

# SUNSTONE

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FAMILY PLANNING  
EARLY BOOK OF MORMON TEXTS  
FICTION POETRY  
REVIEW: HUEBENER



*Sunstone* is an independent quarterly journal of Mormon experience, scholarship, issues, and art.

Submission of articles for the journal is in no way restricted, but priority will be given both to articles by younger writers and to topics which deal with Mormon culture, Mormon history, or Mormon faith, albeit indirectly.

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# SUNSTONE



MORMON EXPERIENCE,  
SCHOLARSHIP, ISSUES, AND ART.

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# Letters



*A few years ago as I prepared to leave on my mission, a concerned and somewhat irritated friend confronted me, asking how I could possibly find justification in my own conscience for overt missionary tactics. The son of a Hindu Brahman and strong in the Hindu faith, he felt that most declarations of one's religious convictions were "propaganda," the sole motive being conversion. I explained that what we were offering was a different perspective on man's situation. This perspective one may accept or reject, but at least we've given him the opportunity to examine it.*

*Sunstone is committed to the idea that only the examined belief system is worth holding. If it's worth clinging to, it's worth examining. An examination from diverse perspectives brings understanding; understanding fosters commitment. As we sincerely strive to understand the heights and depths of faith and doubt, joy and suffering, Sunstone hopes to be able to stimulate examination, understanding, and deeper commitment.*

*We welcome and solicit response from our readers. Your correspondence helps us to better fill our commitments to you.*

Norman Mecham  
Managing Editor

## Bearing the burdens

Dear editor:

As each issue comes along I am amazed at the quality and content of your publication. A review of SUNSTONE in *BYU TODAY* criticized your first issue because it contained mostly the play *Fires of the Mind*, but did say that subsequent publications revealed a more substantial composition. I certainly agree.

This last issue was a masterpiece. The poem entitled "Letter" left me speechless.

I also really enjoyed the editorial "To All Fighting Mothers." As our church grows, I hope each of us keeps in the forefront our individuality, without confusing it with rebelliousness. The dangers of categorizing and stereotyping are very real in our congregational situation as we "bear one another's burdens."

Thanks for the inspiring publication and keep the faith, baby. You're doing a much-needed job.

Marion Jenkins  
Stanford University

When I subscribed to SUNSTONE I considered it a contribution to a worthy cause more than anything else. And, frankly, although I thought it was a good effort, I was not terribly impressed. But with the second and now the third issue, I am becoming convinced that your journal is different from other publications: that it is needed, and that the editors can see the possibilities for the range of materials that can be included in it. I still get the feeling that the graphics are pasted in, and that the journal lacks a sense of cohesiveness, but you are doing good work and I hope you can continue this excellent publication.

Richard Popp  
Orem, Utah

I had hoped that SUNSTONE would prove that an educated group of Latter-day Saints could produce a quality work within Church standards without having to go through Church correlation. You have disappointed me!

Your choice of fiction writing for this quarter, "Hugh," is not, by any interpretation of LDS principles, consistent with LDS principles, nor is it consistent with your stated purpose of being a

"journal of Mormon experience, scholarship, issues, and art." To present the garbage of the English language as literature is akin to the "spirit and freedom" of the rebellious sixties and early seventies, much of which made its way into new texts used in public institutions of learning.

I hope the future editions contain more of the fine material available that could be classified under the thirteenth Article of Faith. Such material can be used by teachers in building up the kingdom. The article on Golden Kimball was very timely and much needed. More of the same, please.

Don L. Penrod  
Fullerton, California

Well, I was hemming and hawing about sending you more money. Your note didn't come until after the October first deadline and twelve dollars seemed like a lot of money for such a small and varied amount of information, etc., etc. And then I read the poem by Kathy Jenkins, "The Letter," and I figured that alone was worth the three-dollar price per issue.

Good luck!

Mary Ison  
Greenbelt, Maryland

**More Mormon theatre**

My wife and I have been thoroughly enjoying SUNSTONE. We are among the group that is very enthusiastic about the Mormon theatre article and play. I hope you continue publishing in that vein.

Since I had the dubious honor of being on the list of playwrights who "showed promise," I thought you'd like to know that a comic one-act of mine, *The Unfortunate Courtship of Brian Tanner*, about polygamy, has had at least two productions in BYU's Mask Club. Also, a full-length mystery, *Cenotaph*, was produced in the BYU Arena Theatre. Since leaving BYU I've had over twenty articles published and at least ten productions of my plays in wards and colleges. Most recently, my play *Signs of the Times* was produced here in Rochester at the National Technical Institute for the Deaf—where I am chairman of the Theatre Department.

Keep up the good work.

Jerry Argetsinger  
Rochester, New York

My congratulations to you on several points. First, on the emphasis *Sunstone* is giving to the arts. There is a great need for a vehicle that treats

the efforts being made in this very vital area. Please continue this as you are providing a much-needed service.

Secondly, a standing ovation for your review of "Brigham." As one of those who attended the opening night, as well as one who has authored four Church-produced musical shows (most recently the historical musical "City of Joseph"), I found your article expressed my own intense personal feelings about the show.

R. Don Oscarson  
Florissant, Missouri

Just a note of appreciation for your efforts, your excellent periodical. It's so comforting to have someone to relate with—like Maureen Ursenbach Beecher—and I've voraciously read your three issues. If I must choose my favorite, it was the masterpiece by F. Bliss and P.Q. Gump on "Brigham" and "Here's Brother Brigham"—they pinpointed the trend we may be heading for in the arts. I hope they will continue to review and enlighten. Oh yes—I also hope James Arrington will come to Norway.

I'm still laughing about "Uncle Golden."

Barbara Evenson Haugsoen  
Oslo, Norway

**Authors respond**

Delighted with the new issue, and thanks for reviewing my *Kingdom or Nothing*.

I was particularly interested in the "Uncle Golden" piece by James N. Kimball, for I agree with him that we've gone too far. In all of our church literature, J. Golden Kimball is the only General Authority who has emerged as a human being; and in our delight at this we've overreacted, and made him a clown.

Actually, the old conference reports indicate that if J. Golden had died at sixty-five, we would have had no legends about him. It was only in his later years that he developed the public mannerisms which are so endearing.

Sam Taylor  
Redwood City, California

I was surprised to see my article "Trimmed Lamps and Temple Doors" in the Forum. I thought it had long ago bit the dust in someone's bottom drawer or wastebasket. I was also grateful to see Joe Davidson's reply, "On Gnats and Camels," though I think he missed the point somewhat.

Thanks; we all know SUNSTONE is exhausting work.

Moyne Oviatt  
Salt Lake City

**Superb Mormon women**

I thought Maureen Ursenbach Beecher's "Thoughts on Being a Mormon Woman" were superb. What woman couldn't identify with Lucinda Dalton's longing to be a boy. Even the most confirmed ribbon-and-bow-er must have once felt the desire to throw a football spiraling far down the field. Maureen has such a talent for making diaries come alive.

I did question one thought in the article. She says examining our foremothers' pasts might help us "remove the last vestige of restraint which we feel or imagine we feel." Imagine? There are subtle hindrances in the Church that I have not imagined that can be more painful than large stumbling blocks.

The subtle forces that work in the Church to shape opinions are powerful. They must be recognized to be understood.

Still, the article was wonderful, as is all Ms. Beecher's work. As for models of outstanding women, she is one (of two or three) of mine.

Chris Rigby Arrington  
Detroit, Michigan

**Pearls and oysters**

Keith Norman's review in the Spring 1976 SUNSTONE deals with two books which discuss

the marriage of Jesus. While I agree with Mr. Norman's basic premise that Phipps's book is the better of the two on that subject, I believe that his review contains several points which are misleading and therefore do an injustice to the reader and particularly to Mr. Kraut . . . .

The "rigorous standards of scholarship" which Mr. Norman asks us to adhere to require that we do not dismiss a book or an author just because the "tone and methodology" do not suit us, or just because we find some careless research and writing. In the case of Kraut, we may indeed have to search a lot more oysters a lot harder in order to come up with the pearls, but the pearls are there and they demand our scholarly attention.

Robert J. Morris  
Laie, Hawaii

# “Jesus Wept.”

PEGGY WISEMAN

He also laughs  
 With arms folded upon his chest  
 And head held to heaven  
 As though he would pray even at the games of small boys.

For he is a man  
 Who, preaching life,  
 Also lives it,  
 And does not disdain to sing and dance with his friends.

• • •

He leans forward from the shadows of a doorway at sunset  
 To finish the story,  
 He breathing solid and his eyes wide,  
 Paring his fingernails with a borrowed knife.

He mends the broken table of his host.  
 “It’s not my craft,” he says,  
 And turns to brush away the dust,  
 But not before I have seen  
 The quick, firm span of his hand  
 On the wood.

He drinks deep from the water in a cup  
 And where he has lifted it too high to his face,  
 The water settles in his beard  
 Like liquid crystal.

He races with a friend down the dusty road,  
 Barefoot, and tasting the grit in his teeth,  
 His brown feet pounding the ground  
 And his robe churning around his knees.

• • •

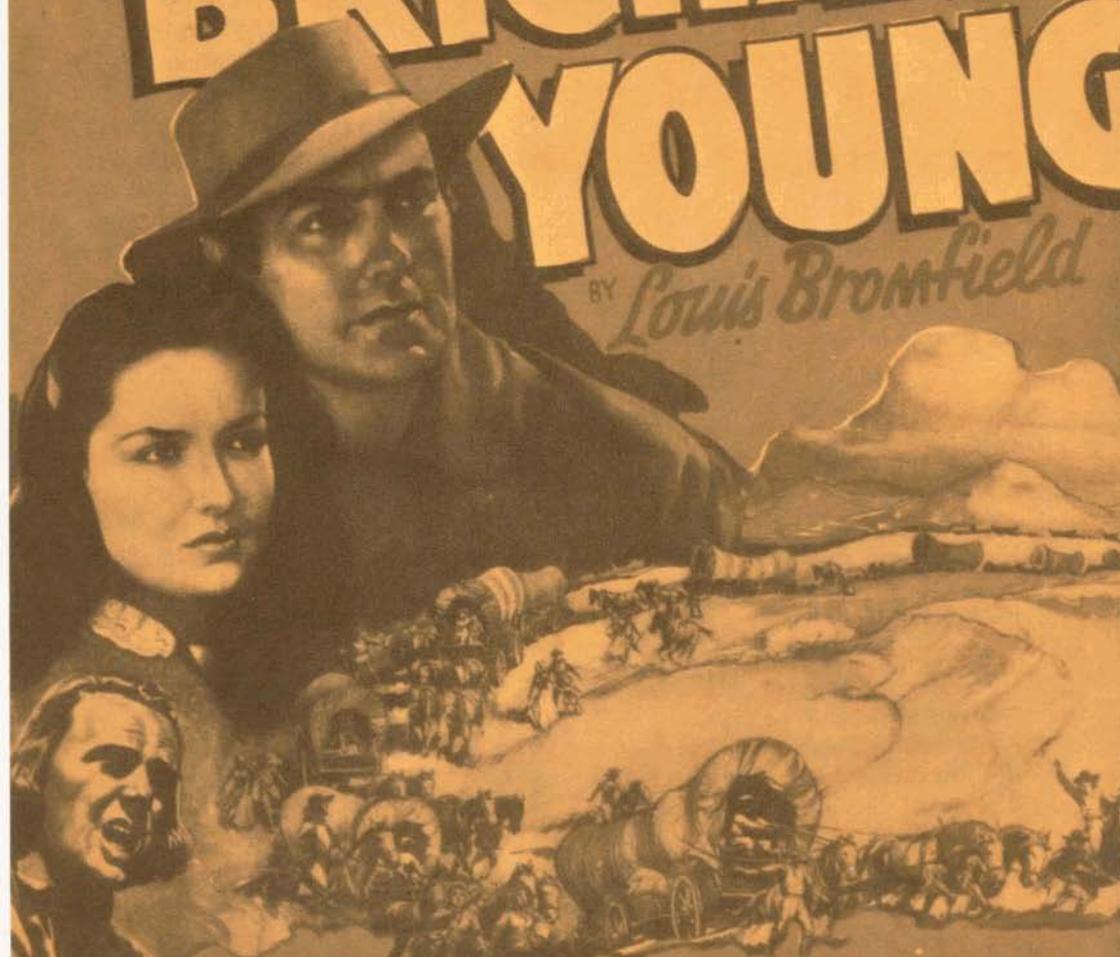
They have since locked him into canon  
 And call his grace melancholy  
 And paint his life in Renaissance oils.

But always for me  
 The vitality of a slight, callous-tough man  
 Whose teeth and eyes flash  
 At the telling of tales in the moonlight.

Darryl F. Zanuck  
PRODUCTION OF

# BRIGHAM YOUNG

BY *Louis Bromfield*



WITH *Technicolor*

*Linda*  
**POWER • DARNELL**

*Brian*      *Jane*      *John*  
**DONLEVY • DARWELL • CARRADINE**

*Mary*      *Vincent*      *Jean*      *Ann*  
**ASTOR • PRICE • ROGERS • TODD**

**DEAN JAGGER** *Brigham Young*

# The Saints on Celluloid: The Making of the Movie "Brigham Young"



JAMES V. D'ARC

Twentieth Century-Fox has been described as the film studio with a passion for America's past. And the American epic that induced film producer Darryl F. Zanuck to spend more than \$2,500,000 was the story of the Mormons. Under his hand that story became the motion picture *Brigham Young*, which in later years he fondly called "my favorite film."<sup>1</sup>

By 1940, Zanuck had brought the infant Twentieth Century-Fox studio from obscurity at its founding in 1935 to prominence as one of the top film studios boasting the commercially successful stars Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Henry Fonda, and Zanuck's own discovery, Tyrone Power. But Zanuck did not build his studio on stars—M-G-M had them—but on successful stories. "Star power is valueless no matter how big the personalities," he said, "unless the subject matter in the story stands the test."<sup>2</sup>

The idea for *Brigham Young* originated not with the film producer himself but with popular novelist Louis Bromfield. Selected to be on a panel of judges for the 1938-39 Harper Prize Contest, Bromfield thumbed through a thick unwieldy manuscript while on a trip west. Owing to contest rules, the manuscript was unsigned and Bromfield was unaware hours later that he had finished reading an epic story of the Mormons, *Children of God*, by fellow novelist Vardis Fisher.<sup>3</sup> Having worked previously with Zanuck, a close friend, on the screenplay for *The Rains Came* (1939) the excited Bromfield called the cigar-smoking mogul at his home and persuaded him to purchase the screen rights to the still unsigned manuscript.

In adding *Brigham Young* to his successful screen biographies, *Stanley and Livingston*, *Alexander Graham Bell*, and *Jesse James*,

Zanuck sent Bromfield on an eight-month fact-finding mission throughout the intermountain west gathering information from Mormon pioneer descendants and the Mormon Church archives in Salt Lake City. A look through Bromfield's research files, still in the Story Research Department at Fox, reveals hundreds of pages of sermons, speeches, excerpts from pioneer diaries, photographs, and correspondence with Mormon leaders and historians dealing with early Church history.

So taken was Bromfield by his research that he had enough material for two motion pictures and was either unable or unwilling to cut it down. At this point, the able Fox scriptwriter Lamar Trotti was called in to fashion Bromfield's mountain of material into a dramatic screenplay. But even Trotti had his problems. Early drafts of the final script are weighted down by sermons, dramatic emphasis on Church doctrine, and intricacies of Mormon history which would have made it interesting for Mormons but not for the general public. What did finally emerge was not necessarily a biography of Brigham Young, but a story of the Mormon founding, the murder of Joseph Smith, the difficult trek west to the Salt Lake Valley, and the challenges encountered there.

"We must never have the feeling that these people are fanatics," Zanuck later impressed on his associate producer Kenneth Macgowan. "We must treat their faith with respect and omit anything that would make them look ridiculous."<sup>4</sup> Yet, "fanatic" had often been the precise word used in describing the relatively new American sect.

Gradually having acquired the

attributes of a subculture itself, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had fought the same kind of battle against stereotyping by the rest of society as had Blacks, Jews, Italians, and other groups less readily integrated into the mainstream of American culture. The religious zeal and aggressiveness demonstrated by the Latter-day Saints together with their clanish but successful administration of economic and political affairs raised the suspicions of their already inquisitive neighbors.

Polygamy, mystic revelations to modern prophets, golden bibles and scheming missionaries adding continually to their harem of wives constituted the bulk of what the world ever heard of the Mormons in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. So often had this imagery appeared in the expose literature of the day that it was no surprise when these stereotypes, particularly of polygamy, were utilized early in the development of motion pictures. These impressions, advanced in more than a score of films from 1905 to 1936, made an indelible impression on society as only the cinema can. One Danish film, *A Victim of the Mormons* (1911), tells the story of a young Mormon missionary in Copenhagen who lures the fiancée of a close friend to elope with him to Utah. There, with the abandoned lover in pursuit, the missionary keeps the heroine locked in his basement after her "baptism" in the Salt Lake Temple. Shortly, however, (the film is only three reels in length) she is rescued by her one-and-only. This film received such a broad viewing and was so detrimental to the Mormon image that Utah Governor William Spry fought a long—eventually victorious—struggle against further showings.<sup>5</sup>

Five years later in 1917 the film *A Mormon Maid* was released nationally. The innocent-daughter-catching-the-eye-of-powerful-Mormon-leader formula was again treated but at greater length than ever before. In its five reels (approximately sixty-five minutes), one encounters Celestial Marriage, Blood Atonement and the sinister dealings of the Avenging Angels or Danites. *A Mormon Maid*, produced in the United States, enjoyed wide coverage and popularity, much to the distress of Mormon Church officials.

During the 1930s, however, portrayals of Mormons in feature films were sparse as the new Hays and later Breen regulatory codes included severe restrictions against the treatment of polygamy on the screen, to the disappointment of producers at virtually every major studio.<sup>6</sup> The enthusiastic public reception to Vardis Fisher's *Children of God* suggested to both the worlds of literature and film that there was much interest in the drama of the Mormon story. Winning the coveted Harper Prize, Fisher's saga of the Mormon Church began in New York with the founding prophet Joseph Smith, through the Brigham Young period and concluded with the death of John Taylor, the last Mormon leader prior to the 1890 Manifesto ending the practice of polygamy. While substantial emphasis was still given to plural marriage, Fisher, once a Mormon himself, stressed that the Latter-day Saints were endowed with the virtues of stability, industry, and common sense.

### Hollywood and Vine Meets Temple Square

From the early idea and research stages all the way up through production and final editing, Zanuck,

associate producer Kenneth Macgowan, and other Fox production officials maintained close contact with Church authorities. Wanting full cooperation and official sanction from the Mormon hierarchy, Zanuck found both in Church President Heber J. Grant. The Church in the late 1930s was desperately in need of something to improve its overall public image. The distorted view the world held of the Mormons was a matter of pressing concern to the Mormon prophet, and the aging but businesslike Grant emphasized better public relations with the traditionally skeptical world outside of Utah. President Grant took particular interest in seeing that *Brigham Young* was produced without any major difficulty from the Church. "This film will be a friendmaker," he remarked.<sup>7</sup> During the shooting stages, eighty-year-old George D. Pyper, Church Sunday School president and historical advisor for the film, paid such attention to detail and accuracy that the Fox crew became very frustrated. Wisely juxtaposing the Church's goals with those of the studio, President Grant told Fox executives, "Don't pay too much attention to that brother. We've got to have box office in this picture."<sup>8</sup>

Although very pragmatic in his support for the project, the Mormon leader was still concerned with historical and theological accuracy. "I hope we shall not appear to you to be over anxious," said Grant in a letter to Macgowan, "and we have no disposition to be oversensitive, but we are tremendously concerned that this picture shall be a true picture, and, while we are not, any of us, playwrights, or dramatists, or Movie technicians, we can appreciate the war which must constantly go on in one preparing a

picture, between the highly dramatic and the sober fact."<sup>9</sup>

The balance between the "highly dramatic" aimed at by Zanuck and the "sober fact" desired by Grant was recalled by Vincent Price—chosen by Zanuck out of 25 actors to portray Joseph Smith—in a letter written thirty-two years later to this writer. "He [Grant] wrote me several interesting letters," remembers Price. "He felt that the picture might have been about Joseph Smith instead of Brigham but of course realized that the great appeal to the public (and of course to the producers) was the difficult trek and the miracle of the gulls, etc."<sup>10</sup>

Gearing the film to the public required a believable treatment of the Mormon story. While *Brigham Young* conveyed much of the Church's beliefs, the primary emphasis given by director Henry Hathaway was towards more real and concrete ends. "Henry Hathaway," said Price, "avoided any 'religious' feeling and made it a believable story of strong men and women fighting for their faith. He was particularly vehement on this score with the part of Joseph. There was to be no hint of the standard Christ image—rather, he felt Joseph was the interpreter of God's word and as such should not wear a halo."<sup>11</sup>

A major point of controversy and eventual compromise between the movie studio and the Church concerned the source material from which the film came. Although *Children of God* was well received by the gentile world, it caused considerable hostility among the saints. Besides taking certain liberties with historical fact for the sake of novelistic flair, Fisher's

book violated a Mormon taboo that a believer (which Fisher once was) write from the perspective of an outsider.

Apostle John A. Widtsoe—who served as chief critical liaison with the studio—wrote in a letter to Kenneth Macgowan that Fisher's sense of history could scarcely be "held to be genuine either directly or indirectly in the face of accepted historical proof to the contrary. The mixture of facts and fancy, of sober knowledge and imagination, of attempts at fairness and acceptance of exploded myth, leaves with the reader a complete misunderstanding of motives, events and accomplishments. . . . Fisher's picture of Brigham Young is a caricature, nothing more, and the picture of Joseph Smith is not much better. . . . It would be a pity to have Fisher's point of view reflected in any motion picture or elsewhere for that matter."<sup>12</sup>

To avoid friction, producer Zanuck not only secured all screen rights to the book should any of the material be duplicated, but heavily publicized the film to be "based on the story by Louis Bromfield." But in spite of his extensive personal research, it is evident that Bromfield was impressed by Fisher's more romantic account inasmuch as many of the lines from *Children of God* wind up as dialogue in the film. Although Vardis Fisher's work was not well received by his former brethren, it must be admitted that he is responsible for much of the favorable change in image that ultimately resulted from the making of *Brigham Young*.

### The Stars

During the formative stages of the screenplay, Zanuck embarked on a



Jagger is shown here on the Carthage jail set with LDS general authority George D. Pyper who served as technical adviser to the studio during filming.

talent hunt for his Brigham Young that closely rivaled David O. Selznick's search for Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*. Popular actors Laurence Olivier, Don Ameche, and Spencer Tracy were considered but were gradually eliminated. Olivier was too English, Ameche (also considered for Joseph Smith) too well known, and Spencer Tracy's established Catholic Priest image would have made him appear ludicrous in Mormon trappings as the polygamous frontier prophet. Sticking to his tenet that stories were stronger than stars, Zanuck decided that he needed the combination of a lead who could carry a major role against lead stars Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell, have the necessary magnetic charisma, and at the same time be relatively unknown to the moviegoing public. It was while vacationing in Idaho

that Zanuck viewed the thirty-minute screen test of his 46th contestant and found the solution to his demanding requirement in a strapping six-foot-two stage actor from Indiana, Dean Jagger. Thirty-three-year-old Jagger had been a veteran of the stage since the mid-1920s and would have been by then a three-time loser in films had he not been chosen for the title role in *Brigham Young*. Lured from the chautauqua circuits to Hollywood in the late twenties, Jagger endured a string of minor movie roles until 1936, when he returned to New York determined never to be humiliated by the movies again.

Up in lights on Broadway as Jesse James in the *Missouri Legend* provided the success that Jagger hoped for and gave him little reason to accept an offer to test yet again for a Hollywood film; but he was



Joseph Smith (Vincent Price) is tried in Carthage as Heber C. Kimball and Hyrum Smith (both seated) look on.

nevertheless impressed that the invitation came from Darryl F. Zanuck himself and that the part would be a major role. *Brigham Young* brought Jagger to Hollywood—and stardom—to stay.

On seeing Jagger in action, George Pyper was amazed by the similarities between Jagger and the real Brigham Young:

There are resemblances in the facial features and in the voice. When I watched Mr. Jagger pleading in a courtroom scene, I thought I was listening again to Brigham Young. I was 17 when President Young died, but I had known him for years, and his voice and his looks are as firmly implanted in my memory as though it were only yesterday. Mr. Jagger even adopted some of President Young's mannerisms and his walk.<sup>13</sup>

Regardless of the prominence given to Jagger and Price as key figures in the story, top billing went to Fox's two leading box office sensations, Tyrone Power as Jonathan Kent, the Mormon scout, and his

beautiful sixteen-year-old leading lady Linda Darnell as Zina Webb, the "outsider." Supporting players included Jane Darwell, who received an Academy Award that same year for *Grapes of Wrath*, character actor John Carradine as Porter Rockwell, Brian Donlevy as Angus Duncan, and talented Mary Astor as Mary Ann Young, Brigham's "favorite" wife. The film's lone Indian, Big Elk, was played by Chief Big Tree, and the only Mormon in the production, Moroni Olsen, an experienced actor who portrayed Willard Richards, was also retained by the studio as a technical advisor.

### The Making of an Epic

Action director Henry Hathaway was assigned to direct, but probably because of Zanuck's personal approach to film making—writers did not write scripts for directors; they wrote them for Darryl<sup>14</sup>—he later mused that "I made *Brigham Young* because they asked me to. . . . It was a very difficult picture to make."<sup>15</sup> Such complications incident to the filming of Zanuck's

multi-million-dollar effort put such a strain on Hathaway that Mary Astor later recalled that he was "a director with a bad temper who drove his people unmercifully."<sup>16</sup>

The physical aspects of making *Brigham Young* were, by today's standards, awesome. The allocated budget of \$2,500,000 was spent largely on elaborate sets and extensive shooting—over eighty percent of the film—on location. An eighteen-week shooting schedule involving a cast and crew of five hundred people traveled nearly 2,000 miles to six major locations in Utah, California, and Nevada. Outdoor sets included Nauvoo, Illinois (complete with Temple), constructed on the vast backlot at Fox studios for \$50,000; Fort Bridger and Council Bluffs built at Big Bear Lake in California's San Bernardino Mountains at \$40,000 (used in only ten minutes of the film); a six-foot deep, two-city-block long sheet of ice replica of the frozen Mississippi River costing \$25,000; the spectacular Salt Lake Valley set consisting of fifty-five log cabins built on a twenty-acre tract near Lone Pine, California, totaling \$85,000; and a mile-long train of covered wagons costing \$300 each.<sup>17</sup>

The demands for realism required that real crickets be used in the seagull sequence. Responding to a wire from the Chamber of Commerce, the crew flew up to Elko, Nevada, where a blanket of crickets six miles long and a mile wide was swarming the countryside. "The first few hours of the morning were full of practical jokes," recalled Astor, "with squeals from the girls when somebody would put a cricket down the neck of a dress. But in a very short time, none of it was a

joke. We had to go right into the spots where they were worst, with brooms and sacks, beating at them in the tall grain. Two days of this were all any of us could have taken. It was nauseating to walk through them piled to a foot deep in some places, and the stench was awful."<sup>18</sup> Certainly the Hollywood stars must have gained a new respect for their pioneer counterparts from this and other experiences encountered while in production of the film.

### The Plot

In its final version, the Lamar Trotti screenplay opens in Carthage, Illinois, hotbed of anti-Mormon activity. A sign posted in the newspaper office reads "WOLF HUNT. 7 O'CLOCK. COME ONE, COME ALL. THE HUNTING IS FINE!" The object of such predatory affections, we discover, is the Mormons. A mob raids the Kent residence near Nauvoo where the fathers of both Jonathan Kent and visiting non-Mormon Zina Webb are beaten to death, their homes burned because they refused to spit on the *Book of Mormon*.

Aided by a bellicose Porter Rockwell, Joseph Smith parries the suggestion by Apostle Angus Duncan to compromise with the mobbers' demands. Joseph decides that "we're through turning the other cheek" and alerts the Saints to arm themselves with guns.

Finally Smith is hauled into court on trumped-up charges and is prosecuted by a rabble-rousing lawyer who obviously has the entire town on his side. Brigham Young, coming to the jury box from the courtroom audience, delivers an impassioned five-minute speech against religious intolerance and recounts his meeting Joseph Smith.

The entire courtroom is visibly taken aback by this eloquent defense but with many of the mobbers in the jury, Smith is quickly pronounced guilty. Before leaving the courtroom, Smith charges Young with leadership over his flock, reminding him that "only the Lord God of Israel can whip us and I don't think he's in cahoots with the local sheriff."

That night while being held for sentencing, Smith is murdered by the mob, thus leaving the Church in Young's hands. Duncan, still preaching compromise, contends against Young for the presidency. However, events force Brigham Young to make the fateful decision to leave Nauvoo. Shown now to be in league with the mobbers himself, Duncan finds out that the ruffians intend to run him out of town as well.

The Mormons are then chased by the mob, crossing the frozen Mississippi River in the dead of night. In moments of despondency—and in the film Brigham has them with clockwork regularity—Young is reassured of his leadership ability by his wife, Mary Ann.

At Salt Lake, following a dramatic hilltop announcement that "this is the place," trying conditions convince Young's followers that the Salt Lake Valley is anything but *the* place. Even Jonathan and Zina (not married but somehow "living together") begin to question their leader's inspiration.

As Brigham Young, weary of his colony's predicament, is at the height of self-doubt the crickets attack. After beating them with every implement imaginable, the forlorn Saints led by Duncan denounce Young as a fallen prophet.

Young is about to tell his people of his weakness when the sky is blackened with seagulls, sent by Divine Providence. Mary Ann assures Brigham that the Lord "was speaking to you all the time" as they gaze on the hungry birds devouring the crickets.

The scene dissolves to a modern day view of Salt Lake City and the Seagull Monument on Temple Square as Young narrates gratitude to "the symbol of God's benevolence—the seagull."

### Box Office

Knowing, as Hathaway did, that realism as well as sensationalism brings people to the box office, the Fox publicity department directed their promotional campaign towards the more susceptible elements of the film in both their posters and other media-oriented material. To the easterners, where the religion was founded, the name Brigham Young carried with it a much different, more theological, connotation than it did to people in the west, where Young's pioneering efforts took place. Consequently, studio publicity campaigns in the East emphasized the epic pioneer elements of the film (the title was changed to *Brigham Young—Frontiersman*) and billed it as "The Great American Motion Picture."

Commercial success also demanded romance, hence box office attractions Power and Darnell. Zanuck's story conferences were punctuated with remarks like, "The romance in this story is particularly important from a commercial standpoint"<sup>19</sup> and "The romance must be strengthened."<sup>20</sup> As it turned out, Brigham's sermonizing—so much a part of earlier drafts—was deleted and Young was given a



This scene shows Jonathan Kent (Tyrone Power), Porter Rockwell (John Carradine), and Brigham Young (Dean Jagger) as Porter informs Brigham of the advancing Illinois militia.

lengthy speech in a courtroom scene, nonexistent in earlier versions, that shifted the focus from Mormon doctrines to the more universal theme of religious tolerance.

Polygamy, also a substantial part of early drafts, fell prey to the censor's pen and was touched on only for a brief moment in the film. But Zanuck saw to it that plural marriage was utilized heavily to promote the film and with this the Fox public relations men had a field day. One photograph used on some posters included in the publicity kits showed Jagger surrounded by a bevy of wives. *Time* magazine, in an article reviewing the film, noted the disparity between those wives depicted in the publicity shot—twelve—and those actually seen in the film—four—by the caption, "Only the publicity department gave him his full share."<sup>21</sup> One advertisement appearing in a Los Angeles newspaper read "Here was a Man! He had 27 wives . . . and 47 Children!" Another showed Linda

Darnell saying, "Marry you—and be one of your six wives! How can I marry you—I'm an outsider—you a Mormon and can have many wives—and what if you get to loving one more than any of the others?"<sup>22</sup> Polygamy was not treated as sensationally in the film as these lines suggest, but such an emphasis in promotion was intended to send the public running to see just how Tyrone Power did it!

### The Premiere

Finally, *Brigham Young* was ready for the screen. Studio officials had announced the Salt Lake City premiere for August 23, 1940. Ten days prior to that, however, the First Presidency of the Mormon Church were accorded a private screening in Salt Lake City. What must have been anxious moments for Fox representative Colonel Jason Joy were no doubt relieved when emerging from the Studio Theatre, President Grant stopped to announce his approval to waiting reporters. "I

endorse it with all my heart and have no suggestions. This is one of the greatest days of my life. I can't say any more than 'God Bless You'."23

Utah's Governor Henry H. Blood and Salt Lake City Mayor Ab Jenkins declared the 23rd as "Brigham Young Day" complete with parade, window display competition amongst the downtown merchants, and special advertising campaigns based on the pioneer theme. The Centre, Salt Lake's largest and most elaborate motion picture theatre, was chosen as the premiere showcase for *Brigham Young*. It was thought that the Centre's capacity would be ample for enthusiastic Salt Lake City crowds. Yet by the premiere night, a total of seven theatres had completely sold out to nearly 9,000 people at the then high ticket price of \$1.10. Such unprecedented response to a film premiere set an industry record for the number of theatres used simultaneously for

the premiere of one film.

At the Salt Lake Municipal Airport on the Friday afternoon of the premiere, over 5,000 spectators greeted the two chartered planes bearing Twentieth Century-Fox notables including the lead stars, Fox president Sidney Kent and Zanuck himself. When asked if he had seen a reception like this before, Zanuck responded, "Not quite, not quite."<sup>24</sup> Nearly 100,000 well-wishers jammed the parade route of the stars down State and Main streets.

Later that afternoon a special invitational luncheon was held for the dignitaries and stars at Brigham Young's own Lion House hosted by the First Presidency. Afterwards, the movie company was given a tour of numerous local Church history sites.

All was in readiness for the premiere festivities as both Salt Lake radio stations provided live coverage of the event. The *Deseret News* and



Production shot at Lone Pine, California, as the high Sierras are used to simulate the Wasatch range in Utah. The workers in the lower left are carrying the Director's and the Script Girl's chairs to the site of filming. Notice the reflectors, the microphone boom, and the partly obscured studio vehicles.

*Salt Lake Tribune* published a special supplement to their regular editions devoted entirely to the film with photographs and background information about its production.

The entire Salt Lake City police force was called in anticipation of the huge evening crowds. While no major incidents occurred it was estimated that Salt Lake's population of 150,000 swelled to nearly a quarter-of-a-million that night as visitors came from surrounding states.

Dean Jagger, Mary Astor, Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell literally ran to five of the seven premiere theatres to appear briefly on stage before the screening of *Brigham Young*. "It was a tired Hollywood party that landed at the Union Air Terminal in Burbank Saturday morning . . .", reported *Variety*.<sup>25</sup>

### The Reviews

Delighted with the overwhelming success of the Salt Lake premiere, Fox executives nevertheless knew that the record attendance was due chiefly to curiosity. They were concerned about the later reactions of the viewers to their expensive production.

The *Deseret News* praised the film but pointed out the major criticism voiced by Church members. "The Brigham Young of the picture lacks the faith and knowledge the real Brigham had, who never doubted his leadership nor its divine direction. It therefore to the Church members comes as a shock," they add, "when Brigham doubts." It is a balanced and just treatment, they conclude, "so much so that Church members will readily overlook the infelicities that appear and that they only are likely to see."<sup>26</sup>

The *Salt Lake Tribune* opined similarly that *Brigham Young* was a picture of "transcendent merit with a fidelity to facts and details" and cautioned with reference to polygamy that "there is nothing calculated to reopen old wounds, nothing likely to revive rancor."<sup>27</sup> While the Salt Lake City premiere was a predictable success, *Brigham Young* met with only moderate acceptance at the New York premiere on September 20.<sup>28</sup> Fox executives had expanded the film's title to *Brigham Young—Frontiersman* for the generally effete East prior to its showing there. This, wrote Mary Astor, "was to steer the audience from thinking it had religion as its theme. . . ."<sup>29</sup> Even so, the film could not balance its box office receipts with the uniformly high critical praise.

Subsequent to the premiere and local reviews, national magazines hailed *Brigham Young* as a motion picture triumph, many of whom ranked it as socially significant as Zanuck's earlier hit *Grapes of Wrath*. "Where in *Brigham Young*," wrote *Life*, "Darryl Zanuck caught the spirit of these intrepid builders of a new world, his \$2,500,000 was not wasted."<sup>30</sup> *Newsweek* acclaimed it as "one of the year's outstanding films."<sup>31</sup> Rarely found reviewing a motion picture, the University of Southern California's *Sociology and Social Research* commented that "the arrival at Council Bluffs and the welcome given one group of harried people by another group of harried human beings—are a relief from the frequent film display of Indians as scalpers and barbarians. The picture has historical value," they conclude, "for it shows how human beings are willing to struggle and to endure hardship in order to obtain freedom of conscience for

themselves and their posterity."<sup>32</sup>

### High Drama vs Sober Fact

In spite of the prevailing harmony in the media over *Brigham Young*, Mormon viewers were divided on the issue and fell into one of two basic ideological camps:

1. A moderate group who generally admitted that while *Brigham Young* took liberties with history, the film was a reasonably accurate presentation of the Mormon story that elicited sympathy for the Mormons when persecuted and admiration when they were faced with and overcame difficult obstacles in their trek west and arrival in the Salt Lake Valley.

2. A more conservative group who were decidedly more vehement in their stand than the moderates. These individuals reacted strongly to what they claimed was the continual weakness attributed to Brigham Young, who according to Mormon Church teachings as a prophet should have been portrayed enjoying more in the way of revelations from God. Had this emphasis been made in the film, they say, it would have lent more strength and assurance to Brigham's otherwise doubting posture in the film. They contended also that further distortions appeared as many obvious and important historical events were either modified in the film or ignored altogether.

What feelings were undoubtedly voiced by many Latter-day Saints regarding this latter view finally reached the press. In an article under the byline "S.F. Descendant Resents 'Vacillating' Hero", Truman Young, northern California lawyer, descendant of Brigham Young and a Mormon, complained that "Brigham Young is characterized as altogether

too vacillating in the screen portrait. He may have had some doubt of his ability as the perfect leader. But he felt called to aid his people, first in saving their lives and then in finding a peaceful haven for settlement." This great-grandson of Brigham Young, however, concluded that overall, "it's a sympathetic and entertaining film, if not an epic."<sup>33</sup>

Even Morris R. Werner, whose *Brigham Young* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1925) was and is still considered by secular scholars to be the best biography of Young, joined in the controversy and seemed to speak for many in the conservative or "purist" camp. "Personally, I found the 'Brigham Young' of Darryl Zanuck an excellent vignette of history," Werner said, "but I am also purist about history. I don't think anybody ought to take liberties with Clío—the woman I love—for purposes of fiction, propaganda or box office."<sup>34</sup> He pointed out that it took nearly two years to evacuate the Mormons from Nauvoo, not in one night as depicted in the film. Nor did everyone cross the frozen Mississippi River—only the small advance party. Rather, the majority ferried across to Sugar Creek on barges. Furthermore, Brigham Young had studied extensively the accounts of travelers and explorers like John Fremont who had visited the area of the Great Basin of the Rocky Mountains and because of this research Brigham Young led his people to that general area, which is in sharp contrast to the screen portrayal of Young as an aimless wanderer. Also, the lust for gold and the desire to go to California for that reason, used as a political lever to divide the Church by Angus Duncan, was two years ahead of its time as

shown in the film. Gold was not discovered in such large amounts as to precipitate a rush until 1849—ironically by a detachment of these same Mormon pioneers. In the final scenes of the film depicting the coming of the seagulls, Zanuck makes two errors of fact, says the conservative group. First it was

body, the Council of Twelve Apostles. However, the dispute over Joseph Smith's successor was (and still is) the principal point of disagreement between numerous religious groups who claim Smith as their founding prophet.

Following the murder of Smith that night and during the remainder of



Studio-prepared publicity still showing Jagger and his wives. Only two (those to his immediate left and right) were featured in the film. Said *Time* magazine, "Only the publicity department gave him his full share."

wrong to picture an attempt by Brigham to confess his weakness and deception to his people because secondly, he was not even in Salt Lake when the seagull incident occurred, but hundreds of miles away in Council Bluffs, Iowa.<sup>35</sup>

Beyond these inaccuracies, the conservatives' principal bone of contention was the problem of succession, the transmission of the authority to lead the Church after the death of Joseph Smith. LDS historians asserted Brigham Young's right to the presidency owing to his seniority in the Church's ruling

the story, Brigham, outwardly forceful and decisive with his people, is inwardly tormented by doubt. In "going to the Lord" one night in deciding whether to lead his people from Nauvoo, Brigham prays, "Of course, I'm not the one you've picked to run the Church and that's why you won't talk to me, why I don't mind. . . . Why don't you talk to me? Why? Why?"<sup>36</sup>

By the end of the film, Brigham's credibility is restored, for as the seagulls descend on the crops and devour the crickets, Mary Ann confidently assures Brigham, "He was

speaking to you all the time."<sup>37</sup>

While both fervent Church members and knowledgeable academicians reacted against the movie's interpretation of Brigham Young's historical character, liberal arts scholars and many, but not all, top Church authorities held a more moderate position. Those who were members and non-members of the Church connected in some degree with the dramatic or entertainment industry tended in general to allow for the dramatic license where historical authenticity was modified. It was generally felt that in order to compress fifteen years of history with which the non-Mormon audience was largely unfamiliar into two hours of screen time, some alteration of history must be made to tighten the pace and include scenes which emphasize necessary character traits and plot elements that would result in an interesting yet cohesive screenplay.

#### **"Brigham Young" and Film Innovation**

From a purely artistic viewpoint, many of the ideas and techniques incorporated into *Brigham Young* were both highly sophisticated and innovative for that period of film history. For the first time, a heretofore unknown actor was given top-star treatment (Jagger appeared in more scenes in *Brigham Young* than did Vivien Leigh in *Gone With The Wind*)<sup>38</sup> and as a result he successfully carried the burden of the film, even outdistancing billed leads Power and Darnell.

Strangely enough, it is not Zanuck who traditionally has been given credit for the movie's innovation of starring unknowns, but a man more often associated with innovation, Orson Welles. And yet with as many credits as Mr. Welles deserves, due

honor should go to Zanuck for discovering and starring a relatively obscure actor in a major motion picture.

#### **"Brigham Young" and the Mormons**

Mormons worldwide, delighted at the Hollywood-financed publicity but unsure of its meaning, waited to hear from their prophet in the Church's upcoming October General Conference. In his keynote address, Grant spoke to both opinion groups in an attempt to smooth the rough edges of dissension and unite his people behind Zanuck's multi-million dollar effort:

I have heard some little criticism of it, but we cannot expect the people who do not know that Brigham Young was in very deed the representative of God upon this earth who do not know of his wonderful character, to tell the story as we would tell it.

President Grant then encouraged Church members listening to his address, which was later reprinted in the Church's official publication, the *Improvement Era*,<sup>39</sup> to view the film in terms of the traditional presentation of the Church image:

It is a very marvelous and wonderful thing, considering how people generally have treated us and what they thought of us. Of course, there are many things that are not strictly correct, and that is announced in the picture itself. It is of course a picture and we could not hope that they would make a picture at their expense, running into a couple of million dollars, to be just as we would like it.<sup>40</sup>

The Mormon leader's conference address more or less closed the issue among the Saints at that time. But with time and an increasingly favorable public image, the Mormon

# MORMONS CHEER PREMIERE OF 20TH'S 'BRIGHAM YOUNG'

## 100,000 Welcome Hollywood Stars

Salt Lake City.—Two chartered United Airliners dropped from the sky here Friday noon and turned on one of the most brilliant Hollywood premiere blitzkriegs for 20th-Fox's "Brigham Young" that ever hit any town, anywhere.

State and local dignitaries, leaders of the Mormon church, 15 bands, a squad of army pursuit planes and well over 100,000 people roared a blasting welcome to Zanuck and his coterie of picture stars, which included Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Dean Jagger, Gregory Ratoff, Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly, Jane Withers, Jean Rogers,

Brenda Joyce, Mary Astor and emcee Ken Murray.

Following a series of brief speeches at the airport by Utah's Governor Blood and Mayor Ab Jenkins of this city, who introduced the stars, the guests took off for the city proper, where the streets and building windows were jammed with wide-eyed welcomers. The buildings themselves were holiday-garbed in flags, bunting and pictures of the great pioneer, Brigham Young.

The mile-long procession circled the city in lavish parade, the like of which the oldest residents of the community

could not recall. The stars, seated atop open cars, made their way down State Street and up Main amid countless floats, bands and more than 200 state police. Each star-car was protected against autograph seekers by a four-man motorcycle escort.

When the parade ended at the Utah hotel, where the contingent from Hollywood was quartered, it took 20 police to form a battering ram so that the stars could get through to their rooms, where cops were kept stationed outside each door. The hotel lobby was a constant bedlam, requiring heavy policing from the time of arrival

Church today has no longer needed to look to Hollywood for assistance in image-making in quite the same way or degree as in President Grant's era when the need was much more pronounced and appreciated. It is interesting to contrast the feelings of President Grant about *Brigham Young* with those of Spencer W. Kimball, current leader of the Mormon Church, who in a recently published book makes brief reference to the film in connection with a character analysis of Brigham Young:

The motion picture *Brigham Young* pictured President Young wondering if he were called of God. The picture showed him vacillating, unsure, and questioning his calling. In the climax of the play he is shown wavering, ready to admit he had not been inspired, that he had lied to them and misled them. . . . But there was nothing vacillating or weak about Brigham Young. He knew he was God's leader. . . .<sup>41</sup>

The tone of these comments is decidedly different from President Grant's remarks although the stated facts are essentially the same.

Obviously the Church's perceptions of what is most important have shifted with changing needs. Unfortunately, the good which was accomplished by the film has been lost to the awareness of most LDS viewers in the shuffle of time.

### The New Image

The significance of *Brigham Young* in providing the first positive non-partisan look at the Mormon story has seldom been recognized. One had only to consider the difference between the common characterizations of Mormons in films such as *A Victim of the Mormons* and *A Mormon Maid* and the dignity accorded them in *Brigham Young* to realize that a monumental change had taken place. Ironically, the rather sensationalistic publicity campaign for the film helped change the image of the Mormon even more effectively from perverted religious fanatic to virile striving pioneer.

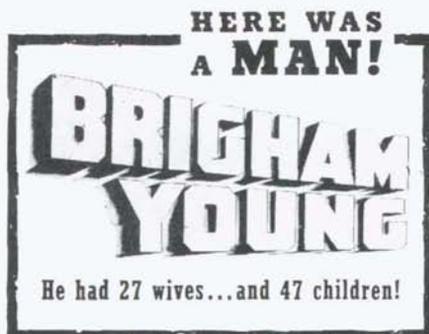
The influence which making the film had upon Hollywood is indicative of the effect which the film had upon the nation as a whole. This, his first noteworthy role in

motion pictures, left its mark on Price. "I greatly enjoyed the part of Joseph Smith," he said some thirty years later—a time span during which many actors forget what films they have appeared in. "I read a great deal about him and with the help of the late Heber Grant kept on finding more material on the subject after the film was released. I have always had the utmost admiration for the Mormon Church which I'm sure stems from my fascination with Joseph Smith—what an extraordinary man!"<sup>42</sup>

Louis Bromfield likewise became fascinated with Brigham Young because of his research for the film and later stated enthusiastically that "He was one of the six or seven greatest men America ever produced. He should have been President of this nation."<sup>43</sup> Even more unusual than Price's and Bromfield's infatuation with the early Mormon leaders is the eventual conversion of Dean Jagger to Mormonism over thirty-two years later.<sup>44</sup>

To the millions of non-Mormons who saw it, the film became what Heber J. Grant hoped it would be, a friendmaker. Brigham Young, to them, was seen in this screen portrait as a courageous and human leader who, while beset by natural self doubt, rose successfully to each challenge of circumstance.

Since 1940, *Brigham Young* has been forgotten at film festivals and seminars, but has nevertheless been viewed over the years with considerable praise, not only for its championing of religious (with the attendant implication of racial) freedom but as one critic recently noted, it "proves that when producers put their minds to it, they can make pictures that show



historical events as if they were something important happening to real people and not just another background for another boy-meets-girl romance."<sup>45</sup>

In 1948, the National Council for Social Studies edited portions of *Brigham Young* into a thirty-minute film entitled *Driven Westward* designed for use in secondary schools. Its purpose, as declared in the teacher's guide, was to provide a "stirring visualization of the contribution made by a minority group to our national development, and demonstrates the necessity for respecting the right of such groups."<sup>46</sup>

To modern viewers, *Brigham Young* appears somewhat dated and melodramatic and as has been illustrated, the Mormon Church has largely outgrown its need for it; yet when produced, *Brigham Young* gave to the world for the first time on a mass scale a fitting and sensitive introduction to the Latter-day Saint heritage—"a believable story of men and women fighting for their faith."<sup>47</sup>

1. Richard Paul quoting Zanuck in a letter to Dennis Rowley, Curator of Archives & Manuscripts, Brigham Young University, 25 March 1976.
2. Mel Gussow, p. 90.
3. Vardis Fisher, *Children of God* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1939), 13th ed. For views probing Fisher's historical

- accuracy see Joseph M. Flora, "Vardis Fisher and the Mormons," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, 4, n.3, (Autumn 1969); and David Davis, "Children of God: An Historian's Evaluation," *Western Humanities Review* (Winter 1953-54), pp. 49-56.
4. Kenneth Macgowan, *Brigham Young*, Conference With Mr. Zanuck (on new treatment of 26 July 1939) 3 August 1939, p. 2. Unpublished typewritten minutes of story conference.
  5. See Richard Alan Nelson, "A History of Latter-day Saint Screen Portrayals in the Anti-Mormon Film Era, 1905-1936" unpublished masters thesis, Brigham Young University, 1975, pp. 25-46.
  6. May Mann, "Events in Mormon Pioneering of Salt Lake Will Be Chronicled in Hollywood Production," *Deseret News*, 26 December 1936, p. 3. The film, produced by E. B. Durr, was to have begun filming early in 1937 but never materialized. Ms Mann reported that "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and Universal have toyed with the idea" of a large-scale film on the Mormon story and that even "Cecil B. DeMille has long been interested in the subject . . . but the present need is for concentrated action."
  7. "Film Epic Thrills Audiences," *Deseret News*, 23 August 1940, p. 6.
  8. Thomas Brady, "Profits vs. Prestige," *New York Times*, 28 July 1940, Section 9, p. 3.
  9. Heber J. Grant in letter to Kenneth Macgowan, 30 August 1939.
  10. Vincent Price in letter to James D'Arc, 17 February 1972.
  11. Ibid.
  12. John A. Widtsoe in letter to Kenneth Macgowan, 7 September 1939.
  13. "Little Make-up Needed For Star of Picture *Brigham Young*," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 23 August 1940, p. 30.
  14. Mel Gussow, p. 131.
  15. Rui Nogueira, "Henry Hathaway Interview," *Focus on Film*, (No. 7, 1971), p. 16.
  16. Mary Astor, *My Story* (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1960), p. 227. Additional information on Hathaway's interesting, if uneven, career may be found in Kingsley Canham, *The Hollywood Professionals* (New York: A. S. Barnes, 1973) 1: 139-198.
  17. "Statistics Tell the Story of Vast Cost Involved in Producing Picture *Brigham Young*," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 23 August 1940, p. 35.
  18. Mary Astor, *My Story*, p. 228.
  19. Kenneth Macgowan, *Brigham Young*, Conference With Mr. Zanuck (on final script of 16 October 1939), 20 October 1939, p. 1. Unpublished typewritten minutes of story conference.
  20. Kenneth Macgowan, *Brigham Young*, Conference With Mr. Zanuck (on first continuity draft of 30 September 1939), 5 October 1939, p. 1. Unpublished typewritten minutes of story conference.
  21. "The New Pictures: *Brigham Young-Frontiersman*." *Time* (7 October 1940), p. 63.
  22. Advertisement in unidentified New York newspaper contained in Dean Jagger Papers, MSS 60, Brigham Young University, Harold B. Lee Library.
  23. "High L.D.S. Officials Preview *Brigham Young*," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 14 August 1940, p. 8.
  24. "Salt Lakers Jam Streets To See Stars: Even Zanuck Has Not Seen Such A Premiere," *Deseret News*, 23 August 1940, p. 1.
  25. "Huge 'Brigham' Preem Enthuses Zanuck Party," *Daily Variety*, 26 August 1940, p. 6.
  26. Editorial, *Deseret News*, 24 August 1940, p. 4.
  27. Editorial, *Salt Lake Tribune*, 23 August 1940, p. 10.
  28. *Brigham Young's* greatest commercial success, other than in Salt Lake City, was seen in San Francisco where it out-sold every other film in the area. However, the film was considered less than desirable to residents of Carthage, Illinois, who boycotted showings there. They had petitioned Twentieth Century-Fox to delete the unfavorable Carthage scenes but Kenneth Macgowan replied that *Brigham Young* was not intended to be a reflection on modern Carthage: "The foreward to the film clearly shows that the time is 1846. Every town undoubtedly has a few skeletons in its closet and Carthage shouldn't be unduly sensitive." (*Deseret News*, 22 August 1940, p. 11.)
  29. Mary Astor, *A Life on Film* (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1972), p. 147.

30. "Movie of the Week: *Brigham Young*," *Life*, (23 September 1940), p. 59.
31. "The Drama of a Migration: *Brigham Young* Depicts Search of Mormons for Freedom," *Newsweek*, (23 September 1940), p. 151.
32. "Social Photoplay," *Sociology and Social Research*, (November-December 1940), p. 198.
33. Fred Johnson, "A Mormon Eyes 'Brigham Young': S. F. Descendant Resents 'Vacillating' Hero," *San Francisco Bulletin*, 9 October 1940.
34. Morris R. Werner, "Brigham Young Seen As Screen Material," *New York Herald Tribune*, 15 September 1940, Section VI.
35. See B. H. Roberts, *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* 6 vols. (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University, 1965) and Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1966), 21st ed.
36. *Ibid.*, p. 47. In a lengthy letter to Macgowan, John A Widtsoe criticized as inaccurate the use of "going to God" to mean prayer and colloquialisms such as "ain't" attributed to Brigham Young (letter to Macgowan, 13 November 1939).
37. Lamar Trotti from the story by Louis Bromfield, *Brigham Young* (Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.: unpublished continuity & dialogue taken from the screen, 26 August 1940), R/12, p. 13.
38. Weston Nordgren, "*Brigham Young*," *Improvement Era* (September 1940), p. 533. Jagger appeared in 262 out of the total of 314 scenes.
39. Editor's Page, *Improvement Era*, (November 1940), p. 654.
40. Heber J. Grant, "Gratitude for Faith of People," *One Hundred and Eleventh Semi-Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, (Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1940), p. 96.
41. Spencer W. Kimball, *Faith Precedes The Miracle* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1975), p. 29.
42. Vincent Price in a letter to James D'Arc, 17 February 1972.
43. "Bromfield Applauds Brigham Young," *Deseret News*, 23 August 1940, p. 20.
44. See James V. D'Arc, "Dean Jagger: From 'Prophet' to Convert," *Daily Universe* (Brigham Young University), 19 November 1973, pp. 7-8.
45. John Howard Reid, "The Best Second Fiddle," *Films & Filming*, IX 2 (November 1972), p. 15.
46. Teacher Guide to the Classroom Motion Picture *Driven Westward* adapted from *Brigham Young* (20th Century-Fox) distributed by Teaching Film Custodians, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10018.
47. Vincent Price in letter to James D'Arc, 17 February 1972.



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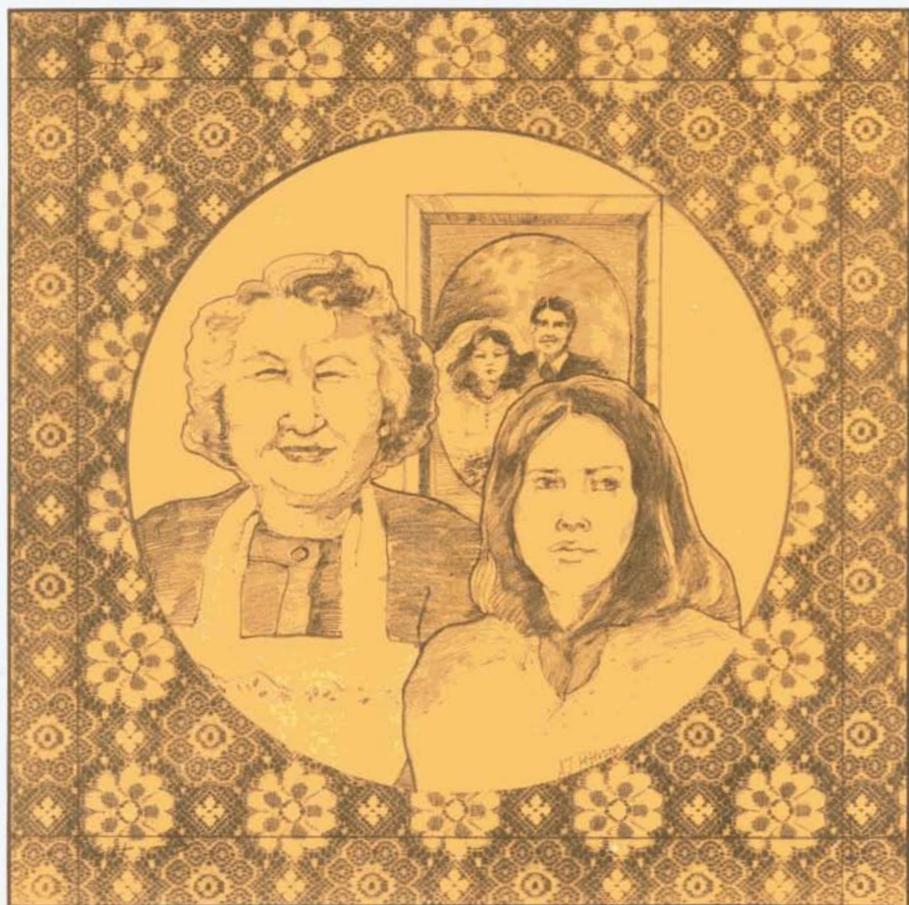
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# Ten Years of Laughter

A Short Story

DOUGLAS H. THAYER



ANN PETERSEN

Carol turned into her mother's driveway and parked behind her old Chevrolet, which sat shimmering in the August heat. The house and yard always looked the same, neat and clean, although her mother had to hire a neighbor boy to do the outside work now. Paul was bouncing on the seat by the time she got the door open, and he ran up the back steps and into the house while she picked up the baby. When she got to the screen door he already had a cookie. "Oh, Mom, you'll spoil him. Every time he comes here he expects a cookie, candy, or something."

"You can't spoil a three-year-old with cookies, dear. Now go in the front room, Paul, and find the toy box."

"Oh, Mom, he'll get crumbs all over your carpet." Paul always laid his cookie on the carpet to dig in the toy box for the naked headless doll and his other favorite toys. Carol couldn't remember if the doll had been hers or Margaret's.

"I can always vacuum them up. Here, give me the baby. How do you feel?"

"Okay, I guess." The old house was always cool. The walls were thick.

"How's Ralph?"

"He's all right, I guess."

"Well sit down and rest a few minutes while you've got the

chance." Her mother sat and talked to the baby. The afternoon sun coming through the side window glistened off the beads of water on the table where her mother had been dampening down her clothes. Sunday and Monday were her days off from the State Hospital, and she always washed on Monday. She brought her clothes in fresh from the line, piled them on the table and dampened them down. The neat damp rolls lay in the basket on the chair, the other clothes pushed back on the table. Carol touched one of the water beads with her finger. Her mother had started her and Margaret out dampening down handkerchiefs. Her brothers had all had jobs from junior high school on. Now Bob was a civil engineer in Los Angeles, David a dentist in Palo Alto, and Steve a high-school principal in Denver. Phil, Margaret's husband, was a lawyer in Salt Lake. Carol pressed down on another water bead. Ralph had a milk route. He had quit going to BYU when Paul was born. She was the only one of the family who had stayed in Provo.

"What are you going to have for supper?"

"I've got a casserole in the oven. It's so hot in the apartment."

"Is Ralph asleep?"

"He was when I left. He's

going fishing with Don after supper."

"Why don't you ever go fishing with him anymore? I used to go with your father all of the time. You children used to like to throw rocks in the river, but you were too young to remember that."

"Maybe I will go after the baby comes."

"You could still go now. Don't keep waiting for your babies to be born before you do things with Ralph or you'll end up sitting home most of your life. A man likes a woman to go with him sometimes."

She reached out and touched one of her mother's aprons on the pile of clothes. Although Ralph hadn't been active in the Church for over two years now, her mother hadn't lost faith in him. "Carol," she had said again last week, "it takes some men ten years before they like marriage. You'll just have to be patient. Ralph comes from a good family and he's been on a mission, so he knows what's right. He can't hide from the truth forever. Be a good wife to him and go to Church yourself with the children, and you'll see."

Her mother knew men who had become active again after twenty years, even become bishops, and she could go back forty years for her stories if she had to. When they were driving in town she

would point to a house and tell a story, until it seemed to Carol that every older house in Provo had its drunkenness, cancer, divorce, adultery, insanity. But all these had to be overcome, at least fought. You might as well laugh as cry, her mother said.

For her mother, love wasn't so much feeling or finding the right person as it was doing. And it wasn't something you wanted to do necessarily, because very often you had to force yourself to love. Love was a way of shaping things around you, getting people to do what they should do. As children they hadn't been able to withstand their mother's love. It was the strongest force in their lives. No other person did so much for them, wanted so many good things for them, demanded so much. Bob, David, and Steve had all gone on missions, graduated from BYU, been married in the temple, and they were all active in the Church.

She had been the last to marry and leave. Now the house was silent most of the time, but in each of their three old bedrooms her mother kept the beds freshly made, the rooms clean. The old things they hadn't taken with them or thrown away still stood in the closets or lay in the drawers. Her mother had never changed the wallpaper or paint in their bed-

rooms after they left.

"Would you like a glass of cold lemonade, Carol? I just made some fresh before you came. It should be cold now." Holding the baby in one arm, she opened the refrigerator, poured the lemonade, put the glass on the table. "Do you want a cookie? They're fresh."

"Yes, although I shouldn't. Doctor Heywood doesn't want me to gain anymore weight."

"One cookie isn't going to hurt you." Her mother got some cookies and put them on a saucer. "The baby will just be walking by the time the new one comes. You'll have your work cut out for you then."

"Yes," she said, "I will."

She looked out her mother's polished kitchen window to the late summer roses along the fence. She couldn't tell her mother what she felt. Her intense desire for Ralph was gone, the desire that before they were married she hadn't even known was possible. Now she wanted a sense of completion, a half made whole, somehow. And she wanted her life simpler, and simpler, until it required no effort, but that wasn't the way it happened. She had always thought that love simplified life, made it more possible, deeper, but easier. She thought sometimes that was what was wrong with Ralph and why he had

dropped out of the Church. Perhaps he had dropped school for the same reason. He had never really told her. Even explanations made life more complex.

"You sit there, Carol, and I'll go see how Paul is."

"Give me the baby."

"I can still take care of a baby. You just sit there and rest."

Sitting, her hand spread on the cool table, Carol looked around at all of the polished, gleaming surfaces. On the wall were four of her Grandmother Thatcher's blue china plates, hung as decorations now. She had had ten children. Her Grandfather Thatcher drank before he joined the Church, and for eight years her grandmother earned the living by going out to do housework during the day and taking in washing and ironing to do at night. But even after her grandfather joined the Church, they quarreled and wouldn't speak to each other for three and four months, gave all their messages through the children. They had had ten children, slept in the same bed, ate at the same table, sat together in Church every Sunday, but never spoke. Yet in their old age before they died they were quiet, peaceful, happy. Her mother had never let them die though, had brought them into the house, and she had done the same

with Carol's father. It was as if their pictures in the front room spoke. Her mother did genealogy work, went to Salt Lake to the temple to do the endowments for the family dead. Resurrection was real, marriage valid after death.

"Paul's fine," her mother said, coming back into the kitchen. "He's building houses with the blocks. The baby needs to be changed though. Let me have that diaper bag." She took the baby into her bedroom.

Carol stood up and started to fold the clothes, dipped her hand into the cool pan of water to sprinkle them, just as her mother did. She took one of her mother's white matron uniforms from the pile. Her Grandmother Thatcher had first worked at the State Hospital, then her mother. Many of the patients had been in the hospital for thirty and forty years, long since forgotten by their families. They were her mother's friends, and her mother always talked about them in the house, used their names. So they were just people, not inmates, not insane. Her mother bought their needlework, watercolors, and when they died she got on the Greyhound Bus to go to their funerals in the small southern Utah towns. Miss Davidson, who had no arms and crocheted with her toes, had sent her and Ralph a pair of worked pillowcases when

they got married. She had never used them.

The afternoon in March before she told Ralph that Doctor Heywood had said she was pregnant again, she left Paul and the baby with him and walked up Center Street alone under the bare trees to the hospital. Red light from the sunset shone against the dark windows, and where the rooms were lit she saw people. When she was a child and drove up to the hospital with one of her brothers in the old Chevrolet to get their mother, it seemed to her that a patient stood at every window behind the heavy wire screens staring down at her. When the March sunset faded, changing the windows from red to black, she turned and walked back down Center Street to the apartment and told Ralph.

The toilet flushed and then her mother came down the hall carrying the baby. "Oh, Carol, you don't have to fold down those clothes. I've got all evening to do that."

"I wanted to." She took the baby and sat back down.

"Mommy, bathroom." Paul stood in the doorway pinching his pants and holding the naked headless doll.

"Oh good heavens."

"Don't get up. Come on, Paul, Grandma will help you."

Carol reached out and laid one hand on the pile of fresh

clean clothes. Her mother used an old Maytag washer and wouldn't have a dryer, although the boys wanted to buy her one. The washing was small, only her mother's things. When they had all been at home, the laundry was piled high, covered the whole table, filled the room with the clean smell of clothes dried on a line. And the laundry was full of her brothers' socks, Levis, shorts, T-shirts, pajamas, shirts. At supper the table was covered with plates of hot food. A woman did intimate things for a man. She cooked his food, cleaned his house, washed and ironed his clothes, bathed his children. A man didn't do any of those things for her, seemed not to be near her except at night lying by her in the same bed, as if that were her only need.

"Paul, do you want another cookie?" her mother said.

"Yes."

"Yes what, Grandma?" Carol said.

"Yes, please."

"Now what do you say?"

"Thank you."

"That's Grandma's good boy. Now go play with the toys."

"Oh, Mom, I'd better go. Ralph will want his supper early if he's going fishing with Don."

"Just let me get David's letter

to read to you." Her mother got the letter from her purse and read it. David had been made bishop of his ward, the first of her brothers to be a bishop, although Margaret's husband was on the high council. They all had nice homes; their families were older than hers, all active. Steve's son Kevin would be the first grandson to go on a mission. In the front room her mother had a special shelf for pictures of her grandchildren. Between one Christmas and the next she spent her evenings sewing gifts for them.

"It's a nice letter."

"Yes it is. The Lord has blessed this family. Here let me hold the baby again for a minute and you go get Paul."

Her mother took the baby and Carol walked back down the hall to the front room. "Put the toys back in the box, Paul. We're going home. Hurry." On the piano were their five wedding pictures, all of them young and beautiful then, smiling. Ralph was very handsome. She turned and looked at her father's oval picture on the wall, and the pictures of her Grandfather and Grandmother Thatcher. They had always looked back at her. Paul picked up the naked doll last. The head was in the box somewhere. "That's a good boy."

"What have you got for

dessert tonight, honey, anything special?"

"No, just the ice cream that Ralph brings home from the dairy. It's too hot to do much baking."

"I've got a frozen peach pie you can take."

"Oh, Mom, the ice cream will be all right. Don't worry about us."

"It's no bother. A man likes something a little special for dessert. I made three Saturday evening and froze them. It's no job now with all the fresh peaches on. Here, take the baby." Her mother got a paper sack from the drawer and went out on the back porch to the freezer.

Her mother kept her freezer full, hoping for visitors. Every summer she canned fruit and vegetables, which she didn't ever eat, and then gave it all away so she could bottle more the next year. When they were children her brothers always opened a bottle of fruit after school before they went to work. "There," her mother said, coming back from the porch, "now you've got something to put the ice cream on."

Her mother walked with her down the driveway and put the pie on the front seat. Paul got in the back. "If you need me for anything, dear, why just call me. Call me at the hospital if you have to."

"All right, Mom. Goodbye. Thanks."

She kissed the baby and Paul. "Goodbye. Goodbye, Paul. Be a good boy for Grandma. Help your mommy. Tell your daddy I hope that he catches a big fish."

Carol backed out to the street, then had to wait for a car to pass. Her mother stood on the back porch waving. The boys had tried to get her to move to a comfortable apartment, but she wouldn't. In three years she retired from the State Hospital. "Wave to Grandma, Paul." The car passed and Carol backed out onto the street. She waved then pressed on the gas pedal and drove slowly down the familiar street. The older neighbors would soon be out watering their lawns. She glanced down at the paper sack on the seat, the end folded under. Her mother always sent something nice home for Ralph.

"Daddy home," Paul said, "Daddy home," pointing out the windshield.

It was cooler now, the street shaded, the trees all still green in late summer leaves. She would save the pie for when Ralph got back from fishing. "Yes, Paul," she said.

# Good Company for the Self

## An Interview with WILLIAM STAFFORD

BY JOSEPH P. GARSKE

William Stafford is the former poet in residence of the Library of Congress. He is presently poet laureate of the state of Oregon, winner of the National Book Award, and author of several books of poetry, among them *Sunday Maybe*. With Clinton Larson, poet-in-residence at Brigham Young University, Mr. Stafford has co-edited *Modern Poetry of Western America*. He has written for *Harpers*, the *New York Times Book Review*, the *New Yorker*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Saturday Review*, *American Scholar*, and many other leading journals. He is currently professor of English literature at Oregon's Lewis and Clark College.

*How long have you been writing?*

It seems I've been writing all my life—I can't remember an interval since I learned to write that I haven't tried to write. I started in grade school when *everyone* writes. I would sometimes like to reverse that question and ask, "When did everybody else stop?" Everybody writes during school years, and I

just kept on, due largely to family encouragement. The major works just naturally grow out of little things. Notes and letters become essays; essays become books.

*Do you keep a journal?*

In effect, yes; it is a loose leaf, and I use typing paper. I start a new page each morning, and I save all those pages. I have boxes of them at home from as early as the 1940s. But they're not really the same as a diary, because I don't always write just daily occurrences.

*What's usually on those pages?*

Almost invariably it's a date. To anyone else, and even sometimes to me, those pages look quite aimless; sometimes the words put down are phrases, sometimes sentences, sometimes whole paragraphs. But often they are fragments, and they can be very exotic, spotty, and unaccountable.

For instance, I tried to write this morning; for some reason I thought

of ink blots. I began to imagine that I was being given an inkblot test. I gave the doctor hundreds of different interpretations, he selected the ones that were symptoms. I wrote them down, I studied his diagnosis. In other words, I began to treat *him* as a patient—and then I began to slowly bring him into *my* universe. Sometimes a simple bunch of ideas like that can evolve into a poem.

what seems to be a real “writer’s block.” I believe it’s because their standards are too high. They simply believe that what’s occurring to them every day is not good enough.

But for me, writing is a process of coasting the periphery of your thought, whatever the thought is. I don’t regret where that periphery is; I just record where it is, and it’s always there. You can’t stop thinking.

**“Writing is a process of coasting the periphery  
of your thought, whatever the thought is.”**

*Is there an example of work you’ve generated out of these writings?*

Yes; a spectacular example would be the time I read on the college bulletin board that a meteorite had hit the hill above campus. I got on my bicycle and looked for the meteorite for some time, and then I returned home and sat in the backyard and began to write a poem. It was eventually titled “The Star in the Hills.” I wrote the poem almost the way my feelings came to me at the time, and it all started with the note on the wall that said “a meteor hit just above campus.” Actually, I never found that meteorite or the site where it landed. But in my imagination I went on to search, to find something; the poem just spun off from there.

*Do you ever have mental blocks?*

No. I’ve felt a little awkward sometimes. Many writers I know tell me writer’s block is a real menace. I’ve never in my life felt it. It’s one of their dreams as far as I can tell. Perhaps some writers do experience

Some people conceptualize writing as a process of recording something worthy. I don’t have that concept. I believe that writing is a process of recording what happens, and something *always* happens. I’ve never forgotten how to record what happens. Having a writer’s block is like forgetting how to form the letters, and I’ve never forgotten how to form letters. I still remember. So I’m not making a claim for accomplishment; I’m just making an assertion about how I view the activity.

*Do you ever feel that what you’re writing isn’t good enough?*

I don’t ask myself whether it’s any good; that’s the wrong reaction to look for, even from yourself. That’s like asking, “Am I breathing right?” If it feels all right, it’s right. I believe that what one does when one writes is to converge somehow with the living edge of one’s consciousness. To distort that in any way is to make a mistake, and you may distort it by trying to anticipate

what others want. You may distort it by having taken a position ahead of time about what you're going to believe, or what someone else ought to believe. You're no longer doing the job of following where consciousness goes when you do that. The job of a writer is just to be good company for the self.

Some writers want to change their writing before they change the self, which leaves them without any guide. You don't become a good writer by learning a skill. I think you relax on an actuality.

Back to your question: "Do you ever feel that what you're writing isn't good enough?" Yes, all the time. I guess I never have a feeling that it's good enough. On the other hand, I never feel that it's too bad. Later when I look at my writing I may evaluate it.

I like to keep separate in my mind and in my life two operations: one is faith in what's happening; the other is a close look at something once it's written. I ask, "Would anyone else want to see this?" If I find a part that is vaguely dissatisfying to me, I revise it—sometimes over and over again. Finally I either abandon it or I decide it's all right. But that judgment part is kept strictly separate from the writing-down part: the writing-down part is blind trust.

*Do you think that writers should write for a market—in other words, consider their public, what the public's desires and interests are, and how to meet their needs?*

One of my impulses is to deny all that, so maybe we ought to explore that question briefly. Think of what a frightening world you are creating when you assume that a writer does

that kind of thing. It's a world in which anything you read is a calculated attempt to skillfully engineer your feelings, your convictions, and your actions. I don't like that kind of a world; I don't like the feeling that I'm surrounded, in effect, by people running for office and selling things to me.

I like the feeling of being in a world where I'm in a joint venture with others. They share with me their discoveries; they feel free enough to confess doubts, hesitations, and alternatives; and they are not suppressing either (in their minds or in their utterances) those things that would detract from their maximum engineering leverage on me. So as a writer, I abandon that world of competition, that world of engineering; I do not presume myself to be bringing about a change in another person that is not totally congruent with all my thoughts and feelings. I would rather be ineffective and valid in the compiled joint enterprise we have than to be effective at the cost of breaking communion with other people.

The way to get communion with other people is to abandon that engineering attitude toward communication—when we talk with friends we assume that they will not be calculating. The best way for communion to happen is by implication and sincere conversation.

*Do you think the practical side and the poetic side are potentially congruent with each other, or are they hazardous to one another?*

I think they are potentially congruent with each other. The most effective people and the most effective communities are the wholehearted, open-communication ones. To me this is the way to be as a

writer and as a person. Somehow a Walt Whitman who was conniving (and this happened in Whitman sometimes) is not nearly so winsome and effective, to me, as one who had the audacity to forget and violate what was happening in American poetry.

As you learn to communicate openly, your company will be the best people, and your life will be full. And your writing can get better and better. But if you learned a technique you are locked into whoever taught you and you will never be a productive, cooperative member of society.

*Do you think an Emerson or a Thoreau could survive in our world today?*

Yes. The people who are the most interesting to all of us have an element of audacity and integrity in them. People who try to wallpaper over every part of what they're doing and who try to manage society and their lives by anticipating a kind of Harris poll beforehand are in Watergate trouble. Doing what the poll says people want you to do is a terrible violation of what leadership is all about. For instance, if I even get a faint whiff that some leader of mine isn't really leading, my faith is entirely gone. I think it's pretty hard to hide that kind of thing. The validity of talk and action is as apparent as it ever was—it's more scary now, in fact, because even temporary deviations can be so devastating.

Some writers are afraid that if they follow their own impulses in their writing they won't be able to survive in the commercial world. The real hazard is exactly the opposite: it is the blight of poems and stories that are written to formula by people

who are afraid to follow their own originality. This is especially evident in poetry. The real danger is when you try to do that impossible thing of Shakespeare, without really being Shakespeare. But learning the technique to become Shakespeare doesn't hurt.

*How do you think an editor would respond to that?*

The editors I know are intelligent people; they need the help of writers, of someone who can take them someplace they haven't been before. An editor's job is to find the best material he can for his readers. And if he is the kind of editor who has already downgraded his reader—decided just what the reader is like and anticipated what the writer should write—then he's not an editor. He's got to be a discoverer to be an editor. A writer also has to be a discoverer!

*What about the practical considerations of a person who faces the future of supporting a family or making a living—what kind of prospects does he or she have?*

Well, the prospects you have in the commercial world in any endeavor depend so much on the market. I hate to say that anyone who coasts the periphery of self and consciousness would make a good living writing, because many selfs don't have coasts in the right place. But it's the only coast you've got, and to try to fake another one is an alternative you shouldn't even consider.

But you cannot count on success in writing. In fact, it just takes a lot of luck and the right conditions in your own life and mind and the way you think. But you can't give up the valid connection between

your feelings and thoughts and the words you write. The best way to become a significant writer is to develop the kind of independence I've been talking about.

In order to make a living you can submit material to all kinds of publications. And there are a whole hazard of people who live on a kind of intellectual muzak. They're not after anything and they don't get anything. You can go through the shelves at the airport and read *Airport*. That's a whole dead end of its own. It's a kind of delirium.

*What do you think about a person who's really interested in writing as a central part of his life work? Is there danger or is there value in having another source of income?*

I think it depends so much on the individual. Most writers, at least in the history of English literature, have been people who had incomes from elsewhere. If you read through an English literature anthology you will be reading work written almost entirely by upper class, wealthy people. John Keats is a spectacular violation of this law. He didn't last long enough to starve.

ours, someone who can teach has something already. Others make a good living by lecturing and giving readings.

*Can you cite some fairly well-known examples?*

Yes. Robert Bly, for instance, lives on a farm in Minnesota. He and his wife decide how much money they need for the next year; he accepts public speaking engagements up to that amount of money, and then he returns home to the farm to write.

Someone like Galwood Canal would be another great example. I have been in the room with him when he has decided he wants to go to some part of the country, has called someone in that area, and has said, "I'm going to be in your part of the country. Is there a meeting for me?" He immediately has air fare there and back.

The amount people like that take in is partly measured by the amount of time they're willing to give. I'm sure there could be a perpetual motion lecture—but they wouldn't be invited if they weren't good

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**"The job of a writer is just to be good company for the self. Some writers want to change their writing before they change the self, which leaves them without any guide."**

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*What about poets in America today?*

In our country there are many ways for a poet to be sustained. A large percentage of them earn money teaching. There is a natural, close connection between reading, writing, and teaching. And in a culture like

writers. Writing is commercially valuable, for, say, the top fifteen American poets.

*Where do you see your place as a writer? What do you see as the real value of what you're doing?*

A question like this is a troublesome one to me because usually I try to keep from asking myself whether I'm doing anything valuable. I don't really have an opinion about my writing. I feel pretty neutral about it. But as for the *process* I'm involved in—the coming alive to one's feelings, and the individual's individuality of experience—I think that's very important. That's what life is all about. The important thing about my writing is that it is my own little local manifestation of something that is utterly important to me. I separate the objective evaluation of my poems or stories from the evaluation of the way of life that's embodied in those poems and stories.

realize the values of other people's lives. It is a liberating kind of thing.

*How do you feel about the Mormon community as a base for a person interested in creative writing?*

In some ways I envy it because I myself have been a part of different groups who have had a sustained group feeling. I sense among the Mormons a consciousness of their own society, commitments, and values.

I've lived in groups like this for forty years of my life. I was a conscientious objector during World War II and was put in concentration camps. In some ways life in those camps was a strangely liberating

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**"I sense among the Mormons a consciousness of their own society, commitments, and values . . . great advantages for a writer."**

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*What would you say to an aspiring young writer?*

First, a person who would ask me about writing would already have some motivation, so my response would assume that this person probably has enough interest to commit to it, to deserve as clear a view as I can give of what it's all about. Writing makes your life more vivid. It's like living your life several times. To let the actual feeling of living experience reverberate with itself as it does in the arts is a great multiplying factor in one's life.

Writing is one of the arts, and the arts are like a great discovery for mankind. Art sort of separates us from the vegetables, and it feels good. Writing might even help you

experience, especially as we felt kinship—not with any geographical group, but with an absolutely limitless group over the whole world. Our allegiances were not so much geographical or ethnic, but were the relation with those of like mind that went everywhere. Sort of the Quaker inner-light feeling. Later I taught at the Church of the Brethren College, where we had what seems to be very much like the feeling I sense among Mormons.

I think the writer in such a group has both disadvantages and advantages. You have disadvantages in the sense that you are deliberately somewhat out of step with some things happening in the society in which you are embedded. You must

just accept that. Then there comes the advantages: it's a distinction, and distinction these days is often something very much worth cultivating. I wouldn't feel at all blanked or alienated or stalled by being part of a group that's somewhat different from the mainstream of society. It helps dramatize in your life what is actually true, or ought to be true for every individual.

*What are some of the problems of writing in an exclusively Mormon group?*

One hazard would be that you might begin to plume yourself on differences that don't make any difference, or very much difference. You might sort of count on an already organized public that would accept anything you do. That's very bad. We're under no obligation to like someone's talk or poem or story because they're in our conscientious objector camp or church group or college. Human life is larger than these distinctions. One of the dangers would be that you'd begin to treat these distinctions as justification for all kinds of shortcuts and lapses.

*How does the climate for Mormon writers compare with the climate for the rest of the people in the country?*

Well, one part of me switches immediately back to envy. There are vivid, almost universally recognized reference points in society that are cohesive. Because of this, there could be great advantages for a writer (and anyone in the arts) to have a living structure of beliefs, images, legends, myths, and convictions. It's the kind of thing Henry James felt he had to go to England for. America didn't have it—this cultural overlay.

*What would you like to see the Mormon writing community produce?*

I think I would be most interested in the flourishing and the welcoming of the residues of history of the group. It's surprising how available stories and poems are to people with different histories. And you don't really have to have footnotes. We have read about the Greeks, the Hebrews, and all kinds of groups who have special histories. What I would like to see come out of any group is a welcoming, an embracing of distinctions. Not an exaggeration, but not a down-play. Just an accepting of the flourishing of the feeling of the society.

I feel that many people share a revulsion about American culture. Wherever the correctives to that revulsion come from, I'm interested in them. Mormonism's one of the possibilities.

*What do you think of the idea of using one's talents to serve the Lord? Is that a good thing?*

This is a part of my life. It's not a surprising issue because of my associations and my natural way of thinking. Ultimately one's decisions come from many sources: from what others tell you, from traditions that you've shared in, and from intellectual introspection that you perform right there on the spot. And if you give up the aid of people around you and the use of the immediate intelligence that you're capable of in the situation because of some kind of prior commitment, maybe even when you were younger, impressionable, or overwhelmed in some way, you've given up part of life.

he held those true thousand & sixty white firm & obedient & yet they die 315  
 why observe to perform every word of command with exactness you & your nee-  
 sding to their faith it was done unto them & I did remember the words which they  
 said <sup>unto me</sup> that their mothers had taught them & now behold it was that my God & those  
 men which had been selected to convey the prisoners to whom we had this great  
 victory for it was they who did beat the Lamanites therefore they were chosen to  
 go to the city of Hamlin we retained our city Cumorah was not all destroy-  
 ed by the sword nevertheless we had suffered a great loss & it came to pass that  
 after the Lamanites had fled I immediately gave orders that my men which  
 I had been wounded should be taken from among the dead & carried to their  
 wounds should be dressed & it came to pass that there were two hundred out  
 of my true thousand & sixty which had perished because of the loss of blood  
 nevertheless according to the good will of God & our great astonishment & all the people  
 saw, whole army there was not one soul of them who did perish years neither was  
 there one soul among them who had not received many wounds & now this pres-  
 ent nation was astonishing to our whole army & a said they should be spared while  
 there was a thousand of our brethren which were slain & we do partly ascribe it to  
 the <sup>miraculous</sup> power of God because of their exceeding faith <sup>in this</sup> which they had been taught to believe  
 that there was a part of God's who were did not doubt that they should be preserved by  
 his <sup>miraculous</sup> power now this was the faith of these which have spoken they are young & their  
 minds are firm & they do not their trust in God continually & now it came to pass that  
 after we had thus taken care of our wounded men had buried our dead & also  
 the dead of the Lamanites which were many he hold we did inquire of God con-  
 cerning the prisoners which they had <sup>started</sup> to go down to the land of Zarahemla  
 with none of us was the chief captain <sup>hand</sup> into the town which was appointed to go  
<sup>quest</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>& now</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>go</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>land</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~Zarahemla~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~see~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~words~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>God</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>unto</sup> ~~me~~  
 he hold we did start to go down to the land of Zarahemla <sup>with</sup> our prisoners & it came to  
 pass that we did meet the spies of our enemies which had let a cent out to re-  
 sult the camp of the Lamanites & they did unto us saying he hold the armies of the La-  
 manites are <sup>with</sup> marching towards the city of Cumorah & behold a big will fall upon  
 them <sup>with</sup> will destroy our people & it came to pass that our prisoners did hear their voices  
 which would them & take courage & they did raise up in rebellion against us &  
 it came to pass because of their rebellion we did cause that our swords should  
 come upon them & it came to pass that they did in a body run upon our swords

# Early Book of Mormon Texts

## Textual Changes to the Book of Mormon in 1837 and 1840

STAN LARSON

*Editor's note:* In the September 1976 *Ensign* Stan Larson published an article entitled, "Changes in the Early Texts of the Book of Mormon," aimed at helping Church members understand and answer critics of the Book of Mormon. Church history and scripture scholars have noted the significance of the publication of that article. In this article, directed more to the scripture scholar, Brother Larson uses new examples to flesh out his analysis of the changes, one which suggests we could profit from a return to the early texts.

### The Presence of Textual Variation

Change is a fact of life; it is also a fact of the Book of Mormon. Though none of the changes made to the first (1830) edition of the

Book of Mormon altered basic doctrines, the changes do illustrate that the manuscripts were subject to human frailty and underwent some refinement. Most of the changing and refining took place in the 1837 and 1840 editions—the two printings that occurred in Joseph Smith's lifetime. This article examines some of the word changes that were made to the first printed text when the second and third editions of 1837 and 1840 were printed.<sup>1</sup>

Studies of the textual changes in the Book of Mormon are not new, but most have not used the printer's manuscript to determine the reason for some of the differences; almost none have used the invaluable original manuscript. Some critics, with great fanfare, point to the "thousands" of changes in the Book

of Mormon, and seem interested only in the mere number of changes, rather than in understanding the reason for or the nature of the alterations.

Sidney B. Sperry has pointed out that the "investigation of alterations" in a document should be made "with the object of restoring it to its original form."<sup>2</sup> Detailed textual study of the Book of Mormon becomes valuable in order that one may be assured that any particular passage conveys the meaning that was really intended.<sup>3</sup> A textual scholar said the following concerning the goal of textual comparison:

The ideal of textual criticism is to present the text which the author intended. . . . It is what the author intended that matters; in most cases, this is identical with what he wrote, but sometimes slips and oversights that he allowed to stand can be identified and corrected in order to fulfill his intentions.<sup>4</sup>

Another noted textual critic said:

The transmission of a text must be followed with particular scrupulousness in order to sift its variants and assign them to unauthorized changes resulting from the printing process, or to true authorial revision.<sup>5</sup>

To a certain extent the Book of Mormon has been subject to the same textual difficulties found in any other transmitted text as it passed from its manuscript state into print and then through successive printed editions. By careful comparison of the three editions with the manuscripts these textual variations can be identified and can usually be classified as either a genuine revision or an accidental corruption.

Corrections in the 1837 Edition of 1830 Misprintings

The *Wayne Sentinel* announced the

first edition of the Book of Mormon ready for sale on March 26, 1830, just eleven days before the "Church of Christ"<sup>6</sup> was officially organized. The second edition of the Book of Mormon was published by church members Parley P. Pratt and John Goodson in 1837 at Kirtland, Ohio. In the preface to the second edition appeared the statement that due to "the numerous typographical errors" that occurred in 1830, the entire book had been "carefully re-examined and compared with the original manuscripts."<sup>7</sup> The plural in the phrase "original manuscripts" refers to the pages of the printer's manuscript (copied by hand from the original manuscript and used by the printer to set first edition type) since there is no evidence that the original manuscript (written as Joseph Smith dictated the translation to scribes) was used in the 1837 revision process. The term "typographical error" as used here includes not only the obvious printing mistakes, but also the typesetter's misprintings of the printer's manuscript that had appeared in the first edition. Some of these misprintings were corrected and some were not. The second edition did not always correspond exactly with the manuscript because (1) it was set in type from a copy of the first edition and not directly from the printer's manuscript and (2) the textual comparisons preceding the first edition were not completely accurate. ■

In the second edition several proper names which had been misspelled in 1830 were corrected to the spelling of the printer's manuscript. For example, all nine instances of *Camorah* were changed in 1837 to *Cumorah*, and the name *Ammon* of the first edition at Alma 57:17 was

corrected to the altogether different individual *Ammoron* as found in the printer's manuscript.

In several cases words accidentally left out in 1830 were restored to the text in 1837, based on the reading of the printer's manuscript, as in 1 Nephi 13:18 ("the wrath of God was upon all those that were gathered together against them") where *all* was added to the passage.

In 3 Nephi 6:25 the men whom the wicked judges condemned and secretly put to death were genuine *prophets of the Lord* as printed in the 1837 edition, rather than *prophets of the land* of the first edition. It is easy to see how the printer could have mistaken the word *lord* in the printer's manuscript for *land*, since Oliver Cowdery's handwritten *r* looks like an *n* and his *o* like an *a*. The phrase *prophets of the Lord* is especially appropriate since their testimony was "concerning the redemption which the Lord would make for his people" (3 Nephi 6:20).

### Revision Made in the 1837 Edition

In the 1830 edition Mosiah 21:28 read, "Limhi was again filled with joy in learning from the mouth of Ammon that King Benjamin had a gift from God. . . ."

In the 1837 edition, *Benjamin* was changed to *Mosiah*. This change is a perplexing one, as its source has not been traced.

A similar change was made at Ether 4:1 in 1849, though neither of these changes had been made to the printer's manuscript. The "three years" between King Benjamin's discourse and his death, (*Compare* Mosiah 6:5 and 7:1) seem to require the death of Benjamin be-

fore the departure of Ammon and his band for the land of Lehi-Nephi, but they *could* (if loosely interpreted) permit Ammon to leave Zarahemla before Benjamin's death. Concerning this alteration, Hugh Nibley has said:

The time schedule is a tight one . . . but since we have no means of exact dating we cannot say that Benjamin was dead before the records were brought to Zarahemla, and we are not told how long he kept them. When Ammon told Limhi that Benjamin could read the stuff, Benjamin was still alive, or Ammon certainly thought he was.<sup>8</sup>

However, Dr. Nibley's argument does not account for Ether 4:1, where *Mosiah* is named as keeper of the plates made by Ether. In this passage it is not a question of whether Ammon still thought King Benjamin was alive, but whether Benjamin had lived to see the plates brought to Zarahemla, translated by his son Mosiah, and then Benjamin himself be the one who kept from the people the revelation of the Brother of Jared. The implication of Mosiah 6:5 and 7:1 certainly pushes for the explanation given by Sidney B. Sperry:

Was it an inadvertent slip of the tongue on the part of Joseph Smith as he dictated his translation to Oliver Cowdery, or did he translate correctly enough an original error on the part of Mormon, the abridger of the Book of Mormon? The last of these suggestions is probably the correct one, for the fact remains that the reading "king Benjamin" is an out-and-out error, because the king had been dead for some time, and his son Mosiah was his successor with a "gift from God." (See Mos. 6:4-5; 8:13.) What we have here, . . . is an example of another human error that Joseph Smith was glad to correct.<sup>9</sup>

Many items were marked into the printer's manuscript for change or deletion in the 1837 edition, but not all such revisions were for the

The printer's manuscript. Alma 57:20-33. Photo courtesy of the Department of History,  
 Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

And after that he was slain I saw the multitude of  
 the earth that they were gathered to gather to  
 fight against the apostles of the Lamb for there was  
 the twelve called by the angel of the Lord and the  
 multitude of the earth was gathered to gather to  
 behold that they were in a large and spacious hill  
 like unto the building which my father saw &  
 the angel of the Lord spake unto me saying behold  
 the world and the wisdom thereof ye shall see  
 the cause of Israel both gathered to gather to fight  
 against the twelve apostles of the Lamb and it came  
 to pass that I saw and have record that the great and  
 spacious building was the pride of the world and the  
 hall thereof thereof was exceedingly great and the  
 angel of the Lord spake unto me saying thus shall be  
 the destruction of all nations kindreds tongues &  
 people that shall fight against the twelve apostles  
 of the Lamb it came to pass that the angel said  
 unto me look and behold thou shalt see and also thou  
 shalt see if thy brethren & I have not beheld the  
 land of promise and I beheld multitudes of  
 people ye even as it was in number as many as  
 the sand of the sea & it came to pass that I beheld  
 multitudes gathered to gather to battle one against the  
 other & I beheld wars and rumors of wars and great  
 slaughter with the sword among my people & it  
 came to pass that I beheld many mansions of  
 mansions after the manner of mansions & mansions in this  
 land and I beheld many mansions even that I did  
 not remember them & it came to pass that I saw  
 a light of darkness in the face of the sun of promise and I saw  
 a lightning & I heard thunders & earth quakes in  
 all manner of furniture & I saw the earth

The printer's manuscript. Alma 57:20-33. Photo courtesy of the Department of History, Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

best. Hugh Nibley has said that "the editors of later editions of the Book of Mormon have made 'corrections' that were better left unmade."<sup>10</sup> Sometimes this fact was noticed, and a later edition would restore the reading to the original state. An example of this would be the *notwithstanding* of 2 Nephi 4:17 which was deleted in 1837, and then restored to the text by James E. Talmage in 1920:

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the great goodness of the Lord, in showing me his great and marvelous works, my heart exclaimeth: O wretched man that I am!

Sometimes a return to the more desirable wording has not yet been accomplished. Hugh Nibley in discussing Lehi's Liahona suggests that we ignore the period originally introduced at Alma 37:41 by the 1830 typesetter, which in turn caused the deletion in 1837 of a seemingly unnecessary *nevertheless*, and the subsequent confusion of the function of the Liahona in our present edition. The present verse reads:

*Nevertheless, because those miracles were worked by small means it did show unto them marvelous works. They were slothful, and forgot to exercise their faith and diligence and then those marvelous works ceased, and they did not progress in their journey. (italics added)*

He proposes the following punctuation for Alma 37:41, which changes the meaning and seems to make more sense:

Nevertheless because those miracles were worked by small means (albeit it did how unto them marvelous works), they were slothful and forgot to exercise their faith and diligence. . . .<sup>11</sup>

In the following sentence, the typesetter for the 1830 edition did not place a question mark after "old," probably because he did not perceive the line as a rhetorical question.

1 Nephi 19:20:

*Original manuscript, printer's manuscript, and 1830 edition*

for had not the  
Lord been merciful, to shew  
unto me concerning them, even  
as he had prophets of old;

*Added to printer's manuscript, 1837  
edition, 1840 edition, and 1975  
printing*

for had not the  
Lord been merciful, to shew  
unto me concerning them, even  
as he had prophets of old,  
*I should have perished also:*

The semicolon that was printed seemed to leave a logical gap in the thought, as if the sentence were saying: "For if the Lord had not been merciful to shew unto me concerning them even as he had prophets of old, . . ." What thus appeared to be an uncompleted conditional statement, was filled in by the addition in the 1837 and following editions of the clause: "I should have perished also." However, it seems that if the original statement by Nephi had been properly punctuated, there would have been no need felt for the 1837 addition. Considering the sentence as a rhetorical question implying the positive response "Yes!" and following the words of the printer's manuscript, the following sentence would result: "For had not the Lord been merciful to shew unto me concerning them, even as he had prophets of old?"

In the following verse the word *founder* was originally used to portray Satan as a personal devil who is actively engaged in setting up organizations and activities to carry out his evil purposes. In 1 Nephi 13:6 and 14:17 the same term was used to describe the devil

as the "founder" of the great and abominable church. All these were changed in the 1837 and following editions to *foundation*. However, it should be kept in mind that the original designation was not wrong, and there are some elements of meaning in the original term that actually seem preferable.

2 Nephi 26:22:

*Printer's manuscript and 1830 edition*

the Devil, for he is the  
*founder* of all these  
things; yea, the *founder*  
of murder, and works of  
darkness;

*Added to Printer's manuscript,  
1837 edition, 1840 edition, and  
1975 printing*

the devil, for he is the  
*foundation* of all these  
things; yea, the *foundation*  
of murder, and works of  
darkness;

The textual history of 1 Nephi, 15:35 reveals a similar revision. In the original manuscript, the printer's manuscript, and the 1830 edition the devil is called the "preparator" of hell. Probably because of the awkwardness and rarity of the term *preparator*, it was crossed out of the printer's manuscript and *father* was written in, but later *father*, too, was deleted from the printer's manuscript and *foundation* replaced it.<sup>12</sup> This revision led to the printing of *foundation* in the 1837 and all following editions.

Again, what was originally written is not incorrect, since *preparator* means "one who prepares something" and the meaning in this verse would be that the devil is the one who has prepared hell for its occupants.

## Unintentional Changes Made in the 1837 Edition

Not all differences between the 1830 and the 1837 editions can be attributed to conscious revision; often all that can be said with certainty is that the 1837 edition does indeed differ from the 1830 edition. However, internal and external factors often indicate whether a variation was intentional or unintentional. One important check on this is whether or not the new reading found in 1837 was marked into the printer's manuscript in preparation for that edition. Some changes of the 1837 edition originated from accidental alteration as in Mosiah 24:5 where *Amulon*, which had been printed correctly in the first edition, was misprinted as *Ammon* in 1837.

Sometimes while reading a copy of the first edition to set type for the second edition, the typesetter's eye would skip a line, thus accidentally leaving out words in the text of the new edition. In 1837 a whole line was deleted from the text at Mosiah 17:15, Alma 17:3, Alma 29:4, 3 Nephi 10:4, and 3 Nephi 16:10. In these passages there seems to be no certain way to determine whether they were intentionally deleted or accidentally omitted.<sup>13</sup> In Helaman 5:41 seven words were deleted when a line was skipped and the following nonsense statement resulted: "and when ye shall be removed from overshadowing you." This error was not corrected in subsequent editions until the 1920 edition restored the full reading found in the printer's manuscript and the 1830 edition.<sup>14</sup> The present form of the line reads: "And when ye shall do this, the cloud of darkness shall be removed from overshadowing you."

In the following two examples internal evidence seems to indicate that no alteration was intended and that the textual difference was the result of an error of the 1837 typesetter.

Mosiah 29:15:

*Printer's manuscript and 1830 edition*

and whosoever hath committed iniquity, him have I punished *according to the crime which he hath committed*, according to the law which hath been given

*1837 edition, 1840 edition, and 1975 printing*

and whosoever has committed iniquity, him have I punished

according to the law which has been given

In this passage the eye of the 1837 typesetter seems to have skipped from the first *according to the* phrase to the second one and continued on. In support of the position that this phrase was not intended to be deleted is the fact that not only was the phrase left in the printer's manuscript, but *hath* was marked to be changed to *had*. A good parallel to this passage states that certain people were "to be judged of the crime which they had done, according to the law which had been given by the people" (3 Nephi 6:26).

3 Nephi 22:4:

*Printer's manuscript and 1830 edition*

Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded: for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth,

and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more.

*1837 edition, 1840 edition, and 1975 printing*

Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed; neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame; for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, *and shalt not remember the reproach of thy youth*, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more.

In this passage the presence of additional words in the 1837 and all subsequent editions makes some feel that the 1837 addition represents a genuine Book of Mormon correction to Isaiah 54:4. However, it seems more likely that the words under consideration are an unauthorized addition to the text and resulted from a human error.

The facts leading to this conclusion are: (1) these words are in neither the printer's manuscript nor the original 1830 edition of the Book of Mormon, (2) the Hebrew text of Isaiah does not contain them, nor does any ancient version,<sup>15</sup> (3) Joseph Smith's Inspired Version does not have them, (4) the added words do not clarify the meaning and every word of this supposed "addition" is already in the text, either immediately before or after the "added" part, and (5) the Hebraic parallelism in the verse is distorted by their presence.

The probable reason these words appeared in the text in 1837 can be traced to the particular arrangement of the words on the lines of the 1830 edition. While reading from an 1830 edition to set type for the 1837 edition, the typesetter's eye skipped *up* and slightly to the right at the words *of thy* and thus repeated the phrase *of thy youth, and shalt not remember the*

*reproach*. It has not been detected as an instance of accidental ditto-graphy of a line because the doubled words do fit into a readable pattern.

### Corrections in the 1840 Edition Based Upon the Original Manuscript

The third edition was published in 1840 at Nauvoo, Illinois, by Ebenezer Robinson and Don Carlos Smith, after Robinson had gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to have it printed on stereotype plates. The few 1840 corrections which were made back to the original manuscript are found only in 1 Nephi, which may indicate that Joseph Smith and Ebenezer Robinson had only worked on parts of 1 Nephi and time did not allow further comparison. The reason that there exists the possibility of having "lost" some of Joseph Smith's latest revisions is that the first European edition of the Book of Mormon (printed in 1841) was made from the text of the 1837 edition taken to England in late 1839. All subsequent editions of the Book of Mormon descended from this 1837 text, rather than the 1840 edition. Some of the 1840 revisions made by Joseph Smith have been re-introduced into the present edition.

In the account of the vision of the Tree of Life at 1 Nephi 8:18, Lehi becomes desirous for the welfare of his sons Laman, and Lemuel, but they would not come "and partake of the fruit."<sup>16</sup> This last phrase was found in the original manuscript, but was accidentally omitted from the printer's manuscript when Oliver Cowdery transcribed it. Consequently, it did not appear in the 1830 and 1837 editions. The 1840 text was corrected to in-

clude it, but it did not appear in any edition afterward until they were again restored to the text by James E. Talmage in the 1920 edition.

In 1 Nephi 19:2 of the original manuscript Nephi refers to "the record of my father and the genealogy of his *forefathers*," instead of the less precise *fathers* found in the printer's manuscript and the 1830 and 1837 editions. Again, this was introduced into the text in the 1840 edition based on the original manuscript, but in this case it has not yet been restored to the Book of Mormon.

### Changes Wherein the 1840 Editions Differed From Both the 1830 and the 1837 Editions

In some passages, the 1840 edition differs from all previous texts. Such differences could be due either to typographical errors or to conscious revisions. The typographical errors are generally easily recognized as such. For example, the *veil* in Ether 12:21 (the brother of Jared "could no longer be kept without the veil") was (by the accidental transposition of the initial letters) misprinted as *evil* in the 1840 edition! Because the words *the prayers of his people* were omitted in the 1840 edition of Mosiah 27:14, it was reported that the Lord had heard only "the prayers of his servant Alma," and no mention was made of the prayers of the other faithful members of the Church. Both these cases have been corrected.

2 Nephi 30:6

*Printer's manuscript, 1830 and 1837 editions, and 1975 printing*

and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a *white* and a delightful people.

## CHAPTER X.

BUT if they will repent, and hearken unto my words, and harden not their hearts, I will establish my church among them, and they shall come in unto the covenant, and be numbered among this the remnant of Jacob, unto whom I have given this land for their inheritance, and they shall assist my people, the remnant of Jacob; and also, as many of the house of Israel as shall come, that they may build a city, which shall be called the New Jerusalem; and then shall they assist my people that they may be gathered in, which are scattered upon all the face of the land, in unto the New Jerusalem. And then shall the power of the heaven come down among them; and I also will be in the midst: and then shall the work of the Father commence, at that day even when this Gospel shall be preached among the remnant of this people. Verily, I say unto you, At that day shall the work of the Father commence among all the dispersed of my people; yea, even the tribes which have been lost, which the Father hath led away out of Jerusalem. Yea, the work shall commence among all the dispersed of my people, with the Father, to prepare the way whereby they may come unto me, that they may call on the Father in my name; yea, and then shall the work commence, with the Father, among all nations, in preparing the way whereby his people may be gathered home to the land of their inheritance. And they shall go out from all nations; and they shall not go out in haste, nor go by flight: for I will go before them, saith the Father, and I will be their reward. And then shall that which is written come to pass. Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child: for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited. Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded: for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker, thy husband, The Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall he

3 Nephi 21:22—22:5. The 1830 edition of the Book of Mormon lacked the column and verse divisions of subsequent editions.

*1840 edition*

and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a pure and a delightsome people.

This intriguing variant appears only in the 1840 edition. Because the original manuscript does not exist for this section of the text, one cannot determine whether this reading of the 1840 edition was based upon the original manuscript or was a revision by Joseph Smith to indicate the meaning intended by the term *white*.<sup>17</sup>

## Conclusion

Due to the diversity of situations it is impossible to make a single generalization that will fit every circumstance of these textual changes. Each passage having some textual variation must be analyzed from the standpoint of its own particular context and unique textual history. One cannot take any single state of the text (be it one of the manuscripts or a particular edition) and make that the final arbiter in each case; a rational, eclectic approach is preferable.

The foregoing examples indicate that (1) the typesetter for the first edition did not reproduce the words of the printer's manuscript with complete accuracy, (2) in 1837 some corrections based upon the printer's manuscript were made of 1830 misprintings, (3) in 1840 some corrections based on the original manuscript were made, (4) intentional revisions were made to the text in 1837 and 1840, and (5) some of the differences in 1837 and 1840 are the result of unintentional printing error. The awareness of these different factors has made it

evident that the Book of Mormon still contains a few textual errors.

However, the following caution by Sir Frederic Kenyon (which he made in reference to manuscript variants of Biblical texts) seems also to be applicable to the Book of Mormon:

*Textual Errors do not Endanger Doctrine.* One word of warning, . . . must be emphasized in conclusion. No fundamental doctrine . . . rests on a disputed reading. Constant references to mistakes and divergencies of reading, such as the plan of this book necessitates, might give rise to the doubt whether the substance, as well as the language, of the Bible is not open to question. It cannot be too strongly asserted that in substance the text of the Bible is certain.<sup>18</sup>

So, likewise, the Book of Mormon is singularly free from textual variants that would alter major doctrines.

1. The material discussed in this article represents an extraction and condensation from part of the writer's thesis entitled, "A Study of Some Textual Variations in the Book of Mormon Comparing the Original and the Printer's Manuscripts and the 1830, the 1837, and the 1840 Editions," unpublished Master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1974.
2. Sidney B. Sperry, "The Book of Mormon and Textual Criticism," in *Book of Mormon Institute*, December 5, 1959, Extension Publications, Brigham Young University Press, p. 1.
3. Douglas Wilson, "Prospects for the Study of the Book of Mormon as a Work of American Literature," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, III (Spring 1968), 33, states that one who "would offer an interpretation of a work must be assured that the passages, phrases, and words that he cites as evidence in his arguments are authoritative, that they do not represent misprints or interpolations by another hand or the emendations of a capricious editor or a host of other corruptions that plague literary texts."
4. James Thorpe, *Principles of Textual Criticism* (San Marino, California: The Huntington Library, 1972), p. 50.

5. Fredson Bowers, *Textual and Literary Criticism* (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1959), p. 13.
6. When the Church was organized on April 6, 1830 at Peter Whitmer's home in Fayette, New York, it was called simply "The Church of Christ." Later, on April 26, 1838, the official name was given by revelation to Joseph Smith as "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." See D. & C. 115:4.
7. Parley P. Pratt and John Goodson, "Preface," *The Book of Mormon* (Kirtland, Ohio: Parley P. Pratt and John Goodson, 1837), p.v.
8. Hugh Nibley, letter to the writer, dated October 7, 1963. More recently Nibley has concluded in *Since Cumorah: The Book of Mormon in the Modern World* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1967), p. 7, that it was "probably not" necessary that this change be made.
9. Sidney B. Sperry, *Problems of the Book of Mormon* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1964), p. 203. If it was an error on the plates, the one in Mosiah 21:28 was the fault of Mormon; the one in Ether 4:1, of Moroni.
10. Hugh Nibley, *Since Cumorah*, p. 7.
11. Hugh Nibley, "The Liahona's Cousins," *Improvement Era*, LXIV (February 1961), 89.
12. Richard P. Howard, *Restoration Scriptures: A Study of Their Textual Development* (Independence, Missouri: Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1969), p. 44.
13. M. R. Ridley, "The Perpetuated Misprint," *Times Literary Supplement*, August 28, 1959, p. 495, points out that often a misprint "appears in the first, or a very early, edition, and then goes on appearing in edition after edition because no one takes the trouble to query it and check it." He cites numerous examples from Robert L. Stevenson's works to support this.
14. Two other instances of short phrases that were accidentally dropped out in 1837, but later restored to the text are (1) the "and bound him" of Mosiah 17:13, and (2) the "and prayed much" of Alma 17:9.
15. Nibley, *Since Cumorah*, pp. 131-33, has pointed out that the places where major revisions to the Isaiah text in the Book of Mormon occur, are also the very areas where there are likely to be textual problems and variations in the Hebrew text and the ancient versions.
16. See the 1 Nephi 8:18 phrase in the reproduction of the original manuscript in Albert L. Zobell, "Where are the Original Manuscripts," *Improvement Era*, LXIII (November 1960), 802.
17. *Pure and white* are often associated together in the Book of Mormon. For example, Mormon 9:6 says that "perhaps ye may be found spotless, pure, fair, and white, having been cleansed by the blood of the Lamb." Also, compare Alma 5:24, 13:12; and 2 Nephi 5:21.
18. Frederic Kenyon, *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts* (4th ed.; New York: Harper & Brothers, 1939), p. 23.

# DAVID LANE WRIGHT

NORMAN D. MECHAM



CHARLOTTE WRIGHT PIGGOTT

*He often kicked this gate, whistled, and ran along the path.  
But one day his body, emptied of its joyful shade was carried  
along the path and through the gate.*

**A**t the north end of Bear Lake Valley lies Bennington, Idaho, a quiet Mormon farming community, almost forgotten, and steadily declining in population from the advertised two-hundred inhabitants. The weather-cracked sign at the south end of town will soon have to be changed. I took a walk there recently, traversing the town in less than fifteen minutes.

From the small family-inherited plots came the ruddy smile and friendly wave of men weathered to fit the feel of the land. The color of the setting sun seemed to linger longer on the red glow of their faces than on the dark, upturned soil, or the gray-barked willows along ditch banks, or the awkward timbers of the barns. The sun slipped beyond the Bear River and behind Sherman's Peak, then returned to glow from their faces. As I sat on a hillside watching, they finished the day's work in the field and one by one went home to anxious cows. Just before I turned to go, the familiar cry of a sandhill crane sealed the scene. The whole experience seemed near to my memory, but yet elusive, never completely comfortable.

On the south end of the village is the old Wright homestead. Amos Wright, pony express rider, Indian interpreter and missionary, and talker *extraordinaire*, had settled there in 1864, made friends with the Shoshone, and commenced to raise a family of twenty-four children (two wives). Years later in 1929, still in the haven of the family homestead, a grandson, David

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Illustration by David Wright's daughter, drawn from a photo in a family scrapbook. Comments by David Wright, also from the scrapbook.

Wright, was born. Of this Bennington native son A. R. Ammons, editor and poet (*Hudson Review, Poetry*), was later to say:

After several years of reading Wright's work, it is my feeling that certain of the pieces reflect indispensable knowledge, talent, and accomplishment. The work is in the mainstream of the American idiom and experience, suggesting, without imitating, that part of Mark Twain's work which is forthright, unguarded, innocent, yet subtle—to me, the best of Twain. While his experience derives from the Utah area, . . . there is no limiting regionalism in his work: it has national, and, possibly, international relevance . . . . I feel confident that his contribution to American letters can be lasting.

That was possibly why the Bennington scene had seemed so elusively familiar to me. David Wright, unlike me, not only felt the ambiguities of the setting but was able to express them. Wright's sensitivity enabled him to preserve a part of our past that is rapidly slipping from us as condominiums replace barns, and chicken coops succumb to asphalt.

Wright was more than a recorder of history, however. His stories strum the somewhat painful chords of fading memories, recasting our ruralness, our culture, and our values, and rendering, as in the story we print below, characters struggling to understand themselves and their faith.

The quiet village of Bennington was to become, in the words of Jane Esty, co-editor of *Mutiny* magazine, the setting for an important, original contribution to the cultural heritage of the American experience. Wright was growing and maturing. He was pitching hay, milking cows, fishing in the Bear River, hiking in the

mountains, and observing the Saints.

Wright's childhood was lively, strongly drenched in Mormon values and the vigor of the rural atmosphere. Of one early experience Dave wrote, "Like Grandpa, I was a strong-minded Mormon. Once I tried to walk on water, and another time I jumped out of the hayloft holding an umbrella. Faith alone kept me from getting killed."

After high school graduation, Dave left home for Utah State University where, along with his enthusiasm for sports—he attended on a track and football scholarship—he began to nurture his desire to write. A vision of his life's purpose as a writer and teacher began to solidify. Those who shared Dave's college years give accounts of life in small basement apartments and food money scraped into a communal pile in the middle of the kitchen table. Stories are told of Dave's enthusiasm for a life experienced to its fullest, a life which limited the responsibilities inimical to his writing career, but which sustained a relentless discipline for writing, his growing passion. Putting aside a fourth year of football, he justified, "I decided that I had to have more time to write poetry and to read."

Engrossed in the intellectual atmosphere of college life, Dave came to question his traditional value system, which he viewed as a product of his youth.

In 1950 Wright went to Rexburg as a high school English teacher. Though loved by his students, he found that his unorthodox methods didn't find sympathy in the system. Dave's strong will and fiery spirit are reflected in his comments on

this period in his life: "I taught very well, got fired, and married one of my students—in that order. That summer I worked for three weeks in a West Yellowstone grocery store. I was enraged when the owner told me I couldn't sell beer to Indians. I sold it to them anyhow, and got fired. (I notice that the law has been changed now, and the Indians don't raise any more whoopee than the whites. I told the owner it was a stupid law. But he wouldn't believe me.)"

Dave continued to gather material and write but recognition of his budding talent was slow in coming. He wrote, worked, rewrote, and reworked many of his pieces, sandwicheing in time after work, on weekends and holidays, and late into the night. After working and reworking one such piece, he commented that "It has been to 48 magazines and has been returned 48 times. It is a strange story. Nobody seems to like it much—not even my wife. But I do." His faith in himself (faltering at times), strong (if erratic) encouragement from friends, and a burning desire to create kept him alive and writing during this period.

Active duty in the Air Force in 1953 took Dave away from Idaho. It was while he was in the Air Force that he began to be recognized as a writer with the play *Still the Mountain Wind*, the result of opening his memory to an early death of a brother. Of this brother he later wrote, "One of my brothers was very kind, and athletic. I wanted to be like him. He died July 4, 1936. His death grabbed my insides like steel pincers and never really loosened up very much until I jarred the thing loose in 1955.

That year, after several previous years of trying, I found the right form and the words for Rich. *Still the Mountain Wind* was produced in 1956, and I saw the performances, and that brought a long era to a close. Two or three years later I rewrote the play into a story called "A Summer in the Country."

The financial responsibilities of a growing family led Wright to continue his career in the Air Force where he was fortunate enough to receive various assignments as a staff writer, teacher, and to finally have a "request granted" for a one-year master's program in creative writing at the University of Iowa. Here he continued to write, filling voluminous journals with stories, poems, plays, and novels, many of which focus on Bennington and its "River Saints" (title of a Wright poem).

Following an Air Force tour in Iceland—which produced an unpublished novel—and a tour in Saigon, Wright returned home to Montgomery, Alabama, excited about ideas for yet another novel on Vietnam. As Dave outlined and documented his findings and ideas for this book to a long-time friend and writer, the friend exclaimed,

"Dave, you're going to make *The Ugly American* look bland!" But Dave never finished the novel, dying of a heart attack a few months later at age thirty-eight. It's hard to resist wondering how high this light may have flamed, especially in view of reviews like the following:

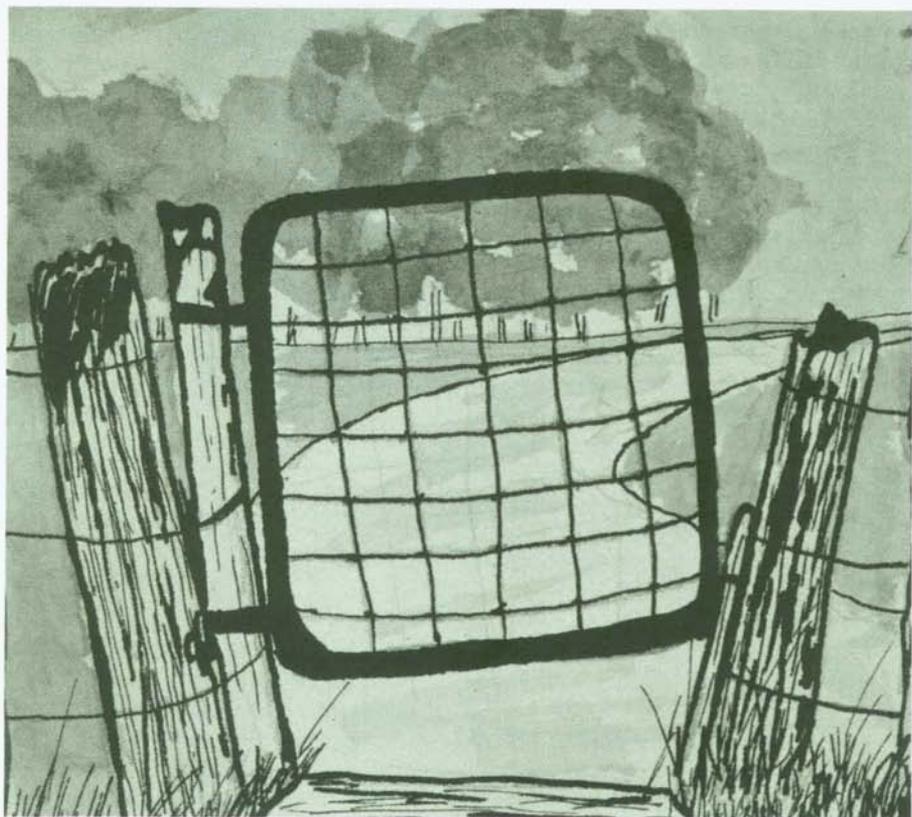
David Wright's genius may exist in the fact that he has found the means to present such complexities so sympathetically in the prose fiction form. Sensitivity in the simple and purity in the sensual, when people are involved, are difficult beyond measure to capture—and few in our time have done it: Salinger, Capote, McCullers, and now Wright.

Most of Wright's work now lies unpublished in the archives at Utah State University, awaiting an editor/organizer who will "rediscover" to publishers the culture and people that David Wright tried to preserve and understand.

Reprinted here, "A Summer in the Country" first appeared in *Mutiny* magazine in August 1960. It was widely accepted and applauded, reprinted in *Best Articles and Stories* magazine, and eventually recognized on the Roll of Honor of *Best American Short Stories of 1961*. Other Wright stories appeared in 1960 in *Arizona Quarterly*, *The Humanist*, and *Inland* magazine.

# A Summer in the Country

DAVID LANE WRIGHT



Gloria Glenn

I've heard them talking in the store I was funny minded. That's what everybody said . . . except Rich. Even when I was a little girl, he never did. Not ever. Not once. Not even this year when he quit sitting by me on the school bus. Well, but we started grade school together. I was his sweetheart girl . . . then.

LaMar

I'll never ride Daisy with him again. Not with Rich . . . ever! Sure you can ride, he said, then he leaned back, and he knew my stomach hurt and I couldn't jump down. But he just leaned back harder and laughed. Just wait, I'll be a big kid someday and he won't push me around like that! I'll bust his collar bone. I'll smash him like Mussolini or Max Baer. Maybe he *will* holler uncle, but I won't quit. Not ever! Yes sir—*smash!* Right'n his kisser!

But I shouldn't of said what I did, because I know God's watching me all night and day and puts a black mark in His book of sins. I called him a bad name. He made me cry, that's because why. Can't you even ride a cow? he said. Smart aleck!

Mrs. Laura Simmons

Out of the shadows now, Rich's singing, mellowing the sundown drift through the pastures and the trees. My weariness goes far away watching this evening journey saunter through the dusty haze of sunset gnats and noisy evening meadow frogs. Shadows spread far longer than the trees.

I cannot see him now . . . But there's LaMar running, fretting . . . now laughing. At least sometimes that boy laughs.

LaMar

We were home anyway when I pulled his hair and made him quit. He made me get back on, once, but this time I jumped off Daisy forever, and was going to tell Dad on him who's bigger than Rich even, who thinks he's so smart just because he's in high school; but when I started running for the house, he caught me tight fast and I kicked his legs and yelled, but he laughed and said that funny *Lord* song and squeezed my ribs and threw me in the air and made me laugh—then he said, If you won't tell Dad I'll let you watch me milk and I'll squirt milk in your mouth just like you want me to.

But I should of told.

Gloria Glenn

He wasn't never bad. Not to me. One day he crawled out of the church window before the teacher got there and I said, Rich, you shouldn't *do* that. And he grinned and said, It don't matter, Gloria, 'cause I aintta gonna 'gree my Lord no more. He always said that when he done something naughty.

*Mrs. Simmons*

I wish LaMar would sing too. But he goes in the kitchen alone and opens the Bible picture book and yells he's Saul killing Philistines, and runs through the swinging door, pale and excited, like ghosts are real. I wonder if they are real—not ghosts, but maybe spirits. I wish LaMar hadn't heard Aunt Cally tell about her being taken into the spirit world when she had gall stones, then returning. He gets so worked up about things like that. Too much imagination, Carl says, and I guess he's right, as usual. Even when I tell Bertha to put him to bed he kicks and fusses so, we don't really feel like singing much any more.

*LaMar*

Bertha said to fall asleep but I can't. I was in the kitchen fighting Philistines and I saw something run past the window. Maybe it was John the Baptist. Aunt Cally says he come down right out of Joe's Gap and visited her one day, but got mad and disappeared when she asked him if he wanted a glass of wine. It wasn't her fault; she thought he was the Raleigh Man.

I ran fast through the swinging door, and little men scraped their toenails down my back. Dad was throwing coal in the fire and everybody was in the big-room singing. Mama and Bertha and Rich, singing those sad songs, and Mama playing the guitar. She just starts a song and the others know it from her. She says, Rich, you take the tenor. That means his voice goes way up high. And she says, Bertha, you sing the alto. It makes me sleepy, the sounds are so slow and together because they were singing Sweet Char-i-ot when Bertha yanked me in my pajamas and pulled me in the bedroom and I said my prayers: God bless the leaders of the Church, Gran'pa Rich who is blind, and Grandma who takes him to the toilet, and Aunt Cally and all our other folks in Montana and other far away lands. And thanks, God, for us living in Thy mountains which is Thy earthly Kingdom of Zion where there isn't sinful people, hurricanes, or wars.

But I called Rich a bad name and Mama says God don't pay no mind to swearing folks. But if He can truly read your heart, like Daddy says, He knows I really do like Rich. Anyway, I *hope* He knows 'cause I sure don't want to be in the Book of Sins.

But how do they know all those songs? Mama got the guitar and Rich threw his head back, and his eyes shined in the light globe till they glowed soft and big, like he was loving Jean. His eyes made the little men run down my back; I wanted to change them so I swang the light globe cord and a shadow went over his face until just his teeth were white, and it got bigger and littler like if the shadow was a balloon and you could squeeze it big and little with your hand. The light swished back and forth and I couldn't see his teeth that same way anymore, shining alone in the shadow, but his voice kept coming out of the dark.

When I get big, I'll squirt milk in *his* eyes and see how *he* likes it!

But I shouldn't of called him a bad name and I'm sorry, God.

*Singers*

Coming for to carr-y me—home.

*Gloria*

When we was children he waited outside my gate and yelled every morning and carried my lunch sack. *Hey Gloria!* he yelled, and held my hand when the nasty boys teased me, and if they'd try to hurt me he'd put his arm around me and take me away from them. Come on, Gloria, he'd say. Let's go somewhere's else and play.

*Mrs. Simmons*

A man yet? Strong enough to stagger all day in the dust of a span of horses, then spend half the night milking Morden Wilson's cows! And all for a measly dollar a day! Oh yes, and a pony for his birthday! A muscular ape, is that all he's to become, I said, and Carl said, Take him off the nipple won't you; school can take care of his learning. School and more school until the whole world can't hold his brains, he said.

*Mr. Carl Simmons*

Sure I know he deserves better things and, by the Lord of Hosts, he'll get them! But now, working will build up his body, and maybe when the Fourth of July races come, he can beat Sakamoto. The Jap is the only one ever to outrun my boy. And it was only a yard. Seventy-five yards and Rich would have won. Not enough stamina for 100 yards. Why, I hired out full time at his age . . . pitched hay till I bawled.

*Jean Richards*

It wasn't long till I liked everything he likes, even farms, villages and animals. And his kind of people. First, he was afraid because Daddy is a banker, but Rich's world is my world now, more wonderful with him.

The Japanese lanterns, red and orange, shining over the Silver Pond. And the moon threading each ripple, right to the water's edge. Deep and clear, the Silver Pond, the moss buried, swaying underneath, like hair. We rowed away from the pier and drifted upon this water, heard together a thinning murmur from the dance-floor crowd, and hazy-lazy saxophones. South and West, the quaking aspen grove, deep and grey, leaning into the mountain's lap. Further on, the pines of Pine Canyon—like black whiskers in the night—on Red Devil Mountain's face. Below, the giant Baldy; north the valley, Whiskey Flat.

The ripples pant against the row boat's giving flank.

*Rich Simmons*

And every night after summer work, we'll go to the Silver Pond and row across where on the shore it's very dark. We'll have horses too, good ponies like Blackie, and a cattle dog like King.

But tonight again Jean will curve into the pull of my strong arms and laugh at the boozers, lost singing in the aspen grove, or wandering along the pier's moving narrowness, tugging at cigarettes. I remember all the other times—carlight beams in gravel dust and the spin of warming engines. It's big and warm in the heart having the girl you love in a car after a dance, and the red lantern glows getting small in her eyes and almost lost . . . then nothing important but perfume and rouge and all of that—your laughter in the dark car's body.

But there also comes from the mountain's mouth, streaming the noisy dance floor, a warm and sneaky wind in quietness and soft. And in the laughter and the shouts I hear voices from the trees, whispering: Still—so still, the mountain wind.

*LaMar*

He gives me a dime a week if I'll pull his boots off when he gets home from work. Some nights he goes to town to see Jean. Dad lets him drive the car alone. . . .

Twenty-five miles an hour!

*Mrs. Simmons*

Why wasn't he home earlier? Oh certainly—he can josh about the lipstick, smile away questions, and brush my cheek with goodnight kiss. But I know his father's blood.

*Jean*

The first Saturday he brought me to his home was April. Mother said it was very rude of him to honk the horn and whistle. But I ran out to him anyway, and the next time he came in, and Mother likes him now.

We took the road away to Maple Field, picnicked in a maple clearing among leaves, just coloring, and a small-stream waterfall. And laughed, lapping the water, spitting who the farthest, between our teeth. Then we nosed the horses across foothills to Pine Canyon and skimmed the lap of Baldy Mountain to the Silver Pond. The daylight water lay quiet in the wind, the dancehall stood lonely in the aspen clearing, and I closed my eyes to the sun's red-orange and dreamed music of water ripple and shuffle dancing, Saturday nights. Then Rich carved the aspen with our names, and I opened my eyes on the pier and seemed to move with clouds into its dreamy sweep.

Grasshoppers humbranged and magpies cawed and stirred my numbness awake.

Let's go rowing on the pond, Rich, I said. But the sun skidded behind a cloud and it was later than I dreamed. We were dropped in a sudden shadow and the small wind from the mountains turned cool. Don't you hear voices in that wind? he said, but I only laughed. Then he tried to kiss me as the horses jogged, rubbing bellies.

*LaMar*

Daddy lets Rich do anything he wants—drive the car, take Jean to dances, hire out, spend his own money, and stay out late most every night. I don't see why he don't have to go to bed too. One night he put on his new grey pants, put one leg in them and started to fall, then he lifted me 'way up high and plopped me on the bed and laughed and I wanted him to do that again, but he wouldn't. He went out to the living-room where Jean and Mama was.

*Mrs. Simmons*

This is my new girl, Mom, he said, putting his arm around her thin waist. Her young hair shone so silky brown. 'Course I still love my old one too, he said, kissing me. I told her she was very welcome in our house.

*LaMar*

I walked out to the gate with him and Jean and Mama, thinking I could sit between them and maybe see a picture show 'cause they were going to Rockland. And I could watch for Daddy so Rich wouldn't drive faster than 25 miles an hour, and I could teli Jean about the awful war between the Ethiopians and Italians and then she'd know how smart I really am.

Someday I'll steal her away from Rich and we'll run away and live in a cabin on Cemetery Rock. So I crawled in the front seat and Rich said, Out you go Mr. Nuisance, and tried to lift me, but I wiggled away. No you don't, I said, like Max Baer. Jean looked at me and smiled, so I wasn't going to move—now or ever! Rich was getting mad but he didn't want to look mad in front of Jean. Mama looked at him and her face said: *You get him out.* Look, he said, here's a brand new nickel. But I grabbed the seat and smiled at Jean. A dime? he said. Hogwash, I said, That's only a week's wages. Jean laughed and cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die, I fell in love with her. Rich almost swore. He's cute, Jean laughed. She loves me all right, and maybe she really would run away with me. Then Mama grabbed me, so I thought maybe it would be all right to let Jean go with him—just this one more time.

*Gloria*

I keep them in a big old Prince Albert can and I go out behind the barn and dig them up and read them. Every single one.

He asked me and I said, Rich, *sure* I will. I'll be your sweetheart girl. Forever I will.

*Mr. Simmons*

A stiff wind breezed down from the mountains and I was sitting on the top rail of the corral fence watching the sun go down, after chores. Thin dark clouds cast shadows over the barn, making the bedding grounds dark and fertile looking, like new-ploughed ground.

He went down on his knees and the milk splashed dark over his pants-leg. I started to go help, but looked away. When I looked back, he was still on his knees, vomiting. I hustled right over. He looked up, very pale, and a pleading, whipped-dog expression grew over his face. He tried to get up but had to grab his belly and let go again. He tried to smile . . . said he was sorry he hadn't worked so good all day.

*LaMar*

Daddy marched in the house in a big hurry and I asked him if he'd box with me. I'd be Max Baer and he could be Primo Carnera, but he said, Not now, and marched quick in the bedroom where Rich is sick with a stomach ache so I went in the North Room and punched the bag and knocked Carnera out in the 11th round. But it wasn't no fun without Daddy. I ought to tell him Rich ate some green apples last Sunday. 'Cept God raises hell with fibbers too.

*Rich*

Time gets slower in sickness because everything bunches up into thinking. And lying in bed makes a person feel lonesome, like he's lost in the mountains and nobody to tell him how to get home. That's why I wanted to tell him about Jean. But his eyes told me he thinks sixteen years old isn't old enough to be in love. Who made that rule anyhow? How does Dad or anybody know? When I'm a man will I think so too? No, I won't—because I'll remember now and Jean. But why can't I explain it to him? I'm not fibbing—I *do* love her. What else can this fire hurting in my chest mean? There must be something wrong about it. But what? I guess I know when my heart doesn't know any word but Jean, Jean, Jean.

But sick-time is lonesome time. I shouldn't talk so much, not even to myself.

*Gloria*

I told him I would, *truly* I would. Cross my heart and hope to die. And he promised he'd never forget. Even when he grew up. Never, never.

*Mr. Simmons*

Could I tell him, Yes, don't think about finishing high school or going to college or getting away from this valley? Just keep on with this girl until the same old compromise of marriage and milking cows and settling down like the rest of us slaves who can't get away because when we were young we couldn't look beyond the promise of a thigh. It's your pain, my son, I can feel for you all that old aching crave, but I know what you can't know: the consequences of follow-the-heart. Because the turn of what one feels to do against what one can do—ah, that's all mixed up, and the quick unthinking steps of passion curse the man, all his life. Emotions get strong too soon and yours, at least, must wait, for you can have a life (I will *give* it to you) beyond the dirt of farm, my life, cobweb mind, and wearied might-have-beens.

*LaMar*

I'll grab Jean right out of his arms and she'll fall on me like a cozy cat and say, I'm very sorry, Rich, but I'm in love with LaMar, and he'll protect me forever and ever. That's just what she'll say. Oh, Rich'll kick up a fuss and sneak in the front seat and won't move, just to be ornery—right when me and Jean want to be alone and go to the dance at the Silver Pond. I'll say, What's your price? He'll whine around and finally say, A quarter, if you please sir. So I'll flip the damn nuisance a dollar, and take the corner on two wheels and drive 40 miles an hour—all the way to the Silver Pond. She'll lean her head on my shoulder and sigh and tell me I am the very handsomest lover in the whole wide world, and purr like a cozy cat against my face.

*Gloria*

We was both in the sixth grade when he promised. Then he kissed me, out behind the barn. Gloria, he said, I wish you'd marry me when we grow up. *Sure* I will, Rich, I said, *truly* I will.

*Mrs. Simmons*

His voice slid like vapor through the doorway: Mother . . . Moth-er.

It seemed it had all happened before—Carl's leap from bed, the light snapping on, the blurred gray figure of my son, doubled, his face pinched in pain, white as milk. His sobbing cracked like a whip, and down he crumpled. In a jiffy, Carl had him on the bed; his face dropped loosely—oh so loosely—into the pillow, while the shadow of the covers' edges fell black across his cheek. We placed a blanket over him, and Carl carried him to the car. There was not very much left for me to do.

*Rich*

I can walk. No, I'm sick. My side. The swinging door thumping open . . . now shut. *Whim-wham*, like when LaMar scampers through it. Philistines after him he says. I wonder what he'll be when he grows up?

Warm night. Warm mountain wind, stronger . . . June . . . almost July. Want to beat Sakamoto on the Fourth. Moonlight bright on the barn and bedding grounds. The cows slumped like foothills, past the Pescadero road. Night is so broad, and no sound but ditch water breathing through the culvert. . . . I need a drink of that water . . . it would be so cool. The sky clear . . . so many stars . . . Beautiful. I've known the sky was beautiful, like all people say, but I never knew the sky was *really* beautiful. . . . Why? And look—a perfect Milky Way . . . all misty and smooth. Peaceful . . . but not till now. Why?

Dad's eyes, darker even than night. A handsome man. I never knew before. His arms so strong, he carries me like I was ten pounds. His arms can fight anything, even pain . . . because he's strong and good and knows everything.

The row of poplars, their shadows so . . . deep. I've seen their limbs sway heavy like now a million times, awful and thick in the light of

other moons. But I see them now like I had new eyes. And there's old King stirring from sleep on the walkover, like a dark ball, come alive. I never knew before he was my friend, and why I liked to tell him my thousand secrets.

And look at those million, million stars! I wonder why?

I want to tell King something now . . . something important. Tomorrow is a word nobody knows because it always comes like the next breath, and I can't think of losing yesterdays or the sun of today or the moon of tonight, or that breath, or all the things tomorrow will have. Yet, old King, I know now there's been people just like me a long time ago who breathed and waited for tomorrow, and it got there same as always. Then . . . one day it didn't come. Suddenly, like that . . . it happened . . . Maybe before they had time to think. And tomorrow—erased like a sun takes away shadow. Why?

Like the front room tonight, Old King—the baked new bread smell in the kitchen, different now and suddenly alive and important. I wanted to touch, really touch, and really explain why the bread smell *was* important. Is thinking like this the difference between being a boy and a man? Or would everybody laugh if they knew my thoughts? Except you, King.

Lonesome. The Silver Pond and Jean. Why didn't Daddy say something?

Time is all boxed up.

This little town, my town, asleep like a big bear carpet. Like it would never wake up. All my people and all my animals, asleep. When I was little, Pearl bucked me off and Dad carried me to the house, just like now. That seems like only an hour ago.

Time is in a box. . . . I can't untie the ribbons.

Please, Daddy, don't put me in the car. Not yet. I want to hear the culvert water trickle . . . I want to see moonlight on our house again—*my* house; No Daddy!—and you King, and the wire-gate shadows on the gravel. Let me see the green hay sticking out of hay loft. . . . I want a handful of alfalfa . . . I wantta smell it. I wantta hear Daisy shifting and moaning in the dark manger, and the warm, warm milk in my mouth. I wantta understand everything in the world . . . hold everything in my arms . . . and explain . . . hear trees rustling again and watch the leaf shadows move big again in the mountain wind. I wantta hold every rock in my valley, know all my people, and all my animals . . . and if you let go of me, Daddy, I'll lose them . . . I'll fall. *Please*, I wantta stay home. Lemme. . . .

*Mr. Simmons*

Like sledgehammers on my heart, his mumbled groans.

*Mrs. Simmons*

Must not . . . must not . . .

*Rich*

Mother . . . *Moth-er!*

*Mrs. Simmons*

Calm now. . . . Don't worry, son. (My son.)

*Rich*

Jean. . . . Tell her. . . .

*Mrs. Simmons*

Yes—Jean. Now don't talk. Dr. Moore will make you well again.

*Mr. Simmons*

You'll beat Sakamoto this year.

*Rich*

Understand. . . . Listen. . . .

*Mrs. Simmons*

(Slow, slow, the car—so mocking slow!)

*Rich*

(No one to talk to. . . . No one understands.)

*Gloria*

I saw his Daddy carry him. But *I* want to carry him. I want to take him with me . . . everywhere I go.

*LaMar*

I sat down on Bunker Hill and decided I wouldn't like the Italians anymore because they're evil men and not on God's side, Daddy said. And I said, But the Ethiopians are black and Negroes can't hold the Priesthood in the Church. But Dad said God was using them on His side this time, even if the Italians are white.

Mussolini's jaw and eyes look so strong in the picture book. And besides Italy is going to win. I heard the radio say so. And Daddy says so too. But? . . . Well, Daddy says God's side always wins if they don't sin. Maybe the Ethiopians has sinned . . . maybe they won't accept the Everlasting Gospel without they get the Priesthood too. I'll help them and maybe God'll cook up a miracle.

I'll fix them Italians this time. I'll send out some men to trick them into coming down past Cemetery Rock where they won't be able to use their tanks and awful many guns 'cause the Ethiopians don't have many guns, the radio said so, and then we'll roll rocks down on their heads, then we'll leap from the cliffs and slit their throats. Old Mussolini will

throw a fit when he wakes up and sees his greatest General has gone over to the Ethiopians. But it serves him right because Daddy says he doublecrossed God.

After we'd killed all of them and strung up Mussolini and fed him to cannibals, the Ethiopians gave a big war dance in my honor because they couldn't have won without me. But I got tired of that after a while, and Billy came over and, Look here Mr. Britches, he said, I got high-tops, and they're better'n yours. These ones is shiny and real leather laces too.

Ain't either, I said, Look, looky here at mine. Yours is only new but mine's got a place for a pocketknife on the side. But Billy kept saying his was the best and thugged me in the nose and we rolled on the ground together, thuggin' and cussin'. Then we quit and he said, I don't care. . . . Why don't you come over to my Dad's barn and we can see over all the whole town. Come on, why don't you? he said.

I beat! I said, and rolled under the fence, but he raced faster and fell down in front of me on purpose and I fell over the top of him. I tried to thug him but he got up and ran again, so I was the nigger baby . . . but Billy's older'n me.

That little place above Billy's hayloft high on top of his barn is like an airplane cockpit, and we saw the whole town from there, so up high. It was hot and the hay smelled like new and green. We saw the river and the railroad tracks, far away below the meadows, and horses pulling a mowing machine—clraactack, clraac-tack—and Olly Christopher-son smoking on the seat touching them up with a wire whip. And two other hired hands, Forey Buhler and Leo Hunter, holding big umbrellas of hay above their heads, laying it soft on the high wagon. Across the road Mrs. Bunn fed her chickens then walked like a goose to our house and opened the door without knocking. That makes Mother so mad she could chew nails. But Mrs. Bunn accepted the Everlasting Gospel in England, and she always says, Thank you *hofer-so-much*, just like she's going to sneeze. Then we watched Eddie Bunn chasing a mean lamb and when it turned on him he grabbed its horns. It butted him down and be bawlbabied on home, but I'll be damned if I care.

Daddy says the sun don't really go behind the hills, but I bet if I climbed Baldy Mountain I could almost touch it. But I went home before dark because Bertha said so, because Daddy and Mama's going to town to see Rich in the hospital. Bertha says he's got an awful bad stomach ache.

### *LaMar*

Listen . . . listen to that . . . all that music-singing floating over the trees, right here in my bedroom, just like a ghost army of tunes marching, and drawing my brain down in sleep then out of sleep, and the big girls singing that Lord song, rolling it in their throat.

Bertha told me, Go right to sleep! but she's out there and won't know if I watch out the window. I can't even see them big boys running out

of the dark till they get close to the bonfire, then they shout like mad devils and make the girls scream and laugh. I'd like to be out there when I get big, close to the ghost army music, and drop my jaws like that and music come rolling out of my mouth. Even old Gloria Glenn can sing. . . . But I can't.

*Gloria*

If fyew go to Hev'n bufore ah do,  
 Jus' bore a hole and pull me through—  
 Oh—ya can't go ta Hevin on Roller Skates,  
 You'll roll right by them Pearly Gates—  
 Oh—ah aintta gonna 'gree mah  
 Lord no more.

*LaMar*

Don't they know nothing but that old Lord song! Over and over again, like there wasn't no other song in the world. How can I sleep anyhow?

*Gloria*

Aintta gonna gree-ve  
 Mah Lord . . .  
 No more.

*LaMar*

When I went out there Bertha shook me till my arm hurt and said, Why do you have to come traipsing out here and trying to sing? You can't sing, you sound like a sick calf. But then she kissed me on my eyes.

I like bonfires, they're so warm on my face. But nobody pays me no mind . . . except Gloria. And who wants to fall in love with *her*?

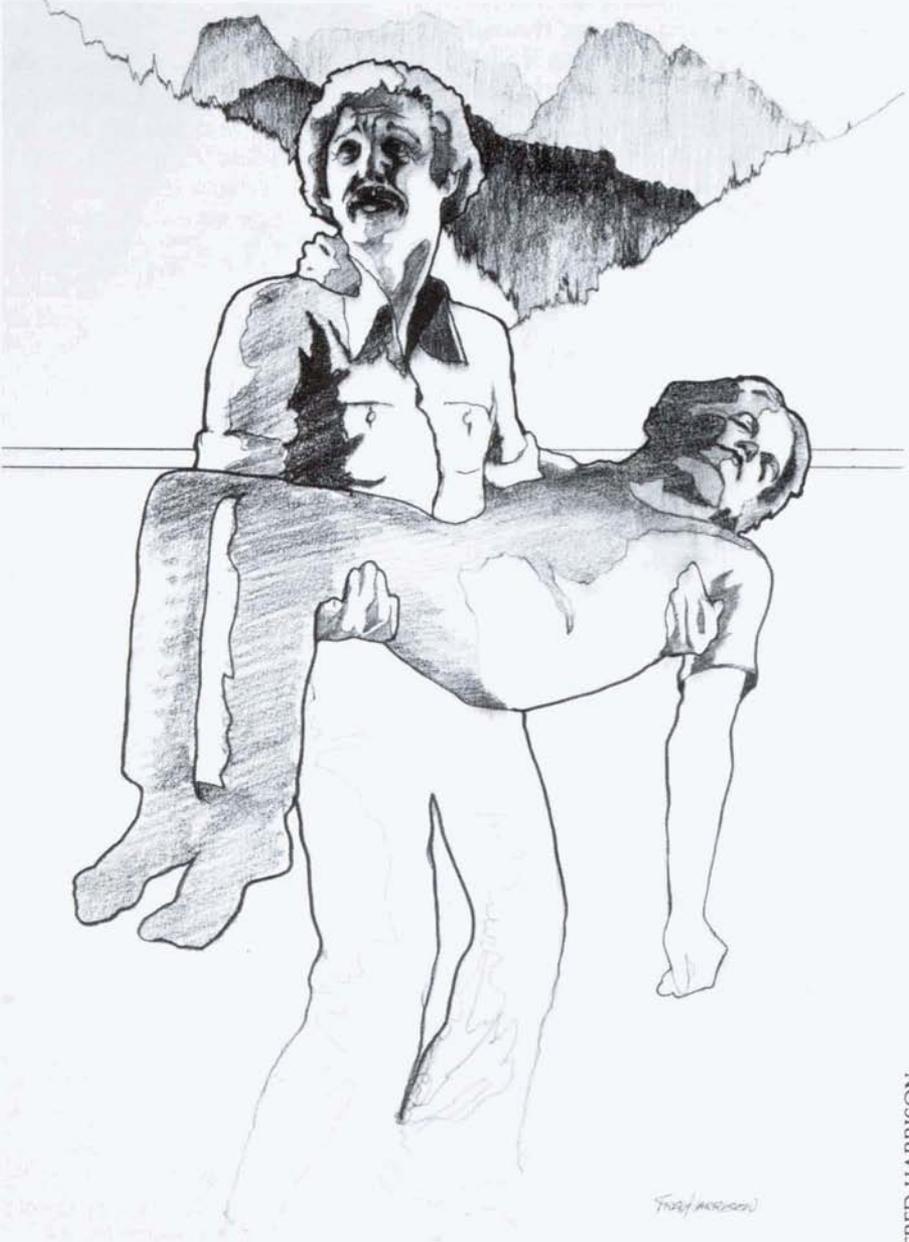
*Gloria*

Can't go to Hev'n in Ford V-8 car,  
 Cuz durned ole thing won't a-go that far—  
 Ohhh. . . . Aintta gonna 'gree. . . .

*LaMar*

Where does sound go? It *must* be something, else you couldn't hear it. I wonder if you can gather up sound and put it in a woodbox? Chu-bug, chu-bug, goes the train in a fast hurry down by the river. And wha-hoo, wha-hoo, goes the black train smoke puffing, then smoking thinner against the mountains till it's gone. I wonder where smoke goes? Does it go the same place sound goes?

That stupid Gloria grabbed a stick out of the bonfire and screamed and slung it in the air at the other girls to make them swear. She likes to hear them cuss her. It went *whush, whush*, and I held my breath, and watched it sail high then down and hit the ground before you thought



FRED HARRISON

it would, because it was so dark you couldn't see the ground, and the sparks scattered out like needle heads.

Gloria asked Bertha how was Rich today and Bertha said, He's lots better, if it's any of *your* business.

I sure hope so.

I'm sleepy. . . . I sure do hope so.

*Gloria*

Mah Lord no—  
More.

*LaMar*

But Bertha, that's what you said last night, I told her. Can't you say *exactly* how many more days longer?

Oh, just a few days, LaMar, she said.

But how many is a few?

Oh, I don't know exactly. Heavens, how can I know for sure? Now you just go to sleep Mister Nosey and don't you worry. Rich'll be home before you can say no-bears-out-tonight.

Can I go riding on Daisy with him? I said.

Sure you can, if he'll let you.

He will, Bertha, he'll let me.

Why'nt you just go to sleep and quit fussing about it?

Where're you going, Bertha?

No place. I'll be right in the living room.

So I laid awake and listened to the swush swush trees and the drip drip water.

Rich can jump the fence with two milk buckets in his hands.

Bertha snuck outside. I heard her close the door. She thinks I'm asleep. But I heard her whispering to Whitey Glenn on the porch.

I'm scared. Why doesn't Daddy and Mama come home? And bring Rich.

*Gloria*

It was the third grade and Mrs. Bunderson made a winter scene in the sandtable and we—just only me and Rich—stood on a stool and ran our hands in the cotton snow. We put pine trees near Santa's house, and whittled a pair of tiny skis and fastened them on Santa's feet with paper clips. Then we led Santa through the snow, over a ridge, to the houses of orphan children and left toys for them while they was asleeping. And Rich said—I remember he said—You take the toys to the children, Gloria, because I got to feed the reindeer. Then we tore

up paper into tiny pieces and scattered them over the Winter Scene and said: Wheee . . . look! It's snowing on the North Pole.

*LaMar*

A white dressed lady smiled and cranked a neat squeaky handle at the foot of the bed and the face looked at me and the face was Rich. But the hair wasn't combed and too long and too dark. But maybe it was just the dim grey room because there wasn't much sunshine in there. But the guy in the bed didn't look like Rich. The eyes—they looked like his, except so dark, like chunks of coal, and the face—*his* face wasn't ever white like that. The white lips worked over the teeth quick and nervous and the tongue flicked out over the lips like it needed water. I didn't know what to do because they told me I was coming to see Rich.

I wanted to get out of this funny smelling room, but Daddy pulled me to the bed and said, This is Rich and he won't hurt you. Then I looked hard and the guy there really did seem like Rich. He put his arm out to me and it had freckles on it so it must of been Rich, and he smiled at me and I kissed his arm, but then a sick feeling swelled up in my stomach and came up to my throat and I cried. Because I was scared of something and I wanted to tell him to get out of that bed and come home and really be Rich. Then I looked right up to his face and it was so close and a smile fixed on it and he didn't say anything but just stroked my hair like he was trying to talk through his fingers. Then the dry lips moved and he said, so I could just barely hear him, You taking good care of old King for me, LaMar? Then his hand slid off my shoulder and Daddy came over and whispered, He's tired now LaMar so you go out to the car, me and Mama will be there in a minute.

*Gloria*

In the store everybody said he was sicker in the hospital. I told them if I went there he'd soon get all better because I'd give him a drink of water and stay up all night long with him. But nobody said a word . . . or even looked at me.

*Mr. Simmons*

I knew what was coming . . . what all of us had to face. I knew it the instant that hawk flapped down and smashed against the windshield. Then I woke up from hope, and sickness smothered me like a wave chokes a swimmer. It was bad the first cold moment, but then I came up and breathed again.

I stopped the car and the hawk was not so horrible, even dead beside the road, because I prayed and the strength of the Lord was in me.

*LaMar*

Seems like every woman in the Relief Society was in our house, Aunt Venice scrubbing the floor and crying, and Aunt Cally jabbering away about the Kingdom of Heaven and how it is not for we mortals to judge

the ways of the Lord. Old Mrs. Crabapple Tibbitts kept saying, Now you must be a big boy, a big brave boy and be awful nice to your parents. But she didn't fool me none, not even when she kissed me.

*Mr. Simmons*

It was graceful, this slipping away. The gesture of God's hand. The tension of his courage held firm until the final peaceful moments of unconsciousness. My own strength almost left, until the pattern of mercy became clear and God led me to someone else whose anguish needed my late comfort: Laura. I knew the measure of her frenzy. It took all my muscle and all my soul to keep her passion away from him. The best I could do was tell Doc Moore to give her something. Bertha knew and hugged the bed. And LaMar, when he heard his Mother scream and saw her hands digging my face, his lips twisted up like I'll never forget and he ran into the hallway, crying like he'd lost his soul forever.

*Gloria*

He said—I remember he said—I'll love you till I die.

*Mr. Simmons*

When I heard the floorboards snap I got out of bed and walked to the doorway. There stood LaMar in his pajamas before the coffin, his lips moving, staring into the face of my older son. This was the moment hardest of all: the living wonder in LaMar's eyes, and talking . . . Lord knows what . . . into the faith that Rich was still alive. For a moment the one talking seemed like the one sleeping, and my memory reached back into all the crying, pulling moments of Rich's boyhood.

Then he placed his forefinger on the veil and seemed to trace over the eyes and lips, still whispering to himself. For the first time, God left me . . . and I wept.

*LaMar*

Talk to me, chalk doll. . . . I'm Kenneth LaMar. . . .

It's not hard—just to talk. . . .

We've had secrets before, Rich. . . .

Why can't you get up?

Daddy says you went to Heaven—but . . . you're right here . . .

I can see you. . . .

Come on now, you get up from all that silk stuff. . . .

Sleep in your own bed.

Get up . . . please, *why* won't you get up?

You can tell me. . . .

Well . . . can't you even smile then?

## FICTION

I can keep a secret. You know I can. . . .  
King wants you to pet him. . . .  
Why do you want to make Mama cry all the time?  
Don't you know she loves you?  
You can sing tenor and make me sleepy . . .  
And I'll go straight to bed, if you want me to.  
I'll let you toss me in the air,  
And I won't care if you squirt milk in my eyes. . . .  
Talk to me, chalk doll.  
Jump the fence again, Rich. . . .  
There's no fun just sleeping *all* the time.  
I'll give her back to you. You can take her to the Silver Pond . . .  
And dance with her all you want . . .  
Aren't you even going to try? Because . . .  
Daddy said Sakamoto would win this year.  
I'll promise anything . . . if you'll just wake up . . . Chalk doll.  
I'll even pull your boots off . . . For free.

### *Gloria*

Even when it gets dark I'll just keep right on walking. Like John the Baptist, clear over the mountains. And I won't ever stop, not once, 'cause

I aintta gonna 'gree My Lord . . .  
No more.

# Rescuers

LINDA SILLITOE

His last footprints found toes imprinted deeper than heels  
for his weight shifted forward as he dived. Had he jumped  
from level footprints a sprained ankle would be forgotten  
thrashing through May shallows of Hobble Creek. As it was  
the frantic sitter located her child down the street  
wet jeans grabbing her shaking legs as she stumbled  
and they dragged his body out.

A freak snow the day before left the waters low and chill  
rioting over him while his held breath thumped  
in his throat. Waters leaped, raced, danced, flung begotten  
spraylets into spring air, flaunting contraband motions.  
Supporting his head, his mother watched him sag in fleet  
thieving waters until the ambulance howled, hands fumbled.  
For her summer was hot

commuting to the hospital of final edicts. In late fall  
he came home to wheelchair, college books, hand braces, ramp,  
determined to walk from his cocoon of spine-numbing cotton.  
His voice is deeper today though someone angles the phone as  
did someone ten years back. Strangers now, we repeat  
our greetings, remembering those things the water tumbled  
downstream, those it could not.

# Family Planning Attitudes and Practices in a Mormon Community

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## Introduction

A large body of literature reflects the growing effort to understand those factors which influence a couple's likelihood to have children. Studies on both national and local levels suggest a trend toward fewer children. This tendency toward fewer children seems to be increasing, regardless of social class and rural-urban backgrounds. The influence of religion on size of family, however, is not clear.

Most studies of knowledge, attitudes, and practice (KAP) in relationship to family planning have tended to focus on the major religious groups. These would suggest that fertility tends to decrease with increasing socioeconomic status among Protestants, with

Catholics having more children as their economic status rises. Jewish couples consistently have fewer children than those of other faiths at comparable socioeconomic levels.<sup>1-6</sup>

Studying the effects of religion and education on attitudes toward U.S. population growth, Barnett<sup>7</sup> found a correlation between educational level and concern with further population growth. This correlation was stronger among Protestants than Catholics; Mormon attitudes were intermediate between those of Protestants and Catholics. If DeJong<sup>8</sup> is correct in his conclusion that a fundamentalist religious orientation is associated with attitudes which support high fertility, a study of

a Mormon population should shed additional insights on the relationship between family planning attitudes and practice and religion.

Hastings, Reynolds, and Canning<sup>9</sup> have suggested that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints may well exert an influence on its members similar to that attributed to the Catholic hierarchy. In some ways this influence may be even greater. O'Dea<sup>10</sup> suggests that Mormonism is a way of life as well as a religion. At the same time, secular pressures such as education exert other forces toward the American norm.

The Church has made its position on family planning known:

We seriously regret that there should exist a sentiment or feeling among any members of the Church to curtail the birth of their children. We have been commanded to multiply and replenish the earth that we may have joy and rejoicing in our posterity.

Where husband and wife enjoy health and vigor and are free from impurities that would be entailed upon their posterity, it is contrary to the teachings of the Church artificially to curtail or prevent the birth of children. We believe that those who practice birth control will reap disappointment by and by.<sup>11</sup>

In view of this strong position, we became interested in a study of a population which would be powerfully influenced by the official Church position. Such a community was therefore selected and surveyed.

#### Methods

The community chosen for the survey is an autonomous suburb of Salt Lake City, Utah. It is relatively affluent and considered to be approximately 85% LDS. From the metropolitan household directory, a random sample of

201 households were identified and contacted to determine their willingness to participate in the study.

In the spring of 1972, trained women interviewed the female head of each household, or another adult female where the former was unavailable, using a pretested questionnaire. The survey collected demographic information, answers to questions from the 1967 Gallup Poll on birth control, responses to the Thurstone attitudinal scale on family planning (Form A),<sup>12</sup> and other material designed to measure the households' feelings about and use of family planning. In all cases not otherwise indicated, tests of statistical significance utilized the Mantel-Hanzel chi-square at the .05 level.

#### Results

Of the 197 occupied dwellings located, responses were successfully completed in 158 cases (response rate, 80.2%). The findings of the study can be summarized as follows:

1. In comparison with the 1967 Gallup Poll, our respondents favored the dissemination of birth control information more than had the national sample five years earlier. However, fewer than half of the respondents considered population growth, either of the world or the United States, as a major problem (see Table 1).

2. Of the 129 respondents who reported practicing birth control,\* 30% were in the upper third of the Thurstone attitude scores. In contrast, only 18% of the nonusers were among those with the most positive attitudes (Table 2).

\* For those beyond the reproductive years, former use of birth control was utilized.

3. The level of education of both the husband and the wife apparently had no effect on the attitude sum expressed by the wife toward birth control. In addition, the educational level of the husband had no effect on whether the couple practiced birth control. Nevertheless, the educational level of the wife had a definite effect on the practice of birth control. A full 55% of the users were women with 13 or more years of formal education, whereas only 25% of the nonusers had that many years of schooling.

4. There was no significant relationship between income and birth control practices; however, 30% of those with low attitude scores had incomes over \$12,000, as compared with 50% of the medium and 47% of the high attitude scores. The percentage of users and nonusers falling into each income category was roughly equal. Neither the attitudes toward nor the use of birth control was related to the husband's occupation. The percentage of users in each occupational category was fairly constant where sample sizes were adequate.

5. The age of the respondent did not affect the birth control attitude score. The age groups were uniformly distributed in the high, medium, and low attitude groups. The age of the respondent did, however, have a significant effect on the practice of birth control. Those who reported practicing birth control were uniformly distributed between 20 and 50 years of age, but the nonusers (including those who never practiced birth control in the past) were predominantly those over 50 years of age.

6. There was no significant

relationship between the number of years the respondent had lived in Utah or in the surveyed community and either the attitude sum or the use of birth control.

7. A factor which might be thought to influence the practice of birth control is the amount of time spent away from the home. Women who actively engage in either work or volunteer activities might be expected to favor limiting the size of their families. Even so, data from this study could not show any statistically significant differences in the activity patterns of users and nonusers, although three times as many users as nonusers spent 30 hours or more per week outside their homes.

8. Of the 158 respondents, 132 (84%) were members of the LDS Church. Table 3 compares the frequency of church attendance as an indication of strength of faith to the attitudes of the respondents. Among the LDS segment those who attended church most regularly had significantly more negative attitudes toward birth control. This was not true for the non-LDS who attended services regularly, although the small size of that group makes statistical statements tenuous. Comparing LDS and non-LDS respondents, the former tended to have significantly more negative attitudes.

9. Table 4 compares these subgroups in terms of their reported use of birth control, either currently or in the past. No significant differences were found to link either frequency of attendance or religious preference with the practice of birth control. There was a slight tendency for the more frequent attenders to utilize birth control

less often than the less devout. There would thus appear to be a discrepancy between the attitudes and behavior of the LDS subsample. Although 40% belonged to the lower third of attitudes toward birth control, only 17% reported themselves as nonusers, whereas the non-LDS respondents were more consistent in attitudes and use.

10. LDS respondents tended to hold the traditional view that unrestricted availability of birth control leads to a breakdown of morals, and that parents, friends, and religious leaders have a great influence on the formation of their opinions about birth control.

11. The LDS respondents had more negative attitudes toward birth control and expected to have more children than the non-LDS women interviewed.

#### Discussion

The study findings suggest a paradoxical relationship between attitudes and practices of birth control among LDS respondents. Although the latter were more negative in their attitudes than non-LDS respondents, there was no difference in the rate of use of birth control in the two groups. In fact, the LDS group tended to be slightly more likely to use birth control.

This apparent contradiction in attitudes and behavior among the LDS sample is mirrored in the attitudes expressed toward population growth as a personal opposed to a national or world problem. More of the respondents in this LDS-dominated study approved of the dissemination of birth control information to both married and single adults than did respondents to a national Gallup poll five years

earlier, but fewer of the present respondents saw population growth as a national or world problem. While the indifference to problems of population growth may be related to the relatively low population density of Utah, when taken in conjunction with the attitude-practice discrepancy found in this study, it suggests a tendency to express opinions condoned by the LDS Church but a reluctance to adhere to its prescriptions in actual practice.

Comparing the current attitudes of the study population to a sampling of national opinion taken five years earlier should, if anything, act to minimize the lag between the sample and the rest of the country. Spicer and Gustavus<sup>13</sup> have suggested that Mormons respond to the general American fertility patterns, but generally at a higher overall rate. It may be that this lag phase is applicable to attitudes as well. Certainly there has been a very strong trend toward more positive attitudes about the need for birth control in the nation as a whole over the past ten years.

The discrepancy between expressed attitudes and reported practices with regard to birth control may represent a general reluctance to express attitudes about how others should behave. This feeling of "I don't intend to tell others what they should do and I don't expect others to tell me what to do" was repeatedly expressed by respondents to our survey.

Finally, it must be recognized that Mormons' attitudes toward birth control are changing. Hastings *et al.*<sup>9</sup> suggest that there is a growing acceptance of planned parenthood among Mormons. Under secular pressures of changing life-

styles, members may be shifting their behavior and, to a lesser degree, their expressed attitudes

more rapidly than is the official position of the Church.

TABLE 1  
Attitudes of Sample as Compared to 1967 National Survey

Item	YES		NO		DON'T KNOW	
	Gallup Poll 1967	Mormon Community Survey*	Gallup Poll 1967	Mormon Community Survey	Gallup Poll 1967	Mormon Community Survey
Do you support dissemination of birth control information to married persons?	86%	98%	9%	1%	5%	1%
Do you support dissemination of birth control information to single adult persons?	51%	71%	43%	25%	6%	4%
Do you consider the rate of growth of world population as a serious problem or not?	69%	47%	22%	43%	9%	9%
What about the rate at which the U.S. population is growing? Do you feel this is a serious problem or not?	54%	34%	40%	58%	6%	8%

\*N=158

TABLE 2  
Attitudes Versus Practice of Birth Control

Attitude Score	Birth Control Practice	
	Users (N=129)	Nonusers (N=28)
Upper third (most positive)	30%	18%
Middle third	42%	21%
Lower third (least positive)	28%	61%

$\chi^2=6.88$ ,  $p < .01$

TABLE 3  
Church Affiliation and Attitudes Toward Birth Control

Attitude Sum	LDS			Non-LDS		
	Weekly or more (N=102)	Monthly or less (N=31)	Total LDS (N=133)	Weekly or more (N=8)	Monthly or less (N=17)	Total Non-LDS (N=25)
Upper third	14%	48%	22%	50%	65%	60%
Middle third	37%	42%	38%	50%	29%	36%
Lower third	49%	10%	40%	-	6%	4%

LDS weekly vs. monthly  
 $\chi^2=20.88$   
 $p < .005$

LDS total vs. non-LDS total  
 $\chi^2=19.50$   
 $p < .005$

Non-LDS weekly vs. monthly  
 $\chi^2=.12$   
 $p > .5$

TABLE 4  
Church Affiliation and Use of Birth Control

	LDS			Non-LDS		
	Weekly or more (N=101)	Monthly or less (N=31)	Total LDS (N=132)	Weekly or more (N=8)	Monthly or less (N=17)	Total Non-LDS (N=25)
Users	81%	87%	83%	75%	82%	80%
Non-users	19%	13%	17%	25%	18%	20%

LDS weekly vs. monthly  
 $\chi^2=.57$   
 $p > .5$

LDS total vs. non-LDS total  
 $\chi^2=.39$   
 $p > .5$

Non-LDS weekly vs. monthly  
 $\chi^2=.17$   
 $p > .5$

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PREPUBLICATION ANNOUNCEMENT  
**MORMON SISTERS: WOMEN IN EARLY UTAH**

EDITED BY CLAUDIA BUSHMAN

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# Reviews

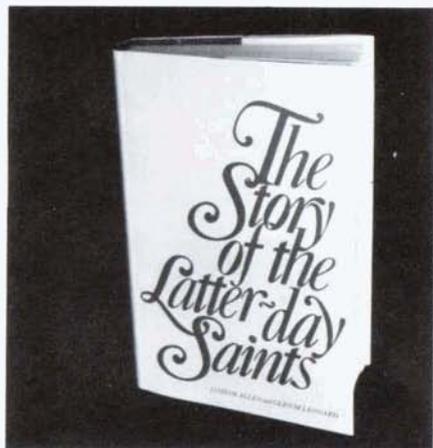


PHOTO BY JAMES KNIGHT

*The Story of the Latter-day Saints.* By James B. Allen and Glen M. Leonard. 722+xi pp. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co. \$9.95. Reviewed by John N. Drayton.

For too long the LDS Church has weathered the charge that it would not voluntarily endure objective scrutiny. I am reminded of a passage in a letter from Bernard DeVoto to Jarvis Thurston, dated May 24, 1943. DeVoto writes,

It is lugubriously true that the orthodox Mormon mind cannot tolerate any objective treatment of Mormon history whatever. . . . All Mormon actions have always been pure and sanitary; all criticism of them has always been evil and mendacious. Who is not for them is against them. . . . This is what I have sometimes called the Mormon Inferiority complex. Something of the sort is, of course, a part of all religious orthodoxy. Yet it is perfectly possible for any writer to handle any other religion in

America objectively and be answered objectively in turn. It is not possible of the Mormons.<sup>1</sup>

But this one volume by two prominent LDS historians goes a long way toward refuting that charge. The preface asserts, as we might expect, "the Saints were basically a religious people" motivated principally by their "hope of preparing a religious people for the millennial reign of Christ."<sup>2</sup> But one additional comment clearly sets this book apart.

Reminding us that "the Church was always influenced to some degree by the events of the world around it," the authors promise to treat "the dynamics of change within the Church." More specifically, they write, the book tries "to assert how and why new programs were adopted, old policies reevaluated and changed, and new doctrinal information presented to the Saints."<sup>3</sup> This is impressive.

And the promise is fulfilled.

The book does lead the reader to the conclusion that the Saints' basic driving force was indeed their faith in Jesus Christ as their redeemer. But we are not led by the nose. There are few blatant assertions that the prophets were inspired to follow any particular course of action. What we do find is that in spite of a veritable catalog of setbacks and obstacles, the Church survived—and prospered. (Of course, for the average member of the Church, this information is somewhat gratuitous; but for the uninitiated, the information would surely be impressive.)

This survival is a phenomenon demanding explanation. Yet our authors—wisely, in my opinion—allow us to reach our own conclusions on the basis of the evidence. And witnessing the suffering of the Saints and their stubborn tenacity, even their positive creativity, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that these were people motivated by more than political or economic interests.

A significant sidelight is that this is more the story of the Church than of individuals within it. Although Joseph Smith figures prominently in the early chapters, by the time we read of his martyrdom, the Church has acquired a life of its own. None of the subsequent leaders—no, not even Brigham—contend seriously for the limelight. This is a record not so much of superstars and their devoted followers as of men and women struggling together to realize their common goals.

But by itself none of this demonstrates conclusively that the book is objective. Any reader knows that a skilled writer can slant his account by selecting the "right" facts and omitting the others. What about our authors?

Allen and Leonard tend to let the chips fall where they may. For some the results may prove disconcerting. For example, on the surface, this approach would seem to suggest that many doctrines were simply variations on contemporary themes. The answer that Joseph Smith obtained in answer to his prayer in the grove was not unlike the insights of other seekers in the Burned-Over District of New York. Prior to his discovery of the gold plates he had been involved in a mild craze that excited the farmers of New York in

the 1820s—seeking for buried treasure. What about the Word of Wisdom?

By 1833, the year the Word of Wisdom was given, the temperance movement in America had five thousand local societies claiming over a million members. Temperance articles were regular fare in the public press. Diet, too, was receiving considerable attention, with stress on fruits, vegetables, and moderation in meat.<sup>4</sup>

The modern temple endowment, too, followed closely the installation of a lodge of Freemasons in Nauvoo.

We also witness corrections of doctrine. Thus, in Nauvoo Joseph Smith taught the concept of the godhead as given in D. & C. 130:22 to correct a concept published in 1835 in the *Lectures on Faith*. In those lectures, we learn, the Prophet "had defined the godhead as consisting of two persons, the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost as the combined mind of the Father and the Son."<sup>5</sup>

Furthermore, we are made privy to the failure of the Kirtland Bank, the United Order, and the institution of plural marriage.

These phenomena should give little difficulty to Saints mature in the faith, but the approach is nonetheless demanding.

On the other hand, this approach does not strain the reader's credulity. One can hardly avoid accepting this material at face value because this face has undergone manifestly little cosmetic surgery. Consequently, when we are told of the strengths of the Church and of its members, or of the shortcomings of its opponents, we are more favorably disposed toward that judgment.

The book makes no pretensions at completeness; it is an overview—a kind of skeletal framework that we may see fleshed out in the forthcoming sixteen-volume sesquicentennial history of the Church. Nevertheless, those wishing to probe more deeply into specifics need not worry about getting shortchanged. In the back of the book is a most impressive annotated bibliography.

And although this review tends to focus on the earlier history, the book is thorough from start to finish. Furthermore, the book brings the reader right up to the latest developments, referring to events as recent as the additions to the Pearl of Great Price announced in the April 1976 general conference.

Of course, if you can afford time and/or money to peruse the sesquicentennial history volumes, by all means wait. But for the rest of us, *The Story of the Latter-day Saints* is a worthwhile investment.

1. *Improvement Era*, Vol. 49 (1946), p. 154.
2. "Preface," p. x.
3. "Preface," p. x.
4. p. 95.
5. p. 167.



*Huebener*, a play by Thomas Rogers, directed by Ivan Crosland, BYU, October 1976. Reviewed by Frederick Bliss and P. Q. Gump.

When we first heard about *Huebener*, we thought the idea was interesting, but frankly, we didn't have much hope for it. The author, Russian professor Thomas F. Rogers, seemed to be a dilettante, dabbling in theatre out of enthusiasm. Knowing the rigors of playwriting we were afraid of an amateurish outcome. But Rogers was no dabbler, and after many consultations with BYU directors Charles Whitman and Ivan Crosland about rewrites, the play was scheduled into the BYU season.

The result? Not a perfect script, to be sure. But by the end of the show we hardly cared about the script or the lighting or anything much except the boy Helmuth Huebener whose story had broken our hearts. And we are not that easily heart-broken by mere art. (How proudly we claim unearned cynicism.—PQG.)

*Huebener* touched us where no other Mormon play had ever

reached. In our testimony.

It is a story of a seventeen-year-old German lad who dared to listen to the forbidden BBC German-language broadcasts and realized that German radio was lying. He and a couple of friends decided that it was their duty to inform others, and they worked together to distribute anti-Nazi flyers all over Hamburg.

The only trouble was that Helmuth Huebener was a Mormon, and he used the duplicator in the branch president's office to run off his propaganda. The branch president, himself a Nazi, was torn between duty to God and the gospel and duty to his country and party.

But the overriding concern was the safety of the Mormons in Germany. Members of an American church, the Saints were suspect from the start. And so when Huebener was arrested, he was excommunicated from the Church to save the rest of the German Saints.

The rest of the play involves Huebener's struggle in prison, where, to protect a conspirator who was over eighteen, and thus could legally be executed under German law, Helmuth pretended that he was the only person involved. The result? His friend did not die. But the Nazi court, determined to set an example, "proved" that Helmuth, a brilliant boy, had the mind of a thirty-year-old and therefore was not a minor. He was beheaded.

A Mormon martyr? In a sense. But what reached us most powerfully in this play was not his struggle with the Nazis. Though the trial was not boring by any means, and the German soldiers smirking

through a priesthood meeting in order to arrest several priesthood holders afterward were chilling, the real conflict of the play was between Huebener, whose faith in God led him to rebellion, and the branch president, whose faith in God led him to loyalty to the government he lived under. Doctrines in conflict: our love of freedom versus our commitment to be subject to kings and governments.

Thus the climax of the play was not in court. It came when Huebener's mother came to visit him in jail, after his excommunication but before his trial. Emma Huebener—played beautifully by Maggie Blair, a sensitive and delicate actress who has been too little used by BYU's theatre department—came to persuade her son to forgive the branch president. Helmuth Huebener—created as a whole and believable young man by Russell Card, whose restrained performance won us over completely—refused to believe that the branch president had not denounced him to the Nazis.

"Respect President Zoellner as your priesthood leader," Emma urged her son.

"How," he answered, "when I do not hold the priesthood?"

"Then honor him as your church superior," she insisted.

He wept and turned away, saying, "How, when I am no longer a Latter-day Saint?"

We must confess that in all the martyrdoms, persecutions, and suffering we have seen in LDS drama, never has a play raised this question in our mind: What would we feel if, for any reason, we were no longer members of the Church?

Russell Card was Tom Rogers's vehicle for letting us know, and suddenly the humdrum routines of Mormonism became more precious to us than anything else in our life.

The flaws? Rogers needs to be more cruel to himself, and cut his script. The first scene was deadly dull, with the same facts coming out again and again during what seemed like an hour of exposition. We wanted to stand up and shout, "All right already, we got it, now let's see the play." Finally the scene ended and the rest was good enough that we almost forgot the first scene—until the entirely superfluous last scene with everyone jovially talking about whether Huebener's step-father will join the Church, which trivialized Huebener's story for us. Those scenes could have been cut with no violence to the play, and judicious trimming here and there throughout would have helped as well.

However, later productions can take care of these weaknesses, and though the script is not "literary," it plays well. Much of the credit for this goes to Ivan Crosland, an innovative director who tries very hard to emulate Brecht but fortunately doesn't succeed. Apart from an abortive effort to "alienate" the audience by irritating delays before the show and loud, obnoxious German music playing in the lobby, the epic theatre techniques were swallowed up in the frankly romantic nature of the rest of the play so that not alienation but identification was the order of the day.

Excellent ideas were: a completely metal backdrop with a swastika burnished on the steel; set changes performed by men in military uniform, emphasizing the harsh

and rigid setting of the play; an interrogation where the violence was suggested by throwing the actors noisily (but harmlessly) against the metal wall (if only they had refrained from obviously faked slaps!); the use of trunks as set pieces and furniture; the whining siren that opened the show.

But more important than directorial devices were excellent performances that in the key roles were far better than we are used to seeing from student actors. Besides Card's austere performance as Huebener and Blair's counterpoint as his mother, fine performances were presented by Corey Sprague as coconspirator Karl-Heinz Schnibbe; J.H. Stoddard as Huebener's delightfully nervous friend Rudi Wobbe; and Michael Bird as the non-Mormon conspirator, Jonni Duewer. These three, with Card as Huebener, made an excellent team, and whenever they were onstage in any combination the play was bright, alive, moving, and effective. Other solid performances were turned in by Tom Nibley, who departed from his customary comic roles to play the chief interrogator; David Sterago, who played the relentless prosecutor; and Paul Nibley, who played Hugo Huebener, Helmuth's father.

But the most difficult role was that of branch president Arnold Zoellner, who could have been played as an arch-villain. Instead Scott Wilkinson made him a flesh-and-blood character, a man tormented by the contradictions of his beliefs and his patriotism, of his personal love for bright and daring Helmuth Huebener and his responsibility for the safety of his congregation. Wilkinson walked a tightrope—and he didn't fall once.

Indeed, *Huebener* was an actors' show. Again and again rather ordinary dialogue became gut-punches to the audience as the actors gave depth to them. The prayer in priesthood meeting as with sweet-sounding words an elder masked his revulsion at having Nazis present; Helmuth's confession to his branch president; the above-mentioned meeting between Helmuth and his mother in his cell; the reaction of the boys to Helmuth's death sentence in the courtroom: handled badly, these moments could have been dull—or worse, maudlin. But they were handled well.

*Huebener* is not a play that could be marketed outside the Mormon community. We doubt that non-Mormons would be as affected by it as we to whom rejection by the Church would be the cruelest blow life could give us. But in its own way, *Huebener* is a milestone for Mormon theatre. Tom Rogers has given us a Mormon hero who was not a prophet, who is not semi-deified in the play; but instead of the debunking tendency that often shows up in playwrights' attempts to humanize martyrs in Mormon drama, we find a playwright saying that nobility is in all of us, that the pain of difficult decisions can touch all of us. Our brother can unwittingly become our persecutor, our friend can become our enemy, our consolation can become our scourge. And at the end of it we can still say with Helmuth Huebener that we love Christ and his gospel despite the suffering that can come to us in his name.

Helmuth Huebener was posthumously reinstated in the Church. It makes a difference to know that. But the dilemma is still here. We

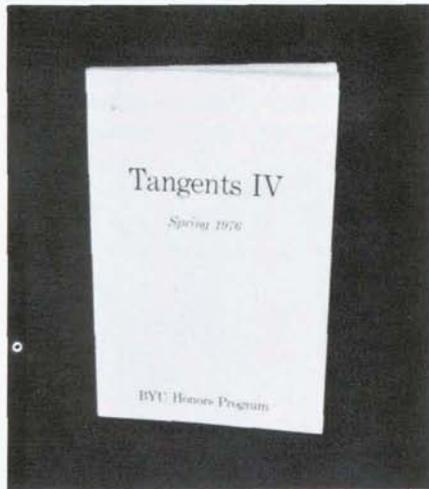
still have the same potential divisions in the Church. Don't we all know fellow-Mormons who sincerely believe they are serving God as they urge formation of Brown-shirt-like vigilante groups, or store weapons to guard their year's supply, or militate against any number of perceived domestic enemies? Circumstances someday might again find Latter-day Saints, all equally following their conscience, on opposite sides of a fence that bristles with danger. Was Huebener a hero by fighting for truth, or a traitor to his country in wartime? Was the branch president a hero by saving his congregation and the Church in Germany by bending to the Nazi regime, or was he a traitor to the gospel by embracing a government that was an enemy to God?

How can we judge?

Perhaps we should judge as *Huebener* urges us to judge: that all men, following what they believe is right, are justified, and that God is the only just judge.

*Huebener* has closed, though we doubt we have seen the last production of it. Later productions may lack sensitive direction and acting, may lack the force this first version of it had. But *Huebener*, in this BYU production, despite its flaws, did what art is meant to do: it changed our life. We will remember Helmuth Huebener as clearly as if we had lived through his experiences ourselves, for we have felt the emotions that come with them.

We know more than a few artists who could die happy if they knew they had done that even once.



*Tangents IV*,  
Robert Garrick, editor  
(BYU Honors Program, Spring 1976)  
Reviewed by Neal Kramer.

BYU has long been embroiled in a difficult battle to upgrade its level of scholarship. To the Honors Program in particular has fallen the task of helping bright, young, LDS students begin to realize the possibilities and responsibilities of good scholarship. Since getting undergraduate papers published is at best extremely difficult, the Honors Program instituted *Tangents*, a journal providing students with an open forum—an opportunity to publish their papers and to compare their work with the work of others. It now includes creative work as well.

This year's edition, *Tangents IV*, is typical of previous editions, with some exceptions and additions. Robert Garrick, this year's editor, expressed the need for a readable publication, something for the readers as well as the writers. *Tangents IV* is a definite move in this direction; however, in some cases readability has been achieved

at the expense of solid scholarship. Two of the best papers, Ralph Hancock's "The Summary of '42, or Alma's Reply to Ivan," and John Zackrison's "Toward a Reformulation of the Demand for Medical Care," are hardly "readable" in the sense of today's popular journals and magazines.

Both Hancock and Zackrison demonstrate better-than-adequate ability to handle the idiom of their particular disciplines. It is sadly true that the areas of philosophy and economics require the use of specialized language and that papers in these areas will not be accessible to the general reading public (even at a major private university).

The same is true of the poetry in this issue. Stanley Absher is a gifted poet and it is most appropriate that his work is included in a journal which purports to represent some of BYU's best scholarship, even though it may not appeal generally to the student body. On the other hand, Stephen Miller's paper, "Writing in Style," is the most readable of all the selections (as it ought to be, considering its subject). However, it is not a very scholarly effort; it merely reports research without reaching any new or significant conclusions. It is stimulating and its content is of special importance to honors students generally, but it is hardly the quality of either Hancock's or Zackrison's work.

Other papers were condensed or cut to fit the journal and were made much less readable and coherent in the process. Both Bruce Porter's "The Middle Classes and the Rise of Nazism" and Steven Smith's "Movement Within A Movement: The Progress of Progressivism"

appear much less scholarly and ordered in the journal than they were when submitted. It may be argued that prohibitive length made publication of the entire papers impossible, but the disservice done both authors can scarcely be denied.

The impression may have been given that *Tangents IV* is a low-quality publication. It has some problems, but it compares quite favorably with most BYU publications. Mr. Garrick is to be commended for having put together the various papers as well as he has. The variety of material in the magazine and his goal of readability overlap rather than coincide. Selections such as "The Merchant of Venison" by Karen Bishop are delightfully readable, if not exactly works of scholarly superiority. Nicholas Bourbaki, Jr.'s, scholarly sounding "Tell Al-laquimi Fragment A: Translation and Textual Notes" will have the freshmen buzzing for some time. Parody has its place and it is most pleasant to note that the Honors Program has the ability to laugh at itself.

No BYU publication can be complete without something dealing with the LDS way of life, or papers from religion classes. *Tangents IV* fills in with papers by Anthony Hutchinson, "LDS Scripture Study—Some Notes," and Nancy Ann Maas, "The Wilderness," which complement Hancock's paper on Alma and agency. Both represent the kind of questions honest LDS students ask of the gospel and of their roles in the Church.

*Tangents IV* is a good example of what BYU can produce. If one believes the introduction, there is a lot more where this came from. There is high quality work being

done by undergraduates which compares quite favorably with other publications such as *Perspectives* and *Wye Magazine*. There is always room for improvement in such endeavors and Garrick's attempt to change the *Tangents* format and broaden its appeal speaks highly both of him and the *Honors Program*. It demonstrates most effectively the Honors Program's desire to maintain high standards as well as to serve more than a "university elite."

# Forum



## CONFESSIONS OF A FLUFF-BRAIN JOANN JOLLEY

I could have told you it was coming. I caught glimpses of it hovering in the wings, even as the bubble-faced exuberance of youth pinked these maidenly cheeks and dribbled on down the front of my pinafore. Yes, indeed; it was really quite inevitable after only twenty plus-plus years of inveterate wheel-spinning. But the world can step aside any moment now. I may be on my way to becoming a feminist.

Oh. I have just uttered what a year ago would have been a nasty four-letter word somewhere into the darkest reaches of my vocabulary. It meant burn your bra, demand equal everything, then leave hubby at home to bake the bread while you're out raising the dough. After all, the feminists insisted, anything he can do is up for grabs—and you can probably do it better. One big hitch, of course, was the scripture pointing out that feminism never was happiness. Either way, I got awfully tired of slapping my face.

Then Elouise Bell did a cracking good job of Mormonizing the word at a Brigham Young University forum assembly, when she defined a feminist as simply "a person, whether a man or a woman, who believes that historically there have been inequities in the education and treatment of women in several or many spheres of

society and who is interested in correcting those inequities as he or she sees them." Now, that seemed to me a viable definition—certainly one that could be lived with, even at the expense of a dogmatic rumble or two from the resident Fascinating Women. But everyone knows that you can't have your bra and burn it, too. So I found myself being drawn inward from a peripheral observation toward the fulminating middle of that pink-and-blue controversy.

Actually, it wasn't my idea. Cloistered in the English Department steno pool while starving my way through a final year of classes, my initial reaction to the movement was that I would hardly have time or energy for after-school playtime in the picket line. Moreover, the mild-mannered reporter in me never having been drawn to forensics, I could claim only something considerably less than expertise with which to hold a firing line. But circumstances nevertheless converged to unfluff the holding pattern of my existence, and I soon found myself rubbing consciousnesses on a regular basis with some of those whose business it was to ferret out the inequities and find better solutions than shoe-pounding or withdrawal into the woodwork. I became an apt, rapt pupil, discovering early that this new-found sensitivity could and would indeed result in a curious mixture of pleasure and pain. No one could

ever again say to me, "Behind every great man is a great woman" without raising the hackles of my consciousness to a feverish protest of, "No, not *behind*. Beside, beside, *beside!*"

And that, of course, is only the proverbial tip of the proverbial iceberg. There is the whole world out there to be reckoned with—that sphere which has for so long been a "man's world" but which must now begin revolving to a slightly different tune. I might wager (as could my recently-raised consciousness) that, culturally speaking, women as a group would likely be hard-pressed to find a chip monumental enough to characterize the incredible burdens heaped upon their individual and collective shoulders through generations of second-class citizenship. I, for one, have spent much of the past year playing discovery games with my own newly-awakened sensitivity to the primary concerns of women.

And, try as I might to retreat to the relative complacency of doing my own thing (which has, on occasion, amounted to a vacuum-packed version of *As the Stomach Turns*), I can never again fully escape the realities to which I have so lately been introduced. Those "realities" constitute a variety of sexist attitudes in the classroom, in textbooks, in the movies, in the adviser who counsels me away from any profession but secretaryship or housewifery, in a vast array of mark-time-until-the-white-knight-comes roommates (commonly known as "fluff-brains" among the enlightened). Hardly half an eyebrow would have been raised at any one of these last

year; but today I strongly suspect that I will never again rest easy in the company of men (or women) who demand less of my intellect and ability than I am prepared to extend.

Now, I will likely never be Provo's feminist-in-residence. So many women here are so knowledgeable and so committed and so *good* at what they're doing that a reformed fluff-brain can only stand by in awed silence, slowly beginning to catch a certain kind of vision, even forgetting sometimes and allowing her tongue to slip quietly down from its pre-feminist stronghold inside her cheek, closer to front-line position for a little more of the action. Elouise and others have done their work well, and perhaps one day soon I'll get the fluff out altogether. Meanwhile, I relish being within chuckling distance as an occasional pinafore goes up in smoke.

I've come a long way, baby.

# Contributors



JAMES D'ARC received his B.A. in History from BYU. He is currently serving as The Secretary and Assistant to the Curator of Archives and Manuscripts at BYU while researching a masters thesis on *Brigham Young*. He and his wife Patricia have two sons.

JOHN N. DRAYTON, an English major who vaguely recalls some contact with the study of history in an undergraduate course, is now reading desultorily in that discipline as acquisitions editor for BYU Press.

JOANN JOLLEY is a native Californian who has taken up permanent residence in Utah. She is currently working as an administrative assistant on the BYU campus while completing a degree in English which had its beginnings more years ago than she cares to remember.

NEAL KRAMER is an undergraduate English major at BYU. He and his wife Leila are the proud parents of a new baby girl, Erin.

DOUGLAS THAYER, Professor of English at BYU, was born and raised in Provo. His background lends particular insight to his examination of "Mormons" in his fiction. He is married, has two daughters and presently serves in a bishopric.

PEGGY WISEMAN is a poet and writer who claimed Rexburg, Idaho, as her home before "it was washed down the drain." She has frequently published poetry and fiction and is working on a master's degree in

American literature.

FREDERICK BLISS and P.Q.GUMP seem headed for some sort of record: they have managed to offend more people while bending over backward to offend nobody than any other lily-livered reviewers in the history of intellectual journals. They take a perverted sort of pride in this. They are irritated, however, at the number of people who have accosted innocent strangers and accused them of using Bliss's or Gump's names as a pseudonym.

LINDA SILLITOE is a graduate of the University of Utah who now is mothering nearly three children and concerning herself with the supposition that the Millennium is closer now than it has ever been.

STAN LARSON received a M.A. degree in ancient scripture at BYU in 1974, and has done extensive research in the early text of the Book of Mormon. He is married and the father of almost five children. He works for LDS Church Translation Services in Salt Lake City.

ROBIN LEWIS, from Ogden, has studied illustration at CCAC in Oakland and Utah State University where she is a graduate student. If "art is the product of a demented mind," then Robin claims she has great potential.

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