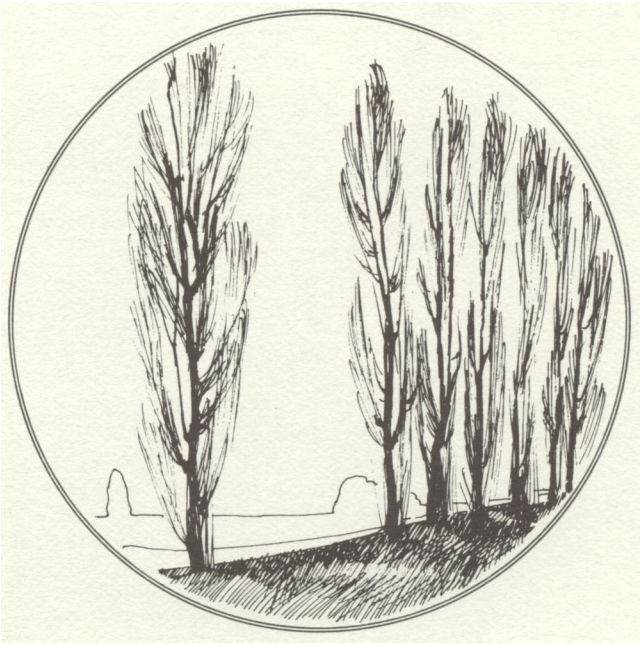
tion, they cannot fabricate artificial theological statements by grafting the first part of verse fifty-two to the last part of verse fifty-four. My reading of that last verse tells me that Emma is commanded to "abide and cleave" to Joseph or else "be destroyed." Though their relationship became very strained over polygamy, Joseph's letter to Emma, written the morning of his death, establishes that she was still his companion, confidant and supporter to the end. In one of the most unfair comparisons in Mormon history, they contrast Emma and her "churning mind" to Mary, the mother of Christ. A cheap shot.

A second cheap shot is taken when Emma is accused of convincing Joseph to come back across the river when he and Hyrum were ready to flee Nauvoo before the martyrdom. My research indicates that two land speculators in Nauvoo used Emma as a scapegoat in an attempt to salvage their interests in Nauvoo real estate. These kinds of historical inaccuracies fill the volume. Joseph did not escape from Kirtland in a box nailed on an oxcart; Porter Rockwell was in jail in 1843, not operating a bar in the Mansion House; Emma made two trips to St. Louis; the argument between Emma and the Twelve after Joseph's death did not consist solely of Emma making a "raid on all Church properties;" and so forth. While this volume introduces the reader to little known events in the life of Emma Smith, one purpose for historical writing is to illuminate the past in order for the present to understand. It hasn't been done here.



Brief Notices

GENE A. SESSIONS

The national media have often called the attention of the world to a curious phenomenon: Mormons who cling to the "old" ways of the movement, and who eschew the modern Church in favor of the fundamental doctrines and practices

of the movement as it strained against the currents of the nineteenth century until it finally gave in and agreed to drift along the mainstream of American life. Inasmuch as polygyny was and is the most obvious and stimulating attribute of this old-fashioned Mormonism, it is inevitably that peculiar institution, as it survives among the so-called Fundamentalists, that creates all the titillating excitement. But beyond that aberrant practice lies a plethora of ideas and ideals that are the meat and milk of Fundamentalism. Such things as Adam-God and blood atonement, ideas that are now merely frustrating embarrassments to the modern Church, thrive among the tens of thousands of Mormons who assert that they have not left the Church, but that the Church, through its accommodations with the world, has left them. Among these intense souls is Fred Collier, a self-educated, fiercely committed believer in the words of the Prophets Joseph, Brigham and John. At general conference time, Collier spends hours at the gates of Temple Square, competing for space and attention with the Mormons for ERA, the Utah Christian Tract Society and a bevy of other folks with bones to pick with the Church or its policies. Collier has literally devoted his life to demonstrating that the prophets of the nineteenth century have been virtually repudiated, their words forgotten, their prophecies trampled upon. His plans include a three-volume collection of uncanonized revelations, the first installment of which, *Unpublished Revelations of the Prophets and Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Collier's Publishing Co., 1979, xiv+176 pp. $11.95), carries a powerful aura of scripture and does so by careful design. Collier sets his own type, and for this volume set it in two-column format like that of the LDS scriptures. Its contents are replete with ideas that will be of great discomfort to those who would maintain that the Word of the Lord never changes whoever His prophet may be.

The Mormon book market continues to demonstrate that few there be who will notice the labors of Fred Collier and his cohorts, for while Fred sees his prized little book scoffed at and ignored, people like Richard M. Eyre will keep on cranking out such dubious gems as *What Manner of Man* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1979, 101 pp. $4.95) and *Simplified Husbandship, Simplified Fathership* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1980, 90 pp. $4.50). Eyre, who writes an insipid right-wing column for an occasional *Deseret News* issue and whose only qualifications to write about anything seem to rest upon his relationship with a couple of general authorities and a three-year stint as the youngest mission president in the Church, tells his readers that (in the first book) they should read the scriptures regularly to discover Christ and (in the second book) they should emulate Eyre's example of full-blown patriarchy. Why anyone would pay $10.00 for such advice is the great mystery. That they do so is an even bigger mystery and the reason for this quarter's Milk the Mormons Award coming so deservedly to the laurels of this entrepreneur of ignorance. Trying to discover anything truly worthwhile in these two books is like trying to purify sour milk by straining it through a tennis racket.

Coming in a close second for the coveted Elsie this quarter is a silly book that hopes to cash in on the success of the equally silly Shirley Sealy romances. Susan Evans McCloud's second novel, *My Enemy, My Love* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1980, 197 pp. $5.95), has for its theme one of the oldest and stalest plots in the realm of literature—true love made tragic by human strife that separates the lovers, this time a Mormon lass who reeks of sexist LDS attributes and a star-struck Missourian who is supposed to hate all Mormons in the best traditions of the persecutions myth. Not only is the plot predictable and very thin, but the historical setting is as false as the literary quality is shallow. There are some good laughs to be had here and there as this cute little Laurel, fresh out of some Utah mutual class, tries to be brave and true to the gospel in the face of her great and passionate love for her forbidden hero. Perhaps author McCloud hoped that her readers woul see themselves in her novel

and recognize the dangers of loving outside the fold. The trouble with the whole operation is in its melodrama. For those of us who thought such went out with Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mormon readers continue to baffle and surprise as their appetite for such stuff goes on apparently unabated.

Books such as Eyre's and McCloud's provide thinking Mormons with great opportunities for tongue clicking, but rarely does the mere title of a Mormon-book-market production cause tongue clicking *and* head wagging all at once. W. Lynn Fluckiger, *Unique Advantages of Being a Mormon* (Salt Lake City: Hawkes Publishing Inc., 1980, 104 pp. $3.95), is one of those books whose title is just as inane as its contents. It really belongs to that genre of sex manual that began *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About. . . .* in that it presents twenty points for a skeptical friend that will give him or her such enthusiasm for the LDS philosophy that he or she will jump into the font without further question. Bishops in the local wards, for example, will be thrilled to know that in Fluckiger's mind the welfare system and a free counseling service are two of those "unique" advantages awaiting anyone who joins the Church. The depth of the book is analogous to that of a mud puddle. What is really embarrassing about such works is their willingness to make of Mormonism a kind of handy, all-purpose solvent for the complexities of modern life without developing any comprehension of the cosmic portents of the movement and without discussing the elbow grease that must be applied before the solvent will begin to work. If there are unique advantages to being a Mormon, being identified with such books as this is certainly not one of them.

Among more satisfying and effective approaches to the problems of modern life are two works of very different types that nevertheless provide some helpful and useful advice about basically the same set of issues. Ph.D. psychologist Gary G. Taylor, *The Art of Effective Living* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1980, 128 pp., index, $5.50), develops nicely a theme that in recent years has become increasingly cogent: Such studies as Louise Degn's TV documentary on Mormon women and depression have demonstrated that just because Mormons are supposed to be happy does not make it so. Taylor works through the issues from a professional perspective, but analyzes the task of coping from within the principles of Mormonism. While he in no wise produces any cure-all for the ills of modern living, he presents some intriguing advice for Mormons who feel strongly that their faith ought to be providing them with more peace of mind. Other fascinating advice along the same general lines comes from a very unlikely source. Mina S. Coletti and Roberta Kling Giesea compiled *The Family Idea Book* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1980, 195 pp., index, $4.95) probably with no more in mind than presenting a collection of mother-wisdom on how to deal with the frustrations of modern family life. What emerged, however, was a surprisingly clever and valuable compendium of techniques for bringing peace and contentment into the home in the face of whatever stressful situation. Coletti and Giesea sought contributions from dozens of Mormon moms on everything from how to keep kids out of the cookie jar before dinner to solving sibling strife. What works for some may not work for all, but the thoughts in this little volume are wondrously astute and well worth considering.

For those of us whose interests run the gamut of head, heart *and* stomach, perhaps the happiest book of this quarter's collection is Winnifred C. Jardine, *Mormon Country Cooking* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Publishing Company, 1980, illus., 321 pp., index, $4.95). A colleague expressed considerable surprise that there could be such a thing as Mormon cooking: "Isn't it all English, Scandinavian and traditional American?" Now that Mormons are officially an ethnic group (according to the new *Harvard Encyclopedia of Ethnic Groups*), it stands to reason that they should also have their own ethnic foods, and Jardine's book proves that they do indeed. After serving for thirty years as the food editor of the *Deseret News*, Jardine com-

piled a passel of her favorites that are not only (on the whole) mouth-watering but that indicate a definite distinction to Mormon cooking based upon such factors as the Word of Wisdom (she presents all kinds of ways to avoid cooking with spirits), the storage program, the ever-present admonition to gardening and self-sufficiency, as well as time-savers brought on by the famous Mormon meetings schedule. Jardine's selections nevertheless reveal the truth: that Mormon cooking in all of its richness and uniqueness symbolizes the grand total of the Saints themselves, wherever they came from.

Inasmuch as the Gospel Doctrine course this year covers the Old Testament, it comes as no surprise that a number of new books deal with that enigmatic canon. Among the better ones is Glenn L. Pearson, *The Old Testament: A Mormon Perspective* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1980, 195 pp., index, $6.95), in which the intricacies and mysteries of the scripture are analyzed and discussed with the LDS reader in mind. While Pearson breaks no new ground, he manages to address himself and the reader to some of more difficult questions in a study of the Old Testament. For the Sunday School student who really wants a better understanding of these ancient documents, such short-cut guides as Pearson's are useful. The only caution is that a reader might recognize that Pearson must of necessity toe a strict Mormon line. Balancing on that line can sometimes be arduous.

Another balancing act within Mormondom is the dilemma of the Indian Placement Program and the Church's entire "Lamanite" program and philosophy. Since Joseph Smith first sent missionaries to the Indians and predicted that they would join the Church in great numbers, leaders have worked strenuously to develop Mormonism among the Indian tribes of North America. From intermarriage to pacification, programs have come and gone with little real success in terms of converting the aborigines to the "faith of their fathers." Then came the placement program: Bring the kids off the reservation into good LDS homes where they can receive a white man's education and indoctrination into mainstream Mormonism—a good plan, but frustration and cost made the few real successes seem too burdensome. If one George Lee could emerge from literally hundreds of failures, said Church headquarters, then it was all worth it. But anthropologists and other social scholars warned from the beginning that the cultural shock would do more harm than good to the individuals and their relatives back on the reservation. The dilemma continues as many opponents of the program rise up to meet proponents just as dedicated. Among the latter is Kay N. Cox, whose family has hosted fourteen Indian youngsters, and who has written of that experience in *Without Reservation* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1980, illus., 118 pp., $4.50). Cox would rather fight than switch. If her book is any indication of the kind of dedication the average foster family possesses, then the program, if not successful by whatever standard, will survive on sheer determination alone.

Ever since J. Reuben Clark apologized in April Conference 1947 for reading his remarks, Mormon speechmaking has taken a dismal nosedive into the depths of boredom as general authorities drone on through carefully censored and prepared conference addresses and youth speakers flood the local chapels with cute stories from *Especially for Mormons.* And this says nothing about the infamous high councilman as speaker a.k.a. soporific. Now comes a book by just such a high councilman, Royal L. Garff, *You Can Learn to Speak* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1979, 212 pp., index, $2.50.) Garff combines standard GA-style advice with Zig Ziglerisms in order to convince the reader that the way to give a great speech is to learn a lot of tricks. There *must* be a better way to save the Church from death by poor sermons. One of the old-time brethren said it best: "I never prepare a sermon. I fill my mind with the truth and then ask the Spirit of the Lord to inspire me with what to say. Those who cultivate the long, ass-like tones would preach the people to sleep and then to hell." That was President Jedediah Grant in 1856, but he's dead. . . .