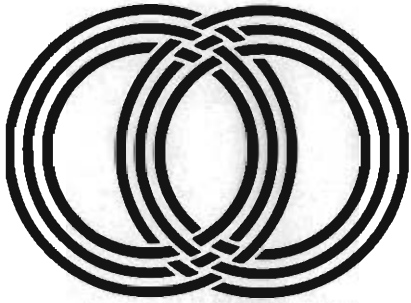
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



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A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

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"The Burden of Proof" Revisited

I would like to comment on Gary Watts's review in the fall 1994 issue of the book, *Peculiar People: Mormons and Same-Sex Orientation,* and the special 1993 issue of the *AMCAP Journal,* both of which address the issue of homosexuality in the LDS community. While Dr. Watts's review is not without merit, it is unfortunately so one-sided in its praise of *Peculiar People* and disparagement of the *AMCAP Journal* that it does little to overcome the "divisiveness" that Dr. Watts laments exists between the gay activist and reparative therapy camps. Even my lesbian friend, a psychologist who is active in the gay affirmative movement, had more positive to say about the journal than did Dr. Watts. Dr. Watts's review also seriously oversimplifies and misrepresents *AMCAP Journal* contributors' positions on several important issues.

While Dr. Watts is often not very clear or explicit about his beliefs and assumptions regarding homosexuality, as I read his review it appeared to me that some of his major assumptions could be summarized as follows: (1) people in the LDS community need to develop more understanding of and compassion for those who struggle with homosexuality; (2) homosexuality is probably caused by biological, hormonal, and psychosocial factors; (3) homosexuality is ingrained early in life (perhaps by the age of four) and is not chosen; (4) homosexuality is immutable or, in other words, cannot be overcome or changed; (5) those who advocate reparative therapy for homosexuality are intolerant, prejudiced, unscientific (i.e., unwilling to look at the empirical evidence), and unethical; and (6) the leaders of the LDS church are wrong in their position that homosexual behavior is immoral and unacceptable in God's eyes.

I agree with Dr. Watts's "assumption number one." As a people, I believe that we in the LDS community need to develop more understanding of and compassion for those who struggle with homosexuality. A major reason we published the special issue of the *AMCAP Journal* on homosexuality was with the hope that the information it provided would promote understanding, empathy, and compassion for people who experience homosexual tendencies. Overwhelmingly, the feedback we have received from those who have read the journal, including people who struggle with homosexuality, their families, church leaders, and LDS and non-LDS counselors and psychotherapists, is that the journal succeeded in this regard. I was disappointed that Dr. Watts was unable to recognize or at least acknowledge this contribution.

I also tend to agree with Dr. Watts's "assumption number two." Current research evidence does seem to favor "interactional models" of homosexuality; that is, models which hypothesize that both biological and environmental factors contribute to the eventual manifestation of homosexual tendencies. Given the fact that we (as caricaturized by Dr. Watts) "canonized" William Byne, who believes the current research evidence favors an interactional model, I was surprised that Dr. Watts twice implied that the contributors to the *AMCAP Journal* hold to an exclusively "psychosocial" view of causation for homosexuality. This is clearly an oversimplification of my position and the position of other contributors to the journal. Perhaps Dr. Watts did

not like the fact that we pointed out that the current widely accepted gay activist dogma that homosexuality is simply biologically or genetically determined is not supported by the current scientific research. Gay activists do not wish to remain tentative about the possible causes of homosexuality for this does not serve their political agenda. Nevertheless, at the present time, at least, we should remain tentative for "we still know very little about the factors that influence sexual orientation" (William Byne, "Interview: The Biological Evidence for Homosexuality Reappraised," *AMCAP Journal* 19 [1993]: 17-27).

I can only partially agree with Dr. Watts's "assumption number three." First of all, to my knowledge there is currently no research which demonstrates how early in life homosexual attractions and preferences become "ingrained." Second, on the issue of choice, I do agree with Dr. Watts that most people probably do not choose to have homosexual attractions and preferences, although perhaps some people do make choices which unknowingly lead to the development of homosexual attractions and preferences. An important point several of us made in the journal, however, was that while people may not choose to have homosexual attractions, we believe they do have a choice about whether to behaviorally act on these attractions. Dr. Watts, for some reason, chose not to acknowledge that we made this important distinction.

I disagree with Dr. Watts's "assumptions numbers four and five." Though the idea that homosexuality is immutable is vigorously promoted by the gay activist community and is now widely believed by the lay public and professionals alike, it is simply not true, as alleged by gay activists and Dr. Watts, that there is no empirical evidence demonstrating that change is possible. To the contrary, as I pointed out in my review article (29-45), during the 1940s through the mid-1970s over 100 therapy outcome studies were conducted which, collectively, provide some evidence that change is possible. While more research on contemporary reparative therapies is clearly needed, clinical case reports and client self-reports regarding the effects of contemporary reparative therapies also suggest that many people can diminish and even overcome homosexual tendencies.

In his review Dr. Watts implies that contributors to the *AMCAP Journal* are unwilling to look at the scientific evidence and that the "burden of proof" is on reparative therapists to prove that change is possible. I was left wondering why Dr. Watts was unwilling to hold himself to this standard. He ignored my discussion of the outcome research because, I must presume, to acknowledge it would have contradicted his allegation that we were unwilling to look at the research evidence. He then appealed to several "authorities" (none of whom provided any citations to empirical research to support their views) in an effort to bolster his position that change is not possible and that reparative therapies are not effective. He also failed to acknowledge that the gay affirmative therapy approach, which gay activists would have us believe is the only effective and ethical therapy choice for homosexual people, is devoid of empirical research supporting its efficacy. Why does Dr. Watts believe, therefore, that "the burden of proof" to demonstrate the efficacy of their approach should fall

more heavily on reparative therapists than on gay affirmative therapists?

Dr. Watts's veiled insinuations that reparative therapists are intolerant, prejudiced, and unethical come across as gay activist "mud slinging." Such name calling ignores the fact that there are many people with homosexual tendencies who have made their *own* value choice to reject the gay lifestyle and culture. These "non-gay" people do not wish to engage in homosexual behavior and they desire help in controlling, diminishing, and, if possible, overcoming their homosexual thoughts and feelings. Some gay activists seem so threatened by this that they are actually fighting to have reparative therapy "outlawed" as unethical in order to deny such "non-gay" people the option of trying to diminish and overcome their homosexual tendencies. Is it really intolerant, prejudiced, and unethical for reparative therapists to offer help to "non-gay" people who wish help in coping with, diminishing, and overcoming their homosexual tendencies? Dr. Watts seems to agree with the radical gay activists that it is. I personally believe, however, that the efforts of gay activists to restrict the treatment options of "non-gay" homosexual people is a clear example of a group of people who are intolerantly trying to force their values on all those who disagree with them.

I also disagree with Dr. Watts's "assumption number six." Even if it were eventually shown that sexual orientation is (1) genetically determined and (2) immutable, it does not logically follow that LDS church leaders are, therefore, in error when they say homosexual behavior is immoral and unacceptable in God's eyes. As I pointed out in my article, "one's belief about whether or not homosexuality is desirable, normal, or moral is a value choice and cannot be resolved by scientific findings regarding etiology, prevalence, or treatment outcome" (35). I recognize that struggling to control one's homosexual tendencies, perhaps throughout one's life, must be a great burden. Nevertheless, according to LDS prophets and apostles, this is what the Lord expects (Ronald D. Bingham and Richard W. Potts, "Homosexuality: An LDS Perspective," *AMCAP Journal* 19 [1993]: 1-15). While some people must bear the challenge and pain of physical or mental disabilities, chronic illness, lifelong singlehood, divorce, or death of loved ones, it may be that others must cope with unwanted homosexual tendencies throughout their lives (if efforts to diminish and overcome these tendencies are unsuccessful). This is difficult doctrine, but as I understand it, it *is* currently LDS doctrine. Dr. Watts, it appears, would like the LDS church leaders to change this doctrine on behalf of people who struggle with homosexuality, but obviously it is not his prerogative to dictate church doctrine to LDS leaders.

In closing, the overall thrust of Dr. Watts's review of the *AMCAP Journal* seems to be to convince readers that the journal is not worth reading because the evidence in this domain is already all in, and the gay activist position is clearly the only tenable viewpoint about homosexuality. I hope that my response to Dr. Watts's review has raised the possibility in readers' minds that perhaps this is not really the case. I invite readers of *Dialogue* to read the *AMCAP Journal* (and other reparative therapy literature) and to decide for themselves whether or not they agree with Dr. Watts regarding

these controversial and important issues.

P. Scott Richards
Spanish Fork, Utah

A Reply

My review of the special 1993 issue of the *AMCAP Journal* on homosexuality seems to have struck a sensitive chord with its editor, P. Scott Richards. His rather strident response surprised me. He characterizes my review as "one-sided, oversimplified, and misrepresentative" of the journal's contributors' positions on several important issues, and this despite the fact that I felt I tried to provide a fair review. Differences of opinions are often exaggerated through misunderstanding and miscommunication, and generally speaking we are all much closer than we would care to admit. I'm gratified that we both agree that people in the LDS community need to develop more understanding of and compassion for those who struggle with homosexuality.

As for the specifics of Dr. Richards's criticisms of my review, I would like to comment and ask interested readers to judge how our respective perspectives meet our common concern that more understanding and compassion is needed in the LDS community for our gay and lesbian brothers and sisters. My impression is that most of the contributors to the *AMCAP Journal* as well as the leaders of LDS church Social Services acknowledge that the etiology of homosexuality is complex but believe that people with same-sex attractions are flawed, damaged, or retarded in their psychosexual development, are sinning when they act on their desires, and are in need of "repair" and that "repair" is possible in most cases. If that impression is erroneous and/or an "oversimplification," I apologize.

Dr. Richards indicates that a "major reason we published the special issue . . . on homosexuality was with the hope that the information it provided would promote understanding, empathy, and compassion for people who experience homosexual tendencies." I personally fail to see how a journal promoting the premise that homosexuals are inherently flawed, sinful, and in need of repair promotes understanding, empathy, and compassion for homosexuals. I'm sorry the above stated reason was not more self-evident and suggest that Dr. Richards is being a bit disingenuous. It seemed to me, and was so stated by Dr. Richards, that the main purpose was to publish an alternate viewpoint about homosexuality that he acknowledges was "imbalanced" but justifiable because it was impossible to get published in the professional literature. Why? Because, according to Dr. Richards, only the "gay affirmative" perspective gets published. Is he not really seeking understanding, empathy, and compassion for reparative therapists rather than homosexuals?

Dr. Richards has a proclivity to label me and anyone else critical of reparative therapy as a "gay activist" in support of "gay activist dogma" or the "gay activist agenda" rather than sincere and scientific. Are we to infer from his response that the American Psychiatric Association, the American Psychological Association, the American Medical Association, the World Health Organization, the Society of Pediatrics, and other professional organizations who have all questioned

the premise and the efficacy of reparative therapy are "gay activist" organizations? Labels can be both informative and misleading. If I am "gay friendly," am I a "gay activist" and does that carry a negative connotation? I willingly and publicly admit that one of my personal goals in life is to try to make the way smoother for all the disadvantaged, including homosexuals, who have in my opinion been misunderstood and are victims of some of the most blatant discrimination imaginable.

Dr. Richards asserts that there is empirical evidence demonstrating that change is possible and cites over 100 therapy outcome studies done during the 1940s through the mid-1970s which, "collectively, provide *some* evidence that change is possible" (italics added). He chides me and other "gay activists" for failing to acknowledge this information. The results of these studies are viewed with some skepticism because of the entirely self-report nature of the outcome measures, and I submit that if these papers have scientific validity the above mentioned professional associations and societies would embrace them and not continue to assert that "there is no published scientific evidence to support the efficacy of reparative therapy as a treatment to change one's sexual orientation."

Dr. Richards accuses me of "gay activist mud slinging" because of "veiled insinuations that reparative therapists are intolerant, prejudiced, and unethical." These "veiled insinuations" that he attributes to me were not actually "veiled" and did not originate with me but are direct quotes from his parent professional group, the American Psychological Association, as well as one from the American Psychiatric Association. Perhaps a little introspection is in order here. Why are the reparatists at loggerheads with their own professional organizations?

Dr. Richards asks, "Is it really intolerant, prejudiced, and unethical for reparative therapists to offer help to 'non-gay' people [Richards and Joseph Nicolosi's terminology for homosexuals reportedly uncomfortable with their same-sex orientation] who wish help in coping with, diminishing, and overcoming homosexual tendencies?" Ethicists object to reparative therapy because it advertises a cure for a condition that has not been judged to be an illness and reinforces a prejudicial and unjustified denigration of homosexuality. Richards implies that only "radical gay activists" oppose such efforts and cites their opposition as a "clear example of a group of people who are intolerantly trying to force their values on all those who disagree with them." Am I missing something here? Exactly who is trying to force whose values on whom? Why can't we just love these people with same-sex attractions and acknowledge that their feelings are just as valid as those of us who are straight? There seems to be an implied assertion that "gay" and "gay activist" opinions are of no value. Aren't they the ones who are dealing with homosexuality firsthand?

His position is that many people with homosexual tendencies have made their own "value choice" to reject the gay lifestyle and culture and that therapists are justified in helping them to try to diminish the feelings and adapt to the more conventional heterosexual lifestyle or to celibacy. Perhaps such therapy would not be so offensive to me and others if it were termed "adaptive therapy." That ter-

minology avoids the implication that these men and women are in need of repair but recognizes that because of societal disrespect for homosexuality one alternative for some homosexuals that may ultimately provide the greatest happiness is to try to adapt to the heterosexual lifestyle. This terminology would also acknowledge that same-sex attractions are valid and universal across all races and cultures as well as most mammalian species (its observation in animals is a strong argument against psychosocial causation) and would offer "adaptive therapy" as one way of avoiding societal opprobrium.

State psychological associations are beginning to address the ethics of reparative therapy which would even include my concept of "adaptive therapy" as bordering on the unethical. The Washington State Psychological Association adopted an advisory policy on sexual conversion therapy in 1991, which reads in part:

> Psychologists do not provide or sanction cures for that which has been judged not to be an illness. Individuals seeking to change their sexual orientation do so as the result of internalized stigmas and homophobia, given the consistent scientific demonstration that there is nothing about homosexuality per se that undermines psychological adjustment. It is therefore our objective as psychologists to educate and change the intolerant social context, not the individual who is victimized by it. Conversion treatments, by their very existence, exacerbate the homophobia which psychology seeks to combat.

By Dr. Richards's criteria, this is another "gay activist organization" promoting a "gay agenda."

Dr. Richards is correct when he points out that one's belief is a value choice. Some sincerely think that their value choice is inherently better than someone else's and that God has sanctioned their choice, i.e., there are universal values and they are all mine. I would only hope that somehow, someway, and someday the LDS church will figure out a way to find a place for those with same-sex feelings that doesn't require a loveless life of celibacy or a mandate either to change the feelings or be disenfranchised. As Dr. Richards pointed out, it is not my prerogative to dictate church policy, however, I can and do pray and look forward to the time when this policy, which I personally consider to be unchristian, will change. I'm sorry that Dr. Richards and I see this issue so differently. I sincerely hope we can take a different point of view and still be friends, and that through dialogue we will both increase our understanding.

Gary M. Watts
Provo, Utah

Egyptian Grammar and the Book of Mormon

In the winter 1994 issue Stephen Thompson notes three items in my essay to which he takes exception in his review of *New Approaches to the Book of Mormon*, edited by Brent Lee Metcalfe. The first two focus on rather tongue-in-cheek hypotheticals I provided to illustrate to readers unfamiliar with Hebrew the fact that the English text of the Book of Mormon is not a literal translation from an underlying original Hebrew text.

First, subjective absolute nominatives such as "I, Nephi, *having been*

born of goodly parents, therefore . . . " (1 Ne. 1:1, emphasis added) are not characteristic of ancient Hebrew. If they were as "acceptable" in Hebrew as Brian Stubbs asserts, thus supporting a claim that the Book of Mormon is a literal translation from a Hebrew original, we might expect them to appear in other Hebrew texts—a particularly appropriate location might be the church's short-lived *Selections from the Book of Mormon in Hebrew,* translated into Hebrew from English. Of course, even there no such constructions appear.

Second, if the English text of the Book of Mormon were a literal translation from ancient Hebrew into English, then we might expect to encounter several instances in the Old Testament in which the subject of a clause is separated from its verb by several intervening clauses and phrases. To illustrate how such a passage might appear in a known translation from Hebrew with which most readers would be familiar (*viz.*, the King James Version [KJV] of the Old Testament) hypothetically reflecting an original Hebrew text, I created a version of Genesis 1:1 according to the syntax of Words of Mormon 15-18. Of course, such unusual syntax is not characteristic of Hebrew and is not reflected in the KJV. It *does* characterize other products of Joseph Smith, such as the Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price.

Commenting on a pre-publication draft of my essay, David P. Wright correctly summarized my point: "Hebrew does not use . . . participial phrases as found in the Book of Mormon, but rather *shorter complete clauses,*" with the result that if "the Book of Mormon is a translation of Hebrew, it then cannot be a literal translation, *since it is construing finite verbs as participles in subordinate or dependent clauses*" (emphasis added). Elsewhere, he cautioned that "critics will get [Ashment] on using the Book of Mormon translation since it is not the ancient dialect; he should [state] in his disclaimer that 'retroverting' the relevant Book of Mormon passages to archaic or biblical Hebrew doesn't change his arguments much. [It would have been ideal for him to provide his own retroverted archaic Hebrew version; but then critics would pick at this.] The same caveat applies to his use of the modern Hebrew translation" (last brackets in original).

It is as though Thompson read Wright's comments, for those are the very items he criticizes, interpreting my hypotheticals as serious arguments. I agree with Thompson that my citations from the *Selections from the Book of Mormon in Hebrew* do "not *prove* anything about the nature of the language of the Hebrew Bible"; and that my hypothetical rendition of Genesis 1:1 according to the syntax of Words of Mormon 15-18 "also proves nothing about the Hebrew Bible"—that it is my own creation. For I was not attempting to prove anything about the Bible; I was focusing on the unusual syntax of the Book of Mormon.

Just as Hebrew is characterized by "shorter complete clauses," so is Egyptian. The third item to which Thompson takes exception is a statement by Alan H. Gardiner that I quoted to that effect in the first printing *of New Approaches*: "No less salient a characteristic of the language is its concision; the phrases and sentences are brief and to the point. Involved constructions and lengthy periods are rare, though such are found in some

legal documents" (*Egyptian Grammar*, 3rd ed., 4).

In a letter dated 17 September 1993, I explained to Thompson that my point was that in Egyptian, as in Hebrew, the verb and subject of a clause are closely connected, as opposed to "sentences" in the Book of Mormon such as Words of Mormon 16b-18 and others cited in my footnote 43. In this example, the subject is separated from its verb by an adverbial phrase modified by a relative clause; five embedded sentence-length clauses; an adverbial phrase; a resumptive subject; and an absolute clause with an appositional subject. I told him that as I see it, the examples from the Book of Mormon to which Brian Stubbs appeals as evidence of an underlying Hebrew original text (as well as Words of Mormon 15-18) do not reflect the customary Hebrew verb-subject or subject-verb syntax; and they do not reflect the earlier Egyptian verb-subject-object or later subject-verb-object syntax, which is all I had in mind when I quoted Gardiner. I proposed to Thompson that our difference of opinion regarding Gardiner's statement might have been due to the fact that I had interpreted it from the syntactic (word-order or *intra*-clausal) level of the clause or sentence (because that was what I was discussing in my essay), while he seemed to make his criticism from the hypotactic (*inter*-clausal) level. Indeed Junge, in the passage Thompson cites, regards Gardiner's statement from a hypotactic perspective when he rejects it, concluding that "it is . . . up to us to find . . . the rules by which Egyptian hypotaxis was governed." I totally agree with Junge and Collier regarding the complexity of hypotaxis in ancient Egyptian; and with them and Thompson, that Gardiner's statement is inappropriate at that level. I concluded my letter to Thompson with the assurance that, because of the potential for misunderstanding, I would omit the quotation from Gardiner in the next edition of *New Approaches*.

That was 17 September 1993. Thompson never responded to my letter. Shortly thereafter I learned that since *New Approaches* had sold so well, a reprint was planned and I could make corrections to my essay. I took advantage of that window of opportunity and rewrote the first part of footnote 42, a shortened version of which appeared in the January 1994 second printing: "Nor is it [the unusual syntax of the Book of Mormon] representative of Egyptian, in which the syntax is verb-subject-object (later subject-verb-object), and the verb is not separated from its subject by numerous phrases and clauses." Consequently, Thompson's third criticism has been out of date for about a year now.

Edward H. Ashment
Manteca, California

The Statue of Brigham Young at South Temple and Main, Salt Lake City

Michael Hicks

The cupping hand cradles the winds
that whir like crickets
beneath the swoop of traffic lamps.
The legs like stumps of pillars
tread down Indians and trappers
on the granite pulpit
that fastens these highways
to the vast plain of salt.
This is the ore that presides
in the shape of a man:
the law perches on his lips,
the gull-cry hovers in his ear,
the arm reaches down a clean path
between the priests and moneychangers,
above which the sky
holds its breath
at the astonishing balance.

Dancing through the Doctrine: Observations on Religion and Feminism[1]

Cecilia Konchar Farr

LUCRETIA MOTT, A NINETEENTH-CENTURY QUAKER minister and suffragist, delivered a speech at a Philadelphia women's rights convention in 1854 in which she discussed the day of Pentecost. She said:

> Then Peter stood forth—some one has said that Peter made a great mistake in quoting the prophet Joel—but he stated that "the time is come, this day is fulfilled the prophecy when it is said, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, your sons *and your daughters* shall prophesy," etc.—the language of the Bible is beautiful in its repetition—"upon my servants *and my handmaidens* I will pour out my spirit and they shall prophesy." Now can anything be clearer than that? [Emphasis mine.][2]

Sarah Kimball, a nineteenth-century LDS Relief Society leader and suffragist, held similar beliefs about the relationship between religion and women's suffrage, about the evidence of God's hand in the expansion of women's rights. She wrote that "the sure foundations of the suffrage cause were deeply and permanently laid on the 17th of March, 1842," the day in LDS history when Joseph Smith "turned the key in the name of the

1. This essay is dedicated, with respect and love, to the women of Feminist Home Evening: Camie Christiansen, Joanna Brooks, Becca Wahlquist, Melissa Bradshaw Vistaunet, Marni Asplund Campbell, Jaime Harker, Rachel Poulsen, Elizabeth Visick, Jane England, Adriana Velez, GaeLyn Henderson, Michelle Paradise, Kim Anderson, Tiffany Bunker Noble, Melanie Jenkins, and Claudine Foudray Gallacher (and Bryan Waterman, Sam Hammond, Tracy Farr, and Wes Smith, who had occasional "honorary" status).

2. Lucretia Mott, in *Feminism: The Essential Historical Writings*, ed. Miriam Schneir (New York: Vintage, 1972), 102.

Lord" to organize formally the Women's Relief Society.[3]

It is not unusual to find among the early leaders of the cause of women's rights repeated and sincere references to religion—Sarah M. Grimké, for example, wrote that God created man *and women* in his image: "God created us equal;—he created us free agents."[4] Sojourner Truth reminded her congregation that Christ came "From God and a woman. Man had nothing to do with Him."[5] Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Fanny Fern, and of course the Mormon suffragists writing and organizing in Utah used religious doctrines as the foundation for their feminism.

As American feminist thinkers and organizers, we've walked a long road since then, a road that has led us farther and farther away from religious discourse and Christian justification. Our reasons have been good: We didn't want to limit or exclude. We didn't want to direct all feminists down a single philosophical path. We wanted to avoid the violence caused by binary thinking and metaphysical justifications. So we've tread lightly, acknowledging but mostly avoiding sacred ground. Although academic feminists have revised history, philosophy, literature, and art with at least one foot in the confines of our patriarchal disciplines, our critiques of religion most often find us smelling the flowers off to the side of the road. Feminists in general don't often publicly state allegiance even to the gentle male God of the New Testament, though many of us admit to loving Shakespeare. Even though American feminism's mainstream is still made up of "liberal feminists" whose agenda remains reform rather than revolution, our discussions of religion are most often about women's inherent (individual) spirituality or about the intractable patriarchal nature of The Church—not about how to find women's place within mainstream religious movements.[6] As theorists, scholars, and activists, we work within patriarchal systems of education, economics, and government, but we give up on religion. Why?

If there is a purpose for this essay, it is to call for two things: (1) a move on the part of American feminist organizations and theorists to reassert our ability to occupy the important ground of religious discourse,

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3. Jill Mulvey Derr, *Sarah M. Kimball* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1976), 7.

4. Schneir, 37.

5. Ibid., 95

6. I use the adjective "mainstream" to modify both "feminism" and "religions." In the first case I use it to indicate the central, liberal body of the feminist movement, characterized by the actions and philosophies of the National Organization for Women and excluding, for the purpose of clarity in this essay, the work of more radical academic and activist feminists and some more conservative groups. In the second case I use it, following Stephen Carter, to indicate "the dominant, culturally established faiths held by the majority of Americans," a definition Carter borrows from Wade Clark Roof and William McKinney in *American Mainline Religion: Its Changing Shape and Future* (Stephen L. Carter, *The Culture of Disbelief* [New York: Basic Books], 18).

and (2) the establishment of a careful feminist critique of religion *from positions of faith* within religious communities.[7] Along our road to a revolution in metaphysical thinking, we need to find out what is worth keeping in our traditional theology as we've done in other fields. Many feminists in philosophy, for example, point out that the Western humanist idea of a whole and unitary individual with unalienable rights has caused great violence to those defined as "other," yet we've taken off from that concept of individuality, powered by deconstruction and revision, to explore some powerful new theories of subjectivity.

I see the return of religious rhetoric to feminist thinking as a way to overturn the binary of good and evil that is doing violence to our nation on issues such as abortion and welfare: invoking a religious morality on *both* sides blurs the distinctions between entrenched opposites. And it will be an honest invocation, considering how many of us in the U.S. (liberal and conservative alike) connect our morality with an organized religion—many more than in most Western nations. Witness the recent media hype about angels, including a *Time* magazine cover story which asserts that 69 percent of Americans believe in the existence of angels. A recent Gallup survey has 96 percent of Americans saying they believe in God, and at least 84 percent claiming a (Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish) religious affiliation.[8]

I also see an invocation of religion in feminist politics as inclusionary: American feminism has embraced a tradition of pluralism and done a much better job of encompassing diversity than most theoretical schools or political groups. We wrestle constantly with the hows and whys, we make mistakes and fall into patriarchal and colonial patterns, but we never give up. As long as we as feminists maintain mutual respect for religion as we've done fairly successfully (though not without a struggle) with sexual preference, this allowance of various religious discourses would do more to convince traditionally Catholic Chicanas, Jewish-American women, mainstream Mormon women, the religious Eastern European-American women I grew up with, African-American women whose ties are Christian or Muslim, or oppressed women of many ethnic groups who embrace Liberation Theology that the movement belongs as much to them as to skeptical middle-class WASP women.

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7. I want to acknowledge here that I look for inspiration to the long tradition of reformers, especially in Catholicism, who critiqued their religion from positions of faith. Also valuable to me is the recent work of Mormon thinkers, especially Eugene England in his personal essays (see various issues of *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* of which he is a founding editor and in *Dialogues with Myself*). I was also influenced by Debra Kaufmann's presence as she held a visiting professorship at BYU in 1992-93, and her generous and open discussion of her work on newly orthodox Jewish women (*Rachel's Daughters: Newly Orthodox Jewish Women*).

8. Statistics cited from *Time* magazine, 27 Dec. 1993, 56-65, and from Carter, 279 n2.

As feminists, skilled in the discourse and practices of diversity, we'll have to apply our commitments across belief systems and resist the temptation of religious discourse violently to invoke the transcendent *as a proof*—as the ultimate end of discussion. We can't very well expect religion to do without a theory of transcendence—belief in a God and, generally, a heaven beyond earth are, after all, what religion is about. But as one of my religious, postmodern students in a theory seminar said, "Keep your transcendents to yourself." Can religious feminists publicly express our faith without embarrassment but keep our religious proofs to communities of believers, approaching others with gentle deference? I have seldom seen such deference in religious communities.[9]

But I *have* seen (and continue to see) such gentle deference, such attention to different beliefs and cultures, within the feminist movement. I have experienced it in my feminist communities, both academic and political.[10] Even so, in my scholarly study of feminist theories I have yet to find a home for my conservative religious beliefs. I have found, instead, that religion is one area where mainstream feminist thinking has been clearly secular and often barely distinguishable from current mainstream liberalism. For example, we could easily substitute "feminism" for "the nation" in the following passage from Yale law professor Stephen L. Carter's book, *A Culture of Disbelief*: "It is both tragic and paradoxical that now, just as [feminism] is beginning to invite people into the public square for the different points of view that they have to offer, people whose contribution to [feminism]'s diversity comes from their religious traditions are not valued unless their voices seem somehow esoteric."[11] Carter writes that despite the strong religious tradition in American social reform—from suffrage and abolition to Civil Rights and anti-war—where "the public rhetoric of religion . . . had been largely the property of liberalism," suddenly, and immutably, the realm of religion has been

9. In fact our Christian history is quite the opposite of deferential—full of violence, especially violence against women: witness the mass murder of "witches" in medieval Europe and of "heathens" in Asia and the Middle East. By inviting feminism to participate in religious discourse, I'm inviting feminism to work within this bloody history. I realize that for some this is more than a little problematic. I would add, however, with Carter, that bloody histories are not unique to religion. Our response to repressive governments is not generally to opt out of government altogether. "We need," concludes Carter, "to distinguish a critique of the content of a belief from a critique of its source" (277—see also 85).

10. In fact, an earlier version of this paper was delivered at a meeting of the Salt Lake City chapter of Utah NOW in January 1994. In that community, dominated politically and economically by the Mormon church, the NOW chapter is mostly ex- or non-Mormons, yet group members were always blessedly open in their acceptance of me, an orthodox Mormon and feminist. This acceptance was not as prevalent in the Mormon community, where feminism is quite suspect (see n20 below).

11. Carter, 57.

ceded to the conservative right, so that "by the time of the 1992 Republican Convention, one had the eerie sense that the right was asserting ownership in God."[12] Other recent texts on religion and politics have also traced the move from "religious sentiments, beliefs, and organizations" being "at the heart of a large number of contemporary social movements"[13] to the current perception that religion is only for hard-line conservatives.

Mormon culture, especially in Utah, has participated in this broader cultural trend, successfully uniting religious doctrine with politically conservative dogma, for example, in the popular 1992 presidential campaign of the ultra-right-wing Bo Gritz, in the anti-choice politics and policies of the Utah legislature, and in a September 1993 special issue on "the conservative backlash" in the church-owned and -controlled BYU campus newspaper, the *Daily Universe* (which came close enough to absurdity to be actually quite funny). In a front-page editorial for that issue, BYU political science professor Bud Scruggs defended God, family, and hearth as the exclusive domain of the conservative Republican. He went as far as to suggest (as Jerry Falwell once did) that only Republicans pray (and, incidentally, that they should pray for the demise of the Clinton administration).[14]

Scrugg's defense echoes Hyrum Andrus's little 1965 book on Mormonism and conservative politics, in which the author posits that, "in order to meet the problems that currently confront them, Latter-day Saints are bound by that which they hold sacred, to support an intelligent, conservative position in social, economic and political philosophy . . ."[15] Such rhetoric moves feminists, political activists, and even Democrats from the center of the church into the margins. And, since there has not been an equally successful countering of this rhetoric, nationally or locally, there we have remained.[16]

Still there are those affirming moments when religion appears somewhere left of the political right, in the speeches of Jesse Jackson and Mario Cuomo and in the writings of Toni Morrison *and* Isaac Bashevis Singer. Martin Luther King, Jr., social activist and Baptist minister, had a dream that was decidedly not a secular one, and his speech on "Con-

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12. Ibid., 58.

13. Anson Shupe and Jeffrey K. Hadden, eds., *The Politics of Religion and Social Change* (New York: Paragon, 1988), viii.

14. See *Daily Universe*, 19 Sept. 1993, 1.

15. Hyrum L. Andrus, *Liberalism, Conservatism and Mormonism* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1965), ix.

16. This is complicated in Mormonism by the increasing presence of political conservatives in the hierarchies of the church, especially since the recent tenure of Ezra Taft Benson, a staunch right-wing conservative, as prophet. When believers look to their leaders for patterns of political activity, they are hard pressed today to find even a single Democrat.

science and the Vietnam War" reinforces that:

> For those who question "Aren't you a civil rights leader?"—and thereby mean to exclude me from the movement for peace—I answer by saying that I have worked too long and hard now against segregated public accommodations to end up segregating moral concerns. Justice is indivisible. . . . In 1957 when a group of us formed the [Southern Christian Leadership Conference], we chose as our motto: "To save the *soul* of America." Now it should be incandescently clear that no one who has any concern for the integrity and life of America today can ignore the present war. [Emphasis mine.][17]

King's foundation, for both his pacifism and his civil rights campaign, was clearly a religious one. Perhaps in response to this impassioned religious rhetoric of the activists of the 1960s and early 1970s, however, mainstream American politics continued more determinedly along its path of secularization. While the causes of the secularization of politics are complex and beyond the scope of this study, some of the reasons most often cited include the privileged position science and empirical thinking have held since the Enlightenment and especially in the twentieth century; the "modernization" of the West, including technological advances, urbanization, and a growing mass media; and broad efforts toward public (read: secular) education for children from all racial, ethnic, and socioeconomic groups. The persistence of religious groups in the face of these advances has surprised many a social scientist. Recently in some countries, most notably in the Middle East and in Eastern Europe, religious resurgence has served as "an expression of cultural authenticity."[18]

Certainly in the United States we can't deny that, like it or not, religious belief is part of our historical and political legacy. And religion has returned to the political realm with a vengeance since the 1980s—but, again, only on the conservative right. Stephen Carter blames the left for *yielding* its right, for "shedding religious rhetoric like a useless second skin."[19] But I believe he's missing part of the picture. Religious feminists and certainly Mormon feminists might lay some of the blame for the loss of religious discourse in feminism not only on our reluctance to use it, but also on a *wresting* away of this language by the conservative groups who have set up feminists—along with witches and lesbians—as the enemies of God. For many people steeped in conservative thinking, "femi-

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17. Martin Luther King, *The Trumpet of Conscience* (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1967), 24.

18. Emile Sahliyeh, *Religious Resurgence and Politics in the Contemporary World* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1990), vii.

19. Carter, 58.

nazis" are effectively silenced before they attempt to speak. I encountered many such people during my tenure as a professor at BYU, people who simply could not hear a word I said, even when I was teaching Hemingway or sharing my testimony of Jesus Christ.

Let me make a space here to locate myself. I generally call myself a radical feminist, meaning that I imagine *huge* changes, not just reformative or cosmetic changes, are going to be necessary to alter women's oppressed situation in our world. I am generally more sympathetic to revisioning and rethinking than I am to reform, because our oppressive ways of operating in this world are so firmly entrenched that painting over them will never be enough. We need to strip our institutions down to the bare structures, *then* see if they need rebuilding or renovation. We don't repair structures by sitting in the middle of them and imagining that they are fixed. That said, I must acknowledge that my position on religion is much the same as my position on politics—I'm looking for revision and rethinking not just reform, which might explain why my tenure as BYU's first trained feminist theorist was brief.[20]

I believe differences come even among religious feminists and, in my experience, Mormon feminists when we examine how to approach these patriarchal structures—the father's house, in Audre Lorde's terms. Do we attack them with the father's tools? With our own? Should we build our own houses across the street? Or do we reject the imperialist constructions that deface that earth and go off to live in canyons and deserts? My position on religious conservatism and feminism is that (with apologies to Mary Daly, Sonia Johnson, and Carol P. Christ, whom I admire) *feminists have been spending too much time in the desert*. I say this perhaps because beginning at age six I was enmeshed in my mother's personal religious revival and conversion from Catholicism to Mormonism. Mormonism was then and continues to be my conduit into the universe, my access to personal spirituality, to healing faith, and to empowering theology. It pushes the limits of my intellect, reminding me that there are many ways to construct and perceive truths, many, many of them beyond my power of understanding. It gives me a way, as a feminist theorist, to approach believers of any theology tenderly and with respect.

Though I have studied feminist theory and been a committed feminist for years, I am still brought up short when we assume, as a group,

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20. I was a professor at Brigham Young University from 1990-94 (after obtaining my M.A. degree there in 1987 and being named "Outstanding Graduate Student" in the English department). I found myself the subject of some controversy after my feminist research, teaching, and politics became the (publicly unacknowledged) grounds for my dismissal in June 1993. I appealed the decision and reached a settlement with the university in November 1993. See Bryan Waterman and Brian Kagel, "BYU and the Farr/Knowlton Cases: A Preliminary Sketch," forthcoming in *Sunstone*.

that our feminist faith is New Age, goddess-worship, or earth-centered. At a Take Back the Night march in Salt Lake City in May 1993 I and a few of my friends were uncomfortable with the coupling of our political protest of violence against women with candle-lit chants about our bodies and our blood. I honor the organizers' commitment to their faith, but I balk at the assumption that it is the faith of all feminists.

Perhaps I am also writing in response to the question that I hear often from many of my (as we say in Mormonism) gentile friends, "Why do you stay in such a male-dominated religion?" I am often tempted to ask them, admittedly begging the question, which institutions they associate with are not dominated by men—their banks, their government, their schools or factories or hospitals? I stay because Mormonism means something to me at the deepest levels of my being. So I find myself, in my own religious odyssey, sitting in a structure I have deconstructed, but that I admire still. I stare at the clouds through the open beams where the ceiling once was and admire the beams without wishing for the ceiling. And currently I have no plans for a desert escape. It's a tough position to take in this particular historical moment as an intellectual *and* a feminist,[21] but I love my church and am proud to be Mormon. That response informs this essay.

Let me also add this caveat: I am neither historian—Mormon or otherwise—social scientist, nor theologian. I am a feminist literary critic with a penchant for cultural critique, and a Mormon woman anxiously (or should I say desperately?) engaged in finding a way to integrate a late-twentieth-century postmodern feminist consciousness with a lifelong commitment to faith and active participation in the LDS church and a conviction that, for some feminists, the basic structure of Mormonism can and ought to remain—and by "structure" here I mean the basic doctrines and tenets of our faith, not the organizational structure. I emphasize *some* feminists because in this difficult time I must acknowledge the struggle many Mormon feminists have with "structure" in either sense of the word. This essay, then, is perhaps more aptly titled "justification" than "observation."

Within my call for the return of religion to feminism and feminism to religion, I would like to close by beginning a broader discussion than we've heretofore had of Mormon feminism, because this is the feminism I have the highest stake in. I hesitate to do this, as my first response to our

21. Reference to this "historical moment" assumes familiarity with the LDS church's recent pattern of harassment of Mormon feminists and intellectuals. See Lavina Fielding Anderson, "The LDS Intellectual Community and Church Leadership: A Contemporary Chronology," in *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 26 (Spring 1993): 7-64, and Anderson, "Landmarks for LDS Women: A Contemporary Chronology," in *Mormon Women's Forum* 3 (Dec. 1992): 1-20.

present embattled position is to close ranks, yet I think it's time we looked to the future armed with a clear praxis and an articulate agenda. To this purpose, as I understand from Debra Kaufman's work, similar discussions are taking place among orthodox Jewish women; and notably Catholic, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian feminist theologians have made strides in this direction over the past several years.

Recently some feminist thinkers, Gloria Steinem among them, have called for a return to consciousness-raising groups as a way of bringing feminism back to local relevance and back into the everyday lives of women. Feminist thinkers, mostly in the Academy, have turned our movement into a *theory*, they argue, to the detriment of the movement. This nostalgic place, where feminism was about the "liberation" of individual women rather than the complex, interwoven systems and institutions of oppression, is, I think, where Mormon feminism has remained.

In the spring of 1993 I attended my first Mormon feminist retreat, Pilgrimage, with several graduate students and English teachers—all women in our twenties or early thirties—who had met together once a week for nearly a year to study feminist theory. A combination consciousness raising/support/study group, we had spent part of winter semester studying Mormon feminism. We read Sonia Johnson's *From Housewife to Heretic*, and essays from *Sisters in Spirit* (edited by Lavina Fielding Anderson and Maureen Ursenbach Beecher) and from *Women and Authority* (edited by Maxine Hanks). As we talked our way through these texts, we began to outline a Mormon feminism from our roots in feminist theory and cultural criticism, a feminism based only partly on our own experiences. This feminism, we decided, was not so much a reaction to disillusionment or mistreatment as it was an enactment of our *theory and our theology*. (Even as I write this I hear the loving, challenging voices of these women clarifying and modifying my description.)

At Pilgrimage our feminist thinking was set against the backdrop of the longstanding tradition of Mormon feminism which surrounded us there.[22] We spent our days pointing out to each other famous Mormon feminists we had read—there's Linda King Newell in the sauna, Lavina Fielding Anderson by the fireplace, Margaret Toscano at the book display—and our nights sorting through our experience. Aside from a group of women we admire and respect, here is what we saw at Pilgrimage:

* A feminism based on individual liberation, where meetings con-

22. Though the Pilgrimage retreat is not definitive of Mormon feminism as a whole, it is typical in many ways of the most common trends in Mormon feminism as I have observed them over the past several years, so I chose it, for the purpose of this essay, as exemplary. My apologies for my academic reductivism to feminists of diverse perspectives who compose this and similar groups.

sisted mainly of entertainment, affirmation, and sharing stories of awakenings and abuses.

* A homogeneous feminism that seemed, for the most part, comfortable in its familiar surroundings.

* An insular feminism that based its desires for change almost solely on getting male leaders to understand women in the church.

* A non-theoretical feminism, whose major premise was that women should no longer be silent.

* An apolitical feminism that saw most of the women resisting a pull into a mild protest campaign, led by some of the more activist members of the group, which involved wearing small white ribbons on their lapels at church.

It was a feminism in the wilderness or focussed on reform, and a feminism that highlighted all of the imperfections of our smaller group—our homogeneity, our middle-class consciousness, our insularity. It was also a feminism quite different from the Mormon feminism we had been developing hopefully together in some of the following ways: One member of our group worked on the rape crisis hotline in Provo. She, like many activist feminists, talked to rape victims, sometimes several a week, took them to the hospital and the police station. She insisted that we always keep broad social and cultural change on our agenda. Another woman, actually an undergraduate, but certainly not your average undergraduate, studied Hispanic literatures. She never let us forget that white women are not the center of the world—that we aren't even a majority of women in many parts of America. She inspired us to read the theorist/novelist/poet Gloria Anzaldúa together. Another had just finished teaching for a year in inner-city schools in Boston and had, she told us, altered her approach to life at a very basic level to accommodate what she learned there. Together we confided and theorized and negotiated. And we demonstrated, organized, and gave political speeches.

In short, though our discussions were, like consciousness-raising groups, local and personal, they were also theoretical and global, always with immense political and cultural pretensions. We, in other words, are determined not so much to change the church as to change the world, because when we change the world the church will follow. Instead of locating ourselves in the church, we located the church in ourselves—and ourselves in the world. As one member of our group, Camie Christiansen, wrote to me recently, "I am more interested in connecting Mor-

mon women with mainstream women's movements and concerns in academics, politics, and in the political world." Most of us agree that religious institutions resist change and close most doors to revolution. (The case of Galileo is instructive here). However, sometimes they open a skylight to revelation, and therein lies hope for changing the church. We approach this hope on its own philosophical ground: We pray for change. But in the meantime there's a lot to be done, and we feminists must be about our Mother's business. We need to be much more anxiously engaged beyond the boundaries of our religious congregations and our individual souls. Barring revelation over which we have no tangible control in the strictly established patriarchal hierarchies of contemporary religion (imagine Joan of Arc in Salt Lake or Vatican City today), these broader activities are the only way to change the church.

For me this means returning to my basic faith in Mormon doctrine for renewal and spiritual strength as I work to change the world, because, in all honesty, it is in that doctrine that created me as a moral being that I discover the passion for social and political activism. As my friend Joanna Brooks explained in a personal letter last year, "Religion is not just metaphysical. It is not just a head game. It is just as much a physical construction as is race or sex. It absolutely determines our conception of our bodies, our spirituality [and morality], our roles." At the risk of overextending my metaphor, I can't stop myself from adding here that sometimes the best way of dealing with the father's house is to use his summer cottage (even if it has no roof) while you're taking the hacksaw to the family mansion. Again, let me call on feminist methodologies in the academic disciplines for examples of how this is to be done. We haven't thrown out all of Western culture because much of it is painful, heterosexist, and misogynist. It is our culture—we are it and it is us—so we examine its length and breadth, its foundations and structures, then alter and adjust it for our own survival and the survival of our friends and communities. Meanwhile, we cannot get beyond it. There is no "Beyond." We continue to be constructed by and even admire certain aspects of it.

Let me acknowledge here, finally, that I don't speak for all Mormon feminists, many of whom differ fundamentally with me on how to approach our religion. To them I say, let the conversation begin. Because Mormon feminists are well-suited to initiate a faithful discussion of religion and women's issues; we have a history of courageous feminists and, in our faith, a common bond that crosses cultures and ideologies. It is now a worldwide church, and many of us are lucky enough to live and serve in wards that reflect this.

In conclusion, I must insist that those of us who are committed to Mormonism are committed to social change, to feeding the hungry, cloth-

ing the naked, mourning with those who mourn. We are bound to be humble in our assertions, reluctant to exercise authority, eager to serve others, and loving to those who believe differently. I say, with all due respect for your difference and no desire to proselytize or convert, that I, as a Latter-day Saint, am bound by that which I hold sacred to support an intelligent, radical feminist position in social, economic, and political and religious philosophy. My faith frames that position, and my religious practice demands it. Now can anything be clearer than that?

Bread: A Returning

Dixie Partridge

In the hayfields are loaves
to be lined along barns.
Like monuments to a lost art
they have browned in the summer heat,

something warmed against winter.
The scent of the air is yeasty after showers.
My grandmother's dozen loaves a day
fed haying crews raking the fields

with draft teams. The old log stackers
finally split and gave way to steel,
then to the compression of bales,
rolled or rectangular.

* * *

We see the tall willows first,
the two-story farmhouse—cool
downstairs even at the peak of harvest,
then my father's bales

squared high in the stackyard.
He runs his place however he can,
for as long as he can. In his sleep
he re-does it all with horses.

When I was a child, my mother
took on the heat of the fields
after her morning kneading and baking,
the tall black stove consuming

all our arms could carry
to the woodbox, the axe quick
in her hands, her arms muscular
from the pull of reins.

* * *

Even before we enter,
I can smell the slices
she will hand us, butter melting
in the soft center of her bread.

Dissent and Schism in the Early Church: Explaining Mormon Fissiparousness

Danny L. Jorgensen

SCHISM (OR FISSIPAROUSNESS), THE DIVISION of an organization into two or more separate collectivities, is a prominent and interesting feature of Mormonism. Since it was formally organized by Joseph Smith, Jr., and a few followers on 6 April 1830, this new American religion has spawned more than a hundred independent groups.[1] There was a host of dissidents and at least ten breaches in its organization between 1830 and 1844. The founding prophet's martyrdom in 1844 effected a crisis of leadership, fragmentation of the church at Nauvoo, Illinois, and at least twelve more distinct collectivities over about the next ten years. Subsequently, many early Latter-day Saint churches have generated additional schisms.

Unfortunately, Mormonism's schismatic proclivities rarely have

1. Reasonably comprehensive lists and brief reviews of Mormon dissenters and schisms are provided by Dale L. Morgan, "A Bibliography of the Churches of the Dispersion," *Western Humanities Review* 7 (Summer 1953): 255-66; Albert J. Van Nest, *A Directory to the "Restored Gospel" Churches* (Evanston, IL: Institute for the Study of American Religion, 1983); and Steven L. Shields, *Divergent Paths of the Restoration* (Los Angeles: Restoration Research, 1990). Steven L. Shields, *The Latter Day Saint Churches: An Annotated Bibliography* (New York: Garland, 1987), is the most adequate single guide to the primary and secondary literature on different Mormon organizations.

been treated seriously as an intellectual issue.[2] Scholars of this religious movement, like believers, have found it difficult to think about schism apart from faith-based, essentially theological contentions about how particular Latter-day Saint groups are related to the earliest church.[3] Dissent and conflict in Mormonism frequently have been envisioned as hostility, violence, and persecution by outsiders or enemies.[4] When Mormon historians have acknowledged internal conflict, dissent, and schism, they have concentrated on particular episodes. These incidents have been attributed to disruptive changes or crises in American culture and society, the corresponding psychosocial deprivation of societal members, and social differentiation, particularly economic and subcultural differences.[5]

Theories of sociocultural change, relative deprivation, and differentiation contribute to a scholarly understanding of the general conditions whereby schism develops, but they do not account for why and how

2. For a systematic review and discussion of the scholarly literature on Mormon schisms, see Danny L. Jorgensen, "Studies of Mormon Fissiparousness: Conflict, Dissent, and Schism in the Early Church," in Roger D. Launius, ed., *Reinterpreting the Mormon Experience: Essays in Mormon History* (Champaign: University of Illinois Press, forthcoming). Multiple versions and organizations of Mormonism are almost completely ignored by most of its leading interpreters, including those who stand outside any of its traditions. See, for example, Mark P. Leone, *Roots of Modern Mormonism* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1979); Klaus J. Hansen, *Mormonism and the American Experience* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981); and Jan Shipps, *Mormonism: The Story of a New Religious Tradition* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985).

3. Dale Morgan, "A Bibliography of the Churches of the Dispersion," 258, astutely noted more than forty years ago that: "The death of the Prophet totally changed the picture for Mormonism's dissenting churches. Henceforth individual churches could and did claim to be not only the one true church but the legitimate inheritor of the Prophet's mantle." Cecil E. McGavin's 1944 series on "Apostate Factions Following the Martyrdom of Joseph Smith," *Improvement Era* 47, Russell R. Rich's, *Those Who Would Be Leaders* (Provo, UT: Brigham Young University, 1958) and *Little Known Schisms of the Restoration* (Provo, UT: Brigham Young University, 1962), Kate B. Carter's *Denominations that Base Their Beliefs on the Teachings of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet* (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1969), and a series of essays on particular factions published in 1976 by William Y. Beasley in the *Gospel Anchor* all provide serviceable information but from a partisan viewpoint.

4. See, for example, James B. Allen and Glen M. Leonard's treatment of dissenters as "apostates" in *The Story of the Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1976). Too little has changed since Dale Morgan, "A Bibliography of the Churches of the Dispersion," 255, observed, "Instructive studies could be made of all [Latter-day Saint factions], and a book to discuss them comprehensively is one of the imperative needs of Mormon scholarship."

5. See, for example, Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton, *The Mormon Experience: A History of the Latter-day Saints* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1992); Marvin S. Hill, *Quest for Refuge: The Mormon Flight from American Pluralism* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1989); Thomas F. O'Dea, *The Mormons* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1957); and Kenneth Winn, *Exiles in a Land of Liberty: Mormons in America, 1830-1846* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1989).

splintering in a religious group happens. Two other theories of schism merit consideration. One focuses on the social organization of religious movements and the mobilization of scarce resources. The other holds that knowledge claims provide certain means of authoritative legitimation effecting religious organization and fragmentation. I proceed by reviewing current scholarly thinking about schism, including specific formulations of all three of these theories. Then I critically evaluate these theoretical models by analyzing and interpreting conflict, dissent, and schism in early (about 1829-54) Mormonism.

Scholarly Perspectives on Religious Schism

Current scholarship suggests that religious schism is a product of complex social processes.[6] It involves dissent and conflict over ideology (values, beliefs, norms), practices and activities, and authority, resulting in a power struggle. Conflict inevitably is expressed symbolically by competing ideologies, and it may center predominately on collective values and beliefs or practices and means of goal attainment. Disharmony may extend over a lengthy time before separation. Opponents proceed by defining one another as significantly different, and then deviant, commonly eventuating in charges of heresy or apostasy.[7] Through a labeling process, the parent group, the seceding faction, or both may define the other as straying from or perverting the truth.[8] Disputes about authority

6. Nancy T. Ammerman, "Schism: An Overview," in Mircea Eliade, ed., *The Encyclopedia of Religion* (New York: Macmillan, 1987), 13:98-102.

7. Whether an idea, act, or person is deviant depends on its social definition. It is accomplished through a social interactional process whereby a label of deviance is applied to something or someone in concrete situations. See Howard S. Becker, *Outsiders* (New York: Free Press, 1963); and Kai T. Erikson, *Wayward Puritans* (New York: Wiley, 1966).

8. Ammerman, "Schism," 99, identified three types of schism by examining who does the defining. One form results when the leadership (or powerful) defines perceived innovations as deviant. If the reputed changes are seen as intolerable, those defined as heretics or apostates may be forced out. Schism consequently may be unintentional (or accidental) in the sense that the reformers did not deliberately seek independence. Another type develops when protesters label the parent organization illegitimate and depart. In such cases, there frequently are efforts to retain the schismatics, as illustrated by disputes over local autonomy. Instances in which competing factions define each other as deviating from the truth comprise still another common form of schism. In such a case, conflicting parties may pursue reconciliation before concluding that their differences preclude unity. Since schism generally results in sectarian organizations, various sect typologies may suggest additional forms. See, for instance, Bryan Wilson, *Religious Sects: A Sociological Study* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1970).

and battles for power are mostly inescapable when an organization splinters.

The intuitively pleasing idea that schism is caused by doctrinal disputes has been substantially rejected by conventional theories of religion in preference of social differentiation.[9] The hypothesis that social class, ethnic, or regional differences galvanize ideological conflict and, in turn, fissiparousness along lines of cleavage has been very influential.[10] It, however, largely has been incorporated into the theory that schism is

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9. This viewpoint derived specifically from Max Weber's concern for the interrelationship between religious and economic institutions, including socioeconomic classes or particular social stratification systems. See Max Weber (Talcott Parsons, trans.), *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958); Weber (Ephraim Fischoff, trans.), *The Sociology of Religion* (Boston: Beacon, 1963); Weber (A. M. Henderson and T. Parsons, trans.), *The Theory of Social and Economic Organizations* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1947); H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills, trans. and eds., *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1946); and S. N. Eisenstadt, ed., *Max Weber on Charisma and Institution Building* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968). Weber was responding to Karl Marx and his school. While rejecting the economic determinism attributed to Marx, Weber retained a fundamental concern for socioeconomic relationships and conflict. This general thesis also might be derived from Emile Durkheim's (Joseph W. Swain, trans.) *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life* (New York: The Free Press, 1965), a classic discussion of religion as a social phenomenon and how it promotes social cohesion, particularly under conditions of institutional segmentation and differentiation.

10. H. Richard Niebuhr, *The Social Sources of Denominationalism* (New York: Meridian, 1929). Also see the supporting case studies by Christopher Dawson, "What About Heretics: An Analysis of the Causes of Schism," *Commonweal* 36 (18 Sept. 1942): 513-17; Gus Tuberville, "Religious Schism in the Methodist Church: A Sociological Analysis of the Pine Grove Case," *Rural Sociology* 14 (1949): 29-39; S. L. Greenslade, *Schism in the Early Church* (London: SCM Press, 1953); and Robert Doherty, *The Hicksite Separation: A Sociological Analysis of Religious Schism in Early Nineteenth Century America* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1967). James S. Coleman, "Social Cleavage and Religious Conflict," *Journal of Social Issues* 12 (1956): 44-56, subsequently argued that various forms of social cleavage, based on differences in nationality, ethnicity, regionality, status, power, individualism, values, and generations, are underlying sources of ideological conflict. Observations of American religion reinforce the notion that religious bodies are separated by socioeconomic class, ethnic, and regional differences and tend toward intraorganizational homogeneity. See, for instance, Liston Pope, *Millhands and Preachers: A Study of Gastonia* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1942); Will Herberg, *Protestant, Catholic, Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology* (NY: Doubleday, 1955); and Andrew M. Greeley, *The Denominational Society: A Sociological Approach to Religion in America* (Glenview, IL: Scott, Foresman, 1972).

caused by social changes that produce stresses and strains in the structure of society and the corresponding deprivation or relative deprivation of its members.[11]

Modernity, especially industrialization, urbanization, and rationalization, it is widely thought, has induced radical sociocultural transformations.[12] Cultural pluralism, structural differentiation, and individualism specifically have been linked to certain forms of religious organization, churches, denominations, sects, and cults, as well as their propensity to

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11. Sociocultural change commonly is seen as a necessary condition, if not a sufficient cause, of schism. Many influential formulations of the theory are indebted to the structural-functionalism of Talcott Parsons, *The Structure of Social Action* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1937), *Toward a General Theory of Action* (New York: Harper and Row, 1951), and *The Social System* (New York: Free Press, 1951); as well as the functionalism of Robert Merton, *Social Theory and Social Structure* (New York: Free Press, 1949). In a popular variant of the theory specific forms of "relative deprivation," economic, social organismic, ethical, psychic, or combinations thereof are linked to types of religious collectivities, sects, churches, healing movements, reform movements, and cults, respectively. See Charles Y. Glock and Rodney Stark, "On the Origin and Evolution of Religious Groups," in Glock and Stark, eds., *Religion and Society in Tension* (Chicago: Rand McNally, 1965). Applications of Frederick Jackson Turner's thesis about the American frontier to the emergence of Mormonism, such as that of Mario De Pillis, exemplifies this general theory. See Frederick Jackson Turner, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," in *The Frontier in American History* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1962); and Mario De Pillis, "The Quest for Religious Authority and the Rise of Mormonism," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 1 (Spring 1966): 68-88. Whitney Cross's counter proposal and related efforts by David Davis, Marvin Hill, and others to locate the origins of Mormonism in New England culture, especially its religious manifestations, were more a debate over the specific structural consequences of change and responses to it than a repudiation of this theoretical framework. See Whitney R. Cross, *The Burned-Over District: The Social and Intellectual History of Enthusiastic Religion in Western New York, 1800-1850* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1950); David Brion Davis, "The New England Origins of Mormonism," *New England Quarterly* 24 (June 1953): 147-68; Marvin S. Hill, "The Shaping of the Mormon Mind in New England and New York," *Brigham Young University Studies* 9 (Spring 1969): 351-72; Laurence Milton Yorgason, "Some Demographic Aspects of One Hundred Early Mormon Converts, 1830-1837," M.A. Thesis, Brigham Young University, 1974. Interpretations by Klaus Hansen, *Mormonism and the American Experience*, and Marvin Hill, *Quest for Refuge*, among others, that see Mormonism as a conservative reaction to modernity also reflect this perspective.

12. The theories of Max, Durkheim, and Weber, among other major thinkers, may be viewed as responses to modernity. Inclusive issues have assumed renewed relevancy with the current concern for the conditions of a postmodern world. See Anthony Giddens, *The Consequences of Modernity* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1990), for an outstanding discussion.

schism.[13] Theorizing about religious fragmentation consequently is at the center of current debates about modernity and especially its secularizing influences.[14] Viewed in this way, schism is a consequence of peoples' efforts to address grievances effected by perceived deprivation and then resolve the resulting uncertainties in a group. A derivative sociological model, modified by a theory of collective behavior, specified that successive conditions—a conducive environment, a sense of grievance and crisis, precipitating events, conflict and struggles for power—must accumulate to produce schism.[15]

The theory has been substantially modified by an approach to so-

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13. The Weberian church-sect dichotomy was developed by Ernst Troeltsch, *The Social Teachings of the Christian Churches* (New York: Harper and Row, 1960). Because of problems in applying it to the United States, the denomination type was added by H. Richard Niebuhr, *The Social Sources of Denominationalism*. Clarifying the residual category of mysticism found in the work of Weber and Troeltsch, a fourth type, the cult, was added by Howard P. Becker, *Systematic Sociology on the Basis of the Beziehungslehre and Gebildelehre of Leopold Van Wiese* (New York: Wiley, 1932). It was developed further by J. Milton Yinger, *The Scientific Study of Religion* (New York: Macmillan, 1970), 266-73; and especially Colin Campbell, "Clarifying the Cult," *British Journal of Sociology* 28 (1977): 375-88. Application of "church-sect typology" has stimulated controversy and dissatisfaction, leading some thinkers to reject it entirely. It, however, continues to provide a conventional point of departure for thinking about the social organization of religion. A sound discussion of the disputed issues is provided by Meredith B. McGuire, *Religion: The Social Context* (Belmont, CA: Wadsworth, 1992), 133-247.

14. The secularization debate is at the center of current theorizing about religion. See, for instance, Olivier Tschannen, "The Secularization Paradigm: A Systematization," *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion* 30 (Dec. 1991): 395-415; and R. Stephen Warner, "Work in Progress Toward a New Paradigm for the Sociological Study of Religion in the United States," *American Journal of Sociology* 98 (Mar. 1993): 1044-93. One line of argument holds that the modern world has become secularized and that the influence and significance of religion has declined in the West. See, for example, Peter L. Berger, *The Sacred Canopy: Elements of a Sociological Theory of Religion* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1967); David Martin, *A General Theory of Secularization* (New York: Harper and Row, 1978); Bryan Wilson, *Religion in Secular Society* (London: C. A. Watts, 1966); and Steve Bruce, ed., *Religion and Modernization: Sociologists and Historians Debate the Secularization Thesis* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1992). The counter line of argument holds that secularization is a self-limiting process since there is a constant, ongoing need for the rewards religion provides and the functions it serves; and, rather than declining, religion changes to meet these needs. See Rodney Stark and William Sims Bainbridge, *The Future of Religion: Secularization, Revival and Cult Formation* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1985); Roger Finke and Rodney Stark, "Religious Economies and Sacred Canopies: Religious Mobilization in American Cities," *American Sociological Review* 53 (Feb. 1988): 41-49; and Robert Wuthnow, *Rediscovering the Sacred: Perspectives on Religion in Contemporary Society* (Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans,1992).

15. John Wilson, "The Sociology of Schism," *A Sociological Yearbook of Religion in Britain* (London: SCM Press, 1971), 4:1-21. Schisms originate, according to the model, in an intraorganizational dispute over norms and allegations that the existing group deviated from its original values. For an application of the model, see Mary Lou Steed, "Church Schism and Secession: A Necessary Sequence?" *Review of Religious Research* 27 (June 1986): 344-55.

cial movements that de-emphasized structural stress and strain as well as deprivation, concentrating instead on the mobilization and deployment of scarce organizational resources (such as time, money, members, rewards, and so on) in the encompassing sociocultural environment.[16] An application of the reformulated theory observed that conflict and schism sometimes are functional as well as dysfunctional.[17] Resource-mobilization theory has netted several other hypotheses.[18] Higher probabilities of schism are predicted as organizational size and diversity increase, while lower probabilities are anticipated as authority becomes more centralized.[19] Schism also may be exasperated by different styles of leadership, interpersonal conflicts, and personality differences.[20]

Another theory of schism has been derived from a sociology of knowledge perspective.[21] Claims to truth and authority, viewed from this standpoint, define certain organizational parameters and conditions that explain schism. The crucial feature of fissiparousness is the ability of potential leaders to secure authority for legitimating separation. The theory specifically hypothesizes that "the propensity to schism increases directly

16. K. Peter Takayama, "Formal Polity and Change of Structures, Denominational Assemblies," *Sociological Analysis* 37 (1976): 83-84, and "Strains, Conflicts and Schism in Protestant Denominations," 298-329, in Ross P. Scherer, ed., *American Denominational Organization* (Pasadena, CA: William Carey Library, 1980).

17. Bryan V. Hillis, *Can Two Walk Together Unless They be Agreed? American Religious Schisms in the 1970s* (Brooklyn, NY: Carlson, 1991).

18. A recent proposal subordinated propositions about social differentiation, stress-strain and deprivation, and organizational dynamics, as well as the idea that religion sometimes is an expression of psychopathology, to behavioristic mechanisms of exchange in a formal deductive theory of religion. See Stark and Bainbridge, *The Future of Religion*, 99-125, and *A Theory of Religion* (New York: Peter Lang, 1987), 121-53. Schism, in this rational choice model, is reduced to the analysis of individuals' motives, defined by a hedonistic reward-seeking, cost-avoiding calculus.

19. See Mayer N. Zald and Roberta Ash, "Social Movement Organizations: Growth, Decay and Change," *Social Forces* 44 (1966): 327-40; Mayer N. Zald, "Theological Crucibles: Social Movements in and of Religion," *Review of Religious Research* 23 (June 1982): 317-36; Robert C. Liebman, John R. Sutton, and Robert Wuthnow, "Exploring the Social Sources of Denominationalism: Schisms in American Protestant Denominations, 1890-1980," *American Sociological Review* 53 (June 1988): 343-52; William Gamson, *The Strategy of Social Protest* (Homewood, IL: Dorsey, 1975).

20. See Steed, "Church Schism and Secession," 344-55; Malcolm J. C. Calley, *God's People* (London: Oxford University Press, 1965).

21. Roy Wallis, *Salvation and Protest: Studies of Social and Religious Movements* (New York: St. Martin's, 1979), especially 174-92. Part of the power of this deceptively simple contention is that it directly and indirectly subsumes the related hypotheses concerning size, diversity, and centralization of authority. Increased organizational size and diversity tend to increase availability of the means of legitimating authority, while greater centralization reduces the possibilities. Unlike the hypotheses of stress and strain or deprivation, this hypothesis moves much closer to fulfilling the necessary *and* sufficient conditions of causal explanation.

with the availability of means of legitimating authority."[22] In other words: "The more bases of legitimation there are, or the more widely available they are, the greater the likelihood of schism."[23] This sociology of knowledge model is especially useful for analyzing (or deconstructing) the sacred story or myth of Mormon origins and explaining Mormonism's propensity for schism.[24]

Truth and Authority in Early Mormonism

In the spring of 1820, at fifteen years of age, according to Latter-day Saint accounts, Joseph Smith prayed in anguish for divine guidance as to which church was right and how to be saved. In response to his existential dilemma, Smith reportedly had a vision in which he was visited by God and Jesus Christ and told that all of the churches were in apostasy

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22. Ibid., 186. In this view there are two dimensions of "availability": the number of sources of authority that may be employed, and the number of people who have access to these means of legitimation. "Bases of legitimation" are conceptualized by Wallis, 186-92, in terms of Weber's typology of traditional, charismatic, and rational-legal sources of authority, including assorted derivations.

23. Ibid., 186. This theory of schism, it should be noted, also involved specific images of "cults" and "sects." See Roy Wallis, ed., *Sectarianism: Analyses of Religious and Non-Religious Sects* (New York: Halsted, 1976), and *The Road to Total Freedom: A Sociological Analysis of Scientology* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1977). The notion of "epistemological authoritarianism" is used to characterize "sect" beliefs and distinguish them from those of "cults" which are defined by "epistemological individualism." A sect, he argued, is "uniquely legitimate" in that it claims a monopoly on truth and provides the only means of access to truth and salvation. Cults, on the other hand, are described as "pluralistically legitimate" since they acknowledge other possible paths to truth. The demand that all members conform to absolute beliefs results in exceptionally strong, tight-knit, cohesive organizations, yet it also provides the conditions for intense ideological conflict. Cult beliefs demand less conformity and result in weaker, less cohesive organizations. Cults tend to be short-lived and there is a tremendous propensity for dissolution and fragmentation, but for reasons that differ substantially from the propensity of sects to schism. For a related analysis of cults, see Danny L. Jorgensen, *The Esoteric Scene, Cultic Milieu, and Occult Tarot* (New York: Garland, 1992). Also see Bruce, *A House Divided*. He explained different propensities for Protestant and Catholic bodies to divide by this proposition.

24. The idea of "religious myth," as it is employed here, refers to a socially constructed sacred story or history, and it does not involve any pejorative connotations. See, for example, Bronislaw Malinowski, *Magic, Science and Religion* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday Anchor, 1954), especially 108; and Mircea Eliade (Willard R. Trask, trans.), *Myth and Reality* (New York: Harper and Row, 1963), esp. 5. Questions about the absolute or literal truth of religious myths are unanswerable by way of contemporary secular scholarship, and more importantly they are irrelevant and uninteresting. To ask whether a myth is True or False (or to juxtapose "myth" with "reality") is to miss the point entirely. What is of scholarly interest is that people create and subscribe to myths; they are meaningful to them; and they therefore have significant consequences for human existence. For a definitive discussion of Joseph Smith's "first vision" (or visions), see Richard L. Bushman, *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1984), 43-64.

and to join none of them. A new scripture, the Book of Mormon, he asserted, subsequently was received through an angel of the Lord and translated supernaturally. Yet before it was published, he and an associate, Oliver Cowdery, maintained that they were ordained by Christ's apostles to the priesthood. Based on priesthood authority and guided by heavenly instructions they claimed to restore the original church of Jesus Christ to the earth in 1830.

The Mormon origin myth indicates that this new religion was created in response to a perceived sociocultural crisis: The lack of absolute means for evaluating claims to truth and especially a perceived need for certain knowledge about what was necessary for a human being to be united with the ultimate, supernatural reality—or at least avoid the meaningless nothingness of the ordinary conditions of human existence. The perceived crisis resulted from the multiplicity of rival claims to truth advanced by different religions composing the pluralism of American religious culture. Viewed in this way, Mormonism was a product of a uniquely modern condition, one that socially acknowledged multiple sources of truth, even ultimate or religious ones, in which no religion could be imposed politically and religious freedom was mandated legally by the secular state.

Sociocultural crisis, according to the sacred story, was experienced as a sense of epistemological and spiritual deprivation. This problem, by its very definition, presupposed that the solution was an absolute and exclusive form of truth.[25] The answer, whatever form it might take, could only be epistemologically authoritarian, a unique, privileged, and exclusive knowledge of ultimate reality. It was approached by culturally available means, belief in prayer, and ascertained in a culturally possible yet extraordinary way, through *charisma* or direct contact with the ultimate source of knowledge. It was learned by charisma that none of the existing religions was sufficient, all of them being at least partly untrue or false, and the only remaining choice consequently was to create a new one. Mormonism thereby rejected cultural *tradition,* relegating its authority to an inferior epistemological position. Since the new religion was revealed charismatically, potentially available *rational* grounds for authority also were demoted to a subordinate epistemological position.

The alleged apostasy of traditional Christian churches marked them and the surrounding sociocultural environment as profane. Mormonism's claim to restore sacredness meant that it was founded in radical tension with and revolutionary opposition to the secular society. Against the pluralistic legitimacy of American culture, Mormonism as-

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25. For an outstanding discussion of this issue, see Roy Wallis, "Introduction," 9-16, in Wallis, ed., *Sectarianism.*

serted itself as uniquely legitimate.[26] Americans could either accept Mormonism's monopolistic claims or reject them as deviant. To the extent that Mormons and other Americans differed, conflict was inescapable. It would help define the boundary between this emergent sect and the surrounding environment, underscoring for Latter-day Saints the distinction between the sacred and the profane, and add immensely to their sense of in-group solidarity.[27] Mormonism consequently was a profoundly conservative reaction to the secular society and its religious pluralism.[28] It rejected modernity, advancing a distinctively premodern image of a sacred culture and society as outlined in the Book of Mormon.[29]

Mormonism's Propensity to Schism

The founding of Mormonism by charismatic authority and its exclusive, monopolistic claim to absolute truth provided the fundamental conditions for its propensity to schism.[30] Although it has been largely ignored, Thomas O'Dea's sociology of Mormonism treated the problem of its fissiparousness.[31] His use of a stress and strain-deprivation model is unnecessary for an account of schism. Crisis theory simply is not compelling as an explanation. Connections among deprivation, structural condi-

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26. Roy Wallis, "The Cult and Its Transformation," 35-49, in Wallis, ed., *Sectarianism*.

27. See D. Laurence Moore, *Religious Outsiders and the Making of Americans* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1986), 25-47, for an insightful discussion of how Mormonism cultivated an ideology of persecution that reinforced their sense of collective distinctiveness and cohesiveness.

28. See De Pillis, "The Quest for Religious Authority"; Hill, *Quest for Refuge*.

29. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 22-40, provided an outstanding discussion of how these themes were manifest in the Book of Mormon. Also see Winn, *Exiles in a Land of Liberty*.

30. These were the conditions, yet other ones, such as denominational or cultic forms of organization and other kinds of authority, were possible. Cults are even more prone to fragmentation than sects, and denominations also schism. A sect-like organization consequently provides one of several possible conditions for schism. Charismatic authority, I argue, does increase the propensity for schism, although it is not in-and-of itself a sufficient cause. It is the availability of several means of legitimation, not the particular form of legitimation, that increases the propensity for schism. For these reasons, among other possible ones, I do not find anything especially compelling about the thesis that Mormonism resulted from changes, structural ambiguities or contradictions, and relative deprivation. It certainly is possible to interpret the emergence of Mormonism in this way, yet other forms and kinds of interpretations are possible. To explain schism, furthermore, it is not necessary to account for the why or how a sect-like form or charisma arose. It is entirely adequate, for an explanation of fissiparousness, to simply observe that this in fact happened.

31. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 155.

tions, and change are difficult to specify except in a mostly ad hoc fashion, and the argument tends to dissipate into circularity. It is possible to specify conditions of schism in this way, but it is almost impossible to identify why they are necessary and exactly how they operated to effect schism. O'Dea's Weberian interpretation of charismatic authority and its consequences for the social organization of the early Mormon church, however, are invaluable. "The problem of authority," he noted, "is one that every human community must solve in some way, for the co-ordination of social life and its stability depend on the solution."

Charismatic authority, unlike tradition or reason, is uniquely suited for legitimating radical sociocultural innovations, especially new religions.[32] But, when it is left unregulated, it also contains tremendous potential for disunity. Charisma is extremely individualistic since it inevitably and characteristically is a private, subjective, personal experience. When charisma is a culturally available option, nothing about it prevents almost anyone from claiming the gift of prophecy, and, by its very character, such a claim strongly resists refutation. Because of the implicit expectation that charisma is more or less accessible to everyone, it carries a strong democratic impulse, resulting in "epistemological individualism."[33] Collectivities organized on this basis tend to be inclusive, egalitarian, and loose-knit, or "cults," as they are defined sociologically. When charisma is available to almost everyone, authority is dispersed, there is little basis for legitimating an organizational structure, and any such group is readily subject to fragmentation. The potential for fission remains great even when charisma is restricted to a few people since rival claims to truth commonly lead to organization precariousness in the absence of authoritative means for adjudicating conflict.

The problem of organizational fragility does not immediately disappear when charisma becomes epistemologically authoritarian. An absolute claim to truth indicates, however, that not all assertions of truth are equal, and it presupposes some means for deciding among rival contentions. Epistemological authoritarianism consequently includes a hierarchical principle. Hierarchy may be dissolved by resorting to otherwise unrestrained charismatic authority whereby everyone's claims are asserted as absolute truth. Or the hierarchical principle may be conceived in terms of rational or traditional authority. When this happens, charisma is constrained and rationalized, and activities organized on this basis

32. Ibid., 155-85.

33. Wallis, "Introduction," 9-16, in Wallis, ed., *Sectarianism.*

tend to exhibit more sect-like characteristics.[34] Uniquely privileged claims to truth are then more likely to be expressed in terms of particular goals, reinforced by certain norms, and hierarchically-ordered statuses and corresponding roles whereby authority is defined and centralized in a very cohesive organizational structure with exclusive boundaries.

Early Mormonism, as O'Dea observed, faced a choice between two paths of development: "It could permit unrestrained prophecy and thereby splinter into smaller and smaller groups, finally breaking into a Babel of private revelation"; or "it could restrain prophetic gifts, restricting revelation and prophecy to one man, and develop a centrally directed organization about that one leader."[35] An emphasis on unrestricted charisma would have propelled early Mormonism toward a cult-like group, but its regulation by authoritarian principles counteracted this tendency, launching it in the direction of a sectarian organization. Charismatic authority, O'Dea observed, was constrained by a process of rationally binding charisma through its progressive routinization within an emergent organizational hierarchy.[36] Charisma became constrained to an even greater extent by rational-legal principles through the centralization of leadership. Exactly how this happened in Mormonism further explains its fissiparousness.

For the purpose of identifying and explaining particular dissidents and schisms, the institutionalization of early Mormonism may be divided into four temporal periods.[37] A rudimentary sectarian organiza-

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34. Within a pluralistic cultural environment religious organizations exist in competition with one another for scarce resources, especially members, according to Mary Douglas, *How Institutions Think* (Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 1986). As voluntary associations they therefore must provide something of perceived value, if they are to be successful in recruiting members and retaining them. The valued goods and services provided by the organization are more rewarding when they are equally accessible to all of the members. Voluntary associations, such as religious sects, therefore contain strong democratic tendencies. Left unregulated, democracy tends to produce anarchy. Yet one of the costs of developing a stronger form of organization is a loss of individual freedom. Egalitarian organizations are inherently unstable since unrestricted democracy commonly leads to anarchy. Yet, unlike Douglas, O'Dea failed to recognize adequately that there is nothing inevitable about the hierarchical solution. It is the preferred solution when greater group cohesion and solidarity are desired. For many religious groups, such as contemporary American neopagans, spiritualists, and pentecostals, this is not a desirable end or not worth the cost of less individual freedom. Furthermore, the loss of freedom must be somehow compensated if the organization is to retain the commitment of its members.

35. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 156. He thereby anticipated Wallis's more explicit formulation of a theory of schism as reviewed above. Sociologists of religion, very much like the new Mormon history, generally have ignored O'Dea's study.

36. Ibid., 160-65.

37. This temporal periodization of Mormonism's institutionalization is almost explicit in O'Dea, *The Mormons*, esp. 155-85.

tion emerged during the earliest period from approximately 1829 to 1837. It was refined and elaborated further between about 1838 and 1840. The Mormon church was modified substantially by innovations from around 1841 to 1844, and it became increasingly centralized. A crisis of authority was effected by the Mormon prophet's assassination in 1844, resulting in organization fragmentation and schism over about the next ten years.

The Emergent Sect Organization

The containment of charisma, O'Dea noticed, began even before the Mormon church was formally organized. In 1829 Oliver Cowdery's "flirtation with [a] prophetic calling . . . threatened Joseph's uniqueness."[38] When the priesthood office of elder was established, it was addressed by a vague but hierarchical distinction between the first and second elder, and it was subsequently reinforced by Smith's designation as "prophet, seer, and translator" when the church was organized formally.[39] The Mormon prophet employed charisma to direct the day-to-day affairs of the church, and he "concentrated the charisma of prophecy upon himself by receiving revelations for other members of the church."[40] The organizational precariousness of charismatic authority was accentuated, however, by other challenges. Hiram Page's claim to prophetic gifts, for example, was supported by Oliver Cowdery in 1830.

In 1831 Smith and a small collection of followers relocated from New York to Kirtland, Ohio. Throughout the Kirtland period conflict and dissension plagued the rapidly growing movement. While it commonly has been attributed to "apostate mobocracy," there were important sociocultural differences among these early converts.[41] The conflict between the Colesville, New York, Saints and the new Ohio converts that provoked Smith to send the New Yorkers to Missouri derived from socioeconomic differences. The Colesville Saints predominantly were economically unsuccessful and socially marginal Americans, while the Ohio converts generally were much more economically secure former New Englanders.

In early 1831 charismatic gifts of the spirit provoked tremendous enthusiasm at Kirtland, Ohio. After John Noah claimed charismatic author-

38. Ibid., 157.

39. Ibid., 157. Also see D&C 21:1, 4 (LDS version).

40. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 157.

41. See Marvin S. Hill, "Cultural Crisis in the Mormon Kingdom: A Reconsideration of the Causes of Kirtland Dissent," *Church History* 49 (Sept. 1980): 286-97; and Roger D. Launius, "The Kirtland Experience: Writing the History of Mormonism's Middle Period," in Launius, *Reinterpreting the Mormon Experience*.

ity, he was excommunicated the same year.[42] The tarring and feathering of Smith and Sidney Rigdon by a mob at Hiram, Ohio, in 1832 involved church members, former members, and their relatives, but it was attributed to apostates. Returning to Kirtland following the Zion's Camp expedition to Missouri, Smith was accused of being a false prophet and faced trial before the church. His leadership was secured, partly by rallying the Saints to build a temple. Before its dedication, however, an unnamed young woman charismatically asserted that the prophet had fallen and would be replaced by David Whitmer.[43] A ten-year-old boy, James C. Brewster, was expelled from the movement in 1836 for unauthorized communication with an angel (and he eventually founded a splinter group in 1848).[44]

What little is known about the earliest Mormon schisms indicates that all of them derived from charismatic claims.[45] About 1831 at Kirtland Wycam Clark asserted that he had been appointed by the Mormon prophet through divine revelation. With Northrop Sweet and four other people, he formed the Pure Church of Christ. Almost nothing is known about three other early schisms: the Independent Church formed by a man named Hoton in 1832; the Church of Christ founded by Ezra Booth around 1836; and the Church of Christ founded by William Chubby sometime in the 1830s or 1840s to minister to blacks.

Changes in American culture and society provided conditions conducive to innovation, religious and otherwise. While sociocultural change and differentiation help explain why Americans might find a new religion, such as Mormonism, to be attractive and why they might hold conflicting images of its doctrines and organization, the theory does not directly account for why or how conflict, dissent, and schism occurred in this emergent sect. Resource mobilization theory also helps explain why some religious innovations, including splinters in the movement's organization, are or are not successful, but it does not indicate why and how this happens. Dissent and schism during this earliest period of the Mormon church's organization are explained by ambiguity about who had legitimate access to charismatic authority and how it would be defined and restrained by rational principles.

Implementation and Elaboration

The Church of Christ (Warren Parrish), organized at Kirtland, Ohio,

42. Shields, *Divergent Paths of the Restoration*, 21-22, 249. Although no other information is provided, according to Shields, Hyrum Page founded a Church of Christ in 1842.

43. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 159.

44. Shields, *Divergent Paths of the Restoration*, 56-57.

45. Ibid., 21-23, 249.

in 1837 reflected the most serious organizational crisis up to this point in the history of the infant movement. It involved a substantial number of dissenters, including prominent leaders such as apostles Luke S. Johnson, John F. Boynton, and Lyman Johnson as well as Leonard Rich, Stephen Burnett, Sylvester Smith, Cyrus P. Smalling, and Joseph Coe. The Kirtland conflict, according to faithful versions of Mormon history, was a product of "apostate mobocracy."

Two significant scholarly studies, however, have interpreted the conflict in terms of sociocultural stress and strain, psychosocial deprivation, and related differences among the Kirtland Mormons.[46] While they were not agreed over exactly what caused the crisis, both studies maintained that the result was ideological conflict and dissent over rival images of Mormon beliefs and the church's organization.[47] Joseph Smith and supporters advanced innovative beliefs and doctrines, including a radical image of the Kingdom of God based on a "higher law," and a more authoritarian, sectarian organization, one created in opposition to the surrounding culture and society. The Mormon prophet's detractors favored less authoritative control of charisma, a more open, less centralized organization, a less revolutionary image of the Kingdom, and other beliefs and doctrines that were closer to evangelical Protestantism.

Asserting his authority, Joseph Smith resolved the conflict in the summer of 1838. Quoting Sidney Rigdon, Kenneth Winn observed that the dissenters were sent "'bounding over the prairies' of Missouri."[48] "The doubters who remained," Winn noticed, "were intimidated into silence with strong-arm tactics." These challenges to the prophet's leader-

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46. Marvin Hill, "Cultural Crisis in the Mormon Kingdom," 286-97; and Winn, *Exiles in a Land of Liberty.* Also see Launius, "The Kirtland Experience," 2.

47. Marvin Hill, "Cultural Crisis in the Mormon Kingdom," envisioned the conflict as a result of underlying sociocultural differences that effected ideological conflict and a struggle for power. Winn implicitly and deliberately advanced a version of the stress-strain and deprivation theory. He maintained that the basic conditions for schism were provided by economic crisis. It was experienced by the Mormons as uncertainty and conflict over economic means and goals. Some of them felt that the church should reject conventional, materialistic norms and values, while others thought that kingdom building required them to employ traditional economic norms. Collapse of the U.S. economy, compounded by the "debacle of Zion's Camp," according to Winn, 111, "triggered sharp and bitter dissent within the church." Following Hill's interpretation, Winn elaborated on O'Dea's contention that the Book of Mormon's republican ideology served as the fundamental model for the organizational development of early Mormonism. The seeds of ideological conflict were planted with the first church organization but did not mature until triggered by events beginning in about 1834 at Kirtland. The dissidents, Winn, 106, argued, "retained a deep affinity for mainstream American values" and perceived Smith's leadership as "a departure from the democratic elements inspired by the Christian primitivism of early Mormonism, and the subsequent growth of the church's tyranny over its membership."

48. Quoted from Winn, *Exiles in a Land of Liberty,* 107.

ship may be seen as functional for the movement since, although they provoked conflict and schism, Smith preserved and reinforced his supreme leadership of the church. As a result, O'Dea argued, three precedents were established by the late 1830s: "[Smith] concentrated the right to receive revelations in his own person . . . as 'prophet, seer and revelator'"; "he successfully dominated the first two duumvirates in church leadership"; and he assumed "the presidency of the High Priesthood," at the time the leading organizational body of the emergent sect.[49]

Economic crisis resulting in perceived deprivation and sociocultural divisions over values among the Saints no doubt contributed to the immediate situation at Kirtland in which conflict and dissent became more likely. These conditions, however, do not explain adequately why schism was the result, even though they point to certain ideological differences. Cultural crisis and differences are neither necessary nor sufficient to account for schism. If Joseph Smith's leadership had been more secure, less ambiguous and indisputable in terms of existing movement principles, dissent and schism would have been much less probable. Rather, the likelihood of schism was directly related to the availability of different means (charismatic, rational-legal, traditional, and combinations thereof) for legitimating authority. By limiting charisma to himself (exclusively, at least for official purposes) and linking it to a more clearly defined organizational hierarchy, the Mormon prophet thereby reduced the available means whereby rivals could claim authority for legitimating separation. The sociology of knowledge theory, unlike sociocultural crisis or differentiation, consequently explains why and how schism happened and what would be necessary to reduce this possibility in the future.

There were at least two other schisms during this period of Mormonism's development, neither of them particularly significant in terms of the number of participants, leadership figures, organizational principles, or consequences. The Alston Church was founded by Isaac Russell in 1839. He claimed a prophetic revelation telling the Mormons to remain in Missouri. This incident indicates that while charisma previously had been restricted, it was not yet completely subordinated to rational organizational principles. Another Mormon schism, The Church of Jesus Christ, The Bride The Lamb's Wife, was established in Missouri on 24 June 1840 by George M. Hinkle. It is an anomaly from the standpoint of all three theories. Separation apparently was provoked when Hinkle was rebuked by the Saints for perceived treachery during the conflict between the Mormons and their Missouri neighbors. Hinkle's schism therefore seems to be explained best by unique historical circumstances and events.

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49. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 159.

Innovation and Centralization

There were few attempts at organizational separation from about 1841 until Joseph Smith's death in 1844 in spite of the introduction of novel doctrines, substantial changes in Mormon organization and community, and considerable conflict and dissent. Hyrum Page, a Mormon who had been claiming prophetic powers since 1830, founded the Church of Christ in 1842. Francis Gladden Bishop who had been excommunicated in 1835 and then restored to membership was cut off from the church again in 1842, apparently for claiming unauthorized revelations that were regarded as inconsistent with Mormon doctrine. He subsequently established the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Little Sioux, Iowa, and attracted a following. Oliver H. Olney also was expelled from the church on 17 March 1842 for claiming to be a prophet. Whether Olney successfully created a schismatic organization is unknown.

Much of the conflict and dissent in Mormonism at this time directly focused on the practice of plural marriage as well as related doctrinal innovations and, although less specifically, on the development of an increasingly centralized, authoritarian organization. This situation resulted in the True Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Law, Foster, Higbee) in 1844. While this organization dissolved shortly thereafter, many of the dissenters (as well as substantial proportions of the dissenting participants in previous and subsequent schisms) eventually joined the "new organization."[50]

Conflict, dissent, and schism in Mormonism between 1841 and 1844 do not correlate with significant changes or crises in American culture or society. There is, in other words, little indication that change triggered a sense of relative deprivation among the Saints. Changes in Mormonism generally resulted in disaffection from the movement rather than schism. Its propensity for schism therefore seemed to decline as the available means for legitimating separation were abridged by constraining charisma rationally in an increasingly centralized organization. Although charisma had been restricted, it remained an option for those seeking separation. Many of the dissenters and all of the known schisms employed charisma to a greater or lesser extent in justifying and legitimating separation. Resource mobilization theory also predicts that schism decreases as an organization becomes more centralized. But, unlike the sociology of knowledge model, it less adequately accounts for why or how religious movements develop in this way. Resource mobilization

50. Formed by a variety of Nauvoo dissenters during the early 1850s, this group eventually became the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (or RLDS). The founding prophet's eldest son, Joseph Smith III, assumed leadership of the sect in 1860.

theory is much more helpful in accounting for why and how schismatic organizations are or are not successful.

Fragmentation of the Nauvoo Church

The Nauvoo Mormon organization fragmented following Joseph Smith's martyrdom in 1844.[51] The largest single body of the church, headed by Brigham Young and nine of the twelve apostles, has occupied scholarly attention.[52] Yet Sidney Rigdon, James J. Strang, and William Smith also claimed leadership of the movement and formed independent organizations. Lyman Wight, James Emmett, Alpheus Cutler, and George Miller initially continued with Brigham Young's organization, but they attracted followers and separated from it within the next ten years. Besides the Nauvoo Saints already in dissent at the time of the prophet's death (such as William Law, Robert D. and Charles A. Foster, Francis M. and Chauncey L. Higbee, Charles Ivins, among others), William Marks, John E. Page, William E. McLellin, and Charles B. Thompson, along with many other Mormons, remained independent of Brigham Young's group. In the early 1850s many of the independent Saints, especially those who remained dispersed throughout the middle West, as well as assorted factional leaders and groups, began forming a "new organization" of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mormonism had become a mostly established, stable, sectarian movement by 1844. The charisma whereby it was created, O'Dea concluded,

> had been successfully contained within the organized structure of the church and identified with the functions of church office. It had, in fact, to some extent been routinized, and organizational procedures under the direction of a strong authoritarian leader largely replaced visions and revelations, a process that had already started in the last days of Joseph's rule in Nauvoo.[53]

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51. See Shields, *Divergent Paths of the Restoration*, 31-83, for a mostly comprehensive list and brief description of the rival leaders and group of the immediate post-1844 period.

52. Ronald K. Esplin, "Joseph, Brigham and the Twelve: A Succession of Continuity," *Brigham Young University Studies* 21 (Summer 1981): 333, estimates that about one-half of the Nauvoo Mormons continued West with Brigham Young's organization. Since organizational instability and discontinuity, rather than stability and continuity, could be expected to result from this situation, that historians overwhelming have focused on perpetuation of the movement by Brigham Young and his organization is defensible. This does not justify, however, the tendency to ignore rival groups, excepting what subsequently became the RLDS movement, and other derivatives of early Mormonism. Using the continuity, stability, and subsequent organizational success of Young's movement to reinforce and support sectarian contentions about its legitimacy is without scholarly justification.

53. O'Dea, *The Mormons*, 160.

Charisma, however, remained an important source of authority among the Nauvoo Saints. "Gifts of the spirit" frequently were employed in worship and daily life; the priesthood and ordinary Saints depended on divine guidance, including revelations for making practical, everyday life decisions; and the prophet continued to use his power and authority as "prophet, seer, and revelator" to create, elaborate, and legitimate organizational structures, make special assignments, and otherwise direct the daily activities of the Saints.

Much of Mormonism's formal organization still was new and undeveloped in 1844. Contrary to Michael Quinn's influential interpretation, Mormonism's organizational development therefore was not especially logical, linear, or evolutionary.[54] Gregory Prince concluded, more accurately, that organizational innovations were followed by periods of evolutionary implementation, then punctuated by new, revolutionary additions, and again followed by gradual execution and implementation, repeatedly.[55] While charisma had been rationally constrained by organizational principles, it had not been rationalized completely, and the precise connections among the various hierarchical structures of the organization remained at least partly ambiguous. During Joseph Smith's lifetime organizational looseness and ambiguity were not critical problems. Smith was able to resolve problems and mediate conflict either by his supreme authority as president of the church and the high priesthood or, if necessary, his exclusive access to charismatic authority over the entire movement.

The situation changed completely with the founding prophet's death. Charisma continued to be an important potential source of authority, yet no one else indisputably could claim it for the entire movement. The complex hierarchical structure of the movement's organization constrained access to and use of charisma, subordinating it to rational authority. Existing organizational principles, however, left questions about continuation ambiguous and, thereby, open to dispute. The "succession crisis of 1844," as Michael Quinn demonstrated, resulted from the existence of multiple means for claiming authority.[56]

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54. D. Michael Quinn, "The Evolution of the Presiding Quorums of the LDS Church," *Journal of Mormon History* 1 (1974): 21-38. The plausibility of Quinn's static consensus theory of the hierarchy's evolution implicitly presupposed that God acted rationally in creating the priesthood through the Mormon prophet. By taking rationality, rather than irrationality, as the basic intellectual problem to be explained, his interpretation became part of the rationalization process, part of the ongoing theology and institutionalization of rationality, rather than a historical account of it.

55. Gregory A. Prince, *"Having Authority:" The Origins and Development of Priesthood During the Ministry of Joseph Smith* (Independence, MO: John Whitmer Monograph Series, 1992).

56. D. Michael Quinn, "The Mormon Succession Crisis of 1844," *Brigham Young University Studies* 16 (1976): 187-234.

Most of the eight different methods of succession he identified derived from rational organizational principles: counselor to the First Presidency; the office of Associate President; the position of presiding Patriarch; the Council of Fifty; the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles; and the three major priesthood councils. Another method, succession by special appointment, could be derived from rational principles, appointment to an organizational position, and/or from charismatic authority, transferal of Smith's charisma by him or a supernatural source to the successor. The remaining method of succession identified by Quinn, through a descendant of Joseph Smith, Jr., ensued from an entirely different origin: kinship and birthright.[57]

Based on strictly rational principles, Sidney Rigdon's claim probably was stronger than that of anyone else. It was rejected on several accounts. Uncertainty about what rational principles applied permitted Brigham Young to advance the rational authority of the apostles as a plausible option. Rigdon's claim was weakened by personal and historical circumstances, specifically his lack of direct leadership at Nauvoo during Joseph Smith's lifetime and a general public awareness of strong differences with the martyred prophet. He, unlike Young, was unable to reinforce a claim to rational authority with charisma. Finally, it was rejected on other rational grounds, by a vote of the membership. Although democracy was a lesser organizational principle, it was an available option and proved useful for this purpose.

None of the remaining rivals had stronger claims to rational authority than the apostles. In 1844 only James Strang and William Smith even endeavored to advance a claim. William Smith's claims were ambiguous and implausible on a variety of accounts. That Strang attracted a following is amazing. It may be attributed to his rather ingenuous ability to draw on a combination of rational (his appointment to the presidency) and charismatic (transferred by the prophet and supported by an angel) principles for authority. It was reinforced by historical circumstances, particularly the lack of other alternatives for already disaffected Nauvoo Saints and/or those Mormons who objected to the apostles' leadership on other grounds.

For good reasons, Cutler, Wight, Miller, and Emmett did not advance claims to leadership of the movement in 1844. While all were able to make plausible claims to rational authority, reinforced by charisma, their specific grounds derived from partly invisible organizational units, particularly the Anointed Quorum and/or the Council of

57. Kinship and birthright, when viewed in terms of the ideal typical forms of authority discussed here (charisma, rational-legal, traditional), derive from traditional authority insofar as it seems to correspond to some understanding of the Bible and thereby one of the forms of traditional scriptural authority recognized by Mormonism.

Fifty.[58] Eventually, these grounds (based on rational principles and reinforced by charisma) served to legitimate separation from Utah Mormonism. Multiple means for legitimating authority combined with a certain confusion about rational principles enabled subsequent schismatic organizations to legitimate their existence and advance more or less plausible claims to be a valid successor to the original Mormon church.

The organizational fragmentation of Nauvoo Mormonism immediately following the martyrdom of its founding leader might be interpreted as a product of rapidly changing conditions in the larger society as well as in this new religion. No matter what specific changes are cited, however, they inevitably fail to indicate exactly why fragmentation was a necessary and sufficient outcome. Sociocultural differences, resulting in ideological conflict, and unique circumstances of particular individuals, families, and communities probably did contribute to organizational factionalism and segmentation, even if they do not account adequately for schism.

Ronald Esplin, for instance, attributed the splintering of the Nauvoo church to underlying ideological differences (over the gathering for theocratic community building, the emergent temple theology, its rites, and especially plural marriage) rooted in the Kirtland period and continuing through the exodus of Brigham Young's movement to the intermountain West.[59] These differences, as important as they probably were for many of the Latter-day Saints, do not explain the schismatic propensity of Nauvoo Mormonism. While this argument may account for why some Mormons, particularly those in dissent before Smith's death, did not join Young's group, it does not explain why some of those who disagreed over these issues continued West or why some of those who had much more in common with the ideology and practices of Young's organization, such as the Cutlerites, Wightites, and Millerites, subsequently dropped out of the

58. See D. Michael Quinn, "The Council of Fifty and Its Members, 1844 to 1945," *Brigham Young University Studies* 20 (1980): 163-97; and Andrew F. Ehat, "Joseph Smith's Introduction of Temple Ordinances and the 1844 Mormon Succession Question," M.A. thesis, Brigham Young University, 1982, and "'It Seems Like Heaven Began on Earth': Joseph Smith and the Constitution of the Kingdom of God," *Brigham Young University Studies* 19 (1978): 69-105. Also see Richard E. Bennett, "Lamanism, Lymanism, and Cornfields," *Journal of Mormon History* 13 (1986-87): 45-59, and *Mormons at the Missouri, 1846-1852: "And Should We Die . . . "* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1987); as well as Danny L. Jorgensen, "The Old Fox: Alpheus Cutler, Priestly Keys to the Kingdom and the Early Church of Jesus Christ," chap. 7 in Roger D. Launius and Linda Thatcher, eds., *Differing Visions: Dissenters in Mormon History* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), "Building the Kingdom of God: Alpheus Cutler and the Second Mormon Mission to the Indians, 1846-1853," *Kansas History* 15 (Autumn 1992): 192-209, and "Conflict in the Camps of Israel: The Emergence of the 1853 Cutlerite Schism," *Journal of Mormon History,* forthcoming.

59. Esplin, "Joseph, Brigham and the Twelve," 331.

movement.[60] Although, as Esplin noticed, the loss of significant leaders, such as Cutler, Wight, and their followers, was dysfunctional in that it weakened the resource base of the movement, expelling perceived deviants also functioned to unify the church.[61]

Resource-mobilization theory predicts that schism becomes more likely as the size and diversity of the movement's organization increase and less likely as it becomes more centralized. These contentions are useful for understanding fragmentation of the Nauvoo church. The extremely rapid growth of Mormonism, especially the influx of Europeans, American southerners, and other people who differed significantly from the New Englander core of the early movement, surely increased the probability that sociocultural diversity would produce internal conflict. Centralization of the movement's organization helps explain why these potential conflicts did not result in even greater organizational division and schism. These contentions, however, supplement and complement rather than replace the more direct explanation provided by conflict over multiple sources of authority and its organizational consequences. Efforts to specify more immediate causes of schism from an organizational perspective generally involve an analysis of the motivations of leaders and their followers, resulting in circularity.[62] Whatever the motivations or decisions involved, peoples' actions are presumed to be rational.

The theory is more helpful for analyzing and interpreting why particular fragments of Nauvoo Mormonism were more or less successful. Simply put, the Mormon apostles, no matter the reasons, were able to more effectively mobilize existing human, ideological, and material resources than anyone else. It is important, for example, that Utah Mormonism subsequently was reinforced by substantial numbers of British converts. The eventual success of the new organization, now the second largest post-Nauvoo fragment, largely resulted from its ability to attract sizable numbers of disaffected, unaffiliated, and independent Saints. Although

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60. Ibid., 331-32. These, and other possible exceptions, also refute Esplin's contention that "authority was not the central issue," and it "strictly speaking . . . was not a succession crisis." Cutler, Wight, Miller, and probably many others became disaffected or were cut off from the movement in large part because of disputes over authority and conformity to it. What ideological differences existed between them and Young's movement did not provoke schism but emerged later and were used to justify separation. On Cutler and his schismatic organization, see Jorgensen, "Conflict in the Camps of Israel." Cutler and his eventual followers did not disagree substantially with the major tenants of Brigham Young's Mormonism. Cutler was excommunicated following conflict with the Iowa High Council over his claim to authority for Lamanite ministries. Interestingly, he never disputed the authority of Young and the Twelve for leadership of the movement.

61. Ibid., 332.

62. See Douglas, *How Institutions Think*, esp. 9-44; Roy Wallis and Steve Bruce, "The Stark-Bainbridge Theory of Religion: A Critique and Counter-Proposals," *Sociological Analysis* 45 (1984): 11-27; and Bruce, *A House Divided*, 14-47.

some of the smaller factions have persisted to the present day, their size and lack of growth seem to be a function of an inability to mobilize resources.

Discussion

Unfortunately, scholars of Mormonism all too frequently have been unable to approach the existence of its multiple organizations without prejudice for the theological claims of these rivals. Viewed from the standpoint of Utah Mormonism, other Latter-day Saint organizations have been seen as impostors and ignored or treated as insignificant curiosities. For other Latter-day Saints it has been impossible to disregard the largest Mormon church, but they have responded to it as an abomination and aberration.[63] Labeling one another deviant has become a tradition, and it is an extremely useful Latter-day Saint strategy for accentuating exclusive claims to truth and moral superiority, thereby generating in-group solidarity, but it has seriously inhibited scholarly thinking about schism.

Mostly unintentionally and indirectly, many of the more significant scholarly interpretations of Mormonism partly have addressed its propensity to schism. There is considerable agreement that dramatic sociocultural change is a necessary condition, if not a sufficient cause, of religious schism. Modernity or, more specifically, industrialization, urbanization, and rationalization produced radical transformations in American culture and society. Still other concrete features of modernity, such as cultural pluralism, structural differentiation, and individualism, may be directly related to certain forms of religious organization and their propensity to schism.

Insofar as interpretations of early Mormonism have examined the ways in which it was shaped by a particular set of social, cultural, and historical circumstances, they also have specified some of the conditions that may be related to its schismatic propensity. The theory is not compelling, however, as an explanation. The definition and measurement of social change, structural conditions, and deprivation are difficult. These variable conditions tend to be used in an ad hoc manner, and the result-

63. The identities of almost all other Mormon groups were fashioned from their opposition to Utah Mormonism, as is illustrated in the primary literature produced by these groups. Excellent discussions of how this was accomplished within the RLDS movement are provided by Roger D. Launius, *Joseph Smith III: Pragmatic Prophet* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988); Roger D. Launius and W. B. "Pat" Spillman, ed., *Let Contention Cease: The Dynamics of Dissent in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints* (Independence, MO: Graceland/Park Press, 1991); and Richard P. Howard, *The Church Through the Years* (Independence, MO: Herald House, 1992-93).

ing arguments frequently dissolve in circularity and tautology. Even if it is possible to specify and interpret conditions of schism from this perspective, it is not possible to defend why they are necessary or articulate exactly how they operated to effect schism.

Resource-mobilization theory avoids these problems by concentrating on organizational dynamics and consequences. While organization theory yields certain hypotheses about size, diversity, and centralization that facilitate a more adequate understanding of schismatic propensity, it does not provide a usable way of accounting for how these conditions arise. The rational choice model of human action presupposed to explain these conditions and the causes of schism inappropriately reduces the account to the utilitarian motives of individuals. Yet social action simply is not rational in the hedonistic, pleasure-seeking, pain-avoiding sense assumed by rational choice theories. Since whatever choices individuals make are interpreted in this way, the resulting explanation ultimately is circular and tautological. If the theory is not pushed to this reductionistic extreme, a resource-mobilization framework is valuable for analyzing, interpreting, and understanding some of the organizational consequences of schism.

Early Mormonism's propensity for schism is explained more adequately by the relatively simple hypothesis that fissiparousness increases directly with the availability of means for legitimating authority. Having been created by charisma, the earliest Mormon church was highly susceptible to splintering. The likelihood of schism was reduced, although hardly eliminated, as charismatic authority for the movement was located exclusively in the person of Joseph Smith and gradually constrained by rational authority in an increasingly centralized, hierarchical organization. Once effected, the ability of rival leaders to claim the authority necessary for legitimating schism was reduced. Claims made on the basis of charisma were possible and highly dependent on the personality of the claimant. Because charisma had been constrained by organizational rationality, the plausibility of any authority claimed in this way required further justification in terms of one's rank in the church. The death of the founding prophet created confusion over succession because there were multiple means for claiming legitimate authority. The organizational crisis of 1844 mostly was derived from the ambiguity over rational principles for succession.

The theologically-based claims to exclusive legitimacy advanced by different early Mormon organizations cannot be adjudicated by secular scholarship. For scholarly purposes the substance of these claims is unimportant and irrelevant. From its formal organization in 1830 through the immediate period following the death of the founding prophet in 1844, Mormonism provided multiple and conflicting bases for legitimat-

ing authority. On these grounds arguments about the plausibility of various claims are possible. Although the apostles' claims to rational authority were no stronger than those of Sidney Rigdon, they were strong and plausible when judged by organizational principles. The theological principle of apostolic succession advanced by Utah Mormonism, however, emerged later and was used to justify the apostles' previous claim to rational authority as well as their subsequent organizational success. It takes a significant leap of faith to get from their plausible claim to rational authority for organizational succession to its exclusive legitimacy. Similar leaps of faith are required to move from the more or less plausible claims of Cutler, Wight, or the new organization to the theological grounds that all claimed for succession and exclusive legitimacy. What, therefore, can be said from a scholarly standpoint is that there are multiple versions of early Mormonism, all of which traditionally claim exclusive theological legitimacy.


Noah naming the animals

Pillars of My Family: A Brief Saga

Lydia Nibley

THE MATERNAL AND PATERNAL SIDES OF MY FAMILY intermingle incestuously on the desk among the genealogical records compiled by unknown great-aunts and cousins of cousins. These documents and photos have been kept for years in a white plastic, gold-embossed *Book of Remembrance* I got as a baptism gift at the age of eight.

When it was handed to me with great reverence by my parents, I knew it was an important gift that not only marked my joining the Mormon church but also signified that I was growing up, so I received it happily—although I didn't understand what I was supposed to do with it. The hinge has remained a puzzle that cannot be solved, and so, unable to really open the book, I have stuffed the generations of my family into it unbound for safekeeping.

Now free of the remembrance book they look up expectantly, ready to tell a vagarious history of religious faith. Here is my family: in sepia tones, in hand-tinted color, in early Polaroids faded to pastel, and in more recent photographs of children who grew up to bear a strong resemblance to previous generations.

The question I have for them is: How much of my own identity and belief came from this amalgam of family and faith?

MATERNAL PILLARS

As a young child sitting on my grandpa Alvin's bony knees looking into the stern black-and-white face of a woman named Lydia Seraphias Broberg, I thought it impossible that this image could really be his mother. As unlikely as this seemed, my grandpa was telling me that she was his mother and my great-grandmother. I had an unshakable testimony that I myself was a person named Lydia. I also had a testimony that my grandfather was who he said he was. This led to my belief, be-

yond a shadow of a doubt, no matter how unlikely, that Lydia Seraphias Broberg was my great-grandmother and that I had indeed been named for her.

Once the foundation for the belief in Lydia was laid, other elements fused to it. She was described at the annual family reunion picnic as being "a faithful member of the church who never wavered in her testimony and was a great cook." According to the personal history written by my grandfather, Lydia was also the typical widowed mother of eleven, "I can truthfully say [Grandpa lies] that not once did I ever hear her raise her voice in anger at any of us."

I now believed in Lydia and Lydia had known that the church was true and so now I had a testimony of my name, my great-grandmother, and the church.

Later I learned that Lydia's parents, Isaac and Johanna, had "embraced the gospel in their native land of Sweden" and felt such confidence in their new religion that they left a "thriving manufacturing business, and a good home" to follow their faith. Just before emigrating Isaac's brother-in-law offered Isaac half of his wealth if he would renounce his religion and stay in Sweden. To this the noble father of Lydia (should have) replied, "I regret that I have but one fortune to give for my faith!"

Grandpa Alvin with his strong broad shoulders, his square stoic face, and his full head of hair looked exactly like the photograph of his father, Mons, so it didn't require any faith to believe in Great-Grandpa. It also required little faith to know that my grandpa knew the church was true because he said so every time he blessed the food. He also never forgot to bless the missionaries.

Grandpa may have gotten this idea from listening to his father tell the story of how missionaries had baptized his grandmother Bothilda in the cold Baltic Sea. They had preached a new religion to her, and, according to grandpa's cousin who wrote her history, she "knew it was true as soon as she heard it."

Life was hard for poor farmers who didn't own land and was especially hard for the newly-baptized and always scandalous Bothilda and her numerous children. It is fortunate for my genealogically-sensitive grandpa that his father was one of Bothilda's few legitimate children, having been conceived *both* after his mother and father were married and *before* the twins were born several years after his father's death.

The family lived in extreme poverty, and Bothilda's son recorded, "Many a time have my mother and I knelt down and asked God to open a way for us to gather to Zion." Which meant emigration to America and then the trek to Utah.

Years later, after becoming successfully emigrated, Bothilda's descen-

dants tried hard not to descend any farther. In fact, they wanted to set the record straight if they could, so in his tribute to Bothilda, Grandpa's cousin sums up the family's belief that "her humility, her true devotion to the Gospel, and the Lord's attention to her prayers are great evidence that her imperfections were forgiven her."

This same chronicler also recorded her poetic eulogy: "It is pleasant to think that the Lord she loved and had tried to serve all her life would not be surprised nor unhappy to welcome home once more this Viking hand-maid." There is a tiny likeness of her among the pictures on my desk—the size that would fit in a locket—so I think of her as being short and tiny, although the genetic material she passed on has grown some tall Mormon Vikings.

My maternal grandma's story takes up where this one leaves off and adds politics to the family history previously dominated by sex and religion. Big with child, a patriotic, red-blooded American woman with her water broken and labor pains progressing puts a pot of soup on the stove and walks several miles to the nearest polling place to cast her vote for Utah senator Reed Smoot in the election of 1906. Mary Alice then walks home and finishes her labor to produce a baby girl who could have been named Polliana or Republica but becomes instead Electa . . . my grandma. Here is a photograph of Electa as a beautiful flapper. When I used to climb up on her soft old lap she smelled of violets and urine and shook with Parkinson's disease. Here she smiles like she owns the world and signed the photo, "With love, your sweetheart."

Electa's mother, Mary Alice, is someone the family doesn't talk about very much. In fact there were decades when she was a banned person, but just as an airplane crash leaves a black box in the wreckage, Mary Alice left a black metal box full of papers and secrets to tell her story. My uncle Kenneth took the box away years ago and refused to share its contents with the great-granddaughters of the family for fear we might be led astray as Mary Alice was.

She "left the church" to join a strange cult called I Am. Besides eating suspicious and unusual food (they were vegetarians), they loved the color white, were particular about cleanliness, used herbs for healing, treated animals with respect, used the color purple to improve health, and abhorred red and black because of their evil implications.

We learned about the color issue because Mary Alice's daughter Electa demonstrated a passionate love of purple and decorated herself and her house with it. Although Electa was a faithful member of the church all her life, Grandpa Alvin seemed to interpret his wife's choice of a favorite color as a subtle rebellion against the Mormon church. Grandma Electa also caused quite a stir when one of her sons married a woman who was inordinately fond of wearing black and red, in combination.

Unfortunately, the life, thoughts, and religious beliefs of Electa's mother, Mary Alice, remain a mystery to the next generations because she became isolated from her family after leaving the church. Usually these fallings away provide testimony-building stories for those left behind since anyone who leaves the church soon becomes miserable, penniless, and bitter. But Mary Alice broke with this apostate tradition and led what looked like a productive, normal, even happy life: riding the first motorcycles, living in American Fork, Utah, and supporting her family by working at several jobs which involved fixing things with moving parts, work she had a natural ability for and enjoyed.

Mary Alice looks up from the desk to smile shyly from under the brim of her big hat. The sun is shining brightly. The calf-length dress she is wearing seems too heavy for the hot day. She is straddling a strange-looking motorcycle leaning forward to grasp the handles.

It was years later that Mary Alice made up for her happy life by dying. She requested the "weird" rites of I Am as her final ceremony. Her strange funeral provided an appropriately spooky ending to her life story which became a cautionary tale for her great-grandchildren. I realize it is unfair to mention a weird funeral and not fill in the details, but that is the very nature of the problem. We weren't told about it because it was so weird.

It puzzled the family to see Mary Alice let go of the iron rod because she came from such good "pioneer stock." Her grandmother was the heroic Amanda Barnes Smith, who had endured incredible physical hardship brought on by her choice to join the Mormon church. A group of Mormons, Amanda's family among them, had been persecuted by mobs in Kirtland, Ohio, and had been pursued to Missouri, where in the massacre at Haun's Mill Amanda's husband, Warren Smith, one of their sons, and sixteen others were killed by an armed mob.

Amanda and her children moved on to Illinois, where she met and married another Warren Smith, a widower with five children who was no relation to the first. Together, with their twelve children, they made the long, hard journey to Utah. Amanda and the second Warren were not happily married, and after a few years he left her to live with the hired girl he had put in the family way. Later in life Amanda was sealed to the prophet Joseph Smith, with Brigham Young acting as proxy, in the Salt Lake temple.

Amanda as a flesh-and-blood person has been expurgated from the world, her journal having been heavily edited prior to publication, apparently by a family member who has a day job with the church's correlation department. What remains of her long, eventful life are a handful of faith-promoting stories and—because of her habit of marrying multiple Warren Smiths—a confusing branch of the family tree. But Amanda was

good for the collective testimony of the family because articles about her appeared in the *Church News* section of the *Deseret News,* and her story was included in church history books.

As children we found all this to be wonderful material for Sunday school talks. Imagine the relish with which we told exciting stories of mayhem and martyrdom and then dramatically threw in the surprising closing line, "I am grateful for the example of MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA Amanda Barnes Smith and HOPE TO BE WORTHY OF THE BLESSING of being a descendant of such a fine pioneer woman." Within the Mormon star system, the only thing better than that was to be related to Joseph Smith himself, and we sort of were that too.

Here is a photograph of my two sisters and me dressed in long pioneer dresses and sunbonnets, our violins tucked under our little chins. As descendants of brave pioneers, we were frequently asked to play a violin trio my dad had composed, entitled "Pioneer Waltz." We played this waltz at the dedication of many historic markers placed by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers to which my mother belonged. These dedications and my mother's admonitions about living up to one's heritage caused me to regularly contemplate my family's history of hardship and sacrifice.

Our family participated in Utah's celebration of Pioneer Day each 24th of July with state patriotism fused with religious zeal. Our belief was reinforced by parades and testimony meetings. We knew that if our pioneer ancestors were willing to sacrifice so much for their religion it was our duty to remain faithful to it and to them. It was also comforting to know that they wouldn't have endured such hardship without a damn good reason; therefore, the church must be true. Everything pointed to the conclusion that our family had been fortunate to find the true church and that our ancestors had focused on living lives to demonstrate that they had made the right choice.

Besides this religious and family connection with the Mormon pioneers, there was also a general love of the past that came from something more personal. I felt whatever it was as I marched off to take the lightly-used flowers to the graves in the new cemetery to decorate the resting places of babies who had died of consumption, men who had died in Indian attacks, and young women who had died of broken hearts. Some of the first words I read when I learned to read were chiseled in the soft worn stone in the pioneer cemetery near our house.

When we knelt beside our three little beds, a typical good-night prayer in our house went: "Bless that the leaves will grow back on the trees. Bless that I won't have bad dreams or wet. Bless all the pioneers up in the cemetery that they'll be loved."

Paternal Pillars

The paternal branch of my family tree is not the carefully-pruned Mormon testimony of the Viking side. It is true that all of the great-great-grandparents of the family joined the church in the early days and that the majority of the family has remained faithful, but on the paternal side there are also stories, not necessarily told to reinforce belief, but just stories for the sake of a good story. Like the one about my great-great-grandma being asked why she considered ALL of her children to be Scottish even though half of them were born after the family moved to Ireland. Her reply was, "If a cat has kittens in the oven, they're not biscuits!" Another of my favorites is the story about Grandmother hearing that old line that has captured so many Mormon brides, "I had a vision that you are to marry me." And her reply to the much older priesthood leader, "Wonderful! I'll write you when I have the same vision!"

My first memory of the extended Nibley family is of sitting with my feet swinging over the edge of a chair in a wardhouse on 1st Avenue in Salt Lake City, transfixed by the circus of the yearly family reunion. The amazing Nibley boys were featured entertainment.

The opening hymn was played for laughs by concert pianist and uncle Reid Nibley, who pretended to have forgotten the melody of *Love at Home,* picking it out like a first-year piano student and then appearing to gain confidence throughout the hymn, finally adding the flourishes of Liberace-in-Las-Vegas to the last verse while my father conducted the singing with an expandable baton with which he accidently stabbed himself in a fit of conducting vigor. His death scene in the final, "all the world is filled with love when there's love—at—home," left him collapsed on the floor to be revived by his cousin who was President and Dictator of the family organization.

El Presidente was booed as he stepped to the podium. Members of the family shouted out accusations of numerous improprieties in his dealings with the finances of the family organization. A kangaroo court was called into session and a jury of his peers found him guilty of all charges and quickly voted him into office for his nineteenth consecutive term.

This was followed by the customary introductions. The objective was to introduce everyone as incorrectly as possible. That was made easy by the inordinately high number of Hughs, Sloans, and Reids in the family. People struggled to remember their own names, introduced their sons as daughters, and forgot the names of wives and husbands. Quips and puns ricocheted around the room, and stage whispers heckled anyone who was speaking. The minutes of the previous year's reunion were read. "Things started as usual, not promptly, which is usual. We gathered to practice the family fight song *Love at Home.* We were not allowed to leave until we could sing it the way it deserved to be sung."

The comedic formula of the reunion never changed, and the howls from the basement of the wardhouse always brought observers from the more reverent German mission reunion that met upstairs. One year a German defector asked to join the family, so he was instated by unanimous vote and showed up the following year, taking his place in the family.

Our favorite entertainment was Hugh Nibley the scholar, ancient scriptorian, and uncle who entertained us with his version of "Tales from the Crypt." I didn't understand anything he said, which put me in the company of the adults of the family, but listening to his rapid delivery and his quiet intensity was its own reward, and I liked to see if I could guess the precise moment when he would hitch up his pants with his elbow and clear his throat with a small snort.

Uncle Hugh talked to us in Latin, Greek, Shakespeare, scripture, and poetry ancient and modern. I could tell he was the smartest person in the world. He believed in Egypt and the Book of Mormon, and because he had the world's most beautiful nose and smelled wonderful—I loved him with all my heart and believed in Egypt and the Book of Mormon, too.

In less formal family gatherings at Uncle Reid's house I liked to hide underneath the grand piano and feel the music above me. The adults talked religion and the arts, weaving in and out of topics with such ease that if you nodded off, you were likely to have a dream in which Mozart was in the First Presidency of the church playing golf with Great-Grandpa, and the words, "In the course of justice, none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render deeds of mercy," could be found in the Doctrine and Covenants.

The religion practiced by the Nibley family was an extension of some of the most wonderful things in the world. There were the images of art, the discoveries of science, and the joys of music, language, and literature. Religion was made up of good solid hymns from the Mormon tradition and the adoption of Bach and Handel into the fold, since living before the restoration of the gospel meant it wasn't their fault they weren't Mormon.

There was a true church (definitely one true Mormon church), true scripture (literature included, if it was properly brilliant and of spiritual nature), and true music (no rock and roll). We even had the true place. When Brigham Young said, "This is the right place," families were responsible to make sure Utah WAS the right place. The Nibley family had joined the church in Scotland and emigrated west with the Independent Company, feeding six barefoot children on buffalo meat along the way. Settling in Cache Valley, they lived for several years in a one-room dugout. The family struggled to subsist and had to begin at the very beginning of things to make the earth produce food and shelter.

Here is the first photograph ever taken of my great-grandpa, Charles Wilson Nibley. The year is 1865, and he is sixteen years old. After spend-

ing his childhood in the same pair of overalls, he is now proudly wearing his first coat and trousers. He looks straight into the camera with the clear eyes and the high forehead that in a few years he will pass on to his son, my grandfather, Alexander Nibley.

At this young age he has already held several jobs and has determined to do well in the world. By the time he is nineteen he will be successful, managing a store in Brigham City, Utah, and will marry his sweetheart Rebecca Neibaur, who is the daughter of Alexander Neibaur, the first Jew to join the Mormon church. The autobiography written at the end of his life details the prices of things bought and sold and tells of his business adventures in lumber, law, Z.C.M.I., railroads, banking, Utah Power and Light, the sugar industry, and his involvement in building the Hotel Utah. He was the Presiding Bishop of the church and enjoyed many rounds of "the ancient and royal Scottish game of golf" with President Joseph F. Smith. He kept a flask of whiskey in his sock and loved Utah.

Great-grandpa's hard work in Utah made me feel that I belonged here. Watching my father work with other preservationists to save the cast-iron Z.C.M.I. storefront, driving past Nibley Park in Salt Lake City, seeing the town of Nibley near Logan on a Utah map, eating dinner at the Hotel Utah made me feel at home. The desert state that had blossomed as a rose had been shaped by people who grew up in dugouts and made millions the hard way. (The next generations of Nibleys have been able to enjoy the sense of belonging in Utah guilt-free because the family fortune was lost in the stock market crash of 1929.)

We heard tales about our great-grandfather from my father, who snuggled with his girls on Sunday afternoons to read the scriptures and tell stories. My father moved to Utah after growing up in Oregon and California and living in New York City for most of his adult life. He believed in Utah as Zion and chose to live here because it was where he felt connected to his roots. I had internalized this Zionist view to the extent that when I decided to move to Virginia there was a moment when the idea of leaving Utah to live somewhere else struck me as blasphemous.

Here is a picture of my dad. It is a publicity photo, so he looks very serious holding his violin in long strong fingers: the artiste, member of the Utah symphony, also available for solo performances. The family snapshots in faded colors show a serious ham. But this black-and-white photo is very dramatic. My father's love for his daughters was communicated by the way he described how much Heavenly Father loved his children—something a daddy could understand. When we visited cousins in the summer, my dad sent letters full of fun, a few dollars, and reminders to pray daily and live the commandments.

When I was eight I walked from the cold tile of the dressing room into the warm baptismal font with pride and relief. Pride because I was

about to be a member of the true church, living in the true state, with my true family smiling their approval. And relief because I had lied and stolen a candy bar and read a dirty James Bond book and needed my sins washed away. In the photograph I smile a toothless smile in my new yellow dress. I am holding the *Book of Remembrance* and a Book of Mormon. I am safe. Sure of the love of God and the love of my family. My universe is orderly, my future is certain, my father's hand is firm on my back, and the spirit of God like a fire is burning.

Epilogue

This version of the family saga is as I absorbed it and how I remember it. It may or may not be true. What is true is that growing up as a congenital Mormon involved a complicated mingling of religious and family beliefs and the development of a personal identity that was interwoven with the faith and practice of generations.

There was a time when I became angry with the family faith. There was a time when leaving the church was the spiritual equivalent of a family fight with angry tears and doors slamming. Now, from the safe distance that comes from being gone for several years, I am able to look at the family and its faith and see things differently. I am used to being free of the heaviness of some of the things I left behind. I am also more aware of many precious things I took with me as I said good-bye. I am becoming more aware of the wonderful, quirky qualities that are a part of old Mormon families and their faith, now appreciated and understood at deeper levels.

With a little distance I see the story of my family as more than I understood growing up. The story of immigration to a new country—a story reenacted by many generations in this world. The story of the colonization of the west which is a story of stubbornness, bravery, and conquest that I understand at a visceral level—as inappropriate and politically incorrect as that may be.

The family shared a utopian vision of a true religion and a true place. I don't share those particular visions, but I do suffer nearly intolerable bouts of optimism about a variety of subjects.

Gathering the photographs from the desk, I decide not to separate the maternal from the paternal side, as I had first thought of doing. I'll let them work it out. I still have no idea how to open the binding, so again everyone is stuffed between the pages of the *Book of Remembrance.*

Growing up in the Mormon church was an experience that caused my family and their faith to fuse into one true and revealed reality. That in turn became my faith, my identity, my reality. I am glad I left the Church. And I'm also grateful to take the ideas, the images, the music, the books, the remembered smells, and the connections bred in the bone.

His Faith-Promoting Story

R. A. Christmas

Thirty-six years after his baptism,
nobody was converted.

His grown kids were apostates, and his exes
were either nudists or inactives

who thought that turning up in his scribblings
was the next best thing to rape.

Still, he marched off every Sunday
with his recommend in his wallet,

taught Primary and Priesthood, ran
the Cub Scouts, and went on splits

with the missionaries, despite a hankering
for cigarettes and skin-mags,

and his cousin shouting, "See you in hell!"
across the mortuary parking lot

at Grandfather's funeral, which
as the family's official saint and historian

he duly recorded, as such pronouncements seemed
to have a way of not going unfulfilled.

The Golden Dream and the Nightmare: The Closet Crusade of A. C. Lambert

Samuel W. Taylor

Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood,
for the good or evil side.

—James Russell Lowell

ASAEL C. LAMBERT, KNOWN AS A. C., was a professor at Brigham Young University during my student days there. I liked his dynamic style of lesson presentation. Decades after he left the Y, he became known on the Salt Lake City *samizdat*, where his literary works circulated, as the most prolific and least published author on Mormon subjects. During a half century of intense research and composition, he produced an incredible body of material. His major works consisted of some eighteen fat books on the subject, the manuscripts being three to four inches thick. However, by his own decision he published none of it.

All of A. C.'s material pertained to the obscure, arcane, controversial, suppressed, unknown, or sensitive aspects of LDS history and doctrine. Until he left BYU, he researched and wrote in secret, saying rarely a word about it even to his close friends. The reason for the secrecy was his

golden dream, his life's ambition, to become president of Brigham Young University.

His dream became a nightmare of frustration. His passion for historical truth made the dream impossible. But despite it all, he kept his integrity to the end. He never sold out to achieve his golden dream. He made no compromise with his passion for truth in order to attain his goal. And this, to me, is the measure of a man.

After a full life A. C. went to his reward on 1 April 1983. While he didn't attain his personal goal, I would say that the body of his literary work makes him more successful than if he had made the concessions and compromises necessary during that period of time to attain it.

After I followed a girl from BYU to California, A. C. and I became friends. As a matter of fact, he stood as best man at my wedding to Gay Dimick, a gala affair before a justice of the peace at which A. C. and his wife, Florence, constituted the entire guest list. After the ceremony the wedding party celebrated the event at a stand-up joint, then Gay and I caught a bus to Santa Cruz for our honeymoon. Although I took along a dozen manuscripts to work on in my spare time, my literary career stayed on hold until we returned.

Gay and I set up housekeeping in a small cottage at the rear of a lot on Addison Avenue in Palo Alto. The main house in front was occupied by A. C. and his family, while he worked toward his Ph.D. at Stanford. I still remember the superb apple pie with walnuts in it which Florence shared with us. In turn, I shared my weekly copy of *Time* magazine with them. The Depression was on, and money was tight. We could get a good restaurant meal for 30 cents. A steak dinner with all the trimmings was 45 cents. Hamburger was 10 cents a pound, as was Monterey Jack cheese. Our rent was $18 a month. I was writing pulp stories for 1 cent a word—$50 for a 5,000-word story of twenty pages—and was glad to get it. Some pulp magazines paid after publication rather than on acceptance but didn't say *when*. After more than half a century, I'm still waiting for payment for many stories. The goal of pulp writers was to hit the slicks, those magazines with glossy paper. When I sold my first article to a small slick I was on cloud nine. While the payment was only $20, it wasn't a matter of money but of prestige. I was a slick writer, by golly!

The check bounced as the magazine went belly-up.

A. C. had saved barely enough from his small BYU salary to finance his Stanford studies for two years. To supplement the family income, Florence wrote "true confession" stories. At that time I didn't know that she abandoned her literary career because of A. C.'s golden dream. A wife who wrote confessions could cast a shadow on his goal of becoming president of BYU.

The formula for confessions was sin, suffer, and repent. The sinning

was at great length, the suffering and repentance brief. The marketing target was the nineteen-year-old woman.

In sinning, the confessor always said, "I tell of these awful things only to warn other innocent girls to avoid the pitfalls of my mistakes." Then would come a series of steamy episodes in lurid detail, one after another, until the nineteen-year-old reader was bug-eyed and breathing hard, before the suffering and repentance, after which, having learned her lesson and paid the price, the confessor faces the sunset in the embrace of her true love.

I know something of the formula because once, by request of the editor, I wrote a confession, about a young girl marrying an old goat in polygamy. One was enough.

For the sake of A. C.'s golden dream, Florence bit the bullet. She abandoned her literary career, even though confessions paid 3 cents a word.

During A. C.'s second year at Stanford, we moved to a house on Palo Alto Avenue. He and Florence would drop by of an evening. We'd spin yarns, and A. C. would play hoe-downs on my fiddle. He shared my musical tastes—country and classical, nothing in between.

When leaving one evening, the Lamberts got into their car and A. C. started the engine, put it in gear, and let out the clutch. Nothing happened. The car was sitting on boxes, all the wheels missing. He faced a financial crisis until police apprehended the kids who had stolen them.

Perhaps at this point I should point out that the attitude toward truth in Mormon history at BYU is much more liberal today than it was during A. C.'s tenure there. For example, in 1930 Professor M. Wilford Poulson published an article in *The Scratch*, a student periodical, called "An Interesting Old Volume on Health. Background on the Word of Wisdom." In it he quoted from *The Journal of Health*, published semi-monthly at Philadelphia. The issues between 9 September 1829 and 25 August 1830 denounced the use of ardent spirits, tobacco, tea, and coffee in the strongest terms. In fact it claimed, "The most deadly of all poisons, the prussic acid, has been detected in green tea." It also advised, "A substitution almost entire, of vegetable for animal substances. . . . Millions of the Irish do not see flesh meat or fish from one week's end to the other. . . . Yet where shall we find a more healthy and robust population?"

The revelation on the Word of Wisdom was received subsequently in February 1833. Obviously, Joseph Smith was echoing attitudes current at that time. As he said, "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." However, the *Scratch* article contradicted the fond myth (which some still hold today) that such beliefs were unheard of at the time of the revelation.

What happened, a local zealot in Provo (whose posterity I won't em-

barrass by mentioning his name) attempted to have Poulson discharged from BYU and tried for his membership before his stake high council. Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed.

Leonard J. Arrington published an article in *Brigham Young University Studies* twenty-nine years later regarding the widespread temperance movement at the time of the Word of Wisdom revelation. No waves; no sweat.

After A. C. completed his studies at Stanford, he returned to BYU and became a closet researcher of the untold history along with fellow faculty members M. Wilford Poulson and Lowry Nelson. Such work was considered anti-Mormon at that time—and, he maintained to the end, it still is.

On a sweltering August day Gay and I arrived at Provo and called at the Lambert home. Blinds were drawn, no answer to the doorbell. We turned to leave when there was a hiss. An eye was at a crack of the door, a finger beckoning. We slipped inside to find A. C. and Florence celebrating the acceptance of his Ph.D. dissertation in the stifling bedroom with a quart of warm beer. We were honored to share the occasion. No one else, no friend, no relative, no faculty member, could be trusted.

A. C. had joined the BYU faculty in 1925 and for twenty-five years did, wrote, and said the correct things to foster his golden dream. During this period he was at times principal of the BYU high school, professor of elementary education, dean of the summer school, dean of the graduate school, and director of university libraries. His Ph.D. dissertation on educational administration at Stanford had the distinction of being published as a book by that school, *School Transportation*. In 1942, when BYU began a Civilian Pilot Training Program during World War II, A. C. chaired the civil aeronautics program.

A hint of discontent came during the post-war inflation, which squeezed the faculty members, including his own family of a wife and six children. He wrote to BYU president Howard S. McDonald: "The curve is up and going higher. . . . Do any of the Board eat meat these days?"

During President Ernest Wilkinson's administration BYU began a program of recruiting returned missionaries as students. A. C. was assigned to missions on the west coast, and Harold Glen Clark in the east. The program was so successful that Wilkinson estimated that the Y would enroll 50 percent of the year's returned elders.

Meanwhile, A. C. was publishing what was to total more than 150 articles on school finance, taxation, transportation, and related matters. In a profession where it is either "publish or perish," A. C. Lambert was very much alive.

However, his closet crusade somehow became known, and his golden dream turned into a nightmare. He left BYU in 1951, joining the

faculty of Los Angeles State College (now UCLA).

The last time I saw A. C. was when he left the Y and moved to California. He and Florence stopped by our place in Redwood City to say hello and farewell. Florence at this time was failing. She'd been sick for two years. I didn't recognize her until she said, "Sam, don't you know me?" I knew her voice. She died soon afterwards, age fifty-two.

A. C. married again a year later. This was of course difficult for his children to understand. In particular, his daughter was outraged. It was she who wrote me with news of her father's death. She said she planned to use A. C.'s materials to write a novel incorporating his many years of research, and she asked my advice. I warned her not to get involved with a "vanity" publisher, who would charge an extortionate sum for publishing while singing a siren song of royalties from a best-seller, but who would end up shipping the entire edition to her to store in her basement. No one would review a vanity book, no bookstore handle it.

I cited the experience of a friend of mine who wrote asking if she should mortgage her home for the $15,000 the vanity outfit demanded for publishing her book. In this case, she had written a good book, and I suggested sending it to a small publisher who issued it on a royalty basis.

"Regarding your book on A. C.," I wrote to his daughter, "the Bible says honor thy father and thy mother that your days may be long in the land. I am personally highly allergic to kids who write 'Mommie Dearest' books, cutting their dead parents to shreds. My sister Lillian never again spoke to a Provo bishop who chopped his own father to pieces at the funeral. . . . In any event, if you write a book about your father, be objective.

"Regarding the writing business, let me advise you that maybe one book in a thousand which are written gets published. When I was doing magazine fiction there were three great weeklies, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and *Liberty*. They each had great bins for unsolicited manuscripts—the 'slush pile.' They each received more than 5,000 manuscripts a week, and used only four short stories a week. Such is the competition. When a girl at *Collier's* picked a story of mine from the slush pile the event was so unusual that she was promoted. (The check was $500, and each succeeding story received a raise of $250.)

"What I suggest is that you enroll in an adult course in writing, and learn about the business, the attitude as well as the rules, before you attempt a book.

"You might, to begin, bring your ideas about your father's works into focus with an article about him. Query the editors of *Sunstone* and *Dialogue*." Apparently, nothing came of this.

From her I learned of A. C.'s frustration at BYU which caused him to enter the closet. When he was assigned to outline courses for theology classes, "everything he wrote, and any attempts at the truth," she said,

"was immediately struck down," which "only made him more determined to get at the truth."

Originally, it was "his hope and intent" that the university would allow his research "to be used for theological studies, and let students use their own judgment. But it wasn't to be, not even in modest form."

Although frustrated, A. C. clung to his golden dream. He wrote many articles on education for professional journals. When he should become university president, *then* things would be different. For this reason he kept on at the Y, although "he could have worked at any university in the country," she wrote. "In fact, he had many good offers but turned them down, always with the hope that one day he would be President of BYU."

As to his literary activities, his daughter said, "I'm not sure if you have any concept of the scope Dad did in his research seeking the 'truth,'. . . his bibliography on educational matters is 22 pages long. In addition there was a supplement, which he called 'Semi-confidential,' which listed the major works. These were, (1) *Index to the First Five Volumes of the Mormon Journal of Discourses;* (2) *The Blood;* (3) *The Blood Covenant;* (4) *Blood Sacrifice;* (5) *Blood Vengeance and Other Ideas About the Blood;* (6) *The Great Dilemma of the Early Mormons;* (7) *The Epistle of Liberty Jail;* (8) *Which God Gave the Revelations to Joseph Smith, Jr* (plus a section of 90 pages on "The Name of God"); (9) *The Name of God;* (10) *The Ancient Controversies and Mysteries Over the Name of God;* (11) *Religion is Emotion;* (12) *Turbulence and Turmoil Among the Early Mormons;* (13) *The Localism of Joseph Smith's Revelations;* (14) *The Serpent;* (15) *The Ancient Symbolical Significance of the Triangle and the Circle Related Particularly to the Pyramid as a Symbol;* (16) *How the 1936 Abridged Book of Latter-Day Revelations Was Made from the Main Book of Doctrine and Covenants, With Analyses of How Texts of Certain Major Revelations Have Been Changed, Selected and Edited Over the Years;* (17) *What Is Spirituality?*"

As a climax to his research came his final masterwork, the five volumes of *Mormonism and Masonry.* The first four of these contained the research materials used in the fifth volume.

"The above mentioned are all huge books," she wrote, "being 3 to 4 inches thick." She then added, "This will give you an idea of his more extensive works. I have copies of many notebooks he wrote on various religious aspects of Mormonism." In addition to the above list, she said, "One time he destroyed a lot of it in the BYU furnace."

Later, "he began to donate limited portions of his works to semi-private libraries of large universities to be used for serious research only."

She asked what she should do with the mass of materials created over a period of fifty years. I replied, "What you should do, I suggest, is to xerox your father's materials, keeping a copy for the family. Send the

originals to the Marriott Library, University of Utah. Here they will be preserved, well-kept, and will be available for research. You might also send a copy to BYU, but there the use probably will be restricted."

Just why, I wondered, hadn't A. C. published anything on Mormonism? Why had he spent half a century of hard work without giving any of it to the public? An author doesn't write for his own amusement; he writes to be read.

"Over the years he had been encouraged to publish his works," she wrote, "but he admitted that he just didn't have the moral fortitude to face up to the consequences, said he was a 'panty-waist.'" But in the next sentence she gave what I believe was the answer: "I have heard that he was excommunicated, but I have nothing to substantiate that."

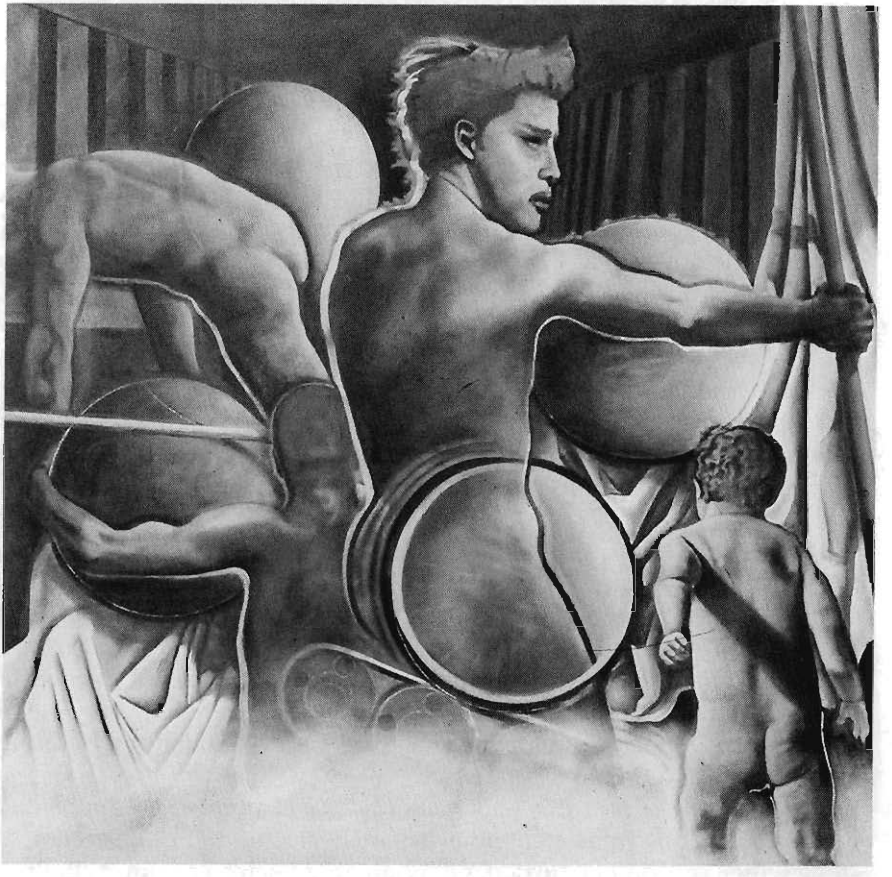
I would say that if he *had* been consigned to the buffeting of Satan he would have had nothing to lose and everything to gain by publishing his works. I would also say that his search for truth wasn't an indication that he had lost his testimony, but that, as Juanita Brooks said about her research concerning the Mountain Meadows massacre: "I feel sure that nothing but the truth can be good enough for the church to which I belong."

James Russell Lowell said, "Truth forever on the scaffold,/ Wrong forever on the throne." However, truth when crushed to earth will rise again, and the longer and more often it is crushed to earth, the stronger it becomes when it rises again.

A. C. Lambert was the most prolific and least published LDS writer because he hewed to the line, letting the chips fall where they may. He insisted on truth, facing squarely "sensitive" subjects which the fraternity of apologists avoided like the plague.

A. C. knew of no truth which couldn't be examined, no double-talk which couldn't be translated, no evasion which couldn't be corrected, no stone which couldn't be turned, no mountain which he couldn't climb for the simple reason that it was there. He believed, with Thoreau, "Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth."

And so it is farewell and best wishes, A. C. So long for now, until we meet again, my friend. I'm sure that you now have the Final Truth from your research in the Great Archives in the sky.



At Children's Hospital

Rosalynde Frandsen

I LEANED AGAINST THE GLASS DOOR, struggling to open it against the air current that held it closed. With both hands now I pushed until finally I forced it open and found myself in the lobby. My breath snagged suddenly in my throat as I looked around at the familiar scene painted in April sun and anemic fluorescent light. Brightly-colored signs shouted, "Children's Hospital of Los Angeles." Walls buzzed and danced with grinning papered elephants and giraffes. I looked toward the information desk, expecting to see the ancient teddy bear presiding solemnly over the room. Instead there sat a giant bunny with flopping ears and bulging eyes. My stomach tightened as I walked past the desk into the hall.

"Oh, Miss, may I help you with something?" Turning toward the girl at the desk, I felt my shoes slip across the tiled floor. I grasped the edge of the desk to steady myself, sweaty fingers bruising the wood surface with damp dark-colored streaks. The moisture evaporated slowly as I answered, "I'm going up to 4-West. You know, the cancer ward?"

"Yes, I know. But I'll need the patient identification number to let you go up there."

Patient identification number? I stood there silent, watching my fingermarks disappear just as silently from the desk. My mouth felt as wooden and dry as the pine plank I was looking at.

The girl blinked at me. She had lipstick on her teeth and her hair straggled darkly around her neck like ivy around the tree in somebody's back yard. Her pencil tapped against the telephone.

"Well, I . . . see, my brother was here last year, and . . . well, I was just going up to visit for a while. I don't have a number or anything."

The girl stared for a moment, then consulted her computer screen.

"I . . . suppose I could . . . well, here. Put on this badge, and I'll let you through this time. In the future, though, please have the ID number."

I nodded, pinning on the large scarlet piece of plastic branding me an "Outpatient Visitor" as I walked toward the elevator. A woman in a red dress carrying a grocery bag looked from the badge to my face as she

passed. The badge stared back out at me from her pupils. Those eyes reminded me of the bunny's in the lobby.

I arrived at the elevator just as it was closing, so I reached my hand between the doors to stop them. I squeezed my body through, pinching my fingers and banging my knee. Finally I stood trembling in the elevator, heart pounding and shouting. My hands shook a little as I pushed the button for the fourth floor.

The doors opened to reveal 4-West, the cancer ward. I stepped out of the elevator and stood still, assaulted suddenly by the memory of the place.

> Feb. 3, 1988. *Went to go visit Jacob in the hospital for the first time yesterday. 4-West is like another world—another world where skinny bald kids and red-eyed parents live and die together. They even have their own language full of words like "MRI scan," "T-cell count," "phenobarbital." I feel like we're just visiting this place though, like we're just foreigners here to check out the tourist attractions.*

> May 10, 1988. *Spent last night here with J. —slept on the blue cot and ate the leftovers from his dinner tray. Fran came in three times to check his vital signs, but other than that we had a pretty good night. We've decorated our room and reserved our own shelf in the fridge—feels almost homey here sometimes.*

The shrill beeping of an IV machine—a cruel mockery of the opening strains of Beethoven's 8th Symphony—rescued me from my memories. I peered around myself, myopically dizzy and disoriented, as the first steps off a merry-go-round. I recognized the nurses' station and began to walk toward it slowly. My shoes clicked a cadence across the beige linoleum, the sound growing, expanding to fill my ears and crowd the hall. Examination rooms and hospital gurneys pinwheeled past me, colors colliding and blossoming into shifting patterns bigger than myself, bigger than the hospital, bigger than this last year and a lifetime, his lifetime. I folded my arms hard against my ribs as if to close a door against the rising sound and color. I couldn't hold it back, though, and it spilled down my cheeks.

A nurse blurred and jumped into focus in front of me. Her white uniform was rumpled, and her slip leered up at me from under the hem of her skirt. "Are you looking for something, Miss?"

I blinked and brushed tears from my eyes with the back of my hand. I wondered if my mascara had smeared black streaks across my cheeks just as my fingers had smeared the dark damp bruises across the information desk a few minutes ago. Angry red stripes from the elevator door

still decorated my fingers. "Um . . . well, is Fran here? She's a nurse on 4-West . . . "

The nurse looked at my badge for a moment. "Fran who? Do you know her last name?"

My face flushed and I looked away quickly. The walls, I noticed, weren't papered in elephants and giraffes, after all. They looked more like monkeys or maybe zebras. "I'm not sure. See, my brother was in the hospital for a while last year, and Fran was his head nurse . . . and I was just wondering if maybe she was still here. I don't know . . . "

"Well, we don't have any nurse by that name here now. Can I help you find someone else?"

"No, it's okay. Maybe I'll just walk around for a while. Would that be all right?" Not zebras, either. Rabbits, then, like the bulging-eyed bunny in the lobby? Or *were* they elephants . . . ?

"Sure. Go ahead." The nurse started to walk past me, then turned and asked, "Are you sure you're all right? Are you feeling well?"

"Yeah. I'll be fine. It's just . . . well, it's a little strange being back here after so long, that's all."

> Sept. 12, 1988. *Every day I'm amazed at how much better J. seems—some days it's almost like he's a new boy. Still the nausea and weight loss, of course, but no more headaches or seizures. They've just remodeled the playroom down the hall, so most afternoons we go there and play with the new games. J. likes to give shots and draw blood from the stuffed animals.*
>
> Nov. 28, 1988. *They've taken J. off the chemotherapy because of the kidney damage and hearing loss—his hair's growing back dark and curly. His eyes are getting darker too, I think. I hardly recognize my blond blue-eyed brother from a year ago. Sometimes I hardly recognize myself.*

The nurse continued down the hall until she reached an examination room, where she opened the door and went inside. The door was painted slate-blue, with a small window spying in on the occupants of the room. Like the CIA, I thought. Center for Institutionalized Agony. I started to smile until I realized that my mouth was still as wooden as the desk. A red light winked at me hilariously from above the door. I wondered what kind of cancer the child in the examination room had. Astrocytoma, like Jacob? Leukemia, maybe?

I wandered through 4-West like an exhausted child at Disneyland, not really wanting to stay but not ready to leave. I walked toward the orange-carpeted waiting room, where a TV set blared rapid Spanish from the corner. "*Todo nuevo, cien por ciento garantizado . . . ,*" shouted the announcer. "All new, one hundred percent guaranteed." Sound and color

again wheeled crazily, and again I folded my arms tight against it. " . . . new . . . all new," I whispered.

I left the waiting room and walked fast past the playroom, then turned and walked back toward it. Standing on my tiptoes to look through the window, I recognized my own face darkly gazing back at me, distorted in the glass. I cupped my hands against the pane in order to see beyond my own reflected eyes into the room, my fingers leaving cloudy smudges on the surface. The door slid open easily at my touch and clicked quietly after me.

I flipped on the light switch, then stood squinting as my eyes adjusted to the painful light. I felt strangely conscious of my body—I heard my heartbeat, tasted the salted blood in my veins, my eyes straining against their sockets, the lines on the palms of my hand. Kneeling on the floor, I concentrated on the pattern and texture of the rug, fingers tracing a nubby purple thread as far as I could reach. It disappeared into the confused maze of color for a few inches but then resurfaced and changed direction. Or maybe that was a different thread—somehow the purple looked brighter and the fiber stronger than before.

Mar. 4, 1989. *Jacob's birthday today—five years old. Or five years young. Or something. We had a celebration for him this morning—he couldn't stand up to play the games or anything, but at least he was able to stay awake for a while. This afternoon, though, he couldn't remember a thing about it. "When is it gonna be my birthday?" he asked me. The tumors are affecting his memory more and more every day.*

Apr. 6, 1989. *I really thought (hoped?) it would be today. He started chain-stoke breathing, and I heard the doctor say death was "imminent." I never really knew what that meant until now. Take him soon, Father, please. The game isn't funny anymore. Oh God, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it—I never meant any of it.*

From where I knelt on the floor facing the entrance, my eyes were level with the doorknob. I remembered measuring Jacob against the doorway one afternoon, marking his height with a pencil on the cracked white paint. There had been no eraser on that pencil, I remembered, and it had needed sharpening. Pivoting toward the door frame, I saw the lines still there, blurred and faint. "11/9/88." I licked my index finger, wanting to rub the lines from the wall and from my mind, but instead I held my finger upright in the air as if testing the wind.

May 3, 1989. *It was last night. After he died we washed him and drove him to the hospital where they took him into a room and closed the door and then*

we got back in the car and drove back home. I don't know where he is now—still at the hospital? The mortuary? Upstairs in his bed? But why, Jacob? And how? How, when only yesterday I held you? And tell me how will the days go by me, Jacob, and the years. Show me, because it's dark in here and I can't see. I don't know what to say. There is nothing that I can say anymore, is there.

I reached over to touch the light switch, the harsh fluorescent bulbs flickering briefly before surrendering the playroom to graceful darkness. "Sweet Jesus," was all I could say, repeating the words over and over in the dark.

Aristocrats

Robert L. Jones

Two black snakes
Made it down the hill
Through the high grass
Among the wild apple trees

To the edge of the road
Before the neighbor's dog
Spotted them.

They rose
Like angry sovereigns,

The female
All neck,

A hissing throat
Of black pearls,
Ruby eyes ablaze
with contempt and hate.

The male was
    Like hell's fury,

A pride made impotent
By Eden's curse,
And like she,

He would fight to the death,
But has no hands
To clutch

And stop the enemy's insolent mouth.

So they hiss
    Like whips
The name of injustice.

Changes in LDS Hymns: Implications and Opportunities

Douglas Campbell

> *A hymnbook is as good an index to the brains and to the hearts of a people as the creed book.*
>
> —Alexander Campbell

IN THIS ESSAY I EXAMINE CHANGES in the following four hymnals[1] published under the imprimatur of the First Presidency: (1835) *A Collection of Sacred Hymns, for the Church of the Latter Day Saints*, (1927) *Latter-day Saint Hymns*, (1948) *Hymns: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, and (1985) *Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. I examined these hymnals because I was curious about possible changes that had occurred over time; I report what I found because I was surprised.

I had known that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints operates in a constantly changing world, that the interplay between the world and the church's message is dynamic. For example, as general conference has switched from telegraphic coverage, to radio coverage, to television coverage, general authorities have had to adjust their delivery

1. I do not examine semi-official or unofficial hymnbooks such as the 1841 Nauvoo hymnal, the Manchester hymnal, the *Latter-day Saints Psalmody, Songs of Zion, The Children's Primary Hymn Book*, the *Deseret Sunday School Union Music Book*. I have added all italics. I do not examine reasons for deleting hymns such as: difficult to sing, poorly composed, generate too much enthusiasm, or rarely sung.

(a) to written-in-advance talks (to permit instantaneous translation into other languages and to permit rapid printing of the talks), (b) to prescribed length limits (to maximize exposure to constrained commercial time slots), and (c) to live without the benefit of relaxed and thoughtful revision (the talks are taped and can be compared to the original).

I wanted to see if the church's hymnals reflected this interplay. I wanted to see how the hymnals changed, and if I could detect patterns in the changes. As I proceeded, I was fascinated to see the changes in the hymnal that reflect increased sensitivity by the church music committee to blacks, Native Americans, and women. I found that the church music committee had used ingenious methods to modify the hymns to reflect changes in the social, cultural, and political milieux in which the church disseminates its message.

In the process I discovered many changes in the 1985 hymnal from gender-exclusive language to gender-neutral language. After doing a careful count, I found that nearly two-thirds of the hymns were gender-neutral. I examined patterns in the 102 hymns that did use male gender-exclusive language. Despite the church music committee's numerous changes (made explicitly to create increased gender-neutrality), I was surprised to find that the ratio of male gender-exclusive language to female gender-exclusive language was 147 to 2. This data is reported as observation not criticism.

The 1835 Hymnal

Emma Smith was commanded (D&C 25:11) to choose the 90 hymns that constituted the 1835 hymnal. Fifty-five were retained in the 1927 hymnal,[2] thirty were retained in the 1948 hymnal,[3] and twenty-six were retained in the 1985 hymnbook.[4] In this section I consider three interesting reasons for hymn deletions from the 1835 LDS hymnal: doctrinal, lin-

2. First number is the 1835 number; second number is the 1927 number: 1:37 / 4:383 / 5:186 / 6:231 / 7:161 / 10:11 / 11:283 / 12:273 / 13:184 / 14:22 / 15:188 / 16:66 / 17:182 / 18:218 / 19:47 / 21:13 / 22:330 / 23:237 / 24:116 / 26:154 / 28:63 / 29:221 / 31:200 / 32:398 / 35:102 / 38:170 / 43:128 / 44:30 / 46:345 / 47:197 / 48:219 / 49:129 / 50:177 / 51:106 / 54:115 / 55:134 / 57:135 / 58:46 / 59:151 / 63:64 / 65:214 / 66:149 / 68:121 / 70:27 / 74:187 /75:215 / 77:304 / 79:290 / 80:410 / 82:329 / 83:249 / 84:89 / 85:174 / 86:41 / 90:127.

3. First number is the 1835 number; second number is the 1948 hymn number: 1:90 / 4:244 / 6:195 / 10:263 / 11:30 / 13:57 / 14:266 / 15:89 / 18:118 / 21:250 / 23:389 / 24:92 / 26:132 / 43:238 / 46:59 / 54:108 / 57:125 / 65:303 / 66:262 / 68:12 / 70:234 / 74:40 / 79:95 / 82:66 / 86:123 / 90:213 / 59:227 / 32:183 / 44:265 / 85:102.

4. First number is the 1835 hymn number; second number is the 1985 hymn number: 1:240 / 4:46 / 6:6 / 10:192 / 11:87 / 13:83 / 14:57 / 15:201 / 18:3 / 21:32 / 23:49 / 24:146 / 26:25 / 43:167 / 46:164 / 54:234 / 57:175 / 65:38 / 66:41 / 68:65 / 70:77 / 74:268 / 79:136 / 82:85 / 86:31 / 90:2.

guistic, and cultural metaphors.

Doctrinal

Hymns were deleted from the 1835 hymnal when church doctrine was later clarified.

Example 1. In 1835, 56:3,[5] read: "*Jehovah* saw his darling *Son*"; 56:5: "This is my *Son, Jehovah* cries"; and 3:4: "The name of *Jehovah* is worthy of praising,/ And so is the *Savior* an excellent theme." These 1835 hymns suggested that Jesus was Jehovah's son. In current LDS doctrine, however, Jesus is Jehovah himself.

Example 2. In 1835, 39:2, we read: "Then would my soul of heaven's *parent* sing." This hymn suggests only one heavenly parent, Heavenly Father. Three current (1985) First Presidency-sanctioned hymns teach of a Heavenly Mother: 292:3, "In the heav'ns are *parents* single?/ No, the thought makes reason stare!"; 292:4, "Father, *Mother,* may I meet you/ in your royal courts on high"; 286:4, "When our *heavenly parents* we meet"; and 311:3, "That we, with *heavenly parents,* May sing eternally."

Linguistic

Hymns were deleted when the meaning of a word changed.

Example 3. In 1835 it was possible to use "pitiful" to mean "full of pity." In 78:4, we sang of "A Savior *pitiful* and kind." Presently, however, "pitiful" is derogatory, indicative of not deserving respect (such as when a team plays a pitiful game). Some non-Mormons do not believe we are Christian; imagine what they would say if we still sang about a pitiful savior.

Cultural

Hymns were deleted from the 1835 hymnal when cultural metaphors changed.

Example 4. The 1835 hymnal had three different hymns using the cultural metaphor that humans are worms: 61:1, "For such a *worm* as I"; 89:1, "What timorous *worms* we mortals are"; and 76:9, "Oh Lord assist thy feeble *worms.*"

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5. References of the form x, y:z refer to the LDS hymnal of year x, hymn number y, verse number z. For example, 1835, 56:3 is to the 1835 hymnal, hymn number 56, verse number 3.

Changes from the 1835 to the 1927 Hymnal

From 1835 to 1927 the church had no new First Presidency-sanctioned hymnal. Numerous local versions were created. Other pressing tasks allowed a wealth of local songs and orientations. In September 1920 President Heber J. Grant appointed Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve to select and head a committee to regulate musical affairs in the church.[6]

Besides the wholesale deletions from the 1835 and other hymnbooks, the 1927 hymnal changed three standard LDS hymns: "Praise to the Man," "O Ye Mountains High," and "The Spirit of God," only the last of which was in the 1835 hymnal. The changes are of two interesting types: good neighbor policy and temple imagery.

Good Neighbor Policy

Example 5. W. W. Phelps's hymn "Praise to the Man" contained in verse 2: "Long may his blood,/ which was shed by assassins,/ *Stain Illinois*/ while the earth lauds his fame." George D. Pyper has remarked: "When the Latter-day saint Hymn book was compiled in 1927, in order to be in harmony with the 'good neighbor' policy of the Church and nation, the second line was changed to 'Long may his blood,/ which was shed by assassins,/ *Plead unto heaven,*/ while the earth lauds his fame.'"[7]

Example 6. Verse 3 of Charles W. Penrose's "Oh, Ye Mountains High" originally read: "In thy mountain retreat/ God will strengthen thy feet,/ *On the necks of thy foes,*/ thou shalt tread," and verse 4 originally read: "thy oppressors shall die;/ the gentiles shall bow beneath thy rod." Considering the Old Testament stories (e.g., Joshua 10:24) of conquering Israelites killing captives after standing on their necks, and the events surrounding the Mountain Meadows Massacre, Pyper observed: "It occurred to many of our own people that two lines in the third and fourth stanzas should be revised."[8] They now read: "In thy mountain retreat/ God will strengthen thy feet,/ *Without fear of thy foes,/ thou shalt tread,* " and verse 4 reads: "thy oppressors shall die;/ thy land shall be freedom's abode."

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6. Michael Hicks, *Mormonism and Music: A History* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1989), 130.

7. George D. Pyper, *Stories of the Latter-day Saint Hymns* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1939), 100. See 1927, 167:2 / 1948, 147:2 / 1985, 27:2.

8. Pyper. See 1927, 318:3-4 / 1948, 145:3-4 / 1985, 34:3-4. For reactions of some Saints to these changes, read the humorous article by Fae Decker Dix, "Never Change a Song," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 44 (1976): 261-66.

Temple Imagery

Verses 4 and 5 of 1835, 90, "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning," were dropped for the 1927 hymnal: "We'll wash and be washed/ and with oil be anointed/ withal not omitting/ the washing of feet./ For he that receiveth his penny appointed/ must surely be clean at the harvest of wheat." Michael Hicks, in his recent book on Mormon music, remarks that the verses may have been removed for their excessive temple imagery.[9]

Changes between 1927 and 1948

Twenty-one years separated the 1927 and the 1948 hymnals. But the Great Depression, World War II, and the dispersion of Saints to California and the East had matured the tastes of the Saints. Some 1927 hymns may have appeared parochial:

31 "I Long to Breathe the Mountain Air"
95 "There is a Place in Utah, that I Remember Well"
137 "Hark! Ye Mortals. Hist! Be Still"
139 "Ho, Ho, for the Temples Completed"
189 "Deseret, Deseret! 'Tis the Home of the Free"
324 "We're Proud of Utah"
409 "Farewell, Old England!"

These were among the 200 hymns omitted from the 1948 hymnal.

Deleting a hymn can raise delicate problems. The 1927, 380 hymn, "Father! Lead Me out of Darkness," had been written by John A. Widstoe, a member of the Twelve in both 1927 and 1948. When the time came to revise the 1927 hymnal, the church music committee suggested that the hymn be deleted since it wasn't sung. Alexander Schreiner objected:

> After all, these were words written by an Apostle of the Lord. It was decided that I should approach Elder Widstoe, proposing to change the title, which seemed negative, and adjust a few words.
>
> Elder Widstoe said, "You don't understand, Brother Schreiner. It is being sung by a nonmember. I don't want anybody to change the words. Nonmembers are in darkness."
>
> "But Elder Widstoe," I responded, "when you go to stake conference and give an inspirational and enlightening message to the saints, how would you feel if the stake president announced that the closing hymn will be 'Father! Lead me out of darkness'?"

9. Hicks, 132.

> Elder Widstoe could then see the point of giving this fine hymn a positive title, with only the rearrangement of a few words.[10]

Widstoe was persuaded that what he had intended was not what was communicated. Schreiner's "rearrangement of a few words" was understated: the four-verse, 194-word 1927 hymn became in 1948, 141, and in 1985, 45, "Lead Me Into Life Eternal," a four-verse, 98-word hymn.

Ethnic References

Blacks

Example 7. In 1835, 67:3, baptism appeared to affect skin color literally: "And wash the Ethiopian *white.*" The hymn was omitted before 1927.

Example 8. In 1835, 35:4, and again in 1927, 102:4, "There Is Now a Feast for the Righteous Preparing," entire continents are dark and black: "Go pass throughout Europe,/ and Asia's *dark* regions/ to China's far shores,/ and to Africa's *black* legions." Although the hymn had been included by the church for more than one hundred years, it was omitted from the 1948 hymnal; its second verse also contained the line: "To cease from all evil/ and leave off loud mirth," which appeared to encourage dourness, solemnity, and a lack of joy.

Example 9. The 1927, 301:2, and 1948, 127:2, "O'er Gloomy Hills of Darkness" hymn, linked the African Negro, the American Indian, and barbarians: "Let the *Indian* and the *Negro,*/ Let the *rude barbarian* see/ That divine and glorious conquest/ Once obtained on Calvary." This hymn was not retained in the 1985 hymnal.

Native Americans

Example 10. The 1835 and 1927 hymnals contained 63:1 / 64:1: "O stop and tell me, *Red Man* . . ./ Have you *no God, no home*?"; 63:5 / 64:3: "And so our race has dwindled/ to *idle Indian* hearts"; and 63:4 / 64:4: "And quit their *savage* customs." Although included by the church for more than 100 years, this hymn was not retained for the 1948 hymnal.

The 1927 hymnal introduced seven hymns mentioning Native Americans. Four of these did not last the twenty-one years to the 1948 hymnal:

77:1 "Great spirit listen to the *Red Man*'s wail!"

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10. Karen Lynn Davidson, *Our Latter-day Hymns* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1988), 75.

77:9 "Not many *moons* shall pass away before/ the *curse of darkness* from your skins shall flee"

331:13 "The Solid Rocks Were Rent in Twain,/ But their remnants wander far/ In *darkness, sorrow, and despair.*"

189:1 "Deseret, Deseret! 'Tis the Home of the Free,/ Where the *savage* has wandered,/ by *darkness debased*"

324:2 "We're proud of Utah/ Won from a *hostile* band."

Three of the 1927 hymns mentioning Native Americans continued to the 1948 hymnal. In "O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness," 301:2 / 127:2, "Let the *Indian* and the *Negro,*/ Let the *rude barbarian* see/ That divine and glorious conquest/ Once obtained on Calvary." In "For the Strength of the Hills," 118:4 / 241:4, "the *red untutored* Indian/ seeketh here his *rude* delights." In "The Wintry Day, Descending to its Close," 368:4 / 292:4, "where *roamed* at will/ the *savage Indian* band." The only surviving reference to Native Americans in the 1985 hymnal is 38:4, "Come, All Ye Saints of Zion," in which savage Indians have become fearless Indians: "where roamed at will/ the fearless Indian band."

Three years after the extension of the priesthood to blacks in June 1978, in an equally dramatic move the First Presidency authorized a change in the Book of Mormon in 2 Nephi 30:6: "and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a *white* and delightsome people." Since 1981, 2 Nephi 30:6 reads: "and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a *pure* and delightsome people." Removing hymnal references to Native Americans and blacks has assisted missionary work, which views the field as white, ready to harvest.

Removing Adam-God References

In April 1852, October 1853, February 1854, March 1855, October 1857, and other times Brigham Young delivered sermons, recorded in the *Journal of Discourses,* which teach what is called the Adam-God theory.[11] On 13 April 1861 the *Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star* published a poem about Adam, "Sons of Michael," with the opening lines: "Sons of Michael, he approaches!/ Rise; the *Eternal Father* greet." Although the church did not officially accept Young's teachings on this matter, the idea died slowly. The 1927 hymnal converted the 1861 poem "Sons of Michael" to hymn 334. The line with Adam as the Eternal Father was replaced by "Sons of Michael, He approaches!/ Rise; the ancient Father

11. See David John Buerger, "The Adam-God Doctrine," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 15 (Spring 1982): 14-58.

greet." The hymn 1927, 334, contained capitalized references to Michael that had not been capitalized in the original poem:

> Sons of Michael, *He* approaches
> Bow ye thousands, low before *Him;*
> Minister before *His* feet;
> Sons of Michael, 'tis *His* chariot
> Hail, hail our *Head*
> Lo, lo, to greet *Thee*
> In *His* paradise again!

The 1948 hymnal removed six of these capitalizations, left one, and introduced a new one: "Hail, hail our *Head*/ In his *Paradise* again!" Thus 1948, 163, had the following capitalized words:

> Rise, the ancient *Father* greet;
> Hail, hail the *Patriarch's* glad reign,
> Hail, Hail our *Head* with music soft!
> Endless with thy *Lord* preside;
> Like old *Ocean's* roaring swell,
> that the *Ancient One* doth reign,
> in his *Paradise* again!

Karen Davidson, a member of the 1985 general music committee for the church, stated,

> Some subtle changes made in this text for the 1985 hymnal emphasize the correct nature of Adam's role. Because he is the father of the human race, Adam deserves our love and respect; however, to distinguish this appropriate adoration from the worship we afford our father in Heaven, references to Adam have not been capitalized in this hymn.[12]

Indeed, in the 1985 version even the capitalization of "Ocean" has been removed. The committee made two other, less subtle, changes. In the 1861, 1927, and 1948 versions Eve presided endlessly with Michael: "Mother of our generations,/ Glorious by Great Michael's side,/ Take thy children's adoration;/ Endless with thy Lord *preside.*" The 1985 version replaces this so that Eve "Endless with thy seed abide." Additionally, in the 1861, 1927, and 1948 versions it was Adam who reigned in paradise, while in 1985, 51, Adam reigns "in his father's house." The Adam-God theory, after 124 years, was finally edited out of the hymnal.

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12. Davidson, 81.

Types of Changes between the 1948 and the 1985 Hymnals

Between seventy[13] and eighty-two hymns were omitted between the 1948 hymnal and the 1985 hymnal. Of the retained hymns, many changes in wording reflected church changes. I will illustrate six interesting patterns of changes in this forty-year period: self-perception, compassion, philosophical, literary, gender, and geographical.

Self-perception

Hymns change when the church views itself differently.

Example 11. In 1948, 37:1, "Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion," we sang about our church history in terms of wrongs, fate, God-hating foes, and being despised: "Remember the *wrongs* of Missouri;/ forget not the *fate* of Nauvoo./ When the *God-hating foe* is before you/ stand firm and be faithful and true." In 1948, 37:3: "In wonder the nations will view/ the *despised ones* in glory resplendent."

In 1985, 248:1, however, we no longer viewed ourselves as despised and had produced a more faithful history: "Remember the *trials* of Missouri;/ forget not the *courage* of Nauvoo./ When the *enemy host* is before you/ stand firm and be faithful and true." Again in 1985, 248:3: "In wonder the nations will view/ Our Zion in glory resplendent."

Compassion

Hymns change as we grow in compassion.

Example 12. In 1948, 58:2: "Only he who does something/ *is worthy to live,*/ the world has no use for a *drone.*" In 1985, 223:2: "Only he who does something/ *helps others to live.*/ To God each good work will be known."

Philosophical

Hymns change when members write their leaders.

The 1948, 215, hymn, "Today, While the Sun Shines," refers to *today* no fewer than twenty-eight times; no one can miss the message of the hymn. The hymn ends with the words "There is no tomorrow,/ but only today," which after twenty-eight repetitions of *today* meant that we

> cannot depend upon a tomorrow in which to accomplish the things we have procrastinated today. But through the years, members of the Church called or wrote the general Music Committee's office to express concern over the

13. Ibid., 21, lists the omissions by first line from the 1950 version. Twelve additional songs had been deleted between the 1948 and the 1950 versions. Hicks, 138.

phrase. Latter-day Saints certainly do believe in an eternal tomorrow. Furthermore, the line almost had the ring of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."[14]

The general music committee, sensitive to the weakest of the Saints, altered the line in 1985, 229: "Prepare for tomorrow/ by working today." This example indicates the willingness of the church music committee to remove a phrase, one of whose meanings offended some members, even though twenty-eight repetitions and the title indicated the meaning.

Literary

Hymns change as the meanings of words change. The short forty-year period between hymnbooks was enough to change the meaning of some words. With work, the general music committee needed only change the word rather than delete the hymn.

Example 13. In 1948, 250:3, read, "When God his *strange* work would perform." Although we pride ourselves in being different, we do not consider ourselves as strange. Apparently, we no longer view God's work as strange either. In 1985, 32:3, reads, " When God his *great* work would perform."

Example 14. In 1948, 200:1, we sang that "Sunshine makes the heart so *gay.*" Perhaps, worried that this might be taken to provide justification for alternate sexual preference, the verse became in 1985, 276:1, "Sunshine chases clouds *away.*"

Example 15. In 1948, 187:3, we sang a sacrament song with the words "Oh *happy hour*! communion sweet." In 1948, for members of the predominantly Utah-concentrated church (a virtually dry state), a "happy hour" was an hour that was happy. In 1985, for non-members of the nationally dispersed church, "happy hour" was associated with something quite different. The verse became in 1985, 176:3, "Oh *blessed* hour! communion sweet."

Example 16. In 1948, 192:3, our looks were something for which (in song at least) we were held morally accountable: "In our words and *looks* and actions/ Lie the seeds of death and life." In 1985 people controlled their looks by attention to clothes, the right labels, clothing styles, and facial features modified by cosmetic surgery. Rather than make such "looks" morally praiseworthy, the verse became 216:3: "In our words and *thoughts* and actions/ Lie the seeds of death and life."

Example 17. In 1948, 250:4, "The Happy Day at Last Has Come," had "And angels, who above do reign,/ Come down *to converse hold* with

14. Davidson, 238-39.

men." The infinitive "to hold" had been split by the noun "converse." By 1985 Americans only used the noun *converse* in reference to a tennis shoe. To increase clarity, 32:4 became "And angels, who above do reign,/ Come down *to speak again* to men."

Gender-neutral

Hymns changed from male gender-exclusive terms to gender-inclusive terms.

Example 18. The 1950, 152, hymnal contained the hymn "O *Sons* of Zion," written by Robert Manookin. He has commented: "Because over the years it was erroneously considered by *many* to be a priesthood hymn, it found less use than perhaps could have done otherwise. For this reason, I [Manookin] suggested that its title and text be changed to 'O *Saints* of Zion.'"[15] The hymn became 1985, 39, "O Saints of Zion." Similarly, the 1948, 303 hymn, "Come, all ye *Sons* of Zion," became 1985, 38, "Come, all ye *Saints* of Zion."

Example 19. In 1948, 184:3, the missionary hymn, "The Time Is Far Spent," exhorted missionaries: "Go *brethren*, be faithful." In 1985, 266:3, for a church with a significant percentage of female missionaries, the hymn exhorted both males and females: "Go forward, be faithful."

Example 20. In the 1948, 134:2 youth hymn, "Increasing every hour,/ in loyalty and faith we go,/ in *manhood*, grace, and power." How boys could increase their manhood was not clear; nor is it clear how girls could increase their manhood. In 1985, 134:2, both boys and girls could progress: "Increasing every hour,/ in loyalty and faith we go,/ in *honor*, grace, and power."

Geography

Hymns change as the church becomes international.

Example 21. The 1950, 207 hymn, "Rejoice, Ye Saints of Latter Days," was written by Mabel Gabbott for the dedication of the Idaho Falls temple. A member of the general hymnbook committee gave the following insight into its 1985 revision: "When the time came for it to be considered for the 1985 hymnal, however, it was clear that its usefulness was limited for two reasons. In the first place, as the author herself expressed it, 'The words seemed slanted to temples in America.'" With the lines, "Another temple to our God/ Now stands upon this *chosen* sod," the text seemed to ignore temples in countries other than the United States. In 1984, at the invitation of the Hymnbook Committee, the author accepted the chal-

15. Ibid., 69.

lenge of rewriting the text she had written four decades before. The new version 1985, 290, reads, "Rejoice ye Saints of latter days, For temples now in *many* lands," to encompass all the temples that now have been built worldwide.[16]

Example 22. The general music committee recognized its obligation to consider a hymn from the standpoint of international Saints, not just the historically dominant American Saints. The 1948, 43 hymn, "Father, Thy Children to Thee now Raise," is a case in point.

> Because the 1985 hymnal was to be used by English-speaking Latter-day saints, in many parts of the world, the Hymnbook committee felt it preferable to avoid, wherever possible, references within the hymn texts that were too narrow in terms of geography, or nationalistic sentiment. For this reason, the original second verse of 1948:43
>
> Thankful to thee that a *pilgrim* band
> Brought us to dwell in *this* favored land,
> 'Led o'er the *deserts* and plains by thee
> Here to a land of true liberty;
> Thankful to thee for the *mountains* high
>
> was not included in 1985:91.[17]

New Latter-day Saint Hymns

The 1985 hymnal includes forty-four new Latter-day Saint hymns. I found four interesting patterns in their inclusions: hymn orientation, religious sensitivity, power of a single word, and increase in gender-inclusive words.

Hymn Orientation

Example 23. The 1973 hymn, "With Humble Heart," was written in the first person plural "we" as a communal sacrament hymn: "we bow our heads," "we take the water," "Help us remember." Before it was added to the 1985 hymnal as 171, all first person plural references were changed to the first person "I." Certainly, singing a communal sacrament hymn and singing a personal sacrament hymn create different feelings in an individual; the personal sacrament hymn involves an individual directly rather than by inference.[18]

16. Ibid., 292.
17. Ibid., 120.
18. Hicks, 144.

Example 24. The church music committee has invited composers to create hymns for special purposes, for example, funeral hymns. However, the composer's artistic freedom can enlarge an assigned, narrow topic. In this light, the background to 1985, 293, "Each Life that Touches Ours for Good," is enlightening. It was designed to reflect the experience of singles, part-members, single parents, and other non-traditional family units.

> When the 1985 Hymnbook Committee expressed a wish for a hymn that could be used at funerals, I realized that such a hymn could also be an opportunity to express thanks for the blessing of human relationships. At various times during my life, my work and schooling have taken me into many different places and circumstances. I was a single woman for many years, living in dormitories, apartments, and finally a home of my own, moving quite often to a new city and a new ward or branch. . . . One truth has emerged from all these experiences: any geographical location, marital status, professional activity, and Church assignment can be a component of a happy life.[19]

Religious Sensitivity

Example 25. President John Taylor had five hymns in the 1927 hymnal, three in the 1948 hymnal, and one in the 1985 hymnal. One of his omitted 1927 hymns was added to the 1985 hymnal for a men's chorus missionary hymn. Displaying increased sensitivity to the non-members to whom they are sent, the 1927, 253:4, version was changed from "Then the *heathen,* long in darkness,/ By the savior will be crowned" to 1985, 327:4, "Then the *nations* long in darkness/ By the Savior will be crowned."

Sensitivity to One Word

Example 26. I share a story from which I infer the sensitivity of the leaders of the church to the difference that one word can make to a hymn. Naomi Randall, author of the 1985, 301 hymn, "I am a Child of God," shares her insight as to why church hymns, written under inspiration, may still go through an evolutionary process:

> Spencer W. Kimball, a member of the Quorum of Twelve, attended a conference in Elko, Nevada, where the primary sang "I Am a Child of God." On the trip home, he expressed his love for the song, then stated that there was one word in the chorus that concerned him. He wondered if the author would change the line

19. Davidson, 295.

Teach me all that I must *know*
to live with him some day.

to

Teach me all that I must *do*
to live with him some day.

The author gladly made the change, but wondered why she hadn't included that thought at the time the lyrics were first written. She records, "I came to feel that this was the way the Lord wanted the song to evolve, because it became *a teaching moment for members all over the Church.*"

President Kimball was fond of saying, "Naomi Randall wrote most of the words, but I wrote one!"[20]

Gender-Inclusiveness

Example 27. "Called To Serve," 1985, 249, was the last hymn added to the 1985 hymnbook.[21] For twenty-four years the 1951 Primary songbook, *The Children Sing,* had asked Primary boys and Primary girls to sing, "Called to know the richness of his blessing—/ *Sons of God,* and children of a King." By 1985 nearly 20 percent of missionaries were female. Therefore, to make the language more inclusive, before it was added to the hymnbook, the verse was changed[22] to "Called to know the richness of his blessing—/ *Sons and daughters,* children of a King."

Example 28. In 1985, 263, is the missionary hymn "Go Forth with Faith," written as farewell remarks by Ruth Gardner, the mother of a missionary called to Japan. The hymn's original title and orientation was "Go Forth, My Son"; the author changed the title and orientation to "Go Forth with Faith" to be more gender-inclusive before she submitted it for inclusion.

Example 29. At least one author of a new hymn was motivated by gender issues from personal experience with the 1948 hymnal. Jan Underwood Pinborough, author of 1985, 310, wrote: "I became aware that the 1950 hymnbook had no hymns specifically about or for women."[23] She wrote the hymn, "A Key Was Turned in Latter Days," specifically for the 1985 hymnbook. It is part of the women's choral songs 310-18, not the general congregational singing.

Example 30. The King James translators often used gender-exclusive language. Malachi 4:6 reads: "turn the heart of the *fathers* to the children

20. Ibid., 303-304.
21. Ibid., 256.
22. Ibid., 256.
23. Ibid., 311.

and the heart of the children to their *fathers*." Yet we know that genealogy is done for both fathers and mothers. The author of 1985, 291:3, "Turn Your Hearts," overcomes the gender-exclusive language of the translators by writing: "Turn your hearts toward your *parents*—/ generations gone before." Two additional gender-balanced verses that belong to the same hymn have not been added to the hymnbook. These included the lines: "Turn your hearts to *Eve* and Adam,/ Isaac, Jacob, *Sarah, Ruth*/ Turn to Joseph and to *Emma*."

Inappropriate Gender-based Behavior

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stresses the same standard of chastity for men as for women. The church offers salvation and exaltation for women as well as for men. It preaches that all are children of God, and all are valued equally in his eyes.

Our hymns come through the world around us, through the language, history, and traditions of our parents. As the social milieu around us changes, we become aware of unconscious anachronisms. The accidental, unwilled, historical pattern of male gender-exclusive language in a hymnal sends the accidental, unwilled, subtle message which can be interpreted by youth, converts, single parent families, widows, married and unmarried women that men are more important.

I was reminded of this when on 7 April 1993 Brigham Young University circulated to all faculty members a document entitled, "The University's Unlawful Sexual Harassment and Inappropriate Gender-Based Behavior Policy." Three items in the document caught my attention:

1. BYU is committed to maintain an environment where the dignity of each individual is recognized and respected.
2. Behavior which uses a person's gender to violate individual dignity is inappropriate gender-based behavior, particularly if the conduct is excessive, pervasive, or part of a continuing pattern.
3. Members of the University community who engage in inappropriate gender-based behavior are to be counseled about the discomfort and harm which such behavior causes.

With this injunction, I examined the possibility of excessive, pervasive, or continuing pattern of gender-based language in the 1985 hymnbook.

The following data do not include hymns 309-37. Hymns 309-18 are labeled for women; hymns 319-37 are labeled for men. Although men have twice as many hymns as women, since these hymns are labeled for a specific gender I did not examine any of them for gender-based language. Nor did I record male gender-exclusive language if it referred to a specific male (Joseph Smith, Moroni, the current president of the church)

or to God or Jesus Christ.

Of the 312 hymns examined, 210 are gender-neutral. The remaining 102 hymns, 32 percent of all hymns, are not gender-neutral.[24]

type	*male*	*number*	*female*	*number*[25]
collective	brethren	3	—	0
sibling	brother	10	sister	0 (1)
parent	father	14	mother	2 (5)
pronoun	he	4	—	0
possessive	his	7	her	0 (10)
child	son	20	daughter	1 (5)
one adult	man	24	—	0
adults	men	58	—	0
humanity	mankind	7	—	0
Total		147		3 (21)

Female Gender-based Words in the 1985 Hymnal

I found four female gender-exclusive words: daughters, her, mother, and sister. No women (Eve, Sarah, Rachel, Mary, Emma) are named in the hymnal.

female gender word	*number of occurrences*
daughters	6
her	10
mother	7
sister	1

daughters	46:2	well supply thy *sons and daughters*
daughters	192:1	And Israel's *daughters* wept around
daughters	238:1	Behold thy *sons and daughters*
daughters	245:3	Here may our *sons and daughters*
daughters	249:2	*Sons and daughters*, children of a King
daughters	287:3	As thy faithful *sons and daughters*

24. The following hymns have one or more male-gender words: 4, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 21, 22, 25, 27, 28, 32, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 53, 54, 58, 60, 62, 69, 70, 73, 74, 76, 78, 80, 81, 84, 88, 105, 118, 122, 133, 134, 135, 140, 141, 145, 146, 155, 158, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 184, 185, 186, 187, 189, 191, 192, 198, 199, 200, 207, 208, 209, 211, 212, 214, 215, 216, 219, 220, 223, 228, 235, 236, 238, 240, 244, 245, 246, 249, 252, 253, 255, 257, 268, 269, 272, 273, 275, 281, 287, 288, 291, 308, 338, 339, and 340.

25. In section 10 the reader may check that twenty-one of the twenty-four female-gender based terms are either symbolic or references to women and men.

her (Zion)	5:2	On Zion's Hill . . . *her* light should
her (Zion)	7:2	Come to Zion, and within *her* walls rejoice
her (Zion)	39:3	For Zion is . . . All nations to *her* flow.
her (Zion)	47:1	Zion soon . . . will rise to meet *her* God.
her (Zion)	49:2	While Zion spread *herself*
her (Zion)	49:3	*her* fame was known from east to west
her (Zion)	49:3	*her* peace is pure and great
her (Babylon)	7:1	Babylon the Great . . . all *her* towers overthrow
her (grave)	182:3	The grave yield up *her* dead.
her (Earth)	201:1	Let earth receive *her* king
mother	43:2	*Mothers* cease their own to cherish
mother (Eve)	51:3	*Mother* of our generation
mother (earth)	62:4	Dear *Mother* earth, who day by day
mother (simile)	70:3	As with a *mother's* tender hand
mother	95:2	Who from our *mothers'* arms hath blessed us
mother (simile)	104:2	As a *mother* stills her child
mother (Mary)	204:1	round yon virgin *mother*
sister	92:3	human love, *brother, sister,* parent, child.

Five of the six references to daughters refer to sons and daughters, not to daughters themselves. The sixth reference to daughters is historical in reference to the Crucifixion.

All ten of the "her" references are to non-females: Zion, Babylon, the grave, the Earth.

Of the seven references to mother, two are to historical women, two are similes, one is to a non-female (the earth), and two are to ordinary females.

The one reference to sister is juxtaposed with brother.

Male Gender-based Data in the 1985 Hymnal

I found the following male gender-exclusive words: brethren, brother, father, he, his, man, men, mankind, son, and sons.

male gender word	*number of occurrences*
brethren	3
brother	10
father	14
he	4
his	7

man	24
mankind	7
men	58
son	20

brethren

27:chorus	He can plan for his *brethren;*
178:4	As *brethren,* let us ever live
185:3	With thy *brethren* be at peace

my brother

140:2	Did you plead for grace, *my brother*
220:3	I would be *my brother's* keeper
220:4	Savior, may I love *my brother*
273:4	If I love *my brother* dearer
273:5	When I saw *my brother's* failing

a brother

235:2	in idle pleasure trifle with *a brother's* fame
273:3	If thou art a friend, *a brother*

brother

219:1	With every *brother* that I see
246:2	*Brothers* lift your voices
246:3	*Brothers* we are treading

our fathers' God

35:chorus	For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, *our fathers' God*
245:1	This house we dedicate to thee, Our God, *our fathers' God.*
339:4	*Our fathers' God,* to thee, Author of liberty

God of our fathers

76:1	*God of our fathers,* we come unto thee
78:1	*God of our fathers,* whose almighty hand
80:1	*God of our fathers,* known of old
133:3	*God of our fathers,* strengthen every nation

faithful fathers

39:3	tread the paths Your *faithful fathers* trod.

our fathers[26]	
84:1	Faith of *our fathers*, living still
84:2	Faith of *our fathers*, we will strive
84:3	Faith of *our fathers*, we will love
84:chorus	Faith of *our fathers*, holy faith,
255:1	On the rock *our fathers* planted for us
my fathers	
339:1	Land where *my fathers* died,
he	
145:4	*He* enters heav'n with prayer
145:5	And cry, "Behold, *he* prays!"
223:2	Only *he* who does something helps others to live.
272:3	The scepter may fall from the despot's grasp When with winds of stern justice *he* copes
his	
48:1	As himself each loved *his* neighbor
145:4	*His* watchword at the gates of death
145:5	Returning from *his* ways
228:3	To your enemy in *his* need
228:3	And *his* burden you will share
228:3	As you lift *his* load of care
240:1	
to man	
7:3	And *to man* their pow'r extending,
11:3	God is just *to every man.*
39:2	words of truth Revealed again *to man.*

26. Hymn 84, "Faith of Our Fathers," is an interesting example of male gender exclusive language. Clearly, all of us have had female ancestors that have had great faith. More women than men join the church; more women than men stay active in the church; more women than men perform acts of human kindness through the auxiliaries of the church. Singing only of the faith of our fathers excludes the female members of the church as they recall the faith of their mothers, aunts, and grandmothers.

But the song is not about parental ancestors. What we sing is not what the author intended. The author, Frederick Faber, originally a clergyman in the Church of England, wrote the hymn after converting to Catholicism. When he wrote about the "faith of our fathers," he meant the Roman Catholic Church. Faber's hope was that England might be restored to the Catholicism that had once been her religion. One of the omitted verses makes this clear: "Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers shall win our country back to thee." When we sing this hymn about the faith of the fathers, we sing lines that refer to the restoration of England to the *fathers of the Roman Catholic Church*. See Davidson, 114.

53:3	But love *to God and man* abound
62:3	That give *to man* both warmth and light
198:1	a grave that burst Proclaimed *to man*

that man

146:1	*That man* may rest, *that man* may rest
173:3	*That man* might not remain a slave
175:2	*That man* should him desire
191:1	*That man* may live and glory win.
209:2	Born *that man* no more may die

for man

176:1	To suffer, bleed, and die *for man*!
177:1	To suffer, bleed, and die *for man*!
186:2	With man to live, *for man* to die,
189:1	Ordained a sacrifice *for man*

man

21:3	'Tis not in *man* they put their trust
74:3	Why should I make a *man* my trust
88:5	Blest is the *man* that trusts in thee
175:2	By *man* least understood
175:4	And be like *man* almost
199:1	Death is conquered, *man* is free.
223:2	'Tis noble of *man* to work and to give;
240:1	That God will force no *man* to heaven.

all mankind

81:1	With love of God and love of *all mankind*!
211:1	I bring to you and *all mankind*.
288:2	*All mankind* it would save

of mankind

4:1	Burst the fetters of the mind From millions *of mankind*!
141:2	O Savior *of mankind*!

mankind

25:3	God's commandment to *mankind*
84:2	*Mankind* shall then be truly free

to men

9:2	Bring *to men* the glorious gospel;

11:2	Yes, it came of old *to men.*
12:2	Was given of God *to men;*
47:2	Through the revelations given by God *to men,*
134:2	Who said *to men:*
207:1	Peace on earth, good will *to men*
208:2	And peace *to men* on earth
212:4	Peace on earth, good will *to men;*
214:1	Of peace on earth, good will *to men.*
214:2	Of peace on earth, good will *to men.*
214:3	Of peace on earth, good will *to men.*
214:4	With peace on earth, good will *to men.*
214:5	Of peace on earth, good will *to men.*
268:1	Shall we, *to men* benighted,
288:2	And taught *to men* anew.

all men

11:1	To *all men,* all tongues and nations
12:1	*All men,* all tongues, all nations would
28:3	*All men* must before him bow.
37:4	Invites *all men* to its security
58:1	When *all men* from sin shall cease,
73:1	Let *all men* in earth rejoice.
73:2	Wondrous love to *all men* shown.
291:2	promises that bind you to *all men*

mortal men

69:2	And *mortal men* and all things created
134:2	'Mid *mortal men,* his earthly kin,

that men

22:1	*That men* might learn to find the path
70:4	*That men* may hear the grateful song
275:2	He would not *that men* should pine.

men

8:1	burst like a dawn over the children of *men*!
12:3	The powers of heaven are opened wide to *men* of God
25:2	For a blessing unto *men*
32:4	Come down to speak again to *men.*
38:4	Tho wicked *men* and devils exert their power
47:2	Given by God to *men,*
49:1	And *men* did live a holy race

53:2	The day by holy *men* foretold,
54:3	To plowshares *men* shall beat their swords,
60:2	He is sifting out the hearts of *men*
60:3	As he died to make *men* holy
60:3	Let us live to make *men* free,
105:chorus	the storm-tossed sea or demons or *men* or whatever
122:6	Nor *men* not devils can revoke
135:2	The one bright hope of *men* on earth
155:2	To serve our fellow *men*,
158:3	To mingle with my fellow *men*,
191:2	While guilty *men* his pains deride
192:3	The Lord of glory died for *men*.
212:chorus	*Men* shall unite in the strains sublime:
215:3	Ring in the valiant *men* and free,
216:2	Trodden under foot of *men*;
236:2	Yet he witnessed unto *men*
240:3	Freedom and reason make us *men*;
244:1	Most *men* can be led,
246:4	Through countless ages *men* and angels sing.
252:1	The world has need of willing *men*
269:4 chorus	then shall rise from *men* of every tongue
308:1	By this shall *men* know ye are my disciples
340:3	thus be it ever, when free *men* shall stand

son

187:4	My will to his, like *son* to sire
187:4	Be made to bend, and I, as *son*,

sons of men

39:2	That all the *sons of men*
40:2	To all the *sons of men*
134:4	To rule among the *sons of men*.
200:1	*Sons of men* and angels say
257:3	Arise and sing, ye *sons of men*;

sons of earth

184:3	To all the *sons of earth*
209:2	Born to raise the *sons of earth*

sons of Michael

51:1	*Sons of Michael* he approaches!
51:2	*Sons of Michael* 'tis his chariot
51:3	Raise a chorus, *sons of Michael*,

sons of day

15:1	To cheer the *sons of day.*

sons of Joseph

253:2	*Sons of Joseph,* Israel's band

sons of God

118:1	And mock the *sons of God*?

sons and daughters

46:2	Well supply thy *sons and daughters,*
238:1	Behold thy *sons and daughters,*
245:3	Here may our *sons and daughters*
249:2	*Sons and daughters,* children of a King
287:3	As thy faithful *sons and daughters*

General Authority Hymns

Hymns by general authorities are reviewed, omitted, and changed by the general music committee. The following table tabulates how fashions change.

Name	*1927*	*1948*	*1985*
Parley P. Pratt	38	10	8
Orson Whitney	21	2	2
Charles Penrose	8	4	4
John Taylor	5	3	2
Joseph Fielding Smith	3	1	1

The 1985 hymnal contains thirty-eight[27] new latter-day Saint compositions between numbers 1 and 308. Four were written by general authorities alive in 1985.

Recall that 32 percent of all hymns in the 1985 hymnal exhibit male gender-based words. Thirty-six percent, fourteen of the thirty-eight new hymns, also have male gender-based words.[28] I was surprised that the new hymns had a slightly higher percentage of male gender-exclusive words than the old hymns.

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27. "New Latter-day Saint Compositions" (Davidson, 18): 8, 22, 28, 47, 71, 81, 113, 123, 128, 129, 130, 134, 135, 137, 138, 139, 148, 151, 154, 155, 168, 169, 171, 198, 220, 253, 261, 263, 277, 279, 281, 287, 290, 291, 293, 295, 297, and 298. Hymns 309, 310, 311, 320, 325, and 329 are also new but belong to the data that are labeled for women or men which was omitted from my study.

28. These are 8, 22, 28, 47, 81, 134, 135, 155, 198, 220, 253, 281, 287, and 291.

However, 75 percent, three of the four hymns from general authorities alive in 1985, have male gender-based words. None of the four hymns have female gender-based words. I point out four possible reasons: (1) four hymns form a small sample, (2) the hymns are not written by hymnists, (3) the issue of male gender-based language is relatively new, and (4) the three hymns with male gender-exclusive language are classified in the back of the 1985 hymnal as Easter hymns, a topic in which ten of the twelve hymns show male gender-exclusive language.

Bruce R. McConkie	134:2	mid mortal *men*
	134:2	who said to *men*
	134:4	to rule among the *sons of men.*
Gordon B. Hinckley	135:2	the one bright hope of *men* on earth
Loren C. Dunn	137	none
Marion D. Hanks	198:1	Proclaimed to *man*

How to Create Changes

Let us suppose the First Presidency were to give the church music committee a charge to reduce male gender-exclusive language. The committee has already displayed many ingenious ways to modify a hymn.

1. Omit the hymn (19 of 21 hymns by Orson Whitney of the Quorum of Twelve disappeared from 1927 to 1948).
2. Add a verse that was never in the original (see 1985, 21:4).
3. Omit verses from previous hymnals (the entire v. 4 of 1948, 241, with its remark about red untutored Indian, is omitted from 1985, 35).
4. Add capitalizations (1927, 334); remove and add capitalizations (1927, 334 to 1948, 163); remove all capitalizations (1985, 51) to the same hymn.
5. Combine verses (six verses of 1948, 290, are merged into four verses in 1985, 118).
6. Change the order of verses (vv. 5 and 6 of 1985, 195, are interchanged from 1948, 68).
7. Omit verses from classics (two verses of "Onward Christian Soldiers" contradict our church teachings—1927, 318 / 1948, 128 / 1985, 246).
8. Change the meaning of a phrase (Eve no longer presides with Adam—1985, 51:3; there is a tomorrow—1985, 229).
9. Revise hymns that are too nationalistic (1985, 91) or too North American in their geography (1985, 290).

10. Commission hymns when a need is perceived (1985, 293).
11. Request a total re-writing with a change in person (1985, 171).
12. Acknowledge explicitly a change from the copyright holder's version (1985, 86).

How Are Gender-neutral Hymns Created?

How do the two-thirds of gender-inclusive hymns in our hymnals work? Let me point out four techniques used in the 1985 hymnal: communal language, personal language, general language, and parents and children versus fathers and sons.

Communal language: us, we, our

3 Now let *us* rejoice
19 *We* thank thee oh God for a prophet
31 O God, *our* help In Ages past
119 Come we that Love the Lord

Personal language: mine, me, I, my

16 What glorious Scenes *mine* Eyes behold
45 Lead *me* unto Life eternal
89 The Lord is *my* Light
98 *I* need thee every hour

General Orientation

281 Behold a royal Army
254 True to the faith that our parents have cherished
256 As Zion's Youth in Latter days
260 Who's on the Lord's side?

Parents and Children versus Fathers and Sons

299 Children of Our Heavenly Father
96 Dearest *Children,* God is Near You
254 True to the faith which our *parents* have cherished
301 Given me an earthly home with *parents* kind and dear

Gender-based Topics

Gender-based language appears to cluster around certain topics.

Pages 415-28 of the 1985 hymnal lists hymns by topic. I considered a topic if and only if it had at least six hymns. This left 87 topics. The percentage of gender-based hymns for each topic was computed.

%	*Topic*	*gender-based*	*number of hymns*
0%	Jesus Christ Shepherd[29]	0	6
0%	Word of Wisdom	0	9
4%	Guidance	1	23
6%	Jesus Christ Friend	1	17
8%	Chastity	1	12
10%	Home	2	21
10%	Evening	1	10
10%	Wisdom	1	10
10%	Scriptures	1	10
10%	Preparedness	1	10
47%	Christmas	7	15
50%	Brotherhood	5	10
50%	Patience	3	6
50%	Truth	10	20
50%	Pioneers	3	6
50%	Re-activation	4	8
57%	Joseph Smith	4	7
60%	Judging	3	5
67%	Resurrection	8	12
83%	Easter	10	12
86%	Patriotism	6	7

The above table indicates that gender-exclusive language is not a peculiarly Mormon phenomenon. One of the high gender-exclusive topics is Christmas. But who writes the Christmas songs found in the hymnal? Thirteen of the fifteen Christmas hymns are written by non-Mormons; they reflect stereotypical, nineteenth-century (or earlier) phrasing of the gospel message. There are cases when the gender-exclusive language of the scriptures is meant to be limited to men. I have in mind Doctrine and Covenants 93:39; using this as a scriptural charge, the church music committee need not preserve errors in hymns that come "because of the tradition of their fathers."[30]

29. Jesus Christ has six topic headings: Creator 33 percent, Example 38 percent, Friend 6 percent, Savior 32 percent, Second Coming 40 percent, and Shepherd 0 percent. Two of these topics are among the most gender-free in the hymnal. Home, the Word of Wisdom, chastity, and the scriptures are among the most gender-free topics.

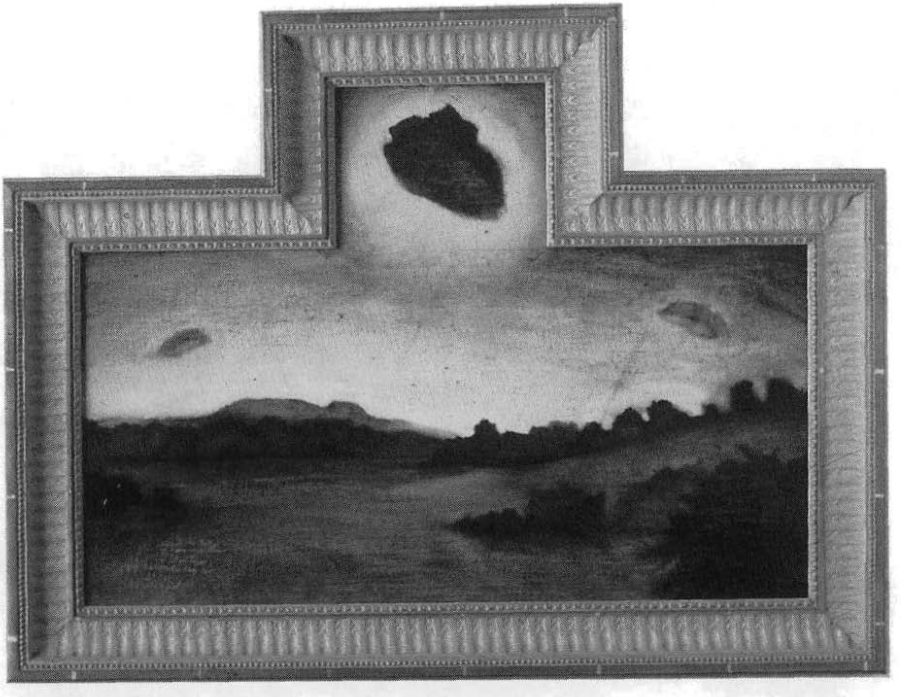
30. Interestingly, both of the LDS Christmas hymns contain male gender-based words.

In a similar note, all seven hymns on patriotism in the hymnal are written by non-Mormons; they reflect stereotypical, nineteenth-century (or earlier) phrasing of a time when women could not vote, could not hold property, could not hold political office, could not hold jobs, could not attend universities, and could not join the armed forces.

It is beyond the scope of this essay to determine how much of the gender-exclusive language in our hymnal is due to the inclusion of non-LDS hymns.

Conclusion

I found considerable pleasure in reading the hymns carefully with my wife Jill whose help and encouragement I acknowledge. I look forward to the time when my wife, daughters, and mother can sing hymns in which they appear directly, not by inference, so that their sense of value as individuals may be increased.



The Angel Tree

Paul A. Tenney

THE REQUEST TO WORK A SECOND YEAR in the Salvation Army's annual "Angel Tree" booth, a thoughtful community Christmas project enjoyed by church members, came during a thunderous downpour one Monday morning in December.

A powerful storm, which had spawned over dark Alaskan waters, had drifted down the coast moving through the northern states and was now building over southern California. So hard in fact did the storm blow that our town mayor had unceremoniously declared a state of emergency. The nearby city of Hesperia announced the closing of thirty-six roads, including eleven of their major dirt roads, because of heavy flooding. Even Victorville closed roads, and Apple Valley's police in their off-green uniforms issued citations to motorists for driving around barricades.[1]

With morning skies in deep grays and blustery ruts of meaningful black, I opened the garage door. The rain continued to fall in strong gusty currents; I noted water as close to the house as it had ever been. Though not overly worried, but concerned enough, I telephoned a friend who I thought might have quick access to sandbags. Water was building without hesitation at the garage door.

I've long complained that our resident desert lot, when it rains, was poorly planned. At one point I suggested to the builder after we had lived here that drainage pipes of some kind should have been laid at key points under the lot to help with the natural flow of water from nearby roads. "All that run-off empties right here," I said gruffly. "That would cost money," was his puzzled reply. At the time we both were gazing at the huge puddle forming at the foot of my driveway that took in the entire road. All this was accented by the yellow "Flooding" sign already posted by town officials.

To say my pond could develop to such a size that it might be used

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1. Kelby Hartson, "Storm Causes Closed Roads and Flooding," *Apple Valley News* (Apple Valley, CA), 11 Dec. 1992.

for recreational purposes would be an exaggeration. But still, I did catch my youngest son who was waiting to leave for his second year at Ricks College repeatedly using his boogy board to skim over the water after a heavy downpour. His Levis were wet and dark, his shirt marked; the dirty water foamed and coursed at the board's movement. The brown edges of the pond ebbed and moved much like they would had a car run quickly through. It was a moment of youthful exuberance.

So it was on this blustery day, the storm growing, that I was asked to work in the Angel Tree booth in the local mall. True, I had come in from the backyard wet and cold—where I had been cleaning those self-constructed dirt canals with my shovel to relieve water pressure off a second pond—to give a favorable nod to a second year in the booth. Why? Because, I am, . . . how should I say it? . . . available.

The Salvation Army's angel booth is situated in a small wooden enclosure beneath the large white Sears sign at the only interior mall in our valley. Situated just outside that store, it's a place where shoppers may sign up to donate Christmas gifts to the less fortunate children of our area. Being at this location, at the department store entrance, allows one to see folks in all forms of holiday cheer. For a few hours we do indeed become Salvation Army workers—those seasonal volunteers who are commonly ignored in December even when small bells tinkle and carols are left in the wind.

Gratefully, this year my wife joined me for our two-hour stint. To witness people move through the mall to this nondescript stand is to marvel at human goodness. An artificial Christmas tree stood beside the booth, angel tree cards dressing it. The small tree is impressive—filled with hopes and an adult trust. Turning from the tree, I think, how long has it been? I pause. I can't remember the last time I was gainfully employed. I wonder if this will be another Christmas when I increasingly use the term "semi-retired."

Am I retired or one of the large double digit numbers of California's unemployed the paper keeps writing about? No, I don't feel I'm in their official count. The paper reported that recent unemployment figures moved to the highest level in more than nearly a decade.

One article announced that "California's go-go business climate in the 1980s led to overexpansion, giving rise to the continuing wave of job losses through bank mergers . . . We have too many banks . . . and whatever, so we're taking that adjustment now . . . " Continuing, "At the same time California appears to have lost some of its competitive edge." Further encouragement is received from a leading economist who confirms, "We're clearly in unprecedented territory with the severity of this recession, both in terms of depth and duration." He boldly concluded, "It's

frightening."[2] Clearly, I am assured.

A lady pulls an angel card from the tree and places it on the counter where I assist her. I confidently show her how to complete the form, followed by instructions on how she is to return her holiday-wrapped package—with her chosen card taped to it—to this booth. She smiles and walks off. I file her commitment form in the red overstuffed three-ring notebook that is filled with orders. I am working, I tell myself.

Turning, I find an elderly women just returning with an arm-load of packages. She kindly took more than one card from the tree days before. In fact, she took a half a dozen cards. She is full of seasonal cheer, but a bit breathless by her trek through the mall. She sets all her packages on the green counter top. Through it, one can spot the air of good will about her. As she walks off I see she is moving with a new feeling. There is a smile in her step.

For the next several minutes there is little or no activity. I sit on one of the folding chairs. People stop to look at the poignant cards for a moment and then continue on. Our booth has been placed each year next to the white-tiled See's Candies shop. But I note with some assurance that we are close enough to find holiday comfort in the sign that Beauty Nails is offering a full set of nails for only $23. Surely, the economy is turning.

With this my second year of working at the booth, I find it a fulfilling community project. The activity of taking cards and returning gifts is for the most part well spaced. But then too I am refreshed when I count many happy customers leave Beauty Nails. Several patrons have emerged comparing brightly-colored finger tips. They pause for a moment near me and hold their hands forward for each other's critical gaze. I am grateful when I see smiles, a result of the high marks from each other's examination. They continue on as friends. Turning the corner, talking excitedly, they disappear from view.

It was during this same holiday period last year that I had been sincerely questioned by a well-intentioned brother-in-law regarding my circumstances. "What are you doing now?" he probed as we sat together on his couch after dinner and felt the heat from the fire he had just started. "You ride your bike—so what else do you do?" I paused, not sure how to answer and still retain some self-respect in this family gathering. He lamely withdraws from me. "I write," I say.

"You write! But what else do you do?"

Family members in the past have been more gentle and selective in their inquiries. Maybe this was a sign the family was going to question this non–employed member more aggressively.

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2. Robert A. Rosenblatt and Stuart Silverstein, "State Jobless Rate 10.1%—Worst Level in 9 Years," *Los Angeles Times*, 5 Dec. 1992.

I found my dentist, who is also my stake president, asking the same kinds of questions. The first one came as I reclined in his dental chair. I could plainly see his head, glasses, and mask encircled by the bright overhead light that illuminated my face. Looking down at me, preparing for a tough root canal, he asked, "Are you still interviewing? I mean, are you still looking for work?" Reasonable questions, but thankfully he had more than one hand in my mouth, and I could not fully respond other than to mutter a noise of some kind. To date, I don't have an adequate answer to these honest questions. For several years now I have been out of the employment loop, the wage earners' circle, and as such have sharply and directly lost importance.

Then later still, after this community service at the mall, and still in seasonal form, we attended a wedding reception. The church hall was decorated in trees, ornaments, bows, and packages. I wandered to the table where the wedding cake was being served and saw that a former church co-worker was serving. I had not seen her in several years, not since being released as stake mission president. She was cutting and placing pieces of the cake on small plastic plates.

It had been some time since we last spoke, and in fact I hardly recognized her. But then I recalled she and her husband, who formerly flirted in real estate, owned several prominent fast food restaurants placed in strategic freeway off-ramp locations along the interstate. I believe in recent years they had done well. Quite well. Most of their extended family works in the restaurants.

As I moved closer to the table, she was initially surprised to see me; she had not seen me at the bank where I was once employed. I reached for a plate. She looked up, paused for a moment, and blurted, "Oh, are you still here?"

Near-sex Experiences (Confessions of a Mormon Girl)

Karin Anderson England

I DON'T UNDERSTAND SEX. I know how it's done, more or less—you don't have three kids without learning something. I mean I don't understand the big picture. Sex gets more confusing the more I know.

I thought I was learning something in high school, for example. My friend Shellie seemed like an authority. It's not that I didn't know the basics. My mom's a nurse. She sat me down, with my sister, when we were ten and eleven, after we'd asked her what "fuck" meant. We'd seen it scratched on the wall of the elementary school bathroom. She explained it all, complete with diagrams of the uterus and penis, with little long-tailed sperm swimming toward the egg. I wish I would have saved that picture. Mom didn't draw very often.

Mom made it clear that sex was for marriage. "You don't give the most precious thing you own away to just anybody," she said. "Besides, there are some things you only want someone you really trust to know about you."

I thought she meant that I would want no one but my husband to ever know I would actually take my clothes off in front of a man.

But my new friend Shellie was the first person I knew who suggested that there might be more to it than the clinicals. She claimed that there was a lot to sex between a kiss and an entry that I had yet to dream of. She said her brother had gotten two girls pregnant. I'm not certain now why that assured me she knew so much. She'd moved from Salt Lake City with her parents, who thought that bringing her to a small town with only Mormons would diminish her opportunities to try sex and drugs. It did for a while.

Not like sex didn't exist in the Valley, of course—plenty of evidence that it did. Anyway, Shellie and I got in the habit of sluffing seminary, since it didn't count toward graduation, and going to her boyfriend's house for the hour. Sometimes longer. Gordon lived near the high school.

He'd dropped out a long time ago and was hanging out at his dad's house until he could get established as a rock star. We didn't do much, just watched T.V. and made macaroni and cheese. Sometimes Shellie and Gordon made out on the couch during commercials. Sometimes they disappeared in the back room and I didn't hear much. I wished I had a boyfriend, mostly so I could tell Shellie to shut up once in a while and quit thinking she was the only one who knew anything about male anatomy. But I was forced to trust her.

My first good opportunity was nowhere near real sex, as Shellie later informed me. I was sixteen and more interested in skiing than other physical pleasures. At least that's what I told myself. I had earned a day off school through a good report card. Dad said he'd come with me if I'd wait a day, but the powder was new and deep and I liked skiing alone. I really did. So I drove my mother's car to Snowbird and caught the first chair up. Four and a half hours later, I called "single" on Wilbere (what was I doing clear down there? I must have hit the lodge for a candy bar) and a masculine voice responded behind me.

He was an older man; he said he was twenty-two. He smiled warmly at what must have looked like an easy one-afternooner. That year I was trying hard to look rough and experienced, the way I imagined some of my friends to be, but I'm certain the results were nominal. I probably looked exactly like what I was: a chubby naive kid without the experience to say "no."

But maybe I'm giving him too much credit. He was from Connecticut, on a ski vacation with his roommates. Maybe I looked good compared to the girls in Connecticut. Maybe sixteen-year-old Connecticut girls really did hit the sack with men they had known an hour or less. How was I supposed to know? I still don't. I only know what happened that day in Utah: halfway up the lift he suggested we ski together for the afternoon. I thought I was dreaming. He was beautiful—in fact, I remember him looking a lot like my husband does now—slightly built, tapering the way men ought to, rosy cheeks in the chilly air, curly brown hair. Shellie would never believe me. I guess he told me his name, but I have no memory of it.

Although his skiing was only competent, I couldn't see how he'd become so tired after only one run. On the chair again he suggested we find a place to sit and rest. He found one like it was waiting for us, a tiny clearing on a knoll overlooking a busy run. When he took off his skis, I suggested that I take another run while he rested. We could meet in half an hour.

"Oh, no, stay," he coaxed. "The sun feels good. Can't you relax a minute?"

I sat, lifting my skis and dropping them, feet still in, like stakes into

the lightly packed snow. He was wearing waterproof overalls, the slick noisy 1970s kind, but I knew my jeans would begin sucking water any second. He noticed, too, and gallantly took off his coat, laid it flat on the snow beside him, and patted it in invitation.

I can't overemphasize the depth of my ignorance here. I had seen plenty of movies, read a few books on romance—but I didn't believe them. I was certain of nothing, not even that he might want more from me than a breather between ski runs.

He smiled and patted his coat again. I inched toward it.

"Why don't you take off your skis?" he suggested.

"Oh. Yeah," I replied. I took off my gloves, reached toward my feet with some difficulty, snapped out of the bindings, but didn't undo the safety straps. I dragged the skis along as I slid onto his coat. He welcomed me with an unmittened hand on my shoulder.

Did we talk? If we did, it wasn't long, and it was as his fingers were already massaging their way across the back of my neck and down the other arm. That's why I don't recall the conversation. "Kind of stiff, aren't you?" he asked.

"Uh, no, not really. I ski a lot."

His lips touched the back of my neck. My hair stood straight up. He licked his way around to my farther ear. I stared straight ahead.

He whispered, "Would you feel more comfortable in the condominium? I'll bet it's nice and warm in there."

I could hardly hear him. My Sunday school teacher was screaming too loudly in my other ear: "BOYS AND GIRLS! SEX OUTSIDE THE HOLY BONDS OF MARRIAGE IS THE SIN NEXT TO MURDER! GOD WILL NOT FORGIVE THE FORNICATOR!"

"I'd love to make love to you," said the boy from Connecticut.

I stood up, dragged my skis by the straps on my boots to a flat spot, and snapped them on my feet.

"I have to go," I announced. I made record time down Big Emma, skated to the car, fumbled for the keys, and wet my pants in the driver's seat. The next day I told Shellie everything but the final detail. She laughed until she couldn't breathe.

I promised myself that next time I'd learn more.

I left high school for college half a year early. I spent the semester after Christmas with my older sister at a strict Mormon college in Idaho. Men were rare and only the most socially beautiful girls dated them. I returned home that summer for a few weeks before transferring to Utah State University.

In the interim Dad and I stopped for gas one night at the local 7-Eleven. Someone behind me said, "Karin! You back in town?"

It was my friend Wade Fraley, better known as "Shady," grown a foot

in only six months. That was the only difference, though. He still had dirty red hair and lots of freckles. It didn't appear he'd gained any weight as his height had increased. He was bony and pale, the way chronic pot smokers tend to be. He offered to take me home. I left him in the dark parking lot, notified my father that a guy I knew was taking me home, and climbed into Shady's dented green pickup.

We took the long way home, then bypassed my parents' house and drove up the old Power Plant road. The moon was almost full.

"What's that?" Shady asked, pointing to a low tower a quarter of a mile ahead.

"Rodeo grounds," I answered. "That's the announcer's box."

Shady drove to its base. The white sand of the arena glowed in the moonlight, and the supporting bars of the tower made geometric shadows inside the car. Shady turned the ignition off and we sat uneasy.

"So, how is everybody?" I asked.

"Fine," he replied.

"Trent? Did he graduate?"

"No. That jerk Allred wouldn't pass him, so he dropped out at Christmas."

"So what's he doing?"

"Working at the Steel Plant. My uncle got him a job down there."

"How about Bob?"

"His dad kicked him out of the house," Shady explained, absorbed in packing a pipe.

"He's thinking of joining the army," he said when it occurred to him.

"The ARMY?" I asked. "He'd never cut his hair! And his lungs would explode in basic training."

"Yeah. That's pretty much what he's thinking."

Shady lit the pipe and took a grateful toke. He offered it to me. "You still straight?" he asked.

I looked out the window, then rolled it down.

"Hate to waste this hit," he murmured, drawing it back. We sat a while, Shady enjoying the smoke, me pondering the moonlight.

I don't remember how he made the transition from smoking to kissing. I was surprised. I'd never seen him interested in much beyond drugs. He smelled and tasted like smoke. I choked a minute, but I remembered Shellie's laughter, her assurance that I could go a long way beyond a kiss without technically losing my virtue. I drew a fresh breath from the open window and turned my face back.

He was aggressive and awkward, hands everywhere but nowhere in particular, sometimes just in the way of getting closer to me.

"It's hot in here," he said. "Let's go up in that tower."

We went up. Before I could catch my breath, we were at it again. The

hard wooden platform ground against my shoulder blades. I had hoped making out would be more ethereal.

"You got nice tits," Shady said, reaching inside my shirt. I pushed his hand away. He kissed me more, holding the back of my neck so hard I realized he could break it.

"Shady," I said, when he took a breath. He didn't hear me.

"Shady, we've go to stop."

He reached into my shirt again. I tried to push him away, but he pressed harder.

"Just let me take a look," he said. "That's all I want."

He undid the top two buttons. I pulled away, remembering my mother's warning that once you reached a certain point, there was no turning back on sex. I didn't know what that point was, but I guessed it might peak soon after the buttons were undone.

"No," I said, but not well. I guessed he hadn't heard, since he continued with the third and fourth buttons. I struggled and pulled away, sitting up straight.

He looked surprised.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

I stared at him.

"Nothing. That's enough! We've got to stop."

He looked bewildered.

"Let's go back to the car," I suggested.

He brightened. "Okay," he said and assisted me down the ladder. He even opened the car door for me. Then he climbed in on my side and pulled me onto his lap. He tore the last two buttons off.

"Oh, sorry," he said.

"No!" I said, better this time. I reached for the door handle. He grabbed my wrist and pushed my hand hard against his fly.

"What do you think of *this?*" he asked, grinning.

He seemed to think I had something to compare it to. I didn't. It threw me for a minute; I lost my train of thought. I wasn't certain that anything was what I thought it was.

He took my astonishment for admiration and went for his belt buckle to show me more.

"No! No!" I said. "You've got to take me home!"

"What the hell you talking about?"

"Home! I need to go home!" I opened the door and spilled out.

Shady got out, too, staring in disbelief.

"Fuck!" he said, after a moment. "Fuu-uuck! What's wrong with you?"

I didn't entirely understand his question. He stepped closer. I backed away.

He grabbed my wrist again and pulled me to him.

"What's wrong with you?" he repeated.

I wasn't sure.

"I don't want to do it." I said. "I want you to take me home."

He squeezed my wrist harder.

"Damn!" he said, wide-eyed. He didn't let go.

I pulled back as far as my arm would let me. He jerked me to him and pushed hard against me.

"I could rape you, you know."

"I know."

"It'd be your own fault. You got me this far. You shouldn't promise me something then not do it."

"I didn't promise you anything."

"It was like you did. You were doing as much as I was."

I had nothing to say. I was raised in a world that made it clear that women were responsible for male sexual behavior. I still believed it—all of it—then.

"I could just make you do it," Shady warned. Or maybe he was just asking.

"Please don't. Please. I'm sorry."

"You fucking bitch!"

On this side of an English degree I wonder now why the standard response to a girl who said "no" was to call her a fucking bitch. According to my mother's definition, anyway, that was one adjective that didn't apply.

But I didn't ponder it then. I just said, "Please take me home, Wade. Please."

He dropped my arm. I almost fell backward.

"Why should I?" he glowered.

"Because. You're my friend."

He stared at me, uncertain, then stalked around the car and got in the driver's seat. For a moment I thought I was going to have a long walk home, but he pushed my door open and sat sullenly. I might have been smarter to walk, but I got in.

He drove me home. I got out and leaned back in to thank him.

"Fuck," he said, but mildly. He had already lit up another joint. I ran in the house. I heard his car running for several minutes in the driveway. He'd probably forgotten where he was. I heard him pull out suddenly, his tires squealing a little as he turned.

I hung my clothes out the window so in the morning my parents wouldn't worry that I'd been smoking marijuana.

I started at Utah State, two hours north of my hometown, just a few weeks later. My roommates that year were a peculiarly unpleasant coali-

tion, mostly Mormon girls not too far from home. Two of them were engaged to men so repulsive that I seriously pondered eternal celibacy rather than marry in my faith as my parents wished.

But when Janet moved out at the Christmas break to get married, Kami moved in. Her friend Teresa lived in another apartment, but she spent her spare time in ours. I thought Kami was silly and believed the peroxide in Teresa's hair had affected her intelligence. But they changed the atmosphere of the apartment. They were friendly when I chanced home from my favorite hiding place in the library, teasing me about my books, making stuffy faces at the titles. They made me laugh, made me sociable in ways I had never been. I was surprised and happy when they invited me to share an apartment with them and some other friends when we returned in the fall.

Oddly, the roommate I became closest to was Teresa, who was smarter than she looked—shrewder than any of us in bargaining with the functional world. But she did not often let on to that when men were around, which was smart, too, if dating was the goal; she attracted them like no one I had ever met. She was generous and inviting but never cheap. She loved a boy from home named Tommy, who had disapproved of her choice to come to college. She was determined to let him get used to it. But she wouldn't give up college, and she wouldn't play the nun.

In the meantime I fell in love with a flower boy from Sacramento, the kind of guy who made no sense at all to my roommates. He played Chopin in the practice rooms in the humanities building, wore Birkenstocks before anyone from Utah knew what they were, and once made whole wheat bread and broccoli quiche for me and all my roommates. We practiced the venerable Mormon art of late-night imprecision. I learned a lot.

But he broke my heart, and that same cold winter Teresa's stormy romance with Tommy was at its worst. When I went home for Christmas, my parents were planning a trip to Hawaii and jokingly asked if I wanted to come along. I took them up on it. Teresa and I made arrangements for a week-long absence from January classes, left Logan at fifteen degrees below zero, and flew to Hawaii with my folks. They didn't supervise us, and we left them alone, meeting them to eat or to visit Pearl Harbor, teasing them if they came back to the hotel later than we did.

One night Teresa and I left Mom and Dad reliving glory days on the beach and went to a discotheque we had spotted earlier, three blocks from the hotel. I wore my blue sleeveless dress and high heels. I applied more hairspray than I ever had in my life, and Teresa lavished my face with makeup. We danced that night with so many Japanese tourists and posed for so many photographs that even Teresa tired of pretending she was a movie star. On the second block toward our hotel we saw two

young American men approaching us. One was tanned and muscular in the neon light. He had light brown hair and a mustache over white teeth. The other was a leering geek. I knew which one I was going to take a walk with.

"What are you ladies doing out so late?" the suave one smiled. Teresa beamed. I gazed down the street, mapping an escape and avoiding eye contact at the same time. The chat continued. I acknowledged my name when Teresa mentioned it. I've forgotten both their names by now. Dick and Harry?

"You're majoring in English?" one of them said to me. I brought my attention back. It was the cute one. Dick. I raised my eyebrows.

"Teresa says you're majoring in English," he repeated.

"Uh, yeah," I said.

"You don't say much for an English major."

"Wait till she gets going," Teresa encouraged him.

Dick flashed his white teeth. "I'm in journalism," he said.

In spite of my poor opinion of college journalists, I was willing to consider an exception. He wasn't even looking at Teresa. Teresa was gazing down the street. Harry was grinning at Teresa. Dick slid his arm around my waist.

I looked back at my best friend. Why did I feel guilty? She'd been in my position a thousand times, and she'd always taken her chance. She blinked at me blandly and grinned. I knew she could handle the geek. I turned back and let Dick guide me down the sidewalk. Teresa and Harry followed a few yards behind.

"She's cute," Dick said. "But it's easy to tell who's really deep."

Since I still believed that "cute" and "deep" were mutually exclusive ratings, I surmised we were moving toward the beach to talk Shakespeare. We took off our shoes as we reached the sand. It was cool and smooth on our feet. The waves were high and the moon was low. Literary criticism notwithstanding, Dick was interested in other skills I'd picked up in college.

We worked our way to the edge of the pier. I kept telling myself that this was real romance. It looked and sounded just like the movies, and by now I was trying to believe them. His hands were strong and purposeful. While trying not to act like a naive kid from Utah, I imagined us spending my last two days in Hawaii together, writing letters for a few months, then marrying on the Pali when we were reunited. My parents would be concerned that he wasn't Mormon, but he was nice and going to college, so they'd get used to it.

Dick's hand at the top of my thigh jolted me back. I *was* a naive kid from Utah; I recoiled on instinct. He drew back, eyebrows raised.

"What's the matter?" he asked, wide-eyed.

Was I really so unique? Was his confusion genuine, or a ruse to convince me that I was the only one who had ever refused him? Did he say this to other women who wanted to stop? Or didn't other women want to stop? I still don't know.

Nor did I know how to answer him. Teresa saved me, sort of.

"Karin!" she was shouting, a hundred feet down the beach.

Dick and I both answered. "What?"

"I'm engaged, *aren't* I?" she called.

She wasn't, but she wore a ring Tommy had given her at high school graduation that she slipped on her wedding finger when she needed an excuse. I wished I had such an easy explanation. But I hadn't needed one as often as she had.

"Yes!" I shouted back.

There was a pause.

"What's his name?" Teresa hollered.

"Tommy Laird!" I responded correctly.

We didn't hear anything else. Dick laughed.

"Poor sucker," he said, apparently in reference to Harry. "He never scores."

"Karin!" Teresa called again.

"What?"

"I'm going back to the hotel!"

I jumped at my chance. "I've got to go. I'd better go back with her."

"What the hell you talking about?" Dick said. "She knows the way. Harry will walk her there."

"No, really. I'd better go."

"Come on!"

"Teresa!" I yelled. Dick grabbed my shoulders and kissed me hard. I pulled away. I got a good look at the dark water below us before he gripped my arms and kissed me again. I panicked.

"Teresa, wait—!"

He cut me off. "Okay, okay," he conceded. "It's all right. I'll walk you home."

He turned his face and shouted into the dark. "Go ahead! I'll take her home!" We watched their dark figures move up the beach.

Dick turned his attention back to me.

"What's the matter?" he asked again.

"Nothing!" I defended myself. "Nothing. I just need to go back to the hotel. My parents will be wondering where I am."

He looked at me as if he hadn't heard correctly. "Your *what*?"

"My mom and dad. Back at the hotel. They'll be wondering . . ."

"Your *mom* and *dad*?"

"I . . . yeah."

He started to laugh. He seemed genuinely speechless.

"That's crazy," he finally said. "That's the craziest line I ever heard."

"They'll be worried," I explained.

His eyebrows rose again suddenly. "How old are you?" he asked, alarmed.

"Nineteen."

He looked relieved, then confused again.

"So what do you care? You tell mommy and daddy every time you sleep with a guy?"

"What?"

"They keep track every time you—"

"Every time I *what*?"

We stared at each other.

"What—" he sputtered, "you trying to make me think you've never been laid before?"

We stared at each other.

"My God," he said. "I've heard lots of stupid lines from women. But this beats them all. 'My mom and dad are at the hotel. I'm a damn virgin . . .'"

He glared, maybe waiting for me to recant.

"God," he repeated.

"Well, I *am* a virgin."

"Yeah, right. I could tell while we were making out. You gonna tell me you've never kissed a guy, too?"

"No. I mean yes. Of course, I have."

This kind of conversation was hard for me to measure. I still didn't know how close—or how far away—kissing was to the real thing. Had I been closer to it than I'd imagined? I hoped not—not particularly at that point because I coveted virtue, but because I had imagined sex to be rather more spectacular.

"I really have to go home," I repeated.

"Home?" Dick glowered. "Home to Utah, you mean?"

"No! I mean the hotel!"

"Where is it? Which one?"

I looked north and west up the beach. I couldn't see it, but I could see the Hyatt Regency in the distance, only half a block below the cheaper hotel where we stayed.

"Hyatt," I said, to save explanations. I figured I could manage the last half block by myself.

He studied it for a moment.

"Have a good walk," he said.

"Excuse me?"

"I'm staying right up there," he said, pointing to a condominium two

hundred yards away. "You want to walk with me to my room, or do you want to see how safe it is to walk all the way back to mommy and daddy by yourself?"

I looked at my watch. It was exactly 3:00 a.m. I looked toward the Hyatt. It didn't look so far. Five blocks. I knew what would happen if I went with Dick. I could only guess what would happen if I didn't, but my limited imagination made the decision easier.

I told him I'd take the walk. He was astounded.

"You are one crazy fucking bitch." He stared for another minute, then looked like he'd had a revelation: "What, you some kind of dyke?"

I didn't know what that meant. He turned and walked away. My imagination is more vivid now; I'm actually amazed and grateful he had the restraint to leave me unharmed on the beach. That damn "Thank-You" again.

I didn't wait to see if he went to the condominium he'd pointed out. I picked up my shoes and sprinted for the lights on the beachfront. The sand held me back like a bad dream. I thought I'd never reach the streets, but I slowed, breathing hard, once I did. I panicked for a moment until I got my bearings, reconnoitered, and shifted into speedwalk, still in my stockings. Turning north, I made it halfway up the block before I heard a car slow and pull over behind me.

It followed me a few yards, at my pace. Maybe it was Dick, sorry he'd made me walk alone. But I didn't dare look.

"Hey, baby."

Four men were in a dimly lit mustang. The one closest to me had rolled down his window halfway.

"How much?" he inquired.

I paused, trying to process his question.

He waved his wallet. "How about a group discount?"

"Wha . . ?" Pretty articulate, even for an English major.

We stared at each other, mutually bewildered, then a voice in the car said, "Go on a ways—" and the car squealed on up the street. I turned left at the corner, picking up speed. I could see the Hyatt ahead of me. It was further than I had anticipated, but it was a beeline. I realized what the men in the mustang had mistaken me for just as a female voice shrieked from the lightpost. I looked up and over. She was coming toward me fast.

I was already scared, but her long dark fingernails were the first thing I had instinctively comprehended that whole night. My heart somersaulted.

"Get off my corner!" she snarled. I turned around to run, but another woman was coming up from behind. I stopped dead, then turned back toward the Hyatt. The first woman stopped just a few feet short. All I clearly remember of her was her spike heels and fingernails, and that she

was head and shoulders taller than I was. She hissed like a cat.

"Oh, no. No," I explained, stepping sideways and plowing past. "I'm just going home. I'm just—"

I didn't make out what she said. I started to run again, pondering the encounter as I gasped for breath. Was she what I thought she was? Weren't they on Hotel Street? Could someone actually take me for one of them?

The last threads of my stockings snapped under my feet as I sailed across the street. I had just reached the curb when the next woman appeared like a beautiful sorceress under the streetlight. She was tall, like the other ones, with fingernails too. I excused myself before she had time to threaten me.

"Just going home!" I shouted, flying by. "I'm not doing a thing but going home right *now*!"

She cursed my back but held her corner. I calculated eight more encounters as I tallied the blocks to my hotel. I was right; there was one on every corner. Once I tried to slow down, hoping I could catch my breath as I eased past, but that one showed me a switchblade, and I decided my lungs were okay.

I rounded the courtyard of my hotel with the last air I had, suddenly realizing that Teresa had the lobby key. I prayed out loud, still running, that she'd remembered to wait, without believing God would be so gracious after such a night. But Saint Teresa was there, waiting by the door. She opened it just as my fingers touched the glass, and I nearly rolled across the carpet before coming to a stop.

"Oh my gosh, did you see them?" I heaved. "Thank you! Thanks for waiting! I thought they were going to kill me!"

"What?" she asked, still laughing at my entry. "Who was going to kill you?" Harry had walked her home, the same route I had taken. They had seen no one.

I couldn't retrieve my breath. I started toward the elevator. She followed, and I checked my heaves as we stole into the suite. Of course, Mom heard the door click. She came out of the back room in her night gown, widening her eyes when she saw mine.

"Come here," I whispered. We stepped out onto the balcony. A dark Waikiki stretched out below us. Beneath each streetlight lurked exactly one woman. A Monte Carlo pulled over to negotiate. We could not make out the exchange, but we heard sudden masculine laughter before the car squealed away. The woman turned her back.

We watched silently. Mom had spent a year in Hawaii back in the 1950s, single and beautiful, working as a nurse at a small Japanese hospital to pay for her adventure away from southeastern Idaho. I think now she'd seen more of the world than I gave her credit for. Teresa had grown

up in a rough mining town, isolated geographically but with a less obstructed view of poverty, desperation, and sexual complexities than the safe place I'd been raised. But that night we all watched, Mom and Teresa as shocked as I was. None of us, I believe, had ever understood our kinship with the women on the street.

Dad woke up and joined us on the balcony. He looked for a minute, then chuckled in recognition.

"I'll be damned," he grinned. "Hookers."

The year Mom worked in Hawaii, Dad had been in the Air Force, stationed in Japan. They were practically engaged; they rendezvoused whenever Dad flew in for island duties.

"Hookers never change," Dad said. "They look exactly like they used to."

We all watched a little longer, then my mother locked the door and we went to bed.

I was twenty-five when I married. By Utah standards, that's late. It's not that I hadn't gotten offers. While I was a Mormon missionary in rural Georgia, a traveling Holiness preacher had invited me to dedicate my life to him and God, traveling the revival circuit with him (the preacher, that is) in a camper truck. A year before I married Mark, I had been briefly engaged to a BYU campus man who asked me if I'd been sexually molested as a child when he realized I planned to wait until after the marriage to consummate it. Once I went skydiving with my longtime friend Richard, which had, I still believe, the same binding quality as sex at its best: apprehension and risk, letting go, a few breathless moments out of place and time, perfect eye contact across the distance that divides us, return to earth. I pretty much assumed we were married after our second jump. But on the ground our differences were too painful. He stays in my mind the same way a former lover would.

I received plenty of advice on sex from friends who had married before I did. A former roommate, married six months before I was, revealed to me that sex was overrated, that they rarely took the trouble anymore, except that they wanted a baby. Another friend told me that she wouldn't care if her husband had an affair; he wanted sex so much more often than she did that it would be nice to have another woman to absorb the extra energy. "That's why polygamy worked," she said. "Three women to every man. Or more. That way, at least they'd get a few nights to themselves."

There have been times since I married that I have agreed with them. After the first two nights of our honeymoon I wondered what the fuss was about. I had waited twenty-five years for a twenty-minute lesson in physiology? An exaggerated kiss?

After the first year I was so dissatisfied that I was willing to stop trying; my husband was dissatisfied to the point of insatiability. And we still didn't realize how little we knew about sex. We weren't even close. The years of holding back had inhibited me in ways I couldn't even recognize, let alone undo in a year. Mark's virgin years had left him with fantastic expectations that I simply couldn't fulfill.

I'm sure there are gender characteristics involved here, but a lot of it must be rooted as well in mere personality differences, in different family patterns. Take Christmas, for example. Mark's family and mine are both within easy driving distance, so we juggle the Christmas ceremonies. If you can call my family's Christmas morning a ceremony. We drop by with our kids about eight o'clock. My sister brings hers if she isn't working. They awaken my younger siblings, all grown up but not necessarily adults. They get dressed, Dad lights a fire downstairs, we march down, pass around the gifts, open them all at the same time, thank each other for the small appliances and cases of chicken noodle soup, and play with the kids' new toys until breakfast. Mom makes Swedish pancakes, not necessarily because we're Swedish, and then everyone goes skiing. Except Mom, who waves them off, shoos Mark and me and the kids toward the Valley, finds a book and enjoys her one day of genuine solitude of the year. One hour flat, start to finish.

Thirty minutes later we arrive at Mark's parents', where his five sisters have been cursing us for the delay. Our children are rushed to their places in line behind the kitchen door, marched in with their cousins to a room which now looks like Santa's workshop, and the orgy begins. First the stockings. Then Santa herself, Mark's sister Jennifer in white beard and red long johns, distributing the first gifts of Christmas. Then the other gifts, first the children's, piled high before their wild eyes, opened one at a time as the whole family looks on. Then the adults', one by one as the children orbit: handmade books and dolls, souvenirs from farflung travels, trinkets and boxes, each with a preamble and each wrapped so elaborately I feel guilty disturbing them. Somewhere near two in the afternoon, at the point I'm hyperventilating, Mark's father announces the string gift. Twenty or twenty-five of us follow a mile or more of red string through the house and yard and back to the big gift of the year, an antique desk for the upstairs study, maybe, or hand-sewn ballet dresses for all the little girls. And we haven't even started dinner.

And that's just Christmas. What made us imagine that sex would come easy?

Five years into marriage I am just beginning to understand how much baggage we bring, virgin or not, into a long-term sexual relationship. I thought I was coming to marriage with a fairly light load, but an honest inventory suggests otherwise. I will probably never understand

the full weight I drag. So maybe I didn't inherit an enormous sex-guilt connection from my parents. I did take on their attitude that making a bigger deal of anything than absolutely necessary is despicable. Besides skiing, despising the fanatical is my family's one fanaticism. That's a big trunk, heavy enough to pull around on wheels, and there's plenty of sexual paraphernalia locked, maybe irretrievably, inside.

I picked up plenty of carry-ons from growing up in a small, strictly Mormon community. We're not all as crazy as old Jacob Guttman, but his kind does tend to trail us around. I remember Jacob standing up in church and pounding his fist on the pulpit: "The woman is long in the hair and short in the brains! The man is to guide and control the woman! Do not fall for the temptations of the woman! And children! Santa Claus is a dirty lie!"

When I was just old enough to comprehend her story, I recall Jacob's wife Clara telling us in testimony meeting, in an accent as thick as her husband's although she had been born and raised in Alpine like my grandma, about a fateful night in their family history. She had dreamed of a beautiful baby boy (they had six daughters and only two sons) who had spoken to her, even though he was only an infant. He told her to wake his daddy up quick because he was chosen to come to their family. This was serious business with a couple who never wallowed in filthy intercourse unless they were fairly certain it would result in offspring, lust's sole justification. Trembling, Clara woke her husband, who, surprised into action, lost control too soon.

"And he spilled the seed on the sheets!" Clara wailed. "It was all spilled! And we lost the beautiful baby boy!"

Jacob sat upright, pale and chastened. I personally was relieved, unwilling to welcome another Guttman boy to the neighborhood, mean as his brothers were. My sister and I later wondered together how much "seed" had been spilled on the sheets after such a long wait. Their youngest child was eight.

I carry mace in my baggage, although I can never find it when I need it, to ward off potential sex fiends. I learned young that you never know who will turn out to be one. Like LaMar Warnock, a frail quiet guy, the last you'd ever suspect. But in Alpine we know better, because my uncle and his pals when they were thirteen were wandering through LaMar's apple orchard with nothing to do but break the padlock on his shed. They discovered a trove of *Playboy* magazines, so many they didn't guess he'd miss a few. They each took some home, traded them back and forth until somebody's parents found out. Boy, was LaMar in trouble. He had to see the bishop, who made him go to each kid and his parents and apologize. No wonder I don't trust men. No wonder I don't even know who not to trust.

I even carry saddlebags. When I was fourteen, I rode with my dad in the pickup to take our mare to be bred. We eased her backward out of the trailer, I led her to an empty stall, then I followed my father and Bill Milden through the stables to see the high-blue-eyed stallion they had chosen to sire the colt. He reared and whinnied at our approach, so hot and wild he seemed to be throwing off sparks. He made my pulse leap, my legs weak. I wanted to stay and watch, but Milden said, "I don't think that's the kind of thing a young lady would really want to see." I felt the blood rush to my face. I'd seen horses do it before; the big mare and the skinny no-breed stallion in the pasture by the elementary school were always at it, at least half-heartedly. He'd mount and she'd kick him away. He'd come back with hoof scrapes on his bony shoulders, begging for more. By then Sister Higbey would be out of her house with a broom, shaking it at us to get on home before she called our mamas. We'd scatter and watch sideways as we walked along the fence.

Dad and I left the mare at Milden's and went home, planning to retrieve her in a week. That next Tuesday night at the weekly church youth meeting the boys my age seemed particularly interested in addressing me. Turned out that Bill Milden had invited the scout troop out for an educational activity.

"We watched your horse get pregnant," John Jensen grinned. Kent Jolley snickered behind him.

"You shoulda seen him go after her!" Kent exploded. "Geez, I thought he was gonna . . . "

"Shut up, jerkface!" John gave him a slug. Kent's freckled face turned red and he staggered away, laughing too hard to catch his breath. I saw him again later, with Brett and Jason, whispering and gesturing at the end of the hall. They stopped when they saw me, guffawed and disappeared around the corner.

"Goll," said my friend Laurie, smoothing her hair. "What's with them?"

I told her I didn't know. Maybe I didn't. I was in school the day Dad brought the mare back to the pasture behind my Grandma's house. I walked through the apple orchard to give her oats and brush her down. She nickered and nuzzled as she always did, apparently unaltered. But I caressed her more gently than usual, then sat on the stile and cried for no reason.

So what does all this amount to? I am not certain. As I said, I don't understand sex. But at least I understand *that* much. It took a while just to recognize my ignorance. It took even longer to recognize my long-suppressed fear and anger. Never again will I thank a man for not hurting me, as if we were somehow naturally to expect the opposite. I understand that revealing some kinds of emotions to my husband is far more

difficult, and far more intimate, than revealing my body.

I read reports on sexuality, I ponder national statistics on the subject, I try to assess what I really know about sexual behavior in the society I know best—Mormon Utah, where nobody's story is straight. I wonder how much like and unlike the "real world," where nobody's story is straight, we are.

Realizing that nobody's story is straight threw me for a while, but currently I'm finding the whole phenomenon of nonstop dishonesty almost liberating. Trusting no one allows me more room to trust myself. It also frees me, as the years expand into a lifetime of interaction, connection, disruption, reassessment, sexual and otherwise, to increasingly trust the partner I have committed to. Maybe that's the trust my mother was referring to, although I doubt she could articulate it further than she did when I was twelve.

But I don't entirely trust my mother anymore, either, at least not to define my marriage. The problem is, I grew up with parents who made so much sense, who were right about so many things without being coercive, that I still have a hard time questioning their wisdom. Mom's last bit of advice, and her worst, dispensed the night before my marriage in the Salt Lake temple, was "Never tell your husband 'no' when he wants sex. You're asking for trouble. A man's drive is too strong. If you refuse, he'll go to someone who will say 'yes.'" That had been the advice her bishop, now a prominent general authority, had given her just before her marriage to my father.

I spent the first four years of marriage, I believe, unconsciously hating my husband and men in general (women, too, come to think of it) for holding me hostage in the name of the mythic male libido. Were these the terms of fidelity? Of trust and mutuality? My mother wasn't the only one who conveyed the message. The consequences of saying "no" to a man, apparently, even once, ranged from rape threats to abandonment on the beach to betrayal of the most sacred mutual commitment I had been raised to respect. Marriage as I perceived it was prostitution no less than walking the streets of Waikiki.

Not that prostitution doesn't have its own power. A whore can pretend to say no, drag it out to get a higher price, make him suffer, humiliate him as much as she's been humiliated herself. She can turn his power tactics upside down and make him hold out on his own premises for eight years, then tell the world he lost it on the sheets. She can say no forever and drive him out to the tool shed with his shame and his magazines, my mother would certainly observe.

But I don't want that kind of power. And I don't want to say no forever. I don't want games or politics or mere unburdened copulation. I want consensus. I want marriage. I want sex, ongoing and better all the

time. My mother was right on that one; partnership and sex are a lifetime project.

So Mark and me, we're practicing for the big orgasm. We've had some promising previews: once, not even touching each other, sharing a *café religieuse* on a bench on a walking bridge spanning the Seine. Once in wordless mutual solace in the darkest, bleakest place we've ever been together. Once in a wide open meadow below sheer granite in the heart of the Lone Peak Wilderness . . .

Yes.

Some year, way down the future, we might just manage the most spectacular climax a man and a woman are capable of achieving together. Maybe more than once. Body and soul, mind and heart, sex and life. Chance and circumstance.

Everything else is foreplay.

The Sound of a Going

Nancy Hanks Baird

There was one moment when he spoke to me
and I knew his name,
steam melting from the mercury,
I saw his face.

Alone on the streets I have heard his
footsteps behind me,
a dry whistling in the leaves,
a thickening of my shadow.

His voice roars on the waters,
creeps upon the crimson bark.
His is the crevice in my tongue.
But mostly,

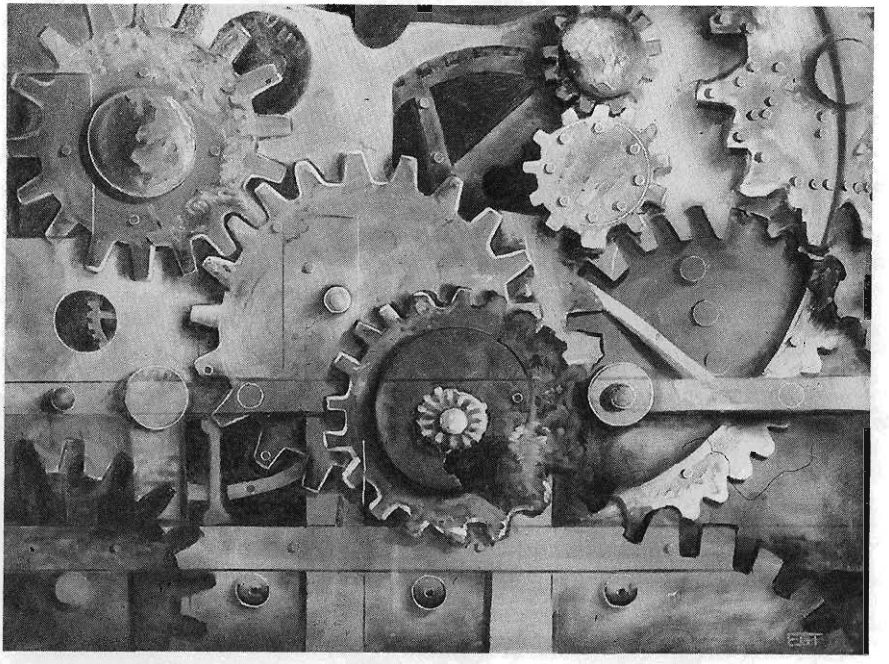
his, the lingering smell of linen
in an empty doorway,
a shiver in the dumb flame,
the handprint creasing the blackened wall.

In our trouble,
we squeeze stones to make them talk,
wring out our rage at his silence.
We sleep, longing for visions.

Our souls secret themselves in
twists of meat and bone,
lying beside our hearts
in the long wait

for the sound of a going
in the mulberry trees.*

*2 *Sam.* 5:24



Divine Dialogue and the Lord's Prayer: Socio-rhetorical Interpretation of Sacred Texts

Vernon K. Robbins

BELIEVERS COMMONLY REFER TO THE BIBLE as the Word of God. This means different things to different believers, but all begin with a presupposition that the Bible, a written text, is a primary medium through which God communicates to humans. But who will decide what approach must be taken to a written text that somehow speaks for God? The first place to look for rules of interpretation, of course, is in the text itself. The New Testament contains a number of passages containing directions on how to interpret scripture (1 Pet. 4:11; Rev. 22:18-19, among others). But these passages themselves are open to a variety of interpretations. So, in addition to appealing to the text itself, we always must bring some methodology to the text. Even for divine dialogue we must be content to hear with human ears. There must always be a methodology (either explicit or assumed) to read the text.

HISTORICAL CRITICISM AND THE BIBLE

Historical criticism is a dominant methodology that has developed over the past several hundred years to interpret the sacred texts of Christianity. Through the labors of hundreds of scholars, this methodology has developed into a scholarly discipline with many subdisciplines, for example, text criticism, source criticism, archeology, etc. This discipline, with its subdisciplines, has enriched our understanding of the Bible in myriads of ways. During the last twenty-five years of interpretation, however, scholars have been energetically exhibiting the limitations of

the historical-critical approach as they have been developing new methods of interpretation. In this essay I will use a socio-rhetorical methodology that builds on the achievements of the historical-critical approach in a manner that goes far beyond its boundaries. But before describing this new methodology, let us summarize some of the major milestones of the historical-critical method.

Since the Protestant reformation in the sixteenth century, it has been customary to distinguish between *eisegesis* (putting meaning "into" a text) and *exegesis* (bringing meaning "out of" a text). The words are Greek, with the prefix "*eis-*" meaning into and the prefix "*ex-*" meaning out of. Since Protestant Christians believe that faith must be based solely on scripture, *sola scriptura*, it is necessary to know what is "in" scripture and to safeguard against church tradition that is "read into" scripture. Therefore, Protestants have established a multitude of guidelines and practices to read out from texts *(exegesis)* only what is in them.

But how does anyone read out from such complicated texts only what is in them? Doesn't everyone read from their own perspective, their own point of view, their own biases? These are the questions that have evoked the spectrum of subdisciplines within the historical-critical method of interpretation.[1] Interpreters started first with the words in the text. There are over 1,400 pre-printing press manuscripts of major portions of the New Testament, and now scholars estimate that approximately 300,000 variations in wording exist among them. This word variation among texts gave rise to text criticism, the historical science of establishing the earliest wording available to us. The problem is that we have no autograph copies of any book in the Bible. The earliest complete copies we have of the New Testament were written between 300 and 325 A.D., nearly three centuries after Christ's ministry on earth. And these manuscripts are the result of copying and recopying the text many times without the benefit of a printing press, mimeograph, or photocopy machine. Every instance of copying a manuscript of any significant length produced some kind of variation from the source document until the tenth through the twelfth centuries, when unusual means were taken in some settings to produce exact replicas. And even in those centuries a high standard of replication existed only in limited locations; in other contexts exceptionally careless copying occurred in very poor handwriting.

The year 1831 is monumental in the interpretation of the New Testament, because in that year a scholar named Karl Lachmann for the first time produced a text of the Greek wording of the New Testament that was based entirely on historically scientific procedures for determining

1. See Edgar Krentz, *The Historical-Critical Method* (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1975).

the words that should be in the text. Prior to this time printed Bibles contained the wording of a "received text" *(textus receptus)* that had emerged over many centuries of copying and recopying that had produced many modifications as a result of error, "solutions" to errors without the benefit of seeing what the error actually was, adaptation to wording in other places in the Bible, addition of items a scribe thought should be there, and theological revision.[2] In 1831 the practice began of printing only the words that existed in the earliest texts, using complex principles of scientific historical analysis. This analysis was improved as a result of the discovery of many new Greek manuscripts during the nineteenth century, and by 1900 scholars had established an excellent "critical" Greek text of the New Testament with the use of scientific historical methods. Some important changes have been introduced during the twentieth century on the basis of additional information, but the major step forward had been achieved by the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The King James Bible, the Revised Standard Version, and the Book of Mormon

The original wording of the King James Bible in 1611, of course, did not benefit from this historical-critical work on the words in the text. One of the clearest places to see the difference between early wording and wording that resulted from modifications over the centuries is in a comparison of the Lord's Prayer in Matthew 6:9-13 and Luke 11:2-4. In the King James Version there are only five differences in wording between the version in Matthew and the version in Luke:

a) Matt 6:10: *in* earth, as *it is* in heaven
   Luke 11:2: as in heaven, *so on* earth
b) Matt 6:11: *this* day
   Luke 11:3: day *to day*
c) Matt 6:12: *debts*
   Luke 11:4: *sins*
d) Matt 6:12: *as* we forgive *our debtors*
   Luke 11:4: *for* we *also* forgive *every one that is indebted to us*
e) Matt 6:13: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.
   Luke 11:4: omitted

Only one variation jumps off the page, so to speak: the presence of the

2. See Bart D. Ehrman, *The Orthodox Corruption of Scripture: The Effect of Early Christological Controversies on the Text of the New Testament* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993).

doxology in the Matthean version and its absence in the Lukan version. The other four variations are more subtle. The first variation is minute indeed. The inversion of earth and heaven has led to a difference between "in earth as it is . . . " and "as in heaven, so on . . . " The second variation is a little more substantial, since the Matthean version emphasizes the present day of a person's life ("this" day), while the Lukan version emphasizes God's blessings throughout each day of one's existence (day to day). The third and fourth variations appear to be much more substantial, since it is a difference between "debts" which God forgives us at the time we forgive our "debtors" (Matt.) versus "sins" which God forgives us "because" we imitate God's action by forgiving people who are indebted to us (Luke). The fifth variation concerns a doxology and "amen" at the end of the prayer, and Matthew's inclusion of them creates praise and affirmation of God both at the beginning and the end.

These variations are, on the one hand, quite limited in number. On the other hand, people could have, and still do have, extensive dialogue and debate about them. For some, a distinction between living "a day at a time" (Matt.) versus expecting God to furnish sustenance "over one's entire lifetime" (Luke) can lead to an entirely different mode of living a Christian life. Likewise, for some there is an important distinction between mutual action as God forgives our sins and we forgive our debtors (Matt.) versus God's forgiveness of our sins as a reward for our forgiveness of those indebted to us (Luke). The variation raises the issue of being saved "as a result of one's good works" (Luke) versus doing good works as a natural fruit of being a saved person (Matt.). The final variation can raise the issue whether a Christian's relation to God is so direct that it is not necessary at all times to end one's prayers with praise and affirmation of God versus the importance of a Christian's maintenance of humility in language that signifies the distance between God's holiness and every human's frailty and sinfulness. Concerning the "amen" at the end, it is an issue for some people even concerning "how" one says it. During my years as a college student I was asked by an adult Christian to agree with him that it was only proper to say "ahmen," and improper to say "aymen," since "aymen" is a vulgar, ordinary form of speech not appropriate when addressing God.

While these debates may seem sufficient for nurturing faith, historical-critical investigation has shown that variations in wording of the Lord's Prayer in Matthew and Luke are much more extensive than the King James Version would lead us to believe. In the earliest Greek manuscripts available to us the Lukan version of the Lord's Prayer is much shorter than the Matthean version. The difference between the two versions produces nine, rather than five, variations:

(1) Matt 6:9: *our* father
Luke 11:2: father
(2) Matt 6:9: who art in heaven
Luke 11:2: omitted
(3) Matt 6:10: thy will be done
Luke 11:2: omitted
(4a) Matt 6:10: on earth as it is in heaven
Luke 11:2: omitted
(5b) Matt 6:11: *this* day
Luke 11:3: *each* day
(6c) Matt 6:12: *debts*
Luke 11:4: *sins*
(7d) Matt 6:12: *as* we *also* forgive *our debtors*
Luke 11:4: *for* we *ourselves* forgive *every one who is indebted to us*
(8) Matt 6:13: but deliver us from evil
Luke 11:4: omitted
(9e) Matt 6:13: no doxology or "amen"
Luke 11:4: also no doxology or "amen"

Two of the variations (5b, 6c) are based on exactly the same wording in the Greek text as the wording that produced variations b) and c) in the KJV. "Debts" and "sins" maintain the same difference in the KJV and RSV (6c), but the translators changed "day to day" to "each day" in the RSV (5b). The translators simply thought "each day" was the way we now say what the verse means rather than "day to day." The other variations that exist in the KJV (4a, 7d, 9e) are even more complex differences in wording than the KJV (based on the Greek textus receptus) would lead the interpreter to believe, and there are four additional important variations (1, 2, 3, 8) that historical criticism asks us to explain.

Rather than explaining the significance of the additional variations at this point, I will take them up in sections below to show how socio-rhetorical criticism explores a wide range of issues concerning language, society, culture, ideology, and theology that move beyond the boundaries of historical criticism. At this point, however, it may be well to summarize the contribution historical criticism brings to the text that interpreters use when they interpret the Bible. Interpreters who are true to the insights of historical criticism approach the words in the Lord's Prayer like an archeologist approaches material from the different stratigraphical layers and squares of a dig. The layers represent a movement from earlier to later times, and the squares represent different areas of the dig. The words of the Lord's Prayer come to us, then, in a form similar to the material from an archeological dig, and the material comes from different stratigraphical layers and different squares. One layer of the words

for the Lord's Prayer stands in common between the two squares represented by Matthew and Luke. The Matthean version shows us an expanded form of the Lord's Prayer that contains words in addition to the common layer. Finally, a scribe built a layer on the Matthean words. A display of the archeological layers and squares of words in the Lord's Prayer looks as follows:

Archeological Display of the Words of the Lord's Prayer

Our **father** *who art in heaven,*
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us *this*/each **day our daily bread;**
and forgive us our *debts*/sins,
as/for **we** *also* ourselves *have* **forgiven** *debtors*/every one who is indebted **to us;**
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

<u>For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.</u>

Code:
Both Matthew and Luke: **bold**
Matthew: *italic*
Luke: plain
Scribal additions to Matthew: <u>underline</u>

The words printed in **bold** represent a common layer of words. There is very little variation in this layer. Matthew has "this" day where Luke has "each" day; Matthew has "debts" where Luke has "sins"; and Matthew has "as we also have forgiven our debtors" where Luke has "for we ourselves forgive every one who is indebted to us." It is very clear, then, that the Matthean and Lukan versions of the Lord's Prayer have a close relation to each other. But what is that relation? Is the Lukan version a later abbreviated version, or is the Matthean version a later expanded version?

A majority of interpreters who follow the guidelines of historical criticism equate the earliest form of the Lord's Prayer with the wording in the common layer, except for "Lead us not into temptation," which they consider to be a secondary addition to the earliest version.[3] The major

3. Robert W. Funk, Roy W. Hoover, et al., eds., *The Five Gospels: The Search for the Authentic Words of Jesus* (New York: Macmillan, 1993), 148-50, 325-27.

dispute among historical critics recently has been whether Jesus himself or early followers of Jesus put the address to God and the four petitions together as a formal prayer. Many historical critics think early followers learned both the address to God as Abba (Father) and the four petitions individually from Jesus rather than in a formal prayer, because the tradition reveals strident criticism of formal prayer by Jesus. In other words, some interpreters think Jesus himself did not construct and teach a formal prayer. Rather, he regularly addressed God as Abba, followed by one or two short petitions. Early followers of Jesus put a series of these petitions together into a short prayer attributed to Jesus. Within a few decades early Christians expanded the prayer until it attained the expanded form we see in early Greek manuscripts.

This means that most historical scholars consider it more likely that the abbreviated version of the Lord's Prayer is earlier than the expanded version. The reasons lie both in the manuscript tradition and in broader religious tradition. One can see that the tendency was to "expand" the prayer. This is evident, first of all, from the Lukan version in the KJV, where over the centuries the Lukan version of the prayer was expanded to read almost exactly like the version in Matthew. Second, this is evident in the Greek manuscripts, where scribes added a doxology to the Matthean version of the prayer. Third, it is rare for Christians to make official prayers shorter. Religious leaders regularly expand official prayers until they perceive them to have a suitable opening, middle, and closing.

Before returning to other aspects of historical criticism, perhaps I should make a few more statements concerning the King James Version of the Bible. On the one hand, while the texts on which the KJV were based are deficient in many ways, because they perpetuate wordings of the text that developed through error, "correction," addition, and adaptation, the English in the text was an outstanding literary achievement. This achievement not only has influenced the English language from the seventeenth century to the present day, but it also transmitted some of the poetic tensions in the texts that some modern versions have lost. On the other hand, there are words in the KJV that now have a distinctly different meaning than they did in the seventeenth century. These words often lead the reader to think the text is referring to something quite different from its basic meaning. An excellent example is: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep" (1 Thess. 4:15). Most modern readers will consider this sentence in the KJV to be incomplete: the verse does not tell us what "we who are alive and remain" shall prevent "those who are asleep" from doing. And, in any case, how would it be possible for us to prevent people "who have

fallen asleep," which we know means people "who are dead," from doing something? This may take us into a debate whether it might, after all, be possible for people who are "alive in Christ" to prevent those who have died from, for example, going to hell. But if we could prevent them from going to hell, could we prevent them also from going to heaven, if, for example, we knew some terrible sin they had committed that other people did not know they had committed? But all of this debate would be quite beside the point, as some readers will know. In the seventeenth century, "prevent" meant to "go before," to "go ahead of," like a "prelude" is a "pre-playing," a playing of a musical piece "ahead of" the call to worship. In other words, the verse means that "we who are alive and remain" will not "precede" (go into heaven ahead of) those who have fallen asleep. Because the language of the KJV is so deeply loved, yet all careful readers of the text know that people will misunderstand the meaning of some very important verses in it, some people have made a new edition of the KJV to "correct" wording that will be certainly misunderstood in the twentieth century. The task of changing the wording so it would reflect the earliest wording of the texts, however, would be a task much larger than these editors would want to undertake.

It is a fascinating coincidence of history that during 1830, the year prior to Karl Lachmann's publication of the first edition of the New Testament that reconstructed the wording on the basis of historically scientific analysis of the earliest manuscripts, Joseph Smith published a text of the Book of Mormon that included the Lord's prayer in the context of the Sermon on the Mount. Joseph Smith's translation, adopting the style of language of the KJV, produced the following version of the Lord's Prayer in 3 Nephi 13:9-13:

> Our Father who art in heaven,
> hallowed be thy name.
> (omits: Thy kingdom come)
> Thy will be done on earth
> as it is in heaven.
> (omits: Give us this day our daily bread)
> And forgive us our debts
> as we forgive our debtors.
> And lead us not into temptation,
> but deliver us from evil.
> For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Three things are noticeable about this version of the Lord's Prayer. First, the basic text is the expanded version as it exists in Matthew 6:9-13 in the

KJV Bible. Second, the version in the Book of Mormon enacts a principle of omission (of two major statements) from the expanded version. Third, the result of omission from the expanded version creates a different nuance of emphasis in the prayer.

We will pursue these issues below in the context of the issues we have raised thus far. At this point I simply want to mention that it is unusual for a New Testament interpreter to include comments about the Book of Mormon in the context of commentary on a New Testament text. None of the standard histories of interpretation of the New Testament, written for scholars and graduate students, contain reference to the presence of wording from the New Testament either in the Quran or in the Book of Mormon, two major bodies of literature that a significant number of people consider to be sacred texts. This is an omission that the methodology of socio-rhetorical criticism is designed to correct. A major goal in the coming years must be to introduce a method of analysis that encourages people of faith to compare their own sacred texts with other people's sacred texts and to dialogue peaceably with other people about their beliefs.[4] Any method that does not do this will be a highly deficient form of analysis and interpretation during the third millenium of our Western calendar.

To resume our discussion of historical criticism, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century scholars produced wording of the Greek New Testament that evoked a broad consensus within scholarly circles. Refinements have continued during the twentieth century, and they continue today, but these refinements are microscopic in proportion to the change in wording that occurred in the middle of the nineteenth century. As a result of the textual improvements by the beginning of the twentieth century, some scholars devoted most of their time to the production of new, more accurate translations of the New Testament into English, German, etc. Other scholars, however, saw the chance to use their text critical skills in yet another way. They began to produce intricate source analysis of New Testament texts, which revealed that writers of the New Testament did not simply write independently of one another, producing separate witnesses to the events. The author of the Gospel of Luke states in his introduction that "many have undertaken to set down an orderly account of the events that have been fulfilled among us" (Luke 1:1-2). What he does not say is that he used some of those accounts as sources for his own work, copying some of them quite closely, rearranging the order of some of them, and interweaving some of them together to produce his own account.

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4. Cf. Wilfred Cantwell Smith, *What Is Scripture? A Comparative Approach* (Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1993).

Source criticism arose as an additional subdiscipline of historical criticism. Source critics produced a conclusion toward the end of the nineteenth century that the Gospel of Mark was the earliest Gospel. They also concluded that Matthew and Luke had independently used Mark as a source, along with other sources, to produce their Gospels. The question of the source relation of the Gospel of John to these other three (synoptic) Gospels remains a disputed issue today. Indeed, the relationship of Mark, Matthew, and Luke to one another has proved to be much more complex than many at times have thought. The well known analysis of the four sources in the Pentateuch—J (Jahwist), E (Elohist), D (Deuteronomist), and P (Priestly)—come out of the same scholarly environment. In this and other ways source criticism became an important interpretive method and remains so to this day.

Other subdisciplines began to emerge in an overall context of historical-critical interpretation of the Bible. After scholars produced source criticism, they developed form criticism, which looked for the "oral forms" in which people spoke, recited, and proclaimed the anecdotes, stories, prophecies, parables, and traditions we find in our written texts. Then came redaction criticism, which identified each author's editing (redaction) of the spoken forms and the written sources. After identifying the editorial activity, scholars drew conclusions about the theological beliefs that guided the editing. Roman Catholics only reluctantly allied themselves with this approach at first, but in 1943 Pope Pius XII issued an encyclical, *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, which made the historical method not only permissible, but "a duty."[5] Then in 1964 the Pontifical Biblical Commission issued *The Instruction on the Historical Truth of the Gospels* that confirmed and described the new aids to "exegesis": source analysis, text criticism, literary criticism, linguistic studies, and the method of form history.[6]

Thus throughout the twentieth century, until very recently, the discipline of historical criticism has dominated scholarly interpretation of the Bible. This has meant that scholars only gave serious consideration to new historical subdisciplines that developed. Any method that did not adapt to historical methodology was gradually pushed to the edges of scholarly study and excluded from "serious" interpretation of texts.

Socio-rhetorical Interpretation of the Bible

I mentioned above that historical-critical methods remained dominant until the 1970s. During that decade and the 1980s evangelical-fundamentalists began to create and enjoy a political heyday, first with a born-again Southern Baptist as president of the United States (Jimmy

5. Krentz, 2.
6. Ibid.

Carter), then with a president (Ronald Reagan) who said most of the right things to encourage right-wing Christians to think that they were the models of true patriotism. Biblical scholars also were enjoying a new day of interpretive freedom and creativity, though many people throughout the country probably did not realize this. Through vigorous interaction at regional and national meetings which were growing larger and larger in size, exciting new methods of interpretation began to arise. The attendance at the combined national meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and the American Academy of Religion grew steadily during the 1970s and 1980s. Now the attendance is between 6,000 and 7,500 people each year. Presently, scholars who employ an interpretive methodology of history in tandem with theology simply have not been able to control all the disciplines of study that have developed.

During the 1970s some interpreters began to apply modern forms of literary criticism to biblical texts. In addition some, often the same people, applied a method informed by anthropology—namely, structuralism. Still others brought sociological studies to bear on the texts. Feminist criticism began to gain a strong voice, and strategies of interpretation for liberation grew out of Latin and South America. By now, African-American biblical interpretation also has developed a strong voice,[7] and Asian-American interpretations are beginning to appear. What does this explosion in methodologies mean?

These new methods gradually have shown us that the alliance of historical-critical methods of analysis with particular Protestant and Roman Catholic theologies have produced very particular biases that benefit some people and put other people at a great disadvantage. Among other things, historical criticism has focused on politically successful male leaders throughout the history of Christianity. Elizabeth Schussler-Fiorenza, the first woman president of the Society of Biblical Literature, confronted interpreters in her presidential address in 1987 with the male bias of the programs of research as well as the methods of interpretation.[8] There is now a call for a method that can gather many, if not most, of the new approaches into conversation with one another. I have tried to accept my part in this task, with a method I call "socio-rhetorical criticism." The initial explanation of it as a unifying method appeared in the 1992 paperback of *Jesus the Teacher.*[9] Subsequently, I wrote a paper and organized a forum at the national SBL meeting in 1992, where four women presented interpretive papers on the

7. See Cain Hope Felder, *Stony the Road We Trod: African American Biblical Interpretation* (Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1991).

8. Elizabeth Schussler-Fiorenza, "The Ethics of Interpretation: De-Centering Biblical Scholarship," *Journal of Biblical Literature* 107 (1988): 3-17.

9. Vernon K. Robbins, *Jesus the Teacher: A Socio-Rhetorical Interpretation of Mark* (Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1992).

stories of the woman who anointed Jesus in Matthew, Mark, and Luke and four men responded to their work.[10] Since then I have written a programmatic socio-rhetorical analysis on "Mary, Elizabeth, and the Magnificat in Luke" which has appeared in a book entitled *The New Literary Criticism and the New Testament.*[11]

My conclusion is that historical-critical scholars control people's interpretation of the Bible in two major ways. First, they advance a particular account of the history of Israel, Judaism, and early Christianity that they assert to be true outside of and alongside the Bible as the Word of God. In other words, whatever particular theological beliefs a historical critic may hold, he or she establishes a control outside the text through an agreement with others that a particular account of the history of the people of the Bible is true, rather than alternative accounts. This is, of course, a very complicated matter, since a major theme of the Bible itself is a history of its people. But this reveals precisely the power of historical criticism. It engages the biblical canon at the point of its account of the history of God's people, and it reworks that history on the basis of the documents that won the battle against extinction. This creates a deeply ironic interpretive situation, since our biblical texts are the documents of the victors among Israelites, Jews, and the earliest Christians. I say "ironic," because in manifold ways the Bible addresses the situation of the underdog—the one who suffers and is despised by others. Yet the story is told by those who have won out by telling the story in this way.

A second major way historical-critical scholars control people's interpretation of the Bible is by an assertion that historical method is "beyond ideology"—that is, it works, in the final analysis, with "indisputably factual data." To clarify the problem here, we must distinguish between indisputably factual "data" and indisputably factual "meaning." It is indisputable that all of the variations in wording for the Lord's Prayer I have exhibited thus far exist in different manuscripts. This is indisputable factual "data." The question is what this data "means." Historical criticism is unsurpassed in its exhibition of indisputable factual data. No other method has ever exhibited more intricate factual details. It is not clear, however, that historical method will be the mode in which the most extensive indisputably factual details will be exhibited during the twenty-first century. The presence of huge data bases in CD Roms for computers exhibits much more data than historians tried to exhibit or even wanted to exhibit. During the next century the relation of data will

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10. Vernon K. Robbins, "Using a Socio-Rhetorical Poetics to Develop a Unified Method: The Woman who Anointed Jesus as a Test Case," in *1992 Society of Biblical Literature Seminar Papers* (Atlanta: Scholars Press, 1992), 302-19.

11. Vernon K. Robbins, "Socio-Rhetorical Criticism: Mary, Elizabeth, and the Magnificat as a Test Case," in Elizabeth Struthers Malbon and Edgar V. McKnight, eds., *The New Literary Criticism and the New Testament* (Sheffield: Sheffield Academic Press, 1994), 164-209.

be analyzed in statistical and cybernetic modes that were not available during the last two centuries. These modes will show that "sequence" and "causal relation," the primary modes of historical analysis, give only limited insight into the "relation" of complex data.

As indicated above, my answer to the challenges of interpretation that face us today is an interdisciplinary method I call "socio-rhetorical criticism." This method merges strategies of "new historicism" and "new rhetoricism" to gain new insight into the "interrelation of data" in and among texts. The approach emphasizes at the beginning the necessity to use more than one discipline to explore texts. The social part of the method uses the full range of social scientific methods, and the purpose is to explore the full range of social and cultural dimensions in texts. The social scientific methods of anthropology and sociology, with their myriads of subdisciplines, are much more helpful for this kind of investigation than historical methods that are driven at their base by sequential perspectives and a primary interest in the people who have successfully established dominance over others throughout the centuries. My answer is to integrate historical and social analysis fully with one another. In this context social analysis becomes the overarching mode, since social aspects always are present in language. Historical aspects often are not so clearly available in language. Since historical analysis specializes in unique events and the sequential order and causation of events, in many instances there is not data in a text that enables an interpreter to enact this mode of analysis in a reliable manner. Historical criticism, then, is a more limited mode of interpretation than social forms of analysis. In fact, historical criticism is properly understood as a subdiscipline of social analysis. In certain instances only is it possible to move reliably within social analysis into a historical mode that analyzes sequential and causal aspects of human relationships. Current biblical interpretation will be revolutionized when it enacts the reality that historical analysis is a subsidiary form of social analysis and interpretation.

The rhetorical part of the method concerns the way people present themselves and dialogue with one another in social contexts. Since sacred texts confront an interpreter in the first instance with language, all social analysis of texts is integrally related to some form of rhetorical analysis. This means that, for interpreters of texts, social analysis and rhetorical analysis are interdisciplines. Rhetorical and social analysis work together reciprocally in the context of textual interpretation. In other words, no textual analyst or interpreter is able to escape language. All textual interpreters are located in a primary way in the presuppositions, meanings, and meaning effects of language. But also no textual analyst is able to escape social reasoning. Every interpretation of language presupposes social meanings and meaning effects, just as every interpretation of social

interaction presupposes rhetorical meanings and meaning effects.

This means a number of things for interpreters. We need to analyze and interpret the ways biblical texts set up their assertions and arguments. The way the texts argue deeply influences the nature of their claims to truth. It is important for us to know the weight of the metaphors and analogies. And with whom did the metaphors, analogies, and strategies of argumentation hold weight? Can we locate the social and cultural environments in which the arguments functioned successfully? Argumentation out of only one kind of social and cultural environment shows us a very limited mode of Christian argumentation and reasoning. It is necessary to juxtapose a number of Christian modes of argumentation and reasoning with one another to begin to get a clear understanding of the inner nature of Christian reasoning.

To pursue this method of interpretation, I have developed a program of analysis for people to use as they approach biblical texts. So far, college students and Ph.D. candidates have written interpretive papers using this program with excellent results. The socio-rhetorical approach serves a number of purposes. One purpose is to create an environment of interpretation that invites conversation rather than simply creates one dominating mode of discourse. This approach invites multiple voices in our texts to speak, at the same time that it invites people today to listen carefully to one another in dialogue. The overall goal here is to find a way for people of highly diverse traditions to use a form of interpretation of their own traditions that enacts an appreciative awareness of people committed to highly different traditions. Still another purpose is to analyze cultures of the body as well as cultures of the mind.[12] In other words, all people communicate consciously and unconsciously with their bodies as well as their minds. For the most part, there has been a significant separation of mind from body in biblical interpretation. Such a separation should be rare in Christian interpretation, since the doctrine of the incarnation speaks directly against it. Nevertheless, both the tradition of Plato's thought and Western versions of Enlightenment have enacted a polarity between the body and the mind[13] that must be overcome in biblical interpretation.

The Inner Texture of Texts

My way of establishing a programmatically new approach to biblical

12. See Björn Krondorfer, *Body and Bible: Interpreting and Experiencing Biblical Narratives* (Philadelphia: Trinity Press International, 1992).

13. See Stephen D. Moore, "Deconstructive Criticism: The Gospel of Mark," in *New Approaches in Biblical Studies*, ed. Janice Capel Anderson and Stephen D. Moore (Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1992), 84-102.

interpretation is to ask interpreters lay, clergy, and scholars to indicate which of four textures of a text they are addressing most rigorously at a particular time. The first arena I have outlined is the inner texture of the text itself. The phrase "inner texture" refers to phenomena like repetition, progression, opening, closure, analogies, giving reasons, disagreeing, contradicting, praising, blaming, accusing, commanding, and the like. There are extensive rhetorical aids for this analysis, both in ancient and modern writings.

Repeated words are very good phenomena with which to begin. Careful analysis of repetition can reveal a kind of inner texture I call "repetitive-progressive texture." This is the kind of texture that results from repetition of words in the context of the progression of the discourse. A display of repeated words in the New Testament versions of the Lord's Prayer looks as follows:

Repetitive-Progressive Texture in the Lord's Prayer

Matt. 6:9				*our*	*heaven*
Matt. 6:9/Luke 11:2	**thy**				
Matt. 6:10/Luke 11:2	**thy**				**kingdom**
Matt. 6:10	*thy*				*heaven*
Matt. 6:11/Luke 11:3		**give**	**us**	**our**	
Matt. 6:12/Luke 11:4		**forgive**	**us**	**our**	
Matt. 6:12/Luke 11:4		**forgive**	**to us**	**we** ourselves	
Matt. 6:13/Luke 11:4			**us**		
Matt. 6:13			*us*		
Matt. 6:13	<u>thine</u>				<u>kingdom</u>

Code:

Both Matthew and Luke: **bold**
Matthew: *italic*
Luke: plain
Scribal additions to Matthew: <u>underline</u>

Repeated words in the Lord's Prayer show a movement from address to God as "thy" to things we want God to do for "us," in the context of which "we" will do things for other people. It is obvious, then, that the Lord's Prayer "progresses" in an orderly manner, and repetition in the text exhibits one of the major aspects of the progression.

A close look at the repetitive-progressive texture of the Lord's Prayer in the context of the archeological layers of its words shows that the expanded prayer amplifies the opening and closure. This calls for special attention to another kind of inner texture I call "opening-middle-closing

texture." The Matthean version reveals an addition of "our" to the opening address to God, which anticipates the "our" and "us" in Matthew 6:11/Luke 11:3 and the following verses. In addition, through expansion the Matthean version creates an opening and closing for the beginning of the prayer: Our father . . . in heaven; Thy will . . . in heaven. The expansion and framing of the opening in the Matthean version removes an abruptness of speech to God before the believers make a request for themselves. In the expanded version the opening evokes a community relationship to God ("our"), identifies God's exalted place "in heaven," praises God's name as holy, welcomes God's rule, and submits willingly to God's will both for heaven and earth. Only then do the believers who say this prayer begin to make specific requests for themselves, which stand in the middle of the prayer. The Matthean version provides closure to the middle portion of the prayer ("Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil") in a manner related to the closure it provides for the opening of the prayer ("Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"). Then the line scribes added at a later time gives appropriate closure by praising God with words that repeat "thy" and "kingdom" which stand in the opening.

The words in the longer versions of the prayer, then, use words in the shorter versions as touchpoints for constructing a majestic opening, middle, and closing for the prayer. The short version, which opens with a one-word address followed by two short statements, moves climactically to "Thy kingdom come" at the end of the opening. Then the prayer moves through a series of requests to its conclusion: give us, forgive us, lead us not, and deliver us. The expanded version embeds the four requests between a more majestic opening that emphasizes "heaven" and a conclusion that provides a rationale for everything that precedes it in the prayer. The expanded version, as a result, has an eloquent flow from beginning to end that is not present in the shorter version. Careful analysis of inner texture in a context of an archeological understanding of the words in the text can allow a reader to see the relation of New Testament texts to one another in a fuller manner. For those who believe that the words in the Bible exhibit God's revelation, a look at the relation of expansion to abbreviation is an "inside view" into the process of revelation itself in the context of history.

The version of the Lord's Prayer in the Book of Mormon establishes a somewhat different emphasis. With the absence of "Thy kingdom come" and "Give us this day our daily bread," the prayer receives even a greater emphasis on "heaven" in the opening followed by a special focus on forgiveness of debts and debtors and on the relation of "we/us" to God in the middle:

Our Father who art in **heaven,**
Hallowed be *thy* name.
Thy will be done
on earth as it is in **heaven.**

And *forgive* ***us*** ***our*** *debts,*
as ***we*** *forgive* ***our*** *debtors.*
And lead ***us*** not into temptation,
but deliver ***us*** from evil.

For *thine* is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen (3 Ne. 13:9-13).

This version of the prayer in the Book of Mormon emphasizes "our," the first word on the lips of the believer, with four succinct, parallel statements in the middle. The balanced and brief form of the middle statements underscores the relation of the believer to God and positions debts and indebtedness at the center of a person's relation to God and other people. In this context the contrast between heaven and earth is even greater than in the Matthean version, since the speaker moves more quickly from the statements about "heaven," "thy name," and "thy will" to "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever" at the end. In other words, abbreviation of the expanded version provides greater focus and emphasis on the believer's special relation to God, to heaven, and to debt and indebtedness.

Analysis of the inner texture of a text, then, exhibits the special nature of the text itself as written and spoken language. As we have seen, shorter and longer versions of a text often create significantly different emphases in meaning and meaning effect. Socio-rhetorical criticism begins with this kind of special focus on the wording of the text itself for the purpose of gaining initial entrance into meanings and meaning effects of the language on its own terms.

The Intertexture of Texts

The second arena of interpretation is intertexture. Intertexture is the interaction of texts, both oral and written, with one another. Many texts existed in the environment where the Lord's Prayer was created and spoken. The Lord's Prayer used words and phrases that occur in these other texts. One body of texts from which New Testament texts use language is found in the Hebrew Bible, the Old Testament. Many New Testament texts interact with Hebrew Bible texts by "reciting" them, for example Luke 4:4, which reads:

Jesus answered him, "It is written, 'Man shall not live by bread

alone.'" This response by Jesus recites Deuteronomy 8:3 verbatim. The effect of this recitation is to bring words from the Hebrew Bible into Jesus' speech. In rhetorical terms the verse has become a "chreia" attributed to Jesus, which means that the verse is now something poignant, memorable, and useful that Jesus said. This, of course, has Christianized the verse. Instead of remembering the words as something Moses said, Christians now remember them as something Jesus said.

The Lord's prayer does not "recite" Hebrew Bible texts. Rather, it puts words from statements and prayers in the Bible and contemporary Jewish literature and worship in a special context, again a context of the speech of Jesus. This is "recontextualization" of words from other written and oral texts.[14] Recontextualization of words in Jewish culture occurs throughout the Lord's Prayer. The end result of the recontextualization is "reconfiguration" of the thought and action the words evoked in other contexts.

Direct address to God as Abba, the Aramaic word for Father, in Mark 14:36, Romans 8:15, and Galatians 4:6 as a prayer statement, suggests that "Father" rather than "our Father" was characteristic of Jesus' early followers and probably derived from Jesus himself. A Jewish text contemporary with Jesus entitled Sirach (Wisdom of Jesus ben Sira) addresses God as Father without either the pronoun "our" or the article "the" (Sirach 23:1; 23:4; 51:10; cf. Wisdom 14:3).[15] Moreover, another contemporary Jewish text says this about the righteous man: "He proclaims the final end of the righteous as blessed and boasts of having God for his father" (Wisdom of Solomon 2:16). Direct address to God as "Father" seems to be especially characteristic of Jews who adopted aspects of Jewish "wisdom" tradition. Other dimensions of these Jewish wisdom texts, as we will see below, also are recontextualized in the Lord's Prayer.

"Hallowed (holy) be Thy name" has a close relation to the opening of the third benediction: Holy art Thou, and awe-inspiring is Thy Name.[16] It has precedents in Isaiah 29:23 and Ezekiel 36:22. This seems not to be characteristic of Jesus' own address to God. The earliest version of the Lord's Prayer available to us, however, shows early Christians including this clause as they opened the prayer.

"Thy kingdom come" contains a distinctive way of referring to "God's rule," namely, as coming. Other Jews of the time referred to the

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14. Vernon K. Robbins, "Oral, Rhetorical, and Literary Cultures: A Response," in *Orality and Textuality in Early Christianity*, ed. Joanna B. Dewey, *Semeia* (Atlanta: Scholars Press, forthcoming).

15. See Hal Taussig, "The Lord's Prayer," *Forum* 4/4 (1988): 32, 36.

16. Jakob Josef Petuchowski and Michael Brocke, eds., *The Lord's Prayer and Jewish Liturgy* (New York: Seabury Press, 1978), 36.

establishment, maintenance, or endurance of God's kingdom, but not its "coming."[17]

"Give us this day our daily bread" adopts an attitude toward God that is best described as a "Jewish cynic" mode of life. Cynics were called by God to go to all people and teach them freedom from desires within themselves and fears from other people and the universe that regularly enslaves them. As they travelled around, they slept outside, using the tunic they wore as a protective blanket, and they lived off of whatever food "came their way" through begging, finding fruit on trees, etc. Jesus appears to have adopted a similar approach to life. The difference was his perception of God, which came from the Jewish traditions into which he was born and raised. It appears that the Lukan "each" day has softened the stark dependence of the believer "this day." The Lukan wording appears to refer to an ongoing relation of the believer to table fellowship "each day" (day to day) in households of believers wherever they travelled.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" was Jesus' way of enacting the beatitude "Blessed are you poor, for yours is the kingdom of God" (Luke 6:20) in the context of the coming of God's kingdom. The sixth benediction opens with: "Forgive us, our Father, for we have sinned against Thee."[18] If it was one of the prayers in the synagogue during the early part of the first century, it has been recontextualized and reconfigured in the Lord's Prayer. In this instance the Lukan wording which juxtaposes "sins" and "debts" appears to be the result of interaction with the sixth benediction that either was being used throughout the first century or had developed sometime during the century.

"And lead us not into a test" is a better translation of the final line in the early form of the Lord's Prayer than "into temptation." This line recontextualizes a topic in Jewish literature contemporary with Jesus. The three verses in Sirach that refer to God as Father without "our" or "the" exhibit the range of issues in the topic of testing[19]:

> Father and master of my life, do not abandon me to their whims, do not let me fall because of them (Sirach 23:1).
>
> Father and God of my life . . . do not leave me a prey to shameless desire (Sirach 23:4).
>
> Do not desert me in the days of ordeal (Sirach 51:10).

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17. Norman Perrin, *Rediscovering the Teaching of Jesus* (New York: Harper & Row, 1967), 57-67.

18. Petuchowsky and Brocke, 36.

19. Taussig, 36.

Testing can occur as the result of the whims of other people, desires within oneself, or circumstances in one's environment (war, persecution, earthquake, drought).

The expansions of the early form of the Lord's prayer recontextualize words both from Hebrew scripture and the benedictions of the Jewish synagogue. Isaiah 63:16 refers twice to God with second person singular "thou" and addresses God as "our father." But the context in Isaiah is not a prayer. During the first century the fifth benediction in "The Eighteen (or Seven or Nine) Benedictions" in the synagogue service begins: "Forgive us, our Father, for we have sinned against you."[20] Scholars are not certain that this was one of the benedictions at the beginning of the first century, but it is part of the Palestinian version that developed during the first two centuries. Its existence calls attention to the expansion of the address in the Lord's Prayer to "our Father." Probably some early followers of Jesus, who continued to worship in synagogues until a decade or more after the destruction of the Jerusalem temple in 70 A.D., added the pronoun to evoke a more respectful form of address to God.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" has an interesting relation to another contemporary Jewish text:

> But as his will in heaven may be, so he will do (1 Macc. 3:60).

In Christian circles, this sentiment appears in a prayer chreia attributed to Jesus:

> Abba, Father, all things are possible to thee;
> remove this cup from me;
> yet not my will, but Thy will be done (Mark 14:36).

The presence of this chreia in the Gospel of Mark appears to have influenced the Matthean version of the Lord's Prayer. This addition provided a balanced beginning and ending for the opening of the prayer, and it placed "Thy kingdom come" emphatically in the center of it, as mentioned in the previous section.

"But deliver us from evil (or "the evil one")" appears to be an addition of a parallel line characteristic of Jewish poetic speech. It repeats the last line of the early form of the prayer in a form that gives poetic closure to the prayer.

The doxology that was added by a scribe to the Matthean version (and finally to the Lukan version) probably recontextualizes a well-known doxology from scripture:

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20. Petuchowski and Brocke, 55.

> Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty . . . Thine is the kingdom, O Lord (1 Chron. 29:11).

The New Testament versions of the Lord's Prayer, then, exhibit a deep intertextual relation to Hebrew Bible texts and prayer texts being used in the synagogue during the first century. We will pursue some of the implications of this use of language below.

In the context of the thick intertextual relation of the New Testament versions of the Lord's Prayer to first-century Jewish and Christian texts, the absence of two clauses in the version of the Lord's Prayer in the Book of Mormon attracts special interest. The first clause absent from the prayer is "Thy kingdom come." In a quick survey of the concordance to the Book of Mormon, Krister Stendahl found "no single passage where the terms 'kingdom of God,' 'kingdom of heaven,' or 'kingdom' are used in the typical synoptic way of 'the coming of the kingdom.'"[21] The reason, he suggested, is that a distinction between the kingdom of God as present and the kingdom of heaven as future does not significantly inform "the kingdom-language of the Book of Mormon."[22] Using section 65 of the Doctrine and Covenants as his guide, Stendahl suggests that the sacred texts of Latter-day Saints presuppose that "the kingdom of God . . . is already established on earth," that its mission is "going forth upon the earth," and that "the kingdom of heaven is the consummation and is to come."[23] Stendahl's analysis of the intertexture between the Book of Mormon and section 65 of the Doctrine and Covenants, then, suggests a nineteenth-century presupposition that the kingdom of God had already come on earth. This presupposition would make it natural to omit the clause "Thy kingdom come" from the Lord's Prayer.

Stendahl found it harder to explain the omission of "Give us this day our daily bread." We will make some suggestions in the sections that follow. For the present let us simply observe that the intertexture of a sacred text with other texts contemporary with it brings additional meanings and meaning effects to the language in the text. Some literary critics would argue that these additional meanings derive from "outside" the text under investigation. But we must be very careful about such a polarity between what is "inside" and "outside" of a text. Since all interpreters are "outside" of texts, every observation about something inside a text has some kind of "outside" location. Analysis of "inner texture" is guided by an outside system of understanding about texts that draws at-

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21. Krister Stendahl, "The Sermon on the Mount and Third Nephi in the Book of Mormon," in Krister Stendahl, *Meanings: The Bible as Document and as Guide* (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1984), 106-107.

22. Ibid., 107.

23. Ibid.

tention to certain aspects of language rather than others. Analysis of intertexture, in contrast, is guided by an outside system of understanding about texts that are important to bring into an environment of comparative analysis. Historical critics regularly have drawn strict boundaries of "canon" and "near canon" for interpreting biblical texts. These boundaries have excluded the Quran and the Book of Mormon from comparative analysis, even though both of these bodies of literature have been deeply influenced by biblical text. Socio-rhetorical criticism extends the boundaries of canon and near canon for interpretation of biblical literature. It is time to analyze the intertexture of biblical texts not only in relation to select Jewish and Christian traditions one would like to be dominant but also in relation to Jewish, Christian, Muslim, and other traditions among whom we must learn to live in an affirming manner during the third millenium of the Western calendar.

The Social and Cultural Texture of Texts

The third arena calls for exploration of the social and cultural texture of the text. Here the interpreter analyzes three subarenas: (a) social response to the world, (b) social systems and institutions, and (c) cultural alliances and conflicts.

Bryan Wilson's typology of sects provides a good beginning place for analyzing the social response to the world in the discourse.[24] Wilson's typology contains six kinds of social responses: conversionist, thaumaturgical, gnostic, utopian, revolutionist, and reformist. Most religious discourse interrelates two or three kinds of social response to one another, creating a configuration distinctive to itself.

The New Testament versions of the Lord's Prayer feature at the center a thaumaturgical response to the world. In the context of threats to well-being, the believer petitions God for special attention, not only including forgiveness but also daily bread and exemption from natural, human, and personal afflictions and testings. The discourse presupposes that it is possible for people to experience the extraordinary effect of the supernatural on their lives. It defines believers in relation to wider society by affirming that normal reality and causation can be suspended for the benefit of special and personal dispensations.[25]

The thaumaturgical response in the Lord's Prayer is not intensely focused on the individual, however, but is moderated at the outset by a revolutionist view. A revolutionist response to the world presupposes that

24. Bryan Wilson, "A Typology of Sects," in *Sociology of Religion*, ed. Roland Robertson (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1969), 361-83.

25. Vernon K. Robbins, "Interpreting Miracle Culture and Parable Culture in Mark 4-11," *Svensk Exegetisk Årsbok* 59 (1994): 59-82.

the world is so bad that someone has to change it, either God or God's people as the agents of God's work. In the opening of the prayer the believer prays for God's rule to come to change the world. The point of view is that God's presence in the world is not a threat, since it is the enemies of God who will suffer when God approaches. The believer expresses confidence in being an associate of God's action as he or she requests God's rule to present itself in full force.

The revolutionist response, in turn, is moderated by a conversionist response. Conversionist discourse, like revolutionist discourse, considers the outside world to be corrupted. But the basis of its corruption is evil within humans. If people can be changed, then the world will be changed. The Lord's Prayer sounds a conversionist response as the believer promises to forgive his or her debtors in the context of God's forgiveness of the one who prays. The conversionist dimension of the prayer is amplified in the expanded version, as the believers emphasize submission of their will to God, God's place in heaven versus theirs on earth, the desire to be delivered from all evil, and the willingness to praise God's kingdom, power, and glory forever.

A distinctive configuration of thaumaturgical, revolutionist, and conversionist response to the world, then, characterizes the Lord's Prayer.[26] The prayer does not adopt a singular focus that creates an obsession with miracle, destruction of the present world, or focus entirely on the inner spirit of people. The request is for God to be active in a manner that nurtures people's bodies as well as their minds, eradicates evil and oppression by renewing the world, and works symbiotically with humans who offer the resources of their own lives and spirits to others.

As mentioned in the section above, the version of the Lord's Prayer in the Book of Mormon appears to presuppose that God's kingdom has already come on earth. This places special responsibility on believers for the "going forth" of the kingdom on the earth. In social terms this means a removal of "revolutionist" response in the prayer. In its place stands a "utopian" response to the world. The goal of the believer is to change the entire social system on earth to one that is benevolent and peaceful.[27] This utopian response works symbiotically with a "conversionist" response to the world, an optimism that if everyone in the world would have a change of heart, evil itself would be eradicated from the world. This confidence, in turn, pushes the "thaumaturgical" response, which is at the center of the New Testament versions, far into the background. The believer's responsibility is not simply to rely on God's special dispensations from day to day. The spectacular, special dispensations have already

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26. James A. Wilde, "The Social World of Mark's Gospel: A Word about Method," in *Society of Biblical Literature 1978 Seminar Papers. Volume II* (Missoula: Scholars Press, 1978), 47-67.

27. See Robbins, "Interpreting Miracle Culture."

occurred in the past. Now it is the believer's responsibility to live in God's kingdom frugally and benevolently. The blessings of God are already here if believers will simply claim them and live responsibly with them.

The central place of utopian and conversionist responses to the world in the Book of Mormon version of the Lord's Prayer, then, overrides the revolutionist and thaumaturgical social response at the center of the New Testament versions. This, I suggest, is the context for the omission of "Give us this day our daily bread." The social dynamics of the Book of Mormon suggest that one's daily bread is near at hand if one lives responsibly in God's world to claim it by earning it. One should not depend on God's "miraculous intervention" for one's daily bread. Rather, a change of heart linked with a commitment to an alterative social system lies at the center of this version of the prayer.

Another way to probe the social texture of the Lord's Prayer is to analyze its participation in social systems and institutions. Perhaps the most noticeable system, articulated in the first word of the early form of the prayer, is the patronage system of the Mediterranean world. The usual result of a client's approach to a patron in the manner expressed in the Lord's Prayer is a contract that defines the terms of the relationship. It is rare for a client to approach a patron for any other reason than to request some kind of goods or service. To receive these benefits, the client offers a positive challenge to the patron in terms of one or more requests. Since the patron's identity is embedded in the benefits he is able to offer, he readily provides goods and services to clients whom he perceives will respond in appropriate ways. Since the client is in no way equal to the patron, there is no pretense to equality in the manner in which the client reciprocates to the patron. The client is not able to give the same kind of goods and services. But the client can give to the patron one of the most highly prized gifts in Mediterranean society—honor. The addition of the doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer amplifies the honor it bestows on the divine patron God. The Matthean version had already moved in this direction, however, with its respectful address of God as "our" Father, its reference to God's location in heaven, and its open declaration of submission to God's will. But if the expanded version clearly bestows honor on God, the heavenly patron, in what way does the early version bestow honor?

The early version bestows honor, first, by evoking a social system of purity with the statement "Holy be Your name." With this statement the believer evokes a boundary that sets the name of the patron apart from all other names. Honor is deeply embedded in a name. The name of Caesar calls forth power and glory; the name of God calls forth holiness that sets it apart from all earthly power and glory. Thus, through a purity sys-

tem that sets some things apart from others as "holy," the early version bestows honor on the name of God. Second, the early version bestows honor by inviting the rule of God as king. Submission to the will of God as king is already implicit in "let Thy kingdom come"; the expansion of this statement with "let Thy will be done" simply makes explicit something that was implicit in the early version of the prayer. In addition, the requests to give bread, forgive, and lead not into testing bestow honor through recognition that the patron has these services to offer. The early version of the prayer, then, is already embedded in a social system of honor, and it bestows honor on the patron in a special way by evoking a purity system that sets God's name apart as holy.

Analysis of the Lord's Prayer can move yet a step further by exploring the nature of cultural alliances and conflict in its discourse. There are four basic kinds of culture: dominant, subculture, counterculture, and contraculture.[28] A study published by Joseph Heinemann made the following assertion about the Lord's Prayer: "It is clear beyond all doubt that those words of Jesus are directed against the prayer of the synagogue, and against fixed, statutory public prayer in general. In its place, he prefers a simple prayer conforming to the tradition of popular private prayer."[29] If Heinemann's statement is accurate, the Lord's Prayer contains contracultural discourse. Contraculture discourse is a reaction against a dominant culture, subculture, or counterculture. Scholars may differ whether the activities in Jewish synagogues represented dominant culture in Galilee or a subculture or counterculture in the eastern Roman empire during the early part of the first century. If, however, the Lord's Prayer was pitted against prayer practice in the synagogue, it would be functioning contraculturally in relation to it. The nature of contraculture discourse is to invert values of the culture to which it is reacting, and Heinemann's statement proposes that the prayer inverts the importance of public and private prayer.

It is good, however, to press the issue a bit further. Believers who use contracultural discourse have "more negative than positive ideas in common."[30] If the Lord's Prayer functioned contraculturally, it was deeply embedded in Jewish culture, presupposing its major values but inverting certain behaviors to differentiate the believers who spoke it from others

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28. See Vernon K. Robbins, "Rhetoric and Culture: Exploring Types of Cultural Rhetoric in a Text," in *Rhetoric and the New Testament: Essays from the 1992 Heidelberg Conference*, ed. Stanley E. Porter and Thomas H. Olbricht (Sheffield: Sheffield Academic Press, 1993), 447-67.

29. Joseph Heinemann, "The Background of Jesus' Prayer in the Jewish Liturgical Tradition," in Petuchowski and Brocke, 89.

30. Keith A. Roberts, "Toward a Generic Concept of Counter-Culture," *Sociological Focus* 11 (1978): 124, citing Margarite Bouvard, *The Intentional Community Movement: Building a New Moral World* (Port Washington, NY: Kennikat, 1975), 119.

in the synagogue. Most of the beliefs would be shared in common among all participants, but the believers who said this prayer would be distinguishing themselves by inverting some of their behaviors.

An alternative would be that the prayer functioned subculturally. A subculture attempts to fulfill truly or fully the central values of the culture in which it is embedded. In this instance the function of the prayer would be positive—it would express a way of fulfilling the values of the synagogue more authentically than other synagogue participants actually fulfill them. The expanded version of the Lord's Prayer, especially when the doxology is added, moves the prayer decidedly toward subcultural discourse. In the expanded form the prayer addresses God with the respect of other Jews, declares the holiness of God's name, and the believers as a community express full submission to God's rule and will. The subcultural nature of the discourse manifests itself not only in the distinctive manner in which these believers refer to God's kingdom "coming," but also in their confidence that God will bestow forgiveness on believers in response to their offering of forgiveness of the debts other people owe them. This statement would imply that God's grace enables them to actually do works of righteousness in a context where believers in the dominant culture say these things but do not actually do them (Matt 23:3).

Still another alternative would be for the Lord's Prayer to function counterculturally. A counterculture is "concerned with the rejection of explicit and mutable characteristics of a culture" with which it has a deep relation. A counterculture is an alternative miniculture which is "interested in creating a better society, but not by legislative reform or by violent opposition to the dominant culture." The theory of reform is to provide an alternative and to "hope that the dominant society will 'see the light' and adopt a more 'humanistic' way of life."[31] Moreover, a counterculture "sustains itself over more than one generation, making provisions for both sexes and a wide range of age groups, influencing people over their entire life span, and developing appropriate institutions to sustain the group in relative self-sufficiency" (at least twenty-five years).[32]

Perhaps the seeds of countercultural discourse reside especially in the Lukan version of the Lord's Prayer. The prayer in this form is distinctive. It addresses God directly as "Father" without the pronoun "our" or the phrase of honor "who art in heaven." With the brief opening "Father, hallowed by thy name, thy kingdom come," the prayer embeds a recognition of God's holiness in a context characterized by the distinctive address of Jesus directly to God as "Abba" and Jesus' distinctive reference to God's kingdom as "coming." In the context of this distinctiveness the

31. Roberts, 112, quoting Milton M. Gordon, "The Subsociety and the Subculture," in *Subcultures*, ed. D. Arnold (Berkeley, CA: Glendessary Press, 1970), 155.

32. Roberts, 113.

prayer petitions bread throughout one's lifetime ("each" day) and articulates a spiritual understanding that God forgives "sins" as the context for their action of forgiving people their indebtedness concerning material goods. Herein, then, lies the makings of a counterculture: distinctive discourse supported by distinctive reasonings that can draw its own boundaries within any culture from generation to generation.

I suggest that the version of the Lord's Prayer in the Book of Mormon continues the countercultural tradition. In the context of the early nineteenth century the revelation to Joseph Smith nurtured a system of behavior that his followers considered to be a significant alternative to behavior in the dominant culture. The emphasis on the "revelational" quality of the texts that guided believers introduces a third social response alongside the utopian and conversionist orientations, what Wilson calls a gnostic, manipulationist response. In Wilson's typology a gnostic, manipulationist response is based on special revelation that shows a person how to live successfully in the world, how to "manipulate" one's life successfully. According to this perspective, the version of the Lord's Prayer in the Book of Mormon is a portion of special revelation from God designed to aid the believer in living successfully in the world. Special tasks of the believer, according to this revelation, reside in the responsibility for the "going forth" of the kingdom on earth.

The Ideological Texture of Texts

A fourth arena of texture is ideological. Ideology is "an integrated system of beliefs, assumptions and values, not necessarily true or false, which reflects the needs and interests of a group or class at a particular time in history."[33] This integrated system proceeds from the need to understand, to interpret to self and others, to justify, and to control one's place in the world. Ideologies are shaped by specific views of reality shared by groups—specific perspectives on the world, society, and humanity, and on the limitations and potentialities of human existence.[34]

A special aspect of ideology in our present world concerns the relation of individuals to groups. This leads to a spectrum as follows:

(a) private, individual orientation;
(b) small group orientation;

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33. David Brion Davis, *The Problem of Slavery in the Age of Revolution, 1770-1823* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1975), 14.

34. John H. Elliott, *A Home for the Homeless: A Sociological Exegesis of 1 Peter, Its Situation and Strategy* (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1981; rpt. pap. ed., with new introduction; subtitle changed to *A Social Scientific Criticism of I Peter, Its Situation and Strategy,* Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1990), 268.

(c) orientation toward a local institution;
(d) orientation toward a historic tradition;
(e) orientation toward multiple historic traditions throughout the world.

Most interpreters presuppose that Christians should think of their relation to God in terms of submission to a patron deity—an intimate, personal Godfather. Interpreters regularly consider it unthinkable that God should be perceived in any other than "fatherly" terms, because the evidence is so strong that Jesus himself addressed God with the special term "Abba." Dominant interpretation, then, advances an ideology that the transcendent deity of Christians should be perceived through masculine imagery associated with fathers.

The text itself exhibits a dynamic of change as it functioned in different contexts, and different ideological nuances accompany the differences in form. The earliest version may advance the interests of followers of Jesus who want to continue to participate in Jewish synagogue worship but want a distinctive identity as they do so. These believers invert the value placed on synagogue prayer by saying a "private" prayer even when they are in the synagogue, and they let the rest of the participants in the synagogue know that they say this prayer when they are alone as well as when they are together with others. This would enact a "small group" ideology with a tendency toward individualism.

The Matthean version, in contrast, may advance the interests of followers of Jesus who want to be understood as a special "group" within God's covenant who fulfills God's righteousness better than any other believers in the God of Israel. Their discourse is distinctive, but its special emphases are embedded in speech that is every bit as respectful to God as the speech of other Jews. Addressing God as "Our father who art in heaven" and expanding other parts of the prayer, then, advances the interests of followers of Jesus who present themselves as the "truly authentic" members of God's covenant and define others in the context as people who say many of the same things but do not really enact the values they proclaim. This version represents a small group ideology moving toward ideology focused on a local institution.

The Lukan version may contain yet a different ideological orientation. Believers who want to be understood as specially chosen to carry out the promises of the God of Israel, as people who are given a new spirit and new language to carry God's message to all people, maintain a version of the prayer that does not accommodate traditional forms of speech in the synagogue. They say a prayer that opens with a distinctively intimate address to God and special interest in God's kingdom, they express confidence that God's blessings will sustain them from gen-

eration to generation as they go into all the world, and they seek forgiveness of their sins as they engage in loving acts to those in the communities in which they live. This version is part of an orientation toward a tradition with local representation throughout the Mediterranean world.

The version in the Book of Mormon combines the local orientation of Matthean ideology with the orientation toward tradition in Luke and Acts. Individual reward is based on responsible action toward community and tradition. One's own self-interests are best served through praise and submission to God and a willingness to forgive and to accept forgiveness.

The focus on God as father in all the versions raises significant ideological and theological issues. Is there an ideological texture here that presupposes that the fullest expressions of God's deity and grace are manifested in masculine imagery? Theologically, everyone knows that human language is extremely limited in its ability to articulate the unlimited nature of God's being and action. Will this text be used theologically to limit human language to masculine terms to describe God's power within all of creation to nurture life, to redeem and inspire people to loving action, and to create special environments where people escape the worst testings and afflictions of the world? Or do the creative, sustaining, and redeeming energies of God transcend either male or female categories? If so, how can this occur?

Christian community throughout the world is constituted by individuals and groups located in hundreds of different environments within God's creation. Certain groups and communities will want a strong male God to protect, nurture, and save them. Other groups perceive God to be a creator, nurturer, and redeemer who transcends male qualities and embodies female lifegiving powers that are merciful, nurturing, and sustaining. Will this prayer be used to limit the perceptions of God to male images? Will it be used to limit the clergy to males? Will words attributed to Jesus be used to force people to think of God in ways that exclude female images? Scripture itself uses female images to describe God's action, and Jesus speaks of Wisdom (a female principle) as working among God's people. Dialogue is built into the written text itself, and humans regularly enter this dialogue to seek God's will. But we do not only open the text; we close it off with our decisions about what it means. We have no choice but to work with meanings; this is the only way humans can think. But every human meaning is far removed from the incomprehensible purposes of the divine. For this reason, the dialogue will always continue. For whenever we think we know the final word, there is another statement within the text itself that challenges our limited understanding of God's ways and will for the world.

Conclusion

The Lord's Prayer comes to us as a dynamic biblical text. Embedded in its discourse are the seeds of subcultural, counter-cultural, and contracultural Christianity. Socio-rhetorical analysis asks us to investigate biblical texts in their dynamic contexts, dialoguing with them to explore the presuppositions in our texts as well as in our own bodies and minds. The goal of socio-rhetorical criticism is to move beyond unexamined positions of political domination into a mode of interaction that invites people into cooperative research, dialogue, conversation, and interpretation. We need methods that encourage teamwork and that inspire people to bring their presuppositions out into the open as much as possible to put them on the table, so to speak, as they work together. Socio-rhetorical criticism is an attempt to establish a framework for those who would like to try a more programmatic approach to this kind of biblical scholarship and interpretation.

Terry Tempest Williams's *Refuge*: Sentimentality and Separation

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FOR SEVERAL MONTHS I HAD BEEN HEARING about *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*, by Terry Tempest Williams (New York: Vintage, 1992). Colleagues had heard her speak at the Port Townsend Writer's Conference in Washington two summers ago where a mostly non-Mormon audience gave her a standing ovation. After listening to her relate several unconventional religious practices, my LDS friends offered more cautious praise but were now interested in reading the book. I bought it myself during a Christmas shopping spree, delighted at the smooth-covered paperback's burnished appearance, resolving to savor it over vacation. Soon after this purchase my January 1993 issue of *Outside* magazine arrived containing an extensive article on *Refuge* and cancer by David Quammen, a journalist I have come to respect for his ability to write about science with humor and lucidity.[1] Now I *knew* I would like the book. But Neal Kramer, a friend aware of my own father's recent and unexpected death, cautioned me that *Refuge* might be painful reading. Still, by now there was no going back; I had to be "in the Mormon know."

Unfortunately, Williams's book disappointed me. Perhaps my expectations had been too high. Perhaps—I feared—I was not sophisticated enough, nor environmentally concerned enough, to appreciate all the rising and falling of the Great Salt Lake with its accompanying destruction. Yet even though Williams's and her mother's relationship proved worthwhile reading—and rather than recall fresh memories of my father's passing, it taught me compassion toward my own mother's struggle watching *her* mother's slow death in a nursing home—I also have to be honest and admit that the story did not keep me reading all night as it ap-

1. David Quammen, "Palpating the Tumor: Cancer and Family, in Utah and Beyond," *Outside*, Jan. 1993, 29-33.

parently had others such as my bird-watching colleague Don Hunter.[2] Unlike him, I could easily put the book down, especially when Williams shifts from family saga to environmental didactics,[3] which, added to Williams's periodically sentimental relationship with nature, detracts from the story's effectiveness for me. In addition, her occasional but pointed jabs at Mormonism strain the carefully spun web of family and community ties that, as a feminist, Williams explicitly values and records. This strain results from what I believe is Williams's attempt both to promote and violate affiliations.

These negative reactions to Williams's text have made me feel guilty. How could I not entirely like a book about which such a large audience raved? After all, I too feel indignant at nuclear testing and the U.S. government victimizing individual American families for the state's good.[4] In addition, having grown up a native of Jackson Hole, Wyoming, at the foot of the Grand Teton mountains (which Williams herself visits in the book), I cherish the outdoors and share Williams's keen interest in preserving "refuges." However, I also admit that my father was a redneck, anti-environmentalist fisherman, who taught me sympathies for interacting with the land in ways different from Williams and other "à la naturals," as my mother warmly refers to them. Besides these environmental kinships, I relate to Williams as a Mormon feminist, who like her often feels disgruntled by *implicit* messages about women's subordinate position in the church and the general membership's limited opportunities to question its patriarchy—a tertiary, although obvious agenda in Williams's text about which few reviewers fail to mention.[5] Thus, my dissatisfaction with *Refuge* results not so much from her desire to respect and protect vital ecosystems, to critique Mormonism, or even to celebrate women's relationships and their natural affinity for Mother Earth. Rather,

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2. From Helen Cannon's review for *Dialogue*, she says her friends "swear it's an 'all nighter,' impossible to leave" (172). See Helen B. Cannon, "Unnatural History," a review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*, by Terry Tempest Williams, *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 25 (Summer 1992): 171-75.

3. See where Williams, through a Kenyan woman's dialogue, reiterates the cliché that "we have forgotten our kinship with the land" (137), or even more overtly when she decries the destruction of wetlands: "Conservation laws are only as strong as the people who support them. We look away and they are in danger of being overturned, compromised, and weakened" (265).

4. Williams's story reminds me of Yoshiko Uchida's 1982 autobiography, *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese-American Family* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1982), which describes the U.S. government's unwarranted internment of Japanese Americans during World War II in ten different sites like the Sevier Desert camp—euphemistically known then as the Central Utah Relocation Center—located near Delta, Utah, where Uchida and her family spent time.

5. Six of the nine reviews I read noted Williams's religious defiance in one form or another.

my dissatisfaction results partly from Williams's occasional sentimentality and largely from her portrayal of Mormons, especially Mormon women, who generally come off as passive, frequently mindless victims who fulfill the public's stereotyped notions about them and contrasts markedly from the often feisty, energetic women I find in my ward.

Before I argue these exceptions to *Refuge's* success, however, I would like briefly to summarize several early book reviews, since my original hesitancies about whole-hearted praise lead me to read what other critics thought. Of the nine reviews I found, only one reviewer ventured to criticize Williams's book in any forceful way. Margaret B. Guthrie of *The New York Times* felt that Williams "deserves the highest marks for her description of her mother's death." However, said Guthrie, "Her questioning of her Mormon faith is not smoothly interwoven with the other two themes of *Refuge,* and interrupts the narrative flow. Most disruptive of all," continues Guthrie, "is the discussion of the atmospheric nuclear weapons testing in Nevada" which "Come[s] without any foreshadowing . . . mak[ing] for a contrived ending."[6] Another criticism, in *The Women's Review of Books,* addressed Williams's "bimodal narrative" that, according to Marilyn R. Chandler, "sometimes seems forced and interruptive." However, Chandler pulls back from complete censure by asserting that "the points of contact between the two chronicles of loss reflect something essential about Williams's own habits of mind."[7] Similarly, Charles E. Little's review in *Wilderness* contended that "Because of its numerous topics and themes" a typical editor at a New York publishing house might say that this book lacks focus—or at least that it essays too much. And that would be true. But the editor for this book was not so typical, wrote Little, since this editor "find[s] . . . something deeper that could make the literary flaws of this very human, very moving volume seem almost trivial."[8]

After reading these nine early reviews, I sensed a reluctance on anyone's part to take issue with much more than the fragmented scope of Williams's book. As my friend Karin Anderson England has observed, maybe we *all* feel guilty for criticizing experiences portrayed so personally that negative scrutiny might appear an attack on Williams herself. The one final guarded criticism I uncovered from Helen B. Cannon's review in *Dialogue* added that "Only a few things mar the book's near perfection, and," says Cannon—notice this guilt—"I feel crotchety and schoolmarmish and out of linguistic fashion to mention them." But she

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6. Margaret B. Guthrie, "In Short," a review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place,* by Terry Tempest Williams, *New York Times,* 19 Jan. 1992, 18.

7. Marilyn R. Chandler, "Unnatural Disasters," a review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place,* by Terry Tempest Williams, *The Women's Review of Books* 9 (1992): 10.

8. Charles E. Little, "Books for the Wilderness," a review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place,* by Terry Tempest Williams, *Wilderness* 55 (1991): 34.

kindly assured us, "I do so because I think Williams deserves more careful editing." Cannon then details significant misspellings and other grammatical errors published in the final text, claiming that such "Little things do matter," because for this reviewer they are "like pimples on a beautiful face."[9]

A few cautious evaluations like these comforted me, but most reviewers raved: from the *Washington Post*, "a heroic book"[10]; from *Publishers Weekly*, "a moving account of personal loss and renewal"[11]; from *Kirkus Reviews*, "Williams's evocations of the austere beauty of the Utah desert, the Great Salt Lake, and their wildlife . . . offer great rewards"[12]; and finally from the *Association for Mormon Letters*'s own *Newsletter*, "Terry Tempest Williams knocked me down."[13] Obviously such widespread attention and praise attests to the book's merit, which I grant. Nevertheless, I still disagree with reviewers like Helen Cannon who asserts that *Refuge* displays, "No tricks. No sentimentalizing. No histrionics,"[14] or Charles E. Little who claims the book exhibits "impressive honesty, an absence of the pretense one often finds in 'nature' writing."[15] Too many affected passages prove otherwise.

In autobiography sentimentality may result when a writer indulges in excesses of emotion or appears pretentious. A rhetorical strategy writers employ for avoiding such affectation is merely to present life, allowing readers to draw conclusions free from effusive, abstract narrative commentary. Show more, tell less, even in extended personal essays like *Refuge*. As an autobiographer, Williams successfully avoids sentimentalizing her experiences surrounding the Great Salt Lake when she maintains objectivity *without* compromising her emotional connection to nature earned through long, thoughtful hours of observation on the bird refuge. For instance, when Williams ritually washes the dead swan and then later prepares her own mother's lifeless body for burial, readers are moved. The two portrayals communicate profound sincerity. Williams describes "smoothing feathers," "lift[ing] both wings," "untangling the long neck," and "wash[ing] the swan's black bill and feet until they shone like patent leather" (121). Similarly, when Williams artfully teaches us about nature in passages such as the first, describing the Great Salt

9. Cannon, 175.

10. Grace Lichtenstein, "Consolations of Nature," *Washington Post*, 21 Sept. 1991, 6.

11. Review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*, by Terry Tempest Williams, *Publishers Weekly* 238 (1991), 39:73.

12. Review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*, by Terry Tempest Williams, *Kirkus Reviews* 59 (1991), 16:1078.

13. Shauna Eddy, Review of *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*, by Terry Tempest Williams, *Association for Mormon Letters Newsletter* 16 (1992): 1-2.

14. Cannon, 171.

15. Little, 34.

Lake as like a dinner plate rather than a cup (6), or later in the book when she relates the fascinating story of hunter-gatherers' grasshopper cuisine at Lakeside Cave through her dialogue with archeologist David Madsen (181-83). In these cases our understanding and enjoyment of nature are deepened.

However, as soon as Williams adopts a "New Age" voice, she slips from sincerity to gushing theatrics that excessively romanticize her relationship to nature, endangering her of committing John Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy." According to Ruskin, writers commit this flaw when the "ordinary, proper, and true appearances of things"—especially "external things" in nature—are marred by "'extraordinary' or false appearances . . . under the influence of emotion, or contemplative fancy."[16] An example of the pathetic fallacy from *Refuge* occurs when Williams declares, "All of life drums and beats, at once, sustaining a rhythm audible only to the spirit. I can drum my heartbeat back into the Earth, beating, hearts beating, my hands on the Earth—like a ruffled grouse on a log, beating, hearts beating—like a bittern in the marsh, beating, hearts beating. My hands on the Earth beating, hearts beating. I drum back my return" (85). For me, such purple patches conjure up images of hanging wooden beads and exotic tapered incense sold at environmentally-correct music stores by grey-bearded men. Williams's story most frequently threatens such pretense when she affects extraordinary affiliation with birds or other animals, and when she indulges in mere listing that feels forced or clichéd rather than meaningful presentation of her Utah experience. Consider Williams's description of the sand dunes: "they are female," she muses,

> Sensuous curves—the small of a woman's back. Breasts. Buttocks. Hips and pelvis. They are the natural shapes of Earth. Let me lie naked and disappear. Crypsis.
>
> The wind rolls over me. Particles of sand skitter across my skin, fill my ears and nose. I am aware only of breathing. The workings of my lungs are amplified. The wind picks up. I hold my breath. It massages me. A raven lands inches away. I exhale. The raven flies (109).

Some may view Williams's phrasing in this passage as poetic, but I am more inclined to view her erotic relationship with earth and wind—wanting to "lie naked and disappear," the wind "massaging" her inhaling and exhaling body—as self-indulgent. Such detracting passages only occur in *Refuge* when Williams stops educating and starts emoting. Another brief example: "I shall curl up in the grasses like a bedded animal and dream. Marsh music. Red-wing blackbirds. Yellow-headed blackbirds. Song

16. John D. Rosenberg, ed., *The Genius of John Ruskin: Selections from His Writings* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1963), 64.

sparrows. Barn swallows snapping mosquitoes on the wing. Herons traversing the sky" (150). Most outdoor enthusiasts could document their forays into the wilderness with this little style, but numerous other passages prove Williams is capable of better, and I for one am glad they exist.

My second criticism of the book is more important and probably more controversial. It is also where, as a Mormon feminist who wants badly to be fully supportive of Williams's feminist causes, I find myself conflicted.

Terry Tempest Williams's "unnatural history of family and place" is obviously a woman's text. In fact, *Refuge's* most appealing aspect is the pulse of its woman-centered heart. Williams repeatedly addresses feminist concerns for respecting Mother Earth; she emphasizes the collaborative efforts and bonds among family, friends, colleagues, and community to produce this story; and she apparently feels equally bonded to place—namely, the bird refuge and Utah, home of Mormonism. This connection to LDS people becomes problematic, however, because Williams's oversights and generalizations about her religious community, especially in regards to women, threaten to break the cords she so lovingly depicts. Several instances demonstrate that Williams values her affiliation with LDS women, but she also purposely ensures that readers know she is not very much like the majority of them. For instance, during her mother's illness the Tempest family benefits from Mormon women's domestic output: homemade custard from a neighbor and later dinner from the Relief Society (163). For this care Williams expresses gratitude, but she has also already mocked the 1960s Mormon women who produced glass grapes, "a symbol of craft adeptness," which, claims Williams, is "an important tenet of Mormonism" (48).

Although I do not want to appear humorless or self-satisfied since I too have indulged in humor at Mormon women's expense, I must point out that no matter how many Relief Society members actually enjoy making crafts few, if any, are shallow enough to view craft production as "important tenets" of their faith. Moreover, enough women have complained about such activities at homemaking meetings to alter the program so that rather than focus their energies on cranking out kitsch, Mormon women generally mean to come teach each other gospel doctrines, provide service for their wards and communities, and develop supportive friendships. Yet Williams conveniently leaves this information out, evidently preferring to generalize Relief Society members—at least in this instance—as superficial women with poor aesthetic taste. Although there may be some truth to Williams's characterization, it nevertheless slights the very women with whom Williams claims such close ties, presenting them in a narrow, pejorative profile. Thus, in this case and several others I will cite, rather than guide Mormon women to greater spirituality, Wil-

liams alienates a significant portion of them. Ultimately, straining connections to her community and readership seems undesirable—not to mention alien to the feminist ideals Williams's text espouses, especially when set in the context of women's autobiographical tradition where exploration and celebration of affiliations usually reveal the female autobiographer's identity.

Mary G. Mason's essay "The Other Voice: Autobiographies of Women Writers" examines four prototypical female autobiographies—Dame Julian of Norwich's *Revelations or Showings, The Book of Margery Kempe,* Margaret Cavendish's *True Relation,* and Anne Bradstreet's "To My Dear Children"—concluding that "the self discovery of female identity seems to acknowledge the real presence and recognition of another consciousness" and the disclosure of female self is linked to the identification of some "other."[17] Obviously, Williams's main "other" is her dying mother, but she depicts relationships with "other" women too. Mason explains that women's "recognition of another consciousness . . . this grounding of identity through relation to the chosen other seems . . . to enable women to write openly about themselves."[18] Certainly the conversations Williams recreates among her mother, her grandmother Mimi, and friends—even publishing letters between them as part of her text—demonstrates this phenomenon of revealing oneself through connections. And "because women tend 'toward involvement' with others 'as opposed to separation,'" says Ann Walters, "they are accordingly 'more likely to explore the self in relation to others' in their autobiographical acts."[19] Finally, Carol Holly's discussion of "Nineteenth-Century Autobiographies of Affiliation" builds on Estelle Jelinek's work in *The Tradition of Women's Autobiography* by demonstrating that nineteenth-century female autobiographies like Catharine Maria Sedgwick's *Recollections* and Lucy Larcom's *A New England Girlhood* demonstrate how identity for these women was available through "affiliation" rather than "achievement."[20]

Like other women autobiographers, Williams follows the female practice of revealing her own life in relation to family and community. In fact, Williams's celebration of relationships seems boundless. She hazards to include those sometimes sentimental but also endearing letters among women because, she says, when "Once opened, a connection is made. We are not alone in the world" (84); she thanks her extended family for their

17. In James Olney, ed., *Autobiography: Essays Theoretical and Critical* (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1980), 210.

18. Ibid.

19. In Paul John Eakin, ed., *American Autobiography: Retrospect and Prospect* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1991), 226.

20. In ibid., 219.

"web of concern" (292); she explains how her Mormon family, committed to genealogy, has "a sense of history. And our history is tied to the land" (14). Likewise, she describes how her friend John Lilly "suggests whales are a culture maintained by oral traditions. Stories. The experience of an individual whale is valuable to the survival of its community" (175). Toward her own story's end she notices the spiders' webs as they "re-inhabit" the resurrecting bird refuge, describing the spiders' "gossamer threads . . . binding it all together" (274). And with her mother's and grandmother's passings, Williams discovers that even though dead, "Mother and Mimi are present. The relationships continue—something I did not anticipate" (275). Finally, even though Williams questions her Mormon faith throughout the text, she learns through maturity that "Faith is the centerpiece of a connected life. It allows us to live by the grace of invisible strands" (198).

As a twentieth-century autobiographer, Williams has improved upon nineteenth-century accounts of women's lives by revealing her identity through relationships *and* achievement as a professional naturalist and author. However, all this effort to promote relationships seems diminished when Williams's "history" overlooks important aspects of Mormon women's experience or characterizes them in unattractive ways. This, in turn, threatens to generate rancor rather than love between Williams and Latter-day Saints so that *Refuge* ultimately becomes an autobiography more about separation than connection.

Besides ridiculing Mormon women's "craft adeptness," Williams recreates her conversation with Mimi and Diane about Mormon women and authority. Although readers might respond to it as refreshingly honest, Mormon women may feel demeaned by Terry's slightly naughty retelling of the pedestal joke: "How does a man honor a woman? . . . He puts her on a pedestal and then asks her to get down on it" (117). Of course the joke is meant to make Mormons examine their unhealthy aggrandizement of women. But it also purposely assaults Christian sensibilities, and even though Terry would probably tell readers like me to "loosen up" as she did her mother, the lewd nature of the joke abuses Mormon women. Although she is freer to tell such jokes in truly private settings, for orchestrated public expression of intimate conversation like those in this book I believe Williams is capable of finding a better way to subvert Mormons' admittedly exasperating desire to keep women on pedestals. In addition, I would speculate that regardless of his motives a contemporary *male* autobiographer could not publicly recount such a joke with impunity. Therefore, a feminist like Williams, who should know better, ought not to escape censure either.

During the same three women's conversation Latter-day Saints are also stereotyped as complacent women with no mention of the significant

church leadership they render daily. Despite their lack of ordained power through priesthood authority—which can and has been used against them—Mormon women are not without influence. Still, Mimi asks, "Why is it . . . that we are so willing to give up our own authority?" The question is an important one for which Terry offers a pat answer: "It's easier. . . . We don't have to think. The responsibility belongs to someone else" (116-17). I agree, with equal dismay, that many Mormon women too readily proclaim relief at not being held accountable as priesthood holders. And for this complacency they deserve criticism. However, who can blame Latter-day Saint women for avoiding additional obligation in this church? The Relief Society members I know already accept tremendous responsibility for their ward's success, and neither these efforts nor their thinking seems that "easy" to me. Thus, along with the warranted criticism presented in Diane's, Mimi's, and Terry's conversation, Williams might at least have validated Mormon women's leadership, too.

As their dialogue continues, Terry asks, "Why are we so afraid of being selfish? And why do we distract and excuse ourselves from our own creativity?" Diane says it is because "We haven't figured out that time for ourselves is ultimately time for our families. You can't be constantly giving without depleting the source. Somehow, somewhere, we must replenish ourselves" (117). This, of course, is current feminist philosophy with which I would not disagree. Yet I believe that when Mimi describes the ideas as "antithetical to the culture we belong to, where women are . . . taught to sacrifice, support, and endure," she also ignores the changes occurring churchwide in support of women's personal needs. Ignoring these changes discredits Mormon women's present advances. After all, Mimi, Diane, and Terry have achieved a great deal as modern Latter-day Saints living in Utah, so that rather than portray themselves as victims they might take an offensive, rather than defensive approach to the problem, cataloguing and promoting the "other virtues" which strong Mormon women like themselves are "more interested in cultivating" (117). This does not mean I believe Mormon women have nothing to complain about or that they have achieved total equity in the church. They have not. And in *some* ways their history since the church's beginnings has been a loss of power. But Williams again paints only half our Mormon picture, and the bad half at that. Although we still have a long way to go, I am convinced by my own experience as an educated LDS woman that I need more people like the Tempest Williams family to speak in *constructive* ways about the growth we have achieved or about the benefits gained when individual women care for themselves. If women like Diane, Mimi, and Terry *only* bemoan their lots, then their complaints mainly serve to break meaningful connections with their community, allowing Mormon women to dismiss the important lessons they have to teach as

mere feminist selfishness.

One other significant opportunity Williams misses for empowering Mormon women occurs in the ambiguous manner she describes blessing her mother. 1 Corinthians 12:4-11, Moroni 10:8-9, and Doctrine and Covenants 46:10-25 all teach Mormons—men *and* women—to seek spiritual gifts such as discerning spirits, speaking in tongues, and healing the sick.[21] Though not everyone has been given all the gifts, this intimate moment between a mother and her daughter appears an opportunity for Terry to legitimately exercise faith in the gift of healing by blessing her mother just as early church women often did.[22] Showing Mormon women the desirability of seeking such gifts might have invited them to follow her example. Instead, Williams prefaces the scene by mentioning that only Latter-day Saint males can hold the priesthood and give "formal blessings." She then characterizes her female prayer in clandestine terms, implying the act is slightly sinful when it is not. "In Mormon religion," Williams explains, "formal blessings of healing are given by men through the Priesthood of God. Women have no outward authority. But within the secrecy of sisterhood we have always bestowed benisons upon our families" (158). Such dubious-looking portrayals can only serve to continue Mormon women's spiritual subjugation because orthodox members will read the passage as mere rebellion and dismiss Williams's sincere, significant faith in seeking gifts of the spirit through appropriate means. Perhaps Williams herself does not recognize the power given by God and available through her faith since ironically, unlike an Eliza Snow or a Patty Sessions—early Victorian Saints—we "modern" Relief Society

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21. During the dedication of the Nauvoo Monument to Women on 29 June 1978 Apostle Bruce R. McConkie remarked that "where spiritual things are concerned, as pertaining to all of the gifts of the Spirit, with reference to the receipt of revelation, the gaining of testimonies, and the seeing of visions, in all matters that pertain to godliness and holiness and which are brought to pass as a result of personal righteousness—in all these things men and women stand in a position of absolute equality before the Lord. He is no respecter of persons nor of sexes, and he blesses those men and those women who seek him and serve him and keep his commandments" (Bruce R. McConkie, "Speaking Today: Our Sisters from the Beginning," *Ensign* 9 [Jan. 1979]: 61).

22. For example, from Eliza R. Snow's pioneer diary: "I spoke to her br. H[unter] in the gift of tongues, sis. S[essions] interpreted, after which br. H[unter], sis. S[essions] & I laid hands on sis. H[unter]'s head and rebuk'd her illness & blessed her" (Eliza R. Snow, *Eliza R. Snow: An Immortal* [Salt Lake City: Nicholas G. Morgan, 1957], 325). Or from Patty Sessions: "Visited Sary Ann and sister Whitney. Sylvia had a chill at sister Buels as we visited her in the forenoon. We prayed and laid hands on her. She was better" (Kenneth Godfrey, Audrey M. Godfrey, and Jill Mulvay Derr, eds., *Women's Voices: An Untold History of Latter-day Saints, 1830-1900* [Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1982], 193). And from Ruth May Fox's diary: "Sister Sarah Phelps spoke in tounges [tongues] with great power insomuch that the floor and the chairs and our limbs trembled. She blessed Sister Whitney who was an invalid for years. . . . The sisters laid hands on Sister W. and prayed for her speedy recovery Sister N[ettie] C Taylor being mouth" (ibid., 377).

members have few peers seeking for and sharing spiritual gifts. Describing their frequent experiences with healing the sick or speaking and interpreting tongues, Mormon historian Maureen Ursenbach Beecher writes that "The addition of the spiritual dimension [among early Latter-day Saint women] served but to strengthen the[ir] ties . . . and enhance their faith. Mormon women found spiritual expression which bonded them to each other, to their cause, and to their eternal Parents."[23]

Besides missing an opportunity to lead modern Mormon women to renewed spiritual empowerment, Williams rejects the ultimate Mormon woman's experience: childbirth. To the majority of Mormon women, giving birth is supremely validating and a model for their own potential as infinitely creating goddesses. But Williams presently declines child-rearing. Early in the story her mother admits, "Having a child completed something for me. I can't explain it. It's something you feel as a woman connected to other women" (51). By consciously choosing not to have children, Williams again appears to refuse connection with Mormon women. She does not want to be them. Although Williams's mother tries to accept Terry's decision, she subsequently implies she would like grandchildren by Terry and Brooke, asking, "What would you tell your children of me?" (61) Then nearing her death, Diane reveals, "I would hate to see you miss out on the most beautiful experience life has to offer. What are you afraid of?" Williams claims she is afraid of "losing [her] solitude," insisting, "My ideas, Mother, are my children" (220-21). This may imply that Williams mistakenly believes a woman cannot have both ideas *and* children. Furthermore, she must be afraid of more—whether consciously or unconsciously—since she portrays her mother's growing tumor as being like a pregnancy, a problematic analogy at best. She describes the tumor as "foreign, something outside ourselves. It is, however, our own creation. The creation we fear" (44). And her earlier request to touch this creation calls up images of a child feeling for her brother or sister's kick inside a mother's womb: "After everyone left, I asked Mother if I could feel the tumor. She lay down on the carpet in the family room and placed my hand on her abdomen. With her help I found the strange rise on the left side and palpated my fingers around its perimeter" (35).

Besides these apparently unconscious anxieties about giving birth to a tumor like her mother's, Williams also fears breast cancer—another mutilation of women's life-giving powers. Given her family's unfortunate experience, Williams's fears are understandable. Furthermore, these personal concerns extend beyond human beings' afflictions to consider-

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23. Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, *Eliza and Her Sisters* (Salt Lake City: Aspen Books, 1991), 97.

ation for Mother Earth. Williams describes the nuclear-bombed Utah ground developing "stretch marks" and giving birth to "stillborn" bombs (288). In order to deal with fears about the earth's scarred landscape and her own potentially diseased body, Williams simply refuses to give birth, choosing instead a "pen and a piece of paper" as "weapons" that she wields against the government and perhaps even unconsciously against Mormon women, who hazard to produce children in the face of life's grave dangers.

Williams's most explicit criticism of Mormonism comes toward the end: "For many years," she declares, "I have . . . listened, observed, and quietly formed my own opinions, in a culture that rarely asks questions because it has all the answers." Continuing on, her resentment builds, culminating in a firm indictment of both the government and Mormons for their blind obedience:

> one by one, I have watched the women in my family die common, heroic deaths. We sat in waiting rooms hoping for good news, but always receiving the bad. I cared for them, bathed their scarred bodies, and kept their secrets. . . . In the end, I witnessed their last peaceful breaths, becoming a midwife to the rebirth of their souls.
>
> The price of obedience has become too high.
>
> The fear and inability to question authority that ultimately killed rural communities in Utah during atmospheric testing of atomic weapons is the same fear I saw in my mother's body. Sheep. Dead sheep. The evidence is buried (286).

Williams's curious choice to define herself as a midwife for dying women's souls could be viewed as self-aggrandizing, since she will not hazard giving birth herself, making the characterization suspicious to life-giving Mormon women. It could be painfully appropriate, however, since one who refuses to give life might be the best midwife to a dead flock.

While reading her book, Williams's audience is meant to understand that *Refuge* is an accurate and truthful history about her Utah experience. She meticulously records the Great Salt Lake's water level and important dates like births or deaths; she adopts a personable, poetic style when explaining environmental phenomenon, suggesting a desire to accurately educate a popular audience; and she provides an extensive acknowledgment section to conclude the book which credits numerous friends, family, and experts for their invaluable advice and information, helping her "tell the right story" (297). One reference to Leonard Arrington's work in Mormon history thanks him for instructing her "about my people" and adds that she is "grateful for his integrity in telling our history straight. He is trustworthy," asserts Williams (295). I believe we are meant to as-

sume Williams is trustworthy, too.

Issues of truth arise often in autobiographical studies. Describing "Modern American Autobiography," Albert E. Stone points out that "Autobiographies need and court readers, especially sympathetic ones who will generously confirm the identity of the self who writes and the self who lived." Stone goes on to explain, however, that "most autobiographers also expect skeptical readers. Indeed, their own historical consciousness activated by writing, and their propensity to confess as well as commit deceptions and errors, draw attention to the different kinds of truth aimed at and/or achieved." Williams's sometimes sympathetic but frequently critical depiction of Mormonism indicates she would acquire readers who relate to and/or resist her "unnatural history of family and place" as a Mormon in Utah. Stone cautions that "To read and exploit autobiographies as history, then, not only requires critical attention to the text, to what is said and not said, but involves going beyond the text in order to grasp a sometimes elusive set of aims and putatively 'truthful' assertions."[24] Stone also warns that one "perennial problem" *critics* face when interpreting autobiography "is the overdetermined nature of all assertions in autobiographical texts and the problem of the 'truth' value to others as compared to the author."[25] In other words, autobiographers' claims may inherently suffer from their too decided nature so that while these assertions seem true to the autobiographer herself, they may not necessarily be true—at least in the same way—to her readers. Williams's text certainly exhibits numerous "overdetermined" assertions that, from her tone, she adamantly believes are "true." But, according to Stone's observation about the interpretive problem in autobiography, what may be unquestionably true for Williams about Mormonism may be quietly questionable to her skeptical Mormon audience.

Like issues of truth in autobiographical studies, truth issues permeate Mormonism. An orthodox Mormon understands herself to be a member of the only "true" church and regularly rises in fast and testimony meeting to bear witness that Joseph Smith was a "true" prophet or that the present day leader is also a "true" prophet. Even though a non-Mormon reading public might not be aware of Mormons' preoccupation with truth, Williams herself certainly must. This means she had to expect, and even courts, resistance from some Latter-day Saint readers who would feel unsettled about the entire "truth" of Mormonism presented here. Furthermore, when Williams purposefully criticizes Mormons without also offering a fully drawn, more charitable portrait, and when she separates herself from Mormon women in particular, she betrays one of

24. In Eakin, 98.
25. Ibid., 100.

her text's own major themes: the sacredness of a connected life. Ironically, no matter how much Williams may foster estrangement (an intriguing oxymoron), this Latter-day Saint will always be bound to her Utah culture. And I suspect that good Mormons, especially good Mormon women, will continue nurturing that bond.

What Remains

Anita Tanner

Day rolls over,
pulling at the covers of dusk.
Lights come on in sequence
and before they go off
dogs find their voices,
children lean toward supper
hardly aware of the steam
of mashed potatoes,
the color of carrots and peas.
Fingers flip locks into safe,
boxed places where darkness
descending means little or nothing.

Is it slow closure
that renders dusk senseless
and immaterial
except for what remains of the day—
automatic preparations:
placing of feet, hands, heads
in the proper attitude of sleep?
Who, what will inform us
that this nightfall
may be the final dusk
from which sleepers will awaken?

It's a poverty everyone carries
in a dark pouch
folded between the plastic
and the cash—an alienation
and loneliness
that forces hindsight,
only to say what's gone before,
how this or that enthralled us,
how we endured
such and such annoyances.

Free Agency, Determinism, and Chaos Theory

David B. Timmins

THE DOCTRINE OF FREE AGENCY, while not unique to Mormonism, is perhaps more central to Mormon doctrine than it is to that of any other church or philosophy. Doctrine and Covenants 93:29 tells us, "Man also was in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence." Section 58, verses 26-28, adds, "[I]t is not meet that I command in all things, for he that is compelled in all things is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward. . . . Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause and do many things of their own free will . . . for the power is in them, wherefore they are agents unto themselves."

On the concept of agency depends Mormonism's explanation of the nature of God, humankind, good and evil, and—since Mormons expect to be doing more than merely adoring God in the hereafter—the future of humanity and the universe.

While agency appears self-evident to the simple believer and the uninstructed, it is not so to most physicists, mathematicians, and philosophers. Indeed, the contrary doctrine of determinism has ruled the realm of science at least since the days of Simon Laplace, the renowned French polymath of the seventeenth century, who maintained that given the one-time location, direction, and speed of every particle in the universe he could calculate the future with perfect accuracy for all time.

While this was an overstatement of the possibilities in Laplace's time, it has certainly been the foundation of most science; and both physicists and chemists, not to mention economists and other social theorists, have devoted most of their efforts to trying to produce data giving a better and more precise fix on discrete elements of their fields of interest, with the idea of eventually combining this knowledge into an understanding of

the total phenomenon. Following his success in coming up with the Theory of Relativity, Albert Einstein spent the rest of his life trying to develop a *Unified Field Theory* which would bring into one grand whole our understanding of the so-called "weak force," "strong force," and the force of gravity—explaining the behavior of nature from quark to intergalactic scale events.

Indeed, throughout most of modern times scientists shared a set of intuitively-based beliefs about complexity: simple systems were expected to behave in simple ways. A pendulum or an electric circuit—as long as it could be reduced to a few perfectly understood, deterministic laws—would be stable and predictable in its long-term behavior. Complex behavior was believed to imply complex causes: a mechanical device, a wildlife population, a fluid flow, a biological system, the weather, the economy—systems which were visibly unstable must be governed by a multitude of independent components and/or subject to random external influences. And, it was further intuitively assumed, different types of systems behave differently.

In a heroic synthesis of this traditional perspective, contemporary French mathematician/philosopher Jacques Monod some twenty-five years ago published an attention-getting book called *Choice and Necessity* in which he popularized the view that while at the personal level phenomena might appear random and even self-directed, upon deeper insight every phenomenon, including human volition, was determined by preceding events.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of Monod's book, however, new findings were being made that cast an entirely new and unexpected light on the issue of determinism. American meteorologist Edward Lorenz, playing weather games on his new computer, discovered that simple systems of just three variables in fact became indeterministic after as few as three or four permutations. It seems that the most insignificant random variations or imperfections (which have come to be called "sensitive dependence"), instead of dampening out as one might expect, are rapidly multiplied, or "pumped up," during every stage of evolution, soon resulting in totally chaotic and hence unpredictable turbulence. This has come to be called *Chaos Theory.* The discovery of Chaos Theory was serendipitously accompanied by the development of Fractal Geometry, a method for describing and measuring the nonlinear forms of nature, which proved essential to the development and full understanding of *Chaos.*

The developments of these two new theories, *Chaos* and *Fractals*, over the past decade are placed by some with those of Relativity and Quantum Mechanics as the four greatest discoveries of the twentieth century. As a result of these new ways of thinking, all earlier suppositions about

simplicity and complexity, and of different systems behaving differently, have changed. Physicists, biologists, mathematicians, and astronomers now know, and social scientists are coming to understand, that simple systems give rise to complex behavior. Complex systems produce simple behavior. And, most significantly, the laws of complexity hold universally, independent of the organization of the constituent elements of various systems. How did this come about?

The Development of Chaos Theory

Mathematics and physics have long been acquainted with what are known as *attractors*. An *attractor* is, viewed from one perspective at least, nothing more than a stable state or boundary. A *point attractor* can be thought of as the condition of rest towards which every pendulum tends, a plumb bob reacting to gravity. And the decorative case of the grandfather clock can be thought of as a *limit attractor,* restricting the pendulum from swinging past a certain established limit.

Edward Lorenz, playing with chaotic weather systems on his new computer, discovered what has come to be called the *Lorenz attractor*—an entirely new, unexpected, and puzzling form of attractor. While the system remains chaotic, in the sense that the movement of a wave, cloud formation, or other phenomenon never returns to precisely the same position as it was before and cannot therefore be predicted with accuracy, Lorenz found that *chaos* seems to settle down into more or less regular swings between the *point attractor* and the *limiting attractor.* When graphed, the result looks like two doughnuts mashed into each other with the swings of the graph passing alternatively from one to the other, taking on the appearance of a pair of pebble eyeglasses reflecting not-quite concentric rings of light.

Because it was published in meteorological journals, Lorenz's work was slow to come to the attention of physicists and mathematicians. But attention did come, and others have extended his study.

A biologist, Robert May, tinkering with Lorenz equations, soon discovered another remarkable inherent characteristic. Raising the parameters drastically beyond any imagined by Lorenz, May found a series of bifurcations appeared as the boundary was approached, oscillating between high and low values, then oscillating again between further bifurcations as higher values were approached. The bifurcations came faster and faster—4, 8, 16, 32 . . . Then, beyond a certain point, periodic bifurcation abruptly gave way to chaos, fluctuations that never settle down at all. James Yorke, a mathematician, analyzing the data with mathematical rigor, established that in any regular cycle of period three, the system will produce cycles of every other length as well as completely chaotic cycles.

This was so contrary to intuition that it hit the scientific community like a shock. These findings have had startling applications in biology, medicine, economics, astronomy, and many other disciplines. The finding of bifurcation in every process casts especially interesting light on the Mormon doctrine "That there must needs be an opposition in all things. If not so . . . [there is no existence]" (2 Ne. 2:11).

An Application of Chaos Theory to Astronomy

In astronomy *Chaos Theory* has given remarkable new insights into the analysis of *globular clusters,* the huge star groups akin to the Milky Way which make up most of the universe. Dynamically speaking, a globular cluster is a many-body problem. The two–body system is fairly easy to solve: Newton solved it completely. The earth and the moon, for example, each travel in a perfect ellipse around the system's joint center of gravity. The three-body system, however, is worse than hard. It is often incalculable. Orbits can be tracked for a time, but the uncertainties soon swamp the calculations.

Spaceship Earth: Free Flying Planets?

We have customarily considered the solar system to be stable, and certainly it appears so in the short term. But with the new knowledge of *Chaos Theory* astronomers now realize that there is no way of knowing for sure that some planetary orbits might not become more and more eccentric with the passage of time and the operations of Chaos Theory until one or another planet flies off from the system forever. On a grander scale, much of the universe consists of stable binary star systems. But when a third star encounters a binary, one of the three tends to get a sharp energy kick and not infrequently reaches escape velocity. This has been observed, though astronomers have not as yet confirmed the presence of planets in other star systems to confirm the possibility of "free flying planets" (though the existence of planets in other star systems is intuitively compelling and the existence of one near the neighboring star Vega has recently been preliminarily reported).

This new knowledge also casts interesting light on a teaching attributed to the prophet Joseph Smith. Numerous early members of the church report the prophet as having taught that the earth did not originate in its present orbit around the sun, and that in "the restoration of all things" it would return to its original orbit around *Kolob.* This teaching may have been based on Isaiah 13:13-14, "Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place . . . in the day of his fierce anger. And it shall be as the chased roe." Some have viewed this as con-

trary to common sense and astronomical science. Might it just be, however, that the prophet (who claimed he was merely reporting the astronomy of Abraham—and Isaiah?—which had been revealed to them by God) had a deeper insight into the physics of nature than the scientists of his day, or, until the last six or eight years, of our day?

A Powerful New Constant Inherent in All Natural Events

The next inspiration in the evolution of *Chaos Theory* came to a young New York mathematician named Mitchell Feigenbaum working with a hand calculator. Noting the doublings of May's bifurcations, Feigenbaum began writing down the parameter values that governed each period doubling. Doing this by hand instead of on a high speed computer gave him time to reflect. And in a flash of insight he realized that he could guess the next period. As a mathematician, he understood that this must be because there was a scaling pattern in the equation. On his hand calculator he worked out the rate of convergence to be 4.669. Later, on a more powerful computer, the exact ratio proved to be 4.6692016090.

This proved to be a constant holding true for every physical system upon which it has been tried. And it has been tried on pendulums, rolling streams, electronic oscillators, and dozens of other systems each of which moves beyond initial quasi-stability into chaos. To be sure, the equations for fluids and certain other complex systems proved highly challenging. But the point of Feigenbaum's constant is that such equations are irrelevant. When order emerges, it is insignificant what the original equation was. Quadratic or trigometric, the results are the same. Feigenbaum had found a new way to calculate complex nonlinear problems.

Attention is now focussing on some of the strange things that occur on the boundaries as events transition from one level of the Feigenbaum constant to the next. As viewed on the computer screen, strange bubbles and quasi-orderly chaotic conditions begin to appear (could this eventually prove to have a bearing on the newly-discovered bubble configuration of the observed universe?). A definitive border condition existing in nature is absolute zero. And some are beginning to wonder whether the extraordinary behavior of superconductive electricity as the boundary of absolute zero is approached may not be due to an as yet undiscovered aspect of *Chaos Theory.* If so, the science fiction concepts of translocation of matter and anti-gravity may prove to be as valid intuitive leaps as that of Plato's concept of Inherent Form (see discussion below).

Order from Chaos

A French astronomer, Michel Henon, employing Feigenbaum's con-

stant to plot carefully the orbits of stellar galaxies on a time scale of some 200 million years discovered something equally interesting. Orbits proved to be not completely regular. An orbit as it passed a particular point would on successive rounds pass through points a few inches to the right, then another, more to the right and up a little. After hundreds of thousands of orbits the points formed at first an egg-shaped curve, which later twisted into figure eights, then separate loops, eventually taking the form of a three dimensional torus, which proved to be the limit attractor of the system.

Any two consecutive orbits are randomly far apart, like any two points initially close together in a turbulent flow. The points appear so arbitrarily, however, that it is initially impossible to discern that they are forming a shape or to guess where the next point will appear—other than it will be somewhere on the attractor—at least until thousands of them form a "cloud" outlining it.

At higher levels orbits become so unstable that points again fragment into apparent chaos, only to re-emerge once more in a new order as the new points move unpredictably, but always within the three-dimensional torus form outlining the next limit attractor. Here, too, one senses the remarkable relationship of this new scientific knowledge to the ancient revealed doctrine, recorded in Moses 3:5, that there are limits to each kingdom even within the limitlessness of space and being. While we have agency as an inherent aspect of Being, this agency is bounded by the kingdom or *estate* in which we find ourselves, just as with the Henon indeterminacy between the boundaries of Feigenbaum's torus attractor.

The Application of Fractal Analysis to Chaos Theory: Platonic Form in Nature

It was Michael Barnsley, observing that most objects in nature had a *fractal*—i.e., irregular—form, who first began applying fractal analysis to such forms. Barnsley found that with relatively few rules he could decode such shapes and reproduce them on a small desktop computer. He concluded that nature was playing its own version of the chaos game. Because of his interest in ferns, he played with fern shapes. Convinced that the genetic code for ferns must be reasonably simple because of the limits of the genetic coding system, he decided there were limits to the way in which a fern could grow. He found that while the spots of light on his computer screen moved with apparent randomness—as had the blips which formed the *limit attractor* torus of Michel Henon—the blips always remained within the bounds forming the fern shape in the phosphorescence of the computer screen. In short (back to Jacques Monod), there

really is no fundamental randomness in nature. The appearance of total chance is an illusion. The shapes of the objects of nature depend on deep *fractal algorithms* existing in nature and brought into reality by time and the constructive forces of *chaos*, as modified by *sensitive dependence*—what we earlier described as the apparently insignificant perturbations affecting an initial state which are quickly magnified at every stage of a flow or process, eventuating—for a time at least—in the dissolution of regularity into chaos.

Was Plato's proposition that "pure forms" exist in nature independent of matter an intuitive leap of understanding? Is it right to think that elaborate Mandelbrot sets existed in nature waiting to be unveiled even before they were discovered? Could this be what is meant when the Lord says in Moses 3:5 that "All things were before created; but spiritually were they created and made. . . before [they] grew"?

Joseph Ford sums up contemporary thought on chaos, agency, and determinism, saying, "Evolution is chaos with feedback." The universe is randomness and dissipation, but it appears randomness with direction can produce surprising complexity. And dissipation is an agent of order. Chaoticists have come to speak of the "Butterfly Effect"—the concept that minuscule perturbations in the atmosphere caused by the movement of a butterfly's wings in China can within a few days by the "pumping up effect" of Chaos Theory result in a tornado in Kansas.

Think what God, or his human agents acting on his revealed wisdom, can do with complete knowledge of the laws of nature in causing deliberate, if apparently initially insignificant, perturbations (the introduction of deliberate *sensitive dependence*) in nature, resulting in widespread, even galactic, effects at future (and not necessarily remote) periods of time. Moving planets from their orbits, creating new solar systems, peopling new worlds. "God plays dice with the universe," is Ford's answer to Albert Einstein's famous question. "But they're loaded dice. And the main job of science is to find out by what rules they were loaded and how we can use them for our own ends."

A Concluding Thought

Chaos Theory has for the first time since Laplace and the scientific revolution of the modern age provided mathematical and logical underpinning for the concept of non-determinacy, or free agency, if agency is peculiarly bounded by the limiting attractors of each successive sphere of predictability (i.e., within its relevant "Kingdom" or "realm").

This may, for some, provide insight into the apparent contradiction between the scriptural assertion that God knows every thought and wish of the human mind, that "not a sparrow falls without his knowledge,"

and the equally compelling assertion that he will "lead, guide, direct aright, bless with wisdom, love and light; in nameless ways be good and kind, but never force the human mind."

For some there has perhaps also been an apparent conflict between God's gift of free agency and his warning that "In nothing doth man offend God . . . save those who confess not His hand in all things . . ." (D&C 5:91). Some thoughtful Latter-day Saints, recognizing that God himself works within the laws of nature, which include this strange, semi-controlled randomness, have come to think of Mormonism as *Deistic Existentialism.* That is, things are as they are and we must accept them as such, but with the presence of an omniscient deity many things can be accomplished which in current circumstances appear to us miraculous. Yet, as Brigham Young once said, "Even God cannot produce a five–year–old horse in five minutes."

In Mormon theology God is himself bounded by the laws of nature—though, living in an entirely different estate (dimension of time/space?), his boundaries are different from those of humankind. Surely someday we will understand these apparent contradictions just as we are now coming to see some of the alternating relationships between order and chaos, between the regularity of the Feigenbaum constant and the total unpredictability of the next individual point in Henon's torus or Barnsley's emerging fractal fern.

FICTION

Epiphany

Tory C. Anderson

WE HAD BEEN UP THERE FOR TWO MONTHS when the clouds came in. It happened overnight. When I crawled into my sleeping bag the night before, the air was dry and clear. The mountain tops and tree-lined ridges stood black against a starlit sky. I looked down into the darkened canyon below and followed it out to the valley fifty miles away where I saw lights of people I didn't know but longed to be with.

The clouds infiltrated our canyon without a sound. They slid easily over dead pine needles and through dry branches as they climbed up the mountainside and overran our camp. When I got up in the very early hours of the morning to relieve myself, the clouds were there, sucking on the trees and making everything drip. There must have been a full moon above them because the clouds glowed in the dark like a television screen just after it has been turned off. I didn't dare walk farther than the corner of the tent because anything could have been hiding just five steps away—and these were the mountains where Sasquatch had been sighted so many times. The dead and twisted lower branches of the tall tamaracks reached down toward me through the clouds as if in misery and wanting my help. But there was nothing I could do for them, and I retreated back to the tent and slid into the warmth of my sleeping bag without taking the time to brush the soil off the soles of my feet.

When morning came, I awoke to my dad's call, "Rise and shine, it's trail-building time!"

I thought my short midnight experience had all been a dream, but when I stepped out of the tent I found that the rest of the world had ceased to exist and that our camp was floating in a sea of nothing. In the center of our camp kneeled Dad, next to the fire, frying bacon, eggs, and pancakes on a skillet. Near the skillet sat two pots—one with bubbling oatmeal and the other with steaming chocolate. Behind Dad was our table on which sat plates, utensils, boxes of Bisquick, containers of syrup, and cans of fruit and vegetables. The table and everything on it leaned with the hillside. Beyond the table was the other tent, resting on the edge of the misty nothing. It was tilted too.

"Dad," I said. He turned his head and squinted at me through the smoke film on his glasses.

"Get a plate," he said. "The first gets the best."

He stacked the pancakes in one corner of the griddle and poured more batter. I got a plate and Dad loaded it with pancakes, eggs, and bacon. He handed me the cup of hot chocolate from which he had been drinking. I went to the table and poured maple syrup over my pancakes. It rolled out thick and cold. The smoke was drifting north so I sat down on the south side of the fire in the dirt.

"It's foggy," I said.

Dad grunted.

I was hoping he would say more, that he would tell me a story about being lost in fog while building some other trail and finding his way back by yelling, "AHAAA," and the guys in camp yelling back, "TASHNIK." He says that "Aha" in Indian means "I love you," and "Tashnik" means "I love you, too."

But Dad kept his stories to himself that morning, like he had most mornings lately.

Out of the other tent staggered the rest of the trail crew wearing their worn boots and dusty clothes. Hair stuck up in all directions. They slipped out into the nothingness to take care of morning business and sounds of running water carried through the fog. One by one they materialized out of the fog and drifted to the fire like ghosts. I thought one of them would say something about the fog, but there wasn't a word.

I understood their silence. It had been only the eight of us for two months now. We worked all day with no radio or television. At first we talked as we built each section of trail. We told jokes and asked riddles. (There's a man who's afraid to go home because there's a man there with a mask on. What's the situation?) There were in-depth analyses of the virtues and vices of girlfriends, past and present. (Aleeta has a beautiful face and a pair of hooters you can't believe, but she can sure bitch.) There were discussions on sports and hobbies. (During a karate competition one of Ray's opponents kicked him in the groin and crushed one of his testicles. The doctor told him it shouldn't alter his family plans, though.) We traded detailed plot lines of movies and kept each other entertained.

But after so many days and weeks talk ran short and we sat there eating, dumb, like cows grazing at pasture. The only sounds were the scraping of forks on plates, chomping, and an occasional burp or fart.

The silence, like the fog, bothered me. "If you leave the trail today you're going to get lost," I said to everyone. No one even grunted. I waited a few moments and then asked Freddy, "Have you seen *The Fog*?"

"Yeah. Pretty intense, huh?" he answered, and then stared at the fire again while slurping milk-thinned oatmeal.

"Well, let's hit it," Dad said. "And try not to let the sunshine get in your eyes.

"Tory, you're lunch man today," he added.

The guys stacked their plates on the table, grabbed their gloves, and started off down the trail to where we had stopped the day before. It was almost three miles. I dropped cans of tuna and fruit, packages of cookies and luncheon meat, two loaves of bread, and another package of cheese into the burlap sack and slung it over my shoulder. I stopped next to Dad where he was doing dishes. He would come up as soon as he finished. I wanted to talk, but I didn't know what words to say.

Dad glanced at me and said, "Have a nice walk."

Dad and I used to be buddies. He got along well with all the men, but with me being the youngest crew member as well as his son, he had treated me with special consideration. There was the hot chocolate he brought me in the mornings while I was still in my sleeping bag. There were the stories he told me at night after we turned the lantern out. During the days there was the hand on my shoulder as he passed me on the trail after inspecting my work, or the winks he threw my direction when we stole glances at each other, the sweat running into our eyes.

But what I missed most were the talks we had while walking back to camp after the work day was done. We would take our time, falling far behind the others, and he would tell me about climbing telephone poles like he did while he was in the army; about how terrifying it was to accidentally slide down or "burn" a pole. Or about driving a bulldozer pulling a plow on a dry-farm in Sublett, Idaho. He didn't see another human being all day and the field was so big it took almost half a day to make each pass. In return, I told him about flunking Mr. Allred's advanced algebra class and kissing Jenny in the back of the band bus when we were returning home from a contest in Jerome. It had been weeks since we had talked like that.

The following Wednesday I would turn sixteen. Dad would bake a cake on the fire and use pitch wood for candles like he did the year before. But unlike the year before I would be sixteen—old enough to drive, old enough to date, almost a grown-up.

"You can do anything you want when you're grown up," I told Dad.

"If you can stand the pain," he had answered. Didn't make any sense to me.

I walked through the trees to the trail. It disappeared both directions into the clouds. I needed to turn right, but in a sea of nothing it didn't seem to matter which way I went.

I tried to imagine I was floating through the fog without worry or pain, but the crunch of the soil beneath my steel-toed boots and the bite

of the blister on my heel anchored me to this world.

I came to a place where the trail skirted a gully. There was a good thirty foot drop to where a creek ran wild during the spring run-off. I couldn't see it today, but ten feet down the steep embankment a gigantic boulder stuck out of the hillside. On the side of the rock facing the canyon were indentations that formed a near perfect chaise lounge. I had eaten my lunch on that rock when we had built that section of the trail five weeks before. On that day the lounge had commanded a perfect view of the tamarack-filled canyon, the rugged mountains with their rocky peaks that invaded the painted turquoise sky.

Leaving the lunch bag on the trail, I stepped over the edge and began sliding down the mountainside. I wondered if the rock was still there. I smiled when my feet made contact.

Doing the crab crawl I made my way to the chaise lounge and stretched out. The rock was cold against my back and I shivered, but that was okay, because on the rock the sense of floating in the silent gray-white was real. For a moment there was peace. The nothingness of the fog isolated me from the rest of the world. Gone was the senior year of high school I faced. Gone was my mother who told me I was going to try out for the school musical just for the fun of it. Gone was Maren with her pretty face and seductive body—there would be no more love/hate games between us. Mr. Allred and his advanced algebra class had no power in the fog—I wouldn't have to retake his class. I didn't have to decide whether I had enough money to get a semester of college in before my mission. I wouldn't have to marry and suffer like my dad. I didn't have to do any of these things because right then I was God.

"To hell with you," I mumbled. Sitting up I raised both arms. "I'm God I say," I said aloud.

"Tory! Are you down there?" My dad's calling startled me.

I quickly crawled back across the rock and using my hands and feet scrambled back up to the trail. I found Dad holding the lunch bag in one hand. He looked worried.

"Hi," I said.

"What were you doing down there?" he asked.

"Uh, just . . . having a morning devotional," I answered.

"Oh," he said. "And talking to God, huh? The mountains make you want to do that, don't they." He put his arm around me and gave me a squeeze.

I nodded and felt relieved when he removed his arm from my shoulders.

He turned and started walking up the trail. I reached forward and pulled the lunch bag from his hand. "It's my job today," I said.

I studied Dad as he walked. He was a balding, big chested man with

no butt. He had been an executive for the Boy Scouts of America but had quit.

"Executive life is tedious and trivial," he had said. Mom couldn't understand it.

"Grunt labor is tedious," she answered.

Trail building wasn't grunt labor to Dad. He said it had the glory and rewards of growing a beautiful garden. Trail work came naturally to him. I wished it did for me.

Trail building kept dad away from Mom months at a time. I never heard either complain. People always asked me, "Why does your mother let him go?" I just shrugged. Mom was an independent woman and Dad was a mountain man.

I think Mom loved Dad. But she never showed it. Dad's love for Mom showed. A couple of months earlier Dad called Mom. I saw him crying when he hung up the phone. That embarrassed me. Dad was a mountain man—big, strong—and mountain men look pitiful when they cry. Three weeks ago, when we had made the long trip into town, he had argued with Mom on the phone. I had never heard them argue before. It was after that that things started changing. Now we were walking in the fog.

"Dad," I asked, "when you were a kid, did you ever dream you would be high in the mountains in the fog building a trail someday?"

He walked on without speaking and I thought he hadn't heard me. But then, without missing a stride, he said, "No, Tory, I didn't. But you're going to do a lot of things in life that you never dreamed of."

I wondered what he meant by that—was it good or bad? Dad was the grown-up, and being a grown-up put him in the place I was going. I wanted to ask him what it was like, like I did my friends when they were coming out of the early show and I was going into the late one.

"Are you happy?" I asked, all in one blurt. That seemed to me to be the ultimate question. I was terrified of the answer.

Dad stopped suddenly. We were in the wooded area now and Dad looked out into fog shrouded trees. There was no sound, not even a whisper of breeze in the limbs.

"I've been thinking about that very thing all morning," he said, finally, without turning to look at me. "I'm a free man. I've got the job other men only dream about. I'm healthy . . . and I've got a family. Yes, I'm happy." Then he started back up the trail. I followed.

For the first time in my life I didn't believe Dad. "Tell me the truth, Dad," I wanted to say but didn't.

We left the trees and came out onto an open hillside where the others were working. One by one they took shape as we drew near: first as a light shadow, then a solid grey, and finally in muted color. Alan was

swinging his grubhoe. Freddy and Todd were challenging a rock with a pry bar. Devon, Kyle, and Rudy were working on a small tree stump. Picking up my grubhoe I walked thirty yards up the mountainside to the next trail marker and started digging. On my first swing I hit a rock anchored solidly to the earth. The resulting jar rattled my whole body. "Damn!" I yelled, the word sounding foreign as it came from my mouth.

"The earth strikes back," said a voice in the fog to my left.

All morning we worked—together on the side of that mountain—each alone in the clouds. Around me I could hear the muffled sounds of metal forcing itself into the earth and of picks chinking rocks. Kyle connected his section of trail to mine. He floated out of the fog, slapped me on the shoulder, and then disappeared into the fog on the other side looking to start a new section.

Once more I imagined I was God of Fog. I dropped my grubhoe and raised my arms, fingers outspread. The clouds were the future and begged to take shape. I saw Mr. Allred's head form. He was droning on about algebra. One swipe of my hand sent him back to atoms. A podium appeared. Behind it Mrs. Waterstradt explained how important the senior year is in preparation for college. With both arms I sent her swirling upward to the land of Oz. And then Maren's face floated in front of me. Freckles, dimples, and green eyes. I reached out to touch; her face turned in on itself and was gone. "Go then," I said, swinging my arm through the mist where her face had been. "There's no place for you here in the fog."

"Tory. Come here and give me a hand." My dad's voice seeped through the clouds like water through earth. I walked up the trail fifty yards and found him sitting on a large rock.

"She's ready to go," he said. "I just need another pusher."

We squatted on the backside of the rock and on the count of three we put our bodies against the rock and slowly extended our legs like hydraulic jacks. Dad outweighed me by a hundred pounds. He was doing most of the work, but I was helping.

Through clenched teeth I heard Dad say, "Been sitting here a couple billion years. Doesn't understand why it has to move now."

My body was fully extended when the rock finally rolled. Dad and I fell into the shallow crater and watched. On its second turn it knocked down a sapling so swiftly that the water droplets, for the smallest part of an instant, hung in the air where the branches had been, and we were looking at a shimmering, liquid tree. Then it was gone. I was still staring when Dad turned to me and said, "Well, there you have it. Life and its

dreams."

I turned my head and looked at him.

"When you live life, you make dreams. The more life you live, the more dreams you have. The more dreams you have the more beautiful your death."

We stared at each other a moment and then he laughed. "Philosophers say things like that and people take them seriously," he said.

"I'm taking you seriously," I said. "I just don't know what you mean."

"I don't suppose I know either," Dad said, sitting up on the up-hill side of the crater.

"Hey, Todd," Kyle yelled from somewhere on the mountainside.

"What," came the answer from somewhere else on the mountainside.

"Did you know that on a clear day you can see forever?"

Even the fog waited for an answer, but there was no response.

"Todd?"

"Yeah, I did."

"Oh."

And there was silence again.

"I remember the way the hobos smelled when I used to cross the tracks to take Pop his lunch," Dad said, suddenly. "They would yell at me trying to get me to come over. I remember the anger I felt when I came home after school and found that Pop put the out-house over the hole I had dug and was using as a fort. I remember my first kiss, how Louella's and my nose squished together. There was eating beans out of a can for Thanksgiving dinner when I was a missionary in Canada, the dust in the toe of my boots while we stood at attention after a ten-mile march and the drill sergeant poured water over his head, the high I felt when I first saw your mother on that bus, the fear I felt when each one of you kids was born . . ." He trailed off and stared blankly into the clouds. I thought I could see the fog in his blue eyes.

"Do you know what it all means, Tory?"

I shook my head.

"I don't know either." He laughed, but the trail boss was crying.

"It's what makes me up," he said, suddenly. "Those experiences make Rodney Anderson. Take away any one of those experiences and you take away part of my existence—I'd fade away a little bit."

I just sat there and stared at Dad staring out into the fog.

"Even though I'm forty-five, I'm still fading in," he said, "not out. But fading in is painful like birth . . . you know?"

He was asking me, not telling me. He wanted me to confirm what he said. It seemed all wrong. He was supposed to tell *me* how it is—not ask. I stared at him answerless.

He said no more and we sat and listened to the fog. It whispered fearful things to me. My dad was gone. I had never seen this man sitting beside me before. My anchor had come loose. Inside me I reached out for someone, something, but there was nothing solid to grasp. The fog I had been playing with all morning suddenly turned on me. The feeling was worse than when the doberman I had teased every morning on the way to school broke its chain. The owner had called the dog off just before it reached me—standing there like a statue—and saved my life. Where was the owner now?

Dad put his arm around me and squeezed. Through the numbness that filled my body I felt his biceps against my shoulder and smelled his body odor. "Get back to work, slacker," he said.

Get back to work. After revealing to me the horror of life, that's all he had to say.

I walked down the trail. Muddy soil clutched the tread of my boots. Beside the trail lichens clung to a rock like paint. In those shimmering droplets of water I had seen the soul of a tree. I couldn't get it to mean anything.

The fog began creeping into my mind—I couldn't keep it out—and began dissolving my mother and father, my friends, my God . . . me. Filled with desperation I began working harder than I ever worked before. I swung my grubhoe violently, concentrating on the contact it made with the earth. The jar each swing gave my body fought the nothingness of the fog.

I dug into the earth, chopped a worm in half, exposed the roots of goldenrod. I hit hidden rocks, the resulting impact paining my hands. The pain felt right and I hit the rocks again and again until I broke their bond with earth and sent them rolling down the hill. After ten feet I couldn't see them, but I could hear them crashing dully into trees. A log lay decaying in my path. Fungus grew white in flat nodes along the rotted wood. I attacked it with my pick. The wood, the fungus, the ants within scattered around the hillside.

The fog grew heavier and I couldn't get it out of my lungs. I buried my hoe in the earth and screamed.

"Get a straight-jacket. Call the shrink. We got a live one here." It was Freddy. He came walking through the fog carrying his grubhoe and dragging the six-foot pry-bar. He smiled at me through his red beard. "Just remember," he said. "It's the rest of the world that's crazy, not us."

He passed me and walked back into the fog to work on another section of trail. I heard voices up the trail—not work voices but I've-got-something-new-to-talk-about voices. I walked up and found the crew gathered around Ray who held a fawn in his arms.

"I saw the mother run away and I nearly stepped on this little crit-

ter," he said.

The small fawn had white spots on its back. Its eyes were big and black. It shook with fear and bawled out for its mother.

"Its mother won't take it back now that you've touched it," Todd said. "She'll smell you."

"Why'd you pick it up, you idiot?" said Freddy.

"I don't know," answered Ray. "It sure is warm."

The fawn bawled again.

Dad walked up and gently stroked the soft fur on the fawn's back. "Better let it go," he said.

"But the mother won't take it back," Todd said.

"More chance of that than it surviving with us," Dad said.

Ray put it down on its twiggy legs and it bounded up the mountainside. For a time we could hear it bawling into the fog, and then it was gone.

At noon we sat against the flat smooth face of a rock and ate sandwiches and fruit cocktail out of cans. Nobody ate much. It was the fog and the fact that we had been eating sandwiches for lunch for two months now.

"I've never seen fog so thick," Todd said.

"I could have told you it was coming," Dad said. "Last two Oregon trails I worked, the fog came the first week of August and didn't leave until September."

I began breathing faster. Fog until September. I couldn't take it. They would have to carry me out in a straight jacket.

I worked hard into the afternoon. It was the only thing I could do. I wanted to talk to dad, to tell him how I felt, to ask him questions. He passed me once, eyes down on the trail, didn't say a word.

Late afternoon snuck in unnoticed. As the guys passed me on their way back to camp, I realized that the gray had deepened.

"There's a time to work and a time to play—give it a break, man," my dad said, laying a hand on my shoulder as he passed. I watched him disappear into the clouds, gave my grubhoe one more swing, and then sat down on the damp earth.

There were another four weeks on this trail. My friends had envied me when I told them what I'd be doing all summer. In their dreams of what trail building must be like, they probably never imagined sitting alone on a mountainside in the clouds.

"I'm a mountain man," I said aloud, but tears just rose up until they ran over my bottom lashes.

"I'm almost sixteen," I said, quickly wiping the tears away. I got up and started down the trail. What was I going to do? What could I do? As

I walked, sudden movement startled me. Flashing up the mountain through the fog I saw a doe and her fawn. They were so close I stiffened thinking they were going to run over me. I felt the doe's warmth as she passed.

The suddenness of the deer's appearance took away my tears as well as my breath. For an instant I forgot the fog and in that instant something changed. I thought it was something in me until I looked up to see the fog above me was thinning. Pale blue sky a long way's away peeked through. The long rays of the afternoon sun almost reached me as the clouds high in the canyon parted. They rolled back until I could see the valley miles away bathed in a golden yellow.

I stared, unable to move, unwilling to move. It struck me as a vision. Jacob had seen angels ascending and descending a ladder to heaven. I was seeing a valley soaking in sunlight. It was the most real thing I had ever seen.

"Oh, yes," I whispered, clenching my fists. "Yes." Just as quickly as it had appeared, the hole closed. The fog sucked at me once more, fear crept back. It played around my head like flies. But the golden valley—I had seen it. I couldn't see it now, but it was still there in my memory—in my dreams. The sight had been enough—enough to make me want the next four weeks, to want the next four years—to want whatever living life would bring.

"Dad, it's all right," I yelled. But the fog had entombed me and swallowed my words. Unafraid I took a deep breath, and as loudly as I could, yelled, "AHAAA." From somewhere farther down the mountainside I heard in answer, "Tashnik!"

Easter Service

Steve Peterson

"THE EARTH TURNS. THE SUN RISES. It's quite simple."

We turned towards the high peaks to the east—cold, and still smooth and clean with snow, the half-circle of rising sun warming our faces. I squinted at the growing light. I could just make out the silhouette of the three tallest trees at the ridge-line of Horseshoe Peak, 5,000 feet above and beyond us. My fifth grade teacher told us before the semi-eclipse last year that looking at the sun for even a split second would blind us. But this was only part of the sun—I knew the other half would be there soon. "It comes up every day," Dad reminded us. "You can count on it."

Behind us our shadows stretched across Elwood's pasture at the base of Little Hill and faded on into the small town. Dad always made us wake up before sunrise on Easter—even though Sunday was the only day to sleep in during school and Saturday basketball season. We would bundle up and walk the mile east along the old pioneer fence line to Little Hill, then slowly hike the few hundred yards through the sage brush to the top, where we would start our sleigh rides in the colder months.

"Yesterday the sun hit the top at 7:42. We'll only have to wait for a few minutes," promised Dad. We watched the line of sunlight slowly moving across the narrow mountain valley towards us, huddling together, glad the snow had left the valley a few weeks ago. I'm always happy to see the snow come, and pray for enough to close down school and bury all the sagebrush on Little Hill for sleigh riding. But by March, when the snow starts to crust up and there is more dark from rocks and brush than smooth, white, clean snow, I'm ready for spring. And even though Easter was early this year, the snow had been gone long enough to allow thin wisps of dust to rise under the toes of my boots.

We don't have a prayer or any kind of formal religious thing on the sunrise hike. But Dad makes sure we all see Easter from the beginning to the end. "Easter is about beginnings. It's about faith in the light."

I was sleepy. For two nights Dad and I had been walking out in the pasture, north, behind our house, about every three hours to check on

Aussie. She didn't see the wire gate I closed on Thursday morning to keep the horses in the upper field, and when she came running down with Zen and Jasper she turned sharply at full gallop into the gate, her momentum carrying her through two complete somersaults. She stood up, shook herself, bled some from the small cuts on her legs, and trotted east in the direction they had come from.

Friday morning she began to walk in an odd gait lifting her left rear leg up high under her stomach. Friday night she acted drunk, stumbling sideways, holding her head at a twisted angle. By the time Dad led her towards the corral to load her for a trip to the vet, she could no longer stand and awkwardly fell backwards on her rump.

When the vet came it was getting dark. We finally got her on her feet, iced the huge swelling on her neck, and filled her with steroids, penicillin, and pain-killers. We left her swaying under the Russian Olive by the ditch. "If the swelling goes down, there's a chance she'll get her feet back under her," the vet said. "But we won't know for several days." He and Dad walked back to the doc's truck, speaking in low voices about "chances" and "expenses."

At 3:00 a.m. when we checked her again, she had walked 100 feet across the field to the fence line by the other horses and gone down. All day Saturday she lay there in the dirt. She would try to raise her head hourly, roll part way to a sitting position, and then painfully flop back down on her side. We worked all day in the field where we could watch her closely. We checked her again just before we started the Easter morning sunrise walk to Little Hill. Her eyes were active; I knew she was wondering why her body wouldn't respond to her efforts. She ate some loose hay from my hand and munched an apple filled with pain-killers.

Most of the ward drove by the pasture after church to see the horse that couldn't get up. Someone from the family was always there. We had Dad's old blue Sam Hall blanket under her head to keep her comfortable. Jack Stevenson parked his new red pick-up on the side of the road, pushed down and straddled the top barb wire, and asked the obvious. "What happened to your horse?" It was my turn to answer.

"We think maybe she broke her neck. She can't get up."

"Huh. Whadaya know. And just this morning my mare had the cutest little colt—sorrel with four white matching stockings. Seems like horses are always comin' or goin'. Come on over and look at him if it'll make ya feel any better."

If people would stop asking me about Aussie, and if she would stand up and walk away, then I'd feel better, I wanted to say. But eleven-year-olds don't talk to their friend's dads like that.

"Sure. Maybe later."

The crowds left around dinner time. Mom and Dad and I stood by

helplessly.

"Give her a blessing," Mom said.

So Dad asked that Aussie either end her suffering quickly or get up. I helped by fasting from all the Easter candy I had collected earlier that day.

Everyone was quiet at dinner. After, Dad pulled me onto his lap and said he was going to call the vet to either confirm that the horse was getting better or give her a shot to put her down. I would have been mad, but I could see Mom and Dad were upset not only for Aussie but for me as well.

We tried to get her to stand one more time that evening. And as we laid her head down she stopped breathing. The vet drove up seconds later, listened to her final two heart beats, and said we had saved the $50 for the euthanasia shot. He's an old country vet, who spends most of his time nursing cattle and sheep that mean a livelihood to many in our valley. But I could tell he felt bad about this horse.

Gordon Cory's backhoe was nearby at a new house excavation. Dad called him to come and bury Aussie. Death wasn't as tough as I thought it would be. It was the dying that made us all suffer. My cousin and I wood-burned a grave marker and placed some daffodils in the loose dirt. Then we jumped on the Knight's trampoline.

Dad called me before dark. "Do you want to go see Jack's new colt?"

I love little animals. And I love horses. We weren't sure where the pasture was, other than Jack's direction of "just beyond the cemetery." Dad thought he meant the old pioneer plots, but Mom figured the horses were north of the big cemetery.

We drove for almost an hour without finding any new horses. Then just as the sun was going down, I pointed out two Arabians standing on the west side of a scraggly willow patch. Dad drove down the old railroad bed and we found the mare and a friend. But no colt. We drove a bit farther and Mom saw the clump of red horse first.

"Oh no. There's no way it's still alive."

The colt had run into the barb-wire fence on the west side of the field and had twisted his left rear leg in the top two strands of wire. He was hanging outside the fence, with the captured leg sticking up, his body in a motionless heap, and his head in the ditch. He looked like the deer I try to ignore as we drive down 89, stretched out in the wire fences bordering the highway, waiting for the magpies.

Dad was out, pulling on the wires. "We're going to have to cut this to get the leg out."

But he managed to separate them enough so I could pull the tiny hoof through the trap. Mom grabbed a willow and kept the mare at bay. "He's still alive," I hoped aloud. And then I felt him wiggle. We stood

him up, and he kicked both me and Dad while we lifted him over the fence to his mother. It was getting dark. We watched the three horses until they moved away from the wire fence and to the safety of the willow patches.

Mom said, "There's no way that colt would have made it through the night. We were lucky we even saw him."

The west mountains were silhouetted by the last light from the falling sun. We headed east for home.

Sustained by Faith and Community

In Their Own Words: Women and the Story of Nauvoo. Edited by Carol Cornwall Madsen (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1994).

Reviewed by Susan H. Swetnam, Professor of English, Idaho State University, Pocatello.

CAROL CORNWALL MADSEN'S *IN Their Own Words: Women and the Story of Nauvoo* brings together accounts of life in Nauvoo, Illinois, by about two dozen LDS women, some well known, some relatively obscure. Professor Madsen's introduction details the "kinship" networks these women formed through mutual help and support, discusses their avid participation in the Relief Society and temple ordinances, and argues that their deep faith and sense of community helped them cope with sickness, shortages of food and shelter, and persecution during the troubled years of the early 1840s. Primary selections are arranged by genre—diaries, letters, and reminiscences—with brief introductory notes discussing each form. Before each individual selection Professor Madsen provides a brief biography of the writer and highlights important aspects of theme and style.

The volume attests directly that it provides a "testament to the compelling power of faith" (29), and selections (and the introductory essay) uniformly give a picture of heroic, devout, caring women, a true sisterhood of Saints. We see women suffering, but they remain exemplary. Though the voices are varied and individual, the picture is uniformly uplifting. Professor Madsen does note generally in her introduction that "these women were selective in what they recorded, and the reader [and the historian] must always recognize the historical limitations of personal discourse" (x), but the internal commentary sidesteps "touchy" issues (we read, for instance, diary entries by Eliza Snow from the days when she was first married to Joseph Smith, but Professor Madsen does not discuss Emma Smith's opposition to polygamy). This is ultimately a valedictory volume, not an analytical one, and some readers might wish that the overall image were a bit more rounded.

That said, it is also a delightful volume. The selections vary considerably in tone, length, and content, testifying to the various ways that the writers coped with adversity, and, as Professor Madsen emphasizes, to the writers' persistent conviction of the truth of LDS teachings. Some passages are full of pathos, like Sarah Decker's reminiscences about sitting up with her father's corpse after the Battle of Nauvoo; some are angry, like Elizabeth Heward's comments on the irony of LDS men being asked to volunteer for the U.S. Army immediately after they had been driven from their homes. Others are elegant in their directness and restraint, like Drusilla

Hendricks's account of her family's struggle to keep food on the table. Nearly all present vital details that make the writers live as individuals, like the story of Bathsheba Smith, who carefully cleaned her Nauvoo house before leaving it forever for the west. Some particularly interesting letters reflect the writers' efforts to convert non-LDS relatives using a variety of tactics: "How long do you think we might have stayed in Eng. before we could have a cow?" (117) writes Ellen Douglas, shortly before insisting to her parents that "the day will come when you will know that I have told you the truth" (118).

Professor Madsen's focus on the Nauvoo years is a particularly good one, for it not only allows for a greater depth of information about the social and spiritual life of women in one particular time and place, but also builds a chorus of voices speaking of a shared experience. And that shared experience was, as Professor Madsen argues, central in these lives, "a time when events seemed larger than life" (159). As this cohort of women writes of conversions and new lives in Nauvoo, it becomes clear how crucial their shared community of faith was to their self-definition.

Whether the reader is LDS and interested in "reaffirming the reality of our spiritual heritage" (xii) or simply interested in the way that spiritual life informs women's psychology, this is an interesting, valuable work. It may not give the whole truth about the lives of all women in Nauvoo, but the truth that it gives is resonant and moving, and the reader is left, indeed, feeling that he or she has been touched by the voices of vivid human beings at a pivotal point in their lives.

Mormons and Land Conversion

Rocky Mountain Divide: Selling and Saving the West. By John B. Wright (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1993).

Reviewed by David Nuffer, founding member of the Virgin River Land Preservation Association and attorney, St. George, Utah.

JOHN B. WRIGHT'S *ROCKY MOUNTAIN Divide: Selling and Saving the West* contains a unique examination of Mormon attitudes toward land conservation. In spite of some inaccurate statements about Mormon history, doctrine, and practice, the book is a valuable resource on land conservation in the West and a careful examination of the present status of conservation efforts in Utah and Colorado.

Wright's book is intended to be a call to arms for voluntary land conservation through "land trusts." Wright points out that governmentally-imposed land conservation "makes gun control appear uncontroversial." He suggests negotiated conservation is preferred: "If we want to do more than tidy up the infrastructure around a continuously developing landscape we must meet with owners of key parcels and find ways to compensate them for *not* developing their land" (14).

Land trusts are private, non-profit citizen groups which engage in land protection activities. Their mission is to conserve private lands of significant natural, scenic, and historic value: "Most trusts receive tax-exempt status from the Internal Revenue Service of the U.S. Treasury Department. This legal standing renders the value of gifts of land and conservation easements (development rights) made to the trust eligible as income and estate tax deductions for the donor" (ibid.).

Wright recounts the rise of land trusts since 1891 to 1992 when nearly 900 land trusts existed in the United States. Of these, forty-three are in the Rocky Mountain states. At the time Wright's book was written, Utah had only one land trust while Colorado had twenty-seven.

Wright seizes upon the dramatic contrast in land trusting in Colorado and Utah and recounts, as a historical geographer, the evolution of land use and land conservation in the two states. The broad-brush historical perspective based on the geographical distinctions between the states is general but surprisingly useful.

As one would expect, Wright finds Utah's Mormon heritage its most significant distinction. The book recounts the initial settlement efforts of Utah after unsuccessful Mormon efforts to settle in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois. Wright notes the reverential attitude of the early pioneers toward their new territory: "Over and over in their diaries, pioneers noted streams, flood plains, excellent soils, tall grass, and a dry climate tempered by cooling canyon winds" (163).

Centralization of Mormon authority lent itself to orderly settlement and land distribution, including designation of common resource areas. Wright quotes Brigham Young's 1847 mandate that some resources were a common heritage: "There shall be no private ownership of streams that come out of the canyons, nor [of] the timber that grows on the hills. These belong to the people—all the people" (164-65). Wright finds that early Mormon statements on land use were very high-minded:

> Early Mormon writings presented a group which, in at least a portion of their rhetoric and land policies, embraced some land conservation concepts. In 1847, Mormons appeared to be poised as enlightened caretakers of a divine gift. They clearly intended to use the Earth to generate monetary gain. However, while capital accumulation was seen as a defense against Gentile intrusions, the Mormons also seemed to develop a unique, theologically based conservation ethic. Brigham Young urged people to behave righteously to appease God and thereby assure plentiful crops, good weather, fertile soils, and healthy livestock. Drought and insect infestations were seen as trials. In Mormon landscape ecology "living right" was crucial in order to earn both God's favor and worldly gain (165).

Wright contrasts the Saints' early idealism with the reality of their monopolization, deforestation, and overgrazing. He recounts the land and water exploitation that has now filled the Salt Lake Valley with development. He notes many laudable conservation efforts in Utah but concludes that Utahns only conserve incidentally, not as a matter of focus. He claims Utah's land planners and government regulators are more interested in processing applications than in developing plans for the future. His underlying

thesis is that Utah needs the mechanism of land trusts to carry out voluntary conservation efforts, including compensation to owners who dedicate open lands for public purposes. Without land trusts Utah is missing a key element of the mix required to preserve Utah's unique landscape. Wright concludes his analysis of Utah by laying the blame for the lack of land conservation at the feet of Mormons:

> Because of their shared dependence on destructive exploitation of the natural environment, Mormon Millennialism and American Manifest Destiny have been essentially similar in effect. . . . Although Joseph Smith spoke of stewardship, Brigham Young was in charge of actual settlement. And Young, the Great Colonizer, more than anything else was a stem, hands-on CEO who ran the Church as a real estate development corporation. This tradition still guides Utah life.
>
> Joseph Smith's Plat of the City of Zion was a design for small, distinct farming—based cities of no more than 20,000 people. However, the man in charge of settlement, Brigham Young, saw no such limits. The Wasatch Front is today a solid congestion of roads, houses, refineries, stores and warehouses with over 1.3 million people (243-45).

Wright blames the Mormon belief in millennialism for Utahns' attitude toward their lands. If "earth will become as the Garden of Eden" and "renewed in its paradisiacal glory," there is little reason to pay attention to the state of the land.

Wright is also disturbed that little has been done by the church in land conservation leadership. He points to the joint Nature Conservancy-Brigham Young University effort to save the Lytle Ranch near St. George as the only LDS church-related land conservation project. He suggests, as an outsider, that the LDS church sponsor a Mormon Trail land trust and a Sanpete County cultural park to simultaneously exemplify Mormon values and land conservation (242, 246, 255). According to Wright, "an understanding of Mormons' spiritual and secular attitudes about the highest and best use of the land" exemplified by these projects "would be the logical first steps in tailoring the land trust concept to fit a unique set of cultural contours" (255-56).

Wright characterizes himself as a gentile outsider mystified by the "grand enigma" of Utah, "a foreign nation" (139). His book makes several indisputable factual errors: that Bob Bennett is governor of Utah (139, 51); that Mormons believe that at the Millennium "all Gentiles will be struck naked by the Lord" (149); that Nephi and his family on arrival in the New World "split into three groups—the Nephites, the Jaredites, and the Lamanites" (155); that the Lamanites were turned dark-skinned by God after they destroyed the Nephites (ibid.); that the highest rung of Mormon heaven is "Exultation" (ibid.); and mislabels George A. Smith as "Prophet George A. Young" (161).

These inaccuracies jump out from the page. Wright also relies heavily on Brodie's *No Man Knows My History;* on Shupe and Heinerman's *Mormon Corporate Empire;* and on Smith and Naifeh's *The Mormon Murders* as his primary sources on LDS history and belief. These unfortunate errors and controversial sources will impair Wright's ability to reach the

general Mormon audience it needs to convert. If Wright's manuscript had been reviewed by a knowledgeable member of the church or a Mormon scholar, it could have been more authoritative and reliable.

Fortunately, these detracting inaccuracies do not invalidate the book's essential function or conclusion. The Mormon millennial belief probably does minimize Utah's concern for land conservation. In addition, Wright could have pointed out that the Mormon belief that three prior civilizations have been swept off the continent with bare traces left of their existence also contributes to an attitude of transience and disinterest. He could also have emphasized the Mormon belief in an after life and the Mormon dichotomy between spiritual and temporal things that tends to subjugate or even eliminate temporal concerns. A comparison of Utah's economic environment, including large families and low incomes, to that in Colorado might also be a reason for Utah's comparative lack of concern. Other factors might include Utah's geography with an over abundance of beauty and open land and the absence of significant change in rural Utah while the Wasatch Front burgeons. It would have been interesting to see a demographic contrast of Boulder, Colorado, and Provo, Utah, two university towns that might be as dissimilar as any in the nation.

Wright's book represents an important opportunity for self-examination as Utah finds itself with one of the highest growth rates of any state in the nation. While it could have been refined to remove "bumps" for the Mormon reader, its overview of conservation efforts in Utah and Colorado makes it a valuable resource.

The Prophet's Dream

Brian Evenson

An angel came to me and said, O Pitiable Fools!
O Foolish Mortals! O Everlasting Damnation!
I said, Perhaps you will be willing to shew me
their eternal lot, and my own. He said, Come.

I thought I was riding in my carriage and the angel beside.
Foster and Higbee we saw twisted as snakes and strangling
the strength out of one another, dripping vile poison.
This the angel gave me as their state, and was gone.

I was overtaken in the prairie by the Brothers Law,
dragged from my coach, and cast into a dark pit.
Is this, I cried, my everlasting lot and their own
so easy? Have patience, said an angel beside, and listen.

I listened and heard the screams of the Brothers Law.
Perhaps I may stand on your shoulders, I said to the angel.
But he took me by the shirt and tossed me high in the air.
From that height I saw the Laws below consumed by beasts.

They cried to me. I shewed them my hands they had bound.
I cautioned them to throw themselves into the pit
for an angel awaited them. They would not hear me.
My body sped upward. They grew smaller and smaller,
diminishing.

The whole earth was spread before me and my hands were free.
I saw that I was drawn up not of my own power, but by an angel.
That was their eternal lot, he said. This is yours.
We sped upward faster and faster, our bodies shining.

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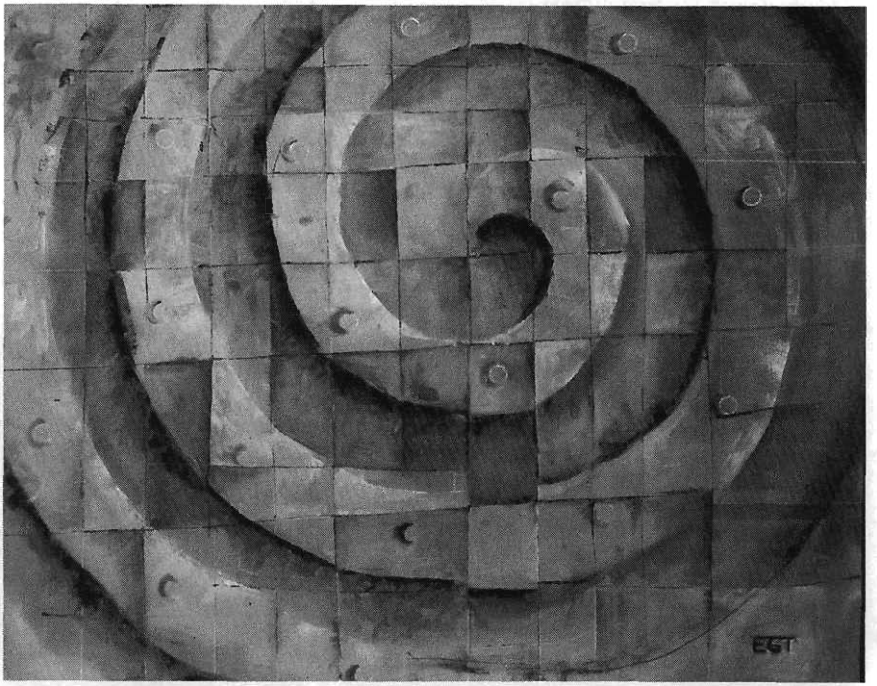
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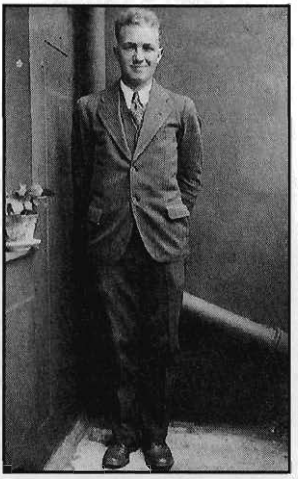

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ABOUT THE ARTISTS

In keeping with our tradition of publishing the work of young poets, historians, and writers, this issue's artists are both relatively new to the art scene.

Eric Thompson

Eric Thompson is twenty-four years old and has been painting seriously since 1989. Self-taught, he acknowledges the influence of the surrealists, particularly Dali and Rene Magritte. Locally, he experiences the influence of Trevor Southey. His subject matter frequently emerges from his dreams and emphasizes mood and feeling over meaning. For Eric, painting is a source of great satisfaction and challenge.

Brad Aldridge

Brad Aldridge describes his work as iconographic landscape. "For me, aspects of the landscape often take on a personal spiritual symbolism. For example, clouds or the moon in my paintings often alludes to the metaphysical aspect of life, whereas trees may refer to the more tangible or physical. My art is often about a dialogue between the two. Occasionally, I use figures to further emphasize the spiritual narrative. Triptych, arch, and tabernacle altarpiece formats give the viewer visual clues to the underlying spiritual content of my work. Large gold frames also contribute to the iconographic feel of my art.

"My paintings are, for the most part, oil on masonite. The surfaces are usually quite textured. These textures are caused by sanding, scraping, and scratching the gesso. My plein-air landscape paintings are occasionally done on canvas which seems to accept the paint more readily as I paint quickly to capture a specific scene at a particular time of day.

"My work often deals with opposites such as light and darkness, day and night, life and death, water or gardens in the desert, to name a few. On a formal level, my work contains areas of sharp contrast, further pursuing the theme of opposites. This is evident in the lights and darks of the paintings as well as the gold frames which often have dark areas as a contrasting element.

"My ultimate goal in art is to create objects of beauty which nourish the viewer on a spiritual level."

PAINTINGS

Front : "Moon Thief," 30"x 40," Eric Thompson, oil , 1994
Back : "Road through the Valley," Brad Aldridge, 14"x 21," oil, 1994
p. 40: "Adam Naming the Animals," Brad Aldridge, 60"x 40," oil, 1994
p. 58: "Fourspheres," Eric Thompson, 48"x 48," oil, 1994
p. 92: "Voices in the Valley of Adam-ondi-Ahmen," Brad Aldridge, 26"x 34," oil (silk over oak), 1994
p. 116: "Sprocket Clock," 41"x 31," Eric Thompson, oil, 1994
p. 161: "Blossoming Desert," Brad Aldridge, 22"x 14," oil, 1994
p. 193: "Tile Spiral," Eric Thompson, 24"x 30," oil, 1994

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