (legally) raised as a Catholic (Korn 1957).

Our twentieth-century experience has been the worst of all. Following the pogroms in Eastern Europe in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and the Holocaust of World War II, Jewish demographic projections are bleak. A scholar has called it the "silent holocaust" (Reines 1989, 478). One projection is that the six million American Jews of today will be, at best, less than one million by the

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[3] One might even ask if Scrooge is somehow the perennial Jew, spoiling the unanimity of Christians. He is characterized by stinginess and greediness, stereotypical Jewish attributes. But more to the point is the message of *A Christmas Carol* (perhaps unintended by the author) that whoever does not join in Christmas is a spoilsport.

[4] In recent years we see more and more labored attempts by Jews (often in mixed marriages) to celebrate Christmas without betraying their heritage, but the contradictions are painfully obvious.

year 2076 (Waxman 1989, 429). Conversion is one element in the decline of the American Jewish population and is a very real threat to the existence of the Jewish people.

That is one reason I felt so encouraged by my introduction to Mormon Utah. When I first came to Logan for a job interview, I was invited to a dinner at a private, non-Mormon home. The host asked a Mormon bishop who was present to say grace. As a folklorist, I noted the traditional verbal formulas in his prayer, but I noticed that although many Christians often end their grace with something like "we accept these gifts in the name of Jesus Christ, amen," this man ended his blessing simply by thanking G-d. Later I found out that this was not his usual grace; he had made room for me, had made me comfortable, without betraying his own religion. I resolved that if this religion produced people of such tolerance and sensitivity, these were people I could learn from and would be lucky to live among.

Proselytizing, on the other hand, makes me feel hurt and betrayed. I am devalued for the person I am, and, even more important, my priceless heritage is devalued. When I was younger, I reacted with anger; now I see that the proselytizer is grossly ignorant. To him or her, I am not an equal but only a potential equal. Proselytizing makes me question the basis of a friendship. Is this a real friend, or am I just a potential convert, a "mark?"

With our children, the effects of proselytizing, or even potential proselytizing, are multiplied manyfold. Children are vulnerable in ways most adults are not. They are pressured by other children. My eleven-year-old son has been told, "Your way is the wrong way."

Nevertheless, the problem Jews face in Utah, as I see it, is not one of being among Mormons; it is really a problem of *not* being among Jews. We are not only living at the core of Mormon culture, we are living at (or beyond) the periphery of our own.

Being Jewish, by definition, tends to mean living in a Jewish community. There is a story told in the Ehrlich family of Springfield, Massachusetts, about how a family ancestor came to settle in Springfield:

> My great-grandfather, Moses Ehrlich, was apparently a very important man in Springfield, Massachusetts. The story was that Moses had actually come to Hartford and set out as a very young man, about fifteen, to go to Boston to make his fortune. The train goes from Hartford to Springfield to Boston. He was an orthodox Jew, so I assume he must have been wearing a black long coat and a black hat, with long *paiss* [earlocks] on the side. At Springfield, a man got on the train dressed like him and sat down next to him. The train apparently had a twenty-minute stop or so, and [the man] said, "Where are you going?"
>
> He said, "I am Moses Ehrlich. I am going to Boston to seek my fortune."
>
> "Well, why don't you seek your fortune in Springfield?"

> He said, "What would I do in Springfield?"
>
> "The Jewish community has sent me to the train, because we're trying to get thirteen Jews to settle in Springfield so we can have a *minyan*. If you get off the train with me here, I'll get you a job."
>
> So he said, "Fine!" and he got off, and he said, "What's the job going to be?"
>
> "You meet all the trains from Hartford to Boston, try to get 'em to come off and settle in Springfield." (Zeitlin, Kotkin, and Baker 1982, 76)

An unlikely story, if taken literally, but a story that demonstrates that being Jewish usually means living in a Jewish community. The *minyan* referred to means a "quorum," which, for orthodox Jews, is a minimum number of ten adult males without which certain daily prayers cannot be said.[5] *Kaddish*, for instance, the prayer for a departed parent, is to be recited every day for one year following a parent's death. But it can be said only in the presence of a minyan, as part of the daily morning or evening prayer service. Thus, the most private pain is publicly acknowledged on a daily basis, for the full year of mourning, no doubt helping the healing process in a way "modern" people outside traditional communities can only envy.

Other customs reinforce community and actually demand that a community be present for Judaism to be performed and lived. Eating, unless one is vegetarian, requires kosher meat, and kosher meat requires a specially trained butcher. Obviously, this also requires a community of some size so the butcher can make a living. In other words, beyond the theological/ritual requirement of eating meat slaughtered and prepared in a certain way, which is a commandment of G-d, keeping kosher has a social function: keeping community together.

There are many other examples. Jews are not supposed to travel by car on Shabbat (the sabbath), nor are they to walk beyond a certain distance. On the one hand, these rules are religious prescriptions; but they are also a prescription for Jewish community since they in effect mean that Jews must live within walking distance of their synagogue and each other. (One gets some feeling for how this custom works by observing Mormon neighborhoods in Logan on Sundays. The sidewalks are filled with dressed-up people walking to the same place. The subjective feeling of community manifests itself physically.) The prayer of confession, which takes place on the holiest day of the year, Yom Kippur, is a group confession, recited aloud by the congregation together. One confesses for every imaginable sin—but it is the community as a whole confessing for all the sins that any one among them may have committed—not an individual confessing for personal sins.

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[5] The reason there is a need for thirteen in the story is so that there will be enough extra to fill in in case of illness, vacation, or other absences.

The meaning is clear: each of us is responsible for the other. Jewish identity, indeed, is hard to separate from Jewish community.

Thus, the effects on Jewish children of *not* being in a Jewish community are easy to predict: without formal and informal Jewish education, they are likely to be assimilated even without attempts at conversion. A certain amount can be taught in the home, but without group experiences and without other Jewish adult role models around, it is hard to "become" Jewish as one grows up.

On the other hand, Jews have always moved to new places and reestablished their Jewish culture and identity in those places. From their ancient homeland in what is now Israel, diasporas were created in Babylonia (today's Iraq) even in ancient times, in Western Europe beginning at least during the Hellenistic period, and in Eastern Europe especially at the beginning of the modern era. The major influx of Jews from Eastern Europe to New York City and the Americas began only a little more than one hundred years ago, and today New York is the most Jewish city in the world, with more Jews than in the state of Israel. Israel itself became Jewish once again only in the past one hundred years. Going to new places and establishing new communities is part of our tradition.

Jews today are concentrated in three places: the United States, Israel, and the Soviet Union. One hundred years ago the map would have shown very few of us in the United States or Israel; most would have been in Poland, Russia, and throughout the Arab world. In a short time, historically speaking, the fulcrum of events has led us to change "homelands" more dramatically and rapidly than at any other time in our long history. Where will we be one hundred years from now?

A Jew among Mormons has difficulties but is not such an anomaly after all. Being marginal has almost always been part of our social experience. In exile, hopefully, we learn to think, to become sensitive to others. Maybe *this* is one essence of our tradition—a tradition we continue wherever we go.

It seems to me that both this sensitivity and this sense of outsiderness are part of Mormon experience as well. Was it my own projection or was I correct in thinking that my neighbors wanted to know not only if they were tolerable but also if they were tolerant? Hasn't the intolerance early Mormons experienced at the hands of their neighbors taught them a lesson not to be forgotten? Isn't this one of the deep reasons for the missionary experience?—not just for the sake of conversion but so that the missionary will understand what being "a stranger in a strange land" means? Wasn't that a shaping experience of Mormons in the early Church as well?

Once when I was in Israel during the holiday of Passover, I heard a guest rabbi ask a congregation, rhetorically, why we Jews suffered as "strangers in a strange land" in Egypt, for so long. His answer was definite: so that we would never forget what it was like to be a stranger, so that we would overcome our natural mistrust of those who are different from us, open our doors, our hearts, and share our bread.

A Jew among Mormons in Utah, Mormons among Jews in Israel—the world has become small, and we are all among each other. More than three thousand years after Moses and less than 150 years after the Mormon exodus, we reach for the same elusive ideal. We have a long way to go.

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Fatherless Child

Angela B. Haight

As I stood in the receiving line at my daughter's wedding last May, a neighbor drew me aside.

"Have you seen Janet recently?" she asked, referring to her eldest, unmarried daughter.

"No," I said.

"Well, I thought I ought to warn you. We're going to be grandparents."

"How wonderful!" I replied enthusiastically, thinking immediately of Max, her youngest son and the only one of her four children who was married. I knew how ardently she had wished for grandchildren.

"But it isn't Max. It's Janet." My friend hurried on. "She told me on Mother's Day. She said she'd given it lots of thought, and she really wanted to have a child. She reminded me how common single-parent families are these days."

Startled, I managed to mumble a few noncommittal platitudes and returned to the line, my thoughts in turmoil. Shortly afterwards, Janet arrived. Always a sturdy young woman, her straight dress didn't betray six months of pregnancy; but the rosy, blotchy, radiant full moon of impending motherhood shone on her face, and I was grateful I'd been warned.

Janet and her sister, Amy, one year younger, had been literal saviors to us when we first moved into a new home near them. Their mother was the first neighbor who stopped by to greet me. When she

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discovered we had four children, including a two-month-old baby, she volunteered her daughters as babysitters. I called Janet within a week.

Much, much more than a business transaction, this was the beginning of a wonderful relationship for us. The girls were mature, responsible, kind, and charged reasonable prices. They played games, didn't mind fixing dinner, and even washed the dishes they used. The children loved them. At the same time, Janet and Amy were firm enough to control the chaos, keep the house in reasonable order, and remain calm in a crisis. One winter night when the power went out, my husband and I returned home, unaware of what had happened, to find Janet waiting calmly by a candle in the dark, orderly house. On another occasion she acted as midwife for a batch of kittens. With Janet or Amy in charge, we never worried.

It became traditional for the girls to visit us on Christmas Eve. They would arrive about 9 or 9:30, sneaking in quietly so the children wouldn't hear them, often toting a large bag of toys or handmade stuffed animals. Arranging the gifts with stifled giggles, we chatted and devoured Santa's snack.

We would have been desolate when Janet left for a northwestern college, except that Amy took over for her. However, the heady thrill of leaving home proved to be a disappointment for Janet. She was homesick, lonely, and depressed by constant rain. The next year, just as Amy prepared to leave for college, Janet returned to begin nursing courses at a local school. She was still willing to babysit occasionally, so our relationship continued to be close.

Janet earned her R.N. and began working, and our ties gradually loosened as my children grew older, but the annual Christmas Eve visits continued unchanged. The year I had my last child, on Thanksgiving Day, a hospital strike kept Janet from working for several weeks. She came over often to help me survive the holiday season and get back on my feet.

I had always told Janet and Amy that when they got married I wanted to give showers for them, but somehow the years went by with no weddings. Janet progressed well in her work, becoming the charge nurse for the newborn nursery, then graduating to higher administrative posts, and finally working on an MBA to qualify herself for hospital administration. In the meantime, she bought a small house and immersed herself in painting, wallpapering, gardening, and all the routine concerns of a homeowner. For a while she shared her house with a friend who had a young child, and she invested much love and concern in this "foster daughter."

Janet is now thirty-eight. Time is running out. I don't know how her child was conceived, and I won't ask. But her decision, obviously

not easily or lightly made, has challenged my static agenda of predetermined beliefs. It has forced me to consider seriously who is entitled to have a child, and under what circumstances.

Is the lack of a spouse sufficient reason to deny Janet the fulfillment of motherhood? Many women bear children with apparently casual disregard for the implications and potential problems of single parenthood. There has been nothing casual about Janet's choice. Does her decision differ qualitatively from that of a childless married couple who pursues every possible fertility treatment? From a homosexual "couple" who wish to raise children? Or from single people or couples who acquire a family by adoption, sometimes even circumventing legal restrictions through private procedures or going to foreign countries where economic pressures force some parents to consider relinquishing a child for the benefit of an entire family? Logic tells me that if we insist that all matters of family planning should be left in God's hands, and therefore birth control is artificially interfering with his will, then the opposite is also true, and those to whom children do not come easily and naturally also interfere with his will when they pursue every possible avenue to become parents.

Is what Janet has done of a different moral magnitude than using fertility drugs, prenatal surgery, cardiopulmonary resuscitation, organ transplants, or disconnecting the life support of a clinically brain-dead accident victim? These situations involve unnatural intervention, aggressive action to change the status quo, using human knowledge and power to preserve or alter lives. They require difficult ethical choices, risk, and sometimes playing statistical odds in hope of relieving suffering and/or enhancing life.

Does God expect us to accept every situation in which we find ourselves, not acting, but merely being acted upon? Or does he allow us to take life in our own hands and use all the means available to us to mold it into what we want it to be? Some scriptures suggest the latter viewpoint. Lehi told his son Jacob that "the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself" (2 Ne. 2:16). He added that because "they are redeemed from the fall they have become free forever, knowing good from evil; to act for themselves and not be acted upon save it be by the punishment of the law" (2 Ne. 2:26).

Obviously Lehi was not faced with decisions about in vitro fertilization or artificial insemination; we are surrounded by increasingly complex and sophisticated technology that blurs the parameters of good and evil. Civil law has not seen fit to "punish" in most of the medical interventions around us, save abortion and euthanasia. Does moral law? At what point do we overstep eternal bounds and unrighteously impose our will over God's?

I do not know if Janet has had opportunities to marry; I have never heard that she had a boyfriend or a serious relationship. But I do know Janet is a good person. She is stable, moral, responsible, kind, thoughtful, creative, productive. Her desire to experience motherhood is certainly not bizarre or perverse; if she were married, it would be commendable. Hunger for a child is as old as Sarah and Rachel. Her choice requires great courage, for she knows full well she will face criticism, disapproval, and obstacles.

What about the child? Does she have rights in all this? As all of us, she has no control over the circumstances of her birth. Yet, more than most of us, she will bear the consequences of her unusual parentage. Years hence may she come to feel that she is an anomaly, the product of an impersonal, biological procedure? How will she respond to the inevitable question, "Father's name?" Anonymous? To state an old proverb and scramble Shakespeare, "It's a wise child that knows his own father." Paternity has never been totally without question, but anonymous sperm donation lends a particular poignancy to that statement. Will all the security in the world be enough to compensate for a lack of identity enjoyed by nearly every other person born on earth?

The disastrous effects and tremendous costs of single motherhood in our society are well documented: child abuse, neglect, wasted opportunity, subsistence living, dependence, and poverty. I know that Janet will not encounter these problems. She is mature. She will be a good mother. She can provide economically for her child. She will love her child, even through the inevitable awkward and difficult ages. She will not abuse her child physically or psychologically. Presumably there will be no custody arguments, no battles over visitation rights, no confusing and conflicting loyalties. And there will be one set of devoted grandparents.

What effect will this decision have on Amy, Janet's sister, also single at age thirty-seven? The question haunts me in a very personal way, as I contemplate the future for the single women I know. Two of my own daughters are not yet married, and they have many single friends, most of whom would love to have husbands and children. For now many of these women seem content with careers and their busy and productive lives, but as time passes, certain options will inevitably begin to close for them.

If one of my daughters were to make Janet's choice, how would I feel? How would our family and our friends react? How would a bishop deal with a single mother who has not committed fornication or adultery? Would conceiving a child by artificial means affect her status in the Church? Her worthiness in the eyes of others? Is our current perception of the traditional family— father, mother, and children—the

only politically and culturally correct definition of a family within the Church? At one time we accepted the polygamous model as an ideal. Today we venerate the widow who brings up her children alone, especially if they are notably successful in later life. And officially we acknowledge, though somewhat reluctantly, the single-parent family caused by divorce.

"Janet said these are the nineties," her mother said plaintively, "but I told her I'm a fifties mom." I can identify with that. I'm a sixties mom, and as a Church member, I'm used to being told that a straight black line divides right from wrong and it should be perfectly obvious to all of us exactly where that line lies. I've also been fortunate enough to have a loving, supportive husband, a stable marriage, good health, no problems bearing children and only ordinary problems rearing them, a reasonable degree of economic security, and support from kind and loving family, friends, and yes, even babysitters. I've had it comparatively easy so far. So it sobers me to be reminded in such a personal way that many people don't have it easy. The things they desire most keenly are not readily accessible to them for a variety of reasons, often beyond their control. Being single, being childless, being handicapped, suffering chronic illness, watching life ebb out without attaining most-cherished dreams—these frustrations are largely beyond my ken. Perhaps they make the line seem a little less black and a little less straight to some of my brothers and sisters.

God intended man and woman to marry, to procreate, and to establish a home for their children. I believe that's still the best way, but today it's definitely not the only way. Children thrive under very diverse circumstances because they must. In Janet's situation, I wouldn't have made the same decision she has; I don't have the courage, and I'm troubled by some of the implications of her choice. But I do understand it. Although it's not exactly the way I'd imagined it, I think it's time to give Janet that shower.

Hallelujah!

Angela G. Wood

I TOOK MY VIOLIN and my music from the back of the car and listened to my heels tap on the asphalt as I walked across the parking lot. It was an icy December night, the sky so clear I could see thousands of stars. I had come to the Highland Park Ward to play with a small orchestra in a Christmas program. We were all amateurs, to be sure, semi-musicians who would be joined by the congregation singing carols. As I walked up the stairway to the chapel, I remembered our first rehearsal there a few weeks earlier.

The building had been cold and completely quiet that day. I had gone into the deserted foyer and, with my violin tucked under one arm, had needed both hands to pull open the heavy wooden doors to the chapel. I am a small person, but this door is so large and thick, it would be quite a job for anyone to open. In a moment, I realized that the experience of being within was worth all the effort the door required.

The room I entered was like no Mormon chapel I had ever seen. It was much, much older. The walls were of plain white stucco and spaced along them were small, recessed lighted areas. Each area looked like a glowing candle, a small pool of light illuminating the textured walls. The woodwork was the same beautiful dark brown as the large door, but what really captured my attention was the ceiling, which arched on and on, upward, curving to a magnificent apex. Just looking at it made me breathe deeply and filled me with a most unusual feeling of spaciousness, of vastness. It seemed to me that this chapel had room for anything. I noticed my fellow musicians in the distance at the front. Crowded into the small area between the stand and the

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first row of benches, with hardly enough room for the string players to draw a full bow, they arranged their music, tightened their bows, and tuned. I wondered why they were in such a cramped place, when there was so much space up above. Why didn't we all just float up and practice from the ceiling?

Tonight this same chapel would be full. Already a crowd was gathering in the foyer, friends talking beside a Christmas tree that gleamed with white lights. I could hear happiness in their voices, and though I didn't know any of them, I felt their warmth touch me as I passed. I went through the heavy doors and was surprised that the amazement I had originally felt was there for me all over again. I seemed to leave myself below on the floor and join a separate life in the space up above.

But I was an earthly twenty-eight-year-old woman. I found my seat with the orchestra and prepared myself for the program. I put my music in order, applied the rosin to my bow, and quickly played through the most difficult passages of Handel's "Messiah." Other musicians took their places all around me, and the room began to fill with those who had come to join our sing-in. It seemed to me that the room was also being filled with a rare sort of energy, and I wondered if it was because of the anticipation that comes with Christmas. We began with "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful."

I had never before enjoyed playing my violin or singing as I did that night. When we weren't playing, orchestra members joined the congregation in the carols. My stand partner was a man in his fifties, who had always been very gracious to me. This was the first time I had heard him sing, and as we joined in "Silent Night," I sang in only a whisper so that I could hear his beautiful tenor voice. "Silent night, holy night," he sang. "Son of man, love's pure light," and the trio of flutes hummed along.

There was a loveliness about the unfolding of our program that evening. The orchestra played "The Pastoral Symphony," and the congregation joined us for "The Glory of the Lord." Then readers quoted from the Bible Isaiah's prophecy of Christ's coming, the Annunciation to Mary, and the well-known verses in Luke telling of Christ's birth. Then we played and sang again.

Toward the end of the evening, we did an arrangement of "We Three Kings" that cast a spell over me. The only accompaniment was the organ and a mystical clarinet obbligato. An obbligato is a sort of complementary part written for a particular instrument that harmonizes with the melody but is usually pitched above it. The clarinetist was a large man with silvery hair. Haunting notes pealed from his instrument and floated out to enchant us all as we sang:

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes of life, of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in a stone cold tomb.

I had never heard more than the first verse of this carol, and I both sang and listened in wonder at each successive verse that night. As we sang the last, something came over me.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice,
Heaven sings, "Hallelujah!"
"Hallelujah," earth replies.

Somehow this evening and this magical song opened to me a glimpse of life as I had never seen it before. As I sang along, I felt myself part of an exquisitely beautiful experience. My stand partner and I joined with full voices in singing this carol. We held between us, each grasping one side, a bright red program on which the words had been printed. I looked at him as we sang, and I looked over all the other singing faces in this chapel, all of us singing from identical red programs. I saw so much there: young faces and old faces, faces that were unlined and those that were careworn, faces of men and faces of women, faces that I knew but most that I did not. Our voices were so common, and my violin playing sounded thin and mistaken now, yet how well we performed was somehow unimportant.

It seemed to me that as we sang together of the birth and the crucifixion and the resurrection of Jesus Christ that we each left behind our individual selves and became part of something else, part of some great wholeness, and for the first time in my life to that point, I too was part of this "oneness." For a moment, I had a rare glimpse of us all, so needy and so loving.

When I saw this, I stopped singing immediately. I bit my lip and had to remind myself to breathe. I felt like running far away, because what I had seen seemed too much. The program went on and I continued to play and to sing, but I felt somehow changed. We came to the end and finished with the "Hallelujah Chorus." I was already beginning to puzzle over what had happened to me. Hallelujah? I played along, Hallelujah!

Mechanics

Mary Ann Losee

They tell us now
That the darkness of space
Is what's left over,

Heat from the one Big Bang,
That light unfurling in all directions
Is shifting toward the red.

Then what do we make
Of this ongoing
Question of distance?

The crickets, in perfect
Synchronization,
Mark how the temperature falls.

The leaf, with its inborn
Dream of escape,
Swings lightly against the tree.

At the end of the day,
A quiet room,
A house where the sentence unravels.

And who is to say that what's pure
Or lost
Won't eventually rise from our sleep?

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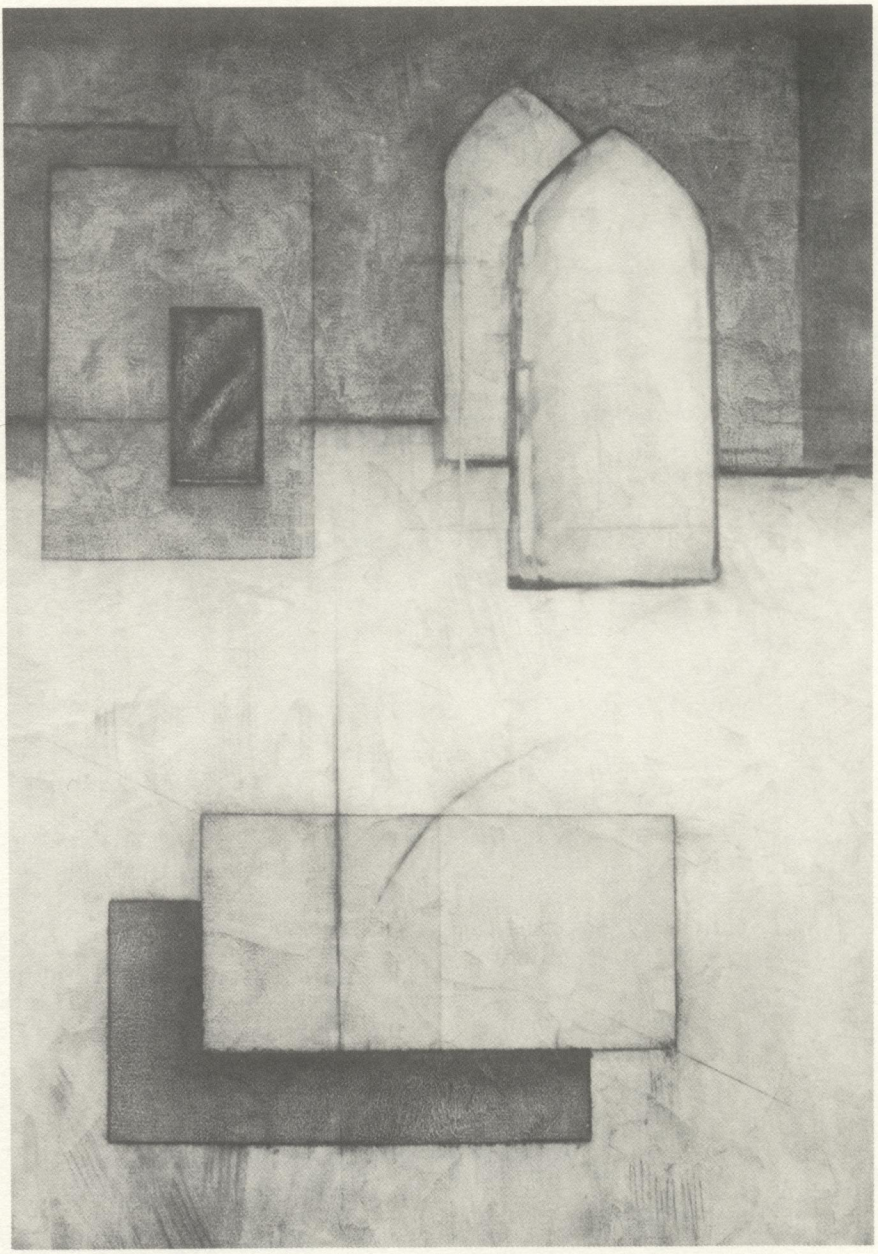

The Thoughtful Patriot—1991

David P. Vandagriff

DURING THE FIRST FEW WEEKS of January this past year, I suspect the thoughts of most Americans seldom moved for very long from the subject of war. Most of us felt hopeful and fearful, stimulated and depressed, high and low, in rapidly alternating cycles, depending upon the news from a part of the world that scarcely occupied a moment's attention before last year. Many of us also found ourselves dwelling upon the moral issues and possible eternal significance of the events in the Persian Gulf and our country's role in them.

When my stake president asked me to speak on the subject of patriotism in our Saturday evening session of stake conference right at the outbreak of the Gulf conflict, I had a difficult time. Had the request come before the commencement of hostilities, I could have spoken more dispassionately, more abstractly on this subject. The reality of the war, not some theoretical conflict but one in which people I knew were fighting, brought the abstract home to roost in my conscience. It raised some ghosts from the past and forced me to do some hard thinking about right and wrong, good and evil.

I think that for most members of my generation, coming of age during the Vietnam War was one of the principal defining experiences of adolescence. The war came during a time when we were trying to figure out who we were and how we related to a larger world. As an ever-looming presence during civil rights marches, student power, political assassinations, and drug and sexual revolutions, the Vietnam War,

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whatever one's personal feelings about its rightness, was *the* major issue during the sixties and early seventies.

Nothing influenced my generation more than Vietnam. It was the center-stage player during one of the most difficult times in our nation's history. Vietnam divided this country more deeply and more fundamentally than anything since slavery and brought about the nearest thing to a civil war that this nation has experienced since the war between the states. My generation provided both the soldiers who fought in the war and the protesters who fought against it.

Few of the soldiers or protesters survived the experience un-scathed. A recent news magazine contained an account of a number of Vietnam veterans who have spent years in the jungles of Hawaii, living alone and hermit-like in tents with guns at their sides in an attempt to expiate the demons of that long-ago jungle war. Soldiers are not the only ones who have suffered from the post-traumatic stress syndrome of Vietnam. Among the most vociferous of those who opposed the Persian Gulf War, I recognized the voices of old protesters who never got over Vietnam, those for whom any military action by this country must, of necessity, be unjustifiable and wicked. One such woman acknowledged during a radio interview that Saddam Hussein's undeniable depravity had given members of her organization some difficulty because her particular anti-war movement had for so many years automatically supported anyone on the opposite side of a dispute with the United States government.

If Vietnam was a near civil war for the country as a whole, it was an absolute emotional civil war for my generation, the provider of both the soldiers and the protesters. For many a soldier and protester alike, the experience has never really been resolved. The fighting in the jungle ended many years ago, and the chants of the old anti-war rallies have faded away. The soldiers and the protesters became co-workers, mechanics and farmers, truck drivers and executives, insurance salesmen, doctors, and lawyers. They bought homes and had children and put on weight.

But too few of them ever achieved a complete emotional closure of their experiences during the war. Anyone who remembers the end of the Vietnam War, when the North Vietnamese army closed in on Saigon, will remember that haunting picture of the last helicopter lifting off the roof of the American embassy, carrying terrified refugees away from the fighting. That picture also clearly showed a throng of people struggling up the stairway to the landing pad, seeking to escape to peace and safety, but unable to do so. The helicopter abandoned them there on the steps, staring into an empty sky. Many in my gen-

eration among the soldiers and the protesters feel as if they were left on that stairway in Vietnam, never able to escape the experience.

When President Bush announced the commencement of air and missile attacks against Iraq, he was careful to reassure the American people that this war was not going to be another Vietnam. The president understood that, regardless of what we feel about the rightness of United States actions in Vietnam, nobody wants to relive the experience. For anyone who survived Vietnam, however, the commencement of the Persian Gulf War could not help but stir the ghosts of all the unresolved issues of that earlier era. My remarks here will include some of the thoughts and feelings that came to me as I attempted to deal with these questions and faced the issue of how to be a patriot during wartime 1991.

In a recent poll measuring American attitudes toward war, respondents were asked whether various wars were justified. A very high proportion, something over 80 percent, believed that World War II was a just war. The necessity for World War II can be clearly seen in retrospect. The dangers posed by Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan are absolutely clear to us now. However, it is easy to forget that right up until Pearl Harbor there was a large and very influential movement in this country called "America First" which was adamantly opposed to America's entry into any war against Germany or Japan. Prominent Americans, including Charles Lindbergh and Henry Ford, thought that Adolf Hitler was a wonderful leader. Very few accounts of World War II, the just war, include any mention that when it began a great many people thought it unnecessary and a foolish waste of life and resources.

It should not surprise us, then, that at the outset of an armed conflict, or even during its course, we will observe a lack of certainty on the part of some intelligent and insightful people that military action is really necessary. The consequences of war are so enormously serious, however, that we wish that there were no doubt in our minds about such a decision. Some believe that in the absence of total certainty—bombs falling on Washington—no war should ever be undertaken. How can we evaluate the rightness of a war? When is war justified?

During the April general conference following the attack on Pearl Harbor, President David O. MacKay stated:

> I still say that there are two conditions which may justify a truly Christian man to enter . . . a war.
>
> (1) An attempt to dominate and deprive another of his agency, and
> (2) Loyalty to his country.
>
> Possibly there is a third, . . . defense of a weak nation that is being unjustly crushed by a strong, ruthless one. (Conference Report, April 1942)

There are times and conditions other than when bombs are falling on our country when action is necessary and justified. President Franklin D. Roosevelt said the following during the period leading up to World War II:

> The epidemic of world lawlessness is spreading. When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine of the patients in order to protect the health of the community against the spread of disease. . . . The will for peace on the part of peace-loving nations must express itself to the end that nations that may be tempted to violate their agreements and the rights of others will desist from such a course. There must be positive endeavors to preserve peace. (in Bartlett 1968, 971-72)

Thomas Jefferson expressed a similar idea with greater brevity, "We do not expect to be translated from despotism to liberty in a featherbed" (in Bartlett 1968, 471).

We can speak at great length about the actions and responsibilities of our government in time of crisis, but such discussions, while interesting, do not address what I believe are even more important questions. What about my personal response to events such as these? What should I do? Am I merely a small part of a large nation, swept along in the tempests of war? Along what paths does a commitment to living the teachings of Jesus Christ lead individuals in difficult times?

In order for sailors to locate their position on the featureless ocean, they must know both the latitude and longitude, their position north and south, east and west. Either latitude or longitude by itself will not allow safe navigation over the seas.

Two standards of measurement come into play in keeping our moral bearings under circumstances such as the Gulf War: loyalty to country and an unwavering commitment to clearly distinguishing right from wrong. Both are necessary as latitude and longitude measurements to keep us off the rocky shoals of wartime error.

Doctrine and Covenants 134 was adopted by a conference of the Church at Kirtland in 1835 as a declaration of belief regarding governments and laws.

> We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them for the good and safety of society. (v. 1)

> We believe that all men are bound to sustain and uphold the respective governments in which they reside, while protected in their inherent and inalienable rights by the laws of such governments; and that sedition and rebellion are unbecoming every citizen thus protected. . . . (v. 5)

Each of us has an obligation to support our nation and our leaders, and God will hold us accountable for our acts in relation to our coun-

try. The American system of government in particular, embodied in "the Constitution of this land, [established] by the hands of wise men whom [the Lord] raised up unto this purpose" (D&C 101:80), merits its citizens' allegiance. Recall that loyalty to country is one factor which President MacKay said would justify a true Christian entering a war.

Does loyalty to country resolve all questions, however? If it did, we would need only do whatever our country's leaders tell us to do. Unfortunately, this is not the complete solution. German and Japanese war criminals were loyal to their countries. So were Americans at MyLai.

Allegiance to our country is latitude, but not longitude. Loyalty to country does not require that we passively accept the decisions of our leaders. When the prophet gives us counsel, we are enjoined to pray about such revelation so that we, too, may receive a personal confirmation of its truthfulness. Our duty as citizens of a democratic nation is similarly to become personally and ethically involved in the decisions of our country, including decisions concerning war. A war of the United States is also a war of David Vandagriff and Ross Peterson and Ezra Taft Benson.

Walter Shapiro, senior writer for *Time* magazine, has written of this personal citizen responsibility for the war. While visiting the Vietnam Memorial and pondering the Persian Gulf, he had trouble thinking clearly.

> Finally, I murmured, "I hope we have learned the right lessons from Vietnam. I hope I have."
>
> Those sentiments reflect how personally bound I feel in the decision of my government to go to war. No lesson of Vietnam has been more important than the respect for legality that prompted George Bush to win the endorsement of the United Nations and then, however belatedly, the U.S. Congress. Watching the congressional debate, I felt compelled to make my own decision on going to war as surely as if I had been elected to the national legislature. My anguished rationale for supporting the President—oil, aggression and cynicism about sanctions—turned into a footnote once Congress voted; what mattered was that at last proper constitutional norms had been followed. How easy it had been during Vietnam (a war mounted under the dubious fig leaf of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution) to reject personal complicity in the carnage. Blame, as I do, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger for the names on the wailing wall in Washington. But today, for the first time in my life, I freely accept, as an American citizen, responsibility for a war and the terrible human suffering that is its inevitable handmaiden (1991, 74).

If loyalty to country is a moral latitude, Shapiro alludes to the necessity of a measure of longitude to chart a course through the waters around us. Nations have been wrong, terribly wrong, in the past; and the evil of blind nationalism embodied in the excuse, "I was only fol-

lowing orders," has been clear to all of us. A citizen's responsibility is not always merely to obey. In the phrase from Carl Schurz, a Civil War general, "Our country, right or wrong. When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right" (in Bartlett 1968, 733).

Doctrine & Covenants 134:2 states, "We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience. . . . " Government is instituted for our benefit and not the other way around.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed" (Declaration of Independence).

The free exercise of conscience is not only a right, but also an obligation for citizens. When faced with questions of right and wrong, serious questions which war raises, we may have the freedom to switch to another channel, but I don't think that we have the moral right to do so. We have the obligation to consider and measure the important aspects of our lives, both individually and collectively, by the standards of right and wrong embodied in the scriptures. If individual citizens are concerned about the rightness of our nation's actions, our nation as a whole will apply an enhanced and sharpened moral sense to the issues that confront it.

In the words of William Penn, "Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments . . . for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery" (in Newquist 1964, 42n2).

One important moral issue during war time is how we regard our enemies. I must confess, as I listened to the words broadcast on Radio Baghdad and heard the arguments of some Muslim spokesmen, I was reminded of "the Austrian-born philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein [who] once remarked that if you ask a man how much is 2 plus 2 and he tells you 5, that is a mistake. But if you ask a man how much is 2 plus 2 and he tells you 97, that is no longer a mistake. The man you are talking with is operating with a wholly different logic from your own" (in Friedman 1990, 431).

It is easy during wartime to develop a hatred for those who support the other side. They don't make bad guys much worse than Saddam Hussein. There has been a tendency for us to dehumanize the Iraqis

and their fellow travelers. I believe that this is wrong. They are human beings and children of our Heavenly Father. I am angry that they have engaged in brutal actions which have caused so much suffering among innocent people. I am angry that our young men and women have had to risk their lives, leaving families behind, because of Iraqi aggression. I became angry when non-Iraqis demonstrated in the streets in support of Saddam Hussein.

I believe that this anger is justified, but I am trying hard not to let it become hate. I think that anger towards another individual is morally correct under some circumstances, but allowing anger to express itself through hatred is not. This distinction for me is similar to loving the sinner while despising the sin.

Some voices have, I believe, moved too far toward hatred, but others have gone too far in the other direction, toward passive acceptance of wrongful acts. Invading a peaceful country which does not threaten your own is never justified, even if you are Iraqi and even if you are sincere in your beliefs. One can be very sincere in one's beliefs and very wrong at the same time.

For the thoughtful patriot in 1991, righting the wrong done in the Middle East is an ethical goal. The latitude of loyalty toward country and the longitude of right and wrong chart a course which leads inevitably into the horror of war. When the course leads in that direction, one may hate the idea of war and its waste but still support one's nation in a war.

Robert E. Lee wrote of this conflicting loyalty, "True patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary, at one period, to that which it does at another, and the motive which impels them—the desire to do right—is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions change; and their conduct must conform to the new order of things" (in Dunn 1987, 118).

This describes the strange quandary in which some of my generation find themselves. Having come of age steeped in adamant opposition to the Vietnam War, we thought that this part of our lives was settled. The soldiers and the protesters had considered the issue of Vietnam with concentration born of personal involvement, and many concluded that this war was wicked. We grew up during the Cold War with nuclear oblivion only a button push away. Based on these experiences, we became pretty comfortable with the idea that most wars that we might encounter would be wicked. We based this conclusion on Lee's "desire to do right."

Then along comes Saddam Hussein, pushing infants out of incubators. We are shoved up against a contradiction. If war is wicked and if what Iraq is doing is wicked, what are we going to do if we desire to

support virtue? An old quote from Edmund Burke comes floating uncomfortably into our formerly well-settled conscience, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

Is war the worst thing? Always? Sometimes?

John Stuart Mill said, "War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest thing. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing is worth a war is worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which he cares more about than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of ever being free unless made so by the exertions of better men than himself."[1]

If by failing to choose war, despite its terrible price, we encourage or foster or condone evil, we have made an enormous moral error. The path charted by the longitude of right and wrong always runs counter to evil.

In the words of Pahoran to Captain Moroni, "Therefore, my beloved brother, Moroni, let us resist evil, and whatsoever evil we cannot resist with our words, yea, such as rebellions and dissensions, let us resist them with our swords, that we may retain our freedom, that we may rejoice in the great privilege of our church and in the cause of our Redeemer and our God" (Alma 61:14).

It is my hope that as a nation and as individuals, we may draw from this difficult experience in the Persian Gulf a sharpened and more finely developed commitment to resisting evil in all its guises, whether in the form of dictators abroad or moral decline at home. As we fight to resist evil, may we also fight to protect, promote, and uphold the good and the right and the virtuous.

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[1] The author believes that this is an accurate quote from John Stuart Mill, but has not been able to locate a printed source. If John Stuart Mill did not, in fact, make this statement, someone should have.

The Moral Failures of Operation Desert Storm

Jeffrey S. Tolk

THE SUCCESSES OF Operation Desert Storm hardly need to be mentioned. The media have joined forces with politicians to praise the superior fighting ability of the United States military, the diverse international coalition that was maintained throughout the conflict, and, of course, the liberation of Kuwait. We are occasionally reminded of the disappointments of the war—Saddam Hussein's continuing stranglehold of power, Kuwait's and our other Arab allies' persistent human rights abuses and anti-democratic systems, the failure of attempts to convene a Middle East peace conference, and the suffering of the Kurdish and Shiite refugees, whom the world seemed to forget until it was too late.

These disappointments are seen as unfortunate elements of geopolitical reality, however, and have done little to dampen the national euphoria that has accompanied the Gulf war. This essay will not directly address the military, strategic, or geopolitical aspects of the war. Instead, it will examine the war experience in terms of moral and ethical standards. Unfortunately, the military and political successes came at the price of a compromise in moral integrity. The nation allowed itself to be cajoled and manipulated, through the rhetoric of jingoism and commercialized patriotism, into developing an unexamined conviction of our total moral correctness and forsaking the Christian mandate of compassion for one's neighbor.

A number of dangerous moral failures accompanied the violence that was waged against Iraq through Operation Desert Storm. First,

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the United States and its allies failed to abide by requirements of a "just war." Second, the nation has allowed itself to feel a savage pride over what was essentially an unnecessary slaughter of hapless, Third World conscripts sent into battle by a brutal tyrant and a disproportionate campaign of bomb attacks designed to destroy Iraq's infrastructure and return it to a "pre-industrial state." Finally, the nation has allowed itself to be dissuaded, or at least numbed, against a critical evaluation of the entire experience in terms of ethics, morality, and gospel principles. This final failure has occurred for several reasons, all of which are dangerous and morally wrong.

Two important requirements of a just war are widely accepted by religious and secular philosophers and explicitly set forth in Mormon scriptures (see D&C 98:33–34, Alma 43:47, Mormon 4:4): (1) violence must be a last resort after all peaceful methods have been exhausted, and (2) necessary violence must be carried out in such a way that it is proportional to the permissible goal of defending oneself or another nation.

Economic sanctions and diplomacy were the obvious means for persuading Iraq to leave Kuwait peacefully. The scale of the sanctions imposed against Iraq was unprecedented. They were initiated soon after the invasion, with the entire world participating. There were leaks, of course, but they were insignificant. There was no doubt that the embargo was seriously crippling Iraq's economy. In addition, many experts believed that sanctions would quickly erode the Iraqi military's ability to maintain combat readiness. We will never know whether sanctions could have successfully evicted Iraq from Kuwait, however, because they were not given enough time. Supporters of a violent response argued that we could not wait for sanctions to work, because Kuwait would be completely destroyed by the time sanctions worked (Wines 1990; Hufbauer and Elliott 1991).

The real time pressures were not imposed by this concern, however. After the congressional elections in November 1990, President Bush abruptly doubled the number of troops in Saudi Arabia and considerably increased their offensive capacity. It became clear that we could not maintain such a huge fighting force in the Gulf while waiting for sanctions to work, without incurring damaging losses in public support and troop morale. President Bush's action ensured that time would press the coalition more than it pressed the occupying Iraqis and that abandoning the sanctions was both strategically and politically expedient (Posen 1990).

It is also clear that the United States did not sincerely pursue a diplomatic solution. Iraq made several offers to withdraw from Kuwait. The first usually included a condition that there be some kind of Mid-

dle East peace conference to resolve the Palestinian issue. While it was prudent to view these offers skeptically, State Department officials and Middle East experts recognized that Iraq was taking a serious pre-negotiation position (Chomsky 1991; Radin 1991). The administration, however, rejected any possibility of discussing the offers, adopting an unprecedented opposition to what it called "linkage" (Friedman 1991). Both before and after the war, the administration has advocated "linkage" as a peaceful way to resolve crises involving aggression and occupation, particularly in the case of Israel's brutal occupation of territories previously belonging to its neighbors (Dickey 1991). What was cynically called "linkage" in this situation is typically referred to as "diplomacy" in other situations.

After bombing had begun and while the impending ground assault was approaching, Iraq offered to withdraw unconditionally, in accordance with a plan formulated by the Soviet Union. When President Bush voiced some concerns over the plan, the Soviets persuaded Iraq to modify its offer to make it even more favorable to the United States. Instead of seizing upon these offers as a possible means of resolving the crisis without unilaterally imposing more death and destruction than it had already imposed, the United States responded with inflexible ultimatums that were certain to be rejected by Saddam Hussein and thus ensured a ground war (Friedman and Tyler 1991; Watson 1991). The United States pursued a policy whose ultimate goal was clearly the violent removal of Iraqi forces from Kuwait and the total humiliation of Saddam Hussein (Bennet 1991). Diplomacy, a requirement of a just war, was not genuinely pursued as an alternative to violence.

Both the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants agree with long-accepted wisdom that only the need to defend oneself justifies violence. A permissible motive may extend to defending a fellow nation that has requested help. President Bush assured the nation on the day we attacked Iraq that our only goal was the liberation of Kuwait. It soon became clear, however, that this assurance was false (Bush 1991). The subsequent bombing was aimed not only at troops in occupied Kuwait, but also at targets in Iraq, many of which were as far away from Kuwait as northern Iraq and had no relation whatsoever to the goal of removing Iraqi troops from Kuwait. Military planners later conceded that a major goal of Operation Desert Storm was "to create postwar leverage over Iraq, not to influence the course of the conflict itself" (in Gellman 1991). By deliberately destroying essential facilities which allowed Iraq to support itself as an industrial society and which could not be repaired without foreign assistance, the administration hoped that the West would be able to assert influence in Iraq when

those facilities needed to be rebuilt or repaired after the war. The administration also expected that the destruction of Iraq's infrastructure would impel Iraqi citizens to overthrow Saddam Hussein. These goals violate the requirement that the violence waged during a war be proportional to a defensive motivation. While the liberation of Kuwait was a just motive, the destruction of Iraq's infrastructure clearly was not.

The war experience also led the nation to glorify with pride the high-tech warfare that we unilaterally waged against an effectively helpless Third World country and to ignore the destruction, death, and human misery wrought by our actions. The nation cheered at videos of bombs destroying buildings, bridges, factories, and power stations. The bombing of a shelter, which killed hundreds of Iraqi civilians, caused only a momentary and inconvenient lull in our lust for televised images of these glorious, computerized machines that purportedly delivered their bombs with cleanliness and precision.

It did not occur to most Americans that, in relentlessly bombing an entire country "back to the preindustrial age" (J. Mathews 1991) we were creating a situation which would necessarily lead to decades of suffering for the Iraqi people.

The effects of the bombing are already being felt. The international Committee of the Red Cross has recently warned of the beginnings of a "public health catastrophe of immense proportions" in Iraq (J. Mathews 1991). They were referring to the situation of fourteen million Iraqis, and not that of the 1.5 million Kurdish refugees. With electricity and sanitation systems virtually destroyed by the bombing, infectious and deadly diseases such as cholera and typhoid inevitably follow, bringing widespread suffering and death. Our collective conscience was mollified by the combined efforts of the media and our leaders, who, by presenting the war as a bloodless, large-scale video game and refusing to show images of injury or death, were able to suppress any awareness of the awesome destruction and instill only pride over the quality of our weapons and the skill of our soldiers. The public accepted this manipulation enthusiastically.

In reality, this war was one of the most one-sided military conflicts of recent memory. While fewer than two hundred American soldiers perished in the actual fighting, well over one hundred thousand Iraqis, many of them civilians, were killed. As military experts had correctly argued before the war, Iraq was no match for superior American military might (Posen 1990). The massacre reached immense proportions at the end of the ground war as allied bombers wiped out the Iraqi soldiers retreating from Kuwait City on the road to Al-Matlaa ridge. The retreating soldiers, unable to defend themselves as they fled, were bombed and shelled mercilessly. One pilot described the Iraqi soldiers

as "basically just sitting ducks" (Coll and Branigin 1991, 12). Nothing remains on that road but burned out vehicles and charred human remains, which some American soldiers described as "crispy critters" (Kelly 1991, 14). Where is the glory in this? The bombs, rockets, missiles, and artillery shells fired upon Iraq made this war the most firepower-intensive conflict since World War II. Operation Desert Storm was also unprecedented in its use of new, and often experimental, munitions whose effects were designed to be similar to those of tactical nuclear weapons. In addition to the relatively precise laser-guided bombs, we used fuel-air explosives, penetration bombs, and wide-area cluster bombs whose effects are cruel, brutal, and massively destructive (Klare 1991, 721).

It is one thing to wage a true war where the enemy is actually capable of fighting back. We would perhaps be rightly praised for our courage and skill in such a situation. However, where the enemy is totally outclassed and outgunned, and we are essentially engaged in a unilateral and unnecessary slaughter, it is difficult to find an explanation, other than bloodlust or abstract fascination with televised violence, for the astonishing pride and glorification that accompanied the use of our new, high-tech weapons. Months after Operation Desert Storm, boasting and self-congratulation continue over the performance of our soldiers and our weapons of destruction.

The situation is reminiscent of the attitude of King Noah's people after they had won a decisive victory over the Lamanites:

> And now, because of this great victory they were lifted up in the pride of their hearts; they did boast in their strength, saying that their fifty could stand against thousands of the Lamanites; and thus they did boast, and did delight in blood, and the shedding of the blood of their brethren, and this because of the wickedness of their king and priests. (Mosiah 11:19)

Conventional wisdom tells us that the war was a positive thing for the United States, if only because it has allowed us to feel patriotic again. The value of such "patriotism," however, is questionable at best.

One newspaper recently had a front-page, full-color photograph of a soldier standing next to a Patriot missile launcher, with the headline, "A Patriot with a Patriot Launcher." The photograph brought to mind the words of Spencer W. Kimball over ten years ago:

> We are a warlike people, easily distracted from our assignment of preparing for the coming of the Lord. When enemies rise up, we commit vast resources to the fabrication of gods of stone and steel—ships, planes, missiles, fortifications—and depend on them for protection and deliverance. When threatened, we become antienemy instead of pro-kingdom of God; we train a man in the art of war and call him a patriot, thus, in the manner of Satan's counterfeit of true patriotism, perverting the Savior's teaching:

> "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;
>
> "That you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 5:44-45). (Kimball 1976, 6)

If the nation's patriotic sentiment depends upon its ability to bomb a Third World country back to the Stone Age, then it is a patriotism that is not only pathetic but also built on a foundation contrary to gospel principles.

While it is understandable for the nation to feel pride over the fact that we helped to liberate Kuwait and joy over the safe return of our soldiers, the boastful self-congratulation and glorification associated with the destruction that we imposed are shameful. In addition, there are few signs of compassion for the people of Iraq whose lives were ruined by the war. At General Conference following the war, President Ezra Taft Benson instructed us, "The collective prayers of the nation and the world should focus not only on a lasting peace but also on the needs of the many on both sides who lost loved ones and endured suffering in the conflict" (in Monson 1991, 4).

There has been no end to the sympathy, honor, and prayers for American families whose lives were affected by the war. In the rush of homecoming celebrations, tickertape parades, and television specials, however, how many prayers were said for the families of Iraqi soldiers killed during the war? How many prayers were said for the families of Iraqis killed while taking refuge in a civilian bunker that American bombers mistook for a military command post? How many prayers for the families of Iraqis killed through "collateral damage"?

The outpouring of support for the Kurdish refugees was impressive and commendable. However, that support is based entirely on the fact that the Kurds are not our enemies, but the enemies of our enemy. President Benson's injunction to pray for those suffering *on both sides* embodies the gospel teaching that we are all brothers and sisters, that we are to love even those who our leaders tell us are our enemies. It would be a profound loss if the experience of the war, in the name of "patriotism" or for whatever other reasons, caused the nation to forget these important teachings.

A final moral failure of the Gulf War is the way in which we, as a nation, allowed ourselves to overlook the obvious difficulties associated with the war and proclaim the total moral correctness of our actions. Prior to the war, all discussions of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait alluded to morality. Advocates of a quick, violent resolution to the crisis stressed the importance of stopping, as soon as possible, a brutal dictator who was raping and pillaging his small, defenseless neighbor and who threatened to become another Adolf Hitler. Such overt, illegal aggression

had to be stopped immediately, they argued with astonishing moral certainty. Two weeks before Operation Desert Storm began, when President Bush had already decided to launch an attack against Iraq, he said to his advisors, "For me it boils down to a very moral case of good versus evil, black versus white. . . . If it's right, it's gotta be done" (in Mathews 1991, 65).

Advocates of a peaceful, diplomatic resolution pointed to convincing evidence that economic sanctions were seriously hurting Iraq's economy. They argued that sanctions must be given more time to work, that it was morally unjustified to launch a violent attack against Iraq until all possible means of peaceful resolution had been exhausted. Those taking this position were not only peace activists and prominent religious leaders, but also ordinary citizens and almost half of the members of Congress (Stanley 1991; Clymer 1991a).

As 15 January 1991 approached, the nation continued to be sharply divided between these two positions, and the moral elements of the debate grew more urgent (Steinfels 1991). President Bush sought the approval of several religious leaders. His Episcopalian bishop, Edmond L. Browning, vocally opposed a violent solution to the crisis and refused to give his approval. Needing some kind of sanction from religious authorities, President Bush flew the Reverend Billy Graham, who supported military action, to the White House, where Graham predictably endorsed President Bush's plans (Robb 1991). In the meantime, during the weeks before Operation Desert Storm was launched, the Catholic Church and many other churches announced their official opposition to immediate military action, and people in all of the major cities organized public protests opposing a violent resolution of the crisis (Hinds 1991).

Once President Bush gave the order to begin bombing, however, most of the opposition seemed to dissipate, and the moral elements of public discussion shifted from critical examination to unquestioning support for what seemed already to be a *fait accompli*. As the war progressed, the intensity of the bombing was matched only by the intensity of the zeal and certitude with which the nation proclaimed its total justification.

The moral absolutism attained proportions that were both tyrannical and repressive. Lack of support for the bombing was not tolerated. A college basketball player from Italy who declined to wear an American flag on his uniform was repeatedly booed off of the court, received threatening phone calls, and finally returned to his country. Any attempt to deviate from the policy of censorship imposed by the Pentagon and the media itself was viewed as treachery. One news reporter was accused of being a "sympathizer" for the enemy when he

covered stories that other networks had refused to cover (Prochnau 1991). Furthermore, it was not sufficient for public figures to support the removal of Saddam Hussein from Kuwait; they had to support a *violent* solution or be labeled "unpatriotic." Members of Congress who voted for a peaceful resolution to the crisis are now threatened with political reprisal, as their loyalty to the absolute moral correctness of the violence is questioned (Clymer 1991b).

There are several explanations for the shift to moral absolutism. Perhaps the most dominant is that after the bombing began, fellow Americans were putting their lives on the line in the desert sands of Saudi Arabia, Iraq, and Kuwait. Nobody wanted to say anything that might hurt or demoralize them. Supporting our troops and atoning for the mistakes of Vietnam became the rallying cries that made any questions about the morality of Operation Desert Storm seem like cruel attacks on the soldiers themselves. The obvious point that it is possible to support our troops while disagreeing with the policies of their commander-in-chief was lost as the nation was bound with yellow ribbons and inundated by carefully censored media coverage of the war.

Equating support for our troops with a refusal to entertain any questions as to the wisdom or morality of our nation's policies is not only childishly simplistic, but also dangerous. Under such an attitude, the president could compel support for his actions, no matter how immoral and unjust, merely by sending troops into battle. This attitude requires people to forsake moral convictions unnecessarily. The only way to support our friends, neighbors, and relatives who were stationed in the Persian Gulf was not, as promoters of the war tried to persuade us, to rally behind President Bush and support his decisions completely. It was equally, if not more, valid to show our support by advocating a peaceful resolution, so that the troops could come home earlier, preferably alive and uninjured.

Moral objections to Operation Desert Storm also dissipated because our actions were, in many respects, honorable and just. After all, we were defending a small nation which could not defend itself. And we were stopping a brutal tyrant who fit the role of villain perfectly and did everything possible to make the rest of the world hate him. In addition, most of our actions were authorized by United Nations resolutions. People may have made the mistake of believing that because many of our actions were morally correct, it was appropriate to disregard the elements that were morally questionable. Our cause is just. Therefore, we can do no wrong.

The danger of this attitude is obvious. It has led many nations, as well as many individuals, to commit crimes and atrocities in the name of what they believed was a greater good. It is likely that President

Bush, partly because of this attitude, felt justified in proceeding in a way that violated many of the accepted requirements for a just war. It is also likely that this attitude led the nation to overlook the brutal destruction and the one-sidedness that characterized our actions during the war.

These moral difficulties did not disappear merely because we were doing a good thing by cooperating with the international community to defend Kuwait. Selective morality is dangerous not only because it permits immorality, but also because those who practice it compromise their integrity. It fosters a utilitarian cynicism in which morality becomes not an end in itself, but a tool whose persuasive rhetoric may be used manipulatively to accomplish other goals.

One final explanation for the rejection of moral uncertainty, as Operation Desert Storm progressed, is that the crisis was over so quickly and Iraq's defeat was so overwhelming. Although any explicit suggestion that "might makes right" is clearly repugnant to moral principles and must be quickly rejected by all but the most cynical of amoral realists, there is a natural tendency to equate success in warfare with moral correctness. Vietnam was unrighteous because we lost; Operation Desert Storm was righteous because we won. This attitude is another version of selective morality and is equally, if not more, pernicious. It justifies the belief that a strong and powerful nation can do whatever it pleases to other nations merely because it is stronger.

Our easy victory in the Persian Gulf did not prove that opponents of the war were morally incorrect. On the contrary, while it did prove wrong predictions that thousands of American men and women would be killed in the fighting, the victory provided support for assertions that the violence, destruction, and death were eminently avoidable. The Iraqi army was not even close to being the formidable fighting force that Saddam Hussein, as well as promoters of the war, had led us to believe they were. Indeed, the army turned out to be shockingly ineffectual, hardly able to shoot back, and staffed by unwilling conscripts who were more than happy to turn over their guns to allied forces. Their lack of will to fight for Saddam Hussein's cause is evidence that the liberation of Kuwait could ultimately have been achieved with less violence and destruction, and perhaps through sanctions and diplomacy (Achenbach 1991).

The final moral failure of Operation Desert Storm, thus, was a compromise in the nation's integrity as we allowed ourselves to ignore ethical difficulties surrounding the war and proclaimed the absolute moral correctness of the violence. The normative reasoning through which we did this was especially troubling. The nation reasoned either (1) that we had to show unquestioning moral approval of the war in

order to support our troops, (2) that because we were fighting for a good cause everything we did was justified, or (3) that our clear military superiority also gave us clear moral superiority. These reasons are dangerous and wrong and are perversions of the genuine and serious moral examination that any nation should engage in as it decides to launch a war and evaluates its own conduct.

The nation has suffered grave moral damage from Operation Desert Storm. No war is ever completely justified or ethical. There will always be, as there were here, violations of the requirements for a just war, as well as elements of merciless and unnecessary brutality. In addition, there will always be attempts to justify wars by invoking ethical principles. Most wars, however, inflict heavy losses on the winning side as well as the losing side, thus spurring the winning side to scrutinize seriously the morality of its actions.

The Gulf war, by contrast, was remarkably quick and painless for the United States. Furthermore, the manipulation of the public, persuading them to ignore the moral difficulties of the war and support the violence without question, was thorough and complete. Any genuine post-war evaluation of the morality of our actions in the Gulf is unlikely to be considered seriously, as the nation continues to be assured by its new warrior-heros that Operation Desert Storm was a complete success, ethically as well as militarily. Witness the huge tickertape parades in New York City and Washington, D.C.

In an age when image and appearance are more important than substance, and "sound bites" take the place of serious moral reflection, the Gulf war has set a dangerous precedent. The nation has shown itself capable of delegating moral responsibility not only in matters of ordinary politics, but also in decisions of war and peace. This war, like all wars, necessarily involved the imposition of death, destruction, and suffering by some of God's children upon others of his children. The failure sincerely to evaluate our actions, both during and after the war, caused serious damage to the nation's character and integrity and set a frightening precedent for the resolution of future conflicts.

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Is There Such a Thing as a "Moral War"?

Marc A. Schindler

As ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATIONS gained in size and frequency throughout the Western world during the Gulf War, it is doubtful that many Latter-day Saints took part, if experience during earlier conflicts is anything to judge by. Anti-war displays may or may not be the best vehicle with which to demonstrate opposition to all war in general and the Gulf War in particular. However, it seems that most Latter-day Saints never even consider whether to demonstrate or not—opposition to war amongst our ranks is meagre at best. This essay is an attempt to sway more Saints to remember what I feel is an anti-war heritage, and to apply a little common sense towards the issue of war in general and the Gulf War in particular.

Polls taken in January 1991, as the Gulf War was heading towards its climax, show that the vast majority of Americans supported their government's role in the war, although the same polls show a lack of understanding of *why* the U.S. was involved. Polls in the rest of the Western world showed that citizens were somewhat more ambiguous in their support.[1]

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[1] Gallup poll quoted on CNN 22 February 1991. Canadian opinion summarized in CROP-Globe poll quoted in *The* [Toronto] *Globe and Mail*, 16 February 1991, and Decima poll quoted in *The Ottawa Citizen*, 17 February 1991. Non-North American opinion is an impression gained in various personal discussions with acquaintances in Germany, as well as from news broadcasts in Germany and England.

Only 50 percent of Canadians, the U.S.'s closest allies, supported the war, and usually with some qualification. The official government position, as usual, was to support the U.S. government virtually without question; in fact, the Canadian government committed, very early in the conflict, twenty-six CF-18 fighters which accompanied Coalition bombers on attack sorties against Iraq, two destroyers in the northern Persian Gulf, and several other minor "assets" (*Ottawa Citizen*, 17 Feb. 1991).

If past experience can be relied upon, and if the admittedly limited "polling" I have conducted amongst North American Saints is representative, LDS support for the war has been relatively strong. Most Church members see their support as a moral issue, involving their patriotic duty. All wars in which the United States and its allies engage are "good" wars, they reason, because it is against American morality to engage in "bad" wars.

Perhaps this is why the Vietnam War was so traumatic for Americans in general, and U.S. Latter-day Saints in particular. Perhaps for the first time since the Korean War, widespread doubts arose in many people's minds about the "righteousness" of war involving the U.S. Many "draft dodgers" came to Canada, of course, and some of these were LDS. My home teaching companion in the student ward where I lived in the mid-seventies was quite open about his reasons for coming to Canada and even claimed that his Church membership had been threatened by local Church leaders in California. Not only did he feel safer in Canada, but his status proved to be no barrier to Church activity—he was called as a counselor in the branch presidency. This particular individual returned to the U.S. eventually, but others like him have remained, and their relatively liberal attitudes towards Vietnam (and, one presumes, more recent adventures such as Grenada, Panama, Nicaragua, and Kuwait) have "leavened" Canadian attitudes in general.

Church members often react to war news with a kind of "millenialist anticipation," an almost backhanded joy arising from the belief that we are truly in the last days, that the Second Coming is coming ever closer. As Bruce R. McConkie wrote: "Truly, in the last days men 'shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine' (Isa. 49:26). All these things have begun; they are now underway, and they shall increase in intensity and in horror until that dreadful day when the God of battles himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and with the trump of the archangel" (1982, 374).

However, with some very limited exceptions, Mormonism does not have a tradition of "the just war," as defined by other Christian writers, such as St. Augustine and the current archbishop of Canterbury,

who has supported the right of Britain to go to war against Iraq. The traditional LDS view on war in general is tied to our concept of being "in the world, but not of the world." In his essay on Zion, Hugh Nibley sets up "Babylon"—the world as it currently is—in contradistinction to "Zion," which is the world as it ought to be, and tells us that the duty of every Saint is to flee Babylon, even if the only way we can do that is in our hearts: "In its present state the world is far from qualified to receive a celestial society in its midst. But if we today cannot achieve Zion, we can conceive of it. . . . It must always be kept in mind, not as a present reality, but as the goal toward which all the labor of the Church is a preparation (1989, 21). Generally speaking, then, our duty to Zion is to flee from—in other words, to abhor—the evils of Babylon, including war.

There are, however, two caveats to this general attitude. First is the justification (even obligation) of self-defense, as mentioned, for example, in Alma 43:47: "And again, the Lord has said that: Ye shall defend your families even unto bloodshed. Therefore for this cause were the Nephites contending with the Lamanites, to defend themselves, and their families, and their lands, their country, and their rights, and their religion." Apologists for Western involvement in the Gulf conflict defend military force for precisely this reason. The U.S. and other Western governments emphasized time and time again that this war was not about the geopolitics of oil, but about "rights," specifically, the right of Kuwait to have its sovereignty respected. A common parallel was drawn between Iraq's invasion of Kuwait and Nazi Germany's invasion of Czechoslovakia. Since Allied acquiescence to Hitler's actions in 1938 eventually allowed Hitler a free hand to expand his aggression, these voices argued, so would Saddam Hussein expand his aggression. Today Kuwait, tomorrow Saudi Arabia and Israel.

The second caveat is the Church's belief in being subject to civil authority. The Church has always admonished its members to obey the law, and this means participating in wars when ordered to do so. Many members seem to jump to the conclusion that this means the Church *supports* war. That conclusion doesn't follow, however, as long as it is our bodies, not our hearts, which are committed to serving an evil enterprise. The guilt, in this case, lies with "those who 'sit in their places of power in a state of thoughtless stupor,' those rulers in the world who in a frenzy of hate and lust for unrighteous power and dominion over their fellow men, put into motion eternal forces they do not comprehend and cannot control. God, in His own due time, will pass sentence upon them" (in Hildreth 1982, 220). Whether wars like the Gulf War are essentially defensive, and therefore morally justifiable, has a lot to do with what I feel is a misconception. Many believe

that because the United States was founded by divine intervention, wars involving the United States are automatically morally justified, even holy wars, and are always waged against some evil like Hitler or Hussein.

Perhaps Saints who do not live in the U.S. are more likely to separate the role of the United States as the "cradle of the restoration" (where an order of government was established which both allowed the restoration and which has served as an example to the rest of the world) from its role as the continuing standard bearer of morally superior political views. The Church clearly celebrates the U.S. Constitution as an inspired document and considers the implementation of its principles by a secular government for the first time in history as virtually a divine act: "And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose" (D&C 101:80).

However, it occasionally occurs to Saints in other liberal democratic countries (especially Canada, for instance, which is both a direct heir of the liberal democratic tradition of the U.S. Constitution and, by being in North America, a geographical part of Zion) to ask whether foreign policy activities of "Zion" (the secular state, the United States of America, where the restoration occurred) are morally superior to those of other countries which also happen to be part of Zion in its greater political sense. If the U.S. and Mexico have a border dispute, must Latter-day Saints side with the U.S.? Does divine "parentage" guarantee that the U.S. is always right?

According to Ether, the nation which cradled the restoration was to be considered Zion (in the spiritual sense) only as long as its inhabitants continued obeying the commandments: "Behold, this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, *if* they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ. . . . And this cometh unto you, O ye Gentiles, that ye may know the decrees of God—that ye may repent and not continue in your iniquities until the fulness come, that ye may not bring down the fulness of the wrath of God upon you as the inhabitants of the land have hitherto done" (Ether 2:12, 11; emphasis added). To me, Ether's promise seems to indicate that America's moral authority cannot always be taken for granted, but that it is conditional upon obedience to moral principles.

We are left with just the political facts to consider, then. If the United States is morally justified in participating in the Gulf War (or any other such wars which might—indeed, probably will—occur in this region in the future) then that participation will have to be justified by more than just U.S. involvement.

What possible principles, then, could justify the war we have just fought, the Gulf War? We seemed to know what we were fighting against: the evils of Saddam Hussein were legion, and U.S. President George Bush's comparison of him with Hitler was at least partly apt (if not in scope, then certainly in intent). But what were we fighting *for*? What was the prize for winning? These kinds of "morning after" questions should have been posed before the Coalition ever commenced its actions in the Middle East.

President Bush was careful to emphasize that this war wasn't about economic interests (oil), and certainly not about defending democracy: to paraphrase an editorial in the New York Times: "Here we go, fighting to preserve the rights of a medieval theocracy to lop off the heads of adultresses." The cause that U.S. leaders chose as their ensign was something called "a new world order" (in Toronto *Globe and Mail*, 19 Feb. 1991). This was meant to give us a warm feeling; not only was it utopian, but it hinted at a continuation of the good fight against the Evil Empire. Of course, give or take a few incidents involving careless pedestrians and tanks in obscure Baltic countries, we all know that the Evil Empire is dead.

This has presented a great problem to the military engine of the First World. But just as in Orwell's *1984*, where the three empires could switch enemies in less time than it took for a politician to finish his speech, we too, have commenced a Big Switch.

Like Paul on the road to Damascus, we have redirected our zeal from one enemy to another. Like the Big Lie, the credibility of a Big Switch depends on successfully manipulating human nature. It seems to be the nature of humans that, once they have gained some power, they itch to exercise it (of course, I'm paraphrasing D&C 121:39), and from this basic urge emerge all conflicts, great and small. But we cannot have a conflict without an enemy, and with the leader of the Second World sporting a Nobel Prize on his résumé, we have, it seems, finally turned our attention to a far more fundamental conflict—that of the wealthy North (or First World) against the poor South (or Third World).

There is really nothing new about the issues that we are supposedly fighting over. The "new world order," according to President Bush, means a utopia where big nations will not pick on little nations, because the world police will bloody their noses. This is a fine principle, but it has been applied by the United States with glaring hypocrisy. The world community has not raised even a whimper over the brutal takeover of East Timor by Indonesia, for instance, or the near eradication of obscure oriental lands like Kurdistan, Armenia, Tibet, and Bukhara. When U.S. allies, such as Turkey, invade neighbors, such as Cyprus, the U.S. seems to turn a blind eye. This particular case is more diffi-

cult to sweep under the rug in a country like Canada, because at least a battalion of Canadian troops has been serving in Cyprus as U.N. peacekeepers since the 1960s. Even more glaring has been the United States' actions as a bully in its own right.

At the turn of the present century, the United States encouraged the artificial creation of Panama when negotiations with Colombia (to which the isthmus belonged at the time) over the building of a canal to link the Atlantic and Pacific, broke down. This was a wind sown by gunboats, and eventually the whirlwind ripened, to be reaped when the U.S. invaded Panama. Its leader, Manuel Noriega, was suddenly an undesirable. Never mind that he had been hand-picked, trained, and installed by the U.S. in the first place. He was getting uppity, threatening to speed up the implementation of an agreement with the U.S. to restore sovereignty over the Canal Zone when the U.S. military dragged their feet.

It's not really even necessary to go into detail over the strategic issues involved in the Gulf War. The American government understands Iraqi motives only too well, having themselves been inspired by them in Panama (and before that, numerous other Latin American countries, the Philippines, Hawaii, Samoa, etc.). Whereas the Americans have always held up the Monroe Doctrine as a kind of rhetorical icon to lend moral justification to their domination of the Western Hemisphere, many Arabs yearn for a new Salah al-Din (Saladin) to defeat, either literally or metaphorically, the new crusaders from the secular west and restore the glory days of the Baghdad Caliphate. A crucial waterway is an issue in the Iraqi conflict, too—the Shatt al-Arab, the channel which connects the Tigris and Euphrates rivers with the Persian Gulf. Shared with Iran, it is Iraq's only access to the ocean and is protected only by the marshy Fao peninsula on the west. The only other outlet is a small port called Umm Qasr, west of the Fao peninsula, but this is on an outlet which empties totally via Kuwait. This hemming in is the source of Iraq's strategic frustrations.

But isn't this just tough figs for Iraq? That's the way the boundaries run, we would argue, and surely it was wrong for Iraq to invade its tiny neighbor just because it didn't like its boundaries? Besides, this is hardly an act of Arab brotherliness, is it? Hardly, but then it's not something certain of our supposed allies in this Coalition wouldn't also do, given half the chance. Syria, deprived of Lebanon by France after World War I, has almost succeeded in regaining its littoral, or coastal, region, which belongs to Syria according to geography (although, alas! perhaps not according to religion). Hafez al-Assad, Syria's leader, is not a very admirable leader either. If Saddam Hussein is Hitler to the Americans, then Assad is surely Mussolini. Syria

is every bit as bleak a police state as is Iraq, yet they're our allies. At least for the present.

How did we get into this mess? Peter Jennings, the Canadian-born newscaster on ABC, castigated Americans for their lack of knowledge of the Middle East during the early stages of the invasion: "Americans get an F in Geography," he pontificated in an 18 February ABC News Special. Indeed, all of us Canadians like to look down our noses at our southern cousins' ignorance of geography. (History, too.) Nevertheless, the gaps in knowledge and self-centered attitudes are common to the entire Western world in this case, not just the U.S.

For the origins of the current borders—and therefore the current conflict—in the Middle East, we have to look back to the pivotal period of about four years following the Treaty of Versailles (1918), which ended World War I. The British were then at the height of their Empire and were led by a particularly chauvinistic and single-minded prime minister, David Lloyd George. George did everything he could to take advantage of France's and Germany's post-war weakness to expand British influence in the Middle East. This was done in the guise of protecting the great land route between Egypt, which was then a British protectorate, and India, which was the jewel of the Imperial Crown. The Ottoman Empire was seen as a crumbling, impotent has-been, and the British saw themselves as destiny's natural selection to succeed the Turks in the area. In London conference rooms, they delineated boundaries that were intended to be no more than administrative provinces of another corner of the British Empire. At no time did they ever think that these would have to serve as borders to independent countries, since the British saw the Arabs as near-savages who were unable to govern themselves and who would welcome British civilization with open arms.

The Ottoman province of Syria, which consisted of what is now Syria, Jordan, Israel and the West Bank, and Lebanon, was a confusing conglomerate of Arabic-speaking Muslims of several denominations, Arab Christians, Jews, and other exotic sects such as Baha'i and Druze. Most of the Arabian peninsula never had succumbed to the Ottomans, with the exception of the western strip, the Hejaz, where the self-promoting exploits of Lawrence of Arabia took place. Mesopotamia, from the Greek name for the region, meaning "between the rivers," was also a heterogenous mixture of Sunni and Shi'ite Muslims, Nestorian (Assyrian) Christians, Kurds, and Jews. In fact, Babylon was a great Jewish city; up to 25 percent of its population was Jewish at the turn of the century, and they controlled the city's trade (see Fromkin 1989). The Jews had been there since the Babylonians conquered Jerusalem in 600 B.C., thus predating the Arabs by 1200 years.

The Babylonian Talmud, the great book of Judaism, was written there, and it was a cultural centre of Judaism in the Diaspora.

The British waded in with contradictory and confusing purposes, most of which were commercial and/or political in nature (it would have been "gunboat diplomacy" if they had used gunboats!) and failed to understand even the most basic differences in philosophy between themselves and the local inhabitants; for instance, Islam does not separate "church" and "state" as we do in the West, and the idea of the nation-state could not be successfully imported until the industrial revolution came first. Given the U.N. mandate for Palestine, the British laid plans to establish a Jewish state west of the Jordan. But their inability to get even this one noble exception to their otherwise mercantile ventures off the ground properly has contributed to today's mess. While T. E. Lawrence was gallavanting about the Hejaz with King Hussein and his sons, Abdullah, Feisal, and Ali (who together formed the Hashemite dynasty of the Hejaz), officials from the Indian Office were supporting the Hashemites' blood enemy, Ibn Saud of the Nejd province, to the east. Ibn Saud eventually prevailed by force of arms, and Lawrence and his cohorts arranged to have Hussein's sons made the caliphs of brand new kingdoms: Abdullah got the "Arab" half of Palestine, east of the Jordan; Ali got what was left of the Hejaz before Ibn Saud took it over; and Feisal got Mesopotamia, or Iraq, as they renamed it (from the Arabic, meaning "rooted place"). To the British, all Arabs must have looked alike, and they couldn't understand why these royal organ transplants failed to take hold. Today only Abdullah's grandson, Hussein, continues to reign in his area, now called Jordan; but the Hashemite hold on Jordan is precarious, as the country is in reality largely Palestinian and owes scant loyalty to this import from the south. Those sheikdoms which Ibn Saud *didn't* manage to conquer eventually became British protectorates and are today all independent: Yemen, Oman, the United Arab Emirates, Qatar, Bahrain, and, of course, Kuwait.

The Gulf war has affected us all in various ways. The morning Iraq fired Scud missiles at Israel for the second time, I awoke in my bed at home after having just returned from a business trip. It was about 3:30 A.M. and I was suffering from intestinal pains (perhaps too much spicy lasagna at a business luncheon the day before). I was in a half-dream state and thought I was back in the Jerusalem Hilton, where I had been about a year before. I thought I had taken a direct hit from a scud missile but was grateful to be still alive and reached over for the phone to let my family know I was all right. With the help of some Pepto Bismol, I woke up from that dream, but into a potentially even more apocalyptic reality that is still with us.

It is into this kaleidoscope from hell that American forces rushed, too innocent to know the mistakes they were making. From a military point of view, the war was over in a trice; Americans are now home (more or less), the al-Sabahs are back in their palace, and the West thinks that's the end of it. However, this war is far from over, from the point of view of residents of the Middle East. Nothing is as it appears in the Middle East: when Egypt's Gammel Abdul Nasser was dealt what we thought was a humiliating defeat in the Six Days' War in June 1967, he was actually hailed as a hero in the Arab World. We don't understand why this should be so, but until we figure it out, we will continue making the same mistakes over and over. Unless we really enjoy cuddling up to snakes, we had best leave the countries of the region to sort out their own affairs.

As Latter-day Saints, we need to continue to support individual members of the armed forces (of all the countries where we live) and their families. However, we should also make our voices heard loudly and clearly: war is madness, and we repudiate Babylon.

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My Ghosts

G. G. Vandagriff

WHEN I WAS TWENTY and dewy-eyed, I visited Auschwitz. I found ghosts there. The red bricks of the camp were gritty with the black soot which was all that remained of four million people, gassed and burned a few brief years before I was born. Standing in those gas chambers, I felt a vast, gray bleakness. When I saw the ovens and chimneys, the seven tons of human hair shaved from dead Jewesses, and the lampshades made of human skin, the ghosts were thick around me. Then my violated psyche rebelled, trying to distance itself from the evidence of such pure, undiluted evil.

With my ghosts, I returned to my student hotel in once-leveled Warsaw, took to my bed, and entered a fevered delirium which continued for five days. Twisting in sweaty sheets, I found no escape from the torments of my imagination. Unrelieved visions of horror wove themselves around the sight and smell of Auschwitz, and ghosts screamed through my room. I could do nothing for them. At the end of the five days, emotionally and psychically exhausted, I realized that the ghosts were with me forever. I could live sanely in this world only if I understood why a thing such as Auschwitz had been allowed to happen.

It hadn't escaped me that the concentration camp had been carefully preserved, showcased as a grotesque jewel in the crown of Polish Communist propaganda. "This is the inevitable product of capitalism," it warned, "the culmination of decadent Western thought."

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And yet, no one had suffered at the hands of the Communists more than the Poles, Gentiles as well as Jews. Fresh revelations arrived yearly of more mass graves in the countryside—Stalinist atrocities committed for very little reason other than that hungry people are dangerous.

Where did safety lie in such a world? With my ghosts, I traveled back to the USA and Stanford and tried to make some sense of it all. For the next two years, I studied German history, German literature, German music, Russian history, Russian literature, Russian music. I studied Eastern Europe exhaustively—discovering endless minorities with distinct heritages and prejudices. My ghosts multiplied, taking on names, faces, lives, ambitions. I began to know them. And, irony of ironies, they were family. Genealogical research uncovered the astonishing fact that I descended from Prussian Germans intermarried with Polish Lutherans, and Russian Germans who had lived for two hundred years on the banks of the Volga. This wild mixture of thought, this chaos of ideas, existed in my own blood. I was half American, a quarter German/Pole, a quarter German/Russian.

My boyfriend, J.B., worked hard to balance all of this heavy thought with humor, tennis, and words of love. Together, we carved out a fragile niche of calm in a world rocked by assassinations, an escalating war in Vietnam, civil rights marches, anti-war protests, and psychedelic drugs. From that niche, we kept the world at a distance. Even my ghosts were, for the moment, appeased. My studies had housed them in history, a history I couldn't change, one that was over before I was born.

But the weekend we planned to announce our engagement, the world exploded in upon us. J.B., who was graduating, received his draft notice. The year was 1968. He would be going to Vietnam.

It wasn't as though we hadn't thought about the war, it was just that we hadn't thought it had anything to do with *us*. I had no moral problem with Vietnam. To me it was an outgrowth of that other war, the Just War, where we had put down the perpetrators of Auschwitz. We were Americans. We stood for decency, democracy, and an end to despotism. We were the avengers of evil.

J.B. didn't see it quite that way. He had doubts, even then. Not only that, but my sunny optimist had a strong premonition of death. He told me with strange certainty that he would not be coming back. Stunned and unbelieving, I tried to reason with him, but he was obdurate. He broke off our relationship and urged me to get on with my life. Without him. Then, knowing what he knew, he went to Vietnam.

On a dewy summer morning in 1969, I returned from a game of tennis to the news that J.B. had been hit in the head by flying shrap-

nel. At first, the injury had not seemed serious. He had even begun a letter home. Then, inexplicably he had lapsed into a coma.

The last time I saw J.B. was at the Presidio Veterans' Hospital in San Francisco. Curled in a fetal position, his fine physique withered, he looked like a shriveled child. Cradling him in my arms, I whispered, "I still love you, J.B. I will always love you." Tears streamed down his face, tearing at my heart, contorting his features with some private agony. I wondered if he heard me. Pierced by a pain too deep to prolong, I kissed his hands, his feet, his brow, and I left him.

It was three years before J.B. died. By then the war was over, the troops home. I had married. This last casualty of Vietnam was a final statistic. But by then I had a new ghost that roamed restlessly through my dreams, through my writing, through my family. It was not laid to rest by a visit to the black Memorial Wall, nor was it exorcised by therapy. No one could tell me why J.B. had died. There hadn't been an Auschwitz, a Hitler, or a Stalin. There was only a small Asian country torn asunder by the lusts of giants. At home, there was a government who had lied to us; who had kept feeding that lie with the bodies of boys. Now the boys were gone, and they weren't even heros. No one seemed to understand about Vietnam.

Then one evening last January, while I was stirring spaghetti, my thirteen-year-old son ran to me, eyes shining. "Mom! The liberation of Kuwait has begun!" Blood roared into my head and exploded in the mother of all panic attacks. My ghost and I screamed "No!"

Caught up in the most exhaustive live news coverage in history, my family ate their spaghetti in front of the TV. I tried to eat mine in the dining room but soon gave up. Food didn't matter. The world had gone crazy again. People were going to die and I couldn't stop it.

About this time, my Auschwitz ghosts began to crawl out of the books where I had left them. Squaring off against my Vietnam ghost, they shouted over the explosions in Baghdad. "Remember Hitler?" they cried. "Remember Munich? Remember Poland, 1939? Remember the Battle of Britain?"

"But how do we know?" I agonized. "How do we know which scenario we are playing—1941 or 1967?"

Mercifully, two things soon became clear. George Bush was no Lyndon Johnson, and Norman Schwarzkopf appeared to be Joshua, Ike, and Winston Churchill rolled into one. My Auschwitz ghosts urged me to the TV set. They cheered, they flew the flag, they sported yellow ribbons. My Vietnam ghost was still wary. He watched one person, and that person was Saddam Hussein.

Saddam condemned himself. He could scarcely have done more to justify the war. With every move, he demonstrated his depravity, his

gross megalomania, and the hollowness of his bloody promises. Saddam's own troops kissed their captors' hands.

"We are dealing with basic issues of good and evil here," my Auschwitz ghosts insisted. And it did seem as though this was a different kind of war from J.B.'s. Not only was our enemy clearly an evil man, but gone was the helpless feeling of being enmeshed in a tangle of questionable motives, fuzzy objectives, and political high-handedness. It seemed as though the U.N. resolutions were going to be adhered to. There were daily, almost hourly, press briefings. The coalition was working amazingly well together, and it became evident that the military strategy was carefully conceived and brilliantly executed.

The thing which won us over in the end, however, was the fact that this war was a technical marvel. It was *not* a war of attrition, it was a war that counted the cost of each life. In the years since Vietnam, other people with ghosts similar to mine had not been idle. Soldiers like General Schwarzkopf and politicians like President Bush, equally haunted, had worked to revolutionize the military and its weaponry. Instead of grim body counts of nameless hundreds, we saw individual casualties reported on the nightly news. They were mourned, but not wasted.

J.B. began to hold up his head. J.B. even saluted. Twenty years have gone by, but at last he and all the others whose names scar that deep black Wall have been vindicated in a profound way. Our shame and anger over that earlier war kept us from making the same mistakes. We learned the right lessons from Vietnam. J.B. did not give his life in vain.

Though Desert Storm has brought a separate peace to us, none of my ghosts have left me. They will be ever present and ever vigilant—my own personal congress. In future conflicts, arguing from their own experience, they may once again take different sides. But that is as it should be, for there will be wars and rumors of wars for a long time to come, and I will need the benefit of their wisdom. There is, after all, only one Just War, and it goes on forever: the war between good and evil, the war for peace on earth.

FICTION

They Did Go Forth

Maurine Whipple

TILDY ELIZABETH SAT by the cradle, Book of Mormon open on her knee. One hand rocked absently while the other traced in painful concentration the small print, dim in the yellow lamplight. Some time ago the bugle had sounded for supper, "Do what is right, let the consequence follow," and the sisters had gone to the dining room. She wanted to memorize the words so that she could think about them even after they got back. Longing to do this ever since the baby took sick, she hadn't had a minute alone before.

Of course, taking turns sitting up, the sisters were only doing their duty and being kind, but she knew they'd disapprove—All right, what if Brother Brigham *had* exhorted against such things as speaking in tongues! Tildy Elizabeth *knew* there were spirits wandering the earth until the Second Coming. Many's the time she had overheard the men whispering about the Gadianton Robbers told about in this same Book of Mormon, that brotherhood of murderers sprung up among the Nephites and the Lamanites in the century before Christ came. She'd

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MAURINE WHIPPLE was born 20 January 1903 at St. George, Utah. After graduating with honors from the University of Utah, she taught school at various locations in Utah and Idaho. In 1937 her novella, Beaver Dam Wash, *attracted the attention of Ford Maddox Ford, who introduced her to Houghton Mifflin. They later published* The Giant Joshua, *which was envisioned as the first in a trilogy. It won rave reviews in the eastern press but was reportedly suppressed by some Mormon leaders. She never published another work of fiction but went on to write features for* Life, Look, Collier's, *and other magazines. In 1991 over 400 manuscript pages of her later fiction were found—some in the BYU Archives but most in a box at a neighbor's home. The neighbor's cats had been using it for kitty litter. Included in the box were fifteen short stories and* Cleave the Wood, *the unfinished sequel to* The Giant Joshua. *Veda Hale, who discovered the manuscripts while researching Whipple's biography, has compiled them for Aspen Books, which will soon be publishing them as* The Unpublished Fiction of Maurine Whipple.

heard talk about how they haunted a certain rocky gorge near the Nevada line; how the Dixie freighters, hauling early vegetables to the Nevada mining camps, had been scared out of their wits by huge boulders that missed them by inches, and by the very canyon walls closing up to squeeze them to death. Still, the Dixie freighters were going directly against counsel in trading of their substance with the gentiles, and she knew there were good spirits as well as bad! The sisters might think that in conjuring up the Three Nephites *she* was going against counsel, too—was even daring God. But it couldn't be helped.

Mostly Tildy didn't pay much mind to what anybody said, so long's she felt all right inside. It was only that she had never felt so alone before. She couldn't stand having folks against her now. It was only that she'd never felt so *desperate* before.

Over and over she had pondered the question: Where had they backslid? How had they displeased Him? She and Thomas had joined the gospel with their families, shipped via the Perpetual Emigration Fund from Liverpool in '50, endured constant hunger, cold, and sickness all during the long and bitter voyage, and finally walked behind handcarts from May to September for fourteen hundred miles. They had watched parents and brothers and sisters die. Then, in 1864, just after their first child was born and Thomas was doing well on his Cottonwood farm, they answered Brother Brigham's call a second time to go five hundred miles into the desert with the "Lead Mission." Here, on the Muddy, near Las Vegas, they were asked right off by the settlers already there, "Which would you rather have, boards underfoot or overhead? Can't have both!" But nothing would have mattered, neither the harassing Indians nor the external wind-fretted sand which mowed down sprouting corn like scythes; nothing would have mattered if they hadn't lost their baby.

They stuck it out nearly ten years. Even then, when Brother Brigham finally saw that the lead they worked was just too brittle and flaky for bullets and ordered the Muddy Mission another three hundred miles up the river, through even more hair-prickling country, to colonize Long Valley—even then Thomas hadn't grumbled. Even when their second child, Tommy, had gone. Seems like these wildernesses killed children off easier than you could kill flies.

Thomas did not complain. Although it wasn't specific counsel to join, he turned everything he owned into the Order and worked long and hard to get the coal and fuller's earth from the hillsides. Timber grew tall and close-fisted on the uplands, grasses were nutritious and deep on slope and ravine. The Order vegetable garden, orchard, and the farms produced unbelievably; she had her own shanty dwelling in

the square of shanties; she had managed to carry a child full-term again, had even been delivered by Ann Rice, forewoman of the midwife department. Life in the fort began to be pleasant. Then the Authorities called Thomas on a mission back to England. They said he'd know how to make lots of converts among the miners there. But she wondered inside herself if converts were so important. . . .

Her baby was still nursing when he left; she could still feel the sharp tugging of its gums. It was summer, two years ago, and she had stood in the roadway, dust churning about her ankles, and watched Thomas spring up beside the driver on the high seat of the buckboard, turn and wave to her and the child while the mules clattered off between the soaring green flanks of the valley. Even in memory she felt an ache of pride at her heart. Herself, she had cleaned and carded and spun the wool for his jeans, gathered the kinnikinnic bark, and mixed the logwood for dyeing them black. She had knitted his gray socks, sulphur-bleached and braided the straw for his side-brimmed Enoch hat that was like an official insignia of the Order. Only his carpetbag was not new; that, and the sawed-off shotgun he cradled across his knees. In the bed of the accompanying wagon, the Jolley boys lustily fiddled a parting serenade clear to the point of the mountain, but Tildy Elizabeth twisted her waist-apron of store calico she'd worn for the occasion and knew only bitterness.

Now, brooding over the child, obsessed with thought of the Three Nephites, she wondered if that bitterness was the reason for her present trouble: for the first time, trouble she had to bear without Thomas. No use even writing him. In his last letter he had said he was in "flesh and most excellent spirits," and by the time he could get her bad news everything would be over, one way or the other.

Tildy Elizabeth lifted her head and listened. She heard the sound of wheels crunching the snow, the blowing of a horse. That would be Brother Allen with the milk wagon. From her pantry recess she lifted the quart wooden bucket made by Brother Cox in the Order's own cooper shop, shrugged into her shawl, and went out into the zero twilight. Ladling full her bucket from one of the great stone crocks, Brother Allen tried to josh with her. His breath puffed out like smoke in the freezing air. But she hadn't the heart to josh back. Before her the square stretched deep with drifted snow, except for the paths shoveled like wheel spokes from shanties to the dining room crouched impressively behind its flagpole. Now with the sociable goings on, the dining room bulged with gaiety, its windows dripping lamplight on the whiteness outside. Tildy Elizabeth could hear an occasional burst of laughter, clear in the brittle air. About now the children would be sitting down at the second table. And then the dishes would be cleared, chairs

and tables pushed back against the wall, and the Jolley boys would strike up their fiddles, *Old Dan Tucker*—Maybe another hour of grace. If the Nephites were going to come at all—!

Brother Allen clucked to his horses, drove on around the square. She stood on the icy planks of the sidewalk a moment longer, staring at the maple and boxelder trees etched blackly against the white fire of the stars, at the frozen tumult of the mountains. Even if a doctor better than Priddy Meeks were closer than Salt Lake, four hundred miles away, he'd be snowed out.

Inside once more, she warmed some of the milk, hoping against hope. But the child still lay in her stupor, motionless as death except for the almost imperceptible lifting of the bedclothes.

Tildy Elizabeth heaved another cottonwood log on the grate, and the coals rustled like the sound of leaves, as if memories of spring were stored up in the dried wood.

Once again she lifted her head to listen. Heart thumping, she flung open the door even before the knock came. But it was only one of the junior waitresses, red cheeks bunched in an excited grin. The little girl curtseyed as she'd been taught by Aunty Harmon, forewoman of all the waitresses, and held out a cloth-covered tray.

"Corn-meal mush and johnny cake and a whole firkin of butter!" babbled the youngster. "And Aunty says she don't know who deserves a glass of honey more'n you, and there's a small bottle of brandy in the commissary, if you want it!"

Tildy Elizabeth thanked the child, then shooed her out of the room. Chattering drove her frantic. Even the sight of food drove her frantic. She put the mush and the butter and the honey away, but hesitated with the johnny cake. The baby in the cradle loved fresh-baked johnny cake. Maybe the warm delicious smell might penetrate where sound or sight or touch could not. Quickly she wrapped the loaf in a napkin to keep it fresh, placed it on the bedside chair, and went back to her studying. She had the feeling that if she could just finish this last passage—

The knock this time was loud and authoritative. Sighing, she closed the book. That would be Priddy Meeks.

It had begun to snow again. The air outside was curdled with flakes. Dr. Meeks shut the door, stamped snow from his boots, shook it from his shoulders, and went directly to his patient.

It wasn't that Tildy Elizabeth lacked faith in Dr. Meeks. Watching the light pick out his fringe of chin whiskers, his domed forehead, all the strong, kind lines of his face, she told herself again that he was the best doctor on the Thompsonian or botanical system of medicine in the whole territory. Traveling much, a body would be bound to pick

up knowledge. And Priddy himself said his father had been "inclined to new countries." As a child Priddy could remember moving from South Carolina to Kentucky; as a man he had emigrated from Indiana to Nauvoo, Illinois (where the Lord had appeared to him one day in the fields and counseled him to "quit a-plowing and go to doctring"), from Nauvoo to Great Salt Lake City, thence to the Iron Mission at Parowan, to the Cotton Mission at Harrisburg, and finally to the United Order Mission at Orderville. Undoubtedly he knew a lot. Folks said he had "eyes in his fingers."

Tildy Elizabeth watched him complete his examination, then look up from the still child's face to the hovering mother.

"You can't never tell about the green sickness," he muttered, shaking his head. "But 'tany rate, it can't last much longer."

He got to his feet, still staring at the baby.

"When you can get it down, give her another good thorough emetic of lobelia. Keep up that poulticing with the charcoal, the hops, and vinegar. Keep the pores of her skin open with the yellow-dock-and-dandelion rub, and remember what I told you about cayenne pepper—it's the best stimulant known in the compass of medicine, 'twill increase the very life of the system—"

He lowered his voice and glanced significantly about the room.

"Have any strange old women been near her?"

Tildy shook her head.

"Well, there might be a witch about! Yesterday I attended a woman with foul spirits. You could see the prints of the witch's teeth where it had bitten her on her belly and arms. A very good practice for you mothers is to hold out your children to make water in the fire when convenient, and *a word to the wise is sufficient*!"

He picked up Tildy's Book of Mormon and slipped it under the child's pillow.

"You can't never tell what'll scare a witch!"

After he was gone, Tildy retrieved the book. It would soon be curfew-time. She hadn't much longer.

"And . . . He spake unto his disciples, one by one, saying unto them: What is it that ye desire of me, after that I am gone to the Father?" This was in South America when Jesus appeared to the Nephites there, after he had completed his career in Judea and had arisen from the Holy Sepulchre. Nine of the Twelve answered him: "We desire that after we have lived unto the age of man—that we may speedily come unto Thee in Thy kingdom." But three were silent.

"And He turned Himself unto the three, and he said unto them, Behold, I know your thoughts—for ye have desired that ye might bring the souls of men unto me while the world shall stand," and because of

this, "Ye shall not have pain while ye shall dwell in the flesh, neither sorrow save it be for the sins of the world—"

And the Three Nephites "did go forth upon the face of the land—to behold all the doings of the Father unto the children of men."

Reading aloud, Tildy Elizabeth did not hear the door open. Only when she sensed the presence of another person in the room, did she look up.

The man was old, with a long beard and snow-white hair. He did not speak but continued to gaze at her. His eyes had an intent brilliance about them, and the skin of his cheeks was as soft and fresh as a babe's. At a glance Tildy knew that he was from far away. In place of the Order's coarse, buckskin-laced cowhide boots, the stranger wore store-bought overshoes of heavy cloth; in place of a coyote-skin cap with tail down the back, he wore a store-bought black cap with fine fur about the ears; in place of a buckskin jumper, his black overcoat was long and well-fitting and fur-lined. Considering that he must be a traveler, Tildy couldn't understand his immaculate appearance. Not even his overshoes were damp from the snow. And there was something vaguely familiar about that high-bridged nose. She had it! Although much older, of course, he looked like the Prophet Joseph.

"Sister Stalworthy?"

Tildy could only nod.

The old man's voice was mellow and fluted as violin music. Then he smiled, and Tildy felt the ice about her heart melting, running out in inexplicable relief.

"You have a sick child, a very sick child."

It was not put as a question. The stranger made a statement of fact in that soft sweet voice.

" 'Trust in God and not in an arm of the flesh.' May I have your consecrated oil?"

Without further ado, he came up to the cradle.

Tildy shut her gaping mouth and scrambled to her feet. Her heart beat like a prisoned thing in her throat.

The old man was kneeling, anointing her baby with the oil, laying on his hands, praying. Never had a prayer seemed so beautiful. Tildy was speechless.

Her visitor lingered a moment longer, then got slowly to his feet. He smiled again.

"Your little girl will get well now."

Tildy could only cradle the child with her eyes, fondling the inert hands in an ecstasy of hope. Even as she gazed, the baby stirred, looked at her mother, smiled, and said, "I'm hungry."

Blind with tears, Tildy turned to find the johnny cake, to bless the old man. He was gone! The johnny cake was gone! In an agony of contrition, she realized that he must have been hungry and she too taken up with her own affairs to offer him even food. Thank heaven he'd taken the johnny cake, even if one of her best napkins had gone with it!

She rushed to the door. She must find him, thank him. But the white world outside was empty, silent except for the merriment still oozing from the dining room. Two ways he might have taken: out the sidewalk, on to the valley and outside, or across the square to the party. But although she snatched time from the child to grab the lamp, hurry into the night, and explore both routes, the freshly fallen snow remained unbroken, innocent of tracks. Mystified and chagrined, Tildy went slowly back into the house. And then suddenly she clapped a hand to her mouth. She *knew*!

At the same time, in England, Elder Thomas Stalworthy and his companion trudged along a black, foggy road. Behind them was the village where Thomas had searched out his relatives—cousins and uncles and aunts. He had brought them the gospel, and they had mocked him, stoned him, driven him out.

Both men were cold and very, very hungry. Suddenly Thomas could stand it no longer.

"We're a-doin the Lord's work, ain't we?"

His companion grunted.

"Well, then, He'll take care of us. 'H'ask and ye shall receive'!"

Without another word, he flopped down in the mud and prayed aloud.

"H'I don't mean to rebuke Thee," said Thomas, "but mebee ye need remindin now and agin like other folks!"

Upon their feet again, the two men felt amazingly refreshed.

" 'E is all-powerful," reasoned Thomas. " 'E wouldn't 'ave to necessarily feed us through the mouth!"

Suddenly he stumbled, kicked against something in the mud. He stooped, picked the object up. Incredulously he put it to his nose, sniffed. It was a loaf of fresh-baked johnny-cake, wrapped in a napkin!

There was even a drum added to the two fiddles. Tildy was sure not all the 'igh and mighty boasted such music.

Her youngun dancing beside her, Tildy stood in the roadway, outside the fort, and watched the procession advance up the valley. "Hail the Conq'ring Hero Comes!" shrilled the fiddles, and all about her voices took up the refrain.

Then Thomas was there, in the flesh, waving, coming toward her, lifting them both in his big bear hug. Afterward in the shanty—Oh, long afterward!—when their talk had spurted, and spurted again, and then stopped for sheer inability to swallow the lump in the throat, Tildy collected her senses long enough to unpack his carpetbag. It was thus she found it. The napkin.

"Tom, 'ow did you come by my napkin?"

She kept her voice carefully flat.

Thomas looked at her over the head of the child on his knee.

"Why Tildy," he chided. "You must be mistaken. The Lord sent me a loaf of warm 'ome-made johnny cake when I was hungry. That's the Lord's napkin."

Tildy raised her chin.

"No it ain't. It's *my* napkin!"

For it unmistakably completed the set of hand-spun Irish linen her mother had cherished all the way from England, across the plains. The same original tatted edging—

Once again Tildy clapped a hand to her mouth. Of course. The Nephite—That was why he had taken the napkin-wrapped bread! Not to feed himself, but Thomas in England!

Sometimes Tildy's daughter, even though she's now an old, old woman herself, climbs up to the attic of *her* daughter's house and rocks the squat wooden cradle made in the Order's own cooper shop. She uses the cradle as a sort of chest, and sometimes she dreams over its treasures one by one. Most precious of all is a certain linen napkin, somewhat yellowed and frayed, perhaps, but still outlasting time—perhaps outlasting even those Three who "did go forth."

The Perseids

Philip White

Nerved sparks, the Perseids
tonight, wincing out over Loafer . . .

Father, you taught me to name
these—each streak of fire
signifying entrance into what—
An "atmosphere"? A "world
of light"? Brilliant, persistent
wrecks. They all fall . . .

Father, I've fallen six years
and where were you?—"Steady,"
you said when the rock slipped
at the trail, "Steady."

You were always steady, dying
the way you did, cell
by cell. Until your cravings
turned wild, wanting
the corners of the room back
in kilter, the light "brighter,
brighter." Until
you wanted nothing.

PHILIP WHITE lives in Ashfield, Massachusetts.

Father. Anything
was yours and you wanted
nothing. One more time
you could have asked
for coolness and we'd have
bathed you, motioned
and we'd have given you light.
One more time you could have
wakened from your burning
and we'd have held you,
told you, *Here is where*
you are, Father. Here
with us. Here. Here.

REVIEWS

Humor and Pathos: Stories of the Mormon Diaspora

Benediction: A Book of Stories by Neal Chandler (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1989), 194 pp., $14.95.

Reviewed by William Mulder, professor emeritus of English, University of Utah.

A LATE REVIEW has the advantage of calling a good book to the attention of anyone who may have missed it the first time around, and of reaffirming what time has already proved—its lasting qualities. Such is clearly the case with Neal Chandler's ironically titled *Benediction*, a superb collection of stories about Mormons outside Zion who are very much in the world and increasingly of it, and show the strain. Chandler gives us not warmed-over servings of the Mormon past but delectable helpings of the Mormon present—contemporary urban middle-class Mormondom hardly to be distinguished from middle America until their speech betrays them, their congregational language rich in collective memory and allusion.

A chief delight in Chandler's stories is the way he puts a new spin on clichés of Mormon thought and diction, working them into startling secular contexts, now comic, now sinister, that give familiar words and phrases new currency. Thus we get "the spiritually attuned public relations and marketing specialist" in a corporation merchandising "free-market Christianity," and we get "a sort of spiritual wellness spot check" in a teenager's interview with his bishop, "doctrinal punch" at Mormon socials, a smug Sunday School teacher sounding "like Dan Rather in the last days," a maverick intellectual "who poses a serious environmental hazard . . . to the fragile spiritual ecology of the ward," a student "pure and unspotted from math," an executive's "zippered leather scripture case . . . so immense, so oiled and polished to so deep an Abyssinian hue, it seemed worthy of the golden plates themselves," and we get "the courage of their delusions" in the tentative cynicism in a sister's letter to her brother about Vietnam. In Chandler's creative combinations and applications, a pyramid scheme with a strong resemblance to Amway becomes "God's own plan . . . the only divinely authorized plan for financial success in this life or the next," and Diane and Marvin Chisolm, husband and wife, about to make love but repeatedly interrupted by importuning children, console each other: "You don't have to perform," she says. "We don't have to do this at all." "Yes, but faith without works is dead. . . . And I'm not dead. Not yet." It doesn't take an initiate to savor such refreshing allusions. Even a phrase like "latter day technologies" rings bells.

With the wit and sensibility of a Jane Austen, and in a diction as crisp and precise as hers, Chandler holds up his concave/convex mirrors at various angles to give his Mormons distorted but familiar images of themselves. We glimpse their morals and manners in a succession of characteristic interiors within the circumscribed cosmos of the ward and the homes of its members: the bishop's office in "The Call," where Emmett, the "casually insurgent" teenager with one leg hooked over the arm of his chair during an interview, looks straight into the eyes of authority to say, "I don't know about a mission. . . . But when I get out of school, I'm going to be a writer"; the Chisolms' family room in "Space Abductors" where they try to monitor a science fiction video "up to the blouse scene"; Carmen Maria

Stavely's kitchen in "The Only Divinely Authorized Plan . . . " where she presides over the breadboard "as if it were a pulpit"; a Gospel Doctrine class where Kevin Houston, the new teacher in the title story, is a sensation and debates Damon Boulder, the disturbing academic he ousted, on the meaning of obedience and the linguistic and symbolic ramifications of Peter the Apostle's name.

In "Roger Across the Looking Glass," the locus is the room in the Talmage house where Roger's wife, more gifted and intelligent than he, secretly writes the poetry he cannot understand or appreciate. In "Mormon Tabernacle Blues," it is Rachel Holbein's house where, after her drunkard husband is "overtaken in the midst of his vagrant sins by a state gravel truck resolute in its decreed course," she believes "the Lord has put her in control," only to have an irascible father move in and plague her with his disbelief in a literal resurrection. In "The Righteousness Hall of Fame," the interior is the board room of the Freedom's Holy Light Foundation where the values and methods of corporate America and corporate Mormonism merge to develop an "institution dedicated to . . . the promotion of revealed principles in our inspired constitutional republic."

In "Whole Life Premiums," the interior is Harold Potter's condominium after he has sold his house and held a garage sale (with its marvelous inventory) only to have a daughter on the edge of divorce move in with her children. In "Conference Report," the setting is a stake conference which Carmen Stavely attends with her reluctant son Walter, Jr. In Carmen's eyes Brother Showalter, elevated to the stake presidency, is "a marvelous speaker . . . a marvelous man," but in Walter, Jr.'s, he is a clone, "an exact genetic replication. . . . [I]f you've heard one, you've heard them all." Walter can't decide whether Showalter's long-winded confession of faith is "a feat of self-promoting humility or of self-deprecating arrogance." In the penultimate story, "Thelma in the Sky with Diamonds," the scene is a Special Interest dance, where Thelma Rydell and Damon Boulder, hesitant at first and skeptical (both have been burned by previous marriages), discover each other in a comic tangle of accidental touching in Damon's new car, an awkward moment which Thelma redeems with a maternal gesture.

In "The Last Nephite," which could be anywhere but centers on a parking lot at conference time, Chandler gives us a tall tale as entertaining as Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The mysterious stranger, a "beatific delinquent," Mormonism's ultimate confidence man, has become an embarrassment to the Church, which is uneasy about his old-fashioned meddling, his legendary healings and warnings and wonder-workings (they have a "file" on him) and is eager to "release" him from his mission. Chandler gives his fantasy, a compendium of Mormon folklore, a contemporary prop: the stranger's final beneficent act before disappearing is to leave Harlow Havens and his hungry family (Havens has given the stranger his last $5.00 for a bus ticket) a gift certificate for a Family Fun Feast at McDonald's. Chandler's Last Nephite and Levi Peterson's Cowboy Jesus (in *The Backslider*) spring from kindred fecund imaginations.

Benediction, though just as irreverent, is no *Saturday's Voyeur*. Chandler's humor is affectionate, not disdainful, even when most devastating. Hypocrisy, cant, venality, "general authority," smugness and bigotry among the powerful are easy targets for the aroused satirist. More difficult objects are the tender-minded faithful unaware of their own vulnerability who would be perplexed at being made fun of and whom the satirist needs to handle with care. While some portraits verge on caricature when Chandler's comic hyperbole and high spirits take over, others are poignant, even painful, probings of intellectual and emotional crises, as in "Borrowing Light," a girl's memories, in the form of a moving letter, of a mother she

never really knew and a father hard to approach. In such stories there is no laughter, only wonder and compassion, when a character is in travail, frustrated, disappointed, faced with loss, experiencing pain. Then there is no satiric penetration of the hard crust of Mormon dogma or tickling of the soft underbelly of Mormon sentimentalism. Only pathos. These are not faith-promoting stories so much as life-enhancing.

Chandler, who can play with the sensuous possibilities of language like a Nabokov, is a master of lyric, usually ironic, closure, the action coming to rest as quietly and inevitably as water closing over a drowned object. In sum, Chandler, with his good ear for cant, whether religious or secular, is a resonant voice among the Mormons, possibly their court jester capable, like Lear's fool, through his irreverent wit and wayward wisdom, of twitting us into some common sense conclusions about ourselves, believers and backsliders alike. Like Emmett, his precocious teenager resolved to be a writer, Chandler must know, as his admirers surely know, that "he is really on to something."

The Rise of the Church in Great Britain

Mormons in Early Victorian Britain edited by Richard L. Jensen and Malcolm R. Thorp (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1989), 282 pp., index, $25.00.

Reviewed by Richard W. Sadler, professor of history, Weber State University, Ogden, Utah.

MORMONS IN EARLY VICTORIAN BRITAIN, volume 4 in the University of Utah's Mormon Studies series, is a significant contribution to the understanding of Mormon history in both the United States and Great Britain. As the title suggests, the book focuses on Mormonism in "early Victorian Britain," the two decades following the summer 1837 arrival of the first Mormon missionaries in Britain. Jensen and Thorp have included sixteen quality essays illuminating Mormon activities in Great Britain during these two decades.

A revisionist theme filters through the book. Many of its essays mirror Malcolm Thorp's theme in "Early Mormon Confrontations with Sectarianism." He notes:

> One of the difficulties involved with this essay is that it frankly clashes at some points with the "traditional" Mormon accounts, both past and present. [And Thorp continues in a footnote on the same page.] Traditional Mormon history is written with the avowed purpose of promoting a faithful view of the past and is not necessarily concerned with critical examination of sources. For Mormonism in Britain, an example of this approach is Richard L. Evans, *A Century of "Mormonism" in Great Britain* (Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1937). This has been superseded by V. Ben Bloxham, James R. Moss, Larry C. Porter, eds., *Truth Will Prevail; The Rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the British Isles 1837-1987* (Solihull, England: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1987). While this latter work is useful, the contributions are uneven in quality. (p. 50)

This said, Thorp examines the sectarian situation in Britain and the fluidity that allowed for easy changes in church membership between 1837 and 1840, as well as Mormon attempts to draw a significant number of new members from the ranks of three nonconformist sects. New converts from the Primitive Episcopal Church and the Aitketites were attracted most by Mormon claims to sacerdotal authority.

The state of religion and society in Great Britain during this era is explored in essays by John F. C. Harrison, Grant Underwood, and Robert L. Lively, Jr. Harrison's essay, originally delivered as the Tanner Lecture at the Mormon History Association Convention in Oxford in 1987, examines diaries of common people who became Mormons, noting that those

who wrote journals emphasized events much like their counterparts who did not become Latter-day Saints. In the thirty-five diaries that Harrison examined, baptism into the Mormon Church was the most significant event noted. Underwood examines "The Religious Milieu of English Mormonism" by illustrating the context in which religion functioned at the beginning of Victoria's reign. The gospel as preached by Mormon missionaries seemed familiar to the British, even though some only recognized fragments.

> When we arose to preach unto the people repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, the cry of "Baptist, Baptist," would be rung in our ears. If we spoke of the Church and body of Christ being composed of Prophets and Apostles, as well as other members, "Irvingites, Irvingites," would immediately dash into the mind. If in the midst of our remarks, we even once suffered the saying to drop from our lips, "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," "O you belong to Johanna Southcote," would be heard from several places at once. If we spoke of the second coming of Christ, the cry would be, "Aitkenites." If we made mention of the Priesthood, they would call us "Catholics." If we testified of the ministering of angels, the people would reply, "The Irvingites have their angels, and even the Duke of Normandy is ready to swear that he has the administering of angels every night." (p. 47-48)

Ronald K. Esplin's essay on the 1840-41 mission to England and the development of the Quorum of the Twelve suggests that this mission marked the beginning of the Twelve as a united and effective entity. Brigham Young gained much needed experience in directing the group, and both British and American Saints came to look upon the Twelve with more respect—"as effective and trustworthy leaders" (p. 90). Esplin's essay fits nicely with others that detail organizational matters in Great Britain: Richard L. Jensen's "Church Councils and Governance" and William G. Hartley's "LDS Pastors and Pastorates, 1852-55." Although Jensen's essay gives important information about Church governance, growth, and excommunications, it sometimes divides its focus with such confusing comparisons as that between the governance of the Church in Great Britain and in Denmark. Mining only the rich soil of Mormonism in Britain would have been more effective. Beginning in 1852 under the administration of Franklin D. Richards, and for nearly a decade, the British Mission was served by experienced elders, called "pastors," who were called to supervise from two to five conferences. Hartley examines the concept of pastors, their role in administering the British Mission, and the move by Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich, and George Q. Cannon in 1860 to change their title to "district president."

Five essays trace the growth of Mormonism in different areas of Great Britain: Bernard Aspinwall discusses Scotland, D. L. Davies Wales, Andrew Philips the Essex Conference from 1850 to 1870, John Cotterill the West Midlands from 1840 to 1877, and Susan Fales the Mormons of Leeds and their nonconformist neighbors. David Whittaker's bibliographic essay on "Mormonism in Victorian Britain" guides the interested reader through the sources of the era in a judicious and helpful manner. Ray Jay Davis's essay on law and nineteenth-century Mormon emigration from Great Britain examines nineteenth-century British and American emigration laws.

Both Richard Poll's essay, "The British Mission during the Utah War, 1857-58," and Paul Peterson's essay on the 1857 Reformation in Great Britain examine rebaptism and reform as well as the conflicts in Great Britain caused by the Utah War. The 1857 reformation, the Utah War of 1857-58, and the public announcement of plural marriage all combined to slow to a crawl the dramatic growth of Mormonism in Britain which had begun in 1837.

As with any set of essays, these are a bit uneven. Together, however, they weave a history of Mormonism in Great Britain that is better than any we have. They raise

questions that only further research can answer, particularly about the crucial role of plural marriage in the teachings and practices of Latter-day Saints in Britain during these decades. Including maps with the essays would have helped the reader better track the activities of the Church. Another oversight seems to be the exclusion of the Reorganization and its growth in Britain during this period. In general, however, this volume closes a major gap in Mormon history. Jensen, Thorp, and the University of Utah Press are to be commended for their efforts.

Heloise and Abelard

Letters from Exile, The Correspondence of Martha Hughes Cannon and Angus M. Cannon edited by Constance L. Lieber and John Sillito (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1989), 286 pp., $60.00.

Reviewed by Carol Cornwall Madsen, associate professor of history, research historian, Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

ONE OF THE BY-PRODUCTS of the federal crusade against plural marriage in late nineteenth-century Utah is the correspondence of separated spouses which dramatically records the personal impact of this volatile period in Mormon history. Because they are animated by the anticipation of an immediate reaction and response, such exchanges have an authenticity and immediacy that diary confidences often lack. While numerous studies of polygyny have included diary and letter excerpts from women who suffered the deprivations of the "underground" and exile, this collection is the first to offer a sustained chronological account of the personal and social dynamics of this furtive life. Until the entry of Angus Cannon's responses nearly halfway through the volume, the letters read like a lively, dramatic monologue by Cannon's fourth wife, Martha Hughes, "exiled" in England from 1886 to 1888.

A woman of uncommon ambition and determination, by 1882 Martha Hughes had earned her way to a superior education and prominence in the field of medicine. With degrees from the University of Utah, University of Pennsylvania, National School of Elocution and Oratory, and a medical degree from the University of Michigan, she became one of Utah's most highly educated women. After receiving her medical degree she returned to Utah to much acclaim, set up practice, and was soon appointed resident physician at the newly established Relief Society-sponsored Deseret Hospital.

In 1884, the twenty-seven-year-old Martha married fifty-year-old Angus Cannon in a secret ceremony, the beginning of a thirty-one year marriage in which the two were never able to live openly together. After the birth of their first child in 1885, Martha left Utah to avoid testifying against her husband and subjecting him to imprisonment. "I would rather be a stranger in a strange land and be able to hold my head up among my fellow beings," she reflected late in her exile, "than to be a sneaking captive at home" (p. 269). But the years of unacknowledged marriage, the stress of hiding from federal officers, and the long period of exile which subjected her to dingy boarding houses, unpalatable food, the curiosity and suspicion of landlords and neighbors, and the need to use assumed names and code words in her letters made her question the reason for the life she was forced to live: "It is certainly one of three things," she wrote. "Earning a 'big' reward, atoning for past delinquencies, or else because I am a *'damned fool'* " (p. 273). Exile in Europe was not the enforced adventure some historians have assumed. Initially high spirited and optimistic, Martha Cannon soon found that the clandestine life she disdained at home followed her to Europe where she underwent all of its inconveniences and apprehensions with-

out the conjugal visits or support network that sustained those in hiding in Utah.

Of wide emotional range, from whimsical and irreverent to introspective and philosophic, the letters reflect the findings of recent scholarship in women's history which revise earlier assumptions about the "passionless" nature of Victorian marriages, the lack of romantic love in polygyny, and the pervasiveness of female bonding. The letters give tender evidence that Eros dominated this relationship and fueled the couple's anticipation of reunion. Tragically, as Martha feared, the Cannons were destined to share the fate of the famous star-crossed lovers, Heloise and Abelard, whose graves Martha visited. In a letter to Angus, Martha resignedly echoed Heloise's plea to Abelard: "Give me what thou canst and let me dream the rest" (p. 184). Unfortunately, dreams were a poor substitute for reality and generated frequent outbursts of jealousy and resentment. In one fit of petulance, Martha complained to Angus, "Life with you men is so different from ours. In your case monotony can be relieved by new courtships and matrimonial engagements, which are the sweetest things in the world to you when *new*" (Angus took two additional wives in Martha's absence) (p. 27). Each bitter expression, however, was followed by long passages of repentance and affirmation of her belief in the principle that had joined and then separated them. She was always assuaged by her husband's solicitous responses.

Martha's camera eye and artful pen caught the idiosyncracies of the country folk she lived among and enticingly portrayed the "local color" of the British countryside and the few historic sites she managed to visit with her often fretful, sickly baby in tow. Always dispensing some of her medical wisdom to keep her husband healthy at home, she wrote a gripping, clinically detailed account of her efforts to purge her baby's system of the ammonia she accidentally swallowed one evening (pp. 88–91). Like that one, each letter is a self-contained vignette, providing a compelling segment of Martha's life in exile.

Signature Books and editors Constance Lieber and John Sillito are to be congratulated for bringing such an intelligent and complex personality to light through her own engaging and articulate letters. Though Angus Cannon's responses are expressive and informative, they are mere footnotes to Martha's perceptive, detailed documentation of her life incognito. This is very much her book. Her passion for learning, living, and loving breathes life into every letter. Each is a journey into the mind and heart of a true Mormon original. With no sign of artifice or pedantry, despite a generous sprinkling of literary allusions, the letters are witty, intelligent, and absorbing, and the book emerges as a fine piece of historical literature.

A brief chronology, data on the most commonly mentioned persons, explanatory footnotes, and a thorough index lead the reader carefully through the maze of references throughout the letters. While one who reads this volume as autobiography might well be satisfied, the historian in me wishes that the fine biographical introduction had been extended to provide a broader interpretive framework. What do these letters contribute to the general historiography of polygyny? Of Mormon women? Were the exigencies of life on the underground or in exile more challenging than living the principle itself? What were the after-effects of such fragmented living? And how does this volume contribute to the genre of epistolary literature?

Obviously a brief introduction to these letters was not meant to explore all of the ramifications of Mormon women in exile or of the subject of polygyny itself. Yet a deeper analytical context would have given this excellent volume a meaningful place in Mormon women's history and the historiography of polygyny. It not only offers new insight into the life of a remarkable, highly individualistic LDS woman, but furnishes another perspective on a significant portion of the Mormon past.

From "Zion's Attic"

The Mormon Presence in Canada edited by Brigham Y. Card, Herbert C. Northcott, John E. Foster, Howard Palmer, and George K. Jarvis. Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 1990, xxvi + 382 pp., $30.00. Distributed in the U.S.A. by Utah State University Press, Logan, Utah.

Reviewed by Marc A. Schindler, a graduate of the University of Calgary.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS ARE an even smaller minority in Canada than they are in the United States. To put their numbers into perspective, if Canada were California (the populations are approximately equal), the Mormon community would be the equivalent of one of California's smaller counties, like Humboldt or Merced. It can't even be said that Mormons have a heartland in Canada comparable to Utah in the U.S., although the small area called "Mormon Country" in the southwestern corner of Alberta fills a similar function. In spite of this, the LDS experience in Canada has been interesting—even significant—and *The Mormon Presence in Canada* makes a very good start (although only a start) in telling this story.

The book's editors are all well-known LDS academics in Canada: Brigham Y. Card, Herbert C. Northcott, John E. Foster, and George K. Jarvis are all professors at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton; Howard Palmer is a professor at the University of Calgary. The contributors are mostly either LDS academics at Canadian universities (such as Richard E. Bennett and Keith Parry) or expatriate Canadian academics at U.S. universities (such as Maureen Ursenbach Beecher), or well-known U.S. Latter-day Saint academics whose main interests are not primarily in Canadian studies but in general LDS history. Essays from this latter group, which includes Leonard J. Arrington and Armand L. Mauss, provide a general background against which the specifics of Mormonism within Canada can be appreciated, or a "U.S." counterpoint to a specific "Canadian" viewpoint.

The book's first essay, "Historical Roots of the Mormon Settlement in Southern Alberta" by Leonard J. Arrington, puts the history of Canadian Mormonism within the broader context of the great settlement of the late nineteenth century, when Cardston was Zion's northern terminus. Arrington's summary is excellent, but his essay will immediately strike most Canadians as being limited in tone. For example, he outlines "four patterns of social and economic organization developed in the American West . . . the miners' frontier, the cattle frontier, the lumber frontier and the Mormon frontier" (p. 9). He then parenthetically states that most Canadian historians "believe" the Canadian frontier differed from the U.S. frontier(s) because of the greater degree of central government control, as if this belief were peculiar to Canadian historians. In fact, this very real difference is vital to understanding the history and social milieu of all early Canadian settlers, including Canadian Mormons. Ironically, as an example of the "miners' frontier," Arrington refers to the "mining West," which he sees as starting in California in 1848 and continuing on to the "Alaskan territory of the Yukon in the 1890's" (p. 9). To Canadians' ongoing irritation, even well-informed Americans continue to think that the Yukon was part of Alaska and that the Klondike gold rush was therefore as lawless as the California and Nome gold rushes. Stories of "Mounties" greeting predominantly U.S. prospectors at the top of the treacherous Chilkoot Pass with demands that they leave their guns at the border are well-known in Canada but seemingly unknown in the U.S. Perhaps popular novelist James A. Michener's recent novel *Alaska* (New York: Random House, 1988) will dispel some of this misunderstanding. The important point is that Mormons who came to Canada encountered an entirely

different political and social environment than they had left behind. If Arrington's essay fails to emphasize this (and in all fairness, his purpose is to weave the Canadian experience into the overall tapestry, so he shouldn't be faulted for this), other contributors explore this difference in much greater detail—most notably A. A. den Otter in "A Congenial Environment: Southern Alberta on the Arrival of the Mormons."

Armand Mauss's "Mormons as Ethnics: Variable Historical and International Implications of An Appealing Concept" is an even more obvious—even deliberate—counterpoint, in this case to Keith Parry's "Mormons as Ethnics: A Canadian Perspective."

If I were to pick any nits with the book overall, it would be primarily with the cartography. The maps themselves are graphically excellent, but suffer from numerous minor errors: there is no Old Man River, for instance, except maybe in the Jerome Kern song—Alberta's waterway is spelled Oldman River; the lower New Brunswick-Maine border follows the St. Croix River, not the St. John River; Colborne, the town Joseph Smith visited, is west of the Grand River and is today a suburb of Simcoe (not the same as present-day Port Colborne). Also, Robert J. McCue's insertion of "[sic]" after the phrase "Her Majesty's Government are . . . " is unnecessary, as "corporate" nouns always take the plural in British English, even today. On the plus side, the book is very well manufactured, and its cover is graced with a pleasing artist's rendition of the renovated Cardston Temple.

I noted earlier that this work (which, by the way, grew out of a conference held in Edmonton in 1987) was an excellent "beginning." The Canadian Mormon experience can be meaningful to more than just Canadians. As the book's authors hint, a variety of topics deserve greater study. One would be the rather obvious fact that Canada isn't the United States (touched upon in Dean R. Louder's fascinating essay, "Canadian Mormon Identity and the French Fact") as tautological as this idea seems, it is fraught with implications. Because Mormon incursions into Canada (both the first missionary effort very early in the Church's history, in Upper Canada, and the colonizing effort in Southern Alberta at the end of the nineteenth century) saw Canada as not really a foreign country; Canadians then and now basically speak the same language (with the exception of that troublesome group up there in Quebec!) and act similarly—to U.S. eyes, at least. However, Canadians are very sensitive to the differences that do exist, and Canadian Mormons are no exception. Perhaps we are more sensitive because, to a greater degree than most other independent nations, our culture and history have been dominated by other countries (specifically Great Britain and the U.S., and to some extent, France). In addition, our sense of "Canadianism" is still evolving. As one popular tongue-in-cheek expression puts it: "We don't know what we are, but whatever we are, we're not Americans!"

In fact, however, our interesting differences and unique experiences should spur Canadian LDS scholars and intellectuals to contribute to the greater body of LDS thought. For instance, Canada has always been more "ethnic" than the U.S., encouraging a "mosaic" culture rather than a melting pot. How does this affect missionary work in the country, and how has this affected Canadians' sensitivity to other cultures? Canada's official policy of bilingualism is another potential source of ideas: it is, I think, fairly well known that Canadians have been over-represented within francophone missions (France, Switzerland, Belgium, and French Polynesia) because of their familiarity, if not fluency, with French. The Canadian government's choice to settle our western frontier and deal with our native people in a much more organized, ordered fashion than in the U.S. could yield some interesting reflections on the differences between the native Indian experience in both countries. The more liberal political

attitudes of Canadians, which Canadian Latter-day Saints share, on the whole, have always prompted our intellectuals to comment on our powerful neighbour as sympathetic critics, like Scottish preachers to English imperialists. The Canadian novelist, Robertson Davies, coined the whimsical phrase, "North America's attic" for this viewpoint. At its worse, it can be condescending, but at its best it can serve as a liberal yeast in the rather imperialistic, conservative batter that seems to have brewed in U.S. domestic and foreign politics since the end of World War II.

What can be said by Mormons who live in a country which is part of Zion, in the sense of the Book of Mormon, and culturally very similar to the U.S., yet is populated by people who are not Americans? Being a Canadian Mormon can seem, at times, like living in an Orson Scott Card story of a parallel world which asks the literary question: what would it be like if Zion hadn't ended up all being one political entity? Of course, it turns out that we live in just that world, and Canadian LDS intellectuals have the challenge to contribute their unique views from "Zion's attic" for the edification of the rest of the Saints.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Barbara Madsen recently taught as a visiting instructor of printmaking at Brigham Young University and in 1989 at Southern Utah State College. She is currently working on her art and doing collaborative printing. She received a bachelor of fine arts from Brigham Young University and a master of fine arts from Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. Her work has been exhibited throughout the nation in competitive exhibitions including College of Notre Dame of Maryland, New Jersey Center for the Visual Arts, North Dakota Print and Drawing Annual, and in Kanagawa, Japan, at the fifteenth International Exhibition of Prints. Numerous awards include several juror's purchase awards from the Utah Arts Council, Exhibition 48 purchase award from Southern Utah State College, and from Art Link, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Madsen's work reflects a profound need to find peace and truth among the stark and often grim circumstances of life. She says, "We live in a world of opposites. We stare at brutality, blindness, turmoil, and sirens; yet we seek a world of resolution, wholeness, and peace. We are confronted with shadow, deceit, screaming, and loneliness; yet we hope for light, tranquility, honesty, and clarity. There is a division of reality in our minds; beyond desolation, conflict, and greed, there exists a verdant world of hope, of passageways, and luminous truth."

ART CREDITS

Front Cover: "Myriad of Choices," 17″ X 24″, four-color etching, 1988

Back Cover: "Albert Square," 17″ X 24″, four-color etching, 1988

p. 12: "Book of Hours," 18″ X 24″, etching, 1988

p. 30: "Chaos," 17″ X 24″, etching, 1986

p. 84: "Orwell Forgot the Window," 18″ X 18″, mixed media, 1990

p. 132: "Forest Green," 27″ X 41″, oil on paper, 1988

p. 173: "Blood Sirens and Scape," 12″ X 18″, mixed media, 1990

p. 184: "Doll House," 27″ X 41″, oil on paper, 1987