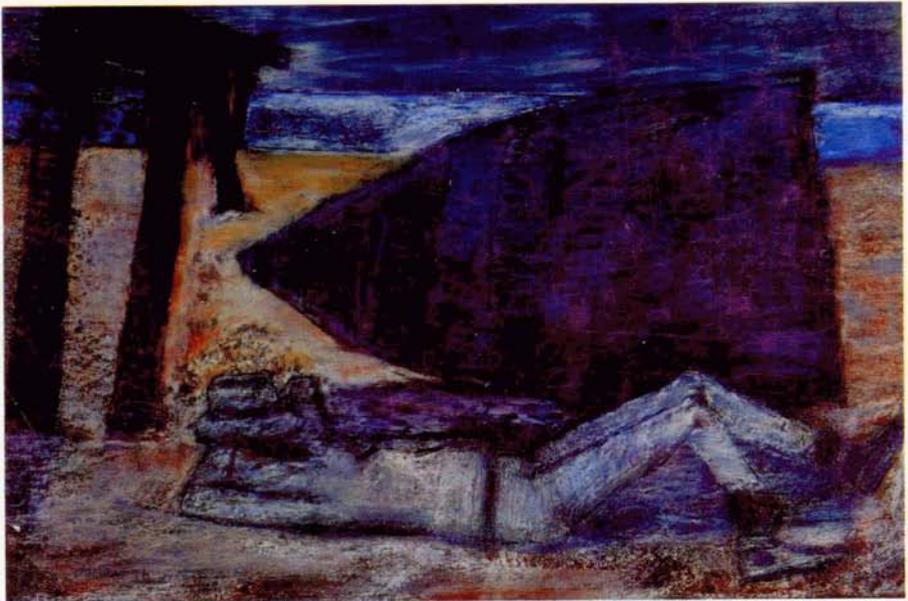


SUNSTONE

VOL. 2, NO.1 SPRING 1977



CONTEMPORARY MORMON ART

LDS WORKING MOTHERS

DANCING AMONG THE MORMONS

RAZE OR RESTORE?

MORMONDOM'S ASSOCIATIONS,
EVENTS, PUBLICATIONS

FICTION POETRY FORUM REVIEW

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SUNSTONE



MORMON EXPERIENCE,
SCHOLARSHIP, ISSUES, AND ART

POST OFFICE BOX 596
PROVO, UTAH 84601

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Sunstone is published quarterly by The Sunstone Foundation, a non-profit corporation with no official connection with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Articles published represent the attitudes of the authors only, and not necessarily those of the editors. Manuscripts for publication must be typewritten and submitted in duplicate. Materials cannot be returned unless accompanied by return postage. Subscription rates are \$12 per year; \$9 for

students, missionaries, and retired persons. Add \$2.50 for overseas mailing. Single issues \$3.50. Write *Sunstone*, P.O. Box 596, Provo, Utah 84601.

Second class postage paid at Provo, Utah. *Sunstone*, 315 North 500 East, Provo, Utah 84601.

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Cover painting: ALEX DARAIIS, *Two of a Kind* (1977), pastel, 24 x 36, artist's collection. *Sunstone's* cover painting is a personal recollection of the artist's early days on the beach at Venice, California. Alex used to jog from Venice beach to Santa Monica beach in the early morning and would sometimes see beachcombers relaxing on the beach by the derelict boats. Darais uses a rich pastel painting technique, luminous colors, and an unusual sensitivity to design.

Letters



Editor:

I wish to applaud the review of BRIGHAM! and HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM which appeared in *Sunstone*, Summer 1976 issue. I have attended many of the theatrical productions at BYU, including BRIGHAM! and HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM. If BYU-sponsored productions are representative of Mormon theatre in general, then *Sunstone's* review was quite perceptive in identifying BRIGHAM! and HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM as examples of two directions being taken in contemporary Mormon theatre, viz., shallow, roadshowesque entertainment versus moving, artistic theatre. As Bliss and Gump pointed out so adeptly, James Arrington's HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM gave us his best in research, writing, and performance, thereby awakening the best within us, emotionally and intellectually. How can we be satisfied with productions such as BRIGHAM! which merely awed us with spectacular advertising, huge sets, and casts of thousands, and touched our easiest emotions with cute in-jokes and sentimentality, while "our deepest selves slept on" (p. 93).

For your honest, intelligent, and thought-provoking review I say, "Bravo!" Frederick Bliss and P.Q. Gump, whoever you are.

Lori Winder
Provo, Utah

I enjoy reading *Sunstone*, but I hope your editing is generally im-

proving and that the transcription errors in the William Stafford interview represent only a momentary lapse. On page 37 you give the title of Stafford's recent book, *Someday, Maybe* as *Sunday Maybe*; on page 41 Robert Bly has become Robert Bligh, and Galway Kinnell is almost unrecognizable as Galwood Canal.

Also, though I haven't checked carefully, I believe you have miscaptioned the facsimiles on pp. 44 and 48. . . .

Finally, since I've been a David Wright fan since seeing *Still the Mountain Wind* at Southern Utah State College in 1968 or 69 and have been collecting his published (and some unpublished) writings since about 1971, I'm delighted (albeit mildly envious that you got to it first) that you have "reprinted" Wright's story "A Summer in the Country."

However, out of respect for Wright's integrity and for scholarly and critical accuracy, I think you should have indicated that you were reprinting not the *Mutiny* text of the story (which is divided into five numbered sections, and in which LaMar is called Alvin) but a presumably later and somewhat altered version (as near as I can tell, the one Wright submitted as part of his MFA thesis at Iowa)—and bowdlerized at that. At least one of your silent emendations (aimed, I understand, at making Wright's language more acceptable to Mormons), the phrase "bad name" on page 61, seriously weakens the thematic dimensions of the story: the name LaMar called Rich denies (from the

writer's and reader's point of view, though perhaps not consciously from LaMar's) that Rich is his brother; since in part the story is about LaMar's grief and guilt at his brother's death, your emendation prevents us from seeing that as clearly as we should. Such are the perils of censorship. And the case seems only ludicrously sad, since the word Wright used was rather innocuous in the first place.

In helpfulness to some of your readers who may become interested in Wright, you might have indicated that *Dialogue* initiated the "rediscovery" in 1969 by publishing portions of *River Saints*.

I do hope you will reprint (or even publish for the first time) more of Wright's work, but even more I hope that your editing of his and others' work will become more careful and responsible.

Bruce W. Jorgensen
Department of English
Brigham Young University

The Book of Mormon photo switch was a sleight of hand by the printer, not the editors. Our apologies to author Stan Larson and Sunstone readers. For the Stafford interview errors, we rest a weak defense on tight deadlines and the inopportune absence of the interviewer/editor.

Mr. Jorgensen's comments on the Wright bowdlerization are well taken. The publisher's vantage point, however, is necessarily different from that of the writer and critic. Which point of view is more "responsible" we hesitate to say. For curious but still unenlightened readers, the guilty word was bastard. Readers may decide for themselves how distracting it is.

I noticed a copy of your quarterly in the library yesterday and sat down and devoured it from cover to cover. . . . I am impressed with the stimulating literary quality of your magazine. There is a sophistication here I had not expected.

Julia E. Barrett
Lewiston, Utah



LDS Working Mothers

FRANCINE BENNION

Most wives and mothers are working wives and mothers. It started with Eve:

Adam began . . . to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, as I the Lord had commanded him. And Eve, also, his wife, did labor with him.
(Moses 5:1.)

But until recently the majority of American wives didn't leave home to work nor did they get paid for working. Now, however, according to the Department of Labor, in 66 of every 100 husband-wife families, the wife is not necessarily a breadmaker, but a breadwinner.

Many Latter-day Saint wives and mothers are among those working outside the home. A 1976 study sponsored by the BYU Family Research Center suggests that more than one in three LDS wives in Utah is working.* (This does not include widows or divorced women.) Computer analysis shows no significant correlation between these wives' working and their religious attendance, schooling, age, or husband's earnings.

*For this article, *work* and *working* will refer to paid employment outside the home.

In the summer of 1976, I interviewed eighty-nine LDS mothers, husbands, and single women, hoping to gain some understanding of the LDS working mother and the effects of her working. I questioned forty mothers (wives, widows, and divorced women), and nine husbands. Their ages ranged from twenty to seventy years; their education ranged from high school to Ph.D. and professional degrees; they lived in Canada, Mexico, and six states.

I also heard from forty single women in three BYU branches, a majority of whom had working mothers.

I learned a good deal more than I asked for.

I directed my questions to four basic issues:

1. Why did you (or your wife or mother) start working?
Why are you working now?
2. How do you feel about your working? (Or how does your wife or mother feel about her working?)
3. What LDS Church teachings do you think are relevant to

employment for Mormon mothers?

4. What, if any, effects do you think your working (or your wife's or mother's working) has had on your family (or on you)?

The answers to my questions are diverse and interesting, and they would fill a book. To take them out of context is to lose or alter some of their meaning; however, in this article, I should like simply to report some experiences of those I interviewed, and to discuss some implications of those experiences.

I have used letters after each to somewhat identify the status of the speaker.*

Reasons

When I asked why the women worked, by far the most common response I received was *money*. But the term covered a multitude of situations.

Some worked for survival—food, shelter, medical care: "Do you know what boys' boots cost?" (M) "After my husband died I had seven children to raise alone." (W)

Some families could have survived without the mother's income, but the mother didn't want them to just survive: "I couldn't watch my children's teeth rot just because we couldn't afford a dentist." (M) "Can you imagine what my daughter's marriage choices would be with buck teeth? And if she didn't marry, who would hire her looking like that? I'm working to pay the orthodontist so my

daughter can be free, not limited by her teeth." (M) "We had five sons to send on missions. Without my working, they couldn't all have gone." (M) "When my husband took training for a new job, we asked for public assistance and were told to go to our bishop. I felt humiliated taking help—I'd almost take two jobs rather than get help again. My mother didn't work and she should have. After Father died, she had four kids to raise. I remember the gas being turned off—things like that. We never were dressed like other kids were." (M) "Oh we'd get by—we'd live. But our children wouldn't get music lessons—we couldn't afford teachers or instruments, or concerts or records. And their books would come from the library—they couldn't have their own. Can you imagine Jenny's life without a violin?" (M)

In twentieth-century United States Mormon culture, it is often a complex matter to distinguish between necessity and luxury. Most people will agree that food, shelter, and clothing are necessary to survival. But is a mouthful of fillings and root canals necessary for *survival*? Are straightened teeth necessary to a girl's *survival*? Is dressing like other kids necessary for *survival*? Are books and music lessons necessary for *survival*?

Today it is not only our response to the elements of the earth that determines survival, but our response to civilization. And that response involves money.

For some LDS mothers, the need for money is based rather specifically on need for status, importance, or respect. For some, it is based on the need to appear righteous in the eyes of neighbors who define material success as a sign of God's blessing the deserving.

*Married mother, Widowed mother, Divorced mother, Husband of working mother, Child of working mother, Single. For example, WC-Widowed mother who is also a child of a working mother.

U.S. Mormon culture is not lacking in materialism!

When it was financial crisis that sent a woman to work, often she continued employment after the crisis was over—she was used to the income, she had found she could manage the dual role, she enjoyed relationships with fellow workers, and/or she enjoyed the work itself.

For some women, money isn't a major factor in the decision to work. For many of them, employment is easier than honest refusal to do what other people ask or expect. Many a woman grows up learning to please other people and relate smoothly to them. To say *no* contradicts the behavior for which she has been trained and rewarded all her life. It may seem more *right* to work than to openly refuse to do what she doesn't want to do: "My neighbors get together to visit every day. If you don't join them, you're a snob and they don't speak to you at all. Working part time is a respectable excuse, and I'd rather work than gossip." (M) "I just couldn't say no to community work. I was sometimes spending 40-50 hours a week on fund drives and service projects. I decided to earn money for my children's education instead." (M) "I found myself tending the grandchildren on a regular basis. I'm not up to that any more—my own youngest is in high school. Typing is easier for me than tending." (M)

LDS women are taught to respond helpfully to other people's needs, to use their abilities in service. Some women hadn't intended to work but found themselves needed: "They called and asked me to be supervisor of nurses because there was no one else in town qualified." (MC)

"The teacher had a heart attack. They asked me to take her place." (M) "I never planned to do it—never had a career goal—my only goal growing up was to have a big family. When my son was seven and my girl five, I lost a baby, and the doctor said no more. For five years I taught a seminary class at 5:30 in the morning—I got back by the time the family was up. I adopted another child, and wanted more, but then the adoption market froze. When I registered her in preschool, the director needed a teacher, so I started teaching half a day while my daughter was there. Later I got my M.A. and started teaching full time. I have a lot of energy. My house runs smoothly. I have a hard time making it fill the whole day." (M)

Some women went to work because of relationships, or lack of them, at home: "I hated to ask my husband for twenty-five cents every time I needed money—even to ride the bus. I wanted some spending money of my own." (M) "It's a diversion. You just *need* some adult company part of the time, some adult conversation with men and women. It keeps me from getting so depressed. You need to keep your sanity—it isn't good to have responsibilities without diversion. There's nobody at home to appreciate your work—the kids don't." (W) "My husband didn't pay much attention to me, didn't *listen* to me. At least a paycheck tells me I've done something well enough. And the boss appreciates me." (M)

Three women used one simple sentence to explain their reasons for working: "I'd go crazy if I didn't!" One husband made the same comment about his wife, and a daughter said it of her mother.

Many women chose to work because interest, ability, education, and experience had given them skills in areas other than child-rearing: "My parents sacrificed a lot to educate me, and I love to think—grapple with ideas. I can't just let it all go. Besides, if I'm ever going to work, if I become a widow or when my children grow up, my skills will be stale and my knowledge obsolete if I don't teach a little now—even a few hours a week will keep me prepared." (M)

Should a woman be prepared for the very real possibility that she may have to support her family if she loses her husband? Should an educated woman maintain skills for which she has been trained, or just hope to be able to manage if the need arises?

For most women, the reasons for working are complex. The woman who identifies money as her prime reason for working may speak later with equal intensity of diversion, energy, interest, social relationships, identity, self-respect, escape—the list is long.

Nearly all the people whom I interviewed felt that *reasons* could justify a mother's working. I think that if we are to understand working mothers, we cannot stop with what *we* think of their reasons. We must know what *they* think and feel about those reasons.

Feelings

For some women, a major reason for their work is their feeling about the work itself: "I can't tell you how good it felt. I wanted to give, pass on what I'd learned. The students were so enthusiastic!" (M) "I'd still teach singing if I were a millionaire. I love it!" (W) "All my children are in school now, and when they were no longer home

during the day, my purpose for being home all day seemed to evaporate. For me, the mechanics of housekeeping are boring and frustrating, and I'm not very good at them. . . . I can get so much more accomplished in one or two mornings at home when I *know* I have to get my work done than when the prospect of a long, dull week stretches in front of me—then I can procrastinate endlessly on routine chores. More importantly, I feel like so much more of a person again. I am excelling in areas where I have natural abilities, rather than constantly struggling with jobs where I feel inadequate and poorly suited by temperament and nature. My days fly by all too rapidly, and I come home healthily wearied, with that good feeling of doing something worth doing, and doing it better than most." (MC)

One woman's feeling about her work may be directly opposite that of another woman (the same, of course, is true of men): "I love it!" (M) "I hate it!" (M) "Of course I'd rather be home." (W) "I like to get out of the house a little." (W) "I'm tired all the time." (M) "I have more energy now that I'm working." (M) "I feel respected." (M) "I feel put down every day, insulted by the men I work with, disapproved of by women in the ward. But I've got to support my children. I'll do it for them, but I sure wouldn't otherwise." (W)

Many of the women I interviewed would have chosen to stay at home but were forced to work to support their children. Some children told me that their mothers left home to work only because profound love made them willing to sacrifice for their children's needs. By contrast, one child describes a mother who hated to leave her: "She resented me;

my father died in the war and she hated having to work. Consequently I felt guilty and resentful too. It wasn't that she worked but it was her attitude toward me because she had to work." (SC)

Every woman in my study who had *chosen* the nature of her work felt good about doing it, whether she had to work or not. This was especially true if she had been educated or prepared for it. Those who had no choice in jobs expressed less joy in their work (I suspect this might be true also of mothers who stay at home): "This environment isn't the best but I'm not trained for anything else—this is the only choice left." (M)

Important to the mother's feeling about her work is the approval she has, or doesn't have, from husband, children, women in her ward or neighborhood, and Church leaders. But even here, the matter can be complicated: "My husband is also my bishop. As both, he tells me I'm doing the right thing. He's really a good man—he supported me, encouraged me, is aware of my disappointment at not being able to have more children. But I feel so guilty. I hear the authorities say don't work, and I want to do the right thing—I really do. I really want to be Christlike. For three years my youngest has been in school. Do they really want me to stay home baking bread? What does the Lord want me to do? If I really knew that was what God wanted me to do, I'd do it—but it doesn't fit my picture of the gospel—expanding, growing. And a lot of people in the ward have said things that really hurt—people that knew I was doing a good job as wife and mother, ward member—yet they're still critical." (MC)

Many women feel guilty about

working, whether they work by choice or of necessity: "I feel so guilty, even though I know it's a necessity." (W) "I feel guilty that I make money at what I do because we aren't desperate. I think I'd work for nothing if I had to." (M) "I want to do what's right and I feel so guilty." (M) "The only thing that really bothers me is guilt because of church teachings—but as for family, husband—life together couldn't be happier, although we still can't afford weekly allowances for the children." (M)

The guilt of some women seemed to be proportional to their confusion about what the Lord wanted from them. After study and prayer, two in particular felt personal confirmation from the Lord that their working was right for them and their families. Their husbands, both of whom were bishops, also felt that it was the right thing to do. However, talks in General Conference suggested to these women that apostles, speaking with revelation from the Lord, did not want mothers to work. The women wondered if they might be inventing their own assurance of the Lord's approval. Should they mistrust their own relationships with the Lord? Should they mistrust what they thought they heard from an apostle? How dangerous was it to say, "That teaching applies to some women, but not to me?"

Both these women expressed a query that some other women implied: "When my children are in school, my house clean and all things in order, what does *the Lord* want me to do with my time and energy?" And also, "How far can I trust my own thoughts and feelings and confirmation about what the Lord asks of me?" For working LDS mothers, these are questions of

major importance.

Church Teachings

I asked all respondents to identify any Church teachings they thought to be relevant to mothers' working. Most of them first mentioned Church leaders' talks and articles against mothers' working. Many identified specific quotes and names; some just described general teachings: "A woman's place is in the home." (S) "The family should always come first." (M) "Mormon mothers are *not* to work outside the home." (S) "Many church leaders urge women not to seek employment outside the home unless it is absolutely necessary." (SC)

Many women followed such statements with *but*: "But I also feel some qualifications should be put on this kind of statement." (SC) "But I rationalize—push it out of my mind." (M) "But some women do their families a disservice by being slaves to them." (M) "Family comes first but the Lord isn't saying that to a woman any more than to a husband." (MC) "But each woman and her husband should seek personal, confirmation from the Lord about what is right for them" (SC) And perhaps the most poignant response: "But if I'm home, doing what I'm supposed to be doing, why aren't I happy?" (M)

Some women felt Church leaders' advice to be right and good and true for ideal conditions but not for their own: "If I had a husband. . . ." (W) "If my husband could earn enough. . . ." (M) "If I could do what I wanted to. . . ." (M) "If I just had someone to talk to. . . ." (M) "If my children were home more. . . ." (M)

Many women mentioned gospel teachings which they felt had en-

couraged them to work: "People should be anxiously engaged in good causes and not commanded in all things." (M) "Service." (M) "Free agency—I have faith in my own judgment." (MC) "It should be a decision made with much thought, study, family discussion, and prayer." (S) "We have been taught the value of work and have been warned against taking something for nothing. Work is better than welfare." (MC) "Don't be idle. Knowledge is good." (SC) "Be alert. Feed your children more than just jam." (M) "Where much is given, much is expected. I've been given a lively brain and a first-class education." (MC) "Develop your talents—don't hide them under a bushel." (M) "The whole gospel to me seems to be one of growth—you come to the world not only to prove yourself, but to improve yourself—grow, stretch. Some women who stay home when the children are gone to school, set a beautiful table—elegant. Is that what Christ had in mind for them?" (MC)

Some women struggle with seeming contradictions they hear in Church teachings. They struggle because they want to be good, loving, and obedient to every principle. Most of them appreciate their leaders' concern about family stability and healthy, loving relationships. But more than one expressed dismay about each of the following double messages: Stay home with your children yet be self-supporting. Be educated and intelligent, but don't trust your judgment and don't be independent. Love your neighbor and serve him, but don't teach or nurse for him if you get paid for doing it. Prepare to become gods, but spend your time and energy baking bread. Develop your talents, but if they

take you away from home, don't use them.

Some women who probably should spend more time with their families use Church teachings to justify the employment they enjoy. Some other women who have good reason to work, and are gone from home only when their children are, feel guilty about their employment because of Church teachings. Some women who hear the same Church teachings live well with their families, either with or without employment. Clearly it is not only the teachings a woman hears or reads that are important; her ability to distinguish principles and make decisions relevant to them is equally important.

Effects on Family

Working mothers have raised Church leaders and drunkards, university presidents and schizophrenics; mothers who stayed at home have done the same. Some families of working mothers are happy and some are not; the same is true of families whose mothers stay at home. Because of the diversity in families of working women, I asked mothers, husbands, sons, and daughters to describe any effects the mother's working had on the family.

The most frequent response from both parents and children was that the mother's working made the children more independent, responsible and hard working: "Her working has helped me to be more independent—we often had to prepare meals. We had to do our share of housework, and I think that was good for us. I never minded having her work. We were taught well enough when we were young to know what was right from wrong." (S) "One definite effect was that

the kids in our family were forced to take more responsibility in the home. For example, I was responsible for the older kids and my sisters took care of the little ones. We each had a night to cook and do dishes. The end result was a positive one with all of us growing closer to each other." (SC) However, there were exceptions to this positive response: "My oldest son is beginning to resent being expected to pitch in and help around home, but I feel strongly that it is much to his benefit to do so. I do *not* believe in waiting on my teenagers—I see too much of that in our prosperous ward." (MC) "I had one older brother and two older sisters and because we were on our own they were pretty bossy—and were always bossy about doing housework—I always had to do the messy kitchen—they got to watch their shows on TV. I soon grew to resent them and feel unloved (we had a lot of fights). Mom went to work at 7 A.M. and got home late—I never saw her and therefore was never trained in housekeeping—love and sharing—no one was ever there when I got home to share with or talk to—I was never exposed to beauty or music, things like that. I felt that I wasn't loved." (SC)

Many children hated coming home to an empty house and having no one to talk to after school.

Some working mothers feel their family life is affected by problems with housework, cooking and laundry. Many unemployed mothers have the same feelings. Such problems can be difficult if the mother is fatigued, or if she is a perfectionist, or if her children are young and numerous, or helpless, or selfish.

Successfully maintaining both a home and a job requires a lot of

plain hard work for most women. Many mothers manage the challenge well; many don't. Methods and results vary: "Very unorganized home life. Extra burdens on her and us. We were often all grouchy because dinner wasn't ready and it was hard to keep the house clean." (SC) "I helped in her room after school until time for her to go home. This made me very close to my mother. Because she worked full time our family missed out on a lot of typically homemaker things. We never had homemade bread or cake. My mother doesn't sew or knit or iron. Those things somehow seem unimportant when I consider the advantages my mother's work gave us. It made her a happier person, more self confident. Because she was happier and more confident she felt better at expressing her love to us. The extra money is important. Our home made up for homemade bread with an abundance of books, games and records—tools to help us grow intellectually, spiritually and morally." (SC)

Some mothers and children who described family problems did not see work itself as the prime source of the problems. More important were the mother's feelings about herself and her family: "But maybe even if I'd stayed home there'd be problems anyway." (M) "Later I realized my Mom did care for me but was insecure in her own right about bringing up children and therefore went to work." (SC) "I never felt she was gone from us. She really made us feel that we were more important to her than anything else in the world. We felt it because it was true—she didn't have to work at making us know it." (MC)

Problems at work could have either a good or a bad effect on

family life: "Her students were sometimes a trial and thus we became a haven." (MC) "I could never lose my temper with the wretched little beasts. Then when they left, my kids would get it in the neck." (M)

Some parents and children feel that good babysitters had taught the child to enjoy many people and be loved by many. But other mothers who needed good babysitters could not find them or could not afford them, and the results were disastrous: "I hated coming home to a babysitter every day who really didn't care. Mom tried to screen them well, but some of them were just fat old ladies who watched all the soap operas all day and never washed the dishes or cleaned up—we sometimes cooked for ourselves. One of the sitters was later arrested for child abuse! I feel that Mom's working has greatly affected my brother—he isn't an active member of the Church—I never felt that he had a fair chance—it always seemed like the babysitters treated him unfairly. He had juvenile delinquent tendencies as a teenager." (SC)

Instead of finding babysitters, some mothers used a stern God as babysitter for young children. "God will see everything you do. If you do one single bad thing He will punish you." (MC) "God loves you and God wants you to be a good girl. And now you've been a naughty one." (DC) These children did not comprehend their loving Father's kindness.

In some families where schedules allow it, fathers do the babysitting and feel especially close to their children as a result. Some fathers are wholly supportive of the wife's working. Some, however, have mixed feelings, and some don't

like it at all: "Philosophically he agrees with it, when he talks to people. But it doesn't work that well from day to day when my working requires him to do more at home." (M) "Maybe one of the reasons it's comfortable for me is that's the kind of expectation I had anyway—it doesn't violate my expectation." (HC) "She was bringing in vast piles of money and I was making fifty cents an hour. It does something to you when you think you're supposed to be the big breadwinner." (HC) "When we were first married, he wanted to be very protective of me, but he's learned to accept my independence and ability to take care of myself. He's happier when I am—when I'm not staying home, making everyone miserable. He's behind me 100 percent now." (M)

Some men are unhappy because of a neighbor's working wife: "At least half the women in our ward work. That's why we can't keep up with the standard of living. You're just an ordinary Joe if your wife doesn't work." This comment was volunteered by a husband whose wife didn't work. He felt that neighboring mothers' work allowed them luxuries, while he labored for his own family's necessities.

• • •

I would venture few generalizations about LDS working mothers: their diversity discourages generalization. However, my interviews and observations suggest some possible conclusions.

- The women who most successfully combine motherhood and employment are those who feel good about themselves and love their families. If a woman finds life meaningful primarily because of adult praise for achievements outside the home, her family may be secondary to her, and they will

know it. If she uses her job to escape family involvement, for whatever reason, she may find herself with increased problems at home.

- A working mother needs good health, energy, endurance, and commitment both to her family and to her job if she is to manage both well. She must give up a lot of personal freedom.

- A woman who *must* work will be happiest if she has prepared herself for a job of her own choosing.

- A woman can most easily combine motherhood with employment if she can work only part time, with flexible hours.

- Sometimes a working mother feels she must choose between her children's welfare and her own. A more useful concept, I think, is that of knowing and choosing what is best for *both* the mother and her family. Any mother who struggles for that knowledge and gets it will find her life *easier*, but not necessarily *easy*. Christ knew He was doing the right thing, but His life was neither simple nor easy.

- A working mother must be able to bear criticism, because for many, criticism is inevitable. She should neither ignore just criticism, nor be demoralized by unjust criticism. If she is truly doing the best she can for her children, herself, and her husband (if she has one), then it might be helpful to her to consider the human failings which make some people so ready to judge each other. I like what Solomon said to the Lord: "Thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men." I Kings 8:39.

“These Licentious Days!” Dancing Among the Mormons

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An official statement of the First Presidency instructed members to avoid "dances that require or permit the close embrace and suggestive movements."

Also condemned was immodesty in dress—"the shameless exhibitions of the human form purposely presented in modern styles of dress, or rather undress. . . ."

And the ringing conclusion: "Let not the brilliant prospects of a glorious millennium be clouded with such shadows as are threatened by customs and costumes and diversions of these licentious days."

When was this statement written? It was part of the Christmas message of 1912. But it could have been written at almost any other time in LDS Church history, for the behavior of young people, especially as shown in dress and dance, had long been and continues to be a matter of concern in a church that sees itself *in* the world but not *of* the world.

The question of dancing among the Latter-day Saints is of no import theologically, but it is a good example of the inevitable stresses and strains in the interface between religion and popular culture.

The Saints loved to dance. From the Nauvoo period, if not before, they found that getting together and kicking up their heels in time to music was welcome relief from their cares. Crossing the plains and in many settlements of the Great Basin, dancing was a form of amusement that had a tremendous advantage: little was required for it to succeed, just music and a clear space. A floor helped, although dancing was done on the ground during the trip westward, and the music could be as little as a violin

or, in one case, a good whistler!¹

Some kind of combination of males and females was standard, but the ages of those participating could extend from very young children to old folks in their sixties and seventies. Often two simultaneous dances were arranged, separating children from adults.

In Cedar City an eccentric bachelor was once asked to do a step dance, and he agreed if Josephine Wood would dance with him. She consented—but contrived to pin her switch on his coattail before they stepped out. An eye-witness recorded:

When they began to dance, the loud applause convinced him that he was putting on a wonderful performance, and turning himself loose he cut "high pigeon wings" and executed fantastic capers while the switch waved behind him like the tail of a wild mustang and the party laughed till they had to wipe the tears from their eyes.²

Yet there were signs very early in the history of the Church that not everyone was so enthusiastic about dancing. Helen Mar Whitney recalled that in Kirtland in the 1830s those "guilty of indulging in so gross a sin as dancing were considered worthy of being disfellowshipped."³ But by the 1840s in Nauvoo the attitude was generally favorable to dancing—with some reservations. An editorial in the *Times and Seasons*, probably written by John Taylor, approved of dancing both as a religious activity and as a physical exercise, but cautioned the Saints about unduly late hours and mingling with bad company.⁴

Dancing was not appropriate, however, in the time of mourning after the Prophet Joseph's death; Brigham Young said, "And so far

This paper was originally prepared for presentation to the staff of the LDS Church Historical Department on 14 May 1976.

at least as the members of the Church are concerned, we would advise that balls, dances, and other vain and useless amusements be neither countenanced or patronized; they have been borne with, in some instances heretofore for the sake of peace and good will. But it is not now a time for dancing or frolics but a time of mourning and humiliation and prayer."⁵

Brigham Young's attitude toward dancing was probably affected by his New England background. Though he did not believe such things were sins, he occasionally was uneasy about them. He didn't object after the completion of the Nauvoo Temple when musicians played a Fisher's Hornpipe at the request of Joseph Young, who "broke the gravity" by dancing and asking others to join in:

We will praise the Lord as we please. Now as to dancing in this house—there are thousands of brethren and sisters who labored to build these walls and put on this roof, and they are shut out from any opportunity of enjoying any amusement among the wicked—or in the world, and shall they have any recreations? Yes! and this is the very place where they can have liberty!⁶

A week later, however, Brigham insisted that dancing and merriment should cease in the temple from then on, "lest the brethren and sisters be carried away by levity."⁷ But within a month a dance was held in the Nauvoo Temple with music provided by the brass band; several of the Twelve participated.⁸

After leaving Nauvoo and starting on the journey west Brigham Young spoke as follows:

There is no harm in dancing. The Lord said he wanted his saints to praise him in all things. It was enjoined on Miriam and the daughters of Israel to dance and celebrate the name of the Almighty, and to praise him on the destruc-

tion of Pharaoh and his host. For some weeks past I could not wake up at any time of the night but I heard the axes at work. Some were building for the destitute and the widow; and now my feelings are, dance all night, if you desire to do so, for there is no harm in it.⁹

But it was possible to carry a good thing too far—a month later he was instructing the brethren to "cease dancing and commence prayer meetings. . . ."¹⁰

Besides appropriate timing, the main concerns about dancing during the first generation of the Church were the danger of mingling with bad company or associating with nonmembers whose social and moral standards were not those of the Saints, and the late hours of some dances. Through the remainder of the century efforts to bring dancing under control would usually include rules on closing times and on standards of admission.

In early nineteenth-century America most dances were either square dances or line dances. For the square dance, usually called a quadrille or a cotillion, the basic pattern was four couples to a set. For the line dance or reel, the men and women lined up in opposing lines. There were variations, such as the Lancers Quadrille, the Virginia Reel, the Scotch Reel, and others.

Though such dances seem like good, clean fun today, at the time they had their opponents. Many ministers regarded any form of dancing as a sin. Peter Cartwright, an itinerant minister, liked to tell of how many dances he had successfully interrupted.¹¹ Ministers of other denominations too denounced dancing as a pastime that was extravagant, harmful to health, a waste of time, and a dangerous flirting with immorality.

During the second quarter of the

nineteenth century a new dance was catching on in America: round dancing. The gentleman and his lady held each other in close proximity, especially in the most popular variant, the waltz, and couples circled around the hall.

In 1827 Senator John Tyler (later president) first saw a waltz and wrote to his daughter that it was "a dance which you have never seen, and which I do not desire to see you dance. It is rather vulgar, I think."¹²

Round dancing continued to grow in popularity, at first not displacing square dancing but providing a popular alternative. Those who disapproved of all dancing naturally did not like round dancing, but some who had found the older styles acceptable found the newer ones distasteful. One book of manners in the 1830s declared, "The waltz is a dance of quite too loose a character, and unmarried ladies should refrain from it in public and private."¹³

We read of Danish waltzes and other round dances among the Saints while on the plains.¹⁴ In American Fork in the 1860s a man was not allowed to waltz with a woman other than his wife—which implies that waltzing *with one's wife* was permissible.¹⁵

The rising popularity of the waltz was met with opposition nationally: though the Episcopal Church failed to pass a proposed canon that would forbid holy communion and confirmation to those who "habitually indulge in round dancing," a resolution did pass recommending that all good members of the Episcopalian Church avoid round dancing.¹⁶

About the same time a New York newspaper warned against male tempters who took advantage of round dances: "They find all their

opportunities ready made to their hands in the liberty allowed, and the intoxication of giddy female heads, already weakened and turned by the fumes of flattery, the overpowering effect of the close embrace of the waltz and the gratification of the sense in the associations and incidents of the night."¹⁷

The LDS Church joined with others who didn't mind dancing but drew the line at round dances. In a *Woman's Exponent* article in 1876, George Reynolds quoted President Young: "With regard to round dances, he was opposed to them, from beginning to end, from top to bottom. Round dances were first commenced in and still continue brothel-house dances."¹⁸

The next month George Q. Cannon published an editorial in the *Juvenile Instructor* criticizing round dancing as "not conducive to health" and "considered improper by the servants of God who are placed to teach us."¹⁹

Both statements also urged closing dances at an earlier hour—nine or ten instead of after midnight—and Cannon warned against strangers "with vile purposes in mind."

Some of the issues were discussed by a *Deseret News* editorial. Advocates of the waltz had claimed that it was a graceful and pleasant activity, impure only to the evil-minded. Admitting that most young people did not have impure intentions, the Church newspaper said: "But at the same time it must be admitted that the close embrace of the modern style of this whirling, giddy, seductive dance is not proper for the modest maiden, and is not exactly the position in which a prudent wife should place herself." Those who would waltz with a pure mind should abstain for the sake of others.²⁰

At first glance the response of the

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Saints to these prohibitions seems loyal. At least as early as 1874 a number of Young Ladies Retrenchment Associations included in their resolutions some strictures against round dancing, and these continued to the end of 1876. Some Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations were also being formed, and often they announced their willingness to cooperate in abandoning round dancing. The reasons? Injurious to health, originating from an evil source, demoralizing in their influence—but round dances received the final and decisive condemnation in that they were "not approved of by the Presidency of the Church."²¹

However, closer examination reveals that despite their loyalty to Church leaders the young Saints had a strong desire to do the modern dances. It was common for leaders to ask meetings of young people to vote on a resolution condemning round dancing and promising to refrain from it. Usually the vote was unanimous, but sometimes only a "majority" agreed. Apparently a minority disagreed, and we can guess that there were grumbling and behind-the-scenes criticism of the old-fogy ideas of adult leaders.

One unanimous vote was on the proposition that the young people only be "willing to try and refrain from it"—which gives more than a little leeway. Another group hedged by voting not to indulge in round dancing "to excess."

However, there were groups so zealous that they voted not only to refrain from such dancing but also to "abandon the desire" for it.

It wasn't easy for one generation to impose its will on the other, as a report from Nephi, Utah, attests: "We are striving to put down round dancing, but we meet with a great

deal of opposition, but hope with the help of God to carry out the resolutions we have formed."²² Round dancing was already firmly entrenched, according to the experience of the Saints in Draper, Utah:

We had been counseled to cease the round dances, but as they had become the favorite and almost universal dance, it appeared at first as though it would be a hard matter to get the young to comply with the request. But after being organized the sisters immediately resolved to cease dancing them. The young men complied without the least resistance, so there is no more round dancing among us.²³

(One is tempted to speculate that the young women of Draper had learned something from Lysistrata.)

That round dancing had become "the favorite and almost universal dance" is openly admitted, and not all settlements would be able to suppress its popularity so easily.

The difficulty of enforcing an absolute ban on round dancing quickly became evident. Brigham Young's statement in 1876 sounded iron-clad enough, but Heber J. Grant later remembered an incident during the last year of Brigham Young's life when the Thirteenth Ward was trying to raise money for the benefit of the St. George Temple.²⁴ Heber J. Grant, who headed the young people's committee, went to talk things over with Bishop Edwin Woolley, who was anxious to have his ward beat all the others in raising money. He planned to raise the money by holding a dance. Young Heber responded:

"I will do my best, but you must agree to pay the loss if there is one."

"Loss?" he said.

"Yes, you cannot have the party in the Thirteenth Ward and make any money; the young people won't come any more. In other places they allow them to have three round

dances, and you won't have any. I would rather dance three round dances and throw all the rest away. You have got to have three waltzes."

"All right," said Bishop Woolley, "take the three waltzes."

Then Heber said: "You won't allow Olsen's Quadrille Band; they are the only people who can play the Blue Danube Waltz well; that is one of the things that draws the crowd. When you say Olsen's full band, that means the finest cornetist in Salt Lake will be there to give some cornet solos during the evening."

The bishop said: "Take Olsen's Quadrille Band; take your three round dances; wax your floor."

President Grant later recalled how he sold tickets for \$1.50 each instead of the usual dollar and made special invitations to the Young family and the employees of ZCMI. President Brigham Young himself came and paid ten dollars.

President Grant obviously enjoyed recalling the results. "We scooped the town, and we had four round dances. The fourth round dance was a waltz quadrille [a quadrille which concluded with the couples waltzing around and around the square]. I said, 'I am going to sit by the President [Brigham Young] and see what he says.'

"I said to the leader of the band: 'Now when you get through with the waltz quadrille, stop playing.'

"President Young said: 'They are waltzing.'

"I said, 'No, they are not waltzing; when they waltz they waltz all around the room; this is a quadrille.'

"He turned to me and laughed and said: 'Oh, you boys, you boys.'"

But this was an exception to the rule at that time. A slight but significant relaxation of the rule itself came soon after Brigham Young's

death. An article on "Dancing Parties" in the *Deseret News* complimented President Young for his desire "to guide and regulate, not to suppress, the rational enjoyment of the Latter-day Saints." The article went on to outline certain rules:

1. A limited number of parties could be held in the ward houses until more social halls could be built.
2. These parties would be under the supervision of the bishops.
3. Order and decorum were to be maintained.
4. No "disreputable or immoral persons" were to "mingle in the society of the Saints."
5. Parties should not continue past midnight but should usually close at ten or eleven.
6. Dancing parties for raising money were prohibited, since they would have to let undesirable people in to make them a financial success. (Was this an indirect slap at the very party that Heber J. Grant later remembered so fondly?)
7. Invitation lists should be submitted to the presiding authorities in the ward.
8. Those who attended dancing elsewhere, in "public balls," should not be invited to ward dances.²⁵

Clearly more than just the question of the kind of dances was at stake here; it was a concerted effort to shield the Mormon youth from outside influences, to allow dancing parties to continue while imposing certain restraints on attendance and time and establishing responsibility for proper behavior.

On the matter of round dancing, this same article commented: "There has been among all correct feeling people a strong prejudice against them, as they tend, though not al-

ways intentionally so, to demoralize our youth, and operate prejudicially to those innocent enjoyments which ought to characterize the recreation of the Latter-day Saints. We do not wish to be too restrictive in relation to these matters, but would recommend there be not more than one or two permitted in an evening."

Attitudes among the Latter-day Saints actually continued to vary. Some seemed to feel dancing was, if not immoral, at least inferior to other forms of recreation "of a more intellectual tendency," since dancing offered only physical exercise and social intercourse.²⁶ And there was some justification for wanting to keep LDS young people from mixing socially with those whose standards of behavior were quite different. "Recent developments in the Police Court of this city," announced one news article, "reveal the fact that balls and dancing parties of a more or less public and mixed character have been the means through which the ruin of a number of young girls has been accomplished."²⁷

Denunciations of waltzes and round dancing continued through the 1880s and 1890s. In the Riverdale branch of the Young Ladies M.I.A. one young lady spoke in tongues, the message being that round dancing was displeasing in the sight of God.²⁸ Some of the statements are obviously responses to arguments that were being used in favor of allowing round dancing. To those who had said that round dances were necessary if the evening party was to be enjoyed, George Q. Cannon wrote that just as Adam and Eve could be happy while having all the fruits but one, so "round dancing is not absolutely necessary to enjoyment." To those who saw no immediate harm, he explained that, like tea, it is pleasant but will

eventually bring "dreadful evils." To those who argued that round dancing was a national dance in some countries, he explained that national dances included the "hula hula" and the can-can, both immodest and debasing. If it were permissible to indulge a dance because it was "national," where would it stop?²⁹

During the last-ditch stand from 1890 to 1910, the *Young Woman's Journal* always ended lists of the old arguments with a flatly authoritarian position: round dancing should be avoided because the authorities say so. In 1896 an article noted that although some young people thought the Church's position on round dancing was meant to crush or afflict them, it was really for their own good. Doesn't the Lord have a right to dictate in all things? How could anyone take pleasure in something displeasing to his heavenly parent? Most of all, round dancing was wrong "for the simple reason that it is not allowed."³⁰

As one editorial in 1900 put it, the "simple yet most potent reason why our young people should not indulge in round dancing [is that] it is against counsel! And the moral effects of disobedience are often worse for a human character than the performance of the act which is forbidden. . . . Our leaders have condemned it, and that should be enough for our Mutual Improvement girls and boys."³¹ Reasoned arguments seem to have given way before the idea that the Church standard was a test of obedience.

Once in Porterville, after the dance had been going for an hour or two, the boys got together in a huddle. When the next set was called for square dancing, the boys chose their partners, quickly explained things to them, and then all stood

at the edge of the dance floor.

The floor manager told them to take their places on the floor, but no one moved. He warned them that they would lose their turn to dance.

Still no one moved. He motioned to the musicians to start the music. No one danced. The next set was called with the same results.

Finally, in exasperation, the floor manager said, "All right, you can have your remaining number of round dances and then you can go home." And that is what they did.³²

By this time young Latter-day Saints were receiving mixed signals from their leaders on the question of round dancing. On the one hand, there was the concession that one or two an evening would be allowable, which understandably led to the conclusion that they were not absolutely evil. On the other hand, there had been earlier statements indicating that they were in fact objectionable because of their origin, their associations, their unwholesome results, and the temptations they presented. It was easy to conclude, as some did, that those who were really "following the brethren" would desist from all such dances.

The most widespread practice was to allow two round dances in an evening. Some loopholes were found, like making the two waltzes unusually long, so as to be equivalent to four or five normal dances; getting the musicians to play an "encore" that would not be counted as a new and separate dance; or defining certain dances as square if they started that way, like the "waltz quadrille" of Heber J. Grant's recollection.³³

Those who were determined to have all or most of their dances in the round style could go to public dancing halls, but that would be equivalent to abandoning Church

standards and quitting association with active Latter-day Saints.

It is hard to estimate how many of the young people disliked the moderate policy (allowing two round dances). My guess is that most thought it was something they could live with, although it must have been extremely common, even standard, to grumble a bit and to think of Church dances as old-fashioned.

Not all, of course, looked for loopholes. The other extreme was to exclude all round dances. This was tried in the Bear Lake Stake.³⁴ It all started on 29 January 1876, when Apostle Charles C. Rich asked the bishops to follow Brigham Young's counsel by doing away with round dancing entirely. The young people of the stake were not nearly so enthusiastic about this policy as the older generation, but on 3 January 1880 at stake priesthood meeting the following rules were accepted by unanimous vote:

"We will not practice waltzes or any other round dances in our assemblies.

"Persons dancing out of turn shall be considered violators of good order and may be requested to retire and if persistent may be ejected.

"We will not use liquor in our assemblies nor suffer any person inebriated to participate in the dances.

"Swinging with one arm around the lady's waist shall not be permitted in our assemblies.

"To swing a lady more than once against her will shall be considered ungentlemanly. To swing more than twice under any circumstances [not against her will] shall be considered disorderly and if persisted in the offender may be requested to retire and if necessary may be ejected by force."

Were the stake leaders confused?

Or were they remaining true to what they regarded as President Young's attitude, disregarding President John Taylor's relaxation of the rule? Or did the general suspicion of round dancing that was found in many of the statements mean, for these stake leaders, "We would rather that you did not participate in round dancing at all"? In any case, here was an effort to be more royalist than the king—more stringent than the President of the Church had required.

The rules were apparently unpopular: by 1882, under pressure from the young people, stake president William Budge announced that although President Taylor preferred no round dances he considered one or two permissible. If church dances did not provide some of these well-liked round dances, people would simply have private dances.

If seemed that Bear Lake Stake was just about ready to make the concession that was common elsewhere when first counselor J. H. Hart spoke out. He was in favor of the rules already adopted, he said, adding that "the feeling which should govern the bishops and heads of families should be 'let others do as they will but for me and my house we will serve the Lord.'" Not surprisingly, perhaps, when a vote was taken the result was that there would still be no round dancing.

In 1887 Bishop William L. Rich tried to get the stake to allow one or two round dances per evening. Even though he read John Taylor's statement that made such a concession acceptable, he was voted down in priesthood meeting; the absolute prohibition was continued.

In the meantime, it was not only the gentiles that were offering round dances. Some LDS people built a private dance hall and allowed round dances while prohibiting liquor. Nor

was it only teenagers who chafed under the strict rule. After the play *William Tell* a group of Swiss people had arranged to use the hall for dancing. The dancing they knew was round dancing. When the sheriff tried to stop them, he was told that many of them did not know how to square dance. By special permission they were allowed to round dance until midnight.

During these same years—roughly the 1880s and 1890s—some wards in the stake allowed one or two round dances, while others allowed none. At one dance two of President William Budge's children observed that the rule against round dancing was broken. What should they do?

They decided not to walk out, though they refrained from dancing.

"The next morning President Budge asked his daughter, 'Were you at the dance last night?'"

"Yes Sir!"

"Did you waltz?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't you get up and walk out?"

"We talked it over and decided it would be better not to."

"President Budge next called on Jesse and received the same answers. Just as he was leaving he met his son Frank.

"Were you at the dance last night?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, if you had been, you would have been just as bad as the others."

It is hard to pin down the exact transition to Mormon acceptance of round dancing. In 1902 a statement in the *Juvenile Instructor* indicates that the main concern was not the waltz *per se* but abuses of the closed position: "Certain dances such as the waltz are used by young people as an excuse for assuming an attitude that is sometimes shocking, and those who are so frivolous as to

be devoid of a high sense of propriety should be warned by the Bishop in a kindly spirit and in a proper manner in a private way to refrain from any and all unseemly and indelicate attitudes in the ball-room."³⁵

There were undoubtedly differences from one area to another on this question, with some of the outlying settlements perhaps lagging and still trying to enforce the old rules. By 1910 the waltz and two-step were favorably accepted by the MIA, and by 1913 the polka and schottische were added as acceptable forms of dancing.³⁶ Uneasiness about the closed position continued, however, and often floorwalkers would be assigned to walk up and down and make sure that "daylight" could be seen between the partners.³⁷

By 1916 popular new dances were included on the program. And, ironically, the old Virginia Reel was now considered a little too boisterous.³⁸

Some would see the Church leaders as reactionary in trying to prevent new styles of dancing that were not those they had learned in growing up. Since we have come to accept not only the waltz but other kinds of round dancing as perfectly wholesome, it is easy to ridicule earlier fears. I do not see the issue in these terms. Often in history there are developments that bring about a confrontation between a system of order and control and what is perceived as a tendency on the part of the young to abandon time-honored values and behavior patterns. The young appear wild, unrestrained, irreverent, and disrespectful.

Many people of the older generation—people beyond their teens and with responsibilities of marriage and family—see the world in a "topsy-turvy" state. Almost always the defensive reaction consists of attempts to tighten up, to establish

rules, to reassert the old ideas and values with renewed emphasis. This situation—old vs. new, order vs. disorder, control vs. license, stability vs. change—has recurred over and over again on many different levels.³⁹

At the end of the past century many adults were looking with more than a little dismay at the younger generation. Ideas and values were at stake, as well as fashions and morals. Dancing, while only one aspect, was highly symbolic of the whole situation. The old square and reel dances were carefully ordered, planned, and controlled. If the squares and reels did not have the same dignity as the minuets of the preceding century, they were alike in that every step was clearly defined.

The round dances, on the other hand, were characterized by whirling turns free of formation. They could be seen as symbolic of the breakdown of order and structure in society. The closed position, the physical contact between the partners, was not only tempting to those participating but was symbolic of moral laxity in general.

When seen in this context the Mormon Church reaction to the new dance styles was understandable. The desire to provide structured aids for young people—the new Mutual Improvement Associations, the lesson manuals in Sunday Schools, and the carefully graded steps in Priesthood activities—was part of the same impulse toward curbing the wildness of youth. Rather than saying "anything goes," leaders and young people agreed that some rules were necessary.

The Church's position can even be seen as one of common sense and moderation. From Nauvoo days the Church allowed dances and encouraged wholesome recreation of

all kinds, while drawing lines to maintain propriety and good taste. The same general feeling persisted throughout the century: not to abolish dancing but to encourage it within proper limits.

The balance was somewhere between a dour prohibition of all dancing and a free abandon that would allow any dance step whatever its associations and whatever the degree of intimacy. Seeking such a balance was not as old-fashioned as it seemed, but neither was it moving blithely with the fashions. Inevitably there were tensions and adjustments.

It is equally erroneous, of course, to see the issue in terms of theological truth. A white shirt is not "truer" than a colored shirt. A square dance is not "truer" than a waltz. Taste in music and art, fashions in dance and dress—these are matters not of truth and error but of prudence. To see peripheral rules as part of the unchangeable core of the restored gospel creates genuine confusion. For when the change comes—and sooner or later some kind of change does come—it will appear as fatal compromise of vital truth, when in fact it is prudent accommodation, with the fundamental principles remaining intact.

President Joseph F. Smith was quite right in 1912 to warn: "Let not the brilliant prospects of a glorious millennium be clouded with these licentious days." There are always threatening shadows, and "customs and costumes and diversions" are usually among them. But the exact details, the precise rules to follow, will vary with shifting circumstances.

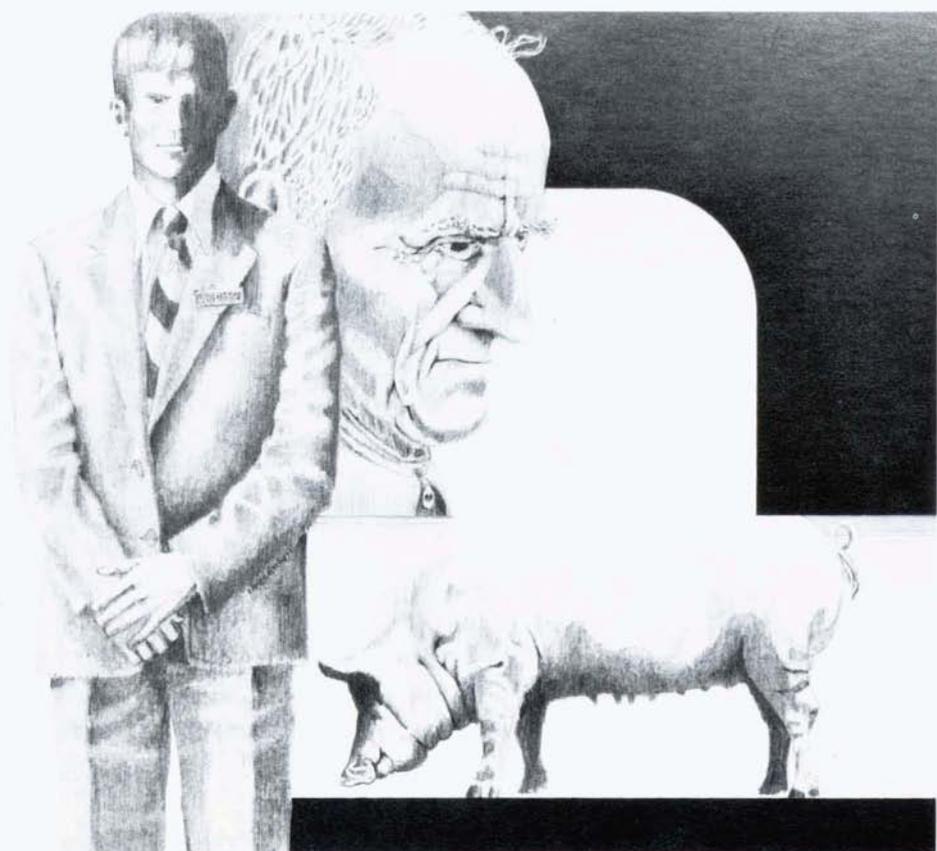
2. *Our Pioneer Heritage* 8(1965):464.
3. *Women's Exponent* 12(15 September 1883):57-58.
4. *Times and Seasons* 5(1 March 1844):460.
5. *Times and Seasons* 5(1 October 1844):668.
6. Heber C. Kimball, journal, 2 January 1846.
7. *Journal History*, 9 January 1846, LDS Church Archives.
8. Samuel W. Taylor, *Nightfall at Nauvoo* (New York: Macmillan, 1976), p. 352.
9. *Journal History*, 5 February 1847.
10. *Journal History*, 4 March 1847.
11. Peter Cartwright, *Autobiography of Peter Cartwright* (New York: Carleton and Potter, 1857), p. 75, as cited by Joseph E. Marks, *America Learns to Dance* (New York: Exposition Press, 1957), p. 69.
12. Lyon G. Tyler, *The Letters and Times of the Tylers* (Richmond: Whittet & Shipperson, 1884), 1:390, as cited by Marks, p. 74.
13. Marks, p. 74.
14. Karl Edward Wesson, "Dance in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (master's thesis, BYU, 1975), p. 46.
15. *Treasures of Pioneer History* 2(1953):390.
16. *Deseret News*, 29 May 1878.
17. *Deseret Evening News*, 16 January 1877.
18. *Women's Exponent* 4(1 January 1876):117.
19. *Juvenile Instructor* 11(15 February 1876):42.
20. *Deseret News*, 20 September 1877.
21. *Women's Exponent* 2-4(1874-1876), especially in section "R. S. Notes."
22. *Women's Exponent* 4(15 September 1875):58.
23. *Women's Exponent* 4(1 May 1876):180.
24. This whole episode is taken from Heber J. Grant (as told to his daughter Rachel Grant Taylor), "When Brigham Young Watched a Waltz," *Improvement Era*, November 1941.
25. *Deseret News Weekly*, 28 November 1877.
26. *Deseret News*, 13 November 1877.
27. *Deseret Evening News*, 16 January 1877.
28. *Women's Exponent* 12(15 January 1884):127-28.
29. *Juvenile Instructor* 19(15 February 1884):56.
30. *Young Woman's Journal* 12(February 1896):242.
31. *Young Woman's Journal* 11(February 1900):89-90.

1. Whistling for dances is described in Joel E. Ricks and Everett L. Cooley, Eds., *The History of a Valley: Cache Valley* (Logan, Utah: 1956), pp. 414-15.

32. *Treasures of Pioneer History* 2(1953): 379-80.
33. One other technique sometimes worked in small halls. Since it was impossible for all the dancers to dance every dance, numbers were drawn or a ticket entitled one to so many dances. In such situations in order to allow every dancer two round dances it might be necessary to play four or six during an evening. From this point it took little imagination for some dancers to buy two tickets or otherwise contrive to get onto the floor for several of the round dances.
34. The information on Bear Lake Stake comes from Bear Lake Stake Historical Record, Church Archives. It is conveniently summarized in Russell R. Rich, *Land of the Sky-Blue Water* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1963), ch. 7.
35. *Juvenile Instructor*, 15 April 1902.
36. Ruth E. Yashko, "An Historical Study of Pioneer Dancing in Utah" (master's thesis, University of Utah, 1947), pp. 21, 47, 49.
37. *Treasures of Pioneer History* 2(1953): 377-80.
38. E. L. Roberts, "Social Dancing and Its Direction," *Improvement Era* 19(January 1916):255-60.
39. My thinking along these lines has been especially stimulated by William J. Bouwsma, *Venice and the Defense of Republican Liberty: Renaissance Values in the Age of Counter Reformation* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1968).

PIGS AND FARMERS

REX J. ALLEN



WARREN ARCHER

The role of teacher in the Church, especially "teacher in authority" is a fragile, awesome position. For his experience and knowledge and patience, a teacher may receive great love, trust, and admiration from those he teaches. There is certainly no wrong in this. If, however, the teacher does not carefully reroute this love to the Savior, but instead holds this honor and love to himself, he becomes a dangerous kind of hypocrite, creating, as it were, a religion to himself. I had an experience with a clear-eyed elder in the Language Training Mission who seemed to understand all this. This essay, the result of that experience, is an exploration of my own "professional" religion.

It took a moment to recall the name the face in the hall belonged to. After all, there were so many. But named or not it was there, cinched tight white around the neck and watching me through the half-open door. E. Pierce, that was it, punched letter by letter into orange Dymo tape and stuck to a plaque with a pin on it which had labelled a hundred E. So and Such's before him. The face was hopeless, somehow. It fell straight down from its cheekbones on both sides to its jaws, pushed in around an invisible chin and dropped downward to its neck-stand. More hopeless were the eyes that lighted the face, or did not, for they were dull and reflected nothing of what should have been inside. The mouth was drawn to a semi-smile of pseudo surprise ("Fancy meeting you here!"), for the visit was undoubtedly planned. He was supposed to be in the other building, and in class. So there in the room with its orange carpet and windows that were supposed to

swivel only clockwise, I left my soon-to-be teacher to keep the ninety and nine, while I turned firmly toward the one.

We slipped down the hall on trivialities and made our way to the stairwell. In the stairwell one is somehow freed from the orange carpet and one-way windows and necks craning to see who-in-the-world-is-making-so-much-noise. He said he didn't like it here. It was useless. He couldn't do it. I listened, of course. I had taught a lesson about listening just two weeks before. One doesn't judge or project or stifle, one simply listens and nods knowingly once in awhile. He said he was losing his testimony. Just what I had said in my lesson when I had challenged my class know-it-all to help me with a play problem. And he had said, "Well, what's the problem, Teacher?" I had pretended that I didn't really know and he had asked me if I had prayed and fasted and worked hard, etc. Then I had shown him how all I wanted when I came to him was a listener and he had branded me a sinner. He felt stupid and the class had laughed. But he had learned to listen, and even thanked me afterward for being such a good teacher.

And now Elder Pierce had lost his testimony and stood watching me. I knew I should not brand him a sinner, and so I said calmly, "You're not feeling very good, are you, Elder?" which was an empty thing to say, but he must have thought I was listening because he went on about how he couldn't concentrate or learn. I wanted to say that he should put away his girlfriend's pictures, but I knew I shouldn't stifle him, so I hitched up my nose and pulled my eyebrows together as if what he said were really important and grave.

I tried to look at his eyes (as I had taught in my lesson), but the skin on his nose was peeling off in both directions toward his cheekbones, leaving a red blotch under his eyes with loosening flecks of dried skin around its edges, and I could see that he had rubbed it and picked at it and I got a little queasy thinking about that raw under-skin. So I grabbed the steel fence guarding the stairwell and looked at the tile floor of the landing we stood on. I nodded deeply, clear from my waist, every once in awhile to let him know I was listening. He said how he hadn't learned anything since he had come and how his whole class was doing so well and how he had learned to give up and walk around the parking lot alone thinking of home or not at all. Once or twice I looked up when he shared a really sobering something, and I'd study his hair (to avoid his nose), black and wavy and powdered with tiny flakes of dandruff.

Finally I had listened so well he was talked empty. I thought he would cry then. Mostly they did that when they ran out of things to say. Just the night before I had given a lesson on the Savior, and when we got outside, Elder Riggs started to cry and hugged me and said he wished he could be like me. He had had three fathers and had run away to get baptized and was paying for his own mission and had not done very well yet because he had spent a week in the hospital for a tonsillectomy. I assured him I had just had more experience and held him while he cried. Elder Menowski had cried, too. His father didn't live at home much and his mother was paying for his mission by working two shifts. His little sister had been sick but his mother wouldn't tell him why, so he had

left anyway. Now she was in the hospital with a cancerous brain tumor and his mother was working nights and visiting her during the day. He had asked how I had ever made it and I spoke gravely of dedication and commitment. I knew I would have to talk like that to Elder Pierce, too.

He was not crying, though. He just stood there with his back to the door, not leaning on the wall or the railing or anything. He watched me with his hands to his sides and his tie cinched crooked around his neck. When I met his eyes over the flaking skin, they weren't quite so dull and they clung to me like the rubber darts we used to shoot that stuck to walls. It was startling. So I began quickly to thank him for coming to me (one is always supposed to do that when confidence is shared), and then told him about goals and building fences so that one could always see where one has been and where one is going. I spoke of starting small and facing oneself squarely without any illusions. I carefully explained how I had felt when I was there and how hard it is without other people to tell you you are a good person; and about manhood and walking without social crutches, with only the Lord to be one's reference group.

He didn't respond much. And he didn't cry. His eyes did not move or get softer and he still didn't lean on anything. He just stood there. I began to wonder what he was thinking of me because the others had responded so well and had always thanked me. So I challenged him to do some of the things he had talked about while I was listening and to find his real self by losing himself in work. He said he would. He pulled his eyes off my face, turned and stepped carefully down

the middle of the stairs, not touching the steel fence and not looking back.

I stood there a moment, wondering, I guess, if there really could be cup marks on my face, and then opened the door and stepped into the orange-carpeted hallway. I stood still a moment and then leaned heavily against the cold wall of golden-colored bricks. How can one find oneself, or even lose oneself, when one is so clearly aware of how one is supposed to be but isn't?

I remember reading Orwell's *Animal Farm* when I was fourteen. The farmer in the story was horribly inconsiderate of his animals. Finally they became angry with their master and drove him out. Since the pigs were the smartest, they took over the farm's leadership and all the animals were very happy for awhile. Then the pigs began to be mean and inconsiderate, too, and even moved into the old farmer's house. I remember that at the end of the story the other animals, shocked by their leaders' behavior, huddled around the farm house windows to look inside. What they saw terrified me: the pig faces had changed to farmer faces! Then I asked my father which was worse, the pigs or the farmers. He said they were both very bad.

I quietly opened the door to my one-way window classroom and slipped inside. My soon-to-be teacher was doing well with the ninety and nine. I padded across the carpet to a seat at the back and sat down. He glanced at me, but I just nodded warmly as he spelled *testimony* wrong on the board.

New Directions in Mormon Art

PETER AND MARIE MYER

Creativity, individuality and the Spirit

The creative act is essentially a spiritual act—whether the product be a painting, a poem, a sonata, a concept, a child, or a world. In its purest form, the act of creation is not only a commission from the Father, but an act of partnership with Him.

It is this belief that prompts us to write this article. We believe fine art, in its many forms, to be at the very core of worship, expression, and commitment. But we also believe that the visual artist in the Mormon community has largely been neglected. Since appreciating a painting is a solo, not a social, experience, visual art “events” have not been part of the Church community’s curriculum to the extent that drama, music, and dance have. Consequently, as we present here some of the finest in contemporary Mormon art, we do so in a “discovering” setting, hopeful that the discussion may kindle the fires of new appreciation and understanding.

Individuality is essential to creation. In the creative experience the creator-artist expresses his uniqueness, his free choice that is basic to Mormon doctrine.

We are familiar, in the Church, with the doctrine of individuality. We believe that individual differences make us more useable by the Lord. Take, for example, the presidents of the Church: men of God, but not carbon copies. The sparse, scholarly, precise style of President Joseph Fielding Smith was fitted for a time when careful delineation of doctrine was required. President David O. McKay, with his love, humility, and sense of drama, was especially fitted for the rapid international growth of the Church.

Likewise, there is no single mold for all artists. The Mormon artist must be true to the gifts he has had and to the uniqueness of his personality. And just as individuality is basic to Mormon philosophy, so is personal integrity. It is fundamental that we be true to the best and most unique that is in us.

The artist—roles and responsibilities

The artist is a perceptor of his time, his society, and his environment. The gift is not in the hand of the artist but in his eyes and his mind. He perceives the world through sand-papered senses, and perceiving, articulates.

The peculiar sensitivity that renders an artist a perceptor and an



WILFORD WAYNE KIMBALL, JR., *Turkish Chair with Odalisque* (1976), lithograph, 15 x 11, BYU collection. Wayne Kimball was born in Salt Lake City and studied at Southern Utah State College and the University of Arizona. He became a master printer at the Tamarand Institute, Albuquerque, New Mexico. He taught at San Diego State and Cal State, Long Beach, and is presently at the University of Texas, San Antonio. His work is represented in several important collections and his lithographs have achieved national recognition. Frequently the introduction of an unexpected element—such as the turkey on the chair— suggests a symbolic satire, perhaps contrasting our corporeal, animal existence with the imagined pristine functionalism of our indoor civilization.

interpreter also renders him vulnerable to life and its experiences, and in this sense sets him apart from his society. Because he is thus set apart from his society, even though he may be more intimately in touch with it than most, communication problems result.

The artist may also feel the temperature of his time more acutely than most other people, and perhaps *before* other people. This adds to his communication problems, and explains why many artists do not achieve recognition until after their death.

In the fine arts, the *uniqueness* of one's contribution is one measurement of quality. Recognition is given artists whose work rises above the *mediocrity of repetition*. Obviously, a certain high measure of freedom is essential for art. Today, artists in the free world can explore in any direction; almost anything is acceptable artistically. In Russia where art is mainly didactic and propagandist, only a relative few are producing art of lasting value. The prime responsibility of the artist, then, is to be true to himself and his own personal vision. This special vision is his great gift. Life—distilled, interpreted and illuminated by his vision—becomes his content.

The artist must use the visual language he knows—the most precise and effective tools that he has available. Every artist creates his own visual language, and that is what makes him different from every other artist and gives lasting value to his work.

President Oaks of BYU, studying an abstract painting in the BYU Art Gallery, recently remarked to the director that he felt like he was looking at the front page of a newspaper written in a foreign language.

Responded the director, "Wouldn't you like to learn the language?"

Many others share President Oaks' frustration. But the role of the artist is not to compromise so that he may be more easily understood. It is at this point—appreciation—that the communication effort shifts from the artist to the observer. We don't ask Dylan Thomas to be Mother Goose; we don't rephrase Shakespeare—we just read more Shakespeare. A new visual language requires something of the same effort required to learn a new verbal language. Both are learned most effectively through exposure.

The artist also needs to learn his trade. Anyone who is not a primitive or a naive painter automatically assumes the obligation of becoming well educated in his field if he is going to be creatively productive. Santayana's epithet, "Those who are ignorant of history are doomed to repeat it," applies to artists as well as politicians.

The Church and the artist

Historically, the Church has seen the artist's role as primarily practical, either as decorator, illustrator, or teacher. This view of the artist was necessary in the early stages of the community. That society could not afford the luxury of pure aesthetics. Brigham Young was astute enough to establish the Salt Lake Theatre for the entertainment and diversion of the Saints, and even called people to work in it. The education and employment of many struggling artists in those and subsequent years was fostered by sending them abroad for study and by commissioning temple murals and theatre scenery. But there was little encouragement of personal development and statement in the arts.



HAGEN HALTERN, *Eiskellerstrasse* (1974), pencil on polyethylene, BYU. Hagen Haltern is another young LDS artist who is already gaining wide recognition. Although the casual observer might not make the connection, Haltern's subjects are Mormon beliefs. Immediately prior to his conversion to the Church, Haltern experienced a profound vision that not only prepared him to accept the gospel, but also became an integral part of his creative image. It included a visual symbol that brought together diverse visual imagery.

Haltern expresses his dissatisfaction with the fragmentation of art, and sees his own art as a way of bringing art back into unity—a way of synthesizing, rather than fragmenting. The elements of photographic naturalism, geometric abstraction, and surrealistic juxtaposition all find their way into Haltern's vocabulary. His work has already received high praise in Germany and is a beautiful example of how Mormon philosophy can achieve wide recognition through art.

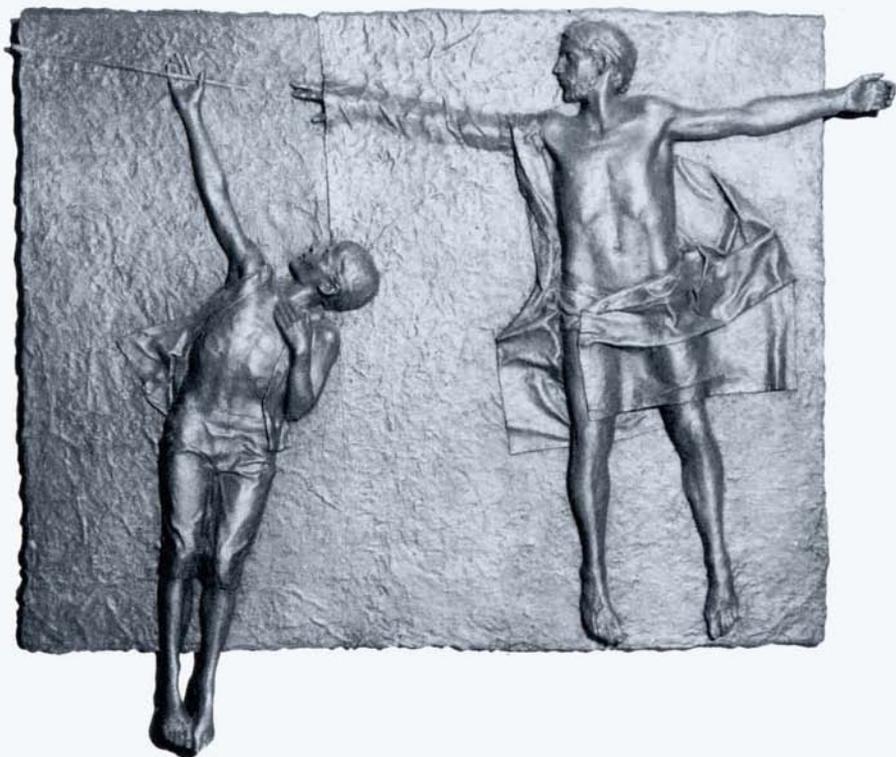
In this meticulous drawing of a building across the street from his studio in Germany, Hagen Haltern combines the natural perspective of the buildings with an altered perspective of two depressions in the earth.



JAMES CHRISTENSEN, *Sinner Fleeing Judgment* (1977), acrylic, 18 x 24, artist's collection. This delightful fantasy image represents the frantic and fruitless attempt of a sinner to avoid the ultimate results of his sins. The rich fabric perhaps symbolizes the corrupting influences of materialism as they weave a fascinating pattern of vari-colored ribbons. The pattern reveals both the flowing movement of the figure and the inevitable trapping mesh of sin.



HARRISON T. GROUTAGE, *View of Logan Temple* (1975), acrylic, 40 x 48, BYU. This dramatic snow-patched landscape generalizes the northern Utah countryside, while at the same time being extremely explicit. Although the title names the Logan Temple, the temple itself is a relatively minor and distant feature. The real emphasis is on the strong diagonal movement of the foreground against the counter thrust of the trees at the right. Groutage has cultivated a technique that expresses a depth of detail with minimal work.



FRANZ JOHANSEN, *The Rod and the Veil* (1975), fiberglass and resin, BYU collection. Born, raised, and educated in Utah, Franz Johansen has taught at BYU since he was a student. He has traveled widely both in this country and abroad, and has won recognition for both his sculpture and his painting. He recently completed two major commissions: the doors for the Washington, D.C., temple, and the monumental relief sculpture for the south facade of the new library building at BYU. This fiberglass and resin piece was recently completed on a grant from the University. Two traditional symbols of Mormon theology are combined here in a statement on man's relationship to the spirit world.

Because of this necessarily practical role of the arts, many Mormon artists have had a difficult battle for recognition in the community. C.C.A. Christensen, although fully qualified as a journeyman artist in Denmark before he came to this country, found very little understanding of his personal vision.

This attitude remains with us. In the case of C.C.A. Christensen even today, while many Church members acknowledge his deep spirituality, they fail to recognize his distinctive personal style. They regard his individual expression as not being "masterful," or somehow failing to measure up to preconceived notions of what is ideal in art. In this way the community encourages the artist to conform to the vision of the community, rather than accepting him and utilizing him in the higher roles of perceptor, interpreter, and articulator.

Even Minerva Teichert, who gained wide recognition among professionals for her work during her lifetime, had to wait until after her death for recognition by the community. Now, after her death last year, she is regarded as a major "find."

Although temple murals were commissioned for didactic purposes, some truly original work, with great artistic integrity, resulted. The works of C.C.A. Christensen and Minerva Teichert in the Manti Temple are cases in point. But now, disturbingly, some of these early paintings and murals are disappearing from temple interiors and chapels throughout the Church.

C.C.A. Christensen's most famous work, a nationally acclaimed series of early Church historical paintings, was not commissioned by the Church. It was the bearing of a personal testimony, not only to the

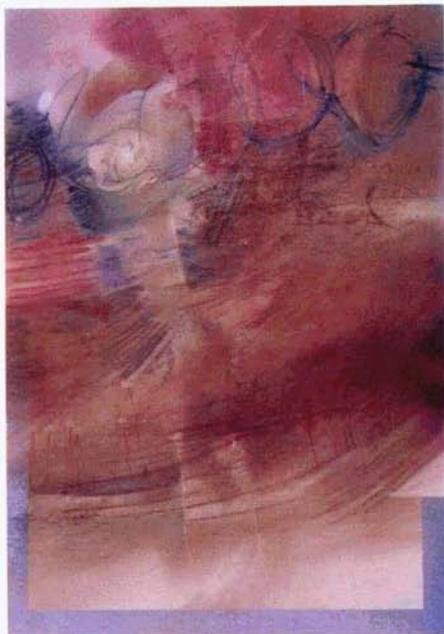
truthfulness of the gospel, but also to the artist's own special vision. In spite of their desire to bear testimony through art, Christensen and Teichert worked against great odds, receiving little formal Church support or encouragement. It was necessary for the world to discover the artistic merit of their work.

Both of these artists, in the tradition of the consummate Mormon artist, remained in the Mormon community, were faithful to the teachings of the Church, and developed themselves artistically without support within the framework. Mahonri Young, on the other hand, chose to leave the community in order to find opportunities for his full personal vision.

The contemporary Mormon artist is faced with numerous pressures. Besides the previously mentioned pressure to do work designed for large groups of people, he faces the pernicious necessity of survival. Some artists resolve the money problem by turning to a field related to art, for example, graphics, commercial art, or teaching. Others find they must compromise artistic vision and produce art to sell: whatever sells determines what is good. And there are other, less obvious pressures upon the artist—the freely expressed opinions of friends, relatives, other artists. Competitive exhibitions and jurist's decisions act as directives to an artist, persuading him to follow that track that meets with more success.

But the consummate artist in the Mormon Church, aware of these pressures, *can* combat them, and work out his peace among the conflicts.

As the Church struggles through the natural process of adolescence into maturity, so its artists struggle to define and express themselves, to





BRENT LAYCOCK, *Faith—the Seed Planted, Faith—the Seed Sprouting, Faith—the Tree* (1975), pastel, 26 x 20, BYU collection. Brent Laycock, from Canada, has continued the direction of his master's thesis with personal idioms that express abstract spiritual ideas. His mixed media series on faith, and more recently his series on the gold plates, reflect a union of honest personal expression, mastery of craft, and religious belief. In this work, color and subject combine to express the gradual emergence of faith from seed to full-grown tree. Says Laycock of his work, "For me, art is an exercise of faith. The aesthetic experience, which is the reward pursued in my artistic endeavors, is that rare and precious moment when something inside is lifted, lights up, and says, 'Yes, it is right.' It is a spiritual experience, a moment of inspiration, and from then on everything is slightly different."

ROBERT MARSHALL, *Hugs, Kisses, and Plums* (1977), watercolor, 15 x 20, artist's collection. The recently appointed chairman of the Art Department at BYU did this unusual watercolor study of plums on his back patio. Marshall has achieved wide recognition for his richly textured watercolor landscapes. The unusual random arrangements of the shiny, brilliantly colored plums contrast with the textured pattern richness of the concrete surface. These intimate studies are reminiscent of the miniature landscapes of B.F. Larsen.



RAYMOND V. JONAS, *Table Forms No. 2* (1977), wood, 15 x 21 x 31, artist's collection. Jonas has over the past several years developed a sensitivity to wood that directs his carving and assemblages. He molds, pushes, and shapes his wood pieces almost as if they were clay—and discovers implied shapes within the wood that magically combine to create new plastic images.

fulfill their potential within the Church community. They are learning that they should not expect the Church to foster them as artists, although it is a great opportunity when they do find ways within the community to further their goals. In the early Church community, many of the needs of the Saints had to be fulfilled by the community because of the isolation of the people, their peculiarity, and their persecutions. This habit of seeking all from the Church community dies hard, even though we are now admonished to grow strong roots and then go out into the world to share our testimonies and our talents.

The difference between graphics and commercial art on the one hand, and creative art on the other hand, could be more clearly delineated. Good graphic art can properly be both didactic and communicative to large groups of people. The use of *high quality* graphics in teaching and proselyting is both proper and desirable, but should not be confused with the function of the fine arts.

The community could benefit greatly from a full understanding of the artist as perceptor and as articulator. The Church has already derived great missionary benefits from the national exposure of the C.C.A. Christensen series of paintings. And as we learn to appreciate good art, our sensitivities are refined, we feel more deeply—and then our commitment is greater. Only the highest form of artistic expression can express the highest levels of spiritual experience.

The Mormon artist needs to continually bear his testimony with his art and speak out eloquently with the tools he has been given, regardless of acceptance. This has always been the function of the

artist, and probably always will be. He must remain true to his own vision, and must help others understand his language.

Some new directions

Many steps toward the understanding and use of fine art have already been taken, both by the community and by the artist.

A case in point is the recent commissioning of two new monumental works of sculpture for the BYU campus. *Windows of Heaven* by Frank Riggs and *Tree of Wisdom* by Frank Nackos exemplify both spiritual and artistic excellence.

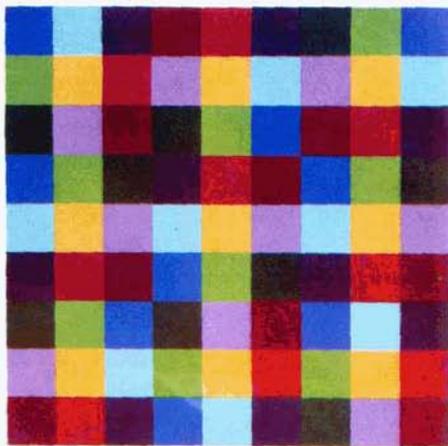
For the past eight years, Brigham Young University has sponsored the Mormon Festival of Arts, an annual celebration of the arts which includes an art exhibition. This festival has become a focal point for many LDS artists in all media, and has represented an institutional endorsement of new directions in LDS art.

The publication of the book *Mormon Arts* by Lael Woodbury and Lorin Wheelwright was a welcome addition to artistic scholarship and exposure. However, the book does raise some fundamental questions about the implied existence of a so-called "Mormon art." The thesis that there is some cohesive quality that separates art by Mormons from the rest of the world of art needs to be re-examined.

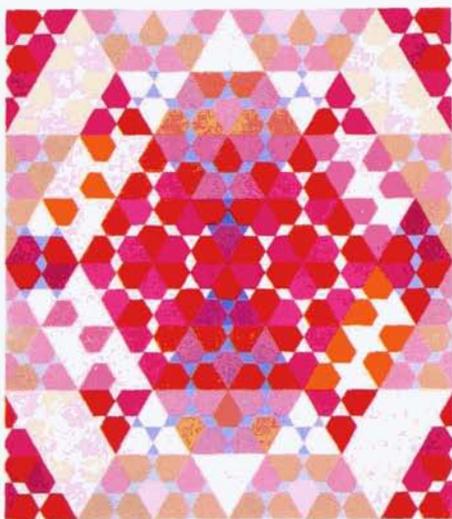
As we have said before, the new directions in Mormon art are individual directions. They are alike only in being diverse. The accompanying photographs show specific new directions—exciting, thought-provoking evidence that the Mormon artist is faithful to his own artistic and religious vision.

Mormon art educators

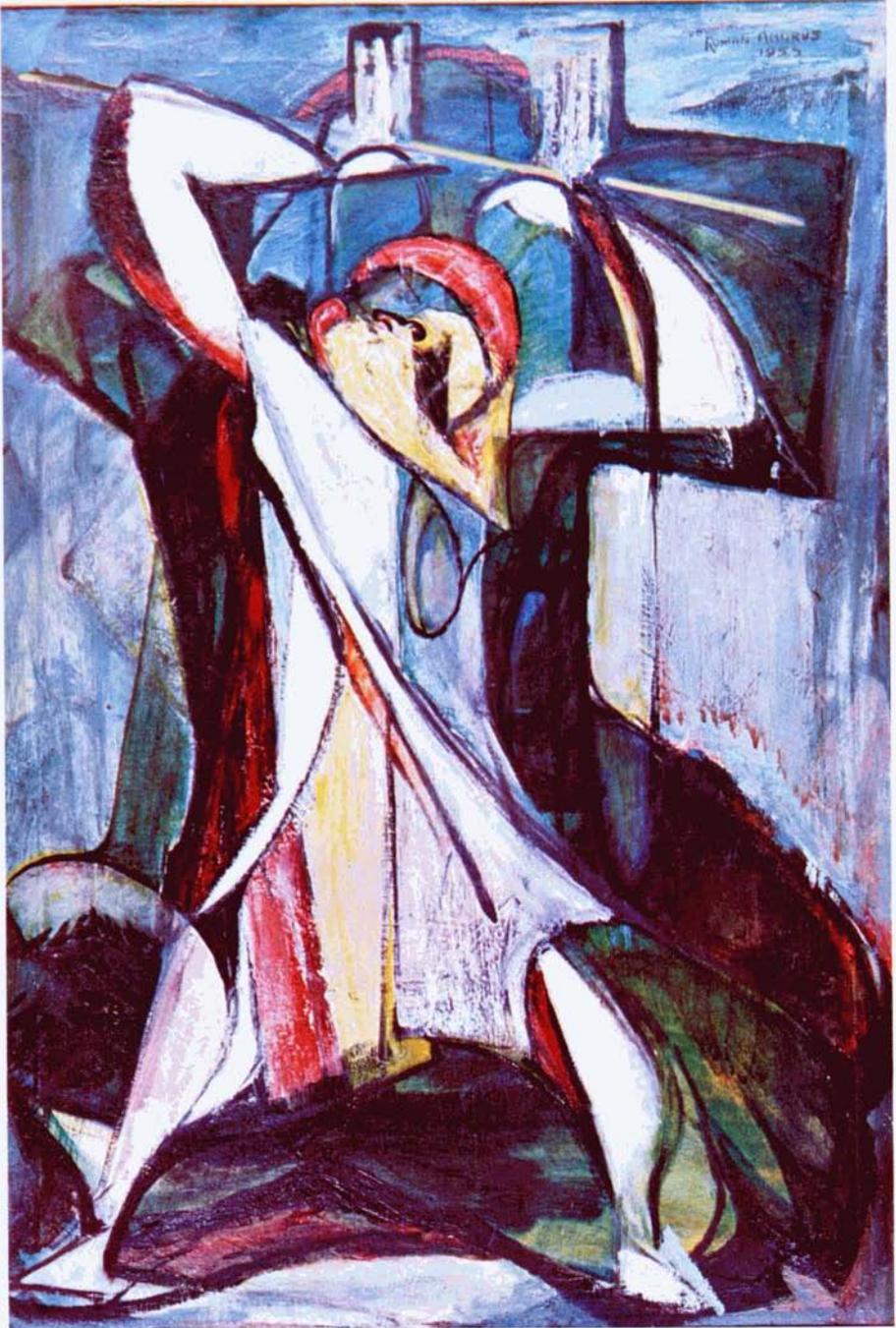
The Mormon community has had



JOSE STELLE, *Eighty-one* (1975), acrylic, 18 x 18, BYU. In this composition, Jose Stelle was experimenting with programmed color sequences. He describes his work as an attempt at establishing a possible visual order within a linear-structure system: the complexity possible in the simplest system and the simplicity possible in the most complex system. The author does not differentiate between art and visual order. Jose further explains his own work by pointing out that "visual order is structured aesthetic information. This means that art involves not the expression of [abstract] feelings but of [concrete] ideas that will ultimately evoke the feelings."



GORDON OLSEN, *N-OC-75-1* (1975), acrylic, 17 x 20, artist's collection. Gordon Olsen's seemingly simple decorative statement assumes an optical ambiguity as it is studied. The surface forms move in and out as we adjust to contrasting information from colors, values, and shapes. It is sensitively organized visual movement.

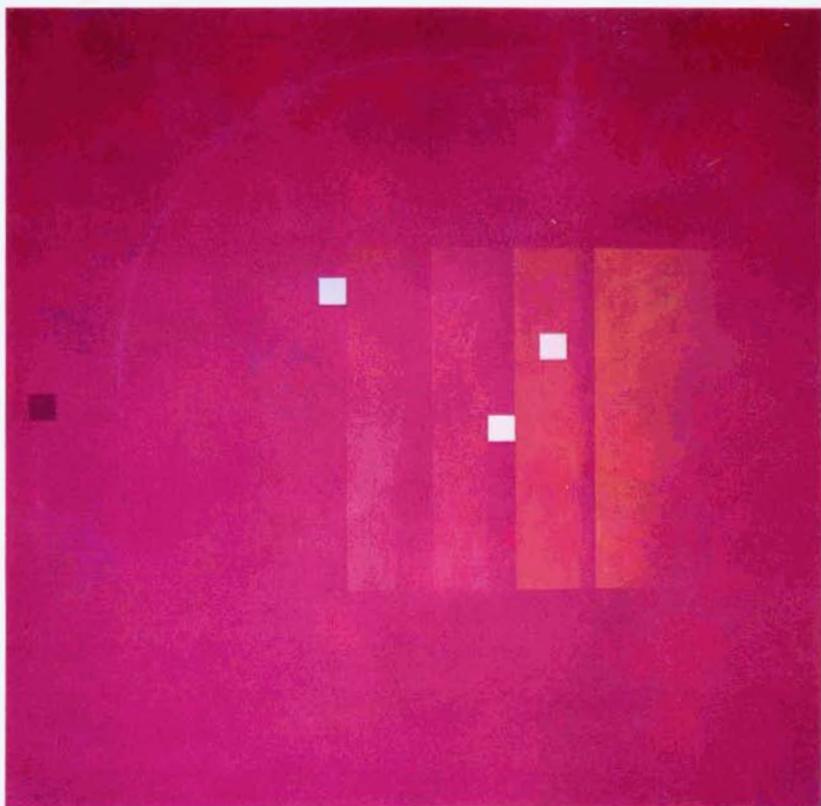


ROMAN ANDRUS, *Moses* (1955), oil, 44 x 30, BYU. The intensity of the moment Moses raised the rod to strike water from a stone. A vigorous portrayal of the impulsive misuse of the Lord's power.





DENNIS SMITH, *Marj Ann* (1976) and *The Plow Horse* (1976), 24" and 13", bronze, artist's collection. Dennis Smith is widely known among Church members for his fine sculpture. He recently was awarded a major commission by the Church for a group of monumental bronze figures. His sculptures of children and fantasy mechanisms composed from "junk" materials capture the imaginative qualities of youth.



MICHAEL GRAVES, *Progression* (1977), acrylic, 68 x 68, artist's collection. Michael Graves has been working through the past several years with abstract images that symbolize fundamental LDS concepts.



B. F. LARSEN, *Forest Detail* oil, 30 x 36, BYU. This beautiful orchestration of natural organic detail is characteristic of the mature direction of Larsen's work. Larsen was well-known for many years for his traditional western landscapes, but in the last years of his life he turned to these intimate studies and fantasy images that revitalized his search for new ways of seeing.

educators who, in the tradition of the consummate Mormon artist, have encouraged integrity of expression coupled with spiritual completeness. J. Roman Andrus, B.F. Larsen, and Alex B. Darais have all been influential in stimulating younger artists in new directions. Andrus, although well-known for his rhythmic landscapes, has continually pushed out in new directions, and has stimulated and encouraged his students to do likewise. Even in the 1950s his art was highly experimental as evidenced by the potent imagery of his "Moses" painting shown on page 45.

B.F. Larsen continued to grow in his later years, and in the sixties and seventies until the time of his death explored miniature landscapes—studies of details from natural materials. Sometimes he would enlarge a fragment of bark from a tree, or a puddle, or groups of leaves and twigs. Besides seeing fantasy figures within these landscapes, he also would take natural forms and transform them into suggestive images. This dramatic change from his traditional handling of landscape enlivened not only his canvases but also his teaching. His considered criticism of works of art always indicated an openness to new forms of expression. He was encouraging to his students. In a letter to a student written in March of 1959 he commented on the student's abstract interpretation of the entombed Christ, an interpretation which could easily have been criticized for its "untraditional" treatment:

You have a very interesting composition. I am very prejudiced concerning subject matter. I have visited many art centers in Europe and America and have seen many pictures of Christ, both conservative and modern. It is rare for me to find a

picture which represents my feelings concerning this member of the Godhead. Certain ideas such as spirituality are difficult to record in an effective way.

Alex B. Darais continues to be a dominant force in directing the growth of gifted students. Darais' sensitive analysis and criticisms of student work engender a searching awareness of the importance of design. His own art typifies the meticulous care that he brings to all his aesthetic designs. Admired for years both as a teacher and an artist in the Utah community, and widely respected professionally, Alex has solved problems of community pressures by resisting opportunities to sell his work, or even to take advantage of purchase awards in competitive exhibitions. Although he has used his graphic and design abilities to supplement his professorial salary, there has been a complete and careful separation from his artistic expression. His work remains a unique personal statement that expresses his own aesthetic sense of values. His subject matter ranges from religious impressions to a personal interpretation of family images, relatives, and recollections of childhood.

Mormon educators have a critical role in the development of new directions. They have the difficult dual challenge of not only nurturing sensitive creative individuals, but also educating the community in the many languages of art.

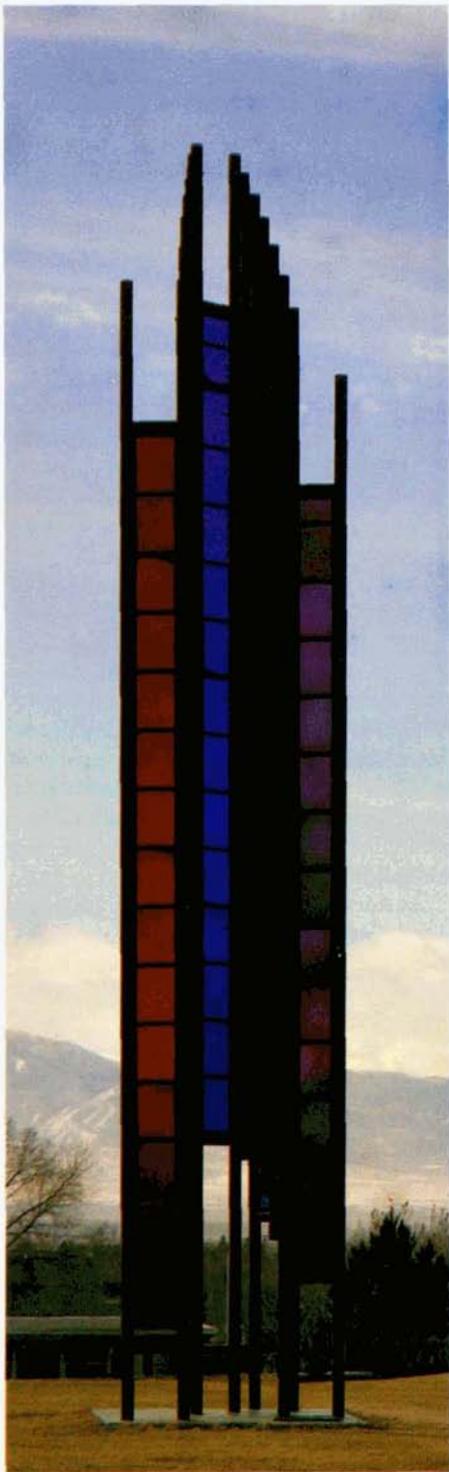
The consummate Mormon artist-educator must also continue to produce art. He must resist the pressures that might weaken his potency; he must remain true to his own personal vision; he must work with integrity; and he must continue to bear his testimony in his own visual language.



WULF BARSCH, *August '75* (1975), color litho, artist's collection. Wulf Barsch recently returned from a year at the American Academy in Rome; he was a recipient of the prestigious Prix de Rome. This particular multi-color lithograph was completed in Rome, begun in Utah. Although German by birth, Wulf's works are intimately personal statements reminiscent of the calligraphic poetry of Japan.

FRANK RIGGS, *Windows of Heaven* (1975), steel and stained glass, 30 ft., BYU. Frank Riggs was born in New York City and is a graduate of the Pratt Institute. A professional designer of both appliances and furniture, he elected to move to Provo in 1969 when Milo Baughman moved to the area. In 1972 he began a new career as a sculptor. Primarily he utilizes welded metal forms, many of them brightly painted. During the past three years, he has completed two major works, a commissioned piece for the Orem City Civic Center, and this piece for the BYU campus. This piece includes not only the traditional symbol of brilliant stained glass, reminiscent of cathedral windows, but also the pipelike shapes of cathedral organs, both reaching heavenward in a gesture of worship.

ED MARYON, *Big Sur Nursery* (1975), watercolor, 17 x 22, Springville Art Museum. Ed Maryon, Dean of the College of Fine Arts at the University of Utah, orchestrates color, value, and composition. The textural interweaving of planes in this watercolor (bottom right) is a surface manipulation creating implied and controlled depth. A prosaic roadside stand becomes a multifaceted gem of color.





RAUL ABELENDA NION, *Cumpliendo lo Escrito* (1973), oil, 21 x 27, artist's collection. This colorfully fresh study reflects a bold new direction by a member of the Church from Uruguay. Abelenda combines the brilliant coloration we associate with his country's culture with a vigorous contemporary statement.

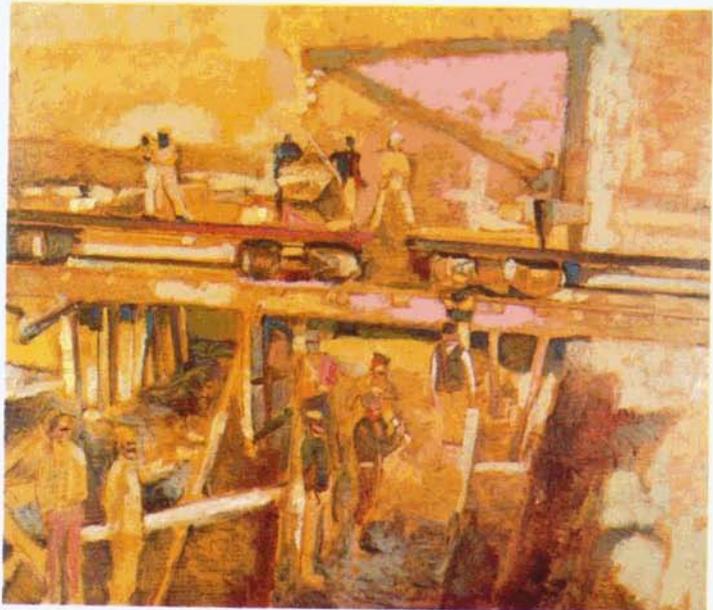
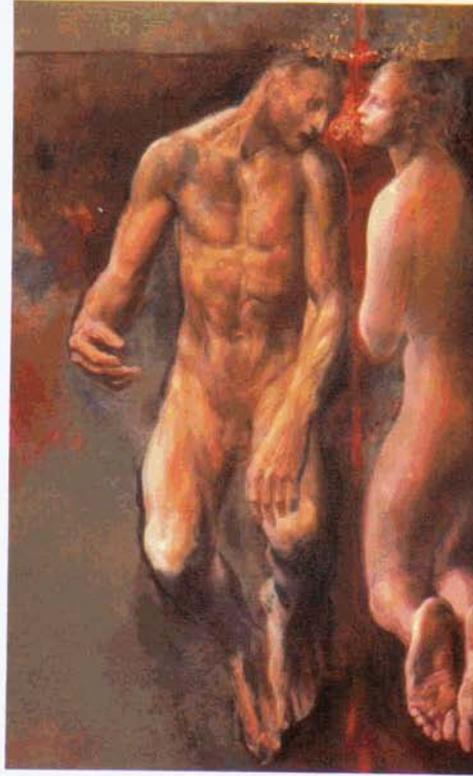




FRANK NACKOS, *Tree of Wisdom* (1975), concrete, 16 ft., BYU. Born in Salt Lake City and raised on the west coast, Frank Nackos finished his M.A. degree in sculpture at Cal State, Long Beach, and has worked as a graphic designer in Los Angeles. He has taught environmental design part time at BYU and has exhibited widely. He uses simplified geometric shapes in flat surface sequences that describe three-dimensional forms. This sculpture, recently erected on BYU campus, forcefully illustrates the tree and roots symbolism of the Church's educational system.



TREVOR SOUTHEY, *Gethsemane* (1977), oil, 72 x 144, artist's collection. Though raised in Rhodesia, Trevor Southey came to BYU for his education. His work has combined some of the classic elements of figure painting with the exciting concepts of Mormon theology. He uses the potent figurative energy of the human form in action to portray fundamental religious drives. This recent triptych uses figure images, bright color, and abstract symbols to communicate the atoning agony.





GARY SMITH, *Industrial Series No. 1* (1977), oil, artist's collection. Gary Smith has dealt for many years with paintings related to the early history of the Church. Especially striking and well-known is his series on the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith. More recently his paintings have become impressionist in style and more richly luminous in color. This particular work represents his current interest in the history of industry. The figures appear dwarfed by the structure they work within.



JEREY CLIFF ALLEN, *Three Faces of Eve* (1976), aluminum and pewter, 18" high, artist's collection. Three faces of Eve symbolically contrast in a multiple image taken from the image mask of a mannequin. The faces combine with numbered and lettered shapes on the pristine simplicity of the cylindrical form—a reflection of the mechanical and manufactured images of our society and the masks we wear.

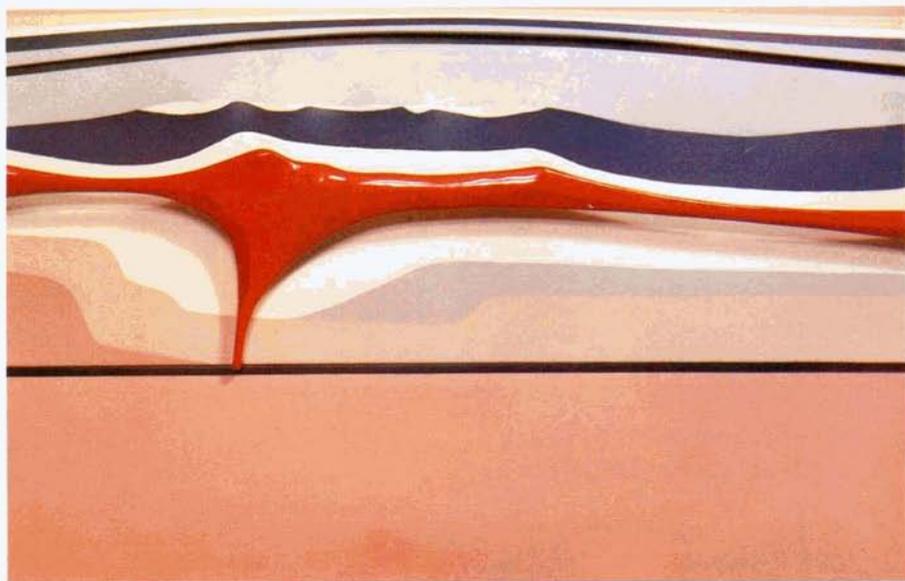
CATALOG OF ARTISTS

(Painters, Watercolorists, Printmakers, Draughtsmen, and Sculptors)

The following is a list of artists who are either in or involved with the Mormon community. It is largely composed of outstanding participants in the annual Mormon Festival of Arts and other BYU exhibitions. For the purposes of this article we do not include the areas of crafts, photography, graphic design, and illustration. Although many of these artists are productive in several areas, each artist is listed under the medium that represents his major emphasis. Information about other Mormon artists would be appreciated.

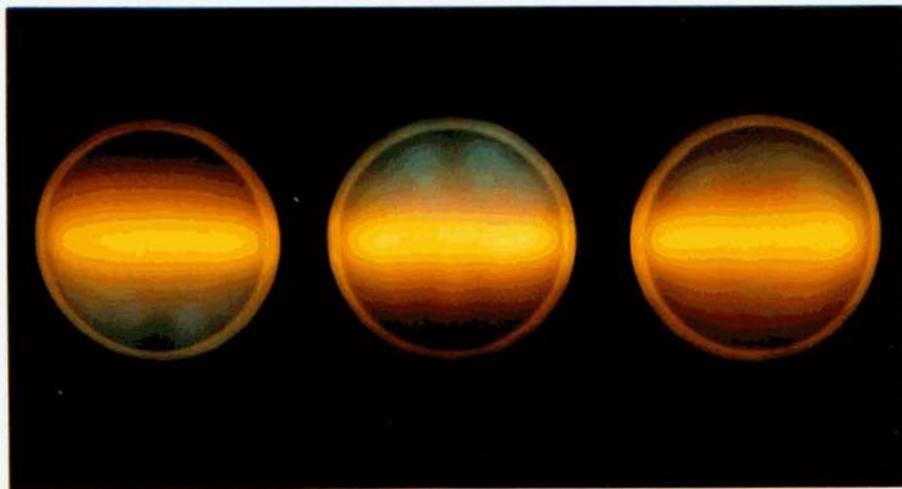
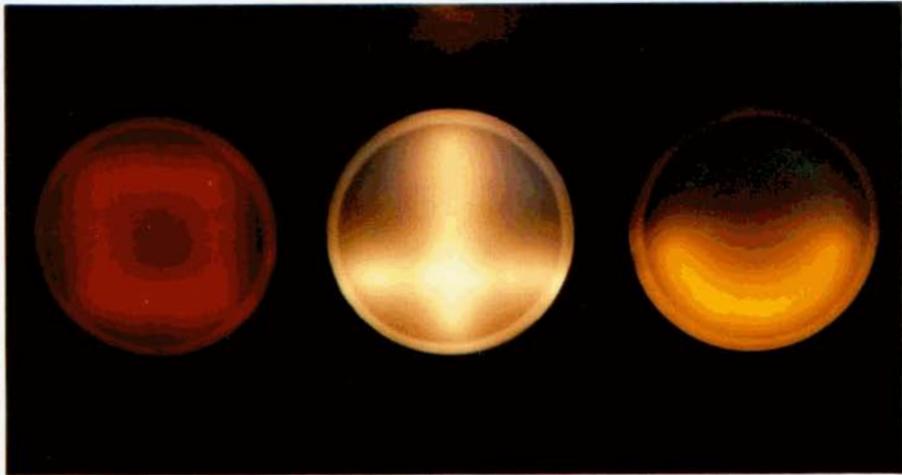
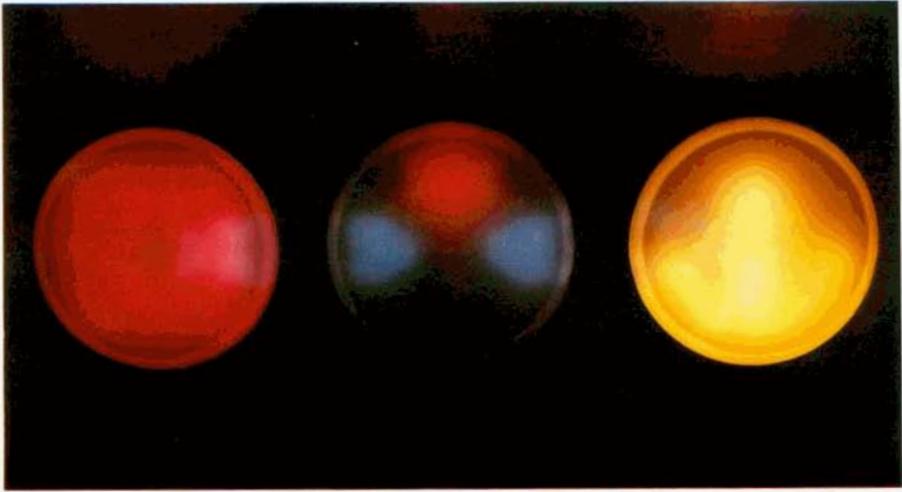
<i>Name</i>	<i>Residence</i>	<i>Major Emphasis</i>
Marlin Adams	Provo, Utah	Painting
Glen Dale Anderson	Cedar City, Utah	Painting
*J. Roman Andrus	Provo, Utah	Painting
Ken Baxter	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Danny Baxter	San Francisco, California	Painting
Sandra W. Bickmore	Logan, Utah	Painting
Richard E. Bird	Rexburg, Idaho	Painting
Summer Hymas Brown	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
*Wesley Burnside	Provo, Utah	Painting
James Christensen	Provo, Utah	Painting
Jorge O. Cocco	San Alberto, Argentina	Painting
Ronald Crosby	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
*Michael Coleman	Provo, Utah	Painting
*Farrell R. Collett	Ogden, Utah	Painting
Floyd Cornaby	Huntington Beach, California	Painting
Alex B. Darais	Provo, Utah	Painting
*George Frederick Denys	Orem, Utah	Painting
Monte DeGraw	Salina Beach, California	Painting
Don Doxey	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Valoy Eaton	Heber, Utah	Painting
*Dean Fausett	Dorset, Vermont	Painting
*Lynn Fausett	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Dale Fletcher	Provo, Utah	Painting
Leone Fletcher	Provo, Utah	Painting
*Paul Forester	Springville, Utah	Painting
Alvin Gittens	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Michael Graves	Alpine, Utah	Painting
Maggie Greever	Provo, Utah	Painting
Harrison Groutage	Logan, Utah	Painting
*Glen Hopkinson	Cody, Wyoming	Painting
*Harold Hopkinson	Byron, Wyoming	Painting
Ross Johnson	Springville, Utah	Painting
Ranch Kimball	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Royal Nebekker	Astoria, Oregon	Painting
*Frank Magleby	Provo, Utah	Painting
Ed Maryon	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Stan McBride	Provo, Utah	Painting
Judith Mehr	Pleasant Hill, California	Painting
Merlin Miller	Coeur d' Alene, Idaho	Painting
Lee Anne Miller	Kansas City, Kansas	Painting
Richard Murray	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Raul Abelenda Nion	Rio de Janiero, Uruguay	Painting

*Included in *Who's Who in American Art 1976*.



JAMES YOUNG, *Biomorphic Landscape* (1976), fiberglass and acrylic, 30 x 46, artist's collection. This striking "landscape" is an unusual combination of shaped canvas with sculptural fiberglass elements suspended in front of the painted elements. Young has worked as a sculptor for many years and won a great deal of recognition for his strong three-dimensional statements. Only recently has he combined this sculptural interest with a basically two-dimensional presentation, producing a strikingly modern alternative to the bas-relief.

PETER L. MYER, *Three Estates* (1976), kinetic light, 48 x 144, BYU collection. Born in New York City, raised in New Jersey, and educated at BYU and the University of Utah, Peter Myer has exerted considerable influence upon the Mormon art scene. Although working with printmaking, painting, sculpture, and watercolor, his most unique contribution has been his innovative work in kinetic light art. Involved with the scriptural and spiritual connotations of light, his work makes strong statements on basic Mormon doctrines. He has kinetically interpreted the three degrees of glory, the Creation, and most recently, the three estates, shown here. This large kinetic light work is a luminous symbolic statement of the plan of salvation.



ART

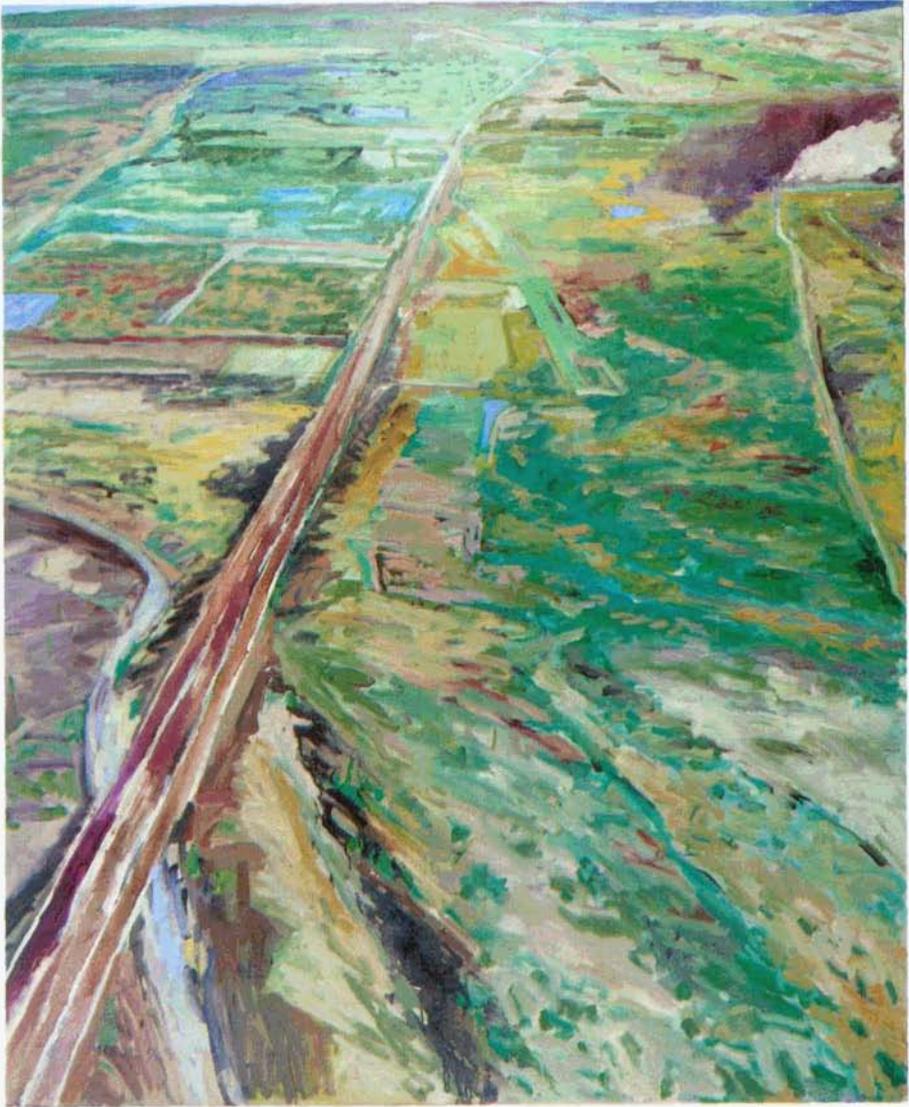
<i>Name</i>	<i>Residence</i>	<i>Major Emphasis</i>
*Don Olsen	Midvale, Utah	Painting
Gordon Olsen	Provo, Utah	Painting
Harold Olsen	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Delwin Parson	Rexburg, Idaho	Painting
Oliver Parson	Rexburg, Idaho	Painting
James Pritchard	Greenville, South Carolina	Painting
Anton Rassmussen	North Salt Lake, Utah	Painting
Howard Rees	Torrence, California	Painting
David Rindlisbacher	Canyon, Texas	Painting
Gary Rosine	State College, Penn.	Painting
John Schiebold		Painting
Lori Schlinker	Provo, Utah	Painting
Gary Smith	Alpine, Utah	Painting
Joel Smith	Macomb, Illinois	Painting
*V. Douglas Snow	Salt Lake City, Utah	Painting
Le Conte Stewart	Kaysville, Utah	Painting
Trevor Southey	Alpine, Utah	Painting
Jose Stelle	Curitiba, Brazil	Painting
Calvin Sumsion	American Fork, Utah	Painting
Edward L. Taggart	Logan, Utah	Painting
John Taye	Boise, Idaho	Painting
*Everett C. Thorpe	Logan, Utah	Painting
Glen Turner	Springville, Utah	Painting
Linda Wheadon	North Salt Lake, Utah	Painting
*William Whittaker	Provo, Utah	Painting
Harold Woolston	Orem, Utah	Painting
Fay White Woolston	Orem, Utah	Painting
Shunichi Yamamoto	Yokohama, Japan	Painting
Marilee Campbell	Orem, Utah	Drawing
Kent Goodliffe	Provo, Utah	Drawing
Hagen Haltern	Germany	Drawing
Brent Laycock	Calgary, Canada	Drawing
Michael Aitken	Spanish Fork, Utah	Prints
Wulf Barsch	Alpine, Utah	Prints
James Blankenship	Layton, Utah	Prints
A. La Moyné Garside	Laie, Hawaii	Prints
Brent Haddock	Logan, Utah	Prints
Jennifer Jenkins Christensen	Provo, Utah	Prints
*Wayne Kimball	San Antonio, Texas	Prints
Brian Leigh	England	Prints
Warren Luch	Salt Lake City, Utah	Prints
Bart Morse	Tucson, Arizona	Prints
Tracy Sabin	Edmonds, Washington	Prints
Ardith Truhan	Los Angeles, California	Prints
Mark S. Walker	Millsboro, Ohio	Prints
David Ahnsbrak	Vernal, Utah	Watercolor
Orsal B. Allred	Spring City, Utah	Watercolor
Richard Brown	Salt Lake City, Utah	Watercolor
George Dibble	Salt Lake City, Utah	Watercolor
John Jarvis	Lehi, Utah	Watercolor
Thomas Leek	Cedar City, Utah	Watercolor

*Included in *Who's Who in American Art 1976*.

NEW DIRECTIONS IN MORMON ART

<i>Name</i>	<i>Residence</i>	<i>Major Emphasis</i>
*Gaell Lindstrom	Logan, Utah	Watercolor
Robert Marshall	Springville, Utah	Watercolor
*Robert Perine	Encinitas, California	Watercolor
Mel Schetselaar	El Cajon, California	Watercolor
Richard Van Wagoner	Ogden, Utah	Watercolor
Jerry Clyff Allen	Provo, Utah	Sculpture
Dallas Anderson	Pleasant Grove, Utah	Sculpture
Garnett Bugby	Springville, Utah	Sculpture
Robert V. Bullough		
*Clark Bronson	Kamas, Utah	Sculpture
Brad Burch	Las Vegas, Nevada	Sculpture
*Kenneth Campbell	Eau Claire, Wisconsin	Sculpture
Don Cheney	Los Angeles, California	Sculpture
*Larry Elsner	Logan, Utah	Sculpture
*Avard Fairbanks	Salt Lake City, Utah	Sculpture
Jan Fisher	Hawaii	Sculpture
*Ed Fraughton	South Jordan, Utah	Sculpture
Brent Ghering	Rexburg, Idaho	Sculpture
Neil Hadlock	Provo, Utah	Sculpture
Edward E. Humphreys	Walla Walla, Washington	Sculpture
Franz Johansen	Provo, Utah	Sculpture
Ray Jonas	Orem, Utah	Sculpture
James Knecht	Bishop, Georgia	Sculpture
Richard A. Myer	Glendora, California	Sculpture
*Peter L. Myer	Provo, Utah	Kinetic Light Sculpture
Frank Nackos	Payson, Utah	Sculpture
Mick Reber	Durango, Colorado	Sculpture
Frank Riggs	American Fork, Utah	Sculpture
Chase Shepard	Provo, Utah	Sculpture
Dennis Smith	Alpine, Utah	Sculpture
*Grant Speed	Pleasant Grove, Utah	Sculpture
Mac Stevenson	Ogden, Utah	Sculpture
LaVar Steel	Twin Falls, Idaho	Sculpture
Stan Wanlass	Astoria, Oregon	Sculpture
Warren Wilson	Provo, Utah	Sculpture
James Young	Price, Utah	Sculpture

*Included in *Who's Who in American Art 1976*.



BART MORSE, *Green Valley Arizona* (1976), oil, 72 x 58, BYU collection. Bart Morse, presently teaching at the University of Arizona in Tucson, recently exhibited a major group of works at the Harris Fine Arts Center main gallery. Included in this exhibition were a group of new works that view the landscape from an exceedingly high vantage point. This overview of the world reminds us of the frequent scriptural allusion to being taken up on a high place. The same feeling of scale and perspective is also found in his graphic works and watercolors.

Confessions of a Mormon Preservationist

CRAIG M. CALL

My first experience with losing a significant pioneer landmark was the bulldozing, by a local developer in our little Idaho town, of the last remaining log cabin to clear a building site for a modest home. I wrote a letter to the editor—I was only 16—and said that although I could see reasons for the destruction that were fairly compelling, it would be too bad if no one even mentioned in print that some of our heritage was gone. Some folks in our town were concerned about preservation, with marginal success. The logs left from a cabin built in 1870 for Brigham Young had been preserved. They served as benches in front of the DUP plaque at the Brigham Young Motel, and acted as stops in its parking lot.

After my mission, I became an entrepreneur and contributed to the street scapes of Pendleton, Oregon, by tearing down a funny old Victorian home (long a local eyesore) and replacing it with four gas pumps and a trailer house. For years I joked about the odd neighbors who came and carted off the turned posts, mouldings, and etched glass with my blessing, (one less thing I'd have to haul to the dump).

In early 1971, I returned to BYU, and was curious about the public furor over the razing of a tabernacle in a strange sounding place called Coalville. Several other things I noticed intrigued me. In Provo and Utah County, there were fine old buildings like those my Dad had talked about when we'd gone home teaching to the older folks.

When Janine and I got married, we built a new home together in 1972. When the chance for a law degree came, we sold it to raise some funds. We sold the gas station in Pendleton, too, and decided to buy an existing home in Provo while we went to school. Why not an older one? Well, we'd spent our first time alone together driving around American Fork looking at the pioneer homes there. The old furniture bug had bit us and we liked the idea of owning an old-fashioned house. As I write this now, lying on the flowered carpet in front of the parlor fireplace, it's difficult to pin down exactly when after that time my sanity left me and I lost control of my keen financial mind: every cent I have is tied up in pioneer real estate. A lot of that law school time was spent pounding nails into rough sawn

timbers, and we'd renovated 3 1/2 buildings before I graduated. Now, when my classmates are hustling legal fees, I work as a consultant for the Historical Society. A law school paper on "Historic Preservation and the Mormon Church" fell into the hands of a *Sunstone* editor and here I am trying to justify all this. I am also supposed to tell the world (*Sunstone's* share of it anyway) what the Mormon Church's attitude toward historic preservation is.

It isn't easy. I have been so concerned at times about deciphering the Church's attitude toward the maintenance of our historic religious buildings that I have sought out my stake presidency. I have not received any pat answers.

Last summer I was asked by some concerned associates to approach the leaders of one particular stake about their fine old church building, then optioned to a major supermarket chain. The building was not in religious use anymore, but had a viable role in the community as a senior citizens center. Architecturally, it was really something. It was located on a fine old main street, almost intact from early days, with only a gasoline station on the corner to break a generally pleasing street scape. Another chapel, still in use, was near and I wondered why the Church would want to jeopardize or compromise the local neighborhood of the active chapel with an open-on-Sundays supermarket.

Two stake presidents were involved. The first explained to me that the building's future hung in doubt. I asked if there might be a chance the city or another organization could raise funds to buy the building if enough people knew that it would possibly be razed

for a parking lot. He said he didn't know, but was certainly not going to tell anyone and get people excited: "It would just give the apostates something to cry over. People are more important than buildings."

The other stake president was very concerned. "If you had asked me a week ago, I would have told you to pull out all the stops. Do anything to keep the building, its uses, our neighborhood intact." Since then he had received a notice from the Church's real estate department that the Committee on Expenditures had denied his second appeal to them to withhold the option. Two members of the First Presidency were in the session that made the decision. For one who sustains his leaders, there was no other choice. I agreed and did no more myself.

Janine and I also visited Nauvoo that year and marvelled at the exhilaration we got from climbing out of the camper on a foggy July morning to step into another century. Walking down the streets, we caught the spirit of our own progenitors who moved commerce along those same thoroughfares and made monumental sacrifices for their faith and leaders. The painstaking efforts of the Church in recreating the Nauvoo experience for us lifted our testimonies and gave us renewed faith. A visit to Williamsburg had taught culture, but the Nauvoo encounter gave us broadened eternal perspective.

When President McKay dedicated a 1957 addition to the Bountiful, Utah, Tabernacle, he talked about the ability of cultural landmarks to strengthen our dedication to overcome present-day hardships:

This house becomes more than just a house of worship. It is a monument, a link in the

golden chain uniting the present with the past. It is only a means to an end, and that end is the development of character in the lives of your youth, instilling testimonies of God's existence in them.¹

This has been proven to me as I have visited such places as the Santa Clara Utah home of Jacob Hamblin, the Old Council Hall on Salt Lake's Capitol Hill, and most of all, the splendid temples in Manti and Salt Lake City. Our Church's meticulous care of such places, or support of their preservation, is deeply appreciated by a lot of people, and I remember for years hearing in testimony meetings and Sunday School lessons about affirmations of spirit prompted by someone's contact with our remaining examples of pioneer craftsmanship and faith.

No doubt this ability of prominent landmarks to convey our Mormon witness is partially responsible for the Church's pursuit of preservation in Palmyra, Carthage, Nauvoo, and Sharon, Vermont. My early impressions from visits to these places before I turned fourteen are deep and vivid.

Maintenance and care of even our most significant landmarks is not a foregone conclusion, however. In 1975, the Priesthood of the Bountiful, Utah, Stake voted to demolish the tabernacle President McKay was speaking of in the quote above. Built between 1857 and 1863, it is the oldest continuously used Church facility in the state. From what I can gather, plans to add on to the old Greek Revival adobe structure were deemed impractical by the Church Building Department. The Salt Lake Tribune stated that the stake officers' original desires to preserve the structure were overturned by "guidelines"

of the Department.²

Within a few days of the Priesthood action, the State Senate of Utah passed an unanimous resolution imploring reconsideration. The Utah Heritage Foundation and Historical Society were swamped with protests. These were directed to the First Presidency. Bountiful's Planning Commission urged the city to deny the demolition permit. Newspapers picked up the story and gave wide exposure.³ President Kimball was in South America, but when he returned, barely five days after the Bountiful Priesthood vote, an announcement was made that the tabernacle would stand:

We feel that because of its deep attachment to our sacred pioneer heritage, the Bountiful Tabernacle is the legacy and responsibility also of others beyond the Bountiful Utah Stake. It is a cherished treasure of the entire Church. . . .

We express both gratitude and commendation to many, many people both within and without the Church who have volunteered to contribute time, funds and energy in an effort to preserve this edifice. . . .⁴

You could hear the sigh of relief all the way down the Wasatch front. Some were relieved for the Logan Tabernacle and others for the Provo Third Ward Chapel and for the Ogden Relief Society Hall and the Perry Three-Mile-Creek Ward Meetinghouse. If the Bountiful Tabernacle remained after such a brush with extinction, there was hope for our own buildings in our own communities.

Decisions made by the Church subsidiaries are also encouraging. When the McCune Mansion (Salt Lake's finest) was sold by the Church in 1973, the buyers agreed to preserve the building twenty-

five years if the Church lowered the purchase price.⁵ The Church did. The same situation applies to the 1975 sale of BYU's lower campus to a group who plans to retain it as a shopping complex.⁶ Higher offers were received but the Church opted for a plan to preserve the buildings.

There remains some irony. Across from ZCMI's glittering cast iron facade, restored in the process of building a new commercial complex, and the grand new Hotel Utah, reconditioned with superb sensitivity, the Church's financial arm, Zions Securities, is razing the Constitution Building, a fine commercial structure of equal quality. While efforts to renovate the 1898 Timpanogas Ward Chapel in Orem with an eye to restore its traditional gothic appearance unfortunately involved sandblasting the brick in a brutal manner, the addition of an amusement hall to the Spring City, Utah, Tabernacle is as fine as the original portion, with cut oolite limestone facing and the original motifs repeated in the new woodwork. I felt as proud to watch the careful retooling of the cornice and ceiling designs of the Celestial Room in the Salt Lake Temple a few years ago as I was disappointed to notice the acoustical texture spray covering vaulted ceilings in the Terrestrial Room of the newly renovated St. George Temple.

Now I suppose if a person did some "investigative reporting" on each of these situations he'd have a lot of data and reasons why some acts by the Church make historians happy and some are disappointing. For one who has merely watched all of this happen, however, and tried to grasp a thread of continuity through various encounters with old Church landmarks, it seems

the only realistic way to understand the Church attitude toward preservation is to conclude that the Church doesn't have an attitude toward preservation. Various departments have attitudes, at times seemingly at opposite ends of a wide continuum, but a general Church policy on preservation similar to the policy on missionary work or liquor-by-the-drink has not been articulated.

A month after the Coalville Tabernacle was razed, President N. Eldon Tanner stood at the pulpit in general conference and said:

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . or where your treasure is, there will your heart be also . . . I wonder about our undue concern for material possessions, for shrines and monuments, which crumble and decay. . . .⁷

At the dedication of the Liberty Jail, President Joseph Fielding Smith remarked:

I think it is wonderful that this old jail is now in our hands and we must not get the wrong idea in regard to it. It is valuable to us as a historical site, but we do not worship it by any means.⁸

I agree with them. I also feel, as Elder Neal Maxwell does, that we must not succumb to the "narcotic of nostalgia" nor expect to recreate "the Victorian age, but with penicillin".⁹

I agree with Elder James E. Cullimore, too, when he participated in the dedication of the Johnson Farm near Hiram, Ohio, where Joseph Smith received significant revelations. He emphasized

the need for members of the Church today to come to such historic sites as this Johnson Home and to realize and be cognizant that the Gospel was

reborn in most humble circumstances. . . . This building will help impress upon others the truth of the great manifestation which came to the Prophet Joseph here . . . and will help them understand that this is indeed the work of the Lord.¹⁰

And President David O. McKay's words at the dedication of our most recent Eagle Gate:

May the new eagle . . . receive thy divine approval and future protection. May the virtues associated with its initial structure be incorporated with its new and final restoration and may (it) continue to radiate to future generations the virtues of the Pioneers exemplified as follows: loyalty, industry, freedom, faith, and worship.¹¹

All these comments leave wide middle ground in which we seem to have discretion to operate without running at odds with counsel from those we sustain as inspired leaders. Once brought to the point of stating my understanding of it all, I can sum up my view in the context of a few principles that seem to apply:

1. When buildings are dedicated to the Lord, they are his. He may decide to convey that stewardship to whomever he wills. At present, President Kimball is Trustee-in-Trust, and Bishop Victor L. Brown is head of the Corporation of the Presiding Bishop. Theirs is the right to decide finally, legally, and theologically. We sustain them, with our arms, once a year and should do so in our actions as well, once a final decision is made. Because of their positions, they are entitled to revelation and some decisions we will not understand because their insights into eternal principles are above ours.

2. The Church being composed of fallible humans with finite capacity,

decisions are delegated and sometimes improperly made. Some results are reached by default.

3. As President Kimball implied in his statement upon rescuing the Bountiful Tabernacle, it is proper to appeal to Church authority about preserving notable landmarks.

4. Historic preservation, when considered in a realistic, rational format, is good. It is not, however, akin to missionary work or genealogy—"central to the mission of the Church." There is missionary and genealogical value in pioneer landmarks, though, and it seems the question often boils down to financial priorities.

5. Decisions on church landmarks are not made by any one department. Much inconsistency results from different priorities among different decision-making agencies.

6. Those presently in charge of the staff positions in the Church's building programs do not always seem to be open minded about retaining older buildings.

7. Local authorities should not leave unquestioned every assertion by Church building officials that a building is irreparable or hopelessly unsafe. New technology and creative solutions to safety and structural problems are constantly improving the chances for older buildings.

8. Which buildings are worth saving and which are not is an elusive question. Local concern needs to be weighed against such factors as alternative sites for new buildings, sources of preservation financing, and historical significance.

9. We are losing too many fine structures.

10. Few buildings can be considered safe from demolition and, unfortunately, often no word is heard of impending doom until it is almost too late. One interested

in a building's future must monitor its status continually.

11. Much has been accomplished by local people at local levels. If the Church is not interested in a building's future, ward or stake members, city councils, or others nearby can often arrange for future care.

12. Anyone interested in saving a building needs to bear its financial burden. Unless a building can be seen to contribute to the Church's central objectives, that is, as an adequate meetinghouse or missionary tool, tithing funds will not be wisely used in maintaining it.

13. Some assurance of long-term maintenance needs to be made if a landmark is to be preserved.

14. Contention is of the Devil. Fighting Church leaders is wrong. It is easy to lose sight of eternal values—questions of principle—when quibbling over questions of preference.

15. People are more important than buildings. Buildings, however, can provide inspiration, tradition, beauty, and pride. These in turn make people better.

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1. *Church News*, February 10, 1973, p. 13.
 2. *Ibid.*
 3. See *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 11 through March 14, 1975. Articles usually found on page B-1.
 4. *Deseret News*, March 14, 1975, p. B-1.
 5. *Church News*, March 24, 1973, p. 5.
 6. Discussion by Ab Christensen, of Architects and Planners Alliance, Partner in Academy Square Associates, Provo, Utah, Chamber of Commerce Luncheon Meeting, Summer 1975.
 7. *Ensign*, June, 1971, p. 14.
 8. *Church News*, September 21, 1963, p. 14.
 9. General Conference, April 1975. See *Ensign*, May 1975, p. 101.
 10. *Church News*, May 17, 1969, p. 3.
 11. *Church News*, November 9, 1963, p. 14.

Associations, Publications, and Events in Mormondom

Prepared by
DENNIS AND KAREY LAW

Deseret's symbol, the beehive, is as appropriate for today's active Latter-day Saints as it was for the busy Saints of yesteryear. Besides their numerous Church duties, many members have heeded the counsel to become involved in worthy causes. The following is an incomplete list of associations, publications, and happenings in Mormondom. We know of no other list of organizations and publications of interest to Mormons. (Compiling this information was itself something of a modern miracle in industry and persistence.) Omission of groups, publications, or events was entirely unintentional and should not be considered a sin of commission. We welcome additional information to make this listing more complete.

ASSOCIATIONS

The Association for Mormon Letters, now in its second year, seeks to foster better writing, and a better appreciation for what has already been written, by and about Mormons. The Association sponsors an annual symposium dealing with some aspect of LDS writing and scholarship, next scheduled for the Fall 1977. One session of the symposium will deal with the personal literature of the Latter-day Saints—letters, diaries, reminiscences. The second session will be an open session. For further convention information, contact Richard J. Cummings, 320 Marriott Library, University of Utah, SLC, Ut., 84112. Dues: \$4.00 year. Send dues and membership questions to Steven P. Sondrup, Association for Mormon Letters, 1346 S. 18th East, SLC, Ut., 84108.

The Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists exists to promote leadership, aid communication, and enhance personal and professional development in the fields of counseling and psychotherapy. An avenue of communication for counselors and psychotherapists whose common bond is Church membership and adherence to Church principles both personally and professionally, the Association publishes two journals and two newsletters annually. Besides the printed offerings the Association sponsors an annual

convention whose topics of discussion include the single adult, treatment of behavioral problems of LDS children, problem marriages, and depression. Membership is limited to Mormon professional counselors and psychotherapists and students who plan to enter these fields. Non-LDS professionals may join as associate members. For more information contact Richard Heaps, B268 ASB, BYU, Provo, Ut., 84602.

Cornerstone - Mormon Architectural Heritage is a group dedicated to identifying, researching, documenting, and preserving Mormon buildings that are significant historically or architecturally. The organization's philosophy is that the preservation of these structures is a means of preserving the Mormon culture for future posterity. In addition to the association's active role in preserving buildings, Cornerstone works to educate the general public in the importance of preserving various historical buildings. To join Cornerstone, contact Deana Astle, Cornerstone, 724 3rd Ave. #1, Salt Lake City, Ut., 84103. Membership fees: \$3 for students; \$5, regular rate; \$8, family rate.

The Mormon History Association is organized to promote the understanding of Mormon history and its relationship to history in general. The organization encourages research, presents scholarly papers, sponsors confer-

SUNSTONE

ences on Mormon history in various locations, and publishes the *Journal of Mormon History*. This year's annual meeting will be held in Kirtland, Ohio, April 22-24.

Not a proselyting organization, the MHA invites membership from any religious or professional background. Dues: \$4 year. Membership includes the annual *Journal of Mormon History*, newsletters, "The Historian's Corner" (a section of *BYU Studies*), and a standing invitation to participate in the association's activities. Mail inquiries to: Mormon History Association, Dr. Larry C. Porter, Secretary-Treasurer, P.O. Box 7010, University Station, Provo, Ut., 84602.

The *Utah State Historical Society* is a state-funded organization for the collection, preservation, and publication of Utah history. The Society is presently located in the Kearns Mansion, 603 E. South Temple, SLC, Ut., and is open for public self-guiding tours from 8:00 - 5:00 on weekdays. The society also owns an excellent library with many rare photos and manuscripts. This facility, too, is open for public use. Subscription rates for the journal: \$3, students; \$5, regular; \$6, family (includes *Beehive History* for youth); \$15, contributor; \$25, sustaining member; and \$50, patron.

PUBLICATIONS

Brigham Young University Studies is a scholarly quarterly journal published by Brigham Young University and intended to serve as a voice for the community of Latter-day Saints Scholars. Dedicated to the conviction that the spiritual and intellectual are complementary avenues of knowledge, *BYU Studies* welcomes articles from all fields of learning, though contributions dealing with LDS thought, history, theology, and related subjects receive first priority in consideration for publication. Creative work—poetry, short fiction, drama—is also welcomed.

Articles should be written for the informed nonspecialist reader rather than in the technical language of the field, and manuscripts should be sent to Dr. Charles D. Tate, Jr., Editor, *BYU Studies*, A283 JKBA, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 84602. Inquiries concerning subscriptions should be directed to Rob Fisher, Press Business Office, 268 UPB, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 84602.

Century II is a journal of Brigham Young University student scholarship, humor, poetry, art, creative writing, essays, and editorial reviews. Issued monthly, the journal is not an

official voice of either Brigham Young University or of its sponsoring institution, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

To order a subscription, send name, address, and \$5 (for four issues) or \$9 (for eight issues) to *Century II*, 329 ELWC, BYU, Provo, Ut., 84602. Make checks payable to Wilkinson Center Business Office.

Dialogue is an independent quarterly journal which seeks to serve as a responsible media for gospel thought and inquiry. The ideas expressed are thoroughly examined and set in a scholarly framework. The journal features personal essays, research, art, literature, and personal experiences. The next issue will deal with Mormons in the media. To subscribe, write *Dialogue*, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1387, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Exponent II is a quarterly newspaper published by Mormon women for Mormon women and all others who are interested. The newspaper was initially established for communication between LDS women, and continues to work towards furthering the bonds of sisterhood. In its third year of publication, the paper has covered current concerns, issues, essays, letters, and historical sketches for and about Mormon women. To subscribe, write *Exponent II*, Box 37, Arlington, Mass., 02174. Rates: \$2.50—USA; \$3.50—Canada; and \$5.00—air overseas.

Sunstone, a quarterly journal of Mormon experience, scholarship, issues, and art, is a forum for the participation of Latter-day Saints in the intellectual and spiritual life of our times. To subscribe to *Sunstone* send \$9, students, missionaries, or retired persons; \$12, regular rate; or \$15, donor; to *Sunstone*, 1356 Harrison, SLC, UT., 84105.

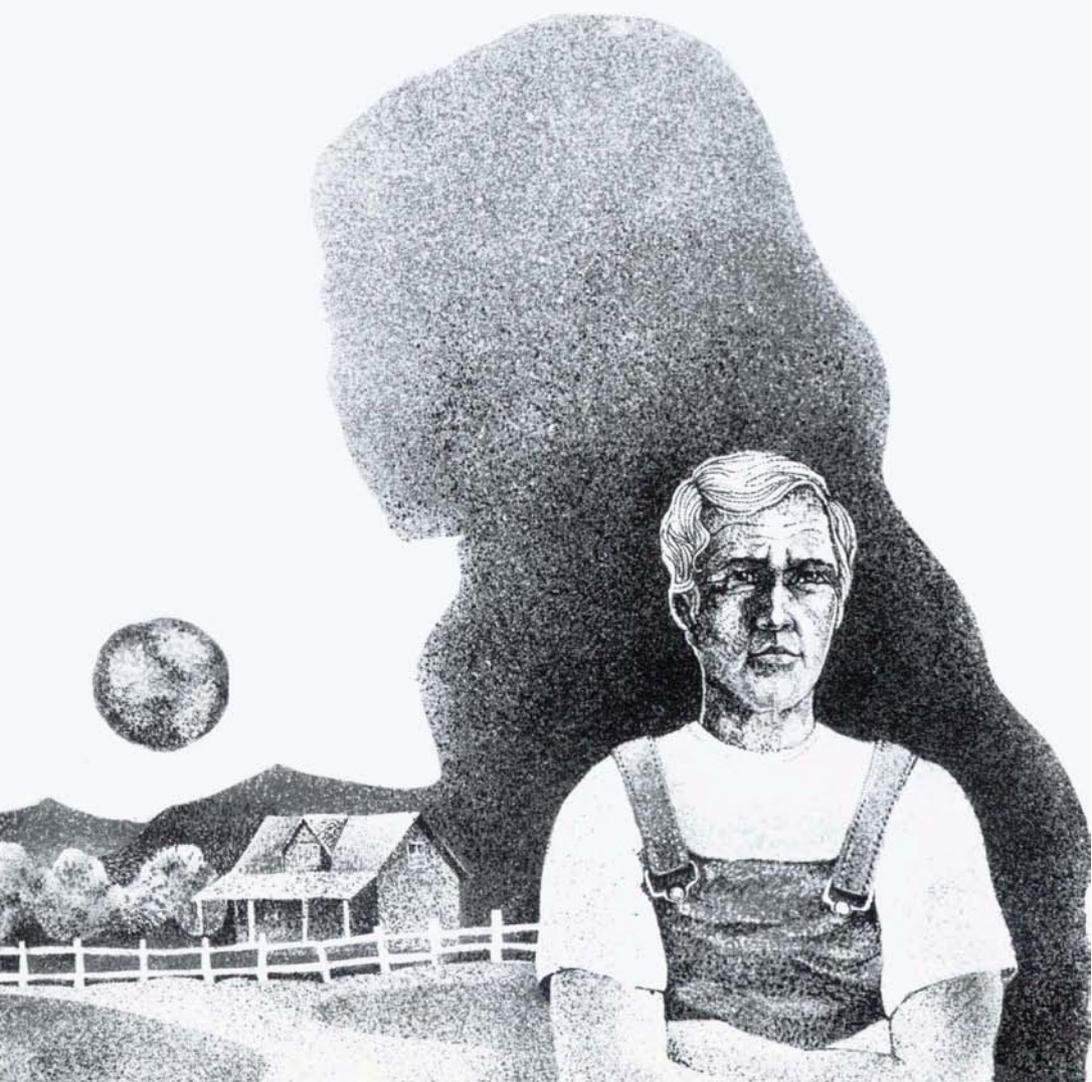
Tangents is an annual journal of selected papers, literature, and poetry produced by members of the Honors Program of Brigham Young University. The journal gives students an opportunity to publish their work and to see what other students are doing. This year, *Tangents* is being printed as the March issue of *Century II*. Single copies: \$2, available through *Century II*, the BYU Bookstore, and the BYU Honors Program. Write *Tangents*, Honors Program, 4012 HBLL, BYU, Provo, Ut., 84602.

EVENTS

- April
9–27 Mesa Temple Easter Pageant, Mesa, Arizona.
22–24 Mormon History Convention, Kirtland, Ohio.
- June
3–4 Oral History Workshop (given through the Utah State Historical Society)
Westminster College, Salt Lake City, Utah.
16–17 "Lest We Forget," Cody High School Auditorium, Cody, Wyoming.
16–18 Independence Missouri Pageant; outside near visitor's center,
Independence, Missouri.
- July
12–26 Oakland Temple Pageant, Oakland, California.
14–16 &
19–23 Manti Mormon Miracle Pageant, Manti Temple Grounds, Manti, Utah.
22–23 &
26–30 Hill Cumorah Pageant, Palmyra, New York.
27–29 Rocky Mountain Writer's Convention (contact Clinton Larson, English Dept.,
BYU), BYU, Provo, Utah.
- August
1–5 Priesthood Genealogy Conference (contact Alton Sigmond, 140 HRBC, BYU),
BYU, Provo, Utah.
10–13 "City of Joseph," outside near visitor's center, Nauvoo, Illinois.
- September
9–10 Utah State Historical Society's 25th Annual Meeting (program to feature papers
on Utah history, folklore, and archeology—historical side tours, open to the
public), Ft. Douglas, Utah.
- October
Early Oct. "Soldier Saints in San Diego," Balboa Park Bowl, San Diego, California.
1–2 148th Semi-Annual General Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints.
- December
19–27 Calgary Nativity Pageant, Heritage Park, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
- Other Utah Historical Lecture Series, various speakers, second Wednesday of each
month, SLC public library.
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COME BACK AND HAUNT ME

JANNA PETT



It was morning. Hidden beneath the mist, the valley began to stir with the sounds of clanking milk buckets and distant sputtering tractors. Roosters and newspapers announced a new day. Beyond the town, fields shone with dew as if tiny diamonds had been scattered through them in the night. In the hillside white frame house outside town limits, Emily Hanson still slept. Soft sunlight, filtering through the branches outside her window, checkerboarded her face and the twisted blankets.

"Emily. Emily, wake up."

She sat up abruptly, spilling the checkers. She blinked and her father, standing over her, slowly came into focus. "What time is it?"

"It's still early. Five-thirty. But we need you to drive Lori to the stake center in Heywood before you go to work." He paused and looked away from her. "I waited as long as I could before waking you up."

Emily fell back on the bed. She rolled over to face the wall. "I'll milk this morning and you can take Lori."

He was already leaving the room. "The milking's done. Chris helped me. You'll have to hurry."

Emily groaned. Dad wasn't even teaching this summer. If the milking was done, why couldn't he take Lori to meet the bus? It was twenty miles to Heywood, and she had to be at work at eight.

Without getting up, Emily reached down to retrieve the jeans and shirt she had kicked under the bed last night. Sometimes she wondered if her co-workers at the cannery

thought she had any other clothes to her name. She had worked there ever since graduation, almost two months now, and decided from the beginning that she would not subject more than one outfit to association with the cannery.

Mom was still draining the fresh milk in the kitchen. The Rogers must not have come for their daily four quarts yet. Pools of cream filled the cereal dishes, waiting to be made into butter. The boys were at the table, Jeffrey still sleepy-eyed in pajamas and Christopher in the jeans and boots he proudly called his milking clothes. Lori, three years younger than Emily, was trying unsuccessfully to tie her sleeping bag to her pack frame.

Emily drank her orange juice in one gulp and secured her sister's pack. "Come on, Lori, let's go. I've got to get to work."

There were few cars on the highway so early, but men in the fields alongside the road were already busy. They rode in silence and had almost reached the turn-off to Heywood when Lori turned suddenly. "Emmy, were you ever homesick when you went to girl's camp.?"

Emily groaned. "Lori, you've been to camp before. Why are you worried about being homesick now?"

"Well, it's for two whole weeks this time."

"But it's only girl's camp! That's almost the same thing as being home. Church camp was always pretty tame for me. Don't be such a baby, Lori, you'll have fun."

"You're a fine one to talk about

being a baby." Lori was on the defensive now. "You're the one who's afraid to leave home and go to college."

Emily felt her stomach turn over. She tightened her grip on the steering wheel. Why did Lori have to bring that up? "Oh, come on," she said in annoyance. "It is not the same thing at all and you know it. I am not afraid to go to college. I haven't even decided for sure, but if I stay here it will be because I just want to. And you better good and well understand that."

"You don't have to yell at me."

Emily pulled into the stake center parking lot. There were tearful girls, anxious parents, awkward boy-friends, duffel bags, pillows, cars, and buses everywhere. Emily looked at her sister's unhappy face.

"Look, Lori, I probably was homesick at girl's camp. Yeah, I'm sure I was. But it was a lot of fun and there were so many new people to meet that I forgot all about it. Two weeks will go by fast, and I'll even write you a letter. You won't even want to come home at the end."

"I don't even want to go now."

Emily was exasperated. "Come on, let's take your things over to our ward's bus. I'm going to be late for work if I don't get going. You're going to have fun, Lori. Now come on."

Emily floored it on the way home. She wished she had taken the truck and she wished Lori had not brought up college; she was tired of thinking about it. A year ago she could not wait to leave. Now she had almost

decided to stay home in the fall. Her entrance exam scores had been high, her teachers had encouraged her, and Brother Brady, her senior seminary teacher, had told her that to go to college was her duty to him, her town, her country, and the Lord.

"But I don't want to go," she said aloud, stopping at a stop sign. "This is home. I belong here and I like it here. Nothing says I have to go."

She turned on the radio to listen for the time, knowing that she was already late and would not have time to go home. If Mom or Dad wanted the car during the day, they'd have to come into town to get it. They should have just taken Lori in the first place. Crazy kid had needed them anyway.

Emily had to park around the block from the cannery. It was unusual for there to be so many cars on a Friday. The familiar stench of steam and hot tomatoes greeted her as she grimly pulled her card and punched the clock.

The following Monday brought a hot spell to the valley, the first and longest of the summer. The heat fell like rain and was caught and trapped in stagnant pools between the hills, with no runoff possible. On the first day, women shopping in town remarked to one another that it certainly was summer, and had anyone been able to find lettuce that wasn't wilted? Men working in the hayfields quit after a few hours, announcing that it was just too hot to work, and retreated to their basements to fix radios or washing machines that had stood broken for months.

When Tuesday's sun dawned even

brighter, the farmers and workers resolutely went out and spent as long as they could in the fields. After that, they arose at three a.m. and worked until noon, then slept until the sun cooled and they could work again. Animals crowded together under every tiny bush or willow in the pastures. Chickens sat listless and silent. New calves lay motionless beside their wilted mothers. Even the grain seemed to droop, as if all life had been sucked from its roots. Children became amphibious, emerging from irrigation ditches and swimming holes only for lunch and dinner. Windows left open at night were closed firmly at sunrise to keep the houses as cool as possible in the morning hours. Baskets of fruit sat idle as kitchen canning projects were abandoned; mothers sewed and worked on family photo albums in their basements. Each night, as they tucked their children into sweat-stiffened bedsheets on the back lawn, they looked up at the still, reddish sky and convinced themselves that this had to be the last day.

The cannery was unbearable. Every time she went to work, Emily felt like she was descending into a pressure cooker, with the lid closing tightly over her. Fans were brought in which did little more than make hot wind around the few who worked near them; Emily felt she had lost ten pounds in sweat alone. Walking home, barefoot, at the end of the fourth day, she saw Christopher ahead of her, starting up the hill, the flow of his small brown body interrupted by wet, faded green cutoffs. She called to him to wait.

"Chris! Hang on!" She ran to catch up with him, clutching her

filthy, fruit-stained tennis shoes in her hands. Chris wrinkled his nose and she was immediately aware of the hot, steamy, faintly spoiled cannery smell, now mixed with sweat, that seemed to exude from every pore of her body and spread through the air like a rotten egg. Emily took a few steps away from her brother, who smelled like water and algae and pollywogs. She felt defeated and miserable.

They walked towards home. The silence was uncomfortable and Emily was dismayed that she couldn't think of anything to say. Chris hadn't said anything yet for her to react to or argue with. How else do you make conversation with a ten-year-old?

"What did you do today, Chris?"

"Went swimmin' and fishin' in the creek. Same thing I do every day."

"Maybe you ought to try to read a little bit this summer. Keep in practice for next year."

"Read? This is summer!"

"It sure is." Emily brushed the wet hair back off her forehead. She was beginning to pant—just climbing the hill to her house.

"It makes me so mad. Sitting in that stupid cannery all day, not working outside or riding. And now I can't even climb up the driveway without panting."

He looked at her, plainly indicating that she was not making sense "Why do you work there then?"

"Because I have to make money!"

"Why?"

With the head-splitting heat and the knowledge that she looked and smelled like a stewed tomato, Christopher's matter-of-fact reasonableness was more than she could take. "I just have to, that's why!" she exploded. "Someday when you have to do something more than swim and fish all day maybe you'll figure out why!"

Her brother shrugged. Nothing seemed to bother him. "Okay, okay, you don't have to yell. But if you're not going to college, I don't know why you're working at that stupid old cannery."

"What else would I do!" The words hung in the air around her. She was shocked she had said them; she had never even formed the thought in her mind. Christopher ran on ahead of her and was inside the house before she could try to explain. It wasn't that there was not anything else she could do. But she was out of high school now, and needed some money of her own. Dad wouldn't let her work for the Rogers full-time; driving a tractor all day was not a job for a girl.

Emily showered and changed her clothes before speaking to anyone at home. Supper was almost ready when she joined her mother in the kitchen. "Did I get any mail?"

"There's a letter from Aunt Carol to everyone. And a postcard from Lori. We're about ready to eat. I think we'll just take our salads and sandwiches outside again." Emily watched her mother toss the salad to try to make it look fresher. She looked red-faced and steamy, like she too could use a shower

and a change of clothing.

The sight of tomatoes in the salad made Emily feel sick. She sat down at the table to read Lori's card. "Hi everyone, I am having fun and have made a lot of new friends. I miss you all a lot. We start our twenty-miler tomorrow. They made me a group leader for it which is sort of scary. I don't know why they picked me. Tell Emily she promised to write to me. I'll have lots to tell you when I get home. I love you. Lori." Emily sighed. Crazy kid was no doubt having the time of her life. All she needed was a little push to do things that were for her own good. You have to grow up sometime.

Aunt Carol's letter was long and not exceptionally interesting. Aunt Carol was a very proper woman, Dad's aunt, not hers. She generally wrote about relatives and friends only Dad knew. She did ask about Emily's plans for the fall. Which college would she attend, and what would she study, and had she arranged for suitable housing and wardrobe? Emily gritted her teeth and skipped over the suggestions which followed. Why did everyone assume that just because she had managed to get through high school that she didn't belong to this valley and this family anymore?

Aunt Carol's letter did say one thing of value. Grandpa was doing better all the time. The doctor said his heart was stronger now than it had been in years. He was getting around and seemed to be in high spirits. Emily let out her relief in a long breath. She knew the letter must have eased her parents' minds as well.

Grandpa Hanson had given them all

quite a scare last Christmas, when he suffered a serious heart attack and had been hospitalized for several weeks. A man of few words, Grandpa had raised his sons alone in southern Utah, his wife having died when Dad was born, and had always kept his home and farm immaculate and free of debt. As long as she could remember, Emily had seen her grandfather once or twice a year, and each visit had been a happy, if indistinct, memory of horses and chores and whiskers. Last year's visit in December had been different. There had been tension, conflict, worry, and confusion, so much that Emily had never fully sorted it out in her mind. Even when they returned home they had not known whether he would live, and Dad had called Uncle Joel every night for two weeks thereafter until the doctors said Grandpa was out of danger. Since then he had improved steadily. When the family had called him for Father's Day he had sounded like his old self, not saying much except that they should not be spending money on a long-distance phone call for no good reason.

After Dad hung up Emily asked him if Grandpa would be okay now.

"Yes. He's okay."

"I'm sure glad he got better. I knew he would."

But Dad had not smiled. And he didn't say anything more.

Much later, after the dishes were done and the scorching sun had set behind the west hills, Brother and Sister Hatch came by to pass the evening with Mom and Dad. To escape the suffocating day's heat

that now filled the house, the neighbors settled in folding chairs on the front porch, where every now and then a faint breeze from the fields could be felt. Mocha and Moo, the two milk cows, provided background trumpets as Christopher ran about trying to catch fireflies and Jeffrey zoomed Matchbox cars under his parents' feet. Emily wished she had someplace to go, something to keep her from joining the adults on the porch. She wasn't a little kid anymore. Everyone should see she had other things to do.

Finally she dropped down on the porch and hugged her bare knees to her chest, only half-listening to her Brother Hatch's story about a man in the bank today who had fainted from heat exhaustion. She felt her blood pulse in time with the crickets' song and Sister Hatch's waving fan. Her mother's small, quick fingers tied off a knot as she finished patching Jeffrey's jeans in the dim light. She was always busy with something like that—a nonstop doer. Relief Society, girl's camp, school aide program, sick neighbors. Emily had not inherited such zeal, but knew she was expected to grow into it.

Emily watched, not moving, as one mosquito left the swarm around the porch light and lit on Christopher's brown leg. From another front porch—maybe the Lewiston's—Emily heard, faintly, a single harmonica. She hugged her knees tighter and wondered how she had ever thought she could leave.

"Emmy, did you check the animals?" Dad still reminded her almost every night.

She didn't answer for a full minute.

"Not yet. I will."

"Mocha may need more water. It still hasn't cooled off much."

She looked up at him, but his eyes were not on her. Tired, pensive, gray-haired, he leaned forward in his chair, his thoughts far away from the porch and the night and the small town where he had settled his family almost seven years ago—right after Jeffrey was born. Like Grandpa, Dad worked hard and didn't say much. Every time she looked at her father, Emily felt exasperated and impatient, like her mind had to hurry on to more substantial thoughts. As a teacher at the local high school, Dad had gone along with Emily's college plans, but when, several months ago, she had begun voicing doubts about going away to school, he had not tried to persuade her otherwise.

"It doesn't matter that much, Emily. Suit yourself. Whatever you want is okay."

There had been a time when she couldn't wait to be gone, to do something great, to get out in the world and be far away from the rigidity of her life here. One night last fall, when Dad had interrupted her homework and told her to go to the hardware store, she had exploded.

"Can't anyone see that I'm busy? Everyone here just expects me to grow up and be exactly like Mom. No one thinks I have any brain of my own!"

Her father had looked at her awkwardly. "You'll be gone soon enough."

"It's a good thing too! I don't know

how I can wait another whole year! Everything about this valley is so small and close-minded. I am so sick of always being told what to do!"

"Get your coat on, Emily. I'll go shut the chickens in first."

"Ohhh! Emily, do this. Emily, do that. No one ever listens to what I say! No one even understands what I'm talking about!" She kicked the door shut and sobbed until she heard her father's truck crunch on the gravel driveway.

Her mother had come in, angry. "How can you be so ungrateful! You're acting like a spoiled brat. You are still part of this family, like it or not, and you'd better resign yourself to that and start acting like it!"

"I do act like it! That's all I ever do. You won't let me do anything else!" Hot tears ran down her cheeks.

"That's enough of this nonsense. You're getting yourself too worked up."

Emily shrugged off her mother's condescending arm and ran outside. She had walked in the snow for hours then, making plans for the day when she would be rich and famous, and it was after midnight before she returned.

There had been other scenes, some even more dramatic. But after the hasty trip to Utah in December, when Grandpa had been so close to dying, Emily had begun to doubt whether she really wanted to go off and leave her home so soon. There was no reason to be in such a hurry. Her father didn't care what she did,

and she had often seen sadness in her mother's eyes whenever they discussed plans for college. They would not force her to go. Anyway, what about "families are eternal" and all that? Whoever said that just because a person passes American history and wears some moth-eaten cap and gown for twenty minutes that she doesn't have a place in her family anymore?

Besides, what she had here was so good. Emily gazed out at the fields, shining white in the almost-full moonlight, and at her family whom she loved. A half-mile across the south field she saw the upstairs lights of the Rogers' house. Kevin's window was dark and she wondered where he was. From the barn out back some mistaken rooster, probably disoriented by the heat, proclaimed a new day. This valley isn't really all that small, she told herself. Most likely I'll get married some day and live someplace exactly like this. I'm not about to go to college and come home breathing fire-and-brimstone repentance like Jody did. I don't need anything more than this; this is where I belong. She repeated the thought over and over in her mind. She had to believe it.

"Emmy, get the boys to bed please." Her mother's fingers never stopped their work.

The muscles in Emily's face tightened. Those kids were old enough to get themselves to bed. Why couldn't Mom at least ask, instead of order?

But she didn't bother to argue. This was proof, at least, that she was needed here, that she had a place in this family that couldn't be filled. Emily herded her sleepy brothers

toward the backyard and wrapped them in clean sheets on the ground. By dawn the sheets would be sticky with perspiration. There was a light in the upstairs north bedroom of the house across the field. Kevin was home from wherever he had been. Emily dragged her sleeping bag around to the side of the house away from the lights and the voices on the porch, and slept.

Saturday morning dawned cool and cloudy. Dad went to help Brother Rogers bale the neglected hay, Mom resumed canning cherries and apricots, the boys were corralled to help with chores. Emily was called in for overtime at the cannery, sorting out culls on the tomato belt. It was almost five before she got home. She saw Dad in the back, mixing paint for the small barn which housed the cows and chickens, and she hesitated for several minutes before she went out.

Emily crept up silently from behind, but he heard her when she hit her toe on a rusted pail handle. He looked up briefly.

"Home already? How was work today?"

"Yuck."

He went back to the mixing. "What's the matter? You don't think you want to work on a cannery assembly-line all your life?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, that's okay." He was silent while Emily watched him carefully pour the brown stain into a larger bucket. "Maybe you better go to college then."

Emily didn't say anything for several minutes. "Dad . . ." she ventured. He continued stirring and did not look up.

She stared down at his balding head, bent over past his shoulders as he squatted, and felt the familiar annoyance swell inside. Constant, steady, down-to-earth Dad. She resented his reserve; she wanted him to look at her. She wanted to tell him about the fears and dreams that thoughts of college still stirred inside her. But he wouldn't care. He wouldn't know what to say. She wanted him to counsel with her like Brother Brady had told them fathers were supposed to do. She wanted him to stop mixing the stupid paint, at the same time realizing that if he did she wouldn't know what to do either. She was tempted to kick the bucket over and make him look at her. Why couldn't he understand why she had come out here in the first place? It sure wasn't to watch him mix paint.

But then she had never really talked to him about anything she was feeling. Why should things be any different now? Dad worked hard and took care of the family. That was his place. He was not a man who felt or understood emotion, confusion, or conflict, how hard it was for Emily to make decisions, why she often exploded as she did. He hadn't touched her, other than an awkward, infrequent hand on her shoulder, since she was ten.

Only one time could she remember when Dad had been different. Because she did not understand, she had tried many times to forget that day. It still made her stomach grip tight to think about the hospital in Panguitch, where she had stood

outside her grandfather's room, frightened, clutching Jeff's hand. When Dad had come out of the room and saw them there, his face had crumpled like plastic near flame. He came close, almost touching them, then drawing back. They had gone to the cafeteria and he had ordered hamburgers and milk for them, even though she had not liked hamburgers since grade school.

She met her father's helpless, suffering eyes. "Dad, I'm trying not to cry."

"It's okay, Emmy. It's just . . . just part of life, you know. There isn't anything we can do about it."

"Dad, he's my grandpa. He can't die."

"He's more than your grandpa." Dad's face was white and strained across his cheekbones. Emily cried and he did not try to stop her or tell her that it would do no good.

Emily still did not understand those five days and did not like to think of them. After they found out Grandpa was going to be okay, everything had gone back to normal. Dad seemed embarrassed to talk about the trip. The only difference since then was that Emily stopped talking about college and Dad stopped encouraging her.

Emily squatted down near him. "I'm going to the Young Adult dance in Heywood tonight. I'll get a ride with Kevin."

"Thought you didn't like Young Adults much."

"I like it all right. I'll be in Young Adults all next year."

"Guess you're right. Too old for mutual now."

"Yeah." The thought made her feel uneasy. She walked over to the barn door and began scraping chips of paint with her palm. It felt good to grate her skin against the slivers.

Her father shifted his weight and began stirring with his other hand. Emily couldn't think of anything else to say; the silence was obvious and awkward. She turned and walked across the field to the house, looking back once to see her father still squatting in front of the barn, his head down, intent on the paint.

Emily and Kevin went to the dance on his brother's motorcycle. The night air was warm and it felt good to go fast. The stake center was crowded with older people Emily didn't know. Many of her girlfriends were already married, and most of the boys she had been through school with were working in other towns for the summer or had left for missions or college. Those who were there talked about those who weren't. After an hour of smiling, Emily excused herself and went to find Kevin.

He seemed relieved to see her. They took punch and cookies outside and sat down on the back steps of the chapel. The music came to them faintly, increasing in volume whenever someone left the cultural hall and fading again when the door swung shut.

"That's a weird dance in there, Em. I don't even know most of the people."

"It's different, all right."

They sat in silence and Emily thought how good it was to be here with him. Kevin had been her best friend ever since her family had moved in across the field from his. There was very little she could not share with him. She had missed him this summer; ever since graduation he had been moving pipe for Brother Parkinson in addition to helping his father on the farm.

"Where is everybody, anyway?"

"A lot of people are just gone this summer, Kevin. If you'd ever get your head out of that baler, maybe you'd know. Most everybody will still be here next year, anyway." That wasn't quite true. Keith and Brent had already left for summer school at State. Karen had left for the Y. Bruce was waiting for his mission call, and Tina and Vicky, her closest friends, were already married.

He grinned at her. "What about you?"

Emily studied the concrete step below her. "I've decided to stay here next year. I can take classes in Heywood and get to know some of those young adults in there."

"I thought you wanted to go to college so bad." He leaned back, resting his weight on his elbows. His muscles were hard this summer, his hair sunbleached and straight. Kevin had been talking about a mission ever since October, when Brother Brady had read a talk by President Kimball to their senior seminary class.

"What about when you used to talk about archeology, Emily? And

geology—and what was the other one?"

"Anthropology." She didn't look at him.

"You were going to write, too, weren't you? And you wanted to join the Peace Corps and be two-languageal. What was it?"

"Bilingual."

"Yeah. Bilingual. And all the rest of that stuff you used to tell me about. Some lady who went to law school and helped all those poor people who couldn't speak English or something."

"Martha Woodward."

"Yeah. Anyway—what about all that? You always used to talk to Brother Brady about it. He thought you were great because you wanted to do all that."

Brother Brady didn't know everything. He didn't even have any children over the age of four. "Come on, Kev. You know I'd never really do those things anyway. I've got better things than that right now, right here. Why should I leave?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But it's weird how everything changes, even if you do stay here. What do your parents say about it now?"

"My parents?"

"Yeah, you know, the man and lady at home. The ones you were always getting mad at when they told you what to do." He was teasing her now and she wished they could get off the subject. "They aren't going

to stop now, you know."

Yes. She knew. She knew it so well that it made her insides contract to think of it. "Come off it, Kevin. I don't get mad anymore. And they know I'm grown up. But they want me to stay, I think. Hey, I'm their kid, you know. That's something that *can't* change."

"Too bad for them." Kevin sat up, stretched, and drank the last of Emily's punch. She could see how tired he was and knew they needed to leave.

"You could still change your mind, Em. If you do, you can come home a lot and haunt me. I'm not going anywhere."

No. He wouldn't be going anywhere. Graduating from high school had not displaced Kevin from his place in life. Kevin had never questioned his parents' expectations and had teased her whenever she did. Now that she was trying to live within them, he was making fun of her again.

The motorcycle was very loud on the way home. Emily held on to Kevin's waist more tightly than she needed to. Emily had had her first motorcycle ride the summer she was twelve. A boy who lived a couple of miles down the road from Grandpa, not much taller than she, had taken her down every dirt road and gully that he knew. When she got back, breathless and excited Dad was waiting in the living room.

"You ought to know better than that, Emily! Motorcycles are dangerous and I don't want to see you on one again."

At that moment Grandpa, straw clinging to his overalls, came in from mending fences and went to wash his hands at the kitchen sink. "Youngsters got to have something to do. No different from when you used to unhitch the team and barrel-race." Everyone had laughed, and when, three years later, she had started riding motorcycles with Kevin, no one had said a word.

From the foot of the driveway Emily could see lights on at the house; someone had waited up for her. At the top of the hill she swung her legs down and headed for the door. Kevin called out "Good-night, Emily" above the roar of the engine.

"Good-night." She turned and watched him go, heading off across the field to his own house. He steered into a rock and flew into the air. Show-off.

Jeffrey, small and barefoot in polka-dot cotton pajamas, opened the door as she stood watching Kevin's dust settle. "Em'lee!"

She turned around quickly. "What's the matter? Why aren't you in bed?" She followed him into the empty, disorderly living room. "Where is everyone?"

He looked at her with round, solemn eyes. "Grandpa's dead."

Emily felt electric shock searing through her body. She knelt down and held Jeffrey very tightly. "Grandpa's what?"

"He's dead! Uncle Joel called up Daddy and they're gone to make Lori come home."

Grandpa was dead. He couldn't be.

He was getting better. His heart was stronger than it had been in years. He wasn't going to die. He was her grandpa. They would go visit him in a few weeks and she would ride his horses. Emily held Jeff in her arms and he cried against her blouse. She tried not to think. Jeff was having a bad dream.

The door opened and Mom and Dad came in from the night. Christopher trailed behind them and shut the door, although the heat in the house was oppressive.

Her mother's eyes darted around the room and stopped on Emily. "Thank God she's here."

Dad sat down on the edge of the chair opposite Emily, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Mom went to stand near him, her eyes helpless, full of pain, her face pale and pinched. Emily could not take her eyes off them.

Dad raised his head and gazed at his children without seeing them. He reminded Emily of a picture she'd seen in *Life* once, of a wounded soldier in Vietnam whose company had deserted him. Dad rose and the back door shut tight behind him.

When he was gone, Mom slumped into the chair Dad had left vacant and began to cry. She looked like a balloon that had been stuck with a pin and thereafter discarded.

"You kids didn't even know Grandpa," she said helplessly. "You didn't know him at all."

Emily was crying too and didn't know why. She didn't feel profound grief, only confusion and loss. Memories flew at her like a wind-

storm in southern Utah. Her mother was wrong—they all had known Grandpa, spent some time every summer with him. She thought of him now: silent, windburned, pitching hay to the horses, closing the barn doors at night, washing his hands at the kitchen sink. Always a card and five dollars at her birthday. The images were as solid and unchanging as milking twice a day and dinner on the table, and without them, something was very wrong.

"Mom, don't cry." It felt strange to be comforting her mother. "I mean, Grandpa lived a long time and all that and people have to die sometime."

"But he didn't live his life the way he wanted to!" Mom was still crying. "It's a terrible thing for a man to be eighty years old and to die knowing he wasn't what he wanted to be!"

Emily looked at her mother in disbelief. "That's crazy! What else would he have done? How do you know, anyway?"

She didn't wait for her mother's answer. Let the boys comfort her and make her busy with their needs. Emily ran outside, across the field and towards the barn. The side that Dad had finished that afternoon was sticky and smelled of fresh paint.

Her father was standing several feet away from the barn, facing west towards the hills, hands in his pockets. His outline was unsteady; the moon was bright enough to show that his cheeks were wet. Emily had never before seen her father cry.

"Dad. . . ." What could she say to him, now that she was out here?

He turned and looked at his daughter. His eyes were wet, the muscles in his face hard, his mouth twisted and tight. His face was filled with anguish such as Emily had never seen.

"Dad. . . ."

"Emily, he was my father." Dad faltered, his voice pleading, breaking on his words. "He was my father."

Emily stared as if Dad had suddenly been transformed into a masked stranger. What was he saying? This man was not her father. This man was the son of a father, a father who had just died. This man was crying because he was his father's son and his father was dead.

"Dad—Dad, don't cry." But the man did not blink. What had happened to him? "Who are you?" she whispered into the night. "I don't even know you." The thought that Dad was something other than Dad frightened her, and she picked up her skirt and ran from it, ran past the barn and through the fields, up into the hills and along the ridge.

She felt as if her whole world had collapsed around her, like being trapped in a falling building in an earthquake. The thought hit her like a slap: Dad had not been created for the express purpose of being her father. He was a man independent of her, and he was a man she did not know.

What was inside the man she called Dad? What was beyond the father-part, the husband-part? Had he ever wanted to sail the ocean or to be an anthropologist? Did he, himself, know who he was beyond being father to the needs of four kids?

If he didn't, perhaps that was why, after December, he had stopped encouraging her to leave home. If she left she would be subtracting from his role as father . . . subtracting from him. She remembered her mother's words: "It's a terrible thing for a man to be eighty years old and die knowing he wasn't what he wanted to be." It would be every bit as terrible for a man to be forty years old and *live* knowing he wasn't what he wanted to be—or not knowing himself at all.

The thoughts came fast and hard and she tried to shut them out. Far below she could see Dad's black outline, still facing the hills with his hands in his pockets, and she felt that, somehow, all the courage and tragedy ever known were embodied in the form of her father. She could still see the lost, anguished stranger's face in her mind, repeating over and over in his broken, tear-choked voice, "He was my father," and she knew that the face and the words were her own.

She was crying now. Emily fell to the ground and savagely beat her legs against the earth. If Dad was something beyond her father, where did that leave her? Who was she, beyond her father's kid? It left her no place—without him, she was totally and completely void. Her whole life had been built around being her parents' child . . . she had told Kevin that that was one thing that didn't have to change. She had been trying desperately to believe it was enough. Sobbing into her arms, grinding them into the dirt, Emily knew in that moment that she would not be here in September. She had to go, not only for herself but for her father.

Suddenly she felt two arms lifting her up off the ground and she looked into her father's troubled face.

"Emmy, it's okay . . . it's okay."

They stood apart and looked into each other's faces. Then, in one motion, Emily was in her father's arms. She held to him tightly, her tears against his chest as his fell on her head. He did not let her go.

"Emmy, it's okay."

"Dad, I don't want to go." Her voice was muffled against his chest. "I want to stay here."

"I know." He stroked her hair gently, awkwardly at first. "Emily, do you know how proud I am of you?" It was the first time he had ever said it.

They started down the hill together, the moon guiding and encircling them in its pale white light. Emily tripped over her skirt, now stained with dirt and tears. It seemed like such a long time since the Young Adult dance. She looked over at Kevin's dark window. She knew she could always come back and haunt him without scaring him to death; with Dad it would be harder. What had Grandpa done when Dad left home? Emily looked at her father and knew she would ask him to tell her many things about Grandpa in the next few weeks.

Emily breathed deeply and let the night air fill her lungs with moonlight and crickets. Together they checked the animals, shut the barn doors tight, and went into the house.

TRIPTYCH

CLIFTON HOLT JOLLEY

1.
The Ancients knew you
And missed only in not knowing
Where the symbol ceased. They sensed
The earth a variegated orb
And center to your glory.
So it is; we have stretched our science
And found nothing
Beyond what we knew so far as Mars:
No life there, and the Ancients,
When they gave to Him their wars and killing,
Knew; the Ancients knew, as we should.
With each place farther
The possibility grows more slight—
Further from the birth that hoped us here—
But we, like silly marks
Into the swarthy Hawker's scheme,
Believe the digit to our dream
In each new roll.
Seven is *thy* number, Lord.

2.

Emerson might have thought these rivers
Arteries of God's body reaching
From the pulmonary vastness of the sea
Into the blessing of His humankind.
The conceit may be cartographically proven,
But experience transcends the transcendental speculation:
The rivers flee away from land
And, pillaged at each tumbling of themselves
By ourselves, stumble dead into the sea—
St. Pauli whores the final spewing
Of an infected dream
Of water turned, unclean, to salt.
Oh, Germany! Where have you buried them,
The dreamers who, four centuries ago, dreamed Köln?
Hamburg sells her sausages and grows rich.

3.

I shall return to Europe
One time more before the seventh roll
To understand cathedrals
Mississippi tourists have kept bright
With pennies fed into that box
That once had fed the poor.
Russia only has discovered the appropriate economy:
By mandate blessed them "pristine
Ecclesiastical architecture" to be preserved
Beneath this ordinance or that
Into the benevolent bosom of The State.
God save you, St. Sophia, St. Isaac, St. Basel,
But no need to save your churches:
The people have provided and provide.

Forum



Forum space is reserved for comment written in the spirit of Elder B. H. Roberts' 1906 declaration. The "crying need" of Mormonism, he said, is

"For thoughtful disciples who will not be content with merely repeating some of its truths, but will develop its truths; and enlarge it by that development. Not half—not one-hundredth part—not a thousandth part of that which Joseph Smith revealed to the Church has yet been unfolded, either to the Church or to the world. The work of the expounder has scarcely begun."

(Improvement Era 9:712-13.)

Sunstone encourages your thoughtful comment on gospel topics.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND BLOOD ATONEMENT

Michael Hatch

Because of the recent trial and execution of Gary Gilmore, the question of capital punishment has regained a prominent position on the national agenda. Persuasive arguments both for capital punishment (it deters certain types of murder; society demands justice or retribution) and against (it doesn't act as a deterrent and may, in fact, act as a stimulus in certain cases; it brutalizes society) are presented with conviction and forcefulness. Yet, within the context of the present national debate, many members of the Church seem to remain sur-

prisingly aloof. Rather than personally confront the numerous moral and social dilemmas inextricably bound up in the question of capital punishment, they prefer to rely on the so-called doctrine of blood atonement as the basis of their position. Such a stance is—I believe—all too facile and, at the same time, fraught with certain dangers stemming in large part from the rather nebulous nature of the doctrine of blood atonement.

It is acknowledged that the practice of blood atonement was present in the days of Moses as well as certain other periods in the Old Testament. What is not so clear is the present status of the doctrine. Though my sources are admittedly limited here in the hinterlands of Mormondom, I have searched in vain for an official Church pronouncement on the doctrine of blood atonement, have found little in the way of scriptural references from the New Testament, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants or the Pearl of Great Price which shed light on the subject, and have discovered only a few writings by private individuals (albeit Church authorities) that seem to raise more questions than they answer.

Genesis 9:6 states that "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Though less explicit, reference is also made to the fate of murderers in 2 Nephi 9:35 and Alma 42:19—they "shall die." The New Testament and the other standard works, however, have very little to say on the subject. The most frequently quoted modern

scripture is that found in D. & C. 42:18-19: "And now, behold, I speak unto the Church. Thou shalt not kill; and he that kills shall not have forgiveness in this world, nor in the world to come. And again, I say, thou shalt not kill; but he that killeth shall die." When read within the context of the entire section, these verses seem to refer more to a spiritual than a physical death.

Broaching the subject of blood atonement in his book *Answers to Gospel Questions*, Joseph Fielding Smith quotes profusely from Charles W. Penrose's book on blood atonement which states that "this divine law for shedding the blood of a murderer has never been repealed. . . ." (*Blood Atonement*, pp. 25-26.)

Penrose then goes on to rebut the argument that the law concerning death to adulterers as well as murderers was superseded by Christ's ministry, using the example of the adulteress brought before Christ. He points out that the law should not be carried out but rather, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone" and, after inquiring where the woman's accusers were, "Neither do I accuse thee."

Even if one accepts the current validity of blood atonement, the question arises as to the organs which are to judge and administer such a doctrine. Throughout much of the period covered by the Old Testament, secular and religious authority resided in the same body. Under such circumstances, one could be reasonably sure of just decisions through divine guidance. For the present day, however, D. & C. 42 states that murderers should be dealt with according to the laws of the land. But can we be as equally certain that justice will be executed when our social and

legal systems have so many endemic, human imperfections? In other words, the determination and imposition of sentences so terminal in nature are quite dangerous when undertaken without divine inspiration and which, at the same time, are divorced from the true purpose intended by God.

Implicit in this last sentence is an assumption that blood atonement is not only to act as a punishment for a grievous sin, but also to provide a murderer the means by which he may receive forgiveness at some future point in time; however, if such is the case, aren't the more intrinsic processes associated with repentance of much greater importance? In addition, doesn't atonement connote the voluntary giving rather than a mandatory taking away? And finally, in keeping with the Church position concerning obedience to the laws of the land, is it probable that a person completing all other requirements will be denied forgiveness because the doctrine of blood atonement was not fulfilled due to laws which prohibited the imposition of capital punishment (as is now the case in a number of European countries)?

In sum, I believe that one's position on capital punishment should not be founded on a doctrine about which so little is known or understood and whose present de facto—if not de jure—validity is open to question. Personal, introspective questioning of the moral and social implications of capital punishment, accompanied by careful evaluation of the evidence and arguments both for and against the death penalty, would seem to provide a much sounder foundation upon which to base one's own convictions on this important issue.

Reviews



Mormon Sisters: Women in Early Utah. Edited by Claudia L. Bushman. 283+ pp. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Emmeline Press Ltd. \$4.95
Reviewed by C. L. Drayton.

What are we first—women, wives, or mothers? What are the responsibilities of women today—in an era of so many conflicting concepts and priorities? What is our position as women in the patriarchal order of the Church? What was a plural wife, and what really is the celestial order of marriage? This collection of twelve essays focusing on our foremothers' position in Church, community, and home meticulously illuminates the past and in so doing, sheds light on many of today's perplexing issues.

I am impressed with the confidence of the authors: for the most part they allow us to answer our own questions. We are not herded by their biases. Though each author has her own strong opinions, she maintains her objectivity, working—as stated in the editor's introduction—"to give contemporary women a sense of the richness and variety of their foremothers' lives" (p. xxii). How refreshing not to have to wade through an author's effusions and speculations in an effort to find solid facts!

But the book is not flawless on this count. A couple of authors lose their confidence that the truth is on their side. Consider, for example, Cheryl Lynn May's "Charitable Sisters": although the facts therein are much too important to ignore, the comparisons between the Relief

Society organization of today and that of the early Church reveal a point of view that, while it is not necessarily wrong, is terribly one-sided. I would say that the essay is valuable for the questions it raises but not for the attitude it interjects.

Another essay that points up the need for perhaps a little stronger editorial control is Laurel Thatcher Ulrich's "Fictional Sisters." Although it seemed to me the most entertaining, it also deviated most widely from Sister Bushman's stated purpose for the collection.

And in her own writing, Sister Bushman makes some unsubstantiated assertions and uses at least one questionable source. With reference to speaking in tongues she says: "These people, usually women, spoke the 'Adamic tongue' as well as contemporary languages" (p. 7). Later in a quote by Presendia Lathrop Kimball she says that Eliza R. Snow spoke in Adamic (p. 7). But in neither case is any proof given that the incomprehensible language spoken was revealed as Adamic. Her credibility was further damaged by repeated reference to Fanny Stenhouse's book *Tell It All*, a book Stenhouse wrote after her apostasy.

One of the virtues of this collection is its tendency to show us the non-Mormon framework that the Church and its women were operating in. The comparative chronology on pages xxiv-xxxiii gives us a general overview and is well worth the considerable effort expended to compile it. Comments such as Sister Bushman's that "Nineteenth century Americans who glorified the nuclear

family were offended by such deviants [Mormon polygamists] and by other religious sects defending practices ranging from celibacy to free love which grew up at the same time"—such comments help us see how the Church was viewed by the general public. And information regarding non-LDS women's headway in the fight for suffrage facilitates a more realistic appraisal of Utah's women and attitudes. These insights also help us better understand the non-Mormon world of today and our responsibility to it.

To further help us deal with the baffling questions, "Where are we?" "What should we be doing?" and "Where are we headed as LDS women?" portraits of pioneer midwives, schoolteachers, politicians, and feminists give us direction. In particular, the sketches of Eliza R. Snow and Susa Young Gates help us to fathom our potential. Here are women unafraid to try their hand at anything—and virtually always with the encouragement of the Church leaders. Thus, in Jill C. Mulvay's "Zion's Schoolmarms" we read, "Brigham Young encouraged women to pursue whatever occupations they could learn. And he gave them some propitious opportunities in education" (p. 79). Brigham also counseled Susa Young Gates (his daughter), "Anything you can do after you have satisfied the claims of husband and family will redound to your own honor and to the glory of God" (p. 202). The record of her life suggests that she took the admonition seriously: "During her lifetime of seventy-seven years, she was a prolific writer, musician, genealogist, teacher, organizer, administrator, home economist, public speaker, researcher, traveler, suffragist, and

Church worker as well as a wife and mother of thirteen children" (p. 199). Along with whitewashing her house and making her children's clothing, she managed a correspondence with Tolstoy and tea at Windsor Castle with Queen Victoria.

Every essay touches upon the subject of plural marriage. And it is the sole domain of Stephanie Smith Goodson's "Plural Wives," Carrel Hilton Sheldon's "Mormon Haters," and Nancy Tate Dredge's "Victims of the Conflict." In these essays the women who practiced this principle are heard uninterpreted and uninterrupted. As a principle and a practice, plural marriage becomes understandable—and we are reclaimed from the great sewer of misinformation that so many of us draw upon.

This book holds the great surprise—education, enlightenment, refreshment. I would not suggest that you read it but rather that you study it. And maybe then pick up your pen and continue the work.

Contributors



REX JAY ALLEN is majoring in advertising at BYU. He and his wife Nancy are expecting their first child momentarily. Rex loves missionary work and has been an author since the age of six.

DENNIS and KAREY LAW are Provo residents where Dennis is a junior in preveterinary medicine at BYU. Karey, from Alaska, and Dennis, from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, are proudly parenting a new baby boy, Porter. Dennis is a part-time researcher for the Botany Department. Karey received her B.A. in Speech and English in 1976.

MICHAEL HATCH is a Ph.D. candidate in political science and international relations at the University of California, Berkeley campus. Among his credits are an M.A. from John Hopkins, study at the University at Bonn, and a mission in Berlin, not necessarily in that order.

DAVIS BITTON functions concurrently as professor of history at the University of Utah and Assistant Historian for the LDS Church. A past president of the Mormon History Association, he has authored numerous articles on Church history subjects.

PETER MYER, with origins in New York and New Jersey, is presently serving as director of galleries at BYU. He has exhibited widely and his work has been published in books and periodicals, including *Time* magazine. MARIE MYER received a

B.A. in English and art and is currently working toward an M.A. in playwriting. She has authored articles for several periodicals, including *Sage* magazine and *BYU Studies*.

CRAIG M. CALL was a member of the charter class graduating from the J. Reuben Clark Law School, a recipient of awards from the Utah state Historic Society and Utah Heritage Foundation. He is the president of Historic Utah, Inc. and does consulting work in historic preservation. He also serves as president of the BYU 42nd Branch. He and his wife Janine have a daughter, Grace Christy, age two.

CLIFTON HOLT JOLLEY, on leave from the seminaries and institutes program, claims to be the oldest living doctoral candidate at BYU. The eldest of twelve children, Clifton says that everything good, bright, and positive in his poetry he owes to his mother, his two fathers, and his brothers and sisters; everything negative, despairing, and truthful is wholly his own invention. Clifton and his wife Marcia have five children.

FRANCINE BENNION, wife of BYU professor Robert Bennion and mother of three children, was hard to pin down on her current pursuits. She has taught at BYU—piano, English, and the Book of Mormon—but explains that she is involved in a variety of things and her occupations and interests vary from month to month.

JANNA PETT is a BYU education major who periodically resolves to quit school. From northern California, Janna is an outdoors enthusiast for whom writing is a hobby.

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