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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 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 Mormon Church or of the editors.

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Letters to the Editor

song of glory

Robert Rees (in his letter in the Spring, 1977 issue) finds it “hard to imagine a celestial world filled with more heavenly strains or deep spiritual joy than one finds in the great Christian music of Western civilization.” Having been to Israel, I don’t find it hard at all to imagine, because I have heard The Song of Glory (Shir ha-Kavod, or Anim zmirot) and can testify that this is as beautiful a piece of religious music as anything produced in the West. After all, Hebrew music is what Jesus himself as well as Isaiah, Nephi, Paul and all the prophets of Israel used to sing.

Benjamin Urrutia
Guayaquil, Ecuador

the narrow way

I believe Karl Keller (See Letters Section, Vol. 11, No. 1) is right in many ways. But I think his view of *Dialogue* and its function may be a little restrictive. It doesn’t, for example, count the purely informative material—like that in the current issues on RLDS/LDS, Eliza Snow and O’Dea. Besides, even though some matters may have been resolved in the Middle Ages, it doesn’t mean they have been resolved in Saskatoon or, I suspect, in Arizona—and perhaps elsewhere. As for the contradiction of the Mormon intellectual—well, maybe so . . .

Lewis Horne
Saskatoon, Canada

the gilbert challenge

In the Autumn 1977 issue Cecil A. Gilbert issued a challenge to provide “any scriptural evidence that a person’s premortal life determines his place in the present mortal life.” If premortal considerations played no such role, then it would seem to be purely a matter of chance. Yet the Lord has said, “Behold, mine house is a house of order . . . and not a house of confusion. . . . And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you, before the world was?” (D&C 132:8,11). The revelation of

the Lord to Abraham recorded in Abraham 3:22-23 indicates that among the pre-existent spirits there were some who were “noble and great” and the Lord said of such, “these I will make my rulers.” The entire doctrine of foreordination implies some pre-existent worthiness for the ordination. Alma (Alma 13:3) stated, “And this is the manner after which they were ordained—being called and prepared from the foundation of the world according to the foreknowledge of God, on account of their exceeding faith and good works. . . .” This concept of the Lord having a deliberate part in the pre-existence in determining a man’s responsibilities, “bounds and inheritances” is further substantiated in Romans 8:28-30 and Deuteronomy 32:7-8.

A danger exists in dogmatically asserting that the good and noble ones of the pre-existence will always have the most favorable and comfortable circumstances in this life. Is it not possible that a loving Father would send some of His weakest spirits to those situations where they would have the greatest opportunity to hear and accept the gospel, and some of His more “valiant” children to less favorable areas of the earth? To those who subscribe to the theory that little children who die are guaranteed salvation because of premortal worthiness, does not the fact that nearly half the population of some underprivileged countries die as small children indicate that larger proportion of the best spirits are going to those locales? It would seem to be a dangerous misapplication of the premortal worthiness concept to feel smug or superior because of having been born in this country or within the Church. Perhaps one is born into favorable circumstances because a loving Father wanted to give an unstable spirit a fighting chance to return to him.

Certainly all the information is not in, and dogmatism on either side is fraught with danger, but one seldom goes wrong in listening closely to the brethren. Regarding scripture Hugh Nibley wrote, “to read is by very definition to unriddle, to expound to one’s self, to interpret. In the reading of the scripture we must always

have an interpreter. But who qualifies for the task of interpreting God's work to men?" His answer is the Lord and continues, "without a living prophet, the scripture is indeed what the Medieval Church called it: a mystery." (*The World and the Prophets*, pp. 185, 188). One would indeed have difficulty in finding a prophet who interprets the scripture as excluding any effect of the pre-existence on our mortal situations.

Lee Smith
Salt Lake City, Utah

fan mail

I have so enjoyed all the issues and particularly the Media and Sexuality issues. The article "Passive Aggression and the Believer" by K-Lynn Paul was very interesting. As I sat in Sacramento Meeting last night with the last speaker rambling well over his time and thus undoing all that the previous speakers had done, I recalled the article "Speaking in Church" by Nels Nelson and took heart!

Olga M. Caddick
Manchester, England

As always, your latest edition is a sleep robber. Keep up the good work and my subscription active. *Fortune Magazine* came in the same day's mail and, by way of contrast, despite face lifting, it promptly put me to sleep.

Marc Sessions
Los Angeles, California

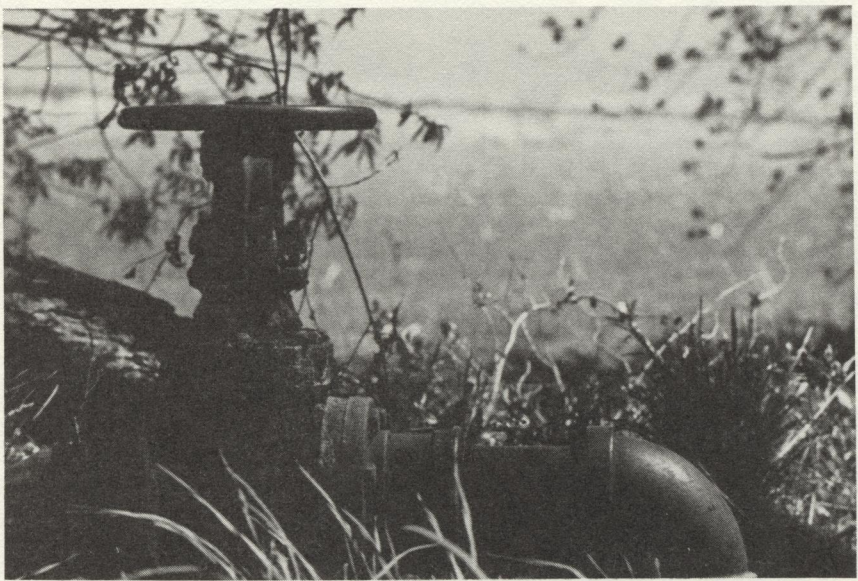
ERA again

I think many political and social liberals in the Church live in apprehension of a day when they will be trapped between the conflicting pressures of personal conscience and existing or new church doctrine or policy. This choice became painful and real for me during the Florida legislature's debate on the ERA in their 1977 session.

From 1974 to 1977 I was an Executive Assistant to Florida's Speaker of the House of Representatives, Donald L. Tucker. He is a six-term Democrat, a moderate and a considerable power in Florida politics. He is also an active Latter-day Saint.

On three previous occasions Tucker voted for ratification of the ERA in the Florida House. He had campaigned for reelection in support of the ERA and in 1977 was one of 62 co sponsors of the House bill. All of this occurred before the Church took a formal position on the Amendment. In 1977, even in the face of newly announced church opposition he was regarded as a solid supporter. One of the Speaker's hallmarks in the legislature was that he always honored his word once it was given, and he had given it many times on the ERA.

This time the main battle would be in the Senate, which had defeated the ERA on three previous occasions. They would consider it first this year, a defeat meaning that it would never reach the House. The House had ratified the amendment in two previous sessions, and both sides



conceded that the pro-ERA coalition had a large and comfortable margin in the 1977 House (in no small part due to Tucker's steadfast support).

On March 27, 1977, a little over a week before the Legislature convened, I wrote in my journal that the Bishop was instructed to read an article from the *Ensign* by Boyd Packer denouncing the ERA. This was especially difficult for the Bishop to do because of his very long and close friendship with the Speaker.

became so intense that it stifled almost all other legislative matters, and the bitterness spilled over into the House. Chartered buses brought hundreds of "Stoppies" to the Capitol where they filled the halls. They dressed in red, many wearing aprons in the shape of a stop sign, and the pro-ERA lobbyists, fewer in number, adopted green as their identifying color. A great many young girls and baby strollers added to the props employed by both sides.



To the surprise and discomfort of a great many faithful Saints the Church had now taken a hard, official position in opposition.

Two days later I had a long conversation with a committed member of the Church who was deeply troubled by the new position. He was an individual whose profession required a public position on the ERA, and he had voiced strong support. He was considering withdrawing from that position, a move which would result in enormous professional injury to him. Like myself, he was especially troubled at the five-year lag between the arrival of the ERA as a major national issue and the Church's tardy decision to oppose.

On Sunday lobbying on the Speaker by other Saints became so great that the Bishop made a plea in Sacrament Meeting to leave the man alone on his day of rest, suggesting that they get an appointment with him during office hours. During the next two weeks the lobbying by the various factions on the Senate side

Phyllis Schafley brought her traveling anti-ERA revival to the Capitol steps, and for several days prior to her visit, there were persistent rumors that she would be joined by a General Authority of the Church to denounce the ERA publicly in Florida. No General Authority ever arrived.

A large part of the crowd was composed of familiar faces from two wards in Tallahassee and from other units in the Tallahassee Florida Stake. They came down to the Speaker's suite in little clusters but he was able to schedule only a few of them. Some of them, spilling over into my office, would smile and make small talk, hardly mentioning the ERA. The few who did try to lobby were so ill-informed that it was obvious they had done no serious study on the issues and were simply mouthing platitudes. Hardly any knew the text of the Amendment, and some were even surprised when I read it to them. Very few expressed an interest in hearing the other point of view.

Some of my friends began to wonder out loud if I was to be trusted because I was a Mormon, if my integrity were solid in the face of "absentee control" from Salt Lake City. It was the first time I had ever had my principles questioned because of my religion. It reminded me of the kind of whisper campaign John Kennedy suffered when it was suggested that the Pope would really run the United States.

Vote by vote the margin of victory in the Senate slipped away. The Senators who switched from yes or uncommitted positions to a no vote were less influenced by the "stoppies" than they were by the high-pressure tactics of the Senate leadership who had taken it as a challenge to kill the ERA in a show of strength. From a high of about 22 votes, support ebbed and on April 13, 1977 the ERA lost on a 21-19 vote, killing it for the session.

Heads are cooler now and the ERA has departed the Legislature. Last year's experience demonstrated once again that instead of uniting us, human rights issues have a way of dividing us, as a nation and as a faith. I know now that my fears over official church pressure on those who support the ERA were unfounded. Except for the inescapable excesses and abuses of some local church leaders, which were wrong but committed with good intentions, there has been no apparent action to silence the dissenters.

The whole ERA controversy has, however, left so many unsettling questions in the minds of many faithful Saints that I can only hope the Church will be more sensitive in the future. Perhaps the most obvious is the question of why the ERA rested before us as a major national issue for five years without any indication that such forceful political guidance was coming? If the ERA was evil in 1977, it must certainly have been evil in 1972. Some Saints, like myself, went so far as to write General Authorities for clarification of the many rumors circulating about Church position that did so more than a year before the policy statement was issued. No indication was given that anything was coming. It was pointless to counsel with the Bishop or Branch President because they also had received no official statement either.

The Church, acting locally or nationally, did itself and individual members a great deal of harm by sending members

out to lobby without even a minimal effort to inform them on the issues. In Florida, the Saints involved in the ERA controversy had an overwhelming tendency to make false accusations, to generalize, often characterizing ERA supporters in the most vicious terms. It was almost as if they had been instructed that those who supported the ERA were uniformly motivated by evil intent.

Those of us who had first hand experience with the new "Nauvoo Legion" sent forth to our nation's legislatures can only view it as a most unfortunate period in our faith's history. Few friends were won for Mormonism, and a great many were lost.

Ken Driggs
Macon, Georgia

scholarly trappings and imitation issues
Dialogue was born in the 60's, a child of unusually strong talent with all the traits of honest vitality, fresh curiosity, courage to travel uncharted territories and simple faith in the goodness of the search for which children are traditionally noted. The strength of the young journal in promoting the integrity of inquiry and intelligent faith has never been equaled by any other publication in the 150 year history of "Mormonism."

What about *Dialogue* in the '70's? Unfortunately, in my opinion, *Dialogue* isn't cutting it. The vitality that carried the journal to such consistent highs of excellence has waned and become uneven. It has been rumored, by a former contributor, that *Dialogue* has been "baptized" into speaking merely for the official interests of the fraternity of which it reports. If the charge is correct, and the quality and style of many recent



articles indicate that it may be, then *Dialogue* has lost the very genius and purpose for which it was founded.

The early issues solidified a sense of pride in Mormonism and its heritage and tradition that gallons of the more time tested whitewash couldn't begin to match. The whitewashers have never understood the difference between criticism and contempt. While those contemptuous of the Church merely seek to gather information molded with distortion to destroy the Church, the whitewashers gather one-sided self-serving information to justify the traditional interpretation of every last claim. The honest critic strikes an objective balance that could lead to truthful insights. *Dialogue* is not measuring up as it did to the standards I've tried to express. The bottom line is that I fear that if *Dialogue* doesn't speak up soon on the issues of Mormon doctrine, ethics, history and society that need addressing, it will die from the lack of support of those who once loved it most.

Dialogue, which first tapped the thirst for LDS scholarship was the pacesetter for the excellence of succeeding journals and magazines. It has now fallen victim to the popular manipulation of scholarly trappings which pervades all scholarly journals currently in the Church. When some saw that what a segment of church membership wanted was "scholarship," they proceeded to serve up imitation issues smothered with "scholarship," full of sound and fury signifying nothing! Such is the rut, from my vantage point, that *Dialogue* finds itself in. I hope that this slackening quality does not signal an irreversible dwindling of interest. If the new editor is truly charting an untrammelled course, then word of *Dialogue's* demise, as the cliché goes, is "grossly exaggerated." To those of us whose Mormon heritage is indelible, the prospect for *Dialogue's* contribution to a renaissance in LDS thought is fondly hoped for.

David L. Rowland
Salt Lake City, Utah

mormon letters

On October 7, 1978, the Association for Mormon Letters held its third annual symposium at the Marriott Library on the campus of the University of Utah. Papers dealing with a wide range of topics relating to many aspects of

Mormon literature were presented in a morning and afternoon session. During the luncheon meeting, the presidential address was given and awards were presented in recognition of distinguished accomplishments in Mormon fiction, poetry and critical writing during the period 1975-77. In a more informal evening session, several authors read selections from their poetry and prose in progress.

The morning session began with Maureen Ursenbach Beecher discussing three different autobiographical modes used by Eliza R. Snow and the psychological, social and aesthetic im-



plications of each. Lavina Fielding Anderson analyzed the role that identity crises have played in missionary fiction and drama. Davis Bitton described the career of Claude T. Barnes, a little-known Utah naturalist with limited but nonetheless interesting poetic gifts. Eugene England provided a commentary on the three papers and insight into some of the issues that remain to be explored in relation to the topics considered. During the afternoon session, William Wilson commented on the uses of folklore in *The Giant Joshua*, and Richard Cracroft examined the comic elements in Samuel Taylor's *Heaven Knows Why*. The afternoon session concluded with Stephen Tanner calling for a renewed interest in moral approaches to literary criticism and Levi S. Peterson furnishing the final commentary.

New to this year's symposium was the awarding of prizes to recognize especially important and accomplished contributions to the field of Mormon letters. The prize for fiction was shared by Douglas H. Thayer and Donald R. Marshall. The award to Professor Thayer was given in specific recognition of the short stories "Indian Hills" and "Zarahemla," both contained in *Under Cottonwoods and Other Stories* (Provo: Frankson Press, 1977) and that to Professor Marshall for "The Wheelbarrow" and "The Reunion" from *Frost in the Orchard* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1977). Linda Sillitoe and Arthur Henry King shared the prize for poetry. The prize to Mrs. Sillitoe was for her poems

"Letter to a Four-Year-Old Daughter" (*B.Y.U. Studies* 16 [1976], 234) and "The Old Philosopher" (*B.Y.U. Studies* 17 [1977], 222) and that to Professor King for "The Field Behind Holly House" (*B.Y.U. Studies* 16 [1976], 606-7). Clifton Holt Jolley received the prize in critical writing for his essay, "The Martyrdom of Joseph Smith: An Archetypal Study" (*Utah Historical Quarterly* 44 [1976], 329-50).

The evening session of poetry and prose in progress was chaired by Elouise M. Bell and included selections from the recent work of Professor Bell, Dennis Clark, Donald R. Marshall, Linda Sillitoe, and Emma Lou W. Thayne. Examples of the work of Dennis Clark, Linda Sillitoe, and Emma Lou W. Thayne may be had for similar reading groups any place in the world by addressing requests to Linda Sillitoe, The Association for Mormon Letters, 1718 Lake Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84105. (All other matters concerning the Association, including membership and nominations for future prizes, should be addressed to The Association for Mormon Letters, 1346 South 18th East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.)

At the business meeting, Eugene England was elected vice-president of the Association, Levi S. Peterson program chairman, and Candadai Sechari and Elizabeth Shaw members of the council.

Steven P. Sondrup
Brigham Young University

And We Were Young

DENNIS DRAKE

*Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we
were young.*

-A. E. Housman

I WILL TELL YOU NOW THAT WORDS come hard for me. Perhaps that is why I value them so highly. And I make no apology for being simple where most men are complex and complex where many men are simple. I am wholly mortal, trying to be a holy mortal and failing badly. In short, if the Second Coming occurred this instant, I wouldn't know whether to cheer or cut my throat.

So here I sit, secure in my ambivalence and this fold of February snow, surrounded by pines, nourished by well-water in a \$50-a-month home. The hardwood floors are hard, the walls breathe, the wiring is suspect. It is a good place to live. The trees are pruned, the garden plowed and lying fallow. Together we are resting and waiting for a green time. High on a bluff our yard runs down to the river. I can see up the bend and down, a mile and a half. About fifty ducks just glided out of the grey sky onto the water. Yesterday I watched a crane wade along the bank, and I thought: nothing could be lovelier than this. As usual, I was wrong a dozen times before dinner.

DENNIS DRAKE *has published a book of poems, What You Feel, I Share, and is working on another.*

I came here not because I was possessed of a vision to be different, but simply to escape smog and traffic signals and the crowds that cause them. And, however trite it sounds, to get Chris and Brand and Sean-Adam back to the land; to let them know wood stoves and clear water and seasons. They have loved it from the first. My own lessons come harder. I am trying to believe that all days are good days, to overcome frustration and chronic mistrust, to find that feeling is a kind of meaning. And while I am not celestial stuff, I am at least a counterfeit Frost capable of simple verse and farming, and I am learning.

*God bless the Ground! I shall walk
softly there, And learn by going
where I have to go.*

-Theodore Roethke

Up out of dirt, like Adam, cut from clay. I share the sacred soil with you, the strangers. For two days I climbed north from Yosemite to find a private place, a high quiet communion far from the clamor below. When I reached the summit I found a clear blue lake hung between the peaks, with evergreens and a soft meadow surrounding it. I also found two dozen people who had come south on horseback. And I found another reason to leave California.

It's too bad. God was there but so were gawkers. They came *en masse*, not to observe and enjoy, but to perform noisily for each other, to sit in tents and play cards and litter the air with profanity. Their mere presence was a desecration. They polluted the clean beauty of it all. So I discovered that this Creation we inhabit, like any worthy creation, demands respect and appreciation and receives instead thin vacant stares and canned applause. Three weeks later we packed our belongings and drove north.

*And the Lord said in his heart, I
will not again curse the ground any
more for man's sake.*

-Genesis 8:21

Much of the Pacific Northwest is wilderness, either by official designation or tacit implication. The distance from our previous home in California to our present one is about 800 miles, 25 years, and 20 million people. I only wish it were further.

Still, somehow I have stepped backward and forward at the same time. All my life I have consciously maintained a deep, respectful feeling for the past two hundred years—the people who shared that time, their achievements, their failures. I somehow feel deprived of new and unfamiliar land, the gold rushes, trappers and surveyors, thirty years of real cowboys, the savage who, if never noble, was considerably more than what civilization made of him. Indeed, the whole westward movement stirs my romantic sensibilities as it did those of young men during its evolution. I yearn for a quenched thirst like theirs.

This country is not quite so large and wild as they knew it, yet even now

it spreads towns far apart. And many of them, old mining towns and ranching communities, are collectively diminishing; in Frost's phrase, "not much to begin with and every year beautifully less." It is in this context that I recently followed the Lewis and Clark Trail. The surprising thing is that it has changed so little. But one hundred seventy years must make some changes in the land, in the people.

Captain Lewis recorded in his journal that buffalo, elk and antelope were so gentle they frequently approached the men to discover what they were, and sometimes followed them for miles with that apparent objective. Clark mentions one herd of buffalo numbering ten thousand, and in the same area Lewis found grizzlies so numerous and troublesome that he did not think it wise to send a man alone on an errand. Although at times the ticks and "musqueters" were irritating, there were ample compensations. When the small party had passed the Great Plains and the buffalo meat was gone, they caught 528 fish in two hours, most of them large trout. Clark reported that the waters of the Columbia were so clear salmon could be seen at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

Clearly, their rivers are not ours. The great falls of the Missouri and the wild rapids of the Columbia are gone. Gone too are whole tribes met along the way, and the openness and warmth which they exhibited has vanished from their remaining brothers down a trail of broken treaties.

Progress usually entails a loss of one sort or another. Sometimes the loss is senseless and irretrievable. Notwithstanding central air and flush toilets are wonderful inventions, I am born out of my time—probably not a valid complaint, but a common one, and that means something. The endless waves of buffalo on plains still vast but noticeably empty, the going of the grizzly, the addition of dams to rivers, of freeways to primitive areas and chemical waste to water and air—all these diminish my earth and my pleasure in inhabiting it. They diminish me.

*You shall ask
why must summer end
And I will tell you
So that the leaves can die.
-Nancy Wood*

It was said of the early settlers that the cowards never started, and the weak died along the way. The West was vast and wild, and required strong and rugged men to measure its mass. But a clouded sky stretched over those people, that land. As in all human endeavor, strong men can survive, but it takes a good man to live.

There were good men, but not enough. The West was not won so much as it was simply overrun, eroded, corroded. Men may tame the land a little, and then only temporarily, but the land can change men radically, forever. Ask a farmer or a miner if all his labor makes much difference to the land, but it places an indelible mark on him. Environmentalists talk of raping the land, yet the land remains, a bit despoiled perhaps, but not displaced. Its inhabitants have been less fortunate: the beaver, buffalo, Indians.

We killed Indians because we were more and better armed, and because we believed in Manifest Destiny and a Christian God. We penned survivors

like we do our convicts, our cattle, even our grass. When homesteaders cut trees and ranchers grazed herds and prospectors found gold on reservation property, we killed more Indians, drew more treaties, and moved the fences. Our world never shrank as small as theirs, or changed so fast. They were only here first, and were not strong enough to stay.

So they fought and rested as we do: a war to end all wars, then peace as long as grass should grow and water flow. No need for editorials here. Men will be what men have been. As Black Elk said, "it is not the grass and the water that have forgotten."

*It does not matter where his body
lies,
for it is grass; but where his spirit
is, it will be good to be.*
-Black Elk, speaking of Crazy Horse

I am a frequenter of graveyards, or what my three-year-old calls "dying gardens". Rarely will I pass by a wilderness cemetery without checking whether the old wood markers are still legible. I have knelt at babies' graves dug a hundred years ago and still felt a slow, strange grief engulf me. And I have known the warm, friendly feeling of sharing space with Port Rockwell, Golden Kimball, David McKay, and all that hardy stock under Salt Lake soil. I guess I just like continuity, hints of eternity, large lawns. Nothing morbid about it; I like graves.

My most recent grave-sitting was done with Chief Joseph. I have read of his epochal march—loving peace first, fighting for his feelings, accepting the inevitable gracefully: "I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever." He too had a fondness for earth and sky, for ancestors, for graves: "I buried [my father] in that beautiful valley of the winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world." He longed to be buried in that valley close to his father. But Chief



Joseph died on the reservation, a two-hour drive from Spokane.

Still, his bones remain in the Northwest, and the land stays Indian to this day. Spokane means "Children of the Sun". I hope for symbolism there. A poet writes about the sound of *Wallowas* driving men crazy. Chewelah, Inchelium, Issaquah, Klickitat, Lilliways, Peshastin, Skamakowa, Snohomish, Snoqualmie, Steilacoom, Tillicum, Tonasket, Wenatchee, Kooskia, Kaniksu, Skipoose, Samamish . . . names that provide language the pleasure it deserves. May celestial speech prove so satisfying.

One-hundred-twenty years ago Brigham Young gave to my great-great-grandfather the title "Apostle to the Lamanites". And what grandfather began out of love for the Lord and his servants evolved into a lifelong love of the Indian people. That feeling has proved hereditary. Mae and I agreed that heritage should figure in our daughter's name, so when I walked out of the delivery room of a small mountain-community hospital where she was born, I looked for a Running Rabbit or a Bird That Flies By Water. But all I saw was a spring morning, liquid-green, budding, blossoming, throbbing with the secret wonder of new life. Because it was the fourth month of the year we called her April. And because it was early morning full of the freshest light, we called her Dawn. To others, April and Dawn are two common, pleasant-enough girl-names, but to her mother and me, April Dawn will always be a proud designation of much, much more.

*Nota: man is the intelligence of his soil,
The sovereign ghost. (1922)*

*Nota: his soil is man's intelligence.
That's better. (1947)*

-Wallace Stevens

The poet stands alone, eye of the hurricane. He is insular, even backwards, perennial spectator. Yet in his silence he is neither composed nor apart from all that goes on; indifference is the other end of the spectrum. Friends see him as a kind of pretentious failure because he works so hard at it. He burns his bridges before they are built; buries his talents and forgets just where. But he must live close to the earth, and most kinds of performance loosen his adhesion.

So it is. I am not up to living more than a simple life. I can see now that my pilgrimage here was no escape—I was running *to* something, full of hope and anticipation. My exodus to isolation is more reflection than rejection of conformity, does not assume but hopes for better performance. The attempt is pure, not innocent; genuine, not original. I am sensitive to the indulgent smiles and knowing nods, but this is for my life, not theirs. I search for self, the me that is becoming.

I bleed that my family must do without all the conspicuous acquisitions I could so easily get for them, but if I keep a cow, said Emerson, that cow milks me. I hope to resist the temptation to spend a portion of eternity cleaning my castle, polishing three cars and a boat, and tuning myriad snowmobiles and motorcycles, and I do not want to confuse who I am with what I own. This is not an easy posture to maintain, but I am self-centered enough to manage, with effort, rather nicely.

My family is my heart. I cherish them beyond a bachelor's ability to comprehend. They are beautiful, bright, and—aside from their own reasons for living—plentifully rewarding for me both as participants in our shared life and as objects of my vision. But they have a corporate interest to clog my life with daily ritual and responsibility, and although they do not intend to usurp, only to share, occasionally I must sneak some solitude, a serene and secret place.

My wife knows nature is my best companion. These mountain meadows accommodate my whims, and the hushed hills I walk on damp and dreary mornings shrug off daily grief and glory with equal ease. The earth and each other: it's all we have, and that's good.

*For all there is to give I offer:
Crumbs, barn, and halter.*

—Dylan Thomas

Food, shelter, and friendly persuasion are all we require; why then do we look beyond them? Our homes and stomachs are larger already than we need, and our direction is a suspicious one. Yet a discernible sense of deserved modesty combined with thirty years' defiance against endemic greed (also known as Nephite disease) preserves my integrity. Do not, therefore, include a pedestrian economy among my legion failures. I am poor by promise to myself, made and kept. No apologies tendered.

I cannot, however, help but notice how Zion congregates beneath the windows of heaven, pushing and shoving for a fairer share, the tired acquisitive relay with the Joneses, the casual accumulation of debt, the much-preached motherless homes. I hear leaders assure the saints that a rich man can accomplish more good for the Church, all things equal, than a poor man, camels and kingdoms notwithstanding—as if the argument that ten percent of an empire is worth more than the widow's mite had not already been debunked. And even though affluence for the money-minded via "scriptural" formulae smacks of Calvinism's righteous rich, I can easily accept a God who rewards both the Lehis and Labans of our land with that which they feel rewarded.

But I resent the implication that a carpenter's son might have accomplished more good if he were wealthy, and I sense that money occasionally impedes the Lord's will—only because we remain selfish and fail to progress spiritually past a physical sacrifice—and more often precipitates empty actions than good works.

I find myself repeating the question posed by an old tract, "Are Mormons Christians?" It is enough commentary to say we are invariably surprised to come across an honest man, a guileless woman, a truly fair proposition, which is why we prize them, like diamonds, for their quiet brilliance and scarcity. Where boors and billboards are concerned, more is always less.

The best men have somewhere, somehow overcome pride, envy, fruitless yearning and senseless show. They have reduced life—or raised it—to simpler yet more satisfying terms. Often reserved but usually gracious, occasionally eloquent, they are the true aficionados of life. Muir knew we required beauty and bread and not much else. The Indians lived modestly, by design so as not to steal from the earth and their future. They maintained

a healthy reverence for their kind of life, and they *expected* to be happy. Likewise Huck Finn was “free and satisfied” with elementary raft and river, and properly despised and rejected much of what is “sivilized”. Me too, Huck; “I been there before.”

*Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes—
The rest sit around it and pluck blackberries.*
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

People say, “But you don’t see the spectacular every day.” Precisely wrong. The everyday *is* spectacular. To extend a thought of Emerson’s, if flowers bloomed in only one garden of rural France on the 30th of May each year, travelers from around the world would annually converge to view the miracle. Or if there were only a single deciduous tree in America, imagine our mass marvel at its explosion of color. Tourists would stealthily pluck its leaves to prove they saw it (would they see?) and someone would build a fence and charge admission and scientists and mystics would write books on how it came to be just there. So what of birds and butterflies, geysers and waterfalls? May Sarton writes of forgotten bulbs left in a cellar which push up pale white shoots, trying to grow in darkness, dying for lack of light. Those who possess eyes without vision suffer the bleakest kind of blindness.

All of us admire and appreciate the Earth to some extent. A few of us even choose where we live for reasons other than convenience—proximity to jobs, friends, relatives, shopping centers. This Earth, after all, is more than background. When we were children romping through sagebrush and timber, we used to feel that we were part of the earth. We belonged to it; we were one. With effort, one can regain that feeling, in the forest, the desert, at the ocean. But we lose it at home, in the city, sometimes for years, sometimes for life. Our walls shut out the light more ways than one.

I suppose I stop short of pantheism, but I’m not sure. If I can see God in people and art, I daresay I can perceive Him in nature too.

*where's your proof?
You who never venture from under your roof
Once the night's come; the blinds all down
For fear of the moon's bum rubbing the window.*
—R.S. Thomas

This winter of contentment is a closed and comfortable stillness. The icy wind and that bare, desperate consciousness of precarious survival too seldom with us anymore are tempered by the fire. We maintain a moderate supply of food, clothing and fuel, but a lot of nature pushes on these walls. Even though I generally oppose confinement on principle, I am grateful for their shelter. Warm and full, I wait for dawn through nine Beethoven symphonies. Let lean wolves lean against the glow (on any level of the metaphor); there are worse ways to get through the night.

Morning is such a soft awakening. Quietness (kids still in bed), steam rising off the river, trees becoming visible shadows against the skyline. There is a strong feeling of movement, of taking shape, of a slow birth into being. And there is a fullness and union of time and place, of centuries and stars. Eternal vision lies just beyond the grey veil, vanishing into the emerging landscape.

This is about as close as I come to grasping the situation. I'm glad we're staying here. All this green country and I share a strange and special peace. We are much alike—aloof, uneven, given to extremes. It helps to draw sustenance from surroundings, to hope this shell may know a new and deeper light than it has heretofore discovered.

Mae finds me vaguely antisocial, and friends pass me off as foolish and romantic. They are right of course. But I have dreamed a long time of this feeling. I won't have it ruined by a few minor flaws.

*To be born woman is to know—
Although they do not talk of it at school—
That we must labour to be beautiful.*

—William Butler Yeats

I am sitting in my bed writing at two a. m. when my youngest boy enters the room. "Son," I say in my most officious adult voice, "it is time for people to be asleep." And this beautiful girl beside me, sleeping like a stone, senseless, bursts into laughter. "You're funny!" she says. This somehow irritates me, because I am seldom funny at two o'clock in the morning. "I'll file the divorce papers tomorrow," say I, "and when I meet your new husband I'll have just three words for him: 'You'll be sorry!'"

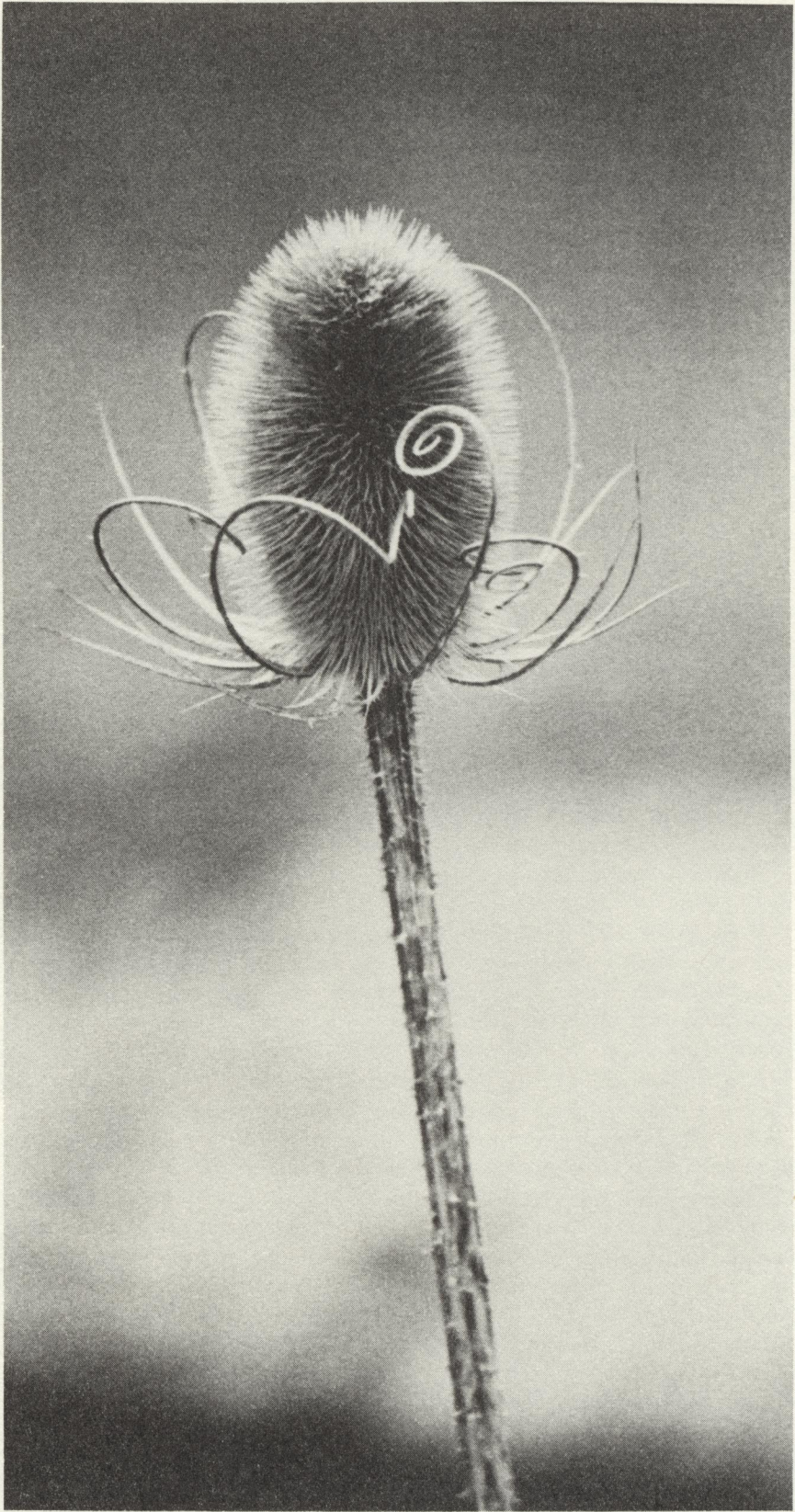
"When I meet your new wife," she instantly responds, "I'll have just three words for her: 'You lucky bum!'"

Well, I pass it off like I always do, never acknowledging how gratifying and humbling her words are to me. Yet I recognize this is diplomacy our statesmen never have: the ability to change the tenor of an argument so completely that the other side simply has to capitulate; moral persuasion raised to art.

I have known a woman or two with a soft, low voice that somehow conveyed a history of tears and laughter, a cumulative experience equal to my own, and I at once credited her with empathy and insight and a deeper beauty than she showed. My Mae is one of these.

I do not know how a girl becomes a woman. I cannot even tell how she communicates it or how I perceive it, yet I understand her distinction is earned. In the lesser lights only can I separate the dancer from the dance; the truest women have melded the movement into one. Like Yeats, I am suspicious of those who learn to trade on their looks, who "consider beauty a sufficient end," and let it be. I am too vulnerable to eyes that smile, to eloquence and charm, to a lady "lovely in her bones" who, when she moves, moves "more ways than one." So I reserve my greatest admiration and my deepest affection for those few who extend their femininity past the common discoveries.

President McKay implied that while our ability to choose our face at



twenty is negligible, everyone has the capacity to be lovely at eighty. We could reflect long on that observation, but even superficially there is a circular sense to all of this. A face is flawed or free, elegant at eighty or a wasted, sour shell—and its owner an angel or a shrew. Something is here about agency—discriminating, sensitive intelligence at work turning action into behavior, behavior into character, character into action until a woman is made and a fair, singular face is constantly refined. This is too simply stated, but the fact remains we grow wise in work, and while we are sometimes blessed with leisure to “look” lovely, we know it is a built thing.

*All we learn from experience is the way from
simplicity back to simplicity.*

—Patrick Kavanagh

I am not sufficiently naive to think I can live completely my Thoreauvian dream, or even to prompt perspective in a peculiar people gone gentile. It is remarkably difficult to live simply in a land where a surfeit of luxury and leisure is ours for the taking, and all our energy is directed toward taking it. Yet I believe we *can* find the light in our upward struggle through the thicket of our days, and as we cut away the complexity of it all, our paths not only run simpler and straighter, but are usually better illuminated.

Perhaps my barren personality makes it easier for me. I, after all, receive home teachers by invitation only, prefer solitude to Church socials and frequently endure meetings in patient resentment. But though I value the sanctuary of soul only purposeful meditation discovers, I desperately need your communion, your encouragement, your balance. We were friends when we were younger; we should be so now.

If only that our space is shared, we should perceive that space and each other with a higher respect. And as people have a place in our world, so the world should have a place in its people. The healthy individual knows how expertly nature can renew not only itself but us as well; how it helps us define ourselves and our place within it. I think of Muir, high on a Douglas fir riding the wind all day, gazing down on a forever green wave, lost for a time to human contact, feeling exactly like a tree. Or Thomas Wolfe entering a grove of Sequoias for the first time, throwing his big arms wide on a wider trunk and looking upward without speaking for an hour. Or my three-year-old son balancing on a basketball and whispering through his concentration, “Look, Dad, I’m standing still as a stone.” Ah, my son, I thought, you too love words already, and the quiet equilibrium of nature.

Whenever we seek a worthy goal we favor ourselves wisely, even if we come up short, for we inevitably meet other seekers like us, and thereby gain assistance, compassion, dialogue. Then, at the very least, we can sit away the gentle evenings oblivious to our real and imagined hungers, content with ourselves and God’s good company and this world around us, secure in the knowledge that every life-support system should have its share of sunsets, as ours does. Lord, how I love it.

*As for the people
I’ve found my rock
Let them find theirs.*

—Robinson Jeffers

My orchard sits on a rock quarry; I have spent the last week pulling tree stumps and removing stones. If I had a convenient ocean in which to dump them we could form a new state. So far our property is still rocky, but several inches lower. And I brought in a load of fertilizer from the dairy farm. One of the workers told me they have milk there also. Everyone is so versatile these days; the conglomerates are taking over.

The Bishop called Mae and me over after sacrament meeting. He presented an all-star award from the area tournament in Seattle six months ago. This ward is the only thing moving slower than Spring. I suspect the Second Coming was scheduled early last year and they just haven't gotten to it yet.

Spring will come of course, with all its green beginnings, but I can wait. There is something about a cold, crackling night that aids lucidity. I suspect the summer smog hides God from us as much as anything. Perhaps He cannot abide pollution in any guise. And yes, I confess I write for apology. I have stained the stillness from time to time. I do not absolve myself, or even plead criminal company.

It's just that I envy most the man who rolls out of bed with a child's enthusiasm, delight in his eye. I am trying to find that fire, to view each day as a dare—something to be enjoyed and achieved happily rather than as an exercise in drudgery, fighting a rearguard action, catching up with yesterday's accumulated problems. This is my moment; I am young yet.

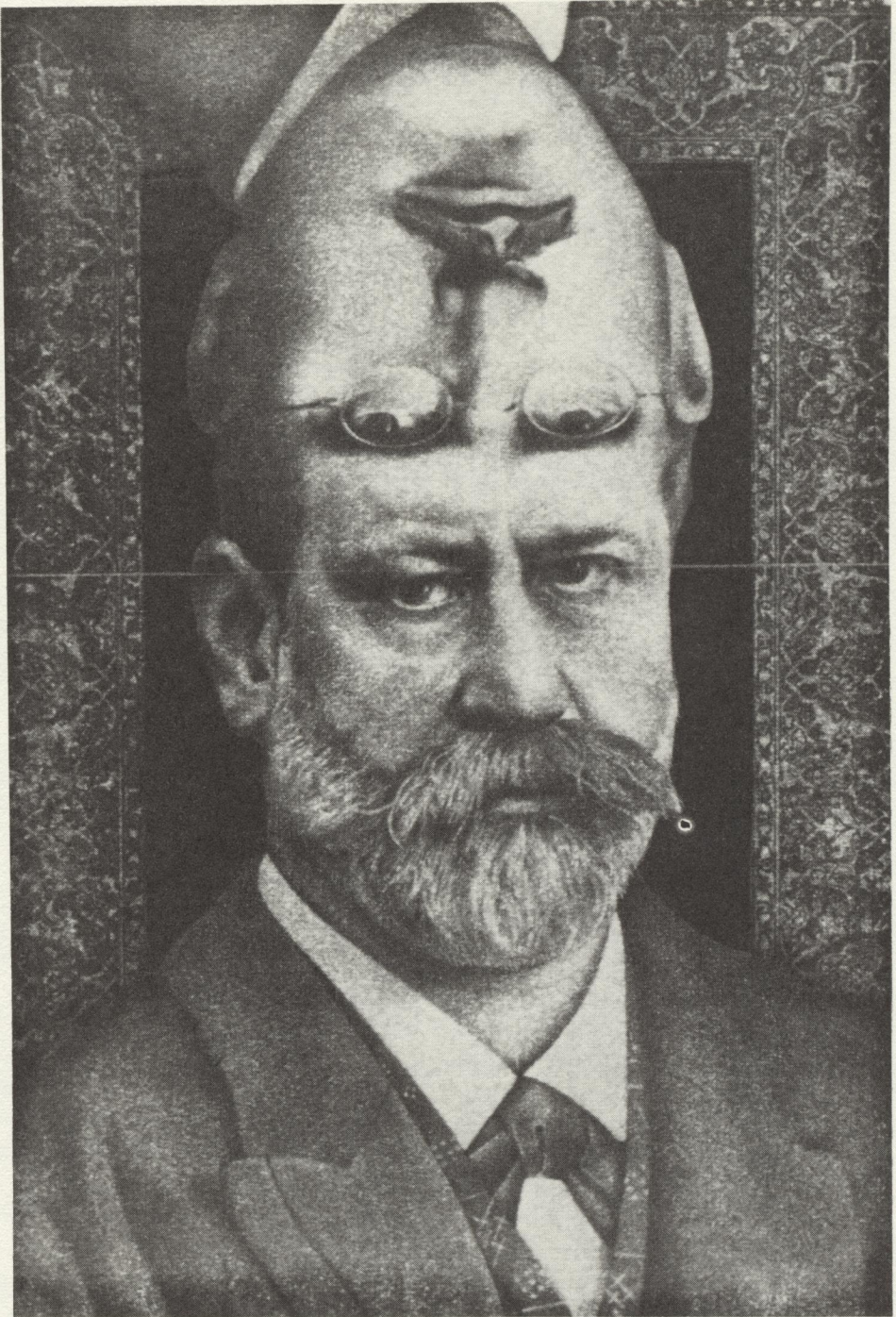
*But what I am saying over the fields'
Desolate acres, rough with dew,
Is, Listen, listen, I am a man like you.*
—R. S. Thomas

Lastly, and most candidly, I write for none of the reasons that generally motivate the moving finger. I worry always, for myself, and then for you. Our lives converge and separate and reunite. We are close cousins (brothers and sisters!) who permit the darkness of our minds and the distance of a turbulent world to disjoint our familial bond. Too many things between us remain unsaid; too much inside us is never shared.

Essentially we make a real and durable impression only one life at a time. We invest ourselves in each other to the extent we care, and that, I suggest, is a true measure of our Christian belief. Moreover, if the investment is genuinely born of love and sacrifice, the resulting joy is both liberating and lasting. May such feeling fill your days.

I say simply a gracious Father directed the creation of our common home. To some of us it is an ungreen tangle, a birdless world, and the high burning light is dimmed to meaninglessness by the intervening, pervasive smoke. But to others the earth is a provocation of beauty, a physical vision that spills opulently into every day of our lives and spurs us to gratitude and good works.

And I say we should never be appalled by purple thunder or the still pause that follows floods, however small, the saffron sun falling through a prismatic sky. We will be the richer for our regard, and I will be content knowing you reside in this abundant world, a calm space, a spot of peace, a quietude, attending the days when we were young.



Freud as Friend of the Gospel

OWEN CLARK

WHEN THE CHURCH ORATOR POSES his rhetorical question, "Who's on the Lord's side, who?", no one thinks to suggest Sigmund Freud. Most Mormons associate Freud with lustful sexuality, primitive drives and (somehow) biological evolution. Psychoanalysis, the diagnostic and therapeutic tool he developed, is considered ungodly at worst, and irrelevant to the moral church-going Mormon at best. This essay makes the modest suggestion that Freud's life work need not be summarily dismissed by the believing Mormon and that it just may contain elements that are of good report or praiseworthy.

The Man and the Image. The image of Freud looms larger in public consciousness than the man himself. The many legends built around him more accurately reflect the needs of their creators than they do the historical facts. Freud implied comparison of himself to Copernicus and Darwin and did not discourage a view of his work as the singular creation of an oppressed genius.¹ He has been enthusiastically adopted by a twentieth-century society based on mass consumption and a hedonistic utilitarian philosophy which has misread his arguments for the existence of inner impulses and wishes as advocacy of direct satisfaction of animal desires.² His writings have been vulgarized through the popular press and used to argue causes antithetical to his own personality. It is to this distorted, popularized view that most

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Mormons respond when “Freud” is mentioned. At the pulpit and in the Church press, he is criticized in conjunction with those forces that would grant illicit sexual license and belittle and deride the godly.

A smaller but often equally clamorous group of Mormons revere Freud as a proponent of freedom and light as opposed to the illusion and bondage of oppressive religion. This essay will not pursue the historical development and function of these varied symbols, but will only note that failure to look beyond them almost inevitably predisposes to a serious misunderstanding of the man and the content of his work.

The man Freud had his own personality, prejudices and professional jealousies. He was extremely ambitious, with a boundless capacity for hard work. Moved by a strong sense of duty, he was honest in his financial and professional affairs and scrupulously punctilious, a model of respectability in his professional, social and moral life. He was the devoted father of six children and a faithful husband. His unwavering puritanical behavior prompted one biographer to excuse him with the conjecture that by the time he had acquired his knowledge of sexuality he was too old to change.³ In sum, he was an aesthetic-idealistic person whom most Mormons would respect and admire were they able to overlook his ever-present cigar. (This cigar probably caused the cancerous growth on his palate and jaw. Because of this he suffered stoically through 30 operations in the 16 years before his death in 1939.⁴)

Freud’s achievements are monumental. He pioneered the technique and application of psychoanalysis. This is not only a form of treatment of mental disorders but also a specific method for obtaining information about the psychodynamic determinants of behavior, a theory of personality and a metapsychology.⁵

Everyone has seen the standard cartoon portraying the patient on the couch and the analyst sitting where he sees but is not seen, probably without fully appreciating that this arrangement characterizes the neutral observing attitude of the analyst. Also popularized has been the specific method of free association: having the patient say whatever comes into his head however irrelevant, silly, offensive, or absurd it might appear. Less familiar are the techniques for dealing with the unconscious that are incontestably Freud’s innovation: the analysis of the patient’s resistance to saying everything that comes into his head, and of the irrational feelings of love and hostility toward the therapist.⁶

Freud elaborated a series of hypotheses into a theory of human personality. His hypotheses were based upon clinical observations described in terms of conceptual schema.⁷ He also formulated a metapsychology: pronouncements on the nature of society, civilization, war, religion, and art which are essentially philosophical conclusions based upon his thoughts and life experience. They have been viewed both as jottings of free association and as a legitimate extension of his basic psychological premises.⁸

Freud’s Psychological Premises. Foremost in Freud’s thought and professional work was his appreciation of the importance of the unconscious. The concept of the unconscious might be most simply viewed as the assumption that many important determinants of behavior occur outside an individual’s subjective awareness that are not normally recognized by him.⁹ The existence of mental activity below the threshold of momentary awareness was apparent

long before Freud and was recognized by many of his contemporaries.¹⁰ Freud's contribution was the use of psychoanalytic technique to intensively study unconscious mental processes and to demonstrate their influence in almost every area of human behavior: neurotic symptoms, dreams, jokes, mistakes of everyday life, artistic creations and character structure.

Psychic determinism is a second basic premise. This hypothesis holds that all psychological symptoms are meaningful as part of the continuous production of mental activity, both conscious and unconscious. Psychic determinism accepts no behavior as "accidental," that is, as capricious or fortuitous, and assumes meaning in "slips of the tongue," "meaningless" dreams and the "irrational" utterance of a psychotic man. Psychic determination does recognize that an individual is subject to external forces such as the impact of falling ladders or meteorites. But application of the concept suggests that it is no accident when a woman marries three men who all "turn out" to be excessively attached to alcoholic beverages, or when a dutiful husband uncharacteristically "mislays" his wife's grocery list after the breakfast argument during which he has been unable to express his grievance.

The concept of psychic determination, however, does not hypothesize that all behavior is predetermined and hence theoretically subject to prediction. Freud's interest was to understand and to explain behavior, not to predict or control it. The very nature of the unconscious mental apparatus—with its multiple determinants of behavior, its own rules of causality and incomplete revelation of its workings—implies that man will never have the full conscious knowledge upon which to construct a thorough-going positivistic philosophy.¹¹

A third basic hypothesis is instinct as a primary motivating force. Freud postulated a process of excitation generated within an organism with the aim of removal of the organic stimulus, *e.g.*, hunger pains relieved by taking in food. His concept of an instinct "contrasted with 'stimulus,' which is set up by *single* excitations coming from *without*."¹² His attention to innate drives sets his theory apart from the mechanistic theories of human behavior which emphasize the organism's response to external stimulation, such as those of Pavlov and Skinner.

Freud acknowledged the incomplete development of his assumption of instincts, but he recognized its crucial position in his hypothesis. He pursued a genetic-experiential approach to the study of human behavior and mental dysfunction in the face of contemporary theories centered on constitution, degeneration and inferiority.¹³

Freud constructed other hypotheses to form his psychology: the role of libido (a term for the instinctual sexual drive) in the etiology of neuroses; constitutional bisexuality of man; innate aggressiveness and death forces opposing life forces. These latter concepts figure prominently in the formulation of his metaphysics, but are less essential to the practice of psychodynamic psychiatry, where they are still being disputed, especially in the United States.¹⁴

Further analogies between Freudian premises and Mormon doctrine could be drawn. Obvious topics are sex as a fundamental aspect of man's nature and the validation of man's efforts to expand his self-awareness and to assume personal responsibility for his behavior. But although argument by

analogy appears clear, it is logically precarious. Such argument extracts elements of common appearance and neglects the complexities which abound in the study of subjective experience, sexuality and human responsibility.

Finally, there are significant differences of both intent and perspective between Freudian thought and Mormon doctrine. Freud was a personally ambitious man, impressed by the illogical and illegitimate use of religious dogma, who saw himself formulating a new science of the unconscious. Mormons assert an eternal perspective which Freud would not recognize in his scientific pursuits and which is not the subject matter of the science of psychology. Dynamic psychiatry investigates an individual's psychic reality: his subjective view of the world with its distortions, fantasies, wishes and fears. A believing Mormon can acknowledge the reality of a person's psychic life, and yet insist that such psychic facts cannot be equated with spiritual realities. The subjective God-image of a given man (or any group of men) is not to be confused with God as he is, and as he may reveal himself. The projection of human concerns to the cosmic level is not the same as revelation of the Divine to man. Prophetic pronouncements make claim to an authority and a validation of a different nature than those of modern science. A prophet leaves it for the apologist, systematist and philosopher to justify his proclamations, to form a rational system of thought from his utterances, and to fit them into an existing philosophical schema. Such revelation is a meaningful reality to those who experience it and a nonentity to those who do not. A religion based upon such revelation warrants acceptance and devotion for reasons outside the realm of science.

Potential Usefulness of Freudian Thought. What then does Freudian psychology have to offer the Mormon who both studies psychological processes and cultivates his own spiritual life. He may choose Freud's insights and techniques without embracing Freud's metaphysics. This approach requires a critical reading of Freud's work for assumptions and implications and a selective acceptance and application. It also involves the flexibility to select out personally meaningful material and the tolerance to allow others the same privilege, recognizing that differences in personal experience may make a given hypothesis or concept productive for one person but confusing and frustrating for another. This pluralistic and voluntaristic approach would probably not be acceptable to persons who demand complete and absolute reconciliation of all factual data and who are uncomfortable with the ambiguities of working hypotheses.

Philosophy of Science. I see three areas of potential usefulness of Freudian thought for the serious Mormon student who elects the above approach. One lies in its implications for the philosophy of science. Freud stands as an obstacle to those who would invoke an empirically oriented scientific tradition to reduce their understanding of man to physical and chemical forces alone. The contemporary philosophy of science grows out of an early nineteenth-century tradition that recognized only physical-chemical forces or physical-mathematical explanations of existence. These nineteenth-century empiricists were zealous to avoid the murkiness of German Romantic speculation. They avoided unnecessary postulates not subject to laboratory verification.²⁴ Following this tradition, behaviorism, a science based upon observable behavior, became a predominant trend in psychology after the

turn of the century. This approach excluded man's consciousness as acceptable subject matter, rejected introspection as an acceptable scientific method and turned to observable behavior as most appropriate for psychological science.²⁵ John B. Watson, an early leading behaviorist who had a strong commitment to the program of exact science, supported psychoanalysis, but nearly all subsequent behaviorists have criticized Freud's approach as "bad" science which fails to follow "the standard rules of science."²⁶

It is true that Freud's method of inquiry does not easily lend itself to quantification and reproducibility—an objection applicable to the scientific study of all singular historical events, including Christ's resurrection and Joseph Smith's visions. It is also true that man's consciousness cannot be dissected like a laboratory animal. Nevertheless, Freudian thought affirms the importance of internal psychological processes. It lends them a dignity equal to that given not only to the physical and chemical forces of the "exact sciences" but also to the computer-oriented technology of today.

Freud on Religion. Of all "Freudian" concepts, Mormons are most likely to object to his metaphysical views of religion and God. Freud's pronouncements on religion in his "Future of An Illusion," written in 1927, is one of the sharpest criticisms of religious institutions ever penned. He characterized religion as "the universal obsessional neurosis of humanity,"¹⁵ bringing the same restrictions upon mankind as an individual neurosis brings upon a person. He also termed religion "a system of wishful illusions together with a disavowal of reality, such as we find in an isolated form nowhere else but in . . . a state of blissful hallucinatory confusion."¹⁶ And the author of this may be called a friend of the Gospel?

These stinging epithets are fully appreciated only in context of the topic of the essay. Freud allowed that in this essay he "was concerned much less with the deepest sources of the religious feeling than with what the common man understands by his religion—with the system of doctrines and promises which, on the one hand, explains to him the riddles of this world with enviable completeness, and, on the other, assures him that a careful Providence will watch over his life and will compensate him in a future existence for any frustrations he suffers here."¹⁷ He wrote this essay with the perspective of a man impressed by the ruling minority's use of otherworldly religious dogma as a means to contain the impulses of the uneducated and oppressed masses. He did not view such an "illusion" as a legitimate basis for the authority to maintain existing social control and cultural form.

Freud did not view subjective spiritual experience as a substitute for reason. "There is no appeal to a court above that of reason. . . . If one man has gained an unshakable conviction of the true reality of religious doctrines from a state of ecstasy which has deeply moved him, of what significance is that to others?"¹⁸ Although Freud dallied with occult matters,¹⁹ he always sharply distinguished such private interests from the body of his scientific theory, and his science focused upon man's psychological constructs in their social context. "Psycho-analysis has made us familiar with the intimate connection between the father complex and belief in God; it has shown us that a personal God is, *psychologically*, nothing other than an exalted father, and it brings us evidence every day of how young people lose their religious beliefs as soon as their father's authority breaks down."²⁰ (*italics added*) When Freud extended his clinical insights into historical and cultural spec-

ulations, he drew heavily upon the nineteenth-century framework of philosophic positivism and social Darwinism, and presumed a historical development of mankind in which the institution of religion serves as a defense against the perception of personal weakness and as a wish fulfillment in disregard of reality.

I submit that Freud's psychological statement of how religious dogma is used in the lives of many persons has some validity, but, of course, a believing Mormon could hardly quote Freud's "Future of An Illusion" from the pulpit.

Freud and Mormon Thought. Despite the above, the basic premises of Freud's psychological system are surprisingly parallel to some fundamental gospel principles. Mormon doctrine holds that the realm of man's existence is not limited to what is available to him through his usual sensory perception. It declares that each man has an eternal spirit which must be united with the body in order to "receive a fullness of joy"²¹ With Freud, a believing Mormon would say that man is more than his observable behavior or conscious rational faculties.

Mormon doctrine does not recognize an antithesis between the material and the spiritual realms of existence, but rather proclaims that "all spirit is matter" to be "discerned by purer eyes."²² Rejecting the supernatural as a separate and different order of existence, it declares that "miracles" are not due to suspension of orderly processes. Rather they conform to laws which scientists have yet to explain fully. With Freud, Mormons affirm orderly principles of causality in the universe and hold that matters vital to human life are not dependent upon caprice or miraculous interventions as commonly understood in Christian theology.

Mormon doctrine is based upon a developmental view of man. It expounds the concept of human progress, not in the late nineteenth-century sense of cultural advancement from a primitive physical and social form, but rather as a plan of eternal development. It declares that "man was also in the beginning with God,"²³ and has a personal, real, divine potential. As Freud explored an individual's childhood to understand his behavior in later years, Mormons postulate a pre-earth existence and speculate on its effects in this and later estates.

Freudian thought—apart from the tradition of contemporary "hard science"—lends substance to the legitimacy of yet other explanations of human behavior. I am struck by the human tendency, which also figures in "scientific" tradition, to neglect phenomena which are not amenable to the tools of inquiry used. Whatever subject matter is not studied commonly tends to be considered unworthy of study, then inconsequential and perhaps finally nonexistent. So it is that "hard" scientists slight subjective experience and religious sentiment, and spiritual mystics slight objective data and science. I insist that no one view of man may monopolize truth. It may be laudable to seek a synthesis of religious experience and current scientific thought; however, I am wary of any attempt to bind religious beliefs to any single form of contemporary science. Modern science, even in its most exact and finished form, is a slippery and changeable beast which one cannot trust to carry one's religious convictions. The history of science should teach that the hard facts of one scientific era look amazingly different when viewed from another era.²⁷ Naive indeed is the person who would presume that

present psychology will remain unaltered.

Psychotherapy. Many Mormons tend to contrast righteous living with medical treatment and to consider one a substitute for the other. I consider each desirable in its proper sphere. A nutritious diet with adequate bulk promotes bowel regularity, but it does not replace surgery in case of acute appendicitis. Likewise, admonitions to have a positive attitude and to avoid self-pity may promote an optimistic life-stance, but they may heighten feelings of inadequacy and despair in case of depression where the central psychological defect is loss of the very capacity to experience pleasure.²⁸ I have seen a number of Mormons suffer from disabling depression for years before accepting treatment with its subsequent lifting of the depressed mood. And I have also seen a seemingly righteous High Priest “stuck” in therapy because—to my perspective—of his refusal to clear a longstanding premarital moral transgression with his bishop.

Many Mormons, especially those reared in the Intermountain West, assume that psychotherapy will lead to a “loss of testimony.” In fact, psychotherapy as a technique is morally neutral; a competent therapist will offer no guarantee for the eventual religious beliefs and practices of his patient. The therapist promises only to make an honest attempt to enhance a person’s understanding of his subjective life, believing recognition of previously unconscious wishes and fears will allow conscious control and adaptive behavior. Religious beliefs or activity are endangered by psychotherapy only when they have a neurotic basis. For example, a man may dominate and belittle his wife under pretense of exercising “priesthood authority”. In such a case, examination of his marriage may challenge his concept of priesthood authority and his related religious beliefs. Healthy religious sentiment is not adversely affected. It may even be enhanced when freed from constricting psychopathology which has acquired a religious form in the course of emotional development. Successful therapy usually promotes maturity in all spheres, including religion.²⁹

Among forms of psychotherapy, psychoanalysis holds a special place. It addresses concerns of the inner man: the complexities of motivation, fears and fantasies, rather than just observable behavior. It places the therapist—as it were—in the head of the patient, and allows him in effect to say, ‘I perceive such-and-such conflicting motivating forces in your behavior.’ In other types of therapy, such as transactional analysis, the therapist takes a position outside the patient and in effect says, ‘I perceive your acting toward others in such-and-such a fashion.’ The therapist labels behavior, and often goes on to counsel and even to urge change in behavior, but the inner motivating force is not addressed directly. Herein lies the difference between analytic psychotherapy and counseling.

Psychoanalysis retains a developmental perspective, recognizing the influence of past experience rather than focusing exclusively on the here-and-now. In practice it is more intensive than most other therapies. Sessions are several times a week for years. The arduous training of its practitioners requires analysis of self and a careful supervision of controlled cases in addition to casework.

The demands and discipline of psychoanalysis do not attract hordes of followers in the contemporary instant-mental-health-and-self-actualization scene. Besides time and money, a prospective patient needs to have a higher

intelligence and a psychological openness. These requirements serve to limit analysis to about five percent of the population—thereby countering the egalitarian values of our democratic society. Because Freud's concepts grow out of clinical observations, they are not immediately self-evident. The introspective qualities of psychoanalysis cause resistance in people reluctant to acknowledge personal inadequacies. Its acceptance is further hampered by its cumbersome vocabulary. It is much easier to understand the simpler vocabulary of the "parent-adult-child" therapy popularized by Eric Berne's *Games People Play*.

Psychoanalysis has lost status in the last quarter-century, crowded by a host of simpler therapies that promise faster relief (without documentation of delivery!). Close scrutiny of many of the "modern" psychotherapies, however, shows heavy reliance on Freud's clinical insights and conceptions even when his specific concepts have been derided or superseded. Even behavioral therapies are increasingly recognizing the limitations of a strict stimulus-response model and are incorporating internal mediating processes.

Human Understanding. A third use of Freudian thought is the understanding it can provide of human personality and character formation.

Mormons have historically shown proclivity for the natural sciences and the arts in preference to psychology, often viewing psychology as somehow incompatible with their world view. (How often has the first question following my identification as a psychiatrist been, "Can you do that and keep your testimony?") A Mormon may initially react to psychological scrutiny of his religion with discomfort and even a feeling of intimidation. But this new perspective may be viewed as complementary rather than competitive for the Mormon who is sure of his religious convictions and who holds that all statements of truth have value in their own sphere. Some analytical insights may even agree with church assumptions and policies. For example, the Church and the secular world seem to be taking ever hardening lines on the subject of abortion. Over the years most psychologists have tended to accept that "therapeutic abortion is accompanied by relatively mild trauma, including some degree of anxiety and depression; that the preponderant reaction is relief; and that feelings of relief appear to be sustained over an extensive period." These conclusions come from questionnaire data—the realm of sociological surveys. But deeper feelings about abortion elicited in the course of analytic therapy "were invariably of intense pain involving bereavement and a sense of identification with the fetus. These feelings appeared even when the patient rationally considered that abortion had been inevitable and the only possible course of action . . . whatever may be the case at the conscious level, at a much deeper, initially unconscious level, abortion is regarded by many women as infanticide . . . Very few of these women would willingly place themselves in the position of having another abortion."³⁰

I am impressed that formation of character and development of religious concepts are intrinsically interwoven for the person raised as a Mormon. The experiences of participating in family prayer, learning of a Father in Heaven and sitting through Sacrament Meeting are all part of the process of forming early relationships, finding a place in the family constellation and learning a role in the world outside the family. The emotional impact of such childhood experiences may remain a motivating force even when lost

to conscious memory and intellectually separated from abstract concepts of theology.

My impression is that the majority of active Mormons experience their religion as a constructive and satisfying aspect of their lives. However, many tend to limit and to pattern their understanding of their religion in order to justify their own emotional immaturity and rigidity. A Mormon may seek to avoid responsibility for his decisions under the guise of eliciting, even demanding, advice on personal matters from his bishop, church, or the general authorities. Or again, he may seek to avoid awareness of complex social problems and participation in his larger social community by constant "activity." It should be understood, however, that psychological analysis includes examination of motivation, not just of observable behavior. Social withdrawal resulting from fear of exposure of personal failings and immaturity is *motivationally* different from a withdrawal based upon a strong conviction that personal salvation and "establishing the Kingdom" command such a high priority that all other activities are frivolous diversions in the eternal perspective.

Other Mormons appear to experience their religion as a frustrating, poorly integrated and unsatisfying element of their lives—as a thorn in their side. In some instances these experiences appear to result from behavior in violation of personal moral values or living in clearly identifiable "sin". But other cases of discomfort with religion grow out of a disparity between a person's religious ideas and expectations, on the one hand, and his life experiences which shape his character structure, on the other hand. For example, a man would have difficulty praying to a Heavenly Father portrayed as loving, forgiving and helpful if he had experienced his biological father as hateful, punitive and vindictive.

I recall with sadness the bitter recollection of a "wayward" Mormon girl's memory of her father, a highcouncilman and former bishop: "I wanted some love and he gave me religion." She had received only the *form* of religious life; she had not received the warm acceptance necessary to shape a happy, productive adult life.

I often see a Mormon version of an all-or-nothing syndrome which might be labeled, "Perfection now or bust." Mormons are forbidden to drink alcohol, but when one does, he is more likely to become alcoholic and more refractory to treatment at that. A person walks into a clinic where I work, writes "Mormon" in the clinic form space for religion and lights up a cigarette—unaware of my religious preference. When I comment that I thought Mormons didn't smoke, I hear, "I'm a Mormon, but not a very good one." He has accepted his smoking as confirmation of his lack of self-worth in the Mormon subculture, with no reference to his compassion, charity, community service or other virtues and deeds.

Or an adolescent may attempt to emancipate himself from childhood dependency upon his parents by the transient use of peer group dress, appearance and jargon. If his parents cannot tolerate his growing independence and self-sufficiency—which is likely if they have never satisfactorily resolved their own dependency upon their own parents—they may invoke church standards and doctrine to justify prohibitions upon the adolescent's strivings for maturity, labeling them socially deviant and morally repugnant. In such cases the battleground frequently becomes visible in outward

characteristics of dress and grooming. Such an authoritarian parental attitude elicits either passive conformity or rebellious defiance. Although conformity often forestalls open conflict, it may well impede the youth's developing a mature, integrated character structure that includes acceptance of a conservative code of dress and its underlying values. In my observation defiance is often displaced from parents onto authority figures in the Church—an observation about which many a bishop could give anecdotal evidence.

Disparities in experience and ideals are universal. However, for many Mormons the disparities occur in the context of their religion because they are given religious concepts as rationale for regulation of much behavior that has a large potential for emotional conflict. It might be argued that invoking religious principles for such prohibitions is a misuse of the gospel; however, because a Mormon *experiences* such prohibitions as the gospel, their emotional impact actually contributes to the formation of character.

Summary. Freud applied his psychological insights to the religions of his day and concluded that they were illusions, much as a young Joseph Smith concluded: "All their creeds were an abomination in [God's] sight; that those professors were all corrupt."³³ Had Freud understood the Mormon world view, his response might still have been irreverent but it could also have been one of restrained sympathy for a revolutionary and maligned "heresy." However that may be his basic principles may be used as a working hypothesis to explore the netherside of man's psyche without adhering to his world view. Freud was no "defender of the faith," but he can be studied as an explorer of the territory in which religious sentiment takes root. His world view may be contrary to that of most Mormons, but study of his fundamental principles may stimulate development of one's own metapsychology. It is easy to read Freud as portrayed by the popular press—generally in support of a hedonistic culture—and then to attack him as a shaman of the modern permissive society. But to reject his introspective examination of man's most moving subjective experiences is to ignore significant aspects of human life.

NOTES

¹ Sigmund Freud, *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works*. James Strachey (trans.). Vol. XVI, pp. 284f; Vol. XVII, pp. 139ff. London: Hogarth Press, 1959.

² David Shakow and David Rapaport, "The Influence of Freud on American Psychology," *Psychological Issues* 4:1 (Monograph 13): p. 25. New York: International Universities Press, 1964.

³ Henri F. Ellenberger, *The Discovery of the Unconscious: The History and Evolution of Dynamic Psychiatry*. New York: Basic Books, 1970, p. 468.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 456ff.

⁵ Roger A. MacKinnon and Robert Michels: *The Psychiatric Interview in Clinical Practice*. Philadelphia: Saunders, 1971, p. 66.

⁶ Ellenberger, *op. cit.*, pp. 490, 549.

⁷ J. A. C. Brown, *Freud and the Post-Freudians*. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1964, p. 1.

⁸ Ellenberger, *op. cit.*, p. 525.

⁹ MacKinnon, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

¹⁰ Ellenberger, *op. cit.*, pp. 495f.

¹¹ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

¹² Freud. *Standard Edition* (fn. 4). Vol. VII, p. 168.

¹³ Shakow and Rapaport, *op. cit.*, p. 117.

¹⁴ Brown, *op. cit.*, Chapters I and II

¹⁵ Freud. *Standard Edition* (fn. 4). Vol. XXI, p. 43.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 43.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 74.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 28.

¹⁹ Ellenberger, *op. cit.*, p. 534.

²⁰ Freud. *Standard Edition* (fn. 4). Vol. XI, p. 123.

²¹ *The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. 93:33.

²² *Ibid.*, 131:7.

²³ *Ibid.*, 93:29.

²⁴ P. F. Cranefield, "The Organic Physics of 1847 and the Biophysics of Today," *Journal of the History of Medicine*, 12:407-423 (1957). Read this and Shakow, *op. cit.*, pp. 34ff for a concise review of the minimally effective attempt to apply principles of the "hard" sciences of physics and chemistry to the field of psychology.

²⁵ Shakow, *op. cit.*, Chapter 3.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 69. Also see Chapter 6 and pp. 172f for review of this criticism.

²⁷ Thomas S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1962.

²⁸ Donald F. Klein and John M Davis, *Diagnosis and Drug Treatment of Psychiatric Disorders*. Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins, 1969, p. 175.

²⁹ See the 1968 report by the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry (GAP): "The Psychic Function of Religion in Mental Illness and Health" for a balanced exposition on the use of religion in mental illness, the influence of religion on character, and the role of religion in normal psychic functions.

³⁰ Ian Kent, Paper at the 1978 Canadian Psychiatric Association meeting, reported in *Psychiatric News*, 13 (5), pp. 50-51, March 3, 1978.

³¹ *The Pearl of Great Price*, Joseph Smith 2:19.

More disturbing than all of this is the fact that the chief "clientele" for Mormon history, i.e., Latter Day Saints themselves, do not as yet demand good history. Mature historical writing is most likely to result when thoughtful people raise important questions about the present which can only be answered by a resort to their past. The prevailing climate within Mormondom is as yet characterized by unconcern or timidity about such questions.

-ROBERT BRUCE FLANDERS
Vol. I, No. 3, p. 61

The *Coniunctio* in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

DR. ADELE BRANNON MCCOLLUM

FROM AT LEAST THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY and perhaps from as early as the writings of the pre-Socratics, Western thought has been plagued with a radical dualism which has severed one area of activity and experience from another in such a way that many people now live an “either/or” existence which is less than satisfying and which diminishes the richness of the human experience. The separation of mind from body, spirit from matter, subject from object can be subsumed under the broader paradigm of myth/history. Only occasionally in Western thought have the worlds of rational, linear, thought and of relational, intuitive or imaginative insight been brought consciously together in the works of a single writer. More often, poets and mystics were left to themselves while scientists and historians pursued the “real” facts. This means that fully one half of human experience has been written out of our academic tradition. The depth dimension of existence, that which sees meaning in the fact that God moved, acted, and made known his will on the historical plane, has all but vanished from the perceived reality of a large number of people. (This fact is made distinctly clear to me each semester when, as a teacher of religious studies in a public university, I attempt to get students to come to some understanding of the Numinous or the Holy as Rudolph Otto defines it. For the most part, there is nothing in their experiences which allows them to grasp the meaning of the term.)

Nevertheless, there remain a few Western writers in whose work this

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radical dualism is blunted. Two schools of thought stand out in which the overcoming of this division is a central theme or goal.

The goal of the analytic psychology of C. G. Jung is “centroversion” or learning to live at the intersection of opposites. Throughout his work, Jung refers to this end as individuation, centroversion, recognition of the *coincidentia oppositorum*, or, most frequently, as the realization of the archetype of the *coniunctio*.¹ In developing centroversion or, it may be said, in actualizing the archetypal *coniunctio* an individual attains psychic health or a secular form of salvation.

In religious thought it is possible to see, in the New Dispensation Philosophy of Joseph Smith, the archetypal *coniunctio*.² I use the term “New Dispensation Philosophy” to represent an orderly arrangement of the teachings of Joseph Smith, the prophet of the New Dispensation. The methodology used to attain a coming together or *coniunctio* of myth and history is called mythohistory.³ This method is a conjunction of opposites attempts to elicit meaning from history by reading and writing it through the double prism of rational thought and of imagination or mythopoiesis. The intent in using Jungian thought and LDS doctrine together has not been to show either that there is something of Jung in Joseph Smith or of Joseph Smith in Jung. Rather, the purpose is to place two thought forms in juxtaposition, one psychological, the other theological, to elicit meaning from and to elaborate on each discipline so that our understanding of both is greater than our understanding of the parts.

According to *Doctrine and Covenants* 131:7,8,

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.

This scripture says that what we call *spirit* coexists, from the beginning, with *matter*. As Joseph Smith said, “The intelligence of spirits had no beginning, neither will it have an end,”⁴ which is to point out that, in LDS doctrine, spirit and matter are visualized as being paired, or as forming a *coniunctio*.

In addition to acknowledging this conjunction of what will initially appear to be opposites but which will come to be seen as a “divine pair,” New Dispensation Philosophy recognizes both *experience* and *thought* as avenues to knowledge and both channels of knowledge as mutually complementary and indispensable. We read that “knowledge is not all produced by the action of outward things upon themselves, but partly arises from the natural adaptation of the mind to think things that are true. . . .”⁵

These ideas of the New Dispensation are related to several ideas in the work of Carl Jung, the archetypes being comparable to the “natural adaptation of the mind to think things that are true,” which is to say, universally true because they can be verified in lived experience rather than projected in pure logic only.

Concomitantly, New Dispensation philosophy recognizes two planes of existence which may be compared to the distinctions usually made between

the planes or territories of myth and of history:

Beginnings and endings for New Dispensation thought have reference to local events within the universe. Such as the creation of a planet, or planetary system; or the peopling of a planet. The opening verse of the *Bible* for instance—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—has no reference to any "absolute beginning" or creation from "nothing," but refers to the "beginning" connected with our earth and the order of worlds with which it is connected.⁶

We can see in this assertion the recognition of two realms of experience and of two kinds of time. The first realm is one of mythic experience and cyclical time comparable to the "absolute beginning," while the second comprises the historical time of the "beginning connected with our earth" and is marked in linear time.⁷

The outcome of this LDS thought is neither a radical monism nor a radical dualism but instead is given the term "Eternalism" in which time and eternity (history and myth) are seen to be contiguous but not identical. In other words, LDS philosophy is, from the first, grounded in the conjunction of myth and history, and it is expected that time and eternity are in necessary dialogue with one another.

This theme of *coniunctio*, or coincidence of opposites, permeates LDS thought with the hope and promise of "getting it all together."

Man is perceived to have pre-existed this life in the spirit world; but since there are experiences which are not available to a pure spirit form (physical pain, pleasure, death and so on), it becomes necessary to take upon oneself a mortal probationary period during which one lives in a body, or, as the doctrine will have it, the spirit is housed in the tabernacle of the body.

I wish to refer to this initial conjunction or coming together of body and spirit as the "first order" *coniunctio*. It is the first of several conjunctions which are necessary steps toward salvation or exaltation, the highest form of salvation recognized by the Church.

There is yet another step in this procession of conjunctions. When the body dies, spirit and body are once more separated but, the doctrine claims, all bodies will be resurrected and re-united with their spirits. That is, all but a few:

The spirits of devils have been deprived of bodies, and that constitutes their curse, that is to say, speaking after the manner of men, you shall be wanderers on the earth, you have got to live out of doors all the time you live.⁸

The curse then, is the separation of body from spirit or the absence of the conjunction of opposites. A devil is one without the possibility of conjunction. A god is one who has attained the *coniunctio*.

The spirit that the Lord puts into a tabernacle of flesh, is under the dictation of the Lord Almighty; but the spirit and body are united in order that the spirit may have a tabernacle, and be exalted; and the spirit is influenced by the body, and the body by the spirit.⁹

What the world calls death does not, in the Mormon mind, destroy the body. The material of it will be reorganized. What occurs is a temporary separation of body and spirit which will once again be reunited in one of

three kingdoms. Only those who blaspheme against the Holy Ghost are cast out, that is, do not attain one of these kingdoms. That is, those who have heard and believed the word and then turn against it—in effect departing from the coincidence of opposites and tension in order to embrace only one pole of the opposition—will experience permanent separation and no hope of conjunction. More will be said of this later. It is sufficient to point out that the person who acts in such a manner is denying what he knows to be true and therefore cannot attain to psychic wholeness or salvation. This person is not what he knows himself to be. He is in a sense separated from his Self.

So far I have discussed two conjunctions, both concerned with the joining of body and spirit. The first occurs upon earthly birth, the second, after the resurrection. Before this life we were without bodies and thus not whole nor ready for “exaltation.” Upon death we are once again separated from our earthly bodies. The spirit then continues its work in the spirit world until such time as the second conjunction will occur, and the body (this time glorified) will be reunited with the spirit and will enter the eternal kingdoms.

The doctrine of the LDS Church which best exemplifies the ever recurring theme of *coniunctio* is that of the New and Everlasting Covenant of Marriage—sometimes referred to as Celestial Marriage since it continues on into the Celestial Kingdom.

From the Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith we read:

Except a man and his wife enter into an everlasting covenant and be married for eternity, while in this probation, by the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood, they will cease to increase when they die; that is, they will not have any children after the resurrection. But those who are married by the power and authority of the priesthood in this life, and continue without committing the sin against the Holy Ghost, will continue to increase and have children in the celestial glory.¹⁰

Further we read:

... in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of the priesthood (meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage): and if he does not, he cannot obtain it.¹¹

Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject to them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject to them.¹²

The wholeness or fullness of salvation can come only when the male and female aspects of being are unified, that is, when male and female covenant to be bound together in both the historical and the eternal (or mythological) realms. When this quaternity or double *coniunctio* of male/female, heaven/earth is brought about, it becomes as god and goddess being given their own planet or world to create and populate.¹³ Thereafter, they together have eternal increase.

This doctrine of the Church, however, depends not simply upon a man and woman contracting marriage in the temple. It depends also upon their keeping the covenants they have made to be faithful. Only when they have

followed the covenants on the historical plane (that is, in the mortal probationary period when spirit and matter are together for the first time) can they reach exaltation on the mythological plane and become god and goddess in the second *coniunctio* of spirit and matter.

To review thus far: three things are at work here. At two distinct points spirit and matter, body and soul, are united. First, in the mortal probationary period here on earth; secondly, after the resurrection in the eternal kingdoms. And thirdly, there is a vastly superior *coniunctio* of husband and wife, male and female (yin and yang), which, *depending upon their actions in the historical realm*, will bring them into the highest state of exaltation in the celestial kingdom or in the *mythological* realm. Here we see that two realms cannot be separated without forfeiting salvation.

All of this doctrine runs parallel to the idea of *coniunctio* described by Carl Jung when he talks about the joining of anima and animus in order to reach wholeness of Self. Wholeness, individuation or “centroversion” in Jung’s work entails the conjunction of consciousness and unconsciousness and is comparable to exaltation in LDS doctrine. The double nature of the Mormon *coniunctio* is noticeably akin to the *coniunctio* of the alchemists who, Jung believes, were actually seeking through the gross elements of alchemy an inner transformation not at all unlike the transformation or conversion which the Church desires for its followers.

In Jung’s thought, the Self image is the God image or is the inner empirical deity. Man is, indeed, made in the image of God. The Self (that is, the psyche/soul and not merely the conscious ego self) expresses itself in “mandala” symbols or symbols of wholeness and conjunction. Edward Edinger in *Ego and Archetype* says,

Such themes as wholeness, totality, the union of opposites, the central generative point, the world navel, the axis of the universe, the creative point where God and man meet, the point where transpersonal energies flow into personal life, eternity as opposed to the temporal flux, incorruptibility, the inorganic united paradoxically with the organic, protective structures capable of bringing order out of chaos, the transformation of energy, the elixir of life—all refer to the Self, the central source of life energy, the fountain of our being which is most simply described as God. Indeed, the richest sources for the phenomenological study of the Self are in the innumerable representations that man has made of the deity.¹⁴

In other words, if we wish to look at our Selves, our best source for doing so is religion.

The Self at its highest and best is, for Jung, experienced and symbolized as the union of opposites, conscious and unconscious, anima and animus. In the LDS church it is this union of opposites on both the historical and mythological levels or in time and eternity which, accompanied by the sealing of the Holy Spirit of Promise, allows men and women to be as gods.

Compare this with the thought of an earlier theologian. Augustine distinguishes between the God-image in Christ and the image implanted in man as the possibility of becoming like God.

The God image is within, not in the body. . . . Where the understanding, is, where the mind is, where the power of investigating truth is, there God has his image.¹⁵

While LDS doctrine would agree with this, it would go even further to keep from denying the completion of the conjunction of opposites. In Mormon doctrine, God the Father has a body of flesh and bones. How else could one be God? One with spirit only or body only is merely one half of his possibility and therefore cannot possibly be God. Clearly, for Augustine, the God-image is identical with the *anima rationalis*. In Christ, who became the embodiment of the God, or the supreme example of conjunction, Augustine sees the totality which comes with completion.

The God-image in man was not destroyed by the Fall but was only damaged and corrupted ("deformed") and can be restored through God's grace. The scope of the integration is suggested by the *descensus ad infernos*, the descent of Christ's soul to hell, its work of redemption embracing even the dead. The psychological equivalent of this is the integration of the collective unconscious which forms an essential part of the individuation process. St. Augustine says: "Therefore our end must be our perfection, but our perfection is Christ, since he is the perfect God-image."¹⁶

Why, for Augustine, is Christ, rather than God the Father the perfect God-image? Because, since God the Father did not have a body in Augustine's thinking, He could not himself represent the perfect God-image, *coniunctio*, or unity of spirit and matter in God. It remained for Christ to become the conjoined figure of spirit and matter.

LDS theology can be more direct since God the Heavenly Father also has a body and himself represents a perfect God-image. Christ also represents a perfect God-image and holds out this possibility to all men. When man/woman together reach exaltation, they also shall be as gods. *Coniunctio* is required in the earthly realm through marriage for time and eternity and the continuation of this marriage or union into eternity by keeping the covenants made in the temple (eternal space within time). This faithfulness will then allow the historical covenant to be sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise and the conjunction will then continue after the resurrection on into the eternal realm. In the LDS church then, we have the perfect double *coniunctio* or quaternity.¹⁷ Men and women are not left to flounder here on earth; they live a form of the *coniunctio* which will be sanctified and they then shall be as gods and goddesses, given eternal increase in order to people their own worlds. Only out of this conjunction can come the godlike quality of creativity, just as it is the psychically whole person who is able to experience the "both/and" possibilities of life and thus become the creative person.¹⁸

In analytic psychology Jung found that the unconscious produces totality images or mandalas which arise as spontaneous symbols of the Self or of wholeness and cannot be distinguished from the God-image. In other words, Jung found that on the psychological plane it was possible for those who attained the *completed* Self to become as gods insofar as the Self-image and the God-image become identified.

Anti-Mormon literature has frequently zeroed in on the plurality of gods or on the belief that it is possible for men and women to become as gods in the celestial kingdom. This has been considered one of the "heresies" of the Latter-day Saints. However, this alleged heresy seems, if we are to listen to Jung, to be more in accord with psychological wholeness than the doctrine

of traditional Christian theology. Jung finds a somewhat dangerous and disintegrative idea in the mainline Christian theological position which underestimates the power of evil to the degree that it frequently disappears from the theology. He says:

There can be no doubt that the original Christian conception of the *imago Dei* embodied in Christ meant an all-embracing totality *that even includes the animal side of man*. [Italics mine.] Nevertheless, the Christ symbol lacks wholeness in the modern psychological sense, since it does not include the dark side of things but specifically excludes it in the form of a Luciferian opponent. . . .¹⁹

The psychological concept of the Self . . . cannot omit the shadow that belongs to the light figure, for without it this figure lacks body and humanity. In the empirical self, light and shadow form a paradoxical unity. In the Christian concept, on the other hand, the archetype is hopelessly split into two irreconcilable halves, leading ultimately to a metaphysical dualism—the final separation of the kingdom of heaven from the fiery world of the damned.²⁰

Here again, the “heresy” of Mormonism seems to provide a psychologically satisfying response. First of all, God does indeed have a body or “dark” material side. Secondly, there are degrees of glory which incorporate varying degrees of light and dark, reward and punishment. Thirdly, there are those who are cast out along with those who were the adherents of Lucifer in the original spirit world. *And* precisely their sin (or Lucifer’s) was that he would have, given the opportunity, taken away man’s free agency by placing man in the situation where he could choose only the good and never be faced with the opposite. In other words, Lucifer’s primary evil centered on the elimination of opposition, which opposition is necessary in order for man to be able to “get it all together” in a *coniunctio*. That is, if all is good, there is no opposition, there is no coming together, no conjunction, and hence no possibility for wholeness in the psychological sense or salvation in the religious sense because both psychological wholeness and salvation rely upon the coming together of the opposites in order that one may glorify the other.

“For as the man is not without the woman, neither is the woman without the man in the Lord.” I believe that we usually read this rather casually to infer that men and women need one another. Perhaps closer attention to the last three words of that phrase can disclose a deeper meaning. The verse in its entirety can mean that men and women can certainly be without one another but that without one another they cannot be *in the Lord*. That is, they cannot realize their full potential which is salvation in religion and individuation in psychology.

There is yet another area in LDS theology in which the opposites are inextricably bound together. Mormonism, unlike other Christian religions, does not see the Fall or the act of Mother Eve as totally without good purpose.

Mother Eve partook of the forbidden fruit. We should not have been here to-day if she had not; we could never have possessed wisdom and intelligence if she had not done it. . . . We should never blame Mother Eve, not the least. I am thankful to God that I know good from evil, the bitter from the sweet, the things of God from the things not of God.²¹

The Devil had truth in his mouth as well as lies when he came to Mother Eve. Said he, "If you will eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, you will see as the Gods see." That was just as true as anything that was ever spoken on the face of the earth. She did eat, her eyes were opened, and she saw good and evil. She gave of the fruit to her husband, and he ate too. What would have been the consequence if he had not done so? They would have been separated, and where would we have been? I am glad he did eat.²²

We see here that the LDS emphasis on reconciliation of the opposites brings about an interpretation of the doctrine of the Fall which is considerably different from that usually put forth. In this case Eve (usually the epitome of woman as evil) becomes something of a heroine because it is she who, by initiating the Fall into opposites, lays open the possibility for the later conjunction of these same opposites. The action of Eve is interpreted not so much as a fatal fault of pride which brought only death into the world, but also as an action which gave to men and women the opportunity of becoming as gods. The necessity of opposition to the gaining of salvation is further seen in the *Book of Mormon*.

For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so, my first-born in the wilderness, righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. Wherefore, all things must needs be a compound in one; wherefore, if it should be one body it must needs remain as dead. . . .²³

In other words, that which has not two aspects, is not bipolar, remains as dead. Life and vigor result from what is perceived to be the dynamic of a necessary opposition. The *Book of Mormon* further states:

And if ye shall say there is no law, ye shall also say there is no sin. If ye shall say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness. And if there be no righteousness there be no happiness. And if there be no righteousness nor happiness there be no punishment nor misery. And if these things are not there is no God.²⁴

This is to say that God is indeed the result of oppositions being reconciled or that God is the *coniunctio*. The traditional Christian view of arrogating all to one side of the pairs of opposites results in death or, psychologically, in imbalance, distress, and the absence of any sense of wholeness in the psychic life of man.

Not only is the Fall perceived as good and necessary since it points out the fact that nothing is known apart from its opposite; it also provides for man the dynamic means by which he can, through free agency, work out his salvation by once again attaining this union of opposites. Or, in psychological terms, he can find wholeness by integrating the numerous pairs of opposites, good and evil, light and dark, with which he is daily assaulted.

The LDS Church has squarely faced the opposition of good and evil and pronounced that evil is not without its benefits. Jung would find in this precisely that which he finds lacking in traditional Christianity and its theology, which has either banished the idea of evil altogether, or so severely segregated it that it has fallen into unconsciousness. In Jungian thought, that which is permitted to fall into the unconscious and to remain cut off from

the light of conscious awareness, takes on a dynamic of its own which can then reappear when least expected with the power of the irrational to lend it impetus. This leaves the person vulnerable to being “taken over” by unconscious direction which he cannot explain, much less control.

Mormonism has retained, and no doubt will continue to retain the tension of opposition as the only way open to making truly moral decisions. Jung would find that this is also psychologically sound because it accommodates within the religious symbol system the unconscious content of psyche which can then be reintegrated into consciousness.

Repeatedly, Church members can be heard to say that as hard as one tries in the Church and the more the Lord has in store, the harder Satan works to defeat this. I take this to be less an objective statement about Satan than a recognition of the psychic reality of the tension of opposites with which we are all daily confronted. This tension between good and evil remains very much alive in the LDS Church and therefore precludes the pitfall which Jung finds in mainline Christian denominations which, of late, have nearly eliminated the idea of evil. Jung would find the same defect in the doctrine of total depravity which would see only the other pole and find that finitude is totally evil. Psychic wholeness or salvation is dependent upon the maintenance of the tension and balance between the oppositions of our lived reality. As a Mormon, one is confronted daily with the real possibilities of both good and evil in one’s own life. There is, on the part of the Church, a refusal to relinquish either half of the conjunction.

There is a Jungian psychological truth in the Mormon Church or LDS truth in Jungian psychology; each includes and accounts for both sides of human experience: good and evil, spirit and matter, masculine and feminine, and finds salvation theologically in the same way, by attempting to live life at the *coincidentia oppositorum*, which restores psychic wholeness and eventually allows the Self, united as anima and animus, to become as God.

NOTES

¹ Throughout the analytic psychology of Jung the archetypes can be seen as universal structures of Being. They cannot be gotten at cognitively nor can they ever be seen or known of themselves. They are a universal propensity for imaging in patterns given apart from individual existence; but, like genetic patterns, they are dormant until activated through individual content. Jung, through massive collection and comparison of dreams, myths, stories, poetry and art was able to discover recurrent patterns in man’s cultural enunciations. In each case the content given to the pattern was individual but the form itself was transpersonal and transcultural, unbound by time or place. The *coniunctio* is one of the most frequently cited archetypes to be found in Jung’s work. The reader is referred to the *Collected Works of Carl Jung*, 17 vols., Bollingen Series, XX, Princeton University Press. Future references to this series will be cited once by title and volume number and thereafter referred to as *CW*, vol. X. All references are to 2nd editions where such have been compiled.

For work on the *coniunctio* see especially, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, R. F. C. Hull, 2nd ed., Bollingen Series, XX, *The Collected Works of Carl Jung*, Vol. 14 (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1970).

The elements which come together in the *coniunctio* are first perceived as a dualism either in direct opposition to one another or attracted toward one another. Only later, when integrated, are these two seen to be *One*.

² The reader is referred to B. H. Roberts, *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Vol. II (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1965) pp. 381-412. It is important to recognize that, while Joseph Smith did not teach a systematic philosophy, we can derive philosophical understandings from his teachings. Roberts has here organized these teachings in such a way as to illuminate some of the intellectual content of LDS doctrine.

³ See my "Mythohistory: Applied Methodology," an address to the American Academy of Religion, October 1975, and "Mythohistory Via Carl Jung: Where the Historian's Language is Spoken Without Him," in *Myth and the Crisis of Historical Consciousness* (Missoula, Montana, Scholar's Press: 1975.)

⁴ Roberts, Vol. 2, p. 382.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 410.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 410.

⁷ I do not here (or ever) use the word "myth" in the popular sense of lie or falsehood. Rather "myth" refers to, as Mircea Eliade has frequently said, "the way things really are" in absolute time and in ultimate significance. Myth operates *in illo tempore* or in the fullness of time. I am also assuming that Joseph Campbell is correct when, in *The Masks of God* and elsewhere he speaks of the four functions of myth as the 1) numinological function or that which inspires a sense of awe; 2) cosmological function or that which, in the myth, renders a view of the cosmos 3) sociological function or that which supports the society and makes the individual aware of his place in it; and 4) the psychological function. This is for people today perhaps the most important function of myth and serves to introduce the person to his own psyche.

⁸ Brigham Young, *Discourses of Brigham Young*, selected and arranged by John A. Widtsoe (Salt Lake City: Deseret, 1961) p. 68.

⁹ Brigham Young, "Faithfulness and Apostacy," *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 2: 255-6.

¹⁰ Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, (Salt Lake City: Deseret, 1974) pp. 300-301.

¹¹ Joseph Smith, *DHC*, 5:392 (May 16, 1843). ¹² *D & C* 132:20.

¹³ Jung views symbols of the quaternity or double *coniunctio* as the most integrated and balanced images of the Self. Some common symbolizations of the quaternity would be the rosetta window, the squared circle, the Mandala symbols of Buddhism and Tantrism, and images of the city or temple with its sides embracing all four cardinal points. He also points out the need for developing the quaternary function of ego—thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition.

¹⁴ Edward Edinger, *Ego and Archetype* (Baltimore: Penguin, 1973) pp. 3-4.

¹⁵ Augustine, *Enarrationes in Psalmos*, XLVIII, Sermo II.

¹⁶ C. G. Jung, *Aion, The Collected Works of Carl Jung*, vol. 9ii, Bollingen Series XX (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968) p. 39.

¹⁷ LDS doctrine would seem to draw together the two conjunctions, one in the earthly realm, one in the eternal, to make the ideal quaternity (see note 13). This projection of the *coniunctio* into eternity or the transcendent would seem to preclude the error of assuming that the self is all.

¹⁸ Jung, *CW*, 9ii, p. 40.

¹⁹ Jung, *CW*, 9ii, p. 41.

²⁰ Jung, *CW*, 9ii, p. 42.

²¹ Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses*, 13:145.

²² Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses*, 12:70.

²³ *Book of Mormon*, II Nephi 2:11ff.

²⁴ *Book of Mormon*, II Nephi 2:13.

Mormon liberalism, which showed some life in the thirties, never quite made the grade. The liberals talked a great deal, but they had no courage of decision or action. Their sentiments always got in their way. They are still around, but in influence they have been displaced by a breed of noisy and deceptive individualists who give the appearance of orthodoxy while denying its spirit.

-STERLING M. McMURRIN
Vol. I, No. 2, p. 136

Negative Social Labeling: Some Consequences and Implications

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ELICITING COMMITMENT WHILE maintaining participative membership is a major consideration for organizations such as the LDS Church. Relatively few Mormons, for example, formally leave the Church, but many “fall away” from participation and commitment.

In the last few decades a set of concepts collectively called “labeling perspective” have been developed to explain a variety of social behaviors. They are also useful in understanding the problem of “falling away” from the Church. The labeling approach questions the over-simplified view that a member’s behavior always either precedes or is necessarily consistent with the attitudes and reactions of other members toward him. Labeling perspective suggests that social labels, reactions and subtle expectations themselves play an important role in producing the very behavior anticipated.

Many Mormons at one time or another find the quality of their commitment to the faith implicitly questioned through a variety of labels applied by other members. A number of these people eventually leave the Church. It is our contention that many did not actually “fall away” but rather, through a subtle labeling process, allow themselves to be “labeled out” of the Church. And they are kept away because these labels constitute powerful social expectations, expectations that help keep them away from participation in the Church. Social labels can be described as both passageways and prisons—passageways in that they define the direction in which an individ-

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ual member's behavior is expected to take, and prisons in that they identify, brand and lift a person out of his protective social context thus dramatizing the accompanying status and roles.

As used here, a label is a stereotyped designation formally or informally conferred upon a person. Labels are human ways of placing people together in manageable, if not accurate, groupings. Many of our acts are directed toward these groupings or categories and not toward the particular personality. Labels or stereotypes may accurately represent past behavior, but they may also be inaccurate imputations based on biased perceptions or partial information.

Certain positive and negative labels tend to be commonly understood and agreed upon. Mormons labels constitute part of the culture of the Church and are commonly learned even by the very young. Among negative labels are unfaithful, inactive, apostate, or Jack Mormon.

Labeling assumes that individuals will conform to expectations of behavior, even though the expectations may be for behaviors which elicit negative sanctions. Deviance, according to a labeling perspective, is seen as behavior which conforms to expectations of society—expectations for undesirable behavior.

Self-concept and Labels. Social labels lead to self-labels, or self-identities. Charles Horton Cooley, an early social psychologist, asserted that people learn about themselves through the reaction of others to them. The Looking-glass Self concept, as he called it, indicates that people come to see themselves as they think others see them. It is difficult, for example, for a negatively labeled Church member to maintain a picture of himself inconsistent with the way in which others in the Church view him. Negative social labels, with their accompanying expectations, may lead someone to a self-deprecating deviant behavior. The unconventional behavior confirms and reinforces the negative label.

Within the Church, the role of the label, and its accompanying expectations in making the behavior come true, is seldom considered. A priesthood holder who comes to be labeled as a Sunday fisherman or Sunday golfer finds it easier to golf or fish on Sunday because he already has the reputation of being "inactive". His continued "deviant behavior" confirms and strengthens the negative label. To break out of this self-reinforcing prison the person must in one sense disappoint what others have come to expect of him, including those who do not approve of his behavior.

Labels and Maintenance of Behavior. To consistently call a person "inactive" or "unworthy" is to place a negative label on him. Within society negative labels, for the most part, are intended to motivate a person to change his behavior toward a more socially acceptable position. Within the Church, negative labels also tend to encourage and legitimize treating the labeled member in a manner consistent with the imposed label. That is, the labels may serve to place him in special church programs which are initiated for the "weak, inactive" brethren, e.g., Prospective Elder Program.

Often the result of this negative labeling process is to provide a passageway which maintains the person in the defined role. Frank Tannenbaum in *Crime and the Community*, states that labeling is a "dramatization of the evil", or "process of tagging, defining, identifying . . . it becomes a way of stimulating, suggesting, emphasizing, and evoking the very traits that are

complained of.”

The religious labels an individual acquires amount to more than an assessment of the Church’s relationship with that individual. They also serve as directives for future action. Any act of classification not only describes the past but also prescribes the future behavior of the person being labeled and directs the reaction of others.

The application of a label such as “inactive” is often a self-maintaining process in which confirming and disconfirming evidence are equally weighed, but instead, through selective perception, the evidence confirming the suspected label is more readily noticed and remembered. For example, regardless of the comments a church member gives in support of Church policies, if that member has acquired the negative label of “liberal” or “critic,” even his supportive remarks are interpreted as in some way critical of the Church. As the label becomes more firmly established, the audience comes to expect criticism from the “prisoner.” Critical comments which he makes tend to be perceived more quickly and remembered longer than the supportive comments. In this way, then, a label becomes a prison.

Although this discussion concentrates on negative labels, positive labels can also be used to imprison people. Social scientists, for instance, suggest that to label a person “good” is an effective insulator against delinquency. Giving a person a responsible task to perform in the Church helps confer a positive set of expectations and labels. The Church, through an extensive lay organization and a system of delegated responsibility, has created potentially positive labels. Positions of responsibility such as visiting teacher, Priesthood-holder and Sunday School teacher, have very effectively created sets of expectations with imprisoning though desirable consequences. The labels “brother” and “sister” likewise connote a feeling of acceptance, support and kinship.

Social labels may also be described as self-fulfilling prophecies. Robert K. Merton, in *Social Theory and Social Structure*, describes a self-fulfilling prophecy as “in the beginning a false definition of the situation evoking a new behavior which makes the originally false conception come true.” Suspicions about a person’s “worthiness” may be inaccurate, but such suspicion often creates a change in attitudes toward the member in question and encourages differential treatment towards him. These subtle, negative changes in our reactions to a labeled church member may reduce motivation to participate and hinder commitment so that the originally false statement actually does come true. (It is comforting to note that the self-fulfilling prophecy also operates with the use of positive labels.)

Take hypothetical member Brother Ben, for example. He may practice family planning or encourage his wife to accept employment for her own sanity and self development. He may question the value of stake preparation meetings or argue in priesthood meetings. Such behavior may influence those in leadership positions to shy away from assigning him to positions of responsibility and to define him as “liberal,” “weak in the faith,” or “unorthodox.” These acquired labels may restrict growth through marginal involvement and even produce a gradual but continual “falling away.”

As another illustration, consider the case of the intellectual who raises questions about interpretations of doctrine. (This may, in part, explain why selected academics drift away from the Church, or why “a little education

is a dangerous thing.") Such an individual may question whether a statement in a Sunday School lesson is doctrine and revelation or just sincere opinion and tradition. This situation not infrequently is awkwardly received by the instructor and may be misunderstood by many of the members. Several class members begin to perceive and communicate to others that this person is "challenging authority," "intellectualizing" and "getting away from the fundamentals." Over a period of time this "questioning" member may be labeled "liberal," "critic", or even "intellectual apostate." Other behavior as disparate as wearing a pant suit to Relief Society, growing a beard, or consuming cola drinks may cause a member to be labeled in similarly negative terms.

Social labels have a tendency to become generalized beyond the initial behavior which originated them. For example, a "smoking Elder" may be suspected of drinking and beating his wife. A person who asked questions about the validity of an interpretation found in a lesson manual may be seen as un-believing. The possessor of a single stigmatizing characteristic is often seen as possessing several other discrediting characteristics which some members relate to the original label. Although some of these generalizations may be based on fact, the stereotyped label creates expectations for new behaviors which may eventually become accurate. Labels may be generalized from one behavior to another or even from one family member to another person within the family.

There may, in fact, be a difference between stealing something and being a thief. The difference is not theological, legal, or moral, but rather a difference in the consequences for the future behavior of the person. Albert Cohen, a theorist of deviant behavior, has suggested that it is one thing to commit a deviant act . . . it is quite another to be charged and invested with a deviant character. Most people have violated general moral guidelines against lying and stealing but few see themselves as liars and thieves. However, as a person is caught and evaluated as having stolen, he is on his way to becoming a thief.

What are the consequences for the future behavior of a Church member who has been labeled inactive, intellectual apostate, doubter, or in some other way "tainted" or "unworthy"? Regardless of the accuracy of the label, the subtle social reaction, the self-concept and subsequent behavior of the member are the real consequences. A jealous, gossiping neighbor or even a well-meaning person can imprison a fellow member by the careless use of a negative label. Negative labels maintain themselves and hinder the return of the "fallen" member.

Individual Church members can also minimize undesirable aspects of negative labels by informing themselves of the consequences of negative labeling and by providing positive encouragement to counteract them. Awareness should cause members to be hesitant in evaluating and stigmatizing fellow members. Even some of the labels intended as positive have not always been rewarding. Positive labels should be given for human activities more meaningful than simple attendance at meetings, or paying tithing.

Not only do negative labels have undesirable consequences for individual members but also for the Church as an organization. Negative labels may be considered undesirable in that they tend to polarize people, leading to

division and dissension within the membership. Labels act as “distancing phenomena” in that the “unworthy” seem more different from the “worthy” than they actually are. The net result may be “quasi-segregation” or “stratification” by a worthiness dimension.

Because the Church places a high value on unity, harmony and predictability, the questioning member is seen by many as a threat to this unity. Turning the questioning member into an outsider maintains homogeneity within the organization. In this attempt to create consensus and to insure greater homogeneity of beliefs and methods, creative, thoughtful and highly productive members may also be alienated. It has been argued that much of the strength and vitality of an organization comes from the peaceful clash of diverse ideas, cultures and personalities. In this sense there is strength in diversity and in some forms of dissent. By labeling the questioner out of the Church, this important element is lost.

An emphasis on unity and homogeneity stifles change and creativity. Non-traditional approaches to problems are often devalued and intellectual inbreeding encouraged. Stereotyped phrases with unclear meanings become entrenched, and response to a changing world becomes less and less successful. These problems are faced by many social organizations. The extensive and exclusive use of negative labels by an organization hinders change because of the self-maintaining nature of such stereotypes.

The questioning member who is labeled a heretic cannot serve the Church as a resource because he does not have credibility. Although unity on some ideas is to be valued, there are other ideas in the Church about which agreement may not be possible or even desirable. Much of the vitality of the Church depends upon the variety of insight and experience contributed by church members of diverse backgrounds. The questioning member may lead the organization into healthy introspection by viewing alternatives previously overlooked.

Since labels, stereotypes and the pigeon-holing process are almost inevitable, ways to minimize “falling away” need to be found. The earlier example of the questioning member suggests that part of the solution lies in a careful discrimination between “revealed truth” and informed opinion. Because some members mistake tradition and opinion for doctrine, those who question may be incorrectly labeled and thus nudged toward the margins of the Church. In short, the Church at several organizational levels might encourage a market place of opinions on those issues for which there is no revealed doctrine. It is somewhat surprising that a Church that believes in eternal progression does not do more to encourage creative thinking and innovation.

The Church would probably benefit from this flexibility in at least three ways: first, the commitment and participation of membership is maintained; secondly, a more creative, thoughtful membership is developed and finally, the Church benefits from members’ thinking as applied to the decision-making process.

Belief Systems and Unhappiness: The Mormon Woman Example

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The following article, based on the experience of two psychiatrists whose clientele has included many Mormon women, was originally prepared to assist non-Mormon psychiatrists to work more effectively with Mormon women. It appeared in the Journal of Operational Psychiatry, (Volume 8, 1977), with whose permission it has been adapted for Dialogue.

INSTITUTIONS, STRUCTURES AND TRADITIONAL ROLES provide necessary meaning, support and direction in people's lives. Chaos occurs when they are wholly lost, and yet too much structure and constricting roles, out-of-step with a changing culture, contribute to problems which may require psychiatric treatment. The underlying emotional problems of many religious women, for example, may be based upon the institutionalized paradoxes of their religious roles in society.

All structures, from kindergartens and military academies to family ethnic and religious ties with a Father in Heaven, can cause problems. The importance of such ties to the individual is seldom fully appreciated even by the individual himself; during stress they are often denied altogether. Both psychiatrists and laymen who try to "help" an unhappy individual almost always underestimate the binds imposed by institutionalized structures. Those who attack these reality-based conflicts directly prevent the establishment of a trusting therapeutic relationship because they so greatly assault the patient's belief system. Under these circumstances, psychotherapy often

yields poor results. It is important to understand that the belief structure of Mormon women provides a particularly clear example of what is known as a binding paradox.

History. To understand the attitudes of women members of the LDS religion, it is necessary to review LDS history. The attitudes of early Mormon men, both polygamous and monogamous, were similar to those of other Western men of the day. These attitudes made it easy for women to be seen as possessions of great worth, so that a man could "own" several women and thereby increase his stature in the community. To have more than one wife not only marked him as a person of above average economic means, with the ability to support more than one family, but it also marked him as a good church member. Since the Church was the culture, government and society of those Rocky Mountain frontier communities, he was therefore a leading citizen.

Within this framework, the first wife was considered the head wife, authorized to give permission for the husband to enter into plural marriage. A Mormon woman's role was similar to that of other Western wives except she had more power within the family. Because polygamy often produced diminished contact with the shared father, the families themselves were matriarchal. The strong pioneer women provided dominant female models with which children could easily identify. In this way strong women members were programmed to be "in charge," while still outwardly passive to their strong husbands.

From this background, personal strength and a functioning adaptability to the overt structure became traditions for Mormon women and these ideals have endured to the present. As a group, many Mormon women believe they are part of the last extant strongholds of motherhood and homemaking. Some have even described themselves as better educated, more devoted to and supportive of their husbands, and more skilled at child rearing and homemaking than non-Mormon women. Such beliefs are strengthened by group pressure and by books like *Fascinating Womanhood* and *The Total Woman*. As in any strong organization, attitudinal deviations are discouraged. Official church philosophy instructs women in the homemaking arts and constantly reminds them that "the woman's place is in the home." Economics to the contrary, working mothers are tolerated out of the necessity of widowhood or divorce but poorly so.

Paradoxes and Stress. Our experience has shown several paradoxes within the Mormon culture as frequent sources of stress in the lives of committed LDS women. In education, civic and community life, women church leaders are strong models, who are expected to present themselves as "healthy and happy." The paradoxes grow from the reaction of the Church to those who have trouble always living up to their assigned roles.

Education. Education for Mormon women is highly touted and encouraged, yet in practical ways education conflicts with the stated creed that women should stay at home. They are told that their education makes them better mothers, and yet they often feel themselves to be nothing more than "glorified janitors." Those with advanced degrees may never have an opportunity to use them. As in many strong social systems, the less educated women fare more comfortably because a lack of education is not particularly important to one who is a capable and active participant in church events.

These women adhere strongly to church policy thereby augmenting group pressure. Some women who do seek an education try to compromise by studying music, child development and home economics. The compromise, however, often leads to more frustration and internal conflict when the routine of the housework takes precedence over intellectual or professional activities.

For example, a woman with a graduate degree in literature has reared eight children. All her activities are now in some manner connected with the Church. Even her conversation is church oriented. To an outsider she appears narrow and rigid. Her creativity seems stifled, and she is depressed. She is doing what she thinks she ought to do but not what she really wants to do, and she is afraid even to complain because she is supposed to be happy.

One Mormon wife of a professional man earned her college degree, married and bore four children in rapid succession. She was active in all of the "proper things" within the Church, but she never practiced her profession (teaching). She became frustrated, angry and depressed while simultaneously keeping a stiff upper lip and a proper outward attitude. Pregnant again she now must support her husband in another of a series of important church jobs. Her life continues on the same treadmill, while she continues depressed.

Another woman reared six children while functioning from a depressed, labored state, but maintaining an overtly proper attitude and holding most of the offices given to women. She then returned to college for postgraduate work in music and teaching. Although keeping up superficially "correct" attitudes and behavior, her sarcasm, apparent strength and questioning demeanor began to show through. Her attitudes became suspect and disappointing to her family, especially to her older children. It was noted that she began to speak about her church with anger, apparently because of her conflict over what she thought she "had" to do and how she "had" to feel about it. Such women have reason to be frustrated and depressed.

Civic and Community Involvement. The stated church position is that women should be active, creative participants in their communities. But in practice, women who become involved in extra-church organizations are tolerated only *if* they remain active, hard-working church members. Whenever their attitude begins to appear questionable, their stature within the Church rapidly slips and the extra-church activities blamed.

One Mormon woman rose to be professor at a local university. She became active in many organizations and was president of one national group. Her church status was publicly suspect for many years, but as she aged and retired, she was once more thought a good member. Another Mormon woman who held important administrative positions at a major university finally ran for the legislature. These activities made her suspect in Mormon circles for a long time, but, as she gradually retired from her non-church work, she felt accepted once again.

Women Church Leaders as Models. There is a great difference between the espoused values Mormon women should have and those which are required of a woman leader within the Church, yet women who preside over others are identified as ideal models. Although they are busy executives themselves, they preach that the woman's place is only in the home. They

travel a great deal, and their church work often requires as many hours as a full-time job. Those in higher positions are excellent administrators, and they are usually highly educated. They are adept at public speaking. They are usually not obsequious to their husbands and likely would not enjoy practicing what they preach, which is that women should use their God given talents only for the edification of their husbands and families.¹

Seldom do church member husbands note the irony in the public elevation to head of the house exemplified by a Relief Society lesson entitled, "Re-Establishing the Husband as Head of the House." There is no doubt that Mormon women themselves know where the power is! Having power, while voluntarily and overtly accepting a lesser role, has been programmed into Mormon women since the matriarchal days of polygamy. This is not accomplished without internal conflict, however, and it is even more pronounced in religious women for whom any unsanctioned change denotes sin or rebellion against God's will.

Mormon women are supposed to feel happy and blessed no matter what happens. Armed with a tradition of strength and dominance, programmed by a dogma of conformity and acceptance, faced with a changing world and annoyed by observable paradoxes between espoused ideals and practice, many Mormon women are in conflict and unhappy. But church teachings tell them that they *must* be happier and healthier than other women and therefore better able to handle adversity.² Because seeking psychiatric help is an admission of personal failure far beyond that of the nonreligious person, it is usually done secretly or with the explicit approval of some church authority with whom counseling has failed. Whenever possible, the Mormon woman seeks a Mormon psychiatrist, hoping he will somehow make her comfortable with all of the compromises she has heretofore been unable to tolerate. She hopes he will reestablish her paradoxical image of strength combined with passive acceptance of her role in her Church.

Characteristic of institutions, which by their nature resist change, the Mormon Church has made active attempts to reverse some of the already accomplished liberalization of women's status. As a result, during the past several years women have actually lost stature. The organizational structures of the women's groups have been changed to place women more directly under the authority of the male priesthood. Before the Church gave up its hospitals, the Primary Children's Hospital had been totally removed from the jurisdiction of the all-woman Primary leadership, while the Relief Society's buildings as well as its separate financing structure were placed under the priesthood. Birth control and abortion are generally forbidden, and the Church has spoken out strongly against the Equal Rights Amendment.

Psychiatric Care. When a religious woman makes a decision to see a psychiatrist, she will often want one of her own faith. This is not a requirement for competency, however, and it may even cause some initial problems. She won't have to explain the details of her religion to a psychiatrist who believes as she does, but she will still have to reveal her feelings about her beliefs. This may make her think she is obligated to hide her feelings and to adhere to her beliefs in front of this psychiatrist whom she feels will judge her church allegiance. On the other hand, if her doctor is a nonmember, she may believe she must be a good example, perhaps even

fantasizing that she may convert him. If a religious patient is referred to a specialist by a church authority, the relationship is begun with certain expectations, some helpful, some not. Commonly she has been told that her doctor is religious himself, or at least not antireligious. She therefore expects his attitudes to be the same as hers and his stance in line with her own judgmentalism. She will often cautiously check this out through questions about the doctor's religious activities and contacts. He must take care not to mislead her into thinking he is a carbon copy of herself or her other advisers. Instead, he must reduce her fear by showing that he understands her church commitment and her value system.

The guilt incident to psychiatric care is somewhat lessened when the patient has been referred by a church authority, but there is also an expectation that a sanctioned doctor will be obligated to make her "feel right" about her religion in spite of her doubts. It is important to understand that certain attitudes and behavioral history may be suppressed and therefore unavailable to treatment for a while. A non-Mormon psychiatrist who begins treatment without the benefit of this sanction must take time to convince his patient that he understands her church allegiance. He must allow her questioning accusations of his supposed antireligious attitudes, and he must freely question her about the normal functioning and organization of her Church until she can begin to trust. If he casts such discussions aside as irrelevant, trust is thwarted and progress may be prevented. If a psychiatrist too readily supports her anti-church sentiment early in treatment, true trust may never be established. Instead, the patient merely verifies a harmful opinion that she is sinful and treatment is sabotaged.

Psychiatrists undertaking treatment of a Mormon woman should expect one of her first questions to be, "Are you a member of the Church?" An affirmative answer usually produces relief and relaxation. A negative or side-stepping answer produces anxiety which must be alleviated by active, empathetic communication. Until trust is established, she will probably not be willing to examine how it makes her feel to go to a nonmember psychiatrist. To build trust the doctor should empathetically interpret to her how it makes her feel, thereby demonstrating that he understands.

Depressed, ambivalent, frustrated religious women almost always demonstrate anger toward most of the important people in their psychosocial network. It is best to approach the anger through channels provided by ongoing family relationships. One can better risk examining feelings about family members than about one's perceived lack of devotion to God's teachings and fear that one is no longer worthy of God's love.

The husband is often high on the Mormon woman's anger list. She is angry that she must be under his authority, angry at his frequent absences, angry at his ability to do creative work while she is relegated to housework. His absences may be due to his church work, thereby increasing her anger but decreasing her right to complain. (Indeed, being married to an alcoholic might be easier because her anger would then be justified!) And anger toward children is very difficult for a religious woman to express because of her feeling that she has been charged to raise them in a happy and righteous environment. In a supportive therapeutic environment, anger and resentment can be allowed to emerge and be recognized. And they can be much more acceptable within the context of family interaction patterns which side-step

doctrinal involvements.

As negative feelings become more conscious and expressible, anger toward church and God may emerge spontaneously and directly. She may even decide that she has done her best, concluding that God has not lived up to his part of the bargain. At this point issues can no longer be side-stepped but must be ventilated, discussed, clarified and tolerated by those trying to help her. The woman should not condemn or judge herself for these feelings nor should others. She needs to accept them until she becomes comfortable with them, realizing that family, church and God are still available to her even though she still has negative thoughts.

As feelings of anger and resentment become explicit, guilt and shame become primary issues. There is sometimes a tendency for a woman to spring into frenzied church work. Whenever possible, this should be avoided. She can use her husband's or her psychiatrist's help to discuss directly and openly with church authorities and the call to increased church activity. Contrary to what might be expected, church authorities are usually very cooperative with psychiatrists when that cooperation is honestly sought.

A reasonable amount of church activity should be encouraged, however. When guilt and shame surface, church activities can become more meaningful and therefore more pleasurable. To a reasonable point they should be encouraged as an aid in resolving guilt and shame over self-perceived negative church attitudes.

The depressions, frustration, and anger of some Mormon women are based partially on institutionalized paradoxes inherent in female roles. These women have strong commitments to the Church that make attacks on their beliefs untenable. By first recognizing the stress points in their life patterns, then approaching their feelings through their family relationships, these women can successfully resolve much of their unhappiness. Though the paradoxes cannot be eliminated, the conflicts can be.

NOTES

¹ Los Angeles Times. "Mormon Women." Part IV, P. 1, June 3, 1976.

² Branch, C.H.H., Dauler, T.P. "Psychiatry in a Mormon Community," *Br Journal of Psychiatry* 4: (3), 1970.

Social Science and Religious Beliefs: Some Misconceptions

A. DON SORENSON

IN THIS CENTURY THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN science and religion has shifted from natural science to social science. The conflict is less heated because religion is culturally less important now than it used to be. Still the controversy is real enough and, in at least one way, more deadly for religion because religion itself has become the subject of scientific investigation. Sociologists, anthropologists and psychologists have probed the depths of man's unconscious, dissected the strange beliefs of tribal societies and examined the religious survivors of a secularized world in search of naturalistic explanations of religious phenomena with the result that the validity of religious beliefs themselves seems undermined.

It is thought that the study of religious man by social science has undermined religious belief by revealing the true nature of these beliefs and thereby ending them. This study can be grouped under the headings of genesis of religious beliefs, and their relativity in the life of man.^{1, 2}

The term "genesis" has several different senses when applied to religious beliefs. Sometimes genesis stands for *historical* development. A famous example is Freud's explanation of *totemism*, one of the oldest forms of religious and social organization,³ in a historical narrative about the killing of the primeval father by his sons. Freud uses the principles in this narrative to explain the development of religion through Christianity. He argues, for example, that the repressed memory of the primeval murders and the

repressed, ambivalent, hostile and affectionate impulses toward the father find expression in the Jews' worship of an omnipotent father-deity (the transformed primeval father). Christianity later added its views of Jesus Christ as son of God to reconcile the ancient conflict. A more common and popular historical explanation is represented by the following theory:

We find in religious philosophy a reflection of the real world; the theology of a people will echo a dominant note in their terrestrial mode of life. A pastoral culture may find its image in a Good Shepherd and his flocks; an era of cathedral building sees God as a Great Architect; an age of Commerce finds Him with a ledger, jotting down moral debits and credits; emphasis upon the profit system and a high-pressure salesmanship that is required to make it function, picture Jesus as a super-salesman; and, in an age of science, God "is a God of law and order" (Millican, 1931), a Great Scientist, moving about in his cosmic laboratory, his experiment to perform.⁴

A second sense of genesis is the development of religious beliefs within the individual. Here again Freud may serve as an introduction. According to him, susceptibilities to belief in a theistic God arise from the so-called Oedipus complex, or the projection of the childhood father-image onto a supernatural being. It is very common for social scientists to assume or conclude that religious beliefs do not usually develop from man's rational abilities to analyze information and ideas; rather, they develop from socialization or acculturation, with rational faculties playing little or no role. Note the following from a book supposedly written as an inventory of scientific knowledge about human behavior.

For the population as a whole, there appears to be little lasting development of [opinions, attitudes or beliefs] that is independent of parental groups or strata predispositions and is based mainly on "objective" or "rational" analysis of information and ideas.⁵

A final example of the genesis of religious beliefs emphasizes the existing support of such beliefs. In the words of a modern anthropologist:

An agricultural people inhabiting a cool and arid region needs, above all things, warmth and rain for the growth of its crops. It is understandable, consequently, that Hopi should worship a Sky God who brings rain, an Earth Goddess who nourishes the seed, and a Sun God who matures the crops, as well as a special corn Mother and God of growth or germination.⁶

It is common for people, exposed for the first time to naturalistic explanations of religious beliefs, to feel that these explanations affect the *validity* of those beliefs. Religious beliefs are somehow rendered doubtful or unacceptable by disclosures of the underlying circumstances of their existence. It is as though falsity had been unmasked, leaving these beliefs wanting. This feeling in a believer may actually lead to disbelief.

The "function" of religious beliefs has to do with the consequences those beliefs have for the individual or society. Freud writes that religion "is born of the need to make tolerable the helplessness of man." Death, suffering and coercion make life for the individual hard to endure or to understand.

Religion, a re-enactment of childhood responses to an analogous situation of threat and helplessness, provides a view of the world which "reconciles us to the troubles of life" and "solves for us the riddles of the universe." For Freud maturity means finally giving up these wish-images and childish responses.⁷ For Max Weber also, religion helps man adjust to and interpret the evils of injustice, suffering and death.⁸ For Durkheim and Radcliffe-Brown, the primary role of religion is to uphold the norms upon which the integrity of the social order depends.⁹

Here again, as with theories about the genesis of religious beliefs, naturalistic explanations of the psychological or social function of such beliefs are thought to undermine their credibility. As a contemporary psychologist of religion notes, the "view commonly persists that a belief *must* be either psychologically motivated *or* true."¹⁰

From the viewpoint of social science, man's moral consciousness appears to be environmentally conditioned. From his social environment he learns to judge an act as right or wrong, to call certain ends good and others bad, to feel guilty about some things and proud about others. Consequently, man's moral values vary from one era to another, from culture to culture and from group to group. Some of these values even stand in fundamental conflict with one another. Yet inhabitants of each era, culture or group have claimed their moral beliefs to be the true ones. It would appear, therefore, that no set of moral beliefs is more true than another, that the moral beliefs a group thinks are true are true only for it, and that anyone who presumes one set to be more true than another is culture-bound and ethnocentric. In short, the facts of "cultural relativism" establish the doctrine of "ethical relativism."

It is not too difficult to find serious students of society making the transition from cultural to ethical relativism. Thus we read from a recent book on sociology:

These illustrations show what we mean by cultural relativism—that *the function and meaning of a trait are relative to its cultural setting*. A trait is neither good nor bad in itself. It is good or bad only with reference to the culture in which it is to function. Fur clothing is good in the arctic, but not in the tropics. Premarital pregnancy is bad in our society, where the mores condemn it and where there are no comfortable arrangements for the care of illegitimate children; premarital pregnancy is good in a society such as that of the Bontocs of the Philippines, who consider a woman more marriageable when her fertility has been established, and who have a set of customs and values which make a secure place for the children. Adolescent girls in the United States are advised that they will improve their marital bargaining power by remaining chaste until marriage. Adolescent girls in New Guinea are given the opposite advice, and in each setting the advice is probably correct. The rugged individualism and peasant thrift of early America would produce great unemployment if they were widely practiced in our present mass-production economy. From such examples we see that *any cultural trait is socially "good" if it operates harmoniously within its cultural setting to attain the goals which the people are seeking*. This is a workable nonethnocentric test of the goodness or badness of a culture trait.¹¹

Does a naturalistic explanation of the genesis or the function of theistic belief have any logical bearing on the truth or validity of that belief? Does

cultural relativity logically establish ethical relativity?

If naturalistic explanations of the genesis or relativity of religious beliefs constitute rational support for the denial of those beliefs, then that denial will occur as the conclusion of a logical argument. Misconceptions can enter an argument in two ways. First, the premises of the argument may be incorrect. This is a definite possibility in every theory mentioned above, and for some a foregone conclusion—as in the case of Freud's historical narrative about the origin of totemism and its application to the rise of Judaism and Christianity. But the truth or falsity, the plausibility or implausibility, of the theories is not at stake here. For present purposes I am assuming the theories to be highly confirmed or even "true."

The second misconception occurs when the evidence is not logically relevant to the conclusion—even if all the premises are true. The misconception is independent of the truth or falsity of the premises. It is this second misconception that is most often overlooked when social science theories of religion appear to present direct evidence against theistic belief or religious moral beliefs.

The first question, then, is whether a naturalistic explanation of the genesis or function of theistic belief (e.g., that the God of Joseph Smith exists) has any logical bearing on the truth or validity of that belief. To say that it does is to claim that such an explanation constitutes logical support against (or for) belief in God's existence.

Not always apparent are the underlying assumptions of those who make psychological inferences from naturalistic explanations or descriptions to conclusions about the existence of God. They rarely, if ever, occur in bald form, but are usually hidden beneath layers of learning and verbal sophistication.

A common assumption is that if theistic belief has any natural social cause at all, then its truth is thrown into question. To say that a person believes the way he does because "he was brought up that way" appears to deny the acceptability of his belief in God. And when this statement is turned into a sophisticated explanation drawn from the social sciences (explaining how he was "socialized" or "acculturated,") then the impression that the belief is no longer worthy of acceptance is further reinforced.

A second assumption begins with the idea that people usually believe in God because of irrelevant social or psychological causes. The distinction is presumable between causes of theistic belief which would constitute good reasons for that belief and causes which are insufficient. Usually only the insufficient causes are stressed. The quotation above from Berelsen and Steiner's inventory of scientific knowledge about human behavior illustrates this attitude. There appears to be little lasting development of beliefs, they write, that is based on objective analysis of information and ideas. The assumption seems to be that if people develop a belief in God based on irrelevant reasons, then that belief is unacceptable or false.

Another assumption stems from naturalistic explanations of the genesis or function of theistic beliefs which make that belief seem "unworthy" of acceptance by a mature adult. To say, as Freud did, that religion is a re-enactment of infant helplessness and defenselessness, and that "the gods"

are the forces of nature to which man gives the characteristics of the father, seems to cut against the grain of modern man's conception of what it is to be "grown up" or mature. Here the assumption is that whatever is immature or infantile to modern western man cannot be true or valid.

One more example: Falsity of theistic belief is sometimes assumed as part of the very definition of psychological defense mechanisms. This occurs especially when psychoanalytic theory is employed by educated laymen during religious discussions at late hours. To say that theistic belief is, for instance, part of a "reaction formation," a process of "projection" or of "rationalization," seems to imply that the belief has in some way been rendered unacceptable. I think this assumption stems from what these defense mechanisms are *thought* to mean. As Ernest Hilgard writes,

Another way of looking at the mechanisms is to see them as bolstering self-esteem through self-deception. There is a deceptive element in each of the mechanisms. Rationalization is using false or distorted reasons to oneself as well as to the outside world. It is entirely appropriate to consider self-deception as one of the defining characteristics of a mechanism¹³

Statements of this sort may lead some to assume that if theistic belief functions as part of a psychological defense mechanism, then by definition that belief is deceptive or false.

These examples of assumptions are not exhaustive, but they are representative. Setting them forth in bald form renders them much less plausible in appearance than when they are an integral part of a complex and fluent discussion about belief in God.

But let us consider the matter in some detail. I suppose no one would want to hold that any belief can be refuted by explaining its social or psychological genesis or function. It is trivially true that all beliefs have psychological or sociological origins and that they play various roles in human affairs. This includes the best established scientific laws, correct mathematical derivations, as well as other less prestigious beliefs. This fact does not by itself make these beliefs untrue or invalid. No one could contend, for instance, that a person's initial belief in Galileo's law for freely falling bodies would be disconfirmed by pointing out that he believed this law because of the way he was educated or because of the peculiar circumstances of his upbringing. To do so would involve committing the "genetic fallacy," namely, considering factors in the genesis of a statement relevant, *ipso facto*, to its truth or falsity.

This fallacy is not avoided by noting that theistic belief often results from irrelevant causes. Many sincere beliefs are acquired in this way, including some scientific ones. And no doubt religious beliefs are often acquired as a result of causes that are not necessarily reasons. Indeed, it is common for people to hold a belief without good reasons, while others possess good reasons for the same belief. It is not unusual for a person to develop a belief as a consequence of causes that are irrelevant as reasons and then later to hold that same belief on grounds that have become relevant. To say that most people do not acquire belief in God because of relevant considerations is not the same thing as to say that no valid grounds are known for that belief. Again, how people come to have their beliefs (the context of devel-

opment) is logically distinct from whether those beliefs are correct or not (the context of validation).

This last distinction may also apply to arguments which assume the "unworthiness" of religious beliefs. In addition to the possibility of confusing the context of development with the context of validation, two senses of "worthy of belief" may be confused. It is one thing to say that a belief, because of its infantile roots, is unworthy of an adult when "unworthy" signifies that the belief does not conform to the norms of an adult in middle class America. And it is quite another thing to say that a conviction is unworthy as a belief when "unworthy" means that adequate evidence exists for denying the belief. A belief may be unworthy in one sense and worthy in another. Thus it may be infantile and yet true.

Hilgard says that it is "entirely appropriate to consider self-deception as one of the defining characteristics of a mechanism." Two misconceptions are liable to occur as a result of this definition. First, the psychological functioning of a belief may be confused with the logical validity of a belief. True beliefs may function as parts of defense mechanisms, defined solely in psychological terms, just as false ones may. Second, two meanings of "deception" may be confused. For instance, deception may mean that a person engaged in rationalizing justifies his behavior by inventing reasons which he believes are the real motives for his behavior. Here deception has to do with a person thinking that his given reasons are his actual motives. But deception may also mean that a person thinks, incorrectly, that a belief is supported by an existing body of evidence (or that its denial is not so supported). One would not ordinarily use the term "deception" in this second way.

But Hilgard also writes that there is "a deceptive element in each of the mechanisms. Rationalization is using false or distorted reasons to oneself as well as to the outside world"¹³ The apparent interchangeability of the terms "deceptive," "false" and "distorted" justifies the two senses of deception distinguished above and provides an example of writing which leads to this confusion. It is clearly possible for a person to be deceived in one of the above senses and not in the other. He may say, for example, that his employer requires his employees to do a certain thing and that he did that thing on a certain occasion because it is thus required. He may, on the one hand, be correct in saying that his employer requires that a certain thing be done and yet, on the other, be deceiving himself by saying to himself or others that he actually did what he did on the given occasion because his employer requires it. The incorrectness of the belief cannot be established simply by examining the psychological process itself.

There are conditions under which functional or genetic considerations may be relevant to the validity of a belief. Lewis Feuer helps us to see this possibility by making three distinctions in the procedure of genetic analysis:

A proposition is genetically self-consistent, or self-reinforcing, if its assertion, in existential form, constitutes a necessary part of the theory of its origin. A proposition is genetically self-inconsistent, or self-dissolving, if its denial, in existential form, appears as a necessary component in the theory of its origin. A proposition is genetically neutral if neither its assertion nor denial are part of the theory of its origin.¹⁴

Thus the belief that no beliefs are causally determined could be refuted by showing it to be causally determined. Or, to use Feuer's examples, an economic explanation of a purely political interpretation of history would be dissolving in its impact, whereas an economic explanation of the development of the belief in the primacy of economic factors in history would be self-reinforcing genetically.

But theistic belief is not genetically self-inconsistent with respect to any social science theories of its origin or function. Psychological or sociological explanations of what makes a person a theist need not assume or deny God's existence. Perhaps the theorist himself may assume that God does not exist and then try to explain, as Freud did, why people still believe in him. But in doing this, Freud does not commit (for example) the genetic fallacy. Rather his argument is twofold. In *The Future of An Illusion* he first argues that there is not adequate ground for theistic belief and then presents a possible explanation of it. But the theory used in this explanation does not itself constitute grounds for denying such belief. Theistic belief is not genetically inconsistent with Freud's theories nor is it genetically consistent with them. The relation is genetically neutral. This also applies to other theories of religion found in the social sciences—even though some of the theorists themselves deny theistic belief.¹⁵

If theistic belief can be explained by assuming that God alone establishes belief in him, then it would be in conflict with any naturalistic explanations. There are various reasons why this conflict does not materialize. For one thing, scriptures themselves indicate that belief in God will be produced by various natural processes. These processes are mentioned in a common sense way, or they are simply taken for granted. The general idea is that God set up the natural world so that belief in his existence would result from the working of natural factors. Among them might be those partially described by Freud or others. How supernatural factors enter into having a belief in God is not easy to say, in large part because the distinction between natural and supernatural, at least in Mormon theology, presents special problems.

Perhaps an objective connection can be made between theistic belief and genetic functional theories explaining that belief in still another way, that is, by emphasizing certain premises about God's purposes in his dealings with humankind. These premises may imply that theistic belief and naturalistic explanations are logically inconsistent. Someone may suppose, for example, that it is contrary to the purposes of God to allow belief in him to be the effect of natural causes, since his plan is to allow people to make this choice freely. To believe in God is to believe in a being who has such purposes. Naturalistic explanations of this belief are incompatible with it because they present a causal explanation of its origin. One of the assumptions here is that freedom is somehow incompatible with determination as it is assumed in naturalistic explanations and, perhaps also, compatible with indeterminism. This is a complex issue, too complex to try to unravel here. The free will problem is in general sufficiently unsettled, and the position that causal determination of beliefs is incompatible with free choice is enough in doubt that it would be premature to claim an objective connection between genetic theories and theistic belief. I think some proponents of social scientism assume that analysis of free will problems by recent philosophers or by

social scientists delving into philosophy has reached more solid conclusions than it actually has.

We come now to the second question: Does cultural relativity logically establish ethical relativity? Once more there is no doubt about the psychological influence that the growing awareness of cultural relativity has had on the acceptance of ethical relativity. The findings of psychology, sociology and anthropology which appear to support the former belief have led, in our century, to acceptance of the latter belief by educated people. The position being taken in this essay is, however, that cultural relativity by itself does not logically establish ethical relativity and that inferences assuming that it does rest on misconceptions.

Cultural relativity itself is not as obviously grounded in facts as some people presume. According to this hypothesis people in different cultures hold conflicting fundamental moral principles, and the cause of this is that these people come from different cultures. Notice that, according to this view, "fundamental" principles are in conflict. This means that the grounds for moral disagreement between two groups would not be removed by agreement on all the relevant facts. The disagreement would involve basic moral principles alone and not other properties of the thing being evaluated—a proposition very difficult to document. For one thing, it is difficult to demonstrate that the thing or act being evaluated is really the same thing or act for both evaluators. Definitions of what appear to be the same situations may vary enormously with the subtle but relevant nuances of meaning peculiar to one cultural group or another. These nuances are not easily detected nor their importance to the group readily appreciated even by trained outsiders. Thus, to take an often used example, it may not be a fundamental conflict of moral principles if some tribal society approves of a child executing an aged parent whereas another group disapproves of such an act. Perhaps the first group thinks that putting the parent away is necessary for the parent's welfare in the hereafter, while the second group does not believe this. Both groups might hold to the principle that children should act to guarantee the overall welfare of the parent, but disagree on methods to be used. It is difficult to show that seemingly divergent evaluations of some act or thing really conflict. Western conceptions of "morally right" or "morally wrong" may not have simple equivalents in the languages of other peoples. The findings of social scientists have not usually provided the detailed information necessary to document cultural relativism.

I am willing to grant that conflicts between some basic moral principles do exist, but I contend that even if they do occur, ethical relativism does not necessarily follow from them.

Let us suppose, then, that cultural relativism is valid. What are the implications for ethical relativism? One form of ethical relativism says that conflicting moral judgments made by members of different cultures are equally correct. This is one interpretation of the popular notion that what is right in one society may be wrong in another. It is clear that ethical relativism in this sense does not follow directly from cultural relativism. What is needed for the conclusion to follow is an intermediate premise which claims, in effect, that if the same thing is evaluated differently in different cultures,

then those different evaluations would both be correct. In other words, the assumption would have to be made that conflicting moral judgments made by members of different cultures are equally valid. But this is the doctrine of ethical relativism itself. Rather than establishing the correctness of ethical relativism, the argument actually presupposes ethical relativism in making the derivation.

Cultural relativism was earlier defined as the view that people in different cultures hold conflicting fundamental moral principles and that the cause of this is the fact that these people come from different cultures. We have seen that ethical relativism does not follow from the second part. The fact that a belief is caused, whether by cultural factors or not, does not logically establish its truth or validity.

Ethical relativism sometimes takes the form that if a cultural group believes it right to do X and backs that belief with sanctions, then it *is* right to do X. It is thought by some that ethical relativism in this sense follows from cultural relativism because of the meaning of moral terms.¹⁶ "Right" simply means that some act agrees with the mores of a group and "wrong" means that some act is violating those mores. But this view (and others like it) hardly seems tenable. For one thing it makes it self-contradictory for anyone in a given group to say that a customary way of doing things within that group is wrong. Surely it is not contradictory for a member of a group to say, "I realize that doing X is in accord with our mores, but it is wrong"; nor is it redundant for him to say, "The customary way is the right way in this case."

This point also applies to "good" and its opposites. Thus something being good surely does not mean "society strongly approves of it." For again it would be self-contradictory for a reformist member of the group to say that "T is not good, although my society approves of it"; or "T is good, although my society disapproves of it." It would be the same as saying that society disapproves of something although it approves of it, or society approves of something although it disapproves of it. Here, as above, reformist moralities became logically impossible. But I think it must be admitted that there is not self-contradiction in the reformist's claim that his society's morality is in need of reform because it is seriously mistaken. Even if his claim turns out to be unsupportable, it is not self-contradictory. There is something wrong with this way of interpreting moral terms as our simple argument shows.

It will not do to argue that the view that mores make an act right or wrong follows logically from a moral rule which says that a person ought to comply with the mores of his society. No headway is made here since this rule itself is what must be established as following from cultural relativism. The situation is not helped at all by pushing the argument back further by showing that mores themselves are necessary for the well-being of a people or for giving purpose to their lives. For, again, the moral principle containing the notions "well-being" or "purposefulness of life" are the very principles which must be established by cultural relativity. Besides, if cultural relativism could be established as an ethical universal like the principle just mentioned, then ethical relativism itself would be refuted. And, finally, if major moral terms do not have purely descriptive meanings, then none of these principles or rules can be derived from cultural facts alone. Value conclusions would require value premises. Thus, cultural relativism as a *factual* thesis cannot

logically establish ethical relativism (or ethical universalism) as a *normative* thesis.

Ethical relativism in another sense is the view that conflicting fundamental moral principles are equally valid because there is no rational method for determining their correctness or incorrectness.¹⁷ The point is that cultural relativism does not establish ethical relativism in this sense either. Obviously, the fact that there are conflicting moral principles caused by different cultural centers does not preclude such a method. The work of a rational method of this kind is to resolve conflicts between fundamental moral principles. The existence of such a method presupposes the presence of such conflicts.

Some may think that, if a rational method in ethics exists, it may be valid for the cultural group that devised it but not for other groups. But believing or disbelieving a method of reasoning does not itself constitute a justification or a lack of justification of it. A method does not cease to be valid as borders are crossed from one culture where it is believed to be valid to another where it is not so believed. Nor does the number of people, their status, the degree of agreement or disagreement among them, as simple cultural facts affect the justifiability of a method of reasoning. For example, it would be irrelevant for someone to infer that inductive logic is correct for scientists from the West but incorrect for scientists from the East because historically beliefs have varied among Westerners and Easterners on the matter; or because the cause of having and believing certain procedures of logic goes back to special cultural conditions peculiar to certain Westerners but not shared by certain Easterners; or even because certain Easterners have discovered laws of logic equally justifiable as those used by certain Westerners. The last example presupposes that the correctness of laws of logic is not a matter to be established by the facts of cultural relativism. What is true of logical procedures in scientific reasoning is true of such procedures in ethical reasoning.

It appears that some people prefer ethical relativism to ethical universalism for moral reasons. They dislike the possibility of a rational method that could show one ethical view superior to others. The motive may be a genuine respect and affection for those who have different ways of life than their own. Somehow belief in ethical relativism seems compatible with feelings of universal brotherhood, while belief that one ethical view (especially if it is one's own) is superior to all others seems definitely incompatible. These motives have some foundation, for in the past some people who thought themselves morally superior have severely persecuted those who would not accept that morality. But this does not exclude the possibility of a rational method in ethics. In fact, these feelings of aversion may betray a misunderstanding of the workings of such a method. For it may be assumed that a rational method would destroy ethical diversity by showing one way of life superior to all others. But this assumption may not be true. Even if a rational method showed one way of life to be superior to other ways, the latter may remain as live alternatives, because the superior way of life may not be for everybody. For various reasons some may not choose the highest alternative, life. They may be unwilling or unable to abide the higher law. Instead they may choose another alternative and do so in accord with the same rational method that establishes one way of life as superior. Perhaps

the only form of life the method would absolutely reject would be that of a universal negation—that is, that form of human life which not only undermines other ways of life but is self-destructive as well.

Many points have not been considered in this essay that would have to be discussed in a longer work. There have been no arguments for the existence of God or for the superiority of one form of human existence over others. I have only tried to describe a few of the misconceptions that stand in the way of these beliefs.

NOTES

¹ Thanks are due to those undergraduates at Brigham Young University, most of whom were majoring in one or the other of the social sciences, in the senior seminar in philosophy to whom a longer paper was given in the Winter of 1974 and who commented on its relevancy to their experience as students of the social sciences.

² It would be unfair to many social scientists, I think, to characterize the misconceptions examined in this paper as being part of a conflict between social science proper and religion, for it is actually between religion and certain ideological, in some instances even quasi-religious, beliefs which grow up around, and too often become identified with, the social scientific study of man.

³ *Moses and Monotheism* (London: Hagarth Press, 1951) and *Totem and Taboo* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1950).

⁴ Quoted in Bernard Berelsen and Gary A. Steiner, *Human Behavior* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc. 1964), p. 391.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 574. ⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 391.

⁷ *The Future of An Illusion*, translated by W. D. Robson-Scott (New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1957), pp 24–27, 45, 54, 88.

⁸ See Talcott Parsons, *Essays in Sociological Theory*, rev. ed. (Illinois: The Free Press, 1958), and Max Weber, *The Sociology of Religion* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1963).

⁹ A. R. Radcliffe-Brown, *Structure and Function in Primitive Societies* (Illinois: The Free Press, 1952 (1961).

¹⁰ James E. Dittes, "Religion: Psychological Study," in the *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, David L. Shils, editor (The Macmillan Co., and the Free Press, 1968), Vol. 13, p. 416.

¹¹ Paul B. Horton and Chester L. Hunt, *Sociology* (New York: McGraw-Hill, Inc., 1964), pp. 87–88.

¹² Ernest L. Hilgard, "Human Motives and the Concepts of Self," in Albert D. Ullman, *Sociocultural Foundations of Personality* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1965), p. 166.

¹³ *Ibid*

¹⁴ Lewis S. Feuer, "The Bearing of Psychoanalysis Upon Philosophy," *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, Vol. 19 (September 1958–June 1959), pp. 333–334.

¹⁵ *Op. cit.*, *Future of An Illusion*, p. 30, 52–58, 76.

¹⁶ Ruth Benedict, an anthropologist, writes that, "We recognize that morality differs in every society, and is a convenient term for socially approved habits. Mankind has always preferred to say, 'It is morally good,' rather than 'It is habitual,' and the fact of this preference is matter enough for a critical science of ethics. But historically the two phrases are synonymous. The concept of the normal is properly variant of the good. It is that which society has approved." From her "Anthropological and the Abnormal," *The Journal of General Psychology*, Vol. 10 (1934), p. 73. See also her still-famous *Patterns of Culture* (1934).

¹⁷ The distinction between two kinds of ethical relativism is made by Richard Brandt, *Ethical Theory* (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1959), pp. 272–278.

Hit the Frolicking, Rippling Brooks

KAREN ROSENBAUM

RELIGION IS FOR WOMEN. Says Madeleine, Portuguese-Catholic, chunky in her black pleated skirts, cackling always, nudging God. Women believe it. Women practice it. When pews are filled they are filled with women. Men eh they sleep and drink beer and mow lawns and fish off the dock instead of going to Mass. Men drop a little money in the priest's pocket and call it a Sunday eh? or men marry off their daughters, there in the center aisle with the organ playing and the priest prating, but religion, the knee-bending, the candle-lighting, the bead-counting, that's for women.

Says Madeleine. Madeleine is 65. Ten years older than Mother. Looks 30 years older. A transplanted New Bedfordder, come south when her husband, fireman, died in a two-alarm, come to live with Molly, her daughter, and James, her son-in-law, come to live in the house next door to our flat.

I don't contradict Madeleine. My mother married a Catholic that doesn't even drop money into the priest's pocket, that never chooses to identify himself as a Catholic although somebody there in their fund-raising departments has found out and puts the finger on him every year or so for a hundred bucks. I give to the American Cancer Society, he says and hangs up. Mama now, Mama is a Mormon, like us, no, like Ben maybe, not so much like me, though I am her only daughter, and Ben she didn't acquire until eight months ago when I wooshed off in the dress she made to a ceremony she and Dad couldn't even watch. She was glad she couldn't

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watch, that I'd done it up right with Ben rather than wrong with that pagan Eddie. Dad wasn't so glad. Dad doesn't drink beer and fish off the docks. He works. Every day. Cassidy's Carpets. He insists his employees, also Mama who does the books, take generous vacations. But himself. He'll die at his coffee cup cluttered desk.

And Ben will die in his Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes. He does have such shoes. He has his Sunday shoes, his school/play sneakers and a gorgeous pair of waffle stompers with the waffle hardly stomped. He also has a pair of green leisure slippers that Mama knit him last Christmas. He wore them Christmas morning. It is now June.

Bennion is a good man. Says Madeleine. And my mother. And even my father when he looks up at my brother Arch. I'd introduce him to you but he's out at a meeting. With the boy scouts. Ben will be back about ten. Projected scenario.

"Hi." Plops down on the couch, springs shriek.

"How was the meeting?"

"Fine. Starved."

I get up from a heap of final papers I am grading on the floor under our one big-bulbed lamp. "What would you like?"

"Food." He has shed the sneakers and wiggles his grey-socked toes. "But I'll get it." I motion him to stay down. He'd eat the quart of ice cream. I pull out of the refrigerator the chili bean casserole he gobbled part of between 6:45 and 7, the only time I recall seeing him today. The casserole dish is the one-quart size. The set included also a one-pint, a one-and-a-half pint and a two-quart. Wedding present. I gave Arch the one-pint and the one-and-a-half pint for his bachelor pad. He eats cereal out of them.

"How's Ronald?" I call into the front room. I'm always interested in Ronald, the cute boy who started a fire down by Enser Creek and burned all the foliage off a field before the firetruck could get down there.

"He didn't show up. Have you seen my Galbraith? I've got to finish it before I hit the hay."

Hit the hay. I wince. I circle that phrase on English comps. All college freshmen know that it is one of the ultimate clichés. Right up there with good as gold and white as snow and frolicking, rippling brooks.

"Try the piano. Something foreign is on top of the piano."

"Oh yeah. Thanks."

Lugging the Galbraith to the table, he closes his eyes, I count to about 8, he starts to gobble down the casserole. When he's less hurried he gives 25 count silent prayers on leftover snacks. ("How many times this stuff been blessed already?" Eddie once said eying a hunk of cold chicken. "At least one, right? Besides I suspect its nourishing and strengthening attributes are directly related to its vitamin and mineral content. I don't recall an Adele Davis chapter on food prayers.")

"Adele Davis," I said triumphantly, "is dead."

"Yeah," said Eddie. "She should've asked a blessing on her Virginia Slims.") Ten ten. Here comes Ben now. Friends, Bennion Harris Lockersby.

"Just call me Ben."

"Have a good meeting?"

Take it. I've got to go warm up the casserole.



My hands are knotted around the steering wheel and the poultry truck in front of me looks sure to lose a crate or two. I plot escape routes for one, two or three crates falling off in one, two lanes. I have a crate beside me too—filled with squawking creatures of another ilk—my creative writing students' work folders. I've got to play Lady God and give out grades.

It's Thursday. Ben will be home to dump on. "I'm exhausted," I say as I lug my crate into the front room.

"Here," he rises gallantly. "Where do you want it?"

"There." I point down.

"Okay. Sit."

I flop onto the floor cushion. "Traffic was awful. I almost brought home

a crate of live chickens. Would you have strangled and cleaned them for us?"

"No," he says. "I would have helped you take them back to the rightful owner."

"Get a lot done today? Quiet here?"

"Chapter outline pretty well straightened out. Potter likes it, thinks the rest of the committee will too. You?"

I hold up my hands. "I've been strangling the steering wheel. Want to kill it and clean it for dinner?"

"I've got dinner going."

I don't need to ask what it is. Crazy Ben's sloppy combo—comes out different every time.

"Thought I'd try it with those beets Madeleine gave us."

"The pickled beets? I can imagine what color it is."

"Tastes good. I've been sampling."

What can I say? I've got the perfect man. Even the head of our women's caucus would love him. A genuine independent. Mends his own socks. Better than I could. I'd stick the hole together on the sewing machine. He vacuums. Does the shopping. Gives great back rubs.

"Your Ben," says Madeleine, "is one in a million. He goes to church. You don't even have to drag him there."

"Lots of Mormon men go to church without being dragged," I say.

"And drink," says Madeleine, "he doesn't. Where did you find such a jewel?"

"Lots of Mormon men don't drink," I say.

"And good to you—you're his night and day," says Madeleine.

"Good to me," I say, "he is. But his night and day—I'm more like his mid-afternoon."

Saturday. One batch of final exams down. Two to go. Deadline Tuesday. Spread all over the kitchen table is my Sunday School lesson. It'll probably take the whole day and most of the night. All my favorite resource books are heaped up on the end—stories that high school sophomores might respond to—they like best the struggling across the plains stories, J. Golden Kimball anecdotes and retold tales from the C. S. Lewis science fiction trilogy. I wish fervently the pioneers had spent another forty years crossing the plains, that J. Golden Kimball could squawk down a few reports from the Celestial Kingdom, that C. S. Lewis hadn't rudely gone and died. Those stories have a kind of sanction that the Sunday School Presidency, marching in and out of classes and solemnly nodding—hey, I want to shout, this is not a job I'm seeking tenure for—approve of. I use other stuff too—Mishima's suicide story, Vonnegut's Harrison Bergeron—that jiggles them a little. I have to. What's the point without a picture.

Ben is at the stake farm. Left at 5. I didn't even open my mouth, just hmmmmed when he got up. He'll come back this afternoon, exhausted. He'll shower. Then he'll take his work to school because I like to work aloud. Share I call it. He could do a Sunday School lesson for a pack of 15 year olds in 45 minutes. And it would be a good lesson. The Sunday School Presidency would beam, broadly, as Ben puts it. Some of the kids would even stay awake.

"Sister Lockersby," says Wesley, brother of Ronald incidentally of the

fire fame, "another good illustration of what jealousy does to us is Laman and Lemuel. They were so jealous of Nephi that they wouldn't pay any attention to his teachings." Wesley is the kid who'd be on the edge of his Book of Mormon even if Ben were teaching.

"What happened to them that was so bad?" asks Melvin defiantly. "Their descendants outlasted Nephi's descendants."

"But they," says Wesley, stressing *they*, "are probably in hell. Aren't they, Sister Lockersby?"

"Sandra," says Mickey, Mickey and a few other girls call me by my first name which makes me feel less archaic but more vulnerable, "we don't believe in hell, do we?"

I sigh. What do we believe. They won't know what they believe until I tell them? "The Mormon position," I say, "is that very few individuals, probably not Laman and Lemuel, are assigned to the traditional hell. We believe in a sort of graduated afterlife—you get what you earn."

"And that reminds me," I interrupt myself, "of something J. Golden Kimball said." Even Melvin and Wesley drop their weapons. "So you're going to die!" I do one of my old world accents, "says someone to a flagging J. Golden Kimball, 'don't worry. You'll get everything that's coming to you.'"

"That," says J. Golden Kimball, "is what I'm afraid of."

Mild guffaws.

After, Mickey waits for me. I am uneasy. Mickey is the most draining. I figure, to look at her, she went through puberty when she was about eight. She is very intense. Her father is not a member and unlike my father is moderately hostile. "Sandra," she says with a touch of a whine, "can I talk to you for a minute?"

She doesn't, of course, mean a minute. "Just a second," I say, I hope brightly, making a neat pile out of my story books and scriptures. I am giving myself time to pray madly let her ask an easy question this time. I smile now with all my attention.

"What can I tell my father, Sandra? He says that man just made up God and religion and that there isn't anything up there or after this and when I tell him if he would just pray then he would know, he laughs at me and says man can talk himself into anything and can do it better if he gets on his knees and shuts his eyes and concentrates."

I shudder a little. Mickey has started to cry. I should have been forewarned, her voice had become queasy about her second word.

"Let's go talk to the Bishop, Mickey," I say.

"Oh no," says Mickey, and her eyes become instantly dry. "I don't want to talk to the Bishop. I hardly know him. I want to talk to you. What do you say when people say that to you?"

I gulp. I tell her what I say. "It feels right to me. I can't make it feel right for anyone else."

(Might as well be a Methodist, said Eddie. We can't even have an intelligent discussion when you fold like that.)

"I'm not very good you see, Mickey, at answering people's questions. Would you like to come over to our place and talk with my husband?"

Mickey considers. "That would be okay. When?"

When, I think, is Ben going to be home. On Sunday it is absolutely unpredictable. "When I find out when his meetings aren't, I'll call you," I

say. "How about that?"

Mickey nods.

"What does your mother do," I say, "when you and your father argue?"

"Nothing. I don't think she even believes it anymore." Mickey pulls my arm. "It is true, isn't it? You know it's true, don't you?"

I look at her. I can't give her what she wants. "It works for me," I say.

Mickey's ride home, the Zimmermans, are leaning against their station wagon. It's too hot to get in. I give her what I hope is a pat not a push and drop my books into our car. I haven't seen Ben all morning. I didn't see Ben all night either—I heard, felt him, but my eyes wouldn't quite open. I could think maybe a stranger had climbed in and out of bed if I didn't know how absurd it would be for anyone else to get up when it is still dark on the longest day of the year, or almost, and leave for a meeting with only a chocolate chip cookie under his belt.

Here he comes. Still talking at people behind him. "Look Sandra," he says, "you take the car on home. I'll have Carl bring me."

"When?"

"About two."

"Stay a while then, okay?"

"Awhile."

Angry at myself for reflexively tugging at my skirt when Sister Jessel looks over at my knees, I mellow in a minute and put a hymnbook over the offending swatch of flesh. Brother Shibler is talking. I am not sure what he is talking about. I started to listen about twenty minutes ago but Lily's baby in front of me is much nicer to look at than Brother Shibler. Brother Shibler's family, sprawled all over one bench a few rows down, is also nicer to look at than Brother Shibler. Brother Shibler is quite interesting though when you catch him at a basketball game—his son plays, the tall kid propped there against the wall—and he tells you about prosecuting the people who sell apricot pits for cancer cures or about the doting old judge who falls asleep.

The Bishop now has fallen asleep. So has Brother Jessel. Even the Shibler twins are tugging at each other's hair. Ben beside me is very awake. When Eddie would come to church he would bring Wallace Stevens to read. I thought that rather pretentious myself. I really don't understand Wallace Stevens. Eddie hasn't been to church since I got married. That's not why though he told me. The one time I ran into him, he was all crusty with scorn. I softened all over when I saw him. He is so sad, I said to Ben.

"He wouldn't be so sad if he lived the way he should be living," said Ben. I haven't mentioned Eddie since.

Thinking about that—it makes Ben sound self-righteous. He isn't. Eddie in fact is. Or self-wrongtious he might say.

I feel a nudge at my elbow. "Listen to this," says Ben who suspects I haven't been.

"They had faith enough," Brother Shibler is saying, "to start a bank without money, without legislative charter, without knowledge of economic principles."

I listen for a few minutes. Lily's temple garments are outlined clearly

under her summer blouse. I am always offended by the things showing. My summer blouses are darker than Lily's. I like Lily though. She likes to read the Russians and she has a splendid baby.

Mickey went away satisfied this afternoon. She had a satisfying lecture from Ben on how everything will work out for the best if she is faithful, and she had a satisfying slab of Madeleine's rhubarb pie. Madeleine for the first time looked askance as she saw Ben in earnest conversation with a big-busted 15-year old. "Part of his counselling responsibilities," I said. Madeleine looked unimpressed.

Part of the congregation is laughing, the virtuous part. "What did he say?" I whisper to Ben. Ben looks at me as though I am seven. I consider asking Sister Jessel but decide it's not worth the trouble.

"Wasn't that a great talk?" says Ben as he shakes open the sturdy lock on our front door. I'm always saying "Isn't that a great story?" and am disappointed at less than enthusiastic response so I nod my head as vigorously as befits one who missed out on the one good laugh.

"Let's go to bed early," he says.

"I can't," I say. "I've got to get another batch of finals done tonight."

"Sandra," he says, "you were going to try not to do them on Sunday."

"I did the Lord's Sunday School lesson all day and all night Saturday. I can't help it if my ox marched right into the mire."

"You could get up really early."

"I'm going to get up really early. And I'm going to go to bed really late. And that way *maybe* I'll make my deadline."

"Okay," he says, mashes me to him and takes Nibley's *Joseph Smith Papyri* to bed instead of me.

I fall asleep about fourteen times over Jeremy Herter's exam. Maybe I'll, Ben's vernacular, hit the hay. Besides things are looking up. And if I finish grading too early tomorrow night, I'll have to feel guilty for not putting off till then what I did on the Sabbath (keep it holy) Day.

I slip into bed quietly. I have probably awakened Ben but he pretends to sleep so as to lessen my guilt feelings. We're maybe the jitteriest sleepers that Sominex would ever hope to meet. As soon as my head hits the pillow, I fall wide awake. I could grade another dozen exams. Except that by getting up I'd wake up Ben. Again. And as soon as I pulled out Jeremy Herter's blotch-inked final, I'd fall asleep. I know me.

Or do I?

The room is almost black. I look at the crack of light coming in from the streetlamp through the rumped shade. I check both eyes to make sure I am not blind. I am not blind.

Something is rattling around in the room. A moth I think. I look up. Tiny lights flashing wildly across the ceiling. It lasts forever, maybe three minutes. In a Flannery O'Connor short story it would be a symbol of the Holy Ghost. In a Mickey-like Sandra it might be a terrifying suggestion of a heavenly visitation. I yawn. The firefly is gone. I roll over, nuzzle into Ben's back and call it a Sunday.

ARTHUR HENRY KING

Epithalamion

(Marriage Song for D.J. and N.J.)

I. *Before Sunrise*

Artemis,
too faint for shadows,
waned over the western sands.
From the dark wave-crest of the eastern ridge
emerges,
mistress of dusk or dawn,
the sun's prelusive gem and lustrous afterjewel,
simply herself, Aphrodite.

But who is the King of Glory?

II. *Temple*

*Be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors.*¹

At five thousand feet,
in the temple crowning Manti hill,

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two temples determine to unite:
spirit and body,
separate till now,
become a soul
growing eternally
until
through corruption,
resurrection,
and incorruption,
by love and offspring
in this world and the next,
two souls,
becoming one,
“put on perfection.”²



*And his name
shall be called*
("else a great prince in prison lies")³
*Wonderful.*⁴

III. *Wedding Breakfast*

At Manti park,
corrugated roof,
cast-iron pillars,
timber benches, tables,
and portly waste-bin
bid welcome.

Up to our presence a stray dog prances,
the spirit of place, some Walter-Mitty godling,
fancying himself as a *maitre d'hotel*
and hoping for scraps. Observers of Venus,
the sparrows volatilise, winged waiters
not waiting to serve. As we sit munching,
a whirl of dust ushers a spatter of rain
from the huge flask of the thunder-bull
Nandi⁵ the liberator,
lowering over the range.

Here we eat, drink,
and make merry; for today we live,
and tomorrow and tomorrow,⁶
triumphant,
quiet,
unaffectedly content:
a family and friends
attending eternity.

But now the sleepy whirr along the tarmac
northward home.

IV. *Reception*

Evening stasis: time for the clouds to recline
in pastoral pastel yet formal dignity
above the recumbent ranges'
assumption of condign formality
in deepest purple;
time for the steely lake
to look as though it promised nothing

but held the whole future;
time, too, for the vegetation
to put its patience into waiting;
and high time for the declared consorts,
like Henry Moore's, to be seated
(a fuller and worthier custom
than standing in line)
and over a chatsworth⁷ of cup and plate
to receive and accept the world.

For the divine covenant of marriage
must also embody a social contract;
predicated, certainly, upon the adoption of righteous
principles
(springing from the love of God),
but equally upon right living and its rites
(reflecting love of neighbour);
but (whether these appear to be there or not)
whom God hath joined together
(and that can be judged only in heaven)
no one here
(and here—
now as always—
stands for anywhere)—
no one here will set asunder.
Rather, in lambently circumambient benevolence,
we approve our two young lovers,
who look as if they dated from before beginning,
had arrived with the tides that set in from outside time,
and waxed solitary in the flesh
(yet part your lips,
lift your tongue tip,
and enunciate the slight but symbolic
supererogation of your shared
assonance, Nancy and Daniel)—
grown in the flesh
like the patriarchs to beget
(that you may have joy),
age together
(that your joy may be full),
and after coming forth in the first resurrection
through an eternal progression
perpetually to renew yourselves
priest and priestess

king and queen.
Yet these are even now prophetically shadowed
in this twilight our dark glass⁸
less obscure for the familiar spirits
hovering behind your shoulders
to meet as your eyes meet
reflecting each other
endlessly through opposite mirrors
lamplit face to face.⁸

V. *Night*

No moon, no planet for the here and now!
Should there be stars? A myriad eyes
must close to allow
the unseen, inward sun to rise
(the heart of sight's a kind
of pointing, an indicative art;
the heart of darkness, an imperative touch to find)—
allow the sun to rise, to flood, cleanse, heal, irradiate,
and make two hearts one beat? One heart?

Neither, but more:
a not so definite but purer state
beyond the I and you,
the we,
the after and before,
beginning and surcease.
Behold (not see,
for He makes all things new⁹):
fountain of priestly power and delight,
too deep for darkness and too bright for light,
the Son of God, who comes again,
*He is the King of Glory, He
the Prince of Peace.*

Amen.

NOTES

¹ Psalms 24:7-10.

² Donne, Epithalamion Made at Lincoln's Inn, refrain.

³ Donne, *The Ecstasy*, line 68.

⁴ Isaiah 9:6.

⁵ Indian bull-god, propitiated by women who want a child.

⁶ Contrast Macbeth V. iv. 19.

⁷ Chatsworth is the princely country seat of the Dukes of Devonshire.

⁸ Cf. I Corinthians 13:12.

⁹ Cf. Revelations 21:2-5.

LINDA SILLITOE

Some Nights

Some nights in a small cove
sea and shore talk endlessly
(of dapples shallows hollows)
seeking sun despite the polar
breath from dark's yawning throat

Some nights we hear crickets
(never sleep never sleep
beneath warm moonwashed trees)
composing old impromptu music
with silent mouths and singing limbs

Impossibly other nights
crickets sing in that crack
where sea answers shore
violining melodies pitched
between the currents of our speech

LINDA SILLITOE *is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Utah. Her poetry appears regularly in church magazines.*

DENNIS CLARK

Before the world expands

I want to say it's been swell knowing you,
even as you grow toward the grave,
hurt hours when your confinement will set free
that body from its berth within the womb.
After the children are over, and they deliver
our life to us, to squander or to save,
spent, like a year of work for physicians' fees,
no longer being patient, we'll be lovers.
That's not to say I'll swear off love for now
and, yoked with you, for thirty years play slave
to cash and kids and candy, or that I'll flee
and leave you in the sweatyard playing cow;
rather, we'll dive together to the sea
and flounder along a reef in search of cave.

BRUCE W. JORGENSEN

In the Cold House

On the hearth kneel astride;
Now bend, so light laps your
Body. Set loose your hair:
Now from the fire's throat it
Takes fire in all its strands
Now falls a veil about
Our mouths now sears my sight.

BRUCE W. JORGENSEN *teaches English at Brigham Young University.*

KRISTIE WILLIAMS GYNN

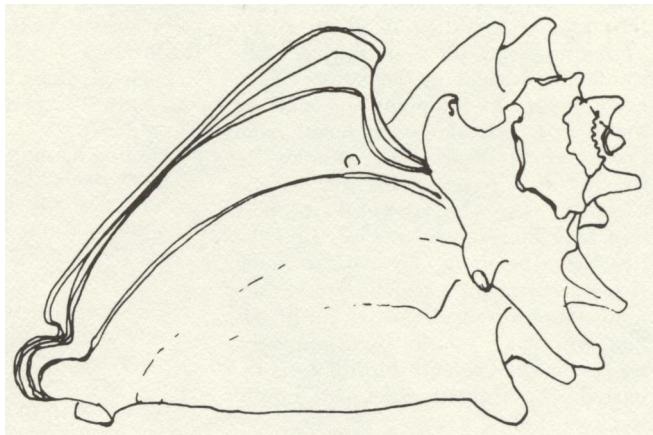
Sea Piece For Two New Voices

We are the sisters of the sea.
Something there is in you and me
That calls us to our very coasts, bids us stand
Where green-veined breakers moan upon the sand,
Seeking something the old oceans hide.

Ah, we have sought it long and wide—
You sometime at Santander, where a rising tide
Walks slow, as passing time, on a gold and stone-proud land;
And I in dreams of the Aegean and the shattered hand
Of heroes at her winedark door.

Times together we have walked the shore
Of night, have made dark auguries by the roar
Of moonbent oceans. Bits of shell and straw in crescent lines,
The salt-blackened body of a tern; these were the signs
By which we guessed the harsh heart of the sea.

And guessing this, we have begun to see
The salty grace and the essential gaiety
Of sea-wrens skanting over glassy ground
Like crazy gravel tossed, and of two wet ravens that have
found
Something to descant on from the manzanita.



REVIEWS

Almost But Not Quite

BRUCE W. JORGENSEN

Turn Again Home. By Herbert Harker. New York: Random House, 1977. 245 pp., \$8.95.

"A novel," Randall Jarrell once wrote, "is a prose narrative of some length that has something wrong with it." There is a notion abroad in Mormondom (one I doubt Herbert Harker subscribes to) that there are two kinds of criticism, constructive and destructive, and that constructive criticism means fulsome praise while destructive criticism means fault-finding motivated by envy, spite, and malice. I know of only one kind of criticism, which R. P. Blackmur called "the formal discourse of an amateur": an attempt to get clear sight of a work in its defects as well as its virtues, to diagnose the defects (if any) because the virtues are worth saving. Since I care about what Harker has tried to do, I am going to try to locate the fault, the "something wrong," in *Turn Again Home*. But as Californians and Wasatch Fronters can both testify, it matters to know just where a fault runs.

Some readers and reviewers have already complained that it's hard to get through the first half of *Turn Again Home*. I concur. Of some thirteen substantial flashbacks in the book, eleven occur before its midpoint and eight of these in part one, ranging in length from one to sixteen pages and accounting for roughly sixty pages of the first ninety. The arithmetic is trivial, but the proportion may hint at why readers find the first half slow going. For with so much space given to the past, the present action—Jared Roseman's search for his father, who has mysteriously disappeared on his seventy-seventh birthday—is repeatedly interrupted and seems hardly to move at all.

Not that there is anything wrong with flashback itself as a technique. Virginia Sorensen's *The Evening and the Morning* (my own nominee for finest Mormon novel) also interweaves past and present as its heroine, Kate Alexander, comes to terms with her whole rebellious and passionate life in the troubled present of her daughter and granddaughter—and without disrupting continuity of interest. Continuity may be the key: the past action is continuous both in itself and with the present action, and flashbacks or time-shifts (as Conrad and Ford, masters of the technique, called them) always bear dramatically or thematically on present action.

That, I think, is what *Turn Again Home* lacks. Its flashbacks suggest a good deal about Alma Roseman's complex and enigmatic character and about the relations of children in polygamous families, but we get little sense of continuity among the chunks of past time, pieces of a puzzle Jared tries to assemble in his mind. And in most instances the flashbacks seem arbitrarily wedged in: the author isolates Jared in some place that calls up memories, and we're off.

At the end of chapter five of part one, for instance, Jared, with "no idea where to begin" looking for his father, stops in an empty stackyard:

He tied his horse to the stackyard fence, walked inside, and sat on a hump of the hay. Its dust rose around him, hot and stifling, bringing a tang like ginger to his nostrils.

He thought that here he would be able to think, but his mind seemed encircled by the fence—he could not get beyond it. His thoughts turned back to themselves. (p. 29)

Chapter 6 begins: "The first time he visited this spot had been that November when he was seven, just a couple of months after his father brought him from Utah to Canada, to what had been the family home in Cardston. The cold then had been as dry and palpable as was the heat today." The rather slow, expository transition dulls the ginger tang of the dusty stackyard, and the eight-page episode that follows deals with the Roseman children sledding near the stackyard, Lyman's cruelty, and Jared's discovery that the gentle Grace is his full sister. This flashback does follow chronologically from an earlier one (pp. 9-12) relating Jared's first night at Aunt Bessie's, his first encounters with Lyman and Grace, his first awareness of how Alma estranges himself from his family by spending long intervals at "the lease," "a great stretch of land where they say he runs his sheep" (p. 12). These two episodes are parts of a continuous action, then, but their continuity has been disrupted by another flashback (pp. 17-26) relating the episode, six years later, of Alma's burning Hickory Jack Hagedorn's dance hall; the continuity is something a reader has to work out rather than feel immediately and strongly in the narrative.

Though the sledding episode (pp. 29-37) occurs during Alma's prolonged absence at the lease, which foreshadows his birthday disappearance, we tend to forget this in our concern with the children's relationships, as does Jared, who falls asleep in his reminiscing and awakens in the chill of evening: "Then in the darkness beyond the stackyard fence his horse pawed impatiently, and like a stone falling in Jared's stomach, the recollection of his father's disappearance hit him" (p. 37). What should hit the reader (but didn't hit this one except in much thinking after two readings and some notetaking) is that Alma has been an absent father all along, that his absence betokens something eating at him, that it at least partly accounts for the fragmentation of his family.

Not all the book's flashbacks pose problems as acute as this one and its neighbors (the one that occurs as Jared reaches his mother's home in Smithfield and recalls Alma taking him away, in fact, works fine, the present fully impacted by the past); yet discontinuous flashbacks may well be a surface sign of

a much deeper fissure in the book. For as I see it, *Turn Again Home* has two subjects, incompletely integrated: first, the Mormon family under the stress of polygamy after the Manifesto, when fairly often fathers emigrated to Mexico or Canada with one wife and children, leaving another (or others) behind in Utah to fend for themselves; and second, bloodguilt for the atrocity at Mountain Meadows. Somehow, a reader supposes, Alma Roseman's failure as a father must connect with his guilt as a murderer—and almost tragically so, since both in begetting and in destroying life Alma has believed he was following God's will, yet guilt estranges Alma from his children, makes him a mystery to them long before he disappears bodily. In turn, Alma's division of and from his family must connect with the bitter fraternal conflict of Lyman and Jared, and with Jared's own seven-year retreat into the isolation and partial apostasy of Arrowhead Ranch, the home of Mormon-hating Hickory Jack Hagedorn. I can reason out these connections better than read them, feel them, in the novel, where they seem insufficiently dramatized and narrated, parts almost but not quite composed into a whole.

Turn Again Home is ambitious (not to say audacious) in its choice of subjects from the Mormon past, yet seems less evenly made, less whole, than Harker's first novel, *Goldenrod*. Stylistically, for instance, this passage works against itself:

As Alma continued to talk, his words came out in bundles, with pauses in between, as though he had to wrap and tie them. "My hired man taught old Nack a trick once." Pause. "That was years ago, though." Pause. "Maybe he can remember." (49-50)

The metaphor (thoroughly appropriate to Alma's life as a sheepman) and the short sentences alone could do the job; the intrusions of "Pause" simply waste their own and the metaphor's energy, as if the writer had fully trusted neither his image nor his reader's auditory imagination. Occasionally Harker's prose siddles toward metaphoric concision, but mostly stops short at similes: "Darkness rose from the earth like smoke" (86); "Her eyes were like knobs on a cupboard door" (127). Usually it is workmanlike,

unobtrusive, as prose in realistic fiction likely should be, though it lacks the austere, tense economy of the prose of Ross Macdonald, Harker's mentor (acknowledged in the novel's dedication by his real name, Kenneth Millar).

His historical subject has led Harker to use documents (actual and fictitious) with uneven effects on narrative unity and economy. For instance, the chunk of Bancroft paraphrased and quoted in part two, chapter five, is something Jared can credibly discover when he visits Gladys Wells, a bitter survivor of the massacre living in Cedar City; yet still it seems an intrusive explanation, a piece of incompletely assimilated research, and much less moving than the fragmentary clues Jared gathers from Alma's letters and journal. Harker might have done better simply to trust his reader's general knowledge, since to the novel the facts of the atrocity matter less than its effects on Alma Roseman and his wives and children. Indeed, in rendering Jared's recovery of his father's buried past, Harker succeeds better in evoking these effects through stock fictional devices such as Jared's mother's haunted sleepwalking:

She uttered a gentle cry and placed her hand over her face, her fingers spread so she could look between them. "Ohhh," she sobbed. "Look what you have done. Look at the little babies. How could you?" She shrank away. "Don't touch me. I don't want you ever to touch me again." (p. 115)

The device may be as old as *Macbeth* to most of us, but it is still eerily compelling.

Equally stock, yet also engaging, is Harker's portrayal of Hickory Jack Hagedorn as a colorful cussing cowboy. Even if we have heard its like before, Hick's speech smells strongly of tack-rooms and horseturds:

"He is the meanest-lookin' beast I ever see—blind in one eye, so no matter which way he stands, his head's cocked lookin' off toward Fisher's. He's got a sway back, shad belly, long legs and hooves like a set of plough shares. You'd swear his nose come off a bull moose. His head is bald as a suitcase, with little carrot ears stickin' ever which way on top of it. They ain't enough mane left on his neck

to braid a watch fob They's more scars on his hide than hen-tracks in a Shanghai Bible." (p. 173)

"Number one, tie down your spurs. Number two, get on her if you can. Number three, take a fistful of mane, dig in your heels, and say your prayers. After that only God can help you, and He might prefer standin' clear." Hickory Jack laughed. "Number four, where do you want to be buried?" (p. 182)

Hick's voice seems in fact vital and poetic enough to have sustained the whole novel, though it might have been impractical if not impossible to use him as a narrator. (Andrew Lytle's intermittent use of Jack Croleigh in *The Velvet Horn* might suggest a strategy.) Had that been possible, *Turn Again Home* might have come nearer to unity—at least to some unity of tone or voice. But as it is, the book finally looks like several kinds of novel imperfectly fused: mystery, cowboy romance, pastoral eclogue or elegy for the author's boyhood Alberta (its title may allude to Tennyson's elegaic "Crossing the Bar"), historical novel, and even mythic novel of guilt, retribution, atonement, and forgiveness. While these might have been made one, I feel they have not been. Ultimately, wholeness in an historical novel may depend, as Andrew Lytle has urged, on the author's having discovered, through long meditation on his subject and deep sustained immersion in his craft, a "central" or "controlling image," a symbol or archetypal pattern endowed with the shape and dynamics of the one action that is the whole narrative. In his elaborately twined plot involving a Missouri Wildcat's marked pistol, sons seeking to find or avenge fathers, and fathers turned to seek sons, Herbert Harker seems to have reached for but not quite grasped such a unifying image of the whole.

Thus, while *Turn Again Home* is intermittently engaging, interesting, moving, it is finally unsatisfying. Still *Turn Again Home* deserves our attentive reading because as a Mormon novel it pleads neither for nor against its Mormon characters and its share of a usable Mormon past. Rather, it accepts these as given and tries to envision a fictive world shaped by but not insisting upon Mormon ethos and mythos.

Heavens Turning in the Sky

WILLIAM E. DIBBLE

Hamlet's Mill, An Essay on Myth and the Frame of Time, By Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend. Boston, Mass.: Gambit, Inc., 1969. xvi + 505 pp.

Recent research indicates that certain ancient peoples had a much greater interest and proficiency in observational astronomy than they have generally been given credit for in the past. The evidence to support such a position has become impressive in some cases. The idea itself, that the ancients knew some astronomy, is not new. Isaac Newton had the unconventional opinion that others besides Aristarchus believed the earth went around the sun. Josephus mentions Abram teaching arithmetic and astronomy to the Egyptians. Both the Book of Mormon and the Book of Abraham refer to astronomical matters (Helaman 12:15 and Abraham 3) in ways which sometimes seem curiously modern, and sometimes simply curious. I recall when, as a young city-bred student, I first looked seriously at the astronomical parts of the Book of Abraham. I was surprised and considerably disappointed to find that physical questions were slighted; the text was given over to a discussion of cycles and revolutions that seemed to me at that time to be of no particular interest. Such a concern with cycles of time seemed strange to me then, and probably has seemed strange to others as well. It should not seem so strange, however, to the readers of *Hamlet's Mill*.

In *Hamlet's Mill*—the title refers to the heavens turning in the sky—Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend

credit the ancients with an extensive knowledge of observational astronomy; they argue that the ancients were aware of (and impressed by) the precession of the equinoxes "some thousand years" (or more) before the accepted date of its discovery by Hipparchus in 127 B.C. Their case rests on their interpretation of a large body of mythical, epic and sacred writings, which they see as the remains of an arcane astronomical technical language of ancient high culture and civilization. They trace similar stories and recurrent themes, many of them influential in later literature, in the ancient writings and traditions of Greece, Rome, Northern Europe, Iran, India, China, Polynesia, America, Egypt, the fertile crescent and Palestine.

Senior author de Santillane, professor of the history and philosophy of science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has written extensively on the history of science. The prologue to one of his earlier books, *The Origins of Scientific Thought*, notes that analogous "rites, tales, and traditions" found around the world point "to a time of great migrations and also to a center of diffusion somewhere in the Middle East," and that "someone before history" must have marked out and named the constellations "with such an authority that they were repeated without question, substantially the same from Mexico to Africa and Polynesia," an event which he dates between 4000 and 6000 B.C. (Some of the quotations below are from this prologue.) Co-author von Dechend, assistant professor for the history of nat-

ural science at the J.W. Goethe University, Frankfurt, describes how her work in ethnology led her to astronomical considerations against her initial inclination.

According to de Santillana and von Dechend, the ancients were much concerned with the cycles of time defined by the revolutions of the various heavenly bodies and the recurrence times of certain celestial phenomena, which define days, months, and various kinds of years, great years, etc. In particular, the precession of the equinoxes (in a 25,920 year cycle) seemed to them a changing of the frame of the cosmos; the great turning mill of the sky was unhinged or wrecked, and another had to be made for a new world age. The ecliptic circle helped to form a so-called "earth" in the sky. This flat "earth" in the sky had four corners—the two points of the equinoxes and the two points of the solstices. Part of this "earth" was in the northern sky (north of the celestial equator) and was termed "dry land", while the rest of it lay in the "waters below," in the southern sky. The points of the equinoxes mark the boundaries of the "dry land." As the vernal equinox moves with the precession into a new constellation of the zodiac, this constellation rises from the "waters below"; there is a new heaven and a new "earth" rising from the waters; and one world age is succeeded by another.

The situation described above did not necessarily always hold. At one time it was "always midday," and then by some sort of cosmic original sin the ecliptic was separated from the equator, and the cycles of change began. Hamlet (Saturn) was the ruler of the Golden Age "when the Mill ground out peace and plenty." True to the cyclic nature of time he will return—the "Once and Future King." The Milky Way was the way between heaven and the (real) earth; it was also, apparently, the path for spirits of the dead returning to the sky (not to some place under the real ground), or the place for spirits to wait after death to be reincarnated. At "time zero," about 5000 B.C., in the Golden Age of Gemini (the twins), all three circles (equator, ecliptic, and Milky Way) intersected at the vernal equinox, and communication between heaven and earth was easy. The inexorable precession brought on the Age of Taurus (the bull) and new arrangements had to be made.

Such were the parts of what our authors call "The Lost Treasure." The stories and legends encoding the astronomical knowledge persisted long after their meaning was forgotten. Though the knowledge was lost, the authors suggest that flashes of it break forth "preserved almost intact" in Plato and the Pythagoreans, thus contributing to the Greek "Renaissance."

The Pythagoreans were important in the history of science, mathematics and philosophy; secular history accords them the first known doctrines of the motion of earth. De Santillana and von Dechend, however, do not ascribe heliocentric doctrines to the ancients they are talking about. The myths sometimes include catastrophes, as one age ends and another begins; for the authors these catastrophes are in the sky; they represent the regular cycles of heaven, not cataclysms on earth. The authors do not look for historical data in the myths; there may have been many floods in the fertile crescent, but for them the flood of Deucalion and the Bible was in the sky. Samson (Orion, alias Nimrod) is in the sky, as is the jawbone (Lehi?) of an ass (the Hyades, in Taurus) with which he slew the thousand Philistines. They mention, however, that these legendary heroes "often lend their names to historical persons in passing and then vanish." Their deeds can also become attached to historical figures, as has apparently occurred with Alexander the Great, who can hardly be spared from history for the sake of astronomical myth.

The authors know that they have espoused an unconventional thesis; they do not appear to let it worry them. Nor do they waste much sympathy on modern astrology; on scholars who drag in psychoanalytical explanations and fertility rites, while missing things that "would make clear sense to scientists"; or, in language reminiscent of Hugh Nibley, on scholars who try to force history into an evolutionary frame—the time span of biological evolution does not justify us in regarding our ancestors of a few thousand years ago as significantly less intelligent than ourselves, even if they lived in the stone age.

Noted astronomer Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin in her review of *Hamlet's Mill* for *The Journal for the History of Astronomy* discusses errors in the book and points out problems in style and orga-

nization that hinder understanding. She concludes that although the authors "know their stuff" they have not proved that the ancients knew about the precession, although she does not deny the influence of the heavenly bodies on ancient myth. I think that the reader will agree with her that the case is not proved, although it appears to me that the fact that proof is even mentioned in connection with this kind of material shows that the authors have accomplished something—they themselves term their work "a first reconnaissance." The organization of the material does not help the reader to make an overall evaluation of the evidence; still there are some things which are suggestive. If the identity of the mill with the heavens is admitted, then the fact that the mill is unhinged and another has to be constructed is very suggestive. So also is the statement quoted from the Book of Enoch to the effect that stars were punished for not rising "at their appointed time". Suggestive also is the boast of Kai Khusrau that his dominion extends over the whole world "from Pisces downward to the Bull's head", a region of the zodiac comprising the constellation of Aries.

Recent studies in the relationship of astronomy to ancient buildings and other structures seem to strengthen the case of de Santillana and von Dechend. This field has been reviewed in *Current Anthropology* by Elizabeth Chester Baity, who discusses, among other things, the work of G. S. Hawkins on Stonehenge, and the work of A. Thom and his associates on Stonehenge and other British stone circles. Thom concluded that these structures were excellently engineered and were used as accurate lunar observatories. R. J. C. Atkinson (writing in the *Journal for the History of Astronomy*) has pointed out that the astronomical studies involved would require more than the expected working lifetime of one worker, and that therefore records of some kind seem a necessity. He states that there is no evidence of "even the simplest tally of numbers," and the difficulty of oral transmission seems forbidding to him. He says that he has "no acceptable solution to offer." De Santillana and von Dechend consider that the myths were used to transmit astronomical information orally, but I do not know that they would consider oral transmission adequate for the kind of studies that

Atkinson is talking about.

The equinoxes shift about one degree every 72 years. This would add up to an appreciable amount during the perhaps 900 years or more that Stonehenge was in use. Of course this does not prove that the ancients noticed the precession, but it indicates that they could have. Also, we have already indicated that the vernal equinox was once in the Milky Way. If this situation was really of significance to the ancients for a long enough time, one would expect that even in this case they could eventually notice that it had changed, and without needing records of great extent.

Alexandre Koyre has emphasized the destruction of the Medieval-Aristotelian idea of the cosmos during the scientific revolution and its replacement by the idea of an infinite universe. Modern astronomy put the earth in the sky, among the wandering stars. Theological and philosophical notions based on the old system were challenged. If the earth were in the heavens, where were the heavens of God and angels?

The Book of Abraham, presented by Joseph Smith in 1842, placed the throne of God near certain stars in a universe in which the earth moved. Yet the text was presented, not as an entirely new revelation, but as the inspired restoration of an ancient text—a lost treasure, not post-Copernican but pre-Aristotelian. Although one would not expect the astronomy which the Lord would reveal to Abraham to be the same as that of his contemporaries, it seems to have been intended that it be taught to the Egyptians. Thus it may legitimately be compared to what we know of the ancient astronomy. We find no obvious mention of the precession. We do find, however, an interest in the time periods defined by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies—a concern with number, cycles, and time which reminds us of the matters treated in *Hamlet's Mill*. Besides the obvious concern with time cycles, however, there are numerous details in *Hamlet's Mill* which should be of interest to students of the scriptures.

Sainted Mothers

GENE A. SESSIONS

Sister Saints. Edited by Vicky Burgess-Olson. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1978. xiv+ 494 pp., illus. \$5.95, paper.

As this book about the sainted mothers of Mormonism was coming off the press, President Spencer Kimball was preparing his opening address for the 148th Annual Conference of the Church. Remembering the Utah IWY fiasco and the ERA imbroglio, he decided that it was time for the brethren to restate and to reaffirm the now familiar official LDS position on womanhood and sex roles. Few Mormons were surprised when on the morning of April 1, 1978, the prophet declared that the place of Mormon women was in the home where they might "fully express themselves as mothers, as nurses to the sick, as proponents of high community ideals and as protectors of good morals." Stating that this had been the position of the Church since the days of Joseph Smith, President Kimball went on to ask the inevitable questions to which many pained Mormon women would have no comfortable answers: "What more can any woman want for herself, what more could any man want for his wife . . . ?" In order to resolve the dilemma thus confronting them, these uneasy sister Saints would again turn anxiously to the past in an attempt to discover the roots of their problem. Perhaps there would be some answers in the new book from BYU Press about twenty-four Mormon women who seemed to have found the secret of being successful both as women and as Latter-day Saints.

Obviously hoping to come near the model of Claudia Bushman's admirable compilation *Mormon Sisters*, Vicky Burgess-Olson set out to solicit brief biographies of Mormon women who had

"achieved." She managed to acquire for her collection several previously published works by some pioneers in the field of Mormon women's studies. Eventually identifying additional subjects and authors willing to contribute, Burgess-Olson seemed on the way to filling a serious gap in Mormon historiography—a solid assemblage of biographical studies identifying the activities, contributions, and comparative experiences of several outstanding Mormon women. In the midst of this anticipation, her book finally appeared, possessing enough needless and serious flaws to make it not only inadequate but immensely disappointing as well.

While it is impossible to fault the excellence of many of the essays, particularly with some of those previously published or presented as lectures, the volume as a whole falls open to criticism on almost every count. Most noticeable, though perhaps least damning, is its physical package. Loaded with typographical and grammatical errors, grey pages, fuzzy photographs, and slipped type, it bears the mysterious appearance of extreme haste—mysterious given the time its editor and publisher had in which to put it together. Two contributors expressed shock to this reviewer that they had not seen galley proofs of their articles and that someone had made unacceptable changes in their texts. The volume possesses no index. In short, it is a shoddy production, unworthy of its press, its editor, and certainly many of its contributors.

This apparent hastiness also reflects itself in the editor's preface. Containing virtually no connective threads with which the reader might bind the essays together, it tip-toes through general Mormon history and then commits an intellectual faux pas that ought to redound to

Burgess-Olson's embarrassment for years to come: Discussing "Authors and Subjects" she is pleased to announce that "most are women and most are Mormons." Of the twenty contributors, most are indeed Mormons, but *all* claim to be women. One must wonder whether the editor thus accepts the chauvinist rib about women with brains forfeiting their femininity.

All of this would be more than excusable, if the contents of the book possessed enough redeeming qualities to render such blunders as mere headwagging annoyances. This is not the case with the bulk of the volume. Many of the essays suffer from three chronic diseases. The first of these, "tunnel vision," has perennially plagued both Mormon and women's studies. Simply stated, most of the authors in *Sister Saints* are rank amateurs when it comes to serious biography. More than half of them have had little or no formal training in history or in the historical method. They therefore demonstrate an ignorance of what was going on outside of Mormondom during the period about which they write, and have but little idea of what it takes to perform a meticulous historical study. As well might a historian venture into an archeological dig and expect to emerge with some respectable findings as some of these people trained in everything from music to English literature might expect to be able to produce sound history. Only a third of the contributors received degrees in history, though some working initially or primarily in other disciplines, such as Jill Mulvay Derr and Jean Bickmore White, have earned the title of historian through their persistent work and well-displayed knowledge of solid methodology. Much of *Sister Saints*, however, must be judged the floundering work of proverbial fish out of water.

The classic example of this deficiency comes in the editor's own introductory remarks when she naively states that Mormon leaders of the late nineteenth century were ahead of their times in their support of feminism. To advance her claim, she quotes out of context a statement from Brigham Young about how women ought "to enlarge their sphere of usefulness for the benefit of society at large" (p. viii). Apparently unaware of the *commonality* of this sort of statement among social and religious leaders of the

period across the nation, she is even more willing to forget myriads of other statements Brother Brigham and his associates made about the *subordinate* place of women in the Mormon universe.

A discovery of this first ailment leads quickly to an awareness of a second illness that has sucked much of the vitality from *Sister Saints*. In order to find a way through the dilemmas of Mormonism and womanhood, most of the authors have succumbed to the temptation to distort not only Mormon ecclesiastical attitudes but also the lives of their subjects themselves. Burdened with the hallucinatory effects of "biographer's disease," they have envisioned new pedestals for their women. While all of the twenty-four women must have been human, only a few of them come through their biographers' treatments without deification. The words with which the contributors choose to describe their subjects become so cliché by the end of the book, that one wonders if something about being Mormon and female automatically endows a person with patience, long-suffering, dignity, strength, warmth, wisdom, giftedness, astuteness, charm, grace, faith, hope, charity, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

Indeed, sameness is the name of the third malady. Both in selection and portrayal, most of this group of "great mothers" (see Helen Diner, *Mothers and Amazons*) have too much in common, despite Burgess-Olson's statement in the beginning about their only similarities being their "gender and baptismal covenants" (p. vii). Their lives as portrayed in *Sister Saints* do little to describe the richness and variety of womanhood in the LDS experience. This book, in short, joins a discouraging trend in women's studies to make of them exaggerated minority studies, even though women comprise neither a minority nor an isolated segment of culture in need of overstatement. They are (and always have been) a vital part of every event and every theme in human history. To chronicle heroically and monotonously the lives of the exceptional few in the belief that this will redress ages of obscurity is to commit the final indignity to the billions of women in the world and to the millions of women in Mormondom who live and breathe in a real world, and who need honest answers, not literary epochs disguised as legitimate biography.

Scissors and Paste Massacre

RICHARD W. SADLER

Massacre at Mountain Meadows. By William Wise. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1976. 317pp., \$11.95.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre was one of the most tragic criminal events in the history of the United States, and William Wise's book concerning the massacre is similarly tragic in its lack of scholarship and objectivity. In reviewing this book in the *New York Times*, Stanley Hirshson called it one of the half dozen boldest and most important books ever written on the Mormons. This is definitely not the case. Like Hirshson's *Lion of the Lord*, Wise's book is based on outdated secondary sources, and it betrays a remarkable lack of knowledge of Utah and Mormon history, much of which has been researched in the last thirty years.

Wise begins by describing Mormonism as springing up in the midst of religious turmoil, marked by violence, lawlessness, and sexual licentiousness encouraged by the official organization of the Danites in Missouri and their actions in Illinois. Wise asserts that the Mormon belief in a rapidly approaching Millennium increased thievery, and as plural marriage was introduced, "they became full-time lawbreakers, who were destined to be further corrupted by more than ten years of concealment, lying and deceit." The practice of polygamy brought ridicule to the Saints, which in turn brought about "an intensified sense of hostility mingled with an ill-concealed desire for revenge." Wise further notes that when the law of God and the law of the land seemed in conflict, Mormons were obligated to observe the law of God.

As the reins of the church transferred

from Joseph Smith to Brigham Young, Wise made some comparisons,

Each suffered from excessive vanity and considerably overestimated his own talents as well as the honors and rewards those talents could justly claim from an all-too-frequently indifferent world. Each was a supreme egotist, steeped in his own self-importance, who was convinced of his right not only to lead a vast army of followers but ultimately to rule supreme over all mankind. To further his own ends, always in the exalted name of religion, each was capable of organizing a great variety of covert misdeeds and open felonies. The attempted assassination of ex-Governor Boggs, undoubtedly commissioned by the late Prophet, already lay several years in the past. What lay ahead were other crimes that would be planned and commissioned by a more-calculating leader, a man utterly without remorse or conscience, who had come to believe, during his service to the Church, that any means were justified in strengthening or defending the true faith, and that to gain revenge from the Gentiles was a grave duty, placed on every Saint by command of the Lord.

As the Mormons moved into the Great Basin, Wise writes that lawlessness increased. Mormons dressed and disguised as Indians massacred immigrants and apostates, and troublesome gentiles were disposed of by "Mountain Justice." The Danites operated openly, rule by the priesthood was all-encompassing and swift punishment was meted out to the rebellious, including death, castration

and ostracism. A major thesis of the volume is that Brigham Young was a virtual dictator with intimate knowledge of everything that happened in the territory. Wise thus sets the stage for the massacre:

And so the ninth year of Brigham Young's unrestrained rule began, bringing with it a brief and fearful epoch that reached its savage climax in a single extraordinary crime, a crime spawned by almost three decades of lawlessness, by a thirst for vengeance deliberately fostered as a matter of calculated policy and by the barbarous conviction—still so familiar in our own century—that the members of other societies and faiths were morally inferior beings and therefore had no right to justice, to freedom or even to life itself.

Into the Utah territory of 1857, threatened by an invasion of U.S. troops, came such immigrant parties as the Fancher Party from Arkansas. Wise notes this party numbered nearly 150 men, women and children and that they were wealthy. The central theme of the volume unfolds as Wise suggests that Brigham Young coveted this wealth so much that he determined to have the Fanchers done away with as they approached Mountain Meadows. Young was assisted in this scheme by George A. Smith and Charles C. Rich. Rich therefore persuaded most of the Fancher Party that the southern route was the safest, according to Wise, and the wagon train turned south, and Smith was sent to the southern settlements to make all of the necessary arrangements for the massacre.

According to Wise it was Young who initiated reports of lawlessness among the Fancher Party, and this was done to cover up the premeditated massacre. A variety of other cover-up attempts were made by Young, including spreading the rumor that some of the party were Missouri Wildcats who had participated in the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Wise avows that events moved ahead according to plan and the immigrants were massacred early in September of 1857. Only young children were spared.

With the completion of the massacre, a cover-up was even more necessary. According to Wise, John D. Lee, on his first visit to Brigham Young following

the massacre realized that Young was shifting the entire burden of the guilt to him. The cover-up culminated with Lee's execution in 1877. During this period, Wise notes, it was only through the assistance of Colonel Thomas L. Kane that Young was able to stay in a position of political power. Wise tars Kane with much the same brush that he uses on Young.

The cover-up has continued into the present, Wise writes, and warns the reader that Juanita Brooks' works should be treated with extreme caution, because she has attempted "to defend the Church's reputation at any cost." Bits and pieces of many works, including Brooks, are paraphrased by Wise, but rarely cited. The book reminds one of scissors-and-paste, first draft term papers with large quantities of Brodie, Linn, Werner, the Stenhouses and Brooks, glued together by liberal amounts of Kelly and Birney's *Holy Murder*, Hickman's *Brigham's Destroying Angel* and Lee's *Mormonism Unveiled*.

Wise is not only sloppy but he is also sensational in his approach to serious historical questions. He continually makes errors of both fact and interpretation. Many telling statements are made without any evidence either cited or alluded to. The volume cannot even be characterized as bad history. It is rather a cross between an ill-contrived romantic novel and a nineteenth-century melodrama.

The subject deserves better. There are unanswered historical questions with many pieces of the historical puzzle in the form of primary sources still missing. Serious scholars, both Mormon and non-Mormon, should continue the investigation into the many contradictory events surrounding the massacre, both within and without the territory. Juanita Brooks has set the example. Other scholars should follow. Wise has only muddied the waters.

Mormon Scholasticism

J. HENRY IBARGUEN

The World of the Book of Mormon. By Paul R. Cheesman. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1978. 102 pp., biblio., index. \$5.95.

As I read Paul Cheesman's book I realized that the struggle between reason and faith is still very much alive in 1978. It seems to me there is as great a need for some Mormon faithful to authenticate their theology through reason, as there was a need for the Scholastics to do the same for Christianity at the end of the Middle Ages. I see Dr. Cheesman as a modern LDS Scholastic. In a similar manner to those believers of old, he does not wish his side of the argument to stand on faith, but on fact—reasonable, scientific fact. He proposes to use archeological and historical evidence to demonstrate what can only be authenticated by faith, but no matter how much he manipulates the evidence and how intricately he structures explanations, the truth is that one must first believe in angels before he can argue as to how many of them can dance on the head of a pin.

The author's basic assumption is that of an LDS believer: the Book of Mormon is history and it reveals historical facts. Now, I cannot say with absolute certainty whether this is a correct assumption or not, any more than I can verify whether angels do or do not exist. Although I read this book skeptically, I was secretly prepared to accept the irrefutable argument. But, just as the Scholastics were never able to convince me through all their manipulations that angels exist, Dr. Cheesman has also failed to convince me that the events of the Book of Mormon coincide in any way with the historical reality understood by experts in the field of pre-Columbian archaeology.

Of course, it is clear that Dr. Cheesman is not writing this book for experts

in the field, but for the general LDS faithful, who will be persuaded through extensive advertising that they are actually being treated to the "true dope" on the history of pre-Columbian America. And no doubt most of the faithful who buy the book will believe Dr. Cheesman's account simply because it reinforces theories that have been taught to them as absolute truths ever since Primary.

As for Mormon intellectuals, they may protest to high heaven that nowhere does it say that the Book of Mormon has to coincide with the geographic and historical reality of pre-Columbian America—a point even Dr. Cheesman admits in a painful contradiction to the stated purpose of his book when he writes: "Because of the interest of the Latter-day Saints in locating ancient sites can cause speculation and disagreement . . . members of the Church do not base their testimonies on archaeological proof . . ." (p. 22) Intellectuals may therefore argue that the Book of Mormon is important for the lessons it teaches and that they do not respect or even believe in such manipulations of history as contained in this book.

I cannot help but feel uneasy and apprehensive about Cheesman's attempt to explain religious mysteries through reason. I think believers will be more secure in their faith if they accept the tenets of their faith through faith itself. The Scholastics found, as will Mormon Scholastics, that introducing reason into faith is a dubious method for keeping the faithful in line. Once one attempts to understand faith through reason, it is usually not reason that gives way, but faith. When some of the more knowledgeable Mormons find out that some of Dr. Cheesman's reasons do not hold water, they might begin to question other assumptions as well.

Cheesman, like the Scholastics, uses logic and reason in a limited way, however. He plays the game to a point and then attempts to change the rules at mid-stream. Just as the Scholastics found they could not explain away the divergence between what evidence and reason told them and what their faith told them, Dr. Cheesman finds that whenever the evidence seems to contradict the Book of Mormon, he must either omit it altogether or ask the reader not to accept it. Yet, he asks the same readers to believe explicitly all that he himself believes. It seems to me that if readers are to be intellectually honest, they must examine evidence on both sides.

Not only is the author content with being inconsistent about his selection of evidence, but he goes even further in suggesting that the evidence only appears to be contradictory to the Book of Mormon at times. The faithful should not worry about these contradictions because at some future time a revelation will make everything clear. He writes: "When disagreements arise, we should keep in mind 'out of the studies of faithful Latter-day Saints may yet come a unity concerning the Book of Mormon, or, the Lord may give a revelation that will end the differences of opinion.'" So why bother searching for the truth?

Dr. Cheesman has obviously spent a great deal of effort researching his subject, yet his use of sources is spotty at best. At one moment he uses a renowned archaeologist, at another a secondary classroom textbook, even the encyclopedia, or a Mormon authority whose knowledge on the history involved is open to question. I found that from the first page, I began to question assumptions, sources and omissions. In fact, since I could do this on any page, I closed my eyes and randomly opened the book to page 91. It and the next page are ostensibly devoted to proving that horses existed in the Western Hemisphere during Book of Mormon times.

I agree with Dr. Cheesman that archaeological finds have proved that horses existed in the Western Hemisphere at the end of the Pleistocene Age but had disappeared by eleven thousand years ago—about three thousand years before man in the Americas learned to domesticate plants and animals. I expected the author to give me proof of the history of the horse after this time, but

instead he took on the whole theory of evolution, using the horse as an example, with Pliny the Elder cited as proof of this argument. The purpose in this one-sided presentation, despite his own denials, is to discredit the entire scientific community by labeling them traditional and unimaginative (and I would have to agree with him that scientists do not allow themselves the luxury of letting their imaginations run rampant). Throughout, however, one wonders how this proves or disproves the original argument.

He begins his argument in favor of horses after the Pleistocene Age and presumably before 1492 by mentioning an unnamed Catholic priest in Ecuador who collects metal plates dug up by Indians (he does not say what Indians or what part of Ecuador). The implication is that since Indians dug it up it must be old. How old is it? And what proof is there that they do indeed go back to pre-Columbian times? The panels, he says, clearly depict horses. This may be true, but what if they were made between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries? I am reminded of Von Daniken's *Chariots of the Gods*' find, by coincidence also located in Ecuador, that shows Indians doing elaborate heart operations and looking through telescopes long before Columbus, when actually the panels were made by an Indian who got the idea from sketches taken from the Sunday newspaper. Some Ecuadorian Indians must be doing a landslide business telling the white man what he wants to hear.

Dr. Cheesman then proposes to disprove the idea that horses were never used in pre-Columbian America because of lack of roads. He points out that roads existed all over the civilized part of the Western Hemisphere at this time. Here he misinterprets the professional archaeological position. Of course, the Peruvian archaeologists do not deny that the Mohica, Incas, and others developed elaborate road systems. But they were built for runners and llamas and alpacas, not horses. Hundreds of ancient skeletons of these animals have been found along these roads but none of horses.

Dr. Cheesman often reverts to hearsay evidence. For example, he takes a passage from Victor Von Hagan's *The Desert Kingdoms of Peru* in which the noted historian found it worthy to mention a story told by two Spanish chroniclers (a notoriously unreliable source)

who found a hide and a jaw of an animal that "looked" like those of a horse. This does not mean that it was a horse, or even that it really looked like one: The chroniclers were actually writing after the Spanish had introduced the horse into Peru!

The strongest source that Dr. Cheesman used on these pages is none other than Joseph Smith's mother, Lucy Mack Smith. She stated that her son had told her that the ancient inhabitants of this continent had animals on which they rode. To those Mormons for whom this caps the argument it will matter little that a skeptic like me will ask what this had to do with any expertise or knowledge mother or son might have had on the matter. The innumerable times Cheesman invokes the name of a high Mormon Church person as an expert on some aspect of pre-Columbian Indian history,

makes it impossible for me, and I am sure for those who know more than I do, to take this work seriously. Even more disturbing is his quoting of respected archaeologists and historians out of context, with their speculations presented as facts. At the risk of seeming facetious, I must say that reading this book was like a trip to fantasy island for me!

I am willing to let past, present and future historical and archaeological experts verify the history of the horse. I am willing to allow that the history of pre-Columbian America is far from complete, but I hope that the search for that history will be continued by rational, somewhat skeptical men, who are searching for truth. This important study must not be left to those who already possess the truth and must therefore confirm it to the point of distorting it.

Those Apostates Who Would Be Gentiles

NEWELL G. BRINGHURST

The Gentile Comes to Cache Valley: A Study of the Logan Apostasies of 1874 and the Establishment of Non-Mormon Churches in Cache Valley, 1873-1913. By A. J. Simmonds. Logan, Utah: Utah State University Press, 1976 137 pp., \$5.00.

In an attractive volume with numerous illustrations, tables, and charts, A. J. Simmonds has told the story of those Cache Valley Latter-day Saints who for various economic, social or political reasons were excommunicated from or who voluntarily left the Mormon Church during the late nineteenth century. These ex-Mormons, or apostates, often cast their lot with various Protestant denominations active in the Valley at this time, thus becoming the gentiles to which Simmonds alludes in his title. More important, such apostates were sometimes appointed to federal offices in the valley

which enabled them to enforce the various antipolygamy laws passed by Congress during the late nineteenth century. In this way, these apostates, according to Simmonds, played a role in the "Americanization" or Reconstruction of Utah which culminated in the Manifesto of 1890.

In several respects Simmonds' work makes a contribution to our understanding of the Mormon past. It is somewhat of a pioneering work in that it uses "oral tradition" extensively—but carefully. Secondly, this history is a "case study" in the operation of Frederick Jackson Turner's "safety valve" thesis—that is, the settlement of unoccupied land by mobile, white settlers. In Cache Valley this "safety valve" operated in the exodus of apostates from the predominate Mormon areas of the valley to the unoccupied Big Range during the 1870's. Simmonds also brings to light a number

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of interesting and often overlooked facets of the Mormon past. In discussing the origins of the Cache Valley apostasies, Simmonds notes that the grounds for Mormon disfellowship or excommunication were much broader before 1890—going far beyond the clear-cut moral or doctrinal criteria used since. Simmonds vividly describes the potent, often heavy-handed activities of the Block Teacher's Quorum as a police force in those Cache County wards troubled with dissension and division. Finally, Simmonds shatters a popular Mormon myth by suggesting that nineteenth century Mormon-run schools were "second rate" when compared to the Mission Schools operated by the Protestants in not just Cache Valley, but throughout Utah Territory. This painful fact was dramatized by the frequent enrollment of children belonging to faithful Latter-day Saints in such Gentile-run schools.

Despite the book's assets, Simmonds' work suffers from a number of organizational and interpretive problems. First, Simmonds' chronological framework of 1873 to 1913 does not square with his own historical evidence. As Simmonds' narrative shows, 1869 rather than 1873 was the *real* beginning date of Cache Valley's apostasies. In 1869 a fateful split developed within Cache County's Latter-day Saint community with the apostasy of several Mormon merchants upset by the establishment in that year of the monopolistic Logan Cooperative Mercantile Institution. The year 1913 is also less than satisfactory as a terminal date, inasmuch as 1890 rather than 1913 marks the end—for all practical purposes—of Cache Valley's apostate-gentile community. The Manifesto of 1890, terminating the official church sanction of plural marriages, led to a marked decline of gentile-Mormon conflict. By 1890, the Church had abandoned its efforts to create an independent economic order separate from the larger non-Mormon society. Finally, 1890 marked the implementation of the Free School Act providing all Utah school children with free public education. This dealt a fatal blow to the Protestant mission school system in Cache Valley and elsewhere. These three developments undermined the entire gentile-apostate *raison de etre*.

Simmonds' hazy chronological focus dramatizes fundamental problems evident in the book's basic organization. For

example, the author in his initial chapter states that at the beginning of 1873 "near unanimity" prevailed among Cache Valley's residents with respect to basic "beliefs and practices." However, the historical evidence presented by Simmonds throughout this chapter suggest that this was *not* the case. Similar problems are evident throughout the book. Often, Simmonds' evidence does not square with his intended interpretive focus in a particular section or chapter. At the end of this work a lengthy series of appended biographical sketches of nineteen Mormon apostates further underscores the book's organizational problems. While such biographical information has a human interest value, Simmonds does not indicate his reasons for including this material or for selecting the particular individuals included.

Simmonds does not really move his interpretation of Cache Valley apostates beyond this region, despite claims to the contrary on the book's dust jacket. The author should have done more to relate his story to apostate-gentile activities in other Great Basin Mormon communities. While this work suggests a connection between the Cache Valley apostasies and the Salt Lake-centered Godbeite movement as reflected in the activities of W. H. Shearman, this issue is not pursued. And while suggesting that the apostasies in Cache County were not unique but were repeated in other Mormon communities, Simmonds does not develop this theme.

More could have been done to relate this work to Mormon history in general. After reading Simmonds' study, one is left wondering if there were any significant socio-economic or ethnic differences between Cache Valley apostates and those Latter-day Saints who remained true to the faith. Simmonds' work would have been more meaningful if he had attempted a comparative analysis. Such a socio-economic analysis, in place of the book's biographical appendices, would have provided further insights into the reasons certain individuals left the Mormon movement while others remained faithful. It would have also been interesting if Simmonds had probed the inability of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to attract significant numbers of Cache Valley apostates. Such individuals usually joined the various Protestant

churches rather than the Reorganized Church despite vigorous RLDS missionary efforts in this region.

Finally, although the author makes an admirable effort to relate his story of the Cache Valley apostasies to the larger history of Western America through his discussion of the Big Range as the archetype of Frederick Jackson Turner's "safety valve," Simmonds never really pulls his story into mainstream American history. Although Simmonds briefly describes the Protestant Home Missionary Society and its tendency to draw parallels between Utah Mormons and non-Christian heathens, he could have made more interesting apostate-gentile comparisons. Simmonds is less than convincing in his efforts to relate Cache Valley apostates to the national campaign to "Americanize" or "Reconstruct Utah." He goes into

elaborate detail describing the activities of C.C. and William Goodwin, important Cache Valley apostates who were appointed by the federal government as U.S. commissioner and probate judge respectively. These appointments, according to Simmonds, enabled these apostates to enforce federal anti-polygamy laws enacted by Congress during the 1880's. Simmonds fails however, to demonstrate that the activities of the Goodwins or other apostate Federal officeholders "broke the resolve" of Cache Valley Latter-day Saints toward plural marriage.

Despite its shortcomings, Simmonds' study represents a significant beginning point in the study of Mormon apostates—a foundation upon which future studies can be based.

Snowy Tea Towels and Spotless Kitchens

CLAUDIA L. BUSHMAN

Homespun: Domestic Arts & Crafts of Mormon Pioneers. By Shirley B. Paxman. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book Company, 1976, \$3.95.

Homespun suggests ways for women of today to practice pioneer crafts. Individual chapters on log-cabin cooking, preserving and drying foods, homemade remedies, needle arts, quilts, patchwork, dyeing, producing cloth and clothing, rug making, soapmaking, candlemaking, dried and waxed flowers and fruits, and toys and dolls comprise this abundantly illustrated volume. Combining some historical lore with instructions from the past as well as current applications, the book would be useful for leaders of girls in planning historical projects. Primary workers will welcome *Homespun* this centennial year.

Perhaps it is ungenerous to find fault with a book so attractive and well inten-

tioned, but a few additional comments should be made. The handsome pictures have been neither described nor attributed. The pictures of Mormon photographer George Edward Anderson are familiar, but not a word identifies them. The needlewoman who did the very attractive cover embroidery should be credited for her work. The old utensils photographed are not located or described, and the old engravings and woodcuts have a distinctly European appearance. I had hoped to find pictures of genuine Mormon artifacts from the attics of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. If, as Paxman states, "When needed clothing and bed coverings had been provided, the loom and spinning wheel were then turned to the production of articles of beauty for the home and its occupants," let's see them.

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The eclectic nature of the illustrations points up the central problem of the

book. The promise to delineate the arts and crafts of the Mormon pioneers is not met. "Pioneer" is not defined by time or space, and only the most fragmentary evidence binds these practices to Mormons. For some crafts, such as making samplers or potpourri, no Mormon evidence is presented at all. Instead this book considers activities supposedly practiced by pioneer women everywhere, and encourages women to consider adapting them to modern life as an answer to ecological problems. As such it is a charming and useful book.

Today's rebirth of interest in early crafts represents a tribute to our forebears. Their simple, hard-working lives are bathed in a rosy glow of nostalgia. There is much to charm in playing at the old crafts. Did I not just get an old spinning wheel of my own, something I have wanted for years and years? And the patch of flax in my backyard, which I plan to process, spin and weave, is over a foot tall. I feel virtuous and creative when I discuss it at parties. But the lumpy yarn and loose yardage I turn out in an effort to understand how things were done do not equal the beautiful products of our machine age nor do they recreate the past.

We have a mythic image of our pioneer mothers, they of the snowy tea towels and the spotless kitchens, which hides from us their eagerness to give up the homespun in favor of the store bought whenever they could. When the truth is known, it will be grubbier and more dismal altogether. Pioneer families were probably as eager to have bakery bread as our own are to have homemade.

Mormons were pioneers by location, but not by time. They were progressive by nature. The industrial revolution in America was well underway before the Church was organized, and fashion followed the mechanized rather than the hand-made. Brigham Young wore imported broadcloth rather than homespun, and his beautiful houses featured imported machine-made carpets and fashionable furniture rather than rag rugs and his own honest carpentry. After the railroad came through, only the institution of the Retrenchment movement could stay the clamor for imported luxuries.

When the cotton mission was founded in Dixie in the early 1860's, machinery was bought to gin and spin it.

Brigham Young encouraged the growers to ship the cotton east for cash when it could not be efficiently processed locally. Although the cotton experiment was eventually abandoned as impractical, the vision of an industrial society precluded ladies spinning at the hearth. Such spinning and weaving as the sisters did was limited to the home silk industry, an unsuccessful attempt to turn out luxury items without a dollar drain. Mormons were untypical pioneers, and the delineation of their particular household activities, begun in this book, will produce an interesting picture.

The most valuable source cited for this picture is Annie Clark Tanner's splendid memoir, *A Mormon Mother*. Tanner's comments do illuminate actual Mormon household practices, and perhaps other journals and memoirs could be successfully mined for further information of the same kind. The bibliography lists only eight Mormon sources (including Kate Carter's multi-volumed compilations) among a number of craft books. More literary sources are certainly available.

As for artifacts, perhaps there is little to find. Paxman states that when a woman set out to do some needlework "she was bound only by her imagination and the order imposed by the materials available." (p. viii) I would hope that this is so, but see no evidence that Mormon women did not feel themselves bound by traditional patterns. Little artistic development seems to have taken place in the valley. Annie Tanner's mother embroidered yards of muslin to trim her baby clothes. Her daughter embroidered mottoes on perforated cardboard. Was there nothing unique? Surely some imaginative Mormon woman pieced a quilt she called 'Brigham's Britches,' "The Iron Rod," or "Celestial Marriage" as well as the traditional styles depicted here. Even if the items fail by current standards of beauty, let's claim them as our heritage.

American needlework was in decline after 1825, and Mormon sisters were unfortunately ill placed historically to sew the finest seams. But there is a story to tell about Mormon women's work and how they made do for their families. Most likely it tells more of ingenuity and practicality than of beauty. Shirley Paxman has begun the story.

Hope for the Human Condition

P. ROYAL SHIPP

The Spectator Bird. By Wallace Stegner. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1976, 214 pp.

As an indulgent and unrepentant reader of novels, I grew tired of the absurd, the pessimistic, the despairing years of the anti-hero. Thus it is heartening to find many of the best novelists now writing with some hope for the human condition. Writers of fiction often see and describe most clearly the status of society and the attitudes of its members, and recent novels like Warren's *A Place to Come to*, Cheever's *Falconer*, Percy's *Lancelot*, and Stegner's *The Spectator Bird* present an uplifting view of life and the future in the United States in the last quarter of the 20th century.

Uplifting, that is, if one doesn't expect too much. These are not books with "happy endings". Their heroes and heroines have problems they never really solve, but they keep striving to overcome difficulties, to improve themselves and to find meaning in their lives—even comfort and happiness in the companionship of family and friends.

Most often, this happiness comes from acceptance and self-knowledge rather than from repentance and change. This may be a disturbing view of life to many Mormons who will find these books unsatisfying because they leave God, at least a personal caring God, out of life's formula. Stegner does acknowledge God near the end of *The Spectator Bird* when he says "God distributes with an uneven hand." This notion that God's intrusion into human affairs is arbitrary or unfair conflicts with the Mormon ideal heard in testimony meetings and General Conferences, the idea that God is giving guidance and direction at every turn, and that God's apparent "unevenness" only

seems so because of our inability to understand.

While "man is that he might have joy" in Mormon philosophy, joy comes from eternally progressing through this life into a celestial existence, not from the experience of being a human being. The second estate is not enough by itself and is important only as it prepares man for the next life. Protagonists in *The Spectator Bird* view life from a different set of assumptions. They struggle with a senseless universe or an unresponsive God but, surprisingly, find at least a measure of peace and contentment. And the irony is that it comes through the same values which Mormons espouse—love of family and commitment to service, work and responsibility.

The Spectator Bird recounts a few weeks in the life of Joe Allston, a 70-year-old retired New York literary agent living with his wife in the hills near Palo Alto, California. (Stegner readers met the Allstons nine years earlier in *All the Little Live Things*.) Joe Allston is facing the end of a life over which he has had no control and in which he has found little meaning. This perceived lack of meaning is the result of Joe Allston's rootlessness (he knows little about his parents) and the lack of hope for continuity after his life. (His only offspring was killed as a young man). Allston's background has always shamed him—a lower-class emigrant mother from Denmark and a father identified only as a railroad worker killed soon after Allston's birth. When Joe and Ruth Allston's son, an aging beach-bum, drowns in the ocean, Allston does not know whether it is death by accident or whether the son has let go on purpose. Not knowing torments Allston, as does the guilt and responsibility he feels at

having failed his son by being unable to accept his alien values. But Allston feels rejected too—by the son in a classical generation gap confrontation: “In rejecting me (he) destroyed my compass, he pulled my plug, he drained me. He was the continuity my life and effort were spent to establish.”

Thus as *The Spectator Bird* begins, Joe Allston is living without past or future, “killing time till time gets around to killing me.” He describes himself as:

a wisecracking fellow traveler in the lives of other people, and a tourist in his own. There has not been one significant event in his life that he planned. He has gone down stream like a stick, getting hung up in eddies and getting flushed out again, only half understanding what he floated past, and understanding less with every year. He knows nothing that posterity needs to be told about.

Allston has tried to build a shell around himself and has attempted to become a spectator in life, rather than a participant. The novel, in an affirmation of life shows this to be an impossible quest. At the end, Allston says of himself, “The Spectator bird (has) the feathers beaten off him in a game from which he had thought he was protected by the grandfather clause.”

Joe Allston’s search for his roots becomes a search for the meaning of his life. This search entails a trip to Denmark, his mother’s country, and provides mystery and excitement by means of a fascinating, if somewhat implausible, subplot. But the results of the trip are disappointing. Allston does find out a great deal about his mother’s background and her reasons for emigrating to America, but his disillusionment remains because this knowledge does not satisfy his craving for life’s meaning.

Stegner appears to be saying here that searching for and even finding one’s roots does not by itself give meaning to life. Even though Joe Allston has discovered his roots, he continues to be frustrated by his lack of a sense of accomplishment. To some extent, this is a problem everyone faces as aging accelerates, and one problem this novel has is that it too often reads like a litany of old men’s complaints. The question Allston never faces up to is that, short of becoming a believer, he had no basis to expect

much “meaning” out of his life.

This dilemma is best demonstrated by a retired Swedish couple named Bertelson whom the Allstons meet on the ship. Having migrated to America at an early age, the Bertelsons have now retired and are going back to the old country to enjoy their golden years. They had worked all their lives with the dream of going back to their native land—a better place. But the husband dies on board ship and before reaching their destination. Allston laments: “Oh, his poor dream. Oh, his poor fifty years of dull work with its deferred reward. Oh, his poor dim dependable unimaginative not very attractive life that was supposed to mature like a Treasury bill.”

Stegner seems to be saying that if one lives his life only in the hope of ultimate reward (heaven?), he will be disappointed. But the paradox is that Allston, having lived a much different life and having expected different rewards finds himself less certain than Bertelson. Bertelson at least had his dream, and perhaps it was fortunate that he died before he learned the falseness of that dream.

Allston’s problem is that he too had a dream: that humanistic values give meaning to life, and that through these values one can define himself as good and his life as worthwhile. Stegner’s problem is that just as changing moral standards in Sweden would have made it unrecognizable as the country Bertelson remembered as a child, so also have changing times undermined the humanistic standards Joe Allston relied upon.

Stegner treats a question which has always troubled mankind. Are the old values being eroded by a new generation, or does it just seem that way as one grows older? *In All the Little Live Things*, he came close to concluding that in the 1960s we did lose sight of the enduring values, or at least the youth did, but in *The Spectator Bird* he seems to be saying that we were only momentarily off track. Even though Joe Allston is near death, he is able to look back on this life with some satisfaction and to look forward to the rest of his life with anticipation and hope. He describes why, after his earlier despair, he is able to do this:

It has seemed to me that my commitments are often more important than my impulses or my pleasures, and that even when my pleasures or desires are the prin-

cial issue, there are choices to be made between better and worse, bad and better, good and good.

The truest vision of life I know is that bird in the Venerable Bede that flutters from the dark into a lighted hall, and after a while flutters out again into the dark. But Ruth [his wife] is right. It is something—it can be everything—to have found a fellow bird with whom you can sit among the rafters while the drinking, boating, and reciting and fighting go on

below; a fellow bird whom you can look after and find bugs and seeds for; one who will patch your bruises and straighten your ruffled feathers and mourn over your hurts when you accidentally fly into something you can't handle.

If one can overlook the sexism implicit in this idea, *The Spectator Bird* is a comforting book in that it reaffirms an idea which is the basis for faith: that in the end, the best in life will not be at the mercy of the worst.

The Force That Can Be Explained Is Not the True Force

BENJAMIN URRUTIA

Star Wars; from the Adventures of Luke Skywalker. George Lucas. New York: Ballantine Books, 1976. 220 pp., \$1.95

Star Wars. Starring Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing and Sir Alec Guinness. Written and Directed by George Lucas. A Lucasfilm Ltd. Production. Released by 20th-Century Fox.

Obi-Wan Kenobi, that ancient warrior, knight of the Jedi, resembles in many ways Don Juan, the hunter and warrior (and sorcerer) of Carlos Castañeda's books. Even their names are similar, and both live in the desert. Obi-Wan's trick of perfectly imitating the call of a Krayt dragon sounds very much like something Don Juan would do. Both instruct their young apprentices not to trust their deceitful senses, to "let go" of themselves and discover new ways of relating to the universe. The influences on George Lucas from J.R.R. Tolkien have been discussed (see *TIME*, January 2, 1978). Sir Alec Guinness, who portrayed the knight of the Jedi, was well aware of Obi-Wan Kenobi's similarity to Gandalf, and played the part accordingly. As for his

nemesis, Darth Vader, he bears exactly the same title, "Dark Lord", as the unseen villain of *The Lord of the Rings*.

Tolkien's friend and colleague, C. S. Lewis, probably deserves some credit also. Lewis, after all, was the first to successfully combine theology and science fiction. Chewbacca the Wookiee, who appears to be a cross between Bigfoot and the Wolfman, and yet comes across as a lovable creature, resembles some of Lewis's Martians in *Out of the Silent Planet*.

Some of the features of the plot of *Star Wars* are reminiscent of *The Stars Like Dust* and the Foundation Series, both by Dr. Isaac Asimov: Despotism Galactic Empire searching for planet, somewhere in the galaxy, that serves as base for small (but brave, intelligent and dedicated) group of rebels against tyranny, who want to reestablish things as they were before. However, Asimov would never have used as much action nor as much metaphysics as George Lucas puts into *Star Wars*.

Han Solo and Chewbacca are heirs to Ishmael and Queequeeg, Huck and Jim. The tried and true formula works all the better from Chewie being not merely

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Han Solo and Chewbacca are heirs to Ishmael and Queequeeg, Huck and Jim. The tried and true formula works all the better from Chewie being not merely

noncaucasian, but nonhuman, and from the currents of space replacing those of river and ocean.

Going even further back, C-3PO and R2D2 seem to be a reincarnation of two characters, by now mythological, created by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra—although, in an amusing reversal, Artoo Deetoo, who resembles Sancho Panza physically, is far more Quixotic than his interpreter, and more willing to reach the unreachable star.

The strongest similarities, however, in basic themes, ideology, and philosophy, can be found in the Book of Mormon and other scriptures of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. If Lucas has read these books, we are seeing their influence clearly at work. Otherwise, we must chalk it up to the workings of the Force.

At any rate, in both *Star Wars* and the Book of Mormon there is at the core of the story a long and painful struggle between monarchists (the Imperials; the king-men and Lamanite kings) and republicans (the Alliance; the Judges), the latter being fewer in number and resources, but sustained by their faith (in the Force, in God) and by the fact that they are struggling to preserve their homes, their liberty and their beliefs against a cruel and ruthless enemy. The worse of the enemy are apostate traitors (Darth Vader; Amalickiah). Note that Vader murdered Luke Skywalker's father very much as Nehor murdered Gideon.

The force, "an energy field generated by all living beings (or which generates them) and which fills the entire universe," is described in another LDS scripture, the Doctrine and Covenants, 88:11-13: "And the light which shineth, which giveth you light, is through him who enlighteneth your eyes, which is the same light that quickeneth your understandings; which light proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space—The light which is in all things, which giveth life to all things, which is the law by which all things are governed, even the power of God who sitteth upon his throne, who is in the bosom of eternity, who is in the midst of all things."

Described but not explained; for *the force that can be explained is not the true force* as Lao-tsu would say. Indeed, there is some similarity to Tao and Zen

teachings in the Force. However, the closest parallels are those from the Mormon scripture. Consider Obi-Wan Kenobi's confident words: "If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine." Consider also his smile and the serene way he puts up his sword, and dies, but indeed only to become more powerful than ever. The moment of his death is the moment of his greatest triumph. The same is true of Christ and of every Christian: "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it" (Luke 17:33). "Verily, verily I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12:24). Consider, in the Book of Mormon: Abidani, the Ammonites, the Prophet Mormon. For all of them, the moment of death was the moment of victory.

Yet both the Book of Mormon and *Star Wars* teach that this is not the only option available, that the supreme sacrifice is not required of everyone. For some (Luke Skywalker, General Moroni, the two thousand), it is right and proper to take up arms in a defensive war, to defend their homes, liberty and faith.

The concept of the Force seems to have evolved in the process of artistic creation. In a scene in the film, though not in the book, Kenobi feels a disturbance in the Force that informs him that a world has been destroyed. Sir Alec Guinness avers he is not satisfied with the way he played this scene (TIME, *ibid.*). But then, he is a perfectionist.

Similarly, Luke Skywalker comes out much gentler and sweeter in the movie, and Princess-Senator Leia Organa as more intelligent and sympathetic. In the book, one must confess, some of the dialogue lacks polish and most of the descriptions lack vividness. These flaws have been eliminated in the film. On the other hand, a scientific error has been introduced: the space battles are too noisy. In reality, they would be quite silent, since there is no air in outer space to transmit sound waves; however, a quiet battle would not be fun to watch. A more serious error is the biological design of the Banthas, the animals ridden by the Sand People: a beast so huge must require a great amount of foliage to stay alive; in a desert environment it would starve to death.

Ethnic Utah

RICHARD C. ROBERTS

The Peoples of Utah. Edited by Helen Z. Papanikolas. Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1976. 499 pp. \$7.50.

The Peoples of Utah, edited by that able scholar, Helen Z. Papanikolas, and published under a grant from the Utah American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, provides a welcome reassessment of Utah's many nationalities. It comprises fourteen chapters, covering almost the full range of ethnic representation, except for the Northern Indians and the Basque peoples. Chapters are written by such recognized experts as Floyd A. O'Neil, Frederick Buchanan, William Mulder, Davis Bitton, Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, and Helen Papanikolas. Though not as extensive as works like *The Gentile Comes to Utah* (Robert Dwyer) and the *Indians of Utah* (Jesse Jennings, Elmer Smith, Charles Dibble), they have enough depth to give the reader a basic understanding of each group.

The introduction (written by the editor) presents the premise that Utah started as an agrarian society of Mormons seeking isolation from the larger world among the Indian settlements. But by the turn of the century the inevitable influx of settlers from afar had turned Utah into a cosmopolitan state. It was not until after World War II, however, that the culture stabilized enough for groups to feel somewhat free of racial and religious prejudice. By this time most of the Indians, British, Scandinavians, Jews, Asians, Middle Easterners, Greeks and Blacks had been accepted into the society and their leaders recognized for various achievements.

Each article plays off the background of the Mormon settlement, but each goes beyond this setting to show the peculiarities of each group. As Buchanan and

Mulder conclude, the Mormon Church was an Americanizing institution, especially for the British and the Scandinavians, but they and other nationalities stubbornly preserved many of the traditions of their homelands.

To the credit of the editor, each article builds from and relates to the others, presenting an excellent summary of



Utah's ethnic development. The authors are sympathetic to the cultures they examine, and they avoid dealing with such problems as crime, violence, prostitution, opium traffic and other problems that have plagued these groups in Utah as elsewhere, problems which sometimes express the frustrations of an oppressed people in an unsympathetic society. Only the Davis Bitton-Gordon Irving article on the Continental Europeans deals with crime, and then only briefly. A few references emerge elsewhere in the volume, when opium dens and strikes in the coal mines figure prominently in the narrative.

Nevertheless, the book rings true, and it will create a better appreciation of the variety of peoples and their heritage that have enriched Utah's history.

God, Gold, and Newsprint

K. LARRY TOMLINSON

Spokesman for the Kingdom: Early Mormon Journalism and the Deseret News, 1830-1898. By Monte Burr McLaws. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1977. 252 pp., index, illus. \$9.95.

Expanded from Monte McLaws' doctoral dissertation, *Spokesman for the Kingdom* is a terse, well-researched biography of the *Deseret News* and Mormon journalism from 1830 to 1898. The book is thematically organized around the topics of early Mormon journalism in the Midwest, the problems of isolation in Utah, the role of the newspaper as builder and defender of the Mormon Kingdom on earth, the newspaper as a molder of character, the newspaper as a corporation and as a reflection of Mormon accommodation with American culture. The writing tends to be professional in the historical sense and the subject matter treated as one would expect in a revised doctoral dissertation. The author weaves his central themes throughout the narrative and strives with some success to be chronological. The author had access to materials in the Historical Department of the Church of Latter-day Saints, and the bibliography is extensive. Because of his access to these materials, *Spokesman for the Kingdom* lends a sorely needed dimension to our understanding of frontier Mormon journalism.

According to the author, the study concentrates on the nineteenth-century life of the Mormon newspaper and its role as defender of the faith. Inherent in both roles is the conflict between hierarchical manipulation and freedom of the press. McLaws is candid about this dilemma. He points out that almost from

its birth in 1850 the editorial columns of the *News* were subject to editing and approval by Brigham Young. The various editors of the newspaper were also members of the Church hierarchy.

While the *News* was vital in building the Mormon empire in the West, it also was beset with typical problems. Shortages of newsprint, subscriptions and capital, and problems of gathering news on the frontier plagued the early editors. The conflict between God and gold was always apparent as the editors preached against smoking and drinking alcohol editorially but had to accept gentle advertising promoting those same sins.

In shaping this sometimes fascinating interpretation, McLaws relies heavily on events that were earth-shaking in pioneer Utah but rather ordinary in a contemporary context. We are treated to a description of Brigham Young and Willard Richards gleaning the editorials and sermons for spicy and controversial language. In a later incident, editor Albert Carrington must decide what to do with a letter from an irate citizen of Morgan County claiming that a stake president has jumped his claim. Then there is Apostle Parley Pratt informing a letter writer that Satan was banished to hell because he preferred a warmer climate, and the story of a hard-drinking correspondent for the *New York Herald* who was convinced that a tall, dark, goateed Mormon was trying to assassinate him.

The conflict between the *Salt Lake Tribune* and the *Deseret News* provides McLaws with an opportunity to insert into his narrative the most attractive interpretations. Born as a liberal alternative to the conservatism of the Church hierarchy, the *Tribune* between 1870 and

1886 grew to have three times more subscribers than the *News*. Pressed by both the competition of the *Tribune* and its criticisms of the Church, the *News* in the 1880s abandoned a long-time practice of restraint and lashed out in vitriolic editorials. While polygamy and Church domination of the intellectual life of the Saints were the earliest topics for *Tribune* editorial attacks, more earthy issues intensified the debate. According to McLaws, the battle between the two antagonists peaked in 1884 over coverage of the lynching of a black man, the trial of a well-known polygamist and an abortion case. Despite these adolescent quarrels, the *News* and *Tribune* matured and grew to be substantial corporations. By the time this book was published the two newspapers were sharing publishing facilities, circulation departments, and advertising staffs.

Although primarily concerned with the analysis of Mormon journalism, the writer also provides some fuel to provoke debate among historians. Hubert Howe Bancroft, in his 1890 *History of Utah*, offered the thesis that the Church and its newspaper supported the Union cause when Civil War broke out in 1860.

McLaws questions that conclusion. Relying on editorials in the *Deseret News* both prior to and during the war, McLaws suggests the argument that the Church was closely aligned with the Southern attitude toward slavery and states rights before the war and did not shift to a positive support for the North until Northern victories in 1863 made the outcome of the war inevitable. In another excursion into historiography, McLaws is very critical of Hirshson's *The Lion of the Lord*, (1969). Hirshson's sin is his uncritical use of eastern newspapers as primary sources.

Although the author sometimes moves unsteadily from a topical to a chronological approach and back, this interpretation of Mormon journalism adds a needed dimension to our understanding of the Church. His analysis of frontier journalism is the strength of the book, however. McLaws admits that frontier journalism was often personal and prejudiced. The strength of the book is the author's willingness to apply that premise to his subject. Historians often become too familiar with their subjects to be totally objective. This writer makes a creditable effort.

Brief Notices

GENE A. SESSIONS

Holy Smoke: A Dissertation on the Utah War. By Paul Bailey. Los Angeles: Westernlore Books, 1978. 139 pp., illus., biblio., index. \$5.95.

In order to dispel any notion that this book might be a serious historical study, one need look only at the ostentatious bibliography in the back. Writing a book about the Utah War of 1857-58 without citing Norman Furniss's bread-and-butter work on *The Mormon Conflict*, for example, is akin to climbing Mount Everest in sneakers and tennis shorts. The result in both cases can amount to no more than a tall tale. Indeed, Paul Bailey's aim in this "dissertation" seems to

be just that. He wanders about the landscape of the quasi-war, recounting all the old stories of valor and Mormon heroism. Seldom does the real danger of a bloody holocaust escape from the thick pages of *Holy Smoke*, as if the jaunty gutsiness of Lot Smith and his boys could have held off the United States Army indefinitely. Historians given to contemplating the "what ifs" of history would wonder whether Bailey actually believes the events around which he writes really occurred, for he treats the entire perilous episode as a glorious fairy tale in which the good guys prevailed against the bad guys despite all odds, saving, through sheer determination, their wives, their

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children and their homes. Perhaps Bailey deserves credit for grasping the perception of his audience and for understanding that the general LDS readership is less interested in careful history than it is in good old faith-promoting stories, no matter how tired and narrow they may be.

The Highest in Us. By Truman G. Madsen. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1978. ix+107 pp., index. \$5.95.

Through this compilation of some of his lectures, devotionals, church magazine articles, and the like, the BYU theologian hopes to counteract some of the pessimism about the nature of man he has encountered during his career and travels. Madsen holds high the Mormon doctrine of man as the race of God, and in these essays attempts to find in man the elusive seed of godliness. Given the current state of the world, it is no wonder that this doctrine of Brother Joseph's more than any other has brought the derision the Prophet was promised upon his head and upon those of his followers. Indeed, it is this concept in Mormonism that leads most Christians to deny membership in the Body of Christ to Latter-day Saints. Nevertheless eloquently and consistently, Madsen argues that Joseph was right, and that evidence to the contrary is only anomaly and the product of misshapen values in a dark world. Although fashioned after the standard general-authority collection of sermons, this one is a winner and a mover. Reaffirming the noblest aspiration of Mormonism, it helps place the more earthy aspects of the movement into needed perspective.

Nibley on the Timely and the Timeless. By Hugh W. Nibley. Foreword by Truman G. Madsen. Bibliography by Louis C. Midgley. Religious Monograph Series Vol. I. Provo: Brigham Young University Religious Studies Center, 1978. xxviii+305 pp., biblio., \$5.95.

Also in the compilation genre is this collection of essays by the BYU institution Hugh Nibley. Containing as well a new autobiographical essay, *Timely and the Timeless* offers cogent insights into the man who has served as the intellectual guru of cranial Mormonism for three decades. Most of the contents of this

book has appeared in print in such places as the defunct *Improvement Era*, but when combined with Midgley's comprehensive bibliography of Nibleyaiana, they comprise an invaluable tool for the use and understanding of this great scholar's mind and work. While students of Mormonism may not always agree with Nibley's incessant academic apologetics, they cannot ignore him nor can they afford to be unaware of his monumental labors in behalf of his own unique marriage between faith and reason.

Columbus, Explorer for Christ. By Helen Hinckley. Independence, Mo.: Herald House, 1977. 115 pp. \$6.00.

After traveling in Spain, Portugal, and Latin America, this well-published Southern California history teacher decided that the apparent evidence of Columbus' religious motivations and the connecting passage about the Holy Ghost's role found in First Nephi needed more exposition than historical and scriptural reference would allow. Consequently, she determined to produce this "biography" of Columbus, drawn in a small way from history and scripture and in a large way from her fertile and faithful imagination. What emerges from the tragic and enigmatic figure of the great explorer is a transformed "dry Mormon" who walks about in a righteous trance, continually praying that he may be a useful tool in the hand of God. Hinckley's mythical Columbus never understands the full meaning of what he is doing, but, like the searching "golden investigator" of Mormon missionary lore, knows that he is in a position to serve the Lord and accomplish his purposes, even though he may not be aware of the broader spectrum in which he moves. Historical fiction may serve many exciting purposes, but it cannot make apples out of oranges. To accept Nephi's vision of Columbus is one thing, but to refuse to acknowledge that literally every European explorer of the age credited God for his successes as an expected courtesy (whatever were his actual motives) is to use literary license to perpetrate nonsense.

Lanai. By Ruth Tabrah. Photographed by Kenneth P. Emory and Robert B. Goodman. Honolulu: An Island Heritage

Limited Edition, 1977. 120 pp. \$19.95.

This beautifully photographed "coffee table" book on the island of Lanai in Hawaii has raised anew the old controversy over whether the famed Mormon excommunicant Walter Murray Gibson was a saint or an outright scoundrel. In three of fifteen chapters, Tabrah discusses Gibson in a favorable light, accepting without much change Gmynn Barrett's revisionist view of Gibson that portrays him as a misunderstood populist leader who was railroaded by the Church because of his popularity among the Hawaiians and his ambitious plans for the progress of the Hawaiian Kingdom as a prime power in the Pacific. Alf Pratte, coordinator of the Church's Hawaii Communications Council, launched a merciless attack upon Tabrah and Barrett in a full-page review of *Lanai* that appeared in the *Hawaii Record-Bulletin* in January 1978, and in a letter to *Dialogue* worried about "a growing revisionist tendency to interpret Gibson [favorably]—some of this writing by Mormons." Insisting that both Mormon and non-Mormon historians who have condemned Gibson were correct, Pratte concluded his review with the following revealing statement: "Walter Murray Gibson was and still is a rascal—albeit he was one of the nicest rascals we have been privileged to have in Hawaii and on the island of Lanai." It is indeed difficult to dislike a man who dreams big dreams for his people, even when those dreams are self-serving. (See also "Another Visit with Walter Murray Gibson" by R. Lanier Britch, *UHQ* Vol. 46, winter 1978, p. 65–78.)

The Golden Dream: Suburbia in the 1970s. By Stephen Birmingham. New York: Harper & Row, 1978. viii+214 pp., index. \$10.00.

A tremendously successful writer such as Stephen Birmingham has the power to reach more minds with a single book than does the Church's Public Communications Department with all of its press releases, gadgets, and mannequin-staffed visitors centers. It is therefore horrifying to find Birmingham's chapter on Salt Lake City, "Wide Streets," so full of mistruths and outright nonsense. Though he claims to have visited all of the cities about which he writes, Birmingham knows no more about Salt Lake City and its people than Jules Verne knew about the moon. In a recent review of *Golden Dream* in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, Harold Schindler catalogues such an embarrassing list of inaccuracies in the Utah chapter that one finds it difficult to believe that an author of Birmingham's stature could be so misinformed, fatuous, or both. Example: The Church, says Birmingham, sends missionaries all over the world except to Catholic countries. Another: "Trolley Square has not been successful and is deserted after 5 p.m." Still another: "Mormon families keep their children so busy with planned activities . . . [that] by the time a Mormon teenager collapses into bed at night he is, so the theory goes, too exhausted to masturbate." And we all thought J.H. Beadle was dead.

AMONG THE MORMONS

A Survey of Current Literature

EDITED BY STEPHEN W. STATHIS

WOODROW WILSON, WHILE STILL A PROFESSOR at Princeton, told his students in 1900 that he "would never read a book if it were possible for me to talk half an hour with the man who wrote it." Unfortunately, most of us seldom have the opportunity to converse with authors as President Wilson recommends. As a result we are left to browsing among our favorite bookstores and reviewing the thousands of reviews which burst forth anew each month. Further complicating the whole process is the sheer volume of books being published today. Those readers interested in Mormon topics likewise continue to experience prodigious growth in the selections which might conceivably appeal to them. Even the most casual reading of the some three hundred books which have been selected for inclusion in the bibliography (encompassing the period from late 1974 to early 1978) will find several studies which will be of more than passing interest. Perhaps even more important, however, is the realization that "church books" have become a big business. Equally significant is the vast number of older books on Mormonism now being reprinted. A separate compilation of the reprints which are currently available has been prepared by Gregory A. Prince. In the end, apart from some few works which genuinely enrich our understanding, examination of most of the studies here listed call to mind the words of Francis Bacon: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

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LIST OF PUBLISHERS

- AMS—AMS Press, Inc.
56 East 13th Street
New York, NY 10003
- Arno—Arno Press, Inc.
A New York Times Company
330 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017
- Bookcraft—Bookcraft Publishers
Box 25777
Salt Lake City, Utah 84125
- Deseret—Deseret Book Company
P. O. Box 659
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110
- Elliot—Elliot's Books
P. O. Box 6
Northford, CT 06472
- Greenwood—Greenwood Press, Inc.
51 Riverside Ave.
Westport, CT 06880
- Harper-Row—Harper & Row General Books
Keystone Industrial Park
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- Harvard—Harvard University Press
79 Garden Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
- Hawkes—Hawkes Publishing Inc.
3775 So. 500 W.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115
- Heritage—Mormon Heritage Publishers
25 South 300 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
- Holmes—O. L. Holmes, Publisher
c/o Pub. Marketing Group
Baker & Taylor Co.
P.O. Box 350
Momence, IL 60954
- Hyperion—Hyperion Press, Inc.
45 Riverside Ave.
Westport, CT 06880
- Kennikat—Kennikat Press
90 S. Bayles Ave.
Port Washington, NY 11050
- Lambert—Lambert Book House, Inc.
133 Kings Hwy., Box 4007
Shreveport, LA 71104
- Nebraska—University of Nebraska Press
901 N. 17th St., 318 Nebraska Hall
Lincoln, NB 68588
- np—No publisher listed; generally available
through Deseret Book, Bookcraft, and
other larger LDS book stores.
- Readex—Landmark Book Co.
Norman Blaustein, Publisher and Bookseller
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- Rio Grande—The Rio Grande Press, Inc.
Glorieta, NM 87535
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22929 Industrial Dr., E.
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110 Union St.
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200 Park Ave. Suite 303E
New York, NY 10017
- Taylor—c/o Zion Book Store
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Salt Lake City, Utah 84101
- Utah—The University of Utah Press
Building 513
Salt Lake City, Utah 84112
- Vic—Vic Press
P.O. Box 883
Cheyenne, WY 82001
- Western—Western Epics Publishing Company
254 South Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84101
- Xerox—c/o Prairie Archives
P.O. Box 2264
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Omissions in the King James New Testament

STAN LARSON

JOSEPH SMITH ONCE WROTE of the Bible: "I believe the Bible as it ought to be, as it came from the pen of the original writers."¹ Unfortunately, none of the manuscripts penned or dictated by the original writers of the New Testament is known to be in existence. All we have are copies of copies; no one even knows how many times removed the process of copying is from the original.²

The invention of printing stopped the process of change due to manuscript copying, crystallizing for posterity that particular form of the Greek text current at the time. The first published edition of the Greek New Testament was edited by the Dutch scholar Erasmus in 1516. It was produced hastily to forestall a rival edition of Cardinal Ximenes—known as the Complutensian Polyglot—already in print, but not published. In preparing the text Erasmus used only six medieval manuscripts, dating from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, not one of which contained the entire New Testament. In his later editions Erasmus corrected the text from other late manuscripts and from the Complutensian Polyglot, but the character of the text remained essentially the same.

By the early sixteenth century only one of the great parchment manuscripts had yet been discovered, the Codex Vaticanus. This fourth century manuscript is still the oldest known vellum or parchment manuscript and is one of the most valuable of New Testament manuscripts. Just how and when Codex Vaticanus came to Rome is not known, but it is included in a catalog of the Vatican Library, published in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Unfortunately, little attention was paid to it; neither Erasmus nor the Complutensian editors utilized it. Had it received more attention, the history of the printed text of the Greek New Testament (and therefore of the early translations into English and the other vernacular languages of Europe) would have been considerably different.

In 1550 Robert Estienne (most often known by his Latin name, Stephanus) published his third edition of the Greek New Testament, and though he followed Erasmus' edition in the text, for the first time variant readings were given in the margin.³ These were derived from the Complutensian Polyglot and a number of Greek manuscripts, the most important of which were the sixth century Codex Bezae and the eighth century Codex Regius. Stephanus used these last two manuscripts only rarely, and thus there was only minimal improvement of the text established by Erasmus.⁴

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Theodore Beza followed the 1550 edition of Stephanus in his editions between 1565 and 1611. Beza had in his possession both Codex Bezae (acquired about 1562) and Codex Claromontanus (a sixth century manuscript he had acquired between 1565 and 1582), but, because they contained so many readings different from the accepted text, he hesitated to use them in his own editions of the Greek New Testament.

The King James translators utilized the editions of Stephanus and Beza, which varied very little from each other. It was less their fault than their misfortune that the Greek text they used represented a late medieval tradition, and which largely ignored much earlier manuscripts then known and available for comparison.⁵

Thus, the printed Greek text established in the sixteenth century and used to make the revisions embodied in the King James New Testament of 1611 “in spite of the impressive name it attained, rested actually upon relatively few, relatively late, and relatively poor manuscripts, namely upon those known to Ximenes, Erasmus, Stephen, and Beza.”⁶ By comparison, at the present time a modern critical text could utilize 88 papyri ranging in age from the second to the eighth centuries, some 274 uncial parchments ranging in age from the fourth to the tenth centuries, as well as several thousand other manuscripts. These manuscripts are bringing us nearer to the ideal of having a text as close as possible to that originally written.

Not surprisingly these earlier documents have revealed a number of differences from the King James text—a discovery which apparently would not have surprised Joseph Smith, but which seems to have passed unnoticed by many Mormons. Many kinds of textual corruptions occur in the transmission of manuscripts, but this short study will only examine nine passages that illustrate textual omission. The phenomenon of homeoteleuton (or “same ending”) is often the cause of an accidental omission: the same word or ending of a word, often in adjacent lines, make it possible for the eye to skip from one to the other and thus omit the intervening material. The problem at the opposite end—homeoarchton or “same beginning”—can in a similar way be the cause for textual omission. Of course, material could also be deleted intentionally.

The following examples compare the 1611 King James text⁷ with that of the eight most recent critical editions of the Greek New Testament.⁸ In all instances cited, the Greek editions agree, but differ from that translated in the King James Version. For convenience the English text given in comparison with the King James Version is that of the 1971 Revised Standard Version (hereafter abbreviated as RSV),⁹ though almost any modern English version of the New Testament could have been used, since it would be based on one of the twentieth-century critical Greek editions.

Luke 15:22

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Texts (as translated in the Revised Standard Version)
But the father saide to his seruants, Bring foorth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feete.	But the father said to his servants, “Bring <i>quickly</i> the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;”

After wasting his fortune, the prodigal son came to his senses and returned to his father. At the emotional reunion the father kisses his son, who confesses his error. Then the excitement of the father is implied by his command to the servants that they should “quickly”¹⁰ bring forth the best robe to put on his son. This reading has been described as “a most probable reading . . . and a most natural exclamation.”¹¹

John 19:3

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Texts (as translated in the RSV)
And said, Haile king of the Jewes: and they smote him with their hands.	. . . <i>they came up to him</i> , saying, “Hail, King of the Jews!” and struck him with their hands.

In John’s description of the mocking treatment the Lord received from the Roman soldiers, an important element has been omitted which in the Revised Standard Version is translated as “they came up to him.” However, because its tense is the “imperfect of continued action,”¹² it could better be translated with an iterative meaning, such as “then time after time they came up to him”¹³ or “[and] they kept coming up to him.”¹⁴ This episode is “descriptive of the soldiers approaching Jesus with mock reverence”¹⁵ and probably indicates their coming to him “in some formal manner, as though doing homage to royalty.”¹⁶ Since this phrase and the one immediately preceding both end with a “him,” the omission was probably accidental and due to homoeoteleuton,¹⁷ or the “same ending” which is a kind of error in which material is skipped because adjacent lines or phrases have identical or nearly identical endings.

I Corinthians 9:20

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Texts (as translated in the RSV)
And unto the Jewes, I became as a Jew, that I might gaine the Jewes: to them that are vn’er the Law, as vnder the Law, that I might gaine them that are vnder the Law:	To the Jews I became as a Jew, in order to win Jews; to those under the law I became as one under the law— <i>though not being myself under the law</i> —that I might win those under the law.

Paul, after noting that he acts as if he were under the Law of Moses in order to gain believers in Judaism, immediately safeguards himself with the parenthetical clarification of “though not being myself under the law.” This “probably fell out by accident in transcription,”¹⁸ due to homoeoteleuton, in which the eye of the copyist passed from one occurrence of the phrase “under the law” to another. Notice that the same kind of parenthetical comment occurs in I Corinthians 9:21 concerning those without the Law.

Colossians 1:6

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Texts (as translated in the RSV)
Which is come vnto you, as it is in all the world, and bringeth forth fruit, as it doth also in you, since the day yee heard of it, and knew the grace of God in trueth,	... which has come to you, as indeed in the whole world it is bearing fruit <i>and growing</i> —so among yourselves, from the day you heard and understood the grace of God in truth,

Just as righteous men are metaphorically compared to good trees bearing good fruit, Paul tells us that the gospel is bringing forth fruit “and growing,”¹⁹ both in the world and in the lives of the members. Long ago Adam Clark said concerning the omission in this verse of the aspect of growth: “It had not only brought forth fruit but was multiplying its own kind; every fruit containing seed, and every seed producing thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. This reading is very important, and is undoubtedly genuine.”²⁰

I Thessalonians 4:1

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Text (as translated in the RSV)
Furthermore then we beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as yee haue receiued of vs, how ye ought to walke, and to please God, so yee would abound more and more.	Finally, brethren, we beseech and exhort you in the Lord Jesus, that as you learned from us how you ought to live and to please God, <i>just as you are doing</i> , you do so more and more.

Paul urged the Thessalonian members to do even more in living in accordance with the pattern pleasing to God, but (in order not to imply a rebuke for their present conduct) he adds the thought: “just as you are doing” or “just as you indeed are living.”²¹ Internal evidence supports the view that this addition is original since the statement that they should do so more and more “presupposes the earlier mention of the Thessalonians having begun the Christian life, but such a beginning is not implied in the preceding text” unless the missing phrase is inserted.²²

James 4:12

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Texts (as translated in the RSV)
There is one Lawgiuer, who is able to saue, and to destroy: who art thou that iudget another?	There is one lawgiver <i>and judge</i> , he who is able to save and to destroy. But who are you that you judge your neighbor?

James offers the practical advice that one should not slander or judge another because that would amount to doing the same to the law. Only one person is lawgiver “and judge”²³ and that person is the Lord. The idea that the Lord is the judge is important since it is in direct contrast with the person referred to in the previous verse who was judging another.

I Peter 2:2

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Texts (as translated in the RSV)
As new borne babes desire the sincere milke of the word, that ye may grow thereby,	Like newborn babes, long for the pure spiritual milk, that by it you may grow up <i>to salvation</i> ;

Peter suggests that just as newborn infants grow and mature by their use of milk, so too should Christians grow up “to salvation,” or more literally “into salvation.” This is to be “attained through a process of growth, fostered by the continual nourishment of the newly-given life upon spiritual things.”²⁴ The idea of growing up “into salvation” is a key element since it “shows why they were regenerated, and why they were to desire the unadulterated doctrines of the Gospel. . . . This was the end they should always have in view.”²⁵ It has been suggested that the phrase under consideration was omitted either because of an error during the copying process or because the concept of growing ‘into salvation’ was “theologically unacceptable.”²⁶ While it is true that doctrinal considerations may have been a factor in its deletion, the same idea is expressed by Paul when he counseled people to “work out” their salvation with fear and trembling (Philippians 2:12).

I John 3:1

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Text (as translated in the RSV)
Beholde, what manner of loue the Father hath bestowed vpon vs, that wee should be called the sonnes of God: therefore the world knoweth vs not, because it knewe him not.	See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God; <i>and so we are</i> . The reason why the world does not know us is that it did not know him.

John explains that the Father’s love is evident to us by his calling us his sons and this is made more emphatic by adding the omitted words “and so we are,” that is to say, “we have been *called* children of God, and that is not the empty bestowal of a high sounding title; we really are children of God.”²⁷ It has been pointed out concerning this verse that “the reading . . . which best takes into account both internal and external evidence is the inclusion” of the words under consideration, and that their omission should be attributed to scribal oversight due to homoeoteleuton.²⁸

Jude 25

King James Version	The Modern Critical Greek Text (as translated in the RSV)
To the onely wise God our Sauour, be glory and maiestie, dominion and power now and euer. Amen.	. . . to the only God, our Savior <i>through Jesus Christ our Lord</i> , be glory, majesty, dominion, and authority, <i>before all time</i> and now and for ever. Amen.

In Jude's very formal ending to his epistle he explains that God is our savior "through Jesus Christ our Lord"²⁹ and also that the praise and honor directed to God extends back "before all time," that is, before time began. The shortened form of the text as found in the King James Version has less effect on a reader.

Often when a modern English version of the New Testament is compared to the King James Version, the former is criticized because of words or phrases here and there that are absent—there seems to be much more concern about possibly losing something from the Scriptures than of canonizing as scripture something that may in fact be a later addition. This analysis at least at these points—has reversed that criticism in pointing out possible omissions in the King James New Testament. Though these examples provide probabilities rather than certainties, they seem to indicate that textual omissions have indeed shortened the text of some New Testament passages as found in the King James Version. Several are quite significant, and if they represent true errors it would be unfortunate to continue to have them missing.

NOTES

¹ Joseph Smith diary, October 15, 1843, located in the Archives, Historical Department, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the *History of the Church*, VI, 57 (and consequently in Joseph Fielding Smith, compiler, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith* [Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1938], p. 327), the statement is expanded to indicate sources of error: "Ignorant translators, careless transcribers, or designing and corrupt priests have committed many errors."

² Harold K. Moulton, *Papyrus, Parchment and Print: The Story of how the New Testament Text has reached us* (London: United Society for Christian Literature, 1967), p. 9, says that "anyone who has ever tried to copy any document knows how, with the best will in the world, mistakes creep in; and when a man copies from a copy of a previously copied copy, the opportunity for error is multiplied."

³ See the marginal notes of the King James translators to different textual readings at Matt. 1:11; 26:26; Luke 10:22; 17:36; I Cor. 15:31; Eph. 6:9; Heb. 10:17; Jas. 2:18; and II Jn. 1:8. Their comment to Luke 17:36 states: "this 36th verse is wanting in most of the Greek copies."

⁴ Elizabeth Armstrong, *Robert Estienne, Royal Printer: An Historical Study of the Elder Stephanus* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1954), p. 137.

⁵ Codices Vaticanus, Bezae, Claromantanus, and Regius support the reading in the passages discussed here. Thus, if these manuscripts had been properly used, all of the KJV omissions discussed here could have been avoided.

⁶ Jack Finegan, *Encountering New Testament Manuscripts: A Working Introduction to Textual Criticism* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1974), p. 59.

⁷ The text of the King James Version as first printed in 1611 is being used because a number of changes have been made to the text in the succeeding centuries. For example, in Jude 25, which is discussed here, there has since been added the word "both." Richard C. Trench, *On the Authorized Version of the New Testament in Connection with Some Recent Proposals for Its Revision* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1873), p. 59, discusses other examples of changes since 1611 and states that there has been "a large amount of tacit unacknowledged revision of our version . . . out of which it results that a copy of the Authorized Bible at the present day differs in many details from the same as it first was issued by the king's printer, through professing to be absolutely identical with it."

⁸ Hermann von Soden, *Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments in ihrer ältesten erreichbaren Textgestalt: Text mit Apparat* (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 1913); Alexander Souter, *Novum Testamentum Graece*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1947); Henr. J. Vogels, *Novum Testamentum Graece et Latine*, 4th ed. (Freiburg im Breisgau and Barcelona: Herder, 1955); Eberhard Nestle, Erwin Nestle, and Kurt Aland, *Novum Testamentum Graece*, 25th ed. (Stuttgart: Württembergische Bibelanstalt, 1963); R. V. G. Tasker, *The Greek New Testament, Being the Text Translated in the New English Bible, 1961* (Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press, 1964); Augustinus Merk, *Novum Testamentum Graece et Latine*, 9th ed. (Rome: Pontifical Biblical Institute, 1964); José M. Bover, *Novi Testamenti: Biblia Graece et Latina*, 5th ed. (Madrid, 1968); Kurt Aland, Matthew Black, Carlo M. Martini, Bruce M. Metzger, and Allen Wikgren, *The Greek New Testament*, 3rd ed. (United Bible Societies, 1975).

⁹ *Revised Standard Version*, 2nd edition 1971 (New York: American Bible Society).

¹⁰ Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homoeoteleuton: pros tous doulous autoY tachY. According to Ernest C. Colwell, "Scribal Habits in Early Papyri: A Study in the Corruption of the Text," in *The Bible in Modern Scholarship*, ed. by J. Philip Hyatt (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1965), p. 376, the error of skipping from the same to the same and the omission of short words are the most frequent unintentional errors made by scribes.

¹¹ Alexander B. Bruce, "The Synoptic Gospels," in *The Expositor's Greek Testament* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1910), I, 582.

¹² Marcus Dods, "The Gospel of St. John," in *The Expositor's Greek Testament* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1910), I, 853.

¹³ This is the rendition of the *New English Bible*, second edition (Oxford University Press, 1970).

¹⁴ This is the rendition of the *Jerusalem Bible* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1966).

¹⁵ J. H. Bernard, *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. John* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929), p. 615.

¹⁶ Leon Morris, *The Gospel According to John* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1971), p. 791.

¹⁷ Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homoeoteleuton: periebalon balon AYTON KAI êrchonto pros AYTON KAI elegon.

¹⁸ Bruce M. Metzger, *A Textual Commentary on the Greek New Testament* (London and New York: United Bible Societies, 1971), p. 559. Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homeoteleuton: tois hypo nomon hōs YPO NOMON mē ōn autos YPO NOMON.

¹⁹ Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homoeoteleuton: estin karpophorouMENON KAI auxanoMENON KATHōs.

²⁰ Adam Clark, *The New Testament of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ . . . with a Commentary and Critical Notes* (New York, 1831), II, 488.

²¹ According to William F. Arndt and F. Wilbur Gingrich, *A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament* (Chicago: the University of Chicago Press, 1957), p. 655, *peripateō* (which earlier in the verse the King James Version translates literally as "walk") in this verse has the figurative meaning of "live" or "conduct oneself."

²² Metzger, *Commentary*, p. 632.

²³ Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homoeoteleuton: heis estin nomotheTHS kai kriTHS.

²⁴ Francis Beare, *The First Epistle of Peter*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1958), p. 90.

²⁵ Clark, *Commentary*, II, 809.

²⁶ Metzger, *Commentary*, p. 689. If the omission were accidental, it could have been assisted

by homoeoarchton (“same beginning”): auxêthête *EIs* sôtêrian *EI* egeusasthe. If it were intentional, it would illustrate the type of dogmatic alteration which, according to Bruce M. Metzger, *The Text of the New Testament: Its Transmission, Corruption, and Restoration*, 2nd ed. (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 201, involves “the elimination or alteration of what was regarded as doctrinally unacceptable or inconvenient.”

²⁷ Alexander Ross, *The Epistles of James and John* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1954), p. 179. Italics in the original.

²⁸ J. Harold Greenlee, *Introduction to New Testament Textual Criticism* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1964), pp. 126, 128. Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homoeoteleuton: hina tekna theou klêthōMEN kai esMEN.

²⁹ Notice how the omission could have been assisted by homoeoarchton: sôtêri HMŌN Dia Iêsou Christou tou kuriou HMŌN Doxa.

The Closet Bluebird

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

REED SMOOT HAD BECOME a U. S. Senator, and the “Y” a university, when I began kindergarten at Brigham Young Academy, with Ida Dusenberry as my teacher. Ida Smoot Dusenberry was a younger sister of Reed Smoot. I wasn’t too fond of kindergarten because each day Miss Dusenberry would tie me up with a rope and lock me in a black closet. While I never complained, the curriculum did seem monotonous. Each day when my mother asked what I’d learned, I would say, truthfully, “To take little bites.” During the course of the year this was all there was time for outside the closet.

Being of modest nature, I never told my mother that I was receiving special attention. She was baffled when I refused to continue my education at BYA, but she enrolled me in the first grade at the Parker school, where my teacher was Edith Young, granddaughter of Brigham. Miss Young had no rope or closet, but she did have the Robins and the Bluebirds. I found myself in the Bluebird ghetto until nearly Christmas when Miss Young promoted me to the Robins on the discovery that I had memorized the first grade reader and was bringing *Black Beauty* to school to while away the time.

In the second grade, however, Miss Andelin consigned me again to the Bluebirds until she found the reason for my inattention. I had found Horatio Alger much more interesting than school, and was devouring a book a week in class. Then in the third grade Miss Bean cast me to the Bluebirds until the day I spelled the class down. She told me, at the end of the year, that if only one student could be promoted, it would be me. The next year when Jimmie Hickman consigned me to the Bluebirds I realized that the twig was permanently bent, and I accepted the fact that life consisted of Robins and Bluebirds and that I could never expect to get along with authority.

Professional “wowsers” were touring Mormon country during my years

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at Provo High. As defined by H. L. Mencken, who was my ideal at that time, a wowser was a person haunted by the fear that somebody, somewhere, might be happy. These zealous lecturers dedicated their lives to terrifying me and my peers regarding what, in those simple days, were the two major threats to Zion's youth, the cigarette habit and the solitary vice.

The sex maniac, as the students called the sin-stomper who threatened debility, nervous collapse, loss of memory, pimples, rotting of the moral fiber, insanity, eternal damnation and hair in the palm, would point dramatically to the eastern mountains, where the Utah State Mental Asylum marked the end of Center street. There, he thundered, was the end of the line for the pitiful victims unable to conquer the pernicious habit.

Fortunately, I had acquired a somewhat more scientific attitude at the age of eleven, when I became yard boy at the Provo General Hospital, and spent more time absorbing the medical library than watering the lawns. But the sex maniac also tilled stony soil among my high school peers, who explicitly detailed the joys of sexual fantasies in the bawdy verses they improvised for the songs of the glee club period. The words for "My Spanish Guitar" were actually rather good, though unprintable.

At this time cigarettes were called coffin nails, and a standard attraction among the Freaks of Nature exhibited by carnival side-shows was the Cigarette Fiend. Thus the other "wowser" was also known as the cigarette fiend. He asked for four volunteers from the audience, then opened a cardboard box and took out an alley cat. As four huskies from the football squad each held a paw, the fiend injected a nicotine solution from a cigarette into the cat. My sympathies were all for the cat, which yowled, writhing and twisting in agony, subsiding as the poison took effect. I wasn't impressed, knowing that various foreign substances—milk, for example—would have the same effect if injected. The lecture was wasted on me, anyway, because after smoking for seven years I quit at the age of twelve for fear it might stunt my growth (alas, too late; I remained the runt of the litter). I felt only outrage at the callous brutality of the cigarette fiend, who, as the four huskies held the comatose cat, thundered that cigarettes were the Devil's kindling wood, leading to a life of dissipation—liquor, loose women, social disease, the gutter and early death.

And then in the midst of this tirade, the cat began to revive. It yowled, tail stiff and hair on end. As it gained strength, the four huskies holding its paws were pulled about as they struggled to subdue it. One claw came free. It slashed at the other three hands. The cat dropped to the podium floor and bounced as if on springs as the four huskies and the cigarette fiend sought cover. The cat bounded onto the lectern, and then with a mighty leap sailed through the opening of a high window, while the auditorium rocked with cheers.

Growing up in Provo, I never questioned exhortations from the pulpit to remain unspotted from the wicked outside world, to be in but not part of its iniquities and abominations. I was fully aware of the insidious lure of evil, because from earliest memory I was tantalized by the exquisite bouquet of coffee in the kitchen, as my mother prepared this poison for her Gentile boarders. I never drank it at home, of course, and when, my moral fibre undermined, I ordered it in a cafe, I drank the poison with my left hand. Inasmuch as most Gentiles were right-handed, this put my lips on the cup

rim at a place uncontaminated by the ungodly.

I accepted the official premise that all was always well in Zion until I became night clerk at the Roberts Hotel while attending College at BYU. Though gaining a liberal education in the humanities at school, I received a liberal course in human nature at the hotel. Even among the fairest flowers of Zion, I discovered, love would find a way, generally *via* the back stairs. The noble experiment of prohibition had made drinking fashionable and smart until the bootlegger was a quasi-respectable fixture of society. As night clerk, I quickly learned that some enterprising BYU students were working their way through school as bootleggers, which seemed interesting enough to mention in a column I was writing for the college paper. This proved to be a quick lesson in the power of the press, for the ink was hardly dry on the "Y News" when I was on the carpet. When I refused to name names, I was suspended. When back in school, the next column picked off the scab, and I was out again. The pattern repeated itself until after the sixth suspension, I had been tied in the closet once too often. Being a sensitive soul, I dropped out.

I then followed a girl to California, where to my vast surprise I found that, by and large, Gentiles were remarkably like Mormons—mostly good people with human foibles and conceits, with an occasional rotten apple in the barrel. Here, I was no longer a member of the dominant ethnic group. Though I married the girl and built a home, I felt rootless. I didn't know the people across the street; I was a stranger in a land of sundowners. I was, at this time, an "eating" Mormon. Whenever a badly mimeographed postcard arrived announcing a ward dinner, I attended because the food was good, the price cheap, and it was always for some worthy cause. At the dinner a stranger would introduce himself as bishop. In this way I kept aware of what was going on.

I got no closer for very good reason. My mother had commissioned me at a tender age to prepare myself to write "the biography", which, to her, assumed the importance of the Standard Works. The biography was the story of my father, a member of the Twelve and a polygamist, who resigned from the Quorum so that Reed Smoot could retain his seat in the Senate. The Smoot Investigation was the downfall of John W. Taylor, who subsequently was cut off for taking three of his six wives after the Manifesto.

Well, it took no gift of prophecy to realize that there would be no whooping, hollering and dancing in the streets of Salt Lake when I began research for the biography. During the thirteen years I gathered material, I remained strictly an eating Mormon, for if I in turn was consigned to the buffetings of Satan for doing such a New York book, I didn't want to have far to fall. Some hint of the official attitude was the fact that in the entire archives of the Church Historian's Office the only information available to me was one 3 × 5 card, containing the information that John W. Taylor had been excommunicated.

After *Family Kingdom* was published, and nothing happened, and after enough time had elapsed to indicate nothing would, I walked into the Redwood City ward meeting house one Sunday morning and asked, "Where do the gray-haired, hump-backed and beat-up deacons go?"

Here I made the remarkable discovery that the Wasatch Front wasn't confined to Utah. It was not a matter of geography but of people. The

Redwood City ward was exactly like my Fourth ward at Provo, the people in it as interchangeable as Ford parts. A member could move from Provo to Redwood City on Monday, be visited by the bishop, assigned a job, and be a functioning part of the intricate mechanism by the following Sunday.

Utah was as near as the local meeting house, anywhere I might be. Here could be found my own kind. And, I realized, like it or lump it, I was one of the Peculiar People, home again.

Advice to Book Reviewers

STANFORD J. LAYTON

RECENTLY I CAME ACROSS A BOOK published in 1927 by Knopf entitled *Book Reviewing*. In it Wayne Gard writes that a "review must be presented in non-technical, natural language, combining brevity with wit, so that the review may be said to have a soul."

What comprises a soul? And how may book reviews have one? Let me answer the second question first. *Not many*. Not many book reviews have a soul. During my four and a half years as managing editor of *Utah Historical Quarterly* I have solicited, received, acknowledged, edited, proofread and published approximately 150 book reviews. Of that number I would say less than two dozen were possessed of a soul.

What comprises a soul? Let me begin to answer that question by using a one-word synonym, the somewhat more secular term, personality. And define that word as Winston Churchill once did as he refused a dish of tapioca pudding for dessert at a state dinner. He interrupted his polite dinner-table conversation to enjoin the waiter, "Pray, take it away. It has no personality."

I cannot imagine how the finest cook in the world could endow tapioca pudding with personality. But I do know how a scholar can endow a book review with that elusive quality. *Be personal*. Give it *your* personality.

I was taken by another thought in the Wayne Gard book:

As to the use of first-personal pronouns there is much variation in the practice of reviewers. Some use the first personal singular, some use the editorial "we," while others studiously avoid either form. The present tendency in reviewing, as in editorial writing, is to avoid the first person altogether except in reviews that embody interview or anecdotal material. With only a little practice the reviewer can express his personal opinions just as effectively without using the words "I" or "me" or "mine," or even such expressions as "the present reviewer."

As nearly as I can judge, the tendency in 1927 has continued on a more or less straight line until 1978. Perhaps it is time for a change. I *like* book reviews that contain the personal pronoun. I hasten to add, however, that there is a right way and a wrong way to go about this. The right way is to keep the focus on the book and its author, not on the reviewer, but that is

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always the cardinal rule of book reviewing.

In a recent book Samuel W. Taylor writes "I have not seen them all; and as a matter of fact there are precious few to see." He is talking about Mormon novels. In the course of reviewing one he goes on to alternately praise, chide, fuss, guffaw, gesture, delineate, evaluate and advise. "I am up to *here* with the self-righteous dietary morality characterizing too much of our Mormon literature," he exclaims, and the reader can clearly visualize the robust Sam raising his flattened hand, palm down, to his chin. No book is flawless, he acknowledges, but in the present case the strengths, which he sketches briefly, greatly exceed the weaknesses. The review is short, to the point, and alive. "I won't spoil a good story by telling you too much," he says, then concludes with, "If you want a good novel, beautifully written, enjoy, enjoy."

In this review—approximately 500 words, Taylor has used the personal pronouns "I" and "myself" twelve times.

But, as I intimated a moment ago, sprinkling a book review with the personal pronoun is no guarantee of success and in fact carries with it the hazard of canting the focus away from the book. I suspect that Sam Taylor could give a review ample personality without using the personal pronoun at all. That's because Sam himself has a lot of personality to give.

What about the rest of us? What will be our formula for success? I have only one suggestion but I think it a good one. We must somehow discipline ourselves to transcend the jaded, pedantic format that 90 percent of today's book reviews follow:

—In the first paragraph or two we are told what the book is about, usually in terms of such stock phrases as "focuses upon the question of" or "traces the development of," with such standard adjectival embellishments as "useful insights" and "incisive manner." Incidentally, I think it unfortunate that reviewers seldom articulate the thesis of their particular book anymore, being content, rather, to give us only a "table-of-contents" summary.

—In the next paragraph or two, we read an itemization of the book's deficiencies, with three or four pet phrases that have become standard fare. Some favorites of the moment are: "but the serious reader will be disappointed in a number of particulars," or "but the book is marred by a number of errors that detract from the overall quality."

—Then comes the concluding paragraph, and, almost as predictably as the presence of a caboos on a train, it begins with "despite these shortcomings, however," giving the book and its author a final pat on the fanny in such terms as "an important beginning," or "useful contribution," or "a valuable compendium of facts," or "welcome addition" or the most ubiquitous of all standard phrases "deserves a place on the bookshelf of every," etc., etc.

In my bleaker moments, reflecting on the stale state of book reviewing in today's historical journals, I have often thought that the best reviewer would be a person who knows the material but has never in his life seen a book review of any kind. Impossible, of course.

When you are called upon to review a book—whether it be Mormon history/literature or any other kind—give it the most valuable quality you have to give. Give it your personality.

PERSONAL VOICES

Mormons and the Beast: In Defense of the Personal Essay

CLIFTON HOLT JOLLEY

*Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit*
-Francis Thompson
The Hound of Heaven

The horror! The horror!
-Joseph Conrad
Heart of Darkness

*But, as I drive at night between
high mountains
(their summits lost in looming
cloud)
or along the edge of a black-aviced
lake . . .
I feel the general terror.*
-Arthur Henry King
"I Will Make Thee a Terror
to Thyself (Jer. XX:4)"

SOME CIRCUMSTANCES IN LIFE lie outside the possibility of comfort. There may be philosophical arguments to support such a statement, but perhaps it will suffice to point out that the scriptures reveal a suffering God. As a matter of fact, sorrow appears to be the effect that we most frequently work on him. Indeed, our "Man of Constant Sorrows" has promised that his way of life is likely to bring a "sword" to our comfort, that his "peace" will be unlike any we might have imagined.

And so, the terror of the Christian life—the possibility (indeed, the probability) that while Matthew Arnold was wrong about life having "neither joy, nor love, nor light," he was right about it having neither "peace, nor help for pain." Ultimately, good men will always suffer at the knowledge of evil and the suffering it inflicts; and the more right-

eous we become, the less subject we are to the debilitating influences of evil, and, therefore, the more subject we are to the evil which influences others. Our lives appear to be a progressive substitution of one suffering for another—empathy for agony, as it were.

But what, then, is the gospel for? Were not men made for joy? While God has intended that we should live in harmony with a universal order, it seems that such a harmony has effects which may not so easily be understood in terms of "rewards," as we have often believed, and the "joy" which the scriptures promise must be understood in the context of Calvary and Carthage. Not from suffering are we set free, but from its terror.

And yet, I *am* afraid. I believe in God but am afraid to die, afraid to deliver into tentative hands the protection and control I effect in the lives of those I love; I believe in God but am afraid he may not be or be no more than what I believe; I believe in God, but I am afraid. And my fear works a constant, almost animate terror in my life, a terror comprised both of things that are and things that might be. Perhaps the point is that I do not believe well enough, or perhaps not long enough; or perhaps the terror is to some degree a product of my belief, my hoping. Were I able to resign myself to a meaningless existence bounded by birth and death, perhaps the possibilities of life would not work such anxiety in me. But my faith in Christ is strong enough to give me hope while not strong enough to resolve my fears.

Yet I do hope, I do believe. It is both what I choose to do—an act of will which distinguishes me from those who choose otherwise—and, in ways I do not understand, it is what I do not choose but *am*,

what I cannot choose against, I believe, and, to the degree that I am unable to measure or compare, God has blessed my belief with faith, a faith which in a confusing complex, nourishes, sustains, and terrorizes my life. God is my hope, and fear of failing him, or the irrational fear that he may fail me, is my terror.

It may be suggested that such terror is the more appropriate subject of therapy than of essay—that one should take the “positive” approach and ignore its existence, imitate the activities of those who are not afraid until one is no longer afraid oneself. Remembering Joseph Fielding Smith’s refusal to “pretend” to sign papers for photographers (“I will not be involved with any degree of dishonesty,” he had said with a slight irony), I have often wondered if moral subterfuge, regardless of its benefits, is justifiable. But even if it were, my life of fear is further complicated by the fear that those I might take for my models, those I might put my faith-to-be-healed in, are no more certain than I, but are merely involved in therapeutic activities based upon examples no more certain than themselves. And in the end, it may not even be good therapy.

Essay may be only another form of therapy, of course, but if honest at least it does not deny the reality of the problem—it does not take refuge in a therapy which may ultimately serve as the end rather than the means. Essay has a particular advantage over any other literary approach to the terror of life. While having neither the formal elegance of poetry nor the rich textual elements of fiction, it is more direct than either of them. Although indirection may be the soul of art and the means to a fuller experience than otherwise is achieved, it may also separate one from a sense of personal responsibility and involvement, like going to a psychologist to discuss the problems of a fictive “friend.” The personal essay is utterly responsible, its point of view is owned. In it, one may take neither comfort nor refuge in the satisfactions of pose or form; one must face the beast, naked and alone.

Occasionally this is done so well, the satisfactions are so keen, that the “beast” appears to be overcome, terror put away. This may be the gravest danger of the personal essay. Its very nature implies that it will often and intensely be involved with sentiment, with the broad

range of emotional experience which lies beyond empirical proofs. The line which separates the honestly moving from the sentimentally contrived has always been a fine one. We have avoided defining precisely where it lies, because it does not yield to absolute critical boundaries; like irony, sentiment is a function of relationships; it is a matter of context. Anyone with a marginal skill and sensitivity should be able to recognize the grosser examples of sentimentality from the more cautious achievements of honest sentiment. The examples nearer the line and on either side of it are what pose the problem. And because there is a problem, and because no one likes to play the fool, there is a good deal of legitimate personal essay that is too easily discounted as sentimental and the terror implicit in it ignored by an explicit society.

This problem of discerning sentimentality from honest sentiment may be the best indication we have of where the critical line should be drawn and for what reason. The sentimental ignores or denies the obvious terror of existence and, as Flannery O’Connor has pointed out, attempts to “skip” the sacrifice of Christ and arrive at a mock state of grace which is achieved without terror or pain. Sentiment, however indirectly, acknowledges the majestic terror of life and seeks to deal with it, to suffer for it, occasionally to transcend it.

From *Dialogue’s* inception, the journal has had a commitment to the essay which concerns itself not with things or even ideas, but with the impress of things and ideas, of personal forces upon the human soul. In Vol. 1, no. 1, Eugene England’s “The Possibility of Dialogue: A Personal View” spoke of “the risk of choice” and “complex possibilities” which confront and occasionally confound the modern Mormon; Victor B. Cline wrote about “The Faith of a Psychologist” (an essay which he sub-titled “A Personal Document”); and the “From the Pulpit” section was introduced to publish profounder examples of what is a generally (if not often deeply) personal Mormon sermon style.

But it was not until Vol. 6, no. 1, that the “Personal Voices” section was instituted and the personal essay given a continuing (although irregularly appearing) place of its own. Many fine personal essays appeared in “Articles and Essays”

and similar sections but their random grouping in various sections did not allow the genre the identity and attention it deserved.

But however “deserving,” the personal essay was and continues to be largely neglected. Even in *Dialogue*, more attention has been paid to the scholarly article, poetry and fiction. This has not been because of editorial policy (cf. the introduction to Keller’s “Every Soul Has Its South”) but because of the simple reality that it has been difficult either to encourage or to acquire competent examples of personal essay. There may be many reasons for this but I suspect the seminal reason is a hybrid of provincialism and fear. Mormons, college-educated Mormons at least, have largely adopted the game-rules of academe and may feel safer relying on their “evidences” than their feelings. If this seems paradoxical in light of the Church’s charismatic origins and continuing emphasis on the individual spiritual experience, it only serves to emphasize the need for the personal essay. But even when Latter-day Saints might be moved to serious investigation of themselves and their faith, there is an element of popular Mormonism which would legislate against them. We are so accustomed to “bearing witness,” to “defending the faith,” that it may seem near to apostasy to admit the doubts implicit in the man of faith—the man who “hopes” rather than “knows.” Facing the beast can be a very dangerous business—not because the beast is dangerous, but be-

cause they who deny him are likely to deny you.

So, more often than not, our keener minds have devoted their serious efforts to the “objective” voice of scholarship or the “cosmic” voice of art, and the “personal” voice has been practically and politically defined as the province of the pulpit and the testimony meeting—places where only a certain “tone” of voice is acceptable.

But consistently (if not copiously) there have been those who have sought to broaden both the tone and the arena for personal expression and to make it responsible both to the specific demands of intellectual integrity and to the larger requests of spiritual life. Somewhat less than a dialogue, it is somewhat more than a meditation. Its voice is personal; its tone may be decided at any point across a broad range from despair to joy; its province is life and its terror; its subject is the soul; its end, insofar as it is Christian, is revelation of the beast who, after all, is no beast, but Christ. And if the doctrine be true, if Christ be real, to meet Him finally is to understand the terror and be no longer terrorized, but to drink of his cup and be filled—the cup of suffering and sorrow which, when one has participated, is revealed as the sacrament of joy. Christ himself participated at Calvary, and Joseph at Carthage, and each of us.

“Personal Voices” is a section devoted to the encouragement and publication of the Mormon personal essay. Contributions are invited.

The Girl Who Danced with Butch Cassidy

EDWARD GEARY

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Swan's Way

MY EARLIEST MEMORY of Retty Mott is of hurrying past her house as I walked home from Primary. I hurried past because my cousins had told me that she chased people. Once she had leaped out

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MY EARLIEST MEMORY of Retty Mott is of hurrying past her house as I walked home from Primary. I hurried past because my cousins had told me that she chased people. Once she had leaped out

from behind a tree in her front yard and hit Max Peterson with a fire shovel. She had chased him clear to the end of the block, hitting him all the way with the fire shovel, or so my cousins said, and it did not occur to me to doubt their stories or even to wonder what Max Peterson had been doing in her yard. They told me that she was a bad woman as well as a fearsome one. On Saturday mornings, they said, she was always down on Main Street trying to hitch a ride to Price so that she could go to the liquor store. And so when I walked home from Primary, with the words still fresh in my mind about how "tea and coffee and tobacco we despise" (though my grandfather was somehow an exception to the tea part), "drink no liquor and we eat but a very little meat," I hurried apprehensively past Retty Mott's little white house where it stood under the tall locust trees (the very trees she had hidden behind when she caught Max Peterson, and what if she were lurking there now?).

Later, when I was as old as my cousins had been, I learned what they had known before: the pleasures of teasing Retty Mott. On summer nights after Mutual, when the drug store had closed but we didn't want to go home, we would drift in a group up the dark street toward her house. The trek began with laughter and loud talk, but as we drew nearer we grew more quiet until finally there was no sound but the occasional scraping of shoes on loose gravel. Then, when we were right in front and could see the low outline of the roof, came the electric instant when somebody (it was usually Ferd Nichols) suddenly screamed, "Retty Mott!" and the evening's fun was under way.

That first shout always caught us unprepared and sent us running away, to regroup on the next block. Now came the exciting part: the second assault with its element of danger. She might be waiting for us now, waiting behind a locust tree with her fire shovel, or even with her father's old Colt .45, which she was rumored to keep somewhere in the house. With mingled fear and eagerness we crept back toward the house, blood surging in our ears as we strained to hear any sound above the quiet chant of the crickets, our muscles tensed to break and run. When we could bear the tension no longer we shouted again, not a single voice this time but a rising chorus. "Retty Mott! Retty Mott!" We shouted her

name over and over. Then we proceeded to songs and chants:

Some like 'em hot,
Some like 'em cold,
But who wants Retty Mott
Seventy years old?

If she was slow to respond we grew bolder. We would throw rocks at the roof, throwing them high in the air and waiting for the sound when they struck the weathered shingles and rattled down to the eaves. Or we tossed pebbles at the windows, but very carefully so as not to break them. We didn't want to cause any damage. The more daring boys would dart up onto the porch and hammer on the door with their fists then sprint back to the safety of the group. What we wanted was to see Retty Mott come rushing out of the house with her wrapper flapping around her legs and her mouth shrieking obscenities. Sometimes we were satisfied then and went on home. Sometimes we couldn't bear to end the fun, and we went back again and again.

We called it teasing Retty Mott, and we could see no harm in it because she had long twitching fingers and rolled her eyes when she talked and because she never came to Church, not even on Mother's Day when even the Jack-Mormons came to Sunday School and we had to use the extra sacrament trays. She was a tall, bony woman my grandmother's age but not like anybody's grandmother. The other old women in Helaman wore plain dresses or small, muted prints. They kept their hair neatly tucked in with tortoise-shell combs, and when they went to Church or to funerals they wore little black hats which they kept in place with hatpins. Retty Mott, summer and winter, wore a huge straw hat with a floppy brim and no crown, her coarse gray hair straggling out through the top, and she went down town dressed in a bright flowered wrapper beneath which, it was rumored, she wore no underclothing. She had been named Lauretta by the mother she could not have remembered, and by the time I knew her she had been married twice, so Mott was probably not her legal name. But the childhood nickname she hated had become her only identity: Retty Mott, the two names indivisible, a label unalterable by her wishes or by the law, to which no husband's name could be added and no title affixed: not Miss Mott

or Mrs. Mott, and certainly not Sister Mott.

She was always an outsider in Helaman; yet she had been born just two miles away in a log house by the creek. Ezra Mott was one of the cattlemen who brought their herds into the valley in the 1870's, before the Mormon settlers came. The country was all open then, and by 1880 there were a dozen ranches strung along the creek, places where a little hay could be harvested from the bottomlands, stations on the trail between the summer meadows of the Wasatch Plateau and the winter range along the San Rafael River. When our people came, Bishop Pulsipher would not allow them to settle random-fashion on the creek. Instead, he laid out a square townsite on a flat to the south and distributed building lots in exchange for work on the canal. Bishop Pulsipher set the example by building two yellow brick houses, one for each of his families, on opposite corners of a town block, with his barn and corrals in between. Thus two different societies developed side by side, the village culture of Helaman, with everything square to the compass and in proper order, and the free and easy life of the ranchers on the creek and of the cowboys who drifted in and out to work the herds, carrying all they owned in their saddlebags. The cattlemen bought supplies and picked up their mail in Helaman. They patronized Silas Walker's store, where there was a lean-to back room for card games, while the Saints usually traded at Antone Peterson's. Sometimes men from the creek and men from the town would be seen passing the time of day together, squatting on their heels by a south wall. Sometimes Bishop Pulsipher was there trading stories in the same strong voice he used in the pulpit each Sunday. And when there were ward socials in the Relief Society Hall, the cowboys sometimes came and danced with the town girls while the town boys watched sullenly from the sidelines. But if there was a common life there were also sharp divisions. Once when a drunk cowboy drowned while trying to cross the creek during high water, the bishop refused to let him be buried in the town cemetery, for it was said that when he was warned against trying to cross the creek he had uttered a curse and defied the Lord.

The stranger's grave was still visible when I was a boy, just outside the cem-

etery fence, close to yet separated from the graves inside. The carved lettering on the gray plank set upright in the ground had long since eroded away. (Even the plank is gone now, and nothing remains to mark the place.) Sometimes on Decoration Day we would gather wildflowers from the hill and put them on the stranger's grave. We would look at the little bits of white and purple on the gray earth and shiver a little when we thought of the body lying there nameless and alone and the spirit an outcast too, waiting in Spirit Prison for the terrible accounting at the Last Judgment.

From the cemetery you can see the creek (a harmless trickle of tepid water in the summers when we used to go out there to fish for suckers or swim in the holes) and beyond the creek the old Mott place that was the stranger's destination, as it was the destination of most of the drifting cowboys who came through Helaman. The Mott place held a special fascination for us because according to local tradition it was there that Butch Cassidy and Elza Lay spent the winter of 1897 while they were planning the Castle Gate payroll robbery. Often when the fish weren't biting we would search in the brush along the creek for some evidence of the cabin where they had stayed. Once we found some flat rocks which might have been foundation piers, and another time Ernie Broadbent picked up a knife crusted with thick orange rust.

The day of the Castle Gate robbery, the twenty-first of April, 1897, was about the most exciting day there ever was in Helaman. On their escape the outlaws cut the telegraph line below Castle Gate and again south of Price. They rode west to Pinnacle Butte then south across the Washboard Flat, where they had stationed fresh horses taken from the Mott ranch, then on past Bull Hollow, around Cedar Mountain, and down Buckhorn Draw to the San Rafael, thence across the Sinbad country toward Robber's Roost on the wedge of rock between the Green River and the Dirty Devil. In Helaman the message was just coming through from Price when the line was cut. An hour later a posse rode eastward, at its head Bishop Pulsipher, who never carried any weapon but his righteous wrath, and Ezra Mott, armed with his long-barreled Colt .45. The Helaman posse reached Buckhorn Draw at dusk, just as another posse was riding in from

the south. In the dark gorge each group took the other for the outlaws, and before the mistake was discovered Ezra Mott's tough little mare had a bullet in her side. They say that Ezra Mott was furious, complaining that he had lost three horses and it was none of his damned affair to begin with. Bishop Pulsipher drew himself up and preached an impromptu sermon on obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law, and the posse disbanded.

It turned out that Ezra Mott's losses were not as great as he had claimed, for the two horses the outlaws had taken reappeared in his pasture a week or two later, giving rise to a suspicion in Helaman that he had known all along who his winter visitors were.

The episode thus ended, but it continued to generate new legends long afterwards. Down to my own day the boys of Helaman played Robbers Roost Gang, riding their horses helter-skelter out of a hundred Castle Gates in every hollow of the dry hills. Stories grew that the money was still buried somewhere in the desert, and we used to make elaborate plans on winter days for finding the treasure as soon as the weather broke up next spring.

It seems strange, when I think of it now, that the romance attached to Butch Cassidy and the Mott ranch and the stranger's grave never seemed to us to touch Retty Mott. And yet she was, in our own time, a living link to that lost time. She came to one of the ward socials that winter with Butch Cassidy and Elza Lay (who went by the names of Tom Gilbert and Bert Fowler while they were in Helaman) and danced with them all night. Retty Mott as a girl was as wild as an unbroken filly, Grandma used to say. She was a slim, wiry tomboy whose face and arms were suntanned when the other girls kept their skin milky white. Grandma used to tell how she would hitch her skirt up and ride a horse like a man, careless whether her legs were exposed clear to the knee. I saw a photograph once on a buffet in Retty Mott's front room (she had hailed me down as I was passing by one afternoon—"You-oo! You, Boy! Come here!"—to help her move a sofa; when we were through she pressed a dime into my hand), a photograph of a girl of perhaps sixteen with a mass of dark hair piled high on her head in the fashion of the eighteen-nineties and a look in her eyes that I still remem-

ber.

I remember the old Relief Society Hall in its last years, when it was used as a warehouse. It had a big coal stove in the center and at one end a raised platform where in the old days the Helaman Dramatic Society put on amateur theatricals. When I try to imagine the scene on that winter night it comes to me slowly, filling the decaying hall I knew with forms and faces that are strange to me, and I can't be sure whether I'm making it all up or remembering things my grandmother told me. I can see the awkward boys and the unmasked girls sitting on benches on opposite sides of the hall, the girls in huddled conversations and the boys staring vacantly, gangly legs extended onto the dance floor. I see the dancers as they circle round and round the glowing stove. The face of Butch Cassidy emerges from the crowd, the pudgy face of the souvenir posters but more animated, and then I see the girl he is dancing with, her slim legs moving rapidly and with surprising grace beneath the long skirts, a strand of chestnut hair swinging across her face as she pivots.

Many things changed in Helaman in the years after the Castle Gate robbery. Bishop Pulsipher was released, after twenty years. Around the town the twenty-acre fields were combined to forty acres, then eighty and a hundred and sixty. No more big yellow brick houses were built on the corners of the blocks, no more trees planted to shade the deep lawns. Barns sagged and sometimes fell; sheds went unpainted; whole houses and barnyards were abandoned and stood vacant, when I was a boy, behind their overgrown shrubbery while owls and sparrowhawks nested in the decayed trees. For the cattlemen the changes were more rapid. The high country of the Wasatch Plateau was made a national forest, grazing limits were established, and the days of the open range were over. The big herds were broken up or moved out of the valley. Ezra Mott remained, however. He built a little clapboard house in town and began riding out to work his fields like the other farmers. But he was no farmer. Within a few years he had deteriorated into a slouching and unkempt old man whose days were spent in shuffling back and forth from his house to the pool hall. My father and his friends used to sing a derisive song to the tune of the "Chisholm Trail":

Ezra Mott stands on the street,
Tobacco juice dripping clear
down to his feet.
Come a ty-yi-yippy-yippy-yay,
yippy-yay. . . .

Retty Mott, at seventeen, ran away with a traveling man from Salt Lake. Then later, the story goes, she had another husband and lived in Denver. When she came back to Helaman she brought with her a little boy, but soon a lawman came from Colorado and took him away. It seems he was not her child but her husband's. Retty Mott was put in the county jail for a few weeks. My father and the other boys used to climb on one another's shoulders to get a look at her through the high barred window. I guess that was the start of teasing Retty Mott.

When old Ezra Mott finally died, Retty Mott lived on alone in the little clapboard house under the locust trees. When the deacons quorum chopped firewood or shoveled snow for the widows and old maids in town, it never occurred to us to chop her wood or shovel her walks, lacking as she did the dignity of a widow and the pathos of an old maid and being, as she was, antagonistic to the Church. But we thought of her, generations of us, on warm nights after Mutual, and year by year the leg-

ends grew, legends that we never tired of relating as we wandered home from our own pranks: the giant firecracker dropped down her chimney to explode inside the stovepipe and fill the house with soot; the outhouse overturned on Halloween with Retty Mott inside it; the clothesline rope strung between the pillars of her front porch to trip her as she came rushing out of the house.

One night, my last night of teasing Retty Mott, she had come out of the house before we expected her, scattering us wider than usual. I found myself with Ernie Broadbent around the corner, and gradually, carefully, we began to make our way back, less, I think, to assail the house again than to find our comrades. The night was especially silent, and we walked with scarcely a whisper. We were still fifty yards from the house when something rose from the ditch to our right. We were startled at first then relieved to think it must be one of the other boys. Then the form took shape in the darkness, tall, angular, with a long, loose robe. There was a metallic glint from something held in her hand, and just as we started to run there came a voice not loud or hysterical but low and steady and appalling.

"Someday," she said, "someday I'm going to kill me a little Mormon."

A Vision of Words

CLINTON F. LARSON

INSIDE, TO THE LEFT, in King's College Chapel, Cambridge University, rests the great painting, "The Adoration of the Magi," by Peter Paul Rubens. To the right, the King's College Choir prepares to sing. The hinged panels to the left and right of the painting seem like large doors that have been opened to permit one to enter the manger in the company of the magi. An auburn glow suffuses the scene. The magi, in their gesturing, seem like a wave about to sweep toward the Christ child. But the radiance of the

child and the solemnity of Mary keep them worshipful, at a distance. The auburn images have the fluidity of gems as lights might play over them, waver, and still. Far above the painting, in stained glass, is a depiction of Christ on the Cross. The stained glass the length of the Chapel has a clerestory luminescence.

The Chapel is full of students, fellows, and townsmen. The music begins. Bell-like voices muse over the text and vault to the ceiling that seems like lace thrown from arch to arch. The audience

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listens devoutly. The music ends. The doors open, and the audience moves quietly out toward Churchill College and the Backs. They are circumspect. They are careful not to brush by each other. They do not wish to impose, nor to pass the time of day, and they go about their business efficiently, distant from each other.

So many people in Cambridge, and in England, who deal with each other efficiently in order to be considerate! Literature thrives among them because, in the absence of common religious belief, they yearn for statements that possess general, but personally meaningful, relevance. The people are stoical, but each to each quite alone. Then one recalls the unity and living luminescence of the Rubens.

The very literate and literary John Hallway, professor of modern literature at Cambridge University, writes:

A Poem for Breakfast

Look!
 We have a great frost. An
 Arrival of north.
 And in the blue dark and bed,
 Feeling it, I edged nearer and
 You were southern.

Sparrows
 Are the gay birds. We have them
 Queuing at the froned panes
 And we all share chatter and
 bread.
 But they have
 No use for your beautiful
 Coffee.

Cold, and well,
 Yes, grief, are so alike, the
 Wise man does not stay
 To feel either but
 Edges south to such
 Climates as you
 Magically provide; and
 Look! Now we have the Land of
 Talk.

Yet, wisewoman, consider also
 The nature of magic:
 Which resides
 Also in the so
 Happily, so hungrily
 Enchanted. Therefore
 Replenish my cup: from your
 Shapely vessel and other
 Morning abundances.

Literature, as with the finest photography, has the power to resolve experience into meaningful, accurate, and more generally understood detail. Man's de-

sire for knowledge demands greater and greater resolution of psychic and physical meaning. With each space probe, he demands the recording equipment that will accomplish this objective. When he confronts events of great significance and magnitude—as, for example, the death of a world leader such as President Kennedy—he demands literary expression in order that his insights and feelings can be given adequate expression and fulfillment.

Each individual experiences momentous events which shape the meaning of life for him. As literary people show and as they propound, literature can provide meaningful comparative resolution of such events. There are those who say, justifiably, that religion or philosophy can provide such help. But religion or philosophy must be eclectic if they are to achieve higher resolution in the phenomenal world. Sir Phillip Sidney, I believe, provides for the achievement of such resolution in areas between the abstractness of philosophy on the one hand and the historical, empirical world on the other. He avers that literature takes from either and provides a golden world of experience that may provide amenable guidance for the individual as well as for people generally. It is the world of the parable in which the best lessons are learned.

In a time when literature seems recessive and lacking the evident meliorism of pragmatic philosophy, it is never more luminous and beautiful and true and necessary to life. In preparing the anthology *Modern Poetry of Western America*, William Stafford and I confronted the results of the pragmatism of Southern California. We could find very few creditable poets there, and some of those, like David Wright at Irvine, disavow any relationship with the area. But there are Ann Stanford of Beverly Hills, James McMichael of Irvine and Kenneth Rexroth of Santa Barbara, who at their best are superb indeed. And of the five hundred people who attended the Royal Jubilee Conference on Arts and Communications in London, there were such literary people as the cultivated Chen Min-hwa of Taiwan, the ethnically-intense black poet Dennis Brustus of South Africa (now of Northwestern University), the brilliant Elizabeth M. Kerr of Mississippi, the melancholy, psychologically evanescent Werner Gapert of Danzig, who many years ago participated in

the Nazi assault on Stalingrad, and the mystical Loranee Senaratne of Sri Lanka. Whatever their social backgrounds, they emphasize and reiterate the need for literature throughout the world, especially in those societies that languish because of over-weening pragmatism or dehumanizing political philosophy.

Consider the population of Utah, one-sixtieth of that of Great Britain, though its land mass and that of Great Britain are about the same. Communication need not be efficient there because it is relatively sporadic. The inhabitants may be grateful for any communication at all and so may easily endure careless language as long as it meets pragmatic communal needs. But such a people may do well to deliberate on the need to make their language more literary in order to achieve greater resolution in the way they perceive and record experience. Their oral history and folklore may acquire some of the density and formalism that typify literature, but it devolves upon their literary people to resolve historical and current experience into the formal, memorable medium of literature. Though the hope for communal understanding among them is admirable indeed, it will remain tenuous and transitory unless they learn to compress the meaningful, formalized literature of the past into their own created literature. Literature is the principal way of consecrating experience and the literary scholars of society are its stewards. They must match the commitment—yes, the consecration—of the authors for whose work they act as stewards. And they should teach that what passes for humanism in much of the world today is not ultimately pragmatic, but a delusion—a delusion that is spiritually unsatisfying, tenuous and transitory. They need to remind themselves that the great literary humanists of the past kept God and religion close to them. Like Eliot, these humanists felt the presence of the masters of literary history and the marvellously liberating effects of the literary tradition they offer.

That tradition, now recessive in society, was never more fragile, but yet never so apparently eternal. As it grows hushed, it begins to resemble the still, small voice. But one may take its delicacy and let it breathe life into a language that is becoming as geometrical as a computer, and let words regain the richness of their history as they resonate in the

spirit. What was thought to be so pragmatic becomes, under scrutiny, only an expedient, falsely objective, superficial. Literature, the language that requires the mind's complete engagement, can be presented as providing the ultimate pragmatism of a range of possibilities for spiritual and mental growth. We assume the meliorism of godly content and discern the high motives of the finest authors, even as in their work they pursue the negative capability and various personae in their attempts to make experience meaningful. We additionally assume the meliorism of literary forms as they are used to maintain sensibility—for example, incremental repetition, triads, the Miltonic line, synesthesia. Scripture shows the benefits of these forms, and of course many more. The synesthesia of apprehending light that is heard and sound that is seen is evidence of the presence of God's will. If ever spirituality is to be critically defined, for its presence is evident in many literary masterworks, the consideration of form, as well as content, will therefore be fundamental.

As I entered the octagon of Ely Cathedral in July, I saw a fellow in black robes headed toward the nave. I said, not wishing to be disrespectful, "Hold it right there. Are you the Vicar of Ely?"

"No," he said. "But I help him answer the questions of those who come here."

"May I ask one?" I said.

"Please go ahead," he said.

Looking up, I said, "Why was the great lantern created? According to this pamphlet, it rises 170 feet above the floor."

"Yes," he said, "and it weighs 400 tons. It is built mainly of triangulated oak beams and lead and was conceived by Alan of Walsingham in 1322. What was your question?"

"Why was it created?"

"Well, of course, to let in more light for the octagon. You see, it does have the effect of a lantern."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, as far as I know."

"Thank you," I said.

I went by Ovin's Stone, not quite satisfied. Then I noticed an old brass plate imbedded in the floor. On it was an engraved cross about three feet long. Scrutinizing it, I saw some small business was at the base of the cross. It was about two inches high and at first looked like a depiction of rubble. Practically kneel-

ing, I saw that it was really a miniature design of the Ely Cathedral itself! The engraved cross rose from its apex—that is, from the lantern. This depiction, it seemed to me, contained the spiritual purpose not only of the lantern but of the cathedral as well.

The lantern, as I have said, is 170 feet above the floor of the octagon. Looking up again, I saw that it held the base of the spiritual cross of the depiction I had just seen on the floor, for Ely an upright cross as well as the earth-bound cross of the transept and nave.

Consider this. If the lantern is thirty-five feet in diameter, then it would represent the base of the upright of the spiritual cross, and would be a rendering of the diameter of ten inches of the real cross, a scale of about one to forty-two. If the cross of Jesus was about fourteen feet high, and the spiritual cross of Ely were built to scale, it can be construed to be over one mile high! How glorious the lantern of Ely Cathedral was to those who conceived of it and built it and worshipped under it! What a magnificent commitment it represented! Looking up again, I felt the tremendous majesty, glory and gravity of Ely's spiritual cross. Then, in my mind's eye, I could see Ely Cathedral and its spiritual cross as they might be seen as one approaches them along the highway from Cambridge or London.

Because in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, those who teach that spiritual essence and existence called literature have a magnificent work and responsibility. We must think of its proportion and meaning. Perhaps no esthetic and intellectual formulation, except the one in the mind of God, can do ultimate justice to the literature of England, America and the world. But a teacher can bring a student close to literary insight and can help provide the means by which he formulates his own, which will express the meaning and proportion of his own spirit in its relationship with Jesus of Nazareth, the savior who hung on a cross to achieve man's salvation, the image of whom is always in our mind's eye.

The following is from the poetry of Jean de la Ceppede, a Renaissance French poet:

O Phoenix, cherished bird of
Arabia,

You are the symbol of Christ the
Hero.

He, like you, lies unenslaved
among the dead.

You die on a scented pyre;
He dies on a tree that offers
heaven its perfume.

Your ashes are his marrow;
You bear your ashes to an altar in
the burning desert.

Christ, so resurrected, against the
azure sky

And the vaults of stars you raise
your tree of light.

And finally:

Epistemology

Parchment gold and the blue
wind:

A gust of radiance dwells
As tinge against the shading
mauve

Where earth and mountain align
Horizons smooth as the curvature
Of space. Where the lode of
diamond

Is, the tapestry of azure fades,
And nearly here, the sage is
dusty

As the skies that opalesce
earthward,
Browning into evening.

Take this flower
Shimmering in the wind and see
The petals transform the pearl
And gauze of air into being!

Sun must course against the dark
To seek where it may stay.
Though it must meet the sills that
play

Into its light, it settles, smalling
Into enlightenment to flare
Or flicker, rising into ambience
By degrees where the gauze of
light

Whispers in the wind.

—Clinton F. Larson

The poem "O Phoenix . . ." cited near the end of this essay is Dr. Larson's translation of a sonnet by Jean de la Ceppede, a Renaissance French poet; this translation appears with others by Dr. Larson in Harold Martin Pruitt Renaissance and Baroque Lyrics (Northwestern University Press, 1962).

Home Again

BENITA BROWN

THE BUS TRIP FROM UTAH had taken twenty-four hours and now, as the day darkened to evening, it was almost over. I had struggled the night before to sleep, but woke at each little village's bus stop. My muscles had the stiff soreness that comes only after hours in a "greyhound mold." But I had needed the time of the long ride and the solitude that comes from traveling alone. It was my first trip to Washington in a year. With school and a summer job I had not returned to my parents' house since last Christmas. Now, as the highway followed the river, I knew we would be in Pasco soon.

Leaning back in the seat I could watch the water roll past. It had been more than two years since Mom and Dad first saw me off to college. Dad had been unruffled, but I think Mom was worried. It wasn't the same kind of fear that had haunted her when my brothers had left, but the fear of a mother sending her only daughter to a place peopled with strangers. She knew the questions that lingered in my mind, even though it had been more than eighteen months since the missionaries had last stopped by our house; we had not discussed the subject since. The fear had been in her eyes since the day I announced my choice of a college. Two Christmases and the intervening summer had quieted those fears. I had returned from school each time with no signs of affection for any religion. Now I was coming back again, four months a Mormon.

The bus was pulling away from the river now, making yet another stop. These roads were so familiar that I could follow the course mentally. Shifting in the seat, I tried to find a comfortable position; after almost twenty-four hours the attempt was useless. I remembered the exchange of letters with Mom and Dad that fall. I had dropped the bomb-

shell in the first line. The memory of that abrupt statement still made me wince, but it was too late to recall it. Their letters arrived just prior to my baptism. I had wondered since if my timing hadn't been deliberate—ducking their possible dissent on grounds that I was over eighteen. They gave hesitant acquiescence, but though I read and reread every page, there was no approval. I wanted that approval; not fear, not just tolerance, but approval—love. Maybe that was why it had taken me so long to join the Church and why two years before, I had seen fear in my mother. Perhaps it had been my own fear reflected. I had been frightened, not only of Eternity (that gold-plated word) but also of acting for the first time without my parents' approval. It was still hard now at twenty-one, no wonder I had been afraid then.

The bus had returned to the river again, I could see the park to the left as we crossed the bridge. It was empty now, a change from the crowds that filled it every summer. We used to launch our boat there for an island downstream. "Our island," we called it. Sometimes the family would even camp overnight there on the beach, waking when the sun reflected off the water. But the camping trips were rare; with Dad so busy there was usually time for boating only on Sunday afternoons. That was one thing I didn't need to worry about, coming back in December. Nobody would want to go boating in this weather, so there would be no need to explain why I wouldn't go. But there were so many other things—talking with Dad over a cup of coffee early in the morning, the marathon card games that lasted late into the night, drinking a toast to one another before dinner on special holidays—always with Uncle John's homemade wine, always at a table set with Grandma's

china and linen. Perhaps those things were not so important, but they were a part of each of us and a part of our being a family. They made us feel we were at home when we were together. I had not thought about it before, but now I was worried. All of that could no longer be a part of me. It sounded so petty—a cup of coffee, a glass of wine—but everything we had shared had seemed to make us a family, including the cup of coffee, the glass of wine. Hadn't I heard just last Sunday, that there was nothing more important than families?

But there was no time to think of that now, the bus was pulling into town. I rummaged through my purse to find a comb, then gave up, knowing there was no way I could disguise the effects of the long ride. So I struggled into my coat, and gathered up my purse, book, and suitcase as the bus pulled into the station. Mom was there, waiting on the edge of the landing. Slowed by my bundles and the impatient passengers, I worked my way to the door and climbed down the steps. Mom came to hug me and take my suitcase, and an exchange of idle talk and greetings carried us through the station to the car.

"Don't you have any other suitcases?"

"No, I'm traveling light this time. Where are you parked?"

"Over there. How was your trip?"

"I think we stopped at every town between here and Logan. Where's Dad?"

"He offered to stay home and finish dinner so that I could run some errands before the bus arrived. When's the last time you ate?"

"I had lunch somewhere in Oregon, so I'm starved."

"Good, dinner should be ready when we get there."

We fell silent, pretending absorption in the familiar scene of downtown. I tried to think of something to tell her about—my new job in the Sunday School (no, she wouldn't want to hear), sledding with my family home evening group (I didn't want to explain what that meant)—and silently watched the people on the sidewalks until we pulled into the driveway.

"The poplar tree is gone!"

"Oh, didn't I write you about that? It was dying, so we had it taken out."

"Oh, I remember now. I guess I just never had pictured the house without it."

We got out of the car, Mom carrying the grocery sack, me struggling with my suitcase. Dad took it from me as I reached the door. He bent down to kiss me.

"Well, I'd wondered what had happened to you, your Mom was gone so long."

"I think my bus was late." I turned to Mom, "Did you have to wait long?"

"Only a couple of minutes." She was already on her way into the kitchen. "It looks like dinner's all ready, you probably should wash up after your trip."

"O.K., I'll be down in a second." As I ran upstairs I could see the table in the dining room, set with china and crystal. How like my father to treat his daughter's homecoming as a family holiday. He'd even gotten out Grandma's old damask tablecloth. Not until I was halfway back down the stairs did I stop—holiday, crystal stemware, drinking a toast with Uncle John's wine. Why this, so soon? I was not yet ready for explanations. I started down again, sliding my fingers along the smooth wood of the bannister.

Mom was pouring the wine into her glass as I entered the room. I slid into my chair and placed the napkin across my lap. Before I could say anything Dad spoke up.

"Uncle John sent us a special bottle with his annual batch of wine this year. It's just grape juice."

Mom held out the glass. My hand was steady as I reached for it. Mom and Dad raised their glasses. I followed suit.

"To your homecoming."

My voice was as steady as my hand, "To coming home."

MORMONISM'S
NEGRO DOCTRINE:
AN HISTORICAL OVERVIEW



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