DIALOGUE

A Journal of Mormon Thought

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

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Appreciation for Frances Menlove

Note: The following letter was first posted on Dialogue Paperless, *http://www.dialoguejournal.com/content/?p=27#comments.*

I have been an ardent reader of Frances Lee Menlove since reading her "The Challenge of Honesty," republished in the thirty-fifth anniversary issue of *Dialogue* (34, nos. 1–2, [Spring/ Summer 2001]: 2–9). Hence my delight in finding her essay "The Unbidden Prayer" tucked away in the final pages of the recent issue of *Dialogue* (39, no. 1 [Spring 2006]: 188–91). As I read, I found myself privately overwhelmed by the power of her message and, in an admittedly unscholarly manner, commenced planting tear-moistened kisses on the final, long-awaited paragraphs.

It has been three decades since my sibling was returned prematurely from an LDS mission. Since then, I have sought answers to the problem of same-sex attraction and Church policy, reading everything I could, keeping a file, and joining support groups.

At long last comes Menlove, like an angel of mercy, enlightening my understanding, lifting me above the chronic heartache and family wrenching with insightful perceptions of the larger context and the commonality of the problem: "Reality has a knack . . . for trumping false certainties," she assures, and further: "In each generation, issues arise in which Church authority is held in tension with the demands of an informed conscience" (191). And one of the manifestations of our informed conscience is: "Members are realizing that people they know and love have been given labels that are supposed to equate with sinfulness but that the labels don't fit" (190).

It is immensely gratifying to me to finally have the nature of the beast clearly defined in a manner that resonates with my religious experience.

So now I'd like to offer my own heartfelt prayer:

Thank you, thank you, God, for the insightful wisdom of Frances Lee Menlove.

Susan Lee Andersen
Salt Lake City, Utah

An Issue Reflecting Balance

Kudos to Bob Rees for again putting it right and articulating things so well ("An Open Letter to Nathan Oman," 39, no. 2 [Summer 2006]: 173–77). The entire issue reflected the balance that both Rees and Oman yearn for. Another instance was the pairing of essays by Molly McLellan Bennion ("A Lament," 115–22) and Carrie A. Miles ("Patriarchy or Gender? The Letter to the Ephesians on Submission, Headship, and Slavery," 70–95). In her lament Bennion speaks for many, not just for sisters, while Miles reminds us all that grace and good will, not contention, are the proper stance in all sacred relationships.

Tom Rogers
Bountiful, Utah

Kirk Hagen's Accomplishment

Professor Kirk D. Hagen should be commended for his outstanding essay: "Eternal Progression in a Multiverse: An Explorative Mormon Cosmology," (39, no. 2 [Summer 2006]: 1–45) Above all, Hagen has clarified many profound cosmological ideas. In addition, he has revealed the possibility of a multiverse congruous with the central tenet of Mormon doctrine: eternal progression. This is masterful work. The groundwork has clearly been established for LDS scientists. They will definitely add their knowledge and perspective to this exciting venture. To this end, there is also a great opportunity for this essay to become an interesting topic for *Dialogue* in the future.

LaVal W. Spencer, M.D.
Ogden, Utah

Natural vs. Supernatural

It was great to see some serious science treated well in *Dialogue*: Kirk D. Hagen, "Eternal Progression in a Multiverse: An Explorative Mormon Cosmology," 39, no. 2 (Summer 2006): 1–45. It is an infrequent event for *Dialogue*. Unfortunately, this excellent article again demonstrates the reason for this dearth. Science and religion are both serious subjects and worth further thought, but not together. One is the world of natural law, the other is the world of the supernatural. Trying to understand one by means of the other does harm to both.

I don't know Kirk Hagen's reasons for this attempted reconciliation, but usually such enterprises are based on the hope that finding some correlation of one with the other will support both. Since the time of Newton, thinkers have tried to emulate the power of his construction of a mathematical basis for scientific observation in other areas of thought. In many cases this has worked spectacularly well, as witness our scientific society and its achievements. In other disciplines, it is still a work in progress, but clearly it is a useful task and it has a clearly defined methodological direction.

In this case, the science of branes and multiverses is so fragmentary and preliminary that conclusions are premature. String theory has great appeal but no real support from experimental work. Physics has rarely strayed so far from experimental grounding for its ideas as it has with string theory. All scientists (including Hagen) acknowledge the speculative nature of these ideas, but most (including Hagen) are unwilling to forego the pleasure of reveling in their bizarre nature and tantalizing suggestions.

Trying to live simultaneously in the worlds of the natural and the supernatural is difficult. Working in science and coming home to religion is hard if you don't recognize the conflict of epistemologies. Faith is important to us as individuals, as families, and as a society, but not as a way of acquiring real knowledge of the world. Religion and faith operate more or less successfully in the realms of personal psychology, emotion, sociology, and societal policy, but not in the area of natural law. That does not make them less important, but it does severely restrict their place in our thinking and our actions in the world. We should not ex-

pect the world of faith to become scientific, John A. Widtsoe notwithstanding. We can seek understanding and internal consistency, but the world of faith will remain outside the world, describing a mental reality without natural causes, reliable effects, or predictable directions.

The Harry Potter stories of J. K. Rowling show the peculiar interface between these two worlds. Harry's magical world has flying cars with no apparent motive force or energy that drive along streets full of mundane (literally *worldly*) cars. Sometimes they can be seen by mundane eyes, sometimes not. But why use cars or trains at all if teleportation is available? Why is a creature a toad when a spell could make it an eagle? Rowling's is a very strange world. I find it hugely disconcerting because there are no basic laws of operation. One wizard's spell can be trumped by another's, but why didn't the first know about and use the stronger magic? Even if one has learned his magic from Spells 101 and the other from Spells 499, it isn't just a matter of schoolboy education, since the most powerful, postgraduate wizards appear to have the same limitations. The world of magic seems to be without fundamental principles and laws. But then, we still enjoy these books as wonderful creations of the imagination.

A religion of water-to-wine, golden plates delivered by angels, and so on has similar problems, with practitioners always wondering if their knowledge and skills are level 101 or 499, and wondering why they don't work repeatedly and reliably. It is hard to make the supernatural exist in the world of Newton and Einstein. Is an angel subject to gravity? Does it exist in space-time? If not, why not? If it is, how does it do its job? The fact is that the world of the supernatural and the natural don't coexist. Those who would use revealed information as worldly knowledge will continually confront intractable dilemmas. A worldly religion and a literal interpretation of scripture are impossible in a world of astrophysics, plate tectonics, and Charles Darwin. And, despite the fervent hope of many true believers, we don't live in Harry Potter's world.

David O. Tolman
Princeton, New Jersey

What Is FARMS Afraid Of?

In my review of Dan Vogel's *Joseph Smith: The Making of a Prophet* (38, no. 3 [Fall 2005]: 188–92), one sentence was unclear, and as a result I may have caused Kevin Barney some sleep loss. At least that's how I interpret his letter, "Fairness to FARMS" (39, no. 2 [Summer 2006]: vi–vii). In my review, I wrote, "Vogel has not written an anti-Mormon book. Contrary to the reviews published in FARMS, Vogel's book is moderate and balanced" (190). I was referring to past FARMS reviews (plural) of books by authors like Vogel, Todd Compton, and D. Michael Quinn and, most recently, to the numerous reviews trashing Grant Palmer's *An Insider's View of Mormon Origins* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2003). These reviews were apologetic, lacking in balance, and devoid of the charity one would expect from "Saints."

My unfortunate lack of clarity led Kevin Barney to suggest that my review contained "an embarrassing example of the attitude" (vi) of some in the LDS intellectual community, that FARMS is wrong about everything it touches. What a fine example of the overstatement too common in FARMS reviews themselves! I doubt that any of the four authors cited above consider FARMS wrong about everything. I certainly don't. Not all FARMS reviews of liberal books lacking in orthodoxy are uncharitable, apologetic, and intolerant of opposing views.

I don't judge a review until I have read it, thank you, and now that I have read the first FARMS review of Vogel's book, I repeat my statement with a slight revision: "As between Vogel and the FARMS review by Andrew and Dawson Hedges, Vogel's writing is moderate and balanced; the Hedgeses are apologetic and one-sided." FARMS apparently doesn't publish replies to their critical reviews, so readers may want to read Vogel's reply to the Hedgeses on Signature's website: http://www.signaturebooks.com/excerpts/making2.html.

If FARMS really were a "scholarly clearinghouse" (vii) as Barney asserts, implying that they are open to a variety of views, why don't they publish rebuttals to their reviews of the liberal scholars I've mentioned above? For example, FARMS published harsh reviews by Danel Bachman and Richard Lloyd Anderson of Todd Compton's *In Sacred Loneliness: The Plural Wives of Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1997). Perturbed by these reviews, Todd sent a response to his old friend, Daniel Peterson, at FARMS. FARMS did not publish his response.

The reviews of Grant Palmer's book were very disturbing. FARMS published five reviews that I have seen, beginning in volume 15, no. 2 (2003). I understand there were more. Apparently five weren't enough. If it is such a bad book, what are they afraid of? The reviews by Davis Bitton and Jim Allen were most disturbing to me, not because they were the worst reviews but because I was disappointed that these two distinguished historians, Leonard Arrington's two assistant Church historians in the days of "Camelot," would resort to such uncharitable apologetics.

Leonard Arrington was practically idolized by those of us in the RLDS historical community (now Community of Christ) because he was so welcoming and encouraging to each of us as we entered the field. He loved to read our writings, many of which would be considered heresy of the rankest sort by orthodox Mormons and FARMS people. Jim and Davis, along with Leonard, were among the first Mormon historians I met in 1971 at Provo. They, too, were encouraging, though knowing full well that I, at least, was out in left field from the LDS perspective.

The rethinking of Mormon origins that Grant Palmer's book reflects is quite similar to what many of us in the RLDS community were undergoing in the 1960s and thereafter. Most of us were employed by our church. No one was fired. Many of our controversial writings appeared, in fact, in Church publications. In my first year on the

faculty at our Church college, Graceland, I published a letter in the official monthly magazine, the *Saints' Herald*, criticizing our president-prophet W. Wallace Smith for having too narrow a view of the Church's mission in the world. It never occurred to me that this letter might jeopardize my employment at the Church's college—and it didn't. In my forty years on the faculty, I have never had any pressure from the Church or from Graceland about anything I have ever published or said in the classroom.

Shouldn't our Church leaders recognize that, if we believe in new light and truth, we have to be open to it? It makes me heartsick to see a man like Grant Palmer give his life to the LDS Church Educational System and then, upon retirement, be given a "thank you" in the form of being disfellowshipped. FARMS reviewers treated him as if he were Judas Iscariot.

William D. Russell
Lamoni, Iowa

Ashurst-McGee Replies to Vogel

In the summer 2006 issue of *Dialogue*, a letter to the editor from Dan Vogel criticized an earlier letter of Larry Morris, which had criticized Ronald Huggins's recent *Dialogue* article about accounts of the Moroni visions—a topic on which I have also written. Concluding his arguments, Vogel writes: "Given the obvious shift away from 'folk [magic] culture' in Joseph Smith's account, why is it so hard for Morris and Ashurst-McGee to believe that the luminous 'angel Moroni' was once a nameless, bearded treasure-guardian 'spirit?'" (Dan Vogel, "Treasure Lore Revisited," letter, 39, no. 2 [Summer 2006]: xi).

I cannot answer the question because it is *not* difficult for me to conceive that Joseph Smith originally understood Moroni as a treasure guardian. At the same time, one must acknowledge the obvious shift toward profane treasure guardian motifs in the accounts of Smith's antagonists. Therefore, it is not difficult for me to conceive that Joseph Smith originally understood Moroni as an "angel" or any other kind of divine messenger. Because an unbiased approach requires being open to both possibilities, this is precisely where my original essay began (Ashurst-McGee, "Moroni: Angel or Treasure Guardian?" *Mormon Historical Studies* 2, no. 2 [2001]: 39–75).

After assessing the sources, I found that all first-hand accounts of the Moroni visitations portray him as an angel. This is not a matter of interpretation but an indisputable fact. Also, Larry Morris and I have demonstrated that, in the earliest sources, Moroni is either called an "angel" or his status as a heavenly messenger is explicit or implicit (Larry E. Morris, "'I Should Have an Eye Single to the Glory of God': Joseph Smith's Account of the Angel and the Plates," *FARMS Review* 17, no. 1 [2005]: 11–81). Again, this is not a matter of interpretation but an indisputable fact.

In proceeding to issues of corroboration and contextualization, we move onto interpretive ground. Here I am not at all implying that the debate is over or that the contextual analysis

conducted by Vogel (or by myself or Morris) is irrelevant. But any analysis should begin with rigorous source criticism and the most basic standards of history. Exploring further into issues of corroboration and context led Morris and me to acknowledge the relevance of the treasure-seeking context of the Moroni visitations and the possibility that Smith viewed Moroni as a treasure guardian. However, our investigations did not negate the possibility that he also understood Moroni as a divine messenger. Rather, they supported the view that he understood Moroni as a divine messenger—and primarily so—from the very beginning.

While Vogel emphasizes Moroni as a treasure guardian, he nevertheless acknowledges that "Lucy and other [Smith] family members make it clear that God was involved from the start" (x). In my view, this is the most important point of the entire dialogue.

We differ on the secondary issue of whether Moroni was primarily conceived as a divine messenger or as a treasure guardian. Vogel's star witness is Palmyra's tabloid newspaper editor Abner Cole, who reported neighborhood rumors that Moroni's status as a divine messenger came later. As a source, the Jesse Smith letter is vastly superior to Cole. Whereas the June 1830 issue of Cole's tabloid may be reporting or exaggerating the most sensational of Palmyra's gossip, Jesse Smith's letter of June 1829 was written in response to, and apparently quotes from, an 1828 letter from a member of the Smith family. In fact, Jesse may have been quoting a letter from Joseph Smith. Jesse groused:

> he writes that the Angel of the Lord has revealed to him the hidden treasures of wisdom & knowledge, even divine revelation, which has lain in the bowels of the earth for thousands of years [and] is at last made known to him, he says he has eyes to see things that are not, and then has the audacity to say they are; And this Angel of the Lord (Devil it should be) has put me in possession of great wealth, gold and silver and precious stones so that I shall have the dominion in all the land of Palmyra. (Jesse Smith, Stockholm, New York, to Hiram Smith, Palmyra, New York, June 17, 1829; transcribed in Joseph Smith Letterbook 2, 59, Joseph Smith Papers, LDS Church Archives)

Jesse's letter reflects a Smith family understanding of Moroni as both a treasure guardian and an angel, but primarily as an angel. This is by far the earliest window into Smith's understanding of Moroni and, in my view, the most accurate. I find it probable that Smith's earliest understanding of the Moroni experiences was influenced to some extent by his involvement in the early American treasure-hunting subculture. I find it even more probable that Smith's earliest understanding of the Moroni experiences was influenced by his involvement in Bible reading, family worship, recent revivalism, and early American Christian culture generally. I do not find either probability exclusive of the other.

As for the tertiary issue of appropri-

ateness of the word *angel*, Vogel writes: "I think it's best to regard the word 'angel' (as we do the term 'urim and thummim') as anachronistic to the 1823 setting" (x). The term "urim and thummim" has been questioned for two reasons, which are related: Mormon usage of the term "Urim and Thummim" has not been documented prior to 1833 (Richard Van Wagoner and Steven Walker, "Joseph Smith: 'The Gift of Seeing,'" *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 15, no. 2 [Summer 1982]: 53.). Conversely, it does not show up in earlier sources where you would expect to find it. For example, Smith's 1832 history mentions only that "the Lord had prepared spectacles for to read the Book" (Joseph Smith, "A History of the Life of Joseph Smith Jr.," Joseph Smith Letterbook 1, 5, LDS Church Archives). By the same reasoning, should we regard the word *angel* as anachronistic to the 1823 setting? The fact is that the word "angel" *does* appear in the earliest sources. And using the same standard, we have more reason to regard the treasure guardian motif as anachronistic to the 1823 setting.

Mark Ashurst-McGee
West Jordan, Utah

A Founder Bows Out

I have been associated with *Dialogue* since Gene England stopped me on the stairs of the Stanford Library rotunda, in 1965 or 1966, and asked me how the nascent group could solicit subscriptions from libraries.

After he explained what the group was endeavoring to accomplish, I advised him to "give it up." Periodicals come and go with the wind, and the chances of succeeding were slim. His response was to put me to work, and thus began my quarterly column "Among the Mormons." When Wes Johnson left Stanford, *Dialogue* moved to Los Angeles, thanks to Robert Rees. I was literally the last staffer standing—in the Johnson garage as the moving van pulled away from the house.

I am now seventy-nine and in failing health. In addition I find the articles in *Dialogue* much too sophisticated for my feeble brain. Consequently I have decided not to renew my subscription.

I wish you continued success in an enterprise that has succeeded when I predicted failure.

Ralph Hansen
Boise, Idaho

Dianne Dibb Forbis, *Ezekiel in the River* (Ezekiel 47), 24" x 36", acrylic collage

The Theology of Desire

Cetti Cherniak

Part I

Note: *This is the first of a two-part essay. The second part will follow immediately in* Dialogue, *40, no. 2 (Summer 2007). The essay reconfigures the erotic within the context of LDS theology. It examines the tension which arises when the puritanical practices and modernist assumptions of contemporary LDS culture are contrasted with the erotic underpinnings of LDS metaphysics and anthropology.*

> *And we must affirm (for this is the truth) that the Creator of the Universe himself, in his beautiful and good Eros towards the Universe, is, through his excessive erotic Goodness, transported outside himself, in his providential activities towards all things that have being, and is overcome by the sweet spell of Goodness, Love, and Eros. In this manner, he is drawn from his transcendent throne above all things to dwell within the heart of all things in accordance with his super-essential and ecstatic power whereby he nonetheless does not leave himself behind.*
> –Denys the Areopagite (ca. 500)[1]

A friend who is a soprano once related a story to me of a time when she was accompanied by a male pianist. They worked together on the piece for some weeks; and finally, when they performed, the ecstatic release, the sense of the flowing together of their spirits, was, in her words, "like making love."

She was a faithful member of the Church, sealed and devoted to her spouse, as was her accompanist. Was there anything inappropriate in their orgasmic experience of one another as beloved?

I think of this question whenever I feel the rain on my face, the new spring grass between my toes, whenever I smell the first steam of cooking lentils, or look up to the ceiling of the Notre Dame Basilica, midnight

blue and sprinkled with gilded stars. I think of it whenever I meet the open-pupiled eyes of old women in the temple, or of babies who suck my fingertips. I make love to all of creation, and all of creation makes love to me. If such experience is inappropriate, then my entire existence here on this earth is inappropriate.

Proponents of the arts, in their attempts to justify the aesthetic experience, are careful to distinguish the pleasure of hearing a concert or viewing a great painting from erotic pleasure. The former, they say (half-heartedly, unconvincingly), is noble and good, while the latter is vile, except within the closed compartment of marriage, and even then, only of teleological significance. This is an issue that has plagued the history of art, and particularly visual art, since the sex instinct, especially in males, is highly visually driven. Islam, for instance, forbids the visual representation of the body and limits art to abstract geometric design and calligraphy. Interestingly, this religious tradition also cloaks the female form so as to preempt temptation. A major schism occurred in the history of the early Christian church over the issue of icons. Referred to as the Iconoclast crisis, it pitted those who saw the need for representation as a base instinct leading to corruption against those who saw it as a means of accessing otherwise ineffable spiritual truths. No mere philosophical debate, this was an incredibly bloody contest that spanned several centuries. The issue again surfaced when Protestant Reformers, making a theological argument for bare, white walls, ravaged churches and destroyed artworks.[2] The polemic continues today. Questions of theology, art, and sexuality are inextricably connected. Why, and how? What is the nature of those connections, and how are they articulated in LDS theology and culture?

Mormon theology is unusual in a number of respects, not the least of which is its sexual ethos. We know, and are taught very early, about the law of chastity, which requires that no one of us shall have sexual intercourse except with the spouse to whom we are legally and lawfully married. What we are often not taught are the far-reaching implications of our other sexual doctrines: the physicality of the spirit,[3] the concept of God as a physical being and a glorified man, and man as a potential god,[4] the ascendancy of embodied beings over unembodied,[5] the literalness of the fatherhood of God,[6] the existence of the Divine Mother in whose image women are made,[7] the sexual union of the Father with Mary in the conception of Jesus,[8] the claim that Jesus, as a typical Jew of his day and a rabbi, was a married man,[9] the belief that Mary consummated her mar-

riage with Joseph and had children by him after the birth of Jesus,[10] the belief that an individual cannot enter the highest kingdom of Heaven without a spouse of the other gender, whereafter they may have "eternal increase,"[11] the insistence that gender is an eternal characteristic, existing both pre- and post-mortally,[12] the emphasis on genealogies, and finally, the matter of polygyny and polyandry.

It has been astonishing to me as a convert and a student of systematic theology to observe how little explored have been these most fundamental of doctrines and even more astonishing to witness what I see as the almost complete failure on the part of the Mormon people to put them into practice within the culture. I expected to find a race of highly evolved, morally self-directed, and holistically integrated beings. I suppose I expected the caretakers of such doctrines to have hearts as pure and minds as expansive as Joseph Smith's. I looked for Zion, and behold, Athens, Vienna, Provo.

So, let us begin our discussion by first tending to the objection many Latter-day Saint readers will register—namely, the idea that the erotic is synonymous with evil. It is obvious from a strictly theological standpoint, once we get some objective bearing, that puritanism is inconsistent with the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, if not with common sense, and that therefore we must invent a new paradigm for thinking about the erotic.

Agency: Motion and Emotion

I believe a new understanding begins with an examination of our ways of thinking about agency and action. We are an action-oriented people. We have come to believe that a strong emotion like anger or a strong bodily instinct like the sex drive, if given notice at all, will immediately compel us to action. We believe our agency will be severely compromised if not taken entirely from us should we allow ourselves to experience these inner realities. We fear that our subconscious minds are cesspools of Freudian darkness and that we will be sucked under by forces too strong for any mortal to resist. Moreover, we view these inner realities within a Darwinian paradigm, as low, primitive, animalistic. We have accepted the notion that the cerebral cortex is superior to the "lower" parts of the brain that we share with pigs and reptiles, forgetting that we also share them with the Almighty God and his Son, Jesus Christ. With Descartes, we have come to believe that the reasoning ability of our minds is superior to the deeper, nonrational abilities of our minds—emotion, intuition, and

instinct. It would appear that the apostles of modernism have influenced us more than we know.

Prophets and apostles have warned us to flee from the very appearance of evil, and so we must. To thoughtlessly act out one's passions is surely destructive of one's own and others' well-being. We recall Jesus's experience in being offered temptations by Satan, and note that he "gave no heed" to them (D&C 20:22). However, we forget that he had just emerged from a full forty days and nights of fasting, prayer, and deep contemplation, during which, we may assume, he wrestled with his passions, getting them under internal control before the outer temptation presented itself. "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. 4:15). In retiring to his wilderness, Jesus gave space for thoughts and feelings to arise and be observed and mastered in tutorial with his Father. In so doing, he effectively inserted his agency between passion and action.

If Jesus is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," he feels the depths and vicissitudes of human emotion, every bodily pleasure and pain. And if he is the "express image" (Heb. 1:3; see also John 5:19, 12:45) of the Father, doing nothing but what he sees the Father do (John 5:19), obviously the Father emotes too.[13] We blithely ignore the fact that the scriptures are replete with the passions of Deity. There are dozens of instances of God's "wrath" and "fierce anger," his "jealous" nature, his "bowels of mercy" and his "good pleasure." Jesus rebuked the Pharisees with harsh language and at one point with a whip; and he wept for his friend Lazarus, though he knew he would momentarily raise him from the dead. He apparently made himself merry at the marriage at Cana along with everybody else. These observations alone should be enough to dispel the myth that certain emotions are "good" and others "bad." God himself is neither stoic nor perpetually in a cheerful mood. Neither does he refrain from acting upon his emotions.

What distinguishes God's experience of emotion from ours in many cases is the level of self-awareness and sense of timing he brings to it. For example, when Enoch asked how the Lord could weep, He was fully articulate about it, going on for eight verses in explanation of His feelings (Moses 7:28–41). In Genesis 6, God was so "grieved at heart" that he decided to murder the entire population of the earth—but not without first explaining his reasons to the handful who would listen and instructing

them in the intricate details of building and outfitting a ship. When the Lord "swears in his wrath" (Ps. 95:11) that the wicked shall not enter his kingdom, his fury is directed as part of a comprehensive plan for the reclamation of the race. His emotion, in other words, meshes with his equally self-aware cognitive schemas. God's anger is ultimately productive of order, rather than destructive, showing us that even rage can be a constructive move, an appropriate personal and interpersonal motivator at times if it is handled with competence.[14] If it is Satan who "stirreth up our hearts to anger" (D&C 10:24; 3 Ne. 11:29–30; Moro. 9:3), is God here under the influence of Satan? Of course not, any more than he is carnal, sensual, and devilish by the mere fact of having a body. We must conclude that it is not emotionality itself that is evil or inappropriate, but a blind, reactive emotion disconnected from the verbal and cognitive brain centers: in short, emotional illiteracy.

The phrase "thoughts of the heart" occurs many times in scripture. The heart is portrayed as a locus of intelligence and agency, as distinguished from the hands or arms, which represent action, and "the mind," which represents the rational intellect or sometimes the whole volitional complex. If any of these loci receive more emphasis in the scriptures, it is the heart. "Ye have not applied your hearts to understanding," says Abinadi, "therefore ye have not been wise" (Mosiah 12:27). Contemporary theories of multiple intelligences are nothing new—the designer of the human organism let us know from the beginning that we were multiply intelligent, with the heart as overseer. Zion, it turns out, is not the pure in mind or the pure in action, but the "pure in heart" (D&C 97:21). A pure heart is a whole heart; a pure heart is also a broken heart. The Lord wants beings whose emotions have been tempered by the humility of utter dependence on a Savior. A broken heart is not a numb heart or even a resolute heart, but a tender and sensitive one.

Alma, among other prophets, admonishes us to "bridle" our passions (Alma 38:12). Those who handle horses understand that the best way to break a horse is to first quietly and gently get to know it, to discover its natural patterns of behavior and work with them. The point is not to despise the horse, shut it up in a barn, or beat it into submission. How then will it carry us to our destination? Beyond this, what message do we give to the Creator of the horse when we neglect or mistreat it? In a society bent on action, it may be hard to believe that we can freely experience emotions, experience them deeply and in every nuance, without having to

impulsively act. We fear that we will be overwhelmed. Yet we are the offspring of a passionate God, redeemed by a Christ who also shares every passion we have. As such, we have divine ascendancy over temptation.

To have a sensitive heart is to have a sensitive body. Having "feelings," being "touched," and getting "the cold shoulder" or "a warm welcome" are apt ways to describe emotion, because *emotion is always connected to body.* Fear produces a surge of adrenalin that begins a chemical cascade involving everything from colon spasticity to visual acuity; sorrow produces a reduction in serotonin and catecholamines; and love—aah, love—produces a dizzying neuro-cocktail of dopamine and endorphins that spreads a glow from head to toe. "Emotion," says ecumenical guru Eckhart Tolle, "is the body's reaction to the mind."[15] Beyond the metaphorical statement that the pre-mortal "sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:7), we know little about the emotional experience of the unembodied. What we do know is that embodiment represents a higher stage of eternal progression than spirit organization. As embodied beings, we are capable of a far deeper and more sophisticated experience as a result of enhanced agency.

Mormonism assumes a connection between spiritual progression and physical state. Those who are faithful in exercising their priesthood and magnifying their calling "are sanctified by the Spirit unto the renewing of their bodies" (D&C 84:33). Joseph Smith taught that there is a visible effect upon the body of a Gentile receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost as it "purge[s] out the old blood."[16] As we are spiritually born of God and experience "a mighty change in our hearts," we "receive his image in our countenances" (Alma 5:14, 19). These are changes enacted here and now, not just in a far-off day of resurrection. Hence, we begin to think of life as the process of coordinating and integrating physical reality with spiritual. If the final fusion of the body with the spirit brings "a fulness of joy" (D&C 93:33–34), can we not conceive of *degrees* of joy, of a continuum of joy? Can we not say that the greater the level of integration we achieve, the greater will be our joy here and now, in this life? The sensations of the body as it interfaces with the spirit in time are the very foundation of why we are here. Their integration is the "object and design" of the second estate.[17]

In our well-meaning efforts to thwart evil, we have blunted our awareness of physical and emotional sensation; and yet, paradoxically, it is from this very physical-emotional awareness that all ethical behavior

springs, for only to the extent we connect with our own feelings are we able to connect with those of others. Social psychologists remind us that the roots of morality are to be found in empathy, since it is empathizing with the potential victims and so sharing their distress that moves people to act with altruism.[18] Empathy is the essence of the mothering instinct; a mother who is bonded to her infant feels on some deep level what he feels and so can meet his needs. Empathy—not sympathy, which sets one person apart from and above another, but empathy, which dissolves ego boundaries—can also be considered the root of friendship. In its power to unite two souls, it could even be considered the essence of romantic love. In erotic love, empathy reaches its highest expression, as, ideally, our pleasure depends on one another's pleasure. Our consciences themselves can be said to depend on a sense that not only have we hurt or helped others in some way, but that we have hurt our Father's feelings or given him great pleasure. Only with empathy can we keep the spirit of the two greatest commandments, and of our baptismal covenant to "mourn with those who mourn." Only with com-passion, a true feeling-with, will we know how to offer felicitous comfort to those who stand in need of comfort.

On the other end of the scale,

> a psychological fault line is common to rapists, child molesters, and many perpetrators of family violence alike: they are incapable of empathy. This inability to feel their victims' pain allows them to tell themselves lies that [justify] their crime. . . . Psychopathy, the inability to feel empathy or compassion of any sort, or the least twinge of conscience, is one of the more perplexing of emotional defects. The heart of the psychopath's coldness seems to lie in an inability to make anything more than the shallowest of emotional connections. The cruelest of criminals, such as sadistic serial killers who delight in the suffering of their victims before they die, are the epitome of psychopathy.[19]

Rehabilitation programs for violent criminals are now being designed specifically to increase physical-emotional self-awareness and hence, empathy.

Temple Grandin, a high-functioning autistic, explains that one of the characteristics of autism is the inability to experience complex emotions. This deficit, while leaving the autistic person innocent of criminality, limits the ability to form and sustain human relationships. She says:

> My emotions are simpler than those of most people. I don't know what complex emotion in a human relationship is. I only understand simple emotions, such as fear, anger, happiness, and sadness. . . . I don't understand how a person can love someone one minute and then want to kill

> him in a jealous rage the next. I don't understand being happy and sad at the same time. . . . As far as I can figure out, complex emotion occurs when a person feels two opposite emotions at once.[20]

Her observations make us aware of what we tend to take for granted—that normal emotional experience surrounding human relationships is richly varied, complex, and even paradoxical, requiring a sophisticated level of processing. Emotional interchange follows its own nonrational order and requires not only careful self-observation but also the ability to access, sort, and assimilate massive amounts of sensory data. In order to overcome the sensory disintegration and overload that autistic people commonly experience in their attempts to interact with others, Ms. Grandin invented a "squeeze machine" that could be adjusted to provide gentle pressure to both sides of her body. This device enabled her to settle down enough to tune in to her physical-emotional experience and make connections:

> To have feelings of gentleness, one must experience gentle bodily comfort. As my nervous system learned to tolerate the soothing pressure from my squeeze machine, I discovered that the comforting feeling made me a kinder and gentler person. . . . It wasn't until after I had used the modified squeeze machine that I learned how to pet our cat gently. He used to run away from me because I held him too tightly. . . . After I experienced the soothing feeling of being held, I was able to transfer that good feeling to the cat. As I became gentler, the cat began to stay with me, and this helped me understand the ideas of reciprocity and gentleness.
>
> From the time I started using my squeeze machine, I understood that the feeling it gave me was one that I needed to cultivate toward other people. It was clear that the pleasurable feelings were associated with love for other people.[21]

The courage and honesty with which Ms. Grandin approaches her peculiar life experience and the level of physical-emotional facility she has been able to develop as a result leave the rest of us without excuse. These are skills most of us can learn as we open our hearts to the gifts of mortality.

On reflection, we realize that the best friend or lover, parent or teacher, is one who can be aware of and sensitive to what we think and feel on levels that may not be logically obvious. We appreciate when someone has been willing and able to read our body language, our tone of voice, the subtleties of our facial expression, the even subtler vibrations of our stumbling spirits. In these ways we feel known and accepted, valued and loved,

in a more real and immediate way than having to guess it based on how many casseroles we have received, or deduce it based on certain words or phrases. Our identity and worth is confirmed directly. Beyond the blessings God bestows (or doesn't bestow) and beyond any scriptural promise, it is the experience of God as empath that finally convinces human beings of his sincere love for them. A God who is without body, parts, and passions, or who is disconnected from his own experience of them, could never serve as lover of the human soul.[22]

I would propose that it is not by fleeing from our earthly physical and emotional experience that we gain mastery over it, but rather by engaging it fully. I would propose that God himself is physically and emotionally competent on just such a basis. Only through emotional and physical self-awareness can we hope to access the empathy that motivates a genuine morality as opposed to a superficial, externally directed hypocrisy. What we most desperately need to give ourselves and one another is simply this: honest attention.

Sensual-Emotional Competence

I stress again that, in saying that we should fully embrace our passions and drives, I am not suggesting that we abandon traditional moral codes and become vulgar or promiscuous. Heaven forbid; for just as surely as one comes to himself, he comes to God. As Brigham Young observed, "No man can know himself unless he knows God, and he cannot know God unless he knows himself."[23] In considering the nature of Eros, it is important to distinguish between erotic love as ego-dissolving, desire-merging empathy, which encompasses a wide variety of human interactions and always, consciously or not, includes God in the equation; and the selfish and loveless "erotic" experience grounded in sexual brutality—for any loveless (antipathetic) experience of the sensual or sexual is necessarily brutal and brutish. In truth, there should be two entirely different terms for these two very different experiences.

I am using Eros to mean the fertile creative-generative love which, in its symbolic and actual purity, is the ultimate in goodwill, and not to mean sexual tyranny or brutality. That is its counterfeit, an unwhole approach, act unattached to and unconcentric with selfhood, otherhood, and godhood. In order to act without empathy, we must divide our intellects, our emotions, and our bodies into separate compartments, we must divide our own experience from our neighbor's experience, and we must divide

our souls from God's. This state of divided consciousness is the hallmark of the modern age, the result of a conception of ourselves as machines and cogs within machines. Such thinking emphasizes differences in form and function rather than similarities and connections. The machine model has proven useful in many practical ways but reaches its limits in application to things human—ergo, things divine. It has led us to think of our bodies as some sort of external cage or transportation device or holding tank for our minds/spirits, and to further compartmentalize the functions of the body into discrete systems.

The greatest challenge to medicine today is the exponentially increasing weight of evidence that no body system works independently of any other or independently of a social and emotional context. In one study, the greatest predictor of whether a heart surgery patient would recover was not obesity, blood pressure, or cholesterol levels, but a "yes" answer to the question, "Does your spouse show her love for you?"[24] Another study compared the life expectancies of two groups of terminal cancer patients: those who participated in a group where they explored and expressed their feelings about their illness and impending death, and those who did not participate. The results were astounding. The patients who participated lived twice as long as those who did not. The physician in charge of the study remarked that if such results were obtained by a drug, pharmaceutical companies would be battling for the rights to manufacture it.[25] The immune system has been found to be so intricately intertwined with the nervous system that a new field called neuroimmunology had to be developed. Further discoveries established such a strong connection between the psychological state of the patient and the functioning of the immune system via the nervous system that neuroimmunology was obliged to become psychoneuroimmunology. If the trend continues, we may eventually be led back to the truth that human beings are whole, with every aspect affecting every other. We may eventually be forced to relinquish the Cartesian mind-body split.

The inadequacy of the dualist concept of humanity has been the subject of a number of philosophical and literary works. The English philosopher Gilbert Ryle proposed that we have been duped into an inaccurate bifurcated conception of ourselves as a result of incorrect semantic bracketing, or what he called "a family of radical category-mistakes."[26] D. H. Lawrence lamented not only the alienation of our mind and spirit from our body, but that of human beings from other human beings, and

that of individuals from nature: "We plucked [Eros] from its stem on the tree of Life, and expected it to keep on blooming in our civilised vase on the table."[27] Emerson believed that by attending to life with rational understanding alone, man "masters it by a penny-wisdom; and he . . . is but half a man." In losing his coherence, "man is a god in ruins" and "he is shrunk to a drop."[28] As a result of such compartmentalizing and reductivism, we have lost sight of the fact that the erotic is a whole-person enterprise and instead have irreverently imprisoned it within only the body, and further shackled it down to only the genitals. In our unilateral view of the sovereignty of the individual, we have also lost sight of the fact that sex is a whole-society enterprise, indeed, a whole-universe enterprise.

Human heterosexual intercourse has been thought of by many cultures as the quintessential symbol of the cosmic order. It is the archetypal interface of opposites, the act that momentarily creates "a compound in one" (2 Ne. 2:11). Picture the arched body of Nut, Egyptian goddess of the sky, poised over the body of Geb, god of the earth, or notice the aniconic Linga-Yoni at the entrance to a Hindu temple. Once, passionate gods controlled the fertility of the earth and of people. Now, with birth control and genetic engineering, human beings control it. As humanity corrupts Eros, forgets who and what God is, and sets up cultures on false premises, as during the Great Apostasy and subsequent ages, it loses its cosmic roots, and sex becomes a mere thrill, an addiction, and eventually a banality.

As the lowest common denominator, promiscuous sex is the last sad, desperate attempt of the modern soul to relieve its isolation. The deep loneliness of disconnection from one's own emotional-physical sensitivity and that of others, as well as God's, drives the desire for pornography. A major theme of Walker Percy's *The Last Gentleman* (New York: Picador USA, 1999) concerns this reduction of man to his genitals, to a machine that voraciously consumes but is never satisfied. Much of contemporary art not only comments upon the reduction, but exemplifies it. Elder Jeffrey R. Holland has referred to this fragmented state as "the moral schizophrenia that comes from pretending we are one, sharing the *physical* symbols and *physical* intimacy of our union, but then fleeing, retreating, severing all such other aspects—and symbols—of what was meant to be a total obligation." He warns, "If you persist in sharing part without the whole, in pursuing satisfaction devoid of symbolism, in giving parts and pieces and inflamed fragments only, you run the terrible risk of . . . spiritual, psychic damage."[29] Evil consists of seeking satisfaction in decon-

textualized, partial imitations of deep and whole realities—seeking "happiness in doing iniquity, which thing is contrary to the nature of that righteousness which is in our great and Eternal Head" (Hel. 13:38).

Satan is an interesting figure in the way he utilizes the human propensity to vivisect reality through excesses of analytic thought. On the one hand, he wastes considerable energy encouraging the formation of unsustainable confederacies, or what the scriptures refer to as "secret combinations." These combinations are doomed to failure, as many strictly rational syntheses have also been, because they attempt to base a comprehensive system on partial and untenable assumptions and to employ means that are inconsistent with their stated ends. Witness here the tragic failures of Marxism-Leninism. At the same time that he fosters unworkable plans, i.e., lies, Satan also wastes energy attempting to fragment humankind and deconstruct the wholeness of the Father's inscrutable plan. He succeeded in separating Adam and Eve and their posterity from God, though in doing so he unwittingly furthered the "great plan of happiness" (Alma 42:8). He encouraged enmity between Cain and Abel. He continues to drive us to war by dividing our thinking in terms of "us" and "them." Ultimately, however, evil always loses because its destructive power has been preempted by the "great plan of redemption" (Jac. 6:8). The ships that have launched civilization's Nephis could not have been built without the help of its Lamans and Lemuels, and this is by design. Hegel's insight that the dialectic method will achieve ultimate good is thus corroborated in Mormon theology.

The Lord has allowed and utilized fragmentation as a means of lengthening out humanity's time on the earth, as with the confounding of languages at the tower of Babel, the physical dividing of Pangaea in the days of Peleg, and the scattering of the tribes of Israel. It has been proposed by philosophers of science (e.g., Hans Reichenbach, Karl Popper, John Searle) that the dividing and specialization of human consciousness that has occurred over the past several centuries has allowed for much genuine progress, and Mormons with their pragmatic cultural bias would not challenge that proposal. American Mormons are enamored of technology and scientific "progress" to the extent that they literally cannot imagine a heaven without electricity and automobiles. The downside of this sell-out (besides the fact that it has strained human adaptability past its limits and polluted God's handiwork to the point that the elements must now melt with fervent heat to catalyze the filth) is that it promotes a Socratic notion

of evil, in which human beings are seen as evil only to the extent that they reject knowledge and reason. We come to equate reason with good and passion with evil. For instance, we tend to think of Hitler's evil as consisting of unregulated passion, forgetting that he was one of the most intellectually keen and reasonable men of our day and that, without such traits, he could not have planned the systematic destruction of millions. Is the gospel reasonable? Yes and no. And of what value is human reason? Mormons are fond of saying that God is orderly, forgetting that Satan is orderly too—and in point of fact, human order more closely resembles the latter's.

Ours is not the only age in which reason has assumed superiority to passion. Pharisaism could be seen as the reduction and abstraction of early Judaic thought. Greek philosophy could be seen as a reaction to the excesses of passion exemplified in their myth. Kung Fu Tze (Confucius) and Machiavelli and Peter the Great could be seen as holding this view. But the modern age has spawned an unprecedented metastasis of reason that pervades every aspect of world civilization and threatens to destroy everything it and God have created. The Enlightenment dream of adolescent omnipotence has matured into a midlife postmodernist crisis in meaning itself. Hyperconstruction has only led to deconstruction and despair.

Fortunately, the dialectical tide has turned. If there is one message we cannot miss in the theology of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, it is that these are the latter days. We live in "the dispensation of the fulness of times" (D&C 27:13, 112:30, 121:31, 128:18) when all things scattered will be gathered together in one, "for behold, the field is white already to harvest" (D&C 4:4, 6:3, 11:3, 12:3, 14:3, 33:3, 7). We are the forerunners and preparers of a day in which "the enmity of man, and the enmity of beasts, yea, the enmity of all flesh, shall cease" (D&C 101:26). Those living today must find ways to heal a shattered world, and this healing begins within the individual soul. In our postmodern state of existential fragmentation, we have lost sight of those deeper realities, those layers of nonrationality that rely on symbolic apperception and the wholeness of a sacramental vision of the world. Such vision comes only through opening to the inner experience of one's mortal condition. And with that awakening eventually, if inarticulately, arises the heartfelt need for Messiah.

Jack Kornfield, American Buddhist leader and psychologist, tells of

a time when, as a celibate monk, he struggled with lust and sexual fantasy. After spending some months berating himself, he decided that rather than fear his sensual-emotional experience, he would face it honestly and without prejudgment. As he meditated and explored his deepest feelings with a self-accepting love and gentle curiosity, he came to the realization that beneath his lustful fantasies was a feeling of sadness and need, which he identified as "a deep well of loneliness." He reports that "by expanding my attention . . . and as I brought an acceptance to the feelings of loneliness, the compulsive quality of the fantasies gradually diminished."[30] This insight also gave him the opportunity to choose to fulfill his underlying desires in appropriate ways. Perhaps it was instrumental in his later leaving the life of a monk and marrying.

His most recent book, *After the Ecstasy, the Laundry* (New York: Bantam Books, 2001), exposes moral and ethical issues in the lives of spiritual leaders of the so-called non-revealed religions, and challenges adherents to confront what in the Judeo-Christian idiom is called "sin." As an attempt is made to integrate Eastern traditions within a modernist milieu and within American pragmatist society in particular, the uniqueness of LDS truth claims begins to stand out. It may be that the end result of "applied" meditative spiritual traditions is the acknowledgement of the Incarnate God, whose nature is fully revealed only within Mormonism's radical sacralization of the physical. Hans Torwesten, a scholar of Hinduism, ends his book on the Hindu metaphysical movement Vedanta with the proposal that true "advaita" (non-duality, or a unified peace) will occur on the face of the earth only when the breadth of Vedantic mysticism is coupled with the impulse of Christian brotherly love.[31] In the East-meets-West project, Mormon theology begins to shine as a uniting option. In doctrine, if not in practice, it encourages the synthesis of pragmatic and rational with physical-emotional and nonrational experience. As the Church moves into the future, the challenge for many American Mormons will be to learn to navigate internal states and develop facility in nonanalytic and nonverbal areas as a complement to their tidy legalism.

A further illustration of the benefits of consolidating rational and nonrational modalities is a rape prevention program designed by College of William and Mary professor John Foubert. Disturbed by a nationwide study that found that one in four college women has survived rape or attempted rape, he aimed his program not at the victims but at their potential attackers. Called the "One in Four" program, it teaches males how to

provide immediate support for a rape victim. In coming to empathize with the physical and emotional feelings of the victim, virtually all of the men attending the seminars report a drastic change in attitude and a long-term decreased likelihood of raping. One college saw a near one-third decline in sexual assault on campus after setting up a One in Four program.[32] The time has come to tend to the inner vessel, to *feel* what is right and let the consequence follow.

Emotional competence is essential to the repentance process. Much of what passes for guilt is in reality only fear that we are guilty. Unless we openly explore the feelings of our hearts, we cannot truly know where we stand with God and will either fail to repent of inappropriate thoughts and intents or waste energy, dwelling in the fear that the Lord has not accepted our repentance. We may give undue power to the opinions of others and rely on "the arm of flesh" to provide affirmation, substituting a stultifying social guilt for an empowering conscience. The sense of being forgiven is not an intellectual or rational one but a deep inner peace manifesting on a level of emotional and physical sensation—a "burning in the bosom." If we fear to confront our innermost motivations or, like Alma the younger, expose ourselves to the potential of being "racked with torment," we can never access the equally exquisite joy of having that torment dissolved through the atoning blood of the Lamb, and our religion remains a form of godliness, but without the power thereof. Ironically, the suffering of avoiding reality is greater than the suffering of facing it, because in the latter we face God and discover his love, which is the only true source of self-esteem and inner peace.

As important as obedience is under certain circumstances, outward obedience to a moral code does not guarantee or even necessarily prompt a sacramental vision. It can even obscure it. A man may marry a woman in the temple with all proper ceremony, yet treat her in the bedroom as if she were an object. A mother may have seventeen children and treat them all as if they were extensions of her own ego. Here are a few snapshots from my Mormon photo album:

A father carries his firstborn son to the front of the chapel to be blessed. He tucks the infant under his arm, football style, and when he reaches the front, tosses the child up and down a few times—he has seen other fathers do this, and so it must be correct. But the child flies as high as the father's head, like a basketball, arms splayed in fear, while the father's eyes are on his audience. Is he doing it right?

Later, in Relief Society, the baby sits isolated from human contact in his plastic baby carrier on the floor. He begins to cry, and his mother panics because she doesn't know how to make him stop. She shakes the plastic carrier with her foot while her eyes, filled with guilt and fear, dart around the room to see if anyone is staring at her, thinking she is a bad mother.

Mandy comes home to her apartment and sees the loaf of bread her foreign roommate has baked cooling on the kitchen counter. Suddenly becoming enraged, she flings open the door of her roommate's bedroom and shouts at her, accusing her of baking the bread just to make her look bad. When the innocent roommate begins to cry in shock, Mandy's rage increases, and she accuses the roommate of crying just to make her feel guilty.

An investigator attends her first Relief Society dinner. She has been taught that Mormons regard the body as sacred and has read the Word of Wisdom, and expects organic and nearly vegetarian food to be served by svelte, pink-cheeked maharanis. She cringes as she watches overweight, shapeless women jostle for fatty, overcooked, oversalted meats, artificially colored, artificially flavored sugar-water, and rich desserts. She selects a few limp vegetables and timidly sits down.

A young convert is elected to assist a woman in her death throes. She later finds that other ward members had been called upon but had refused the task. At the funeral, there is much giggling and small talk, but few moans or sobs.

A meditation teacher attempts to teach a group of Relief Society sisters to relax. She instructs them simply to let themselves sigh. Despite the teacher's example, only a few sisters give it a try, and most appear too embarrassed to vocalize a pleasurable response of the body.

These examples show a profound emotional illiteracy and a lack of reverence for and acceptance of the realities and responsibilities of embodiment—a highly ironic circumstance given the liberality of LDS doctrine regarding embodiment. One LDS philosopher and would-be relationships expert has gone so far as to propose that we entirely rid ourselves of anger and other so-called negative emotions, claiming that this will lead to happiness.[33] Such a position cannot possibly be construed from the doctrines of the restored gospel.

Some have reacted against the sensual-emotional numbness of Mormon culture by belligerently advocating a loosening of traditional moral

standards. Their anger shows, at least, a refusal to be blinded in the name of sight. Surely superficial living makes a mockery of Zion, puritanism denigrates an incarnate Christ, and the goal-oriented attitude that "gaining a body" has been accomplished in one stroke upon being born insults the process-orientation of a living God. But what these well-meaning reformers often fail to see is that vulgarity and promiscuity are just as divisive and limiting as prudery and just as much a mockery of our divine natures. One may correctly claim that God does not despise him for urinating, defecating, or having pleasurable sex with his wife, but he cannot in the same breath claim that this gives him the right to utter profanities in anger or to view pornography. In rejecting the image of God as merciless dictator, some have made the equally incorrect assumption that God merely tolerates us with a kind of detached apathy or amusement.

Physical-emotional illiteracy is a contagious dis-ease. The individual who has never been granted deep empathy by his or her parent or community has a very hard time envisioning a God who is present. The individual who has been brought up with fear and guilt about his or her bodily experience has a very hard time claiming agency in the world. The sense of powerlessness that results is the source of much sin, sexual and otherwise.[34] If the vicious cycle is to be broken, it is important for conservatives not to dismiss "sinning" nontraditionalists, but instead to enter into their deepest needs and converse with them there, where they are. It is equally important for liberals not to force their standards on those who function at a "less enlightened" level and are not ready for meat, but need the milk and honey of agency granted. This is an attitude of charity, as opposed to enmity. Ultimately, it is those who have discovered such com-passion and practiced the forbearance that issues from it who will qualify for sexual relationship in the next life. All others remain "separately and singly" (D&C 132:17), neutered and spayed for all eternity.

An important caveat here is that there is such a thing as purposeful evil in Mormonism (Mosiah 16:4-5; D&C 76:31-39). While most commit sin blindly, there are those who with full awareness choose darkness at noonday. Some people, no matter how much empathy they're offered, will only turn and rend. They're bottomless pits that suck in all light and never generate a thing. They represent the total absence of generative power—of Eros—which is damnation. They are sons and daughters not of God but of Perdition, meaning they display the inherited traits of an unembodied, asexual, a-creative being. Such individuals are not only going

to hell, they *are* hell; and one would have to contort oneself into a hellish posture in order to try to empathize with them. Captain Moroni discerned this about Ammoron and Amalickiah. Concerning certain mobbers and "base traitors," the Prophet Joseph remarked, "Such characters God hates; we cannot love them. The world hates them, and we sometimes think the devil ought to be ashamed of them."[35] Even charity has its bounds. "What, do ye suppose that mercy can rob justice?" asks Alma. "I say unto you, Nay; not one whit. If so, God would cease to be God" (Alma 42:25). "For the Spirit of the Lord will not always strive with man" (2 Ne. 26:11; Eth. 2:15). Yet as a general rule, most people respond to love, and it is that most irrational of attitudes that we as Christians wish to cultivate.

Charity does not compartmentalize the various aspects of one's own or another's identity, nor does it compartmentalize that identity by freezing it in time, either past or future. Love does not label or assume but leaves the door open to infinite possibility—i.e., repentance. The Lord said of Noah, "He was a man perfect in his generations" (Gen. 6:9), that is, within his dynamic time-space context. Georg Simmel, the brilliant late nineteenth-century sociologist and philosopher, observes: "Nothing more can be attempted than the establishment of the beginning and the direction of an infinitely long road—the pretension to any systematic and definitive completeness would be, at the very least, illusory. Perfection can be obtained here by the individual student only in the subjective sense that he communicates everything he has been able to see."[36]

This is something Mormons of all people ought to understand as a reflection of the doctrine of the eternal progression of human souls. We are perfect—or imperfect—*en passant*. The ground of the Mormon concept of being is a dynamic eternity, and that means not a succession of days, but rather an expansion of the Now.

Time and Eternity

Time is not an illusion in Mormonism, as it is in some traditions. Time is not a construct of the human mind, but one of the constructs of God by which he orders multiple layers of the universe. These "layers" or ascending levels of organization are described as "planets" in Abraham 3 and also in Doctrine and Covenants 130. In Doctrine and Covenants 88, they are called "kingdoms." Language becomes difficult when talking about alternative dimensions of space/time. As if in exasperation, the

Lord asks, "Unto what shall I liken these kingdoms, that ye may understand?" (D&C 88:46) The Lord resorts to analogy, simile, metaphor:

> The angels do not reside on a planet like this earth;
> But they reside in the presence of God, on a globe like a sea of glass and fire, where all things for their glory are manifest, past, present, and future, and are continually before the Lord.
> The place where God resides is a great Urim and Thummim.
> This earth, in its sanctified and immortal state, will be made like crystal and will be a Urim and Thummim to the inhabitants who dwell thereon, whereby all things pertaining to an inferior kingdom, or all kingdoms of a lower order, will be manifest to those who dwell on it; and this earth will be Christ's. (D&C 130:6-9)

The Abraham 3 passage repeats the idea that where there is one level of organization, there will be another above it, and so on, until one reaches God himself–the ultimate level of organization in the nested hierarchy. It's a stretch for those uncomfortable with ambiguity to comprehend the true nature of time and its relationship to eternity. Poet Wallace Stevens asks:

> Is there no change of death in paradise?
> Does ripe fruit never fall? Or do the boughs
> Hang always heavy in that perfect sky,
> Unchanging, yet so like our perishing earth,
> With rivers like our own that seek for seas
> They never find, the same receding shores
> That never touch with inarticulate pang?
> Why set the pear upon those river-banks
> Or spice the shores with odors of the plum?
> Alas, that they should wear our colors there,
> The silken weavings of our afternoons,
> And pick the strings of our insipid lutes![37]

If eternity were but an extension of time, it would mean only stagnancy and boredom. The celestial world shall have no more night and day, "for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Isa. 60:19-20; see also Rev. 21:23). At that point, "Satan is bound and time is no longer" (D&C 84:100, 88:110). This event reverses the effect of the Fall on time (Abr. 5:13). We may recall the "reckoning" of Kolob and the idea that "one day is with the Lord

as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (2 Pet. 3:8; see also Abr. 3:4) and assume this to be literal. Yet "all is as one day with the Lord, and time only is measured unto men" (Alma 40:8). The Lord says he "knoweth all things, for all things are present before mine eyes" (D&C 38:2). "All things are present with me, for I know them all" (Moses 1:6). To live in eternity, then, means to live sensate of the continuum of past-present-future.

Viewed in this way, it is easy to see how the Lord knows the future. In a manner of speaking, it has already happened and is happening (D&C 29:32-3)—hence, the image of the celestialized earth as a Urim and Thummim, a place where the entire picture is made known. Though freedom with its infinite possibility is preserved, in some realm the facts of all our history are already written. God knows the end from the beginning—in fact, he *is* the end and the beginning, "the Great I AM, Alpha and Omega . . . the same which looked upon the wide expanse of eternity, and all the seraphic hosts of heaven, before the world was made" (D&C 38:1). "The Lamb is slain from the foundation of the world"—*is* slain, not was or will be (Moses 7:47). Or expressed in a different way, "He comprehendeth all things, and all things are before him, and all things are round about him; and he is above all things, and in all things, and is through all things, and is round about all things; and all things are by him, and of him, even God, forever and ever" (D&C 88:41). Thus, time and eternity are not two exclusive realities, but the former is a manifestation of the latter, a relationship like that of ice to water or, to use an Eastern figure, of waves to the ocean.

It is difficult for the physically and emotionally impoverished to experience a God who is "in all things," who is involved and present in all we think, feel, and do, who not only personally urinates and defecates and experiences anger and pleasure, but is right there with us, and even within us, while we experience these divine realities. Immanence is not a much discussed topic in Mormonism, yet it is implicit throughout our doctrine.[38] Brigham Young disagreed with the idea proposed by Orson Pratt that the Spirit of God infiltrates all space on the basis that hell exists in space and has not the Spirit.[39] True enough; but that leaves all the known universe. Surely, this side of hell, God is everywhere present, and only the perception of him, to varying degrees, is absent. For what is presence without its perception? Like the question of the tree falling in the woods, this is a paradox—by definition, unavailable to reason.

Because we have not developed the ability to circumscribe paradox through a metaphoric vision of the world, we fail to see that the doctrine of the separateness of the members of the Godhead does not preclude their being one in more significant ways than "one in purpose." Joseph Smith articulates this simply: "Do the Father and the Son possess the same mind? They do. . . . What is this mind? The Holy Spirit."[40] Abinadi's ambiguity in Mosiah 15 suggests that the naming of the various members of the Godhead is a linguistic convenience, a formality that tells more about the conceptual boundaries of man than about the literal boundaries of God. Other scriptures echo this ambiguity (Alma 11:38–9, 44; 3 Ne. 11:27, 35–36; D&C 93:3–4, 14, 17; Col. 2:9). The Kirtland Temple dedicatory prayer (D&C 109) is addressed "in the name of Jesus Christ" (v. 4) to "Holy Father," "Lord," "Jehovah," "Mighty God of Jacob," and "Lord God Almighty." The LDS description of the Christian Deity, while differing from that of mainstream Christianity in certain respects, is closer to the "one in three, three in one" idea than we are ready to believe. The Godhead shares a "mind," and for Joseph Smith that means an entire consciousness with all its perceptive, emotive, cognitive, and storage-recall abilities, and not merely a set of goals. And, miraculously, the Godhead wishes to be one with us and us with them in the same fashion (John 17:21–23; 1 John 4:15).

Like any loving father, God feels our anger and frustration, weeps with us, and rejoices in our righteous pleasure. Enoch discovered this fact to his amazement as he witnessed the Father, and even "the whole heavens," weeping over the suffering of humanity. "Behold," he sobs, "they are without affection, and they hate their own blood" (Moses 7:33–37; see also Jacob 5:41–60). This view of God is more mystical than we have been used to with our emphasis on the discrete personhood of the Father. Yet we must admit that individuality does not prevent the Father—that is, his consciousness, which is inseparable from his bodily experience, since he is a resurrected being[41]—from being everywhere at once, seeing all, hearing and answering prayers, receiving and transmitting feelings, and speaking directly to our beings (the complex that is body-intellect-emotion-spirit) through the Light of Christ and the Holy Spirit. It would appear that individuality and conformity are not mutually exclusive concepts in LDS theology as they are in American thought in general and that, in order to embrace our theology fully, traditional Western definitions of identity must be radically reassessed.

The fact that Mormonism proposes a high anthropology—human being as potential god—has resulted in the misperception that God is lessened thereby. Mormons refute the one-sided accusations of *The God-Makers* and other sensationalist propaganda. Yet some Mormons go around ignorantly and irreverently speaking of godhood as if it were no more complex or mysterious than a canning project. While Mormon doctrine proposes a higher and fuller vision of human potential, at the same time it proposes a higher and fuller vision of God, one grander and more incomprehensible than that of any other theology, precisely because of its paradox. Though we are coeternal, God has always been and will always be above any of us (Abr. 3:19, 21). We will remain "indebted unto him forever and ever" (Mosiah 2:24) and not just until we reach some exalted state. He is "the Eternal God of all other gods" (D&C 121:32). Though his posterity continues to expand, God is not progressing.[42] He is "omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient."[43] Not one hair of our heads escapes his unfathomably expansive awareness.

The mystery of mysteries is why such a Being would bother with us at all, who are less than "the dust of the earth" (Mosiah 2:25). "Man is nothing," says Moses after his encounter with Deity, "which thing I never had supposed" (Moses 1:10). Is man everything, or is he nothing? The LDS answer is—yes. Is God somewhere, or is he everywhere? The LDS answer is—yes. God not only consists of discrete personages, but he is also omnipresent. He exists fully in multiple dimensions of time as well as in eternity. He *is* eternity itself. God not only loves, John tells us, but God *is* love (1 John 4:8, 16). And because of Immanuel, God is with us.

In this broader perspective, what we think and feel and do in any given moment is fully contextualized within not only our entire personal histories but within the whole of the salvation narrative. Everything we do is important, including eating and going to the bathroom, and can be not only accepted as a temporal reality but honored as an eternal sacrament. Our experience of the body and the emotions becomes eternal, not as we avoid the sensations of the present moment, but as we pay heed to them; for while the abstractions of the intellect create the past as memory and the future as projection, the sensations of embodiment reestablish us in the now.

In observing the workings of our own minds, we notice that we are very seldom present in the actual moment. For example, while eating breakfast this morning, I caught myself worrying about all the sewing I

needed to get done, planning and projecting how I was going to accomplish it. I decided to let that go and relax, and just let the sensations of the moment wash over me. Suddenly the bowl of rice pudding on the table in front of me sent up a tiny wisp of steam, and a simple delight filled me—what beauty! After the refreshing break from cogitation, I was able to resume my work with greater clarity. We tend to dwell on the past or the future and let the present pass us by. This is not to say that evaluation and planning are bad; of course, they're necessary and help lend meaning to life. But if we never open our full consciousness to the unencumbered now, remembering and projecting remain uninformed and degenerate into vicious cycles of joylessness. In the moment we touch the truth.

As I've become more accustomed to living in the now, I am less and less inclined to squander my attention on unproductive or poor quality input, such as the hyper-stimulation of TV or the glitz of the mall. When we open ourselves to the moment, our senses become so refined that we lose all taste for junk. We gravitate to those things that are more in keeping with our higher natures. When my uncle was on his deathbed, he marveled at the things to which he had never before surrendered his attention—the trees outside his window, the crease at the side of his wife's mouth, the curling hairs on the back of his own hand. His last words were, "How beautiful it all is!" It is in the present moment that we live, and it is in the present moment that we die. It is only in the present moment that we can exercise any agency at all, to decide and move and speak, only in the sensate now that we have any true power or existence at all. The rest is behind the veil and mere theory. In the present moment we act, once and for all, irretrievably.

I believe the essence of our fear of experiencing embodied life is this: a fear of our own incredible power to change the universe and everything in it, now and forever. It is a fear that mistrusts not only one's own deepest motivations, but the efficacy of a Redeemer to split time down the middle and transmute error both before and after it occurs.

Constructive Chaos

In chaos theory is a phenomenon called "sensitive dependence on initial conditions," also known as "the butterfly effect." Scientists dealing with natural systems noticed that, contrary to prevailing theory, an extremely small, almost immeasurable difference in the starting points of two curves led to large and erratic changes and an eventual breakdown in

the integrity of the system, interspersed with periodic returns to order. It was seen that while natural systems—the weather, the way water drips from a container, even the flip of a coin or the prices of domestic goods—proceeded according to pattern, there was an element of chaos that also occurred at regularly cycling points in the pattern and that led to its ultimate unpredictability. The sensitive dependence on initial conditions of natural systems is mind blowing. As mathematician Ian Stewart explains: "The flapping of a single butterfly's wing today produces a tiny change in the state of the [earth's] atmosphere. Over a period of time, what the atmosphere actually does diverges from what it would have done. So, in a month's time, a tornado that would have devastated the Indonesian coast doesn't happen. Or maybe one that wasn't going to happen, does."[44]

If we are observant of the creations of God, we will note that the primary difference between them and the creations of modern industrial civilization lies in this fact. While we strive to standardize and eliminate as much unpredictability as possible, God incorporates chaos into everything he does. Contrast, for example, an internal combustion engine with a maple tree. The engine is manufactured on an assembly line where the goal is precision. Each piece is made to within narrow specifications and assembled so that, as much as possible, the resulting products will be identical. On the other hand, I have been looking at maple trees for forty-seven years and have yet to find two identical. Neither will we find two identical snowflakes or schnauzers or human beings. I have a set of genetically identical twins as siblings. Yet it is quite easy to tell them apart, and more so the longer they live. As the human genome study has ultimately proven, genetics alone is unable to fully account for the vast intricacies of human diversity.

We can certainly tell a maple tree from a pine or a sycamore. When we plant a maple seed, we know that a maple tree will result. And yet, as the seed sprouts and grows, we cannot predict the exact number of branches or their angle, the exact contour or placement of each leaf. In the developing mammalian embryo, there is a general pattern for the routing of veins and arteries, but no way to predict their eventual branchings in any given individual. Some of us have two flexor tendons on the anterior of our wrists, some of us three. I have worked with cadavers and seen other examples of this kind of internal anatomical variation.

Because we have taken refuge in the mechanical model with its false sense of control, organic processes frighten us. We rush to inject stimu-

lants or perform a C-section when a birthing woman's body functions don't conform to the regularities of a labor chart. We are surprised and concerned when the growth of a child doesn't appear as a nice diagonal on a chart but rather as a series of spikes and plateaus. In spite of folk wisdom and developmental psychology, we are still taken aback by the "terrible twos" and the "tumultuous teens," brief and crucial chaotic interludes in the formation of the normal personality. The inability to be flexible and at peace with chaos only prolongs it and amplifies its energy to crisis proportions, as in the now-common "mid-life crisis." Clearly, human beings are not machines, nor even ghosts within machines.

I believe that the spark of chaos inherent in all created things is this: Free Will. Desire. Choice. Agency. Questions of sex and violence turn on this fact, because they represent the two poles of desire: creation and destruction. It is simple-minded to categorize either one as "bad" or "good." If we look around us, we will observe what the Hindus have long recognized—that the sexual and the violent, the creative and the destructive, work together as complements in the evolution of the universe. In the Mormon recognition of the sexual conception of Jesus and the fundamental necessity of sacrificial bloodshed, we see this pattern also. It is impossible to live even one minute without having destroyed something and created something else. We step on ants while wearing the skins of dead animals on our feet; we keep livestock and breed them and kill them; we copulate or don't and use birth control or don't; we paint and sculpt and speak and build and go to war; we manufacture antibiotics and thin carrots. Everything kills and eats in order to live and procreate and is in turn killed and eaten so that something else may live and procreate. It is impossible to experience agency without experiencing sexuality and murderousness.

Much insanity derives from the attempt to evade this fact. Some of us would rather not eat the apple, it seems. Simone Weil's anorectic and anti-sensual/sexual philosophy is one example. Once one is here, like it or not, there is no way out but through. As Jewish theologian Martin Buber expresses it, "We cannot avoid using power, cannot escape the compulsion to afflict the world. So let us, cautious in diction and mighty in contradiction, love powerfully."[45]

In his essay "In Defense of a Mormon Erotica," Levi Peterson excavates a profound theological truth: that the appropriateness of sexual expression must be contextually determined and that to fail to engage that

question is to fail to claim our mortal agency and embrace our second estate.[46] He then attempts to formulate a set of universal criteria, maintaining, for example, that non-sexual depictions of violence are more destructive than non-violent depictions of sex. I would say that both are equally destructive unless they are contextualized, not within a rational system, but within a sacred cosmic order; and today, virtually without exception, they are not. Violence and sex are equally potent exciters of the human psyche, impinging on us at the subconscious level of myth and archetype, the seat of our intuition and conscience. The notion that non-violent depictions of sex are benign ignores two important realities: that sex organs and acts form a psychic category distinct from that of other human organs and acts; and that what may be an appropriate and constructive experience for one person and under certain circumstances may be inappropriate and destructive for another and under other circumstances. Would we be tempted to buy a magazine depicting kidneys and spinal chords? And what would be the purpose of such depictions? Depictions of sex organs and acts hit us in a tender spot. They hit us in our agency. There is a need to move gently, to respect others' agency, especially when it is still in the formative stages. Additionally, there is a need to differentiate between visual portrayals and literary portrayals of sex in terms of impact. The processing of word-created images follows a more circuitous route through the brain, and therefore provides more opportunity to opt out. Visual portrayals are direct and immediate, with little to no filter between sight and storage.

Deconstructionism would have us assess the appropriateness of these various portrayals by self-reference, according to how they function within the limited reality set up by the artwork. Yet human art cannot supersede God's, and to ignore the wider context of eternal realities is to misunderstand the nature of choice. No finite formula, however liberal, can predict what is right in any given place and time in the complex flow of personal and global events or absolve us of the responsibility to work out our own salvation in moment-to-moment interaction with that context. The fact that the sacred record itself is permeated with violence and sex leaves us again with the question of context and only the hope of our own goodwill and spiritual discernment to guide us.

Because change is the only constant in this universe, and because we generate the motion as much as we are swept up in it, righteousness is a far more complex matter than we sometimes like to believe. Joseph Smith

taught: "That which is wrong under one circumstance, may be, and often is, right under another. God said, 'Thou shalt not kill;' at another time He said, 'Thou shalt utterly destroy.' This is the principle upon which the government of heaven is conducted—by revelation adapted to the circumstances in which the children of the kingdom are placed. Whatever God requires is right, no matter what it is, although we may not see the reason thereof till long after the events transpire."[47]

Righteousness becomes, then, a matter of attuning ourselves within a larger, even a cosmic, framework. The will of God appears not to be a static condition, but a bubbling up of eternity into time, a fluid dynamic that can take endless forms. Timeliness becomes the standard by which to discern good from evil. The corollary of this doctrine is that anything is possible. In our legal-mindedness we assume that moral relativism and anarchy must follow.

Such was essentially the reasoning exploited by Satan at the Council in Heaven before the world began. If human beings were given actual freedom and actual power, wouldn't too many souls be lost? Satan's stated goal was not to damn all humankind but to force them all to be saved—quite a revolutionary rendering of the traditional two-dimensional concept of evil (Moses 4:1-4). Evil in Mormonism consists most fundamentally in the denying of freedom of choice. In the divine economy, the worth of such freedom outweighed the horrible cost in damnation and human suffering. It was a cost Heavenly Father considered necessary if any soul was to progress at all. In fact, according to Mormon theology, choice was a component of pre-earth existence as well. One third of the host of heaven followed the desires of their spiritual hearts and chose not to make the attempt at a second estate (D&C 29:36). Agency predates even spirit organization and is an inherent quality of all matter, because it is an inherent quality of intelligence itself. "Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence" (D&C 93:29-30). In Mormonism, then, the relationship between human will and God's will becomes not one of acquiescence to imperatives, but of self-discovery and self-determination through exploration.

We meet God's will not with an expectation of competition or domination by either party, as if only one of us can win, but with an attitude of

seeking his contours like a lover, wrestling, pressing in on his will with all the force and careful finesse of ours, and coming to know both him and ourselves in the contrast. Eros is an apt analogy for understanding our relationship with the divine, because it reveals the generative and even volatile complementarity of the union. For all their boundary-breaching intimacy, two lovers cannot become one another; but paradoxically, they become distinctly themselves. In full nakedness, a full contact is made and relationship is complete. In the process, a "third thing" is created. Erotic love is generative—this is why it is called *making* love. It is in this metaphoric sense that creation *as act* might be thought of as *ex nihilo*. Kindness is made out of nothing, love is made out of nothing, decision is made out of nothing. Choice simply is, from all eternity to all eternity. Because erotic love is generative, the Creator "does not leave himself behind" in his existential projection into the universe. The Son is launched into form by the Father, while the Father remains whole and undiminished; in fact, glory is multiplied.

The marriage relationship in its highest expression represents an elevated status of agency. One moves from primary relationship by default—parent-child[48]—to primary relationship by choice, from childhood dependency through adolescent independency to adult interdependency. In Eros, we have matured to a position of trust. We are invited to be partners with God in the creative act. In granting virtually all human beings this power, Heavenly Father has entrusted us with each other's care and with the fulfillment of his plan to people the earth. The lover in the arms of his or her beloved is as vulnerable and needy as the infant in the arms of his or her mother or father. We exercise power over one another, entrusting each other with our identities, which are forever marked and changed by the sexual encounter. We also forever mark our children's identities with the impress of our own. Nowhere except in the taking of life does human will affect, or potentially affect, the designs of God than in the exercise of the procreative power. To organize a body of the materials of one's own body, to bring a soul to earth—or to take a soul from it—is serious business. Just as serious but less visible, wreaking havoc for generations, is the psychic mutilation inflicted by one whose sexual comprehension and skill are unwhole and inappropriate to context. For this reason sexual sin is considered second only to murder in Mormon thought.[49] Conversely, deftness in handling sexuality is second only to godhood. Brigham Young declared:

> The whole subject of the marriage relation is not in my reach, nor in any other man's reach on this earth. It is without beginning of days or end of years; it is a hard matter to reach. We can tell some things with regard to it; it lays the foundation for worlds, for angels, and for the Gods; for intelligent beings to be crowned with glory, immortality, and eternal lives. In fact, it is the thread which runs from the beginning to the end of the holy Gospel of Salvation—of the Gospel of the Son of God; it is from eternity to eternity.[50]

Throughout scripture, God himself uses sexual imagery to symbolize Israel's covenant relationship to him. The imagery of Christ as the bridegroom and the Church as his bride assumes a sexual relationship, not illicit but fully authorized by the Father from before the foundations of the world. Both the "prudes" who reject the erotic as a model of interaction with the divine because it brings sex too close to their idea of God and the "free-thinkers" who reject it because it brings God too close to their idea of sex miss the point that the entire creation is both holy and sexual. However, while this is a useful analogy to understand some important aspects of spiritual life that contemporary culture has missed for far too long, it should be remembered that it is only an analogy and can be taken too far. Every analogy breaks down at a certain point, and another one becomes necessary.

Multiple and Eclipsing Paradigms

The difficulty of expressing the whole truth of our experience on earth is described by the physicist Stephen Hawking. In discussing correspondences between apparently different theories of physics, he admits the possibility of a unified theory but warns:

> It may not be possible to express this theory in a single fundamental formulation. Instead, we may have to use different reflections of the underlying theory in different situations. It may be like our being unable to represent the surface of the earth on a single map and having to use different maps for different regions. This would be a revolution in our view of the unification of the laws of science, but it would not change the most important point: that the universe is governed by a set of rational laws that we can discover and understand.[51]

We are accustomed to thinking of maps as representational, but on reflection we realize the impossibility of accurately translating the entire curved surface of a sphere onto a flat paper. Sometimes we even think that north is "up," forgetting that this is an arbitrary designation and, more-

over, that we are hurtling through space in a planetary system which is spinning about in the arm of a galaxy, which in turn is spiraling and swirling about other structures in a vast cosmic dance. Suddenly we become dizzy with the realization and lose our footing. We seek security—something finite, something absolute, something that doesn't change. This state of being separated from God and cast into the fleetingness of life in time, what Vaclav Havel calls the "thrownness of being," is so disturbing that we are driven to great lengths in creating our own order, building things, establishing governments and institutions, imbuing our world with authority, cohesion, meaning. We write history books, erect memorials of stone and steel, repeat rituals, purchase and bequeath lands, bestow rings of diamonds and gold, all in an attempt to establish a sense of continuity. Though these institutions are the fruition of our individual and collective agency, we forfeit the tremendous opportunity that chaos affords us when we cling too tightly to a temporal form. Even the Church, as divinely inspired as its organization may have been, is but a temporary scaffolding for the building of mansions which are not of this world. True it is that the keys will not be taken from the earth again; but given the past record of human behavior, I would argue that the reason for this is not that the Church is exempt from corruption, but rather that the world is scheduled to end before the inevitable corruption fully ripens. The patriarchal order, driven as it is by holy desire, will replace the institution of the Church in the end.[52]

In any earthly institution, it is unwise to expect one program to suit everyone or every situation in the flux of time. Joseph Smith taught:

> We have reason to believe that many things were introduced among the Saints before God had signified the times; and notwithstanding the principles and plans may have been good, yet aspiring men, or in other words, men who had not the substance of godliness about them, perhaps undertook to handle edged tools. Children, you know, are fond of tools, while they are not yet able to use them.
>
> Time and experience, however, are the only safe remedies against such evils. There are many teachers, but, perhaps, not many fathers. There are times coming when God will signify many things which are expedient for the well-being of the Saints; but the times have not yet come, but will come, as fast as there can be found place and reception for them.[53]

The Church as institution must have one rule for everyone, and to be safe, it must cater to the center of the bell curve, or even the trailing end. But those capable of higher degrees of spiritual independence are

not hindered in their progression by a general adherence to a lesser law. Both the conservative who calls for the excommunication of the liberal, and the liberal who tempts excommunication by an attitude of spite and vengeance, are proceeding on the same false assumption—namely, that the Church, because it is true, has authority over personal conscience. It does not and cannot. "This is the wonder of this work," asserts President Gordon B. Hinckley, "that every man may know for himself. . . . It is the privilege, it is the opportunity, it is the obligation of every Latter-day Saint to gain for himself or herself a certain knowledge that this is the work of the Almighty."[54] The eleventh Article of Faith also affirms our belief in freedom of conscience. When the elders showed up on my doorstep, this is the reason I let them in (besides the fact that they were standing knee-deep in snow and visibly shivering). Whereas all other religionists had begged me to rely on their word alone, the Latter-day Saints said, "Don't take our word. Find out for yourself." It is easier, certainly, to shunt that privilege and responsibility. We like to give away our agency to others so that we can blame them for our situation. But in hiding from ourselves we hide from that God in whose presence alone it is possible for our "confidence [to] wax strong" (D&C 121:45).

I am reminded of a recent incident when a fan fell out of the window and hit me on the shins. I observed with interest that my first reaction was to seek someone or something to blame for my pain: my husband had not secured the fan properly in the window, the house was not constructed well and the sill was sloping, etc. How quick we are to toss out the gift of responsibility! Brigham Young had issues with some of the decisions of Joseph Smith but concluded that "he was called of God; God dictated him, and if He had a mind to leave him to himself and let him commit an error, that was no business of mine."[55] From this perspective, what should I care whether the leaders of the Church or any other persons are doing right? Let God deal with them in his own way and time. And what should I care even if they excommunicate me if I know for certain in my heart that I am right with God? Who is the greater authority, God's servants or God himself?

Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it, and this is a general rule that can be applied to other hierarchies of paradigms. For instance, the discovery of quantum physics does not exempt us from the necessity of applying Newtonian and even Euclidian formulas in various real-world situations, for example, the erection of a steel span-bridge or

the manufacture of plastic polymers. Human beings are not machines, but the machine model continues to dominate in certain arenas, and when in Rome . . . The punitive measures the Church takes are consistent with a more mechanical model of human interaction, but perhaps it is the model that produces the greatest good for the greatest number at present. Notwithstanding that this approach is a form of bondage,[56] the Lord expects more from those to whom more has been given; and in the case of those on the leading edge of the bell curve, this expectation translates as a searing and purifying patience, a divine commission not only to raise others' consciousness but to lead by example, as in the case of Jesus submitting to baptism, not because he needed it, but "to fulfill all righteousness" (2 Ne. 31:6–7). Mercy begets mercy.

A recent cyber-survey on the *Indianapolis Star* website asked, "What should schools do with students who fight?" The choices were: daytime detention, Saturday detention, suspension, expulsion, and arrest. I sent an email objecting to the fact that there were no merciful choices. Did anyone care to find out why they were fighting? What about counseling to train them in alternative methods of dealing with high emotion? I received no reply. Much of the world functions on the level of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," having never risen above a law of Moses mentality.

Mormon theology comprehends something important about sacred history: that there are multiple levels of the law which eclipse one another (2 Ne. 25:23–27; D&C 84:19–27), and that God reveals to people as sophisticated a level as they are capable of living. If freedom is to sustain itself over time, it must be tempered with obedience in a toggling motion from faith to faith, and from grace to grace. Lesser laws involve more literal and outward performances, but this does not mean that higher laws abandon the physical expression of faith for a rarefied, strictly inner experience. As Mormon theology would have it, the higher law encompasses the lower within itself, expanding its depth in the way that a circle becomes a sphere. In moving from terrestrial to celestial modes of perception/emotion/cognition/action (from "bodies terrestrial" to "bodies celestial") (D&C 76:78, 88:28–32; see also D&C 84:33), we awaken from a flat reality to reality in-the-round.

The Lord offered the opportunity to thus advance when he attempted to institute Zion under Joseph Smith. In speedily apostatizing from the unifying celestial law of consecration and setting up a false politi-

cal economy based on the divisive precepts of Babylon, the early members of the Church forfeited their opportunity to circumscribe many more paradoxes than polygamy. That this apostasy is a historical fact documented in scripture and other official records[57] does not seem to have convicted us of the fallacy of our desire to serve both God and mammon.[58] Despite its many pretenses and fence-straddling self-justifications, Utah never was Zion in the full sense of the word. The attempt to live by only half the program has suspended the Church in a state of limbo. And as at the fault line where two tectonic plates meet, friction develops and pressure builds.

In moving from intelligence to spirit organization to physical embodiment to godhood, we keep the organizing features of all earlier estates (D&C 77:2; Eth. 3:16–17). Dimensional transition takes place within a nested hierarchy of order. However, as in all natural systems, there is a chaotic friction that develops at the cusp of that eclipse, when a portion of the collective consciousness, represented at first by only a handful of individuals, is ready for the next stage of evolution. Such individuals are by design unable to thrive within the present paradigm, and are fated to suffer martyrdom of one kind or another in the convulsive process of upshift to a higher law. Jesus Christ is, of course, the most extreme example of this; but, in a lesser sense, all innovators, whether in art, science, or religion, experience the fire of this ironic friction.

From the standpoint of those whose thinking had calcified around the old law, some of Jesus's behaviors seemed questionable. Their choice was either to be flexible, to pass through the momentary phase of disorganization with equanimity, to change, learn, and grow—or to kill him. Flexibility, the self-permission to be completely wrong, is a prerequisite to living by the Spirit.

We look to Nephi's slaying of Laban as an example of the non-formulaic aspect of righteousness, but there is an earlier scriptural precedent in the story of Abraham and Isaac. Kierkegaard sweated in intellectual anguish over this story. It nearly drove him insane, because God was asking Abraham to do something taboo not only in terms of ecclesial law, but in terms of conscience based on deep psychobiological instincts of familial survival and affection. Traditionally, we have gotten around this theological conundrum by saying that it was only a test, that God never meant him to go through with the horrific deed. But Abraham did not know it was a test. Moreover this excuse cannot work in the case of Nephi's slaying of Laban, nor in the case of Joseph Smith's practicing of polygamy, which

the Book of Mormon calls "abominable before . . . the Lord" unless temporarily and specifically commanded (Jac. 2:24–30). Polygamy also conflicts with certain inborn laws that physically, emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually preserve the race. Taboos exist for some very good reasons. They protect and maintain our psychic and physiologic integrity through time.

For instance, the breaking of a taboo in the matter of abortion has proved to have devastating emotional consequences even decades after the event in women of all religious or irreligious persuasions. The breaking of the taboos against bestiality and homosexuality has resulted in a worldwide AIDS epidemic. Counselors' offices and jails are full of taboo breakers. The amount of psychic damage done to both victims and perpetrators of exploitative sex and their families is inestimable. I have had occasion to walk the halls of Riley Children's Hospital and note the large numbers of Amish families there, standing helpless in their bonnets and beards outside the rooms where their children die of congenital defects, the result of close inbreeding. We put excrement far from us because otherwise we die of cholera. Taboos, both those that are intuitive and those that are legislated through prophets, must not be dismissed lightly.

Yet if Hosea was commanded to marry a whore (Hos. 3:1)—indeed Jesus's genealogy contains two whores, a whore-frequenter, and a murderer—Ezekiel was directed to eat human dung (Ezek. 4:12) and so on, obviously there is some other principle at work.

The principle is this: God can only be known obliquely, by analogy. And any analogy for understanding God or any systematized way of relating to him in the world is necessarily partial and imperfect. Hence, the need for symbolism and a multivalent mythological corpus.

The partiality of models is illustrated by an old story about an elephant and three blind men. One day as the three men sat at a roadside asking alms of passersby, a strange creature ambled up and halted in front of them. Not recognizing the sounds and smells coming from the creature, the gentlemen attempted to identify it by touch. The first reached out and grabbed hold of a leg. "This is surely a strange creature," he said. "It's thick and sturdy, like a tree trunk." The second, who had grabbed hold of the tail, said, "Oh, no, it's long and delicate, more like a piece of rope or a snake." The third, who had grabbed hold of an ear, said, "You're both wrong. This creature is very flat and thin and broad, like a large leaf." The three sat arguing for some time, each convinced the others were

wrong. So it is with us if we fail to allow for the fact that we cannot know absolute truth absolutely, let alone express that truth in human language, whether it be the language of words, or of the arts, or of mathematics and science.

"Great and marvelous are the works of the Lord," says Jacob. "How unsearchable are the depths of the mysteries of him; and it is impossible that man should find out all his ways" (Jac. 4:8). How vain and silly to believe that because we have "the fulness of the gospel," we comprehend everything there is to know.

> For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
>
> But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . .
>
> For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. (1 Cor. 13:9–10, 12)

Apparently, not only are we humans limited in our everyday comprehension of things, but even after having been wrought upon by the Holy Ghost and having our minds opened to visions of eternity, we still at best can only "prophesy in part." Whether we view the past with our natural capacities or the future with our supernatural ones, what we see and can express is but a reflection of the totality that is God.

Joseph Smith confirmed this fact about prophecy when he said, concerning 2 Peter 1, "The things that are written are only hints of things which existed in the prophet's mind, which are not written."[59] Other than in the person of Jesus Christ, divine communication is not perfectly translatable into human forms. Paul notes that "we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered" (Rom. 8:26), as if to suggest that comprehension of the divine mind and will takes place on a visceral and intuitive level, and not a logical or linguistic one. The resurrected Lord himself prayed in this meta-physical manner as witnessed by the Nephite faithful. Having first "groaned within himself," Jesus

> knelt upon the earth; and behold he prayed unto the Father, and the things which he prayed cannot be written, and the multitude did bear record who heard him.
>
> And after this manner do they bear record: The eye hath never seen, neither hath the ear heard, before, so great and marvelous things as we saw and heard Jesus speak unto the Father;
>
> And no tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man,

> neither can the hearts of men conceive so great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard Jesus speak; and no one can conceive of the joy which filled our souls at the time we heard him pray for us unto the Father. (3 Ne. 17:15–17)

This account suggests that the inability to express, or even to "conceive of" such "great and marvelous things" is more than a matter of grammatical awkwardness or lack of education, or of a dearth of dictionaries. The veil of time not only allows us to forget our pre-earth life but keeps us suspended in mystery. This suspension allows us "a probationary state" (Alma 12:24) in which to create ourselves and the world we live in by exercise of personal faith.

The language of Adam, given as it was "by the finger of God" (Moses 6:46), was pure in the Garden, as was yet everything else. In contrast to evolutionary theories of language development, Mormon doctrine claims that the first man had both spoken and written language and that language did not evolve but rather devolved from its original power to translate the mind of God.[60] Historical linguistics is messy business, but it offers some secular evidence to back up the idea of devolution. "The ancient languages of our family, Sanskrit, Zend, etc., abound in very long words," points out linguist Otto Jespersen. "The further back we go, the greater the number of sesquipedalia. . . . The current theory, according to which every language started from monosyllable roots, fails at every point to account for actual facts and breaks down before the established truths of linguistic history. . . . Primitive languages in general were rich in all kinds of difficult sounds [and were] highly developed languages."[61] Mormon tells us that the writings of the brother of Jared, who had retained an early form of the Adamic tongue, were "mighty . . . unto the overpowering of man to read them" (Eth. 12:24). Of interest to us living in the last days is that "this same Priesthood, which was in the beginning, shall be in the end of the world also" (Moses 6:7; see also Zeph. 3:9). In the beginning was the Word, but the Word in all of history except A.D. 1–33 has appeared elusively, between the lines. As analytic philosophy has endeavored to show, human understanding functions within an epistemic and hermeneutic circle. The imperfection of our language itself limits our comprehension. Many centuries before Wittgenstein, King Benjamin admonished us to "believe that man doth not comprehend all the things which the Lord can comprehend" (Mosiah 4:9).

As the young Joseph Smith discovered, the Protestant notion of *sola*

scriptura—that truth can be reached by an appeal to scripture alone—is false. In addition to our perceptive, expressive, and interpretive limitations, Joseph experienced the communal dimension to the limitation of truth. "Paul saw and heard things which were not lawful for him to utter. I could explain a hundred fold more than I ever have of the glories of the kingdoms manifested to me in the vision, were I permitted, and were the people prepared to receive them. The Lord deals with this people as a tender parent with a child, communicating light and intelligence and the knowledge of his ways as they can bear it."[62]

Contrary to popular sentiment, there are and will be many messengers of this light and intelligence beyond just the prophets who administer the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "God hath not revealed anything to Joseph," said Joseph Smith, "but what He will make known unto the Twelve, and even the least Saint may know all things as fast as he is able to bear them, for the day must come when no man need say to his neighbor, Know ye the Lord, for all shall know Him (who remain) from the least to the greatest."[63] "The Lord doth grant unto all nations, of their own nation and tongue, to teach his word, yea, all that he seeth fit that they should have" (Alma 29:8; see also Mosiah 3:13).

> In the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams:
>
> And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy. (Acts 2:17–18; see also Joel 2:28–29)

"He that repenteth and exerciseth faith, and bringeth forth good works, and prayeth continually without ceasing—unto such it is given to know the mysteries of God; yea, unto such it shall be given to reveal things which never have been revealed" (Alma 26:22; see also Mosiah 5:3). These passages portray revelation and prophecy in a noncentralized way that many Mormons today would reject.

Since God knows all things, it is sensible that the knowledge of his ways includes every field of human study. Brigham Young taught:

> The business of the Elders of this Church . . . is to gather up all the truths in the world pertaining to life and salvation, to the Gospel we preach, to mechanisms of every kind, to the sciences, and to philosophy, wherever they may be found in every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and bring it to Zion. Every accomplishment, every polished grace, every

> useful attainment in mathematics, music, in all science and art belong to the Saints, and they rapidly collect the intelligence that is bestowed upon the nations, for all this intelligence belongs to Zion. . . . All the knowledge, wisdom, power, and glory that have been bestowed upon the nations of the earth, from the days of Adam till now, must be gathered home to Zion.[64]

We do not expect Church authorities to have knowledge of chemistry or architecture or marine biology. We accept the idea that when we consult a physician for an illness, there is no conflict with our religious practice. The authority of the physician does not compromise the authority of the prophets. We applaud those who use their talents to maintain the status quo—the engineer or doctor or business executive who helps us maintain our level of comfort in the world and our illusions of human competency and our pretended subjugation of nature. We are less inclined to admire the philosopher or the theologian because of the perception that the great questions of life are not to be decided secularly. Yet as long as they keep their strange hobbies to themselves, we tolerate their existence.

But when an innovator comes among us who truly stands at the cusp of paradigms and attempts to pry us from our comfortable cultural assumptions, we shove him to the margins of our village, like a leper. Because we cannot face the inadequacy of which he dares to make us aware (since that would require us to change), we project our guilt and fear and anger onto him and classify him as a heretic, insane, or evil. Such was the fate not only of Jesus and Joseph Smith, Paul and Abinadi, but of Copernicus and Socrates, Gandhi and Pasteur, Martin Luther King Jr. and Rachel Carson. Even Einstein was forbidden to mention his theory of relativity at the ceremony where he was to accept the Nobel Prize. (He was being awarded the prize for a less controversial paper on the photoelectric effect.)[65]

There is another type of innovator that has also been persecuted, in less obvious but not less painful ways. He or she is a type of revelator that has existed as a small percentage of the population across all cultures and all time. In many places and times, such individuals have been revered. In mainstream Mormon culture today, they go unrecognized (sometimes by even themselves) and underutilized. And yet the message they bear has the potential to increase physical-emotional awareness and competence and restore unity between doctrine and practice. The vision they seek to share has the potential to awaken those who are at ease in Zion, who cry, "All is

well in Zion; yea Zion prospereth" (2 Ne. 28:21), as well as those of the world from whom they have taken many of their cues. For as we have already mentioned, the Church is in a position of apostasy from the United Order, the celestial law of Enoch's Zion, and has been ever since it left Missouri (D&C 105:4–5, 101:17–20). And Zion cannot be redeemed until a sufficient number of individuals can comprehend a higher law. Who will prepare their souls?

[To be continued.]

Notes

1. Quoted in Hans Urs von Balthasar, *The Glory of the Lord: A Theological Aesthetics, Vol. I: Seeing the Form* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1982), 122.

2. For a historical overview of iconoclasm in the West, see Robert Elinor, *Buddha and Christ: Images of Wholeness* (Trumbull, Conn.: Weatherhill, 2000), 95–106.

3. D&C 131:7–8; Parley P. Pratt, *Key to the Science of Theology [and] A Voice of Warning* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1978), 79.

4. Joseph Fielding Smith, comp. and ed., *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith* (American Fork, Utah: Covenant Communications, 2002), 357–58; D&C 130:22, 132:20.

5. Ibid., 185, 315; see also Andrew F. Ehat and Lyndon W. Cook, eds., *The Words of Joseph Smith: The Contemporary Accounts of the Nauvoo Discourses of the Prophet Joseph* (Orem, Utah: Grandin Book, 1991), 207.

6. James E. Talmage, *The Articles of Faith* (Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1948), 466; John A. Widtsoe, *Discourses of Brigham Young* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1978), 50.

7. James R. Clark, comp., *Messages of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, 6 vols. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1965–75), 4:203–6; Edward L. Kimball, ed., *The Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1982), 25.

8. 1 Ne. 11:16–18; Bruce R. McConkie, *The Promised Messiah* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1978), 467–69, 473; James E. Talmage, *Jesus the Christ* (Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1946), 81.

9. Orson Pratt, "Celestial Marriage," *The Seer* 1, no. 10 (October 1853): 159–60, also http://contentdm.lib.byu.edu/cgi-bin/docviewer,exe? CISO ROOT=/NCMP1847-1877&CISOPTR=2915 (accessed September 21, 2006); Orson Hyde, March 1857, *Journal of Discourses*, 26 vols. (London and Liverpool: LDS Booksellers Depot, 1855B86), 4:259–60.

10. Bruce R. McConkie, *The Mortal Messiah* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1979), 466–67 note.

11. D&C 132:19,30; Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* 310.

12. First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve, "The Family: A Proclamation to the World," *Ensign,* November 1995, 102.

13. Jeffrey R. Holland, "The Grandeur of God," *Ensign,* November 2003, 70–73.

14. In Isaiah 63:3–5 the Lord accomplishes the Atonement through fury; see also D&C 121:43.

15. Eckhart Tolle, *The Power of Now* (Vancouver, B.C.: Namaste Publishing, 2004), 25.

16. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* 151.

17. Joseph Smith said: "Happiness is the object and design of our existence." Ibid., 262. Lehi said, "Man is that he might have joy" (2 Ne. 2:25).

18. Martin L. Hoffman, "Empathy, Social Cognition, and Moral Action" in William M. Kurtines and Jacob L. Gewirtz, eds., *Handbook of Moral Behavior and Development, Volume 1: Theory* (Hillsdale, N.J.: Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, 1991), 275–301.

19. Daniel Goleman, *Emotional Intelligence* (New York: Bantam Books, 1997), 106–8.

20. Temple Grandin, *Thinking in Pictures and Other Reports from My Life with Autism* (New York: Vintage Books, 1996), 89–90.

21. Ibid., 82.

22. Here and in other passages, gender-inclusive nouns such as "human being" and "humankind" and their accompanying pronouns "he or she" and "they" have been substituted for the author's preferred gender-inclusive nouns "man" and "mankind" and their pronoun "he," according to *Dialogue* editorial policy.

23. Widtsoe, *Discourses of Brigham Young,* 426.

24. Bernie Siegel, M.D., *Love, Medicine, and Miracles* (New York: Harper and Row, 1986), 183.

25. Goleman, *Emotional Intelligence,* 180–81.

26. Gilbert Ryle, *The Concept of Mind* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2002), 18.

27. D. H. Lawrence, "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" in his *Sex Literature and Censorship* (New York: Compass Books, 1959), 116.

28. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Nature" in *The Portable Emerson,* edited by Carl Bode (New York: Penguin Books, 1981), 47.

29. Jeffrey R. Holland,"Of Souls, Symbols, and Sacraments," emphasis his, BYU Devotional Address, January 12, 1988, http://speeches.byu.edu/htmlfiles/holland88.html (accessed June 30, 2005).

30. Jack Kornfield, *A Path with Heart* (New York: Bantam Books, 1993), 108.

31. Hans Torwesten, *Vedanta: Heart of Hinduism* (New York: Grove Press, 1992), 220.

32. Justine Van Der Leun, "The Good Guys," O: *The Oprah Magazine,* June 2005, 62.

33. C. Terry Warner, *Bonds that Make Us Free* (Salt Lake City: Shadow Mountain, 2001), 51.

34. That madness and crime arise not out of an excess of power but out of powerlessness is the thesis of Rollo May's *Power and Innocence: A Search for the Sources of Violence* (New York: Norton, 1998).

35. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* 128.

36. Kurt H. Wolff, ed., *Georg Simmel: A Collection of Essays with Translations and a Bibliography* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1959), 336.

37. Wallace Stevens, "Sunday Morning," in *The Palm at the End of the Mind: Selected Poems and a Play by Wallace Stevens,* edited by Holly Stevens (New York: Vintage Books, 1972), 7.

38. D&C 88:6-13, 37; D&C 84:88; Moses 6:61; 1 Cor. 6:19; Gal. 4:19; see Howard W. Hunter's commentary on Galatians 4:19, "Gospel Classics: The Real Christmas," *Ensign,* December 2005, 24.

39. Brigham Young, March 1857, *Journal of Discourses,* 4:266-67.

40. Joseph Smith, *Lectures on Faith* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1985), 65.

41. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* 322; *Doctrines of Salvation: Compiled Sermons of Joseph Fielding Smith,* compiled by Bruce R. McConkie, 3 vols. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1954-56; 1972 printing), 2:258-301.

42. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Doctrines of Salvation,* 1:5-10; Bruce R. McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine,* 2d ed. (1966; Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1979 printing), 239.

43. Joseph Smith *Lectures on Faith,* 2:2; see also 2 Nephi 9:20.

44. Ian Stewart, *Does God Play Dice? The Mathematics of Chaos* (Oxford, Eng.: Basil Blackwell, 1989), 141.

45. Martin Buber, quoted in May, *Power and Innocence*, 241.

46. Levi S. Peterson, "In Defense of a Mormon Erotica," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 20, no. 4 (Winter 1987): 122–27.

47. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, 263.

48. The issue is complicated by the speculation that one chooses one's parents premortally, but to my knowledge, such speculations have never been given doctrinal status.

49. Alma 39:5; Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine* (1919; rpt., Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1975), 309–10.

50. Widtsoe, *Discourses of Brigham Young*, 195.

51. Stephen Hawking, *A Brief History of Time*, tenth anniversary edition (New York: Bantam Books, 1998), viii.

52. Lynn A. McKinlay, "Patriarchal Order of the Priesthood," *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, 4 vols. (New York: Macmillan Publishing, 1992), 3:1067.

53. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, 146.

54. Gordon B. Hinckley, *Teachings of Gordon B. Hinckley* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1997), 645.

55. Brigham Young, March 1857, *Journal of Discourses*, 4:297.

56. Joseph Smith described it thus: "Now the fact is, if any of the members of our body is disordered, the rest of our body will be affected with it, and then all are brought into bondage together." Joseph Smith Jr. et al., *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, edited by B. H. Roberts, 2d ed. rev. (6 vols. 1902–12, Vol. 7 1932; rpt., Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1980 printing): 1:454.

57. D&C 101:1–9; 105:2–9; *History of the Church*, 1:453–54.

58. Hugh Nibley, "Our Glory or Our Condemnation" in his *Approaching Zion* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1989), 1–24.

59. *History of the Church*, 5:401–2.

60. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Doctrines of Salvation*, 95.

61. Otto Jespersen, *Language: Its Nature, Development, and Origin* (1922; rpt., New York: Norton, 1964), 420–21.

62. *History of the Church*, 5:402.

63. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, 151.

64. Hugh Nibley, *Brother Brigham Challenges the Saints* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book/Provo, Utah: Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies, 1994), 316–17.

65. Jim Holt, "The Time Bandits," *New Yorker*, February 28, 2005, 82.

Loose in the Stacks: A Half-Century with the Utah War and Its Legacy

William P. MacKinnon

> *Can you point me to that portion of Scripture in which a man is said to have scattered arrows firebrands & death & then exclaims am I not the spirit.* –President James Buchanan to Rev. Smith Pyne[1]

Introduction

With the Utah War's sesquicentennial commemoration now underway, it is appropriate to reexamine that campaign's origins, conduct, significance, and historiography. This article's purpose is to stimulate such probing. I hope to do so through the story of my own research and conclusions about the war over the past half-century—one-third of the period since President James Buchanan and Governor Brigham Young came into armed conflict during 1857–58.[2]

The "Why" Question: A Personal Odyssey

Before moving to my conclusions about the Utah War, perhaps I should start with the more basic question people frequently ask. Why has a Presbyterian Air Force veteran from upstate New York spent his entire adult life, not only in solving business problems in the Midwest, but also in probing the history of a mid-nineteenth-century army campaign in Utah involving the Latter-day Saints? The answer follows.

Like Professor Jan Shipps's contemporaneous, long-term foray into Mormon history from the world of a Methodist housewife, my journey was unplanned if not accidental. Unlike her sojourn, which began with immersion in the Mormon culture of Logan's Utah State University, my

epiphany came in the non-LDS college world of New Haven, Connecticut, during 1958.[3] There, at the end of my sophomore year, amid Yale's Gothic spires, gargoyles, and moats, I chose a history honors major. I then needed a topic for my senior essay, a required paper that was to approach the character of a Ph.D. dissertation. In return for this commitment, Yale largely exempted me from attending my last two years of classes. A lot was at stake with this trade-off, including my very graduation.

Seeking advice on a topic, I turned to my hero and unofficial mentor at Yale. That man was Howard R. Lamar, then a young associate professor from Alabama, whose wildly popular frontier history course—dubbed "Cowboys and Indians"—would have a profound effect on me as it has on several generations of historians and others. Unknown to me then was a future in which Howard Lamar would become a lifelong friend and Yale's Sterling Professor of History, dean, and president as well as a founder of the Western History Association and authority on Utah's territorial period.[4] After I made several false starts on my own, Lamar suggested a topic, new but intriguing to me. It was one for which the library's manuscript collection had extensive, unexploited primary sources: the Utah War of 1857–58. This suggestion propelled me to the mother lode—the Yale Collection of Western Americana—where I introduced myself to its curator, Archibald Hanna Jr. Archie Hanna was a Massachusetts Yankee and a survivor of World War II's Pacific theater, then in the early stages of an extraordinary thirty-year run in making Yale the leading force that it is today in the study of Western Americana. As formidable as this archivist-marine then seemed to a teenager, Archie, too, was to become and remain a friend.[5]

After Hanna's guided tour through his Utah War materials—acquired in the 1940s as part of the enormous trove of Western Americana donated by William Robertson Coe—I concluded that this topic was indeed both fascinating and manageable. Once the Yale Department of History sanctioned this choice, I hurtled into the strange new world of the 1850s, territorial Utah, and antebellum Washington politics. Two years later I emerged from this daunting experience with a senior essay that won the Yale Library's Walter McClintock Prize while helping me to graduate with a B.A. degree in history magna cum laude and election to Phi Beta Kappa.[6]

Although still intrigued by Western Americana and the Utah War, for a variety of personal reasons I chose as my vocation business and fi-

nance. Accordingly I moved immediately from Yale to the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration in Boston to pursue an MBA degree. I barely realized that George Albert Smith, son of the LDS Church president and great-grandson of the Mormon apostle, both of the same name, then taught at the Harvard Business School. But from this base—on weekends—I mined Harvard College's own substantial manuscript collection across the Charles River at Houghton Library.

With Howard Lamar's long-distance encouragement, I also used precious spare time to convert part of my Yale senior essay into a journal article. During the winter of 1961-62 he urged me to submit this piece to his Salt Lake City friend, Everett L. Cooley, then director of the Utah State Historical Society and editor of its *Quarterly*. Although I did not know it until years later, the title of Everett Cooley's 1947 master's thesis at the University of Utah had been "The Utah War." He accepted my manuscript submission; and in the spring of 1963, the article—my first—appeared in *Utah Historical Quarterly*. In retrospect, the publication of this article was a key motivator for the life-long immersion in Utah War studies to follow.[7]

By 1963 I had graduated from Harvard, had been on active duty with the Air Force in Texas, and had started six years as a reservist in New York State while simultaneously working as a financial analyst in General Motors' Manhattan corporate treasurer's office. There, the reaction to the *Utah Historical Quarterly* article was quizzical. Thomas A. Murphy and Roger B. Smith—my young bosses, both of whom would become GM's chief executive officer and board chairman—asked why I was spending so much of my spare time on such an obscure subject.[8] Notwithstanding skepticism from the business types, but never from my bride, the former Ann T. Reed, I quietly pressed on with historical research at ragged intervals. To the extent that a grueling work style at General Motors permitted, I began to draft a unit history of the Utah Expedition's virtually unknown volunteer battalion.[9] Everett Cooley's earlier editorial confidence in my work as well as the subsequent use of my first article during the mid-1960s by Howard R. Lamar, Juanita L. Brooks, James B. Allen, and Glen M. Leonard was highly motivating.[10] On Saturdays I worked my way through the New York Public Library's wonderful manuscript collections as well as many of those in Washington at the National Archives and Library of Congress. With the invention of the Xerox 914 machine, I was able to extend my research range by obtaining photocopied materials by mail from

almost anywhere. Clearly I had fallen victim during the 1960s not only to the Utah War's powerful mystery, complexity, and color but also to the aptness of the comment by the late Dale L. Morgan, "I find the more I find out, the more I need to find out."[11]

Coincident with this civilian activity, the war in Vietnam welled up unexpectedly, then grew in ferocity. For years my air squadron—activated and assigned to Germany for the Berlin Wall crisis of 1961–62—prepared monthly to support jungle warfare in southeast Asia for which, mysteriously, we were never called. Instead we deployed to such far-flung but improbable operational locations as the sands of the Mojave Desert and Cape Cod, my ancestral ice-bound home in Newfoundland, and again to the lush, pastoral hilltops (radar sites) of southern Germany. I sometimes wondered what Brigham Young would have thought about this Catch-22-like federal military experience.[12] Soon after the 1968 Tet offensive, I was discharged from the reserves unscathed except for a minor encounter with a gasoline explosion.

The years turned into decades, and I continued to research and publish in a variety of journals throughout the West and even in England. After Everett Cooley moved to the University of Utah and its Marriott Library, my editor at the *Utah Historical Quarterly* became Stan Layton. He, like Everett, became a long-time friend. General Motors transferred me from New York to Detroit in 1972, I switched career fields from finance to human resources, and in 1982 I became a GM corporate vice president—a sort of managerial dean and advocate for the organization's 200,000-person salaried workforce during the stunningly turbulent leadership of Roger Smith and, briefly, of H. Ross Perot. In 1987 I left the company after twenty-five years to found my own management consulting firm, MacKinnon Associates. Although I did not think of my GM years in quite this way at the time, what I took with me included an intimate, valuable understanding of the leadership and travails of an organization that in some ways was as structured, sprawling, and complex as the U.S. Army and LDS Church, albeit one with a quite different mission.

Two years later, both my wife and her mother died of cancer, and I did my best to help our two children proceed through high school and college into adulthood. Partly to cope with this turmoil, I immersed myself not only in consulting work but in the design and organization of a conference in Pennsylvania to examine James Buchanan's presidency at the bicentennial of his birth.[13] At about the same time, I also embarked on

plans for a narrative history of the Utah War to be written collaboratively with friend Richard D. Poll, then a retired history professor and university administrator living in Provo. When Dick Poll died unexpectedly in 1994—another heavy blow—I shelved our narrative history project, although to honor him I did complete a journal article on the Utah War's origins which we had started together.[14] In 1993, I married again—fortuitously to a very positive, supportive Patricia M. Hanley.

During 1996 I was remotivated with the serendipitous discovery that the Arthur H. Clark Company of Spokane was planning to commission a documentary history of the Utah War. This book was to be part of the firm's exciting, new, multi-volume series *KINGDOM IN THE WEST: The Mormons and the American Frontier.* A telephone call to Robert A. Clark, the firm's owner-president, established that the series had not yet identified either an author-editor or a title for its Utah War volume but was open to suggestions.[15] Although I had previously considered writing only a narrative history of the Utah War—a volume to build on Norman F. Furniss's classic 1960 study—the quite different challenge of an edited documentary compilation intrigued me. A book in this format struck me as a logical way-station for a subsequent narrative study of the type that I had originally planned with Dick Poll. Bob Clark liked the idea and urged me to introduce myself to William Grant Bagley, his KINGDOM IN THE WEST series editor and an independent Salt Lake City historian of whom I had virtually no prior awareness.[16]

From our first telephone call, Will and I hit it off immediately. After reexamining the Hafens' 1958 documentary history of the Utah Expedition—published by Bob Clark's father—I realized that there was indeed a need for a new such compilation. I submitted a formal proposal to Clark and Bagley, calling for a study that would use the Hafens' book as a point of departure rather than one to rehash or deconstruct it.[17] My intent was to take advantage of the intervening decades of scholarship and to present, through unexploited documents unknown to the Hafens, a complete, fair, and balanced account of the Utah War. They accepted this proposal. For the third time, I moved deeper into a commitment to the fascinating world of Utah War studies while juggling the other demands of my professional and personal life.

And so for nearly a half-century, one irresistible Utah War challenge has led me to another. Each of these challenges has been reinforced by a wonderful series of interconnected historical and documentary discover-

ies. For me these linkages are suggestive of the prophet Ezekiel's vision of the valley of the dry bones (Ezek. 37:1–10). Since 1958 the result of all this stimulating activity has been a steady flow of articles, essays, and book reviews for more than thirty journals and encyclopedias. Early in 2008, the first part of my two-volume study titled *At Sword's Point: A Documentary History of the Utah War of 1857–1858* will emerge from Arthur H. Clark Company and its new parent, the University of Oklahoma Press. The call of still other books and articles beckons once I complete this substantial current commitment. I am also engaged in the work of two other organizations: the Mormon History Association, on whose council I have been serving; and the Utah War Sesquicentennial executive committee, a group that I helped to establish in late 2004 to commemorate and honor the participants on both sides of the conflict while stimulating new knowledge about their experiences.[18]

Lessons Learned

With this personal story as background, what observations do I have about the Utah War and its historiography? Nine conclusions strike me as the most important.

The Unknown Utah War

First and most basically, I must report that—alas—the Utah War is still shrouded in obscurity. Notwithstanding the passage of 150 years and the work of some talented historians, the conflict remains wholly unknown to all but an incredibly small percentage of the American public. Over the decades—even today—most friends and acquaintances react to the subject of my research and writing activities with the question: "Why didn't I hear about this conflict in school?"[19] The relatively recent flow of narrative histories and novels about the Mountain Meadows Massacre—the Utah War's worst tragedy—has generated substantial short-term heat about that disaster but varying degrees of light about the broader military campaign that spawned it.[20] For example, in June 2003 Professor Jean H. Baker, a respected historian of Maryland politics working under the editorial guidance of Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., brought out the most recent biography of President James Buchanan. In it, she dispatched the Utah War and Buchanan's role in it with five muddled paragraphs supported by a single footnote.[21] Lost—or at least overlooked again—were decades of some fine but largely unknown scholarship on this subject. If

most American high school students do not know when the Civil War took place and why, I suppose that ignorance of the Utah War should not be wholly surprising. General Motors' Tom Murphy and Roger Smith have not been alone.[22]

A corollary to this finding is that, even among Utahns and Latter-day Saints, awareness of the Utah War is in a state that I would describe as incomplete to foggy. For many people, the label "Johnston's Army"—pervasive in Utah but unknown elsewhere—seems to say it all. As often used, this moniker telegraphs the story of another incident in the long litany of Mormon persecution, with the U.S. Army cast in the role of heartless oppressor, hapless giant, or both. If pressed for details, some Utahns might be able to recite an account of unwarranted federal intervention or colonialism, but such descriptions tend to take on the flavor of an expensive but bloodless David-versus-Goliath affair—an opera bouffé without casualties. Here James Buchanan often assumes the almost cartoonish image of a doddering bachelor bumbler, while the much-married Brigham Young is consistently cast as a crafty, homespun military genius playing the role of a nimble mountain Robin Hood to "Old Buck's" blundering Sheriff of Nottingham.[23] Utahns often remember the Nauvoo Legion roles of Major Lot Smith and Captain Porter Rockwell, but the sole federal name that the public has retained through the centuries is Johnston's. Like "Seward's Folly," the 1867 label devised to denigrate the federal acquisition of Alaska for $7 million, "Johnston's Army" is employed dismissively even today. The Utah War was far from simple, trivial, or bloodless.

What accompanies such a limited perspective is what I call a "freezing in time," a belief that the war and the significance of the people involved ended on a single day, June 26, 1858, when the U.S. Army marched through the deserted streets of Salt Lake City. But for many of the people on both sides, the Utah War was a foundational experience, perhaps even an epiphany, which launched them into even more heroic and tragic adventures. In reality, the Utah War forms an exotic but largely unrecognized connection among rich, colorful, and fascinating personal stories involved with shaping post-1858 Mormonism, Utah, and the West. Lost in the process is an understanding of the war's complex, downstream impact on the lives of the participants on both sides after 1858.

When I discovered that a very bright Mormon friend from Wisconsin had no idea that Albert Sidney Johnston later became the Confeder-

acy's leading general and had died a hero in 1862 at Shiloh, I started digging. From such research came the extraordinary, colorful, but neglected stories of hundreds of Utah War veterans. On the federal side alone appear such individuals as:

- Captain John Cleveland Robinson, Fifth U.S. Infantry, who became a Union major general, lost a leg, and was awarded the Medal of Honor for valor at Gettysburg. He went on to command the Grand Army of the Republic and to serve as New York's lieutenant governor.
- Private John Sobieski, Tenth U.S. Infantry, an immigrant claiming descent from a seventeenth-century Polish king, who served throughout the Civil War and became a colonel in the Mexican army.
- Second Lieutenant William H. F. ("Rooney") Lee, Sixth U.S. Infantry, who dropped out of Harvard in the spring of 1857 to serve in Utah against the wishes of his distinguished father, Robert E. Lee, before becoming the Confederacy's youngest major general.
- Private John Jerome ("Johnny") Healy, Second U.S. Dragoons, who became sheriff of Fort Benton, Montana, a co-founder of Alberta's whiskey-soaked Fort Whoop-Up, coiner of the Canadian Mounties' unofficial motto ("They always get their man"), an Alaskan gold-rush trading and transportation magnate for Chicago's Cudahy family, and the model for a central figure in Jack London's first novel.
- Benjamin Franklin Ficklin, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, who served Albert Sidney Johnston as a civilian guide and acting U.S. marshal for Utah before becoming a Pony Express superintendent, a Confederate blockade-runner, and the Civil War owner of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello.
- George Sheppard and David Poole, Utah Expedition teamsters, who joined William C. Quantrill's Confederate guerrillas during the Civil War. Sheppard later rode with the Jesse James-Cole Younger gang of bank robbers.
- Corporal Myles Moylan, Second U.S. Dragoons, who was both commissioned and cashiered during the Civil War, reenlisted as a private under an alias, was commissioned again, transferred to the Seventh U.S. Cavalry, and retired as a major in 1893 after surviving the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876 and receiving the Medal of Honor for his role in the 1877 campaign against the Nez Perce.

- Private Ben Clark, Bee's Battalion of U.S. Volunteers, who later became fluent in Cheyenne and served as chief scout and interpreter for Generals George Armstrong Custer, Philip H. Sheridan, William Tecumseh Sherman, and Nelson A. Miles during the post-war plains campaigns.

It is not surprising to me, then, that a Michigan friend, son of the late Governor George W. Romney, was aware that one of his great-grandfathers, Charles H. Wilcken, had deserted from the Utah Expedition's Fourth U.S. Artillery in 1857, but did not realize that, as a Mormon convert, Wilcken had become coachman, bodyguard, nurse, and pallbearer for LDS Church Presidents John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff as well as an adopted son of Apostle George Q. Cannon. What a story!

Lost along with an appreciation of these heroes, rogues, and solid citizens has been an understanding of the multiple political and cultural forces set in motion by the conflict—some of them unresolved to this day. Among such societal forces are a boom-bust volatility in Utah's economy, Russia's decision to sell Alaska, the English decision to form the province of British Columbia, the Anglo rediscovery of the Grand Canyon, the near-dismemberment of Utah politically in six territorial "bites," and a pervasive anti-federalism known in today's West as the Sagebrush Rebellion. Although few people realize it, the Utah War had individual, economic, political, geographic, and cultural consequences long after Albert Sidney Johnston marched through Salt Lake City.[24]

How does one explain this historical amnesia about the nation's most extensive and expensive military embroilment during the period between the Mexican and Civil wars? Although several factors have been in play over the past century and a half, my belief is that this benign neglect comes mainly from the overshadowing impact of the Civil War. Important as the Utah War is, it pales in all respects to the subsequent carnage, upheaval, cost, and consequences of the great national struggle from which Brigham Young and Utah essentially opted out. In many respects the two conflicts and their ensuing historical treatment resemble the relationship between the Spanish Civil War and World War II or that of the Allies' 1942 Dieppe raid to the massive Normandy invasion of 1944—the relationship of a soon-forgotten smaller conflict that was precursor to a monumental bloodbath.

An additional historiographical dynamic to consider is a more elu-

sive one that I call the "heartburn factor." Both the U.S. government and the LDS Church have had reasons—albeit quite different—for deemphasizing their activities during 1857–58.

From the federal side, both General Winfield Scott and President James Buchanan gave the campaign short shrift in publishing their memoirs.[25] This deemphasis probably stemmed from their preoccupation with defending their controversial Civil War roles. No doubt these two federal leaders were also aware of the extent to which, even in the 1860s, the public perceived the Utah Expedition as an enormously expensive misjudgment that did little to help the nation during its disastrous slide toward disunion. Buchanan's three most recent biographers have devoted fewer than ten paragraphs each to the Utah War.[26] With the army flummoxed by poor planning, late decisions, the Nauvoo Legion, and severe weather, the government that Buchanan led could bring itself to brevet only one officer for his role in the campaign.[27]

Until 1988 the U.S. Army's most significant discussion of what it long called the "Mormon rebellion" was a 1903, four-paragraph account sandwiched into a review of the multiple civil disturbances since 1787 in which regulars had been committed to restore order elsewhere in the United States. Almost twenty years ago, this description was updated with a competent, twenty-five-page summary of the Utah Expedition that relied heavily on Furniss's 1960 book and took solace in his judgment that at least the expedition had accomplished two things: installation of a gentile governor and the establishment of a sizeable army garrison in Utah.[28] Over the decades, then, the army in effect relegated the Utah Expedition to an obscurity that it shares with the story of the U.S. military intervention in northern Russia during 1919.[29]

My intuitive sense is that part of the army's early reticence about the Utah Expedition was attributable to its de facto loss of the post-war public relations battle. With the outbreak of the Civil War and the development of senior Confederate roles for many of Buchanan's cabinet officers as well as Albert Sidney Johnston, Brigham Young seized the moral high ground. He and his proxies asserted that the Utah Expedition was essentially the result of early proto-Confederate conspiracies in Buchanan's cabinet to scatter the army, bankrupt the federal treasury, or enrich commercial contracting friends of the administration. Unable or unwilling to defend the 1857 actions of cabinet and military officers subsequently vilified as traitors, the institutional army remained mute about the Utah War

while Mormon leadership assailed the patriotism and motives of the Buchanan cabinet, if not the army's own hierarchy. Mormon behavior was akin to the successful post-war effort by Confederate leaders to forge the myth of the "Lost Cause" while virtually canonizing Robert E. Lee.[30]

Aggravating this neglect has been the pursuit of the so-called New Western History with its shift from traditional military history to a focus on the stories of women, minority groups, and the more exploitive aspects of frontier development. Although historian Sherry L. Smith detects something of a return swing to the historiographical pendulum, it is significant to me that her expectation of a greater interest in military affairs is limited to a renewed interest in the army's engagement in Indian matters. In her provocative journal article on this subject, Smith is mute on the possibility of probing army-Mormon relations, and she provides no hint that she and other historians are even aware of the Utah War, let alone likely to view it as a subject worth exploring.[31]

One hopeful sign for change among the army's professional historians has been their willingness to participate in conferences commemorating the Utah War's sesquicentennial and to include this subject on symposia programs.[32] Sustained progress on this front, with related changes to the curricula of the military's professional service schools, may improve the undesirable situation in which the army has been nearly as uninformed as the general public about the Utah War, its causes, and conduct.

With respect to the Mormon perspective, although many Latter-day Saints view the Nauvoo Legion's exploits during 1857–58 with pride, this positive view is often muted by acute awareness that the Mormon military organization that successfully harassed the Utah Expedition during the fall of 1857 had also committed atrocities such as Mountain Meadows. Mormon military action during the Utah War, then, has cut both ways.[33] These historiographical cross-currents—pride mixed with institutional heartburn—together with the U.S. Army's own reticence, have had a severe deadening impact on pursuit of a clear, full understanding of the Utah War.

The War's Origins and Accountabilities

In the course of understanding that the Utah War did not end on a single day, I also came to realize that it did not simply spring up on May 28, 1857, with the release of Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott's

general circular to army staff bureaus organizing the Utah Expedition.[34] So when and how did the Utah War start?

In many respects, the Utah War was a conflict in the making for nearly ten years, a long period during which Mormon-federal relations—already poor in Missouri and Illinois—deteriorated in Utah a year at a time beginning in 1849.[35] The conflicts involved a wide range of secular issues—the quality of mail service, administration of criminal justice, land surveys and ownership, the treatment of emigrants crossing Utah, the behavior of U.S. troops, responsibility for the 1853 Gunnison massacre, Indian relations and allegiances, Governor Young's handling of territorial finances and congressional appropriations, the accuracy of Utah's 1856 census, and the competence as well as character of Utah's federal appointees. Surrounding and compounding these bitterly contested federal-territorial issues were a series of even more volatile religious matters: plural marriage, the doctrine of blood atonement, and Brigham Young's vision of Utah as a theocratic kingdom (anticipating the Second Coming of Christ) rather than a conventional federal territory functioning through republican principles of government.[36] Small wonder that, during 1854–55, U.S. President Franklin Pierce schemed actively but ineffectually to replace Young as governor. Nor is it surprising that, by the summer of 1856 when the new Republican Party adopted an anti-polygamy campaign platform plank, a violent struggle of some sort might unfold.[37]

Since early in the twentieth century, the accepted theory of many historians has been that the catalyst for the Utah War—the match in this powder keg of federal-territorial animosity—was the impact on the newly inaugurated Buchanan administration of three letters written by some of Brigham Young's harshest critics: W. M. F. Magraw, the disgruntled former mail contractor on the route between Salt Lake City and Independence, Missouri; Thomas S. Twiss, the alarmed U.S. Indian agent for the Upper Platte agency; and W. W. Drummond, the venomous, debauched associate justice of the Utah supreme court.[38] Not so.

Although Magraw's letter of October 3, 1856, was written to the president of the United States, the recipient was President Pierce rather than private citizen James Buchanan. Inflammatory as Magraw's letter was, there is no indication that Buchanan—elected November 4, 1856—was even aware of it until January 1858 when it surfaced from State Department files.[39] Twiss's letter, dated July 13, 1857, did not reach the U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, James W. Denver, until well after the Bu-

chanan administration had decided to intervene militarily in Utah. Judge Drummond's volcanic letter of resignation, written to Attorney General Jeremiah S. Black and dated at New Orleans on March 30, 1857, was indeed a bombshell that touched off a furor once it received national press distribution a few days later, thanks to telegraphic dispatches.[40]

But the real catalyst for the change in the administration's priorities and its decisions about Utah was not Drummond's incendiary letter. Rather it was the substance and rhetoric in at least three other sets of material received quietly but in rapid succession in Washington during the third week of March 1857, weeks before the awareness in early April of Drummond's resignation. This largely unpublished material, combined with the cumulative impact of nearly ten years of unremitting tension and the anti-polygamy backwash from the 1856 presidential election campaign, motivated Buchanan's cabinet to make two related decisions: to replace Brigham Young as governor, and to provide his unidentified successor with a large but undefined army escort.

To assess the dynamics of Buchanan's decision making during this critical period, then, one needs to understand the cumulative private-public effect of all of this material and its sequencing. Drummond's resignation letter alone represents only part of the complex story that unfolded first in Washington and then nationally.

The full story of these catalytic documents and their text will soon appear in my documentary history of the Utah War. In summary, though, the first set of material consisted of two memorials and accompanying resolutions dealing with federal appointments adopted by Utah's legislative assembly on January 6, 1857. Upon adoption, these documents were sent from Salt Lake City to Territorial Delegate John M. Bernhisel via the San Bernardino-Panama mail. This material arrived in Washington on March 17 simultaneously with a *New York Herald* editorial urging: "The Utah Mormon excrescence call[s] for immediate and decisive action. That infamous beast, that impudent and blustering imposter, Brigham Young, and his abominable pack of saintly officials, should be kicked out without delay and without ceremony."[41]

Because of the relevance of the Utah memorials to the appointments process then preoccupying the new administration, Bernhisel presented these documents in person to Buchanan on March 18. Exhausted by the demands of filling the federal patronage as well as by his own serious gastro-intestinal illness, Buchanan chose not to examine these docu-

ments in Bernhisel's presence. Instead he urged the territorial delegate to deliver them to one of his chief cabinet officers, Secretary of the Interior Jacob Thompson. Bernhisel did so later that same day. When he called again on Thompson the next day, March 19, Bernhisel found that the provocative language of one of the documents had alarmed the secretary (and presumably the cabinet) to a point that both memorials were interpreted to be a de facto Mormon declaration of war.

What may well have shaped Thompson's fateful comments to Bernhisel on March 19 was a letter from Drummond to an unidentified cabinet officer received on the same day. Drummond had presumably written this letter (not to be confused with his resignation letter written on March 30 from New Orleans) before boarding ship in California. After reciting a list of what he considered to be Mormon abuses, Drummond grew prescriptive: "Let all, then, take hold and crush out one of the most treasonable organizations in America."[42]

Stunned by Thompson's unanticipated reaction, Bernhisel made what seems, with hindsight, to have been both a strange and fateful decision. Instead of swinging into action in an attempt to moderate the administration's reaction, Bernhisel withdrew from the fray, left Washington to rest and to visit relatives in Pennsylvania, wrote a discouraging report to Brigham Young on April 2, and took his seat on the early May Salt Lake-bound mail stage from Independence, Missouri.[43]

The day after Thompson informed Bernhisel of the cabinet's explosive reaction, another shoe dropped in Washington—this time in the form of a letter written to Jeremiah Black, the U.S. Attorney General, by Utah's chief justice, John F. Kinney. This missive was the third wave of Utah-related materials received by the administration that week.

In his March 20 letter, written in Washington and presumably hand-delivered, Kinney reviewed the condition of affairs in Utah. This letter was remarkably like the one Drummond was then formulating aboard ship in the Gulf of Mexico, and it urged Black to share Kinney's views with the president and his cabinet just as Drummond's California letter, received on March 19, had done. It is not known whether Kinney wrote spontaneously or whether Black asked for his assessment of Utah affairs after reading Drummond's letter and after Bernhisel had delivered his memorials of January 6 to Thompson. Kinney not only recited examples of what he believed to be Brigham Young's perversion of Utah's judicial

system but also urged his removal from office and the establishment of a one-regiment U.S. Army garrison in the territory.[44]

From the cabinet's viewpoint, Kinney's inputs must have carried substantial credibility at face value. Prior to his appointment to Utah's bench in 1854, Kinney had been a justice on Iowa's supreme court. His experience in Utah was relatively long and recent, credentials that Kinney believed qualified him to comment about the territory "advisedly." Both the U.S. Department of State and the office of the U.S. Attorney General had "confidential" files amassed during President Pierce's administration and bulging with Kinney reports criticizing Brigham Young's influence on Utah's judicial and law enforcement systems as well as the indignities suffered by Kinney personally while in Utah. Probably unknown to the cabinet in March 1857 was Kinney's 1855 indictment in Salt Lake City's probate court on gambling charges and the extent to which he had boldly but unsuccessfully maneuvered for appointment as Utah's governor two years earlier in the event that Colonel E. J. Steptoe declined the gubernatorial commission.

Who, then, was to blame for the onset of the Utah War: James Buchanan or Brigham Young? I believe that both leaders bore a large measure of the responsibility and accountability for the affair. I am not calling down a plague on both the White House and the Lion House, but I *am* arguing that each leader, neither of whom had significant military experience, shared culpability for what happened, albeit in quite different ways and with debatable degrees of responsibility.

For his part, Brigham Young's actions and inflammatory, violent language—acceptable as they might have been for a private citizen, though questionable for a religious leader—were wholly inappropriate for a man who was a federally sworn and paid territorial governor, Indian superintendent, and militia commander.[45] For example, Young's five-week absence from Utah during April–May 1857 with a large entourage to visit Fort Limhi in southern Oregon Territory (now Idaho) without notification to the U.S. Secretary of State, Oregon's governor, or the superintendent of Indian affairs for Washington-Oregon was a Church-motivated mission sharply in conflict with his civil responsibilities. Feeling and acting the way he did, I believe that Young should have resigned his federal positions rather than exploit them financially while attacking U.S. Army units and allowing killings to take place uninvestigated, let alone unpunished. In accepting a governor's commission and taking the oath of office

to uphold the Constitution, Brigham Young had tacitly accepted the responsibility to serve the interests of the federal government. He should have done so or resigned, not used the office for other, unrelated ends.[46] Not well known is the fact that in 1857, 1858, and 1871, Young was indicted by federal grand juries for treason as well as for the October 1857 murder of Utah War ammunition trader Richard E. Yates—hardly a chain of events about which any governor should be proud.[47]

Buchanan, for his part, was within his rights to appoint a new governor and to assign U.S. troops wherever in the country he deemed necessary. But he went about doing so ineptly—first in haste, then with delay, and then with more haste—an appalling display of indecision if not incompetence. Upon taking office, Buchanan had a wholly inadequate understanding of the Utah scene, and he failed to seek well-informed, unbiased advisors. He made no move to establish a dialogue with Brigham Young and rebuffed Thomas L. Kane's offer in March 1857 to discuss Utah affairs. The president also neglected to consult even the U.S. Army and Winfield Scott, its general in chief.[48]

In effect, this commander in chief, who had never served in uniform, substituted his political judgment for their potential military advice. (During the War of 1812, he had ridden briefly with a pick-up detachment of young gentlemen-volunteers intent on protecting Baltimore from British regulars; for the Mexican War Buchanan served in President James K. Polk's war cabinet as secretary of state.) Secretary of War John B. Floyd had no military experience other than what he had absorbed earlier as Virginia's governor and militia chief, a background similar to Brigham Young's. In Illinois, Young had held a largely ceremonial position as the Nauvoo Legion's lieutenant general; but unlike Floyd, he had an extraordinary ability to organize and lead large numbers of people over rugged western terrain. Buchanan and his cabinet proceeded to move on Utah with a total lack of communication with the public and Congress, as well as with Brigham Young. Mormon intelligence gathering, communications, and coordinating capabilities were superb; the U.S. government's were primitive to nonexistent.

Small wonder that in July 1857—after the Utah Expedition had been launched—an apprehensive Secretary of War sent a secret agent to the expedition's commander in Kansas to determine such fundamental but unprobed issues as: "What is likely to be the reception the troops will meet with in Utah? . . . . [Is there] any reliable information concerning the

condition of the Mormons, their dispositions, &c [?]"[49] In July 1857, after already launching the military expedition, Buchanan appointed Alfred Cumming, superintendent of Indian affairs in St. Louis for the Upper Missouri Agency, to replace Young as governor. It was an appointment that defied common sense. Cumming was a four-hundred-pound alcoholic without substantial executive experience who took an immediate and almost visceral dislike for Albert Sidney Johnston—the dynamics for disaster.

Aside from blame or accountability, given these circumstances was the Utah War avoidable? Technically, I believe that it was preventable. But to avoid a clash would have required a near superhuman, mutual effort on the part of its leaders and far better communications. With the substantial momentum underway and their personal limitations, the leaders involved were not up to overcoming ten years of corrosive federal-territorial conflict, inflammatory rhetoric, fervid millennial beliefs, and intensely hostile politics. The telegraph line ended at Boonville, Missouri, in 1857; and during the winter, mail to and from the Salt Lake Valley across the plains could be in transit for up to four months.[50] Brigham Young did not leave Utah after 1848 except for his five-week trip to Fort Limhi on the very eve of the Utah War—and then he went north for Church reasons, not east to Washington, D.C., to resolve governmental problems.

In my view, a peaceful resolution would have required something like the Camp David meetings of 1978, in which President Jimmy Carter and a very focused, facilitated problem-solving process were used to bring the leaders of Egypt and Israel together in person to forge common political understandings. Such modern processes for conflict resolution were not understood, let alone used, during the mid-nineteenth century. Buchanan, for example, was unable to resolve the anxieties of the southern states during the so-called Secession Winter of 1860–61. The Washington conference convened by others during the opening months of 1861 to stave off secession and armed conflict failed. During the war that followed, even a leader as wise as Abraham Lincoln could not engineer a peace during his shipboard meeting with the Confederacy off Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Historian David L. Bigler, a long-time student of the religious and cultural background of the Utah War, argues that the conflict was inevitable given the irreconcilable Mormon millennial beliefs that drove Brigham Young, while he was governor, to establish a theocracy—the LDS

Kingdom of God—within and eventually independent of the American federal republic.[51]

This matter of inevitability versus preventability is an intriguing imponderable. It is fascinating to me that both Buchanan and Young were physically ailing while confronting major decisions, if not crises, in the early spring of 1857. In my opinion neither leader was physically or psychologically up to handling well the demands at that critical juncture.[52] A complicating factor was Bernhisel's almost fatalistic acceptance of the deteriorating situation and his ill-timed departure from Washington during the spring of 1857. Bernhisel's withdrawal, combined with Thomas L. Kane's coincidental resolve to detach himself from Mormon affairs for personal reasons, meant that there was no one to plead the Mormon case in Washington. It created a lobbying vacuum just when effective representation was essential. Another source of "what-if" debates was Young's prolonged, unauthorized absence from Utah, a move that kept him incommunicado while events moved rapidly in the spring of 1857.[53]

The Myth of a Bloodless Conflict

My third major conclusion responds to the widely held view that the Utah War was "bloodless"—without casualties—as so many Church, traditional, and even army narratives have described the conflict over the decades. As recently as 1998, I also loosely characterized the war as "largely bloodless," but upon reflection I have concluded that this was hardly the case.[54]

There were, of course, shooting fatalities among the troops of both the Utah Expedition and the Nauvoo Legion attributable to accidents and, in the case of the former organization, a few duels or incidents of drunken gun play. I am not referring to these deaths but rather to operational casualties for which leaders of both the Nauvoo Legion and Utah Expedition bear responsibility. For those who still view the Utah War as bloodless, I invite them to consider that the conflict's casualties during 1857–58 approximated the loss of life from violence during 1854–61 in Utah's eastern neighbor—about 150 deaths—a scene so shocking that it inspired the enduring label "bleeding Kansas."[55]

For example, the execution of 120 children, women, and disarmed men at Mountain Meadows on September 11, 1857, by Nauvoo Legion troops and Indian auxiliaries was the largest organized mass murder of unarmed civilians in the nation's history until the 1995 Oklahoma City

bombing. Surely this slaughter was part of and prompted by the Utah War. There were, of course, even larger-scale massacres of Native Americans by regular or volunteer troops at Bear River, Utah (1863), Sand Creek, Colorado (1864), and Wounded Knee, South Dakota (1890); but in these engagements, the circumstances under which Indian children and women were killed were hopelessly complicated by the armed and/or combatant status of many of the women in all three encampments.[56] In contrast, the victims at Mountain Meadows were wholly defenseless. They had surrendered their weapons and entrusted their lives to the militia officers who guaranteed their safety, then murdered them.

Several weeks later—elsewhere in Utah—there occurred other, smaller-scale executions of unarmed civilian prisoners by Nauvoo Legion officers, as with the October murder of ammunition trader Richard E. Yates in northeastern Utah and the assassination of five members of the Aiken party near Nephi in November. I have concluded that the October lynching at Smith's Fork of Private George W. Clark, a Utah Expedition deserter, might well have been the act of non-Mormon mountaineers rather than an atrocity[57] committed by federal or militia troops operating in the area.

Nor was the Utah Expedition blameless with respect to bloodshed. David L. Bigler's research into the likelihood of indirect army complicity in the February 25, 1858, lethal raid on the Mormon mission at Fort Limhi, Oregon Territory, and my own discovery of Albert Sidney Johnston's spring 1858 decision to use Washakie's Shoshone warriors to operate and defend the Green River ferries raise serious questions of federal behavior as well as intent. The Fort Limhi massacre alone—executed by more than 200 Bannocks and northern Shoshones and possibly instigated by civilian agents of the army—resulted in the deaths of two Mormon farmer-missionaries and the wounding of five others plus an unknown number of Native American casualties.

The precise roles that Brigham Young and James Buchanan (through Johnston) played in this Utah War bloodshed is now under active debate; although it strikes me that, as commanders in chief of their respective armed forces, by nineteenth- as well as twenty-first-century standards, both leaders should surely be viewed as accountable. When ailing, militarily inexperienced James Buchanan and Brigham Young faced their first major military crisis during the spring of 1857, their response was to place large numbers of armed men in motion with powerful motivation

but ambiguous, murky, and sometimes conflicting instructions. And so the atrocities came. Whether the probing goes beyond the longstanding debate over what happened at Mountain Meadows to a sustained interest in and understanding of the broader Utah War context for bloodshed at places other than southern Utah remains to be seen.[58]

Vast, Unexploited Sources in Surprising Places

A fourth conclusion has been that, notwithstanding all of the digging by historians, the number of wonderful but still unexploited source documents on both sides of the war is massive. Perhaps surprising to some students of the war, many of these letters, diaries, reminiscences, photographs, poems, paintings, songs, sketches, and maps are in eastern as well as western manuscript collections. Those at Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and the New York Public Library are especially rich. This distribution pattern reflects the fact that most of the Utah Expedition's officers were from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, or Virginia, and so their personal papers gravitated to those places. Also, eastern collectors and benefactors during the mid-twentieth century either lodged their own enormously useful collections with eastern repositories or provided librarians with endowments to acquire those of other collectors.

This largesse for eastern manuscript collections was not just a matter of the self-perpetuating advantages of inherited eastern wealth or Ivy League backgrounds. A farsighted belief that such materials are crucial to understanding the past and should be assembled in critical mass was also at work in the building and placement of such collections—sometimes with the help of westerners. For example, although Yale's great benefactor, William Robertson Coe, made a fortune in the New York world of finance and insurance, he was an English immigrant without a college degree. But after Coe's financial success, he bought one of Buffalo Bill's cattle ranches and then acquired the Western Americana amassed by his neighbor, the Right Reverend Nathaniel S. Thomas, Episcopal Bishop of Wyoming. Decades later Coe offered his collection to Harvard, his son's alma mater. When Harvard turned up its institutional nose, James T. Babb, Yale University librarian and an energetic Idahoan, swooped in and won the prize. Similarly at Princeton, Alfred L. Bush, that university's able curator emeritus for Western Americana, has a Colorado, Utah, and Mormon background and was a friend of Juanita Brooks. Small wonder that Princeton's Firestone Library eventually ended up with the massive collec-

tion assembled in Salt Lake City by Herbert S. Auerbach, a president of the Utah State Historical Society.[59]

Not only are many of the war's key sources located outside Utah, but the conflict's action itself ranged far beyond the Salt Lake Valley. As will be apparent in *At Sword's Point,* the story of this campaign includes sub-plots ranging from Pacific Coast locations such as California, Vancouver's Island, and Russian America to inland valleys, canyons, and rivers in what are today Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Arizona. It was an awareness of this geographical sweep that prompted the Arthur H. Clark Company and Will Bagley to create in 1996 a publishing venture for an even broader Mormon story that unfolded beyond as well as in Utah. They purposefully titled this twenty-volume series *KINGDOM IN THE WEST: The Mormons and the American Frontier.* To me it is emblematic of the Mormon and Utah War story's regional character that the Clark Company is now based in Norman, Oklahoma, rather than in Salt Lake City, even though the firm's third-generation president, Bob Clark, is descended from both Daniel H. Wells, the Nauvoo Legion's lieutenant general during the Utah War, and Heber J. Grant, a subsequent LDS Church president.[60]

Sifting the Tailings

Closely related to this realization about the scope of the Utah War story and its still-unexploited record has been a fifth discovery: that a relatively substantial number of very talented historians—all now dead—had been on this journey of discovery before me. In the process they generated wonderful research files but without publishing more than a fraction of what they apparently intended to say about the Utah War. There were multiple reasons for this substantial gap between research input and published output: professional distractions and fatigue, health problems, and cultural inhibitions about using some materials that might have been viewed as sensitive or non-faith-promoting. I refer especially to the largely unpublished research collections of the late Dale L. Morgan, Richard D. Poll, Frank Evans, Albert L. Zobell Jr., Hamilton Gardner, E. Cecil McGavin, M. Hamlin Cannon, LeRoy R. Hafen, Charles Kelly, Philip S. Klein, and Francis W. Craigin. Further valuable discoveries may await us when Harold Schindler's research files become accessible or if those of Norman F. Furniss ever surface. These underutilized collections have provided me with not only rich source materials but also with a strong deter-

mination to share publicly as much of what I have discovered as my own energy, resources, and mortality will permit.

The Role of Serendipity

In discovering and pursuing collections such as these and others, I have come to a sixth conclusion: Serendipity perhaps as much as careful planning has shaped my discoveries. By serendipity I mean not dumb luck but rather the prepared mind linked to a spirit of energetic inquisitiveness tuned to spot promising leads or fruitful interconnections. As with my old squadron's radar gear at work in the Berlin air corridor, it is a matter of having the equipment on, properly calibrated, and perpetually monitored.

I mentioned serendipity earlier in connection with my 1996 discovery at a formative junction that Arthur H. Clark and Will Bagley intended to bring out a documentary history of the Utah War. It was also through serendipity that I was able to determine that indeed there was a lone U.S. Marine Corps officer who participated in the Utah War (as an observer) and also tracked down the identities and ultimate fates of the Utah War field correspondents for ten New York, Washington, London, and San Francisco newspapers.[61] It is by such process—hard work combined with serendipity—that I ferreted out the Utah War reminiscences of Charles R. Morehead of Russell, Majors and Waddell, which in turn led me to the missing life story of Morehead's Utah companion, John I. Ginn.[62] The same process yielded the autobiographical and captivity narratives of Charles W. Becker, a Utah War teamster turned Pony Express rider and Oregon rancher; an account of Private Henry Feldman's capture by the Nauvoo Legion; and the unpublished photographs of the Nauvoo Legion's Adjutant James Ferguson, Captain George W. Cherry, and Lieutenant James E. Bennett of Bee's volunteer battalion, and the notorious W. M. F. Magraw.[63] It is by such methods, too, that I will some day learn the identity of *Mormoniad*'s author as well as the fate of men I call "the missing": William Porter Finlay, the volunteer battalion's Belfast-born, ne'er-do-well sergeant-major; Hiram F. Morrell, Salt Lake City's mountaineer-postmaster and the most hated gentile in Utah; and John M. Hockaday, W. M. F. Magraw's one-time business partner as well as Utah's U.S. attorney during 1856–58.[64]

Mundane as the point may be, I also believe that understanding the Utah War's chronology is a powerful aid to serendipitous discovery. The

campaign involved not only a great many people but a complex chain of events that unfolded across the United States as well as in England, British North America, and Russia. Grasping the sequence of events in detail—tedious as it is—yields not only the rough outlines of how the conflict began but what happened during the Utah War. This is a story assembled through linkages, subtle patterns, and discoveries about: Brigham Young's February 1857 role in what unwittingly became the Santa Clara River ambush as well as Springville's Parrish-Potter murders; the reasons for Thomas L. Kane's disengagement from and then reinvolvement in the campaign during the spring and fall of 1857; the impact of Lot Smith's October raid on Buchanan's subsequent Pacific Coast counter-measures as well as on the alarm of the Russian and British governments; and the drivers for Brigham Young's abrupt March 1858 change in strategy and tactics immediately following news of the Fort Limhi massacre.[65]

In Good Company

A seventh lesson learned over the years is that research work about the Utah War—like book collecting—is a very people-connected activity rather than a reclusive, lonely endeavor detached from the warmth of human contact. Certainly the writing process can be a bit solitary, but the research part brings involvement with consistently bright, interesting, and accomplished people.[66] I have mentioned long-lasting transcontinental friendships with Howard Lamar, Archie Hanna, Everett Cooley, Stan Layton, and Dick Poll. At the Utah State Historical Society, I have also benefitted from the personal warmth and substantial help of Philip F. Notarianni, Kent Powell, and Craig Fuller. More recently I have befriended an extraordinary group of delightful and helpful professionals assigned to the LDS Church Archives in Salt Lake, especially Elder Marlin K. Jensen, Richard E. Turley Jr., Ronald O. Barney, W. Randall Dixon, Michael Landon, William W. Slaughter, and Ronald G. Watt. Other friendships that have developed from initially professional inquiries are too numerous to identify all by name, but they include an eclectic mix of archivists, curators, librarians, historians, book dealers, publishers, soldiers, religious leaders, geologists, genealogists, and editors. To my great good fortune, I have discovered that Utah friend Ardis E. Parshall, my research associate, has managed to combine many of these roles in a single person.

My point is that a warm, rewarding set of relationships with fascinat-

ing people takes shape while pursuing the past. As an immature nineteen-year-old, I neither guessed that this would be the case nor understood that it is from such interactions that serendipitous discoveries often flow. For example, an off-hand comment that Will Bagley made several years ago in his paper-intensive Salt Lake City office launched the quest that identified the *New York Herald*'s mysterious Utah War correspondent as Lemuel Fillmore, a distant cousin of President Millard Fillmore. Coincidentally, this factoid led to the realization that reporter Fillmore was, in turn, one of the 150 corpses left in the smoking ruins of Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863 by Confederate guerrilla William C. Quantrill, a former Utah War teamster.[67]

Trouble in Paradise: Beware the Bogus

My eighth lesson learned is that, judged anecdotally at least, the trail of Mormon history is marked with the pitfalls of "bogus"—legal, religious, and historiographical controversies over counterfeit money, forged documents, and their impact on the unwary. (This is a matter wholly apart from disputes among historians and others over controversial but authentic documents.) Upon reflection, it strikes me that documentation for the Utah War is relatively free of such problems, but not to an extent that historians should suspend reasonable research vigilance and normal skepticism. In my experience, students of the Utah War should be aware (and beware) of about ten cases of forgery, documentary deception, or hoaxes. Several of these hazards are relatively well known, but some—those involving claims about non-existent documents or fictive events—are understandably even more elusive than general awareness of the Utah War itself. Only one of the cases of which I am aware bears the possible imprint of the notorious murderer-forger Mark W. Hofmann.[68]

An article of this length is not the place to describe all of these cases of forged documents or bogus stories. For purposes of illustration, though, I might mention two questionable claims of participation in one of the Utah War's truly heroic adventures on the federal side. The first such claim is embedded in the reminiscences of H. H. McConnell, an aging enlisted veteran of the Sixth U.S. Cavalry, who published his military memoirs of campaigning in Texas in 1889. Although neither McConnell nor his regiment had been in Utah, he gratuitously included in his own reminiscences a lengthy tale supposedly related to him by another "old soldier named Jim DeForrest," allegedly a veteran of the Utah Expedi-

tion's Tenth U.S. Infantry. According to DeForrest (who actually did serve in the Sixth Cavalry with McConnell), he had accompanied Captain Randolph B. Marcy from Fort Bridger to northern New Mexico and back to procure horses for the Utah Expedition during November 1857–June 1858. This feat is the most daunting winter march in American military history. In its substance, the DeForrest narrative (via Harry McConnell) is a superficially accurate account of Marcy's march. If authentic, it would represent the only known participant's description of the southbound leg of the trek other than Marcy's own. In probing DeForrest's story as related by McConnell, however, I find that his name does not appear in the army's special order detailing volunteers to accompany Marcy to New Mexico. Neither is it among the troops listed as standing muster with the Tenth Infantry during the fall of 1857 and the subsequent winter. The National Archives has neither a pension file nor a military service record for such a soldier in the Tenth Infantry. I conclude that this narrative is a bogus account probably fabricated by DeForrest and foisted on McConnell, based on Marcy's published and widely read 1866 narrative of the march, which McConnell admitted reading.[69]

The second example is a corollary to the Jim DeForrest claim of participation in the Marcy trek. James Sweeney of Foster County, North Dakota, made a similar assertion at age eighty-three in 1921. Unlike DeForrest, Sweeney actually had served with the Utah Expedition as a private in that organization's frustratingly "silent" Fifth U.S. Infantry. What initially aroused my suspicion of Sweeney's unpublished but colorful narrative was his vignette of Captain Marcy secretly sharing food pilfered by a small group of enlisted men during the most arduous part of the march to New Mexico. This description of a hedonistic Marcy was sharply at odds with his long-standing reputation for discipline, leadership, self-reliance, and selflessness. A check of the army's Special Orders No. 50 and the muster rolls of the Fifth Infantry's Company C indicated that Sweeney never left Camp Scott-Fort Bridger during the winter of 1857–58, a conclusion confirmed by the staff of the National Archives. Although he was illiterate, I believe that Sweeney probably dictated his old-age account of this adventure after hearing of the earlier published reminiscences of Marcy, McConnell, or both.[70] *Caveat lector!*

Be Prepared for Surprises

The ninth lesson learned is the extent to which I have been sur-

prised by findings encountered during my research. Over the decades my conclusions have changed or formed anew; happily, I have learned from the material, often in unexpected ways. The eight conclusions set forth above touch on some of the more significant such surprises.

Other conclusions, less major but perhaps even more colorful, include these unexpected discoveries: (1) Ogden gunsmith Jonathan Browning's rejected offer to design an aerial torpedo for the Nauvoo Legion in December 1857 while Brigham Young was advocating the use of medieval longbows and crossbows; (2) the extent and early character of Brigham Young's active preparations for armed conflict; (3) the extent to which Young cultivated and used not only Thomas L. Kane but three other men engaged in various U.S. government roles: U.S. Army Quartermaster-Captain Stewart Van Vliet, explorer Frederick W. Lander, and U.S. Senator Sam Houston; (4) the legitimacy of Brigham Young's fears over the likely behavior of U.S. Army troops and their campfollowers; (5) the ad hoc rather than carefully crafted nature of Brigham Young's military tactics and strategy; (6) the extent to which some of the most enduring myths (excluding its "bloodlessness") about the Utah War were indeed largely true; (7) the extraordinary complexity of both Thomas L. Kane's psyche and his Utah War role; (8) the extent to which Brigham Young's gubernatorial neighbors also declared martial law in their territories and states at about the same time that he did in 1857; and (9) the fact that both sides in the Utah War were losers—politically, financially, and reputationally.[71]

Summing Up

To date, my ongoing Utah War odyssey has been a wonderfully exciting journey. For a half-century it has been an adventure that brings to mind the title of Andrew Garcia's classic account of his passage across frontier Montana in the wake of the Nez Perce exodus, *Tough Trip through Paradise.*[72] Jeffrey M. Flannery, an archivist with the Library of Congress's Manuscript Division, imagines that at night the "people" in his collections talk to one another after lights-out from their archival boxes, filing cabinets, and stacks.[73] The Utah War's long-dead participants may or may not still engage in an ongoing dialogue among themselves, but they certainly are on my mind. Overwhelmingly, the message is that their extraordinary Utah War story remains only half-told and needs America's attention as well as my own.

What awaits us are accounts of Brigham Young's alarming dreams

about U.S. Army Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry as well as insights into the military advice dispensed covertly to President Buchanan by a brace of such eclectic advisors as the winsome Georgia widow Elizabeth C. Craig; James Arlington Bennett, an eccentric Nauvoo Legion major general turned Brooklyn cemetery developer; and William Smith, the erratic, vindictive, younger brother of the late LDS founder-prophet. Also lamentably unexplored are the circumstances by which General-in-Chief Winfield Scott secretly sought to supersede Albert Sidney Johnston as the Utah Expedition's commander in January 1858, less than two months after promoting him to brevet brigadier general.

These and many other stories beckon, as do the wonderful, still unexploited documents from which we will learn them. In southern California alone are treasures in a family lawyer's Los Angeles bank vault, at the home of a prominent Mormon family near Pasadena, and in the desk of an elderly and somewhat reclusive Utah War descendant in the lee of LAX airport. And more.

As for me, I am still tunneling through the archival galleries of Yale's Collection of Western Americana in good company with a very active Howard Lamar. Only most recently I have been there, not as a nineteen-year-old undergraduate in search of a senior essay topic, but rather as the aging former chairman of the Yale Library Associates—a guardian of this material—hearing voices in the stacks, dreaming of the West, and worrying a bit about the passage of time since 1958.

Notes

1. James Buchanan to Rev. Smith Pyne, undated letter written during Buchanan's presidency, http://www.antebellumcovers.com/newlist303.doc (accessed March 2, 2004). Pyne was rector of St. John's Episcopal Church opposite the White House. Buchanan frequently attended services there but was not a communicant. The biblical verse which the president paraphrases is Proverbs 26:18 (King James Version).

2. The Utah War of 1857–58 was the armed conflict between Mormon leaders and U.S. President James Buchanan over power and authority in Utah Territory. Ultimately the struggle pitted nearly one-third of the U.S. Army against Brigham Young's Utah territorial militia in a guerrilla campaign until a non-violent settlement resolved the military aspects of the affair. Norman F. Furniss, *The Mormon Conflict, 1850–1859* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1960); my "Utah Expedition or Utah War," in *New Encyclopedia of the American West*, edited by Howard R. Lamar (New Haven, Conn.:

Yale University Press, 1998), 1149–51; my "Utah War (1857–1858)," in *Ground Warfare: An International Encyclopedia,* edited by Stanley L. Sandler (Santa Barbara, Calif.: ABC-CLIO, 2002), 913–14.

3. Jan Shipps, *Sojourner in the Promised Land: Forty Years among the Mormons* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2000); Klaus J. Hansen, "The Long Honeymoon: Jan Shipps among the Mormons," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought,* 37, no. 3 (Fall 2004): 1–28.

4. As yet there is no full-length biography of Howard Roberts Lamar, and he has not written his reminiscences. Nonetheless, over the decades a rich body of anecdotal and chapter-length material about him has sprung up to describe his teaching skills, sense of humor, seminal role in the study and interpretation of Western Americana, willingness to mentor more than sixty graduate students, including large numbers of women, and ability to calm turbulent faculty/alumni waters at Yale. See essays in honor of Lamar by his former graduate students in George Miles, William Cronon, and Jay Gitlin, eds., *Under an Open Sky: Rethinking America's Western Past* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1992); Lewis L. Gould, "Howard Roberts Lamar," in *Clio's Favorites: Leading Historians of the United States, 1945–2000,* edited by Robert Allen Rutland (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2000), 84–97. The latest assessments of Lamar's work by his peers took the form of multi-paper panels devoted to this subject at the 2003 and 2005 annual meetings of the Western History Association and Organization of American Historians, respectively. In 2005 the Mormon History Association honored Lamar with its Thomas L. Kane Award. His most recent book is *Charlie Siringo's West: An Interpretative Biography* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005).

5. A description of Archibald Hanna Jr. and his archival career appears in MacKinnon, "The Curator Retires from the Old Corral: Where the East Studies the West," *Yale Alumni Magazine* 45 (October 1981): 33–37.

6. MacKinnon, "President Buchanan and the Utah Expedition, a Question of Expediency Rather than Principle" (Senior essay, Yale Department of History, 1960). Also of substantial help during a crucial point in my research for this paper was William H. Goetzmann, then Yale associate professor and later a lion of the faculty at the University of Texas, Austin. Either by intent or oversight, neither Lamar nor Hanna mentioned to me that, while I was working on my senior essay, Norman F. Furniss, a Yale Ph.D. then teaching at Colorado State University, was finishing a book on the Utah War. The week I handed in my paper, the Yale University Press published Furniss's *The Mormon Conflict, 1850–1859,* a complete surprise and temporary blow to my morale from which I soon recovered with the prospect of graduation before me.

7. MacKinnon, "The Buchanan Spoils System and the Utah Expedition: Careers of W. M. F. Magraw and John M. Hockaday," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 31 (Spring 1963): 127–50. Although not paid for this article, my delight at its publication was no less than nineteen-year-old Arthur Conan Doyle's 1878 joy upon the sale of his first published story, "The Mystery of Sasassa Valley," to an Edinburgh magazine: "After receiving that little cheque I was a beast that has once tasted blood, for I knew that whatever rebuffs I might receive—and God knows I had plenty—I had once proved I could earn gold, and the spirit was in me to do it again." Quoted in Daniel Stashower, *Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1999), 30–31.

8. Notwithstanding my six demanding years at Yale and Harvard, it was in this business office that my writing skills underwent their most rigorous test. For a description of the atmosphere and work style in this unusual staff operation, see MacKinnon, "Developing General Motors' Chairmen: The Extraordinary Role of GM's New York Treasurer's Office Since World War I," *Automotive History Review* 33 (Fall 1998): 9–18.

9. The unit history for this four-company infantry organization remains unfinished. I intend to complete it following the publication of my documentary history of the Utah War.

10. Howard Roberts Lamar, *The Far Southwest, 1846–1912: A Territorial History* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1966), 337–48; Juanita Brooks, *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout, 1844–1861*, 2 vols. (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press and Utah State Historical Society, 1964), 2:553–54; James B. Allen and Glen M. Leonard, *The Story of the Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1976), 676.

11. This classic Morganism has been adopted by Will Bagley as the tag line for his Salt Lake City research and publishing firm, Prairie Dog Press.

12. Although NYANG's 106th Tactical Control/Direct Air Support Squadron had no officer named Major Major, as did Captain Yousarrian's fictive World War II bomber unit, its troops did have some ironic names: a mess sergeant bearing the surname Hash and a first sergeant whose last name was Bombay. The 106th's lieutenant colonel-commanding, a former civilian short-order cook, was covertly dubbed "Mike Scramble Two" by enlisted wags. From the squadron's weekend perch on the grounds of a former estate atop Long Island's highest hill, pulsations from the unit's radar gear inadvertently contributed to the Cold War by ruining television reception for the Sunday NFL football games so eagerly anticipated by staffers at the Soviet legation's getaway mansion in nearby Glen Cove.

13. James Buchanan Bicentennial Conference, September 20–21,

1991, at Lancaster (Franklin and Marshall College) and Carlisle (Dickinson College), Pennsylvania. Many of the papers given at this symposium subsequently appeared in Michael J. Birkner, ed., *James Buchanan and the Political Crisis of the 1850s* (Selinsgrove, Pa.: Susquehanna University Press, 1996). Other than design of the conference's format, content, and speakers, my contribution was an unpublished paper titled "James Buchanan's Western Military Adventures."

14. Richard D. Poll and MacKinnon, "Causes of the Utah War Reconsidered," *Journal of Mormon History* 20 (Fall 1994): 16–44.

15. I had been an admirer of the Arthur H. Clark Company and its indispensable, elegant books since my Yale days. I subsequently befriended Bob Clark, first through telephone calls as a customer and then occasional meetings in the Pacific Northwest and Salt Lake City. In 1992 I was privileged to provide some minor editorial suggestions for a handsome volume that is now a collectors' item, Robert A. Clark and Patrick Brunet, *The Arthur H. Clark Company: Bibliography and History, 1902–1992* (Spokane, Wash.: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1993).

16. I did not meet Will Bagley until 1997; my first awareness of him was as a fellow commentator (filmed separately) for *The Tops of the Mountains: An Illustrated History of Utah*, a videotape produced in 1995 for the January 1996 centennial celebration of Utah statehood. Although over the decades it has become apparent that Will and I do not always share the same approach to Utah and Mormon history, I continue to admire his inquiring mind, ferocious dedication to research in unexploited primary sources, and generosity in sharing information.

17. LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen, eds., *The Utah Expedition, 1857–1858: A Documentary Account of the United States Military Movement under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Resistance by Brigham Young and the Mormon Nauvoo Legion* (1958; rpt., Glendale, Calif.: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1982).

18. See press statement, May 31, 2005, by Dr. Philip F. Notarianni, director of Utah's Division of State History/Utah State Historical Society, and Michael W. Homer, Chair, Board of State History; Lee Davidson, "Historians Aim to Put 1857–58 Utah War in Spotlight," *Deseret Morning News*, April 27, 2006, http://deseretnews.com/dn/print/1,422,635202903,00.html (accessed April 27, 2006).

19. A typical such comment appeared in an email message from J. Curtis Fee in Chicago to MacKinnon, February 16, 2005: "I'll bet not one college graduate in a thousand even knows of its existence. I knew about it, to an embarrassing small degree."

20. There is a wide range in the quality and balance among the books

about Mountain Meadows, including the most recent ones. Of the twenty-first-century nonfiction treatments, the best researched and most thoughtful, provocative one is Will Bagley, *Blood of the Prophets: Brigham Young and the Massacre at Mountain Meadows* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002), which ranks with the earlier classic, Juanita L. Brooks, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre* (1950; 2d ed., Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1962). Bagley's work is far above the quality of Sally Denton, *American Massacre: The Tragedy at Mountain Meadows, September 1857* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2003). The most widely read account appears in Jon Krakauer, *Under the Banner of Heaven: A Story of Violent Faith* (New York: Doubleday, 2003). Among the most eagerly awaited studies is Richard E. Turley Jr., Glen M. Leonard, and Ronald W. Walker, *Tragedy at Mountain Meadows* (New York: Oxford University Press, forthcoming). For an insightful review essay, see Turley, "Recent Mountain Meadows Publications: A Sampling," *Journal of Mormon History* 32 (Summer 2006): 213–25.

21. Jean H. Baker, *James Buchanan* (New York: Times Books/Henry Holt, 2004), 90–93.

22. Thirty years ago, I lamented this neglect in MacKinnon, "The Gap in the Buchanan Revival: The Utah Expedition of 1857–58," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 45 (Winter 1977): 36–46.

23. This image of Buchanan is implicit in the title of Ralph W. Hansen and Richard D. Poll, "Buchanan's Blunder: The Utah War, 1857–1858," *Military Affairs* 25 (Fall 1961): 121–31.

24. For a discussion of these post-1858 individual stories and societal forces as well as the sources through which they may be pursued in depth, see MacKinnon, "Epilogue to the Utah War: Impact and Legacy," *Journal of Mormon History* 29 (Fall 2003): 186–248.

25. James Buchanan, *Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1866), 232–39; Winfield Scott, *Memoirs of Lieut.-General Scott, L.L.D., Written by Himself,* 2 vols. (New York: Sheldon & Co., 1864), 2:604.

26. In addition to Baker's *James Buchanan,* see Philip S. Klein, *President James Buchanan: A Biography* (University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1962); Elbert B. Smith, *The Presidency of James Buchanan* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1975).

27. In the absence of medals, the U.S. Army's brevet system—derived from the British Royal Army—was a means of extending honorific recognition to officers for acts of valor or for long and faithful service. Unless assigned to a specific duty (such as service on a court martial) in his brevet rank, the officer carried the title, wore the insignia, and received the pay of his

lower, regular rank, although as a courtesy he might be addressed informally by his higher, brevet grade. Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston became a brigadier general by brevet effective November 18, 1857, because of his effective leadership of the last stages of the Utah Expedition's march to Fort Bridger. In the spring of 1858, General Scott also nominated Captain Randolph B. Marcy to be brevetted major, but inexplicably no action was taken. In sharp contrast to this paucity of brevets, dozens of the Utah Expedition's officers had received brevet recognition during the Mexican War, and scores would be so recognized during the Civil War. The Nauvoo Legion had no brevet system, and the U.S. Army dropped its use of this confusing, problematic tradition late in the nineteenth century.

28. Frederick T. Wilson, *Federal Aid in Domestic Disturbances, 1797–1903*, 57th Cong., 2d Sess., 1903, Senate Doc. 209, 93–96; Robert W. Coakley, *The Role of Federal Military Forces in Domestic Disorders, 1789–1878* (Washington, D.C.: Center of Military History, 1988), 194–218.

29. See George F. Kennan, *The Decision to Intervene: Soviet-American Relations, 1917–1920*, 2 vols. (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1958), second volume; Mark Ruotsila, "Senator William H. King and His Campaigns against Russian Communism, 1917–1933," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 74 (Spring 2006): 147–63.

30. MacKinnon, "125 Years of Conspiracy Theories: Origins of the Utah Expedition of 1857–58," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 52 (Summer 1984): 212–30.

31. Sherry L. Smith, "Re-searching the Army in the American West," *Western Historical Quarterly* 29 (Summer 1998): 149–63.

32. For example, the July 2006 Biennial Conference of Army Historians in Arlington, Virginia, cancelled because of governmental funding restrictions, was to have included a panel on the Utah War as part of its program "Terrorists, Partisans, and Guerrillas: The U.S. Army and Irregular Warfare." Two retired U.S. Army officers who are also Utahns—Colonel Robert Voyles and Lieutenant Colonel Sherman Fleek—have been vigorous and effective in moving their service toward a better awareness of the Utah War through their membership on the Utah War Sesquicentennial executive committee.

33. For a discussion of Utah War casualties, see the section titled "The Myth of a Bloodless Conflict." From this ambivalence about the conflict came Brigham Young's view of the Civil War as a non-Mormon fight, Utah's minimal involvement in that conflict, and decades of subsequent debate within the LDS Church's hierarchy about the wisdom of supporting the U.S. government's foreign military adventures. Ronald W. Walker, "Sheaves,

Bucklers, and the State: Mormon Leaders Respond to the Dilemmas of War," *Sunstone Review* 7 (July/August 1982): 43–56.

34. Scott's circular is in U.S. Congress, House of Representatives, *The Utah Expedition*, 35th Cong., 1st Sess., 1857–58, House Exec. Doc. 71, Serial 956, 4–5; Hafen and Hafen, eds., *The Utah Expedition*, 27–29.

35. I believe that the first such conflict was a physical one, significantly a clash involving a small detachment of U.S. troops (or their civilian packers) in transit to California and Salt Lake City constables following a rape attempt in late August 1849. Apostle George A. Smith, a colonel in the Nauvoo Legion, recalled this virtually unknown incident with much heat during the Utah War ten years later. E. Cecil McGavin, *U.S. Soldiers Invade Utah* (Boston: Meador Publishing, 1937), 236.

36. The most recent and complete discussion of this long list of pre-1857 secular and religious points of conflict appears in five works by David L. Bigler: *Forgotten Kingdom: The Mormon Theocracy in the American West, 1847–1896* (Spokane, Wash.: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1998), 1–199; *A Winter with the Mormons: The 1852 Letters of Jotham Goodell* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Tanner Trust, 2001), 1–19; "Sources of Conflict: Mormons and Their Neighbors, 1830–90," lecture delivered to the Salt Lake Theological Seminary, July 25, 2003, photocopy in my possession; "Theocracy Versus Republic: 'The Irrepressible Conflict,'" paper delivered at the Mormon History Association annual meeting, May 2006, Casper, Wyoming; and "A Lion in the Path: Genesis of the Utah War, 1857–58," keynote address, Utah State Historical Society annual meeting, September 2006, Salt Lake City; notes in my possession.

37. The precarious status of Brigham Young's continuance as governor once his four-year term expired in 1854 was discussed for years in the monthly correspondence between Young and Utah's territorial delegate in Washington, John M. Bernhisel. Brigham Young Collection, Archives, Family and Church History Department, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City (hereafter LDS Church Archives). Young was acutely aware that he was, as the modernism goes, "on the bubble." Since he was never appointed to a second term, Young continued to serve as governor on a de facto month-to-month basis until a successor was qualified and sworn in. Technically, then, under the provisions of Utah's organic act of September 9, 1850, he was not overtly removed by Buchanan but left office automatically when Buchanan appointed Alfred Cumming, and Cumming, in turn, took the gubernatorial oath at Fort Bridger on November 21, 1857.

38. A classic case for the significance of these three letters appears in Leland Hargrave Creer, *Utah and the Nation* (Seattle: University of Washing-

ton Press, 1929), 117-26. For the match/powder keg metaphor, I am indebted to Leo V. Gordon and Richard Vetterli, *Powderkeg* (Novato, Calif.: Lyford Books, 1991), a novel about the Utah War. An even earlier use of this metaphor appears in Robert Richmond, "Some Western Editors View the Mormon War, 1857-1858," *Trail Guide* 8 (March 1963): 3.

39. This letter had been filed with State Department records because, in 1856, Secretary of State William L. Marcy bore administrative responsibility for most territorial affairs.

40. For an analysis of these documents, see MacKinnon, "The Buchanan Spoils System and the Utah Expedition." The juxtaposition of Magraw's letter and the 1856 presidential election is another example of the importance of understanding chronology in piecing together the Utah War story.

41. "Mr. Buchanan's Administration and Our Foreign and Domestic Affairs," *New York Herald*, March 17, 1857, p. 4, col. 3. Interestingly, this newspaper's publisher-editor, James Gordon Bennett, was an inactive brigadier general in the Nauvoo Legion.

42. Drummond, Letter to unspecified cabinet officer (presumably Attorney General Jeremiah S. Black), "Utah and Its Troubles . . .," March 19, 1857, dispatch from Washington, *New York Herald*, March 20, 1857, p. 4, col. 5.

43. "Memorial and Resolutions to the President of the United States, Concerning Certain Officers of the Territory of Utah" and "Memorial to the President of the United States," by the Utah Territory Legislative Assembly, January 6, 1857, holograph copies retained in Utah State Archives, Salt Lake City; Bernhisel, Letter to Young, April 2, 1857, Brigham Young Collection, LDS Church Archives. Fearful that uncontrolled political consequences might follow public awareness of such volatile material, the Buchanan administration suppressed it and advised Bernhisel not to publish the memorials. Consequently, neither Bernhisel nor the Buchanan administration ever submitted these documents to Congress, disregarding normal procedure and even the House of Representatives' subsequent special year-end demand that Buchanan produce all materials shedding light on the extent to which Utah was in a state of rebellion. This treatment was in marked contrast to the wide and immediate publicity given to the even more inflammatory memorial adopted by the legislative assembly a year later on January 6, 1858, and sent to the U.S. House of Representatives. A federal grand jury sitting at Camp Scott returned an indictment of treason against every man who signed the 1858 memorial. Bernhisel's April 2, 1857, report to Brigham Young remains unpublished. Bernhisel wrote it too late to be included in the April mail to Salt

Lake City, and so, ironically, this document traveled west in the same coach with Bernhisel a month later. The letter arrived at its destination on May 29, 1857, just after the governor's return from a five-week trek to Fort Limhi and the day following the release of General Scott's circular about the Utah Expedition. Bernhisel departed for Washington in September 1857, and Buchanan later complained that the doctor had been avoiding him.

44. John F. Kinney, Letter to Jeremiah S. Black, March 20, 1857, photocopy of holograph in my possession, together with the typed transcription, courtesy of Professor David H. Miller, Cameron University. This letter is marked "Confidential & Private" in a hand other than Kinney's. The only known published reference (but not the text) to this important document is a simple listing in the bibliography for James F. Varley, *Brigham and the Brigadier: General Patrick Connor and His California Volunteers in Utah and along the Overland Trail* (Tucson, Ariz.: Westernlore Press, 1989), 309. Kinney's relationship with the Mormons was highly ambivalent over an extended period of time. Starting in 1855 Brigham Young accurately suspected the judge of joining other disaffected federal appointees in writing anti-Mormon reports to Washington, behavior that Kinney vehemently denied while simultaneously courting Mormon approbation. Howard Lamar refers to Kinney during this period as "busily playing the double game of cooperating with the Mormons on the local level while bombarding Washington with secret strictures against Young." Lamar, *The Far Southwest*, 331; Michael W. Homer, "The Federal Bench and Priesthood Authority: The Rise and Fall of John Fitch Kinney's Early Relationship with the Mormons," *Journal of Mormon History* 13 (1986–87): 89–108.

45. With respect to violent rhetoric in apparent conflict with his gubernatorial responsibilities, see the text of Brigham Young's April 8, 1853, discourse, which vigorously advocated the summary execution (without trial) of thieves.

46. Fanny Stenhouse, wife of Mormon apostate-editor T. B. H. Stenhouse, makes this point about Brigham Young's governmental obligations *vis à vis* his actions in *"Tell It All": The Story of a Life's Experience in Mormonism* (Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co., 1875), 309.

47. The texts for these three indictments are unpublished. They were quashed under unusual circumstances described in MacKinnon, "Epilogue to the Utah War," 245, note 134; Edwin Brown Firmage and Richard Collin Mangrum, *Zion in the Courts: A Legal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1830–1900* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988) 138, 144–47.

48. On May 26, 1857, Scott wrote a memorandum to Secretary Floyd

advising against an expedition for Utah until 1858 because of the late season. In his memoirs, Buchanan denied being aware of this document. M. Hamlin Cannon, "Winfield Scott and the Utah Expedition," *Military Affairs* 5 (Fall 1941): 208–11.

49. John B. Floyd, Letter to Ben McCulloch, July 8, 1857, Records of the Secretary of War, Letters Sent (RG 107), National Archives, Washington, D.C.

50. After the war, Buchanan implied that face-to-face communications with Brigham Young might have averted the conflict, and Young argued that a north-south telegraph line in Utah could have prevented the Mountain Meadows Massacre. For an account of how the U.S. government and army used differing communications technology, including the reluctance of senior commanders to use the telegraph during 1856 to deal with civil disorders in Kansas Territory, see Tony R. Mullis, "The Dispersal of the Topeka Legislature: A Look at Command and Control (C-2) during Bleeding Kansas," *Kansas History: A Journal of the Central Plains* 27 (Spring-Summer 2004): 62–75.

51. Bigler, "Theocracy Versus Republic."

52. Beginning in January 1857 and through that spring, Buchanan suffered intermittently from a debilitating gastro-intestinal affliction acquired at Washington's National Hotel during a pre-inaugural visit to the capital. This serious disease took the life of the president's nephew-secretary and led to the temporary residence in the White House of U.S. Navy Surgeon Jonathan M. Foltz, Buchanan's physician-neighbor from Lancaster. At age sixty-six, Buchanan was then the nation's oldest president. Once in office, his stamina was further sapped by the crushing daily need to dispense the vast federal patronage. Charles S. Foltz, *Surgeon of the Seas: The Adventurous Life of Jonathan M. Foltz in the Days of Wooden Ships* (Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill, 1931), 180–86; Kenneth R. Crispell, M.D., "Presidential Illness and the Course of History," paper delivered at the 1991 James Buchanan Bicentennial Conference, Lancaster and Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Crispell, "A Medical and Social History of President James Buchanan: Illness Followed His Crises," *Buchanan Banner*, Summer 1992, 8–9. Brigham Young's 1857 medical problems are more elusive and seemed to begin—as they frequently did during times of crisis—as an undiagnosed exhaustion that beset him immediately after the unexpected death on December 1, 1856, of Jedediah M. Grant, his indispensable second counselor. As indicated by reports in the *Deseret News*, this condition periodically kept President Young confined and absent from Sunday services throughout the winter of 1856–57. Nonetheless and significantly, in January he began planning what became an arduous, five-week trip to visit distant

Fort Limhi, the new LDS mission on Oregon's Salmon River, during April–May 1857. Lester E. Bush Jr., "Brigham Young in Life and Death: A Medical Overview," *Journal of Mormon History* 5 (1978): 79–103; David L. Bigler, *Fort Limhi: The Mormon Adventure in Oregon Territory, 1855–1858* (Spokane, Wash.: Arthur H. Clark Co., 2003), 131–60.

53. Bernhisel justified his departure from Washington at this critical juncture on grounds that Brigham Young had authorized him to return home once Congress adjourned in March 1857. However, Young had framed these instructions in 1856 without awareness of important events unfolding in Washington during the following spring. Compounding the Mormon lobbying vacuum created by Bernhisel's absence from the capital was Thomas L. Kane's distraction at the same time by combined personal and family crises that took him to the isolated mountains of western Pennsylvania. Kane, like Bernhisel and Young, was incommunicado during May 1857, a period important to Utah's future.

54. MacKinnon, "Utah Expedition, or Utah War," *New Encyclopedia of the American West,* 1149.

55. Dale E. Watts, "How Bloody Was Bleeding Kansas? Political Killings in Kansas Territory, 1854–1861," *Kansas History* 18 (Summer 1995): 116–29.

56. Interestingly, at the Bear River Massacre, U.S. Army General Connor used Mormon guides, including Orrin Porter Rockwell, who functioned as a civilian rather than as a Nauvoo Legion officer. Harold Schindler, "The Bear River Massacre: New Historical Evidence," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 67 (Fall 1999): 300–308.

57. I use *atrocity* here to mean violence by military forces—regulars and militia as well as their Indian auxiliaries—against noncombatants or unarmed prisoners.

58. For a discussion of violence in Utah during February-March 1857 on the eve of the Utah War, see the important new scholarship in Ardis E. Parshall, "'Pursue, Retake & Punish': The 1857 Santa Clara Ambush," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 73 (Winter 2005): 64–86 and Polly Aird, "'You Nasty Apostates, Clear Out': Reasons for Disaffection in the Late 1850s," *Journal of Mormon History* 30 (Fall 2004): 173–91. For a discussion of the myth of the Utah War as a bloodless conflict and an in-depth account of the casualties that occurred substantially north and soon after the Mountain Meadows Massacre, see MacKinnon, "'Lonely Bones': Leadership and Utah War Violence," *Journal of Mormon History* 33 (Spring 2007).

59. A description of the dynamics between collectors, benefactors, antiquarian booksellers, and curators, through which research libraries—Yale's

Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, the University of Michigan's William L. Clements Library, the Arizona Historical Society, and others—strengthen their collections appears in MacKinnon, "The Curator Retires from the Old Corral" and "Campaigns in the West, 1856–1861: A Review Essay," *Journal of Arizona History* 45 (Winter 2004): 395–406; William S. Reese, "The 1993 Pforzheimer Lecture Delivered at the New York Public Library," http://wwwreesecocom/papers/pforz.htm (accessed June 3, 2004); Stephen Parks, ed., *The Beinecke Library of Yale University* (New Haven, Conn.: The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, 2003); John C. Dann, Arlene Shy, Barbara DeWolfe, and Brian Leigh Dunningan, "In Appreciation of Giving," *Quarto* 22 (Fall-Winter 2004): 1–14.

60. For an elaboration on the concept of Mormon history and the Utah War story as a western rather than primarily Utah phenomenon, see my "Thoughts Re Robert A. Clark and MHA Recognition," accompanying the presentation of a special citation to Robert A. Clark and the Arthur H. Clark Company at the Mormon History Association annual meeting, May 2006, Casper, Wyoming.

61. I refer to Second Lieutenant Robert L. Browning, the U.S. Marine Corps' one-man contribution to the Utah War. For the chain of events leading to discovery of his unusual role in an otherwise all-army campaign, see MacKinnon, "Epilogue to the Utah War," 219.

62. MacKinnon, "'Unquestionably Authentic and Correct in Every Detail': Probing John I. Ginn and His Remarkable Utah War Story," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 72 (Fall 2004): 322–42.

63. Marie Pinney, "Charles Becker, Pony Express Rider and Oregon Pioneer," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 67 (September 1966): 213–56; "Statement of the Soldier Taken Prisoner by the Mormons," *Sun* (Pittsfield, Mass.), March 25, 1857, http://infoweb.newsbank.com/in-seach/we/HistArchive?P_action=doc&s_lastnonissuequeryna... (accessed June 22, 2006).

64. The anonymously authored *Mormoniad* was a 100-page epic satire (Boston: A. Williams & Co., summer 1858) that lampooned both President Buchanan's and Brigham Young's involvement in the Utah War.

65. See Ardis E. Parshall, "Who, What, Where, When, Why: A Utah War Primer," Paper presented at the Utah State Historical Society annual meeting, September 2006, Salt Lake City, photocopy in my possession.

66. My view on the interactions associated with historians and their work differs substantially from the summary description of historians ("often socially inept, more comfortable with the dead than the living") in Carol Berkin, "So You Want to Be in Pictures? Tips from a Talking Head," *OAH Newsletter* 33 (February 2005): 1, 10.

67. MacKinnon meeting with Bagley, October 26, 2002. This discussion prompted Bagley, with typical generosity, to share with me a typescript photocopy of Lemuel Fillmore's diary, January 1–August 10, 1858, made from Fillmore's shorthand notes, American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming, Laramie.

68. I refer to the journal of Nauvoo Legionnaire Peter Sinclair (holograph for 1856–62, 1874, 1881 at LDS Church Archives) and its seductively appealing account of the scene at Big Cottonwood Canyon's Silver Lake on July 24, 1857, when news of the Utah Expedition's launch was confirmed. Whether the Sinclair journal is authentic or bogus is clouded by its passage through Mark Hofmann's hands, a provenance factor about which LDS Church Archives' catalogue entry properly alerts the reader. Because of this murkiness, I have bypassed Sinclair as a source.

69. For the only roster of the enlisted men and guides (but not packers) who accompanied Marcy to New Mexico, see Special Orders No. 50, November 24, 1857, Headquarters, Army of Utah, Camp Scott, photocopy in my possession; David H. Wallace, Old Military and Service Records, National Archives, Washington, D.C., Letter to MacKinnon, January 28, 2002; H. H. McConnell, *Five Years a Cavalryman, or, Sketches of Regular Army Life on the Texas Frontier, 1866–1871* (1889; rpt., Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1996), 150–55; Randolph B. Marcy, *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1866), 224–75.

70. "Narrative of James Sweeney," 1921, typescript, Special Collections, Library, North Dakota State University, Fargo; photocopy in Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City; T. Juliette Arai (National Archives), Letter to MacKinnon, April 11, 2006. Donald R. Moorman with Gene A. Sessions, *Camp Floyd and the Mormons: The Utah War* (1992; rpt., Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 2005), 152, uncritically accepts Sweeney's tempting story.

71. All of these findings will be discussed with related documentation in *At Sword's Point.*

72. Andrew Garcia, *Tough Trip through Paradise, 1878–1879*, edited by Bennett H. Stein (1967; rpt., Moscow: University of Idaho Press, 2001).

73. Linda Greenhouse, "Correspondence/The Blackmun Papers; At a Shrine of American Documents, Pathos, Poetry, and Blackmun's 'Rosebud,'" *New York Times*, March 7, 2004, sect. 4, p. 7, col. 1.

Dianne Dibb Forbis, *Getting Out* (Genesis 39:12), 28" x 22", acrylic collage

The 1948 Secret Marriage of Louis J. Barlow: Origins of FLDS Placement Marriage

Marianne T. Watson

The Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints or FLDS Church and its controversial Church president or prophet, Warren Jeffs, have attracted significant attention during the last several years. The community has dramatically and radically changed from within while it attempts to withstand intense pressure from media and government for its unique religious practices, as well as allegations of fraud and abuse.[1] On May 6, 2006, the Federal Bureau of Investigation placed Warren Jeffs on its "Ten Most Wanted" list for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution of state charges for arranging and performing plural marriages to underage women. His arrest on August 26, 2006, has thrust Jeffs, the FLDS Church, its communities, and Mormon polygamy in general even further into the national and international spotlight.[2]

Understandably, the unique FLDS form of arranged marriages, called placement marriage, which sometimes involves underage brides in polygamous marriages, has been a focal point of interest, investigation, and concern. The scrutiny on all these subjects is likely to continue unabated, probably often as late-breaking news, as the dust begins to settle from the internal social and religious turmoil and from the legal processes now unfolding.[3] In July 2005, eight FLDS men were charged with sexual misconduct in Arizona for relationships with underage plural wives, presumably married to them by Jeffs.

A persistent question is why a large majority of the FLDS community has remained loyal to Jeffs despite his recent purges of hundreds of lifetime members and other radical moves during the last few years.[4] Espe-

cially mysterious is why a large number of women and children appear willing to unquestioningly accept the excommunications of their husbands or fathers and their own subsequent "reassignments" to new families. The purpose of this paper is to present some background relevant to the development of arranged or appointed marriages, called "placement marriages" in the FLDS community.[5] This context is vital for understanding the events now unfolding.

Although placement marriage is deeply entrenched in the belief structure of the FLDS community, it did not always exist. Rather, it has evolved over the past fifty years or so. In fact, I have found no evidence, either from oral histories or in contemporary documentation, to support the concept of arranged marriages among fundamentalist Mormons prior to the 1940s. Rather, in my reading of diaries, documents, and histories of both nineteenth-century Mormons and twentieth-century fundamentalist Mormons, the model among fundamentalists prior to the late 1940s mirrored, more or less, nineteenth-century LDS patterns of choosing marriage companions. That is, individuals chose marriage partners based on varied combinations of personal attraction and principles of faith (which usually included testimony or personal revelation) along with direct or indirect influence of family and ecclesiastical leaders. For most fundamentalist Mormons, this same pattern continues to this day. It is a different story, however, among those who have become known in the last twenty years as the Jeffs group or more recently as the FLDS.

It is my belief that FLDS placement marriage derived from the belief that obedience to priesthood leaders is a requirement for salvation. The requirement for such obedience became more pronounced after quorum leadership ceased to exist under Rulon Jeffs in the 1980s. The loss of quorum leadership opened the door for absolute rule by only one man and ultimately led to the tyrannical leadership manifested since 2002 by Rulon's son Warren.[6] The most visible evidence of the community's deep commitment to this requirement for obedience in exchange for salvation can be seen in the acceptance by so many of the dramatic rearrangement of families. In this way, participation in placement marriage is perhaps, for the FLDS, the greatest outward expression and symbol of devotion to God and their religion. An understanding of how placement marriage developed and its significance is important because of these reasons and because no one can be certain how this community may emerge from its present turmoil.

Placement Marriage

Historians D. Michael Quinn and Martha Sonntag Bradley gathered information about arranged marriages in what was then the Johnson or Colorado City group from interviews they conducted in the 1980s and 1990s. I first learned about placement marriage as a child from family members who knew friends and relatives in that group who participated in arranged marriages. Later, as I became acquainted with several relatives from that community, I learned more about this practice in personal discussions. Despite my disagreement, I came to respect my FLDS relatives, many of whom stated that they were not coerced but freely chose to participate in placement marriages and felt that their submission to the priesthood in this way was the best way to please God. Many, even most, appeared to have stable marriages and loving relationships with their spouses.

This situation, however, has changed in the past ten years. It is significant that, in my discussions with them until the early 1990s, they referred to "the Priesthood" and "they" in reference to the Priesthood Council, which provided religious governance. By the early 1990s, these terms were intermixed with and finally replaced by "the prophet" and "he." I failed to fully comprehend the importance of this evolution until recently, when Warren Jeffs began dismantling many of the families with whom I had been acquainted.

In the FLDS community, there is no dating or courtship before marriage. Young people can get to know each other through association at school, church and community dances, and of course through family connections. But they are not encouraged to fall in love. Romantic love is supposed to develop after the priesthood selects the spouse, not before.[7] In 1998, based on interviews Quinn had conducted in 1990, he wrote that "the youth of [this] group anticipate with faith and solemnity the decisions of the Priesthood Council regarding the most important event of their young lives: the selection of a marriage companion."[8] A young man, James, told him, "We are raised believing that the Priesthood would choose our mate and we were not to allow ourselves to fall in love with anybody."[9] When a young single man feels he is ready to marry, usually at about age twenty or twenty-one, "you go to them [the Priesthood]. They don't come to you. . . . They basically decide who you're going to marry. You can have a little bit of your say, it's not just totally that they tell you. . . . They set it up."[10]

In first marriages, the husband and wife are usually close in age.[11] In plural marriages, however, the age differences between husband and wife can vary widely, and the process is also somewhat different. Generally married men do not volunteer to the priesthood their interest in entering plural marriage but instead wait for an inquiry about their interest. According to James, when called in, a man can indicate that he is not interested at that time; however, a "faithful male may delay polygamous marriage, but cannot be considered faithful if he refuses the decision of the Priesthood for him to marry polygamously."[12] Whenever a married man of whatever age marries a plural wife, "he defers to choices made by the Priesthood" about whom, when, and where he will marry.[13]

Young girls learn household skills and child care from an early age to prepare them for marriage. They are usually between ages sixteen to twenty-five when they decide to marry.[14] When a woman feels ready, she discusses her feelings with her father (sometimes with both parents) and then "turns herself in," which means that her father mediates by taking her to meet with the prophet to inform him she is ready for marriage. The prophet may agree that she is ready or he may decide she should wait awhile, even a few years. The prophet decides, based on his inspiration or revelation (and his knowledge of the available males), whom the girl should marry. The husband-to-be, whether single or already married, is then informed, and the ceremony takes place any time from a few minutes or hours to a week later.

A young woman can decide not to marry the man who is chosen for her, but that doesn't happen very often.[15] She can express a preference of whom she would like to marry, but this is usually not welcomed.[16] It reflects badly on the father because it is perceived as evidence that he was not diligent in raising his daughter or in keeping her away from boys. There was "quite a bit of disgrace if you actually fell in love with somebody you really did want to get married to," commented one of Quinn's interviewees.[17] In 1990, Sam Barlow told Quinn that young people who "make commitments" may have them "respected sometimes."[18] My sense is that such a scenario is quite uncommon and usually means that, if two young people develop a relationship (which may or may not involve premarital sexual relations), they are sometimes allowed to marry but usually carry a social and religious stigma.

The prevalent view has been that there is a lot of romance in not knowing who you are going to marry until the last moment and that,

when a marriage is ordained of God (by revelation to the prophet), the couple will come to love one another, if they don't at first. Several men and women said that they did not seek personal revelation because they considered the only sure revelation to be from the prophet and didn't want the possibility of making a mistake about such an important decision; they were glad to have a prophet to tell them whom to marry.[19] Of course, this entire scenario represents the ideal, and participants readily admitted that some couples struggled to make their marriages work and some marriages failed altogether.[20]

Placement marriage also worked, though somewhat differently, for married men and women when things went awry. If a man were deemed to be apostate for any reason, his wives could be contacted by the priesthood leader or his representative, if they did not come on their own, and encouraged to leave or divorce him.[21] If they were compliant, they would then be reassigned in much the same way as single women.[22] This process was similar for widowed women.[23] Placement marriages meant that there were very few women in the community without a husband and that a majority of men, though not all, lived plural marriage.

This description of placement marriage applies to practices under Rulon Jeffs during the late 1980s and early 1990s; but in at least a few cases—possibly more—Warren Jeffs may have eliminated the volunteer aspect of placement marriage, in which young women went with their fathers to the prophet to indicate their readiness for marriage. Some evidence suggests Warren Jeffs may have started assigning marriages for some young women who had not first volunteered themselves.[24]

Louis Barlow's Secret 1948 Marriage

Louis Barlow's secret 1948 marriage took place before placement marriage existed. The following account is told here mostly through the perspective of my grandfather, Joseph Lyman Jessop, a twentieth-century polygamist, since most of it is drawn from his journals.[25] In this paper, the names of most persons still living have been changed, with the exception of well-known public figures such as Warren Jeffs.

This account is important because it was recorded in some detail and it was not an isolated case. Most significantly, it shows that a crucial trend was developing in the late 1940s among some fundamentalist Mormons regarding attitudes and procedures for selecting marriage companions. That transition was a move away from individuals choosing compan-

ions for marriage through mutual attraction with guidance and the permission or blessing of parents and priesthood leaders and toward marriage partners being selected, wholly decided, and arranged or appointed by a priesthood leader or leaders.

On the first weekend in September 1948, Joseph Lyman Jessop traveled from his third wife's home in the Salt Lake Valley to Black Canyon, about ten miles south of Antimony in central Utah. The homes of his first two wives were located in this canyon across the road from the Osiris Mill that Lyman had helped construct over the previous two years.[26] On Sunday, before he had to return to Salt Lake for work, his fifteen-year-old daughter Christine, daughter of his first wife, Winnie, asked to speak to him privately. She confided that the previous weekend, while attending a dance in Short Creek, she had been secretly married as a plural wife.[27] The groom was twenty-four-year-old Louis Jessop Barlow, already a polygamist with two wives and three or four children.[28] He was the oldest son of the presiding fundamentalist leader John Y. Barlow and a nephew of Joseph Lyman Jessop, therefore Christine's first cousin.[29] Afterward, she returned home where she had been ever since and had kept her secret even from her mother.[30] Lyman was shocked, to say the least, and deeply troubled.[31] Before he left that day, he likely shared the unsettling news with Christine's mother.

While Lyman was en route to Salt Lake that same afternoon, the reported bridegroom, Louis Barlow, flagged him down on the highway. Standing on the roadside, the two men had a lengthy discussion. Lyman recorded: "We conversed over the marriage for more than an hour. I was displeased with him . . . and told him he had high-pressured the girl. He told me he was commanded to take this step, and I asked, 'Who commanded you, Louis?' and he would not say who but told me it was a divine command and he argued that he had done exactly right." Lyman told Louis, "No person on earth has a right to tell you to take my daughter without my knowledge or consent, and this you have done."[32]

Their conversation ended without agreement. Lyman suspected the "divine command" Louis said he had received had probably come from his father, John Y. Barlow. John was the only person, according to Lyman's knowledge of patriarchal order and of priesthood authority, who was really in a position with Louis to have done such a thing—although it was possible that John hadn't given his son any "divine command" and Louis had either misunderstood or had taken something his father said

out of context. Nevertheless, Lyman also knew from past experiences, that John sometimes pressed his ideas forcefully on others.[33] If John had given Louis such a command, Lyman did not think it was right, as it violated the agency of others involved, namely that of his daughter, his own, and her mother's.

A few days later, Louis Barlow came to Lyman's home in Salt Lake where he again pled his case. He argued that Lyman had given or implied his consent for the marriage when he had earlier given him permission "to see her" or get to know her.[34] Lyman emphatically denied that he had given any such consent to Louis or to any of the other young men who had asked for the privilege of seeing Christine. Louis finally resorted to threats, saying that both Christine's and Lyman's salvation was at stake if Lyman said or did anything against Louis and this marriage.

"Pretty cocky, I call it," Lyman wrote in his diary. "To this stand I am opposed, because this marriage was done without my knowledge or consent. We don't agree on . . . procedure."[35]

This was just the beginning of a two-year ordeal that tested the resolve of Joseph Lyman Jessop to exert his fatherly rights and obligations to guide and protect his family. He believed in following priesthood leadership intelligently, not blindly, and he was determined to know and understand for himself the principles and correct order of priesthood law which he understood to be patriarchal in nature.[36] He considered this secret marriage as one of several violations of patriarchal law and personal agency on the part of his associates during recent years.

Joseph Lyman Jessop, a Twentieth-Century Polygamist

Joseph Lyman Jessop was raised a member of the LDS Church, serving a mission, marrying in the temple, and remaining active until he was thirty-one.[37] After he married his first plural wife in 1923, he was excommunicated.[38] After that event, Lyman's primary circle of associates consisted of a few hundred people who were dedicated to preserving and perpetuating plural marriage, most of whom were already or soon would be excommunicated. They believed that John Taylor, third LDS Church President, had bestowed priesthood authority to continue plural marriage on five other men in 1886 after he received a revelation regarding the matter.[39]

Jessop learned directly from John W. Woolley and his son, Lorin C. Woolley (with whom he became intimately acquainted in the 1920s), that

in September 1886, President Taylor was in hiding from federal marshals in John W. Woolley's home in Centerville, Utah.[40] They told him that, on a Sunday afternoon, a delegation of Church officials visited him and urged that the Church renounce plural marriage. That night Taylor took the matter to the Lord and, according to Woolley, received a lengthy visitation from Jesus Christ and Joseph Smith instructing him not to yield to either federal or internal pressure. The next day, Taylor told the Woolleys and about eleven others of his experience, wrote down the revelation, and had his secretary, L. John Nuttal, make five copies.[41] At Taylor's urging, all present entered into a "solemn covenant and promise that they would see to it that not a year should pass without plural marriages being performed and children born under the covenant."[42] Afterward President Taylor set apart five individuals—John W. Woolley, Lorin C. Woolley, George Q. Cannon, Samuel Bateman, and Charles H. Wilcken.[43] Except for George Q. Cannon who was already an apostle, he ordained them as apostles. He charged these five men to perpetuate plural marriage no matter what the Church might officially do.[44]

According to fundamentalist Mormons, President Taylor, George Q. Cannon, and the four newly ordained men, and later Joseph F. Smith, comprised a special quorum of seven apostles.[45] Taylor was said to have given these men both the authority and the appointment to perpetuate the quorum by calling others as needed "under the direction of the worthy senior . . . so that there should be no cessation in the work."[46]

By 1918, John and Lorin Woolley were the only men of this quorum still living. Shortly before John Woolley died in 1928, he and Lorin received a revelation directing them to call others.[47] After his father's death, Lorin C. Woolley acted in accordance with those instructions to ensure that the authority and calling they received from President John Taylor would be perpetuated.

Between March 1929 and June 1933, Lorin C. Woolley ordained six men as apostles to fill vacancies in the quorum. These men, in order of their calling, were Joseph Leslie Broadbent, John Yeates Barlow, Joseph White Musser, Charles Frederick Zitting, LeGrand Woolley, and Louis Alma Kelsch.[48] Lorin Woolley appointed J. Leslie Broadbent as his Second Elder, "as the one holding the keys of revelation jointly with himself, in the same manner as they had first been held jointly by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, the first and second elders."[49] This quorum was

sometimes called the Quorum or Council of Friends, or more commonly, "the Priesthood Council."[50]

After Lorin C. Woolley's death in 1934, the Priesthood Council continued to function, presided over by Joseph Leslie Broadbent. Then, after Broadbent's death the very next year, John Y. Barlow assumed leadership based on his seniority in the quorum.[51] During the 1940s, Barlow called seven men to this quorum: Leroy Sunderland Johnson, Jonathan Marion Hammon, Guy Hill Musser, Rulon Timpson Jeffs, Richard Seth Jessop, Carl Otto Nathaniel Holm, and Alma Adelbert Timpson.[52]

During the 1930s and early 1940s, Joseph Lyman Jessop worked closely with the brethren of the Priesthood Council and others who had coalesced around them in the establishment of Short Creek as a refuge in 1935 and in other endeavors.[53] Moreover, Jessop was prosecuted for unlawful cohabitation and served time with fourteen others, including Priesthood Council members, in the Utah State Penitentiary in 1945.[54] From these experiences, he knew these men well and those connected with them, and he was keenly aware of problems among the group who was by then being called fundamentalists or fundamentalist Mormons.[55] He recognized that some of these problems were a direct result of being separated from the Church. They lacked many of the checks and balances that existed within the Church structure. For example, they couldn't turn to bishops or stake presidents for advice about young men who might come courting their daughters. The weight of every aspect of a man's family rested on his and his wife's or wives' shoulders. Under these circumstances, correct application of the patriarchal order was their only legitimate option. Lyman, with his fellow fundamentalists, felt that their situation (of being separated from the Church) was part of the out-of-order condition they must bear until "the setting in order" of the Church and kingdom when they hoped for a miraculous reunification with the Church.[56] Some of Jessop's greatest concerns about problems among fundamentalists were the violations of agency that seemed to crop up repeatedly. He felt that such violations not only thwarted patriarchal law but were not consistent with the mission to keep plural marriage alive. His views may have derived from the 1886 revelation to John Taylor which specifically addressed the issue of personal agency, particularly this part:

> Have I not given my word in great plainness on this subject [the new and everlasting covenant of marriage, meaning plural marriage]? Yet have not great numbers of my people been negligent in the observance of my laws

> and the keeping of my commandment and yet have I borne with them these many years and this because of their weakness, because of the perilous times.
>
> And furthermore, it is more pleasing to me that men should *use their free agency* in regards to these matters. Nevertheless, I the Lord do not change and my word and my covenants and my law do not.[57]

Joseph Lyman Jessop believed that exercising free agency was essential in choosing one's marriage companion (or companions) as well as in making the choice to live plural marriage. In his view, there simply was no room for coercion by anyone, especially in the name of priesthood authority, when God himself didn't compel or force mortals to keep his commandments. Thus, the secret marriage between Christine Jessop and Louis Barlow was prima facie evidence of the tendency of some to exercise unrighteous dominion and violate personal agency. This was no small matter to Jessop. How could fundamentalists, whose very purpose was to preserve the laws of God, feel justified in committing such violations? In some cases, he thought such actions leaned too close toward priestcraft.

Standing Firm

Lyman soon learned that his own brother, Richard Jessop, recently called by John Y. Barlow as a new member of the Priesthood Council, was the man who had performed the secret marriage ceremony.[58] Seeking advice, Lyman made an appointment to see Joseph W. Musser, a Priesthood Council member who was next in seniority after John Y. Barlow. Lyman told Musser about the secret marriage, about his own action to restrain Louis from taking Christine to Short Creek, and that he had told Louis, "No mortal man has the right to take my daughter without my knowledge or consent."[59]

The elderly Musser agreed and told Lyman his stand was right. He said, "I am surprised at Rich (Jessop), who performed the ceremony . . . That ceremony don't ammount [sic] to a thing under those circumstances [of coercion and without parental consent]." He assured Lyman no action was needed "to an[n]ul it . . . even tho the one who did it was acting in good faith." Musser advised, "Just go on as tho nothing has happened, and let God bring about the adjustments and lead the girl to [marry] where she belongs." Further, Musser told Lyman, "The Priesthood [Council] is definitely out of order. This case is almost the last straw. What will they do next[?]"[60]

It was impossible, however, for Lyman and his family to go on with

life as if the marriage hadn't happened because Louis persisted in his claim that Christine was his wife. Louis even came to Lyman's bedside early one morning where he "argued his view of his sole right to the girl because of her being his wife."[61] Lyman remained unconvinced.

The following week Louis took matters into his own hands. While Lyman was away, Louis came to his home and took Christine to Widtsoe, about twelve miles away, to the ranch of a polygamist friend, Newell Steed.[62] Before they left, Winnie demanded to know why he felt he had the right to do this. Louis answered that Lyman had given him that right, a statement that persuaded Christine to go with him. Whether she went willingly or reluctantly is unknown. Winnie was greatly upset, especially at the thought that Lyman may have given Louis permission without discussing it with her. When Lyman returned home at the end of the week, he reassured Winnie that he had given no such permission.[63]

Early the next morning, to Lyman and Winnie's surprise, Louis brought Christine home. Louis's brother Joe and Lyman's brother Richard, who had performed the secret ceremony, came with them. Louis announced his intention to take Christine, as his wife, to his residence in Short Creek. Rather than argue with Louis, Lyman appealed to Christine directly and said he'd rather she didn't go. This appeal apparently gave Christine the courage she needed to say no to Louis, realizing she had a choice and that her father had not given his consent as Louis had claimed. Still Louis was determined to have his way, telling Lyman, "She's my wife and as much under the direction of her husband as any [married] daughter you've got." Lyman remained unmoved, telling Louis, "Well, this case is a little different. I haven't given my consent, and that makes it different." For more than three hours, Louis pressed his case with encouragement from both Joe and Richard; but in the end, the three men left without Christine.[64]

Still, Louis didn't give up. "It seems," Lyman wrote several weeks later, "that some of our . . . friends are doing all in their power to get her [Christine] away from us and to Louis." He added, "I feel our group of people need the 'setting in order' as bad as any people on earth. The out-of-order condition of some of those who call themselves 'The Priesthood' is strongly appearant [sic]. If there is any family or person in full order before God, I do not know of it."[65]

A "Diabolical, High-Pressure Marriage"

As the tense situation dragged on, Winnie Jessop fretted almost to the point of a nervous breakdown. Lyman counseled her to quit worrying that the matter was not being resolved as quickly as she thought it should. He then revealed the intensity of his feelings when he told her, "We cannot force them (they who have part in promoting this diabolical, high-pressure marriage in secret conspiracy against us) to show repentance nor apology." Although he felt deeply betrayed, Lyman was not vindictive. He added to Winnie, "We must leave it now in the hands of God to direct our further course. We must watch and pray humbly for his guidance, and we must not let their acts get us down on any truth or gospel principle, lest we too go wrong because we have been wronged by others."[66]

Lyman was comforted when his own father, Joseph Smith Jessop, said he did not approve of what had been done. However, the elder Jessop defended his other son, Richard, who had performed the marriage, saying, he "would not harm anyone if he knew of it."[67] Lyman's father arranged a family meeting in late January to try to resolve the situation.[68] Those who attended were Joseph Smith Jessop, Lyman and Christine, Louis Barlow and his father, John Y. Barlow, and two of Lyman's brothers, Richard and Fred Jessop. Significantly, reflecting a respect for patriarchal order, Joseph Smith Jessop presided, rather than John Barlow, even though John was the senior member of the Priesthood Council. In this family setting Barlow was present first as Joseph Smith Jessop's son-in-law and only second as his superior in the priesthood.[69]

Lyman told the assemblage that he considered the marriage invalid because Louis had pressured Christine into the marriage and because it was done without Lyman's knowledge or consent. He was especially adamant because Christine "says she don't want Louis at all and felt all the time that He was not the one for her, tho she yielded to his stubborn will and persuasions." Louis, John Y. Barlow, and Richard Jessop argued that the marriage was valid. John claimed that "Lorin Woolley told him that wherever and whenever an authorized man used that ceremony, it is binding, no matter what the conditions were."[70] Lyman thought he had known Woolley as well as or better than any of these other men. He didn't argue the point, but he didn't accept John's argument. He felt John had taken Woolley's statement completely out of context.[71]

John Barlow finally proposed releasing Christine from the marriage if the family members present really wanted it that way. Fred Jessop cau-

tioned against it, saying, "The girl don't know what she wants." Richard Jessop agreed and stated that the marriage "will stand tho it takes a thousand years to see it." Of the six men present, four were in favor of seeing the marriage as valid, Joseph Smith Jessop remained neutral, but Lyman adamantly disagreed, even though he felt very much the odd man out. He told those present, "I don't want to be bitter in my feelings . . . but I don't want to be afraid of the opinions of men [either]; and . . . in my understanding, the Patriarchal Law has been ignored to a great extent in this and in other cases."[72]

The meeting lasted for nearly two and a half hours. At the end, everyone shook hands. However, as Lyman observed, "The case was essentially the same as it was before the meeting."[73] He was amazed that John Y. Barlow and his own brothers were so insistent on the marriage when neither he nor Christine wanted it. Had their prior convictions about the patriarchal law altogether disappeared? What had changed?

The status of the marriage remained in limbo for another year because Lyman would not yield to the continuing pressure from Louis, his own brothers, or John Y. Barlow and would not persuade Christine to accept Louis. Rather, Lyman, his wives, and Christine frequently fasted and prayed over the matter.[74] It was the death of John Y. Barlow on December 29, 1949, that opened the door for a change.

Resolution through Joseph W. Musser

After Lyman attended John Y. Barlow's funeral, he alluded in his journal to his incomplete confidence in Barlow's leadership. "There has never been a doubt in my mind as to his being called by direct revelation from the Lord to keep alive the principle of Plural Marriage," he wrote. "As to some other things, I need more inspiration and revelation from Heaven to me to judge fully the merits [there]of."[75]

A few weeks later while he was in Antimony, Lyman again talked to Christine, who had recently celebrated her seventeenth birthday. As she had done "several times" since the family meeting the year before, Christine "again expressed . . . that she feels she does not belong in Louis' family."[76] Lyman decided to visit Joseph W. Musser, who was now the senior and presiding member of the Priesthood Council. When he did, Musser requested that he bring Christine for a personal interview.[77] Christine told Musser that she had not changed her mind, still felt that she didn't belong with Louis, and would like to be freed from that association.

Musser promised to do so but stated it would be best to have the Priesthood Council's support.

On February 25, 1950, Lyman, Christine, and Louis Barlow met with the Priesthood Council in a meeting specially convened to hear their case, now pending resolution for nineteen months. Six members of the Priesthood Council were present: Joseph W. Musser, who was presiding, Guy H. Musser, A. A. Timpson, Leroy S. Johnson, Richard S. Jessop, and J. Marion Hammon. Louis, Christine, and Lyman were each questioned. Lyman repeated once again that he considered the marriage ceremony illegal as far as priesthood law was concerned because "I didn't know anything about the marriage until it was all done. . . . I am not trying to say that the girl has no blame in this, but the hurry and rush was urged by Louis; and tho [Christine] said 'I do' to the marriage covenant, there was undue pressure put upon her and it was not done of her own free will and choice." Lyman said that he would yet give his consent and support to the marriage *if* Christine wanted Louis for her husband. "But," he stated with firmness, " . . . she does not."[78]

Lyman told of being present when Lorin C. Woolley gave instructions regarding "the [priesthood] order of getting consent and approval of the parents of girls [who were] entering this law [plural marriage] and that The Priesthood of God just can't do these things (i.e., marry girls without the consent of their parents, especially when those parents are trying to live the law of plural marriage themselves)." Woolley's statement contradicted John Y. Barlow's assertion at the family meeting the year before that the secret marriage was valid simply because it had been performed by someone with authority. Lyman said Woolley had emphasized his expression "by a pound of his fist upon the table."[79]

When Lyman finished speaking, Louis defended his actions by saying that his father, John Y. Barlow, had backed him up in the whole proceeding and that, if he had to do it over again, he would do everything the same way. J. Marion Hammon warned Louis, "You'd better not." Louis retreated, saying, "I know you brethren of the council are the highest council on earth and your decision will be the will of the Lord." Nevertheless, Louis made one last plea. He claimed that, since he hadn't had a chance to live with Christine, he thought he should be given that chance. Although no one seemed to take Louis's request seriously, Lyman vocalized his objection, "If it means that [Christine] was to go to his home and live with him as a wife, I'm not in favor of that proposition."[80]

Joseph Musser said Christine "didn't have a chance" and likened this case to one "in which Pres. John Taylor took action because the girl herself hadn't had a chance to express her own desires and had been rail-roaded into marrying an apostle." A. A. Timpson told of a similar case in which John Y. Barlow's counsel was to release the girl who had been high-pressured into marriage. Leroy Johnson told of like counsel also given by Barlow for yet another situation of the same nature. All the council members seemed in agreement to annul the marriage.[81] However, a final decision was postponed for another thirty days, probably because Musser became ill and had to leave the meeting early.

Lyman failed to record in his journal the exact date when Christine was formally released from her secret marriage to Louis Barlow; but it was certainly sometime in the next six months, before she married another man in October 1950.[82] This time the man she married was clearly of her own choosing. Lyman regarded this son-in-law as "one of the great characters" of their day.[83]

Fractures of the Fundamentalist Mormon Community

Less than a year after Christine married the man of her choice, the fundamentalist Mormon community fractured. Differences over doctrine and practices, including protocols for courtship and marriage, were among the core issues of division.[84] Several began teaching it was the right of priesthood leaders to make marriage assignments, sometimes involving girls as young as thirteen or fourteen. An attitude was growing among the fundamentalists that, when "the Priesthood speaks," the people must follow. A few, like Lyman Jessop and Joseph Musser, were opposed to this mentality, as they had demonstrated in the case of Christine's secret marriage. Unfortunately, they were increasingly in the minority.

Another main point of contention was over Musser's calling of Rulon C. Allred, a naturopathic physician who became involved with the fundamentalists in 1935 and was a son-in-law of John Y. Barlow.[85] In 1950, stating that he was acting according to a revelation, Musser privately ordained Allred an apostle and patriarch, called him as a member of the Priesthood Council, and appointed him as his Second Elder.[86] When Musser told the other council members about his action, they initially sustained; but later at the same meeting, some began having second thoughts, saying that Allred was only Musser's counselor, not a member of the council. They felt that Musser was trying to place Allred ahead of

them in seniority. This was not Musser's intent, but he did not argue about these differences of opinion. However, after Musser announced Allred's calling in a meeting of fundamentalists on October 29, 1950, council members became more defiant. One charged Allred of having "impugned this Priesthood [Council] by going to Bro. Musser and asking for a blessing." Musser emphatically replied, "Any man that claims Allred asked for that blessing is a damned liar!"[87] Later in private, he stated, "The Council will not sustain me, and I refuse to be over-ridden in the matter. . . . I did what the Lord told me to do, and if these brethren will not uphold me, they will be broken to smithereens."[88]

The council members began citing other reasons for their resistance, even accusing Musser, who was somewhat incapacitated by a stroke in June 1949, of being a demented old man who didn't know what he was doing.[89] This friction between Musser and the other council members culminated on Sunday, May 6, 1951, when the Priesthood Council openly refused to sustain Musser in calling Allred to the council. Between May 1951 and the summer of 1952, the Priesthood Council, consisting of Charles F. Zitting and the seven men called by Barlow, entirely rejected Joseph W. Musser, whom they had considered their presiding leader in the priesthood for more than a year.[90]Most fundamentalists, whether in Salt Lake or in Short Creek, sided with them. A much smaller number stayed with Musser. Some fundamentalists remained aloof from either side and later became known as independents.[91]

In 1952, after it became clear that the members of the Council would not sustain him, Joseph W. Musser filled his vacated quorum with new members whose names he said were received by revelation.[92] Joseph Lyman Jessop was among those called. Musser's new Priesthood Council emphasized free choice in marriage matters, although they still held to protocols in which parents and priesthood leaders were consulted before courtship and marriage.

The other council members who, in Musser's view, had been "disappropriated" by the Lord, continued to function together.[93]Charles F. Zitting, who lived in the Salt Lake area, was recognized by some as presiding until he died in 1954.[94] Sixty-six-year-old Leroy S. Johnson, who lived in Short Creek, then assumed leadership. Those who sustained his leadership were known for many years as the "Johnson group." Although there was precedent for either LeGrand Woolley or Louis A. Kelsch to assume leadership at the time of Zitting's death because of their seniority in

the original Priesthood Council, neither Woolley nor Kelsch allied himself with either of the contending groups. In his autobiography, Kelsch reports that, when Leroy Johnson asked him whether Kelsch was going to lead the people, the following exchange occurred: "Louis asked, 'Roy, have you had a revelation that you should lead the people?' Roy said, 'Well, no.' Louis said, 'I haven't either.' Roy said, 'What shall I do?' Louis said, 'Roy, do what you want to do.' Roy Johnson [then] went and told the people [in Short Creek] that Louis told him to take the leadership and that Louis had stepped down."[95]

During the period of the fundamentalist split in the early 1950s, some young men and women were advised that, "because the father is out of harmony with them . . . that he has lost his rights to the family, therefore the children of that father should listen to and obey they who call themselves the Priesthood." Council members urged daughters "to leave their father's [sic] homes and marry according to their direction."[96]

Two of these young women were in Joseph Lyman Jessop's immediate and extended family. In August 1952 Lyman's thirteen-year-old daughter was taken from Salt Lake to Short Creek after he refused to grant permission for her to marry. When the note she left was discovered, he immediately went after her and brought her back before a ceremony could be performed.[97]The following month, one of Lyman's nieces was spirited away to Short Creek to become a plural wife. After her panicked mother asked for Lyman's help, he wrote, "It seems certain that somebody's teaching and practicing some damnable doctrines of just taking away at will some of our daughters against the consent of parents until the attitude and practice is disgusting, to say the least, and we (some of us) feel it must not be tolerated when it involves members of our own families. How far will this priestcraft go?"[98]

Lyman was equally disgusted when he learned in early 1953 of "brethren [in Short Creek] assuming the right to go into another man's house and advise the wives there to leave their husband because the husband was not in harmony with the brethren who claimed leadership."[99] The ideas with which Louis Barlow had defended his 1948 secret marriage were now openly taught. Parents did not have to be consulted regarding the marriages of their children, parents or husbands could be arbitrarily considered unworthy by priesthood leaders, and loss of salvation was the price of failing to be in harmony with the leading brethren. Lyman knew for certain that he was considered unworthy by the Priesthood Council in

Short Creek when relatives told him they had heard Leroy Johnson, Richard Jessop, and Carl Holm teach in meetings that "Lyman has lost his priesthood."[100]

Arranged marriages directed by Priesthood Council members or by Leroy Johnson himself became the norm in Short Creek during Johnson's leadership from the 1950s to the 1980s. It is not certain when the term "placement marriage" came into use—whether it was during Johnson's administration or later under Rulon T. Jeffs's direction. The people wholly embraced the practice, believing that this was a higher or more divine pattern than when individuals, even with parental and priesthood guidance, chose their own mates.

The 1953 Short Creek Raid

The same day that Lyman's niece was taken to Short Creek, he learned of "recent actions of the LDS Church leaders and attorneys . . . meeting with special State officials and FBI officials . . . and others and [of] agreements among them . . . to stamp out forever the practice of plural marriage."[101] Less than a year later on July 22, 1953, Lyman learned of the impending Short Creek raid planned by Arizona Governor H. Howard Pyle for that very purpose.[102] It was scheduled to take place four days later, on July 26. Lyman and two other men made an emergency drive to Short Creek to warn the community. Leroy Johnson listened quietly and then commented, "We have heard like stories before and nothing has come of it. We're not going to run; it wouldn't do any good."[103]

Lyman urged, "Now, Bro. Roy, this is not just another fantastic story. They are coming, and they said they would bring 500 cars if necessary. Now of course we are not here to tell you what to do but only to warn you of this event. We have done our best to tell you because of our interest in your welfare." Lyman said Johnson thanked them but seemed to take the warning very lightly.[104]

The infamous 1953 Short Creek raid and its aftermath were among the most trying events ever experienced by the fundamentalist Mormons in that town.[105] Just days after the raid, Louis J. Barlow "gave a radio address that included a denial of hostile assumptions about arranged marriages at Short Creek." He stated, "There have been no forced marriages. Everyone is free to leave or stay as he [or she] chooses."[106] Lyman was "sad indeed" when the newspaper headlines announced the raid two days later because he felt it was so unjust. Many of his immediate and extended fam-

ily members were among those who were prosecuted and separated from their families. His own father, eighty-four-year-old Joseph Smith Jessop, was among those arrested.[107] He died a month later as a direct result of the physical and emotional distress he suffered from the raid.[108] The raid failed, however, to destroy the Short Creek community or their devotion to their religion, including plural marriage. Eventually, the fathers were released on probation, mothers and children were allowed to go home, and families were finally reunited.[109] While the community picked up the pieces and went on with life, the deep scars from the Raid and the community's mistrust of government remained vivid—not forgotten to this day. One apparent result of the Raid was the renaming of Short Creek, a community which had straddled the Arizona/Utah border. The part in Arizona became Colorado City and the part in Utah became Hildale.

Discord in the Priesthood Council

Priesthood Council member Carl O. N. Holm died April 27, 1972, leaving six surviving members of the council. By the early 1970s, there was evidence of discord among Johnson's Priesthood Council members over whether the Priesthood Council members all held authority and should govern collectively or whether only one man actually held the keys of priesthood.[110] In 1978 these disagreements led to a permanent division. Three council members, J. Marion Hammon, A. A. Timpson and Guy H. Musser, sustained Johnson as "President of the Priesthood [Council]" while Rulon T. Jeffs and Richard S. Jessop sustained him more inclusively as the "keyholder and that one man." Richard S. Jessop died on October 23, 1978, and Guy H. Musser died on July 11, 1983, leaving only four men on the Priesthood Council, evenly split in opposing views. During the last years of his life, Johnson was ill most of the time, suffering from shingles. He rallied in 1984 and permanently dismissed council members Hammon and Timpson over the issue.[111] By this act, Johnson established his view that the Priesthood Council government was not needed and that only one man really held the authority to govern. Johnson's death on November 25, 1986, left Rulon T. Jeffs as Johnson's sole remaining council member and only successor, the "keyholder and that one man."

The Short Creek community fractured as a result of Johnson's dismissal of Hammon and Timpson. They and those who sustained them established a new community, Centennial Park, three miles away.[112] Rulon Jeffs, with the help of others, broke up several families who had ties to

Hammon and Timpson's community. As Priesthood Council members had done in the early 1950s when they separated from Joseph Musser, Jeffs persuaded some wives and children to leave their husbands, fathers, or parents because they were considered unworthy, out of harmony, or apostate. He then reassigned them to "more worthy" men.

In 1991, partially in response to a lawsuit by members of the Centennial Group over property rights, Rulon Jeffs legally organized his group as the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.[113] He justified his right to rule alone without a quorum and expounded a doctrine which he named "One Man Rule." In his version of priesthood succession, he used this term to describe how authority had passed from Joseph Smith through others to himself.[114] Jeffs cited Doctrine & Covenants 132:7, which refers in part to the authority to seal marriages, as his premise for the "one man rule" doctrine: " . . . and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power [the sealing power] and the keys of this priesthood are conferred. . . ." Jeffs considered himself that one man and taught that "the Holy Spirit of God . . . is given down through that channel, His Mouthpiece here on the earth." He further taught, "You cannot oppose that channel or say that you can get around him and go directly to Jesus Christ. He is the channel, the fountainhead, the mouthpiece of God, because he is the keyholder of the holy Priesthood, *which is God.*"[115]

Thus, Rulon Jeffs taught that to oppose the "one man," himself, was to oppose God. This doctrine made obedience to him, even before Jesus Christ, essential for salvation. If there was any doubt what Rulon Jeffs's message meant, it was explicitly clarified by his son Warren Jeffs. In a December 17, 1994, priesthood meeting in Salt Lake City, Warren expounded the "one man" doctrine. He closed the meeting, testifying about his father, Rulon: "I know that he is God over me, which means I owe him my all. I belong to him, for he is God with us, he being the key holder and God's representative to us. You will only see the face of your Heavenly Father through coming to a perfect obedience to this man, President Jeffs."[116]

With placement marriage already well established and no council members to share decision making, his authority over the community and over marriages was absolute. Those who sustained Jeffs felt that his assignments to marry were done in the best interests of the couples. Louis Barlow's brother Sam, interviewed by Michael Quinn in January 1990, ex-

plained, "The Priesthood . . . arranges marriages to give greater assurance of their stability and permanence, and also to be sure that the couples are not related in such a closely knit community." He did not view arranged marriages as coerced: "The first consideration, as I've known it, is to make sure the individuals feel free and at liberty to make their own choices."[117] Although lip service was given to the idea of free agency to accept or reject an appointed mate, the pressure to conform, both from leaders and the community, was enormous. Individual preferences and parental influence, at best, were merely window dressing if they were genuinely considered at all. Individuals knew that serious long-term religious and community sanctions would result from rejecting a placement-marriage partner.

Epilogue

Louis Barlow continued to live in Colorado City where he raised a large family and was a teacher, beloved and respected by many. Louis and his brothers, along with several of Joseph Lyman Jessop's brothers, became some of the foremost leaders in their community.[118] They all wholeheartedly sustained the arranged-marriage system. After the death of Leroy Johnson, they advocated complete obedience to Rulon Jeffs, considering him to be the prophet, the Keyholder, and the mouthpiece of God. (Other terms sometimes used to encourage complete obedience were "keeping sweet" or "staying in harmony.")

I became acquainted with Louis J. Barlow in the 1970s through a mutual friend. Despite our religious differences and limited contact, I came to respect and admire him as a gentleman, an educator, and as a loving husband and father. In 2002, after three of his grown sons were killed in an airplane crash, I attended the funeral in Colorado City.[119] I was impressed by the large display in the meeting house hallway of Louis's family photos. They showed ample evidence of a proud, happy, and close-knit family.

My last meeting with Louis, arranged by a mutual friend, was in the lobby of a Salt Lake City hotel. During our visit, we briefly discussed Utah's intention to pass a law making it a felony for men to marry underage girls in plural marriage.[120] When I voiced the idea that it wasn't necessary to marry underage girls to live plural marriage, Louis expressed adamant disagreement. It was apparent that he emphatically supported placement marriage, which he thought included the right of the "one man" to

arrange marriages for underage young women. For him, the issues were inseparable.

Ultimately, the requirement of absolute obedience to the "one man" created a cycle of reasoning from which there was to be no escape, even for many of the most faithful and loyal, including Louis Barlow. Things began to unravel in the 1990s as the aging Rulon Jeffs physically declined and as his less charismatic son, Warren, increased in power and influence.[121]

By making himself indispensable to his father, Warren carefully and deliberately maneuvered himself into a position to take his father's place and assume control of the FLDS communities and its assets. It is possible that for over a decade he had secretly taped private conversations of members when they sought his father's counsel so that he knew intimate details of most members' lives.[122] By 1998, the Jeffs family had relocated from the Salt Lake Valley to Colorado City. That same year, Rulon Jeffs suffered a debilitating stroke, and Warren took charge of his father, cutting off access to all but a selected few.[123] Warren then persuaded all of the trustees of the community's communal United Effort Trust Plan (UEP) to redefine powers so that all trustees worked at the "whim and will" of the Trustee in Trust, Rulon Jeffs. Since Warren essentially controlled his father, it effectively empowered him with complete financial control.[124] Like Rulon, Warren was also preaching the end of the world and persuading scores of families to relocate to Colorado City or Hildale.[125]

Warren Jeffs began speaking publicly for his father. On July 16, 2000, Warren preached a lengthy sermon which he announced as "the message [of] our Prophet, against association with apostates."[126] The aged Rulon endorsed Warren's words: "That is exactly what I wanted presented here to this people. . . . So take this counsel that I have asked Brother Warren to deliver to this people today."

Warren began by announcing: "Today our Prophet is drawing another line of guidance for this people, which he does not want us to cross anymore. . . . He is now calling upon his people to let the apostates alone, and let there be a separation of this Priesthood people from associations, business, and doings with apostates." He warned them to stop "harboring enemies" by patronizing the businesses of or having professional associations with "apostates," to quit jobs and break off partnerships. He clarified that he was not talking about "accidental meetings," such as in "busi-

nesses open to the public," where "our Prophet knows it is hard to tell the difference."

He also distinguished between gentiles "who have never known this Priesthood or been a part of it" and an apostate "who has turned traitor." He denounced apostates as "the most dark person on earth. They are a liar from the beginning. They have made covenants to abide the laws of God and have turned traitor to the Priesthood and their own existence and they are led about by their master, Lucifer. . . . Apostates are literally tools of the devil. They can't help themselves, even if they were once nice, once energetic in this work, once industrious." In addition to the implication that "apostates" included any other fundamentalist groups and even some FLDS members, he specifically named Alma Timpson. (J. Marion Hammon had died in 1988.)

Three times, he announced that the prophet or the Lord (using the terms almost interchangeably) wanted apostates to "leave the Priesthood land," forbade the congregation to "[bring] apostates on our land," and stated that "the Lord has asked [that] they be removed . . . upon our land in Short Creek." Such statements referred to the lawsuits over property that had been dragging on since 1987.[127]

Warren identified apostate "relatives" as the greatest challenge. He admonished: "We need to stop calling them up as some supposed 'friends,' because they are our relatives and tell[ing] them what is happening among this people." He singled out women with a special rebuke for polluting their homes: "If a mother has apostate children, her emotions won't let her give them up and she invites them into the home, thus desecrating that dedicated home. We want to see them and socialize with them and every time we do, we weaken our faith and our ability to stand with the prophet." He advised: "Your only real family are the members of this Priesthood who are faithful to our Prophet."

Warren sternly warned that if "you choose to go socialize and partake of their spirit, you will become like them, . . . you are choosing to get on the devil's ground. . . . Our prophet will lose confidence in any person who continues to harbor apostates . . . and he means business! . . . so the Lord will know His people and who is with our Prophet and who is not."

Warren Jeffs identified "doubt against the prophet and those who support him" as signs of apostasy and quoted a 1959 sermon given by his father that "a complaining spirit, a murmuring spirit" will lead to "undue criticism . . . especially of those who preside over us."[128] Ironically, War-

ren Jeffs described his railing denunciations as "a call of peace" and quoted Leroy Johnson as saying "it is a sin to even criticize the apostates. Be kind to everyone, but leave apostates alone." Jeffs urged his listeners to focus their efforts to "build up the Priesthood businesses, build up the storehouse[;] above all in our physical doing, build up the United Effort Plan."

This policy required "faithful" members to prove their orthodoxy by shunning relatives and friends outside the community, even at the cost of quitting jobs, and selling or abandoning businesses. Jeffs's new policy also impacted me and my family. Soon after his June 2000 sermon, some of my FLDS relatives contacted members of my non-FLDS extended family and informed them: "We love you, but we will not be contacting you again, and please don't contact us." In August 2002, when some relatives and I attended the funeral of Louis Barlow's three sons in Colorado City, our relatives there did not invite us to come to their homes as they had always done on previous occasions.

As another consequence, many parents had to expel their "wayward" sons or be expelled themselves.[129] Expulsion was no small matter. It meant losing family, property, the right to live in the community, and hope of salvation. Then, two months later in August 2000, Warren Jeffs cracked down in another anti-apostate effort by influencing a mass withdrawal of FLDS children out of public education and into dozens of home schools. Enrollment dropped from more than 1,200 students in Colorado City's school district to about 250. This action caused the loss of jobs for many and the closure of some public schools in the Colorado City/Hildale area.[130]

In short, on Warren Jeffs's watch, a growing intolerance developed for any kind of dissent or transgression, whether perceived or real. If Warren heard of the slightest expression of dissatisfaction or criticism of himself or his father or knew of any moral infraction or anything that could be construed as being "lack of harmony," a man, woman, or teenager could be ousted from the community. The wives, children, and properties of men who were effectively excommunicated were reassigned to other "more faithful" men. If a man's wife or wives did not want to be reassigned, they too were compelled to leave. Significantly, Warren "assisted" his father by overseeing arranged marriages.[131] Even before his father's death on August 8, 2002, Warren saw to it that members who questioned his own authority were excommunicated.[132]

Despite speculations about delay and disarray in succession, Warren Jeffs was announced as the new FLDS president only two months after Rulon Jeffs's death.[133] Two months after Rulon Jeffs's death, Warren Jeffs was announced as the new FLDS president. Under his presidency, the FLDS community entered an ongoing state of tension and metamorphosis. Within the year, Warren declared that God was done with the twin towns of Colorado City/Hildale and quietly began sending small numbers of the "faithful" to newly purchased properties, including a site in Texas where they began construction on a temple.[134] He himself went underground to avoid being served a subpoena. Meanwhile, he continued winnowing the flock. Family break-ups and the reassignments of wives and their children to new husbands became commonplace. Some women and their children were reassigned more than once. As families were rearranged, so were their living arrangements, so that almost no family was untouched in the shuffle. Despite statements to the media by "the faithful" or by FLDS attorneys that nothing extraordinary was happening, Warren Jeffs's self-styled autocracy cast a shadow of fear, uncertainty, and instability over the FLDS community.

Soon, even Louis Barlow's lifelong devotion and support mattered little. On January 10, 2004, Louis was deemed unworthy, at age eighty, to stay in his own community. On that day, Warren Jeffs, who had gone on the underground some months earlier, made a surprise appearance in a Colorado City meeting where he excommunicated Louis and more than twenty other men, saying, "God has the right to judge his people." Reading from what he said was a revelation from God, Warren stripped them of their priesthood, instructed them to turn over their property, wives, and children to him, and ordered them to leave the community.[135] Following the pattern Louis established for himself as a young man, he did exactly as he was told, apparently believing that Warren Jeffs was now "the highest authority on earth" and that whatever he decided "was the will of the Lord."[136]

Warren Jeffs was methodically eliminating any who might possibly compete with him for power. Some predicted that Louis, his brothers, and other community leaders would not submit to Warren Jeffs's usurpation of authority and a battle for power would ensue.[137] But except for Winston Blackmore in Canada, no resistance developed.[138] An anonymous letter sent to households in Hildale and Colorado City tried to persuade Louis to take action. The anonymous author said he "was told in a

dream by God that a false prophet is leading the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" and that Louis Barlow (as the oldest son of John Y. Barlow) should be leading the church, rather than Jeffs.[139] Louis would have none of it.[140] He died May 24, 2004, in St. George, Utah, apparently still believing that he had done the right thing by yielding his priesthood, family, homes, and possessions.[141]

Conclusion

The story of Louis J. Barlow's secret marriage in 1948 and the history of twentieth-century fundamentalism before and since that time provide evidence for several important concepts. Most of these are directly or indirectly related to Warren Jeffs's rise to power and the FLDS community's present state of change and agitation. They are also important for understanding FLDS placement marriage in this larger context.

First, the story alludes to the prevailing protocol among fundamentalist Mormons in the 1940s for choosing marriage companions. This protocol involved free choice, mutual attraction, and principles of faith along with direct or indirect influence from parents and priesthood leaders. In this process, the father's or parents' permission or blessing was considered essential and honorable.

Second, the story demonstrates that this protocol was being challenged by at least a few fundamentalists who asserted that primary decision-making about marriages belonged to leaders rather than individuals and families. This shift was particularly evidenced by Louis Barlow's claim of a divine command, probably from his father John Y. Barlow, to marry Christine secretly and his warning that the salvation of Lyman and Christine Jessop was at stake if they did not cooperate. Jessop's journals indicated that this case, though unusual, was one of several during that period. Further support comes from the agreement of John Y. Barlow and Lyman's brothers, Richard and Fred, that the marriage was valid, even though it was done in secrecy without parental consent.

Third, this story suggests that the rationale for placement marriage originated with John Y. Barlow and was perpetuated and expanded by the seven men he called to the Priesthood Council.

Fourth, such changes in protocol laid the foundation for placement marriage for first-time marriages and for reassigning wives and children of husbands or fathers who were considered unworthy, out of harmony, or apostate.

Fifth, placement marriage was linked to the personal salvation of the couple involved and their parents. Individual agency to choose differently was essentially muted, and resistance was equivalent to censure at least and to damnation at worst. Warren Jeffs may have recently eliminated the volunteer aspect of placement marriage by arranging marriages for young women who had not first indicated their readiness for placement. Such a scenario would mean that placement marriage has lost even the surface appearance of permitting free agency and that the only real choice permitted is one between salvation (i.e., willingly submitting herself to the prophet's instructions) or damnation.

Sixth, many fundamentalists rejected and never participated in arranged marriages. For fundamentalist Mormons like Joseph W. Musser and Joseph Lyman Jessop, appointed or arranged marriages violated the concept of free agency and thus undermined a prime directive of the 1886 revelation to President John Taylor, the basis of twentieth-century Mormon fundamentalism by rejecting Warren Jeffs.

Seventh, the community that became known as the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is, to my knowledge, the only large group of fundamentalist Mormons who believes in and practices placement marriages, although it is possible that a few practice some form of arranged marriage. An example is Winston Blackmore's group, which separated from the FLDS.

Eighth, the failure of Leroy S. Johnson and Rulon T. Jeffs to perpetuate a quorum leadership or a priesthood council government opened the door for Rulon Jeffs's "one man rule" doctrine.

Ninth, the long-time acceptance of priesthood authority over individuals and families in exchange for the promise of salvation made it easy for Rulon Jeffs's followers to fully embrace his "one man rule" doctrine. Motivated by a desire for salvation, members participate in placement marriage as the greatest possible outward manifestation of faith, perhaps comparable to serving missions as an outward manifestation of faith for today's LDS members.

Last, Warren Jeffs's expulsion of scores of dedicated, loyal, life-long FLDS members (especially many like Louis J. Barlow who were among the stalwarts of the community), and the radical rearrangement of so many families and their living arrangements in such a short period of time have created an atmosphere of tension, fear, and serious internal instability that appears to be intensifying. The community seems to be on the brink

of implosion from these radical changes as well as from the loss of legal control over their communal and community assets and the threatened loss of their leader, Warren Jeffs, through prosecution and possible long-term imprisonment.[142] Despite all this, it is likely that many, like Louis Barlow, will cling tenaciously to their religion, as they have known it, no matter what happens.

In conclusion, this story shows that marriage placement in the FLDS community as it exists today did not exist among fundamentalist Mormons before the 1940s. Rather, over the past fifty years in that community, it evolved from the belief that obedience to the prophet is the only sure way to please God and ensure salvation. As such, placement marriage is the most visible outward symbol of members' devotion. Without this foundation, it is unlikely Warren Jeffs could wield, through fear alone, so much power with so many. Thus, participation in placement marriage, whether for newlyweds or for reassigned families, is at the very heart of the FLDS members' seemingly incomprehensible loyalty to Warren Jeffs.

In the past, threats from the outside have only strengthened the resolve of the FLDS members to maintain their beliefs and practices. Jeffs's penchant to control through fear and division and the resulting familial and communal turmoil may be evidence of a growing crisis of faith from within. One thing is certain: the FLDS community is in the midst of a watershed period that is changing its course permanently. Because of the people's deeply held beliefs about obedience and their keen desire for salvation, it is still unpredictable how the community will emerge. It may shatter into pieces, with its members, possessions, and faith going in many different directions.[143] If it survives, with or without Warren Jeffs, it is likely to continue on a course that is radically different from both its nineteenth-century Mormon roots and from its twentieth-century Mormon fundamentalist foundation.

Notes

1. Beginning in the early 1990s with the gradual decline and eventual death (2002) of FLDS Church president and prophet Rulon Jeffs, his son Warren Jeffs rose to power. Simultaneously, the FLDS, along with other Mormon polygamous fundamentalist communities have become the focus of government investigations for allegations of fraud and various kinds of abuse. For an overview of fundamentalist history, see Ken Driggs, "A Guide to Old Fashioned (Fundamentalist) Mormonism," paper presented at the Western

History Association, October 14, 2005, Scottsdale, Arizona, photocopy in my possession. For current and recent online articles on Warren Jeffs and the FLDS community published in the *Salt Lake Tribune* and the *Deseret News* respectively, see http://www.sltrib.com/polygamy and "Coverage of Warren Jeffs, Fundamentalist LDS," http://deseretnews.com/dn/view/0,1249,635211550,00.html; see also Wikipedia, "Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fundamentalist_Church_of_Jesus_Christ_of_Latter_Day_Saints.

2. Nate Carlisle, "Polygamist Makes FBI Top-10 List," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 7, 2006, A-1; Ben Winslow, "Jeffs on FBI's Top Ten Most Wanted," *Deseret Morning News*, May 6, 2006, http://deseretnews.com/dn/view/0,1249,635205554,00.html (accessed May 7, 2006). On July 13, 2005, the Utah and Arizona attorney generals announced a $10,000 reward for information leading to Warren Jeffs's arrest. Utah Attorney General, Press Release, July 13, 2005. CNN, "Fugitive Polygamist Sect Leader Caught near Las Vegas," posted 1:20 p.m., EDT, August 30, 2006, http:// wwwlcnn.com/2006/LAW/08/29jeffs.arrest (accessed September 21, 2006); Associated Press, "Fugitive Polygamist Sect Leader Arrested in Las Vegas," FoxNews, August 29, 2006, transcript http://www.foxnews.com/story/0,2933,210959,00.html (accessed September 21, 2006).

3. Jeffs and others in his community are facing a number of both civil and criminal lawsuits. Jeffs is named in three civil lawsuits, three lawsuits that involved FLDS property in Utah and Arizona, and in criminal lawsuits in two states for arranging plural marriages of underage girls to older men. Civil charges include a lawsuit that Warren's nephew Brent Jeffs filed in July 2004 alleging that Warren sodomized him in the late 1980s. In August 2004, a half-dozen "lost boys" sued the FLDS Church and its leaders, including Warren Jeffs, for alleged economic and psychological injury resulting from being driven out of the community. In December 2005, "M. J." sued Warren, saying he had forced her into a spiritual marriage with a man many years her senior. Brooke Adams, "Warren Jeffs: A Wanted Man," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 10, 2006, A-1, A-4.

Bruce Wisan, court-appointed accountant in charge of the FLDS trust fund, filed criminal charges against Jeffs on May 27, 2006. Wisan claimed that Jeffs and four others had been "fleecing trust assets." Associated Press, "Lawsuit Filed against Warren Jeffs," KUTV (Salt Lake City), May 27, 2006, transcript, http://kutv.com/topstories/local_story_147211137.html (accessed September 25, 2006).

On April 5, 2006, Utah issued an arrest warrant for Jeffs on felony charges for rape as an accomplice (arranging and performing plural mar-

riages) in Washington County, Utah. "State of Utah v. Warren Steed Jeffs," photocopy of legal complaint, http://news.findlaw.com/hdocs/docs/polygamy/utjeffs40506crinf.html (accessed September 25, 2006). Jeffs was indicted in June 2005 on charges of acting as an accomplice in sexual misconduct (arranging and performing plural marriages) in Colorado. Each Utah count carries a penalty of five years to life in prison. "Polygamist Leader Charged with Child Sex Abuse," ABC 4 News, June 12, 2005, http://www.childbrides.org/control_ABC4_Warren_charged_with_child_sex_ abuse. html (accessed September 20, 2006); see also Associated Press, "Key Witness Told Judge Why She Won't Testify," *Salt Lake Tribune*, September 25, 2006, B-6.

Pamela Manson, "Eight Hit with Teen Bride Sex Charges," *Salt Lake Tribune*, July 12, 2005, C-5. The first trial resulted in a guilty conviction of Kelly Fischer. Brooke Adams, "First of Eight Polygamist Trials Begins against Arizona Men," *Salt Lake Tribune*, July 5, 2006, A-1, A-10; Brooke Adams, "Verdict Is Called a Message," *Salt Lake Tribune*, July 8, 2006, A-1, A-8. A second trial against Donald Barlow resulted in an acquittal. Associated Press, "FLDS Member Found Not Guilty of Sexual Conduct with a Minor," September 8, 2006, B-2. As of this writing, the remaining cases have not yet been tried.

4. In striking contrast to his predecessors, Warren Jeffs has excommunicated hundreds (mostly men and young boys), rearranged scores of families and their living arrangements, and called "the faithful" among his flock to build new communities in Colorado, Nevada, South Dakota, and Quintana Roo, Mexico. The most visible new community is near Eldorado, Texas, where the FLDS colony has constructed a temple. Brooke Adams, "FLDS Completes Temple at Its Texas Site," *Salt Lake Tribune*, February 4, 2006, B-2; Ben Winslow, "FLDS Temple Appears Complete," *Deseret Morning News*, January 31, 2006; http://deseretnews.com/dn/view/0,1249,635180342,00.html (accessed September 21, 2006). Jeffs refused to respond to lawsuits against him and went into hiding. These actions eventually threatened the loss of the FLDS's communal land and properties, held by the United Effort Plan Trust and worth about $110 million, and led to his loss of legal control over the trust which is now in the hands of a court-appointed receiver. John Hollenhorst, "Polygamy Leader Apparently Sitting Out of Court Fight," KSL-News Channel 5, aired February 28, 2005, transcript, http://www.rickross.com/reference/polygamy/polygamy311.html (accessed September 20, 2006); "Utah A.G. Asks to Freeze FLDS Assets," KSL-TV Channel 5, May 27, 2005, transcript, http://www.childbrides.org/control.html (accessed September 20, 2006); "Court Seizes $100 Mil in Polygamist Sect's

Funds," *Arizona Republic,* May 28, 2005, http://www.azcentral.com/arizonarepublic/news/articles/0528coloradotheft28.html (accessed September 20, 2006); Austin Smith, "Meet the New Neighbors," *Austin Chronicle,* July 29, 2005, http://www.austinchronicle.com/gyrobase/Issue/story?oid=oid%3A281915 (accessed September 20, 2006); Brooke Adams and Pamela Manson, "The Modern Raid on Polygamy," *Salt Lake Tribune,* August 21, 2005, A-6; Linda Thomsen, "Ruling Guides Operation of FLDS Trust; Religious Influence over UEP Assets Is Eliminated," *Deseret Morning News,* December 15, 2005, http://www.findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_qn4188/is_20051215/ai_nl5947551 (accessed September 20, 2006).

5. "Placement marriage" is the term coined by those who became known as the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (FLDS) for their system of arranged or appointed marriages.

6. The existence of priesthood leadership quorums among some fundamentalist Mormon groups may serve as check and balance systems to the authority of any one man. See also Driggs, "A Guide to Old Fashioned (Fundamentalist) Mormonism."

7. D. Michael Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 31, no. 2 (Summer 1998): 34.

8. Ibid. Quinn's statement reflected the pre-1986 era when a Priesthood Council existed in the group.

9. James, quoted in ibid., 34. James also explained that some youths "try to get 'sneaky dates.' . . . They'd sneak and go places and talk." If caught, the offenders were "led to the Priesthood. They were told they were not allowed to see each other again."

10. James, qtd. in ibid., 35.

11. Martha Sonntag Bradley, "The Women of Fundamentalism: Short Creek, 1953," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 23 (Summer 1990): 15.

12. James, qtd. in Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 34.

13. Bradley, "The Women of Fundamentalism," 15.

14. A. S., interviewed by Marianne Watson, May 20, 2006. She was born and raised in Colorado City/Hildale and grew to adulthood there in the early 1990s. Although she "turned herself in" at age eighteen during the time when Rulon Jeffs was the prophet, she was not called in for placement and did not marry until age twenty-two, after she had graduated from college. She was a first wife. She believed this long delay was because her family was in less favor with the prophet at the time, indicating that family and community politics played a role in the involvement of Rulon Jeffs in marriage decisions. She reported that the usual age for marriage was eighteen to twenty-five and did

not know of any girls during her adolescence who married as young as age fifteen, although she was aware of girls that age marrying in Canada. She also indicated that family and community politics played a role in how responsive the prophet was to certain families. She also said she wished, because she had reproductive problems that increased with age, that she could have married at age fifteen so that she could have had more children. However, "the Prophet does not take into consideration those kinds of things," she told me. This report was consistent with that of a woman who lived in Colorado City in the 1970s who said, "It was *uncommon* to be married at fourteen" in that community. Caroline Dewegeli Daley, interviewed by Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 36. The 1953 Short Creek raid and investigation showed that "the average age at first marriage for fundamentalist women in Short Creek was sixteen, though fourteen and fifteen were not uncommon." Bradley, "The Women of Fundamentalism," 14.

15. Ibid.

16. Caroline Dewegeli Daley, paraphrased in Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 36, reported that, when she was young in Colorado City, "only a couple of her friends expressed the desire to marry prior to the Priesthood's choice, in which case the marriage occurred after much contrary counseling and a long waiting period."

17. Daley, quoted in ibid., 36.

18. Sam S. Barlow, interviewed by Michael Quinn, January 30, 1990, qtd. in ibid., 35.

19. Some of my FLDS relatives claimed that a precedent for arranged marriages had been set by early LDS prophets, in particular Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. When I asked for references, they did not provide specific cases or records.

20. Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 35; see also A. S., interviewed by Watson. A. S. felt the man to whom she was assigned was not right for her, and she wished there had been greater leeway both socially and religiously to say, "Hey, wait a minute here. Let me think about this." She described the first two years of her marriage as "hell." Eventually, she and her husband put more effort into making their marriage work. By the time she began to have children, she felt she was really in love with her husband.

21. The condition of being apostate was construed from a number of actions such as abuse, infidelity or adultery, cheating or stealing, overt rebellion against priesthood leadership, leaving the religion, or joining another fundamentalist group. During the last part of Rulon Jeffs's administration and during the entirety of Warren Jeffs's, these definitions were broadened to

include any disloyalty, perceived or real, determined entirely by Jeffs, either with or without (most often without) a hearing or an interview with the accused. Women, whether first or plural wives, married to men who are judged apostate are given priesthood "releases," a form of divorce. A legally married first wife usually obtains a legal divorce as well, although this is not a prerequisite, before she is reassigned to another husband.

22. When a wife is reassigned (presumably after a "priesthood release"), she is sealed for time and eternity to the new husband. Any children she had in the past, including adult children, are regarded as sealed to the new husband. The many reassignments in the last few years have created a community where nearly everyone's last name is changing. One newspaper article captured the essence of this resulting "wild surname web." Brooke Adams, "Ousted FLDS Dads Stuck with Aching Stigma," *Salt Lake Tribune,* June 15, 2006, A-1, A-10, comments that "William Barlow became William Rickert after his father, Louis Barlow [the subject of my article], was kicked out."

23. The ceremonies for most marriages of widows were usually for time only, rather than for time and eternity. This form may have changed under Warren Jeffs's leadership.

24. Two of the criminal lawsuits and one civil lawsuit against Warren Jeffs involve two women who claim that Jeffs arranged marriages when they were minors, without their expectation and over their personal objections. These marriages were alleged to have occurred in 2001 and in 2002, both before Rulon Jeffs died. "Testimony of Candi Shapley," grand jury transcript, September 1, 2006, http://www.courttv.com/news/hildale/grandjury_testimony.html (accessed September 30, 2006); Ben Winslow, "Victim in Jeffs Case Is Also Suing him," *Deseret Morning News,* October 10, 2006, http://www.deseretnews.com/dn/view/0,1249,650197718,00.html (accessed October 10, 2006); Jennifer Dobner, Associated Press, "Jeffs' Accuser in Criminal Case Also Has Civil Case Pending," *Las Vegas Sun,* October 10, 2006, http://www.lasvegassun.com/sunbin/stories/nevada/2006/oct/10/101010055.html (accessed Ocober 10, 2006); Brooke Adams, "Rape Case Witness Suing Jeffs," *Salt Lake Tribune,* October 10, 2006; http://www.sltr.

25. Joseph Lyman Jessop, *Diary,* 3 vols. (Midvale, Utah: Privately published, ca. 1993–98); hereafter cited by volume and date.

26. In December 1945, Joseph Lyman Jessop was released on parole from the Utah State Penitentiary after serving a sentence for unlawful cohabitation (polygamy). In March 1946 Newell Steed and Lyman's brother, Richard, proposed constructing a grain elevator in Black Canyon, about ten miles south of Antimony, Utah, and twelve miles north of Widtsoe, Utah. They took their proposal to the Priesthood Council to be considered as a priest-

hood project. On March 6, Guy H. Musser, a council member, offered Lyman Jessop the opportunity to help build the mill and move part of his family there if the parole board would permit it. On April 26, 1946, Lyman's parole officer approved his move to Antimony with his legal wife, Winnie, and her children. In July 1946, he moved his second wife, Maleta, to Antimony as well but left his third wife, Beth, in Salt Lake City. Two years earlier he had been forced to separate his families, who previously shared the same home in the Salt Lake Valley, to comply with the terms of his parole. Conditions of parole included ceasing to live with any but his legal wife and providing adequately for all his children and wives. Until he separated his families, he was not allowed to stay overnight in his home nor could he visit his family except by the permission of and arrangement with his parole officer. He was told he could not father any more children with his plural wives and that they were free to marry someone else in monogamy. So although the separation of his families was difficult, at least in this remote canyon, he was able to live with his families. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:October 3 and November 16, 1945; March 6, 23, 29, April 12, 16–18, 22, and July 27, 1946.

27. Antimony is about 150 miles from Short Creek, which in 1948 was a three- to four-hour drive, depending on the condition of the roads and the vehicle.

28. Louis Jessop Barlow's first two wives were Lucy Johnson and Isabell Johnson.

29. Louis Jessop Barlow, son of John Yeates Barlow and Martha ("Mattie") Jessop Barlow (Joseph Lyman Jessop's sister), was born August 9, 1924. Lyman Jessop's diary does not record his views on marriages between first cousins or close relatives. None of his thirty-five children married first cousins; three married second cousins.

30. Jessop's journal gives no indication whether this marriage was consummated after the ceremony was performed but before Christine returned home. It is my opinion that it was probably not consummated since it would have been difficult for Christine, who had traveled to Short Creek with family members, to keep it secret, if that were the case.

31. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:September 5, 1948.

32. Ibid.

33. Joseph Lyman Jessop and John Y. Barlow had been brothers-in-law since 1924 and had known each other for more than twenty-five years. Lyman loved John and respected him in many ways. However, Lyman's journal contains several references to issues and events involving Barlow in which Lyman felt that John's actions leaned heavily toward autocracy. In many instances, Lyman clearly disagreed with Barlow's reasoning and his decisions. For exam-

ple, in 1935 Lyman disagreed with John's proposals for a united order, which he felt infringed far too much on individual agency. Marianne T. Watson, "Short Creek: 'A Refuge for the Saints,'" *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 36, no. 1 (Spring 2003): 71–87.

34. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:March 21, 1948. Jessop earlier noted in his diary the interest of at least one other man in Christine prior to this occasion. The term "permission to see" a girl basically meant a boy or a man had asked the father for his blessing to allow him to get to know the girl by association in dances or in other group social settings. In some cases, it meant permission to court, including one-on-one dates. It did not mean permission to marry her. It was expected that a man would ask the father for permission or his blessing before asking his daughter to marry.

35. Ibid., 3:September 20–25, 1948.

36. Jessop believed that "the patriarchal law" was another term for the Abrahamic Order which was "the only family order in the Heavens." He believed the patriarchal or Abrahamic law had a two-fold nature. First, it meant the right and obligation of a father to provide for, bless, and direct both the temporal and spiritual affairs of his family. Inherent within it was an obligation to honor parents and priesthood leaders including his wives' fathers or the fathers of any women he might want to marry. It also meant that no man had a right to marry another man's daughter without his permission or blessing (especially if that man was striving to live the patriarchal law himself).

Second, the Abrahamic law meant living the law of plural marriage in a way that fostered the co-existence of patriarchy and matriarchy. In other words, there could be no true patriarchy without matriarchy. The Abrahamic law of plural marriage was impossible without the law of Sarah, in which a wife or wives freely chose to participate in plural marriage. This meant wives were to be or become co-equal with their husband in priesthood and ordinance although he presided for the sake of order. Jessop believed that a particular object of living plural marriage for both men and women was to obtain a fulness of priesthood, through the ordinance of the second anointing as promised in the temple endowment. One event that demonstrated this belief as it related to a woman's role in the fulness of priesthood was when he gave a blessing to Joseph W. Musser, assisted by Musser's wife, Lucy, who laid on hands with him. This was outward evidence that all three involved had received the "fulness of priesthood" ordinances. Jessop, *Diary*, 2:December 21, 1939; February 7-8, 1940; 3:January 12, February 2, 3, 12, 14, and December 3, 1952; February 10, 1953; January 1, 1954. Joseph Musser received his second, or higher, anointing in the Salt Lake Temple in November 1899. Joseph

W. Musser, *Journal of Joseph White Musser* ([Salt Lake City?]: Privately published, [1945?], photocopy in my possession.

37. Joseph Lyman Jessop was born February 10, 1892, in Millville, Utah. He served a Southern States mission from 1910 to 1913. Jessop, *Diary*, 1:November 12, 1910 to January 17, 1913. Jessop married his first wife, Winnie Porter, on July 25, 1917, in the Logan Temple. Jessop, *Diary*, 1:July 25, 1917.

38. Joseph Lyman Jessop married his second wife, Maleta Porter, on January 20, 1924, and was excommunicated from the LDS Church (Salt Lake East Mill Creek Ward) on September 16, 1924. Jessop, *Diary*, 1:November 30, 1924; 3:January 20, 1950 (a retrospective record). He married his third wife, Beth Allred, on January 6, 1934; Jessop, *Diary*, 3:January 6, 1934. See Violet Jessop Jenson, *Beth: A Life History of Beth Allred Jessop* (Eagle Mountain, Utah: Gems Books, 2004), 128. Much later, about 1959 or 1960, he married Beth's divorced sister, Olive Allred Kunz Neilson, as a fourth wife. Jenson, *Beth*, 329–30. Olive Allred Kunz Neilson, "Biography of Olive Allred Kunz Neilson," n.d., typescript autobiography, photocopy in my possession, contains no mention of this marriage. Joseph Lyman Jessop died February 11, 1963, in Murray, Utah.

39. "A Revelation of President John Taylor, Given at the Home of John W. Woolley, Centerville, Utah, September 26–27, 1886," *Truth* 7, no. 8 (February 1942): 206; Fred Collier, *Unpublished Revelations of the Prophets and Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Colliers Publishing, 1981), 145–46. A copy can also be found in John Taylor Papers, Box 1, bk. 2, 548–49, Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City. See Martha Sonntag Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land: The Government Raids on the Short Creek Polygamists* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1993), 17–19; [Author wishes to remain anonymous pending publication], "1886 on Trial: A Compilation of Accounts and Preliminary Response to Criticisms of Fundamentalist Claims Surrounding the 1886 Revelation," unpublished manuscript, 2003, photocopy in my possession. This study systematically organizes and analyzes the various first-hand, hearsay, and circumstantial accounts of the 1886 events and evaluates published critiques. Copies of this manuscript may be requested at fundamentalistchat @hotmail.com. Joseph W. Musser stated that George Q. Cannon, a counselor in the First Presidency, told him: "President John Taylor had, during his lifetime, under the direction of the Lord, perfected arrangements for the perpetuation of plural marriage, even after the Church should reject its practice." Joseph Musser, "Abraham H. Cannon" (editorial), *Truth* 7, no. 12 (May 1942): 277.

40. Jessop, *Diary*, 1:March 28, April 8, and July 1, 1923.

41. Lorin C. Woolley, "Statement, September 22, 1929," *Truth* 20, no. 1 (June 1954): 28–33; see also Joseph W. Musser, ed., *The New and Everlasting Covenant of Marriage: An Interpretation of Celestial Marriage, Plural Marriage* (Salt Lake City: Truth Publishing, 1934), 47. According to Musser, "Daniel R. Bateman," *Truth* 8, no. 1 (June 1942): 14, Daniel R. Bateman "frequently . . . exhibited his Journal bearing a copy of the 1886 Revelation which he claimed to have copied from the original in Prest. Taylor's own handwriting." Another source, which I have not verified but which is cited in "1886 on Trial" is a quotation from Dr. Reed C. Durham, past president of the Mormon History Association and L.D.S. Coordinator of Seminaries and Institutes in Salt Lake City, recorded in the minutes of the high priests' quorum meeting, Salt Lake Foothill Stake, February 24, 1974. It states: "There was a revelation that John Taylor received and we have it in his handwriting. We've analyzed the handwriting. It is John Taylor's handwriting and the revelation is reproduced by the fundamentalists. That's supposed to prove the whole story because there was indeed a revelation. The revelation is dated September 27; that fits the account of a meeting, 1886."

42. Ibid., 1:March 28, 1923.

43. Charles Henry Wilcken (born Carl Heinrich Wilcken on October 5, 1830, in Germany) was recently identified as a polygamous ancestor of current Massachusetts Governor Mitt Romney. Thomas Burr, "Could Ancestors Haunt Romney?" *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 21, 2006, http://www.sltrib.com/ci_4212788 (accessed September 20, 2006).

44. Lorin C. Woolley said that President Taylor prophesied: "The day will come when a document similar to that (Manifesto) then under consideration would be adopted by the Church." Woolley, "Statement, September 22, 1929," 28.

45. Fundamentalists frequently cite Doctrine and Covenants 84, which they claim refers to a priesthood council or hierarchy of seven men designated as "high priest apostles." In April 1873, Brigham Young announced a quorum of seven in that month's LDS general conference: "The Mormon people will most likely be astonished upon reflection to find that Brigham Young has created a new quorum of priesthood, and that, too, one higher than the Twelve Apostles. The Mormon President stated at Conference that the order of the priesthood gave him the right of *seven counselors*, and the seven were duly given him by the 'congregation of Israel,' including the vote of the 'apostles themselves.'" "A New Quorum of Priesthood," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, April 10, 1873, 2, http://udn.lib.utah.edu/cgi-bin/docviewer.exe? CISOROOT=/sltl&CISOSHOW=16742&CISOSHOW2=16770 (accessed Sep-

tember 25, 2006). Citing scriptures and various LDS sources, Joseph W. Musser explained his views that a quorum of seven had existed anciently as well as in the early days of the LDS Church. Musser, *Supplement to the New and Everlasting Covenant* (Salt Lake City: Privately published, 1934), 102–3, 105–6, 110–12, 123. These views are disputed by Brian C. Hales, "Is FUNDAMENTALISM Fundamental?" (1993) http://www.mormonfundamentalism.com/FilesForDownload/IsFundamentalismFundamental.txt (accessed September 20, 2006). See also Brian C. Hales and J. Max Anderson, *The Doctrines of Modern Polygamy: An LDS Perspective* (Salt Lake City: Northwest Publishing, 1978) chap. 11; Hales and Anderson, *Priesthood of Modern Polygamy: An LDS Perspective* (Salt Lake City: Northwest Publishing, 1992) chaps. 6, 10.

46. John Taylor quoted in Woolley, "Statement, September 22, 1929," 28. Woolley's statement reads in part: "We were given authority to ordain others if necessary to carry this work on, they in turn to be given authority to ordain others when necessary, under the direction of the worthy senior (by ordination), so that there should be no cessation in the work. . . . John Taylor set the five mentioned apart and gave them authority to perform marriage ceremonies, and also to set others apart to do the same thing as long as they remained on the earth; and while doing so, the Prophet Joseph Smith stood by directing the proceedings. Two of us had not met the Prophet Joseph Smith in his mortal lifetime, and we, Charles H. Wilkins and myself were introduced to him and shook hands with him." See also Marianne T. Watson, "John W. and Lorin C. Woolley: Archangels between Nineteenth-Century Mormon Polygamy and Twentieth-Century Mormon Fundamentalism," Paper presented at the Mormon History Association annual meeting, May 22, 2004, Provo, Utah.

47. Jessop, *Diary*, 2:January 13, 1934. "Journal of Joseph White Musser," March 31, 1930, typescript, 55, photocopy in my possession.

48. Lorin C. Woolley ordained both Joseph Leslie Broadbent (1891–1934) and John Y. Barlow (1874–1949) on March 6, 1929, and Joseph W. Musser (1872–1954) on May 14, 1929. Under Woolley's direction, Broadbent ordained both Charles F. Zitting (1894–1954) and LeGrand Woolley (1887–1965) on July 22, 1932, and Louis Alma Kelsch on June 26, 1933.

49. Louis A. Kelsch, "Brief History of Meetings Pertaining to the School of the Prophets, and to the Special Calling of the Patriarchal Order of the Priesthood," typescript, 1934, photocopy in my possession; Laura Tree Zitting, *The Life of Charles F. Zitting: One of God's Noble Men* ([Salt Lake City?]: Privately published, 1988), 54.

50. The term "Friends" was apparently derived from Doctrine and Cov-

enants 84:63, 77: "You are mine apostles, even God's high priests; ye are they whom my Father hath given me; ye are my friends. . . . And again I say unto you, my friends, for from henceforth, I shall call you friends, it is expedient that I give unto you this commandment, that ye become even as my friends in days when I was with them, traveling to preach the gospel in my power" (D&C 84:63, 77).

51. John Y. Barlow clearly presided by order of seniority. However, Rula Broadbent and Joseph W. Musser testified to various individuals that J. Leslie Broadbent, just before he died, designated Musser to succeed him as the "worthy senior." Jessop, *Diary*, 3:November 14, 1952; Owen A. Allred, "Fireside Meeting on the History of the Work" (June 8, 2003), in *History of the Priesthood Split and Additional Historical Items* (Salt Lake City: Privately published, 2003), 47–48. After Broadbent's death, Barlow immediately assumed leadership. Musser sustained John Y. Barlow after Broadbent's death because Barlow did not know of Broadbent's appointment of Musser and because it had not been witnessed by other members of the Priesthood Council nor was it established before the people. Joseph Lyman Jessop recognized Barlow as the presiding elder, although he believed as early as 1937 that Musser was nearer to God than any man he knew and considered him to be the mouthpiece of God. Jessop, *Diary*, 2:February 23, June 13, 1937, July 2, and December 8, 1937. In my opinion, further research should be done about the differences between Musser and Barlow as the possible beginnings of what eventually became the 1950s split, resulting in two distinct fundamentalist Mormon groups.

52. Leroy S. Johnson (1888–1986) and J. Marion Hammon (1905–88) were both ordained apostles on December 14, 1941. Guy H. Musser (1910–83) and Richard S. Jessop (1894–1978) were ordained about April 1945 before Rulon T. Jeffs (1909–2002) who was ordained April 20, 1945. Carl O. N. Holm (1917–72) was ordained about 1948. Alma A. Timpson (1905–97) was ordained by John Y. Barlow on December 27, 1949, two days before Barlow's death. The quorum consisted of more than seven members at times during the 1940s although two members, LeGrand Woolley and Louis A. Kelsch, withdrew from active participation. At the time of Louis Barlow's 1948 secret marriage, the Priesthood Council effectively consisted of nine: John Y. Barlow, Joseph W. Musser, and Charles F. Zitting and the first six men called by Barlow.

53. Watson, "Short Creek: 'A Refuge for the Saints.'"

54. Jessop, *Diary*, 2:March 7 and May 24, 1944; 3:May 15-December 15, 1945. See also Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land*, 6; Ken Driggs, "Imprisonment, Defiance, and Division: A History of Mormon Fundamentalism in the

1940s and 1950s," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 38, no. 1 (Spring 2005): 65–95; D. Michael Quinn, *J. Reuben Clark: The Church Years* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1983), 183–86; Marianne T. Watson, "The Fred E. Curtis Papers: LDS Church Surveillance of Fundamentalist Mormons, 1937 to 1954," paper presented at the Sunstone Symposium, August 10, 2001, Salt Lake City.

55. The term *fundamentalists,* when describing twentieth-century excommunicated Mormons who continue to practice polygamy without LDS Church sanction, came into use in the early 1940s probably after Joseph Musser used that term in a letter to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in which he stated: "We are asked by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers to present a brief statement for and the aims of the so-called faction in the Mormon religion frequently but erroneously referred to as the 'Woolley Group,' the 'Barlow.' 'Musser,' or 'Polygamy, etc., Group.' Actually this group may be called the 'Priesthood Group' or the 'Fundamentalists' . . . because of their refusal to accede to certain changes in the fundamentals of the Gospel." Joseph Musser, quoted in (no author), *Religious Sects, and Cults That Sprang from Mormonism* (pamphlet) (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers Central Company, 1942); Joseph W. Musser, "Factions" (editorial), *Truth* 9, no. 24 (September 1943): 94–96. Newspaper articles announcing the 1944 polygamy raids used "fundamentalists" in the text or in photo captions but not in the headlines. "Polygamy Probe Names 46," *Salt Lake Tribune,* March 7, 1944, and "Forty Arrested on Indictment in Polygamy Probe," *Deseret News,* March 7, 1944. Unless otherwise noted, the newspaper quotations are from the photocopy of a scrapbook containing these articles, most of them without page numbers designated. Joseph Lyman Jessop's diary did not include the word "fundamentalist" until 1945 when he was in the Utah State Penitentiary. Jessop, *Diary,* 3:August 27 and 31, October 8, and December 2, 1945. Apparently Jessop did not know of Musser's letter to the DUP and objected to the term. For example, in a letter to Joseph W. Musser, he protested against the wording of the Declaration of Policy, a document compiled by prison officials describing the polygamists as "Fundamentalists." Jessop wrote, "It [the Declaration of Policy] tries to force an acknowledgment from us that there is [an] organization known as Fundamentalists, and that we are officers in the same. Such an organization does not exist, so far as I know." Jessop, *Diary,* 3:August 31, 1945. In the aftermath of the 1944 raid, Apostle Mark E. Petersen responded formally to curiosity about the Church's involvement in the raid in a statement that was published by United Press International and printed in at least two Salt Lake City newspapers. This statement, in part, acknowledged that the Church had been "actively assisting federal and state authorities in

obtaining evidence against the cultists, and helping to prosecute them under the law." It also said the Church regarded the name "fundamentalists" as a misnomer because it "gave the impression (which is what the cultists sought) that they are old line Mormons, which they are not." Quoted in Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land*, 86–87; for other references to the letter, see *Salt Lake Telegram*, November 10, 1944, and *Salt Lake Tribune*, November 11, 1944. Letter partially reprinted in Joseph Musser, ed., "The Conspiracy Cases," *Truth* 12, no. 9 (February 1947): 246.

56. Jessop, *Diary*, 1:December 14, 1924 and January 17, 1926, 3:June 21, 1945. The term "setting in order" among fundamentalists usually referred to Doctrine and Covenants 85:7: "And it shall come to pass that I, the Lord God, will send one mighty and strong, holding the scepter of power in his hand, clothed with light for a covering, whose mouth shall utter words, eternal words; while his bowels shall be a fountain of truth, to set in order the house of God." Jessop understood the one mighty and strong to be the resurrected Prophet Joseph Smith. Joseph W. Musser recorded that Lorin C. Woolley told him that "he was told by the voice of his [deceased] Father under the direction of Joseph Smith that his mission was not to set the Church in order, but to do what he was set apart to do." Joseph W. Musser, Diary, March 31, 1930.

57. "A Revelation of President John Taylor, . . . 1886," 206; emphasis mine.

58. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:September 26, 1948.

59. Ibid, 3:January 15, 1949.

60. Ibid. In this entry, Jessop quotes Musser as saying that "he had urged the brethren to not take [marry] girls under age."

61. Ibid.; 3:September 20–25, 1948. This entry also states: "Louis said he had been to see Bro. Joseph Musser who advised him to come tell Lyman that he had lived [sexually] with Christine as a wife. I was surprised to learn that their relationship had gone that far." However, as it turned out, this statement was completely opposite to Louis's testimony a year later that he had never "had a chance to live with [Christine]" as a wife. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:February 25, 1950. Thus, it remains uncertain whether Louis and Christine ever consummated this marriage. Louis's claim that he lived with her may have been a tactic to obtain Lyman's consent to the marriage.

62. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:September 20–25, 1948.

63. Ibid.

64. Ibid., 3:September 26, 1948.

65. Ibid., 3:November 1–6, 1948.

66. Ibid.

67. Ibid., 3:December 9, 1948.

68. Ibid., 3:January 26, 1949.

69. Ibid., 1:September 10, 1923. John Y. Barlow married Martha ("Mattie") Jessop, daughter of Joseph Smith Jessop and Martha Moore Yeates Jessop, on September 10, 1923. Louis J. Barlow, born August 9, 1924, was John and Mattie's first child.

70. Ibid., 3 January 26, 1949.

71. Ibid. Although Joseph Lyman Jessop was not explicit about his disagreement over John's claim of what Lorin Woolley said, it is clear from his journal he did not agree with Barlow's interpretation. He was sure Woolley did not mean that anyone could impose his will on others in the name of priesthood. It is probable that if Woolley made such a statement, it was relative to the idea that "it is the authority of the Priesthood, not the place, that validates and sanctifies the ordinance." J. W. Musser, *The New and Everlasting Covenant of Marriage* (Salt Lake City: Truth Publishing, 1933), 82.

72. Ibid.

73. Ibid.

74. Ibid., 3:February 5, 1950.

75. Ibid., 3:January 4, 1950.

76. Ibid., 3:January 29, 1950.

77. Ibid., 3:January 29 and February 8, 1950. On January 29, Musser told Lyman, "[Christine] should be released, and I shall take up the matter with my brethren and we'll act upon it." Lyman asked if Musser must consult with others of the Priesthood Council about the case before he could act by himself. Musser said he could act by himself, but he would like to see Christine personally first and get her expressions firsthand; he then intended to discuss the matter in the council.

78. Ibid., 3:February 25, 1950.

79. Ibid. Also 3:January 29, 1950. Jessop said this statement was made in the presence of "Dan Bateman also in the presence of his uncle Moroni Jessop and in our home (at 3574 South 9th East) about the time of the birth of our son Paul [January 21, 1929]. I told him I have asked Uncle Rone [Moroni Jessop] if he remembered this event and saying of Uncle Lorin Woolley [and] he said he remembered it (my conversation with Uncle Rone was at the home of I. W. Barlow on evening of Jan. 25, 1950) B[rother] Musser agreed."

80. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:January 20, 29, 1950.

81. Ibid., 3:February 25, 1950; see also January 29, 1950.

82. Family records in my possession; see also Jessop, *Diary*, 3:December 2, 1950.

83. Jessop, *Diary,* 3:June 23, 1950.

84. Driggs, "Imprisonment, Defiance, and Division"; Driggs, "A Guide to Old Fashioned (Fundamentalist) Mormonism."

85. Allred became involved with fundamentalists in 1935 while trying to "save" his father, B. Harvey Allred, who had published *A Leaf in Review* (Caldwell, Ida.: Caxton Printers, 1933). This book castigated LDS leaders for apostasy and included an account of John Taylor's 1886 revelation and the events leading to it. Rulon married Ruth Barlow, John Y. Barlow's daughter, as a plural wife on November 14, 1935.

86. This ordination occurred September 18, 1850. Musser apparently felt he was following the precedent set by his predecessor, Lorin C. Woolley, who appointed J. Leslie Broadbent as his Second Elder. Musser stated, "I wanted to appoint my son, Guy, as my Second Elder, but the Lord would not give his approval." As part of the ordination, he told Allred: "Henceforth, you will stand at my side as Leslie did to Lorin and as Hyrum did to Joseph . . . and you shall stand in this office as long as I live." Rulon Allred understood that his calling included serving on the council and as Musser's Second Elder but that, in seniority, he would take his place according to order of ordination after Musser died. Rulon C. Allred, Minutes of [Fundamentalist] Meeting held in Poulson, Montana, May 17, 1959, transcription, published in *History of the Priesthood Split and Additional Historical Items,* 67–72. Allred explained: "In the Priesthood a man as President of the Priesthood [president Council Member] has a Second Elder. In the Church a man has presidency and two counselors. And the appointment is exactly the same. Joseph Smith had Oliver Cowdery as his Second Elder. Hyrum, his brother, was chosen to fill that office when Oliver fell." Seventies Meeting Minutes, home of Richard Kunz, Murray, Utah, May 12, 1974, transcription, published in ibid., 85.

87. Seventies Meeting Minutes, May 12, 1974, 80.

88. Ibid.

89. Members of the council claimed that Allred used his influence as Musser's physician during Musser's physical incapacity to persuade Musser to put hands on his head and give him a blessing so he could claim ordination to the apostleship. Another reason cited was whether Musser could act authoritatively without getting the entire council's approval, even though three of them had been called privately by John Y. Barlow before it was made known to the others. In a priesthood meeting on December 3, 1950, the council members told Allred that "they were empowered to accept or reject Joseph [Musser]'s actions, and that they had decided Rulon [Allred] was not a member of the Council, nor an Apostle as Joseph had told him. The Council informed him that he held only a commissioned authority and was an assistant

to Joseph . . . during the life of Joseph. They said that Joseph was mistaken in the things that he had told Rulon about his holding keys and being one in the Council." Ibid., 83. For an FLDS version of Allred's "supposed ordination," see Rulon T. Jeffs, *History of Priesthood Succession in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times and Some Challenges to the One Man Rule* (Hildale, Utah: Twin City Courier Press, 1997), 252–53. Leroy Johnson told Joseph Musser and Lyman Jessop, "If the Lord wants to use an incapacitated leader (referring to Joseph Musser) to lead some people astray, that is the Lord's business." Jessop, *Diary*, 3:July 2, 1952. Vera Cook Allred recorded on May 2, 1952, that those opposing Musser were saying, "He is old and incapacitated and doesn't know what he's doing." Vera Allred, "A Personal Witness," in *History of the Priesthood Split and Additional Historical Items*, 103. See also Rulon C. Allred, Minutes of [Fundamentalist] Meeting Held in Poulson, Montana," 71. Robert Eaby recorded, "There are those going about telling that Joseph has lost his mind because of his infirmaties [sic]. . . . I told him that I believed he was not demented as some say." Robert Eaby, Diary, June 16, 1951, typescript copy of entry, photocopy in my possession.

90. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:March 19, May 27, December 6, 9, 1951; January 12 and February 3, 1952. The other Priesthood Council members were Charles F. Zitting (originally called by Lorin C. Woolley), and seven men called by John Y. Barlow between June 1941 and December 29, 1949: Leroy S. Johnson, J. Marion Hammon, Guy H. Musser, Rulon Jeffs, Richard S. Jessop, Carl N. Holm, and Alma Adelbert Timpson. Louis A. Kelsch and LeGrand Woolley were still living but did not participate in any council matters. Kelsch continued to perform plural marriages when requested, but he never asserted himself in the leadership of the fundamentalists after about 1945.

91. The families of Louis A. Kelsch, Arnold Boss, Morris Kunz, Ianthus Barlow, Albert Barlow, and others were in this category.

92. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:March 19, May 6 and 27, and December 6 and 9, 1951; January 12 and February 3, 1952. On January 12, 1952, Joseph W. Musser called Rulon Clark Allred, Margarito Bautista, John Butchereit, Eslie Devoe Jenson, Owen Arthur Allred, Marvin L. Jessop, Joseph Blaine Thompson, and Joseph Lyman Jessop. Ibid., 3:January 12, 1952.

93. Quoted in "Witness and Testimony by Marvin L. Allred," published in *History of the Priesthood Split*, 139. Meeting November 15, 1952, with his new council, "Joseph forcefully told us that if these brethren [of the council who had rejected Musser] continued further in the council of the Lord, they must come in after any who are present at his speaking. Musser then stated, "They have been rejected because they would not accept the word of the Lord." Jessop, *Diary*, 3:November 15, 1952.

94. Charles F. Zitting died July 14, 1954. In 1978 I saw in the homes of Short Creek (Colorado City) relatives priesthood succession charts, with photos, that included J. Leslie Broadbent and Charles F. Zitting. When I visited there in 1991, I saw new charts in which Broadbent and Zitting did not appear. These latter charts were consistent with Rulon T. Jeffs's published history of priesthood succession. Jeffs, *History of Priesthood Succession,* 277.

95. Barbara Owen Kelsch, *Louis Alma Kelsch, 1905–1947* ([Salt Lake City?]: Privately published, ca. 1975), 86.

96. Jessop, *Diary,* 3:February 2, 1953.

97. Ibid., 3:August 23–24, 1952.

98. Ibid.; also 3:September 10, 1952.

99. Ibid., 3:February 2, 1953.

100. Ibid., 3:December 8–13, 1953.

101. Ibid.

102. Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land,* 111–47.

103. Jessop, *Diary,* 3:July 22–23, 1953. Leroy Johnson's decision not to run may have been similar to a decision Joseph W. Musser had made a year earlier relating to the threatened prosecution of the polygamists in the Salt Lake area. Joseph W. Musser said, "'I'll get the word of the Lord on the matter' and two days later said, 'I have received the word of the Lord, viz: we are not to run away. We will stay put and let them do their damndest. They will not be able to do what they think they can. . . . We can hold our meetings. They can't do any more to us.'" Jessop, *Diary,* 3:August 28 and 31, September 6 and 7, 1952. The negative media coverage and political backlash against Arizona's Governor Howard Pyle resulting from the Short Creek raids may have prevented further prosecution of polygamists at that time.

104. Ibid.

105. Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land,* ix–x, 111–213.

106. Louis J. Barlow, interviewed on KSUB shortly after July 26, 1953, quoted in Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 33–34.

107. Ibid., 132–33 (photos); Jessop, *Diary,* 3:September 1–2, 1953.

108. At the funeral, Lyman learned that, before his father's death, he "spent hours weeping among the cedar trees for his own kin and friends who are the victims of the unhallowed raids upon this peaceful village (of Short Creek)." Lyman considered that his father "was greatly weakened by this raid and imprisonment and died a martyr to the cause of truth and freedom." Jessop, *Diary,* 3:September 1–2, 1953. Joseph Smith Jessop died of kidney failure exacerbated by the lengthy journey by bus without bathroom stops to Kingman, Arizona, after he was arrested. Because of his age and infirmity, he was soon released, only to die soon afterward.

109. Bradley, *Kidnapped from That Land,* 148–59.

110. Division over one-man rule versus a council government began as early as 1935. Watson, "Short Creek: 'A Refuge for the Saints.'" In November 1936, Joseph Musser spoke to John Y. Barlow about the "present [united effort] set-up" in Short Creek and that "there seemed a disposition toward one man rule." Musser advised that Barlow resign from the management of UEP affairs and "confine his labors more particularly to the spiritual field; that our [priesthood] work was especially along the line of keeping faith in patriarchal marriage alive, and not in the directing of colonizing." The next morning at a priesthood meeting, the majority of those present expressed the belief that Barlow "held the keys to Priesthood and was the mouthpiece of God on earth" while some expressed that he held "authority to seal [marriages] and was the senior member of the Priesthood group, and as such presided." Musser, *Journal,* November 8–13, 1936.

The issue in the 1970s and 1980s centered on interpretations of Doctrine and Covenants 132:7: "There is never but one on the earth at a time on whom the keys of the sealing powers and keys of the holy Priesthood are conferred." J. Marion Hammon and Guy H. Musser were teaching that the parenthetical matter in that verse, "(and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys on this priesthood are conferred)," was not in the original revelation. They therefore argued that the concept of "never but one on the earth at a time" was false. In contrast, Leroy Johnson and Rulon T. Jeffs taught that only one man at a time holds the keys of the sealing power, and those who act during his administration are only acting under a delegated authority." Johnson and Jeffs also declared invalid the 1880 revelation given to Wilford Woodruff which states, in part: "And while my servant John Taylor is your President . . . [and] although you have one to preside over your Quorum, which is the order of God in all generations, do you not, all of you, hold the apostleship, which is the highest authority ever given to men on earth? You do. Therefore you hold in common the Keys of the Kingdom of God in all the world." The 1880 revelation was published by fundamentalist Mormons in *The Four Hidden Revelations* (Salt Lake City: Privately published, 1948). The LDS Church Archives are identified as his source for this revelation in Max Anderson, *Polygamy: Fact or Fiction* (Salt Lake City: Publisher's Press, 1979), 119.

111. On February 19, 1984, Leroy Johnson refused to allow J. Marion Hammon and Alma Adelbert Timpson to sit on the stand as members of the council. He told them: "The Lord gave you men five and a half years to change your thinking on this principle of having one man holding the sealing

powers in the earth at a time, and you have made a miserable mess of it by coming here and preaching over this pulpit that I was about to die because of my attitude towards this principle." Shortly afterward, Johnson permanently dismissed Hammon and Timpson as council members. Rulon Jeffs made it clear that these two men and their followers were the worst of apostates. Leroy S. Johnson, *Leroy S. Johnson Sermons,* 7 vols. (Hildale, Utah: Twin City Courier Press, 1984), 7:51; Jeffs, *History of Priesthood Succession,* 329–54.

112. Hammon and Timpson held their first separate priesthood meeting on May 13, 1984. They dedicated their own meetinghouse on September 27, 1986, a hundred years after John Taylor's 1886 revelation, an event that gave their town its name. This community believes that Rulon T. Jeffs wrongfully influenced Johnson in the last years of his life, taking advantage of him in sickness, which culminated in the wrongful dismissal of the two council members. After the death of Hammon and shortly before his own death, Timpson called his son, John, and bestowed upon him the same appointment and calling he himself had received from John Y. Barlow. After the elder Timpson's death, John Timpson called others and reestablished a priesthood council, which maintains that it is the true heir of John Taylor's legacy to perpetuate plural marriage.

113. The name of the corporation was "The Corporation of the President of the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," February 6, 1991, #495,512, cited in Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 14; Ken Driggs, "'This Will Someday Be the Head and Not the Tail of the Church': A History of the Mormon Fundamentalists at Short Creek," *Journal of Church and State* 43, no. 1 (January 2001): 201; and his "A Guide to Old Fashioned (Fundamentalist) Mormonism."

114. Jeffs, *History of Priesthood Succession.* Jeffs also identified the "one man" as the "Keyholder." His list of keyholders in order of their presidencies were: Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, John W. Woolley, Lorin C. Woolley, John Y. Barlow, Leroy S. Johnson, and Rulon T. Jeffs.

115. Ibid., 1–3; emphasis mine.

116. Quoted in Benjamin G. Bistline, *The Polygamists: A History of Colorado City, Arizona* (Scottsdale, Ariz.: Agreka Books, 2004), 343.

117. Sam Barlow, quoted in Quinn, "Plural Marriage and Mormon Fundamentalism," 14, 33.

118. Louis Barlow's brothers included Dan Barlow (former mayor of Colorado City), Sam Barlow (former sheriff), and Joe, Alma, Truman, Alvin and Nephi. Joseph Lyman Jessop's brothers who lived in Colorado City were Richard, Virgil, Fred, and later Dowayne Jessop.

119. "Plane Crash Victims Mourned," *Spectrum,* August 16, 2002,

http://www.polygamyinfo.com/plygmedia%2002%2095spectrum.htm (accessed September 24, 2006). Killed were Gregory Holm, 38, and three of Louis J. Barlow's sons: John O., 39; Ronald O., 49; and Michael D., 44.

120. This law (H.B. 307, passed in 2003) specifically targeted polygamists marrying minors. It became Utah Code Annotated, Child Bigamy 76-7-101.5. This statute states that any person "18 years of age or older is guilty of child bigamy when, knowing he or she has a wife or husband, or knowing that a person under 18 years of age has a wife or husband, the actor carries out the following with the person who is under 18 years of age: (a) purports to marry the person who is under 18 years of age; or (b) cohabits with the person who is under 18 years of age. This is a second degree felony which is punishable by one to fifteen years." In November or December 2001, Utah's attorney general and later FLDS Church attorneys had advised that a showdown with Utah and Arizona authorities could be avoided by ending marriages between adult men and minor girls. Influenced by Warren Jeffs, Rulon refused to agree, making the practice a test of faith for the FLDS. Winston Black- more, interviewed by Marianne Watson, Anne Wilde, and Linda Kelsch, April 2004, stated that Rulon Jeffs initially agreed that it was not necessary to continue marriages of adult men to underage women but that he (Blackmore) saw Warren Jeffs lean over and whisper to his father, so that the elder Jeffs changed his words to say the opposite. Sam Barlow, in a sermon delivered in Colorado City in April 2002, alluded to the laws regarding sexual conduct with minors. See "The Polygamy Files," the *Salt Lake Tribune*'s polygamy blog: "The FLDS Battle for Plural Marriage," April 4, 2006, http:// blogs.sltrib.com/plurallife/archives/2006_04_01_archive.htm (accessed April 4, 2006), and "The FLDS Battle for Plural Marriage, Part Two," April 5, 2006 (same blog site).

121. Adams, "Warren Jeffs: A Wanted Man," A-1, A-4. Warren, the son of Rulon Timpson Jeffs and Marilyn Steed, was born December 3, 1955, in San Francisco.

122. According to Richard Holm, a former FLDS member and son of Carl Holm, Warren Jeffs, with his father's knowledge, secretly recorded thousands of members' personal conversations with Rulon Jeffs. These tapes detailed community members' transgressions, confessions, and other personal matters. Holm felt that Warren had used these tapes on assuming control of the FLDS Church in 2002 to identify those he deemed undesirable. Richard Holm, interviewed by Marianne Watson, January 2004. See also John Dougherty, "The Man behind the Curtain," *Phoenix New Times*, January 29, 2004, http://www.phoenixnewtimes.com/issues/2004-01-29/sidebar.html (accessed January 29, 2004).

123. Winston Blackmore, interviewed, "Bustup in Bountiful," aired January 25, 2006, at 9:00 p.m. on CBC_TV, transcript, http://cbc.ca/fifth/bustupinbountiful/interviews_winston.html (accessed July 15, 2006).

124. Ibid.

125. To prepare for the end, Warren Jeffs preached increasing isolation from the secular world. He urged his flock to avoid newspapers, television, the internet, and other exposure to "gentiles" (outsiders). The town radio station shunned popular songs with lyrics, broadcasting mostly upbeat, patriotic instrumentals. Jeffs also prophesied a mass lifting-up during which only the most devout would rise to heaven. The ascension was supposed to take place from the community garden in the center of town. Jeffs reportedly named several dates that came and went with no apparent heavenly rapture. Susan Greene, "Polygamy Prevails in Remote Arizona Town," *Denver Post,* March 4, 2001, http://www.rickross.com/reference/polygamy/polygamy54.html (accessed July 24, 2006).

126. Warren Jeffs, "Our Prophet's Call: 'Leave Apostates Alone, Severely,' Lesson, general meeting, July 16, 2000, at the Leroy S. Johnson Meeting House, Colorado City, Arizona, photocopy of minutes in my possession. See also "Warren Jeffs FLDS Sermon," *Salt Lake Tribune,* July 27, 2006, http://www.childbrides.org/news_control_sltrib_Warrens_sermon.html (accessed September 24, 2006); Brooke Adams, "Jeffs' Sermon Railed against Outside Thinking," *Salt Lake Tribune,* July 27, 2006, B-2.

127. These statements reflected frustration because legal action had not succeeded in removing Centennial Park members from properties in Hildale and Colorado City owned by the United Effort Plan. The UEP held title to the homes and lots on which people from both the Johnson and Jeffs groups lived and for which they had contributed money and labor. At the 1984 fracture, Rulon Jeffs had acquired control of the UEP and, in 1986, declared that those living on UEP land were tenants at will, giving him the power to legally evict those with whom he disagreed. No such understanding had existed before Jeffs's declaration. In 1987, several of the Hammon-Timpson families filed an action in federal court to determine their property rights. The UEP countered with actions in state courts in 1989 and 1993 against some of the Hammon-Timpson claimants. The state court stayed these cases, pending a resolution of the federal action. In 1993, the federal district court dismissed the federal claims for lack of subject matter jurisdiction and dismissed the pending state claims without prejudice. The Hammon-Timpson claimants then filed an action in Utah's district court in Washington County. The state court consolidated its action with the UEP's previously filed suits. On September 1, 1998, the Utah Supreme Court upheld the district court's ruling al-

lowing the Hammon-Timpson claimants to remain on the land for their lifetimes or requiring the UEP to compensate the claimants if it sought to remove them. However, it found errors in the previous decision and could not determine whether any or all of the claimants had life estates. It therefore remanded that issue back to the trial court. *Jeffs et al. v. Stubbs et al.*, Utah Supreme Court, Case No. 960454, 970 P.2d 1234 (Utah 1998), http://www.caselaw.lp.findlaw.com/scripts/getcase.pl?court=ut&vol=supopin&invol=jeffs (accessed September 27, 2006).

128. Rulon T. Jeffs, April 19, 1959, *Words of President Jeffs* (Salt Lake City: n.pub., 67, quoted in Jeffs, "Our Prophet's Call 'Leave Apostates Alone, Severely,'" [4].

129. Rachel Olsen, "Polygamy's 'Lost Boys' Struggle to Fit in," (St. George) *Spectrum*, August 5, 2004, http://www.childbrides.org/boys_HFTCB_spec_helping_lost_boys.html (accessed September 27, 2006); David Kelly, "Polygamy's 'Lost Boys' Expelled from the Only Life They Knew," *Los Angeles Times*, June 19, 2005, http://www.boston.com/news/nation/articles/2005/06/19/polygamys_lost_boys_expelled_from_only_life_they_knew/?page=2. In August 2004, six "lost boys" sued the FLDS Church and its leaders, including Warren Jeffs, for the economic and psychological injury they said resulted after being driven out of the community. Nancy Perkins, "FLDS Church, Leaders Sued by 6 'Lost Boys,'" *Deseret Morning News*, August 28, 2004, http://www.childbrides.org/boys_des_sued_by_6_lost__boys.html (accessed September 27, 2006).

130. Howard Fischer, "State Officials Prepare to Seize Control of Colorado City School District," *Arizona Daily Star*, August 11, 2005, http://www.azstarnet.com/sn/hourlyupdate/88285.php (accessed September 25, 2006).

131. LuAnn Fischer, an FLDS member who was excommunicated in September 2001, said Warren Jeffs began assigning dozens of young wives to his father about ten years previously as a way of preventing them from marrying other men. She believed that the younger Jeffs did this so he could then marry them off in exchange for leverage, money, or favors after his father's death. Fischer did not believe that the elderly Jeffs consummated these marriages. Valerie Richardson, "Flaunting Polygamy as the Law Gets Tough," *Washington [D.C.] Times*, March 27, 2001, http://www.polygamyinfo.com/plygmedia%2001%2040watimes.htm (accessed July 24, 2006).

132. LuAnn Fischer said she and her husband were excommunicated after they questioned Warren Jeffs's, not Rulon's, authority. Susan Greene, "Polygamy Prevails in Remote Arizona Town," *Denver Post*, March 4, 2001, http://www.rickross.com/reference/polygamy/polygamy54.html (accessed July 24, 2006); Associated Press, "Polygamist Leader Rulon T. Jeffs Dies,"

posted 9:22 AM EDT (1322 GMT) September 9, 2002, http://www.cnn.com/2002/US/09/09/obit.rulonjeffs.ap/index.html (accessed September 98, 2002); Tom Zoellner, "Polygamist's Death Creates Tension in Enclave," *Salt Lake Tribune,* September 10, 2002, http://www.childbrides.org/control_SLTrib_rulon_death_creates_tension.html (accessed July 23, 2006).

133. Mark Havnes, "Thousands Flock to Funeral of FLDS Leader," *Salt Lake Tribune,* September 13, 2002, http://www.polygamyinfo.com/plygmedia%2002%20118trib.htm (accessed September 26, 2006); Angie Parkinson, "Jeffs's Funeral Draws 5,080: FLDS Prophet Laid to Rest in Service Thursday," (St. George) *Spectrum,* September 13, 2002, http://www.polygamyinfo.com/plygmedia%2002%20118spectrum.htm (accessed July 26, 2006); Michael Janofsky, "Years May Pass before Fundamentalist LDS Name Successor to Jeffs," *New York Times,* September 15, 2002, http://www.polygamyinfo.com/plygmedia%2002%20121nyt.htm (accessed September 24, 2006); Associated Press, "FLDS Names Warren Jeffs New President," *Salt Lake Tribune,* November 23, 2002, and Associated Press, "Warren Jeffs New Head of Fundamentalist Church," November 28, 2002, both at http://www.religionnewsblog.com/1276/flds-names-warren-jeffs-new-president (accessed September 24, 2006).

134. Adams, "Warren Jeffs: A Wanted Man." This article identifies sites in Eldorado, Texas; Mancos, Colorado; and Pringle, South Dakota, and speculates that others, as yet unknown, also exist. "Eldorado, pop. 1,838, stands out. The FLDS have poured millions into a 1,691-acre property, creating a small city with a dairy, cheese factory, orchard, barracks, homes, meeting hall and a massive limestone temple. The estimated population ranges from 150 to 600."

135. Jane Zhang, "Mayor, Others Ousted from FLDS Church," (St. George) *Spectrum,* January 11, 2004, http://www.religionnewsblog.com/5630/mayor-others-ousted-from-flds-church (accessed September 24, 2006); Pam Manson and Mark Havnes, "FLDS Prophet Thins Flock," *Salt Lake Tribune,* January 12, 2004, http://www.religionnewsblog.com/5625/flds-prophet-thins-flock (accessed September 24, 2006); Nancy Perkins, "Colorado City Mayor Quits after FLDS Action: Polygamist Church Strips Him, Others of Their Priesthood," *Deseret Morning News,* January 12, 2004, http://www.findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_qn4188/is_20040112/ai_n11438362 (accessed September 24, 2004); "Colorado City Called 'Tense,'" *Lake Havasu News-Herald,* January 13, 2004, http://www.rickross.com/reference/polygamy/polygamy151.html (accessed September 24, 2006); Jane Zhang, "Mayor Resigns in Colorado City after Ouster of about 20 Men from Polygamous Church, City Power Changes," (St. George) *Spectrum,* January 13, 2004,

http://www.polygamyinfo.com/plygmedia%2004%2013spectrum.htm (accessed September 24, 2006); Associated Press, "Men Ordered to Leave Polygamist Community without Families," KUTV Channel 2 News, January 13, 2004, http://www.childbrides.org/control_KUTV_men_ordered_to_leave.html (accessed September 24, 2006).

136. The quoted words were Louis's expressions to the Priesthood Council in 1950 when they heard about his secret marriage to Christine. Jessop, *Diary*, 3:February 25, 1950. Louis's first wife, Lucy Johnson Barlow, was reportedly reassigned to Warren's cousin, Richard Allred, who was young enough to have been her son. Lucy died a year later on October 20, 2005. "Lucy Johnson Allred" (obituary), (St. George) *Spectrum*, October 22, 2005, http://www.thespectrum.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=20051022/OBITUARIES/510220 (accessed October 27, 2005); "Anonymous," blog entry posted October 22, 2005, 11:34 PM, http://texaspolygamy.blogspot.com/2005/10/obituaries.html#c113004208015010416.

137. Zoellner, "Polygamist's Death Creates Tension in Enclave"; Brandon Griggs, "FLDS Leadership Battle Is Predicted," *Salt Lake Tribune*, September 12, 2002, http://www.religionnewsblog.com/814/flds-leadership-battle-is-predicted (accessed September 24, 2006); Manson and Havnes, "FLDS Prophet Thins Flock"; Brian Haynes, Dave Berns, and Dave Hawkins, "Power Struggle: Trouble Brewing in Towns," *Las Vegas Review Journal*, January 15, 2004, http://www.childbrides.org/control_AP_states_brace_for_trouble.html (accessed September 24, 2006); Associated Press, "States Brace for Trouble in Polygamist Communities," *Arizona Daily Sun*, January 19, 2004, http://www.mazeministrycom/mormonism/smart/brides/shaken.html (accessed September 24, 2006).

138. Winston Blackmore, interviewed by Watson, Wilde, and Kelsch, April 2004, reported that, after Rulon Jeffs's debilitating 1998 stroke, Warren Jeffs greatly restricted access to his father. For awhile, Blackmore was one of the privileged few, but ultimately, Warren also excluded Blackmore. According to Blackmore, it was obvious that Warren, not Rulon, was making all the decisions. See also Blackmore, "Bustup in Bountiful"; Fabian Dawson, "Polygamists in Three-Way Struggle for Control of Sect," *Province* (British Columbia), September 10, 2002, http://www.canada.com, also posted at http://www.religionnewsblog.com/781/polygamists-in-three-way-struggle-for-control-of-sect, posted September 11, 2002 (accessed September 24, 2006).

139. In his dream, the anonymous author "beheld John Y. Barlow command unto his son [Louis Barlow] to step up to his calling and to forsake his birthright no more, that his time of remaining quiet has passed, that he was

chosen before the world was created to do an important work and that the time for his calling had come." Quoted in Jane Zhang, "Letter: Barlow Has Right to Lead," *(St. George) Spectrum*, January 14, 2004, http://www.childbrides.org/contro_spect_letter_barlow_lead.html and Nancy Perkins, "Anonymous Letter Decries FLDS Leader," *Deseret Morning News*, January 15, 2004, http://rickross.com/reference/polygamy/polygamy153.html.

140. He may have been hoping for reinstatement. After his excommunication, one anonymous source was quoted as saying, "They know what they have to do. They could have their jobs back tomorrow, if they wanted to." Perkins, "Anonymous Letter Decries FLDS Leader." Richard Holm said that Warren Jeffs led him to believe that his excommunication was temporary, a test, and that he would be reinstated if he complied and repented. Despite Holm's conformity, he was not reinstated. Holm, interviewed by Watson, January 2004.

141. Pamela Manson and Brooke Adams, "Ousted FLDS Leader Louis Barlow Dies," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 25, 2004, http://www.religionnewsblog.com/7414/ousted-flds-leader-louis-barlow-dies May 26, 2004 (accessed September 24, 2006); Associated Press, "Excommunicated Member of Prominent Polygamist Family Dies," May 25, 2004, http://www.rickross.com/reference/polygamy/polygamy210.html (accessed September 24, 2006). Louis had experienced heart problems before his excommunication. My Salt Lake Valley relatives who attended Louis Barlow's funeral reported his continued loyalty to Jeffs. Doug Cooke, an ousted FLDS member whose wife of twenty-one years had been reassigned, was quoted as saying: "When a man loses his family, he loses the chance to build a 'celestial family,' and 'your whole life was wasted up to that point.' 'I wanted to die,' Cooke recalled when his wife was 'remarried' to Fred Jessop, the FLDS church's longtime bishop who recently disappeared. 'I wanted God to take me home.' Cooke said he met Barlow a week ago [before his death] at the Village Inn restaurant. Barlow refused to shake his hand, Cooke said, saying, 'We have nothing in common.'" Barlow apparently considered Cooke, but not himself, an apostate even though both had been excommunicated. Jane Zhang, "Louis Barlow Dies in St. George Home," *St. George Spectrum*, May 25, 2004, http://www.childbrides.org/control_spec_Louis_Barlow_dies.html (accessed September 24, 2006). A mutual friend (name withheld) told me that he contacted Louis after learning of Louis's excommunication. Louis refused to discuss the situation in any detail and did not make any negative remarks about Warren Jeffs or others.

142. The FLDS in particular have been targeted because of their stated determination to continue directing underage brides, ages sixteen and seven-

teen, into plural marriages, although they are willing to stop arranging marriages for brides younger than sixteen. This announcement was made by a delegation of FLDS brethren, including Sam Barlow, in a December 2001 meeting with staff members of the Utah Attorney General's office. Statement reported by Utah Attorney General Mark Shurtleff, meeting with Mary Batchelor, Anne Wilde, Linda Kelsch, and Marianne Watson, January 2002. Because of Warren Jeffs's refusal to respond to lawsuits and because of other irregularities, the community lost legal control of the Colorado City school district and the United Effort Plan Trust in 2005. Most damaging was the loss of control over the trust, valued at more than $110 million, which holds title to most of the FLDS property and assets in Colorado City, Arizona; Hildale, Utah; and other places. Brooke Adams and Pamela Manson, "The Modern Raid on Polygamy," *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 21, 2005, A-1.

143. Religious influence over UEP assets was legally eliminated in 2005. "Ruling Guides Operation of FLDS Trust," *Deseret Morning News*, December 15, 2005, http://www.childbride.org/control_des_ruling_ guides _operation_of_UEP.html (accessed September 24, 2006). Further, it appears that FLDS communal property will be privatized. According to court-appointed receiver Bruce Wisan, "It's [the UEP Trust] broken, and I don't think it'll ever be the same." Quoted in Ben Winslow, "FLDS Trust in Judge's Hands," *Deseret Morning News*, July 14, 2006, http://deseretnews. com/dn/view/0,1249,640194645,00.html (accessed July 14, 2006).

Dianne Dibb Forbis, *Image-and-Stone Dream* (Daniel 2), 48" x 36", acrylic collage

My Mission Decision

Henry L. Miles

Note: Some of my fellow carousers mentioned in the following account have become pious over the years and may not desire to be reminded of their adolescent foibles; hence, I have given them pseudonyms.

October 1954. I am age nineteen and in Clark's Barbershop with Lloyd for his weekly duck's butt haircut. He's reading the *Salt Lake Tribune* and I am turning magazine pages. A coupon says, "Play a guitar in six weeks." I nudge Lloyd, "My convertible needs a guitar player."

"Sure." He smiles.

I'm tearing out the guitar coupon when Lloyd says, "Look. They're killing the G.I. Bill." He turns the paper so I can read: "G.I. Bill to end January 15th, 1955."

Lloyd hands me the paper as he climbs into the barber chair; I read of the demise of the G.I. Bill. Ever since graduating from Blackfoot High in 1953, I've considered joining the army to get the bill; it pays college tuition, books, and $110 per month for living expenses, $220 for married students. But I hesitate. Although I ranked high on the standard exams, I graduated in the fourth quartile of my high school class. My senior year was my worst with a GPA of 1.5. And my one semester at college makes me wonder if I could pass college courses.

* * *

I tried college last January. On a Saturday night, I was riding around town and telling Jon about losing my job as a blacksmith apprentice because of the railroad switching from steam to diesel. He said, "Try college;

winter semester just started." Jon had entered Idaho State College in the fall and completed one semester. We cruised our town of 5,000 from the fairgrounds to the railroad tracks, talking and drinking Schlitz. We stopped for the traffic light on Bridge Street and watched singles and couples scurry along icy sidewalks to and from the Silver Spur, Snowballs, Ted's Place, and Stockman's Bar. As the Model A idled, the crisp, uneven exhaust from the full-race V8 engine caused the bar hoppers to look our way. We waved at our basketball coach and his wife, and they waved back. We couldn't join them because we were under age. When we got tired of cruising, we talked with friends over milkshakes at the ice cream parlor. We ended the night at Maxie's, Blackfoot's pool hall for teenagers. Before we returned to my cold car after midnight, Jon had convinced me to take the classes he had finished and buy his books and drafting instruments.

On Monday morning I was in Pocatello at Idaho State College. The north wind was whipping soil and snow into dirty white waves along the sidewalk on the unfriendly campus. In the line of latecomers, I overheard a student from California say he chose Idaho State because of its pharmacy program; he and another student talked about college and careers. I didn't know what to study and had no career plans. I had simply been talked into taking Jon's classes and buying his books. I wanted to leave the line and head for the snow-covered grain fields to hunt ducks and geese.

I paid my tuition, sixty bucks, and went for the English exam. To my surprise, I bypassed bonehead English, which Jon had had to take. Walking to my car, I resolved to study, just as I had resolved to study each September in high school. But this time would be different.

On the first day of my speech class, twenty students sat in the front rows of a circular theater, while the professor at the podium on the stage lectured on introductory and acceptance speeches. "Public speaking is fun," he said. "You'll see and don't worry." He motioned two advanced students to the stage to demonstrate the speeches; both made us laugh. It did look easy and fun. The professor said we'd each give a two-minute speech at the next class and had us choose a partner: one would give each type of speech. The student beside me became my partner; and before leaving, we decided that I'd nominate him for chairman of the Blackfoot school board, and he would accept. We'd meet and rehearse our speeches an hour before the next class.

I wrote my speech and memorized it but could not force myself back

to class. After missing a few times, I dropped the class and never saw my poor partner again.

College was looking like high school: I had memorized lines from *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar,* lines carved into my mind forever like, "Is this a dagger that I see before me, the handle . . . ?" and "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to bury. . . ." But I could not bring myself to recite the lines in class and instead pretended not to have memorized them.

In English class, Dr. Gee wet his left thumb on his tongue then thumb-and-fingered to the next page in *The Good Earth,* using only his left hand. His right arm lay lifeless in his lap as he sat in his wheelchair; only his head, hand, and book showed above his desk. Gee's son wheeled him into class; someone else would wheel him from class to his office and to other classes. Gee closed the book and gave us our first writing assignment, a five-hundred-word essay, due in a week. I had never written an essay.

At home I opened my spiral notebook and wrote a title in the middle of the top margin, "The National Guard." The next sentence was: "I joined the National Guard in high school." I liked this sentence but saw where I could add words and inserted them: I joined the National Guard [when I was a junior] in high school." I wrote each sentence, reviewed it to find places for more words, and inserted them:

> Captain [Daniel] Worsencroft came to our high school and said if we joined [the National Guard before the 15th of June of 1952] they could not draft us. 30 of us joined [the National Guard]. That made 60 [in our unit]. We had an inspection.
>
> The inspector was a full colonel. He asked all [of the] new members [of the National Guard], "Why did you join the National Guard?" They all said, "To gain military experience, sir." He came to me and I raised my M1 and opened the bolt [and stood at attention]. He grabbed the rifle [from me] and looked down the barrel [to see if the barrel was clean]. He said, "Why did you join the National Guard?" I said, "To avoid being drafted, sir." He didn't say anything. The officer from my own [National Guard] unit was standing behind the colonel [and he was smiling a big smile on his face] and he almost laughed. [His name was Lieutenant Woods]. . . . I am glad I joined the National Guard because now they can't draft me.

Two days before the essay was due, I inserted more words and counted all of them twice: 509. Done. I copied the essay onto clean sheets of loose-leaf paper with pen and ink. I was proud of my essay, didn't know

I could write so many words. Dr. Gee gave me a C minus and wrote a lot of pen scribbles in the margins, references to sections in our composition book. Not too bad, I thought.

The first two weeks at Idaho State, I studied all morning in the recreation room, determined to be a serious student, while some slept or played pool, poker, or pinochle. During the third week, a student asked me to join him and two others in a game of four-hand pinochle. I was up on my studies so I nodded, recalling winter nights in high school. We lived on seven acres and Dad, my brother, and I would finish with the cows and hogs each night and head for the house to play cards with Uncle Spence. We had no ashtrays, so we gave Spence a dessert bowl. He'd fire up, put his cigarette down, get caught up in the game, and let his Pall Mall burn into a gray caterpillar with a filter-tip head.

We four students sat at a table, arranged our cards, and began bidding as smoke snaked up from four ashtrays. After a few hands, I was recalling key cards played just as Dad had taught me. My partner and I won. Our group gathered regularly and I began cutting classes. Geometry passed from planes to solids and I could barely do planes. A few weeks into solids, geometry proved futile. In June, finals arrived, and I took them without reviewing the books or previous exams. I turned in my ROTC uniform and shiny black shoes, sold my books, and drove home from Pocatello with my drafting instruments, free again.

* * *

I put down the *Tribune* and sense the snip-snip of the barber's scissors, the reflection of Lloyd in the wall of mirrors, the in-rush of arctic air as customers open the door to enter and leave. I want to try college again; maybe I can learn how to study. But without the G.I. Bill, I might not have the money for another attempt.

Saturday morning, Lloyd and I are in Idaho Falls talking with recruiters. An army sergeant with an airborne insignia on his jacket shakes my hand as I say, "I'm interested in your electronics program." He says, "Pass the exam and you're in." I could even take the exam before enlisting to make sure I qualified before signing on for two years, and he says my years in the National Guard will increase my pay. As I leave, he hands me a brochure, saying, "Think about it." I can see myself leaving the army as an

electronics technician in two years and entering college to study engineering.

We drive the twenty-five miles back to Blackfoot on two inches of hard-packed snow under low-hanging clouds, passing by snow-covered grain fields, potato fields, tall naked poplars looking down on the farmhouses they surround, frosted sagebrush along the railroad tracks. Lloyd is dreaming of sunny San Diego, Japan, and girls. "After boot camp it's a piece of cake," he says, "I may stay in the navy forever and see the whole damn world." Lloyd can hardly wait to board his ship; he's too contented. I say, "I wonder how much of Tokyo you can see from a porthole?"

* * *

One week before Christmas 1954, Brent flies home for the holidays to visit his folks and friends in Blackfoot. Brent was my best friend in high school; and shortly after our graduation in 1953, he moved to Seattle to work for Boeing Aircraft Company. More than six feet tall, he had been the star of our basketball team and wore nifty Navy T-shirts. His older brother—a Sea Bee building airstrips in the Philippines during the Korean War—gave Brent the shirts. The shirts had "U.S. Navy" below a U.S. flag, anchor, and swarm of bees. He looked cool in the shirts, and they enabled him to buy beer. Brent would place a case on the checkout counter, look down on the cashier from his freckled, whiskerless face, and smile as he opened his wallet and said, "How much, *amigo*?" If the cashier asked for ID, one of us would point to the flag on Brent's shirt and say, "You mean a man who's fighting for his country can't buy beer?"

I pick up Brent at his parents' home. My '50 Ford convertible with a Lincoln engine and Smithy mufflers surprises him. He's been gone for seventeen months, and we haven't written each other in a year or more. As he drives my car around town, I ask if he's ready to join the army with me to get the G.I. Bill. He's thinking about the bill, but he is thinking more about serving two years as a missionary. As our conversation proceeds, I perceive that Brent is not Brent anymore. Getting away from jack Mormons in Blackfoot and mingling with devout Mormons in Seattle, especially a convert named Darlene, have changed him. He hasn't been in a bar in a year, and he's been hanging out with missionaries.

We park and talk and Brent mentions our responsibility to God. He

is concerned about me. "When you enter a bar, your priesthood goes with you," he says. "You don't leave it behind in your convertible."

I was age twelve when a man from church visited our home and told my dad I was old enough to receive the priesthood. Dad should ordain me, but he had not been ordained himself and had no plan to get that way. On religion, he'd say, "I'm a damn good jack," then he'd laugh. So, on a Sunday morning, the bishop placed his hands on my head and uttered the words to convey the priesthood to me. I took my duties seriously and joined the other deacons in my ward on Sundays to distribute the sacrament to the members of the congregation, first the trays with pieces of white bread, then the trays with tiny cups of water. At fourteen, I was ordained a teacher, which authorized me to also prepare the sacrament: place the cups in the trays, fill them with water, place two slices of bread on each tray, and position the trays on the sacrament table. At sixteen, I was ordained a priest, which further authorized me to break the bread into small pieces and to read the prayers over the trays of bread and water before the deacons passed them up and down the rows of members seated on benches.

Like all other Mormon males who have the desire and are living their religion, I had been ordained to the priesthood but without feeling the profound responsibility Brent now feels. I believe what he is saying, know he is right, but I don't want to believe him, do not want to think about taking my priesthood into unholy places, do not want to hear religious talk about changing. Brent feels obligated to help me change.

"I sometimes feel I've gone too far," I say.

He says, "I did worse than you; God will forgive any of our sins if we repent." He says it was hard for him to change; he couldn't have done it in Blackfoot around his old friends.

I feel a confusion of feelings and ideas, and in some sense, I feel betrayed, feel as if he is not Brent but posing as Brent. Maybe he will end up like Don.

* * *

Last year, Don left Blackfoot to attend Brigham Young University for spring quarter. He was known for his de-fendered '34 Ford coupe, his fighting prowess, and his capacity for beer. He weighed 300 pounds and

could put away a case in an evening. At Brigham Young, he wrestled and became the heavyweight intramural champion.

In June, Don returned. In a few days he ran into my group. Late one evening six or seven of us were sitting on the fenders of our cars across from Modern Motors, where some of us worked. We were talking when Don swooped in to a stop and stepped out of his coupe. We howled a hero welcome and offered him a beer. He refused the beer, said we were sinners, and said his old friend Harry was immoral.

Uneasy silence. Then a voice said, "Hellooo, Bishop."

Don retorted, "It'd be an honor to be a bishop some day." He was different; only his girth was the same.

I didn't see Don for weeks, didn't look for him. Then someone said Don was back on beer. I figured it was gossip; but before summer was over, his drinking became common knowledge. He was one of us again, only we kept calling him "Bish."

* * *

I drive Brent to the Deleta Ballroom in Pocatello, where we had roamed together on Saturday nights our senior year in high school, less than two years ago. We park among the cars of our friends: Al, Morris, George. Morris smiles and waves us into his car, where he draws deeply on a Pall Mall and hands us a beer.

"Thanks," Brent says, "but I quit drinking."

"Get religion?" Morris says, half joking.

"Yes," Brent says and his voice tightens as he tells Morris about getting religion in Seattle.

I'm uneasy, feel this is not the place for such talk, and besides, Morris knows a lot about his religion. His father is a stake patriarch and Morris has learned religion at home, at church, in seminary classes during high school. Morris practiced until his late teens. We still believe our religion but we have chosen not to practice, at least for now, or maybe we feel beyond redemption. Regardless, how does one deal with an old friend who has returned to religion and feels compelled to bring you back too?

Morris says to Brent, "You have a point."

Morris and I down our beer and we all leave for the dance hall. Inside the Deleta, couples dance. Women and men mingle as smoke diffuses upward into mist in the dim ceiling lights. I see Brent talking to Al.

They finish, and Al walks over to me and says, "What's happened to him? He used to buy our beer." The night wears on.

I come upon Brent and George and hear Brent say, "I'm sorry you're thinking divorce. Can't you work it out?" The night wears on. Each of his old buddies talks to Brent and reacts to one another in private. As the "Tennessee Waltz" dances the night to an end, we do not see ourselves hanging out much with Brent anymore.

In the parking lot, we look out over shiny cars, some with many coats of lacquer and modified motors, a few brand-new 1955s. Their drivers are igniting them to life with groans, growls, and roars. Lee Wooley has the fastest car, a straight-eight Buick with eight exhaust pipes. He raced it at the Salt Flats, got an article in *Hot Rod* with a photo of himself and his car. A guy who works with him says Lee's a fanatic; when he changes oil, he leaves the drain plug out for days to get rid of the last drop of dirty oil. Lee is the only guy I know who doesn't believe the V-8 engine design is superior to the straight eight.

Cars head for the exit. The first screams south for downtown, tires smoking and pipes rumbling, and the next screams north. A police car arrives, and the drivers calm their cars. The fabric creaks as the top of my convertible whines up in the crisp air. I creep to the exit, turn north and begin the twenty-five miles to home. No reason to go downtown tonight. My Smithys roar across the Bannock Shoshone Reservation in the cold, still air, and soon we are crossing the Blackfoot River and pulling up at the home of Brent's parents.

Brent opens the car door, pauses as his breath turns to fog, and breaks the silence, "Pick me up for church in the morning."

I feel like telling him to go to hell but he catches me off guard; then he's gone.

At 7:45 in the morning, I'm at Brent's and tired. We drive to the Fifth Ward chapel and enter the back door into the basketball court, where our ward holds priesthood meeting. Bishop Clarence Cox, in his sixties, wears wide suspenders to keep his suit slacks centered on his stomach. The bishop looks up at Brent's face, shakes his hand, and fusses over him. I'm next. Bishop Cox grabs my hand, looks into my face, and says, "I want you on a mission in March, as soon as you turn twenty." His eyes pierce mine and he does not smile.

I smile, ill at ease, and wax poetic, "Your nose knows I'm in no condition for a mission."

"Then, get in condition."

* * *

Mission took on meaning for me at a Church meeting in 1948, not before, and history explains why. In December of 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, exploding into World War II, nine months after my sixth birthday. Men were drafted into military service on reaching age eighteen and women were offered jobs previously restricted to men. The war effort required every able body to fight or work and to work overtime. Some days my dad worked on the boilers of steam engines for sixteen hours straight for the Union Pacific Railroad in Pocatello, and my mother went to work for Simplot in Blackfoot, dehydrating potatoes for the troops. From the attack on Pearl Harbor until the end of World War II in the summer of 1945, no one left on a mission from our ward. Late in 1945, Richard Brown, Lewis Elison, and Orson Hofer left for Sweden. I do not recall their farewell, but I'll never forget their return in 1948. I was thirteen and may have become aware of *mission* and *missionary* for the first time at their homecoming.

In the half-circle brick tabernacle built in 1919, I sat on a curved brown bench. Richard, Lewis, and Orson took turns at the pulpit in front of ginger-colored organ pipes reaching to the ceiling. Each talked of deep snow and skiing to cottages to teach people the gospel and of taking steam baths and jumping out of the steam into a cold river in the winter, told of places none of us hoped to visit, ever. While speaking, Lewis paused, looked puzzled, turned to confer with Richard and Orson seated behind him—we in the congregation of half circles of benches sat wondering. Lewis returned to the podium, said he had forgotten how to say something in English. We had never heard of forgetting your own language.

Bishop Noack asked each one to relate his testimony in Swedish and they did and it was like sounds all running together, not separated into words like English. Richard, Lewis, and Orson spoke before the other wards in Blackfoot and to all the wards together at the following stake conference. At age thirteen, I decided to serve a mission, be just like them.

Years passed and I attended some missionary farewells and saw scared boys mumble through talks, then saw them return two years later, grown up and able to speak with confidence. Similar stories abounded about everyone who served a mission in my town.

I don't know where it began. Maybe I inherited this fear from my dad and mother; they were afraid to talk in public too. I recall our family going to Sunday School only once as a child, and we left early, Dad pulling me by my hand and Mom pulling my little brother, walking briskly to our 1930 Model A sedan. Dad was repeating, "That son of a bitch." Dean McClellan, a Sunday School officer, had asked Dad to say the closing prayer. Maybe he got Dad mixed up with his sister, my Aunt LaRue. Dad had never prayed in public in his life, had never stood before a congregation, had not attended church more than half a dozen times in his life.

Maybe I wouldn't be afraid to talk in public if I'd attended Sunday School as a child. Aunt Mary Jane from Los Angeles came into my life at age four or five. She enlivened our home with her jovial presence for a few hours, and as she was leaving, she pointed at me and said, "I'm going to take that kid to Sunday School with me." I didn't know what she meant. She said, "It's like school and you'll meet other kids."

I didn't like the idea, felt uneasy, hadn't been anywhere without my parents. On Sunday, Mother heated water on the stove, bathed me in a round galvanized metal tub, and dressed me in clean clothes, saying, "Don't get dirty." Mary Jane entered the driveway, and I ran out the back door and hid in the grassed-over ditch, which carried water behind the house and onto the front lawn once each week. Mother found me.

Aunt Mary Jane and I walked the mile or so to the First Ward Chapel, next to the Elks' Club. Inside the chapel, Mary Jane put me next to my teacher on the front row, and abandoned me. I felt strange among ten kids and gawked at strange objects: stained-glass windows, towering organ pipes, a pulpit. My world of buildings had included only houses, outhouses, pigpens, granaries, and barns.

I felt something grab my feet and looked under the bench. There was a kid with an egg-shaped head, down on his hands and knees. I moved my feet out of his reach, and he stood up behind me and pulled the short hair at the back of my head. I looked at the teacher; she did not see him. I did not tell her.

We went to class and learned about Jesus. The next week Aunt Mary Jane went back to Los Angeles, and I didn't attend Sunday School again for years. My parents didn't know what I was missing: at age four, kids were learning to pray before their classmates and to recite a sentence such as "I am responsible for my choices" before the congregation from time to time while their parents beamed.

At age seven or so, I attended Primary once with Calvin, a neighbor kid, and the teacher asked me to pray. I shook my head no, and she said all I had to do was stand by her, fold my arms, bow my head, close my eyes, and she would whisper what to say. I refused again. She asked Calvin, and he didn't want to pray either because she had asked me first; but he relented, and she whispered in his ear. He repeated the words with his arms folded and his blue eyes wide open, looking at me from a square face below a head of curly, dark brown hair.

The neighbors began taking my brother and me to Sunday School, and from time to time the teachers asked me to give the two-minute children's talk. I always said no. Aunt LaRue became my teacher. She wrote a talk for me and asked me to stand at the pulpit and just read it. The sheets of stationery, adorned with script in blue ink, lay on the shelf of the cook stove and got stained before Mother gave them back to Aunt LaRue, unread.

In my junior year at Blackfoot High School, I began working at Albertson's evenings and weekends, causing my church attendance to slip and my interest to wane. I began to smoke and felt uncomfortable at church, had the idea church was for those who lived what was taught there.

And even when I do attend church, I'm still afraid of being asked to talk or to pray. My parents dropped out of school in the eighth grade. I graduated from high school and I'm still afraid to talk.

* * *

Bishop Cox has lived across the street since I was six; he's seen my car tracks across his lawn in the snow when I skidded off the icy road into his yard coming home on Saturday nights. I am surprised he asked me to serve a mission. My life seems stuck in the spider web of my peers, and Bishop Cox is the only one with confidence in me. His asking me to serve a mission brings together my missionary memories, making me aware of a dormant desire to break from my friends. My attitude toward Brent softens.

* * *

For the rest of the holidays, Brent and I ride around in our spare

time and consider our options: join the army to get the G.I. Bill and serve a mission later, or serve a mission now and forego the bill. Brent decides to leave on a mission as soon as he can. He encourages me to do the same; maybe we can even serve in the same mission; we'd choose Australia.

The holidays come to an end and Brent flies back to Seattle, leaving me without a peer to encourage me toward a mission. A week later in the evening, we hear a knock at our door. Mother ushers the army recruiter from Idaho Falls into our front room. He happened to be in Blackfoot and stopped by to ask my thoughts about the electronics program we had discussed in his office. "I'm in a quandary," I say and mention the possibility of a mission. He comes up with a new idea: the chaplain assistant program. From his briefcase, he pulls out a page and says, "This program will help you prepare for a mission while you earn the G.I. Bill."

The recruiter finishes describing the program, and Dad says, "That's the cat's whiskers." I think so, too. Two years working with a chaplain would immerse me in religion and teach me the scriptures. And I feel I need two years just to prepare for a mission. This program might interest Brent, too. Enlist together? In half an hour the recruiter has to leave. We are excited and thank him as we say good-bye. Having more time to prepare for a mission appeals to me, gives me a sense of relief. Not more than two minutes later we hear another knock.

Mother goes to the door and I hear, "I'm looking for Henry Miles." Mother says, "Which one?" A man of twenty-five or so in a blue suit and tie enters, holding out a coupon and says, "The one who mailed this to the Diesel Institute of Seattle." Mother seats him in the corner of the front room in Dad's easy chair, and we sit on the couch and watch the diesel man.

He opens his briefcase. The inquiry about diesel mechanic training had slipped from my mind completely. "My plans have changed," I say, "now it's the army or a mission for my church and I only have until January 15th to decide." I mention the education benefits I don't want to miss, and he is looking from file to file in his briefcase, as if he's not listening, so I stop talking. He finishes with the files and closes his briefcase. He's ready to leave. He says, "Go on a mission. Nothing is more important. You'll make it through college without the G.I. Bill."

He unsettles me. The diesel man does not talk about diesels; he says his father has served five missions. When the diesel man was called on a mission, he asked his father to be his first companion. They got permis-

sion from the Church and his father took time off from his farm so he could serve with his son for the first five months of his mission.

The diesel man—who grew up in Star Valley, Wyoming, a hundred miles east—seems like a neighbor. He fascinates us with missionary stories. His last story regards a bus ride in rural Minnesota, where many of the older people spoke only Scandinavian languages. On buses, he and his companion would sit in different seats so they could teach passengers sitting beside them. On one trip, his companion sat in the seat behind him, and an older woman sat down beside the diesel man. As the bus sped down the highway, the diesel man and the woman drifted into a conversation. He noticed passengers turning their heads toward them. Thinking they were curious about Joseph Smith and his vision of God and Jesus, the diesel man spoke louder so they could hear. In two hours, the two missionaries stepped from the bus in a small rural town and faced each other.

"Did you understand what that woman was saying?"

"Of course," said the diesel man. "Why?"

"Because she was speaking a foreign language."

The passengers, hearing the conversation in two languages, had kept looking at them, because each seemed to understand the other and they continued talking in different languages for the entire trip.

The diesel man leaves and Dad says, "That was some guy."

His stories are similar to stories I have heard at Church, but this is the first time I've heard such a story from someone who lived it. I believe the diesel man's stories, and I believe his arrival tonight was not a coincidence.

The next day, I'm at work on my temporary job on the railroad section gang and longing for a cigarette. While sweeping newly fallen snow from a railroad crossing at the north end of Blackfoot, we watch a new Buick slow down for our flagman and move to the other side of the street to pass by us. Inside the car is the diesel man. I wave and he waves back, and I wonder if he recognizes me. I refrain from asking a co-worker for a smoke.

That evening at home, I watch from our kitchen window for the bishop to return home from Cox Motors, his dealership for DeSoto, Dodge, and Plymouth. He turns into his driveway. I walk to his alcove porch and ring the doorbell. We sit in his front room on the couch, and I tell him about the visit of the diesel man and end by saying, "I've decided to put my life in order and serve a mission." Bishop Cox puts his hand on my shoulder and doesn't say anything. We sit in silence and serene con-

cern eases over me as I consider my commitment—the talks I'll not be able to elude, and how long it will take for cigarettes not to loom larger than the people smoking them.

Changing Faiths Gave My Sons Hope

Ann Johnson

On this year's Christmas letter to friends and family, I left out the fact that our two sons have joined another church. I prefer to avoid receiving sympathetic messages such as, "Don't be upset. The sealing ties are strong; they will come back," or even worse, "We'll pray for them." The truth is that I'm most grateful my sons have found a church in which they can believe and participate. Our elder son struggled for years to be an active Latter-day Saint, albeit one with serious doubts about the history and doctrine of his birth faith. Our younger son delighted for years in defying Church authorities and shocking devout LDS sensibilities.

Both our sons were intellectually inclined and began asking hard questions about the Church during their teen years. Not finding answers that satisfied them, both became religious skeptics. Although some people can deal constructively with the uncertainty of agnosticism and the finality of atheism, our sons found it hard to accept a world without religious hope. Our older son, Mark, became cynical and pessimistic after failing to find fulfillment in a successful career and material abundance. He longed for a family, but his lack of faith convinced his bishop that he was not worthy of a temple recommend despite his adherence to all of the other qualifications on the interview list. Without a temple recommend, he had no luck in convincing any active LDS girl to marry him.

Our younger son, Andrew, told me he'd never believed in the LDS Church. From his earliest years, he had felt that the hierarchy was in place only to try to make him do things he didn't want to. He said listening to Scout leaders and bishopric members talk at Scout camp, with no feminine influence around, convinced him that Church leaders are only mortal men. Andrew refused to show deference to our bishop and stake presi-

dent. Every time Andrew attended a priesthood advancement interview, our family's standing in our ward and stake dropped. He enjoyed disconcerting leaders with flippant answers such as, "Yes, but not for want of effort on my part," in response to the question about living a chaste life. He bragged about feigning ignorance of masturbation, then acted shocked when the stake president explained it. When philosophy and logic failed to satisfy Andrew's emotional and spiritual needs, he experimented with drugs and alcohol and became as cynical and pessimistic as his brother.

A few years previously, our youngest daughter had become a teen rebel, chafing at Church conformity and standards. I was dismayed, convinced that Allison was ruining her chance for a happy life. I forced her to attend Church activities she hated and tried to pick her friends—not realizing that the daughters of some of our good ward members behaved less spiritually on Saturday nights than on Sunday mornings. Allison saw the discrepancy as hypocrisy. She interpreted my concern for her as concern for our reputation in the ward.

Unfortunately, Allison's rebellion came while I was still an unquestioning Mormon myself. I knew the Church was true and the only way to happiness. Jim and I were active Latter-day Saints. Our family was sealed in the temple. We read scriptures, prayed as a family, and held family home evenings. How could our daughter reject the Church and its standards? We were both devastated; but Jim, with his less dogmatic outlook, handled Allison more constructively than I did. He addressed her behavior directly without bringing up the Church, while I tried to force her through the steps of repentance. It has taken years to repair the damage.

Mark and Andrew were more fortunate. By the time they were openly questioning the Church, I was working with some good non-LDS people who had testimonies of their own faiths every bit as strong as those of my LDS friends. I had learned that strong values and happy lives are not limited to members of one denomination. When Mark began reading *Dialogue* and *Sunstone,* I subscribed and read with him. A continuing education class on Mormon literature taught by Eugene England at the University of Utah introduced me to a variety of thoughtful LDS authors. My concept of Mormonism expanded to include multiple points of view. I studied and discussed with my sons instead of against them. Jim was also less disturbed by our sons' questioning than he had been by Allison's total rebellion.

By this time I had also recognized that not all of our children's

Church experiences had been positive. I remembered fourteen-year-old Mark asking me why he had never been called as quorum president. He had described finding a cache of *Playboy* magazines with the other boys in the ward. "I was the only one who didn't look at them, but Derek is always called to be quorum president, Jason is always first counselor, Mike is always second counselor and I'm always the secretary. Why doesn't Heavenly Father choose me to be president?" The simple truth was that Derek's dad was the only man in the ward willing to serve as Scoutmaster and Explorer leader. He always chose his son as quorum president, and Derek always chose his two best friends as counselors. Not quite the faith-promoting story of divine inspiration for Church callings that Mark had been told. Instead of blaming myself for not being a perfect parent, I now recognized that imperfect Church programs also played a role in my children's loss of testimony.

As our sons grew older and progressively less religious, I gave up hoping that the sealing ties would eventually, possibly in the next life, bring them back to the LDS faith. What I prayed for was that they could find some kind of positive faith that would sustain them in this life.

Ironically, reading the scriptures to gain a testimony opened the door for Mark to leave his childhood faith. The bishop who had refused to give Mark a temple recommend because his faith was not strong enough challenged Mark to read the scriptures. Mark bought several translations of the New Testament and plunged into study. He found Paul's teachings on grace, election, and an omnipotent God who couldn't be manipulated by human behavior far different from the Mormon doctrine he'd been taught. Then he reread the Book of Mormon and concluded that it really had no positive doctrine that differed from the New Testament. He also found plenty of negative doctrine he objected to, such as the beheading of Laban and the book's racism. I shared with him a list of Book of Mormon passages that I believe add insights not found in the New Testament, but Mark remained unconvinced.

After the New Testament, Mark bought a Jewish Study Bible and dived into the Old Testament. He soon found some real discrepancies between Mormon traditions and ancient Jewish practices. The first thing he noticed was that the description of the Urim and Thummim in the Old Testament bore no resemblance to the Urim and Thummin described by Joseph Smith. The Old Testament describes the Urim and Thummim as a divination tool for receiving yes and no answers to questions, essentially

by casting lots. Other findings troubled him such as learning that scholars believe there were two Isaiahs, the second one writing after the Diaspora, a fact his institute teacher hotly disputed until Mark found a reference to it in an old institute manual. Mark therefore questioned how the second Isaiah's writings could have been on the brass plates Lehi and his family took from Jerusalem between 600 and 592 B.C. Other problem areas he found were the lack of historically reliable references to resurrection and atonement in the Old Testament. Bringing up these discrepancies in church classes did nothing for Mark's standing in his singles ward.

Mark returned to the New Testament; and Paul's words, especially Romans, resonated forcefully with him. If faith is a gift from God and he hadn't received it even after conscientiously striving to keep the commandments, maybe it wasn't his fault. Maybe he didn't have to accept Mormon guilt that he wasn't worthy enough. Maybe it was just God's will. From studying genetics and from life experiences, Mark also doubted the LDS view of free agency. He perceived that much of what we regard as choice is influenced by factors outside our control, such as heredity and past experience. When he read St. Augustine and then John Calvin's works, he was delighted to find they agreed with his views and became convinced that they, not the Latter-day Saints, had the correct interpretation of the Bible. He attended a Lutheran study class and visited other mainstream Christian churches before finding a Reformed Protestant (Calvinist) Church whose doctrine corresponded with his own beliefs. He was accepted as a member, joined several study groups, took evening classes, and volunteered for cleaning duty on Saturday mornings.

Mark's study of the Bible intrigued Andrew. For some reason, Andrew can accept the inerrancy of the Bible although he cannot accept LDS doctrines—possibly because his Protestant Church doesn't emphasize submitting to earthly authority and doesn't emphasize obedience for the sake of earning a reward—two concepts Andrew has rejected since early childhood.

Jim and I sometimes wonder how long Andrew will be able to conform to his new church. The moral standards of our sons' Reformed Church are similar to those of the LDS Church—no premarital sex, the husband is head of the household and should earn the living, large families are the ideal, drug use and excessive drinking are frowned upon. At least for now, Andrew has given up his bad habits, substituting church attendance and study groups for hanging out in bars. He's looking for a

good, Christian wife. Like Mark, Andrew likes the idea that God saves us by his good grace, not for worthiness on our part. We obey God because of love for him rather than to earn rewards or to escape punishment. Maybe exposing Andrew to an altruistic philosophy during childhood paved the way for his return to a Christian faith.

Like new Mormon converts, my sons are anxious to share their newfound faith with family members. While visiting them, Jim and I attended services at their church and expressed our appreciation for the experience. "If you lived here, would you attend Mars Hill Church every Sunday?" Mark queried. "No," I instantly blurted out.

Like any parent, I hate disappointing my children, but for me, strict Calvinism has many similarities to practices I dislike about the LDS Church. Why would I switch to another church that teaches patriarchal society, literal interpretation of Biblical miracles, Old Testament morality, and the conviction that only one path leads to God? Calvinism also lacks the LDS doctrines I do value, especially the doctrines of agency, the eternal existence of intelligences, the light of Christ in all people, and a God who did not create the universe from nothing and who did not, therefore, create the evil in the world. I find it far easier to believe in a just God who rewards and punishes us based on what we do in this life rather than in a God who elects to save only a particular group of people for his own, inexplicable purpose.

Both of our sons are happy with their new religion. Except when they worry about my unsaved soul, I am happy with their decision. I truly believe that God knows how diverse his children are and that one way cannot possibly work for all of us. I believe he has inspired good people throughout the ages with religious ideas and ideals that have helped us live better lives, and I believe he will continue to do so in the future. Mormonism works for me and Jim; it did not work for our sons. Neither did agnosticism. Finding a Christian faith they can accept and where they feel comfortable has given them hope by which to guide their lives. For this I am grateful.

Dianne Dibb Forbis, *Lehi's Dream*
(1 Nephi 8), 35" x 28", acrylic collage

FICTION

The Nature of Comets

Sigrid Olsen

We found the remains just below the embankment of an antediluvian oxbow. She had been lying there a long time, before the Cayuse and Lewis and Clark and the Grand Coulee Dam and long before that fifties ranch on the ridge to the west.

How old was our girl? Around thirteen or fourteen. The skull was there, the torso intact. She was buried and nothing had disturbed her sleep for ten thousand years. The eruptions and deluges of the Northwest plateaus are mighty brooms that sweep clean any human dust, but here she was, after all these years, my great find.

The field work has taken the better part of a summer. We'll remove the entire grid and bring it back to the lab. Her leg is the big news: the femur, twisted like a tree split by lightning, growing along a warped track.

We need to give her a name. I should call the local Umatilla Council and ask for something native, but all I need is a lab name. I am the expert, the old man who squints at the horizon and gives orders, so I run my hand across the fractured bone, and tell them "Charlotte."

For years my mother blamed the playground slide, the swimming pool, and the lunch trays in the school cafeteria. But we would never find the cause, any more than I will ever know what caused our prehistoric girl's injury. Even if my mother had followed my sister around with a bucket of bleach and swabbed everything in sight, it would not have made any difference. I know that.

I've traveled the world, and there are many who thought they'd escape. They crouch under cliffs and swim across rivers, and I discover their secrets thousands of years later. I look at their bones and see peace and despair and terror.

On the shores of Herculaneum, there was the slave girl found beneath the boat shed, buried in Vesuvius's ash and mud. She was cradling a

baby, the master's child. Those scars on her humeri—they had worked her hard! From a young age, she lifted things that were too heavy for too long, and we found her, after two millennia, protecting the heir.

There was another child, wrapped tenderly in a hide, placed in a niche overlooking the Douro River, Portugal. Her arms lay close to the side, a delicate necklace around her neck. It was a difficult excavation under cramped conditions and secrecy. I never betrayed my excitement. I was the consummate professional, a prehistoric detective. But I was thrilled, and the crescent of little shells and deer teeth at rest on her heart remains a sweet memory.

I remember how it began. It was just a fever, and, of course, it wasn't. The doctor came the next day. Mother said, "You don't think. . . ." before every sentence until the awful truth. He felt my sister's forehead and took out a rubber mallet and tapped her knees. Her legs didn't move. Then he ran his finger along the bottom of her feet. "Do you feel this?"

At the hospital, they heated towels and stretched her limbs. There were special fasts and prayers, but that wasn't enough. She couldn't breathe. "I'm trying, Mommy," she said. The nearest iron lung was in Salt Lake, and we had to leave. Not in a few days, not tomorrow, but that night.

We moved to an apartment near the hospital. I needed to be there for my mother. I went to a new school, and word got around. The stories were in the papers, and, remember, there wasn't a cure or a shot, not yet. The kids felt sorry for me, but no one got close. The parents panicked, and I don't blame them. After all, Daddy comes home from the South Pacific, safe, and then what's this? Hadn't they paid their dues?

My father drove back and forth over the pass that winter. Once, he hit and killed a young buck. He threw it in the back and we butchered it in the neighbor's garage. That was our annual deer hunt. "Look at this," my father said. He pointed to the car's grill and then to the antlers. "Now why didn't that do more damage?"

We were all tied to the machine. I could visit, but I suited up in a room, with all the other brothers and sisters. We were told to bathe when we got home. I began to pattern my speech against my sister's: the pause and the whoosh of the machine as it forced the air in and out of her lungs. My mother noticed and told me to speak normally, and then she wept.

Each week an orderly came in and set up a special projector that placed the films on the ceiling. They only showed cartoons: they didn't want the kids to see what other kids could do. I did my part, too. I made

up stories, sang songs, and did just about anything to entertain a seven-year-old.

There was that boy next to her. He had requests: war stuff. I sang "On a Wing and Prayer" and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" until I was hoarse. Then I acted out a romance between Tokyo Rose and Lord Ha Ha, which I titled "Traitors in Love." He laughed so hard there was a loud clang, and the nurses came running. They scolded me and told to me take care.

And I am careful. When I examine a site, I circle around, look at the land, the terrain. There may be desert varnish on nearby rock. I examine the over-burden and any surface disturbance. I sweep my hands across the soil. Then I make an inventory of the scatter—broken bird or mammal bones? That tells me about scavengers. I pay special attention to weathering and staining. A faded red usually speaks of ceremonial dyes. Carbon dating is important, but it doesn't tell everything.

I place the year of her—Charlotte's—injury at around six or seven years old. The lesions on the bone were large and painful. Few survived a fracture like this, and gangrene should have killed her. No doubt, the outward scar was ugly. A young assistant tells me, "They cared for her. It's obvious. Her tribe carried her around for years." She smiles, and I recognize that smile, a smile for an old man, and adds, "They weren't barbarians, you know." Oh, I knew that. The barbarians came later.

Alone in the lab, with the light burning into her bones, I wonder. In a time when survival itself was precarious, they kept her alive. It doesn't make sense, but our hunters and gatherers took care of her at great risk to their own lives.

I tried to imagine I was a hero, a great doctor, who would come into the room and lift them out of the machines and send them out to play. Or maybe there was a trade, and my sister came out of the machine and I took her place, and my father clapped my back and mother cried, and my sister would ride her bike up and down the street.

But few left the lungs. On my last visit, I adjusted her mirror, kissed her cheek, told her about school. She was tired. Mother came in and shooed me away. On my way out, I leaned over the boy, pulled out my comb, and placed it on my upper lip. In my best German accent, I said, "The Fuehrer sends his greetings."

I remember the report I gave in class the day before she died. I can tell you that Isaac Newton was born on Christmas Day in Woolsthorpe, a

small village in England. The story about the apple falling out of the tree might not be true. While a plague devastated London, Newton lived in the country and laid out the laws of the universe—the terrible laws that pulled and pushed my sister's lungs up and down. And in 1664, a comet arrived, so brilliant that Newton and other great scientists wrote about it. They wondered at its fiery origins and the great sweeping tail. It lit up the sky and never returned. Newton was a lonely man who never had a wife and child. He was buried among kings, in Westminster Abbey, but what did he know about love and grief and parents who cried during the night?

During that last interview, I was a bit soft in the head. I couldn't help it. I was attached to her. I threw my professional assessment out the window—

Question: Professor, why did they carry her around for so long?

Answer: During this time, the search for food required constant movement. Life was difficult. They didn't do this out of duty. There was something else. . . .

Question: Would you explain this for our viewers?

Answer: I can only say they did this out of love.

Question: What can we learn from this?

Answer: It's a lesson from the past, and a bit baffling. Because of all those who lived in this area, over ten thousand years ago, why would she be the one to come down to us intact? (And here I looked directly at the camera.) It really does restore your faith in our humanity.

My colleagues had a laugh. I was sentimental, but I don't care, really. In a few days, I'm done. The others, like my young assistant, are eager for their own finds, their great discoveries. A few more years of grandchildren and a garden, and—well, there won't be an interment on a riverbank, in a soft skin, the ochre staining my thighs and forehead.

As for our girl, she will be in safe hands. There's talk about a visitors' center, where parents with cranky children will stop to use the bathroom. Maybe some will listen to her story; and at the end of the day, she will be alone. They cannot leave her under the stars.

But during the ancient night, they wake her and bring her out into the cold, while others whisper and murmur at the marvel in the sky. Her wounded limb makes a furrow in the earth. The old pain begins. She shifts her weight, and her fingers trace the arc soaring over the vast starlit plain.

Where We Lay Our Scene

Shawn P. Bailey

Her ticket is at will-call. She needs no help finding their seats, but Tom repeatedly cranes his neck to check the doors at the back of the hall. He likes it when she emerges from a crowd and walks directly to him. He likes to see her through the eyes of strangers; he imagines the people in the surrounding seats seeing her, noticing her beauty for the first time, and noticing when she sits down next to him. He imagines a camera lens with a range of settings from familiar to foreign, and he sees her through that lens, Ellen, his wife of sixteen years, then the exotic beauty in the eyes of the stranger a few seats down the row, and then every setting in between.

He admires the warm-up sounds radiating from the invisible orchestra pit. The play will start in roughly fifteen minutes. Art Deco torches conceal the light bulbs that illuminate the matte black walls, the red velvet curtain, the matching chairs, and the ceiling with its gold-painted woodwork. Taking their seats—some dressed for the occasion—people enter above and behind and walk past him on both sides down the sloped aisles.

She does not appear in the doorway. He has come directly from work. He is tired. Unfinished projects that he cannot forget he leaves suspended in a speechless part of his brain. Those mute thoughts make complete relaxation impossible, but they sweeten the escape. He attempts to calm himself by taking a series of slow, deep breaths.

Romeo and Juliet declares the cover of the playbill in lettering apparently meant to suggest smeared blood. The program adheres to the standard formula. He glances at the head shots of the cast and skims their bios. Juliet had played a murder victim on *Law and Order* last season. Romeo had recently completed an engagement with a traveling company of *Oklahoma!* He examines photographs from nearly twenty years ago, when this theater last staged *Romeo and Juliet.* He reads the list of donors in their tiers corresponding to dollar amounts contributed; it makes him angry that good theater cannot turn a profit, that it has to beg for money like

public radio. He skims the plot summary and turns to the director's interpretive essay. It is a sugar-coated blurb for college freshmen, but it hints at a knowledge of real Shakespeare scholarship. He imagines Dr. Johnson and William Hazlitt and Harold Bloom peeking out from behind a giant neon sign that insists "Shakespeare Is Fun!"

Eleven minutes to curtain and still no Ellen. Only strangers' faces appear in the door. New York City, thousands of miles from their childhood homes, an inexhaustible font of strangers. This is what he wanted, he reminds himself. To leave Utah. To never return except to visit. The usual collection of imaginary horrors, the car accidents and street crimes, present themselves for consideration. He knows Utah is not immune to such things. But that thought—her alone in the city—arouses sharp guilt. I will not forgive myself if it happens here, he tells himself. I brought her here. Denying the thought further cultivation, he lets it wither. She's just running late, he tells himself.

He remembers reading the play out loud in his ninth grade English class. Ms. Halprin, stern, tall, gray, selected him to read the part of Romeo. The picture that memory produces—himself back in Utah more than twenty-five years ago—startles him. That picture seems like an incongruous intruder: he can scarcely imagine a prior version of himself more remote from his present iteration, or a time or place more remote from the city. Yet the picture and the underlying events seem to promise something lacking in him, the city, or perhaps both. It is irresistible to him.

"Lisa Smithson," Ms. Halprin intoned after naming Tom Romeo, "you will read Juliet." Lisa smiled, nodding in agreement. Lisa was a beautiful girl, intriguing too, Tom thought, because she was shy compared to most girls like her. In terms of progress through puberty, she was a few years ahead of him. He considered her far beyond his grasp, his heart began to pound, and he hoped this play, entirely unknown to him except that it stood for romance, would somehow extend his grasp. He looked up at Ms. Halprin, and she shot him a strange look. He didn't know what it was; it seemed mischievous and satisfied and kind. She likes me, he thought, and she is enjoying herself; she concocted this situation, my Romeo opposite Lisa's Juliet, on purpose.

He didn't understand a lot of what he read, but certain things were exciting to say to a beautiful girl, right there in class, under cover of an assignment. "*See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! / O, that I were a glove upon that hand, / That I might touch that cheek!*" As the sound of his own

voice saying those words echoed in his ear, the image they unfolded to him distracted him from reading.

"*Ay me!*" Lisa responded as Juliet.

He was silent. "*She speaks,*" Ms. Halprin prompted him. "*She speaks.*"

He heard muffled laughter from the back of the classroom. "I heard her," he replied. More laughter, this time not muffled. Waking from his reverie, still almost feeling Lisa's porcelain cheek in his hand, still almost poised to kiss her, he furiously scanned the page for his next line. He found his place and read.

Lisa was sitting two rows of desks to his left and one row forward. She looked back at him. He could feel her eyes on him. Not looking up, he made the most of his peripheral vision; he held her gaze for a few seconds. Two pages later she looked again. This time he looked up and their eyes met. He thought there was something in her look, something promising, but he wasn't sure. He half smiled and turned back to his copy of the play. Later, she looked again and their eyes met again. He thought there was definitely something in her look this time. "It is *working*," he told himself.

It took them three classes to read the play. In those three days, having spent an hour each afternoon as Romeo, he became a stranger to himself. He did not pour over the statistics inside the last page of the sports section. He was too distracted for geography, let alone geometry; neglected homework piled up. He found himself just sitting there in his room, replaying in his mind the things they read to each other and the way she looked at him. He wasn't sure that her looks meant anything, so he affected indifference. He told himself he didn't really care about Shakespeare or Juliet or Lisa.

The day they finished with the play, Ms. Halprin gave them a homework assignment. She asked them to bring to the next class a list of items that a pair of teenage lovers running away from home would need. They were supposed to estimate how much each item would cost. "Recurring expenses," Ms. Halprin explained, "should be estimated on a monthly basis."

Judging by his list (plane tickets, hotel room, room service), Mike Buttars had completed the assignment by dreaming up a vacation with his imaginary girlfriend. Ms. Halprin asked for a volunteer, and Mike had raised his hand. Ms. Halprin was incredulous. "What about after that? Where will you stay?" she demanded. "What will you eat? What about util-

ities? Do you have insurance? How much will it cost and where will you get the money? Who's going to hire a kid your age?"

Tom felt betrayed. And he feels betrayed all over again, sitting there in that theater, remembering the way Lisa nodded her head knowingly as Ms. Halprin went on and on. Lisa didn't look back at him again. Maybe she wouldn't have anyway, but that feeling colored what he did not know. Looking at the side of Lisa's face from two rows right and one row back, Tom observed that the warm inquiring look from the other day was gone; her practical stare now matched the mundane details of Ms. Halprin's rant.

Yet from the red velvet chair where he now sits, Tom sees that what Ms. Halprin said was true. We were pathetic, he thinks, completely dependent. So what? Did we really talk about her average monthly electric bill? Why didn't she lead us further into the world of that play? Why didn't she explain the impenetrable language that we had just chopped our way through? Why didn't we at least write appallingly bad essays worthy of a ninth-grade English class? Did she really think that even one of us was plotting to run away from home? That her assignment was a necessary antidote to the otherwise irresistible charms of *Romeo and Juliet?* Was that assignment the culmination of some kind of romance vaccine that grim school administrators had directed her to dispense? Tom had been thinking about getting his guts up to kiss a girl at the time. And a girl letting him, wanting him to. But running away? All these years later, a new irony occurs to Tom: Ms. Halprin's assignment did not render the play impotent to him; on the contrary, it convinced him that the play was both powerful and dangerous if not properly contained.

What he felt must have shown on his face. He glared at Ms. Halprin, their eyes met, and she shot him another strange look. She smiled but seemed sad. "You enjoyed everything I could give you," he imagined her saying. And, "You didn't actually think I could make her love you, did you? That any of that was real?"

Looking behind him, hoping again that Ellen would appear in the doorway at the back of the hall, he grins to think that Ms. Halprin gave him something better than a teenage romance, something with an exponentially longer shelf-life, a memory of futile longing.

The lights go dim and bright and dim again. He looks at his watch; three minutes to curtain. Call her, he thinks. But his phone is in his coat, checked at the door. He will call at intermission if she doesn't make it by

then. He decides not to look again at the door behind him. In complete darkness, just before the curtain goes up, she makes her way down the aisle, climbing over people who had missed a chance to notice both her beauty and her companion.

He grasps her hand. Leaning into her, his lips touching her left ear, he whispers, "I'm glad you made it."

She shrugs and laughs and shakes her head. "You don't want to know," she whispers, smiling, defeated. "Our supplier delivered late, and the kids, and dinner, and then the babysitter—and then the traffic and parking and trying to run in these shoes—You don't want to know."

"I'm glad you made it," he repeats quietly.

It's a good production. The cast handles the language with care, but the players are lively, vigorous, anything but cautious. The set is simple, mostly stark white. The costumes are out of a Merchant and Ivory film, centuries after Shakespeare, nothing to do with Italy, Edwardian, he guesses, but at least not too distracting.

Juliet on her balcony and Romeo below plays out again before him. One of Juliet's lines, words he does not recall from prior encounters with the play, stand out to him: "*Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be / Ere one can say it lightens.*"

His mind drifting, he sees again the steam rising off the shoulders in front of them, the intermittent miniature clouds swirling above their heads as they breathed in and out. They were a throng of students pouring out of the fieldhouse (packed, poorly ventilated) into the parking lot behind the high school. His friend Aaron was with him; Aaron was bringing to bear all of his persuasive powers on a girl. Her pink sweater—a fitted, flattering little thing—was made for purposes other than her warmth. Aaron was going on about the cold and how he could keep her warm as he walked her to her car. It was pathetic and thrilling; Tom felt as if he were witnessing something private: Aaron was begging for affection, but Aaron was his ride home. Tom kept close to them, listening to every word Aaron said. He noticed her feeble resistance.

Feeling jealous and alone and emboldened, Tom asked, shouting: "Anyone cold? Any lady here who needs a strong man to keep her warm? It's cold out, but not in my arms!" He had an instinct for laying out exactly what he was feeling without feeling exposed at all—his emotional bets were hedged—he was mocking Aaron. People laughed. Looking around he caught the eye of a girl, Cindy Clark, beautiful, too mature for high

school, popular, mean. He knew exactly what to say: "Hey Cindy, I can help you! Your boyfriend played a good game, but now he's showering with the team and you look cold! I can help you!" She shrugged in disgust and said something inaudible and snotty to her friends.

He was amused. Tom enjoyed his own company. He still does, at least when he remembers himself at sixteen. He felt a tug at his arm, and she was lifting it and ducking under it and pulling it around her neck. Sarah, his first girlfriend. "Help me," she said. "I like warmth." A girl had never touched him like that before, he remembered; it was something so sincere and assertive and attractive. She went along with the joke, but he was not a joke to her. She was more daring than he was; without any kind of hedge, she was taking a risk. He was amazed.

He tried to think fast to somehow make her risk pay. He smiled broadly and said something about conserving heat as he pulled her closer. He said that he hoped she had a hard time finding a good parking spot tonight. "I hope you parked in Canada," he said.

They were sophomores; almost one year had passed since Ms. Halprin and Lisa as Juliet. One year, he says to himself silently, his eyes wandering away from the stage. So much in just one year! The bitterness that thought arouses surprises him. Since then, more than twenty-five years have passed. He feels now the same as he did ten years ago, only more worn down. And how much had he changed, how much stronger he felt, after that one year! He tries to remember more than embellishments that later threatened to eclipse the actual events of that night; he reminds himself that she was not his girlfriend until weeks after that night after the basketball game.

In the following weeks, he found her at school and they talked. She called him and they talked on the phone. For several consecutive weekends, she hosted small parties at her parents' house. He was sixteen and she was fifteen. These parties ensured formal compliance with the Mormon prohibition on dating before sixteen, but they were a pretext engineered for the sole purpose of getting Tom and Sarah close to each other on the couch and holding hands. When they talked, they spoke about their classes at school and friends. They spoke about their families: the people and relationships that exerted on them the domestic equivalent of gravity. He teased her and at the same time paid her compliments calculated to safely convey how he felt. They revealed things they did not tell others: aspirations their parents would dismiss as foolish, fears their sib-

lings and friends might eventually exploit. They did not talk about what was happening between them; they never put a name to what they had become.

Usually broke, Tom scraped together enough money to take Sarah to the prom. She was beautiful; she wore a pink dress. In a group with three other couples, they observed the ritual in every detail—exchanging corsage and boutonniere, dinner, dancing, photographs before an improbable backdrop, and an after-dance party.

It was late, well after midnight, and Tom was driving Sarah home. Her family lived on the bench, higher in elevation by several hundred feet than his. It occurred to him to kiss her on the doorstep. The thought of kissing her was not new to him. But this thought—I should kiss her, *now*, in just a few minutes—was. His car, a gutless Renault Alliance, labored as it climbed the hill. Every foot in elevation they climbed, his heart pounded harder. The pounding was loud in his ears, and he hoped she couldn't hear it. The joy and exhaustion from hours of dancing and being together mixed with sudden anticipation impaired and enriched his vision. He saw that the road they climbed was a thin glass tube and his little red car was the temperature rising.

They were silent. As they walked from the car to the house, he could smell the thick grass and felt it soft and slick with dew under the patent leather shoes he had rented with his tuxedo. She stopped at the door and turned to face him. Smiling and tired, she sighed: "I had a good time tonight."

He wasn't worried about the kissing part, but he didn't know how to get there from where he stood. "She doesn't want me to," he silently told himself. It was what he most feared at that moment. He took a step forward and looked into her eyes. He did not find the fervent "yes" he was looking for. Certain he would do it wrong—fully prepared for rejection—he raised his right hand to her jaw, lifted slightly, and kissed her lips. For a first kiss, it was not without ardor.

Both of them were oblivious to Sarah's cat, weaving in and out and purring and rubbing itself against their ankles. Still kissing, minutes later, Sarah lost her balance and shifted her feet. Moving with her as she shifted, Tom planted a foot squarely on the cat's tail. Shrieking violently, the cat shot itself across the doorstep and into the bushes. Shuddering involuntarily, momentarily sharing the cat's instinctual urge to evade a predator,

Tom and Sarah released each other. Shock subsiding, they grinned and looked at each other, suddenly shy, a question hanging between them.

"Now, where were we?" Tom broke the silence.

"Good night, Tom," Sarah said, smiling widely as she opened the door and slipped away from him.

"Good night?" he replied. "Good night? I hope you weren't attached to that cat, because as soon as you close that door, I'm going to hunt it down, and kill it, and eat it!"

"Save me a piece, Tom," she replied. "We'll have a picnic. Good night!"

"Good night," Tom said as he watched her, still smiling at him as she slowly closed the door.

Tom's attention returns to the stage: having made love, waking together in her chamber, Romeo and Juliet address each other. Tom had seen a production of Gounod's opera in college; its depiction of this scene had left an impression. There was a vast scarlet bed draped in translucent curtains. Huddled in the center, as if the bed was a tiny raft bobbing on the ocean, Romeo clutched Juliet. Their arias intertwined.

At sixteen Tom was not entirely naive or abnormally pious. He recalled how, along with his Scout troop, he had thoroughly completed the requirements for the bawdy humor merit badge (still not officially recognized). Jokes are safe when actual sex is such a remote possibility. For Tom and Sarah that kiss and others like it was all. This was a fact Tom had never questioned. Both of them had endured innumerable "morality lessons" at church. At once hilarious and embarrassing, these guided tours through the Mormon list of sexual prohibitions made explicit the boundaries that were otherwise part of the natural landscape of their youth. Comfortable with this landscape, believing in it, Tom and Sarah willingly complied.

Not really remembering how long it lasted or even how it ended, Tom attempts to mentally reconstruct the spring of his sophomore year. Prom was in the middle of April and the last day of school was late May or early June. In that interval, he remembers a Friday night with a group of friends in the canyon around a campfire, he and Sarah holding each other and eventually kissing once again. He remembers going hiking with her in the foothills more than once. Dancing and laughing and taking pictures of each other, they were inseparable at the spring fling, the end-of-the-year party under the lights of the football field. The last good thing between

them he remembers was the last day of school. He stopped to add up the weeks. Was it only a couple of months? At most five months, counting from the parking lot after the basketball game?

On the last day of school, after hours of yearbook-signing, sprawled awkwardly on the brown-carpet hallways of the high school, they went to her parents' house. They were alone. Reading out loud entries left in her yearbook by certain boys, he inserted missing words that clarified their meaning: "Sarah, It was great to have Algebra with you this year [because I enjoyed staring at the back of your head and drooling]. You and Tom are great together [but not as great as *we* would be together!] Don't forget to invite me to any parties you throw over the summer [Call me! Call me! Please! Lose Tom and give me a freaking chance!]. Sincerely, Nate Simmons [your secret admirer]." Laughing, she grabbed Tom's yearbook and gave some girls' entries similar readings.

Already holding each other's yearbooks, they eventually turned to making their own entries. Tom had no memory of what either wrote. Tom remembered feeling pressure to write something good. Sarah started writing as soon as she found a blank page and she wrote for a long time.

She thought this out in advance, he told himself, anticipating his own failure to write something even close to appropriately thoughtful. Sitting there, watching her write, trying to think of anything, he thought of another problem. How much should he say—about them, about how he cared for her? He imagined writing an extended rendition of "stay cool over the hot summer" while she poured sincere emotions into his book. The opposite would be much worse, he told himself, me attempting to write my feelings and her sidestepping the issue.

He also imagined his words, his handwriting, his name, a permanent part of that book, high on a shelf somewhere in her future home. Years from now would she pull her yearbook down and read what I wrote? How would she read it? The answers depended on unknown future events. If anything real ever happened between them, it would not happen for years. He would serve a mission. Both would go to college, but neither knew where. Failing to resolve anything, time running out, he made his entry in her yearbook. He doubted it said anything that would now make him proud.

A rough timetable was easier to concoct than a clear picture of how it ended. There was no single fight that marked the end. There were petty arguments; but they were more effect than cause. They were about noth-

ing in particular, just gasps of frustration. Even so, Tom tells himself, I probably said things I would regret if I could remember. There was no other girl. As far as he knew, there was no other boy. There was not even a real break-up; she never actually told him it was over. But after a certain point, they did not talk to each other at all. They appeared at the same parties and had classes together their junior year and never even made eye contact. He missed her. Eventually he regretted demanding that she bear the burden of initiating further contact. They spoke once, briefly, at the end of their senior year, and only a few more times in all the years that followed.

Tom considers blaming the other people in their lives. Her parents didn't like him, and most of Tom's friends wanted a chance with Sarah. Not exactly Montagues and Capulets at each other's throats, Tom acknowledges to himself, but he is up to the task of misreading Shakespeare. He speculates that the bard's vague "ancient grudge break to new mutiny" is really a place-holder for more universal primal impulses: a parent's conviction that no boy is good enough for his daughter, a boy's urge to obtain his friend's girlfriend.

What he felt that day writing in her yearbook, he tells himself all these years later—the sense that so much could change in the coming years—had something to do with it. In those years, the boundaries and expectations imposed by church and family would prevail. He asked himself whether "imposed" was fair. Was it more like "willingly accepted" and "reinforced by church and family?" Will is only so free, Tom reflected, we choose from a limited range of options. Anyway, Tom did not regret his decisions: the morality lessons and missionary service and everything else had served him well. And Tom could not truly resent how Church and family demanded sacrifice and imposed obligations. What made these things terrible made them good. It was simply this: These things were part of what killed his first love.

"*Romeo is banished!*" Juliet cries from the stage. "*There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, / In that word's death.*" Tom grins. These lines are a litany of superlatives fitting a teenage girl. Shifting, turning inward, his mind lights on something overpowering and entirely foreign to him. He sees pieces of himself scattered across a map, in places, in people, and he needs to gather those pieces together. He wants to live in a small town where no one ever leaves. His memories of Sarah, startlingly vivid as they were, are only a small corner in a vast cavity. Tom longs for the ground it-

self that his much younger feet had touched when he walked. He remembers how his entire body felt to him then. The ghost of that young body, something tells him, haunts that ground.

He questions the city. It promises everything, good and bad, except his past. On that subject it is unhaunted, pathetic with ignorance. He shudders. I am a refugee from a provincial backwater, he silently declares. He had taken considerable pride in that fact since leaving home, but now it was powerless to beat back the present realization. I am an exile, he admits to himself. From my past. From the people and places and times that constitute me.

Eyes returning to the stage, Tom notices that Juliet now lies entombed, her thin arms drawn across her bosom. Dead to everyone but the Friar, not actually dead, essentially dead to the audience who knows how this one ends. Soon Romeo will come from Mantua, vial of poison in hand. He will reluctantly slay Paris and then kill himself. Juliet will wake, dead husband at stage left, dead suitor, stage right. Tom watches intently. This Juliet does not rage and moan like others he had seen. She is despondent, but daring and resolute, too.

A clever choice, Tom thinks, if it is intentional. This is not an after-school special; making suicide frightening is not required. Indeed, all the play's carnage is really beside the point. None of them—not Juliet, not Romeo, not Paris or Mercutio or Lady Montague—actually die. The only real casualty is what passed between that girl and boy. That lightning bolt gone dark before girl or boy could name it.

It would have died anyway, Tom tells himself. Don't spend another minute searching for a cause. It was all rapture and sweetness—too sweet to survive. Even if we had not stopped talking—some men do marry the first girl they ever dated—it would have become something else. Life would have injured it. Hell, Tom thinks, I would have injured it. Trying my hardest to give it life, I would have bruised it beyond recognition. And at best it would have become something mature, modest, practical, something that had a chance of survival. But that sweet untested thing is safe where I left it, in the past, in my head, an indelible memory, insignificant perhaps among the others I have collected, an eternal possession all the same.

None of them actually died, Tom tells himself again. Certainly most of them, the Mercutios and Lady Montagues, did not even remember playing a bit part in someone else's story. All of them lived on, doing what was required, surviving other much larger losses, forming and maintain-

ing other more consequential relationships. If any of them do remember, they rarely think about it. Before tonight, years had passed since Sarah had crossed Tom's mind. Speaking about it is rarer still. That is probably right, Tom thinks, feeling the presence of Ellen next to him. She knows the Sarah story, she feels no threat, she had her own first love before Tom. Only infrequently, they had reminisced to each other about these people, now remote strangers.

It occurs to Tom that doing so does not confirm to him that his memories are authentic. There is circumstantial evidence. Unless it had been lost in one of their moves, there is a box that contains both Tom's sophomore yearbook and a picture from that prom. But only talking to people who were there, Tom's friends and particularly Sarah herself, could fully authenticate his recollection. It probably would have been enough to look her in the eye and ask: "Do you remember?" But Tom knows that he will never contact Sarah. Far from deterring him, the thought of an irrationally jealous husband is almost funny. Not that Tom knows Sarah's husband at all. Why should he question her judgment anyway? He's probably a great guy. The problem is that Sarah herself could so easily misinterpret the gesture. Tom is afraid he would impose upon her something awkward when he simply wants to say: "You were a dear friend to me. Thank you."

Even with those few friends with whom he still has contact, he will never mention Sarah. "He is still obsessed with her after all these years," they would say. "What a hollow exercise of propriety," he wants to lecture them. Afraid of the sweetness, Tom tells himself, hurt by its long absence, we deny ourselves some of our sweetest memories.

The lights go bright again, the applause gradually fades, and they slowly make their way down the aisle and out of the theater. Passing through the crowd, Tom and Ellen encounter no faces they recognize. Wondering what it would be like to see there anyone from the past, a distant cousin, anyone, Tom contemplates the Salt Lake theaters that he knows. Would a friend pass through one of those lobbies tonight?

Comparing this *Romeo and Juliet* to others they have seen together, Tom and Ellen walk to an all-night cafe on Seventh Avenue for dessert. Eventually they make their way to the garage where their car is parked and drive out of the city and home.

Dianne Dibb Forbis, *No Offense Taken*
(Alma 60 & 61), 28" x 22", acrylic collage

POETRY

Borax

Ken Raines

The sand that blows along the bed
of the Amargosa waves and shirrs
and cleans as well as water. It scours
the tatters left uneaten by birds,

erodes the burnished dead–
the ones who dropped, accounts unsettled,
before they clawed their way across
this sour, alkali Styx.

When you descended with your mules
below the level of the sea,
this river only ran with heat,
a burning wind between the banks.

The team strained against the grade
from mine to railhead and deadhead back.
You blinked against the salted sting
that slipped into your eyes.

And when you paused to wipe your brow
or felt a trickle down your spine,
perhaps you stooped to watch the bones
as they blew to dust and understood

that every load you hauled would seep
and tumble back, become again
a freight of salty relics leached
from basalt piles of congealed fire.

Snowshoe Song

Caleb Warnock

flung unsifted from bluest above
snow casts light on me in sparks
Behold all ye that kindle fire
That compass yourselves about with sparks
Walk in the light of your fire and
In the sparks which ye have kindled
This shall ye have of mine hand–
Ye shall lie down in sorrow (2 Ne. 7: 10–11)

glide in grease of powder
"I had an ice pick for a dad" (Frederick Seidel)

snowmobiles=smash=ice rocks=shrieking snowshoe teeth
"If you touch it with your greasy fingers,
it's yours to keep" (author/mentor)

the dog has her entire head in a snowbank;
pulls out frosty-faced
I will not editorialize willnotwillnotwillnot–she was cute
Bad writer

sunglasses: blue sky, moody mountain, darking trees
I won $1,500 for my essay Istillhadstudentloans

no glasses: bleach sky, blue trees on phosphorescing snow
"Maybe I should disappear or die
so the kids will have to grow up" (wife)

cast airborne from highest ramp'd peak tendril'd
doppelganger watches me all afternoon
"That's creepy" (sister)

with no hiking staff drifts deceive me
"you have harmed your students" (author/mentor II)

I brace with broken maple, stunted pine
"Come home with honor or don't come home" (father)

in the bending have I so stressed this pine as to tilt its future?

poetry on the 'fridge door

Simon Peter Eggertsen

#1, v.1

my mother is madly licking
at the languid red peach,
screaming at life and
the rust crush of death.
an angry winter knife cuts
toward the smooth white summer light.
a thousand gorgeous whispers
chant away at the black shadows.
she senses that it is nearly over.

alzheimer's

my mother licks languidly
at a dried red peach,
clinging to her life still,
and the rust crush of age.

she cannot taste the delicate
gray winter knife tearing
at the smooth white summer light.
she cannot feel the
black autumn shadow
chasing away a thousand
green spring wisps.

she cannot smell the
slippery blue summer dew
dripping onto the brown
prism-edged autumn sand.
she cannot see the silver
merry-go-round winter wind
chasing itself and roaring
in the purple evening spring sky.

she cannot hear the fiery,
yellow-orange autumn fumes
enveloping the emerald hews
of the spring ice chunks.

my mother cannot even sense
that her seasons are nearly over.
her senses say they are just beginning.

Graduation

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

As morning breaks, our daughter,
wearing her best blue dress, is too excited to eat.
The wasted Cheerios bob like buoys in her bowl.

Though I've tried to tell her
that we have not been notified,
or invited to the school assembly—
that she is not one of the ten chosen
for the award—

she won't believe me.
She thinks I'm maximizing her surprise.

Other years when they'd paraded the winners,
THEN, when she'd resolved to make that honor hers—
THAT would have been the time to talk:
about what's advertised
versus what's in stock.

We could have used a visual: a tower
of sifted flour reaching high
from a measuring cup, then cut to size
with a blunt butter knife.

We, too, thought she'd win,
thought now she'll go boldly on to junior high.

We should have sat her down
and told her that nothing is certain,
that after the clapping evaporates
they won't remember your name.

We should have said
that having paid with dedication
she'd still be up among the best.

It would have been a comfortable time
to discuss how to descend.

Compass

Mark Bennion

In the simmer and slow furnace
of morning, the ball sits on the ground
rotund as pomegranate, a misshapen

amphora ripe with early light. Spherical,
hardy, ready for heft and masked
with a faint glaze of brass. It is a friend

without lament, without need for inflating
or pretense. It circles your trudge
through sand; it ignites leading questions,

taking you to the taste of untamed roots
and the immersion of honey, then pares
down days to prayer shawl. Your group

snubs then pleads with its spindles,
their tips evanescent in the serpentine dark.
Beside crevices, field and angle

weld beneath the sterile north,
nudging you toward a longer day.
At noon the compass is unseen,

sometimes remembered, snug
in the necessary bundle of rods,
deep in dreams like the brewing

of an unnoticed boil. It will begin
to hurt you or me or the ear
entrenched against hint or granting.

Its magnetism awakens as famine
starts to thrum—the straight-line
boredom, weariness, gruel. And

before long, you see it in every stone-
face, in each yellow evening, it cools
on the horizon: *Remember smallness,*

the pebble stuck in the cistern's core.
Its rounding bulk festers
in detour, the arrows deaden

in a persisting storm. Test the sphere
and it will mimic or heal the asp's bite.
It is bronze plate and lodestone.

It's apocalyptic, each season,
regardless of the coming moon. It is
ghost needling substance. It's right outside

your tent, the quick shift between a hike
and wandering where the hills may cleave
together or drop you in the divide.

Where Are the Horses?

Stanton Harris Hall

I have awakened him from a deep sleep
slumped over in his blue vinyl and chrome wheelchair

and wrenched him from a scene
of young riders and sweating horses

pushing up from somewhere
in his ninety-two years.

His body limp and still,
the eyes flash suddenly full open,
their whites yellowed by a century of sun,
macular degeneration erasing all the lines.

"Where did they go?
Where did the horses go?
They were supposed to tell me when they were going."

The electric horses fly by
chrome dust in their wake

panicky eyes fixed dead ahead
on a green beyond description

and summoned by the thunder in their hooves
he rises from the chair—mounting the lead roan
for one more ride in a dream without waking.

Remembering Gene and His Generation

Robert A. Rees, ed. *Proving Contraries: A Collection of Writings in Honor of Eugene England.* Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2005, 310 pp., $32.95.

Reviewed by R. John Williams, doctoral candidate in comparative literature at UC Irvine

In the spirit of Eugene England, I would like this review to read something like a personal essay. So I'll start with something personal. I'm writing this review for two important reasons, one noble, and the other less so: First, Gene was one of my professors during my undergraduate days at BYU, the first, and perhaps only professor I had there who truly challenged his students, moving us out of our comfortable intellectual certainty as young confident Mormon know-it-alls. Second, to be frank, this book costs $35, and I'm a relatively young Ph.D. graduate; offering to write a review was one way of getting a free copy of the book without stretching the wallet.

These two reasons are in some ways related, and it might even be Gene's fault. What if I had not experienced the exhilarating motivation of Gene's gentle but demanding questions in class? What if I had not found the depth and energy of Gene's intellectual "dialogue" with literary greatness? Would I have gone into academia as I have? The truth is, I was headed for law school and would probably have made a fine lawyer. But I also have to give some credit to the administration at BYU, as it was not only what Gene did in class—but also what he had been restricted from doing—that provided that extra bit of motivation. Gene had wanted us to read things he could not assign at BYU (where his tenure proved more "contrary" than he ever thought it would), and this censorship fascinated me. How could such a gentle, Christlike, and intelligent teacher meet with such resistance at the Lord's university?

I can distinctly remember walking up to the Harold B. Lee Library reserve desk, where I requested the article in which he had argued that polygamy was hardly a celestial law and that we would do well to stop thinking that it was. He had placed it there after being told that he could not distribute it to his class. It was fine, the administration told him, if one of us sought it out on our own, but he was not allowed to *require* us to read it. So I read it. And then everything else Gene had written. And then every back issue of *Dialogue* I could get my hands on. It was as if I were tapping in to a vast, pulsing energy, something rigorous and exciting and *true*. So now I am a poor graduate student with an intellectual debt to one of the great Mormon liberal fathers, and I love it.

The book itself is a series of brilliant and thought-provoking essays and poems on a wide array of subjects, all of them written "in honor" of Gene. As is the case with the *festschrift* genre in general, the phrase "writings in honor" is employed with some elasticity, as the essays and poems range from directly remembering Gene (as in writing about Gene, to honor his memory) to writing simply *alongside* Gene (including essays that Gene himself may have critiqued at some point), to writing on topics that may have simply interested Gene (writing in his wake, as it were, without directly referring to him at all). If one omitted the occasional reference to Gene, the photographs, and a few of the essays that directly remember him, the volume would read something like a normal, if better-than-average, issue of *Dialogue*. In fact, I think this is why the book costs $35: I am not the target audience. Generally, the people who will buy this book are "average" *Dialogue* readers—those who, like me, remember Gene with fondness, but unlike me are generally over age fifty and own nice homes somewhere in the Western states.[1]

This was not always the case. Back in 1987, when Gene was actively teaching and publishing and when *Dialogue* conducted a readers' survey, those same readers were in their mid-thirties. It may be that the $35 price tag has quite a bit to do with the nice, acid-free paper, the excellent binding, the photos, and the classy dust jacket. But in another sense, the price simply reflects the buying power of its target audience whose members have not only enjoyed the fruits of Gene's brilliant intellectual and spiritual work but have also moved into another stage of their own intellectual, spiritual, (and financial) journeys, a kind of superannuated "memoir" stage. R. W. Rasband, in a review of this same book for the Association for Mormon Letters, writes, "As I look over the table of contents I can't help but notice that the majority of contributors are at or near retirement, the same age that England was. This saddens me because a truly remarkable generation of independent Mormon thinkers is passing, and I honestly can't see who is going to replace them in today's more homogenized church culture."[2]

But no matter who assumes the reins of "independent" Mormon scholarship in the future, one can be relatively certain that the venues for that intellectual activity will seldom involve *paper*. The "next generation" of Mormon scholars do not, as a general rule, shell out $35 for essays in honor of the previous generation (which is not to say that they shouldn't). They do not, unfortunately, even subscribe to *Dialogue*. Whoever these next Mormon intellectuals are, they are connected to digital networks, computer screens, and online discussion groups. One finds them woven into the fabric of online "threads," moving through cyberspace with relative anonymity. They show up at online sites like Times and Seasons, Exponent II Blog, By Common Consent, Feminist Mormon Housewives, Millennial Star, and a host of other blog-like discussion sites.

Having perused many of these online sites myself and even contributed to

these discussions on occasion, two things strike me as interesting: First, how exciting, heated, wonderful, and brilliant some of these discussions can be on the one hand, while sometimes slipping into a kind of quasi-intellectual form of "self expression" rather than true "communication" and "dialogue" on the other. And second, how seldom, if ever, those participating in these discussions realize the enormous wealth of foundational intellectual work already done in forty years of *Dialogue* publications.[3] While some may argue that each generation must work out these problems on its own, I would contend that there is incredible value in digging into the discursive past. Trolling through these online forums, I have often wondered things like, "Wasn't that Michael Coe's point back in 1973?" Or, "Wouldn't this person benefit from Gene's *Letter to a College Student* from 1974?" Or even, "Isn't there a great article on that topic in the *current* issue of *Dialogue*?"

My point, then, is that *Proving Contraries* should be read as something like an open portal to an important and rigorous intellectual past, one that seems to be increasingly forgotten, in our blog-saturated culture. One might turn, for instance, to Armand Mauss's succinct explanation of a transformation that has occurred in Mormon public discourse over the last half-century. In his essay "Feelings, Faith, and Folkways," Mauss notices that whereas speakers in Mormon chapels might have at one time "reached under the lectern in search of the books of scripture often available to pulpit speakers," that same move today is characterized more by a reach for that "dependable box of Kleenex tissues" (23). This change in pulpit-style discourse, Mauss argues, "symbolizes the triumph of feeling over understanding" in today's church; "of a softer worship over a harder one; perhaps of an evangelical—or even Pentecostal—homiletic over an analytical style; of personalized adaptations of scripture over appreciation of historical context. It represents the triumph of the heart over the head in popular Latter-day Saint religious expression" (24).

One might also turn to Margaret Blair Young's contribution, "Gene—Sorry I Missed You (P.S. I still do)," in which she recounts a fascinating personal journey toward a "writing life" that began when Gene pushed her "to finally tell the hard stories my heart had learned so well" (188). One might delve into Lavina Fielding Anderson's fascinating essay on "Joseph Smith's Sisters," in which she turns her attention to three of the "obscure historical characters in LDS history," thus reminding us that "Brother" Joseph was not only the leader of a burgeoning church, but a member of a family as well. Wayne Booth's essay, "Are We Losing Democratic Education?" is a testament to his renewed interest in Mormonism and his ongoing commitment to more egalitarian institutions of education, both of which were important for Gene, whom Booth considered a close friend.

There are similarly works of breathtaking poetry, hard-hitting drama, and vivid, soul-searing literature by writers like Emma Lou Thayne, Tim Slover, and Douglas Thayer. In short, *Proving Contraries* is a brilliant monument to the work

of Gene England and the generation(s) of scholars that he inspired. One can only hope that many more of the "next generation" of Mormon scholars will some day say, "Gene, we're sorry we missed you."

Notes

1. Robert W. Reynolds, John D. Remy, and Armand L. Mauss, "Maturing and Enduring: *Dialogue* and Its Readers after Forty Years," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 39, no. 4 (Winter 2006): 85, reported that "about 64% [of respondents to the survey] are over age fifty, and more than 40 percent are over sixty," "72 percent are in the Western states," and "90 percent" are home owners.

2. R. W. Rasband, AML-List, 6/06/06, 7:39 p.m., Subj: [AML] Review: Proving Contraries," aml-list@mailman.xmission.com.

3. There are, of course, some exceptions to this statement. Nate Oman, for example, a frequent writer for TimesandSeasons.org, seems very well informed on past discussions in *Dialogue*, though for some reason he has yet to publish in *Dialogue* anything other than a brief argument (which originated online) that *Dialogue* should publish more from readers like him. Nathan Oman, "An Open Letter to the *Dialogue* Board," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 39, no. 4 (Winter 2005): 227–29.

Choices, Consequences, and Grace

Richard Dutcher, writer/director. *God's Army 2: States of Grace.* 2005. Movie, rated PG-13; two hours, eight minutes

Reviewed by Samuel Brown, a fairweather Arminian who studies life-threatening infections

Richard Dutcher, the founding father of Mormon cinema, has much to be proud of in his third film, *God's Army 2: States of Grace.* His first effort, *God's Army,* was a missionary *bildungsroman* with a heavy emphasis on priesthood ordinances. *Brigham City,* his second, was a murder mystery exploring the limits of a rural theocracy and the contingencies of moral stewardship. *States of Grace* is both more ambitious and more nuanced than these prior efforts.

A sequel primarily in name, *States of Grace* follows several story lines intersecting with the protagonist, Elder Lozano, a former Latino gang member on a proselytizing mission in Santa Monica. (Warning: The discussion that follows may spoil the film for those who prefer to be surprised by the plot.) He serves with a rigidly pious junior companion (Elder Farrell) and meets a sexually distressed aspiring actress (Holly), an alcoholic street preacher (Louis), and an African Ameri-

of Gene England and the generation(s) of scholars that he inspired. One can only hope that many more of the "next generation" of Mormon scholars will some day say, "Gene, we're sorry we missed you."

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can gang member (Carl). Lozano affects and is affected by each of them in complex, unpredictable ways.

Though *States of Grace* is superficially a story of gangland salvation and alternative visions of God's grace, it is also an exploration of choices and their consequences. This problem was framed for me by a freshman-year misinterpretation of Harold Bloom's trademark *The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry* (Oxford, Eng.: Oxford University Press, 1973). Where Bloom intended a poet's fear of being derivative, negotiating an awkward relationship with creative forebears, I understood my own great fear of influencing others. As a missionary, as a friend, as a counselor in the bishopric of a student ward in the East, as a lover, a child, a sibling, now as a parent, I have worried often about the implications of influence, the ripples in the spiritual fabric that occur with each decision I make.

I am in good company in this anxiety. From Paul's obsession about sharing meat with pagans to the Mormon aversion to wine in the Lord's supper, to Book of Mormon preaching on human agency, to our near-compulsive record-keeping, we as a people worry about the influence and implication of our decisions. Dutiful Arminians, we exercise our wills, recording successes and dreading failures. Within our proselytizing, we take special pride in marking our converts and their future generations in a recursive calculus of salvation. How great indeed is our joy in bringing our carefully recorded kindred to God; what better emblem is there of our will rightly exercised?

Dutcher's Lozano is just such a convert, a former gang member brought to the Church on the eve of his first murder who then chose to bring the gospel light to others. Unfortunately, he has violated his covenant. By his own admission "a better convert than a missionary," instead of expanding the gospel influence of the elders who converted him, he has been counting the days until his release.

The film's narrative begins during a protracted game of basketball. Lozano witnesses a drive-by shooting and helps to staunch bleeding from gunshot wounds that threaten Carl's life. In that Samaritan moment, Lozano is transformed.

In the aftermath of this chance encounter, a spark of good, old-fashioned enthusiasm is kindled in Lozano's soul, and he begins to open his heart in a progressive way, drawing in Louis, the (poorly acted) preacher, while he simultaneously reaches out to the isolated Holly and actively proselytizes Carl. In the process Carl is baptized, Louis's soul is presumably saved, Holly deflowers and devastates Elder Farrell (who flees his guilt by slashing his wrists), and Carl's barely pubescent brother is murdered.

In the end, we hope that Carl's soul was saved when he interred his weapons in his grandmother's garden, buried in conscious imitation of the Ammonite pacifists. We hope desperately because we have seen the price paid for this one convert, and it is exorbitant.

But we are not entirely sure that Carl's soul has been saved after all. Enraged by his brother's murder, the newly baptized Carl seeks vengeance on the killer, a callow but sinister Latino gangster. Carl, exhumed revolver in hand, turns dramatically to Christ when his intended victim prays for mercy, and he holsters his weapon at the last moment. But his repentance comes too late. As Carl steps away, his own gang friends execute the praying boy.

Is Carl saved after all that Lozano has caused to be sacrificed on his behalf? Legally we know that Carl is now accessory to second-degree murder, and morally we sense that it was Carl's blind rage that set in motion the events leading to the murder. The answer isn't at all clear; grace for Carl is buried in the mud that once enclosed his weapons. In an over-stylized but apt juxtaposition of human circles—elders confirming Carl and gangsters circling his brother's fresh corpse like self-conscious vultures—Dutcher further argues that Carl's conversion is connected to his brother's death. Carl's brother took vengeance into his own hands explicitly because Carl had buried his weapons and chosen peace; had Carl waited to reform, his young brother might not have died. Aftershocks again, unpleasant ones, of Lozano's Samaritanism.

The film closes with a distractingly stylized paean to the Christ child, as the major characters are left to confront the complex ripples in the substance of their humanity initiated by Lozano's decisions. Dutcher reminds us that salvation is worked out in interconnected communities as well as in the personal encounter with the Christ. The only absence from the final assemblage is Elder Farrell's father, whose statement of conditional love (in rough paraphrase) "I'd rather have you come home dead than dishonored"), Dutcher places at the fountainhead of the blood flowing from his son's slit wrists.

The jumble of consequences and tenuous salvation strikes deep at the Arminianism of contemporary Mormon praxis. Lozano's response to the spirit of compassion met with disastrous outcomes; Farrell's kindness to Holly led to his devastating transgression; Brother Farrell's pious rigidity is implicated in his son's attempted suicide. In this closing devotion to the Christ Child, Dutcher claims a grace-emphatic Atonement. The outcomes of our exercised wills may be hard to guess at or predict; in the end, we can only seek to be true to the presence of Christ.

It is the mark of a great theoretical divide that Dutcher's organizing vision, however clearly portrayed, is open to various interpretations. An earnest Arminian could easily exclaim that all of the tragedy in the film was the result of wickedness, that Lozano's transgressing of mission rules invalidated any Christian sentiments he may have experienced. The complexity of Carl's near-salvation is simply the wages of sin. In this view, the Atonement validates the careful, steadfast, and predictable control of the will. A more grace-focused viewer might see the film as a witness to the difficult-to-regulate complexity of human experience.

In this vision, the rule that we must follow is the individual experience of the Atonement and the recognition that we are all interdependent in surprising ways. God, Dutcher suggests, may be willing to pay ridiculous prices for healing his children. His troubled children will remain able to do little more than guess at the shape of their lives, confident only in his unconditional love and its expression in divine grace.

A Woman of Influence

Carol Cornwall Madsen. *An Advocate for Women: The Public Life of Emmeline B. Wells.* Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press/Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 2006. 490 pp., $24.95.

Reviewed by Deborah Farmer Kris, English teacher, founding member of the Exponent II *Blog*

Historian Carol Cornwall Madsen has penned what is, remarkably, the first rigorous biography of one of the most influential Mormon woman of the nineteenth century. Emmeline B. Wells served as editor of the *Woman's Exponent* for nearly forty years, as Relief Society general president, and as Utah's foremost leader for women's suffrage. She worked closely with five Church presidents, met with four U.S. presidents, and developed an international reputation for her indefatigable work on behalf of women's rights. When Wells was yet a young woman in Nauvoo, Eliza R. Snow prophesied she would "live to do a work that has never been done by any woman, since creation" (27). That public work provides the content for this book.

Madsen, with her strong credentials as a scholar of Mormon women's history, is perhaps uniquely suited to write these volumes. Wells provided a treasure chest for research, including forty-seven volumes of journals and forty years of editorials. Brigham Young had "charged Emmeline to write the life stories of the Latter-day Saint women and to keep their collective history, which transformed the *Exponent* into an indispensable witness of women's part in early Mormon history" (115). In addition, Madsen's book fulfills an injunction from Wells herself: "Although the historians of the past have been neglectful of woman, and it is the exception if she be mentioned at all; yet the future will deal more generously with womankind, and the historian of the present age will find it very embarrassing to ignore woman in the records of the nineteenth century" (v).

This volume is the first in a planned two-volume biography. Madsen spends much of Chapter 1 justifying her choice to separate these books along the public/private divide rather than chronologically. She clearly agonized over the struc-

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This volume is the first in a planned two-volume biography. Madsen spends much of Chapter 1 justifying her choice to separate these books along the public/private divide rather than chronologically. She clearly agonized over the struc-

ture of these volumes and concluded that Wells's complex life lent itself to this duality. Indeed, Wells even created two literary pseudonyms: "the sentimental 'Aunt Em' who authored most of her poetry and nostalgic New England sketches, and the 'strong-minded' Blanche Beechwood, an ideologically liberated equal rights advocate" (3). This first volume focuses on Wells's vast involvement in government, politics, and activism. Is this split effective? Yes, largely. While biographies of male LDS leaders tend to follow the structure of their public career, hyphenated with details of the home front, biographies of LDS women frequently focus on the private sphere, viewing public forays as an outgrowth of the domestic life. Wells's inexhaustible public involvement almost demands a volume such as this. By excising all but the barest details of Wells's experiences as a wife and mother, Madsen has room to show the reader the greater historical canvas on which Wells painted. In many ways, Madsen has written a history of women's suffrage and the politics of polygamy using Wells as a focal point.

Madsen begins by providing a brief life-sketch of Wells, just enough to scaffold later details. Chapter 3 describes how the *Woman's Exponent* emerged as a voice for Mormon women in Utah and a tool for combatting anti-Mormon sentiment in the East. Wells used a full third of *Exponent* editorials to argue for women's right to vote; and under her leadership, the paper took its place as one of the leading suffrage magazines, exchanging articles and correspondence with publications such as the venerable *Woman's Journal*, published (1870–1914) in Boston by Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell. Other editorials covered a range of women-related issues, with Wells counseling women to "obtain as much education as possible, to eschew feminine artifices, and to seek an egalitarian relationship in marriage so that each spouse might have the freedom to develop individual capacities and interests" (50).

Because of polygamy, Mormons found themselves at odds with "Victorian morality." Wells helped articulate an LDS vision of womanhood that also stood in contrast to the demure "ideal" of femininity. She put forth that the "real" woman was "stoic and sure of her convictions, cultivating self-reliance, intellectuality, personal integrity, self-respect, and competence, while claiming equality with men" (56). That Brigham Young and subsequent Church leaders supported the publication and publicly urged women to subscribe lent further credence to the perception that Wells was an official spokesperson for LDS women.

Eliza R. Snow is perhaps more familiar to today's LDS community, thanks in large part to her hymns. Wells and Snow were colleagues and friends, relentlessly devoted to supporting Mormon women. As Madsen notes, however, Snow sometimes expressed distrust toward women's rights activists, while Wells had no such misgivings. Wells's vision for women led her to align herself with and befriend leaders such as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. She even visited the home of Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell,

expressing her affection for them despite their ardent anti-polygamy stance. While the treatment she received at the hands of anti-polygamy suffragists might have turned others away from national organizations, such setbacks seemed to reenergize Wells's efforts.

Madsen effectively traces Wells's passion for equality to her understanding of LDS Church doctrine and belief in the restoration of *all* things. When Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society and "turned the key" to the women, Wells felt that this event "marked the beginning of the redemption of womankind and the restoration of primeval equality" (83). In the pages of *Exponent,* she told her readers that "the bonds of female servitude began to loosen in 1842 and from that time on 'men no longer held the same absolute sway'" (83). From Wells's perspective, it was no coincidence that the Seneca Falls Woman's Rights Convention occurred a mere six years after the organization of the Relief Society. Joseph had helped open the doors of heaven for women worldwide. Thus, Madsen argues, Wells's public activism had as its seed a deep spiritual conviction.

Madsen carefully traces Wells's journey as an enfranchised, disenfranchised, and re-enfranchised Utah citizen. In addition, she outlines the complex relationship between polygamy and women's suffrage—a treatment worth the price of the book. Wells frequently found herself responding to anti-polygamy forces that wanted to strip Utah women of their right to vote, suffrage organizations that shunned Mormon women because of polygamy, activists who warily embraced Wells despite polygamy, and women such as Susan B. Anthony who came to view Mormon women as key allies and helped them navigate the turbulent political waters. While this book describes Wells's public defense of polygamy—namely that it promoted self-reliance and decreased subordination—it also alludes to her personal difficulties in living this principle, a topic that will surely be addressed in more length in the next volume.

I found the structure of the book problematic in only one respect. After nearly 350 pages describing Wells's role in the battle for suffrage—culminating in the passage of the nineteenth amendment shortly before her death—Madsen backtracks in the last few chapters to describe Wells's involvement in the National and International Councils for Women. The chronological jump felt disjointed, as several of the themes—including suffrage and polygamy—had already been covered in depth. Two of these final chapters were originally written as stand-alone articles and perhaps should have been integrated more fully into the text. However, they do provide a fascinating glimpse into Wells's effort to defeat B. H. Robert's congressional campaign. Roberts, a member of the seven-man First Council of the Seventy, had incurred Wells's displeasure because of statements he made against women's suffrage during the statehood debate. Surprisingly, when Wells counseled with President Lorenzo Snow, he encouraged her to have women work to defeat Roberts, either "publicly or privately" (396). Rob-

erts's subsequent victory made international headlines because he persisted in living a polygamous life after the Church had renounced public support for new plural marriages (1890) and Utah had joined the Union (1896). Wells found herself negotiating her distaste for Roberts's politics and her defense of Mormon women who were further marginalized at national meetings because of the polygamy question.

Madsen's book contains scant information about Wells's tenure as Relief Society general president. Indeed, her work with the Relief Society is mentioned almost exclusively as it relates to Wells's suffrage work: providing funds for her numerous travels, linking her to membership in various women's organizations, and giving her a platform from which to educate and organize Mormon women in the fight for the vote. Indeed, when President Lorenzo Snow and Relief Society President Zina D. H. Young died within months of each other, Wells felt some concern that Church leaders would neglect this work. She confided to Susa Young Gates, "I doubt very much if Prest. [Joseph F.] Smith has as much confidence in what women can do, as Prest. Snow. . . . There are so many things that want righting" (438).

Even as a generation of national suffrage leaders was passing on, the aging Wells found herself likewise missing the company of LDS women who had worked with her to shape what it meant to be a Mormon woman—"such women as Aunt Zina—Aunt Eliza [R. Snow], Mother [Elizabeth Ann] Whitney" (438–39). I assume Madsen deemed much of Wells's work with Relief Society to fall in the "private" sphere and will therefore address this topic more fully in her next installment. Madsen's work is a gift to Mormon women's history, and I wish her Godspeed on the second volume.

Colonizing the Frontier between Faith and Doubt

Levi S. Peterson. *A Rascal by Nature, A Christian by Yearning: A Mormon Autobiography.* Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 2006. 465 pp., $29.95.

Reviewed by Michael Austin, who teaches English and serves as the dean of Graduate Studies at Shepherd University in Shepherdstown, West Virginia

It would be difficult for me to overstate the influence that Levi Peterson has had on both my spiritual and my intellectual development. "The Confessions of St. Augustine," which I found by accident a few months after returning from my mission, was the first Mormon story that I ever read that did not come from the pages of the *New Era.* A year later, "A Christian by Yearning" became my first exposure to the liberal Mormon community at the same time that it reassured me that I was

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not alone in my doubts. Later still, when I was struggling in a Ph.D. program in English, *The Backslider* helped to convince me that my own culture had themes of beauty and importance to explore in a literature of its own. And just three years ago, when I had come to the decision that I simply did not have room in my career to continue pursuing Mormon studies, Levi Peterson (whom I had never met in person) "reactivated" me—as any good bishop would—by issuing me a calling to serve on *Dialogue*'s editorial team.

Readers who have had similar experiences with Peterson's work—and I know there to be many—will find few surprises in his autobiography, *A Rascal by Nature, A Christian by Yearning,* but they will find their old friend in top form. Those who encounter Peterson for the first time in his autobiography will have no reason to feel excluded. Peterson does not even begin discussing his literary career until page 243. Much more important, as the book's subtitle tells us, are the contexts in which Peterson became a writer: his lifelong relationship to Mormonism and his compulsive attraction "to conflicts between belief and disbelief and between sexual impulse and conscience" (270).

It is the latter of these "compulsive attractions" that organizes the first half of the book. In the process of giving the customary details about his ancestors and early family life, Peterson vividly recounts both his youthful peccadilloes—masturbation, petting, and one marginally successful attempt at full-fledged intercourse—and the considerable guilt that they caused him. Like many of his fictional characters, the young Levi Peterson was plagued by a quintessentially Christian problem: a keen awareness of sin without a corresponding understanding of redemption. Even after memories of his early indiscretions had faded, he tells us, he continued to suffer the pangs of an overactive superego, albeit one informed by a more politically liberal sense of conscience: "Guilt has been one of my gifts," he writes. "I feel guilt for all the ills of our time: for the extinction of species, the exhaustion of natural resources, the abuse of women and children, the suppression of minorities, and the general malice of human nature" (89). Enduring characters such as *The Backslider's* Frank Windham demonstrate, to my satisfaction at least, how correct Peterson is in labeling his guilt as a "gift."

While the problems posed by a rascal's nature and a Christian's conscience are important to Peterson's autobiography, as they are to his fiction, they are ultimately absorbed into what Peterson presents as the defining conflict of his life: his unbreakable, visceral ties to a religion whose doctrines he does not believe. In a passage from the chapter "Nebo by Moonlight," Peterson articulates this core conflict with his characteristic candor and eloquence: "The next morning, a Sunday, we attended a testimony meeting in the Sacred Grove, where Joseph Smith said God the Father and God the Son had first appeared to him. The trees were tall with bare trunks and leafy tops. Shafts of sunlight came

through the shade. A hushed reverence rested upon those around me. I could not help sharing it, and I saw a glimmering of why I, a disbeliever, could not abandon Mormonism" (188).

In much the same way that the conflict between sin and guilt dominates Peterson's fiction, this tension between devotion and disbelief dominates much of his nonfiction, including his biography of Juanita Brooks, his essays in *Sunstone* and *Dialogue*, and, ultimately, the story that he tells in his autobiography. The most common theme in all of these works—as evidenced by titles such as "The Art of Dissent Among the Mormons," "Lavina Fielding Anderson and the Power of a Church in Exile," "The Civilizing of Mormondom: The Indispensable Role of the Intellectual"—is that a religion claiming to represent a loving and tolerant God must have some space for those who believe differently, or believe not at all. Soon after the publication of *The Canyons of Grace*, Peterson reports, he made a conscious decision to create this space: "I had long recognized that I was no anti-Mormon, having no wish to see Mormonism dwindle and die away. But I did wish to see it liberalize itself, becoming more humane, more adaptable to change, and less at odds with science and learning, and I saw therein an active role for people like me. My mood now, for various reasons, was such that I wished to take up that role. . . . Almost everything I have written or said within a Mormon context ever since has been done with an eye towards realizing it further" (279).

A Rascal by Nature, A Christian by Yearning is simply the most recent work in the grand project that Peterson articulates in this passage. It is a pioneer autobiography from someone who has spent a lifetime exploring, and colonizing, the precariously narrow frontier between faith and doubt. Throughout the book, Peterson is almost compulsively truthful. He does not obscure his failures, but neither does he exaggerate them. The result is a fitting addition to an already important body of work and a remarkable memoir that created a complex portrait of a man who has spent his life making sure that the expanding world of Mormonism would contain enough room for a person like me.

An Inside View of Polygamy in the Midwest

Vickie Cleverley Speek. *"God Has Made Us a Kingdom": James Strang and the Midwest Mormons*. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2006. xii + 396 pp.

Reviewed by Bill Shepard, a historian of Strangite heritage and a personal friend of Vickie Speek.

Vickie Speek is a fifth-generation Mormon whose progenitors were pioneers in

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Idaho. An award-winning journalist, she received the Award of Excellence from the Illinois Historical Society in 2001 for her research on the Civil War. Demonstrating her skills again in *"God Has Made Us a Kingdom,"* she has written objectively in a narrative style that captivates the reader.

This book had its genesis when Speek journeyed from Illinois to Burlington, Wisconsin, in 1992 to purchase craft supplies from a store bordering on Highway 36 and Mormon Road. When she saw the sign designated "Mormon Road," she was puzzled because she knew of no Mormon settlement in the area. Her subsequent investigations changed her life as she began a twelve-year study of James J. Strang, his church, and his wives.

Although this book does not rival Milo M. Quaife's outstanding 1930 biography, *The Kingdom of Saint James: A Narrative of the Mormons* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press), Speek adequately covers Strang's background, his entrance into Mormonism, his claims of leadership of the Mormon Church, his ministry, his settlements at Voree and Beaver Island, and the hostile interactions there between the Mormons and Gentiles. Moreover, she provides a wealth of new information about Strangite polygamy and presents Strang's wives so realistically that they seem to be acquaintances.

A great strength of this book is her examination of the confusion and desperation among Church members after Strang was mortally wounded by disaffected members on Beaver Island on June 16, 1856, and died at Voree less than three weeks later.

A central figure in this book is Strang's first wife, Mary Abigail Perce, whom Strang married in November 1836. Speek brings her to life. Like Emma Smith, Mary was an intelligent woman whose life was marked by hardship, tragedy, and her husband's betrayal. Her struggle with polygamy and a husband who sired children by four "new" wives is told in a manner that will cause most readers to both admire and pity her. We follow that struggle from Strang's entrance into Mormonism in 1844 until her death in 1880. It is a narrative that describes the dark side of Mormon polygamy.

The examination of Elvira Eliza Field, Strang's first plural wife, is representative of Speek's fine scholarship. Speek explains that Elvira was an extremely intelligent woman who was a tailor, schoolteacher, feminist, meteorologist, legislative secretary, and avid hunter. The eighteen-year-old Elvira first became acquainted with Strang at a conference at Voree in April 1848; and after her family moved to Beaver Island the following year, Elvira and Strang married in secret on July 13. From September 1849 through March 1850, Elvira masqueraded as Strang's nephew and scribe, using the name Charley Douglass, as they journeyed on an important mission to the eastern churches. In spite of Strang's denials, rumors abounded that "Charley" was a woman and the escapade did much to tip the Church into a downward spiral.

Speek documents that Elvira had four children by Strang: Charles James in 1851; Evaline in 1853; Clement in 1854, and James Jesse in January 1857. She situates Elvira, five months pregnant, at Voree when Strang died in July 1856, leaving her dependent on others and on her labor in the fields at Voree. She next moved to Jackson County, Wisconsin, where she joined other Strangites, then moved to be near relatives at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, around 1860. At Eaton Rapids, Elvira came so near death from typhoid fever that she gave the guardianship of her four children to non-relatives. Upon regaining her health, she recovered three of the children, but Jesse's guardians refused to return the child, considering their adoption of him final.

Elvira married widower John Baker, the father of five, in 1865 and bore an two additional children. John was a wonderful husband, and they had a good life together. Although Elvira continued to love Strang for years, she ultimately concluded that God had taken him because of his pride and secret sins.

Born in 1820, Elizabeth ("Betsy") McNutt Strang converted to Strangism with her family in 1846–47 and moved with them to Beaver Island in 1850. Betsy was not considered pretty and was referred to as an "old maid." When pestered about getting married, she made it known she would marry only the prophet. Accordingly, she and Strang were, in fact, married in early 1852, and she moved in with Strang and Elvira. She bore Strang four children: Evangeline in 1853; David James in 1854; Gabriel in 1855; and Abigail in January 1857, some six months after Strang's death. She was known for her fine cooking and for managing the family's domestic affairs effectively.

Following Strang's death, Betsy and her children shared a small home with Elvira and her children at Voree where they survived by working in the fields and by charity. The sister wives moved to Jackson County, Wisconsin, by early 1859 and joined other Strangites, surviving by working in the fields and by picking and selling blueberries. Living in numerous locations during the ensuing years, Betsy preserved many invaluable Strangite records, finally living with daughter Evangeline and her husband John Denio. The latter ultimately moved to Lamoni, Iowa, and joined the Reorganized Church, but it is unclear whether Betsy also affiliated. She died in September 1897 and was buried in the Lamoni Cemetery. Speek indicates that Betsy was the last of the polygamous wives to deny Strang.

Although Elvira is the best-known plural wife, the most remarkable may have been Sarah Wright Strang Wing. Sarah's father, Strangite Apostle Phineas Wright, told his seventeen-year-old daughter that he "would almost as soon See you buried [than] marry in to polygamy" (194). Nevertheless, Sarah married Strang in July 1855 and joined Elvira and Betsy as sister wives. In a 1920 letter to Milo M. Quaife, Sarah provided a glimpse into Strangite polygamy: "You ask if we all lived in the same house. We did but in separate rooms. All met in

prayer—ate at the same table. We had no quarrels, no jealousies that I knew of. He was a very mild-spoken kind man to his family although his word was law. We were all honest in our religion and made things as pleasant as possible" (196).

Sarah came to Voree to visit Strang prior to his death but could not stay because she accompanied her family to Jackson County where James Phineas, her only child by Strang, was born in November 1856. Within three years Sarah married non-Mormon Joseph Smith Wing, a self-taught doctor, and bore his son by 1859. In 1862 Wing joined the church under Brigham Young, and he, the pregnant Sarah, and their two children set out for Utah. Wing stopped unexpectedly at a house near Clayton, Illinois, and convinced a twelve-year-old daughter by a previous marriage to join the emigration to Utah. The incredulous Sarah then learned that, in addition to the mother of this daughter, her husband had been married to and divorced from two other women before he met Sarah. Speek summarizes: "She was in fact not his first wife as she had supposed—she was his fourth!" (289).

Pregnant and already the mother of two young children, Sarah had no choice but remain with Wing. They arrived in Utah in August 1862 and ultimately settled near Provo, where within four years Wing married six women. Thoroughly disillusioned with polygamy, Sarah separated from him by the early 1870s and went on to make a remarkable contribution to frontier Utah: "At a time when it was unusual for women to work in a profession, Sarah Wright became a respected physician in Springville, earning as much as $2,500 a year. She officiated at the birth of hundreds of children, including her own grandchildren" (292). She died in Boise, Idaho, in 1923. In a letter to Milo M. Quaife in 1920 she wrote: "I had faith that James was a prophet of God and would not do wrong. I don't believe today that God ever speaks to any man" (294).

Phoebe Wright, daughter of Benjamin Wright, a leading member of Strang's Church, became Strang's fourth and last plural wife in October 1855. Described as pretty, energetic, ambitious, and witty, she moved in with Strang, Elvira, Betsy, and her cousin Sarah. She was at her husband's bedside when he died at Voree and shortly thereafter moved with her family to Jackson County, Wisconsin, where Strang's posthumous daughter, Eugenia Jesse, was born in October 1856. She changed her last name to Jesse with the expectation she would again take Strang's name when the Strangites were sufficiently "gathered." This never occurred, although she apparently loved him all her life. Phoebe never remarried and lived with Eugenia and her husband until her death in 1914 at Tacoma, Washington.

"God Has Made Us a Kingdom" will appeal not only to descendants of the Strangites but also to others interested in Mormon history. Providing new in-

sight into the legacy of James J. Strang and his wives, it is well researched and deeply documented. A great strength of this book is its clear, easy-to-read style.

CONTRIBUTORS

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MARIANNE T. WATSON works as a freelance genealogist and family historian. She resides in South Jordan, Utah, and is the mother of nine and the grandmother of six. She was born and raised in plural marriage within a fundamentalist Mormon community (the "Allred" group) where she learned a love of Mormon history. When she was eighteen, her grandmother asked her to transcribe the journals of her grandfather, a twentieth-century polygamist, which sparked her interest in early fundamentalist Mormon history and ultimately led to a history degree at the University of Utah. She is also a graduate of the LDS Business College and Salt Lake Community College. She is a co-author with Anne Wilde and Mary Batchelor of *Voices in Harmony: Contemporary Women Celebrate Plural Marriage* (Salt Lake City: Principle Voices, 2000). She presented earlier versions of this paper at the Western History Association Conference, October 14, 2005, Scottsdale, Arizona, and at the Mormon History Association annual meeting, May 27, 2006, Casper, Wyoming.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Dianne Dibb Forbis

Born in upstate New York, Dianne Dibb Forbis received a B.A. in Art from BYU. Currently residing in Orem, Utah, she has three daughters and twelve grandchildren. For twenty years she had full and part-time employment in the printing and greeting card industries involving advertisement ideation, product design and presentation, marketing, writing, and editing. For many years, she did formal art works on a personal basis only, exploring possibilities in tempera, pen-and-ink drawings, and collage. She was once employed as an elementary school art teacher and gave private art lessons to children. She also taught English in the California public school system and as an adjunct faculty member for a junior college, engaging in freelance writing and publishing poems and articles in regional and national periodicals. In 2000 her narrative poetry book about Alzheimer's was published. After her husband's death from early-onset Alzheimer's and during her own continuing struggle with illness, Dianne returned to a determined professional involvement in art. Collage, her current medium and approach, is a metaphor, she feels, for her life task in recent years of having to pick up all the pieces and make something new and meaningful. Her work has been in shows throughout Utah. She has been commissioned by private individuals to do collages based on scripture.

Artist's Statement

The technique I use to create "collage paintings" involves discovery and choice. I clip and assemble hundreds of snippets of photographs from periodicals. I use each small piece of color and/or simulated texture as a brush stroke of paint. The adhesive and binding material is acrylic medium. If, within a collage, I use a recognizable whole of any photographed item, my self-imposed rule is that I must add and alter aspects and change the image so that it becomes different—something unique with new facets or aspects that will make it an intriguing part of my newly created whole. Of course, the graphic relationships of all the partial images utilized be-

come fresh. The process of creation is dynamic and satisfying. The collage technique—emphasizing dynamic interplay—seems to lend itself well to a subject matter that has interested me for some time: dreams and visions as related in scripture (specifically the King James Version of the Bible, The Book of Mormon, The Doctrine and Covenants, and The Pearl of Great Price).

Front cover: *Pharaoh's Dream* (Genesis 41), 36" x 18", acrylic collage. (God makes known the need for planning and preparation.)

Upper back cover: *Place of Security* (Genesis 7), 24" x 20", acrylic collage. (The Ark story is also an allegory. Follow God's directions and be safe in the storm.)

Lower back cover: *Other Gods* (Exodus 20:3, Deut. 5:7), 30" x 24", acrylic collage. (Here is indication of some of the gods—other than the Lord God—which we worship in today's society.)

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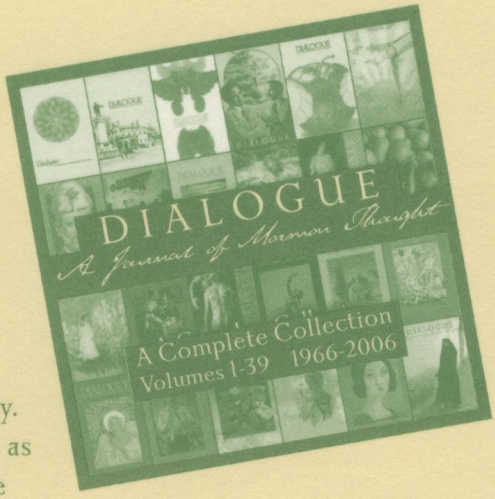

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