

DIALOGUE

A Journal of Mormon Thought



EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR	Levi S. Peterson, <i>Issaquah, Washington</i>
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Brent Corcoran, <i>Salt Lake City, Utah</i>
SUBMISSIONS OFFICE MANAGER	Karrin Peterson, <i>Sammamish, Washington</i>
LETTERS EDITOR	Kathleen Petty, <i>Bellevue, Washington</i>
HISTORY EDITOR	Todd Compton, <i>Santa Monica, California</i>
PERSONAL VOICES EDITOR	Linda Sillitoe, <i>Ogden, Utah</i>
FICTION EDITOR	Karen Rosenbaum, <i>Kensington, California</i>
POETRY EDITOR	Lisa Bickmore, <i>West Jordan, Utah</i>
BOOK REVIEW EDITOR	Michael Austin, <i>Shepherdstown, West Virginia</i>
ART DIRECTOR	Connie Disney, <i>Salt Lake City, Utah</i>
COPY EDITOR	Lavina Fielding Anderson, <i>Salt Lake City, Utah</i>
PROOFREADER	Jani Fleet, <i>Salt Lake City, Utah</i>
WEBMASTER	Hugo Olaiz, <i>Salt Lake City, Utah</i>



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Gregory A. Prince, Chair, <i>Potomac, MD*</i>	Val Hemming, <i>Kensington, MD</i>
Stirling Adams, <i>Orem, UT</i>	Armand L. Mauss, <i>Irvine, CA</i>
M. John Ashton, <i>Holladay, UT*</i>	F. Ross Peterson, <i>Logan, UT</i>
Michael Austin, <i>Shepherdstown, WV</i>	Levi S. Peterson, <i>Issaquah, WA</i>
Molly McLellan Bennion, <i>Seattle, WA</i>	Hardy Redd, <i>La Sal, UT*</i>
Mary Lythgoe Bradford, <i>Leesburg, VA</i>	Mack Stirling, <i>Traverse City, MI</i>
Barbara Evenson Haugsoen, <i>Salt Lake City, UT</i>	*Member of Executive Committee

BUSINESS MANAGER

Lori Levinson, *Salt Lake City, UT*

BUSINESS OFFICE ASSISTANT

Wyatt McKean, *Salt Lake City, UT*



EDITORIAL BOARD

Mark Asplund, <i>Seattle, WA</i>	Michael E. Nielsen, <i>Statesboro, GA</i>
Gary James Bergera, <i>Salt Lake City, UT</i>	Colette Peterson Spackman, <i>Dumfries, VA</i>
Rebecca Worthen Chandler, <i>Shaker Heights, OH</i>	Kathleen Petty, <i>Bellevue, WA</i>
Justin Flosi, <i>Chicago, IL</i>	John Sillito, <i>Ogden, UT</i>
Becky Reid Linford, <i>Cockeysville, MD</i>	Robert Hodgson Van Wagoner, <i>Concrete, WA</i>



EDITORS EMERITI

Eugene England	Mary Kay Peterson
G. Wesley Johnson	Martha Sonntag Bradley
Robert A. Rees	Allen D. Roberts
Mary Lythgoe Bradford	Neal Chandler
Linda King Newell	Rebecca Worthen Chandler
L. Jackson Newell	Karen Marguerite Moloney
F. Ross Peterson	

DIALOGUE

A Journal of Mormon Thought

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

Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought is published quarterly by the Dialogue Foundation. *Dialogue* has no official connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Third-class postage is paid at Salt Lake City, Utah. Contents copyright 2004 by the Dialogue Foundation. ISSN 0012-2157

Dialogue is also available on microforms through University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1346 and 18 Bedford Row, London WC1R4EJ, England. *Dialogue* is indexed in the *ATLA Religion Database*, published by the American Theological Library Association, 250 S. Wacker Dr., 16th Fl., Chicago, IL 60606, email: atla@atla.com; website: <http://www.atla.com>; also by ABC-CLIO, 130 Cremona Drive, Suite C, Santa Barbara, CA 93117, website: <http://www.abc-clio.com>.

Submissions: *Dialogue* welcomes articles, essays, poetry, notes, comments, letters to the editor, and art. Submissions should follow the *Chicago Manual of Style*. **Electronic submissions are preferred.** Send attachments in Word or WordPerfect to dialoguemss@aol.com. Please provide mailing address and phone number. Submissions may also be made in printed copy. Mail three copies to Dialogue Submissions Office, 704 228th Ave. NE #723, Sammamish, WA 98074. Phone: (425) 898-9562. For submissions of visual art, consult the editor for specifications at dialoguemss@aol.com or (425) 898-9562. Allow eight to twelve weeks for review of all submissions. Submissions published in *Dialogue*, including letters to the editor and brief notes, are covered by our Publication Policy, under which the author retains the copyright in the work and grants Dialogue publication permission (see www.dialoguejournal.com/submissions/).

Advertising: Information for advertisers is available at the Dialogue Business Office, P.O. Box 58423, Salt Lake City, UT 84158; phone or fax (801) 274-8210; toll free (888) 874-8210; or e-mail: dialoguejournal@msn.com.

See our website at

www.dialoguejournal.com

Contents

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mormons and the Arts	<i>Morgan Dubiel and Leslie Dubiel</i>	v
Mormon Peacekeeping in Practice	<i>Jeddy LeVar</i>	vi
Animadversions	<i>Chris Conkling</i>	viii

ARTICLES AND ESSAYS

Music of a "More Exalted Sphere": The Sonic Cosmology of La Monte Young	<i>Jeremy Grimshaw</i>	1
The Current Philosophy of Consciousness Landscape: Where Does LDS Thought Fit?	<i>Steven L. Peck</i>	36
Imprisonment, Defiance, and Division: The History of Mormon Fundamentalism in the 1940s and 1950s	<i>Ken Driggs</i>	65

PERSONAL VOICES

Speaking in Tongues: A Gift of the Holy Spirit	<i>Marylee Mitcham</i>	98
Flying in a Confined Space	<i>Patricia Gunter Karamesines</i>	119
The Hands of Cowboy Red	<i>Penny Armstrong</i>	132

FICTION

Brown	<i>Charmayne Gubler Warnock</i>	138
Thanksgiving	<i>Angela Hallstrom</i>	150

POETRY

Prayer for a Grandchild	<i>Marilyn Bushman-Carlton</i>	96
The Banality of Evil	<i>Arthur Henry King</i>	107

Ambulance Unit	Arthur Henry King	110
Reading into Dusk	Dixie Partridge	112
Eighteen Thousand Sundowns	Dixie Partridge	114
The Fall of My Fiftieth Year	Dixie Partridge	116
The Riverbank, Late Winter: Living North	Dixie Partridge	118
Tiananmen Square, Beijing, 1999	Carol Clark Ottesen	130
November 2001	Robin Russell	148

REVIEWS

A Maturing View of the Book of Mormon		
Grant H. Palmer, <i>An Insider's View of Mormon Origins</i>	David P. Wright	168
Singing the Differences to Sleep		
Heidi Hart, <i>Grace Notes: The Waking of a Woman's Voice</i>	Phyllis Barber	173
Relations and Principles: The Mormon Dialectic		
Douglas J. Davies, <i>An Introduction to Mormonism</i>	Matt Nagel	176
Reed Smoot and the Twentieth-Century		
Transformation of Mormonism		
Kathleen Flake, <i>The Politics of American Religious</i>		
<i>Identity: The Seating of Senator Reed Smoot, Mormon Apostle</i>	Robert R. King	179
Good News for Fiction Readers		
Jack Harrell, <i>Vernal Promises</i> and Douglas Thayer,		
<i>The Conversion of Jeff Williams</i>	Todd Robert Petersen	182

NOTES OF INTEREST

Death to the Death of Poetry!: The Art Is Alive and Kicking in		
Mormon Circles—and in Mainstream American Culture	Lisa M. de Rubilar	187

ABOUT THE ARTIST

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mormons and the Arts

We think the definition of artistic or scholastic success in the article by John and Kirsten Rector ("What Is the Challenge for LDS Scholars and Artists?" *Dialogue* 37, no. 2 [Summer 2003]: 33–46) is too narrowly defined.

We are converts to the Church. I serve on the high council and my wife is second counselor in the Relief Society. My wife has a master's degree in art history from the University of Illinois, School of Fine and Applied Arts. I was a Ph.D. candidate in economics, dropped out of that program, and graduated with a degree in economics from the University of Illinois, College of Commerce and Business Administration, the equivalent of a master's degree in business.

We are struck by the significant number of LDS households with pianos and people who play and sing. All our nonmember friends are college graduates. Out of the hundred or so we still regularly see or talk to, none is musically inclined. I can think of only one nonmember friend who has a piano.

We agree that the orientation of the Church would discourage an individual from applying the time needed to "achieve" greatness. Limiting your definition of success to

the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes creates an inaccurate model of success. Both these prizes have a significant political element. Hundreds of deserving scientists and writers will never receive one of these prizes. It is akin to the statistically abstruse attempt to look only at hand-gun deaths and not all the other non-fatal experiences in analyzing gun control measures. By registering only the very pinnacle, the Rectors miss the immense balance of the iceberg just below the surface.

It is also curious that the Rectors discount "action-oriented" success. Business is about the truth and about solving problems. Liars do not last long in business. They always need fresh dupes. Solving real problems creates enormous good in the free market and rewards many people in ways not measurable in dollars alone.

We live near Northwestern University in Evanston. This gives us the opportunity to interact with many LDS scholars. They consistently seem to be at the pinnacle of their respective sciences whether they be metallurgists or psychologists. A broader measure might be more difficult to measure, but the scholarly achievements of average members, much of which is done as a hobby and not a career, are enormous. Placed

in their proper perspective, against the average nonmember, Latter-day Saints stand head and shoulders above their peers.

*Leslie and Morgan Dubiel
Chicago, Illinois*

Mormon Peacekeeping in Practice

In his essay on “The Possibilities of Mormon Peacekeeping” (*Dialogue* 17, no. 1 [Spring 2004]: 12–45), Patrick Q. Mason takes the position that the Book of Mormon is ambivalent on the justification of war. On the one hand, he uses the example of the Anti-Nephi-Lehis to make the case for pacifism in the Book of Mormon. On the other hand, Mason quotes Mormon’s counsel to future Lamanites: “Know ye that ye must lay down your weapons of war, and delight no more in the shedding of blood, save it be that God shall command you” (Morm. 7:4).

Making the Book of Mormon’s case for what he calls “defensive warfare,” Mason then adds, “Mormon quotes an otherwise unknown revelation that ‘the Lord has said that ye shall defend your families even unto bloodshed.’ As part of the Nephites’ just war ethic, the defense of these ideals and institutions and people—family, homes, rights, liberties, and religion—was in fact ‘the duty which they owed to their God’”(17).

The problem with the Anti-Nephi-Lehi episode mentioned above is that today many people take it out of context and use it as a scriptural justification to “fight for freedom, family, and liberties” in modern times. That modern use of the scripture necessarily assumes that the Nephites received a revelation giving them some kind of standing commandment to defend their families and liberties with bloodshed if necessary. That the Nephites did not have such a standing commandment but had to get a commandment in each specific instance before going to war is evidenced by several passages in the Doctrine and Covenants and Book of Mormon. For example, we read in Doctrine and Covenants 98:33–35:

And again this is the law that I gave unto mine ancients, that they should not go out unto battle against any nation, kindred, tongue, or people, save I, the Lord, commanded them.

And if any nation, tongue, or people should proclaim war against them, they should first lift a standard of peace unto that people, nation, or tongue;

And if that people did not accept the offering of peace, neither the second nor the third time, they should bring these testimonies before the Lord;

Then I, the Lord, would give unto them a commandment, and justify them in going out to battle

against that nation, tongue, or people.

The scripture in the Doctrine and Covenants suggests that there was no *standing* commandment to engage in “defensive war.” A divine injunction had to be obtained *each time*.

Evidence that the Nephites understood that they had no standing commandment to defend their families and liberties but had to get divine permission each time is found in the account of Alma and his people when an army of Lamanites was approaching. His people became frightened and gathered in the city of Helam. Alma did not tell them to fight the Lamanite army. Instead “Alma and his people went forth and delivered themselves up into their [the Lamanites’] hands” (Mosiah 23:29). A peaceful means of escape was later devised through divine intervention.

Moroni was familiar with this principle. He told Pahoran:

Behold, the *Lord saith unto me*: If those whom ye have appointed your governors do not repent of their sins and iniquities, ye shall go up to battle against them. And now behold, I, Moroni, am constrained, according to the covenant which I have made to *keep the commandments of my God*; therefore, I would that ye should adhere to the word of God, and send speedily unto me of your provisions and of your men, and

also to Helaman. (Alma 60:33-34; emphasis mine)

Indeed in the same oft-quoted passage cited by Mason regarding defending their families and liberties by bloodshed if necessary, Alma records that the Lord would “warn them to flee, or prepare for war, according to their danger” (Alma 48:15).

Facing “numerous hosts” and with nothing in the record indicating that they had a divine injunction to fight, Gideon told King Limhi: “It is better for us to be in bondage than that we should lose our lives; therefore, let us put a stop to the shedding of so much blood” (Mosiah 20:22).

At a time when the Gadianton robbers were powerful and hiding in the mountains, waiting to come down upon the Nephites, the Nephites asked their leader Gidgiddoni to “pray unto the Lord, and let us go up upon the mountains and into the wilderness, that we may fall upon the robbers and destroy them in their own lands.” Gidgiddoni replied, “God forbid, for if we should go up against them, the Lord would deliver us into their hands” (3 Ne. 3:20–21). This passage again illustrates how the Nephites, when righteous, sought specific directions through revelation regarding warfare.

It seems clear that the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants teach about when war is justified. Whether those teachings are practical in modern times may be debated. In the United States some might say: "If we followed the teachings of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants about war, the United States would never be able to go to war because we do not have a theocracy in which a living prophet or leader 'with the spirit of revelation and also prophecy' (3 Ne. 3:19) is used to secure a divine commandment for the nation to follow."

Others might respond: "That would not be so bad. We would have to exercise faith in Christ's teachings regarding doing good to your enemies and doing unto others as you would have others do unto you. We would have to believe that Christ's teachings will work for nations as well as people. We would need presidents who put into practice the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount with respect to international relations. And with regard to terrorists, we would have to find out why they hate us so much and do things which would reduce that hatred." Unfortunately probably most Americans—and many Latter-day Saints whom President Spencer W. Kimball called a "warlike people"—would consider such a presi-

dent to be a wimp ("The False Gods We Worship," *Ensign*, June 1976, 6).

The same two responses could be made with respect to any modern secular state. With respect to the modern theocracies, the relevance of Book of Mormon teachings regarding warfare would depend on one's perspective regarding the truthfulness of their spiritual leaders' claims to be spokesmen for God.

Jeddy LeVar

Arkadelphia, Arkansas

Editor's note: Jeddy LeVar died from complications following open-heart surgery shortly after mailing this letter. Dialogue extends condolences to his loved ones.

Animadversions

Congratulations on Gregory Prince's brilliant and well-documented account of the McKay-Benson-John Birch controversy ("The Red Peril, the Candy Maker, and the Apostle: David O. McKay's Confrontation with Communism," *Dialogue* 37, no. 2 [Summer 2004]: 37-94). However, two historical errors should be corrected:

1. He described the Soviet Union "collapsing under its own weight in the late 1990s" (92). The date should be the "late 1980s" and the notion that it collapsed

under its own weight (Ronald Reagan had nothing to do with it?) is surely a historically tentative and slanted comment. The question still goes unanswered: Had Carter, Mondale, and Dukakis won their elections what would the Soviet bloc and nuclear proliferation be like today?

2. The statement that “McKay initially greeted the Russian revolution of 1917 with optimism, telling a general conference audience, ‘It looks as if Russia will have a government “by the people, of the people, and for the people” implies that McKay had an early, perhaps naive sympathy for Communism (38). “Russian Revolution”” means Lenin and Communism in most people’s minds but ignores the fact that there were two Russian Revolutions. When McKay spoke on April 7, 1917, Lenin was still an unknown in Switzerland, and the Bolsheviks were a very minor faction in that first provisional, pro-democratic government. The Bolsheviks/Communists did not gain power until the second revolution the following November, more than six months after McKay spoke. While I understand the temptation to use such a juicy quotation, it really has nothing to do with the article’s thesis on Communism.

What made the experience of this article especially interesting was

reading it while listening to the Ronald Reagan funeral and then reading the very next article (Raymond Kuehne on the Freiberg Temple), in which Spencer W. Kimball told East German leaders, while Benson was still alive, that “you must force yourself to befriend the Communists” (Raymond M. Kuehne, “The Freiberg Temple: An Unexpected Legacy of a Communist State and a Faithful People,” *Dialogue* 37, no. 2 [Summer 2004]: 101). Prince’s article would also have been even more interesting if he could have found notes on how Spencer W. Kimball, Thomas Monson, or Gordon B. Hinckley weighed in on the Benson controversy.

One of the fine subtleties of this article was to show that, while I youthfully and naively once assumed that Brown and Tanner (and McKay) were the only “good guys” and that there was a “right wing conspiracy” with Ezra Taft Benson, Cleon Skousen, Ernest L. Wilkinson, Thorpe B. Isaacson, and even Mark E. Petersen, Joseph Fielding Smith, and Harold Lee all marching in lockstep, there truly was a vast diversity of thought and spoken word in the Church at that time, with almost all the Brethren questioning Benson.

I spent my teenage years tor-

tured over the commands to “follow the brethren,” while I circled in our church magazines Elder Benson’s attacks on the civil rights movements as Communist fronts and heard local stake leaders imply that Elder Benson spoke officially for the prophet and all the other brethren. To further complicate matters, my father joined the LDS Church in the same year that he became a lifetime member of the NAACP, forcing me to deal with very complex issues.

The downfall of Communism brought further complexity. It was not only the right-wing Ezra Taft Bensons and Ronald Reagans who called the Soviet Union “an evil empire,” the thousands who flooded across the borders and had actually lived the nightmare also called Communism evil. Elder Benson and the Birchers were ridiculously extreme; but to my surprise, Ronald Reagan turned out to be more in tune with political realities than my many professors (and myself) during those same years.

All this leads to my current down-the-middle passion, summarized by my belief that, during the first half of my life, on the two great moral issues of the day, the conservatives were 75 percent wrong when it came to civil rights, and the liberals were 75 percent wrong when it came to Communism. Amazingly, I

find such thinking quite compatible with LDS Church teachings since 1978.

I am now thankful that the First Presidency took a strong stand in writing against Communism but would be even more grateful if similar documents existed against Naziism and the KKK. To those who believe in providence, we should be thankful for the firmness (stubbornness) of Elders Brown, Tanner, Lee, and others, and also thankful that Elder Benson did not become Church president in the 1960s or 1970s when his brand of conservatism would have done so much more harm to the Church. By 1985, we had already had four years of “getting used to it” under President Reagan, and by then, age, illness, or inspiration had likewise mellowed President Benson. Things could have turned out far worse.

Chris Conkling
Saugus, California

Erratum

In Klaus Hansen, “The Long Honeymoon: Jan Shippo among the Mormons,” *Dialogue* 37, no. 3 (Fall 2004): 28: “Harry” in the next to last paragraphs and “Bowdoin” in footnote 49 should read “Henry” and “Bowden.”

Music of a “More Exalted Sphere”: The Sonic Cosmology of La Monte Young

Jeremy Grimshaw

Orientation: A Visit to Gilgal Garden

SEVEN AND A HALF BLOCKS EAST and five blocks south of the Salt Lake Temple, the 0,0 of the city's cardinally aligned grid, an inconspicuous gate on the north side of the street opens onto a long path that leads to what was once the backyard of Thomas B. Child. A stonemason by trade and Mormon bishop by calling, Child spent many of his spare moments between 1945 and 1963 designing surreal and sacred sculptures and engraving poignant aphorisms into stone tablets, gradually creating one of the most unique (and, even to most Mormons, unknown) collections of folk art in the United States. His bizarre rendering of the Sphinx is the first thing one notices upon entering the garden, its face bearing the unlikely

JEREMY GRIMSHAW is a doctoral candidate in musicology at the Eastman School of Music and, during the 2004–05 academic year, a visiting assistant professor of fine arts at Syracuse University. His articles have appeared in the *Musical Quarterly*, the *Journal of Musicological Research*, *repercussions*, and *Intervals*. He lives in Pittsford, New York, with his wife, Kristen, and their three sons. An earlier version of this article, “The Sonic Search for Kolob: Mormon Cosmology and the Music of La Monte Young,” appeared in the musicological journal *repercussions* 9, no. 1 (Spring 2001): 78–120. The author expresses appreciation to Daniel Albright, David Claman, David Cook, David Doty, Michelle Green, Gabriela Ilnitchi, Ralph Locke, Alan Pierson, Chris Rice, Martin Scherzinger, Lane Twitchell, Ervin Wilson, and especially to Kristen Grimshaw, La Monte Young, his father, Dennis Young, and Marian Zazeela.



The Young family's log cabin in Bern, Idaho. Photo by Jeremy Grimshaw.

likeness of Joseph Smith Jr., its chest ornamented with an engraved depiction of the Salt Lake Temple's western towers (specifically, the upper tower's relief of the constellation Ursa Major).

Proceeding in a loop around the garden, one comes across the scattered anatomy from Nebuchadnezzar's dream, an arch of stones crowned with the symbols of Alpha and Omega, and even a statue of Child himself, carrying, under his left arm, rolls of blueprints, and under his right, the holy scriptures. Before him lie intersecting paths made of broad flat stones, each engraved with unreferenced scriptures, uncited hymn verses, and unattributed quotes, such as:

THAT IT SUGGESTS INFINITE WISDOM, A PAST WITHOUT BEGINNING AND A FUTURE WITHOUT END, A REPOSE AFTER LIMITLESS EXPERIENCE, A PEACE TO WHICH NOTHING MATTERS.

Or:

FOR BEHOLD THIS IS MY WORK AND MY GLORY—TO BRING TO PASS THE IMMORTALITY AND ETERNAL LIFE OF MAN.

And perhaps most pertinent to the discussion that will follow here:

FACTS BECOME ART THROUGH LOVE, WHICH UNIFIES THEM, AND LIFTS THEM TO A HIGHER PLANE OF REALITY.¹

A Log Cabin in Bern, Idaho

Exiting from the garden, one drives west on 500 South to the I-15, then on to Highway 89 north, eventually crossing the state line near Bear Lake—the northwest shore of which laps at the edges of Bern, Idaho. The main road through this community of 261 residents runs past the old schoolhouse, and, a stone's throw further on, the humble log cabin where La Monte Young spent the first few years of his life. This is the site of one of the earliest and most poignant images in any of Young's biographical reminiscences: the composer-to-be lying in bed, not yet two years old, drinking from a bottle and listening to the wind whistle across the gaps between the logs. "It was very awesome and beautiful and mysterious," Young recalls. "As I couldn't see it and didn't know what it was, I questioned my mother about it for long hours."²

Just about everyone who writes on Young begins the story with this anecdote or others like it that he provides, all with a similar soundtrack: the hum of insects in the sagebrush fields surrounding the Bern schoolhouse, or perhaps the quiet and complex harmony generated by an electrical substation in nearby Montpelier.

The appeal is obvious; such sounds resonate—both figuratively, and, in some cases, quite literally—with the works that have earned La Monte Young his reputation as one of the most enigmatic and conceptually intractable composers in history. His *Composition 1960 #7*, for example, simply provides the performer with a B and an F#, which are "to be held for a

1. The sources are, respectively: John Hay, in an 1891 letter to Henry Adams, on the bronze statue marking the grave of Adams's wife Marian; Moses 1:39; Kenneth Clark, *Landscape into Art* (London: J. Murray, 1949), 16.

2. Quoted in Richard Kostelanetz, *The Theater of Mixed Means: An Introduction to Happenings, Kinetic Environments, and Other Mixed-Means Presentations* (New York: RK Editions, 1980), 186.

long time.”³ His *Trio for Strings* (1958), recognized by one author as “the virtual fountainhead of [musical] minimalism,”⁴ is constructed of hushed chords, built and sustained over incredibly long spans, separated by silences lasting up to forty seconds. *The Second Dream of the High-Tension Line Stepdown Transformer* (1962) involves hours of group improvisation, within given parameters, upon pitches inspired by Young’s recollection of that humming substation in Montpelier. This sonic thread of long sustained tones draws together the highly disparate worlds Young has inhabited during his life: on the one hand, the geographic and sonic landscape of the rural West where he grew up and, on the other, the minimalist movement he helped to pioneer in New York in the 1960s—a circle that encompassed the drone-dominated underground rock of the Velvet Underground (who counted Young as a principal musical mentor), the static films of Andy Warhol (which Warhol created shortly after attending the New York premiere of Young’s *Trio for Strings*), the Spartan art of Yoko Ono (with whom Young was close friends), and an entire school of musical composition dedicated to the acoustical realities and intricacies of static sonorities and “sound itself.”

Virtually all of Young’s compositions, in their explorations of long tones and sustained harmonies, defy normal conceptions of teleology and temporality. There is no dramatic contour that develops over time, no tensions to be resolved, no building up to a goal; his works seem to have arrived at their goal long before we begin listening. If hearing Western music is like being carried along by the current of a river, listening to La Monte Young’s music is like being held afloat on a lake. “One of the aspects of form that I have been very interested in is stasis—,” says Young, “the concept of form which is not so directional in time, not so much climactic form, but rather form which allows time . . . to stand still.”⁵ One writer has asked rhetorically, “Does [Young] write for ‘now’ or for poster-

3. I attended a performance of the piece on June 20, 2001, in New York City, given under the composer’s supervision. It lasted about eighty-five minutes.

4. K. Robert Schwarz, *Minimalists* (London: Phaidon, 1996), 23.

5. La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, interviewed by Ian Nagoski, in *Halana* 1 (Winter 1995/1996): 30.

ity?"⁶ The answer is—no. His works do aspire to immortality but not merely in the music-historiographical sense. Young reaches into the distant past and resurrects sonorities from his memories as if they had always sounded and always will; his long tones suggest eternal tones, his sustained harmonies aspire to divine, immortal perfection. In fact, it is not unusual for him to speak of his music in these terms: "If [listeners] aren't carried away to Heaven," Young claims, "I'm failing."⁷

While in most accounts of Young's career, his music emerges seamlessly from the hums and drones of his early autobiography, the explicitly spiritual aspirations of Young's oeuvre are usually considered within contexts far removed from the log cabin in Bern. In his contribution to the liner notes for the 1981 recording of Young's monumental work *The Well-Tuned Piano*, composer Terry Riley observes in Young the "power of a Gandharva" and "the patience of a Chinese sage." He speaks of his mentor's masterpiece in reverent tones, wondering at its universal resonance, its global spirituality. "Here, for the first time in Western music, we experience the full-blown metaphysical archetypes of the Far East that infuse the high classicism of Bali, Java, India, and China, borne aloft on a separate ray, a genuine new breath of devotion." Riley solemnly concludes that "this is truth," and later, "this is a holy work."⁸

Such numinous language might sound to the skeptic like a lingering product of the freely appropriated Eastern philosophies (and freely ingested substances) that accompanied Young's arrival on the New York art scene in the psychedelic sixties. Indeed, composer David Claman has recently pointed out the clumsiness with which Western generalizations of the "timeless East" are used to explain Young's music; and both Claman and musicologist Allison Clare Welch have shown ways in which Young's compositional practices involve a much more nuanced combination of elements than such stereotypical geographical dichotomies as "East" and

6. David Farneth, "La Monte Young: A Biography," liner notes to *The Well-Tuned Piano* 81 X 25 6:17:50–11:18:59 PM NYC, Gramavision CD 79452 (1987), 18.

7. Quoted in Kostelanetz, *Theater of Mixed Means*, 218.

8. Riley, liner notes to *The Well-Tuned Piano*, 2.

“West” would imply.⁹ Likewise, although the composer and others frequently describe the spiritual and transcendent qualities attributed to Young’s music in exotic terminology, the beginning of Young’s heavenly quest far predates and dovetails with his exposure to Eastern religious ideas and 1960s countercultural aesthetics. Due consideration has yet to be given to certain spiritual concepts that have exercised a persistent and pervasive influence on Young’s music, namely, the theology and cosmology of Mormonism.

A devoted Latter-day Saint until early adulthood, Young retained certain conceptual paradigms from Mormonism even after abandoning most Mormon religious practices; these paradigms reappear in various terminological adaptations and spiritual contexts throughout his career.¹⁰ By considering his work within the context of Mormon thought, I do not mean simply to replace one myth of origin with another, but rather to demonstrate the extent to which polar models such as “Eastern” and “Western” (which, at best, contrive to fabricate the Exotic, and worst, seek to indict the Other), impose a false sense of opposition or incompatibility between perceived worldviews. This, I hope, will suggest a new way in which to connect Young’s biography with his compositional practices

9. While the research of each scholar takes a valuably detailed look at the connections between Young’s work and his interest in Eastern thought, Claman undertakes a much more critical exploration of Young’s Orientalist tendencies than Welch, whose analyses ultimately equate affinity with influence. See David Claman, “Western Composers and India’s Music: Concepts, History, and Recent Music” (Ph.D. diss., Princeton University, 2001), chaps. 2, 4; and Allison Clare Welch, *The Influence of Hindustani Music on Selected Works of Philip Glass, Terry Riley, and La Monte Young* (Ph.D. diss., University of Texas at Austin, 1997), chaps. 3, 4. See also Welch, “Meetings along the Edge: Svara and Tala in American Minimal Music,” *American Music* 17, no. 2 (Summer 1999): 179–99.

10. Though not a practicing Mormon, Young consciously maintains something of a Mormon identity. When I interviewed him and Marian Zazeela on March 4, 2001, Young said that he left Mormonism not because he thought it was false, but because he ceased to believe that it was exclusively true. He still accepts some basic tenets of Mormonism in a rather straightforward way, such as the divine calling of Joseph Smith and the veracity of the accounts given in the Book of Mormon, but he counts them among a number of what he considers true worldviews. In fact, Young is technically still a Mormon. He was quick to assure me that his name still appears on the rolls of the local LDS congregation in lower Manhattan.

and the meanings he projects onto them—not by pitting polarities against each other, but by exploring the affinities shared by seemingly distant cosmologies. Ultimately, after examining these strands of influence, I will consider his music—and the dialogue with which he surrounds it—in rather pragmatic terms: Where and of what kind is Young's Heaven, and how exactly does he propose to get us there?

Tuning, Periodicity, and "Universal Structure"

Since 1993 the third-story loft at 275 Church Street in lower Manhattan has been the home of *The Dream House*, an ongoing "Sound and Light Environment" created by Young and his wife, visual artist Marian Zazeela. The interior of the space is painted and carpeted entirely in white and, on Thursdays and Saturdays from 2:00 P.M. to midnight, filled with the aroma of Nag Champa incense and bathed in purple and magenta lights. A complex and intense cloud of sustained pitches emanates from the enormous speaker boxes in each corner of the room, creating fields of resonance that change with even the most minute movements through the space. Visitors remove their shoes before entering and, once inside, sit or lie on pillows or the floor. There are no chairs. The atmosphere is meditative and otherworldly.

There is an odd duality about this place, however, one that characterizes Young's mature works as a whole. The ethereal and spiritual are coupled indelibly with the mechanical and the material. While the name *The Dream House* seems fanciful enough (and perhaps further evokes 1960s psychedelic stereotypes), the title of the specifically sonic element of the installation is much less approachable: *The Base 9:7:4 Symmetry in Prime Time When Centered above and below The Lowest Term Primes in The Range 288 to 224 with The Addition of 279 and 261 in Which The Half of The Symmetric Division Mapped above and Including 288 Consists of The Powers of 2 Multiplied by The Primes within The Ranges of 144 to 128, 72 to 64 and 36 to 32 Which Are Symmetrical to Those Primes in Lowest Terms in The Half of The Symmetric Division Mapped below and Including 224 within The Ranges 126 to 112, 63 to 56 and 31.5 to 28 with The Addition of 119.*¹¹

The two volunteer attendants working at *Dream House* when I first visited in March of 2001 demonstrated this same duality. The first, him-

11. Capitalization as per original. For a brief explanation of the title of the work, see Kyle Gann, "The Tingle of $p \times m^{-1}$," *Village Voice*, October 4, 1994, re-

self a composer interested in complex tuning theories, handily and enthusiastically provided information about the mathematical and acoustical principles involved in the sound environment's elegantly complicated pitch content; the second, though just as enthusiastic about the *Dream House*, admitted that his interest was exclusively spiritual and experiential and that he had virtually no understanding of the technical issues involved.¹² What may seem like a duality between the spiritual and the mechanical, however, is, for Young, a continuum. He seeks to traverse (or eliminate) the border between the physical and the metaphysical realms through the musically experiential embodiment of what he calls "universal structure." This term refers generally to the numeric properties of the tuning systems Young employs, the acoustical and psychoacoustical means by which those properties are embodied and conveyed to the senses and the mind, and the way those properties "resonate" with the elegant harmonic structures of the cosmos.

Tuning is perhaps the most fundamental way music can embody cosmology. The most irreducible elements of music—the sounds used and the acoustical relationships between them—tell us something about the irreducible prespace the creator of that music assumes or imagines himself or herself to be operating within. Music, as part of the quadrivium of ancient study, entailed the understanding of "harmony" as it applied to both acoustics and astronomy, the steps of a scale and the music of the spheres; the "musicus," in Boethius's sixth-century definition, was not a performer or composer, but a tuning theorist. Later, in the Renaissance and Baroque periods of Western music history, tuning was a highly variable compositional factor. Composers and theorists developed numerous different tuning systems, and a composer's or performer's choice of tuning for a particular piece could drastically affect its acoustical properties and expressive character. Interest in tuning as a compositional variable gradually waned during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however; and by the turn of the twentieth century, the Western musical establishment

trieved in November 2002 from Young's website, <http://melafoundation.org/gann.htm>.

12. Kyle Gann clearly expresses the former sentiment in his review of *The Dream House*: "Let others get their ears massaged by the pulsating drones. I like to gaze at the tuning diagrams and let my mind slither naked through the mysterious clusters of luscious integers." Ibid.

had almost universally accepted the tuning system known as twelve-tone equal temperament, or "12TET," as the recognized standard. While cosmology has emerged occasionally in the narrative content of works from the past century, the ancient connection between acoustics and astronomy, or musical harmony and celestial harmony, has largely disappeared.

Young is thus among a relatively small group of contemporary composers who have resisted the ubiquity of 12TET and have treated tuning as a variable, rather than presupposed, compositional factor. Specifically, since the early 1960s, Young has championed—with "near-evangelical zeal," as Claman puts it—a category of tuning known as "just intonation."¹³ The copious liner notes to his most important work, *The Well-Tuned Piano*, include a lengthy essay on the acoustical and artistic possibilities afforded by "just" intervals—or pitch relationships that occur naturally in the harmonic series and that correspond with whole number ratios.¹⁴

To take a convenient example: On a piano tuned using just intonation, the interval between a G and a C below it can be expressed as the frequency ratio between the third and second harmonics of the overtone series, or 3/2; that is, for every three wave-cycles of the higher pitch, the lower pitch will complete exactly two wave-cycles. The interval, or frequency difference, between any two pitches in a just intonation scale can be expressed as a whole-number ratio in this same fashion: C to D is 8:9, C to F is 4:3, etc.¹⁵ On the other hand, in 12TET the ratios are altered from their natural harmonic occurrences.¹⁶ This alteration is accomplished by employing the following method to divide the octave into twelve equal semitones: 1 semitone = $2^{1/12} = 1.0595 \dots$ In other words, in

13. Claman, *Western Composers and India's Music*, 247.

14. La Monte Young, "Notes on *The Well-Tuned Piano*: Theory and Acoustical Background," liner notes to *The Well-Tuned Piano*, 5–7.

15. Since harmonic n of fundamental frequency f has a frequency equal to $f \cdot n$, the frequency ratio of any two harmonics is expressed by the positions of those harmonics within the series.

16. The reasoning behind this relationship defies easy, nontechnical explanation but involves a desire to circumvent a built-in feature of just intonation: the unevenness of scale steps. This unevenness increasingly concerned composers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries because their music increasingly tended to change from one key to another. In a just intonation scale, the pitch distance between, say, the first and second scale steps might be different from the distance between the sixth and seventh scale steps; thus, if a composer wanted to render the

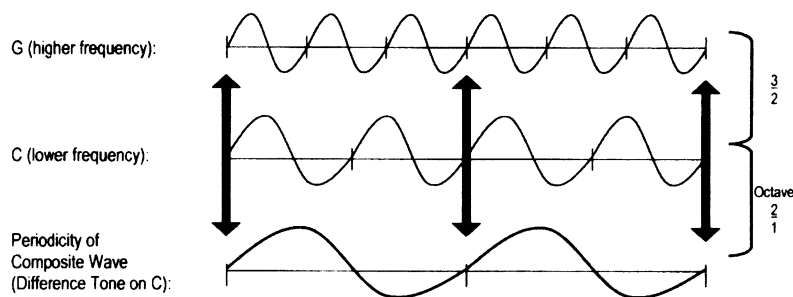


Figure 1. Periodicity of the composite waveform of a G–C dyad tuned to the just ratio of $3/2$. The higher pitch, G, completes three cycles for each two cycles of lower pitch, C. The composite waveform exhibits periodicity as the perfect $3/2$ alignment continues, causing the ear to perceive a third frequency, on a C one octave below the sounded C.

12TET the ratio between pitches a semitone apart (such as C and C#, E and F, or any other immediately adjacent notes on the keyboard) will be $1.0594 \dots / 1$, the numerator extending for an infinite number of decimal places (which makes it mathematically irrational, since it cannot be expressed precisely as a ratio).¹⁷ The interval between C and G, described above in just intonation as a $3/2$ ratio, can be calculated in 12TET using the same method used above for the semitone, modified to reflect the seven semitones between a C and a G: $C-G = 2^{7/12} = 1.4983 \dots$. That is, in 12TET the frequency of the higher pitch is 1.4983 \dots times that of the

same melody in the home key, or tonic, using the first and second scale steps, and later in a different key, using the sixth and seventh scale steps for the same gesture, the discrepancy between step sizes would make the melody sound different. The equal temperament system of tuning was developed to remedy this problem (and related ones) by making all of the scale steps even, thus facilitating the easy transfer of a musical figure from one key to another.

17. This formula can be conceptualized by thinking of the octave frequency ratio of $1:2$ (the acoustical relationship between, say, middle C and the next C above it on the piano) as the ratio of $2^0:2^1$, since $2^0 = 1$ and $2^1 = 2$. Just as the distance between 0 and 1 can be divided into 12 equal units of $1/12$ each, the distance between 2^0 and 2^1 can be divided into twelve units of $2^{1/12}$ each.

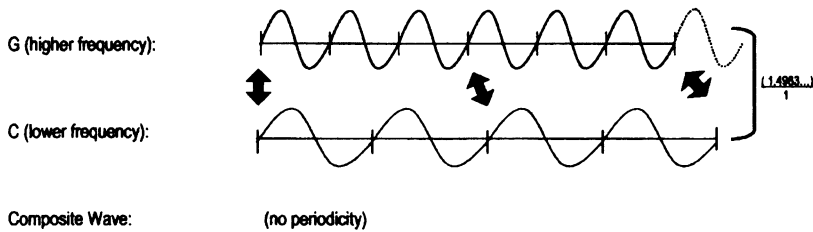


Figure 2. Representation of waveforms of a G–C tuned to the 12TET standard, 27/12, or the ratio of 1.4983 . . . /1 (not quite 3/2). The higher pitch, G, completes just under 3 cycles for each 2 cycles of the lower pitch, C. (The misalignment is exaggerated here for illustrative purposes.) Thus, the composite waveform is not periodic.

lower pitch. The sonic discrepancy between a 12TET C–G dyad and a just intonation C–G dyad can thus be thought of mathematically as the difference between 1.5 (or 3/2) and 1.4983 . . . (See Figure 1.)

For Young, this kind of discrepancy—as it occurs in *any* intervallic relationship—has important acoustical ramifications: since the intervallic factors in equal temperament are irrational numbers, the pitches they indicate never can be precisely in tune, even theoretically. He argues that our ears and brains are sensitive to whole-number ratios as they occur in the harmonic series, in that such ratios produce periodic composite waveforms, or combined waveforms that align with each other at regular points in time. The relationship of periodic composites to the natural harmonic series can actually be made audible: In an interval tuned to the ratio of 3/2 (as in the G–C dyad of the earlier example), the periodic points of alignment between the two sounding pitches can articulate and make audible the frequency of another pitch one octave below the lower of the two. (See Figure 2.) On the other hand, when an irrational tuning such as 12TET is used, the waveforms never quite align and the composite thus exhibits no periodicity.

Young uses research in the area of aural cognition to suggest that our brains attune to the composite periodicities of rationally tuned intervals in special ways. As we hear the same periodic wave form over and over again, the same specific neural receptors and transmitters in our brains and ears

are stimulated. Continued exposure to such harmonies, Young suggests, can potentially simulate or even create certain moods, feelings, or states of mind.¹⁸ Furthermore, according to Young, the perception of composite waveform periodicity as exhibited by just-tuned intervals communicates to the listener the perfection of the proportions with which they are constructed, tapping into what the composer describes as intuitive or anamnestic human sensitivities to universal principles of vibrational structure: "The sensations of ineffable truths that we sometimes experience when we hear progressions of chords and intervals tuned in just intonation, may indeed be our underlying subliminal recognition of the broader, more universal implications of these fundamental principles."¹⁹ In short, Young believes that intervals based on the harmonic series resonate with the macrocosm in a way that irrational intervals cannot. "When I hear intervals in [12TET], it's like they *remind* me of the truth," says Young, "whereas when I hear intervals in just intonation, it's as though I'm *hearing* the truth."²⁰

Comprising up to six and a half hours of slowly unfolding improvisations on just-tuned harmonies, *The Well-Tuned Piano* thus assumes the status of a grand cosmic treatise, a sweeping, sonic revelation of "universal structure." Again, Terry Riley endorses it as divinely inspired: "[Young] has given us a work that . . . is crafted in such an original profound manner as to make us feel that it is the product of a large unknown tradition, aged and mellowed over peaceful centuries of development and of whose shamanic wisdom he is the sole heir."²¹ Young also sees himself as a kind of musical prophet and speaks matter-of-factly of his divine mission. "[I had] a calling

18. Young, "Notes on *The Well-Tuned Piano*," 5–7. In this discussion, Young draws heavily upon unpublished acoustical research by Christer Hennix and John Molino. Both Hennix's and Molino's studies address Young's music. Published acoustical writings are cited as well, though none dealing with Young's music specifically. A full investigation of Young's acoustical claims is beyond the scope of this paper, which deals primarily with the nature and provenance of Young's assertions rather than their acoustical and psychoacoustical validity.

19. *Ibid.*, 7.

20. Quoted in Ramon Pelinski, "Upon Hearing a Performance of *The Well-Tuned Piano* [Part I]," interview with La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, *Interval: Exploring the Sonic Spectrum* 4, no. 3 (Spring 1984): 18.

21. Riley, liner notes to *The Well-Tuned Piano*, 2.

to become what I became. . . . I was created to do this."²² He insists that, by studying his music, "the soul becomes capable of developing to a higher state of evolution."²³ In fact, according to Young, learning true cosmic harmony is the *principal* purpose of earthly existence. He claims that "God created the body so that the soul could come to Earth to study music so that it could have a better understanding of universal structure."²⁴ In short, Young sees himself as a divinely appointed, predestined restorer and refiner of ancient knowledge, a receptor for certain fundamental truths of existence, which he articulates through music.

Although Young is certainly not the first Western composer to claim divine appointment, he definitely counts among the most uncompromising in rhetoric and most literal in assertions: For him, music and spirituality are not just related, but, on some level, ontologically contiguous; accordingly, in his view, a musical prophet is a prophet of the highest order. Young's sense of calling thus shares certain affinities with the deeply integrated musical and religious traditions of India. Just as the raga singer's proximity to God is reflected in the purity of his intonation with the constant drone of the tambura, Young's music seeks the celestial realm through the cosmic purity of periodicity. Indeed, having studied Indian classical music for over thirty years with esteemed singer Pandit Pran Nath, Young often invokes this and other Indian metaphors in describing the musical-spiritual continuum he seeks to traverse.

Still, although most discussions of his music and character inevitably connect Young's strong self-concept as well as his compositional practices to Indian music and thought, his initial exposure to such ideas only served to reinforce attitudes and philosophies he had already begun to develop. Likewise, although his early emergence as a composer and musical thinker corresponded chronologically with a gradual distancing from his religious upbringing, his rhetoric and, as we shall see, his compositional practices fit quite comfortably within certain Mormon conceptual frameworks. In fact, when I interviewed him for this study, Young stated outright that his later spiritual developments were erected atop the conceptual foundation of his Mormon upbringing: "There's no question in my

22. Young and Zazeela, interviewed by Nagoski, 39.

23. *Ibid.*, 25.

24. Quoted in David Toop, *Ocean of Sound: Aether Talk, Ambient Sound, and Imaginary Worlds* (London: Serpent's Tail, 1995), 177–78.

mind that principles of Mormonism did play an *enormously* influential role in the shaping of [my] music. Sure, I was also gradually becoming acquainted with Eastern thought . . . but it was like something that was an old friend, because of the way it had already been introduced to me in Mormonism.”²⁵ In this same interview, Young subsequently drew several parallels between Mormonism and various Eastern philosophies, finally concluding that every prophet from Buddha to Mohammed to Joseph Smith articulated a different facet of the same divinity. After all, Young pointed out, when a Mormon ends a prayer with “In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen,” he or she utters virtually the same sentiment as the Hindu who says “OM, Nama Narayana”: Nama, meaning “in the name of”; Narayana, another name for Vishnu; and OM, the sacred syllable, a gesture of attunement.²⁶ Accordingly, one can read Young’s works and his frequently Eastern-oriented rhetoric as tropes on Mormon theology and cosmology—and indeed, the composer’s own comments seem to encourage this kind of reading.

A Log Cabin at Palmyra

From Rochester, New York, where I now write, one follows Route 31 about twenty miles out of town, through Pittsford and Macedon to the village of Palmyra. Heading south from the four churches clustered at the intersection in the middle of town and turning right on Temple Road, one eventually encounters another tiny log cabin, a replica of the one that stood on the same spot in 1820 when Joseph Smith Jr. received the first of his numerous divine visitations. Appearing before him in the air of the Sacred Grove in a column of light, God the Father and Jesus told Joseph that he should not join any of the sects then vying for his conversion. The preachers of Christianity, Jesus said, “draw near unto me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. . . . They teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof” (JS—History 1:19). They told Joseph that certain fundamental truths had been lost during centuries of doctrinal apostasy, and that he had been chosen to initiate the restoration of those truths to the Earth.

25. La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, interview by Grimshaw, New York, March 4, 2001.

26. Ibid.



La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, New York City, 2000 (standing in front of 1960 Zazeela painting, Mount Anthony). Photo Jung Hee Choi. Copyright Jung Hee Choi 2000.

The religion that emerged from this and subsequent heavenly encounters did not seek to oppose traditional Christianity so much as to circumscribe it, to house it within a broad and forgotten cosmological framework. As Erich Robert Paul, a historian of science, observes, “While Christ and the atonement remain the central feature of the Mormon religious message, for Mormons the atonement became understandable most forcefully in the context of a universal vision that encompasses past, present, and future states of humankind.”²⁷ This “universal vision” is described in its most explicit terms in the Book of Abraham, where God shows the eponymous prophet a vision of humankind in its premortal, spiritual state and explains how these spirits had already demonstrated certain aptitudes and qualities of obedience and intelligence. Abraham’s

27. Erich Robert Paul, *Science, Religion, and Mormon Cosmology* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1992), 99.

vision depicts God, the father of all the spirits and “the most intelligent of all,” assembling his children in a great council and assigning to some of them particular mortal stewardships before sending them to Earth.

Abraham’s vision of the preexistence exemplifies a central tenet of Mormon religion and culture: the concept that each human had a distinct premortal identity and certain acquired skills or talents that qualified her or him for “foreordination” to specific duties or challenges during mortality. Ecclesiastical leaders, intellectual figures, gifted artists and musicians, and otherwise notable individuals are thus commonly thought of as having been groomed for their prominent earthly roles during their pre-earth existence.

This “universal vision” likewise encompasses human beings’ post-earth state, which holds the possibility of gradually and asymptotically approaching the intelligence and power of Deity. Preparation for this lofty goal is the design of earthly existence since, according to one of the revelations of Joseph Smith:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection.

And if a person gains more knowledge in this life . . . than another, he will have so much advantage in the world to come. (D&C 130:18–19)

In fact, Mormons believe this process to be a continual cycle; Lorenzo Snow, one of Smith’s successors to the presidency of the Church, summarized the Mormon “universal vision” in more direct terms: “As man is, God once was. As God is, man may some day become.”²⁸

Considered in this context, La Monte Young’s discourse assumes a clearly Mormon timbre. The title of his most important work, *The Well-Tuned Piano*, articulates a strong restorational tone: It rhetorically seeks to displace J. S. Bach’s venerable collection *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, which, with its methodic exploration of all twenty-four major and minor keys, has come to symbolize the ubiquity and inevitability of the 12TET system.²⁹ Young’s latter-day answer to Bach seeks to reestablish communication with Deity through long-dormant lines of transmission, lines which can be reactivated only by a tuning system acoustically pure enough to reso-

28. Quoted in Thomas C. Romney, *The Life of Lorenzo Snow* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1995), 46.

29. While *The Well-Tempered Clavier* does stand as a symbol of equal temperament’s universal institutionalization, musicologists generally agree that the

nate with the universe itself. We might well recall at this point Young's statement about equal temperament *reminding* him of the truth while music in just intonation is the truth, and compare it to Jesus's words to Joseph Smith in the grove: that various Christian religions demonstrated only "a form of godliness," while "denying the power thereof."

Young's efforts to raise the soul "to a higher state of evolution" through aural lessons in universal structure—that is, microcosmic lessons in macrocosmic principles—aspire to a distinctly divine pedagogy. Young thus sees himself just as he had been taught as a child to see Joseph Smith: as a prophet chosen by God to restore eternal truths that had been hidden during a long period of apostasy—truths with the potential to transform the mortal into the divine. To paint a particularly vivid—and particularly Mormon—image, one might picture Young (or perhaps more easily for the skeptic, picture Young picturing himself) among those in the heavenly council described by Abraham: Abraham is assigned to be the prophetic patriarch of innumerable posterity; Joseph Smith is called to restore Christ's church in the latter days; and, among the souls foreordained to artistic stewardships, La Monte Young is called to teach humanity, through music, about its eternal potential.

In fact, Young summarizes the eternal scope of his music using precisely the same language employed in Church meetings, media spots, missionary tracts, and lesson manuals to describe the broad scope of Mormon eternity. Says Young, "From the beginning of recorded time people have always wanted to understand their relationship with universal structure and to time—even in as simple a way as where do we come from, why are we here, and where are we going?" Though seemingly common thoughts, the three cosmic questions that constitute the composer's last turn of phrase stand out to the Mormon reader as unmistakable terminological remnants of Young's upbringing.³⁰ It is tempting, then, to look for connections operating at a deeper level than the rhetorical or terminological.

historicity of this symbolism is highly questionable; the piece likely employed a predecessor to the equal tempered system.

30. Quoted in Toop, *Ocean of Sound*, 179. Compare it with this excerpt from the missionary discussions: "Knowledge of . . . the plan of salvation enables us to understand three basic questions about our existence: Where did I come from? Why am I here? Where am I going?" "Discussion 4: Eternal Progression,"

An Adobe Cabin at Salt Lake City

If you could hie to Kolob
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 And then continue onward
 With that same speed to fly,
 Do you think that you could ever,
 Through all eternity,
 Find out the generation
 Where Gods began to be?³¹

While the Salt Lake Temple stands as the symbolic center of the city, the literal 0,0 of the original grid was marked with a small obelisk that for several decades was housed in another building, this one located a few yards southwest of the temple construction site. Erected in 1869 by the U.S. Coastal Survey to house the obelisk as well as instruments for making precise time measurements, it also served as the territory's first astronomical observatory; it was equipped with retractable roof slats and housed Apostle Orson Pratt's prized telescope. Pratt spent many late

Uniform System for Teaching the Gospel (Salt Lake City: Corporation of the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1986), p. 4-1. Coke Newell, *Latter Days: A Guided Tour through Six Billion Years of Mormonism* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000), xv, articulates the same three questions. Similar examples appear throughout Church curricula and media materials.

31. W. W. Phelps, "If You Could Hie to Kolob," *Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Corporation of the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1985), no. 284. Phelps, a close associate of Joseph Smith, was present when Smith recorded the cosmological account found in the Book of Abraham. One might even consider Phelps's hymn the first (and only?) American minimalist hymn text: The beginning of each line in the last two and a half of the hymn's five verses begins with the phrase "There is no end" This idea is articulated nicely in its current musical setting—Ralph Vaughn Williams's arrangement of the English tune "Kingsfold." The hymn begins in a minor key; but as it progresses, it continually hints at a forthcoming ending in major, which would sound much more conclusive. Each time the end of a verse nears, however, the harmony veers away from the finality or resolution of the implied major key and ends in the same minor key in which it began—a fitting musical embodiment of a cosmology in which there is no "end," but rather an "eternal round."

nights in the observatory, at the literal center of the Mormon world, documenting the movement of the stars and planets and especially looking for clues to the "Grand Key" described cryptically in one of Smith's revelations, which Pratt conceptualized as a universal "astrotheological" force or principle by which worlds are created and the cosmos is held together.³² For a time, as Breck England has observed, this little cabin formed a curious and telling symmetry with another temporary building on Temple Square standing northwest of the temple site: the Endowment House, where early Mormons performed the highest covenants and ordinances of their faith while waiting for the temple proper to be completed. Pratt, whose enthusiasm for science and astronomy complemented his interest in genealogy and temple work (during a time in which many Saints had put off vicarious work until the temple had been completed), divided much of his devotional time on the square between the northwest and southeast cabins, alternately communing with the heavens in one and scanning them with his own eyes in the other. Strolling between the Endowment House and the observatory, gazing up through his telescope, Pratt was not just trying to "find God," he was trying to *find God*.

Erich Robert Paul observes that "Joseph Smith . . . [introduced] some novel ideas that directly contradicted the traditional Christian view of miracles, supernaturalism, and creationism. Specifically, [he] redefined the terms 'spirit,' which he interpreted as a 'material substance, only more refined,' and 'creation,' which, in his understanding, meant 'to organize from pre-existing materials,' rather than the emergence of something *ex*

32. Breck England, *The Life and Thought of Orson Pratt* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1985), 247–51. England's account of Pratt's complementary genealogical and cosmological pursuits and his description of the symbolic architectural convergences represented by the uncompleted temple and its "annexes" brilliantly points up the resonance in early Mormonism between scientific inquiry and spiritual devotion. Breck relates Pratt's search for the "Grand Key" to Smith's explanations of Figure 2 of Facsimile No. 2, Abraham 3 in the Pearl of Great Price, from which Smith derived his vision of Abraham's cosmology. The Grand Key, Smith says, is "the governing power, which governs [several] planets or stars, as also . . . the Moon, the Earth, and the Sun in their annual revolutions."

nihilo.”³³ Perhaps the most concise reflection of this redefinition is found in Abraham’s cosmological vision, in which he is shown the workings of the universe—including the place in the heavens where God himself resides:

And I saw the stars, that they were very great, and one of them was nearest unto the throne of God; and there were many great ones which were near unto it;

And the Lord said unto me: These are the governing ones; and the name of the great one is Kolob, because it is near unto me, for I am the Lord thy God: I have set this one to govern all those which belong to that same order as that upon which thou standest. (Abr. 3:2–3)

This vision highlights a crucial aspect of Mormon theology: the idea that heaven is in some way a material rather than ethereal place, located somewhere and somehow within the same “order” as Earth. It follows from this that God, although immortal and perfected, is also in some way *embodied*. Joseph Smith’s revelations asserted this doctrine explicitly:

The idea that the Father and the Son dwell in a man’s heart is an old sectarian notion and is false. . . .

The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man’s; the Son also. . . . (D&C 130:3, 22)

Before making his name as Mormonism’s foremost amateur scientist, Orson Pratt had prolifically preached the embodied God of Mormonism in England; as he wrote in a tract distributed by the thousands, “A god without a body! A god without parts! . . . O, blush for modern Christianity!—a pious name for atheism!”³⁴ Mormon philosopher James Faulconer describes how this concept affects the Mormon worldview: “God is in the world in something like the same way we are; he is not resident in another

33. Paul, *Science, Religion, and Mormon Cosmology*, 31.

34. Pratt, “The Kingdom of God,” reprinted in *Orson Pratt’s Works on the Doctrines of the Gospel* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1945), 35–36. Pratt originally published it as a tract in Liverpool between 1848 and 1851. Here Pratt directly confronts the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, the Church of England creed, and other religious statements which describe God as a being “without body, parts, or passions.” Other tracts distributed by Pratt during his missionary tenure included “Absurdities of Immaterialism; or, a Reply to T.W.P. Taylder’s Pamphlet, Entitled, ‘The Materialism of the Mormons or Latter-day Saints Examined and Exposed’” (1849) and “Great First Cause; or, the Self-Moving Forces of

ontological sphere. . . . His existence in the same ontological sphere that we inhabit makes impossible for Mormons the separation of the worldly and the heavenly."³⁵ For Mormons, it seems, faith is essentially a kind of cosmological pragmatism.

Erich Robert Paul observes that, because LDS cosmology conceives of spirit as just a more refined kind of matter and of heaven as just a more distant place, any scientific pursuit is also, on some level, a spiritual one—and vice versa; thus he observes in Mormons a combination of "great speculative powers as well as a penchant for things 'scientific.'"³⁶ Accordingly, a number of the prominent Church leaders and thinkers during the last century were scientists by profession before undertaking full-time Church service; and at least two studies have shown that, with respect to their proportion in the general population, Mormons are better represented among the scientific community than virtually any other religious sect in America.³⁷ Similarly, a disproportionate number of Mormons are published writers of science fiction. The adherents.com website, which tracks demographic and cultural trends within various religious communities, gives statistics on the religious affiliations of published science fiction and fantasy writers. Its list identifies, for example, seven Baptists, forty-seven Jews, thirty Catholics, and over 100 Mormons.³⁸ For both scientists and storytellers of the Mormon persuasion, the "celestial" in the astronomical sense accommodates the "celestial" in the theological

the Universe" (1851). See Paul, *Science, Religion, and Mormon Cosmology*, 128–31.

35. James E. Faulconer, "Divine Embodiment and Transcendence: Propaedeutic Thoughts and Questions," *Element: An E-Journal of Mormon Philosophy and Theology* 1, no. 1 (n.d.), section 14, retrieved in November 2004 from <http://www.nd.edu/~rpotter/element4.html>.

36. Paul, *Science, Religion, and Mormon Cosmology*, 103.

37. Ibid., 7. Paul cites Kenneth R. Hardy, "Social Origins of American Scientists and Scholars," *Science*, August 9, 1974, 497–506. E. L. Thorndike, "The Production, Retention and Attraction of American Men of Science," *Science*, August 16, 1940, 137–41, had first documented the large number of Mormon scientists.

38. "Science Fiction/Fantasy Authors of Various Faiths," retrieved in October 2004 from http://www.adherents.com/lit/sf_other.html#lds. These statistics include only authors writing for a mainstream rather than religion-specific audience; a significant number of authors write science fiction directed to a specifically Mormon audience as well. It should be noted that while Mormons domi-

sense; heaven is not entirely metaphysical, and one's "heavenward journey" is not entirely metaphorical.

Perhaps this cosmological connection sheds some light on a curious moment in Ian Nagoski's interview of La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela. Their unanimity (and often simultaneity) of thought and utterance is legendary among those who know them; but in this instance, they seemed to encounter something of a conceptual disjunction. As Young reminisced about the kinds of spiritual thoughts he remembered having as a child, his wife of thirty years expressed surprise at the literalness with which he spoke of the idea of heaven:

Zazeela: I never thought you actually meant Heaven. . . . I always thought you meant more of a sense of being transported to maybe an out-of-body experience or an ecstatic state, but not Heaven in the conventional, religious—

Young: I think it's all interrelated, though. That if you can get into a transported, out-of-body, ecstatic state that that is part of it. That's a step towards it. In fact, the degree to which you can do it, that may actually be it.³⁹

Young seems to suggest that the *heavenlike* state he seeks through complex vibrational periodicity can actually be a *heavenward* state—that his music, with its rigorous mathematical properties, seeks not merely to evoke the divine through musical symbols but to *embody* it through tangible acoustical manifestations. Young sees the harmonic series and the periodicities that derive from it as part of the ontologically constant "universal structure" to which God and mortals alike subscribe—and through the study of which the latter may approach the intelligence of the former.

Two circumstantial but nonetheless irresistible pieces of evidence suggest that Young is not alone among Mormons in projecting restorational concepts onto just intonation or in imbuing the harmonic series with a kind of archetypal, ontologically unifying significance. The

nate in terms of number of authors, Catholics are more prolific, with 597 titles compared to 450 for Mormons, followed by 146 titles from Protestants. See also Kimberly Winston, "Fantastic Journeys: Mormon Authors Say Faith Informs Their Science Fiction," *Dallas Morning News*, October 21, 2000. Reprinted in beliefnet.com at http://beliefnet.com/story/55/story_5534_1.htm and retrieved in October 2002.

39. Young and Zazeela, interviewed by Nagoski, 25.

first of these is the curious acoustical and music-hermeneutical study undertaken by the French musicologist Albert Roustit. Though raised a Catholic, Roustit considered himself an atheist by the time he undertook graduate studies at the Sorbonne and the Paris Conservatory in the late 1960s. Renowned composer Olivier Messiaen, who taught a music theory course at the conservatory, reported that Roustit was the star of his class. Roustit accordingly assumed that a rather prestigious career in musicology awaited him upon the completion of his dissertation. His initial dissertation research acquainted him closely with Hermann Helmholtz's influential acoustical writings from the 1860s, which not only stimulated his interest as a scholar but also convinced Roustit of the existence of a divine designer of the universe. He subsequently assumed a fervent, personal, nondenominational Christian faith.

Roustit's acoustical study eventually developed into a complex and comprehensive theory that saw music as a God-given model for everything from the structure and movement of the solar system to the historical development, technological progress, and moral evolution of the human race. He even proposed this theory as a dissertation topic. When his committee at the Sorbonne rejected it, he published it independently in 1970 under the title *Prophétie Musicale dans l'Histoire de l'Humanité*.⁴⁰ The preface, penned by a perceptibly reluctant Messiaen, nonetheless warns those who read the words of his former pupil:

The end of Time, the end of Space, the beginning of Eternity are all coming at us at express speed—and prior to that time there is to be the procession of terrors: the anti-Christ, the cataclysms, the deceptive triumph of the Beast of the Apocalypse.

It is prudent to be prepared.

That is what we read in each of the pages which follow. That is why I have written a preface for this book.⁴¹

Though his research and speculation had led him to renew his Christian faith, Roustit's all-encompassing theory of tones, history, and the cosmos was missing one important element. His mapping of cosmic, acoustical, and music-historical principles onto the history of humanity

40. Albert Roustit, *Prophétie Musicale dans l'Histoire de l'Humanité* (Paris: Horvath, 1970). A self-published English translation by John A. Green appeared in 1975 under the title *Prophecy in Music: Prophetic Parallels in Music History*.

41. Roustit, *Prophecy in Music*, translated by Green, 14.

led him to conclude that there should have been some kind of enormous spiritual outpouring between 1798 and 1844, an outpouring that would mark the beginning of the last days spoken of in the Bible.⁴² Shortly after publishing his book, Roustit encountered in a newspaper a reference to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or in French, *Saints des derniers jours*—"Saints of the last days." Upon contacting missionaries and hearing of Joseph Smith's revelations beginning in 1820 and his assassination in 1844, Roustit saw in Mormonism a belief system in which time, space, tones, heavenly bodies, and history could be integrated into the great, cosmic, immanent whole that he had already imagined. He was baptized a Mormon in 1971.⁴³

The second piece of circumstantial evidence relates even more closely to Young's music: David Doty, James Tenney, and Ervin Wilson, three of the most prominent contributors to the modern body of just-intonational music and theory, all happen to be former or lapsed Mormons. Given the relatively small number of Mormon composers who have exercised substantial influence outside the Mormon community and the small number of composers who choose to write in alternate tuning systems, this coinci-

42. I will not attempt to summarize how Roustit arrives at this interesting conclusion, except to say that he pinpoints certain important historical events and, using them as anchor points, maps important musical and scientific ratios (such as intervallic ratios of the harmonic series, the golden mean, etc.) onto history according to formulas derived from his interpretation of biblical prophecy. At the time of his book's publication and for lack of a better answer, Roustit accepted a friend's suggestion that the revelatory outpouring that took place between 1798 and 1844 was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which in 1804 undertook to translate the Christian scriptures into numerous foreign languages. Roustit was not satisfied with this answer, however, insisting that the spiritual outpouring indicated by his calculations must have included a restoration of the power to prophesy. It was for this reason that he so readily accepted the claims of Mormonism. See John A. Green, "Les Derniers Jours," *Ensign*, December 1974, 30.

43. I should make it clear that I find Roustit's book problematic with regard to issues both musicological and religious and mention it as a document of cultural history rather than an exemplar of ecclesiastically endorsed Mormon thought. I should also note that Roustit's studies never led him to explore issues of tuning; throughout the book, he considers equal temperament the "norm" from which the higher harmonics of the natural overtone series "deviate," rather than vice versa.

dence comprises an unusually large overlap of seemingly unrelated Venn-diagram circles.⁴⁴ Doty's family converted to Mormonism during his childhood, and he practiced the religion for several years before becoming inactive at age seventeen. He eventually cofounded the Just Intonation Network and has edited that organization's publication, *1/1*, since its inception in 1984; he is also the author of *The Just Intonation Primer* and an active composer of just-intonational music.⁴⁵ Tenney, a former Bell Laboratories researcher who now teaches composition at the California Institute of the Arts, is widely known for his groundbreaking work in acoustics, sound perception, and computer applications in music. He was born into a Mormon family in New Mexico.⁴⁶ Ervin Wilson is a central figure among current microtonalist composers and theorists, known both for his innovative tuning systems and the instruments he designs to realize them.

Wilson's background rivals Young's in terms of its rustic Western romanticism. He was born in 1928—in a covered wagon, no less—in one of the Mormon colonies in northern Mexico. He studied physics at Brigham Young University before turning his attention to music and moving to California, by which time he was no longer active as a Mormon. Wilson's service in the military during the U.S. occupation of Japan had piqued his interest in Eastern religions as well as Oriental tuning systems and musical philosophies, prompting him to explore spiritual traditions outside of Mormonism and experiment with a variety of tunings and tuning theories. He has since become an expert in Western and non-Western tunings,

44. My thanks to composer Dan Wolf for initially informing me of Wilson's and Tenney's Mormon backgrounds and to Doty for informing me of his.

45. David Doty, *The Just Intonation Primer: An Introduction to the Theory and Practice of Just Intonation* (San Francisco: Just Intonation Network, 1994); and his recording, *Uncommon Practice: Selected Compositions, 1984–1995* (n.p.: Syntonic Records, 1999).

46. For some of his most important theoretical work, see Tenney, *META + HODOS: A Phenomenology of 20th-Century Musical Materials and an Approach to the Study of Form* (New Orleans: Inter-American Institute for Musical Research, Tulane University, 1964); and *A History of "Consonance" and "Dissonance"* (New York: Excelsior, 1988). Tenney has published a number of articles in musical and scientific journals and received an extensive tribute in *Perspectives of New Music* 25, nos. 1–2 (Winter/Summer 1987). An extended interview and a number of scores appear in *Musicworks* 27 (Spring 1984).

developing a number of his own dauntingly complex scales and scale-producing algorithms.⁴⁷

While neither Tenney nor Doty has recognized publicly any connection between their music and their Mormon upbringing, Wilson insists that “I am, in fact, the product of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young”; likewise, while he no longer observes Mormon religious practices, he has retained a strong sense of Mormon cultural identity.⁴⁸ He also sees a symbiotic connection between his particular kind of musical pursuits and his two other great passions: agricultural genetics and genealogy. Indeed, one finds striking organizational—and visual—similarities between Wilson’s pitch ratio diagrams, the Mendelian records he keeps for breeding special strains of plant species, and the pedigree charts on which he plots the generations of his Mormon ancestors.

A number of Mormon cultural traits thus seem to manifest themselves in the curious lapsed-Mormon-alternate-tuning phenomenon—or, to put it another way, these composers’ attraction to some aspects of just intonation seems to be a redirection of certain latent Mormon cultural tendencies. In fact, in addition to the four lapsed Mormon just-internationalists/microtonalists discussed here, Wilson told me that, when he recently mentioned his Mormon roots at a small conference of microtonal composers and theorists, other attendees indicated that they, too, came from Mormon backgrounds. In perusing the writings, works, and backgrounds of the composers mentioned here, one senses a strong spiritual current; and the rigorous methodologies they employed to reach their spiritual or transcendent ends certainly demonstrate the general “penchant for things ‘scientific’” described by Erich Robert Paul. One might speculate that by approaching musical composition at the level of raw acoustical materials and attributing to those materials *literal* rather

47. Some can be found in Wilson’s numerous contributions to *1/1*, as well as the esoteric tuning journal *Xenharmonikon*. Much of his work is available in his online archive, <http://anaphoria.com>. Most recently, Australian composer Warren Burt has composed a series of pieces, collectively titled *The Mossy Slopes of Mt. Meru*, using scales derived from Wilson’s theoretical work.

48. For his own enjoyment, and that of the Mormon missionaries who visit him on occasion, Wilson has rendered some of his favorite Mormon hymns and Primary songs in alternate tunings. According to Wilson, “Mormon hymns in just intonation are quite inspiring.” Ervin Wilson, telephone conversation with Grimshaw, January 9, 2002.

than merely *evocative* power, these composers share an underlying assumption that those material actions are not merely mediated through symbolic interpretation but rather that they actually function in a literal or causal way to initiate some kind of spiritual enhancement. A rough parallel could thus be drawn between the Mormon idea of spirit as refined matter and the just-intonationalist idea of spiritual music as refined acoustics. At the very least, in considering this group of composers, one can read in Mormon terms David Claman's observation that "there is often a strong ideological bent to composers using just intonation. They will commonly contrast equal-tempered tuning with just intonation using conceptual pairings such as false/true, artificial/natural, corrupt/pure, and beautiful/ugly."⁴⁹ In the case of Young and his ex-Mormon cohorts, we would only have to amend Claman's list of polarities to include "apostasy/restoration."

The Well-Tuned Piano as Mormon Cosmology

If just intonation is to Young what religious restoration was to Joseph Smith, *The Well-Tuned Piano* is Young's Book of Abraham—or, to borrow once again from Terry Riley's introductory encomium, "a cosmic overview of life's tragedy."⁵⁰ Young began the work in 1964 as a forty-minute improvisation played on an old upright piano tuned to a special just tuning. Over subsequent decades, he continued to expand it. A recording of a 1981 performance lasts about five hours, and the recently released DVD of a 1987 performance runs nearly six and a half. The work also grew in breadth: Young eventually acquired a custom Bösendorfer Imperial Grand piano, a model unique for its expanded lower range—into which the composer eventually extended the range of the music.

The copious liner notes to the 1981 recording of *The Well-Tuned Piano* contain a detailed, moment-by-moment "synopsis" of the work, which travels an improvised path through a predetermined series of chordal and motivic areas. These chords and motives are given fanciful and evocative titles, such as "The Theme from the Dawn of Eternal Time" and "The Interlude of the Wind and the Waves," and the reiterations and recombinations of these elements are documented in great detail through reiterations and combinations of the images associated with each element

49. Claman, *Western Composers and India's Music*, 241.

50. Riley, liner notes to *The Well-Tuned Piano*, 2.

present in the music at a given moment. This quasi-narrative serves as a framework for Young's improvisatory exploration of the piece's unique tuning system, which remained a secret until Kyle Gann "cracked" it in 1993 and subsequently offered an analysis of the work.⁵¹

In assessing the formal aspects of the piece and its tuning system, Gann proposes two parallel readings of *The Well-Tuned Piano*: He calls one "Western," having to do with the multiple thematic and harmonic areas that Young develops and combines over the course of the work along a linear, forward-moving trajectory that unfolds bit by bit over time; the other reading is "Eastern," which Gann describes as "a timeless . . . static articulation of a set tuning, a continuous present in which concepts of before and after are irrelevant."⁵² Gann surely recognizes the artificiality of this dichotomy and, aware of the stereotypes already in circulation, employs it for expository efficiency rather than descriptive nuance. Even if such stereotypes are invoked self-consciously, however, they convey misleading ideas. Indeed, Allison Clare Welch and David Claman both demonstrate ways in which the "teleological" aspects of the piece are connected with Eastern musical performance practices as much as with Western.⁵³ Perhaps, then, the association of the "timeless . . . static articulation of a set tuning" with Eastern spirituality deserves some reevaluation as well.

Young emphasizes, in his liner notes to the recording of the work, a special aspect of the just intonation system used in the *Well-Tuned Piano*: All the pitches used are found within the overtone series of a theoretical subsonic E-flat that falls eleven octaves below the lowest E-flat on a standard piano (or ten octaves below the bottom end of Young's Bösendorfer).⁵⁴ Every pitch, then, is a whole-number multiple of the fundamental, and any combination of pitches within the tuning system comprises an interval that can be expressed by a periodic, whole-number ratio. From

51. Kyle Gann, "La Monte Young's *The Well-Tuned Piano*," *Perspectives of New Music* 31, no. 1 (Winter 1993): 135–63.

52. *Ibid.*, 149.

53. Welch, "The Influence of Hindustani Music," 367–71; Claman, "Western Composers and Indian Music," 259–65.

54. In this regard, *The Well-Tuned Piano* finds a curious corollary in several works by one of Young's ex-Mormon colleagues. In James Tenney's *Saxony* (1988), for example, a saxophonist used a digital-delay system to record and play back the performer's sounds at specified intervals while the performer continued to play new sounds. The delay system operates in a loop, so that layers upon layers of

the listener's perspective, this means that every chord is acoustically in tune with itself in a way that cannot be attained in 12TET.⁵⁵ From a cosmological perspective, the tuning is an elaborate embodiment of "universal structure"—an approach to music that seeks to reconcile "harmony" in the traditional, musical sense and "harmony" in the ancient, astronomical sense by making notes and tones resonate together in the same kind of regular periodic cycles that heavenly bodies do.

The concept of the theoretic fundamental tone receives so much emphasis and is so engaging that, in his contribution to the only book-length treatment of Young's work, John Schaeffer claims to perceive emerging from *The Well-Tuned Piano*'s "keyboard filigrees and shimmering harmonics . . . a strongly implied drone, although since it's several octaves below the range of the piano, it's never actually heard."⁵⁶ Schaeffer is, of course, hyperbolizing or mythologizing, since the frequency of the fundamental E-flat is about 0.018 Hz, or a decidedly subsonic 56 seconds per cycle. Nonetheless, the idea of hearing a mysterious, subsonic fundamental is a poignant metaphor for sensing the audible periodicity between pitches—a quality that the existence of such a generative fundamental facilitates.

Furthermore, Schaeffer's fanciful claim actually has some *remote* basis in science. Psychoacoustician John Molino compares La Monte Young's use of psychoacoustical principles to the approach early impressionist painters took, combining patches of paint in such a way that certain colors would appear to the eye even though they existed nowhere

sound accrue as the performer continues to improvise within certain parameters. The notes available for improvisation all fall within the harmonic series of a single fundamental, which also happens to be an E flat. Tenney has composed a number of other overtone-based pieces, including *Spectral CANON for CONLON Nancarrow* (1974) and *Voice(s)* (1984).

55. To be sure, first-time listeners would likely assume the opposite; because most people are quite accustomed to the acoustic concessions of equal temperament, they usually associate the added resonance or acoustical clarity of just intonation with being out of tune.

56. John Schaeffer, "Who Is La Monte Young?" in *Sound and Light: La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela*, edited by William Duckworth and Richard Fleming (Lewisburg, Pa.: Bucknell University Press, 1996), 28. This book is volume 40, no. 1, of *The Bucknell Review*.

on the canvas.⁵⁷ Molino finds the same quality in the way *The Well-Tuned Piano* combines periodic pitches so as to induce the listener to hear unarticulated frequencies. Many of the thematic areas within which Young improvises are designated as “cloud” sections, meaning that, when Young arrives at them, he develops rapid figuration patterns on the keyboard that result in “clouds” of sounds of the kind Molino describes. From these clouds emerges a variety of distinct pitches and resonances not accounted for in an inventory of the notes actually being struck.⁵⁸ Some of these sounds are “combination” or “difference” tones, which are strictly acoustical phenomena. To put it simply, these extra sounds are produced when periodic vibrations combine “in the air,” as it were; they register in the cochlear fluids and appear as part of the pitch spectra when the recorded signal is subjected to computer analysis.

Molino is more fascinated, however, by the way in which Young achieves the purely psychoacoustical phenomenon known as the “virtual fundamental.” It occurs when a fundamental tone is inferred from the presence of some of its overtones, even when the fundamental itself is physically absent from the vibrations of the ear mechanism. The brain senses periodicity between received pitches that are accounted for on the basilar membrane and in the cochlear fluid; it then psychologically supplies the fundamental pitch corresponding to that periodicity. For example, if one generates the fifth, sixth, and seventh overtones of a 200 Hz fundamental while omitting the 200 Hz signal itself, the brain will infer the absent fundamental and one will hear a 200 Hz tone nonetheless.⁵⁹

Of course, even though Young provides us with a keyboard full of harmonics that do, in fact, result in virtual resonances and other striking

57. Quoted in Young, “Notes on *The Well-Tuned Piano*,” 7.

58. Gann, “*The Well-Tuned Piano*,” 149, for example, reports hearing “fog-horns, voices, bells, even machinery” in these passages.

59. J. Pierce, “Introduction to Pitch Perception,” in *Music, Cognition, and Computerized Sound: An Introduction to Psychoacoustics*, edited by Perry R. Cook (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1999), 58-64. James Pritchett, liner notes to Ulrich Krieger, *Walls of Sound* (OO Discs 0032, 1997), observes this same phenomenon in Tenney’s *Saxony*, as the generative fundamental of that piece is within the range of hearing: “The last fundamental—the really low one—isn’t even sounding; it’s below the range of the instrument. But as the saxophonist adds one overtone

acoustical phenomena, we are incapable of "hearing," in any literal sense of the word, a fundamental quite so "virtual" as 0.018 Hz. Young himself doesn't make any claims about hearing an E-flat that low, but he does seem intent on blurring the boundaries of the hearable and stretching our ears (and brains) further into the lower range than they usually venture. As the work approaches the two-hour mark, Young presents a variation on the "Theme of the Dawn of Eternal Time" above successively lower E-flat bass tones which he identifies as "Pools." At 1:36:51 the theme appears in "The Deep Pool"; at 1:46:11 it appears in "The Deeper Pool"; and finally at 1:56:33 it descends to "The Deepest Pool." At this point, Young presents for the first time the lowest E-flat on his custom-built Bösendorfer. The appearance of the note has a startling effect. At about 18.4 Hz, it challenges the limits of the ear's low-frequency range, which, as a rule for humans is 20 Hz. Our ears and brains struggle to make sense of the noise and, in so doing, take us into that gray area where the tuning fork transforms into the metronome and perceptible pitches become pure numbers. Although in isolation the low E-flat would likely be an absolute enigma, perhaps heard as an indiscernibly fast pulse rather than an indiscernibly low pitch, the harmonic context allows us to hear it as an E-flat and place it within the harmonic scheme of the system. This nearly inaudible pitch, now made comprehensible, serves as a stand-in for the completely inaudible one from which it and the rest of the pitches in the piece are derived.

Young seeks thereby to traverse the border between heard and unheard periodicities, thus bridging a polarity that he describes in Vedic terms: the *ahata nada*, or "struck" sound—music of the air—becomes the *anahata nada*, or "unstruck" sound, the music of the ether. In this regard Young is fond of quoting Orientalist scholar and musician Alain Danielou, who compares the *anahata nada* to "what neo-Pythagoreans called 'music of the spheres.' It forms numerical patterns which are the basis of the world's existence . . . In this unstruck sound the Gods delight.

to another (via the delay system), this low phantom sum appears, like a mirage." Pritchett continues: "The fundamental: the primary frequency of tone, the one underlying the overtones, the frequency to which all other tones relate . . . A strong fundamental persists even when all we hear are overtones. In fact, if the overtones are there, our mind (or is it our soul?) will provide the fundamental for us."

The Yogis, the Great Spirits, projecting their minds by an effort of the mind into this unstruck sound, depart, attaining Liberation.”⁶⁰ This description seems to capture perfectly Young’s heavenly quest: the attainment of metaphysical transcendence through the minutely calculated control of the physical medium of sound.

And here again, Young’s Eastern allusion finds a corollary much closer to home. The harmonic structure articulated by *The Well-Tuned Piano* finds elegant resonance not only with the Vedic *anahata nada*, but likewise with the grand vision of the universe shown us by Mormonism’s Abraham. In that vision, Abraham learns that all heavenly bodies follow a strict hierarchical principle: the movement of stars and planets is governed in some way by the star nearest to the planet upon which God himself resides.

And I saw the stars, that they were very great, and one of them was nearest unto the throne of God. . . .

And the Lord said unto me: These are the governing ones; and the name of the great one is Kolob . . . ; I have set this one to govern all those which belong to the same order as that upon which thou standest. (Abr. 3:2–3)

From Kolob’s motion extends another, related hierarchy, that of time:

And where these two facts exist, there shall be another fact above them, that is, there shall be another planet whose reckoning of time shall be longer still;

And thus there shall be the reckoning of time of one planet above another, until thou come nigh unto Kolob, which Kolob is after the reckoning of the Lord’s time. (Abr. 3:8–9)

Both the astronomical fundamentality of God’s dwelling and the time-scale it articulates speak to God’s fundamental position in the hierarchy of sentient entities: “And the Lord said unto me: These two facts do exist, that there are two spirits, one being more intelligent than the other; there shall be another more intelligent than they; I am the Lord thy God, I am more intelligent than they all” (Abr. 3:19).

These organizations of time, space, and intelligence all outline a general operative law of the universe: If there are two “facts” of a given or-

60. Quoted in Young, telephone conversation with Grimshaw, December 20, 2001, and on other occasions. See Alain Danielou, *The Ragas of North Indian Music* (London: Barrie and Rockliff, 1968), 21.

der, and if one is "above" or "greater" than the other, they imply the existence of a hierarchy that continues level by level until arriving at its origin. In the case of heavenly bodies, all stars are governed by Kolob; for reckonings of time, the fundamental measurement is according to the periodicity of Kolob's motion; within the hierarchy of intelligences, God is the most intelligent.

One hardly has to resort to metaphor to map overtone-based tuning onto this hierarchical system. The periodicity of the heavenly star Kolob as it rotates on its axis serves as a kind of fundamental tone, with all the other heavenly bodies moving in ordered, hierarchical harmony, like Kolob's overtones. As both Abraham and the psalmist tell us, a thousand years for man is a single day for God; thus, in both the Vedic and the Mormon cosmos, spiritual attunement is associated with one's ability to perceive elongated periodicities—to "hear," as it were, the music of the universe, despite its ineffably low frequency.⁶¹

If we allow ourselves free traversal of the subsonic envelope (a traversal that Young attempts to facilitate, or at least give precedent for, with the supposedly subsonic E-flat at the bottom of his keyboard), tones become sheer periodicities; and just as the periodicities of multiple heavenly bodies suggest the hierarchy of Kolob, so the periodicity of two just-tuned pitches suggests the hierarchy within which those pitches exist (and, in some circumstances, produces the fundamental tone of that hierarchy). To paraphrase: "*If two pitches exist, and there be one below the other, there shall be lower pitches below them; therefore, the fundamental is the lowest of all the pitches. . . . These two facts do exist, that there are two pitches, one being lower than the other; there shall be another lower than they; the E flat is the fundamental, and is lower than they all.*"⁶²

The pitches qualify as "facts" only when tuned rationally; because

61. This idea suggests a vaguely Mormon aspect to one of Young's most eccentric personal habits. Convinced that their natural rhythms align with a period not based on Earth's rotation, Young and Zazeela rise and retire according to an elongated 33.6-hour day, five of which equal the 168 hours of the more conventional week. They seem undeterred by the many practical inconveniences posed by their deviation from the usual seven-day, twenty-four-hour cycle.

62. By using "period" instead of "frequency," I could have retained the qualifiers "higher" and "greater" from the original texts, since period (taken to

equal-tempered intervals are derived from irrational numbers, their constituent frequencies are literally not “facts” at all, but numerical approximations. Every interval in *The Well-Tuned Piano*, on the other hand, results from the combination of acoustical “facts.” These “facts” become art, Terry Riley again tells us, as they “carry us . . . ever upwards into a jet stream of pure love.”⁶³

Residing in the realm of the subsonic, La Monte Young’s low E flat is hidden in much the same way that God remains veiled, Earth time remains fixed, and Kolob remains distant. By articulating, over the course of several hours, *The Well-Tuned Piano*’s tuning system, Young aspires to be a conduit to the celestial realm. He seeks to close the distance, rend the veil, and allow us to hear, through spiritual ears, the unhearable fundamental tone of the universe: “The Muse appears! The tones of *The Well-Tuned Piano* suspend in the air—illuminated before me as if emanating from the Universal Source of the Eternal Sound—OM.”⁶⁴

A prophet uttering a solemn prayer to a divine light suspended in the air above him: This image is unavoidably familiar to the Mormon reader. Indeed, it is not difficult to reconcile Young’s spiritual evocations of the ancient East with religious ideas from the relatively recent West. When La Monte Young says “OM,” we might listen for echoes of “amen.” When La Monte Young says “universal structure,” we might well read “structure of the universe”—and specifically, the universe of

mean the amount of time taken to complete a single cycle) is the inverse of frequency. It seemed simpler, however, to simply realign the orientation of the hierarchical flow.

63. Riley, liner notes to *The Well-Tuned Piano*, 2. Pritchett, liner notes, *Walls of Sound*, not paginated, arrives at a similar conclusion regarding Tenney’s *Saxony*: “Everything . . . in it comes from this one fact: that fundamentals produce overtones in fixed proportions. Much of James Tenney’s music has this quality of *fact* about it. . . . The last fundamental . . . [is] an illusion produced from truth, from fact; it is the transcendent beauty of mathematics made physical.” Larry Polansky, “The Early Works of James Tenney,” *Soundings* 13 (1984): 225, expresses similar sentiments about another of Tenney’s overtone-series pieces, *Spectral CANON for CONLON Nancarrow* (1974): “Nothing I could say . . . could ever substitute for the pure joy of listening to this marvel, which is heard once again more as a fact of nature than as a composed piece.”

64. Young, liner notes, *The Well-Tuned Piano*, inside cover preceding first numbered page.

Mormon cosmology. When Young says he wants to carry us away to Heaven, perhaps it means that he wants to carry us away to Kolob.

The Current Philosophy of Consciousness Landscape: Where Does LDS Thought Fit?

Steven L. Peck

*so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens*

—William Carlos Williams

Looking out of my window across my lawn, I see a red toy wheelbarrow tipped over, abandoned beside the sidewalk. Its redness is something I experience distinctly. Undeniably, I might be deceived, and there is no red wheelbarrow there. Maybe someone painted one on the window and I am confused, or maybe I am lying mad in a hospital bed and dreaming. Perhaps it is a hallucination. It could even be that I am the victim of a mania-

STEVEN L. PECK is an evolutionary ecologist and assistant professor in the Department of Integrative Biology at Brigham Young University. He has degrees from North Carolina State University (Ph.D., biomathematics), University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (M.S., environmental biostatistics), and Brigham Young University (B.S., statistics). His interest in consciousness theory, on which he teaches an honors class, stems from his work in complex systems evolution. He wishes to thank Terry Ball, Craig Ostler, Geoff Gerstner, David Grandy, Steven Hawks, Ramona Hopkins, Brent Top, John W. Welch, and an anonymous reviewer for their comments and inspiration.

cal government experiment in which scientists are stimulating my brain in a way that makes me think I am seeing a red wheelbarrow. Nevertheless, whatever the cause, *for me* it is clear—I am seeing a red wheelbarrow. I am conscious that there is a red wheelbarrow. I am a being who, as Descartes first pointed out, experiences qualia.¹ As Descartes put it: “*Cogito ergo sum*” (I think, therefore I am.)

What is consciousness? How does it arise? What are its correlates in the neuroarchitecture of our brain? What can science tell us about consciousness? Can science tell us anything about consciousness? A surfeit of books on consciousness from philosophical, biological, and psychological perspectives have recently appeared. These differing perspectives come to a variety of conclusions with little apparent agreement on how to even approach the problem of consciousness, let alone solve it. Nonetheless, there is value in examining how one’s own worldview fits into the large picture of consciousness studies. LDS doctrine offers a unique and coherent view of consciousness and its place in the universe. This paper introduces some of the current ideas being discussed in consciousness studies. The challenge of writing a short introduction to such a broad topic is that, of necessity, I must leave out much and risk pleasing no one. Despite such built-in inadequacies, I hope that the essay will stir thinking in a wide variety of researchers and philosophers. My purpose is not to answer many of the nuances of consciousness studies and its relation to LDS thought but rather to point out an interesting area for further research.

The approach I take here is to examine several threads about consciousness that might be loosely captured under the heading of the philosophy of biology. As such, I will not be exploring other specific philosophic movements that parallel this area of thinking. Since studies about the philosophical nature of biological consciousness are an amalgamation of brain science, evolutionary biology, psychology, and philosophy, my focus will be on current problems receiving attention in the philosophy of science. However, some grounding on the other areas of consciousness studies will be necessary for understanding certain areas of overlap among the disciplines. While this review is neither comprehensive nor focused in one area, I hope that it is sufficient to begin a dialogue with other scholars

1. Qualia are the individual elements of experience. A pain, the experience of seeing a color, or the sound of a note of music are all examples of qualia.

interested in consciousness studies and its relationship with LDS thought.

The Hard Problem

Consciousness has been defined as “those subjective states of sentience or awareness that begin when one awakes in the morning from a dreamless sleep and continue throughout the day until one goes to sleep at night, or falls into a coma, or dies, or otherwise becomes, as one would say, ‘unconscious.’”² This definition is not very precise. It does not capture the clarity that one would see in defining a plant or a mammal where clear criteria can be set forth. Consciousness is elusive, and no single definition has satisfied everyone. Rather than a clearly articulated concept, consciousness can be thought of as a set of family resemblances. I hope to be explicit about what aspect I mean when I use the word *consciousness*, but to date, the concept seems inherently vague.

Consciousness studies are usually divided into the “easy problems” and the “hard problem.”³ The easy problems, although actually quite difficult, are considered to be amenable to scientific exploration, e.g., how the brain processes colors, which neural pathways are involved in specific behaviors, and how the brain communicates among its different components. While many of these problems remain unsolved and constitute the research agenda of neuroscience, they are scientifically tractable and researchers believe that they can one day identify the mechanisms they employ.

In contrast, phenomenal consciousness is *the* hard problem in consciousness studies.⁴ Phenomenal consciousness is the aspect of consciousness identified by that “what it is to be like” feeling that we associate with

2. John R. Searle, *Consciousness and Language* (Cambridge, Eng.: Cambridge University Press, 2002), 7.

3. David J. Chalmers, “Facing Up to the Problem of Consciousness,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 2, no. 3 (1995): 200–19; Güven Güzeldere, “Problems of Consciousness: A Perspective on Contemporary Issues, Current Debates,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 2, no. 2 (1995): 112–43.

4. Benjamin Libet, “Solutions to the Hard Problem of Consciousness,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 3, no. 1 (1996), 33–35; William S. Robinson, “The Hardness of the Hard Problems,” *ibid.*, 14–25.

personal subjectivity⁵ and that subjective experience we have when seeing colors, hearing sounds, etc. It has several aspects: its sense of unity and irreducibility,⁶ its continuity in space, and its apparent lack of spatial dimension, and the ineffable quality of qualia—for example, the experience of seeing red, hearing music, thinking, and even thinking about our thinking.⁷ In addition to the consciousness apparent in the present, we can also bring up past qualia in our mind. We are subjectively all aware of our nearly indescribable sense of being.

This “hard problem” is difficult because nothing in biology predicts the emergence of consciousness. If it were not for the fact that we experience this unique subjectivity, there would be no reason to postulate its existence. Furthermore, there are apparently no scientific methods to identify its presence or absence.⁸ For example, if thinking machines from another galaxy without such consciousness were to examine our species biologically they would have no reason at all to postulate consciousness.

Consciousness is also associated with a sense of what philosophers call *intentionality*, a technical term not to be confused with our ordinary use of “intend,” which means we are planning some course of action. Intentionality here means that our thoughts are about something or are directed toward a particular purpose. This “aboutness” is an active part of many of our conscious features: Our thoughts, feelings, and sensations all are about something. Some argue that all mental states are intentional and are representative. Several philosophers have worked out a representational view of consciousness. They include Fred Dretske, who notes that

5. Thomas Nagel, “What Is It Like to Be a Bat?” *Philosophical Review* 83 (1974): 435–50.

6. John R. Searle, “Reductionism and the Irreducibility of Consciousness,” in *The Nature of Consciousness: The Philosophical Debates*, edited by Ned Block, Owen Flanagan, and David J. Chalmers (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1997), 451–59.

7. William Seager, *Theories of Consciousness: An Introduction and Assessment* (London: Routledge, 1999), 44–45; John R. Searle, *The Mystery of Consciousness* (New York: New York Review of Books (1997), 28–29; Charles P. Siewert, *The Significance of Consciousness* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1998), 85–99.

8. Alvin I. Goldman, “Can Science Know When You’re Conscious? Epistemological Foundations of Consciousness Research,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 7, no. 5 (2000): 3–22.

the way an object is presented to the mind is conditioned on the way our senses represent that object in our mind. He argues that, in this view, all mental facts are representative facts.⁹

Consciousness Studies Overview

Descartes is often mentioned as the founder of consciousness studies, or the first to carefully articulate the nature of the mind-body problem. He believed that the seat of consciousness lay in the pineal gland and argued that the mind and the brain were two separate things. He developed the idea of a “Cartesian Theater” in which the mind observes the on-going drama of our sensory input. The dualism that he espoused is still being argued about today.

Since that time, John Locke, David Hume, Immanuel Kant, Bishop George Berkeley, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Martin Heidegger, and Jean-Paul Sartre are among the many philosophers who have explored aspects of consciousness studies. While not explicitly exploring consciousness, Søren Kierkegaard devoted much of his writing to explications of subjectivity and its importance in understanding truth. Maurice Merleau-Ponty studied the relationship of consciousness and perception, arguing that the bodily nature of perception was intimately tied to consciousness.¹⁰ Sigmund Freud developed the idea that the subconscious played an important part in our cognition and mental life. However, most of these philosophers did not engage directly with post-Darwinian biology—not that these philosophers are irrelevant to discussions of consciousness (for they certainly are relevant), but my purpose here is to explore where consciousness studies now stand in relation to mainstream philosophy of science, and space limitations preclude a more thorough exploration.¹¹

Modern consciousness studies begin with two figures: Charles Darwin and William James. Darwin further anchored the world in scientific materialism as the *de facto* method of exploring the universe. While one

9. Fred Dretske, *Naturalizing the Mind* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1995), 1–38; Michael Tye, *Ten Problems of Consciousness: A Representational Theory of the Mind* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1995), 100–105.

10. Glenn Braddock, “Beyond Reflection in Naturalized Phenomenology,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 8, no. 11 (2001), 3–16.

11. Excellent reviews on the nature of consciousness are found in Karl Popper and John C. Eccles, *The Self and Its Brain* (New York: Routledge, 1977), 148–224; Güven Güzeldere, “The Many Faces of Consciousness: A Field Guide,”

need not assume strict materialism to use the scientific method, most recent explorations, including dualist positions, do. All modern positions on consciousness assume that the brain is the product of several million years of evolution.¹²

William James advanced modern studies of consciousness by tying studies of consciousness explicitly to psychology and brain science.¹³ He was concerned with subjectivity and what its various states suggested about the nature of consciousness. Shortly after James, behaviorists like John Watson and B. F. Skinner discounted the value of subjectivity, thus influencing psychology away from the value of subjective information obtained through self-reports. In contrast, the last two decades have seen a resurgence of interest in subjectivity.¹⁴ Since James's period at the turn of the twentieth century, three main schools of thought have gained prominence in explaining the nature of consciousness: functionalism, mysterianism, and dualism.

I will explore each perspective, how it relates to LDS ideas of consciousness, and how LDS views may contribute to current debates on the nature of consciousness. In particular, I examine the thoughts of Joseph Smith, B. H. Roberts, and other LDS thinkers, comparing them with current ideas in the philosophy and science of consciousness. The LDS doctrine that spirit and body constitutes the substance of consciousness is, I will argue, a philosophically valid and coherent approach to consciousness.

in *The Nature of Consciousness: Philosophical Debates*, edited by Ned Block, Owen Flanagan, and Güven Güzeldere (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1998), 1–67; and Seager, *Theories of Consciousness: An Introduction and Assessment*.

12. Merlin Donald, *A Mind So Rare: The Evolution of Human Consciousness* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2001), 92–148; Steven Mithen, "Handaxes and Ice Age Carvings: Hard Evidence for the Evolution of Consciousness," in *Towards a Science of Consciousness III: The Third Tucson Discussions and Debates*, edited by Stuart R. Hameroff, Alfred W. Kaszniak, and David J. Chalmers (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1999), 281–96.

13. William James, *Principles of Psychology* (1890; reprinted New York: H. Holt, 1952), 8–52.

14. Steven L. Peck, "Randomness, Contingency, and Faith: Is There a Science of Subjectivity?," *Zygon* 38, no. 1 (March 2003): 5–25; B. Alan Wallace, *The Taboo of Subjectivity: Toward a New Science of Consciousness* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2000), 3–13.

Brain Science

Recent efforts in neuroscience have made great strides in understanding the brain and its correlates with consciousness.¹⁵ New techniques, such as using radioactive emissions from labeled glucose to image metabolically active areas of the brain, have allowed researchers to explore which parts of the brain are active during certain behaviors. Single photon emission-computed tomography (SPECT) cameras can image these metabolically active areas on a computer, identifying which areas of the brain are active during given conscious and unconscious activity, including religious experiences.¹⁶ Consciousness, such studies suggest, is not centered in one part of the brain. During consciousness, the entire brain is active; no single neural system seems responsible for inducing consciousness. The difference between conscious and unconscious states ap-

15. Donald, *A Mind So Rare*; J. Allan Hobson, *Consciousness* (New York: Scientific American Library, 1999), 96–99; James Newman, “Putting the Puzzle Together, Part 1: Towards a General Theory of the Neural Correlates of Consciousness,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 4, no. 1 (1997), 47–66; James Newman, “Putting the Puzzle Together, Part II: Towards a General Theory of the Neural Correlates of Consciousness,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 4, no. 2 (1997), 100–121.

16. Carol Rausch Albright, “The ‘God Module’ and the Complexifying Brain,” *Zygon* 35, no. 4 (December 2000): 735–44; Andrew B. Newberg and Eugene G. d’Aquili, “The Creative Brain/The Creative Mind,” *Zygon* 35, no. 1 (2000), 53–68; Andrew Newberg, Eugene d’Aquili, and Vince Rause, *Why God Won’t Go Away: Brain Science and the Biology of Belief* (New York: Ballantine Books, 2001), 113–27. These two authors, using SPECT cameras, investigated which areas of the brain are associated with religious experience. They and others have speculated on the existence of a “God Module” in the brain that processes feelings of religious engagement. Some have argued from this hypothesis that God therefore consists of sensations generated by the brain. However, these two authors point out that much of the brain interprets and processes data gathered from outside ourselves. For example, the eye picks up light signals that the visual centers of the brain interpret, just as the ears pick up and process sound waves. It may be that the “God Module,” if it exists, interprets real signals instead of manufacturing false impressions. Therefore, the existence of a “God Module” is uninformative on the question of God’s existence. See also Michael Shermer, *How We Believe: The Search for God in an Age of Science* (New York: W. H. Freeman and Company, 2000), 65–69; Michael Spezio, “Understanding Biology in Religious Experience: The Biogenetic Structuralist Approach of Eugene D’Aquili and Andrew Newberg,” *Zygon* 36, no. 3 (September 2001): 477–84.

pears to be the specific type of neural activities occurring. During unconsciousness, signals among the neurons appear to be firing in lockstep at a given frequency. So while there is as much neural firing going on during periods of non-REM sleep, for example, the variance is very low. During consciousness, the variation in neural activity is strikingly high.¹⁷

Gerald Edelman and Giulio Tononi have found that the brain processes associated with consciousness are defined by a “dynamic core” of neural activity. They hypothesize that these neural pathways are being used in active consciousness through a Darwinian process of selection. For example, when you are driving home and suddenly remember to pick up milk, this remembrance would imply that the “remember to pick up milk” neural pathways and processes, suddenly were selected for consciousness among the competing pathways and processes. Through computer simulation and brain imaging techniques, Edelman’s and Tononi’s ideas are illuminating how the conscious brain coordinates and activates the neural processes associated with consciousness.¹⁸

Other methods of understanding the relationship between brain and consciousness include studies of patients with specific types of brain damage or other neural abnormalities.¹⁹ Through these studies, researchers have associated various regions of the brain with behavioral correlates.

However, all of these studies give only the broadest generalizations about brain neurobiology. With 10^{10} neurons and as many as 10^{1000} possible connections in the brain, brain science is in its infancy in understanding how the brain works. For example, we lack a widely persuasive view of how memory works, how it is recovered, or what accounts for its indelibility. For example, There has been no widely accepted view of how memory works, how it is recovered, or what accounts for the indelibility of memory.

17. Gerald M. Edelman and Giulio Tononi, *A Universe of Consciousness* (New York: Basic Books, 2000), 70–75.

18. Ibid.

19. Martha J. Farah, “Visual Perception and Visual Awareness after Brain Damage: A Tutorial Overview,” in *The Nature of Consciousness: Philosophical Debates*, edited by Ned Block, Owen Flanagan, and Güven Güzeldere (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1997), 203–36; F. X. Vollenweider, A. Gamma, and M. F. I. Vollenweider-Scherpenhuyzen, “Neural Correlates of Hallucinogen-Induced Altered States of Consciousness,” in *Towards a Science of Consciousness III: The Third Tucson Discussions and Debates*, edited by Stuart R. Hameroff, Alfred W. Kaszniak, and David J. Chalmers (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1999), 99–110.

However, despite this lack of information about basic brain function, a group of neural scientists and philosophers of science are arguing that the final arbitration of what consciousness is and how it arises will ultimately be made by brain science. How well do these arguments succeed?

Functionalist Materialists

Materialism—the idea that all causes are material and that the universe is closed to all but material objects and causes—is the most prevalent paradigm in the philosophy of consciousness today. While there are many materialist schools of thought, they share the underlying common assumption that the physical universe *in toto* is amenable to scientific discovery and manipulation. Functionalist materialists believe that brain science will eventually explain consciousness and that, if we understood all brain states, we would invariably understand consciousness. They see consciousness as an emergent property of the brain.²⁰

Emergence theory has recently played an important role in how people view the universe. It is, in part, derived from chaos theory which demonstrates that complex, unpredictable behavior of relatively simple systems can emerge in a way that understanding the system's simpler components cannot predict. An "emergent property" is a higher-level property that cannot be predicted from the lower-level processes which together make up the higher-level property. For example, water's liquidity would be hard to predict if all we had were single hydrogen and oxygen atoms; rather, liquidity emerges from the interaction of hydrogen and oxygen atoms and is completely explained by these interactions. However, given only the atoms and their properties, it would have been nearly impossible to predict all of the properties we see in water: for example, freezing at 0 degrees C., boiling at 100 degrees C., its surface tension, etc.²¹ Consciousness, likewise, in this reading is an emergent property of brain function.

Materialist functionalists argue that brains are a kind of computer: the brain is the hardware and consciousness is the software or the "wetware." This analogy, called strong AI (artificial intelligence), has been around since John von Neumann devised the first modern computers in

20. Natika Newton, "Emergence and the Uniqueness of Consciousness," *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 8, nos. 9–10 (2001): 47–60; Michael Silberstein, "Converging on Emergence: Consciousness, Causation and Explanation," *ibid.*, 61–98.

21. Searle, *The Mystery of Consciousness*, 80–86.

the late 1940s. Von Neumann speculated that computers some day would be conscious and suggested that we would recognize consciousness in a machine when, in a conversation with a computer, you could not tell that it was not a human, regardless of what questions were asked. However, philosophers of science have rejected this view.

John Searle, for one, has pointed out the inadequacies of this materialist position and developed the now famous Chinese Room argument.²² In this argument, Searle takes the position that purely computational systems can never be conscious. He invites us to imagine a room in which a person submits questions written in Chinese to someone in the room. The answers that come back are written in fluent Chinese. One would naturally assume that the person in the room understood Chinese. However, in reality, the person in the room has a large book that is used to translate these questions. When the questions are submitted, she looks up the characters, then copies out the next line in the book, which always gives an appropriate answer to the question. She understands no Chinese whatsoever. In like manner, a computer can only take information, process it, and give whatever answer(s) are mandated by the specifics of its program. Consciousness, Searle argued, cannot arise in any computer program. The consciousness that arises from brains must be fundamentally different.

Roger Penrose likewise takes the position that strong AI is philosophically flawed and, further, that purely computational machines cannot produce conscious intelligence.²³ Ultimately, any computer or purely algorithmic machine is doing nothing more than executing a mathematical equation (granted, a potentially very complicated one) which can be written down on a piece of paper. It is hard to imagine how the execution of an equation could produce consciousness. Penrose argues strongly that quantum mechanics must play a role in consciousness—that “machines,” biological or otherwise, must have more to them (possibly effects moderated by quantum mechanical influences) to produce consciousness.²⁴

Some materialist versions suggest that the mind is not only an emergent feature of the brain but also that it arises epiphenomenally from the

22. Ibid., 11–12.

23. Roger Penrose, *Shadows of the Mind: A Search for the Missing Science of Consciousness* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994), 12–16.

24. Harry T. Hunt, “Some Perils of Quantum Consciousness:

brain.²⁵ Consciousness is then an after-effect that emerges solely because of the complex dynamics within the brain and the mind plays no real role in directing conscious action or decision. It does not feed information back to the brain or “will” the brain to do anything at all. It is more like foam floating on water that plays no role in what is going on below the surface. Evidence for this view comes largely from the widely discussed experiments of Benjamin Libet, Nobel Prize winning psychologist at the University of California, San Francisco.²⁶ Libet found that, when he asked patients to flex their hands according to the position of a dot moving on a clock, the action of flexing, as initiated by a nerve impulse to do so, occurred *before* their conscious intention of doing so. However, others have interpreted Libet’s experiments in ways that throw suspicion on the epiphenomenalist view.²⁷

However, the emergence of the mind seems unique among other known examples of emergence behavior such as the liquidity of water. The liquidity of water is constitutive. Once we understand liquidity as a principle we can go back to the basic components of H₂O and understand how liquidity arises. This is not true of the brain.²⁸ Currently there is no reductive materialist account of how the mind’s emergence can be explained by the components and workings of the brain.

The biggest problem in understanding materialist versions of con-

Epistemological Pan-Experientialism and the Emergence-Submergence of Consciousness,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 8, no. 9–10 (2001): 35–45.

25. Robert Van Gulick, “Reduction, Emergence and Other Recent Options on the Mind/Body Problem: A Philosophic Overview,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 8, nos. 9–10 (2001): 1–34; Francis Crick and Christof Koch, “Towards a Neurobiological Theory of Consciousness,” *Seminars in the Neurosciences* 2 (1990): 263–75.

26. Susan Blackmore, *The Meme Machine* (Oxford, Eng.: Oxford University Press, 1999), 225–28; Benjamin Libet, “Unconscious Cerebral Initiative and the Role of Conscious Will in Voluntary Action,” *Behavioral and Brain Sciences* 8, no. 4 (December 1985): 529–66.

27. Owen Flanagan, “Conscious Inessentialism and the Epiphenomenalist Suspicion,” in *The Nature of Consciousness: Philosophical Debates*, edited by Ned Block, Owen Flanagan, and David J. Chalmers (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1997), 357–73.

28. Todd E. Feinberg, “Why the Mind Is Not a Radically Emergent Feature of the Brain,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 8, nos. 9–10 (2001): 123–45.

consciousness lies in explaining phenomenal consciousness—the subjective experience of, presumably, every person. There is no reason to speculate that consciousness is required to do the things that biological organisms have to do. Much of the consciousness literature proposes a thought experiment involving “zombies.”²⁹ A zombie is a theoretical construct identical to a human in deed and action but completely without consciousness. For example, my zombie would be a doppelganger constructed by replicating my body and brain, but it would lack consciousness of any kind. It would act like me and say the things I would say in same circumstances. Even my wife and children would be unable to tell the difference between us. But there is a big difference. He (it?) has no conscious experience. The lights are on, but no one is home. There is no known biological reason that such a zombie could not exist, so why is someone (apparently) looking out of the window? Why is there (apparently?) an observer of the Cartesian theater?

The phenomenal nature of consciousness is so perplexing that some hardline materialists have chosen to deny the existence of consciousness and postulate that it is an illusion—although, in that case, I have to wonder whose illusion it is.³⁰ Daniel Dennett explains his thinking about the Cartesian Theater:

Once we take a serious look backstage, we discover that we didn't actually see what we thought we saw onstage. The huge gap between phenomenology and physiology shrinks a bit: we see that some of the “obvious” features of phenomenology are not real at all: There is no filling in with figment; there are no intrinsic qualia; there is no central fount of meaning and action; there is no magic place where the understanding happens. In fact, there is no Cartesian Theater; the very distinction between onstage experiences and backstage processes loses its appeal. We still have plenty of amazing phenomena to explain, but a few of the most mind-boggling special effects just don't exist at all, and hence require no explanation.³¹

However, the common sense experience of consciousness demands

29. Allin Cottrell, “Sniffing the Camembert: On the Conceivability of Zombies,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 6, no. 1 (1999): 4–12; Owen Flanagan and Thomas Polger, “Zombies and the Function of Consciousness,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 2, no. 4 (1995): 313–21.

30. Blackmore, *The Meme Machine*, 225; Daniel C. Dennett, *Consciousness Explained* (New York: Little Brown and Co., 1991), 219–34.

31. Dennett, *Consciousness Explained*, 434.

a more satisfying answer. Strong materialists have been accused of neglect in studying consciousness. Charles Siewert demonstrates this neglect by considering certain forms of blind-sight.³² He argues that the most significant aspect of consciousness is the phenomenology of consciousness—which functionalist accounts ignore:

The phenomenal features we have when we perceive, image, and think are not “mere sensations,” but are themselves intentional features, abundant and subtly differentiated. And while it seems likely we would be able to engage in rather little intelligent behavior without consciousness, we value phenomenal features for more than what we think they enable us to do; and our valuing them in this way is enormously important for our attitude toward our own lives, and toward other people. Finally, an adequate philosophical or psychological theory of human thought and perception needs to account for, and not conflict with, how it seems to us to think and perceive—our having the phenomenal intentional features we have.³³

The importance of the phenomenal nature of consciousness is illustrated by a thought experiment first articulated by philosopher Frank Jackson of Australian National University about a neurobiologist named Mary, who knows everything there is to know about the brain’s processing of the color red.³⁴ She understands perfectly the neural pathways involved in processing red, the frequencies of light that contain red, and how they interact with the eye. She can objectively describe every activity in the brain involved in seeing red. However, Mary is color blind and has never experienced the color red directly. Can Mary be said then to understand the color red? Suppose she then has some special surgery that allows her to finally see the color. At this point, it becomes clear that, despite a complete biological understanding of sensing the color red, there was something else that she never knew about red—the phenomenal character

32. In blind-sight, certain parts of the brain experience damage, resulting in blindness, even though nothing is wrong with the visual processing parts of the brain; however, the direct link between the images seen by the eye and interpreted by the brain cannot be passed to consciousness. Persons with this type of blind-sight can “guess” with almost 100 percent accuracy what object is being held before them but claim no ability to see it.

33. Siewert, *The Significance of Consciousness*, 338.

34. Frank Jackson, “Epiphenomenal Qualia,” *Philosophical Quarterly* 32 (1982): 127–36; Frank Jackson, “What Mary Didn’t Know,” *Journal of Philosophy* 32 (1986): 291–95.

of experiencing red. This argument suggests that, even if we knew everything there was to know about the brain, the phenomenal experience of consciousness would not be explained fully. This explanatory gap is a failure in materialist explanations of consciousness.³⁵

Materialists have also failed to provide testable hypotheses to determine when something is conscious and when it is not. Trying to decide if a slug or a fly is conscious has posed a difficult problem in materialist musings. Some, like Euan Macphail, have argued that only modern human children and adults are conscious, while human babies and animals are not,³⁶ while others argue that the higher vertebrates, at least, experience some sort of consciousness.³⁷

Materialism then has failed to meet many of the benchmarks of what we recognize as a good theory of science. It makes no testable predictions. It has failed in many ways to provide testable hypotheses about any of its tenets. As an assumption, it provides no explanatory power to the extent that it demonstrates little merit in its application on the subject of consciousness.

Mysterian Musings

Mysterian arguments are materialist in that they begin with the premise that our mind is the result of natural processes in the universe and is a natural part of the universe. There is no spirit animating the mind; biology completely describes the mind. However, the mind was adapted to solve specific sorts of problems encountered during the evolutionary history of our species on the planet. Because of these limitations, there may be questions that the mind is not capable of exploring. One of these, mysterians hold, is the problem of consciousness.

The mysterian view is that consciousness will always remain a mystery. Our mind is adapted to be good at specific tasks like solving the sorts of problems from which our mathematical knowledge is gleaned. The

35. Joseph Levine, "On Leaving Out What It's Like," in *The Nature of Consciousness: Philosophical Debates*, edited by Ned Block, Owen Flanagan, and Güven Güzeldere (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1997), 543–55; Colin McGinn, "Can We Solve the Mind-Body Problem," in *ibid.*, 529–42.

36. Euan M. Macphail, *The Evolution of Consciousness* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), 204–37.

37. Donald R. Griffin, *Animal Minds: Beyond Cognition to Consciousness* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992), 17–18.

mind can tackle questions answered through the scientific method, e.g., rational thinking, the “if such and such, then such and such follows” type of problem. It can handle the type of questions best handled by the modern scientific method. However, our minds are not good at getting at problems like consciousness: “Our human intelligence is biased away from understanding consciousness. It is not that consciousness is objectively any more complex than the things we can understand; it’s just that our faculties are not cut out to penetrate to its underlying nature.”³⁸

Mysterians point out that applying Gödel’s theorem³⁹ to the scientific method itself suggests that reality has some problems that cannot be resolved using the scientific method. How much harder are questions that cannot even be addressed by the scientific method? Roger Penrose suggests that we must understand three worlds in order to understand consciousness: the mental world, the Platonic world of mathematic forms, and the physical world.⁴⁰ He argues that these worlds interact through quantum mechanics but that we do not yet know enough about the three worlds to make guesses about the nature of deep reality.

Does quantum mechanics in fact provide an answer? Many involved in consciousness studies have been intrigued with possible connections between the strange and counterintuitive world of quantum mechanics and the brain.⁴¹ Quantum theory suggests that electrons orbiting the atom’s nucleus are not like planets spinning around the sun but are rather spread over a probability space. The famous uncertainty principle claims that how you observe or measure an electron affects its nature. Because of the indeterminacy of quantum effects, an escape from the rigidity of strict determinism seems possible if quantum effects can bubble up into the macro world where humans live. Penrose points out that microtubules in the brain are of such a size that quantum effects might play a role. The most advanced thinking in this area has come from a group studying

38. Colin McGinn, *The Mysterious Flame: Conscious Minds in a Material World* (New York: Basic Books, 1999), 65.

39. Gödel’s theorem showed that within an axiomatic system are true theorems that cannot be proved within the system itself.

40. Penrose, *Shadows of the Mind*, 348–92.

41. Henry P. Stapp, “The Hard Problem: A Quantum Approach,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 3, no. 3 (1996): 194–210; Evan Harris Walker, *The Physics of Consciousness* (Cambridge, Mass.: Perseus Publishing, 2000), 216–37.

quantum field theory, a recent advance on quantum mechanics. Physicist Giuseppe Vitiello from the University of Salerno has demonstrated that the entire brain is a large coherent quantum structure.⁴² This structure allows for communication among the parts of the brain to be instantaneous and explains much about memory, such as its large storage capacity and duration.

So far, however, ideas associating consciousness and quantum theory have not yielded testable hypotheses and thus remain speculative. Searle has criticized them as just substituting one mystery for another.⁴³

Dualist Views of Consciousness

Modern dualists, while embracing the evolutionary origin of the brain as a biological structure, argue that the mind and the brain are separate things. There are two types of dualism: substance dualists and property dualists.⁴⁴ Substance dualists hold that the brain is animated by a substance, soul, or spirit composed of something unavailable for physical observation or manipulation. Descartes thought that the universe contained two substances: *res extensa* (lit., “extended substance,” or the materials that occupy space) and *res cogitans* (lit., “thinking substance,” or another substance of consciousness).⁴⁵ Property dualists, in contrast, suggest that consciousness may be a property of possibly all matter and can be found anywhere that matter is complex enough to contain information.

Brain researcher John Eccles has best articulated the former position. He holds that the mind and the brain are separate entities analogous to Karl Popper’s three worlds.⁴⁶ The mind arises from Popper’s World 2, with the mind and body interacting in the same way that World 1 and World 2 interact epistemologically. The substance in Eccles’s theory is not

42. Giuseppe Vitiello, *My Double Unveiled: The Dissipative Quantum Model of Brain* (Philadelphia: John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2001), 67–86.

43. Searle, *The Mystery of Consciousness*, 84.

44. Robert Van Gulick, “Reduction, Emergence and Other Recent Options on the Mind/Body Problem: A Philosophic Overview,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 8, no. 9 (2002): 1–34.

45. Max Velmans, “The Relation of Consciousness to the Material World,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies* 2, no. 3 (1995): 255–65.

46. Popper defines three ontological worlds. World 1 is composed of physical elements and includes everything from inorganic and biological objects and artifacts of human design such as art, machines, and books. World 2 is the subject-

a spirit or soul as defined in the typical religious sense of the word but rather something that arises developmentally both in the ontogeny and evolutionary history of human brain development. But the substance of the mind consists of what he calls *psychons*, separate objects involved in the evolutionary development of the mind, which use quantum mechanics to influence the actual mind. These psychons form in association with specific dendrite bundles,⁴⁷ protoplasmic processes essential to the function of nerve cells. He sees the mind as existentially real and separate from the brain. It communicates with the brain, informs the brain with its will, and likewise is affected by the brain's perceptions of pain, pleasure, and other states derived from physical events: "It is proposed that the self-conscious mind is actively engaged in searching for brain events that are of its present interest, the operation of attention, but it also is the integrating agent, building the unity of conscious experience from all the diversity of the brain events. Even more importantly it is given the role of actively modifying the brain events according to its interest or desire, and the scanning operation by which it searches can be envisaged as having an active role in selection."⁴⁸

It is important to point out, in view of LDS theology to be discussed below, that these hypothesized psychons have no independent existence prior to the evolution of the brain and the appearance of life on earth.⁴⁹

The challenges to substance dualism have been around since the time of Descartes. If another substance or property exists, how does it interact with the physical reality that materialists assume to be ultimate? And if it can interface with this reality, then should there not be ways to detect it? For example, because this substance interacts with brain states, it seems reasonable that some kind of detector, constructed using the

tive world of knowledge, perception, memories, and other informational states of subjective experience. World 3 is knowledge in an objective sense, such as the knowledge contained in libraries, human culture, and the paradigms of science. Karl Popper, *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* (New York: Harper and Row/Basic Books, 1959); Popper and Eccles, *The Self and Its Brain*, 36–50.

47. John C. Eccles, *How the Self Controls Its Brain* (New York: Springer-Verlag, 1994), 88.

48. Popper and Eccles, *The Self and Its Brain*, 373.

49. Eccles, *How the Self Controls Its Brain*, 178, acknowledges that animals have some consciousness.

same principles of physics that structure the brain, can be made to detect it. Early philosophers like Nicholas de Malebranche held that God was the source of the interaction. If my spirit wanted to move my arm, I willed it; and God sent the messages to the brain that it should be moved.⁵⁰ However, this proposal seems ontologically unsavory and most philosophers and theologians have rejected it as too convoluted. Nonetheless, some of the ideas of a quantum interface between brain states as postulated by Penrose and Eccles allow an interface between this and another world quite easily, thus offering a possible defense of substance dualism.

The second form of dualism, property dualism, in contrast, avoids some of these problems. John Chalmers, director of the Center for Consciousness Studies at the University of Arizona, espousing a form of property dualism, suggests that consciousness is an independent attribute of the universe. Experience is an aspect of certain information states. He warns against construing this description as pan-psychism, because it is not matter itself that is experiential. Rather, he suggests that certain configurations of matter that use or convey information as a system are experiential. The more complex the informational states, the greater the quality of experience. That is why highly complex physical objects like the human brain have a highly developed consciousness. Chalmers, after arguing that even a thermostat might have a rudimentary form of consciousness, suggests: "It may be that some are unwilling to accept the possibility of conscious thermostats simply because we *understand* thermostats too well. We know everything about their processing, and there seems no reason to invoke consciousness. But thermostats are really no different from brains here. Even once we understand brain processing perfectly, there will still seem to be no reason to invoke consciousness."⁵¹

Another form of property dualism, sometimes referred to as process dualism, suggests that consciousness is an irreducible fundamental feature of the universe. In considering an elementary particle's charge or the gravitational attraction of two bodies, there is ultimately no answer

50. Popper and Eccles, *The Self and Its Brain*, 184.

51. David J. Chalmers, *The Conscious Mind*, edited by Owen Flanagan (Oxford, Eng.: Oxford University Press, 1996), 296.

to the question of why these phenomena occur.⁵² It's just the way the universe is constructed. The assumption that matter is composed of nothing but vacuous particles (i.e., they have no experience) has been challenged by process dualists like philosopher Alfred North Whitehead and theologian David Griffin, School of Theology, Claremont Graduate University.⁵³ Griffin argues that the assumption that elementary forms of matter are without some form of awareness is unwarranted and instead contends that assuming otherwise makes for a more coherent theory of the underpinnings of the universe. Griffin, expanding on Whitehead's thought, argues that our own subjective experience with consciousness demonstrates that, at least in some form, consciousness is a natural part of the universe.⁵⁴ Why not assume that it is a phenomenon as basic as gravity? These process dualists suggest that, while less complete than our own consciousness, all things may have an awareness of sorts.

Pan-experientialism posits that, like these physical properties of nature, consciousness is a fundamental property of the universe. There is no point in asking why—it just is. Whitehead speculated that all existing entities have some form of consciousness.⁵⁵ Particles of matter do not endure but are rather “throbs of experience.”⁵⁶ These “Actual Entities,” as he calls all particles in our universe, exist only for a short time during which they form a relationship with all other actual entities. As actual entities go out of existence, they experience a “satisfaction” or a flash of

52. Teilhard de Chardin, *The Phenomenon of Man*, translated by Bernard Wall (New York: Harper & Row, 1955), 54–60.

53. David Ray Griffin, *Reenchantment without Supernaturalism: A Process Philosophy of Religion*, edited by William P. Alston (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2000), 94–128; Alfred North Whitehead, *Process and Reality*, corrected ed. (New York: Free Press, 1978), 46–51.

54. David Ray Griffin, *Unsnarling the World-Knot: Consciousness, Freedom, and the Mind-Body Problem* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998), 90.

55. Whitehead, *Process and Reality*, 18–20, viewed consciousness as arising only in complex individuals. He identified “prehensions” as the basic type of experience.

56. Shimon Malin, “What Does Quantum Mechanics Imply about the Nature of the Universe?,” in *Towards a Science of Consciousness III: The Third Tucson Discussions and Debates*, edited by Stuart R. Hameroff, Alfred W. Kaszniak, and David J. Chalmers (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1999), 313–16.

experience. In the process of their annihilation, new actual entities form, integrating the past history of all the previous actual entities (“prehension,” in Whitehead’s terminology) that have led to its creation. This process continues for all time, creating all the experiences that occur in the universe.⁵⁷ According to this view, consciousness is therefore the result of a process, as the term “process dualist” implies.

Panexperientialists claim their view runs counter to a kind of universal solipsism, one that denies consciousness to any of those without brains. However, just as there is no way to logically or scientifically argue for or against solipsism (because we have access only to our own subjectivity), panexperientialism can never be proven by standard methods.

This brief overview of consciousness theory and philosophy suggests that things are at best unsettled and at worst a mess. There seems to be no theory or idea tending toward a consensus. What these views have in common is the shared assumption that consciousness—at least, human consciousness—begins no earlier than birth and ends with death. Where do LDS doctrines fit in this melee?

LDS Views of Consciousness

Little has been written about LDS thought on consciousness as such. Implicitly, however, Latter-day Saints have both a unique and a profound view of consciousness as informed by modern scriptures, by prophets, and by theology. We can garner three general themes from the scriptures: (1) The universe contains things that act and other things that are acted upon; (2) Consciousness in its basic form is not created; and (3) Consciousness can exist without the material world as we know it.

As to the first belief: Assuming that the scripture below is making ontological claims—which may or may not be the case—the universe contains two distinct types of entities: those that are to act and those that are to be acted upon: “And now, my sons, I speak unto you these things for your profit and learning; for there is a God, and he hath created all things, both the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are, both things to act and things to be acted upon” (2 Ne. 2:14).

The scriptural underpinning for the second concept is a revelation received by Joseph Smith suggesting that there are two kinds of sub-

57. Whitehead, *Process and Reality*, 20–26.

stances in the universe: spirit and element: "For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy" (D&C 93:33).

Third, another revelation clarifies the nature of matter:

"There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes; We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified we shall see that it is all matter" (D&C 131:7-8).

From the context of this scripture, it appears that "element" means the material world we experience through our physical senses, possibly enhanced with the instruments used in science. "Spirit" is a form of matter about which we know very little, except it is more "fine" than ordinary matter. What "pure" means is not clear, but we can assume that it is currently unavailable for observation from a scientific standpoint. Abraham 3:18-25 describes the organization of "intelligences" before the world. Of these the Lord says, "We will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them." This description implies that they were conscious beings capable of exercising free will. Doctrine and Covenants 93:29 points out that intelligence cannot be created or made. It is difficult to imagine intelligence without some sort of consciousness. Hence, these two scriptures seem to suggest: (1) Consciousness, an attribute of a preexistent being, is an aspect of existence in the universe which is not created or made and is coeternal with God; and (2) Consciousness can exist independently of the "material" world (as we know it) and is capable of growth and development. Therefore, ideas about consciousness are tied very closely to ideas about intelligence or intelligences.

Joseph Smith gave a further explication about the nature of intelligence in his King Follet discourse. There he taught that human beings have gone through a series of progressions from lesser to greater intelligence; their ultimate potential is to continue to grow until they reach a perfect state, like the level of existence God has reached. He explained, according to Wilford Woodruff's diary:

I am dwelling on the immutability of the spirit of man, is it logic to say the spirit of man had no beginning and or end[?] It does not have a beginning or end. . . . God never had power to create the spirit of man. . . . Intelligence is Eternal and it is self existing. . . . All mind . . . is susceptible of improvement[.] . . . The relationship we have with God places us in a situation to advance in knowledge. God has power to institute laws to instruct the weaker intelligences that they may be exalted with himself[.] This is

good doctrine, it tastes good, I can taste the principles of eternal life, so can you, they are given to me by the revelations of Jesus Christ and I know you believe it.⁵⁸

Joseph Smith points out that consciousness does not come into existence *ex nihilo* but has always existed in some form and is capable of growth and improvement. Although he did not clarify the nature of this consciousness much further before his untimely death, other Church leaders and thinkers have speculated further on the nature of consciousness, incorporating the idea of intelligences.

One of the most prolific writers on this topic was B. H. Roberts (1885–1933). He served as president of the First Council of the Seventy and is considered one of Mormonism's preeminent thinkers and philosophers.⁵⁹ He was also one of the few LDS thinkers to discuss consciousness as such.

In *The Way, the Truth, and the Life*, a manuscript that was not published during his lifetime, Roberts explored the nature of consciousness. His definition differs somewhat from Searle's, which I quoted in the beginning of this paper. First, he differentiates between spirits and intelligences: "The difference between 'spirits' and 'intelligences' as herein used is this: Intelligences are uncreated entities, some inhabiting spiritual bodies—bodies composed of fine spirit elements, others are intelligences unembodied in either spirit bodies or other kinds of bodies."⁶⁰

In his section on "Intelligence," he also lists several attributes of intelligences such as consciousness, ability to perceive *a priori* principles (probably in a Kantian sense), imagination, memory, the power to deliberate, form judgements, freedom of will, and indestructibility. Roberts does not explicitly mention phenomenal consciousness as an attribute of intelligences. However, he implicitly refers to it when talking about mem-

58. Andrew F. Ehat and Lyndon W. Cook, eds., *The Words of Joseph Smith: The Contemporary Accounts of the Nauvoo Discourses of the Prophet Joseph* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University, Religious Studies Center, 1980), 346; spelling and capitalization standardized, and terminal punctuation added to sentences.

59. Truman G. Madsen, "Philosophy," in *The Truth, the Way, the Life: An Elementary Treatise on Theology*, edited by John W. Welch (Provo, Utah: BYU Studies, 1996), 595–617.

60. B. H. Roberts, *The Truth, the Way, the Life: An Elementary Treatise on Theology*, edited by John W. Welch (Provo, UT: BYU Studies, 1996), 255.

ory. As an example, he describes his memory of an orange tree and its blossoms, ascribing the same ability to intelligences.

Further elaboration of Roberts's definition of intelligence may be seen in his *Seventy's Course in Theology* where he defines "Intelligence: Consciousness" by saying:

In other words the term Intelligence is descriptive of the thing to which it is applied. Therefore Intelligence (mind) or Intelligences (minds), thus conceived are conscious. Conscious of *self* and of *notself*; of the *me* and the *not me*. Intelligence is that which sees itself, or is at once both subject and object. It knows itself as thinking, that is, as a subject; thinking of its self, it knows itself as an object of thought—of its own thought. And it knows itself as distinct from a vast universe of things which are not self; itself the while remaining constant as a distinct individuality amid the great universe of things *not self*. Fiske calls Consciousness the soul's fundamental fact; and the most fundamental of facts. It may be defined as the power by which Intelligence knows its own acts and states. It is an awareness of the mind. By reason of it an Intelligence, when dwelling in a body—as we best know it (man)—knows itself as seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching; also as searching, and finding; as inquiring and answering; as active or at rest; as loving or hating; as contented or restless; as advancing or receding; as gaining or losing, and so following in all the activities in which Intelligences, as men, engage.⁶¹

Here Roberts seems to conclude that consciousness is self-consciousness. He attributes to consciousness qualities similar to those listed above, including several attributes of mind, the power of generalization, imagination, the power of forming new mental combinations, and the power of deliberation. He also notes that consciousness is a fundamental fact of the universe.⁶²

In any event, it is clear that Roberts endows intelligences with many

61. B. H. Roberts, *Seventy's Course in Theology*, 5 vols. (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1907–12), 4:2.

62. Roberts could be read as falling into the trap of denying consciousness to anything but humans, since most of these attributes would deny consciousness to animals. However, I do not believe that this was Roberts's intent. At the time of his writing, little was understood about an animal's reasoning power or mental abilities. Therefore, Roberts may not have considered animal consciousness at all. But I think he would be inclined to argue that, for example, a cat might fit these parameters. A cat is clearly aware of its spatial bounds (for example, it does not

of the same properties of consciousness that human beings find in themselves. He would agree that not all have the same degree of intelligence—God has the greatest measure of that attribute—but he clearly argues that intelligence involves some sort of conscious experiences.

Other early LDS theologians have also speculated on the origin of consciousness. For example, Apostle Orson Pratt (1811–81) anticipated the modern process theologies of Whitehead and Hartshorne by speculating that intelligence is a property of all elementary particles. After posing the question “What is intelligence?” he speculates that “it must either be a property of material atoms, or the result of the combination or contact of these atoms.” He then argues that indeed material atoms must be possessed of some sort of rudimentary intelligence, which is eternal in nature and uncreated.⁶³ It must be kept in mind that his view of elementary particles preceded Niels Bohr’s early twentieth-century articulation of our current understanding of the nature of the subatomic world and that he was looking at atoms as the fundamental building blocks of the universe. How his position would change with the new view of quantum electrodynamics we can only speculate.

Like Pratt, Apostle John A. Widtsoe (1921–52) also viewed the world as largely pan-experiential. In 1951, the year before he died, he wrote:

We live then in a living universe which in all its component parts is intelligent. In addition to matter-energy, there are in the universe personal intelligences, having consciousness of varying degrees of advancement. These possess all the attributes of individuals. They have power of action. They can learn. They can act for themselves in their surroundings. Some of them are the men and women of earth.

The highest of the universe intelligences is God. He possesses supreme knowledge and power. Indeed we have reason to believe that his knowledge is the sum of the knowledge possessed by all existing personal intelligences and that his power is the sum of the powers of such personal beings. His work with the intelligences inferior to his own constitutes the gospel story.

In this universe of one eternal world are matter-energy and personal intelligences. Energy itself may be a form of intelligence, making all matter, to some degree, alive and intelligent. The whole universe is alive. The story

move out of the way of a tree falling in the far distance), makes decisions (it chooses between lying by the fire or on the couch), etc.

63. *The Essential Orson Pratt* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1991), 33.

of eternity is the interaction of matter-energy and personal intelligences. The things in the universe are under the control of law. To the extent that universal law is unchangeable, a limitation is placed upon all intelligences, who, as they rise, learn to control or use the law.⁶⁴

Widtsoe seems well informed about the modern Einsteinian view that energy and matter are two sides of the same coin. He even speculates that energy may be involved in consciousness.

Roberts, Pratt, and Widtsoe exemplify one interpretation of the nature of intelligences from scripture and the early teachings of Joseph Smith. Another is found in the writings of then-Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith (1910–70; president of the Church, 1970–72) and his son-in-law, Bruce R. McConkie, a member of the First Council of Seventy (1946–72) and later an apostle (1972–85). Both men are less explicit and more cautious in their speculation about intelligence or intelligences. They taught that intelligence prior to a spirit birth was unorganized and that individual consciousness did not exist before spirits were organized.

Smith wrote in 1956: "Some of our writers have endeavored to explain what an intelligence is, but to do so is futile, for we have never been given any insight into this matter beyond what the Lord has fragmentarily revealed. We know, however, that there is something called intelligence which always existed. It is the real eternal part of man, which was not created nor made. This intelligence combined with the spirit constitutes a spiritual identity or individual."⁶⁵

McConkie wrote in *Mormon Doctrine*: "The intelligence or spirit element became intelligences after the spirits were born as individual entities. (Abr. 3:22–74.) Use of this name designates both the primal element from which the spirit offspring were created and also their inherited capacity to grow in grace, knowledge, power and intelligence itself, until such intelligences, gaining the fulness of all things, become like their Father, the Supreme Intelligence."⁶⁶

Rex Sears in his dissertation for Harvard University contrasts the

64. John A. Widtsoe, *Joseph Smith: Seeker after Truth, Prophet of God* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1951), 150.

65. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Answers to Gospel Questions*, 5 vols. (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1957–67), 4:127.

66. Bruce R. McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine*, 2d ed. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1966), 84.

difference between McConkie's view of intelligences and Roberts's view, stressing that Roberts thought in terms of personal intelligences rather than as merely a life force:

No current church sponsored publications endorse any interpretation of the doctrine of uncreated intelligence but the highly influential, recently deceased Mormon apostle Bruce R. McConkie held that intelligence is the uncreated and uncreatable substance out of which individual spirits are formed. . . . Roberts does not explicitly address McConkie's view in the article in which he defends his own view, suggesting that McConkie's view was not in circulation at that time. Roberts's explicitly opposes the view, no longer (so far as I am aware) in circulation, that intelligence refers to something like the intelligent life force of a conscious individual, which the parents of our spirits (God the Father and his spouse) transmit to their offspring. . . . It is this intelligent life force which has no beginning, being transmitted from parent to child through unending generations, but each discrete individual imbued with this force does have a beginning.⁶⁷

However the two views are not necessarily incompatible. Process theologians like Griffin suggest that, while all things have experience, for elementary particles this level of consciousness is very low.⁶⁸ He argues that only in organized structures such as the brain is consciousness fully realized. This result occurs by bringing unorganized conscious entities into a kind of unity that allows a higher level of consciousness.⁶⁹ Smith and McConkie argue only that God organized the intelligent stuff of the universe and make few claims about what that intelligence was like, leaving room for both the speculation of Roberts, Pratt, and Widtsoe and their own. The single point upon which all agree is that consciousness can

67. Lannie Rex Sears, "An Essay in Philosophical Mormon Theology" (Ph.D. diss., Harvard University, 1996), 34.

68. Consciousness philosophers including materialists, dualists, and process thinkers all speak of "degrees" or "orders" of consciousness, implying that an ape, say, has a higher order of consciousness than a slug. LDS theology also describes a similar ordering of intelligences (Abr. 3:19). These ideas are similar enough that the ideas of "degree" in the secular view of consciousness and LDS views on "orders" of intelligences seem to be talking about the same thing.

69. Griffin, *Unsnarling the World-Knot*, 77-116.

exist without a mortal body and that it is eternal (at least in some sense)—that it cannot be created or made.⁷⁰

The idea that our fundamental consciousness is eternal has not changed significantly between Joseph Smith's early statements about intelligences and the present day. While ideas about consciousness are not explicitly clear in Joseph Smith's original teachings on the subject, as Van Hale explains,⁷¹ subsequent prophets have taught that we move, by a "birth" process, from being an intelligence to being a spirit created in the physical form of our Heavenly Parents to our current stage of development where spirit and matter have been temporarily joined.⁷² After the resurrection, this temporary bond will be made permanent (Alma 11:43-44). Harold B. Lee, then an apostle, emphasized the fundamental unity of these three stages of existence:

As I thought about it I remarked that we do use words rather loosely when we speak of the "life before this, and this life, and the next life," as though we were a cat of nine lives, when as a matter of fact, we only have one life. This life we speak of did not begin with mortal birth. This life does not end with mortal death. There is something that is not created or made. The Scriptures called it "intelligence," which at a certain stage in the pre-existence was organized into a "spirit." After that spirit had grown to a certain stature it then was given the opportunity by an all-wise Father to come into another stage for its development. It was added upon, and after having lived its span and having attained to its purpose in mortality, another change took place. We go, not into another life in fact, but into another stage of the same life. There is something which was not created or made, and something which does not die, and that something shall live on forever.⁷³

LDS teachings are unique among current arguments about consciousness. It is clear that we have a dual nature: body and spirit. But the

70. For a more speculative view of the nature of intelligences, which places LDS theology in a postmodernist framework, see Daniel Wright Wotherspoon, "Awakening Joseph Smith: Mormon Resources for a Postmodern Worldview" (Ph.D. diss., Claremont Graduate University, 1996), 210-32.

71. Van Hale, "The Origin of the Human Spirit in Early Mormon Thought," in *Line upon Line: Essays on Mormon Doctrine*, edited by Gary James Bergera (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1989), 115-44.

72. Charles R. Harrell, "The Development of the Doctrine of Preexistence," *BYU Studies* 28, no. 2 (Spring 1988): 75-96.

73. Harold B. Lee, "Address at the Funeral of Edwin Marcellus Clark,"

nature of consciousness as it relates to spirit matter is not understood and has not been revealed. Because of our dual nature, one might be tempted to call us substance dualists; but from the writings discussed above, it is clear that we could be viewed as property dualists when it comes to the broader view of the nature of the universe which includes spirit matter. Therefore, the common distinction of property or substance dualism is not meaningful from the perspective of an LDS theology and perhaps should be avoided.

However, it is clear that we embrace some form of dualism. There is more to our consciousness than just the physical brain. Consciousness existed prior to the brain and can exist for some time without it—e.g., prior to the resurrection. It is important to keep in mind that an LDS view of consciousness is not incompatible with materialist assumptions about the origin of the brain through evolution.⁷⁴ Rather, it is in assumptions about the nature of the mind where LDS views differ.

Dualism has fallen out of favor with consciousness philosophers, not because dualism stands on a shakier philosophical basis, but rather because the nature of the dualism posited to exist is not detectable and therefore not amenable to scientific exploration, a position untenable under current philosophical paradigms. For example, Daniel Dennett states: “This fundamentally antiscientific stance of dualism is, to my mind, its most disqualifying feature, and is the reason why in this book I adopt the apparently dogmatic rule that dualism is to be avoided *at all costs*. It is not that I think I can give a knock-down proof that dualism, in all its forms, is false or incoherent, but that, given the way dualism wallows in mystery, accepting dualism is giving up.”⁷⁵

Dennett thus acknowledges that dualism is a coherent, valid way to view the universe. He is rejecting it “dogmatically,” however, because science cannot get its hands on dualism. But other than by assumption, there is no more philosophical warrant for this hardline materialist posi-

April 5, 1955, Harold Bingham Lee Addresses (1939–73), quoted in *Teachings of Presidents of the Church: Harold B. Lee* (Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 2000), 9.

74. Trent D. Stephens and D. Jeffrey Meldrum, *Evolution and Mormonism: A Quest for Understanding* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2001), xvii–xix.

75. Dennett, *Consciousness Explained*, 37; emphasis his.

tion than that articulated in LDS theology, which is informed by revelation.

Conclusions

Some theologians have argued that dualism must be eliminated from religious discourse if there is to be any dialogue between neuroscience and theology.⁷⁶ However, that position seems to be more a result of indispensable materialist assumptions than of any argument that nondetectable substances cannot exist. Ironically, strict materialism may undermine the advancement of science and miss or ignore a more accurate view of the universe's development. For example, string theory predicts up to eleven dimensions, only four of which we have access to. Assuming that the universe consists only of what we can perceive may cause strict materialists to miss important insights. The dualist position is further defensible when enhanced by the belief that God can and does communicate with humans. There is no reason *a priori* to assume that only that which we can physically sense exists in the universe. This possibility seems especially likely when we consider subjective knowledge as a source of truth.⁷⁷ So far science, despite its importance and power in explaining the physical world, has been unable to shed much light on the nature of consciousness. But consciousness is a puzzling aspect of the universe that needs explaining.

LDS theology is graced, in addition to the above arguments, by the idea that God is in communication with us, his children, and has revealed that there is considerable more to the physical universe than we can observe with the instruments of our invention. Thus, dualism, while a philosophically valid position, is complemented by continuing revelation, supporting the belief that our consciousness is a combination of brain and spirit and placing LDS theological views in an internally coherent philosophical framework as far as consciousness is concerned.

76. Philip Clayton, "Neuroscience, the Person and God: An Emergentist Account," *Zygon* 35, no. 3 (September 2000): 613–52; Nancy R. Howell, "Ecofeminism: What One Needs to Know," *Zygon* 32, no. 2 (June 1997): 231–41.

77. Peck, "Randomness, Contingency, and Faith," 5–24.

Imprisonment, Defiance, and Division: A History of Mormon Fundamentalism in the 1940s and 1950s

Ken Driggs

THE MODERN FUNDAMENTALIST MORMON community consists of a number of groups and many independent family clusters. The two largest are the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (FLDS) centered in Colorado City, Arizona, and Hildale, Utah,¹ and the Apostolic United Brethren (AUB), headquartered in Bluffdale, Utah, and pres-

KEN DRIGGS, a criminal defense lawyer in Atlanta, has written extensively about Mormon and legal history topics, including several articles about Fundamentalist Mormons. He is the author of *Evil Among Us: The Texas Mormon Missionary Murders* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2000). He thanks Marianne Thompson Watson for her assistance over the past several years and specifically with this article. He adds: "I have spent considerable time in both the Fundamentalist LDS and Apostolic United Brethren communities since January 1988. I studied parental rights of Utah polygamous parents in the 1950s for my graduate work: 'There Must Be No Compromise with Evil: A History and Analysis of the Utah Supreme Court's 1955 Decision in *In Re Black*' (LL.M. thesis, University of Wisconsin, 1991). I am acquainted with virtually all of the leadership of both groups, count many as good friends, and have been favored with lengthy interviews with many."

1. Studies of this group include Ken Driggs, "One Hundred Years after the Manifesto: Polygamy in Southern Utah Today," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 24 (Winter 1991): 44–58; Ken Driggs, "Who Shall Raise the Children? Vera Black and the Rights of Polygamous Utah Parents," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 60 (Winter 1992): 27–46; Ken Driggs, "This Will Someday Be the Head and Not

ently presided over by Owen Allred. These groups have their roots in a bitter split in the early 1950s.² The circumstances of that split tell us a great deal about the organizational personalities and leadership style of the groups today. There are now sometimes sympathies and marital ties but no formal connections between the two groups.

Almost from the time of Wilford Woodruff's 1890 Manifesto³ withholding official recognition for new plural marriages in the LDS Church, dissenters opposed this and other measures aimed at bringing Mormons into the larger social mainstream, including monogamous marriage, a separation between church and state, and an economy characterized by capitalist rather than cooperative practices.⁴ One graduate student aptly described Fundamentalism as "protests to adaptation."⁵ For a generation, these dissenters included high-ranking Church leaders and apostles, among them President Woodruff's son, Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff, and at times

the Tail of the Church': A History of the Mormon Fundamentalists at Short Creek," *Journal of Church and State* 43 (Winter 2001): 49–80; Marianne T. Watson, "Short Creek: 'A Refuge for the Saints,'" *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 36 (Spring 2003): 71–87; Martha Sonntag Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land: The Government Raids on the Short Creek Polygamists* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1993).

2. See David Clifton, "Utah Polygamists Sealed to Life of Hiding and Sharing—Homes, Wives, Attention," *Salt Lake Tribune*, February 23, 1992, A1. The AUB organization was not an attempt at creating a church separate from the LDS Church. The AUB was created in order to collect tithes and donations, to deal with government regulations, and to hold title to community-owned properties. While the "big church" will certainly disagree, AUB community members view themselves as a special priesthood organization within the LDS Church with the specific mission of continuing the practice of plural marriage and other now-discarded doctrines taught by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

3. The Manifesto is a policy statement released to the press by Woodruff on September 24, 1890, and adopted by the October general conference of the LDS Church on October 6, 1890. Today it is published in the Doctrine and Covenants as "Official Declaration—1."

4. The best work on this transition is Thomas Alexander, *Mormonism in Transition: A History of the Latter-day Saints, 1890–1930* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1986).

5. Marshall Day, "A Study of Protests to Adaptation" (M.A. thesis, University of Utah, 1963).

Woodruff's successors.⁶ Between Church President Joseph F. Smith's issuance of the "Second Manifesto" in 1904 and his death in November 1918, such marriages dwindled significantly.⁷ Apostle Heber J. Grant, succeeded Smith as Church president in 1918; by that time, only one of his four wives was still living, and he began a determined campaign to separate the Church from polygamy and to purge traditionalists.

Grant's efforts succeeded both in simultaneously driving these "old-fashioned" Mormons out of the Church and motivating them to organize parallel religious communities of their own. These organizational efforts, understandably, coalesced around those with the strongest authority claims to continue the practice of polygamy. Fundamentalist Mormons believe that on the night of September 26–27, 1887, Church President John Taylor was hiding from federal marshals in the John W. Woolley home in Centerville, Utah Territory. After a delegation of Church officials visited him, urging that the Church give up plural marriage, Taylor took the matter to the Lord. During the night, he received a lengthy visitation from Jesus Christ and Joseph Smith instructing him not to yield to either the federal or internal pressure. He told the Woolleys and others of his vision the following day in a long meeting, during which he set apart several individuals (including John Woolley and his son, Lorin C.) with the charge to perpetuate plural marriage no matter what position the Church might later take.⁸

John W. Woolley, born December 30, 1831, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, had been patriarch in Davis Stake, a stake high counselor,

6. D. Michael Quinn, "LDS Church Authority and New Plural Marriages, 1890–1904," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 18 (Spring 1985): 9–105; B. Carmon Hardy, *Solemn Covenant: The Mormon Polygamous Passage* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1992).

7. "Official Statement by President Joseph F. Smith," *Improvement Era* 7 (May 1904): 545. Reprinted in James R. Clark, ed., *Messages of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1833–1964*, 6 vols. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1965–75), 4:84–85.

8. Fundamentalist literature refers frequently to this revelation. See, for example, "Revelation of President John Taylor, Given at the Home of John W. Woolley, Centerville, Utah, September 26–27, 1886," *Truth*, February 1942, 206; "A Vital Testimony," *Truth*, July 1942, 43; Mark J. Baird and Rhea Baird, *Reminiscences of John C. Woolley and Lorin C. Woolley*, 4 vols., reproduced typescript, n.p., n.d. This source, though valuable because it consists mainly of transcripts of interviews, is difficult to use since both Woolleys appear in all four

and a Salt Lake Temple officiator before the Quorum of the Twelve excommunicated him in April 1914 “for insubordination to the discipline and government of the church”—meaning, for performing plural marriages. He died December 13, 1928, in his Centerville home at age ninety-seven.⁹ A 1933 article in a national news magazine evaluated his role. Mormon polygamy had almost become extinct, it explained, but “a schismatic cult sprang up around the person of an aged patriarch. He claimed to have had authority from Jehovah, and a considerable group of fanatics believed him.”¹⁰

Within months, seventy-three-year-old Lorin C. Woolley reported that his father had appeared to him in a vision and instructed him to call a “Priesthood Council of High Priest Apostles.” His father named the individuals who should be called: J. Leslie Broadbent, John Y. Barlow, Joseph W. Musser, Charles Zitting, LeGrand Woolley, and Louis Alma Kelsch.¹¹ Fundamentalists believed that this council embodied and perpetuated the priesthood authority to perform sealing marriages bestowed by John Taylor during the time when the Church would not. When Lorin Woolley died in 1934, the council’s leadership fell to J. Leslie Broadbent, who died only a year later at age forty-three.¹²

He was succeeded by John Y. Barlow, a vigorous sixty-year-old who had been called to the Priesthood Council at age fifty-four as “Second El-

volumes, each volume has a section under the name of the individual treated, and each section begins at p. 1. Some sections are not paginated. See also Richard S. Van Wagoner, *Mormon Polygamy: A History* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986), 191.

9. “Excommunication of John W. Woolley,” *Semi-Weekly Deseret News*, April 3, 1914, 4; Preston W. Parkinson, *The Utah Woolley Family* (Salt Lake City: Privately published, 1967), 196–99; Baird and Baird, *Reminiscences of John W. Woolley and Lorin C. Woolley*.

10. Louis W. Larsen, “Mormon Polygamy: The Last Phase,” *American Mercury*, July 1933, 286.

11. Lorin C. Woolley, born on October 23, 1856, served two missions in Indian Territory for the LDS Church (1887–89, 1896–97), and died on September 18, 1934. Parkinson, *The Utah Woolley Family*, 313–14; Baird and Baird, *Reminiscences of John W. Woolley and Lorin C. Woolley*. Although this Priesthood Council began with seven members, at various points it has had both more and fewer members. Documenting its precise membership over time lies outside the scope of this article.

12. Broadbent was born in Lehi, Utah, on June 3, 1891, was excommuni-

der" by Lorin C. Woolley on March 29, 1929.¹³ Barlow, born August 4, 1874, was a son of Israel Barlow Jr., who was himself excommunicated for post-Manifesto polygamous marriages. Barlow served two missions for the Church, the first as a young man to the Northern States Mission (August 1895–November 1897) and the second when he was a forty-four-year-old married man living in Weber County to the Northwestern States Mission (April 1918–February 1919). During this mission, authorities learned that he had married a plural wife in the Darlington Branch, Lost River Stake, Idaho. They released and later excommunicated him. He provided leadership to the solidifying group of Fundamentalists for fourteen years.¹⁴

Under Barlow's direction, the Priesthood Council began publishing a monthly religious magazine, *Truth*, in 1935.¹⁵ During most of its twenty-one-year publishing history, its editor was Joseph White Musser, one of the original Priesthood Council members.¹⁶ In 1942, the council reorganized as a trust which was incorporated as the United Effort Plan

cated on July 18, 1929, and died on March 15, 1935. "Joseph Leslie Broadbent," *Deseret News*, March 16, 1935, 7. There had been no changes on the council before his death.

13. "President John Yates Barlow," *Truth*, February 1950, 229–33; "John Yates Barlow," *Deseret News*, December 30, 1949, B–5.

14. "Aged Patriarch [Israel Barlow Jr.] of L.D.S. Church Is Excommunicated," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 18, 1921, 24; Manuscript History of the Northwestern States Mission, February 6, 1919, Archives, Family and Church History Department, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City (hereafter LDS Church Archives); Missionary Record Index, LDS Archives, CR 301 43. He died on December 29, 1949. Ora H. Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores* (Salt Lake City: Israel Barlow Family Association, 1968), 565.

15. *Truth* published monthly from June 1935 until May 1956. Note also "Cult Magazine Is Denounced," *Arizona Republic*, March 15, 1944, 5.

16. Joseph W. Musser was born in Salt Lake City on March 8, 1872, to Amos Milton Musser and his plural wife, Mary Elizabeth White Musser. At twenty, he married his first wife, Rose Borquist, in the Logan Temple and served in the Southern States Mission (April 1895–July 1897). Missionary Record Index. The notice of his excommunication was published in the *Deseret News* March 23, 1921. He died in Salt Lake City on March 29, 1954. His obituary lists four wives: Rose Selms Borquist (married in 1892), Mary Caroline Hill (married in 1901), Ellis Shipp, and Lucy Kmetzsch, twenty-one children, seventy grandchil-

(UEP).¹⁷ This community was located chiefly at Short Creek, a remote settlement straddling the Utah-Arizona border about fifty miles southeast of St. George, Utah.¹⁸ Life was always a struggle in Short Creek. Residents attempted dry farming and ranching, worked what was called the Barlow-Johnson ranch near Cedar City, maintained a small saw mill, took advantage of the WPA and other New Deal relief opportunities, and were subsidized by Fundamentalists elsewhere.

Mormon Fundamentalism is not a monolithic group any more than the larger Jewish, Christian, or Islamic communities are homogeneous.¹⁹ Since the 1930s, many Fundamentalist Mormons have termed themselves "people involved with 'the Work,'" which I take to be the work of continuing plural marriage. Other related groups of present note include:

1. Centennial Park. This community was settled by breakaway members from Short Creek in the mid-1980s. It is called the "Second Ward" by some, although I am told they do not appreciate the term. It is located in Utah near Colorado City/Hildale.²⁰

2. The Kingston family. This Davis County Cooperative group was founded by Charles W. Kingston in 1943 and is still dominated by his

dren, and thirty-five great-grandchildren. "Saint Joseph White Musser: In Memoriam," *Truth*, 20 (June 1954): 1-48.

17. "Declaration of Trust," November 9, 1942, Mohave County Courthouse, Kingman, Arizona. The original board of trustees included John Y. Barlow, Joseph W. Musser, Leroy S. Johnson, J. Marion Hammon, and Rulon T. Jeffs.

18. In the 1960s, Short Creek formally renamed itself. The portion of the town on the Arizona side of the line became Colorado City, while that on the Utah side became Hildale.

19. For an attempt to catalog the various religious communities who trace their roots to Joseph Smith Jr., see Steven L. Shields, *Divergent Paths of the Restoration*, 3rd ed. (Bountiful, Utah: Restoration Research, 1982). For another listing of Fundamentalist Mormon groups, see Brooke Adams, Pamela Manson, Hilary Groutage Smith, and Peggy Fletcher Stack, "Living the Principle: Polygamy on the Border," *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 14, 2004. This is a special section (G) containing several different articles and charts.

20. Nancy Perkins, "Plural Wives Defend Lifestyle," *Deseret News*, August 23, 2003, B-1; Pamela Manson, "Views on Polygamy Clash at Summit," *Salt Lake*

family. Members of the Kingston family have recently been convicted of incest with teenage wives amid allegations of forced marriages and child abuse. Some of their successful business ventures have also become controversial.²¹

3. LeBarons. This tiny, sometimes lethal, and nearly extinct church, called the Lambs of God, was built around the LeBaron family in Mexico.²² This group has steadily disintegrated since the death of its leader, Ervil LeBaron, in a Utah prison in 1981.²³

Tribune, August 23, 2003, A-1; Hilary Groutage Smith, "Centennial Park: Sharing the Wealth," *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 14, 2004, G-6.

21. Dawn House, Michael Vigh, and Hilary Groutage, "Running Away from Polygamy," *Salt Lake Tribune*, July 19, 1998, B-1, B-5, B-6; Ray Rivera, "Utah Attorneys Key Figures in Polygamist Kingston Clan," *Salt Lake Tribune*, July 19, 1998, B-4; "The West: Secrets in the Desert," *Newsweek*, August 10, 1998, 37; Julie Cart, "Tales of Abuse, Incest Frame 'Utah's Dirty Little Secret,'" *Los Angeles Times*, August 15, 1998, A-1, A-24; Dawn House and Ray Rivera, "Paper Fortress Guards Kingston Clan Fortune," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 16, 1998, A-1, A-4; Greg Burton, "Kingston Journey: Insiders to Outcasts," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 16, 1998, A-1, A-4; James Brooke, "Utah Struggles with a Revival of Polygamy," *New York Times*, August 23, 1998, 12; Ray Rivera and Greg Burton, "When Incest Becomes a Religious Tenet," *Salt Lake Tribune*, April 15, 1999, A-1, A-16, A-17; Julie Cart, "Incest Trial Sheds Light on Polygamy in Utah," *Los Angeles Times*, June 4, 1999, A-14; Stephen Hunt, "Polygamist David Kingston Seeks Parole, Vows No More Illicit Sex," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 7, 2002, B-1, B-3; Michael Janofsky, "Young Brides Stir New Outcry on Utah Polygamy," *New York Times*, February 28, 2003, A-1, A-21; Brooke Adams, "Abuse Probe Lands Kingston in Court," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 21, 2004, C-1, C-6; Brooke Adams, "Kingston Stumbles Recalling His Kids," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 22, 2004, A-1, A-5; Linda Thompson, "Despite Charge I Bear No Ill Will for Ex, Kingston Says," *Deseret Morning News*, August 22, 2003, B-6.

22. Lyle O. Wright, "Origins and Development of the Church of the Firstborn of the Fulness of Times" (M.A. thesis, Brigham Young University, 1963); Ben Bradlee Jr. and Dale Van Atta, *Prophet of Blood: The Untold Story of Ervil LeBaron and the Lambs of God* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1981); Scott Anderson, *The 4 O'Clock Murders* (New York: Doubleday, 1993).

23. Vaughn Roche, "Ervil LeBaron Found Dead in Prison Cell," August 17, 1981, *Salt Lake Tribune*, B-1; Con Psarras, "Tests Indicate LeBaron Likely Died of Seizure," *ibid.*, August 18, 1981, B-1; "A Hand from the Grave: The Po-

4. The Aaronic Order in the Nevada desert.²⁴

5. "Independents." Independents do not affiliate with any of the groups but exist in significant numbers among the descendants of the Ianthius W. Barlow, Louis Kelsch,²⁵ Arnold N. Boss, and Morris Kunz families, and in small family units such as those of Fred Collier and the late Ogden Kraut, owner of Pioneer Press.²⁶ Some independents are less representative in their conduct but more likely to show up in the media. These more conspicuous individuals include the late Alex Joseph and John Singer, and the recently convicted Tom Green.²⁷

I have also observed conservative Mormons with one foot in the LDS Church and the other in the Fundamentalist world. Among other

lygamy Murders," *Newsweek*, December 21, 1987, 45; Vince Horiuchi, "Authorities Hope Convictions End LeBaron Saga," *Salt Lake Tribune*, January 24, 1993, B-1.

24. Hans A. Baer, *Recreating Utopia in the Desert: A Sectarian Challenge to Modern Mormonism* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1988).

25. Kelsch, born December 2, 1905, was called to serve in the Northern States Mission from Granite Stake (Salt Lake City), April 1924–April 1926. Missionary Record Index. He was excommunicated on November 21, 1934. Barbara Owen Kelsch, *Louis Alma Kelsch, 1905–1974*, mimeographed reproduction (N.p., n.d.).

26. Peggy Fletcher Stack, "Polygamist Patriarch Ogden Kraut Dies," *Salt Lake Tribune*, July 19, 2002, D-2.

27. On Joseph, see: Paul Rolly and Dawn House, "Joseph Rites: A Celebration of the Rebel," *Salt Lake Tribune*, October 4, 1998, B-1; Dirk Johnson, "Polygamists Emerge from Secrecy, Seeking Not Just Peace but Respect," *New York Times*, April 9, 1991, A-8. On Singer, see David Fleisher and David M. Freedman, *Death of an American: The Killing of John Singer* (New York: Continuum, 1983). On Green, see Greg Burton, "Church Records Sought for Polygamist Rape Trial," *Salt Lake Tribune*, September 7, 2000, B-2; C. G. Wallace, "Polygamist Gets 5 Years in Prison," *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, August 25, 2001, A-8; Pauline Arrillaga, "Polygamy's Poster Family," *Salt Lake Tribune*, November 26, 2000, F-1; Stephen Hunt, "Polygamist Says He's Changed," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 13, 2004, B-1; Jennifer Dobner, "Green Is Sorry over 'Victims,'" *Deseret Morning News*, August 13, 2004, B-1; "Polygamist Tom Green Repents," [*Provo, Utah*] *Daily Herald*, August 14, 2004, D-3; Michael Vigh and Kevin Cantera, "A Family Determined," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 13, 2001, B-1, B-4, B-6; Patrick O'Driscoll, "Utah Steps Up Prosecution of Polygamists," *USA Today*, May 14, 2001, A-5; Michael Vigh, Stephen Hunt, and Kevin Cantera, "Polygamy Offen-

characteristics, the various groups have different attitudes toward the source of priesthood authority, the centrality of plural marriage, United Order style communalism, Mormon sacred ordinances and religious garments, and other doctrinal matters.

John Y. Barlow presided over about 2,500 followers in the mid-1940s.²⁸ By that point the group was sufficiently irritating to President Grant and the larger Mormon community that the Church cooperated in a multi-state raid conducted by state and federal authorities in March 1944 with the goal of wiping out fundamentalism.²⁹

Newspaper accounts report that forty-six adults were charged in the 1944 raid with the state crimes of unlawful cohabitation and conspiracy to promote unlawful cohabitation. One plural wife was charged with witness tampering during the fall 1944 state trials. Some were charged with federal crimes of mailing obscene materials (*Truth* magazine), with kidnapping, and with violations of the Mann Act (the interstate transportation of women for immoral purposes). Fifteen were sentenced to state prison time and nine more to federal prison time. Two, Charles Zitting and David Darger, received both federal and state sentences. Musser recorded in his diary that those convicted under the fed-

sive Not Likely," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 20, 2001, A-1, A-14; Bob Mims, "Green Conviction Makes Polygamous Clans Wary," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 20, 2001, B-1, B-2; Geoffrey Fattah, "Polygamy Legal Battle May Begin to Heat Up," *Deseret News*, May 20, 2001, B-1, B-3; Michael Vigh and Kevin Cantera, "Polygamy Trial Gives World Titillating Look at Utah," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 21, 2001, A-1, A-10.

28. "Fundamentalist Polygamists," *Newsweek*, March 20, 1944, 86.

29. "50 Taken in Raids to End Polygamy," *New York Times*, March 8, 1944, 21; "Forty-Six Seized in Three-State Polygamy Drive," *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 8, 1944, 1; "Fundamentalists," *Time*, March 20, 1944, 55; "Forty-Six Seized in Three-State Polygamy Drive," *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 8, 1944, 1, 2-3; "Fundamentalists," *Time*, March 20, 1944, 55; "Fundamentalist Polygamists," *Newsweek*, March 20, 1944, 86. For events leading up to these prosecutions, see Marianne T. Watson, "The Fred E. Curtis Papers: L.D.S. Church Surveillance of Fundamentalist Mormons, 1937 to 1954," paper delivered at the Sunstone Symposium, Salt Lake City, August 10, 2001. Photocopy in my possession, courtesy of Marianne Watson.

eral Mann Act were taken into custody on March 10, 1947, and served their sentences at Tucson, Arizona.³⁰

Imprisonment

On May 15, 1945, Utah Judge J. Allen Crockett denied the defense's petition for habeas corpus and ordered fifteen Fundamentalist men to begin serving five-year prison sentences. Among them was fifty-three-year-old Joseph Lyman Jessop, who kept a diary throughout his sentence.³¹ On the first day, he wrote:

Amid good-byes of sadness to some few of our folks in the court room, we were guarded back to the jail and hurriedly picked up a few belongings, and in 5 cars carried to the State Penitentiary at 1400 East 21st South Street, Salt Lake City. Rulon Allred, Alma Timpson, and I were driven by deputy Elmer Savage (a man whom I have known since 1923).

At the State pen, we were guarded inside the main gates. Our grips were taken from us. Warden John E. Harris introduced himself to us and seemed friendly, as also did Bey Smart, captain of the guard. We were given instructions as to prison rules and regulations and escorted to the mess hall, where supper (of boiled eggs, mashed potatoes, bread, and milk) was served us, although it was past supper-time. We were taken to the 3rd story in the south tier of cells of the north cell house. We were told that we would be under quarantine [sic] for 10 days, during which time we would not be allowed to see any visitors, and we would be locked in our individual cells except for a short time each day when we may walk in the runway immediately in front of our cells. Just inside the walls near the front gates, we were photographed by Deseret News and Tribune representatives.³²

These fifteen men were, in addition to Jessop, Rulon C. Allred (age thirty-nine), Albert E. Barlow (forty-one), Edmund F. Barlow (sixty-five), Ianthius W. Barlow (sixty-two), John Y. Barlow (seventy-one), Arnold Boss (fifty-one), Oswald Brainich (fifty-five), Heber K. Cleveland

30. Ivan Neilsen, ed., *Autobiography of Saint Joseph White Musser: A Brief Sketch of the Life, Labors and Faith of Saint Joseph White Musser* (N.p.: n.d.), January 20 and March 10, 1947, 305–6; "Nine Cultists Given Terms," *Arizona Republic*, June 8, 1944, 4.

31. Jessop, born February 10, 1892, Millville, Utah, served in the Central States Mission (1910–11), and died on February 11, 1963, in Murray, Utah. Missionary Index; *Diary of Joseph Lyman Jessop*, 3 vols. (N.p.: Jessop Family, ca. 1990s), Vol. 1: November 12, 1910, to April 12, 1928; Vol. 2: January 1, 1934, to April 21, 1945; Vol. 3: May 15, 1945, to April 4, 1954.

32. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: May 15, 1945.

(forty-three), David B. Darger (forty-two), Louis A. Kelsch (thirty-nine), Morris Q. Kunz (forty), Joseph W. Musser (seventy-three), Alma Timpson (forty), and Charles F. Zitting (fifty-one).³³ Jessop singled out Allred's behavior on that first day for special commendation: "My dear Brother Rulon is so considerate of me and offers every word and act he can for my well-being."³⁴

On May 19 the group borrowed a radio from other inmates so they could listen to the funeral services of Church President Heber J. Grant who had died on May 14.³⁵ *Truth* went out of its way to applaud Grant's accomplishments in a commentary on his life and death, calling him "the right man in the right place at the right time in the history of the Latter-day Church of God, and the Lord gave the people the leadership which the majority asked for and deserved."³⁶

Once the fifteen were incorporated into the general prison population, they peaceably settled into a routine of daily work. "All our bunch except Joseph [Musser] and I do farm work, John [Y. Barlow] a little of it while Joseph and I do carpenter work (mostly at our table at the barn, but at times I do painting of some things we've made, or inside the shops and at the homes of the guards east of the prison wall" With some apparent satisfaction, Jessop recorded a remark overheard from a guard that his group "beat anything I have ever seen. They do their work well and never gripe about it."³⁷

Indignantly, Jessop recorded in early July that the warden told Musser privately that "only our legal wives can visit with us because somebody said something against others coming." Ironically, Utah's governor had designated that week "religious freedom week." The prisoners were al-

33. Zitting was born March 30, 1894, in Harrisville, Utah. He had been called to the Fundamentalist Priesthood Council with LeGrand Woolley on July 22, 1932, and died July 14, 1954, at age sixty. John Y., Ianthius, and Edmund Barlow were brothers. Albert ("Bert") was Ianthius's son.

34. Ibid.

35. Ibid., Vol. 3: May 19, 1945.

36. "President Heber J. Grant Passes," *Truth*, June 1945, 17.

37. Jessop, Diary, Vol. 3: June 24 and 28, 1945.

lowed four visitors, fifteen minutes each, per week. No one under age twelve was allowed.³⁸

Late in August 1945, the Fundamentalist inmates began to discuss the possibility of signing a pledge promising to abide by the law in exchange for parole. Musser first told the group, "I won't sign any such thing." Upon hearing of the document, Jessop "thot [sic] of the Manifesto," an obvious references to the 1890 Manifesto. A few days later, a prison truck driver brought Jessop a letter from Musser enclosing the document. Jessop's diary does not answer many questions about the document's provenance, its authorship, its standing in the eyes of state authorities, or how the prisoners communicated with each other. It announced that those who signed it recognized "the futility of disobeying the laws of the land even in the practice of a religious belief" and that the prisoners "pledge themselves to refrain from engaging in or from solemnizing plural marriages from and after this date." In his letter, Musser wrote that they were still hoping for relief from the Utah Supreme Court and would not have to sign the pledge to gain release. Jessop showed the letter and enclosure to Bert Barlow and afterwards they "prayed to-gether and feel impressed against the document entirely." In the following days "we thot deeply upon the proposed Declaration of Policy."³⁹

Jessop then wrote Musser objecting to the document because it seemed to acknowledge "there is [an] organization known as Fundamentalists and that we are officers in the same. Such an organization does not exist, so far as I know." Using language often applied to the 1890 Manifesto, Jessop wrote that he thought the pledge was "making a covenant with death and agreement with hell." He felt that "no ammount [sic] of fixing up" would make the pledge acceptable. Jessop wrote that Bert Barlow and Allred shared his views.⁴⁰

A few days later, Musser told Allred and Bert Barlow that he "was very disappointed" in Allred's letter because of their resistance. According to him, "we should make ourselves plastic in the hands of the Priesthood."

38. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: July 6, 1945; Lorraine A. Bronson, *Winnie*, published typescript (n.p.: AUB, 1989), 167. It is a biography of Winnie Porter (1898–1963), the first of Jessop's four plural wives.

39. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: August 23, 27, and 30, 1945.

40. Reproduced in *ibid.*, Vol. 3: August 31, 1945. His reference to a "covenant with death" and "agreement with hell" is quoting Isaiah 28:18.

Musser and John Y. Barlow said they were both ready to sign so they could return to their families. That evening, Bert Barlow related the details of the meeting to Jessop, who recorded in his diary: “[It] caused me deep meditation and prayer during most of the night. I don’t want to stand against the Priesthood, but do desire to stand with the Priesthood, if I am worthy.” He prayed for direction. After a mostly sleepless night, he woke up, hearing on the morning news over the radio that Japan had surrendered.⁴¹

All of the prisoners continued to debate the proposal among themselves and with their visiting family members. Musser drafted alternative language which he presented to the group. “Joseph [Musser] and John [Y. Barlow] argued fervently for the document saying, ‘This is the way the Lord has prepared for our way out.’” Barlow also warned, “If we don’t sign this they will continue to investigate Short Creek, and if they do it will be far worse for us. This doesn’t mean a thing. We are not advocating the practice of it contrary to the law. We are teaching the law of God, and the people can use their own agency.” Allred, I. W. Barlow, and his son Bert signed that night. Jessop argued against the document but finally yielded and signed in Musser’s presence. Musser told him “God bless you, Lyman. It’s alright.” In the same diary entry, Jessop recorded his concerns about the seventy-three-year-old Musser’s health: “Joseph was much enfeebled in his body since last we saw him. He seemed almost tottery in his walk.”⁴² Later, it was reported that Musser had had a stroke in prison, although Jessop seems not to have known this.⁴³

Meanwhile, their attorneys had challenged their convictions in both the state and federal courts, attacking the use of criminal statutes on what they saw as Constitutionally protected religious conduct, the use of conspiracy laws on religious teachings, application of the Mann Act to plural marriage, whether the women had been kidnapped within the meaning of the law, and the fairness of the judicial process as applied to them. By late summer, the prisoners had grown discouraged that the courts would free them. Jessop recorded a late night conversation with Allred and Bert Barlow “over the delayed and stalling action of the courts pertaining to our cases. Somebody is purposely playing for delay

41. *Ibid.*, Vol. 3: September 1, 1945.

42. *Ibid.*, Vol. 3: September 2, 6–8, 24, 1945.

43. Bronson, *Winnie*, 220.

to keep us imprisoned.”⁴⁴ Their hopes for relief drooped even further when the Utah Supreme Court announced an initial decision against them. When Jessop read this announcement in the morning newspaper on September 26, he wrote: “The mental picture of long continual imprisonment looks dark and discouraging.”⁴⁵

Although multiple appeals were pending in both state and federal courts, the Utah court’s decision prompted “continual conversation amongst ourselves” about whether they should have signed the Declaration of Policy in order to gain release. “How I would like to know the will of God to me upon the subject!” Jessop wrote. When he discussed it with a wife during her visit to the prison, she “was in tears.” Over the next four days, Jessop “realized more and more the seriousness of such a declaration as we have signed, so much like the manifesto that I still can’t reconcile myself to it until I get word or impression from the Lord to confirm what has been done.” At the month’s end, Jessop received a letter from Musser stating “the prospects for our early release are good. He admonishes us to be prayerful and patient.”⁴⁶

Almost a month later on October 20, 1945, Jessop was interviewed by a state prison official. He acknowledged that he was in prison for “Unlawful Cohabitation” but, according to the interviewer’s notes, staunchly insisted: “I plead not guilty for the reason that my life conformed to my religious convictions as an L.D.S.” The interviewer added: “This man, as the others incarcerated with him, has earned a very good prison record.

44. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3, August 30, 1945.

45. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: September 26, 1945. The 1944 raid produced a number of other Utah Supreme Court and federal court decisions, including: *Chatwin v. Terry et al.*, 107 Utah 340, 153 P.2d 941 (1944); *State v. Barlow*, 107 Ut. 292, 153 P.2d 647 (1944); *United States v. Barlow et al.*, 56 F.Supp. 795 (D.Utah 1944), cert. denied, 323 U.S. 805 (1944); *United States v. Cleveland*, 56 F.Supp. 890 (D.Utah 1944); *State v. Musser and Others*, 175 P.2d 724 (1946); *Chatwin v. United States*, 326 U.S. 455 (1946); *Cleveland v. United States*, 329 U.S. 14 (1946); *Musser et al. v. Utah*, 333 U.S. 95 (1948).

46. *Ibid.*, September 27, 28, 30, 1945. Most of their appeals were decided after they were released from prison. They won a couple, but lost most.

He has worked steadily and industriously. His cooperation has been of value to the prison during the period that he has been incarcerated.”⁴⁷

With the day of their possible parole approaching, the polygamy prisoners (Arnold Boss, Louis Kelsch, Charles Zitting, Morris Kunz, Ianthius Barlow, Bert Barlow, Dave Darger, Rulon Allred, and Jessop), continued to fret over the implications of signing the pledge. Jessop wrote of an intense dinner discussion among the group. “They said (Morris it was) that that Declaration of Policy was framed in the beginning by our own brethren in jail, and not by Frank Jensen, nor the church leaders, altho these last named assisted in its construction. John Y. Barlow at first signed it, then said the Lord told him not to sign it, then later signed it. Much confidence is lost because of such actions.”⁴⁸

Jessop and ten others were paroled on December 15, 1945, after serving seven months of their five-year sentences. The four who refused to sign this “Prison Manifesto” were Kelsch, Boss, Zitting, and Kunz. The day before the release of the paroled eleven, they were photographed for prison records, then allowed to eat in the “front dining room where guards and trustees are served.” One of their waiters was Edmund Barlow. On the day of their release, each inmate was given the standard \$10 and set free. Jessop was met by daughters Kathryn and Edith and granddaughter Markay. “It was lovely to see them and the anxious family members of the families of my brethren,” he recorded with undisguised relief.⁴⁹

“Choring around” the next day in Salt Lake City, Jessop ran into one of his prison guards. “He treated me courteously.” Some members of the group dropped by to give him money. The following week Jessop reported to his parole officer, Keith Wilson. “I told him where I was staying and asked if it would be alright if I assist my family in case of sickness, and he said, ‘In case of extreme sickness, you may help them at home.’”⁵⁰

Some of the joy of freedom was tempered by the restrictions imposed on his family relationships. On Christmas Day Jessop wrote, “As a fugitive

47. Joseph Lyman Jessop, #7763, Utah State Prison file, Board of Corrections, Prison Admission Files, Utah State Archives, photocopy courtesy of Jessop family members.

48. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: December 12, 1945. Frank Jensen is not further identified.

49. *Ibid.*, December 14, 15, 1945.

50. *Ibid.*, December 17, 20, 1945. The exact terms of the parole seem to

being watched at every move, altho given permission to see my family on Christmas yet every move is done very cautiously, I visited with my lovely family for a few hours; but before doing so, I visited with my own dear father Jos. S. Jessop and my brother Richard S. Jessop at Kathryn's home."⁵¹

On November 20, 1947, the Utah Board of Pardons gave the four prisoners who had refused to sign the Prison Manifesto a termination of sentence resulting in their release on December 15, 1947, after serving thirty-one months of their five years. They spent Christmas with their families and were proud that they had gained release "without making any promises other than to support the famil[ies] [they] had." Two wives met Kelsch upon his release. On the way to the family reunion, they stopped and bought a huge bag of candy bars for his many children.⁵²

Zitting never questioned his decision not to sign the agreement. Late in his life, in a handwritten autobiography, he wrote a prayer:

Bless our brethren who signed the manifesto and agreed to give up part of their families in order to get their liberty from jail that you will forgive them and show them the err [sic] of their ways wherein they have displeased you in any way and I ask that this will be a lesson to us all and that it will not be a step backward for the work and thy people here in the world. We do not ask that we shall be vindicated in this life but we do ask that thy work and thy laws shall be vindicated in the land, that our children shall be able to live thy laws and that we will be able to live with our families and bring our children up in the faith without being spied upon, persecuted and cast into jail.⁵³

The Priesthood Split

What Fundamentalist Mormons call the "priesthood split" was probably inevitable following the death of seventy-five-year-old John Y.

have been interpreted differently by different individuals. Jessop apparently understood that he was not to live in the same house with his plural wives, and his diary suggests that he did not.

51. *Ibid.*, January 25, 1869. Joseph Smith Jessop was born on February 10, 1892, in Millville, Utah, and died on September 1, 1953, in Short Creek, Arizona. "Joseph Smith Jessop, 84, Dies in Short Creek; Phoenix Holds Relatives," *Washington County News*, September 3, 1953, 10.

52. Kelsch, *Louis Alma Kelsch, 1905-1974*, 76.

53. Zitting, *Life of Charles F. Zitting*, holograph, July 1994, 435-36.

Barlow on December 29, 1949.⁵⁴ An essay in the movement's magazine *Truth*, then being edited by Joseph Musser's son, Guy, noted that Barlow "was the senior living member of what is known as the Priesthood Council." The group had experienced strong disagreements about their core purpose through the past two decades.

Barlow's personality and leadership style had been much more autocratic than those of his predecessors. Louis Kelsch later recalled that the short-tenured Leslie Broadbent was not even buried before Barlow made it clear his leadership would be different:

The morning Leslie Broadbent died, some of his friends were standing outside Moroni Jessop's home in Salt Lake City. John Y. Barlow, who became senior of the High Priest Apostles upon Leslie's death, was heard to say, "Brethren, from now on things will be run different."

As soon as he was in charge, John began to organize regular meetings for priesthood, Relief Society and general meetings for all who believed in plural marriage.⁵⁵

Barlow may also have connected more easily with a majority of Fundamentalists in the Short Creek area than Musser. He was plain spoken and home spun. He also spent a good deal more time in Short Creek with the growing population there than Musser did. While socially and religiously conservative, Musser was also sophisticated, urbane, and intellectual. Barlow was the opposite.

Some who followed Musser believed that "Leslie Broadbent had designated Joseph W. Musser as his successor; but, since John Y. Barlow was senior in his calling to the council, Joseph had voluntarily allowed Brother Barlow to assume a position of leadership in order to prevent dis-

54. Barlow died in a large home at 2157 Lincoln Street, Salt Lake City, that the Priesthood Council had purchased in the summer of 1942 through Marion Hammon, one of the original seven council members with apparently good business skills. In 1942, he was put in charge of the United Effort Plan Trust (UEP) in Short Creek and was shortly afterwards called to the Priesthood Council by Barlow. He later broke away from Leroy Johnson and helped establish Centennial Park. This house had been constructed in 1891 as the mansion residence of miner Charles S. Adams and his wife, Maud, in the Forest Dale neighborhood, near Brigham Young's Forest Farm which had been located at 740 East Ashton Avenue. The building served as a residence for some Fundamentalist leaders and also as a meeting hall. It is still in use as the headquarters of a venture capital concern.

55. Kelsch, *Louis Alma Kelsch*, 32-33.

cord and confusion among the people.”⁵⁶ Musser also apparently disagreed with some of the policies Barlow had established. One biographer affiliated with Musser loyalists wrote: “Under the direction of John Y. Barlow’s Council, there had been some goings-on with which Joseph Musser did not agree. He spoke out against these practices, including marriages of very young girls, taking of wives without the knowledge or consent of the bride’s parents, and the expectation that each wife should give birth to a child every year. Because John Y. Barlow himself advocated these ideas, Joseph Musser’s admonitions had little effect.”⁵⁷

Another Musser believer, Joseph Thompson, recorded in his 1944 diary that “Brother Joseph Musser was teaching the people to use wisdom in having children—He taught that 2 ½ years between children was an ideal time, but whether it was one year, 2 ½ years, or 5 years it was the woman’s right to say when.”⁵⁸

With Barlow’s death, Musser was the senior member of the Priesthood Council by date of ordination. He was also well known to the underground community of polygamists through his years of writing, much of it as editor of *Truth*. However, he was two years older than his predecessor and had already “suffered a serious stroke while in prison, and again early in 1949 had a stroke which affected his speech and motor control.”⁵⁹ He was under the care of naturopathic physician Rulon Allred. In September 1950 Musser announced his intention to call Allred to the Priesthood Council, a unilateral action that he delayed for a year because of resistance by old-guard members, especially those in Short Creek. In May 1951, when Musser was seventy-seven, Jessop documented growing friction in the group:

Bro. Rulon Allred revealed to Marvin and Owen Allred, Jos. Thompson, and I many points of interest pertaining to the recent priesthood affairs showing the Council’s rejection of President Jos. W. Musser’s revelations calling Rulon to assist him—also that we (above mentioned and Bro. Esleie Jensen, not present) have been called also to defend him and

56. Bronson, *Winnie*, 202.

57. *Ibid.*, 203.

58. Joseph Thompson, *Diary*, in possession of his family. This entry is dated only 1944. Joseph Thompson was born April 29, 1924, in Cumberland, Wyoming, was converted to fundamentalism by the late 1940s, served on the new Priesthood Council that Musser called in January 1952, and died May 11, 1996, in Salt Lake City.

59. Bronson, *Winnie*, 220.

stand for the fullness of the Priesthood upon the earth. . . . I have been informed by Bro. Joseph Musser himself of many out-of-order conditions of the Priesthood Council as they are generally spoken of—viz: Chas. F. Zitting, LeRoy S. Johnson, J. Marion Hammon, Guy H. Musser, Rulon T. Jeffs, Richard S. Jessop, Carl Holm, and Alma A. Timpson—also Dr. LeGrand Woolley, who it seems is an avowed enemy of Rulon Allred. I don't know where Louis Kelsch stands, but these brethren (I don't know about Louis) have all taken a stand against Joseph and the calling of Rulon C. Allred, tho Joseph declared to me as he held my hand and Mel O. Richter sat beside me and Aunt Lucy Musser at the foot of his bed, and he, Joseph, speaking of the calling of Rulon Allred, said "It's God's truth! It's God's truth!"⁶⁰

A majority of the council apparently regarded Musser as so limited by age and health problems that he was no longer fit to lead and that they were, therefore, not required to follow. Some, no doubt, regarded Allred as a usurper taking advantage of his special relationship with Musser as his physician.

A couple of months later, Jessop wrote: "Because of Joseph's sickness, the Council do not consider him the head, and they will not recognize Rulon Allred's calling thru him."⁶¹ Louis A. Kelsch had been on the Priesthood Council since January 26, 1933, and his biographer noted effects of the strokes: "During the last part of his life, Joseph Musser sometimes became confused in his mind. Louis and family were told by several friends who were at one of the meetings that when Joseph got up to talk he did not make sense and his son, Guy, tried to get him to sit down. Louis and Morris went to visit with him in his home, but couldn't make out what he was trying to say. This was a very sad thing for a man who had so brilliantly defended the gospel in word and work."⁶²

Leroy S. Johnson, age sixty-two, had been a member of the Priesthood Council since June 1941, when John Y. Barlow called him to that position along with J. Marion Hammon.⁶³ Both were prominent and active in Short Creek ecclesiastical affairs. After Barlow's death, Johnson personally took charge of rearing Barlow's younger sons.

60. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: May 27, 1951.

61. *Ibid.*, July 24, 1951.

62. Bronson, *Louis Alma Kelsch*, 85.

63. Leroy S. Johnson was born June 12, 1887, probably at Lee's Ferry. He and fifteen others were excommunicated from the Rockdale Ward of the LDS Church on September 7, 1935. Johnson died in Hildale, Utah, on November 25,

Musser formally ordained Allred on September 18, 1951, to the Priesthood Council and designated him "Second Elder." Friction on the council was evident in a December 6, 1951, meeting recorded by Jessop. Allred "spoke forcefully of how the brethren treated him, countering false stories of his hounding Bro. Joseph for a blessing, etc." After some debate, Musser called for a sustaining vote on his decision to call Allred to the Priesthood Council. When he called for the opposing vote, "Most of the Council members voted against it and several in the audience. (Of the Council present who opposed were: Chas. F. Zitting, Rulon T. Jeffs, [and] Alma A. Timpson. Guy Musser was ill and J. Marion Hammon was away in California at a funeral."⁶⁴

In January 1952, Musser, who was then seventy-nine, felt that because the old council would not accept the "word of the Lord," it was disqualified from acting. Predictably, those who did not support Musser felt that it was he who was "out of order."⁶⁵

Musser nevertheless called a new Priesthood Council, inviting several followers to assemble at his home on January 12 in a "special priesthood meeting." The aged Musser reminded the men of their "duty in support of the calling of Bro. Rulon C. Allred to the Second Eldership and the threats against his life by some brethren." Musser then called as new members of his council Jessop, John Butchereit, Esleie Jensen, Joseph B. Thompson, and

1986. See Rockville Ward, Zion Park Stake, ward records (also called "Form E's"), for 1935, microfilm, LDS Archives; Ken Driggs, "Fundamentalist Mormon Attitudes toward the Church as Reflected in the Sermons of the Late Leroy S. Johnson," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 23 (Summer 1990): 38-60; Ron Bitton, "Polygamist Leader Passes On," *Sunstone*, January 1987, 48. The FLDS have published a kind of *Journal of Discourses* of Johnson's teachings: Leroy S. Johnson, *L. S. Johnson Sermons*, 7 vols. (Hildale, Utah: Twin Cities Courier Press, 1983-84, 1990). For the date of Johnson's and Hammon's ordination (May or June 6, 1941), see Bronson, *Louis Alma Kelsch*, 44; Benjamin G. Bistline, *The Polygamists: A History of Colorado City, Arizona* (n.p.: Agreka Books, 2004), 47.

64. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: December 6, 1951.

65. *Ibid.*, May 6, 1951, July 2, 1951, September 4, 1951, January 6 and 12, 1952, February 3, 1952, November 15, 1952. One of Allred's daughters includes colorful descriptions of these confrontations in her autobiography even though they occurred before her birth. Dorothy Allred Solomon, *In My Father's House: An Autobiography* (New York: Franklin Watts, 1984), 26-28.

three Allred brothers: Rulon, Owen, and Marvin.⁶⁶ From this point, the mutual disaffection evolved, with individuals over time deciding which meetings they felt most comfortable in.

Also in January 1952, Musser tried to reassert control over *Truth* magazine. Joseph B. Thompson, newly appointed to Musser's Priesthood Council, drove him to Sugarhouse Press, which was printing *Truth*. He escorted the Musser into the office of John Burgess, the owner. Musser "then blurted out, 'I want the Truth magazine back. Those "sons of bitches" won't give it to me.' Burgess then said, 'I don't know what to say, Joseph. I thought that you and Guy got along just fine. It is terrible to quarrel like this. I have always thought the world of Guy. He seems like such a nice guy.'" ⁶⁷

Musser had almost no followers in Short Creek. According to historian Benjamin Bistline: "The Priesthood Group in Salt Lake City was split about fifty-fifty, with about half of them following Joseph Musser and his new council, while the remainder followed the old Priesthood Council of John Barlow. The group at Short Creek, however, followed the old council almost one hundred percent. This Priesthood controversy took place at Salt Lake City and the people at Short Creek were pretty much following Leroy Johnson (under Charles Zitting) by this time." ⁶⁸

However, Musser reached out to other potential followers. He made attempts to recruit members of the LeBaron family in Mexico. (This was before the period of Ervil LeBaron's leadership when the group became so deadly.) ⁶⁹ He also reached out to a community of disaffected Mexican Mormons who had broken away from the LDS Church in the 1930s. One of their leaders was Margarito Bautista who was sympathetic to Fundamentalist Mormon thinking. According to historian F. Lamond Tullis, Bautista "advocated the reestablishment of polygamy and the United Or-

66. Jessop, *Diary*, Vol. 3: January 12, 1952. See also Bronson, *Winnie*, 61–63. Marvin Allred was born on October 19, 1918, in Boise, Idaho, and died on January 9, 2003, at Rocky Ridge, Juab County, Utah. The diary lists the names of those attending this meeting without suggesting any significance to the order.

67. Joseph Thompson, *Diary*, undated entry.

68. Bistline, *The Polygamists*, 66.

69. Wright, "Origins and Development of the Church of the Firstborn of the Fulness of Times," 95.

der.”⁷⁰ Most of the breakaway Mexican Mormons returned to the LDS Church in the 1950s, but Bautista was later called to the Musser/Allred Priesthood Council. To this day there is a substantial Mexican presence in that community.

Musser felt a need to reassure his small band of followers of his prophetic authority. Joseph Thompson recalled that, six months after Musser's reconstitution of the Priesthood Council, he called together “all the Priesthood body present” in June 1952 and instructed the twenty-six men:

“Because of contention and confusion, I have asked the Lord who is the subject—who is the one to receive His word. The Lord told me,” he said, raising his arms to the square and with tears in his eyes, “I am the one, and He is pleased with me, and these brethren I have called are all right, and Brother Rulon Allred is all right,” patting his shoulder, “and He commended me in taking him over. This subject of segregation is complete; that is all there is to it. Those men who hold authority will be dismissed! They will be dismissed when the time comes”—referring to [the] former council.

He then went on to say that he was organizing the “United Order of Salt Lake City” and he told Rulon to explain it to us as far as they had gone with it.⁷¹

Apparently part of Musser's effort was to hire another printer for *Truth* and take over the magazine for himself. In June 1952, six months after his first attempt to win John Burgess's support, Thompson's diary records:

Joseph called us together after Sunday School and told us the following: “I have mentioned to Guy Musser and asked him to let me start and continue on with the *Truth* magazine, and he objected to it. His objections are invalid as far as I am concerned. He says, ‘You may send proofs to me, and if it is all right, I'll publish it’, but I am not going to send it to him. I want you to help me determine what to do. John Burgess is printing for Guy Musser, and I want to consult with you and ask if it is all right to change this and go ahead as I've contemplated.” Brother Lyman spoke upon helping to establish the original *Truth*, and of Joseph's commission to print, by Lorin Woolley.⁷²

Once again, this episode ended inconclusively.

On July 1, 1952, Musser and others drove to Short Creek to confer

70. F. Lamond Tullis, *Mormons in Mexico: The Dynamics of Faith and Culture* (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1987), 147.

71. Thompson, Diary, June 22, 1952.

72. *Ibid.*, June 29, 1952.

with Leroy Johnson and others. If Musser hoped for a reconciliation, he was mistaken. Two days later, Musser was back in Salt Lake City. Joseph Thompson recorded without details: "The report was sad because of the attitude of the brethren down there."⁷³

Three weeks later, Musser and his group decided to launch their own publication: *Star of Truth*. According to Thompson's diary, he and Rulon Allred took the lead in preparing the first issue. When they took it to Joseph Musser for his approval, the aged leader "was very pleased with what we had and liked the cut very much. He studied it quite a while. Rulon reported to Joseph about the secretary of one church official in St. George, reading his report of a plan to wipe Short Creek off the map. Joseph muttered, 'Those blankety-blanks. We can't run and I am willing to go through it again.' But Rulon said, 'I don't think they can touch you, Joseph. I don't see any way possible.'"⁷⁴ In August 1952, Musser confirmed the break with the Short Creek group: "Whatever his former council did, was without authority from now on, unless he sanctioned it, and then it is done by HIS authority, not their own."⁷⁵

The first issue of *Star of Truth* appeared in January 1953 with Captain Moroni's title of liberty as its slogan: "In Memory of Our God Our Religion Our Freedom and Peace Our Wives and Our Children." Musser's initial editorial explained:

In the time of our Lord 1949, I suffered from what I was told was a paralytic stroke. I was told by my Doctor to give up the publication of Truth, and I prepared my son to take it over. He has assiduously done so, and has done a noble job of it. At a later time, when I was much better, I asked my son for the privilege of taking the Truth off his hands and engineering it myself. He refused to turn it over to me. On a number of occasions I repeated my request and I went to the Printer about it, but with no success.

Musser had considered filing suit to wrest back control of *Truth* and decided against it. "But, those who rebel against proper ownership and au-

73. Ibid., July 3, 1952.

74. Ibid., July 26, 1952.

75. Ibid., August 24, 1952.

thority become a law unto themselves and must suffer the consequences."⁷⁶

Musser's followers revered him. Rulon Allred's daughter, Dorothy, recalled, "Everybody loved him and looked to him as the final authority on any matter. Many people believed he was a prophet." Furthermore, "Some people thought the falling away was just as well. My mother said it was wrong how some of the councilmen arranged marriages for their young people. 'Everyone has a right to fall in love, like I did with your daddy. I know that's not how the brethren in Short Creek believe—they think they know what's best for everybody.'"⁷⁷

While followers of Musser and Allred were more urban and inclined to assimilate, Allred's daughter saw the other group in stereotypes. They "wore fundamentalist Mormonism like a badge: severe buns, long skirts, black suits, faces scrubbed and plain, persisting in old-fashioned dress even for the children."⁷⁸

Joseph Musser's Death

In March 1954, Joseph Thompson visited Musser's home and had "quite a long visit with Lucy" who reported that her husband "did not know what he was doing and could not think." Two weeks later Thompson returned, finding Musser in a bathroom unable to get up even with Lucy's help. The two of them got Musser back to his bed. In less than a week on Thompson's next visit, Musser "was very low, but he recognized me and squeezed my hand."⁷⁹

Thompson noted Musser's death tersely: "I was called by Rulon [Allred] and told that Joseph had died at 10:25 P.M." on March 29. Jessop wrote: "March ended in a storm and the death of our beloved father, brother, and friend Joseph W. Musser . . . after a long illness."⁸⁰

The LDS Church-owned *Deseret News* carried a brief obituary describing Musser as "a member of the Fundamentalist religious sect" and listing his wives only as surviving family members. The *Salt Lake Tribune* ran a much larger news story under the headline "Religious Cult Leader, 82, Succumbs after Illness." Among details of his life, this news story re-

76. "A Statement," *Star of Truth*, January 1953, 1-2.

77. Solomon, *In My Father's House*, 27.

78. *Ibid.*, 27.

79. Thompson, *Diary*, March 6, 18, and 24, 1954.

80. *Ibid.*, March 29, 1954; Jessop, Vol. 3: April 4, 1954.

ported that Musser had edited *Truth* until about 1947 “when he retired,” had been imprisoned with others in 1944, and had been in ill health for the previous five years. *Truth*, still edited by Guy Musser, published an autobiography from “his journals” without commenting on the priesthood split.⁸¹ Musser’s new journal, *Star of Truth*, commented defensively that “the announcements in the local newspapers were in keeping with that attitude of animosity which has ever followed the principles of the gospel of Christ and those who espouse them.”⁸²

Musser’s funeral was held on April 2, 1954, at the Larkin Funeral Home. Fundamentalist Mormons had a long and comfortable association with the Larkin family business so it was a natural choice.⁸³ Musser left specific instructions with his family because “I certainly want no quarreling over my remains and how they are disposed of.” He wanted to “be properly robed and incased in a neat and cheap casket. I do not want any folderroy [sic], no rouge nor powder, nor flowers with my remains.” He did not want “my corpse exposed to the public” but “if a few of my close friends or loved ones desire to view it, let them do it reverently.” He also asked that “my grave [be] dedicated by Priesthood authority.” If a funeral service was conducted—and he was not requesting one—he asked “my dear friend Louis A. Kelsch to take charge,” requested that speakers include his son Guy and his wife Lucy, and asked for the hymns “O My Father,” “True to the Faith,” and the Mormon classic “Come, Come Ye Saints.”

None of the participants in the service were from Musser’s new Priesthood Council, a slight still remembered by its successors. Nonetheless, about a thousand people appeared to pay their respects. “The Chapel was filled to overflowing and though additional chairs were furnished in the aisles, the large attendance could not be accommodated.” J. Marion Hammon, a member of the old Priesthood Council, gave the opening

81. “Saint Joseph White Musser: In Memoriam,” *Truth*, June 1954, 1–48.

82. “Joseph W. Musser,” *Deseret News*, March 30, 1954, B–6; “Religious Cult Leader, 82, Succumbs after Illness,” *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 31, 1954, 26; “Funeral Services Held for Joseph White Musser,” *Star of Truth*, May 1954, 116–17.

83. Quotations from the funeral service are drawn from “Funeral Service for Saint Joseph White Musser Held on April 2, 1954, at the Larkin Mortuary, Salt Lake City, Utah,” Musser Family Papers, MSS 96 B, Box 6, fd. 4, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City; Vance Larkin, interviewed by Ken Driggs, August 18, 2003; Ivan Neilson, interviewed by Ken Driggs, August 19, 2003.

prayer. Guy and Louis Kelsch spoke; Lucy Musser for unknown reasons did not. Russell Kunz gave the closing prayer.

Hammon's prayer thanked the Lord for "the Priesthood that he bore, for the principles that he espoused. We are grateful for his integrity and his determination to serve you and keep your commandments. We are grateful for the posterity that he has left in the earth and pray that Thy Spirit shall be upon them to the latest generation."

Joseph Musser's son Guy Musser termed his father "a rebel" whose "unwillingness to accept certain things" brought him a difficult life. "Now I think that we can refer to this rebellion as an independence of mind, a liberty which he had in his mind and in his heart, the same type of independence and liberty that all the faithful saints have had to have in order to endure faithful. He got this possibly in the spirit world, but he got a good part of it from grandfather [A. Milton] Musser." Although not specifically identifying his father as a polygamist, the message was clear to everyone when he added that his father "was born during that era when plural marriage was an important thing in the minds of the people of our Church."

Kelsch, the closing speaker, said that "Joseph was an honorable man. I think even people who didn't like him had to admire those qualities." Perhaps alluding to the Priesthood Council split, Kelsch concluded: "I don't hold ill will against a person in this room, nor anyone I know upon the earth, and the worst that I wish anybody is for their eternal salvation that they might be faithful and make their calling and election sure, then be blessed in being able to endure to the end, and that's what I pray for all of us and do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Joseph Musser was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery next to his father, Amos Milton Musser. Charles Zitting dedicated the grave. His pall bearers were Zitting, Kelsch, Leroy Johnson, Rulon Jeffs, Richard Jessop, and Alma A. Timpson.

Musser's death left the sixty-year-old Zitting as senior member of the original Priesthood Council called by Lorin C. Woolley, but Zitting died peacefully only three months later on July 14, 1954.⁸⁴ That left LeGrand Woolley and Louis A. Kelsch as the only survivors from the original Priesthood Council. Kelsch later recalled discussions between himself, Woolley, and Leroy Johnson about which of them should offer

84. "President Charles Frederick Zitting: In Memoriam," *Truth*, August 1954, 97-100.

to lead the community. Apparently Rulon Allred was never considered as a candidate. According to Kelsch, Johnson did not claim a revelation instructing him to lead but neither did Kelsch. When "Roy Johnson went and told the people that Louis told him to take the leadership and that Louis had stepped down," Kelsch felt that Johnson was misrepresenting the situation, but he was unwilling to claim the leadership without a personal revelation.⁸⁵ The FLDS Church now teaches that priesthood authority passed directly from John Y. Barlow to Leroy S. Johnson, without mentioning Musser, Kelsch, Woolley, or Zitting.⁸⁶

The Past as Prelude

Tens of thousands of Fundamentalist Mormons live in the Intermountain West today, including Canada and Mexico. The two largest organized groups trace their history and ecclesiastical authority back to the "priesthood split." They have evolved into markedly different communities with distinctive patterns of leadership revealed during the split.

Leroy Johnson led the Short Creek community until his death in 1986.⁸⁷ During that time the Priesthood Council evolved in the direction of more autocratic rule by a single leader, what they call "one-man rule."⁸⁸ The community continued a tradition of arranged marriages in which daughters were "turned over to the priesthood" by their fathers or other priesthood heads. They believe that this system is inspired and most adherents express confidence in it. Many times these girls were minors, not yet eighteen, at the time of their marriages. Recently this pattern has been the source of intense legal pressure.⁸⁹ In some instances, new plural wives were either widows or divorcées with children. This custom essentially meant that Johnson and his successors placed young

85. Bronson, *Louis Alma Kelsch*, 85–86.

86. Rulon Jeffs, *History of Priesthood Succession in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times and Some Challenges to the One Man Rule: Also Includes Personal History of Rulon Jeffs* (Sandy, Utah: President Rulon Jeffs for the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1997).

87. Phyllis Gillespie, "'Uncle Roy' Johnson dies at 98," *Arizona Republic*, November 27, 1986, A-1.

88. Jeffs, *History of Priesthood Succession*.

89. In 2003, Rodney H. Holm, a police officer in Hildale, Utah, was prosecuted for polygamy-related crimes. See Mark Haynes, "Hildale Polygamist Guilty of Unlawful Sex, Bigamy," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 15, 2003, A-1; Mark

women with husbands. Short Creek continued to be communal with nearly all holdings held by the United Effort Plan Trust (UEP). This land-holding structure was essentially affirmed by a 1998 Utah Supreme Court decision when a dissenting group tried to break the trust.⁹⁰

After Johnson's death in 1986, Rulon Jeffs, a former LDS missionary to Great Britain and an accountant who had been part of the community most of his adult life, succeeded him.⁹¹ Jeffs was revered as a prophet by his people, and his decisions went largely unquestioned. The community grew significantly in numbers and economic strength, weathering several legal challenges during his distinctly autocratic administration. One of his sons, Warren Jeffs, ran a religious school in the Salt Lake Valley until he relocated to Colorado City/Hildale shortly before his father's death in 2000. His move was in response to a call from "Uncle Rulon" that believers should gather in that area.

After the elder Jeffs's death at age ninety-three on September 8, 2002, he was succeeded by Warren, then forty-five.⁹² While internal conflicts in the community are rarely discussed with the public, some members left the community, many of them relocating in Centennial Park. Others remained in their homes but challenged UEP legal control in a costly and bitter lawsuit eventually heard by the Utah Supreme Court. Some left Fundamentalism entirely. In January 2004, Warren Jeffs excommunicated more than twenty prominent priesthood holders in what outsiders widely interpreted as a consolidation of power.⁹³ In some instances the excommunicants were men who had advocated that increased engagement with the outside world would provide more jobs and improve the

Haynes, "FLDS Mum on Bigamy Verdict," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 16, 2003, B-1; "In God's Name," *People*, October 6, 2003, 74-79.

90. *Jeffs et al. v. Stubbs et al.*, 970 P.2d 1234 (Utah 1998).

91. Rulon T. Jeffs was born on December 6, 1909, and was called to the British Mission from Highland Park Ward (Salt Lake City) on June 3, 1930. Missionary Record Index. He was excommunicated from the LeGrand Ward, Bonneville Stake, on April 14, 1941, and died on September 8, 2002, in Colorado City, Arizona.

92. Michael Janofsky, "Mormon Leader Is Survived by 33 Sons and a Void," *New York Times*, September 15, 2002, A-16A; Adams, Manson, Smith, and Stack, "Living the Principle: Polygamy on the Border."

93. Patrick O'Driscoll, "Tales of Fear, Retribution at Secretive Desert

community's economic security. Colorado City's mayor, Dan Barlow, another son of John Y. Barlow, had been a particularly able advocate of this thinking. He resigned as mayor shortly after his excommunication and reportedly moved to St. George, Utah.

About every twenty or thirty years since the "priesthood split," the FLDS community has experienced a traumatic division of its own. A significant number, usually in family clusters, either deny the leader's authority to do certain things or are expelled from the main body and form another religious community more or less based on the same belief system. This pattern repeated itself late in Leroy Johnson's life when he expelled Hammon, Timpson, and their followers in a conflict that included an expensive court fight all the way to the Utah Supreme Court. Many in the expelled group relocated a short distance away, forming the community of Centennial Park.

While numerically smaller at the time of the split, the Salt Lake-based group which followed Rulon Allred has thrived with less friction. Allred led with the assistance of a Priesthood Council appointed by Musser, which he maintained with new callings and which still exists today. Allred was murdered in 1977 by followers of the crazed Ervil LeBaron. He was succeeded by his younger brother, Owen Allred, born January 15, 1914, in Blackfoot, Idaho. At this writing, Owen Allred still leads the AUB, although age and illness have forced him to delegate most of his responsibilities to the Priesthood Council.

Rulon Allred, and now Owen Allred, are revered by their believers and are considered to have prophetic powers. But they do not preside with the same near-absolute authority of FLDS leaders. AUB leaders do not attempt to exercise absolute control over their flock and are more tolerant of different viewpoints. AUB members enjoy the steady presence of a Priesthood Council which discusses problems and plays a substantial role as a kind of executive committee in making decisions for the community. The council therefore moderates any extreme impulses or personal conflicts that might come with a single leader. In that respect, the Priesthood Council plays the same role as the LDS Church's First Presidency and Quorum of

Church," *USA Today*, January 26, 2004, A-3; Nick Madigan, "Leader of Polygamous Sect Faces Rebellion," *New York Times*, January 27, 2004, A-15; David Kelly, "The Eyes of Outsiders Are Cast on a Polygamous Community," *Los Angeles Times*, January 27, 2004, A-8; Eric Gorski, "Tempest Looms for Polygamous Community," *Denver Post*, February 8, 2004, A-1.

Twelve Apostles. The AUB is also much more engaged with the surrounding society in social, business, and educational ways, thus tending to moderate the community without robbing it of its unique character.

Plural marriage is emphasized in the AUB, but Owen Allred has repeatedly told me and the press that he will not solemnize unions in which one partner is younger than eighteen. Further, he interviews all of the parties, including existing wives, to ensure that all agree to the union.⁹⁴

The AUB has members in both rural and urban areas. They are modest in dress but avoid the conspicuously nineteenth-century styles typical of the FLDS. Many members practice a United Order style of communal living but in a variety of smaller communities with more flexibility than in the FLDS United Effort Plan. In general, they are more likely to assimilate and less likely to experience confrontations with the nonbelievers among whom they live.

In his thoughtful book *When Religion Becomes Evil*, moderate Baptist theologian Charles Kimball discusses the points at which, in his view, religious belief ceases to uplift and becomes dangerous. He writes about Fundamentalist Islamists, Christians, Jews, and some Asian traditions. (Fundamentalist Mormons do not appear in his book.) Kimball identifies five "clear signals of danger" or "warning signs": absolute and exclusive truth claims, the requirement of blind obedience from followers, trying to establish "a time when the ideal [religious community] was achieved" without regard to "whether or not the perceived ideal ever really existed," teaching believers that the religious ends justify the means even when they conflict with accepted positive ideals, and declaring "holy

94. Owen Allred, "Polygamist Communities Support Women Making Own Marital Decisions," *Salt Lake Tribune*, February 25, 2001, AA-6. On August 15, 1998, Allred wrote to Governor Mike Leavitt and Attorney General Jan Graham: "The doctrine of free agency requires every man and woman to make choices of his or her own free will and take responsibility for individual conduct. Consistent with our belief of free agency, the AUB does not arrange marriage between its members. We further view intermarriage between close relatives as an abomination of God's law. We discourage dating until age of 17 and advise our young adult members to postpone considering marriage until their vocational or college education is obtained, or at least until the age of 21. . . . Only through the exercise of a person's free agency should a person decide whether to undertake the benefits and responsibilities of plural marriage, and whom to marry. Church leaders do not make these decisions for its members."

wars.”⁹⁵ While much of Kimball’s discussion does not translate well into an LDS setting, the book does offer insights into the more extreme reaches of Mormon Fundamentalism.

“Veneration of a religious leader becomes dangerous when that leader has unrestricted power and total control,” Kimball observes. “Corrupt religion frequently includes coercive pressure tactics designed to keep members in line.” This is especially dangerous with apocalyptic predictions: “When the unquestioned authority figure declares [that] a cataclysmic end is near, what else really matters? Everything about normal daily life pales by comparison. Public criticism of the group and family interventions simply reinforce the view that the evil world is hostile to the truth and the end is near. Typically, the group becomes even more introverted and withdraws even further from the larger society.”⁹⁶

Ultimately, it will be up to FLDS members to decide if they are being well served by their current leadership. Some obviously have decided they are not and have physically left the community (or, if remaining in Colorado City/Hildale, have repudiated Jeffs’s authority). Leaving is complicated because property issues are extremely difficult to resolve under the UEP cooperative. Polygamous marriage between adults without formal state sanctions now seems to be beyond the reach of criminal prosecutions.⁹⁷ But some conflicts with the criminal law continue because of the involvement of individuals under age eighteen. There is, however, absolutely nothing in the history or traditions of the FLDS community that would make them potential Wacos or Jonestowns.

In summary, both of the large Fundamentalist Mormon groups are here to stay. No amount of government or social pressure will eliminate them. It will only drive them further underground.

95. Charles Kimball, *When Religion Becomes Evil: Five Warning Signs* (New York: HarperSan Francisco, 2002), 38, 105. Another interesting and insightful book on fringe religious movements is Philip Jenkins, *Mystics and Messiahs: Cults and New Religions in American History* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000).

96. Kimball, *When Religion Becomes Evil*, 82, 83, 86.

97. *Lawrence v. Texas*, 123 S.Ct. 2472 (2003), decided on June 26, 2003, found that a Texas statute making it a crime for two same-sex adults to engage in intimate sexual conduct violates the due process clause of the U.S. Constitution.

Prayer for a Grandchild

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

for Holden at two

Let bells come
 from porches and throats
of brown cows,

and whistles be
 handmade from weeds.
Let shock be

from stands of mint
 in a ditch, and pansies
bearded with ice.

Let him find
 four-leaf clovers,
his name in a pond

of soup. Breathe leaves,
 eat snow, harvest
cheesies, hear

ducks on the roof.
 Give him knowledge
of horses, calluses,

women in aprons,
 the smack of a ball
in a pasture, yarn,

copper dirt.
 Let him hear
music alone,

plain words.

MARILYN BUSHMAN-CARLTON is the author of two collections: *on keeping things small* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1995), and *Cheat Grass* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Poetry Society, 1999). She is a workshop speaker and Artist-in-Residence with the Utah Arts Council, the mother of five, and grandmother of four.

Speaking in Tongues: A Gift of the Holy Spirit

Marylee Mitcham

Let it be fulfilled upon them, as upon those on the day of Pentecost; let the gift of tongues be poured out upon thy people, even cloven tongues as of fire, and the interpretation thereof. (D&C 109:36)

TONGUES OF FIRE. All attentive persons within traditions that accept the New Testament are at least familiar with the phrase. Certainly I remember it from childhood when I celebrated the Feast of Pentecost as an Episcopalian, although I cannot recall any personal meaning it held for me. But later, as a Catholic, I realized through my own experience that this ancient spiritual gift is still bestowed. And now, as a Mormon, I can easily identify with pioneer accounts of its appearance among Saints who so richly received revelations and manifestations of the Spirit.

I became a Mormon in 1989, but it was in the early '80s that I first read about the Saints' Pentecostal experiences at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, and I felt tremendously empathetic. For one thing, I had ancestors there—I come from a strayed line of Mormons. I also felt how “right” it was for Joseph to have prayed for a special anointing when he said, “Let it be fulfilled upon them as in the days of Pentecost.” As a Cath-

MARYLEE MITCHAM descends from several lines of nineteenth-century Mormon pioneers but converted from Catholicism only fifteen years ago. She is the author of *An Accidental Monk: Her Domestic Search for God* (Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Anthony Messenger Press, 1976), and is at work on *Which to Prefer*, a book of personal essays. A wife, mother, grandmother, retired psychiatric R.N., and licensed acupuncturist, she now has a home on old mining camp lands in Huerfano County, Colorado.

olic, I was familiar with Pope John XXIII's similar prayer in the late '60s. And in both cases, those prayers were abundantly answered. Even as a Catholic, I knew Joseph Smith was a prophet, and it did not occur to me to question his authority to call down such blessings. I also did not question it in a different prophet, one who was particularly revered within the Catholic Church.

Later on, I read that Brigham Young was comfortable speaking in tongues and did so at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. It pleased me to think that a prophet with such good common sense was also able to receive gifts and consolations of a charismatic nature. These facts from Christian history, Mormon and Catholic, seemed to me to be all of a piece, since I knew there was only one Holy Spirit who, like the wind, blew in all directions.

The New Testament at my hand as I write is the one that most inspires and speaks to me, the Revised Standard Version/Catholic Edition, translated from the Greek and "set forth," as it states, in A.D. 1611. That's nine years before the *Mayflower* set sail. It was last revised in 1946, a year after World War II and sixteen years before Vatican II.

I've always found the Acts of the Apostles fascinating in its account of how it was in those earliest of days when Peter was leading a small band of about 120 believers (Acts 1:15). Such a small church they were, waiting in Jerusalem as "charged" by Jesus until they received the gift promised by the Father, which the risen Lord described as being baptized with the Holy Spirit (Acts 1:4-5).

When the apostles questioned Jesus about this gift—was it a restoration of the Kingdom of Israel?—he in effect told them to mind their own business, not His. Theirs was to receive power when the Holy Ghost came upon them. Then, he said, "and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth" (Acts 1:6-9).

As I interpret it, the gift of the Holy Spirit as Jesus described it to them would change both their *being* by endowing them with power and their *doing* in consequence of witnessing to the end of the earth. Their inner and outer lives would be transformed by this gift, which was a second baptism distinct from John's baptism with water (Acts 1:4-5).

One might think that, after Jesus' ministry, death, and resurrection, his apostles had no need of a second baptism. Moving between the temple and the upper room, they were already with one accord devoting themselves to prayer "together with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus,

and with his brethren" (Acts 1:12–14). They were thoroughly consecrated to the sacred purposes of Jesus Christ and had been through enormous "correlation" as a group already. Yet a feast was being prepared for them, for their children and for "all that are far off, everyone whom the Lord our God calls to him" (Acts 2:39).

The promise was fulfilled before many days, just as Jesus said, and in a way—the Bible says—that perplexed and amazed (Acts 2:12); in one day, three thousand people shared in the bounty by joining with the Church through repentance and baptism in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of sins. They also received the gift of the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:38) after which they devoted themselves to the apostles' teaching and fellowship, to the breaking of bread, and to prayers. They were now a Spirit-filled people, praising God with glad and generous hearts (Acts 2:46–47).

What did it look like, this promise so often described as "poured out"? It appears to have been something both seen and heard. Tongues as of fire apparently flickered downward and rested on each one of them, and they heard a sound like the rush of a mighty wind, not to mention the audible "tongues" to which the Spirit gave them utterance (Acts 2:1–4).

This experience had to have been an enormously powerful, private and public event, with the public power being a sort of cumulative thing, oddly (or not so oddly) democratic. It may have come down from on high, but not as edicts do. All who participated knew for themselves and gave utterance to "the mighty works of God" in testimony that all understood, bewildering as this unique form of translation into the listeners' native language was (Acts 2:5–11).

My sense is that there was not a loud babble of many languages at once in which an Egyptian bystander, say, had to be positioned next to a Galilean who was providentially given whatever spoken form the Egyptian language was. No, I suspect that all Galileans who gave utterance to the Spirit were given something new—like the tongue of angels—a tongue in which all listeners could find meaning, perhaps through equivalently inspired listening. It really wasn't about language itself as much as about understanding—and transparent, prophetic, Spirit-filled worship while the nascent Church gratefully assimilated its newly given power, person by person.

No doubt both bystanders and participants were amazed. I'm not at all surprised that "fear came upon every soul" (Acts 2:43). To me this is a

substantiating detail. When one finds oneself suddenly and inexplicably endowed with a spiritual gift, there can be more fear of God than ever before, or even fear for the first time.

These early Christians were truly facing the unknown. We might say they were pioneers; and in this RSV translation particularly, they come alive for me as my spiritual ancestors, those without whom I cannot imagine being me.

However it happened, I know it was a strangely beautiful and orderly event—not because anyone *willed* it to be orderly, but because such a good gift couldn't have so successfully transferred power to the new Church without order of a celestial magnitude.

Pentecost was and is a wonderful feast for the Jews: the Feast of Weeks, seven weeks after Passover, even before God magnified its meaning as a Christian feast for those who were “cut to the heart” and came forward to save themselves from that “crooked generation” as Peter exhorted (Acts 2:40).

* * *

In 1972 Carl, our four children, and I were living rustically in Nelson County, Kentucky, on 102 acres of hilly land loaned to us for the purpose of founding an intentional community. It was on that Sunday of Pentecost when the Families of St. Benedict, or FSB, was officially dedicated during an outdoor Mass.

We described ourselves this way: “As an ideal—a small group of Catholic husbands, wives, and their children brought together by Divine Providence in pursuit of a liturgical and contemplative life appropriate to families living in community.” Or less grandly—“a small group of married Catholics (along, perhaps, with some who are single) struggling individually and together to deepen their spiritual lives and become more aware of the presence of God—in themselves, in others, and in the natural world around them.”

Primitive Benedictine monasticism had our attention in a big way, and we sought to discover if there were ways it might filter down to inform family life. We had found mentors in monks at the Abbey of Gethsemani, a Cistercian monastery six miles from our rural homestead.

Many aspects of the monastic calling spoke to our needs and interests, and we lived them rigorously for a full ten years before, essentially, giving up and moving on: community, service, solitude, silent prayer, li-

turgical prayer, poverty, obedience, fasting, manual labor. We tried to do what the monks did in preferring nothing to the love of Christ. In other words, we took a serious look at human nature and divine love with the hope of becoming more worthy of calling ourselves Christians.

At the material level we simplified, living without running water or electricity for the better part of those years. We planted gardens and kept a cow and goats for milk, chickens for eggs, bees for honey. We had what was called spiritual direction at the Abbey every week, and weekly community meetings at our house. We discussed everything in hope of a loving consensus which seldom materialized. Our children attended Catholic schools nearby and seemed to thrive. In many ways it was a rich and beautiful life. And the reading was wonderful—so many fine classics on seeking a relationship with God!

That's a long story. But it was here in this small community that baptism in the Holy Spirit came to my serious attention. It was in those years, 1972–82, that we put ourselves and others through the mill of self-purification and were ground—as the adage goes—exceedingly fine. There were too many strained relationships, too many personal faults, too much fatigue. The relationship with my husband had many stresses in those years; we couldn't see eye to eye on what our goals were as an individual family or what we owed each other. The good news and the bad news of daily living were nearly indistinguishable as we struggled to speak the truth in love.

I had been deeply drawn to a life of contemplative prayer ever since our conversion to Catholicism in 1969 when I realized it was possible to have a relationship with God, a God who took it upon Himself to initiate Presence; He came to me in an ordinary way, but with extraordinary power.

At that time, Carl and I were both students at the University of Colorado in Boulder, and we were caught in a maelstrom beyond our studies: religious searchings and inner conversions, babies one after another, poverty, parents who were ill, and the FBI arresting Carl because he refused to participate in the military. It was the 1960s and our lives burst with meanings of one sort or another. Overall, we felt full of gratitude.

By the 1970s, when I was in my thirties and living a more seriously dedicated New Testament adventure near the monastery in Kentucky, I felt an even stronger need of the Holy Spirit. My imperfections and sufferings were coming home to me at the same time that my faith was rooting

itself more deeply. I had been operating on a kind of pride that said, No matter how bad it gets, I will be all right because I'm strong enough to suffer longer than everyone else. But that wasn't true. I began to realize I wasn't as strong as I thought. I had a breaking point. Each day brought the realization that I was safe in God no matter what. But getting from one day to the next and from hour to hour was the rub. I began to wonder if I should seek out this baptism in the Holy Spirit I'd been hearing about as part of the Catholic charismatic renewal movement.

As I understood it, Pope John XXIII had prayed for a "new" Pentecost within the American Church, and it had been miraculously poured out, along with the gift of tongues, in several universities in the late 1960s. It had emerged at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, then at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, then at Notre Dame in South Bend. Even many of the Cistercian monks were interested in its spread and potential for renewal, especially among the laity. It was not considered a threat within Catholicism, although many shied away from it because it was strange and still confined to college campuses.

We had married friends who had left the Catholic Church to become Mennonites. They lived in Louisville and knew a prominent black woman called Earth Mother who had a ministry to street kids. She was active in a charismatic Baptist church in Louisville where, our friends said, speaking in tongues flourished. They had been prayed over by her—she laid hands on them for the baptism of the Holy Spirit—and they had, indeed, received the gift of tongues and other blessings as well. Their testimony along with my personal knowledge of them left me open to the possibility.

Yet I was afraid. It all sounded too good to be true, a little too extravagant for someone like me. I now considered myself to be "a wife, a mother, a friend to some, and an accidental monk," the title I'd used for my first attempt to record my domestic search for God. The monastic life which I was living at home was deeply satisfying in many ways. Its aesthetics fit my personality. Earth Mother? The Baptist Church? No, I wanted strong, solid monk-like practices like chanting the office three times a day.

I saw my path as a kind of renunciation, a stripping for spiritual combat, a testing in the desert sort of thing. But in my need, I finally said to God in prayer, show me the way if there is more of the Spirit to be had. Then I began to ask for a private Pentecostal outpouring when I drove alone in the car. I opened my mouth and tried to let the Spirit give me ut-

terance. But it was utterly impossible (pun intended). I'm so glad that no other person heard me trying to "learn" tongues on my own. I came to the conclusion that, whatever else was possible, it wasn't, even though God seemed very close. I had to laugh at myself. I was so audacious, so needy that I wanted everything that's good, and I wanted it now, before I had a nervous breakdown. It really wasn't funny.

Around this time, with all four kids in grade school and junior high fulltime, and my husband willing to provide the respite care he knew I needed, I went for a weeklong retreat to an abbey of Cistercian nuns in Dubuque, Iowa. My roommate turned out to be a Little Sister of Jesus from Chicago. Everything about her seemed authentic and holy, so I asked her opinion of the charismatic movement. She said she thought it was wonderful. She herself did not have the gift of tongues nor feel the need for it, but she was happy to think of that spiritual gift being given to others. She strongly assuaged my fears of entrusting my soul to charismatic ministrations.

I still couldn't take the initiative; but I decided that, if the door opened in front of me, I'd walk through. Very shortly after I returned from my retreat, one of our Mennonite friends surprised me with a call inviting us—nearly a year after the first invitation—to the Baptist Church where Earth Mother was a minister. Carl declined, but I accepted.

Although I was very nervous and uptight, I was determined to explore this thing for better or worse. It was a large church with a lively congregation that seemed pretty mainstream to me. As we sang and moved through the service, I didn't feel particularly engaged, perhaps because I knew there would soon be an altar call to which I would respond with all my heart. Also, there was no chance of my being caught up in any sort of exaggerated mood, not while my knees were shaking and my hands were sweating like this. A part of me I didn't fully trust kept saying, "Leave while you're ahead," but I stayed, determined to see it through. I think, deep down, I did doubt that God would give me a gift in public that He wouldn't give me in private. I underestimated His desire to bless us through each other, to open our minds and hearts, to surprise us.

When the altar call came, I was mercifully led to a quiet place away from all eyes. There Earth Mother, my friend, and another man asked me to kneel, and they placed their hands on my head. Earth Mother said a simple and lovely prayer asking the Lord to help me come into a deeper fullness of the Spirit. It wasn't a long prayer. I wish I could remember the

words. Mostly, I can remember only that I approved of them. I remember, however, that Earth Mother expressly called it a baptism in the Spirit and asked the Lord to give me the gift of tongues.

No way, I heard myself thinking, I've tried that. And then they were waiting for me to open my mouth and use a new language to praise the Lord. Very faintly I could hear their tongues, but the syllables were beyond my grasp and I cannot say I understood their language. I simply trusted it.

I told them, "That's not how I pray." Earth Mother asked me to tell her what words I would use. "I say, Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, have mercy on me, a sinner." She asked me to begin saying, "Alleluia." I could do that. Then I heard myself receiving the gift of tongues, beginning to say new and different things, a kind of human birdsong that *did* sound like language sounds.

I could not believe it. One thing was certain. It had not been within my power a few moments earlier. But now I had this gift; it seemed so simple. And I also had an interpretation that came to me privately at the same time, something like a faint melody behind the expressed lilt of tongues: "in order that you might know your sins are forgiven." It was truly amazing. I wasn't even perplexed, but I did and still do find the experience strange. The ability has stayed with me, but now I don't use it other than in private devotion because I don't find myself where it is practiced. I don't think it has died out in the Catholic Church, but I sense it has died down as it did for the Mormon pioneers. For myself, I use it only when the Spirit moves me, usually one on one, or alone when words fail me.

What is my point here? Primarily to offer a personal testimony. To give that testimony in my Latter-day Saint ward would create confusion, discomfort, and a disorder of at least a mild sort. They don't need that and neither do I! Perhaps for the ward I could choose something of a higher nature, because what we are talking about here is not a gift of the highest order. It's possible to have it and still be deficient in love. But that's how testimony is—certain things come to one rather than others, and we take a chance saying them out loud because our impulse seems to come from that certain place that says to speak. It's a tricky thing. I remember testifying as a member of an Evangelical youth group called Young Life in the seventh grade. A lot was coming through me that I know was real, yet at the same time I was arrogantly telling my mother she wasn't a *real* Christian, hurting her deeply.

My husband Carl is still a Catholic, and our relationship has been

difficult. But we've made it work. Just last week I asked him to tell me one thing he liked about the Latter-day Saints, and one thing he didn't.

"I like that Mormons seriously try to be good," he said. "But I don't like that there isn't more recognition of the ambiguities inherent in understanding the diversities and subtleties of the human soul attempting to embody goodness." I agree. His answer points me toward a need for that honest inquiry that some generous Mormon forums encourage. And I am also reminded of my young bishop who, while not a philosopher, is learning to discern goodness however it shows up or doesn't. He lives the ambiguities.

So this is part of my testimony. I am a Mormon because of the "more" we say we have, yet there is also a "less" which I cannot help but recognize. Our Church is very busy and social. In a word, it is an extroverted place. One thing we lack is an ongoing contemplative tradition, a graduate school of prayer if you will, or meditation, such as the Catholics have in the contemplative orders. But let that pass.

I choose to be Mormon because, finally, I know that love covers a multitude of sins. It is among the brothers and sisters in the wards I have belonged to that I have learned the most about love and have been most often the recipient of love. Every bishop and Relief Society president I've had has been a gift to me. And I am profoundly in debt to their struggling discipleship in roles handed down to them through Joseph Smith but by Jesus Christ Himself.

As I say, I regard my ability to speak in tongues as a minor gift. A greater gift is my capacity to recognize the voice of the Lord in the love I have found among the Latter-day Saints. Nonetheless, I have derived much personal comfort and encouragement from my gift of tongues. Recently in some old notes, I came across the information that it was only after I had received the gift that I knew for sure I had a testimony of Jesus Christ. Before that, I was only a God-oriented person. If it were only for that, I would regard it as no mean thing to have received a gift for speaking in tongues.

In this Church, so full of truth and life, we all have a role. I remind myself that some of those roles are better defined than others—like the one you see me in now. What is it I am doing here? I hope it is a form of Christian service. But again, let that pass. It is what it is. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

#1071

The Banality of Evil¹

Arthur Henry King

In memory of the many German student-friends of my youth

Had I been a German in those Thirties,
I should have joined the Party;
I should have gone with the rest.
I should have condoned the persecution of the Jews.
“How very vulgar and arrogant
some of them are,”
I should have said,
“especially the deracinated ones:
they master our mass media,
they vulgarize our culture.”

So I should have turned a deaf ear
to rumours of concentration-camps;
I should have made my desperate contribution
at the *Goetterdaemmerung*,²
and died
(or continued to exist)
with a lump in my throat.

1. This poem, written August 19, 1985, borrows its title from the subtitle of Hannah Arendt's book, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: The Banality of Evil*, concerning the war crimes trial of Adolf Eichmann.

2. *Goetterdaemmerung*: “Twilight of the Gods,” an opera in Wagner's Ring Cycle; any apocalyptic ending.

To have stood out would not have been
Christian humility.

How very boring and bored in our lives
Most of us are!
That's not the root of all evil,
but its not usually recognised meagre foliage.
I owe you this expression of 'solidarity.'

You were lively, intelligent;
you had ideals;
you sang—sang well, and in parts;
you passed me your traditional culture
(warning me not to read Heine, but Moerike).
Well, Goethe, Rilke, and Mann have grown into me.

But you proved weak,
as I now know I too should have been;
or rather, strong for escape into passive evil.
How can I reject you?
You remind me of what I am:
We're all guilty together.³

We hadn't the excuse
of the little workman next me
in the train from Dresden to Prague,
who put his hand on my knee,
and said gently, à propos of nothing in particular,
but everything in general,
'Der Hitler ist ein fabelhafter Kerl.'⁴
I just smiled (possibly at "fabelhafter").

3. All guilty: all share blame or guilt for the presence of evil in a community.

4. "Hitler is a marvelous fellow, a person worthy to have a story told about him."

We didn't fall to the temptation
of the tall young man sitting opposite,
who afterwards, standing beside me in the corridor,
watching the Saechsische Schweiz flash past,
began softly to hum the *Internationale*.⁵
I went on staring at the landscape.

Either might have been a provocation;
and the First Secretary to the British Legation in Prague
(he had a distinguished diplomatic name of French origin)
was standing in the first-class section of the corridor,
a few yards up, behind a glass swing-door.

It's easier to let things happen,
or avoid other things from happening.
Accidia⁶ was the sin of the monastery;
now it's the sin of bourgeois civilization.

5. *Internationale*: the Communist anthem.

6. Sloth.

#939

Ambulance Unit

Arthur Henry King

For E.H.K.'s epitaph¹

'Say goodbye to all
this bluddled nonsense on earth:
simple rot inside
a coffin's a better life.
I'm now more trouble than I'm

worth to myself and
to others. So I shall choose
myself a quiet
and, I hope, a dignified
exit to another entrance.'

He did, without fuss.
He had maintained for nearly
sixty-three years a
manly and dutiful stance
about his long Somme nightmare:

1. Patricia King's father served in a Quaker-sponsored ambulance corps during World War I. He died at the King home in Orem, Utah, in May 1984.

tumbled guts, split brains,
staring corpses, anxious eyes
still living, screams, gas—
in the shadows of these his
family life, his daily

care for detailed work,
his patient teaching of all
practical matters,
his determination not
to ask why, but to endure . . .

ARTHUR HENRY KING, a native of England, was a much-admired professor of English at Brigham Young University from 1970 until his retirement in 1994. He died in 2000. King wrote more than fifteen hundred poems but published only several dozen. These poems appeared in *Conversion: Poems of the Religious Life 1963–1994*, edited by Fred C. Pinnegar (Orem, Utah: Sharpshpear Press, 2001).

Reading into Dusk

Dixie Partridge

"The light can be a curtain as well as the darkness." –George Eliot

On the wood porch I awake
to no sound, but a sense of some change:
light falls across an arm and
I pull back into darkness.
Lying there, only the paper birch
visible in the yard, I watch
our eighteen-year-old near the window.
He doesn't see me: his eyes focus
on something closer—reflection, perhaps. . .
his hand goes up to tidy his hair.
He looks flattened by light.

Distance becomes farther in that moment,
and some verge of unwelcome knowledge
intermits, like that separateness of being
as when a child I passed the Olson house
after dark—no coverings
on any windows. Afraid to pause,
to be seen seeing, I felt out-of-the-world
on a course that couldn't veer home.

Silence enlarges the night yard.
Glare from the windows turns exclusive,
the medium of solitude gone blank,

inconsolable, that small space
between myself and the boy in the kitchen
anesthetic and painful at once,
as if nothing will matter
to the reach of a voice.

Eighteen Thousand Sundowns

Dixie Partridge

For my father, 1914–94

Near a rock slope of hill pasture,
grass grows up through a few old bones.
Again, what's moved past recall
is not past pain. White as the noon-day
moon, the bones are too small
to belong to the mare someone shot for sport
on this hillside years ago,
too small for the Holstein, Sally,
gone blind from tumors.

Above me in the steep hollow
small winter avalanches have left the ground
clean of brush, the earth abraded
to shale and stone.
Scents of sage and drying sun . . .

and it's as though all my days have pointed
to these moments and these views
above my father's farm, grandfather's before—
irrigation ditches filled in, hardly a trace
of the stackyard where deer broke through slats
to raid haystacks, but died anyway
those winters snow deepened to fence tops.

*

The past slips ahead of us
and we meet it in the present.
Traces of cattle trails weave between fences;
the sinking ribbed roof of the barn
opens to fading light.
Where new highways blunt-cut through fields,
perennial with alfalfa, larks cry sounds
identical to thousands I've heard before.

Returning is like that paradox
of warming oneself taking long winter walks:
the childhood breaths that wrote visibly on the air,
how you kept wanting to look back
to see what you'd said.

If I wait into dark
for the glistening coal-blue
of the night sky, the far Pleiades
will be sending millennia of pin-point light
still being gathered by anything it touches.

The Fall of My Fiftieth Year

Dixie Partridge

Winter already edging down
from mountain passes, I walk past
our first town cemetery, filled with upright
markers and gold-red trees.
It's had no vacancies for years.

Toward the river, the slant sun before dusk
illuminates the top halves of birch
and willow.

Only since mid-life
have I noticed how autumn air and the human eye
can liquefy thick sunlight;

how dense the tapestry of reeds,
leaves pooling over grounds;

the water's visual rustle
of silk surfaces.

In a shedding of summer, limbs
and trunks of the landlord trees
along this river
 are emerging
prominent again, with their creased
and furrowed barks:

my body, with its slow wrinkling
toward more intricate maps, applauds . . .
steady footfall sounding
through its tempered bones.

The Riverbank, Late Winter: Living North

Dixie Partridge

A lined calendar of empty trees
turns the cold
consolable. Even light this dim
is an invitation.
Evasions indoors have kept you
from the descending order of shadow:
river-walks that change
meaning . . . today a decoding
of sorrows and of seasons,
calling back births and celebrations
that began them, giving form
to this need to be mute.
And if you resist the rumor
that winter is a bad time for humans,
perhaps what's plain in dormancy and cold
will sprout the small, joyful detail
on its way to decay: the lime-tipped willow
brittle in this freeze
where the mind is drawn to mist
rising from the black of river water,
and the diligent senses can briefly
go blank
with the fresh force of stones
showing through an ice trace—
all those cushioned vowels in the snow.

DIXIE PARTRIDGE has published two collections of poetry: *Deer in the Haystacks* (Ahsahta Press, 1984) and *Watermark* (Saturday Press, 1990), which won the national Eileen W. Barnes award. Her work has appeared widely in anthologies and such journals as *Poetry*, *Georgia Review*, *Mid-West Quarterly*, *Commonweal*, *Ploughshares*, *Nightsun*, and *Southern Poetry Review*.

Flying in a Confined Space

Patricia Gunter Karamesines

IN MY DREAM, people mill at a fair, trying things they've never before done. There's horseback riding on flashy steeds and archery with brightly fletched arrows.

At the fair's farthestmost edge, wings rest upon the green. Their colors—kite colors—catch at me. I cross the field whispering, *I've always wanted to try this!* An attendant helps me strap into the hang-glider. I snap helmet and goggles in place and cast myself to the wind.

Well, it turns out I'm a natural. Within me wakes the *Aufklärung* of flight, of orientation with the horizon and fearlessness in the face of movement ungrounded. I spin course by stars I cannot see and trust in winds I do not control. Over the green I soar, in accord with a finely drawn yet constantly changing map in my blood. I both follow and make the map as I go.

Suddenly, there's a wall! I wheel to the right, only to find another, rising hundreds of feet into the air. I turn on a wingtip and circle, but—another wall! What do they mean?

Looking up, I realize that the odd tint to the sky is the shadow of a vast ceiling. Skylights bubble outward, permitting glimpses of free air, yet it is a ceiling all the same.

I fly within these confines, skillfully using the space, but my condi-

PATRICIA GUNTER KARAMESINES lives with her husband, Mark, and three children in Utah but not close enough to its desert, the setting for her folk-mystery novel *The Pictograph Murders* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2004). An award-winning writer, she has published poetry and essays in literary journals and popular magazines, including *Irreantum*, *Sunstone*, and *Mothering Magazine*.

tion has been reduced to that of a swallow trapped in a barn. Looking at the skylights, I think, *I must get my wings into that blue.*

* * *

Capitol Reef National Park, Chimney Rock Trailhead, September 1999. The rain that muddied the trail earlier has dried off, leaving little sign of its passing. Good footing on the trail is a must: I've been away from the desert for a long time and have gone out of shape. I've been away from almost everything.

I walk over to study the map board. Another trail branches off the Chimney Rock Loop, veering into Spring Canyon. My eyes linger over the spot where the trail splits. I'm tempted, but tell myself, just the loop.

On the phone, Mark said everything was going "okay," a word that I knew reflected worry but which was meant to encourage me to get what I needed from my first trip away from home in seven years. He said our daughter, Mattea, had slacked off her feedings. Which means, soon she'll stop altogether, unless Mom—me—arrives to restore normalcy.

Isn't as bad as it used to be. Used to be, if the formula we fed her was a few degrees too warm or too cold or if its ingredients changed slightly, she would go on a hunger strike. Possibly the turmoil such differences caused were not mere fits of tantrum, but discomposure—her injured brain's inability to settle with that with which it is not exactly familiar. She may have had a sensory dysfunction in her mouth.

Whatever the case, such days-long fasts resulted in dehydration and combative behavior, followed by severe constipation and her screams of pain and terror. Sometimes we had to manually evacuate her bowels. The trauma burned off any progress she had made; we'd have to channel weeks of effort into helping her recover what she lost.

Used to be, feeding her took two hours per meal. Six hours a day for three meals, forty-two hours a week: nearly two days' time out of every seven. Some weeks I figure it did total two full days. I crushed the rest of my life into the three-to-four-hour intervals between feeding times. The job of getting food into Mattea fell to me because she and I worked out a rhythm for feeding I couldn't explain and no one could duplicate, and also because she's rigid, tolerating no sudden change.

Since I left on this trip—my first time away since her birth—she has allowed Mark to feed her a few meals. Don't know why she lets him for some but not for all. Now when such disruptions occur, they're less severe and

she recovers more quickly. Before daring to venture from home, I took care to “tank her up.”

To the southwest, aspens burn where fall has kindled in the high forests of the Aquarius Plateau. Yellow flames sweep through the trees in seemingly unbroken waves.

Here at the park’s lower elevations, piñon pines and junipers stand apart. Their night-wet greens and shadow blues mix with dry shades of rice grass, shad scale, and purple aster. Silver-green clusters I can’t name break from the brick-red soil. Everything shimmies in an early morning canyon wind.

Just the loop.

As I set out, the ground changes color from terra cotta red to clayey gray green. I’ve crossed my first threshold, one that spans hundreds of thousands of years. On our geological time palette, the colorful strata along this trail are named Moenkopi, Shinarump, Chinle, Windgate, and Kayenta. All around, time lies petrified in a sandstone spectrum. Above arches the blue empyrean formation of stratified gases and light. The whole works enchants the eye. As I climb the steep switchback that jags through the gray-green formation, my appetite for being here rises.

But the going isn’t easy. As the sign said, this trail is a three-mile loop, semi-strenuous, and I have gained so much weight, making me sympathetic to the striving of stones. Don’t know when it happened, exactly—maybe as years of voluntary confinement accreted, hardening to sheer captivity.

* * *

Earth Day, April 22, 1992. A breeze lifts the bedroom curtains. Rain-spatter from the eaves whispers. Wind and rain seem to have arrived to comfort me, or maybe, in the way of women and storms, to deliver me. For two days I’ve been feeling the restlessness felt by gravid females of many species about to give birth.

My transformation began in low chemical whispers between cells. Brain and womb talk together, drawing on ancient knowledge they can speak only in doing, so I can’t know what I know—what my female theme, running deeper than dreams, knows. Birth, like the change in seasons, is a rough chart at best. We may have hours, even days, of waiting.

As contractions intensify, I leave Mark and my two-year-old son Saul sleeping in bed, arrange pillows on the living room couch, and lean back.

In my mind, I walk into the oceanic pulses. Waves start small, then heave higher until one rises above my head. Here comes the big one. Let it come—Ai! I parcel out breaths. The wave crashes down, tearing away air. Diving into it, I feel its muscle crush, can almost taste the salt. It passes. The ocean rocks back in beauty. Look out on the expanse. Rest, till the next swell.

Thus I weather the power bearing me away from civilization into the wilderness of body. I've lived in this body for decades, yet there remain unbridled tracts, like this one.

Things pick up. I wake my husband. "We're close," I say. Lulled into false security from my long hospital labor with Saul, Mark rises slowly and gathers our things at his leisure.

Suddenly, a contraction unlike any of those I've felt hits me. It stabs like lighting and totally possesses without consent. I don't know what it means but understand the situation has become urgent. Gasping, I barely manage to shout, "We have to go—now!" Mark wakes Saul and dresses him. I move onto the bed, where two more contractions rack my body—pulses so intense I hardly want to breathe, but breathing feeds the baby. I flounder between a rational urge to control astonishment and my gut impulse to trust my life and my baby's life to rogue waves.

After a fourth hard ripple comes a powerful urge to push. Muscles stir, then heave—something inside bursts like an overripe pod. Amniotic fluid soaks into the sheets. Now I know: those four intense ripples were transitional contractions—when the womb's environment shifts from contractions to open the cervix to contractions to move the baby down the birth canal. The magic girdle tightens. I realize I might give birth right on the bed. "Mark, I'm pushing! Towels!"

He gets them. Moving faster now, he loads the car and helps me to the front door. On the threshold I drop to all fours, overcome by another pusher. Tilting belly earthward, I hang hope on gravity to help me contain this baby a little longer. Saul bursts into tears. As calmly as I can, I tell him I'm all right. The same thing happens in the driveway—hands and knees press the cool, wet concrete.

At the Women's Center, a nurse helps me onto a bed. Two contractions and five minutes later, I press down my chin, push, and give birth. A nurse exclaims, "It's a girl! A tiny one!"

A daughter, five pounds thirteen ounces. We name her Mattea: God's gift.

Somebody asks if she has arrived prematurely. “No,” I say. “Her due date’s tomorrow.”

* * *

I climb, using my old willow walking stick, a plain tool for gaining leverage in the desert. From time to time, I look back at the moon. It appears translucent: the illusion is that of a sequin reflecting at its edges surrounding blue broadcloth.

The climb wearies me. But I’m in the desert again and rise to familiar stimuli: sun streaking the canyon’s upper cliff faces; the sequin moon shimmering above red buttes; junipers, the fragrant old folk come into the area millennia ago once the climate became seasoned to their liking.

When I hit the fork leading to Spring Canyon, I hesitate. Can I afford this? Down at the trailhead, somebody pulls in. I want to be alone, don’t want anyone to pass me, stirring up wildlife so it’s gone before I get there. I branch left toward Spring Canyon even though the sign directs me to bear right.

* * *

There’s something about Mattea—don’t know what. Mark and I call her “our little enigma,” a title we bestowed while she was yet in the womb. When I was pregnant with my son I came to know something about him. We had his name picked out; at birth, he slid right into it.

But this one—even in my arms, even looking into her eyes, I can’t tell who she is. She gives nothing away—not even to me. She fights the breast, biting the nipple and yanking her head sideways as if enraged. Such combat is the antithesis of that flowing peace I felt nursing my first baby.

She screams all day but sleeps deeply at night. Everyone says, “colic,” but I’m not so sure. She startles repeatedly at the same sound: a snow shovel’s rhythmic scraping against concrete, noises her brother makes in the next room.

There’s something about her eyes. Sometimes they go blank, as if she has retreated to a place beyond my sight. But how do I communicate these concerns?

At Mattea’s two-month pediatric checkup, I say, “She’s not lifting her head.” The doctor holds her in the air above the exam table. It looks like she’s flying. “I can detect no noticeable head lag,” he says. I’m doubt-

ful of the sophistication of such a test but allow his words to cool my worry. His reassurance doesn't fit, but wanting to believe the best I carry it away.

As the weeks pass, Mattea slips further behind what I have come to expect from raising her brother. At her four-month checkup, I say, "Not only does she not hold up her head, she isn't using her hands." The doctor performs the same test as before, lifting her in the air, getting the same results.

"I just don't see any head-lag here," he says. "All babies are different." He turns to speak with a man outside the exam room about a duck hunt they've planned. I feel a flash of anger but say nothing. After all, I have a well-paved path of expectations for Mattea; and while I sense that somehow she and I have departed from that path, yet I protect hope.

At Mattea's six-month checkup, the doctor walks into the exam room, takes one look at her, and says, "Sometimes all a doctor has to go on to know something's wrong is his instinct." A mixture of fear and cold irony shoots into my blood. *His* instinct! I could tell him what I think of his instinct. But now that we've got his attention I just want to hear what he has to say.

* * *

Used to be desert was for me both home and sojourn. In those days no other person or place tugged at my solitude. I was free to offer up everything; often, I did, yet after each stay there was always more to me than when I had arrived. But after seven years' hard confinement, doubts: nervous little birds flitting in a hedge. I'm hedging.

Maybe I'll feel alien and unwelcome. Maybe I've gone farther already than I ought to have. I think about the risks of hiking deeper into the desert, alone, in my poor physical condition, with only a liter of water. Believing I wouldn't stay long, I skipped breakfast before coming. Now here I am, embedding myself in the place. But I can't fight it. The siren song of sand-peppered wind and high canyon walls shifting light works upon desire, calling me in.

I hardly believe it! I'm in the desert again, surrounded by all the old beauties. Old beauties: Just as in me, the desert's deep themes run like sap in species of plants, animals, and in tones of earth. Designs trade between individuals and run backward and forward through generations. Looking around, I see stories lying exposed in sandstone strata that submerge, then

breach again miles from here—at the Grand Canyon or Dead Horse Point—telling the regional tale. Genetic plots and subplots effloresce in tiny blossoms exuding pure confidence.

I press my face into the pale flowers of a cliffrose. A bomb of sweet musk bursts in my nose. Now that I've crossed my own reproductive rivers, I recognize it as more than just pretty scent. Shocked, I pull back, but pollen rides away on my nose-tip and upper lip. Perfumed smoke swirls in my nostrils.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

* * *

The MRI shows that some conflagration has laid waste to more than a third of Mattea's brain. Water-filled cysts, like giant blisters, remain where portions of right and left lobes once were. Genetic tests come back normal, and close scrutiny of birth records leads to the conclusion that, while the birth was precipitous, nothing about it could have resulted in destruction of such magnitude.

Antibody screening, however, reveals an abnormally high count in Mattea's bloodstream and in mine for cytomegalovirus. I've never heard of it; but as it turns out, it's a common pathogen, found everywhere—one of the few able to cross the placenta and attack a fetus whose immune system has not yet armed to repel marauders. The reality is staggering: Mattea suffered terrible damage from this organism while in my womb, and I hadn't a clue. I failed to protect her from something I didn't even know existed. The doctors' assertions are severe: "blind and deaf," "quadriplegic," "no hope for self-reliance," "needing a host of interventions." Some of these I know to be untrue, but the business of sorting through it all to figure out what is or what might be is maddening. Where do we go from here?

* * *

Deeper into the canyon. Like a tonic, the pollen dispels hesitation. The world rushes through my seven-year fog of diffidence, nearly to the point of overwhelming me, yet my senses, wildly aroused, strive forward.

Ravens' voices rattle in the cliffs. From time to time, I see a single black bird dip into the wind and sway from rim to rim. Its lazy skimming across a cliff face provokes me.

A canyon wren calls, its song dropping like a pebble down the smooth face of silence. These pebble-notes drop into my soul as if into a pool; ripples of pleasure spread out, then roll back on themselves.

As I walk, a phrase I've heard recently leaps to my mind: wilderness interface. This term refers to areas where urban development has crept onto the rough ground of wilderness. Craving relationships with Nature that has receded to areas no longer located near work or shopping, people build among the nearest native wildlife, then commute. Such developments appeal to me, as they do to many others. I mentioned my admiration for one to a friend who works for the U.S. Forest Service.

"A nice area," she said. "But as a Forest Service employee, I must point out it's a wilderness interface. The fire hazard is high there and the residents have just one path to safety so far." She spoke of the fact that the development is thickly wooded, with a single road leading into and out of this tinderbox.

Every year it happens somewhere in the West: wildfire, destroyer of the status quo. Forest, meadow, human flesh, animal flesh, cabin, million-dollar home—it doesn't matter. Property rights go up in firestorms, resorts and last resorts reduce to ash. Sometimes we fight such fires, trying to save that to which we feel we have a right—home. At other times, it's just too big. We surrender all, risking to trust the new green sparking beneath ashes of incinerated old growth, new green often dependent, in fact, upon these very fires to prepare the ground for burgeoning.

What I feel as I hike through the canyon is like the chemical and muscular fires of childbirth. It happens not because I will it—though conscious human will leads to points of ignition—but because, I think, the soul has its own wilderness interface area. There the domesticated new brain meshes with the ancient wild one, and sudden fires ignited by lightning bolts of circumstance—vicissitudes—sweep through, burning everything to the ground. Yet always, lying beneath the obvious and expected, old forms stir, ready to lift life to the next level.

Now I run toward the beauty of this place like a beggar to a table spread with shining delights. But what's here at hand or within sight isn't enough. And I don't desire to devour it, but to get across it.

How can I explain this? At this moment I feel the ground I walk spinning with unnamed and uncounted bodies and forces through wide fields of possibilities. The world I have lived in—a world of senses atrophied by focus upon domestic crises—falls away. Perspective opens. Stretching into

blinding blue, I orient by stars I know are there. And there. And there. In the stirring and shifting of lights I taste momentum and position as if on the tongue but can't taste both at once. It's heady, like flying. Well, it is flying—life rising to its next level. Yes, I remember now: life craves living. This trip is no longer about escaping captivity. Now it's about getting out.

* * *

Instinct. A highly underrated wellspring of genetic—ancient—wisdom. True human instinct is hardly considered, yet it is instinct—not doctors, not medical know-how—that urges me to provide Mattea a point of orientation, a lodestar. Instinctively, I know that lodestar is my body, the ground she grew in. So I keep her by me every minute of every day, wearing her in a baby sling as I go about my daily activities, despite her screaming. I sleep with her pressed against my side or cradled under one arm. Though it's a hardship, I continue breastfeeding. I don't go anywhere. I do hardly anything else. It's all about Mattea, about persuading the relevant gods to release her from that underworld she has been born into.

Also, I find a gifted physical therapist, Dave. He comes to the house and does her more good in two weeks than nine months of visits to doctors and neurologists. Using simple tools found at hand—a towel, a pillow—he teaches me how to arouse, channel, and then build upon reflexive behaviors whose triggers lie in the old brain, where the remnants of Mattea's deep themes lie buried.

At Mattea's yearly pediatric checkup, a nurse measures her head circumference. I look at the graph: her cranial growth curve is flattening out. Besides damaging the larger lobes, the virus attacked her brain stem where brain growth cells generate. The doctor says to expect that one result of Mattea's brain injury will be microcephaly, or abnormal smallness of the head. He explains she'll be severely developmentally delayed—what some call retarded.

"There is a direct relationship between head size and intelligence," he tells me. At home, I measure my head and Mark's head with a tape measure. "I'm two and a half centimeters more intelligent than you," I announce to him.

Dave tells me some CMV babies are indeed intellectually impaired. They progress, but only by behavior modification. "But I see a growing richness of response in Mattea," I say. "She has inflection in her voice, which shows capacity for language."

"Yes, but there are other indications." Dave explains that the games he's seen us play—"where's the kitty?" and "hit the balloon"—demonstrate cognizance. Mattea shows signs of being intellectually able, but her intellectual development is inhibited by her extreme physical challenges. He says, "I have a lot of optimism for Mattea's future. In the last six months I've been visiting her regularly, she has literally come alive. She's getting out," he says.

One day as Mattea lies on the floor banging her left arm and fist against the carpet, I crumple a piece of paper and place it within reach. Startled at first, she investigates the paper cautiously with the back of her hand, keeping her palm locked up tight inside her fist—a reflexive behavior common to brain-injury sufferers. When she knocks the paper out of reach, she complains loudly. I replace it. She smiles her contentment.

That smile! Doctors look at me doubtfully when I tell them she smiles. They don't think she's capable of it—they don't think she's capable of anything. When she's with them, she withdraws into her cave or screams because of rough handling. The neurologist asks, "Does she scream like this all the time?" Mark and I look at each other. Our thoughts are one: Not anymore, not with us.

Every day has been spent groping along the sloping walls of her daily experiences, trying to find that place where she goes. It's a strange region I have no chart for. Society hasn't developed sufficiently to feel motivated to map the neural anarchy of the injured brain. At least, not to the point where the knowledge and technology filter down to common folk with usual doctors and modest insurance plans.

In the way of unextraordinary doctors, ours speak in terms of conformity, not retrieval or recovery. What means they have to help her achieve an appearance of normalcy—drugs and surgical interventions laced with risk—they'll impose. Some procedures offer hope but others are obviously more about how she looks rather than who she is. So in my quest to rescue her, I have only old relations to draw upon, the bottomless desire of mother for child. It's all part of a map in the blood, one I follow to its edges, where new lines suddenly appear, as if by magic. For years.

As I couldn't express my early doubts to our pediatrician, it's hard to speak now of my ecstasy when Mattea makes direct eye contact. Her looking lasts just a split second before she experiences neural overload and has to glance away.

Those eyes flickering off remind me of something. Ah, yes. That

sense of unbalance one feels when one looks out on the universe and feels in the soul as if in wings intractable hunger for flight.

* * *

I return to where the Spring Creek trail meets the Chimney Rock Loop, bear left again, and once more start climbing. Now it's hot. Bright, too—light is everywhere, bounding and rebounding. The trail is steeper for longer stretches. I have to stop more frequently to catch my breath. My poor legs—they quiver from strain. I truly regret my weight but can't change it in the next two hours. Just have to work with what's there.

Finally the light becomes so intense I'm forced to look into my shadow for relief. In Spring Canyon's sheltered morning I had no shadow. But here, climbing the trail's eastern incline, my shadow's edges are clean cut, as if from paper.

I reach the butte's top, cross it, and begin my descent. My shoes aren't suited for the steep terrain, and here's where my walking willow proves useful. A stabilizing influence, it gets me down the trail. Reaching the bottom, I look out of my shadow at the landscape. Everything has changed, everything in my field of view and everything in my soul. At first I think I've strayed onto a wrong path, the trees, plants, and stones all appear so differently in the high light. But no, it's the same path, just winding now through a different part of the day.

Tiananmen Square, Beijing, 1999

Carol Clark Ottesen

Soft summer wind lifts girls' sheer dresses into wings,
Pinks, reds, and golds winking and rippling through the air
Like babies cooing far away.
They pose round-faced and porcelain
Against the vastness of the cement square
While cameras click, three of a family pose
As if the world were made of butterflies.

The Gate of Heavenly Peace, a fond mirage
Guarded by the rotund face of Mao so large
Even his wen is as big as a man's head.
Didn't he say a hundred flowers would bloom
Then smash them before the green broke through?

Like the hope of ten years back
When one sliver of light became a raging fire—
One hundred thousand waved the red and gold,
Chanted for a voice, heady with freedom,
Raised here a goddess thirty feet high
Of styrofoam and plaster, symbolizing liberty.

I saw her head fall, then the torch,
Felt the slashes pierce her side,
Heard tank chains clank across cement,
Guns crackling indiscriminate,
Cycle wheels askew and whirring,
Their rider's bloody glasses smashed and still
They roll on blind with power
Over all obstructions, even their own children.

I know a student, both legs crushed that night
Who in his wheelchair counts the ghosts,
Waters his pink and red geraniums.
But when he talks of wheeling up Mount Tai,
I look deep into the place where wings grow
And see something move and push toward the stars.

CAROL CLARK OTTESEN taught English at California State University, Dominguez Hills, and then at Brigham Young University. For two years she taught English in mainland China at Peking University and Shandong Medical University. She is the author of two books and has published several essays and poems.

The Hands of Cowboy Red

Penny Armstrong

WHEN MY FATHER sucked in and released his last hyphenated breath, I was holding his weightless hands, trying to make them warm. He was old. He had cirrhosis of the liver, an abdominal aortal aneurysm the size of a grapefruit, and growing, congestive heart failure, hypertension, dementia, gout, and high PSA levels that a doctor had tried earlier to bully him into believing was caused by prostate cancer. He had been dehydrating to death for eleven days already. The purple skin around his blind eyes tore if you looked too hard at him. The roof of his mouth was scabbed from the dry air being sucked across it because he didn't have the strength to close his mouth, except at those too infrequent times we would moisten a swab and touch it to his gums. At those times, his jaw would clamp; and although he couldn't suck the moisture, he could squeeze it out. Looking back with all the guilt and anguish I can create with which to torture myself, I wonder why I didn't swab his mouth with oil and water every few seconds instead of every few minutes. Why didn't I tie or prop his mouth closed for him or have the words that would make him able to swallow or devise a cure for those wracking hiccoughs that arrested sleep and echoed throughout the whole house? Why didn't I become God and touch his head and lift him whole and restored into my waiting, compassion-filled embrace?

I couldn't. But I could hold his cold, blue hands and try to warm them. I could will myself to know when his last breath was coming, open

PENNY ARMSTRONG lives in Ogden, Utah, with her college-aged daughter. She graduated from Weber State College and Antioch University in San Francisco. After joining the LDS church as an adult, she served a mission in Seoul, Korea, where she spent a couple of additional years studying brush art and Korean history. She especially likes cooking, writing, painting, and taking advantage of the cultural and environmental bounty of Utah.

my eyes that felt grainy and hot, and lift my exhausted, weary head early from a dead sleep, even though it was my brother's watch at that hour, so that I would be the one at his side, holding his hands when he left. Not a big deal, you might say—to warm hands that would be part of a corpse in mere moments. Or that were the least uncomfortable part of a wasting shell. Not a monumental act of charity or heartfelt sacrifice, not a laying down of one's life for one's friend. His hands were cold and mine were not. That's why I did it.

Not that I was the only one who held his hands during those strange and awful round-the-clock days. His bed was situated in the room so that we could pull a chair up to face him and hold his hands and talk and sing to him when he was awake or just sit and look at him or the television when we thought he was asleep. I don't know if there is such a thing as sleep or awake when one is actively dying, though. There was only lying helplessly still or startled and glassy-eyed while we turned and propped and tried to keep the skin on his back and heels from breaking down. There was a knitting of his brow and a certain hollow-faced grimace if we got his elbow cramped or his knee stuck in the bars.

And there was something else: a weak and almost imperceptible squeeze of the granddaughters' hands to answer when they said, "I love you, Grandpa. You love me, too, huh?" or when they sang "You Are My Sunshine," which was his trademark, his most beloved song, and which also was the one thing we couldn't get through without sobbing at the graveside.

Hands. Just hands. Hands that picked cotton in Texas to provide for the family after the father died and the ranch was wrested from the widow and her nine. Hands that yanked a barefoot brother off the back of a coiled rattlesnake; that held tightly to the bristled mane of a dusty, stubborn mule as it clopped lazily across the dry earth; that probed horses' teeth at auction. Cupping hands, small and tender, that captured prairie dogs and brought them into the house for pets. Young hands that reached under the seat of an old Model T and pulled out a notched-handled revolver to offer to his deputy sheriff-father so that he could retaliate for an accident, which had left a bump on the boy's head. "Here, Daddy, shoot 'em!" Flying hands that gestured to a deaf sister, and played yank-the-purse pranks from the roadside on passing motorists, and pitched stones at a turkey-thieving coyote. Greasy, toughened hands that hammered and

hailed steel pipe and oil rigging and splintery cable during the graveyard shift.

My father's hands cut and bruised faces in barroom brawls, shot rifles with precise and steady aim at deer and Japanese soldier boys, wielded a belt on erring offspring, and reined cavalry horses into rank-and-file submission. They stacked kindling and fuel for family camping, baited hooks and stripped and gutted catfish or crappie, and tossed inflated fish bladders into the kitchen sink for his children to play with. His hands held whiskey bottles and coffee cups with the same covetous possession. They were freckled and busted. They were as distinguishing a feature of my father as were his auburn hair and broken nose.

It seemed the most natural thing that morning that I would be the last to hold his hands before he finally quit using his beaten old body, since I had spent the last several years looking out for him; but it really could never have been foretold by anyone who knew us. We had been estranged for years, and he was living alone in New Mexico. The rest of us were in states north of there. When my youngest brother, Michael, was killed in an automobile accident, we all gathered for the funeral in Utah. I had been living in California with my young daughter. I saw my father at the funeral, but I didn't speak to him. I pitied him. I knew that his young son's death took some life from him as well. A sister pointed out that Michael was probably the only one of his children that he actually loved. But I couldn't muster words of shared mourning or consolation for the father of a boy taken too early. In those days I still thought it was mine to forgive or not forgive my father and his hands for the affront they had inflicted upon me in my youth. I chose not to.

When he came to see us at my mother's house after Michael's funeral, I decided to leave. As I walked past him through the door, my father reached up and put his freckled, broken hand on my shoulder and said my name. I didn't turn to look at him, but instead kept walking with my daughter to the car, and the next evening he called to say good-bye to us. My brothers and sisters talked with him on the phone, however superficially, but I still refused to speak to him. I went back to California, wounded deeply by my brother's death and eaten by pity and guilt I felt for the way things were with my father, who reached out only one more time a couple of years later, with a five-dollar bill folded into a Christmas card.

Some strange pull had diverted my life and deposited my daughter and me back in Utah like so much silt to settle again in the place I had

been running from for many years. Over the next several years, I heard scanty tales of my father's life in New Mexico from a brother or sister who kept up with him. They were the same stories I already knew of him. The only story that really surprised me was when the judge decided not to put him in jail for driving while intoxicated because he just couldn't see the benefit of locking up an eighty-year-old man.

I finally believed he was getting old. My brother and his wife had visited him a few times, posting bonds, paying fines, and cleaning up the bottles and cans in his little apartment. The reports of his welfare were getting worse, and my sister Deborah decided that he should come back to Utah so that she could look after him. My brother and a nephew drove to New Mexico in the summer to bring him back home. He was weak and ill enough that they thought he was dying in a cafe when he slumped in his seat with his eyes closed and wouldn't speak.

When they got him to a doctor in Utah, the prognosis was that he would not live to see the following Thanksgiving. They admitted him to an assisted living center close to my sister's house and took away his cigarettes, caffeine, and alcohol. My sister visited him frequently. He pinked and fattened up, but the aneurysm was enlarging and it was going to burst and kill him before we could celebrate another holiday. It was going to be an intensely painful and sudden attack. There was nothing I could do except to be glad I wasn't going to be around when it happened.

Deborah decided to move him into her home where she thought he would be happier and better cared for in his final hours.

During the Clinton Days celebration where we had gone to watch a pageant niece in the parade, we stood beside the road in the mean sun; and as I glanced across the street, there in a lawn chair under a sloppy old hat, sat my shrunken, weathered father, a man I hadn't spoken to or been free from in about a decade. The whole conspiring moment seemed plotted, contrived, and silly, yet there was a convergent current dragging on me. I gathered up my fan, umbrella, and daughter and crossed the street to talk to him. Would we collide like massive continental plates? Would our hot spots spew fire and debris into the environment? "Hi Dad. Do you know who I am?" With that, all those anguished and angry years had never existed.

Ours was not sentiment for a movie of the week, but at least now I could visit my sister and speak casually to my father who lived there for another year until his loving, dutiful daughter died suddenly on her couch as

she watched television. That same stunning night at the hospital that a person put his hands on my shoulders and said, "She's dead," we had to decide how best to care for our father. Not all of his remaining five children were centrally located. Some said he would be better off in a facility close enough for us to visit easily. A couple of us felt a loyalty to our sister's strong commitment that he be cared for in his family's home.

My father and Deborah's daughter moved in with my daughter and me, also with another sister who was living with us at the moment. Not only did he live to see Thanksgiving, but my daughter and I took the old cowboy back to Texas for a reunion with his remaining siblings. He lived to see even another Thanksgiving after we took him on a road trip to San Francisco. He was happy and not dying. We went camping, took day trips and small overnight jaunts, attended festivals and rodeos in the summer, went out to restaurants in the winter, and visited with relatives on birthdays and holidays and weekdays. We took a couple of trips to the emergency room because he suddenly couldn't gather his legs and feet under himself or was hit with acute abdominal pain. After one such visit, I was instructed to take him home, gather his family around him, and not expect him to live more than a couple of days. He thought it was another holiday with kids and grandkids hanging around, and he stayed alive for several more months.

This father was as tough as the one I knew as a child; and his hands looked like the same hands (only slightly more weathered), that hoisted shots and tinkered around with boat engines and deftly twirled steering wheels on bumpy mountain roads. But this was not the man without emotion or compassion or connection that I remembered. After the trauma of his daughter's sudden death, Red became depressed and lost weight. After having been socked again with the news of his brother's death, he slumped and sank into another funk. Sometimes he sat in reverie and, when roused, would say that he was just thinking about Michael or Deborah or his wife who had kicked him out years before. "She quit me."

This new father's hands were constantly slipping bills and salt-water taffy to his grandchildren, leaving large tips for waitresses, and searching for his dentures, comb, and pocket knife under his pillow of a morning. His hands rustled through his nightstand drawer to find gifts to bring to the table for us at breakfast. "Here you go, Katy. Don't say I never gave you anything." Pieces of rusty bridle bit, or McDonald's Kids Meal toys, or an

old buck knife—things we never remembered having seen in his room—would suddenly, mysteriously appear in his outstretched hands.

Red's hands shook and danced to music when his feet couldn't. His pointing fingers punctuated the air when he warned that no one better mess with his kin or he'd have to straighten someone out! They saluted us when he said, "Goodnight, y'all," and they kept vigilant poise over his walking stick and old slouch hat, just in case someone would be going out and ask him along for the ride, even if it meant accompanying us to church on occasion. Where years before he had gestured angrily at me for joining the LDS Church and for not realizing that Joseph Smith was hanged for being a horse thief, his hands now reached into his pocket to pull out a five-dollar bill to put in the collection plate which was really the tray of sacrament bread. At the Egyptian Theater for an evening of cowboy poetry, through the dimness of the room and the failing of his eyesight, he smoothed his hands across the velvet seats, asking in a surprisingly (to me) non-accusing tone, "Is this the Church of Latter-day Saints?" Those hammered, hammering hands of the past had become old and calm and easy at his side.

Just before the finality of putting him in a roll-up hospital bed in his room, when he was disoriented and lost in a strange world where he could see again, I played some of his favorite western swing music. As the invisible cowboy plucked at his git-fiddle and crooned, "I'm horseback and happy with the life that I have," my entranced father, Cowboy Red, raised his hands in the air, loosened up a lariat and let it fly over the head of a wayward calf. He snapped it taut and hand over hand, pulled the little doggie back into the herd.

It was easy for my brothers and sisters to hold my father's hands during those days when he lay dying and reassure him that they loved him. I sang songs to him and ached with helplessness for not being able to smooth the road over for him, but I never said those words to him until I sat again trying to warm his cold hands, and he jerked in that last crooked breath. Rushing to get the words out, just in case they were true and in case they mattered at this late date, I decided to finally admit, "I love you, Dad. Good-bye."

FICTION

Brown

Charmayne Gubler Warnock

I'M MOSTLY BROWN. I have brown hair and, in summer, brown skin. It's not a pretty golden brown like the models in the tanning lotion ads. It's a kind of ashy, dirty brown. My eyes are brown like my dad's. I live in a square brown house with a brown yard because we live in the Nevada desert and my grandma isn't going to waste water on something as useless as grass.

I have a brown life.

The alfalfa fields that stretch out from town are green because they get water. Brigham Young planned it that way. He said the people should live together in towns with square blocks and have their fields outside town. I guess that was a good idea. That way we have neighbors—and maybe friends.

I have a sometimes-friend named Lisa. Sometimes she likes me and sometimes she likes Rose better. On the days she likes Rose better, she doesn't play with me. I see her and Rose pushing each other in the tire swing in Rose's backyard next door. They don't look at me. They eat popsicles and whisper a lot. Rose almost never likes me. We were playing basketball once, and she told me I was a lousy player. I'm not. So I pushed her up against the wall and a nail poked her in the back.

Lisa's hair is dishwater blonde. She tells people she is dishwater blond like it's a good thing. Actually her hair is even uglier than mine. When Lisa and I play together, we pretend to be other people whose lives are in color. Mostly I pretend to be Nancy Drew, girl sleuth. Sometimes I pretend to be Shayla Shazam, Las Vegas stripper.

CHARMAYNE GUBLER WARNOCK lives in Alpine, Utah, with her husband, Caleb Warnock. She is the mother of six daughters from a previous marriage to Kip Buckner and is a graduate from Brigham Young University in English and chemistry.

When I grow up I'll probably be both—detective by day, stripper by night.

I haven't told my grandma that I'm going to be a stripper.

My mother was a nightclub dancer who disappeared two years after I was born, so I live with my dad and my grandma in that brown house I told you about. My grandma doesn't like my mother and doesn't talk about her. My dad, on the other hand, loves my mother. Sometimes in the evenings when he comes in from irrigating the alfalfa fields or milking the cow, he sits in the big chair and I sit on his lap. He tells me how, when my mother danced or thought something was funny, her eyes sparkled like crushed blue glass. And she was graceful, like a bird landing on a snow-covered branch. He keeps a black-and-white photo of her in his wallet. I look at it, trying to remember her face, but I can't. In the photo, her eyes are gray. Maybe if it were in color, I would remember.

My best friends are a border collie named Zippy and a mean sorrel mare named Ginger. We roam the hills together. Zippy chases jack rabbits. Ginger balks at empty beer cans gleaming in the sagebrush. I don't know why she does that. Not a single can has jumped out and bit her. At first I believed she did it because she thinks it's a game. Now I think she does it because she resents me holding the reins. She resents authority. That's what Mrs. Lewis told my father about me at parent-teacher conference. She puckered up her mouth into a brown, withered-apple-looking thing and said, "Shayla resents authority."

I thought I knew what those words meant but I looked them up in the dictionary just to make sure. She's right. I don't like her telling me what to do.

My dad smiled when Mrs. Lewis told him that. When we got home, he scratched my head and called me "Skeeter the Rebel." Sometimes he calls me Skeeter.

I don't mean to be a rebel. It just works out that way. Sometimes I look up and see everyone walking in one direction and I'm walking in the other.

Like in our spring play last year. Mrs. Lewis wrote this play and the third-grade class put it on for the parents. All the girls were supposed to be flowers, except for Rose, who is the teacher's pet. She got to be the only human in the play, which is dumb because her *name* is Rose. She wore a ruffled dress with a pinafore and pretended to water us with a giant water-

ing can. The boys were evil bugs with black wings. I wanted to be a bug, but I had to be a purple iris.

All the moms got together to make flower costumes for their daughters. The teacher sent a note to my grandma saying they were going to make costumes at Mrs. Hoops's house on Monday morning, but Grandma didn't go. She told me I could make my own costume. So I did.

In the attic is a box of costumes that belonged to my mother. Grandma doesn't know they're there because she never goes in the attic. I found the costumes one day when I had to hide because Grandma was really mad. She was looking to skin me alive because I'd let the cat in the house and it pooped on her bedspread.

The attic is full of hot shadows and gray curly stuff between the rafters called insulation. You have to walk on the rafters because if you step on the gray curly stuff, you'll fall into hell. It's not the Mormon hell. It's like the other hell that I saw in a book. It's a more interesting hell. There are these naked people screaming and being boiled alive in hot lava and gushing blood from being poked with pitchforks by devils. I think the Mormon hell is boring and that's why you don't want to go there. Satan and his spirits, who will never have bodies, live there and they can't do anything but be mad. At church they don't talk much about hell because it is a boring place. Mostly they talk about the Mormon heaven, which is like a big family reunion in the Garden of Eden.

Anyway, the day I hid in the attic from my grandma, I was walking along the rafters, waving my arms like a tightrope walker. Where the attic roof sloped to the floor, I had to crouch down and crawl. There was a long cardboard box sitting in the corner. I sat down by the box to wait until it got quiet downstairs. When the pans stopped banging and the doors quit slamming, I figured Grandma had forgotten about me and moved onto something else. She's like that. At first she explodes like a firecracker and scares everyone. Then after a few minutes she's fine, like nothing ever happened. The trick is to be absent during the exploding time.

By the time the downstairs got quiet, my eyes were used to the dim light. I decided to look in this long cardboard box. When I lifted the lid, there was this ghostly smell of perfume. I had smelled that perfume before. It made me feel all warm and sad and happy at the same time. I picked up a long silky scarf out of the box and wrapped it around my neck. It was soft and smelled like spice and flowers. Suddenly I remembered being little, standing in a crib.

It is dark. I am holding onto the top rail, watching the crack of light under the door, waiting for the door to open. I can't climb out of the crib by myself because snakes live underneath the crib and they will bite me. I don't know how I know the snakes are there. I just know it. I lean over the top rail trying to see the snakes, but they are too smart and crawl back against the wall so I can't see them.

I wait a long time. Finally the door opens and someone with fluffy hair walks in. She lifts me up out of the bed and holds me against her. I feel safe. She is soft and warm and smells like spice and flowers. Then she is gone, and there is only the dark attic.

I buried my face in the box of costumes and breathed in hard. I thought that if I closed my eyes and breathed in all the perfume, it would be real. I could go back in time and my mother would hold me. I could watch her brush her hair and sit in her lap. I would be old enough to talk to her and she would like me so much she wouldn't leave.

Something in the costume box brushed my arm—like it wanted me to know it was there. So I pulled it out. It was a swimsuit kind of thing covered with black sequins. It had a swooping tail of long purple feathers. I took it over to the window and held it up in the light. It was perfect. I could put the purple feathers on my head and look just like a purple iris.

There were lots of other things in the box, but I took only the sequined suit and feathers and some black net tights with diamond-shaped holes in them. That night when everyone was asleep I put on my costume. The suit was a little baggy but the tights were stretchy and fit okay. I stuck the purple feathers in my hair with bobby pins then looked in the mirror. The feathers dangled down and swayed back and forth when I moved. I was a very cool iris.

The night of the play, I walked to school and carried my costume in a brown paper bag. Dad had an irrigation turn and said he'd be there as soon as he could. Grandma doesn't drive. Even if she did drive, she wouldn't go.

When I got to the school, everyone was all excited and running around. Some of the kids were peeking out through the curtains at their parents. I looked at the girls in their crepe-paper costumes and knew my costume was much better. Mine was made of real feathers. I went to the girl's bathroom and locked myself in a stall. First I put on the tights, then the sequin suit. Earlier I'd found lots of wide green ribbon in a drawer. I wrapped it around and around my body, on top of the sequins then let the ends dangle like leaves. Last of all, I put the purple feathers on my head.

People noticed me right off when I walked out of the bathroom. I could see them looking and being envious. Davy whistled and asked me what I was supposed to be.

"An iris," I told him, and stuck out my tongue.

He went to get his friends.

Lisa and Rose came over and stood by me, touching the feathers.

"You don't really look like a flower," said Rose.

Davy came back, walking like a drunk cowboy. "You look like a bird," said Davy. His friends started squawking and flapping their elbows because they are stupid.

Then Rose's mother saw me. She nudged Mrs. Lewis. But Mrs. Lewis ignored her because she was telling everyone what to do. When Mrs. Lewis saw everyone else looking at me, she turned around to look too. She stopped talking.

She walked over to me and said, "Where did you get this?"

I didn't want to tell her so I said nothing.

"I think we can fix something different," said Rose's mother, unrolling some strips of brown crepe paper. "If only . . ." She looked at me as if she felt sorry for me.

"I don't want something different," I said.

"You can't wear that in the play," said Mrs. Lewis. "It's not . . . suitable."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Lisa and Rose and the boys. Rose was smirking.

It was then I knew my costume was all wrong. It was better than everyone else's, but it was wrong.

I stepped back because Rose's mom was coming toward me with her brown crepe paper and a pair of scissors. Then I turned around and ran down the stairs, down the hallway. I ducked into the bathroom and grabbed the paper bag with my clothes in it and ran out the door. I ran all the way home.

When I got to my house, I could see Grandma through the window, sitting in her brown swivel rocker watching TV. For a few minutes, I stood outside in the dark wearing my feathers. She couldn't see me. Then I went around to my bedroom and climbed in the window.

I was almost asleep when Dad came in my room.

"Where were you, Skeeter? I went to the play and I didn't see you."

He sat down on my bed.

I pretended to be asleep because I didn't want to tell him what had happened. But when he put his hand on my shoulder, I started to cry.

"What's the matter, Skeeter?"

I didn't say. I just threw myself into his arms and bawled. After awhile my nose got plugged and I couldn't breathe, so I stopped crying.

"I had the best costume," I said. "But Mrs. Lewis said I couldn't wear it."

"What do you mean?"

I got up and showed my dad the sequin suit and purple feathers. He took them from me and looked at them for a long time, brushing his fingers along the feathers then he said, "You must have found these in the attic."

I nodded. "They were my mother's, weren't they?"

He pressed his nose against the costume and was very still. Then he hugged me and gave a funny hiccup and hugged me tighter. "You can wear those costumes anytime you want. Your mother would like that. And if Grandma says anything, tell her to talk to me about it. Tell her I said it's okay."

He looked at me like he would make sure it was okay. He looked almost mad, as if he wouldn't let anyone hurt me, not Mrs. Lewis or Rose or the boys at school. Or he would get them.

It made me feel good that he didn't want anyone to hurt me. But I knew he couldn't do it. Mostly they hurt my feelings, and how do you stop that? If someone tries to punch you, you can punch them back. Or someone bigger can come and stand by you and they'll leave you alone. But usually people just say things.

And even though the play was a whole year ago, people still say things. Like when I left my sweater at school, Grandma threw a fit that I don't take care of stuff and said I can just run around naked for all she cares if I can't take care of the nice things people give me.

So I walk back to school to get my sweater. Some of the teachers are sitting in the classroom, talking. One of the teachers is saying, "Could you believe those fishnet stockings? But what can you expect when the mother is a hooker?"

Mrs. Lewis sees me standing at the door and looks at the other teacher real hard until she stops talking and starts looking at her fingernails. I take my sweater off the hook and don't even look at them—like they aren't even there.

It is then that I decide I will just have to find my mother and show them what is true. She is a dancer, not a hooker.

On TV people talk to the police about finding missing persons, so I decide to talk to Davy's uncle who is the part-time sheriff in our town. The rest of the time he is the janitor at the school. When I ask him if he knows where my mother is, he just pushes back his hat and tells me it's getting hot. Then he gives me a quarter and says to go get a popsicle.

While I'm sitting on the front step of our house eating my grape popsicle, I try to think about what kind of detective work Nancy Drew would do to find my mother. The door bangs open and Grandma comes out and says the chickens' nest boxes need cleaning and to go get some fresh straw.

When I show up with a bale of straw in my wagon, the chickens are all off chasing grasshoppers and fighting over them. They don't even care that I am making things clean and fresh for them. I think they should stand around and say what a nice job I'm doing.

I scoop out the mucky, smelly old straw with a pitchfork and throw it on the manure pile. It doesn't take long because most of it is caked together like a brown brick. Then I put nice yellow straw in the boxes. It looks like Easter. It looks as if the chickens could lay colored eggs if they thought about it hard.

When I get through, I rinse my hands off in the irrigation ditch and sit down in the tall wild grass that grows along the bank. The plum trees that line the ditch are full of hard green plums. Some of them have fallen to the ground and I start throwing the plums at the fence posts between our house and Rose's house. Finally Rose comes out of her house and hollers, "My mother says to quit throwing those plums on our property. She doesn't want any of those trashy trees growing over here."

"If you don't like our plums, why do you come over here and steal them?"

"I don't steal plums. I don't even like those sour old plums."

"Yeah, well, how would you know how they taste if you're not eating them?"

Rose just glares at me, thinking hard about what other mean thing she can say. Then she thinks of it. "Well, at least my mom takes care of me. She didn't go off and leave me so she could be a whore."

I stand up. "My mom is not a whore," I shout. "She just had to leave."

It is then that I see my grandma. She rises up from behind the raspberry bushes where she has been picking berries. She looks tall. My grandma's not that tall, but she looks tall. She looks hard at Rose then says, "You'd better go home, little girl."

The corners of Rose's mouth drop down and she backs away and runs to her house.

My legs fold under me and I sit down in the grass. Hard. I don't cry. Grandma walks over with her bucket of raspberries and sits down beside me, her legs sticking out in front of her. She pulls her skirt down over her knees and picks a burr from her wrinkled sock. "Your mother wasn't like that," she says. "Some people just don't have anything better to do with their time than say a lot of useless things that their brain doesn't attend to."

"It's not true—what Rose said?"

"It's not true." She frowns at Rose's house. "And just don't you pay any attention to them. What I've learned is that people who don't feel so good about themselves say things to make other people feel bad. People who feel comfortable inside their own skin don't have the need to hurt other folks."

I think about this for a while. I think about mean people not feeling good in their own skin and wonder if that's why Grandma doesn't like to go to church. Sometimes people say mean things at church. Me and my dad go to church anyway, and sometimes just me when he has to irrigate.

I look at her rough, old-lady white legs and wonder if she will kill me if I ask the thing I've wanted to ask ever since I can remember. "Why did my mother leave?"

Grandma puts her hands in her lap and looks out across the raspberry bushes and the fences. Finally she says, "She was from the city. This place didn't suit her. She said she got tired of the desert and all the brown. It was just all brown."

"She said that? That it was all brown?"

Grandma nods. "She was used to trees and lots of green things. Your dad tried to make things nice for her here. He planted grass out front of the house and made a big flowerbed with all kinds of flowers. Things were fine for a while. Then she got it in her head that she was going to go to Hollywood and be a movie star. Some man in a shiny car stopped at Carter's Market for gas one day and told her she looked just like a movie star. After that she couldn't stop talking about going to Hollywood. She

said if only they could see her dance—that was all it'd take. But your dad couldn't move. He's a farmer. What would he do in Hollywood?" She looks at me.

I try to imagine my dad in Hollywood, driving a slick car instead of a truck. He wouldn't fit in.

"They had a big fight." Grandma sighs and straightens her wrinkled sock. "Your dad took off mad. She packed up her things and started out the door. She had you with her." Grandma stops and waits a long time before going on. My heart is clicking in my chest like crazy and I want to cry, but Grandma doesn't like crying.

Finally she says, "It wasn't that she didn't want you. I made her leave you here. I said she wasn't fit to be a mother—draggin' a little girl around in bars and nightclubs. I said she'd already ruined too many lives. She didn't need to ruin yours."

I pull my knees up to my chest and lay my forehead on them. My eyes sting and I almost can't breathe.

"Why didn't she come back?" I mumble into the dark space between my knees.

"After she'd been gone a few months, we got a letter from some hospital in California. It was a bill."

"She died?"

"No. She didn't die." Grandma looks up at the plum trees and thinks for a long time. "She had something about her that was different from most people. Some days she'd be singing and waltzing around the house. She'd look out the window and say she wanted to run out and hug all that big blue desert sky. Others times she wouldn't get out of bed for days on end. I'd hear her crying." Grandma looks at me. "That's why she was in the hospital. She got real sad out there in California when she found out they didn't want her. She tried to do away with herself. When your dad found out where she was, he drove to California to get her, but by the time he got to the hospital, she'd already left. He looked all over but never found her."

Grandma reaches over and puts her arm around me all stiff-like.

"Do you think she'll come back home?"

"I don't think so."

I think of my dad driving around California and how he must have talked to police departments and looked in phone books. "What happened to the grass and flowers my dad planted?"

"They didn't get watered."

I look at the dry patch of ground by the house. The irrigation ditch isn't that far away. "I would remember to water them," I say. "I would like some grass and flowers."

My grandma looks at me. "You'd have to carry the water in a bucket."

"I can do that."

"Well." She sighs deep like she is buried under heavy rocks. "Maybe we can do that. I have some seeds."

By late summer there is a scattering of yellow marigolds in the flowerbed in front of the house and different colors of cosmos and snapdragons. There are even some columbines that my dad brought home from the hills and planted in the ground. They will bloom next spring. And next to the flowerbed is a patch of weedy grass. Grandma complains about the weeds, but Dad says the grass will choke out the weeds. For now, I think the weeds are just fine. They are green.

November 2001

Robin Russell

You notice the smells first, more spring, or even summer, than late fall, the stale-clean scent of wet sunlit streets after last night's heavy rain, the musk of soaked dead leaves, humid decay in a season usually dry, a shining solstice sigh through open windows, suspended on a candent morning breeze.

U.S. military planners think insurrections encouraged by U.S intelligence operatives will pressure the Taliban into . . . for the first time in many years, a woman strides freely through the ruined streets, her face uncovered, the *burqa* thrown back like a superhero's cape.

The long autumn sun, gone much too early now, still casts the afternoon skyline in an odd, shimmering blue pastel, the light filtered and lazy across the fractured gray water, small pools of stillness like mirrors, a gossamer silver haze over everything, and the dark, late-November trees strangely leafless in the tumid warmth.

His eyes bright with fear and resignation, his
captors in felt hats and heavy flowing robes,
an old man has his beard torn out in fistfuls
before he is shot through the head in a jagged,
burnt-bone sparkle of matted and bloody
hair, his mouth still pleading after he is dead.

Tracking brittle leaves into the house, finally
autumn comes with them, blustering through
the rooms and settling darker colors and cooler
air everywhere. Now, it is just a moment from
snowing, and in shadowy places, huddled in the
coming cold, winter snaps, just out of sight, waiting
to dress the land. Silent, scarred peaceful.

ROBIN RUSSELL received a B.A. in philosophy from Brigham Young University and currently works as a writer and editor in Minneapolis. His poem is here republished in its correct form. *Dialogue* apologizes for the inadvertent omission of a stanza when it was first published in *Dialogue* 37, no. 2 (Summer 2004): 148-49.

FICTION

Thanksgiving

Angela Hallstrom

B*eth: Listening*

"Take care," says my Grandma Tess. She is the first one to leave after Thanksgiving dinner because she can't drive at night. She's got two hours' driving to do, south to Salt Lake. She's worried about me. She wonders how I will bear up. She covers my hands with her own, and her skin is paper dry.

"Things seem hard right now, but you'll see your way through. You're my Beth. You've always been a strong one," she tells me.

I am lucky to have a grandmother like her. I don't get the feeling she's lying to me. I don't get the feeling she's telling me only what I want to hear.

We stand by the open door and the sunlight streams through her thinning hair. I can see the top of her scalp, and it looks so fragile, white and veiny as a baby's.

"I'm hanging in there," I tell her. "Really, I am."

"You can do this," she says. "Yes, yes. You can."

* * *

Today, nobody's said Kyle's name out loud. During dinner Aunt Eileen said, "Do you think he's well enough to be trusted around the baby?" Everybody knew who "he" was. But I didn't look up from my turkey. I pretended that I didn't hear her and concentrated on my chewing.

ANGELA HALLSTROM is an MFA student in writing at Hamline University in Saint Paul, Minnesota. Her fiction has appeared in *Irreantum* and the *New Era*, and she has served on the editorial board of *The Water-Stone Review*. She and her husband, Forrest, have three children.

Finally my mom said, "Who knows, Eileen," in that great tone she gets when you know the subject's about to be changed.

Nobody's said his name, but in his absence he seems just as powerfully present as he always has been. We all feel it. My own sisters keep sliding the conversation around, trying to avoid topics like love and marriage, mental health and single motherhood. My dad keeps coming up behind me and putting his hands on my shoulders. Really, they may as well all just be saying, "Kyle, Kyle, Kyle." A big family chant.

I keep listening for the door. I told him not to come. I said, Kyle, it's for the best, you know how my mom gets, it's nothing personal, she just wants some peace, you can spend time with your own mom, you can see Stella tomorrow, you can see me tomorrow, we'll talk then, I promise, we will, but today is not the day. Today is not the day.

He yelled at me. *Heartless*, he called me. *Homewrecker*.

I said, Kyle, you are not yourself. Can't you see that you are not yourself?

Kyle: Outside

Kyle imagines them inside the house, laughing, eating, Beth and her sisters teasing each other and telling their inside jokes. His father-in-law, Nathan, in his chair at the head of the table, his mother-in-law, Alicia, sitting just barely on the edge of her seat, tense as a cat, ready to jump up and get somebody butter or salt or more ice. All of them pretending they don't miss him, that he never existed, that they're better off now without him.

He knows the food they've been eating because he's had Thanksgiving at this house practically every year for the last ten years and it's always the same food, yams with the marshmallows on top, homemade stuffing with cranberries and pecans. Kyle always got a drumstick. He got one and Nathan got the other, because they were both dark-meat men. "A real man likes the dark stuff," Nathan would say, and it made Kyle happy, knowing that his wife's father thought of him as a real man. He's always tried hard, tried his best to be the kind of man he should be. He'd be lying if he said all the effort to seem cheerful and focused and strong hadn't worn him down a little, but he'd been willing to do it for her. For them. For all of them, the whole family. And what good has it done him? All they do is listen to Beth and her side of the story, her little tales she tells: Kyle did this, Kyle did that, like she's Little Miss Innocent, like nothing's her fault.

And now she gets to sit there at the table like she never did anything wrong and he's left alone, parked in his car two blocks from their house, abandoned on Thanksgiving by the family that said they were his, the family that says they're all charitable and kind, but really they were just waiting for him to slip up. Waiting for a mistake so they could pull out the rug and watch him rattle to the floor and say, see, you never were good enough for us, we never asked for you, we measured you and found you wanting.

Like at Stella's baby blessing last month, his own daughter's baby blessing, he comes and wants to be a part is all and everybody's so hung up about his clothes, how they're not appropriate for church, but what do they expect when his own wife leaves him, abandons him to fend for himself in their little apartment, and he has nothing, no money, no love, who wouldn't show up in shorts and a t-shirt if not just to make a statement, so they could see what they've reduced him to? And then, when he goes up to the podium to speak and keeps talking, pouring out his heart about his sweet little daughter and his wife who has left him and her family who has betrayed him, the bishop takes him by the elbow in the middle of it all to lead him away from the microphone and he looks down and there's Beth, sobbing, crying, holding his beautiful little daughter in her beautiful white dress and he's thinking, what does she have to cry about? Why is she the one crying when she's kept everything for herself and left her own husband with nothing?

She keeps telling him, just get back on your medication and then we'll talk. Get back on your medication and then, maybe, then, some day, then, then, then, but he tells her, they're poisoning me with it, he can feel it in his blood, eating at his cells, chewing little holes in his molecules to let the poison inside. Sometimes he thinks she's in on it. Beth, her family, the doctors, all of them, plotting together to poison him with those innocent-looking pills. He's even said to her, are you trying to kill me? That's what he said the night she left him. Are you trying to kill me? All she could do is say Kyle, please, Kyle, please, the baby carrier hooked over her arm, Stella crying inside, her father, Nathan, waiting for her in the car on the street to carry her away.

But they can't get rid of him so easy like that. He's earned his place. He has a right. They were there at the temple, they can't have forgotten when he was bound to their daughter—and so, yes, to them, to all of them—eternally. Meaning: Forever. Meaning: Without end. They're hoping he won't show up, of course, hoping he just burns himself out and dis-

appears like a curl of smoke up into the sky. But he is a father, a husband, a member of this family. They cannot cut him off like a dead branch on a tree and leave him out in the street. And he will show them. He will behave. He's ironed his clothes and brought flowers for his mother-in-law and he's planned what he'll say to Beth—"You look beautiful, as always"—and then they will see that they shouldn't be afraid of him.

Beth: Uncoupled

My older sister Marnie and I are putting up Thanksgiving leftovers. We're in our parents' kitchen and all three of her boys race past us screaming.

"These kids are running circles around me!" she says. She's not being metaphorical. Her boys are screaming good-natured screams, screams of joy, you might call them. But still.

I am putting up the pies. I take slices from each leftover pie and squeeze them together into one tin, pumpkin and French silk and lemon meringue side by side.

"They should sell pies this way," I say. "It makes more sense. The variety. People would snap them up."

"Well, there you go," Marnie says. "Your million dollar idea."

"I've been saved!" I say, and she laughs. I haven't told her about my money mess—well, Kyle's money mess, but since he's my husband, it's mine, too—but I know that she knows. My mom's a talker and my sisters are worse. Secrets are hard to keep. For example, I know that Marnie's husband Mike makes \$94,000 a year in his job as some kind of finance guy for General Mills. When Marnie heard I'd left Kyle, she was nice enough to call me up and ask if I wanted to come stay with her in Minnesota for a while—"Get away from it all," she said—but I told her no. First of all, I'd feel in the way. Second of all, I don't know if I could stand it, really, living with their cute little family in their brand new house, watching Mike swinging in the door from work at the end of the day and Marnie kissing him on the cheek. At least that's the way I imagine life at Marnie's house goes, and I don't know how much of it I could take.

"I don't think that child has made a peep in twenty minutes," Marnie says, pointing a spoon at my baby, Stella. "I've got to order myself one of those."

Stella sits propped in the crook of the couch, gumming on a board book. She's a good baby, wide-eyed and calm. A lap-sitter, Marnie calls

her. She's six months old and has yet to roll over back to front, but they tell me not to worry, so I don't.

"The mysteries of genetics," I say, and Marnie knows what I mean. You take Marnie and Mike—obedient, even-tempered types, both of them—and all three of their boys started screaming as soon as they left the womb and haven't stopped since. And then you have me and Kyle and you'd think we'd be in for it, but we end up with this sweet baby girl, as even-keeled as they come. She's been sleeping through the night since she was four weeks old.

"You deserve your Stella," Marnie says. "She's lucky to have you."

Of course she's not, I want to say. Don't be ridiculous.

"See?" Marnie says, and I look where she's looking, at Stella's round face. "See how she watches you, wherever you go? She can't take her eyes off of you."

I know, I know. Children see everything.

"Open your eyes and look at me," he'd say when we'd fight. He wouldn't let me turn around, walk away, glance at the floor or the sky. The last time we fought, before I left him, he grabbed me by the shoulders, tight. Shook me a little. "Look at me!" And I did: his green eyes lit with fury, his skin tight across his cheeks. Even then, a handsome man.

We are almost finished with the silver. Marnie stands at the sink with her arms in the hot soapy water and I stand beside her, rinsing and drying.

Mike comes up behind Marnie and wraps his arms around her waist.

"Naptime?" he says into her ear.

Upstairs, their boys are thumping and jumping. I keep listening for howls of pain.

"Ha," Marnie says. "Right."

"I think Grandpa's been looking pretty anxious to go to the park, don't you? Give me five minutes and we'll have ourselves some quiet."

I hear him kiss her on the neck. I pretend I am not there.

* * *

I am in a house of couples: halves of wholes, yings and yangs, eternal pairings. Marnie and Mike are here today. Tina and Jimmy. Aunt Eileen and Uncle Rob. Even my little sister Amanda has a boyfriend, a long-faced physics major at the U named Gavin, and who knows if he'll stay around

for long but he's here today, celebrating Thanksgiving with all of us, skimming along the edges of our conversations. Amanda can't keep her hands off him.

Everybody's touching each other, even my mom and dad. Alicia and Nathan. I've heard it so many times it's almost one name, Alicianathan, like something you'd call a beautiful Indian princess. They seem to be touching a lot lately. I swear they hardly touched at all when I was a kid, or at least I didn't notice it, but now I see them all the time. Like now: his hand resting lightly on the small of her back, her head tilted against his arm.

I'm lucky I have Stella to hold on to. My Aunt Eileen keeps telling me, "Why don't you put that child down?" She says I just might spoil her. But I need her weight on my hip, her skin on my skin. She is mine and I am hers. Her heaviness keeps me from floating away.

A few weeks ago my mom caught me crying in the bathroom. "Oh, hon," she told me. "You'll feel better in time. You've made the right decision. A hard one, but the right one. You deserve to live your own life. You and Stella, together, you can make a good life."

I didn't answer her back. I just nodded as if I agreed with her, mainly so she wouldn't worry. She thinks I should divorce him. She hasn't said it in so many words, but I can tell it's what she wants me to do. I can't talk about it, myself. Don't even like to think about it.

But I have abandoned him. My husband for eternity, and I've left him to himself. There are times I think I'm a terrible person. My mother tells me, "There's only so much you can do." She says, "You've got to think about your daughter." And I do. Constantly, constantly. I think of Kyle and I think of my daughter and I think of myself. I stay up half the night in my old twin bed at my parents' house, listening to Stella in her crib, breathing and sighing, and I wonder if I've ever made a good choice in my life.

So this is what I tell myself. Kyle and I, our story, it's like this news report I remember from last winter about a skier who got lost in the mountains. For days, the whole community was looking for him. They had search teams, helicopters, police dogs. But then a big storm came and blanketed any clues they might find with a fresh layer of snow. The temperature dropped. They held a press conference and said, We're calling off the search, we'll have to wait for springtime, for the thaw. The lost skier's father stood up in front of the cameras with his eyes all full of tears and

said, it's the hardest thing I've ever done, because I know he's buried out there somewhere, but it's much too dangerous for a person to venture out in these conditions.

I think of Kyle, my Kyle, buried deep, surrounded by cold and blinding white. I've been digging and digging. I don't know how long I'm supposed to keep digging until it's okay for me to stop trying to find him.

Alicia: Intuition

Alicia stands by the front door holding Eileen's coat.

"Thank you so much for having us," her sister-in-law says. "The meal was delicious. Everything, perfect."

"Well, I wouldn't say perfect," Alicia says.

"Yes! Perfect!" Eileen leans in. "And no surprise guests," she whispers, conspiratorially, in Alicia's ear.

Alicia can't wait for Eileen to go home. It's been a peaceful day. Uneventful. Nothing like the blessing last month, when Kyle barged in during the sacrament, his hair all disheveled, his eyes wild and frightening. She's sure her extended family has spent many entertaining hours dissecting that whole scene, and she's glad today hasn't provided Eileen with any more material.

When Beth moved back home with the baby this summer, Eileen had called her, breathless for details. Almost giddy. "Bipolar?" she'd said. "Isn't that the disease you see on television movies where people have all the different personalities?" Alicia could hardly bear answering, Eileen could be so deliberately clueless. "No, Eileen," she told her. "It's the disease geniuses sometimes get. Van Gogh. Virginia Woolf. It's a struggle particular to the sensitive and the intelligent."

Today Eileen has tried to bring up Kyle and his situation at least half a dozen times. During dessert, she told Alicia she had gone online and Googled "lithium," and she said, "It doesn't sound all that bad to me. It's a wonder why he won't stay on it!" Luckily, Beth had been out of earshot, upstairs nursing the baby.

Eileen's husband, Rob, is outside waiting in the car. Alicia hears him rev the engine.

"You've got a lot on your hands," Eileen says. "I don't envy you. A distraught daughter *and* a baby at home! I don't know how you do it."

"We'll be fine, Eileen. Don't you concern yourself with us."

Rob honks the horn.

"That's my cue!" Eileen says, then reaches over to kiss Alicia on the cheek.

Eileen scuttles to the car, her arms heavy with Thanksgiving leftovers. Alicia walks out onto the porch and waves as their Buick rolls around the corner and out of sight. The air is cool against her naked arms. The trees are bare; the ground is brown and dry. She thinks, November is a terrible month.

She wonders if Kyle is hidden somewhere, spying on the house, watching her. She wouldn't be surprised if he were. And it wouldn't frighten her, either. It would mostly make her sad. She wishes she could go back in time ten years to when Beth and Kyle met, during their sophomore year in high school. Maybe, if she had known what to look for, Alicia could have seen the signs. She could have warned her daughter. Instead of agreeing with Beth, seeing Kyle as interesting and brilliant and emotional, she would have had the good sense to recognize he was more than just a passionate kid. But she was almost as swept up as Beth had been.

Here was this boy who came skidding into their lives at full tilt, so smart, so funny, so full of ideas. He'd help Alicia with dinner, do crazy things like adding Tabasco to the spaghetti sauce and then saying, "Isn't this the best spaghetti you've ever had in your life?" And they'd all agree that yes, yes it was. On Mother's Day he would always send her a card, even before he and Beth married. Sometimes he would write, "Thank you for bringing Beth into this world." Other times, "You're the mother that I never had." Although he did have a mother: a tight-lipped, angry woman who'd raised Kyle all alone. That's where she'd told Beth he should go today.

"He has a mother," she said to Beth. "It's not like we're all he has."

"Yes, we are, Mom," Beth had answered. "And you know it."

But Kyle is not the boy she remembers. The tall, handsome, laughing boy who took her child to the prom, dressed up so strikingly in his dark blue suit, who served a mission, came home, and said to her and to Nathan, "I would like your daughter's hand." She can't say when the obvious changes started. A year after Beth married him? Two? The doctors told them, diseases like this, they sometimes come on in early adulthood. There's no way you could have known. But she *should* have known. She feels betrayed—by her own intuition, by God—that she somehow hadn't sensed disaster.

She looks down her normally deserted street and counts the cars

lined up along it. Over a dozen, bunched up in front of her neighbors' houses. And who are the people who her neighbors have let inside? Grandparents with Alzheimer's, alcoholic uncles, mean-spirited sisters. She knows her neighbors, knows their stories. She knows they have opened their doors on holidays to all sorts of difficult people who come underneath their family umbrellas. But she can't. Not this time. She has kept her door deliberately closed.

The worst part is, she doesn't feel guilty for doing it. Because first and foremost, she is a mother. And a mother must protect her child.

Beth: Romantic

From my upstairs bedroom window, I can see my mother, coatless, standing on the porch. She keeps looking up and down the street. I can't help thinking that she's watching for him. Waiting. I told her, chances are, no matter what we say, he'll still show up. But I don't think he'll dare if she's standing right there. He's afraid of her. Only her. Even at the height of his mania, she can stop him dead in his tracks.

My mom is a beautiful woman. Prettier than me. She's kept her hair long, just past her shoulders, and she colors it to the same deep reddish brown it was when she was my age. I used to feel sorry for her, that she married my dad. Isn't that funny? I thought she'd sold out. He was a good dad, sure. Steady, dependable. Nice. But he seemed like an awfully average husband. When was the last time he swept her away on a romantic trip? Wrote her a poem? When I married Kyle, I even wondered if she was jealous.

Kyle's latest romantic gesture was to buy us two one-way tickets to Australia. A few weeks after I had Stella, he came bursting in the door.

"It's a place of mystery! Full of excitement! We can live by the ocean. Live off the land!"

That's when I knew he'd gone off his medication again. I didn't even ask him how he'd paid for the tickets or if we could get a refund. I just silently nodded my head and decided, I don't think I can do this anymore.

Nathan: Direction

Nathan wants to get away from the house. It's not that he doesn't love them—his daughters, his sons-in-law, his wife—but by nature he's a solitary man. A lover of quiet. Even now, late in November, he tries to get

outside and walk at least once a day. So when Mike asks him if he'll take the grandkids to the park down the block, he doesn't feel like he's doing any favors. He puts the boys in their coats and lets them bolt out the door. He keeps them in sight as they tear down the street, but he doesn't call out to them to slow down or wait or hold hands. He lets them go. He thinks, boys need to run.

It's when he rounds the corner to the park that he sees him: Kyle, in his dusty red Honda, sitting. The engine is turned off and Kyle is just staring, immovable, his eyes fixed off in the distance. The boys are at the park now, clambering all over the jungle gym, shrieking on the swings; and even though Kyle is parked just across the street, he gives no indication that he sees them or hears them. His profile stays frozen. Nathan feels suddenly nervous and ashamed, like he's sneaked up on somebody, like he's in a place he's not supposed to be. He's unsure if he should gather up the boys and head home. Pretend like he never saw him. But he has seen him. And even though Kyle hasn't so much as tilted his head in his direction, Nathan's sure that Kyle has seen him, too.

Nathan sits on the cold metal bench near the swing set. Marnie's boys are hollering, "Grandpa! Watch me slide!" and they don't even recognize their Uncle Kyle sitting across the street in his car, listening and not listening. Watching and not watching. The afternoon sun hangs low in the sky and the wind sends dry leaves skittering across the sidewalk. It's getting chilly. Nathan wonders how long Kyle's been sitting without the car turned on. He wonders if the boy even realizes he's cold.

He's got to go to him. There's no getting around it. No matter what Kyle has done—all the ways he's hurt Beth, all the lies he's told, his stubborn refusal to stick with his therapy and at least try, at least *seem* to try, to get a hold on this illness that started strangling him so slowly that no one in the family thought to notice it until it was out of control—no matter what, he is responsible for this man. He opened his door to him when he was still a kid. Watched as he burrowed himself deep into their family. And he let him do it. Encouraged it, in his own way. And now he is responsible.

He walks toward the car, his eyes on Kyle's unmoving face. He comes up to the window. Taps it. He can see the shine of tears across Kyle's cheeks.

"Kyle," Nathan says.

Kyle closes his eyes. He keeps his chin set firm.

"Can I just talk to you?"

Slowly, Kyle turns his face to Nathan. He opens his eyes. They are tired eyes, bloodshot and sunken. Weary. He doesn't move to roll the window down.

"What do you want to say?" Kyle asks. His voice is quiet, muffled through the glass.

Nathan considers how to answer this question. That he's afraid for him? Afraid of him? That, somehow, he wishes he would disappear and wonders how to save him? That he doesn't know what to say?

Behind him, he can hear his grandsons' voices, clear and brittle in the air.

"Grandpa!" they're calling. "Push us!"

"I just want you to know that you're not alone," Nathan says.

Kyle leans his head back and lets out a short burst of laughter.

"Really?" he says. "You think so? Well, you could've fooled me."

* * *

It isn't until Nathan and the boys are almost back to the house that he hears the engine rumble. He doesn't know what it means, if Kyle is leaving or coming. And he doesn't know what he wants it to mean.

He has always been a man of direction. A giver of advice. "Here," he likes to say. "Do this, follow these directions, one, two, three." Then, what had been broken could be fixed. What had been complicated could be understood. He remembers when Beth was a child, how easy it had been to rescue her. If she fell off her bike, he could scoop her up, dust off her knees, and kiss her head. Tell her, "Keep trying, keep doing your best, it will get easier." But not anymore. She is beyond him. Her life, her story, no longer his.

But he prays for her. For Beth and Kyle and little Stella. They are a family. He asks God to be gentle. It's all that he can do.

Kyle: Electric

He turns on the car and thinks, stay or go, go or stay, claim your life or run away. Always he's thinking like this. In little poems. Little songs. He's been writing a lot of them down in a notebook that he's brought to show Beth, because sometimes she has such a hard time listening to him, really *hearing* him, and he remembers the way she used to love his poems, way back when. He would give them to her and she would cry and say things like *I love you*, like *What would I do without you*. It has been months

since he has kissed her, months since he has touched a girl, even, any girl, and he thinks his skin might be starting to go electric with unused tactile energy. He's almost afraid to touch her now. Zap! What if he touched her and an electrical current shot out from under his skin and got her? Zip zap! Maybe it would make her more afraid, or maybe it would make her remember the powerful kind of love they shared, the very real and, yes, shocking kind of love they have between the two of them. He's always said she's scared because their love is too strong and he is too real, that's why she wants him on that medication, because he's just too real without it, but he's tried to explain that it's the real him she fell in love with anyway and there's no way she'll ever love the other him, the sad, slow, fat, dull, lurching mannequin he is on those pills. She'll leave him anyway if he takes them. He knows it.

So if she would just take a chance, take a dive with him, go for a ride with him, let her hair flow free and wild with him and love him like she used to, like he knows that she still can. He thinks of Nathan, his face in the window, his sad, pale face. He said, you're not alone. Not. Alone. If anyone could still be in his corner, it would be Nathan, a good man, a man who maybe sees beyond the surface of things. A kind man. The only father he has ever known. When Stella was born, he told Nathan, I want to be a father just like you, but he was on his meds back then and he kept trying to be a father just like Nathan and he didn't have the energy, wouldn't have the energy unless he got rid of the pills, and maybe Nathan understands that.

When he goes to the door, he hopes Nathan answers, or Beth, but not Mike, that Minnesota son-in-law with his buttoned-down shirts and his big meaty handshakes and his questions: you got yourself a 401(k)? An IRA? You heard about that IPO? Last time Mike asked him a question like that Kyle spelled out his answer, N-O, which he thought was pretty funny and flustered that Mike for a minute. If Alicia answers the door, he's brought her the flowers. White roses, her favorite. He doesn't know what he'll say to Alicia, just hand her the flowers and look in her face and hope she recognizes that it's only him, only Kyle, the boy who loves her daughter and loves her family and just wants them to give him a chance.

Beth: Idling

When my dad came home from the park, he told me right away. "I thought you should know," he said. "He doesn't look well."

I keep thinking, how long? How long has he been around the corner, sitting in his car? All day? Since before the rest of us were even awake? I wouldn't be surprised if he pulled up at four o'clock in the morning. Some nights he only sleeps two, three hours; he gets an idea in his head and he can't stop thinking about it, can't keep himself from jumping out of bed and doing it. But then, in a way, I knew he was out there, too. I could feel him from the minute I woke up.

I step outside our front door. The street is quiet. Very faintly, I hear the rumble of an idling engine. I wait for him.

Kyle: Beautiful Stranger

He puts the car in drive, steps on the gas, curves around the corner. Then he sees her standing on the porch, her hands stuffed deep in her pockets, her hair pulled away from her face. She is wearing lipstick, a deep red he has never seen on her before. Her lips are the only color against her pale face. She looks like a woman, like a grown-up. Kyle thinks, This beautiful stranger, she knew I was coming, she's come out to meet me, she's going to welcome me home.

The Palmers: Patience

Inside, the family has been warned. Nathan told them, Kyle's outside, and I think I gave him the impression it's okay to come over. Alicia has gone to her bedroom. Marnie and Tina and Amanda, the sisters, they all agree that it's for the best that he come inside. After all, what are they going to do? Lock their doors on him forever? Stella's his daughter. It's Thanksgiving. He has a right. Eileen and Rob and Grandma and Amanda's boyfriend Gavin, they've all left, so who does Mom think she needs to impress? It's only Kyle. No matter what, he is still Kyle.

The sons-in-law, Mike and Jimmy, they decide to watch football. They will tilt their hands at him, say hello. Speak if spoken to.

Beth opens the front door and leads Kyle inside. His face is flushed and spotty. In his left hand, he holds a bouquet of white roses. He raises his right hand and waves.

"The fam!" he says.

Nathan rises up from his chair, comes over, and shakes Kyle's hand.

"Good to see you," he says.

"Been a long time," Kyle answers, then laughs once, short and hard.

Marnie says, "Pie! We have pie for you. We have extra. There's plenty."

"Can I take those flowers? Put them in water?" Amanda asks.

"Actually, these flowers are for Alicia. And where is my beautiful mother-in-law? The lady of the house. Has she deserted us? Up and flown the coop?"

The sisters look at each other.

"She's resting," Nathan says.

"Or," Kyle says, "is she playing hide and seek?"

Outside, the sky is turning dark. Clouds are moving in.

"A storm is coming," Tina says.

"It will be a blessing," says Nathan. "Heaven knows we need the moisture."

Everyone nods, earnestly, eagerly. Upstairs, a baby cries.

"There's Stella," Beth says. "I'll go get her."

"No," Kyle says. "No, let me. I mean, can I?"

Beth looks across the room at her father.

"How about you come with me?" she says. "We can get her together."

They climb the stairs to Beth's old bedroom, Kyle clutching the roses in his left hand. In Beth's room, the walls are painted butter yellow. It's still decorated like a high school girl's: trophies on the shelves, pictures from school dances. In every photo, it's just the two of them, Beth and Kyle. Never anyone else. Different poses and outfits and hairstyles, but always, they're the couple with their arms around each other. Heads tilted in close.

Stella's crib has been pushed up against the far wall, the only place it will fit. The baby isn't crying loudly. Whimpering, mostly. Patient. Kyle comes to the head of the crib and looks down inside. The baby is on her stomach, struggling, pushing up against the mattress with her arms.

"Well, look at you," Kyle says.

Stella stops crying at the sound of his voice. Lifts up her head and sees him.

"Look at you so strong," he says to her, his voice gentle, sing-songy.

She breaks into a grin.

"How'd you get there on your tummy?"

Then, from the doorway, Beth.

"She's on her stomach?" she says.

She walks over to Kyle and stands beside him. They peer into the crib together.

"She really is on her tummy," Beth says. "I was starting to worry she'd spend the rest of her life flat on her back. The doctor said not to worry about her rolling. Said it would come in her own time. But I wondered."

"Sometimes you've just got to be patient."

"True," Beth says. "Very true."

Kyle slides his hand, slowly, along the railing of the crib, until his pinkie touches hers. Beth doesn't move her hand.

"When you love somebody, I mean," he says. "Especially. Patience."

* * *

Downstairs, the family is happy to hear about Stella.

"What a champ!" Nathan says.

"She'll be running you ragged before you know it," Marnie tells her sister.

Amanda brings Kyle his pie. "I remembered you like pecan," she says.

Kyle sits at the table. He is the only one eating. Someone has turned off the television and the family listens as Kyle's fork clinks against his plate.

"I think I see some flurries," Tina says. "Look. Outside. It's about time."

The family looks out the window. Delicate white snowflakes are drifting, lonely, so slow a person could count them coming down.

"It seems, in my day, there used to be so much snow. By Thanksgiving time, we'd have had a few good storms. But any more even the weather's unpredictable," Nathan says. "Can't even count on the weather."

Outside, the flakes spin around in the wind. Kyle has stopped eating his pie.

"I'd like to show my daughter the snow," he says.

The family turns and looks at him.

"Does she have a coat? I'd like to put it on her. Take her outside. Show her the snow. The two of us."

The family looks at Beth.

"You want to show her the snow?" she says.

"I would like to, yes. Very much. I'm her father."

Kyle: Snowflakes

Kyle sits on the swing at the far end of the yard, holding the baby on his lap. He points up at the sky. The baby's eyes follow his finger. He pushes the swing with his feet, slowly. It is not too cold and the breeze is very light. The snowflakes are in no hurry. They spin and tumble and land on the baby's coat. He can't remember ever looking at a snowflake up close and they look just as they ought to, symmetrical and complicated and beautiful, the way God likes for things to be. He whispers to the baby *look*. A snowflake has landed on her sleeve. *Look how pretty*. The baby will not look. She keeps her chin tilted up into the sky. The sky is a mystery. And snow. And God. His little daughter understands this. Her tiny hands are getting cold. He covers them with his own. Leans his cheek against her head. Says, *We can keep each other warm*.

Beth: Winter

It is getting dark. I move out onto the patio where I can watch them better. Behind me, in the house, I hear my family. I can't pick out what they're saying. I can only hear the song of them, the rise and fall of their voices, one on top of the other. I bring my legs up and wrap my arms around my knees. Watch my breath turn to white. The swing creaks softly, marking even time.

Between Kyle and me is a path of scattered roses. He didn't drop them all at once. He made himself a trail, like Hansel. He knows I am watching. I can see his silhouette, his dark shadow, rising and falling. His back is to me. He has his arms around her tight.

I listen for Stella's voice. The smallest whisper of sound, the tiniest cry, I will hear it and go to her. The night is that silent. That still.

But then I hear, very softly, a song. It's Kyle, and he's singing:

For health and strength and daily food
We praise thy name, O Lord.

A Primary song. A Thanksgiving song. A short one, sung in a round. I remember singing it with my sisters: Marnie and Tina, then Amanda and me.

He gets to the end of the line and takes a breath. Begins again:

For health and strength and daily food
We praise thy name, O Lord."

I can see his face bent up to the sky. I come up behind him.

"Sing with me," he says. He doesn't look at me. He looks up, and the snowflakes land on his cheeks, his eyelids. "It's such a pretty song. But we have to sing it together."

"Kyle," I say. I reach out my arms for Stella. He keeps swinging.

"For health and strength and daily food," he sings, and waits. This is where I should come in.

"For health and strength and daily food." Again.

I can't sing with him. I listen to the moaning of the swing, the air pushing through the trees.

"Have you ever smelled her hair?" he says. "It smells just like the morning."

He is crying.

"Kyle," I whisper. "Can I have her? Can I have Stella?"

"It's not good to be alone."

"Can I have my baby?"

"I only ask for small things. The song. It doesn't sound right when you sing it alone. It's not complete. It's a very sad song when you sing it all alone."

"She's getting cold."

He stops the swing with his feet. I crouch down beside him. Stella looks at me and smiles. She reaches out her hands.

"I would give you anything, you know," he says.

"I know," I say, and grasp Stella beneath her arms. Pull her to me.

"We love each other," he says.

He turns to me. His eyes are wide and luminous in the moonlight. His face shines, smooth and white. I reach out and touch his hand. His skin is like ice.

"I've got to get her inside, where it's warm," I say.

"I remember," he says. "You've always been afraid of winter."

"You should come inside, too. You're freezing. I can feel it."

He shakes his head. "I don't feel the cold."

"Kyle."

"And the snow is very beautiful."

I leave him out on the swing. I walk with my daughter toward the

house and it's lit up and warm, a deep yellow glow against the night. I hear Kyle's voice rise up again in the air, singing, and I hear the creak of the swing and the scuff of his shoes on the hard ground. I don't look back at him. The roses have disappeared in the snow. I tuck my daughter up tight against my chest. I open the door and I take her inside.

REVIEWS

A Maturing View of the Book of Mormon

Grant H. Palmer, *An Insider's View of Mormon Origins* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2002), xiii + 281 pp.

Reviewed by David P. Wright, associate professor of Hebrew Bible and Ancient Near East, Brandeis University

This book is something of a watershed in the study of Mormon history and Mormon scripture. It is the first significant popularization of evidence by a writer within the Church indicating that Joseph Smith's ancient scriptures are in fact not ancient and that some of Smith's founding visionary experiences are to be understood differently from how they are taught in traditional contexts. While this volume lacks the depth to be the definitive introduction to these matters, it is a good starting place for the unfamiliar and even provides experts with observations of substance.

The focus of the book is the Book of Mormon (39–213, chaps. 2–6). The first chapter (1–38) discusses the issue of the translation of other presumed ancient works as it relates to the Book of Mormon. The last two chapters (215–58; chaps. 8–9) discuss Smith's visionary experiences in connection with the priesthood restoration and the first vision. These chapters relate to visionary experiences connected with the Book of Mormon treated in previous chapters. There is thus a thematic logic to the work. The preface and conclusion (vii–xiii; 259–63) stress the need for honesty in confronting the evidence and outline a positive theological response to the disconcerting evidence discussed in the body of *An Insider's View*.

The main question for me is how complete and convincing Palmer has been in presenting evidence for the Book of Mormon's nineteenth-century origin. In my view, at least twelve categories of evidence demonstrate that the Book of Mormon is not an ancient work. I will summarize Palmer's strengths and deficiencies in regard to each of these categories in what follows.

Palmer is most complete in presenting evidence having to do with (1) the background for the production of the Book of Mormon, (2) the technique used to produce the Book of Mormon, (3) anachronisms in the Book of Mormon (textual, ideational, and prophetic), (4) features of narrative content indicating that the Book of Mormon is fiction, (5) problems with the testimonies of the Book of Mormon witnesses, (6) the nineteenth-century matrix of Smith's other "ancient" scriptural works, and (7) the problematic evidential value of spiritual witness.

As for the background, Palmer summarizes the work of B. H. Roberts and adds other observations showing that Smith could have been the book's author

(39–67). In regard to technique, he notes that the book was produced by looking at a seer stone in a hat, a procedure connected with Smith's earlier treasure hunting (1–10; cf. 139–44). He notes that the plates did not need to be present for "translation." This unverifiable and magical procedure throws doubt on the veracity of the product. Palmer provides several examples where the Book of Mormon anachronistically borrows from the later New Testament and Apocrypha, especially the King James Version (10, 48–56, 69–93, 114–16), and where the Book of Mormon reflects common nineteenth-century religious ideas (56–67, 70–74, 93–133). He also notes the suspicious precision of some of the Book of Mormon prophecies, evidence that they are written after the fact (78–81).

As for narrative content, he observes that the text displays homogeneity, especially in the widely distributed stories about religious questioners (125–30). Too, many of the stories are laden with unhistorical hyperbole (40–41, 90–93). The witness statements in the Book of Mormon furthermore hide the complexity of their experiences (175–213). From other accounts and evidence, it appears that their experiences were more subjective and that they did not actually see physical plates.

Other works produced by Smith, such as the Book of Abraham and his "translation" of the (King James English) Bible are in fact not ancient (11–30, 37–38). Smith misjudged the antiquity of other texts as well, including the fraudulent Kinderhook Plates and a Greek psalter (30–36). Palmer notes, in addition, that spiritual experience does not constitute evidence of the text's antiquity since the results from spiritual experience are imprecise, vague, and common in various religious traditions and that they differ from person to person (130–33).¹

Within these first seven categories, I would like to have seen more discussion of prophetic anachronism. Modern academic scholars have come to realize that prophets do not clearly see the future.² That the Book of Mormon knows the names of Jesus, Mary, John the apostle, Joseph [Smith Jr.] and his father, the discovery of America (implicitly by Columbus), the course of Jewish history even after the appearance of Jesus, and the persecution of Native Americans reveals the compositional horizon of the Book of Mormon. This horizon is even clearer now almost 200 years after the Book of Mormon's publication. It does not contain any prophecies of events since its appearance that display the same degree of detail or precision. Palmer's treatment of Smith's other "ancient" works should

1. See also David Wright, "Historical Criticism," *Sunstone* 16, no. 3 (September 1992): 35–36 note 4.

2. Anthony Hutchinson, "Prophetic Foreknowledge: Hope and Fulfillment in an Inspired Community," *Sunstone* 11, no. 4 (July 1987): 13–20; reprinted in *The Word of God*, edited by Dan Vogel (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 29–42.

have included a discussion of the nineteenth-century origins of the temple endowment.³

There are five other categories of evidence that Palmer leaves untouched or treats only in passing. Not all are grave deficiencies, but some are. Least serious is his omitting a discussion of objectionable ethical perspectives. For the Bible, problems in ethics (e.g., the advocacy of slavery; capital punishment for adultery, Sabbath breaking, or child rebellion; Jacob's use of deceit to obtain a blessing; etc.) do not impair judgments about its antiquity, since these are simply the views of the human authors in antiquity.

In contrast, the supernatural method of production claimed for the Book of Mormon becomes a guarantor of the validity of its ethical (as well as historical) perspectives. Therefore the Book of Mormon's explanation of Native American skin color as being the result of sin, the stereotypical description of Lamanites as being indolent and savage, the negative characterization of traditional Christianity and Jews, and the story of a divine command to kill Laban to get a record impair traditional claims. (For ethical issues in critical study, see Wright, "Historical Criticism," 35).

A useful addition to Palmer's argument would be a discussion of ninth category of evidence, the evolution of ideas in the Book of Mormon narrative corresponding to its unusual dictation order. Because of the loss of the first 116 pages of the Book of Mormon manuscript, the Book of Mosiah is the earliest portion of the work that we have. Only after Smith finished the rest of the book through Moroni did he produce the text beginning with 1 Nephi and ending with Words of Mormon.⁴

Scholars have observed an evolution of concepts from Mosiah through Moroni, then continuing on into 1 Nephi through Words of Mormon.⁵ This evolution fits a nineteenth-century origin for the book. While Palmer does not deal with this issue, he does discuss the problem of Smith's explanation in the

3. Michael W. Homer, "Similarity of Priesthood in Masonry," *Dialogue* 27, no. 3 (Fall 1994): 1-13; Edward P. Ashment, "The Temple," *Dialogue* 27, no. 3 (Fall 1994): 289-98; David John Buerger, *The Mysteries of Godliness* (San Francisco: Smith Research Associates, 1994).

4. Brent L. Metcalfe, "The Priority of Mosiah," in *New Approaches to the Book of Mormon*, edited by Brent L. Metcalfe (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1994), 395-444.

5. Edwin Firmage Jr., "Historical Criticism and the Book of Mormon: A Personal Encounter," *Sunstone* 16 (July 1993): 58-64, reprinted in *American Apocrypha*, edited by Dan Vogel and Brent Metcalfe (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2002), 1-16; and esp. now Dan Vogel, *Joseph Smith: The Making of a Prophet* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2004).

Doctrine and Covenants of the lost 116 pages (6–7). According to Palmer, altering the text to trap Smith would be exactly the thing adversaries would *not* do, especially since their alteration would be clear. But Palmer does not state the obvious conclusion forcefully enough: the Small Plates of Nephi were an after-the-fact fiction to solve the problem of Smith's not being able to reproduce the 116 pages.

More visible to a general historian and even lay reader is a tenth category of evidence, the Book of Mormon's omission of the weighty foundational doctrines that Smith would later teach, such as eternal marriage and temple sealing, the endowment, a distinct tritheistic view of the Godhead, three degrees of glory, clear teaching about the preexistence, the possibility of accepting the gospel after death, and a complex system of priesthood offices. Palmer addresses this sort of evidence only briefly, noting that the Book of Mormon's theology is more like nineteenth-century Christian ideas and distinct from Smith's later speculative theology (121–25) and also that changes in various editions of the Book of Mormon reflect Smith's developing theology (9–10). He also observes that early descriptions of how Smith obtained priesthood authority follow the Book of Mormon model (authorization by God's spirit), while later descriptions include the conferral of priesthood by angelic beings (220–32).

Further, Palmer does not deal sufficiently with an eleventh category: the lack of corroborating New World archaeological and anthropological evidence. He briefly mentions the recent hot issue of DNA and linguistic evidence that fails to support a Middle Eastern origin for Native Americans (56–57).⁶ But Palmer could have also noted that even scholars writing in conservative organs have cast doubt on some of the popular connections between New World evidence and the Book of Mormon.⁷ He could also have discussed Thomas Stewart Ferguson's futile search for archaeological evidence.⁸

The most notable omission in Palmer's book is not dealing in a significant way with a twelfth category of evidence: the weaknesses of apologetic scholarship. While here and there he makes brief mention of apologists' views which he then refutes (e.g., 16, 83–84) and several of his discussions imply a response to apolo-

6. Thomas Murphy, "Simply Implausible: DNA and a Mesoamerican Setting for the Book of Mormon," *Dialogue* 36, no. 4 (Winter 2003): 109–31; Brent Metcalfe, "Reinventing Lamanite Identity," *Sunstone* No. 131 (March 2004): 20–25.

7. See, for example, John Clark, "A New Artistic Rendering of Izapa Stela 5: A Step toward Improved Interpretation," *Journal of Book of Mormon Studies* 8, no. 1 (1999): 23–33.

8. Stan Larson, *Quest for the Gold Plates* (Salt Lake City: Freethinker Press, 1996).

getic arguments (e.g., 39–48, 175–213), he should have discussed this sizeable body of literature and given his estimate of its evidential force.

In an introductory work, one would like to have seen a critique of the limited geography hypothesis as put forward by John Sorenson (*An Ancient American Setting for the Book of Mormon* [Salt Lake City: Deseret Book/Provo, Utah: FARMS, 1985]). Palmer could have easily developed his own critique (many of its weaknesses are evident even to the casual reader) and drawn on published critiques.⁹

Palmer could have also included a critique of chiasmus as an evidence of Book of Mormon antiquity.¹⁰ Palmer might have also critiqued the method of the venerable apologist Hugh Nibley and questioned apologists' rejection of the scientific method and a fully engaged critical perspective.¹¹

Some evidence that Palmer raises is not probative, in my view, at least in the form he presents it, and really belongs to a discussion of the text after one has concluded that the Book of Mormon is in fact a nineteenth-century production. For example, the similarities between the story of Lehi and Nephi and the exodus from Egypt in the Bible (74–78) could conceivably have been developed in antiquity. Problematic also is drawing a connection between E. T. A. Hoffmann's story "The Golden Pot" and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon (135–74). Many of the adduced parallels are imprecise and could be discounted. More problematic is comparing a delimited story with events culled from various texts. The net for finding similarities seems to be cast too wide here.¹²

Despite these qualifications, Palmer is on absolutely firm ground for his conclusion that the Book of Mormon is not an ancient work and, with this, accord-

9. See, for example, Deanne Matheny, "Does the Shoe Fit?" in *New Approaches*, 269–328; Dan Vogel and Brent Metcalfe, "Editors' Introduction," in *American Apocrypha*, vii–xvii; Murphy, "Simply Implausible."

10. Brent Metcalfe, "Apologetic and Critical Assumptions about Book of Mormon Historicity," *Dialogue* 26, no. 3 (Fall 1993): 162–69; David Wright, "Isaiah in the Book of Mormon," in *American Apocrypha*, 201–2; David Wright, "The Fallacies of Chiasmus: A Critique of Structures Proposed for the Covenant Collection (Exodus 20:22–23:19)," *Zeitschrift für altorientalische und biblische Rechtsgeschichte* 10 (2004).

11. Cf. Kent Jackson, review of Nibley's *Old Testament and Related Studies* [Vol. 1], *BYU Studies* 28, no. 4 [1988]: 114; Murphy, "Simply Implausible," 122–23; Wright, "Historical Criticism," 28–38.

12. For an example of the more precise type of comparative evidence necessary to establish genetic connections, see my "The Laws of Hammurabi as a Source for the Covenant Collection [Exodus 20:23–23:19]," *Maarav* 10 (2003): 11–87.

ing to his last two main chapters, that Smith's visionary experiences were more subjective than tradition claims. This conclusion leads him to speculate about the theological content of a post-critical Mormonism. He calls for an emphasis on following and worshipping Jesus. He is not suggesting giving up all the unique doctrines of Mormonism. For example, he finds great value in the plan of salvation and eternal marriage (261), believes that the Book of Mormon is valuable in bringing people to Christ (133), and envisions the continued use of the sacrament prayers (part of the Book of Mormon text) and their value for Christian covenant (262).

My main concern as a historian is that such a revisioning not involve a retreat to biblical fundamentalism. A person could write—indeed, scholars have written—the same sort of book about the New and Old Testaments that Palmer has written about Smith's scriptures. Instead of peeling layers off the onion to focus on the imagined true core of belief, it might be better (at least concomitantly) to adopt a more humanistic estimate of all religion and religious texts. One may be less certain about doctrine in this case, but one would be better able to appreciate and critique the contributions that all humans have made to the understanding of the world, whether they be mythical, artistic, scholarly, or scientific.¹³

Singing the Differences to Sleep

Heidi Hart, *Grace Notes: The Waking of a Woman's Voice* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 2004), 227 pp.

Reviewed by Phyllis Barber, author of six books and faculty member in the Vermont College MFA in Writing Program

A grace note is a musical term for a miniature note placed before a prominent note in a musical phrase. If music is the direct line to human emotion, as Heidi Hart claims in her book, the grace note serves as a light, decorative touch of illumination. It implies interaction with and whispers of grace.

A quotation from Mechtilde of Magdeburg sets the stage for this inquiry into the waking of a woman's voice: "I have learned to fear more the judgment of God should I, God's small creature, keep silent" (210).

The waking of Hart's voice in particular begins with a trip to the Connecticut State Library where she sought a journal of Catharine Seely—a cousin of her great-great-great-great grandfather. Catharine became a Quaker at nineteen in a

13. See Mark Thomas, moderator, "Scripture, History, and Faith: A Round Table Discussion," *Dialogue* 29, no. 4 (Winter 1996): 89–117.

state that was once so hostile to the Friends that “17th century policy threatened members with hot irons on the tongue” (3). While Catharine sat in silence among the Friends and made the effort “to become ‘tender’ to spiritual experience without ritual or creed,” her cousin joined the LDS Church. Hence, the eventual creation of Heidi Hart, the author of *Grace Notes*, an offshoot of the branching family tree filled with Seelys, Weeds, Scofields, Mormons, Quakers, and even a yodeling cowboy.

Hart comes from a long line of devout Mormons including college deans and Church authorities (the “Mormon aristocracy”) whom she discreetly references but doesn’t name. For those who are acquainted, it’s easy to recognize David O. McKay as the white-haired brother of her great-grandmother who grew up in Huntsville, Utah. It’s not a far reach when she speaks of her grandmother who conducted tours through the Old Home in that community. Her grandfather served in the Second Quorum of the Seventies (she imagined him letting the “Mormon hierarchy absorb him into its granite walls,” 117), and her father also worked as an attorney for the Church. Heidi was often advised to live up to this family name, to behave appropriately, and to give service in the highly structured LDS beehive. Hart had a pressing need to find her own clarity, her own voice in this long string of ancestral voices claiming that they knew this Church to be the only true Church.

The book is written in six chapters divided into the same-titled sections in each chapter (diary, nine openings, chant, *passaggio*, conversation, and silence). Hart, who is a classical vocalist, a poet, and a seeker, reveals the many paths she’s traveled to find her speaking and singing voice, to reclaim her own body that she often felt belonged more to the Church than to herself, to find the oneness rather than the disparateness in the world.

Told all of her life to “marry a worthy young man, start a family, and fulfill her ‘divine role,’” she felt this intense desire to breathe, to not be “buried alive in my already ended story” (79). A deeply spiritual poet, mystic, and singer of songs that aim to pierce the heart of the Divine, Hart told herself, “there must be a way to have a rich spiritual life without being fed all the answers and told exactly how to live. But something in me held back, afraid” (26).

Hart descended from a long line of women with delicate constitutions. Catharine Seely was diagnosed with scrofula—a tuberculosis of the lymph nodes and throat. Her maternal grandmother was homebound with arthritis for forty years. Her own mother had frequent bouts with laryngitis and colitis, leading Hart to comment: “My mother’s body was a diary of shame and fear. . . . She’d kept rage wound in her belly like a parasite” (163). Hart didn’t want to choose this withering-lily response to life. Though she herself often stayed home from school in the “dim light of the sickroom where she read Bronte novels” (59), illness and con-

finement began to represent the loss of voice and the inward turning away from being fully alive.

Yearning to break free from the delicate-constitution syndrome, from the legacy of appropriate behavior—"I was learning to smother myself in layers of niceness" (121)—and from the religious platitudes she heard as explanations at church, she took her first steps into the labyrinth. Through a series of encounters, she found mirrors to reflect herself to herself, mirrors that helped her see surprising pieces of Heidi Hart that she believed had been imprisoned and silenced.

Friendship was the first step. A friend in Gardnerville, Nevada, taught her to play the organ and to hear its "giant breathing," its chiff, which was the sound of opening pipes. Another woman friend in Connecticut turned her gaze toward Hart and gave her the gift of recognizing the woman behind the face, the woman who no longer believed anyone could know the perimeters of her heart.

The eyes of other cultures became another step. Hart traveled to reservations as a child where she saw Zuni *kachinas* dancing on a giant mural of an Indian chapel and heard the sounds of the native drums that seemed to be the heartbeat of the earth. She danced with abandon in an African American dance class where she felt the same pulse. She studied the Tibetan Buddhist practice of *tonglen* and learned to breathe in despair and exhale it as hope. She joined a gathering of "Jewish hippie chicks" and listened to them speaking of Shechinah (divine presence)—"our job as humans is to gather the pieces scattered throughout the earth like broken glass" (125). She also read Meister Eckhart: "God is nearer to me than I am to myself. . . . God is within; we are without. God is at home; we are abroad" (90).

Her own singing voice was yet another step, the search for the "soul voice buried in her chest" that wasn't being heard. This voice was different from the one she'd used to sing in musicals with her mother who often took the leading role at the Promised Valley Playhouse. It also differed from the singing voice she'd developed over the years with different vocal coaches. Hart felt as though she was "singing from inside a cocoon" (43).

When she entered graduate school at Sarah Lawrence where she enrolled to study poetry, not voice, she registered for a generic elective called "Words and Music" and was informed by the Music Department that this class required her to take private lessons as well. She interviewed every member of the vocal faculty to find tenor Thomas Young. "No other teacher would do" (44). At her first lesson, he asked her, "What would happen if you actually inhabited your body?" That was a question she hadn't considered. "Sing to express, not to impress," he continued. "When you sing you reveal." He quoted Miles Davis, jazz trumpeter: "It takes a lifetime to sound like yourself" (46).

In addition to these guides in her journey, Hart felt more and more drawn to the Quaker way of seeing, to the concept of the Inward Light of each person, to

the belief of God in everyone. She also wanted to learn to still herself, as the Quakers showed her was possible, but she did not wish to be silenced. She wanted to begin again, to conduct her own search for a connection to God in every crevice where God could be found. Even after her acceptance into the Quaker faith, she pressed the boundaries by suggesting music for Quaker meetings. Music was not a common practice in Quaker meetings, and in the past, Quakers had even seemed afraid of the emotional power of music (198). Hart followed her predecessor, Catharine Seely, to learn to let go of her "one right way" idea of religion. "All are brothers and sisters, equally entitled to the Divine favor" (199).

There is tremendous longing in this text: longing to know God firsthand; longing to find the voice which wasn't the one she used to speak or sing; longing to be "free of the institution that made my faith a rote performance" (86); longing to speak what she dare not speak, expressed in a psalm she'd collected from the Old Testament: "I will open my dark saying" (84). She spoke of spirituality as "desire, longing, the cry from the bottom of the well" (150).

Even though Hart quotes Emily Dickinson who wrote in 1862: "I'm ceded . . . I've stopped being theirs," this book is not about disdaining the Mormon Church to become a much-wiser Quaker. It's about claiming one's right to speak without intermediaries. It's about the never-ending search to become one with the Divine and claim the right to ride the waves in the ocean of God. It's about becoming music where we can sing, "I am this and you are that" to sleep (219).

Relations and Principles: The Mormon Dialectic

Douglas J. Davies, *An Introduction to Mormonism* (Cambridge, Eng.: Cambridge University Press, 2003), 254 pp.

Reviewed by Matt Nagel, who teaches English at Park City High School in Utah and has a master's degree in theology from Vanderbilt University

Douglas J. Davies offers novel thematic interpretations of LDS theology that are provocative in both academic and devotional contexts. He identifies two theological commitments present throughout the historical development of LDS cosmology, ritual, scripture and organization, namely "relations" and "principles." The "relations" theme includes Joseph Smith's contacts with divine messengers, the covenantal relationships of Latter-day Saints to each other and to God, the outward thrust of missionaries, the geographic setting of Zion, and the ritual/soteriological interest in the dead. The term "principles," or in the Mormon vernacular, "eternal principles," allows discussion of priesthood, intelligence (of

the D&C 93 variety), revelation, hierarchy, etc.; the working definition offered is “rules that controlled and governed the universe” (6).

Conceived as a dialectic, relations and principles nuance a number of LDS categories. Regarding theological anthropology: “The Mormon ‘self,’” Davies writes, “must be understood as an interplay of community and agency.” Here, community represents the relational strand while agency is an eternal principle (147). LDS ethics, too, is held as part relational and part principle. On the relational side, ultimate happiness depends upon one’s trust in family and community and the “corporate venture” of salvation. Obedience to divine imperatives constitutes the “principles” aspect of Mormon ethics: if “sins exist in the plural” (189)—that is, sin is caused by an individual’s rebellious and wilful acts rather than as the inevitable result of a “sinful” human nature—then righteousness consists in obligations to eternal law (chap. 6).

The section heading, “Church within a Church,” introduces another example of the interplay between relations and principles. This concept becomes thematic throughout the remainder of the book, contributing rich interpretive themes of its own. Here Davies describes core and peripheral members of the LDS faith, the former as temple-goers and the latter as chapel-only participants. New converts, he argues, encounter the relational aspects of the LDS faith first: missionary work, pastoral work, community, and theologies and rituals centering on salvation (again, a corporate venture). Temple initiates, contrarily, are involved in educative and liturgical expressions of principles that center on exaltation, including “hearts turning to fathers,” priesthood, cosmology, and apotheosis (132–34). Temple life is, for Davies, Mormonism’s most distinctive attribute, which becomes clear as the energy peaks in Chapter 8, “Temples and Ritual.”

The stated purpose of the book, following Davies’s self-disclosure as an “outsider,” is primarily to advance understanding of Mormonism among non-Mormons while hoping, secondarily, that Mormons themselves will “engage with the interpretation of Mormon theology offered here” (7). Davies employs numerous analogies and comparisons to Protestant, Catholic, and Eastern Orthodox characteristics to convey, quite effectively, any particular Mormon circumstance. No doubt, this device facilitates the process of introduction. It is also quite effective in helping the LDS locate their beliefs within (at least near) the broader Christian continuum. Protestants, for example, derive authority from the Bible, Catholics from apostolic succession. These modes are contrasted to Mormonism’s “complex relationship between prophet and text” (64). The Christian context helps illuminate the Mormon situation for both “outsiders” and “insiders.”

Davies successfully employs this device several times in each chapter. The most helpful, inasmuch as it is significant beyond the cognitive convenience of analogy, demonstrates *similarity* between Evangelicals and Mormons that, Davies suggests, sets the two in competition. He portrays Evangelicals as having a “free-

dom from tradition" and a sense of the "immediacy of God." Then he says, "These dynamics of Evangelical spirituality guarantee a degree of hostility to Mormonism, given that both claim freedom from all false interpretations, the one through the Reformation and the immediacy of the Spirit and the other through the Restoration and the authority of the Priesthood" (240–241). This passage exemplifies the value of this "outsider" perspective for those Saints who are, as Davies wishes, willing to engage his interpretation of Mormonism.

While the scope of the book is undefined, the focus is theological. At every turn, Davies seeks theological significance in Mormon practice. From the quasi-ritual bearing of testimonies, Davies derives a relational pneumatology (179). On tithing, he says: "Money and exaltation are directly related" (183). He cites the Correlation Department as an example of prophecy and authority in concert with one another, or "the way a supernatural frame is brought to surround bureaucracy" (29). In some instances, this pattern is inverted such that he deconstructs theological commitments, as when he proffers a sociological theory for the demise of LDS glossolalia (140).

I was frustrated by the title and organization of the book. As a general introduction, per se, the book fails. It presupposes too great a familiarity with basic Mormon history. For example, in the first chapter, logically titled "The Birth and Growth of Mormonism," the reader is confronted by, not introduced to, Smith being "sealed" to "at least nine Nauvoo women," masonry, temple ordinances, Gadianton robbers, Kolob, finitistic conceptions of God, and the New Jerusalem—without any discussion of Joseph Smith's theophany, his revelatory and revisionist tendencies, or the origins of LDS scripture, all of which are told, like a joke following its own punch line, in Chapter 2. Folk magic and superstition also take a prominent, tone-setting role in the first chapter, which may annoy LDS apologists, but which is, nevertheless, appropriate since it describes the cultural setting of "The Birth and Growth of Mormonism." On the other hand, the previously mentioned litany of unexplained Mormon peculiarities can only confuse a reader seeking an "introduction to Mormonism."

Davies is largely successful in making constructive contributions to Mormon thought page after page, but this is no attempt at compiling all the historical, theological, textual, and practical gumbo that is Mormonism into the comprehensive and coherent introduction that the title suggests. Perhaps "A *Theological* Introduction to Mormonism" would have better described the actual content of the book, disabusing any expectation that it would begin, "In 1820, near Palmyra . . ."

I would not, then, suggest this book to anyone with a casual inquiry about Mormonism. But I recommend it to everyone seeking to broaden or challenge his or her conceptions of Mormon theology.

Reed Smoot and the Twentieth-Century Transformation of Mormonism

Kathleen Flake, *The Politics of American Religious Identity: The Seating of Senator Reed Smoot, Mormon Apostle* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2004), 238 pp.

Reviewed by Robert R. King, Democratic Staff Director, Committee on International Relations, U.S. House of Representatives

On June 23, 2004, LDS Church President Gordon B. Hinckley was awarded the Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian honor that the United States can bestow, at a White House ceremony presided over by the president of the United States, who described Hinckley as a "wise and patriotic man."¹

The Hinckley honor came just one hundred years after a very different appearance of the LDS Church president in Washington, D.C. On March 2, 1904, President Joseph F. Smith, in response to a subpoena, began a week of testimony before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections on the issue of whether Mormon Apostle Reed Smoot should be seated as a member of the Senate from Utah. Smith was questioned by hostile senators about whether a member of the Church leadership or even a member of the Church could truthfully swear allegiance to the United States and truthfully take the oath to serve as a member of the Senate.

If the Smoot controversy had been resolved differently, Hinckley may not have been honored at the White House and the Church over which he presides likely would be a far different institution than it is today. In many regards, the Smoot controversy was the most critical event in the transformation of the LDS Church during the twentieth century.

In a nutshell, the Mormon accommodation with the U.S. government worked out at the end of the nineteenth century was this: The Church was to give up polygamy, which was ostensibly the purpose of the 1890 Manifesto issued by then-Church President Wilford Woodruff; the Mormon political party was dissolved and Church members were divided between the Democratic and Republican parties in 1893; and in return, Utah was admitted to full statehood in 1896.

By the time Apostle Reed Smoot was elected to represent Utah in the U.S. Senate in 1902, serious questions were being raised in Washington about whether the LDS Church was keeping its part of the bargain. A decade and a half

1. "President Bush Presents the Presidential Medal of Freedom," June 23, 2004, White House webpage, <http://www.whitehouse.gov/news/releases/2004/06/20040623-8.html>.

after the Manifesto, at least four members of the Quorum of the Twelve were still advocating and performing polygamous marriages. Protestant evangelizers in Utah were convinced that the Church had not, in fact, abandoned polygamy.

B. H. Roberts had been elected Utah's representative in Congress in 1898. He was a practicing polygamist who had served time in prison for violating federal anti-polygamy statutes, and he was a member of the Church's First Council of the Seventy. After extensive hearings and debate, the U.S. House of Representatives refused to seat Roberts. Four years later, Smoot was elected to the Senate. He held an even higher position in the Church hierarchy, though he did not practice polygamy. His election provoked a coalition of mainstream Protestant groups to launch a massive national campaign which generated millions of signatures on petitions demanding that Smoot not be seated.

The best and most comprehensive study of the nearly four years of hearings and debate on the seating of Smoot is Kathleen Flake's recently published *The Politics of American Religious Identity*. Most studies of the Smoot affair have viewed it in the narrower LDS context as the culmination of the Mormon effort to be accepted into the American political and social mainstream. Flake places the Smoot controversy in its broader social, political, and religious context—both in the wider national context and in the context of the internal Mormon transformation taking place at that time.

For Latter-day Saints, Flake provides significant insights into the internal response of the Church to the Smoot hearings as they proceeded. While Joseph F. Smith was intent on having Smoot in the U.S. Senate, he initially was reluctant to take the steps essential to assure his seating. The first response was a statement without real action. Just three weeks after returning from testifying before the Senate Committee in Washington, D.C., Smith issued the declaration known as the "Second Manifesto" at the April 1904 general conference. He affirmed that post-Manifesto marriages were prohibited and stated that the violation of that prohibition by members or officers of the Church would result in discipline, up to and including excommunication.

Yet the Second Manifesto was followed by an unwillingness to act decisively. Smith apparently hoped that public statements would be adequate and that pressure for real change would dissipate. He was unwilling to press the Quorum of the Twelve to require the removal of John W. Taylor and Matthias F. Cowley, two members of the Quorum involved in post-Manifesto polygamy. Furthermore, these two apostles refused to honor subpoenas to appear before the Senate Committee. Smith's strategy did not work. Pressure in Washington did not subside. Legislation gravely damaging to the Church was seriously being considered and it appeared that Smoot would be denied his Senate seat.

The disarray within the hierarchy was publicly evident. Smoot, sitting on the stand in the Tabernacle during October 1905 general conference, publicly re-

fused to sustain his own quorum because of its refusal to take action against Taylor and Cowley. Finally in April 1906, three new members of the quorum were sustained, replacing Taylor and Cowley, who had been dropped from the quorum, and the deceased Marriner W. Merrill, who also was involved in post-Manifesto polygamy. All three new apostles were monogamous.²

One of Flake's most interesting chapters focuses on how Church leaders faced the problems of Church members trying to cope with the changes required to resolve the Smoot controversy. For half a century, the Church had largely defined itself in terms of conflict with the U.S. government over plural marriage. In the midst of the Smoot hearings, the centennial of Joseph Smith's birth provided the opportunity to refocus key beliefs and values in the new post-polygamy Church by emphasizing the early visions of Joseph Smith. Flake's discussion of this religious redefinition is particularly significant.

Another important contribution is Flake's analysis of the broader American political, social, and religious background to the conflict. She discusses the social and religious changes taking place in American Protestantism at the turn of the twentieth century which provided the opportunity for resolving Mormon-American relationships. She also provides an interesting political and economic perspective on how political leaders in the Progressive Era may have seen Mormonism and monopolies in a similar light and found them subject to similar types of "regulation." She also gives an excellent review of the national political context to the Smoot issue.

The inclusion of photographs and political cartoons from the era give the book a delightful flavor of the time. In providing sources for many of the newspaper clippings and cartoons, however, the book makes consistent but incorrect reference to the "Howard" B. Lee Library at Brigham Young University. Other than that error, the sources and citations are carefully done.

Ironically, the success of the transformation of Mormonism that followed the resolution of the Smoot affair came full circle in the abrupt end of Smoot's political career in 1932. In 1903, the Washington establishment was particularly concerned that the Church leadership apparently enjoyed the unquestioned loyalty of Mormons in nonreligious as well as religious matters. In 1932 Smoot, still a senior member of the Quorum of the Twelve, ran for reelection as he had every six years since 1902. There could be no stronger statement of the Church leadership's support for Smoot's candidacy than the fact that he was seeking reelection again. He

2. One of the three was David O. McKay who later served as Church president (1951-70). The need to find monogamous leaders was probably important in his selection at this point. His family was not part of the Church leadership and thus had not been pressed to participate in plural marriage.

lost, even though Mormons made up the majority of Utah's voters.³ The Church had become a mainstream religious organization, and the spiritual convictions and political loyalties of its members were separate.

There is another ironic indication of the success of the Church's transformation during the last century. The Smoot controversy focused on Mormon marriage practices as being radically outside the mainstream of American social values. A century ago during the Smoot hearings, U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt was a leading voice calling for an amendment to the U.S. Constitution to give Congress authority to regulate marriage and define marriage as only the union between one man and one woman, in order to outlaw the Mormon practice of polygamy.⁴ Today, a century later, an effort to amend the U.S. Constitution led by President George W. Bush seeks a Constitutional amendment similarly to define marriage as only the union of one man and one woman. In the Roosevelt era, the effort was directed against the LDS Church. Today the effort is directed against same-sex marriage, and the LDS Church is one of the staunchest allies in supporting the most conservative social values.

Good News for Fiction Readers

Jack Harrell, *Vernal Promises* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2003), 342 pp.; and Douglas Thayer, *The Conversion of Jeff Williams* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2003), 234 pp.

Reviewed by Todd Robert Petersen, a fiction writer and satirist for The Sugar Beet

3. Smoot, the Republican candidate, was defeated by Elbert D. Thomas, a Democrat and faithful member of the Church who was a political science professor at the University of Utah.

4. In his 1906 State of the Union Address to Congress, President Roosevelt expressed strong support for a Constitutional amendment on marriage: "I am well aware of how difficult it is to pass a constitutional amendment. Nevertheless in my judgment the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the National Congress. . . . In particular it would be good because it would confer on the Congress the power at once to deal radically and efficiently with polygamy. . . . It is neither safe nor proper to leave the question of polygamy to be dealt with by the several States. Power to deal with it should be conferred on the National Government." Theodore Roosevelt, "Sixth Annual Message to Congress," December 3, 1906. Retrieved in October 2004 from <http://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/showdoc.php?id=749&type=1&president=26>.

In 2003, Signature Books hit 100 percent from the free-throw line when both of the novels it published that year won manuscript awards from the Association for Mormon Letters. Jack Harrell's *Vernal Promises* and Douglas Thayer's *The Conversion of Jeff Williams* present the most serious stories about Mormon people that I've seen in a while. I'm glad to see new work that is both faithful and challenging, trying to do what good fiction always strives to do: work through the complexity of human experience.

Vernal Promises centers around a young man from Vernal, Utah, named Jacob Dennison. He is young, newly converted to the Church, and recently married to Pam, a girl he met at a kegger and then got pregnant. Within the first few pages, however, Pam miscarries. The news is particularly devastating to Jacob, who spends the rest of the novel getting knocked around like a loose can in the back of a pickup. His sadistic boss at the local grocery store wants to sack him, and his father thinks Mormonism is the last refuge of a pantywaist. The pressures mount, and Jacob starts jonesing for cigarettes and cold ones and other women. As his fingers slip from the iron rod, Jacob quits the grocery store and starts working for his father's "used" (read: stolen) oilfield equipment operation, which keeps Jacob on the road longer and longer, until the gravity of his marriage grows so weak that he turns from it altogether and proceeds through canto after canto of a hell that reads like one written by a reanimated corpse built from the bodies of Gus Van Sant, Hubert Selby Jr., and Cormac McCarthy. It is this aspect of the book that suggests its full measure as important in Mormon letters.

This book does have its inconsistencies. The narration oscillates from omniscience to a limited perspective so close to the characters as to be nearly first-person. Sudden shifts of narrative focus spring up unexpectedly. The narrator, who is transparent most of the time, will suddenly refer to the emergency room as the "E-room" or will strangely describe one of the characters as feeling "as sassy as a red rooster in a hen house." Harrell also frenetically changes point of view.

Nevertheless, *Vernal Promises* is a key Mormon novel of the last few years, mainly for its approach and subject matter. It is faithful but doesn't function as a general conference talk on the struggle with sin. Harrell is seriously engaged in trying to depict the difficulties of this world without worrying about providing moral guidance. His book is a stark testimony of life in the impoverished rural West, a world LDS people are no strangers to, except in our mainstream literature. One of the crucial things this book shows us is the fact that the general body of the Church is not entirely comprised of smiling, happy Utah County Prozac abusers or hyper-wealthy bench dwellers who, because of their bravado in the preexistence, are so rich that they no longer need good taste. Harrell reminds us that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in editorial meetings at Deseret Books.

To his credit in *Vernal Promises*, Harrell doesn't simply depict the pedestrian

vices of the weekend drinker who might smoke a little dope. Harrell's Wyoming Gentile underclass is made up of the kind of chilling, mulleted meth-addicts that most *non-Mormons* cross the street to avoid. More importantly, Harrell doesn't demonize these people. They are corrupt, but they are still people, self-destructive but also self-aware, shallow but multi-dimensional. So often in the Mormon world (actually in almost all of Christendom), the fallen are not represented in their fullness but in a sort of half-state reserved for those whose primary purpose is to tell a story in which the white and delightful people are victorious.

On the flipside of all this, Douglas Thayer's latest novel, *The Conversion of Jeff Williams*, delineates the elite of Provo in strokes that scream "pride cycle of the Nephites." While Thayer clearly wants us to see the great spaciousness of the houses on the hill, he does his best to make sure we know that the rich have feelings too, that they are multi-dimensional and maybe not the phonies we working stiffs think they are.

Thayer's narrator, Jeff Williams, is a callow, self-absorbed teenager who is called to spend the summer with his cousin, Christopher Lowery, who is the son of a multi-millionaire stake president who, like Stephen Covey, got rich by marketing and selling gospel principles. The doting but detached mother has an obsession for all things genealogical and is an apt updating of the Victorian "Angel in the House." Christopher has recently recovered from a serious kidney problem which has forestalled his going on a mission, and his parents think Christopher could use a little company.

But the whole plan smells fishy. Jeff rightfully believes he's being shuttled off to a kind of spiritual fat camp, where he can cultivate his testimony in the presence of his talented, pious, wealthy cousin. Jeff isn't a bad kid; he's what you'd get if Holden Caulfield had caring parents and the Aaronic Priesthood. He is sensitive but superficial. He wants to be rich, likes girls better when they are in their bathing suits, and thinks his schoolteacher father and nurse mother are a pair of goons. So, he's normal. The edge that breathes so much life into Caulfield is missing in Jeff Williams because he is no great tormented and idealistic soul; he's a Mormon kid living on borrowed light.

On the other hand, Jeff's Provo relatives, the Lowerys, are straight out of Stepford, Connecticut. Everyone who enters their \$8 million mansion must exchange their shoes for white slippers, except the housekeeper—she wears white shoes. The gardeners and cleaning staff (known as the Professionals) cart around white tools and equipment and move spectrally throughout the property like some crew out of *The X-Files*. The house is immaculate, massive, and soulless. The whole family seems like a team of androids. In fact, I was so suspicious of these people, I kept waiting for Jeff to stumble onto the pods that held his real aunt, uncle, and cousins captive.

Granted, Thayer *tries* to sculpt them into fuller characters, but I never felt

fully persuaded, because Jeff himself, as the narrator of the novel, seems conflicted about them as well. He portrays the Lowerys and their neighbors as the kind of shallow Mormons who have wallpaper sporting images of the temple and who bear their testimonies as if they were reading from an eye chart. But at the same time, Jeff maintains that these people are genuine, and the Marxist in me doesn't buy it.

The problem is that, when you get down to brass tacks, the Lowerys are completely static. Even Christopher has no character arc. Somehow I think this is the point, but I'm not sure what to make of it. Is this what you become when you're that close to being perfect? As the title indicates, this is Jeff Williams's book, and the arc is his—maybe that's all there is to it. In any case, this confused focus creates a strangeness in the narrative.

However, plot and character development are not the main features of this book: it's the writing. The beauty here is to be found in its pacing and textures. If it were a film, *The Conversion of Jeff Williams* would be more like *Lost in Translation* than *The Bourne Supremacy*. In fact, the slowness and indirection of this novel might put off readers who prefer books that are a little more skimmable. Thayer doesn't give us a plot so much as he gives us the conditions of this young man's life over a few months, and by the end he's converted. No trumpets, just life as it happens.

Thayer's prose has a honed haiku-like austerity to it, which is engaging and refreshing. He also makes a number of dead-on observations about Mormon culture. For example, during one of Jeff's ruminations on the Mormon drive for large families, he quips, "If you showed up in a restaurant in San Diego with ten or twelve kids, they would probably arrest you" (145). In fact, I wouldn't have minded more "scenic stops" like this one. Be that as it may, I think that, without being an insider to the Church or even to life in and around Provo, a reader might not catch the delicate overtones of Thayer's novel. Similarly, a non-Mormon reader of Harrell's novel might not understand the significance of giving in and taking a smoke or drink or even not going to church every Sunday, which is the main gear of that story's plot.

As far as Mormon novels go, these two currently lead the pack, which is clearly why both were recently given manuscript awards from the Association for Mormon Letters; however, I don't think they'd work with a cross-over audience, and I think LDS writers should be setting their course for the Gentile. In an interview in *Irreantum*, Brady Udall called writing for Mormons a "fool's errand."¹ It is his contention that very few Mormons actually read serious literary fiction, opting instead for devotional materials or hefty pseudo-historical novels. Udall has never written for Mormons, and he recently told me that setting the goal of writ-

1. "Interview," *Irreantum* 3, no. 4 (Winter 2001–02): 16.

ing only for Mormons would be as silly as Saul Bellow wanting to write only for Jews.

More to the point, I don't think we'll see a great Mormon novel until Mormon writers cast their nets a little wider and write about characters who happen to be Mormon rather than Mormons who happen to be characters. Both of these novels are this second kind of book, more so with Thayer than with Harrell, but Harrell's writing is not as well-crafted as Thayer's.

Wallace Stegner said that much of Mormon literature has been written in defense of the faith.² These two novels don't really try to defend anything, which is nice to see. Our faith doesn't need apologists. Still, Harrell and Thayer's books are really only for Mormon readers. In fact, I can't imagine a non-Mormon finding either of these books understandable, much less appealing. While I'm not sure that any LDS novel can help redeem the dead, they can certainly do more than help perfect the Saints. These books represent the crest of a recent wave of solid faithful storytelling by Mormon writers for Mormon readers. The next wave needs to feature faithful novels for non-Mormon readers, stories that tell the world "this is what it's like to be one of *those* Latter-day Saints" rather than "this is what it's like to be us."

2. Wallace Stegner and Richard W. Etulain, *Stegner: Conversations on History and Literature* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1996), 113.

Death to the Death of Poetry! The Art Is Alive and Kicking in Mormon Circles—and in Mainstream American Culture

Lisa M. de Rubilar

When I read Robert Hughes's essay, "Poetry Matters in Mormon Culture," published in a recent *Dialogue*,¹ I didn't feel an overwhelming need to respond. But like a sliver that goes at first unnoticed and later itches for immediate extraction, his essay got under my skin and eventually demanded (it seemed to me) this response. As a Mormon lover of poetry, I'm gratified that Hughes cares about the craft and its future. I share his dismay that the role of poetry in the Church has diminished. I share his regret that the memorization and recitation of poetry in the public classroom is a thing of the past; and I concur that the general population—not only those with academic degrees—should feel empowered to write poetry.

Nevertheless, I found Hughes's essay puzzling in a number of ways. He admits that the judgment of poetry is a "frighteningly subjective consideration" yet insists on a narrow definition of good poetry. He quotes

LISA M. DE RUBILAR lives in Niskayuna, New York, with her husband and four children. She works as a freelance copywriter specializing in high technology. In the cause of poetry, she conducts poetry workshops for elementary schoolchildren (K-5) and regales members of her ward with poems whenever she has the chance. She mourns the recent passing of the giant defender of poetry and belief, Czesław Miłosz.

1. Robert Hughes, "Poetry Matters in Mormon Culture," *Dialogue* 36, no. 2 (Summer 2002): 1-27.

with nostalgia effusive reviews of C. Frank Steele's poetry but finds positive reviews of Dave Smith's poetry reprehensible. He says that the general public should read and write poetry (presumably whether they're good at it or not) yet vigorously decries "mediocre" poetry. He claims that people know instinctively what kind of poetry they like (the rhyming kind), yet are "confused" by praise of the aforesaid mediocrity.

Much as I hate to contend with a fellow defender of poetry, I found myself mentally resisting many of his conclusions. Or maybe it was the combative tone of Hughes's essay that set my teeth on edge. In any case, I'd like to rebut several of his conclusions, according to my own lights.

Conclusion 1: Formal poetry is inherently superior to free verse. Hughes cites Carl Sandburg's "Grass" as the exception to the rule, implying that its artistry is unusual. The truth is that *most* poems, whether free verse or metered, are and always have been, pretty average. Poems of genius are rare. Otherwise they would not be remembered. When poetry was, as Hughes claims, "at its peak" in the 1930s (2), many a published page was filled with forgettable rhyming doggerel, while today the scales have tipped in favor of forgettable prose-like meditations. Nevertheless, Czeslaw Milosz, the Lithuanian poet who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1980, has little patience with Frost's statement (quoted by Hughes, 5-6) that writing free verse is like "playing tennis with the net down," especially coming from a poet who was known for "mercilessly condemn[ing] his rivals." Declares Milosz, "I . . . am absolutely on Walt Whitman's side."² So is Danielle Dubrasky who, in her response to Hughes's article, did an excellent job of using specific examples from contemporary Mormon poets to show that free verse requires just as many artistic decisions and methods as its formal counterpart.³

Conclusion 2: Formal poetry has been consigned to the literary junk pile. Sure, free verse is strongly in favor right now, but many great poets are still writing formal poems—and being read. Not only that, they're being awarded the highest literary prizes. Derek Walcott received the Nobel Prize for literature a few years ago. His book-length epic *Omeros* is written

2. Czeslaw Milosz, "Robert Frost," in *To Begin Where I Am: Selected Essays*, edited by Bogdana Carpenter and Madeline G. Levine (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2001), 401, 402.

3. Danielle Beazer Dubrasky, "Alive in Mormon Poetry," *Dialogue* 36, no. 2 (Summer 2002): 27-29.

in twelve-syllable rhyming tercets. And what of Seamus Heaney's recent critically acclaimed translation of *Beowulf*? A review in *AudioFile* magazine noted that "his versification is truly marvelous."⁴ I could give many more examples.

Conclusion 3: Much of Mormon poetry is not Mormon enough. Hughes concurs with Richard Cracroft's lament that younger Mormon poets have "assimilated the secular culture and modes of poetry" (9). Hughes praises one poem "because it carries a message of interest to Mormons" (9). What might that message be? Must Mormon poets confine themselves to certain themes or attitudes? Who determines what constitutes "Mormon writing"? As I've stated in these pages before, I believe Mormon literature includes anything that arises from a Mormon heart and mind. A poem may not be appropriate for quotation in a Gospel Doctrine class but still be a very Mormon poem.

Conclusion 4: University writing programs are ruining poetry. I strenuously dispute the notion that the study and composition of poetry at the university level are somehow killing public interest in the art. If all graduate writing programs were to disappear from the face of the earth, would the public suddenly and enthusiastically embrace poetry? Would poetry return as a driving force in our elementary schools? Would the average (as Hughes puts it) "housewife" take up a pen and start jotting? No. The demise of poetry as a public practice is primarily due to societal developments to which Hughes devotes only one sentence in his long essay: "Alternative forms of entertainment are an obvious factor" (4). I would argue that television, Blockbuster, video games, and the internet are the *primary* reason that poetry has lost much of its popular appeal, along with other time-honored traditions such as the family dinner hour, scripture reading, and letter writing. We're all too darn busy (and spiritually numbed) watching *Die Hard X* to memorize a poem, let alone write one. If anything, the growth of graduate-level writing programs should be a beacon of hope in a society that looks to *The Matrix* as a source of metaphysical inspiration and is impervious (if one judges by network news and political campaigns) to any information that can't be delivered in a twenty-second sound bite.

4. *AudioFile: The Listener's Guide to AudioBooks* (Portland, Maine, 2001) as quoted in Editorial Reviews of Seamus Heaney's translation of *Beowulf* (audiocassette edition: Highbridge Audio, June 15, 2000) retrieved [in September 2003] <http://www.amazon.com>.

Conclusion 5: Poets employed in academia are bleeding the life out of poetry. I guess we could go back to the days of royal patronage. Unfortunately, that's not possible, although it continues to be the case that writing takes time and concentration. Writing also thrives on conversation, on camaraderie with others who care about the art. I know from experience that the workaday business world can suck the poetic spirit dry. I've been working in high-tech marketing and public relations for nearly a decade; and during all that time, I've never heard a client or colleague quote a poem or say the word *poetry*. I have, however, experienced plenty of ear-jangling techno-jargon, crack-of-dawn "networking" breakfasts, late-night association meetings, overwhelming deadlines, and sheer exhaustion. From my point of view, it's only natural that poets and writers should gravitate into a career that affirms their life's work and which allows them the emotional space to pursue it.

Conclusion 6: Positive criticism is "dishonest." I find it odd that Hughes apparently accepts Quincy Troupe's excuses for lying about his lack of academic credentials (which was the issue behind his firing, not the belief that good writing requires credentials) (17) yet vehemently decries "dishonest" criticism, which he seems to equate with enthusiastic reviews (23). The most disappointing element of Hughes's essay is his decision to castigate Bruce Jorgensen for a positive review he wrote years ago on a poet whose work Jorgensen happened to enjoy. To suggest that his review was somehow "dishonest" (19) because it did not correspond to Bruce Bawer's opinion is, I believe, even more wrong. (By the way, why does Hughes spend a paragraph listing all of Bawer's credentials and publications [22] yet insist that credentials and publications in no way reflect the expertise of poets? [24])

Hughes implies he does "not advocate a return to personal attacks" (24), but I'm afraid that he committed a couple in his own right. What greater personal injury can be inflicted on a poet than to paint his entire body of work, with a single brush, as "mediocre"? Hughes wants the general public—and the Mormon public—to write poetry and to get that poetry into publications read by their peers. But the average person would never publish again if subjected to such verbal tar and feathers for their efforts. To complicate matters, in Hughes's view, there is no appropriate way to distinguish the presumably tough-skinned professional poet from the everyman popular poet (especially since, in his view, academic credentials are irrelevant). It would seem, then, that he would subscribe to Thoreau's

view that “the finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling.”⁵ This is not, however, the case, either in Hughes’s scathing assessment of other critics and poets or in his nostalgia for an earlier age when “poetry critics pulled no punches” (20). He lauds Randall Jarrell’s statement that a certain poem, “might have been devised by a YMCA secretary at a home for the mentally deficient” (20). I thought Hughes was on the side of scribbling housewives and, one would suppose, secretaries. And I’m sure that in any other context, he wouldn’t condone the ridicule of the mentally deficient. Reviews, even negative reviews, can and should be honest without being cruel.

As for Hughes’s lament that cronyism spawns “dishonest” enthusiasm for contemporaries’ work: Any human pursuit—from figure skating to stock brokerage—is subject to politics. Unfortunately, poetry is no exception. Nevertheless, it would seem that the greater temptation is toward overly *negative* assessments of competitors. I must return to Milosz, whose poem “Report” baldly asserts that the poet

cannot bear another poet nearby, if he suspects him of
being better than himself and envies him every scrap of praise.

Ready not only to kill him but smash him and obliterate him
from the surface of the earth.

So that he remains alone, magnanimous and kind toward his
subjects, who chase after their small self-delusions.

Despite this shocking assessment, Milosz continues:

How does it happen that such low beginnings lead to the splendor
of the word?

I gathered books of poets from various countries, now I sit
reading them and am astonished.

It is sweet to think that I was a companion in an expedition that

5. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden and Other Writings*, edited by William Howarth (New York: Modern Library, 1981), 6.

never ceases, though centuries pass away.

An expedition not in search of the golden fleece of a perfect form
but as necessary as love.

Under the compulsion of the desire for the essence of the oak, of
the mountain peak, of the wasp and the flower of nasturtium.

So that they last, and confirm our hymnic song against death.

. . . Fraternally, we help each other, forgetting our grievances,
translating each other into other tongues, members, indeed of a
wandering crew.⁶

To my mind, Milosz does not describe or inculcate either of two faults denounced by Hughes: poets' participation, on the one hand, in "an elitist poetry subculture" (20) or, on the other hand, their demonstration of "cowardice at its most genial" via the "diplomatic flattery" (21) of their peers.

Conclusion 7: Poetry is currently at an all-time nadir in American and Mormon society. Yes, it's discouraging that poetry is no longer a focal point of public discourse. It's sad that fewer people keep poetry on their shelves. It's disheartening that the Church has followed this societal trend and has generally removed poetry from its publications for adults (but not, thank heavens, from *The Friend* or from conference talks!). Nevertheless, artistically, poetry is as strong and vibrant as ever, both in and out of the Church.

And perhaps both Hughes and I are too pessimistic about the role poetry plays in people's everyday lives. Does it matter that aficionados of cowboy poetry don't go in for Blake? What of rap, which is nothing if not raw meter? What of the poems that filled electronic chat rooms and bulletin boards in the wake of 9/11? (But then, Hughes scoffs at the notion of poetry's therapeutic value [24].)

According to Robert Pinsky, poetry in today's America has a "fluctuating, sometimes invisible yet vigorous life that some have mis-

6. Czeslaw Milosz, "Report," *Facing the River*, translated by the author and Robert Hass (Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1995), 13, 14.

taken for neglect. In one stereotype, Americans are too pragmatic, or too undereducated, or too distracted by mass culture, to cherish this ancient art. The vigorous response to the Favorite Poem Project contradicts that conventional notion."⁷ This project called for anyone and everyone to submit their favorite poem, along with an explanation of their selection. Recently, I've been reading the resulting anthology, *America's Favorite Poems*, which is crammed with works by poets from Shakespeare to Pham Tien Duat to Sandra Cisneros. I find it immensely moving that people from all walks of life—from the ichthyologist in New Jersey to the administrative assistant in Missouri—keep special poems tucked in their hearts; and that these poems are as unique and various as the people who love them. It's enough to warm the heart of the deepest skeptic.

People still need poetry. They love poetry—when they get the chance. For several years I've taught poetry workshops in my children's elementary schools, and I'm always amazed at the children's natural metaphoric vision and at their delight in word play. Perhaps what's missing most in our competitive, over-scheduled, media-saturated lives is the *opportunity* to develop a love of poetry. I submit that those of us who value the art have a responsibility to share that love with others. Within the Church community, we have many forums to do so, including sacrament meeting talks, Relief Society Enrichment lessons, Cub Scout activities, ward talent nights, and family home evenings. We might ask ourselves, "What have I done lately for poetry?" (As Hughes aptly points out, just buying a few books goes a long way [4].)

It also behooves us to treat our fellow writers with warm regard and cordiality. We Mormon lovers of the word should stand together against the trends inside and outside the Church that would deny poetry's relevance and relegate it to the past.

7. Robert Pinsky, Introduction, in *Americans' Favorite Poems: The Favorite Poem Project Anthology*, edited by Robert Pinsky and Maggie Dietz (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2000), 3.

.....
ABOUT THE ARTIST

Marylee Mitcham was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1943. She received a B.A. in English literature in 1967 from the University of Colorado at Boulder. She and Carl, her husband of forty years, currently reside in Golden, Colorado, where he teaches Nature and Human Values at the Colorado School of Mines. They remain in close touch with their four children and seven grandchildren.

Much of Marylee's early writing grew out of Catholicism, the church she belonged to until she became a Mormon about sixteen years ago. From 1972 to 1982, she and her family lived as members of a small community of Catholic couples devoted to a life of contemplation and simplicity. Her book *An Accidental Monk*, about her domestic search for God, was published by St. Anthony Messenger Press in 1976. Her articles, essays, fiction, and reviews have appeared in a variety of publications, including *Commonweal* and *CoEvolution Quarterly* (now *Whole Earth Review*). She wrote a novel in the 1980s. Twenty years later, following her conversion to Mormonism, she rewrote it, and she calls it a "Mormon post-modernist novel." So far her manuscript has not found a publisher, owing, she thinks, to the fact that "my style and tastes and spiritual concerns are not mainstream."

When she can, she retreats to the small house she and her husband built on the deserted site of a frontier mining camp in the pinyon and juniper country of southern Colorado, a locale which Marylee finds spiritually sustaining. This site furnishes the artifacts from which she composes her art—broken glass, stones, pieces of brick, and a variety of other objects. Her search for these artifacts has led to what she calls "wonderful surprises." She considers her art a spiritual exercise which keeps her in conversation with God and the land.

CALL FOR PAPERS ON INTERNATIONAL MORMONISM

During 2005 and 2006, *Dialogue* expects to publish a series of articles on the Mormon experience and identity outside the usual Anglo-American cultural realm.

Guest edited by Ethan Yorgason, this series will feature articles on a variety of topics from the perspective of various scholarly disciplines, including history, literature, and the social sciences. Each paper may focus in depth upon a particular cultural setting or offer cross-cultural comparisons among two or more settings.

As the Church continues to grow, cultural-geographic distinctions promise to assume greater significance in both doctrine and practice. We would therefore welcome papers that examine the following questions.

What are some of these possible distinctions?

How might the Church respond to an impetus toward varieties of Mormonism?

How do these distinctive varieties of Mormonism contribute to the relationship of Mormonism to the host society/culture?

We are also interested in the interpretations given Mormon history by both members and nonmembers within cultures beyond the Anglo-American sphere. Articles could also treat the level of historical "literacy" among Church members, the aspects of Church history that are best and least well known, the purposes to which historical knowledge is put, and the relationship between Mormon history and Mormon identity.

Submissions

Manuscripts for this series must be received no later than June 1, 2005. In formatting and documentation, submissions should follow the *Chicago Manual of Style* (15th ed.). Electronic submissions are preferred and should be sent as attachments in MS Word or WordPerfect to yorgasoe@byuh.edu. Please provide mailing address and phone number. Paper copies, if unavoidable, may be sent in triplicate to Ethan Yorgason, BYU-Hawaii, Box 1970, Laie, HI 96762. Manuscripts should be sent as soon as possible up to the deadline. Address queries to Yorgason at (808) 293-3617; fax: (808) 293-3888. For *Dialogue's* publication policy, please see <http://www.dialoguejournal.com/>.

CALL FOR PAPERS ON THE PROSPECTS AND PROBLEMS OF PERSONS WITH DISABILITIES AMONG THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS

What relationships do the disabled negotiate with both the institutional Church and the Mormon folk? *Dialogue* invites responses to this question, which, as a member of our editorial board has observed, “has many interesting implications: from our definitions of personhood; to our views of connections between pre-earthly estate to the present and the afterlife; to the everyday struggles of ‘enduring to the end.’”

To initiate this proposal, *Dialogue* sponsored two sessions on the disabled at the Salt Lake Sunstone Symposium of 2004. An essay from one of these sessions, treating the faith of a young woman severely disabled by cerebral palsy, will appear in our summer issue. We will publish other accepted submissions in later issues.

Authors are particularly invited to submit articles and essays addressing aspects of these questions:

- Given that persons with disabilities and their caretakers are often sensitive, what terminology is appropriate?
- What different problems face the physically disabled and the mentally impaired?
- What are the theological implications of persons with disabilities? What are the moral implications?
- What programs and social services for persons with disabilities does the Church provide? Which seem successful and which less so? What is missing?
- What attitudes do Mormon folk show toward persons with disabilities?
- What is being done to improve the lot of persons with disabilities among the Mormons? What more could be done?

Submissions

Send articles and essays to the *Dialogue* Submissions Office. In formatting and documentation, submissions should follow the 15th edition of the *Chicago Manual of Style*. Electronic submissions are preferred. Send attachments in Word or WordPerfect to dialoguemss@aol.com. Please provide mailing address and phone number. Submissions may also be made in printed copy. Mail three copies to *Dialogue* Submissions Office, 704 228th Ave. NE #723, Sammamish, WA 98074. Phone: (425) 898-9562. For *Dialogue*'s publication policy, please see www.dialoguejournal.com.

Cash Awards

New Voices: Awards for New Writers



For submissions selected for consideration by the editors of *Dialogue*:

ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO *DIALOGUE*

For submissions published in *Dialogue*:

\$100 FOR EACH POEM OR BRIEF PROSE PIECE

\$300 FOR WORKS OF A MORE SUBSTANTIAL LENGTH

For published pieces selected annually for an Award for Excellence:
(given in addition to the foregoing awards)

\$300 IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:

ESSAYS AND ARTICLES, FICTION, POETRY, AND ART

ELIGIBILITY

Persons of any age currently and formally enrolled in a degree or diploma program in a high school, college, or university and persons twenty-five years of age or younger, whether or not students.

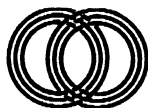
SPECIFICATIONS

Submissions of any kind (research-based articles, personal essays, short stories, poetry, visual art, etc.) are welcome as long as they are in harmony with the *Dialogue* mission statement found at the beginning of each issue. Each submission should be accompanied by a cover letter confirming its eligibility, specifying that the work is original with the submitting author, and providing contact information.

Electronic submissions are preferred. Send attachments in Word or Word-Perfect to dialoguemss@aol.com. Hard-copy submissions may also be made. Mail three copies to Dialogue Submissions Office, 704 228th Ave. NE #723, Sammamish, WA 98074. Phone: (425) 898-9562. Submissions should follow the *Chicago Manual of Style*. For visual art, consult the editor at dialoguemss@aol.com or (425) 898-9562.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT

www.dialoguejournal.com



Subscribe to Dialogue



For almost forty years, DIALOGUE has published some of the most thoughtful, provocative, and cherished articles, essays, short fiction, and poetry available about the Mormon experience. Each issue brings something new and surprising and can move, inform, affirm . . . even change you. DIALOGUE is a peer-reviewed quarterly journal. We provide a forum for both established and new Mormon writers, thinkers, and scholars.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

David Knowlton,
How Many Members Are There Really?: Two Censuses and the Meaning of LDS Membership in Chili and Mexico

Mark L. Grover,
The Maturing of the Oak: The Dynamics of Latter-day Saint Growth in Latin America

Garth N. Jones,
The Making of Grave Community Sin: The Deplorable Conditions of Latter-day Saints in Latin America

ALL THE JOURNALS CAN
NOW BE VIEWED ON OUR
WEBSITE FROM 1966 TO
2000. CHECK IT OUT!

Subscription Rates

3 years (12 issues)	\$100
1 year (4 issues)	\$ 37
1 year international rate	\$ 45
1 year student rate	\$ 30

Single issue price is \$15. Shipping in U.S. is \$2 for one issue plus \$1 for each additional issue ordered. Shipping outside the U.S. is \$5 for one issue plus \$2 for each additional issue ordered. Please call for back issues or go to our website to check for availability and prices. All funds in U.S. dollars. We accept Mastercard and Visa.

Dialogue Business Office, PO Box 58423, Salt Lake City, UT 84158
email: dialoguejournal@msn.com phone/fax: (801) 274-8210 toll free: (888) 874-8210

www.dialoguejournal.com

DIALOGUE
P.O. Box 58423
Salt Lake City, UT 84158

Address Service Requested

