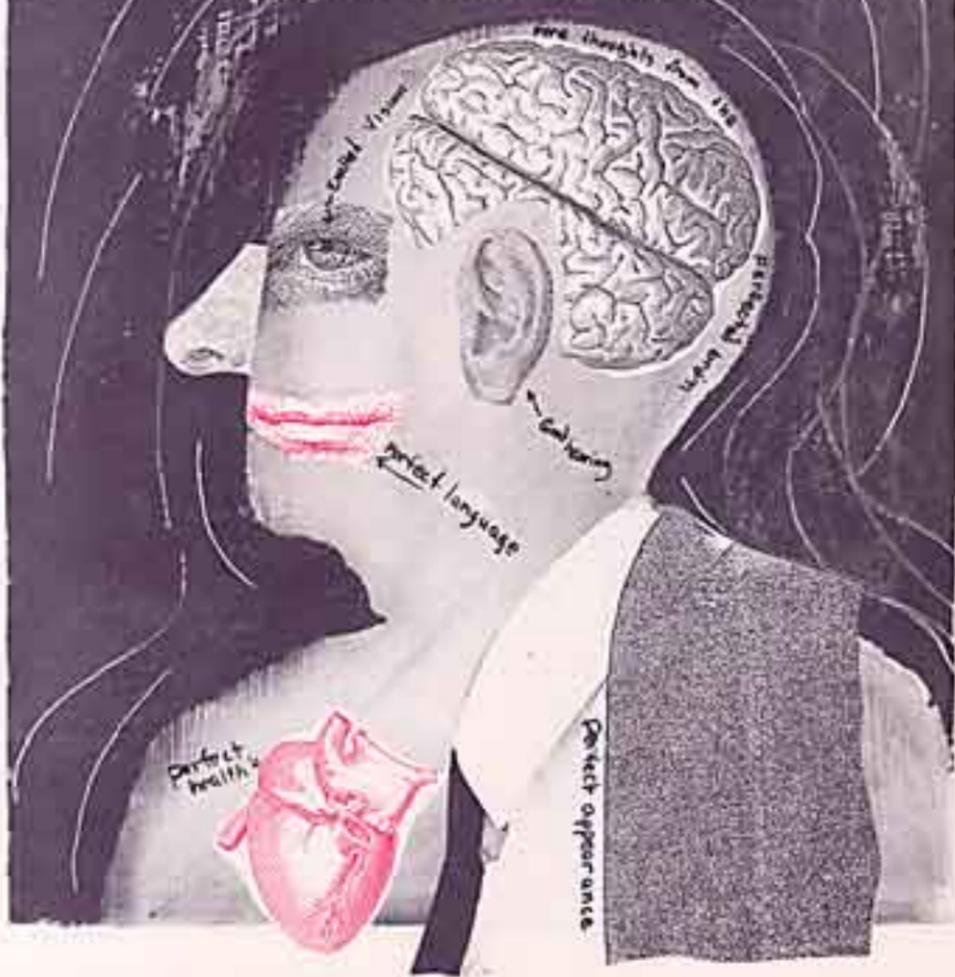


MAY 1987

\$4.50

SUNSTONE

PERFECTION: A SOCIAL CRITICISM AND
A THEOLOGICAL ALTERNATIVE



SUNSTONE

May 1987

Volume 11:3

Issue 59



SUNSTONE is published by the Sunstone Foundation, a non-profit corporation with no official connection to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Articles represent the attitudes of the writers only and not necessarily those of the LDS Church.

Manuscripts should be submitted on floppy diskettes, IBM PC compatible and written with Word Perfect format. Manuscripts may also be double-spaced typewritten and should be submitted in duplicate. Submissions should not exceed six thousand words. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by sufficient return postage. Send all correspondence and manuscripts to

SUNSTONE

331 South Rio Grande Street
Suite 30
Salt Lake City, UT 84101

United States subscriptions to SUNSTONE are \$32 for twelve issues. International subscriptions are \$45 for airmail to Canada and Mexico and surface mail to all other countries. Other airmail subscriptions are \$62 for Europe and South America and \$70 for Asia, Africa and Australia.

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THE PRINTING OF THIS MAGAZINE WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE GENEROUS DONATION OF THE CHARLES REDD FOUNDATION

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN BEAN

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READERS FORUM

JOSEPH'S BUSTED FLUSH

THE FLAW IN Karl Sandberg's "Pascal's Wager on the Mormon Roulette Wheel," is to presume that the rational proof of God is in any way similar to the proof for the claims of the Book of Mormon. Pascal's wager is valid because the game is being played, as Sandberg says, "at an indefinitely far distance in the cosmos."

The Book of Mormon makes historical claims on *this* planet, within historical time frames.

One is justified in concluding that God's existence is a matter of faith. Sandberg correctly asserts, "it is the heart that perceives God, not the intellect." But the existence of a huge population of Hebrew-descended "Nephites" who had pre-Columbian horses, wheat, silk, glass and iron (steel yet!), and who observed elephants but no buffalo, is another matter. One might as well side with the members of the flat-earth society.

The Smithsonian Institute and the National Geographic Society routinely issue form letters which aver that the Book of Mormon is of no archaeological significance. The basis for Pascal's wager is the "unknowableness" of God. We surely wouldn't resort to it to determine whether or not Paris is really a city in France, just because some prophet said it was not. Neither should we decide subjectively on Joseph Smith's assertion that "tall Quakers" live on the moon—because we've been there!

Sandberg suggests that we submit Joseph Smith's esoteric claims, the Book of Mormon, and Mormonism itself, to the Great Wager test, but that is convoluted logic. He is asking us to use a technique which is acceptable to probe the transcendence of God, but unacceptable to certify narrow, sectarian views. He concludes that we should simply take a leap of faith into the handiest sect if the aims of the group are "basically good" (anti-murder, bigotry and theft).

But, in Joseph Smith, we are not searching for the Prime Mover, we are asking if a farm boy had real gold plates and was baptized in a real river by post-existent beings. No amount of intellectual posturing can avoid the essential element of historicity. If Jesus didn't resurrect a real *corpus*, the apostle Paul says we are fools. If Joseph Smith's gold plates were not real gold, if they were not inscribed with a real steel tool,

if they were only seen (as Oliver Cowdery finally said) "with eyes of faith," then Joseph's story is foolishness.

Convoluted logic leads to ludicrous and unwarranted leaps of faith. Like the Mormon engineer who said, "I know that NASA has been to the moon and did not find Joseph Smith's 'tall Quakers,' but it's possible that they dwell *under the surface of the moon!*"

As B.H. Roberts said of the inadequate defense the Brethren made for the Book of Mormon in the face of his 141 page essay "Book of Mormon Difficulties, A Study" "[it might] satisfy people who don't think, but [it was] a very inadequate answer for a thinking man."

Betting on the existence of God is a sensible wager, centering our faith on unproven (and suspect) historical fact is not.

James R Spencer
Shiloh Christian Center
Idaho Falls, ID

Karl Sandberg replies

In the Pascal article I supposed that in figuring the odds on the Book of Mormon, some would find them exceedingly slim, while others would find them preponderant. The response of Reverend Spencer, in which he places himself solidly in the former category, gives a chance to reflect further on Pascal's wager and its relation to the Book of Mormon.

In the *Thoughts of Pascal*, God is a paradox. He is the hidden God, *Deus absconditus*, out of the reach of reason to prove or disprove. It is in this sense that the game of heads or tails—the existence or non-existence of God as demonstrated by reason—is being played at an indefinitely far distance in the cosmos. But on the other hand, God is immediately present in the world, perceived by the heart (as seen in the religious experience of Pascal recorded in the *Memorial*) and not by reason. God is thus hidden and present. The wager is a rhetorical device intended to persuade the (non-believing) reader that in the shortfall of reason to prove or disprove the existence of God, it is not unreasonable to bet one's life, i.e. one's thoughts, desires, and acts, on the existence of God, to "act as if" God existed. Thus making oneself open to the experience by which the presence of God is encountered in the world. The metaphor of the wager is thus applicable whenever a decision is unavoidable, the con-

sequences momentous, and the basis for decision uncertain.

Are we in these terms with the Book of Mormon? Until the arguments of Reverend Spencer prevail upon the apologists of the Book of Mormon, or until their arguments overcome his, it seems to indicate that no one has as yet cast the last stone. No one has reduced the uncertainty to zero.

Reverend Spencer pushes hard on the importance of historicity in judging the Book of Mormon. The point is well made, but seems to prove too little and too much. It proves too much in that the arguments he makes against the Book of Mormon are precisely the same kind that Pascal's libertine friends (and the 18th century philosophers) made against the Bible. The exclusive emphasis on history will unhinge any religion claiming God's intervention.

But historical arguments also prove too little because they miss the mark. Neither New Testament Christianity nor Mormonism grew because they gave a correct view of history, but because people continued to find spiritual power in them. Neither the author of Mark mistaking epilepsy for demonic possession nor the Nephites seeing elephants where they should have seen buffaloes will change that very much. It is not my conclusion that we

"should simply take a leap into the handiest sect" but that everyone at bottom does make a choice about betting his or her life and that that choice is autonomous.

TAX SHELTERS FOR TITHING?

MAYBE SISTER WINGATE'S confusion on calculating one's tithing comes because she thinks all upper middle-class and upper class are self-employed. I wish to assure her that is not so. Most such Church members who pay tithing on taxable income are salaried corporate executives. Some of them may also have investment income or tax-sheltered investments (which few wage-earners have). Between their itemized deductions (such as paying mortgage interest on their huge homes and interest on the purchase loans for their expensive cars), their tax-sheltered investments, and their tax "losses" (such as depreciation on their rental homes), these well-paid executives are able to reduce their taxable income far below their *real* income.

The following situation is not untypical: I know a man who as a bishop and corporate executive earned a substantial six-figure salary,

lived in a large home in one of the fanciest neighborhoods in the metropolitan area and traveled regularly around the world for pleasure (the Holy Land was one of his favorite destinations). But he paid less annual tithing than if he had paid tithing on gross annual wages totaling \$18,000.

I should add that Sister Wingate had some excellent comments about the problems of calculating tithing for the self-employed. Unfortunately, she failed to note that many self-employed deduct many personal expenses on their tax returns as if they were business expenses. If tithing is based on such taxable income, the tithe-payer has not only cheated the government but also the Lord.

Anthonie H. Woller
Beaverton, OR

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A FUTURE FOR MORMON THEOLOGY

By Daniel H. Rector

TWENTY YEARS AGO Sterling McMurrin and Hyrum Andrus made the last serious attempts at writing Mormon theology. The fact that two such disparate descriptions could be written of the same religion foreshadowed the discovery of *doctrinal development* in Mormonism—a discovery which has made systematic theological writing impossible. For while it is always proper to speak of “one Mormon’s theology,” we can no longer refer to “one Mormon theology.” Doctrinal diversity has overwhelmed any effort to find unity.

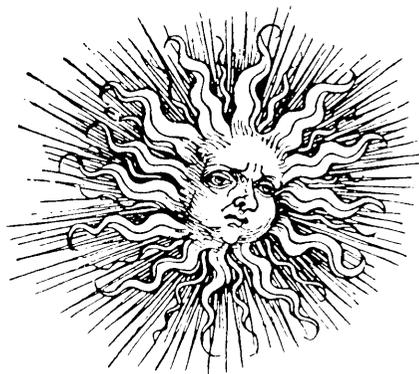
A century ago, a similar dilemma shook the larger Christian scholarly community with the discrediting of “biblical theology.” Biblical theology attempts to treat the religion of Israel as a structurally unified whole. From the end of the eighteenth century through most of the nineteenth, it was a respected academic discipline. But in the 1890s J. Wellhausen published his thesis that the religion of Israel evolved from a kind of primitive polytheism to a highly developed ethical monotheism. By combining a critical scrutiny of the sources with the ruthless simplicity of the evolutionary paradigm, Wellhausen produced a theory that seemed unsailable. Suddenly, it was no longer possible to speak of *the* theology of the Old Testament; indeed, no one even tried. For a generation after Wellhausen, no book on the topic of biblical theology appeared in either German or English, and the subject was dropped from the curriculum of many theological schools. Stripped of its theological unity, the Bible became a topic befitting historical study only.

However, cracks eventually developed in Wellhausen’s critical orthodoxy. By the 1950s

historians and archaeologists were discovering that many of the most fundamental features of Israel’s religion were not late developments at all, but had been present in some form from the earliest periods. Without minimizing the vast biblical diversity, theologians were able to find unifying themes such as “election,” “covenant” and “promise” woven throughout Old Testament history. The same ideas informed the New Testament. Today, a century after Wellhausen, it has once again become respectable to speak of a core theology in the biblical canon.

Will Mormon theology follow a parallel course? Will scholars sift through the diversity and discover deeper unifying themes, present from the beginning? Only time—and a lot of good scholarship—will tell. But two things seem certain. First, historical and scriptural studies must inform theological ones. Second, any authentic Mormon theology must partake not only of the rational but also of the revelatory.

Before a theology of Mormonism can once again be attempted, historians must discover as far as possible what actually happened in Mormon origins and why. This effort has been proceeding in earnest for a generation, and may already provide an adequate basis for doing some theology. However, recent controversies over issues as fundamental as identifying the earliest priesthood restoration traditions illustrate how far the new Mormon history has yet to go. Of course, there are limits to what historians can tell us. The supernatural dimension of the story is beyond the scope of the historical method, and the presuppositions of that method limit the range of possible conclusions.



Still, we cannot do good theology from bad history.

Concurrent with this effort, historians must discover all of the variety within Mormon doctrine throughout our history, taking care not to impose an artificial harmony on their findings—Wellhausen’s experience should serve to warn us against simplistic theories of doctrinal evolution.

As we understand how our story developed and why, theologians can begin to pull together the unifying threads of Mormon theology in a responsible way. At this point the theological task will still be essentially descriptive. Care must be taken not to cast Mormon theology into the shape of one’s own preferences as Andrus and McMurrin did. However, once all this preliminary work is completed, once critical scholarship has identified whatever consistency and unity exists amid the seemingly endless variety, then we are ready for the essentially creative and even prophetic task of finding meaning in the story for Mormons today. Understanding from a theological perspective where we came from and why we are here we can begin to see where we are to go. However, neither the historian nor the descriptive theologian alone can take us there. For while objective scholarship may give us a new Mormon history, a new Mormon theology will also require the intuitive and prescriptive approach associated with the spirit of revelation.

To be authoritative for the entire Church, revelation must come through ecclesiastical channels. But revelation useful for theologians may also come from prophets and visionaries found throughout God’s people.

Unfettered by the scholar’s rigorous methodology, prophets are by nature unsystematic. Their message is hyperbolic and careless of internal consistency. But it is the precious raw material with which the new Mormon theologians must work. It is the uniquely Mormon promise of ongoing revelation at all levels combined with unflinching scholarship which gives us hope for a new Mormon theology that is at once more faithful to the past and more responsive to the present.

The history of biblical scholarship encourages us to celebrate the pluralism within Mormon doctrine. At the same time, it holds the promise of discovering unifying principles within that diversity. And while history necessarily predominates in current Mormon studies, let us work toward the time when we will tap the rich potential of Mormon theology through the creative synthesis of dispassionate scholarship and impassioned prophetic vision.

TURNING THE TIME OVER TO . . .

Marie Cornwall

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE SINGLES PROBLEM?

One frequently hears the remark "being single in a family church is difficult." But the problem is not "being single in a family church," the problem is "being single in a married church." Single people have families. They have mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, and many have children. The issue is not that singles have no family, but that they have no marriage partner. When one is without a marriage partner, an added element of awkwardness is introduced into every social situation within the Church. This awkwardness is in part a function of the importance of marriage as an indicator of adulthood and social status within Mormonism. But it is also due to common sense notions that every Mormon should marry, and everyone who wants to can.

New demographic trends which affect Latter-day Saints as well as the remainder of the population have created trends counter to the "adequate opportunity" assumption. The number and proportion of single Church members has increased over the past several years. Not only are people marrying later, but divorce rates are increasing. In addition, young people are much more likely to live independently from their families before marrying. This makes singleness more visible because the number of single households has increased. An increasing number of single Church members has created problems for a Church which prides itself on the importance of the family, and organizes all its functions and activities around the family as the most basic ecclesiastical unit in the Church. Despite these trends, Mormons are still more likely to marry than other religious groups, are less likely to divorce, and when divorced are more likely to remarry.

The "singles" problem will *not* go away in the near future. Recent studies of the marriage market in the U. S. suggests some women may

never marry. During the first week of June, *Newsweek* announced with utter finality a forty-year old never married woman with a college education was more likely to be killed by a terrorist than to be married. In a recent television documentary *After the Sexual Revolution*, Peter Jennings reported approximately 15% of women born in the 1950's would never marry. And a University of California study has reported, "If we tried to match each woman born in 1950 with a man three years older, we would come out with millions of women left over."

Aside from these demographic trends, we must remember life has cycles and stages and not everyone is in the same stage of life at the same time. While the perfect Mormon family has been culturally defined as a husband and wife married in the temple with children at home, at any one time this perfect Mormon family accounts for less than one in five households in the Church. A large percentage of the single population of the Church are "not yet married" members less than 30 years old. Given time, they will marry. But there will always be single members of the Church who must be integrated into the ward family. Some have not yet married, others have been married but are now divorced, and others have married but are now widowed.

I am reminded of the results of a study I read several years ago. The study reported the results of a survey of bishops and stake presidents who were asked, among other things, what they thought the solution to the "singles' problem" might be. As I recall, something like 85% responded simply, "Get them married." An obviously simple answer to a complex problem. If the marriage market among Latter-day Saints is similar to the marriage market in the U. S. in general, there are not as many marriageable men in the population as there are marriageable women. Furthermore, even if the sex ratio were equal, the men and women who

make up the single population over 30 are different from each other. The women are more likely to be professionals, while the men are more likely to be blue collar workers. Single women are more educated than single men, and the women are more likely to live in large cities while the men are more likely to live in smaller population areas. The simple solution—"get them married"—is not a simple solution at all.

So what is the solution to the single's problem? The problem is not totally a singles' problem, or the problem of singles. Rather, the problem is a married's problem, a problem of married people. The singles' problem is a married's problem because married members do not understand what it means to be single. Their understanding of single life is based on their own experiences when they were young and less mature. Having married, they attribute their sense of adulthood to marriage and family. They do not understand their peers who have not yet married also achieved adulthood. For a single person, adulthood is measured in other ways (career promotions, stability, associations with other adults). Unfortunately, whatever sense of adulthood they may feel during the week at work and at home frequently disappears on Sunday as they interact with married members.

Married's and some single people frequently assume the lack of a marriage partner is an indication something is wrong with a person. This message is frequently conveyed by the way married members approach singles. The "bold and direct" approach is generally used by married men, the "subtle and caring" approach is generally used by married women.

The "bold and direct" approach is most often articulated within the first five minutes of one's initial meeting, in which the married man simply says "How come a good looking woman like you never married?" Not only is this the \$64 million question for most never married women, it is a very painful one as well. Single women frequently brainstorm reasonable responses like "Because I never had to," or "My husband died in the war in heaven." But these replies do not totally neutralize the underlying question, "What is wrong with you that you are not married?"

The "subtle and caring" approach of married women is generally more gentle, but equally painful and carries with it the same underlying question. Subtle and caring married women avoid the "How come you never married" question, making their own guesses and providing helpful suggestions. "Why don't you get your hair cut?" "How about trying a new shade of lip stick?" "Maybe if you wore more make-up." "You

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know you really ought to go on a diet. Maybe if you lost 20 pounds." "Why don't you join the spa?"

These approaches are not helpful at all. They are not helpful because they are based on the assumption marriage is possible for all people and can be achieved by simply fixing a few things. Singles know the problem is not that simple.

The single problem is a married's problem because married members do not know what it is like to be single. They do not understand the marriage market for a single person over 30 is different from the marriage market which produced their own marriage. Because they do not understand the marriage market, they put undue pressure on singles to marry and thereby "solve the problem."

Let me give you an example of the need married people feel to pressure singles to get married. At a recent wedding reception, I was sitting with a good friend who has never married and his date for the evening. His home teacher approached to provide what he obviously thought were needed incentives for my friend to marry. The home teacher said, "What's wrong with you?" And then, pointing to my friend's date and then to me, "Here you have too lovely ladies at your side and you still aren't married." Of course my friend was speechless. His options included explaining why he had not married either of us, and thereby risk insulting one or both, or to say nothing at all. And, of course, the underlying assumption was both of us could hardly wait to get this guy to the temple.

Married people do not understand that a single man and woman can be very good friends without romantic interest. Married people must learn the questions they ask of single people are sometimes inappropriate. Just as couples who have been unable to have children appreciate the sensitivity of others who do not pressure them as to why, single members appreciate the sensitivity of those who do not pressure them about their singleness.

Another general assumption of married members is that singles face the same problems as married members in trying to live the Gospel of Christ (chastity, tithing, sacrifice, etc.), but at the same time must be treated differently (special programs, separate wards, fewer Church callings, less responsibility). One solution to the singles' problem may be the recognition that singles face different problems in trying to live the Gospel of Christ, but must be treated in much the same way as other adult members of the Church.

The lives of married and single people are different. Married's frequently perceive the sin-

gle life as simple, unencumbered, and self-satisfying to the point of selfishness. To some extent, they envy it. In fact, a single life style is not so simple. Because there is no "partner" to share in the task of daily living, the single person must do everything. Laundry, yard work, shopping, painting the living room, laying sod in the back yard, fixing the car, banking, grocery shopping, making dinner, waiting for repairmen to come, and earning a living too. The job is tripled for the divorced or never married person with children.

In addition, while married's may look forward to a quiet evening at home, a single person who lives alone must go out to meet their social needs by spending time with friends. To the married person some singles appear to spend a lot of energy seeking fun and enjoyment. What they do not understand is such activities are frequently a matter of survival for the single person who lives alone.

If the singles problem is a married's problem, then what can married's do about it? The most obvious solution is to get married people to resist the need to pressure single people to marry. For the most part single people do want to get married and do not need to be reminded getting married is something they ought to do.

Second, married people need to be less judgmental, and more accepting of the single person. This means of course, that they do not stereotype singles. It has been my experience, for example, that when a married person in my office appears tired and overworked, co-workers assume they have been working too hard or they have been up all night with a sick child. When a single person yawns in the middle of the day, it is a sure sign they were partying the night before.

Third, married people need to be more open to friendships with single people. Frequently, the tendency in the Church is to segregate singles. The assumption, of course, is that singleness is a defining characteristic of common interests. Every time I move into a new ward, the response of the members is to introduce me to the other members of the ward who are also single. They are not as concerned about introducing me to people who share the same level of education, the same kind of work, or who are approximately the same age. In fact, the opposite is true. For despite my being older each time I move into a new ward, I am introduced to younger and younger people. For the older single, the quality of their experience in the Mormon community is much more dependent upon their association with other married people with whom they can share similar interests than it is upon association with other single people. Similarity in age and educational status are much more likely to define common interests than the mere fact of being single.

Much of this discussion has been fairly negative and stereotypical of married people. Actually, some of my best friends are married, and I value these friendships. Establishing friendships with other people who share common interests, values, and commitments—whatever their marital status—is important to me. To my closest married friends, my singleness is not an issue because it does and it doesn't matter that I'm not married. It matters because they understand I want to, but haven't. But they are also sensitive to my feelings and concerns, they do not pressure, they accept me as an adult, and they feel no need to help me fix whatever needs to be fixed. I have a sense they like me the way I am.

DIFFICULTY AT THE BEGINNING

The clock stopped at one thirty is not mine.
That man, where is he going?
My body is a post

Off the highway and out of back roads
someone comes at me. What is he saying?

No camping, but walking on another road,
I make an amnion of body-heat and sun, conscious
stirring forest, blood and sap: Who-
crosses-the-side-I-am-turning-away-from

fades along the road. While he came near
me, I increased, while he goes from me,
I diminish. I offer

to return my thanks by mail.

-STEPHEN GOULD

Imaginary Worlds and Gospel Truths

THE RATIONAL AND REVELATORY IN THE SCIENCE FICTION OF ORSON SCOTT CARD

By Michael R. Collings

IN AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN *DIALOGUE* IN 1984, "Refracted Visions and Future Worlds: Mormonism and Science Fiction," I explored some responses to Mormonism in the writings of non-LDS science fiction authors, as well as some attempts by Mormons to write science fiction. Among the latter was Orson Scott Card, certainly the best known—and perhaps the most controversial—LDS writer within the SF community. At that time, I argued that other than generalized references in *Capitol*, *The Worthing Chronicle*, and stories such as "Quietus," there was little obviously Mormon material in his fiction (pp. 112, 113) Card agreed with this assessment, going even further to state the relationship between Mormonism and his fictional worlds.

I resolved long ago, when I was a playwright trying not to lose more than a few thousand dollars a year writing plays for the Mormon audience, that I would never attempt to use my writing to overtly preach the gospel in my "literary" works. . . Faith exists in actions, not in emotions; I speak more about my characters and to my audience in what I make my characters do than in what I have them say or think.

Furthermore, I believe that I present Mormon theology most eloquently when I do not speak about it at all . . . expressions of faith, unconsciously placed within a story, are the most honest and also most powerful messages an author can give; they are, in essence, the expression of the author's conceived universe, and the reader who believes and cares about the story will dwell, for a time, in the authors' world and receive powerful vicarious memories that become part of the reader's own.¹

Of course, one of the frustrations (and one of the glories) of writing about living authors is that they cannot be counted on to continue writing stories that neatly fit into preconceived critical

theories while remaining true to the fundamental criteria expressed in his letter, Card has recently published several works that have altered the relationship between his writing and his religion.

Since 1984, Card has reinforced his credentials as a writer with the overtly LDS *A Woman of Destiny* (1984), and the science fiction novel *Ender's Game* (1985) and its sequel, *Speaker for the Dead* (1986). *Ender's Game* garnered both of the top science fiction writing awards for 1986: the Hugo, from the World Science Fiction Convention; and the Nebula, from the Science Fiction Writers of America. Earlier this year, *Speaker* was awarded the 1987 Nebula—making Card one of only two writers ever to receive the award in consecutive years, and the first to receive it for a novel and its sequel.

In addition, since 1985, four of Card's stories have appeared in major science fiction magazines, each building upon LDS ideas and set at least in part in a near-future state of Deseret. And finally, the first volume of a six-volume series, *The Tales of Alvin Maker*, is nearing publication. In this series Card explicitly links LDS history and theology to a science-fiction/fantasy framework by using as a central character an analogue of Joseph Smith in an alternate universe in which George Washington was a British commander originally named Lord Potomac, England was divided between a King and a Lord Protector, and folk-magic forms a basis for life.

As Card has gained prominence as a science fiction writer, he has increased the extent to which LDS backgrounds inform his works. *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead* are extended meditations and definitions of what being a messiah entails. In the first, Ender Wiggin recapitulates an Old Testament definition of Messiah, protecting Earth against the incursions of ostensibly warlike aliens, the Buggers. This element of his mission is explicit early in the original novella, one character says,

" . . . At least we know that Ender is making it possible for

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others of his age to be playing in the park”

“And Jesus died to save all men, of course.” Graff sat up and looked at Anderson almost sadly “But we’re the ones,” Graff said, “We’re the ones who are driving in the nails.”²

Although deleted from the novel, the line is important to understanding Ender’s role. That he is only eight years old when chosen is as irrelevant to his mission as Christ’s youth when he taught the teachers in the temple.

Ender’s heritage includes a lapsed Mormon mother who has superficially relinquished her faith but is nonetheless controlled by it on a fundamental, unconscious level. Her actions and reactions help form Ender into the person he must become to save all humanity.

By the end of the novel, however, Ender has discovered that the Buggers were not inimical, in fact, he has caused the genocide of a sentient species. At that point, his mission shifts from temporal salvation to spiritual enlightenment. He becomes the focus for redemption in a literal sense as he emigrates with his sister to a new world, carrying with him a cocoon containing the last remaining Hive-Mother of the Buggers. The concluding lines of *Ender’s Game* suggest the essential nature of his quest and his own role in the salvation of an *alien* people:

So they boarded a starship and went from world to world. Wherever they stopped, he was always Andrew Wiggin, itinerant speaker for the dead, and she was always Valentine, historian errant, writing down the stories of the living while Ender spoke the stories of the dead. And always Ender carried with him a dry white cocoon, looking for the world where the hive-queen could awaken and thrive in peace. He looked a long time. (p. 357)

In *Speaker*, Ender achieves his quest, discovering an appropriate world and in the process rescuing the Piggies, the third sentient species in the Galaxy. At times, he seems secondary to the vivid characters in Lusitania Colony (based on Card’s experiences as a missionary in Portuguese-speaking Brazil) and to the Piggies themselves. Yet that appearance masks his underlying purpose—to act as mediator, messiah, and savior. In Card’s words, Ender was “thought in every world to be a monster, but in reality was something of a savior, or a prophet, or at least a martyr” (p. 88). His role combines the rational and the revelatory, the scientific and the mystical, a point Card makes clear in passages that consciously juxtapose the two modes of knowing. As two students discuss the recently discovered Piggies, for example, one states that the aliens are “our only hope of redemption.” Ender looks at the second student, Plikt, “who he knew would not be able to endure such mysticism. ‘They do not exist for any human purpose, not even redemption,’ Plikt said with withering contempt” (p. 38).

Only Ender is capable of bridging the gap between reason and revelation, as he functions within the world yet introduces what is, in the context of *Speaker*, revelation; he knows that which no other human could know. Individuals of both other sentient races are equally sensitive to knowledge that cannot be derived

rationally; interactions between Ender, the Hive-Queen, and the piggy named Human form the resolution of the novel.

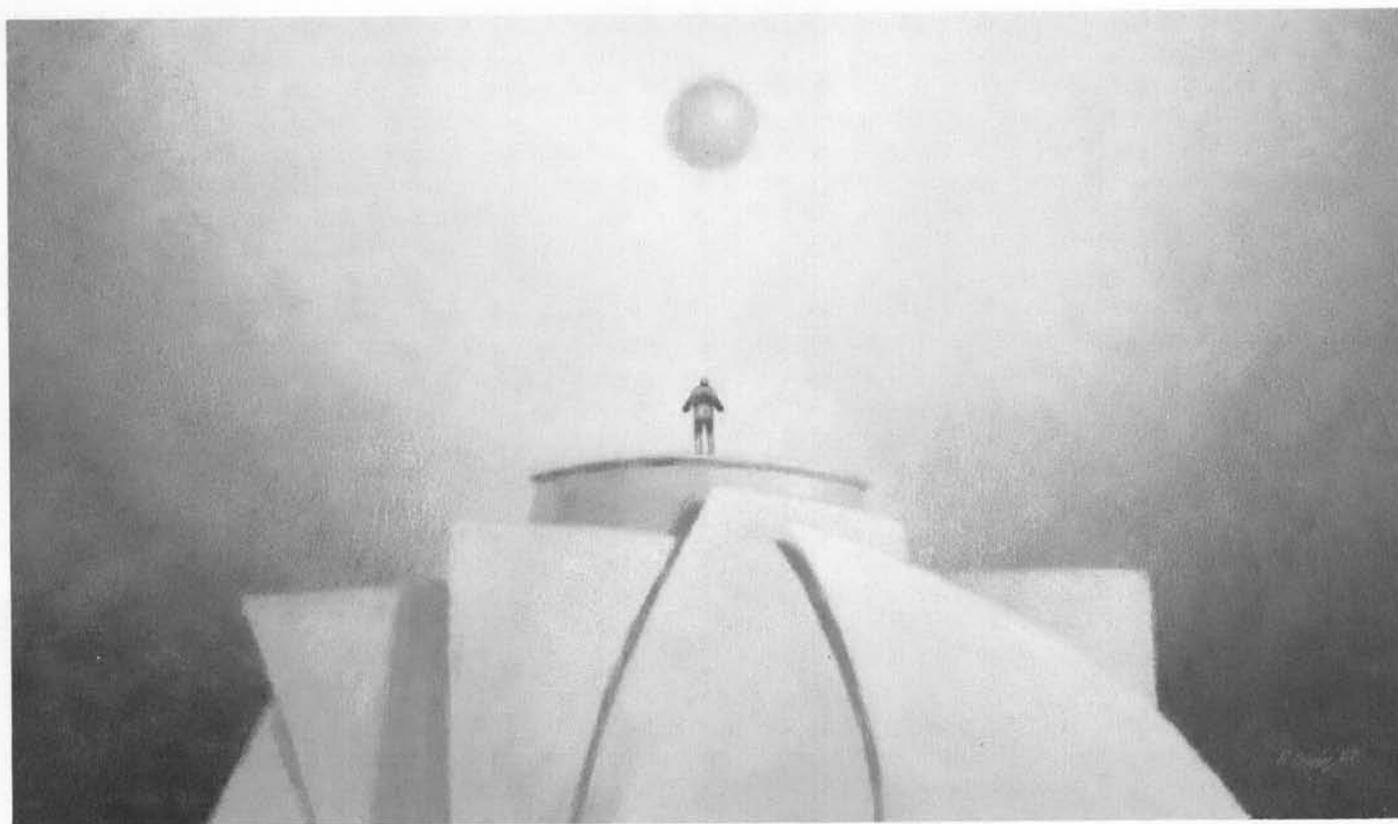
Even more importantly, Ender discovers the obverse of his messianic mission. Having almost sacrificed his life and sanity in *Ender’s Game* to save Humanity, he must now reverse his role to seal a compact between humans and Piggies. He becomes the crucifier, not the crucified. In a powerful episode, Ender kneels by the body of a slain Piggy, a Christ-figure at the foot of an alien cross, crucifying another Savior. Apparent torture becomes a symbol for love and reverence; other traditional mores continuously reverse, as love becomes hate and hatred transmutes into love. Pride of guilt becomes humility. And, without any overt LDS references in structure or narrative, *Speaker* becomes an intensely religious novel that simultaneously avoids platitudes or proselytizing.

Speaker for the Dead presents a symbolic treatment of the Plan of Salvation. The Piggies live through three stages that parallel the three estates of human life. “The first life is within the mother-tree, where we never see the light. The second life is when we live in the shade of the forest, the half-light, running and walking and climbing, seeing and singing and talking, making with our hands. The third life is when we reach and drink from the sun, in the full light at last, never moving except in the wind; only to think, and on those certain days when the brothers drum on your trunk, to speak to them. Yes, that is the third life” (p. 369). The stages of grub, piggy, and tree stand for pre-existence, mortality, and after-life, defining the god-like qualities of the trees and their paternal care for their children. As Ender says to Human about a father-tree, “All the children that he fathered are still part of him. The more children he fathers, the greater he becomes. . . . And the more you accomplish in your life, the greater you make your father.” (p. 365).

Card makes explicit his religious purposes when he writes that in experiencing vicariously the death and transformation of Piggy into father tree, “suddenly we find the flesh of God within us after all, when we thought that we were only made of dust” (p. 385). In fact, one non-Mormon student noticed the three divisions of Piggy life and became frustrated because he felt that Card was working toward a symbolic reading, but he could not understand why the stages were important or what Card intended to say through them. They are so integrated into the novel that to extract them as “symbolic” references to Mormonism would destroy the narrative. And yet they only resonate fully to readers aware of the LDS teachings about the Plan of Salvation.

The three stages of existence are fundamental to Ender’s story. *Ender’s Game* concentrates on Ender’s isolation from humanity. He is systematically separated from everyone, beginning with the argument that he must be “surrounded with enemies all the time” (p. 1), a restatement of the Book of Mormon insistence on opposition in all things. Ender cannot become fully human, he is constantly manipulated by others.

In *Speaker for the Dead*, he enters a second stage. He integrates with humanity, exploring for the first time a full range of



emotions and experiences. His arrival on Lusitania becomes a symbolic birth as he enters into family relationships and expands the definition of what it is to be “human.”

The final, as-yet-unwritten portion of Ender’s story, *Ender’s Children*, may complete the pattern as an analogical treatment of humanity achieving godhood. It is dangerous, of course, to speculate about unwritten novels, but in this case, Card has told us that the third volume will differ radically from the first two. In answer to the question, “Will there be another *Ender* book?” he responds “Yes, there will, but it will be even more different from the first two than *Speaker* was from *Ender*. It’s cosmic Sci-Fi—discovering what everything is made of, what underlies the laws of the universe, that sort of thing.” Card also noted that the novel *cannot* yet be written: “I don’t feel I’m mature enough as a writer to handle it yet.”³

Given Card’s demonstrated mastery in such novels as *Songmaster*, *Ender’s Game*, and *Speaker for the Dead*, his hesitance over *Ender’s Children* suggests that the novel might indeed become an attempt at defining the third estate: what it is to become as a god.

In these novels, Card achieves something rare and difficult. He writes with religious fervor, but without the surface elements of Mormonism. Instead, he infuses the narrative with the “substance” of LDS thinking, the complex of beliefs that acts as the foundation upon which the superstructure of his fiction rests. Although the novels only refer in passing to the lapsed Mormonism of Ender’s mother and many of the characters are stridently and forcefully Catholic, the stories are LDS at heart. Card is confident enough in his own beliefs not to feel any pressure to

continually refer to them for artistic justification. As a result, *Ender’s Game* and *Speaker for the Dead* do not sound LDS but *feel* intensely so. The communication occurs beneath logic and rationality, at an instinctive emotional level.

More recently, however, he has approached directly the question of religious faith in the context of science-fictional extrapolation. Church members who picked up the February 1986 issue of *Isaac Asimov’s Science Fiction Magazine* were perhaps startled to see the introductory illustration to Card’s “Salvage”: a two-page drawing of the Salt Lake Temple half submerged in the “Mormon Sea.” Even more startling is the content: the story takes place in a future when most religions have died, when the Temple is apparently important primarily because of stories that it contains hidden treasure. On the surface, the story runs counter to common beliefs within the Church as to what the future holds; Card himself noted after writing it that the story was “threatening to a good many folk doctrines about the future of Salt Lake Valley.”⁴

But beneath the “accident” (to borrow an Aristotelian term) of an imaginary future and a science-fictional extrapolation of “what if” lies Card’s “substance”—an account of the enduring, often unconsciously enduring power of faith. Deaver, the non-Mormon character, understands at the end that there is treasure inside the half-submerged, empty Temple—an intangible yet infinitely precious treasure that he cannot fully know: “I came to find something here for *me*,” he says, “and you knew all the time it was only

your stuff down there" (p. 74). Structure may decay, the story asserts, but faith abides.

Several months earlier, Card published "The Fringe," a story that was well received by the SF readership in general; so much so, in fact, that it was included in Gardner Dozois' collection *The Year's Best Science Fiction* (1986). This story also takes place in a near-future Salt Lake Valley, an outpost of life against a backdrop of destruction and desolation. Card does not preach in the story, but Mormonism is inherent throughout.

The story was completed in a single weekend, along with "Salvage"—then titled "The Temple Salvage Expedition," while Card was participating in the Sycamore Hill Writers' Workshop in January 1985. Writing the stories was a revelation for Card, who had stopped writing short fiction after publishing forty-one stories between 1978 and 1981. Not only were they stories, but they were stories of a new sort: "The Fringe' had to be a story," he writes, "It was not an *accidental* story, it was an inevitable one."⁵

Even more importantly, he had discovered something about the relationship between his own heritage and the kind of science fiction he was writing. Speaking of the other writers' reactions to "Salvage," he said:

The thing that had worried me most—that the intensity of the religious elements in it would put them off—turned out to be not a problem at all. Though few there had particularly strong religious impulses, the sense of holiness that the story depended on seemed to work.

I realized then, that this milieu—of Mormon country underwater, the survivors struggling to keep civilization alive—was viable. . . .⁶

This discovery may have marked a turning point in Card's writing; certainly it reflects positively in "Salvage" and in "The Fringe." Mormonism is critical to both, but on an instinctual level rather than as surface element. Neither story preaches Mormonism per se, yet neither could exist without the underlying assumptions inherent in Mormonism.

This direction is even more apparent in the next story Card published: "Hatrack River" (1986). The editorial introduction to the story states that "the following fantasy is set in eastern Ohio in 1805, and Mr. Card tells us that it uses authentic frontier magic practice." The statement is mildly misleading, although probably not intentionally so. "Hatrack River" comprises the first five chapters of *Seventh Son*, the first novel in Card's series *Tales of Alvin Maker*. As a short story, it is complete and self-sufficient, coming to an acceptable resolution. But reading it in isolation disguises two central points.

First, the Ohio territory represented is not the Ohio we know from history but an alternative-Earth Ohio; the story may be less fantasy than science fiction, extrapolating to an Earth-analogue in which magic is a viable mode of knowing and acting. To understand this point alters the nature of the story.

The second point is even more telling. *Seventh Son* recounts the early years of Alvin Miller, Junior, born a "maker" and holder of

unusual powers, even within a society that encourages magic. For most readers, it might seem a fascinating character sketch, bolstered by Card's meticulously re-created folk rhythms in speech, his carefully researched magical practices, and his curiously off-beat references to historical characters that immediately set the story beyond the history we know.

For LDS readers, there is infinitely more to see. "Hatrack River" details the birth of a Joseph Smith-analogue; *Seventh Son* continues his life to age ten. Throughout, Card has intricately interwoven elements of Church history until they are integral parts of the narrative, but in such a way that they are not immediately apparent. In much science fiction, for example, references to gods, angels, or other supernatural beings are frequently intended metaphorically; the authors take great pains to define the intrusions as within the laws of the universe postulated, since to do otherwise would break the conventions of science fiction itself. In *Seventh Son*, Card inverts the process, using incidents, characters, and other elements to symbolize the divine. Point by point, the narrative parallels episodes of Joseph Smith's life, culminating with the well-known incident of his infected leg bone. Card borrows much from the stories that have grown up around that incident, yet he simultaneously makes his version seem a logical outgrowth of earlier incidents. Essentially what he has done in "Hatrack River" and *Seventh Son* is to transport Joseph Smith and the Restoration into an alternative frame; the underlying truths remain, but now Card is free to explore and extrapolate *within* the context of LDS theology and history. He has, in fact, written LDS science fiction, a novel "thick with Mormon allegory." And the novel succeeds both as literature and as religious allegory.

One of the most recent Card stories to be published is "America," appearing in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* for January 1987. In this *tour de force*, Card's Mormon heritage is so important that the editorial headnote refers directly to it: "Mr. Card was able to draw upon his first-hand knowledge of Brazil, where he served a mission for the Church of the Latter Day Saints [sic] from 1971 to 1973, to create this powerful story."

The story revolves around two characters: Sam Monson and Anamari Boagente. The first is a "scrawny teenager from Utah," the son of a Yanqui engineer working in the Brazilian jungle; at the end of the story, we meet him again as the governor of Deseret, "the last European state in America." She is a "middle-aged spinster," a pure-blooded Indian proud of her ancestry and contemptuous of most Europeans. Much of the story details their first meetings in the Brazilian jungle, identifying Sam Monson's hatred of his adulterous father, his fear of his dreams, and his increasingly difficult relationship with Anamari. She, on the other hand, develops a deep attachment to the Yanqui youth, even though that attachment often manifests itself in sarcasm. Yet they are inextricably linked, at first through Sam's defiance of his father's orders to stay away from the natives, then later through his dreams. He becomes her revelator, explaining the meaning of her repeated dreams of a huge bird, its unevenly sized wings

brittle with corruption. Sam interprets the symbolism: the bird is America, with the wings representing the northern and southern hemispheres. The corruption represents the corruption of European cultures; the healthy places "are where the Indians still live" (p. 40).

Unfortunately, penetrating to the truth of her dreams forces him to penetrate to the truth of his own—sexual dreams, in which he couples with Anamari, the "Virgem America." Then, in a dream that merges with reality, the coupling occurs. Before, "she had been a virgin, and so had he. Now she was even purer than before, Virgem America, but his purity was hopelessly, irredeemably gone, wasted, poured out into this old woman who had haunted his dreams" (p. 46).

Almost immediately thereafter he returns to Utah. Forty years later, they meet again, he as the governor of Deseret, she as the mother and emissary of Quetzalcoatl, the incarnation of the Aztec god; she accepts the tribute offered by the European to the true American.

A plot summary such as this is not a particularly effective way to talk about "America," simply because on the deeper levels, the story is *not* about Sam Monson and Anamari Boagente. It is about America, but an America seen through a distinctly LDS perspective.

At first, Anamari says, the Indians knew "the god of the land." They lived with the land in harmony and the land gave them its bounty. Then they forsook the land. The Incas worshipped gold; the Aztecs defiled the land with the blood of human sacrifices; the Pueblos turned forests into desert; the Iroquois took joy in the screams of tortured enemies. They turned from true dreams to the false sleep of drugs: coffee, peyote, coca, and tobacco. And the land rejected them: "The land called to Columbus and told him lies and seduced him and he never had a chance, did he? Never had a choice. The land brought the Europeans to punish us" (p. 44).

When Sam objects that her tale undercuts her professed Catholicism, she responds with a sentence that lies at the heart of the story: "Say *deus* or *Christo* instead of *the land* and the story is the same."

Yet the Europeans did not prosper, either. They poisoned the land with more poisons than the Indians could imagine. And now that the Indians have been punished sufficiently, the land will turn back again to them.

"It sounded so close to what the old prophets in the Book of Mormon said would happen to America," Sam realizes—but with a dangerous twist. Here Card defines the essential "what if" that defines "America" as science fiction. Given the LDS assumption about the destiny of the Americas as fundamental to the fictional world, *what if* the Europeans proved unworthy of the promises? "They would not be able to pass the land on to the next generation. Someone else would inherit. It made him sick at heart, to realize what the white man had lost, had thrown away, had torn up and destroyed" (p. 44).

Thus Card speaks to the central issue of the story, one initiated by the title itself. As fascinating, as mythical and archetypal as Anamari may be (and her name was surely not accidental); as

engaging and frightened and narrow and confused as Sam Monson is, they are not the true focus of the story. "America" is about America, the promised land. It is about the machinations the land sets in motion to insure its survival; from the single act their dreams lead Sam and Anamari to perform will come the new God, the new Quetzalcoatl to inherit the promises of the land. The Europeans will dwindle; the Indians again will prosper, recapitulating the cyclical movements so common in the Book of Mormon.

The story ends, in fact, long after the deaths of Sam and Anamari, as the narrator concludes his recollections with the words:

... I write this sitting in the shade of a tree on the brow of a hill, looking out across woodlands and orchards, fields and rivers and roads, where once the land was rock and grit and sagebrush. This is what America wanted, what it bent our lives to accomplish. Even if we took twisted roads and got lost or injured on the way, even if we came limping to this place, it is worth the journey, it is the promised, the promising land. (p. 53)

Here we have an explicit statement of the focus of Card's interest: a fictional, extrapolative exploration of the assumptions of Mormonism themselves. He is not, he assures us, attempting to write prophecy of his own; rather, like most SF writers, he uses "as speculative future as a milieu for telling the stories" he wants to tell.⁷

And most recently, those stories have centered on essentially LDS themes, settings, and characters, allowing Card to write what may be among the purest examples of LDS science fiction as he applies rational extrapolation to a universe of revealed truth.

NOTES

1. Card, Orson Scott. "SF and Religion," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, (Summer 1985) p. 12.
2. Card, Orson Scott. "Ender's Game" *Analog* (August 1977) p. 106.
3. Shirk, Dora M. "An Interview with Orson Scott Card." *Westwind* 113 (January 1987) p. 12.
4. Card, Orson Scott. Letter to Michael R. Collings, 20 February 1985.
5. Card, Orson Scott. "On Sycamore Hill." *SF Review* (May 1985): p. 11.
6. *Ibid.*
7. Card, Orson Scott. Letter to Michael R. Collings, 20 February 1985.



 Third Place winner in the 1985 D.K. Brown Fiction Contest

VISIONS

By Michael Fillerup

THIS TIME, BEFORE DOUSING THE LIGHT, HE TRIPLE-checked to make sure he had done everything exactly right, by the book. He had.

He hit the switch. At first, all he could see was the pinwheel of markings on the fluorescent timer, set at fifteen seconds. Gradually, shapes appeared—boxes, beakers, bottles on the shelf. The red bulb above the sink would have revealed even more, but he had turned it off hoping it might make a difference though he knew it wouldn't.

He waited, nervously fingering another switch, this one a short metal stick projecting from a small metal box on the table. Slowly he drew it back. A cone of light dropped from the Beseler enlarger onto a blank sheet of photo paper on which he focused his total concentration, straining to feel every detail of the invisible image being burned onto the page. The luminous second hand circled a quarter turn, clicked, and the light vanished.

He picked up the paper by its edges and slipped it into the developer tray, quickly but softly tapping his tongs over the surface until it was thoroughly submerged. Gently agitating the tray, he waited. Normally this was the part he anticipated—the watching, the waiting, the unspoken abracadabra that suddenly turned a blank sheet into a mountain, a deer, a man. Or should have.

He stiffened at the first sign of an image—a vague gray blur spreading from the center. In seconds, a dark fog covered the page. As if surfacing from the bottom of a murky pond, the old man's face materialized in the solution. Dave dipped the tongs into the tray and pinched a corner of the print but waited until through the watery blur he could see the pollen pouch, the headband, the two decaying teeth in the chanting smile. Then, in one deft movement, like a magician performing a trick, he withdrew the print and fed it into the stop bath. But in a fraction of a second, the seemingly, the scientifically impossible happened—again.

"Damn!" He hurled the tongs aside and kicked a half empty

box of A&B developer across the floor. He felt mad enough to ram his fists through the rotting cinder block wall; instead, he snatched the wet, black print, tore it into quarters and stuffed them in the trash.

Switching on the light, he plopped down on a stool and gave himself a moment to cool down—another impossibility in that sweatbox! Next door the boiler was chugging away like a giant pressure cooker on the verge of blowing up, its unregulated heat seeping through the towels he had stuffed inside the vents. He ran a hand across his sweaty forehead and wiped it dry on his Levis. One by one he reviewed the good prints. Perfect. Flawless. Every one. He shook his head. It made no sense—none! He got up. As if handling a priceless gem, he removed the negative from the enlarger and tucked it inside a protective envelope, which he placed on the table, beside the enlarger. He yanked open the door and stepped out.

 The place was empty. Everyone had gone home except Eddie Tom, who was working late again, earning more comp time so he could take off a week for his Fire Dance ceremony. Through the half-open door of the press room, Dave could see his anemic profile, seated, shaking a rattle and chanting to the fervent drums of his peyote tapes as sheets of paper ran monotonously through the press. Stiff as a statue. If not for the slight movements of his hands, he could have been mistaken for—well, a wooden Indian.

Dave peered out the window with the spider web crack. Snowing again. Amazing! Crazy! That morning he had walked to the elementary school under sunny skies. Desert blue. Two hours later he was trudging back through a bleak winter scene: leaden clouds, bleached buttes, skeletal trees. Black scribble on white paper. Since then, things had gone from bad to worse, with the mist so thick now that he couldn't see beyond the dirt road. The mesas were gone, the cornfields, the trading post. Even the silver water tower and the gold neon of the Thriftway store—gone. Invisible in the mist. The elementary school looked like a ship

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lost in a fog. The Yazzies' hogan was a buoy, and the tepee beside it—who knows? Something out of this world. Like everything else out there tonight.

Staring out the cracked glass, he was startled by an image, a face, vague and ghost-like staring back at him. It shook him up a moment until he realized the face was his. Nothing to fear—he was innocuous: clean-shaven, average height and weight, blue jeans and a red plaid shirt. Nothing particularly striking except maybe the deep set of his eyes (which Jenny dubiously labeled “philosophical”). That, and his thinning blond hair, short and springy, which he had been clawing at all day, as he was now, running it through his mind for the thousandth time: that morning, assigned to take pictures of the hogan dedication for the new Indian Resource Center. . . . Hogan? Stucco exterior and louvered windows, shag carpeting, electric baseboard heat. Drywall all the way. The only thing Navajo was the octagonal shape.

And the medicine man. He was real. And for Dave it had been a rare opportunity to photograph him in action. Usually cameras were *bah-adzid* at ceremonies, but the superintendent wanted a propaganda slide presentation to show the Feds, and since the school district was footing the bill, what could the old guy say?

The falling snow had thickened, making the window appear as a TV tuned to a dead station. But within that fuzzy picture Dave could visualize the old man perfectly: the velveteen shirt and matching maroon band around his thick, silver hair; his seamed face, red as a ham and cured by years in the sun and wind, desert afflictions. And his hands—big, thick-fingered, dark and oily-looking in the joints and creases, working so slowly yet expertly as he dipped them into the little buckskin pouch and sprinkled corn pollen onto the young woman sitting beside him. Dave had admired the exactitude and concentration with which he had performed the rite, his eyes, buried deep in wrinkles, all but sealed shut, the broken furrows of his forehead twisting and flexing as over and over he repeated his chant.

Dave had shot quickly, fanatically. First the Navajo children

and their parents, thirty or so, colorful but somber in traditional attire. Then the medicine man. Three rolls in all. The first two, full-color, had developed perfectly. But when he had unrolled the third, the black and white shot exclusively of the medicine man, it looked like a banded snake, with every frame snow-white or jet-black, except one. The last. Since ten that morning he had

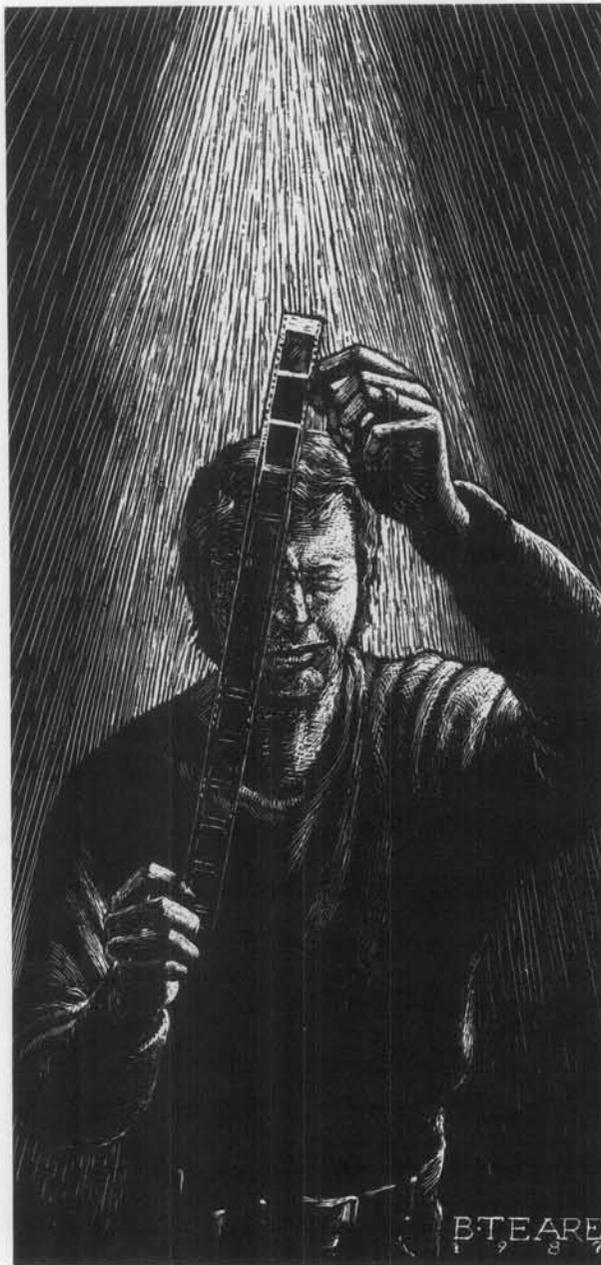
been in the darkroom making prints. The color shots he had finished presto by two-thirty, but the black-and-white? He had tried everything to flush the old man out of the dark: new developer, new fixer, dodging and burning, different settings on the timer, every filter on the rack. The stop bath he had changed a dozen times. For paper, matte, gloss, semi-gloss. Nothing worked. There was no explanation for it.

He stared at the snow intensely, as if through sheer will he aimed to make it cease—or better, for the puzzle of falling pieces to magically rearrange themselves against the foggy background in the perfect similitude of the old man. When after several minutes they didn't, he almost laughed at himself for being unable to laugh—he usually had a good sense of humor about these things, or thought he had. Hoped. He reminded himself that a week from now, a month maybe, he would relate this all to Jenny or Brian, and they would wake the kids up laughing so hard at his darkroom pantomimes. But now, for the life of him, he couldn't crack a smile. He felt nothing but a gray depression settling in.

The ambience didn't help. Outside, fog and snow. Inside, battered file cabinets holding up plywood partitions. Dried mud, dirt balls mashed to powder on the cracked concrete floor. The secretary's splintered desk consumed half the room.

Poor lighting cast everything in half-shadow; the fixtures buzzed like angry bees. All but two windows were boarded up. The building looked condemned. A resurrected warehouse.

What was wrong? Normally it didn't bother him like this. The snow, the dust, the second-hand equipment, the tin trailer he called home, Sunday meeting in the crumbling churchhouse: he had willingly (eagerly—yes) accepted it as part of the experience. An adventure, he had told Jenny. Hardship is a state of mind. As



long as you have food in your belly and a roof over your head. And God in your heart. Whenever two or more gather in my name . . . But tonight it was getting him. The gray growing black inside. He could literally feel it, darkening and solidifying. Like rust. Black rust. Lichens. Barnacles. He shuddered at the thought. The weather. Sure. And the frustration—who wouldn't be frustrated?

Staring at the snow wasn't going to get him a print, he knew that. He started back for the darkroom but bypassed it and ducked into his "office"—a cramped plywood cubicle just around the corner, at the end of the hall. Seated, he leafed through his photography manuals, trying to pinpoint what he had done wrong. He was tempted to say a prayer but checked himself: why pester the Lord with a routine print? Amateur stuff. Photography 101. It was almost as absurd as it was embarrassing. Initially, shooting, he had envisioned a creative piece, a photomontage maybe, with the wrinkled old face of the medicine man—screened out about thirty percent, for a faded, ghost-like effect—superimposed over the glossy faces of the Navajo children. Title it "Past and Present." Or a radical reticulation, making gorges and arroyos of the old man's wrinkles, his face a replication of the land, merging the old age-timelessness paradox . . . Sure. Big plans. Big, big. Like every other no-name photographer on the make. Forever searching for the super-print that would make the cover of *Darkroom Photography* and launch his career out of the two-bit consultancy racket.

Big plans. Now he would settle for a simple black-and-white print. Then he could go home. Eat. Sleep. Feel human again.

Skimming, he was unable to concentrate. His hands were shaking, his teeth chattering. If the insulation was bad, the circulation was sinful. He gazed up at the weird web of mis-directed ceiling pipes that made his cubicle an icebox and the darkroom a sauna. Too much or not at all. He tossed the manual aside and stated out the window. The snow had stopped and the mist was thinning. He could see the cottonwoods, black and witch-stricken, like an army of old hags huddling along the wash. The mist had a hallucinating effect. He could have sworn the junipers were shifting left and right—shades of Macbeth!—and the tamarisk reaching out like brittle tentacles. The scene looked positively Transylvanian. Any moment he expected the wolves to start howling.



He pulled out his portfolio, hoping for inspiration. His first assignment: photos of the impoverished conditions. A rutty dirt road leading to a one-room shack at the foot of a barren butte. Scrap-wood corral. Outhouse. Dogs—mangy mutts slinking around like thieves. A pile of tin cans and broken glass. Cheap glitter in the waning sun. Chicken wire over tar paper, curling at the edges like an old manuscript. Inside, cabinets peeling white paint, a birch-like effect. Fire-blackened pots and pans. Nails

poking through the ceiling. Windowless walls. An empty Pampers box, jumbo size, overflowing with dirty laundry. The wood stove pouring heat out like a blast furnace.

He had seen much worse: on his mission in Guatemala, little brown-skinned children wading naked in a sewage canal, playing with the turds floating by. Still, he was humbled by the campfire stench, the smell of rancid lard and over-fried potatoes, the stains on the warped floorboards. The shyness of the blue-jeaned daughter hiding in the far corner amused him, and the two children sleeping in one another's arms like a couple of bear cubs touched a tender spot. He sensed maternal power in the mother, big and rotund at her loom, and was intrigued by the wiry grandma, in ragged skirt and sneakers, silently rocking and infant in a cradleboard.

But the totems of the grease-stained walls left him thoroughly confused: full-color images of disco-frenzied John Travolta in skin-tight leotards; two Mexican felt rugs, one depicting a sheep-eyed Christ holding an impaled heart, the other a tepee illuminated by firelight. Also, gourds, rattles, feather fans, a water drum on the wall. And in the far corner, nearly obscured in shadow, a very nicely framed photograph of the Salt Lake Temple, aglow with evening lights. Later, driving home, he had asked Brian—tactfully; he didn't want to be an ass about it—what *do* they believe in anyway? His supervisor shrugged. "Anything. Everything. Whatever works."

Reflecting, Dave tuned in a moment to Eddie's drums and could distinguish, very faintly, above the piercing falsetto of the taped chant and the syncopated pounding of the press, the printer's voice softly keeping time.

Eddie. He had always regarded the printer as a comic figure, a coolie caricature from the old railroad days, with his black bangs chopped straight and high above his oriental eyes. Sitting in the press room from eight-to-five, chanting and shaking his rattles; occasionally stepping out for coffee, less often joking with the others: "Have some *goweeh*, John Wayne . . ." But a loner, Quiet. Diffident. Dozing off at the Monday morning staff meetings, exhausted from his all-night peyote vigils. Toothpick arms folded, skeletal face tilted, nodding asleep.

One morning last fall he had come to work all swollen and puffy-eyed, looking like he had been beaten to a pulp. Face, hands, everything bloated, burning with a savage rash. At first Brian had chewed him out: "How many times have I told you to keep those damn bottles capped? Those fumes are deadly. Now get to the clinic, *tsuilgo!*" But when the printer shook his head, softly insisting it wasn't the chemicals, Brian nodded: "Then you better go see your uncle."

Eddie Tom. With the others Dave talked freely: sports, movies, cars. The gospel, too—he wasn't out here just to take pretty pictures—and, despite Brian's occasional digs, he had had some lengthy discussions about the Church. (The cursed skin issue, fortunately, had never been raised.) Most of the staff were college graduates or had worked off the reservation for several years. Jonathan Yellowhair, he discovered, had been on Placement for five years.

But Eddie Since his arrival in September, Dave had spoken only a handful of words to him. English wasn't the problem. Eddie simply didn't talk much—to anyone. He was in a world of his own. Dave was curious about the rattles and drums and so forth, but didn't want to be the nosy tourist type. Didn't want to pry. Not like that. With his camera? Several times he had been tempted to sneak a candid shot of Eddie working his rattles alongside the press. Ironic contrast: modern versus traditional; magic versus machine. Always looking for the concept within the image.

Always looking but not always finding. Not in this bunch, anyway. He tossed the print on his desk and flipped through another manual, which only confirmed what he already knew: everything had been done to textbook perfection. Nothing amiss with his technique. The chemicals? He had changed them a dozen times already. Maybe the whole batch was bad. He decided to dip into the brand new supply, just in from Albuquerque.

He got up enthusiastically enough but bypassed the dark-room again and wandered out the office door and down the main hall—just to stretch a bit. Snow was falling but the mist had thinned enough to where he could make out the red and gold neon of the Thriftway Store, halfway up the mesa, flowing like embers in mid-air. Several pairs of headlights were gliding down the highway. Dave attributed his failure to a temporary mental block that was causing him to omit some simple but essential step. He closed his eyes and tried to let his thoughts flow as freely and effortlessly as the headlights on the highway, but his brain remained as fuzzy and confused as the falling snow.

As if rudely awakened by an alarm, Dave's eyes popped open and searched fervidly for the clock. He groaned. Jenny usually waited until six before hitting the panic button, but it was an hour past that. Better call—he was surprised that she hadn't. Or better, go home. Sleep on it. Try again tomorrow, fresh, renewed. Normally he would have but he sensed that if he left now, the project would be lost, irrecoverable. Which was absurd. He had the negative, in hand. A perfect neg.

He returned to the office but stalled several minutes before finally picking up the phone. He dialed slowly. Eddie's wooden figure, framed in the far doorway, had not budged. Dave wondered if paper was even running through the press, or had the printer lapsed into a permanent state of hypnosis. Or permanent state, period. Eddie Tom, totem pole. Good plot for a Twilight Zone episode. Maybe he should junk the darkroom and become a writer. Or a pair of ragged claws. Or a . . .

"Hello?" Pleasant. Smooth as honey. She should have been an operator.

"Three guesses, no hints."

"Mmmm-hmmm." Impatient. Humor her but don't get too cutesy.

"Don't tell me—dinner's ready and waiting."

"More like ready and eaten."

Get to the point. She hated this beating around the bush. "Looks like I'm going to have to work late tonight."

"How late?"

"Until I finish."

"How late is that?"

"I don't know. Nine. Ten. Whatever it takes."

"Oh, one of *those* lates."

Yes, one of *those*. "So how was your day?" He gazed out the spider web crack at the falling snow, bracing himself as she reviewed her daily inventory of domestic drudgery (her term). At her very best, she told him to stick with it, someday you'll knock Anselm Adams flat on his Nikkormat. At her worst, she accused him of caring more about his damn camera than the family, "than us . . ." He always denied it—vehemently. God. Family. Photography. In that order. But he wondered. If that were true, why was he still here? No, don't start that again. Don't start. He had used the family cop-out before. Not this time. This was different. Entirely.

"Is this for work or your own?"

"What's the diff?"

No response.

"Jenny?"

"Cassie wants to talk to you."

"Put her on!"

A meek little voice, a whisper. "Hello, Daddy."

"Hey, kid! How you doing?"

"Fine. Daddy, can you read me a story when you get home?"

"Sure I can."

"Are you coming home now?"

He winced. "Not quite yet."

"When, Dad?"

"Just as soon as I can, okay?"

"Okay, Dad."

"Be sure to say your prayers."

"I will."

"Good girl. I love you, kid."

"I love you, Dad."

"Let me talk to your mommy, okay?"

"Okay. Here, Mommy."

"Dave?"

"Hey, I'm sorry about the delay—"

"It's all right. I understand." She tried. Damn, she tried. "What about dinner?"

"I'll grab a bite when I get home. Don't wait up." She wouldn't. She never did anymore. He didn't begrudge her. "I love you," he said, trying to put some stuff into it.

"I love you," she said, trying her best also.

His re-entry into the darkroom was surprisingly painless.

Though the septic smell of the chemicals and the sweatbox heat got to him, mentally he was sharp, confident, clear-headed. The boiler chugging relentlessly on, he dumped out the old chemicals, broke open a new batch, and started out fresh, from scratch: measuring and mixing the solutions, adjusting the enlarger, setting up the trays—the developer, the stop bath, the fixer, the rinse—everything exactly right, according to the book. As meticulous about his ritual as the medicine man had been with his.

He was all set. But when he reached for the negative, it was missing. Gone. He searched frantically, first in the darkroom, then in his cubicle, turning over every box, every book, every scrap of paper. Nothing! After another blitzkrieg search, he got a grip on himself and determined to go about it logically, starting with the darkroom and systematically retracing his steps. He recombed every inch, slowly, scrupulously, but no luck. Next he searched areas he hadn't been, or thought he hadn't: Tom Manygoat's cubicle, Jonathan Yellowhair's, Brian's office, the storage room It was while he was in the recording room, on hands and knees, combing the floor, that he first noticed the drums—not Eddie Tom's, but distant pulsations of the same varying pitch and rhythm, like an echo of the first.

He rushed up front and looked out the window with the spider-web crack: the mist was threadbare and the snow had ceased. He could see the elementary school clearly, and the Yazzies' hogan, domed with snow. And to the right of it, surrounded with pickup trucks, like spokes on a wheel, the repee.

The campfire within made the cone a giant lampshade; the seated silhouettes wavered like dark flames. Pulling the metal latch, Dave shoved the window open. The singer's impassioned voice, trilling like an auctioneer's, rushed in with the cold air. If not Eddie's chant exactly, it was of very close kin, softer yet more penetrating. As the drumbeat grew faster and higher pitched, Dave felt an uncomfortable quickening in his blood. Like at the yeibecheii dance in October.

Freezing cold, the full moon a slab of ice. Old women in blankets, men in blue jeans, cowboy hats tilted low, huddling around a half-dozen campfires. Sparks swirling into the smokey air—a galaxy of fireflies, or a red-orange rendition of *Starry Night*. Tailgate concessions. Paper plate signs: NAVAJO TACO \$2.00, FRY BREAD .25. Infants in cradleboards, mini-mummies propped up, asleep. A man lying twisted and unconscious between two cars, his greasy red face and cowboy hat mashed in the sand. Another, staggering into him, Dave, breathing beer in his face: "Hi-yeah! Can you lend me five dollars?" But not much else happening, he thought, and was about to leave when a sudden commotion halted him.

It started with the faintest jingling of bells, followed by a shrill whistle, half-human, rising high and then low again, spookily falsetto. Instantly the mulling and meandering crowd coalesced around the dirt arena as if magnetized, all eyes fastened on the figures emerging single file from the darkness—ash-white Halloween creatures, in their wooden masks antlered with pine sprigs, coyote tails dangling from their breechcloths. Comical, on the one hand, those half-naked, finger-painted beings, some

young, most older, middle-aged and showing it, pot-bellied proxies of the god they were impersonating, yet so totally bizarre—the costumes, the ceremony, the out-of-this-worldness, the way they seemed to grow in stature advancing towards the light until, standing directly in it, center stage so to speak, they appeared bigger than life. Super-something. Still, any moment Dave had expected some stodgy little white man with a mustache and a beret to step out of the crowd crying "Cut! Cut!" and a galley of hidden cameras to appear. That was the Southern California skepticism in him. Hollywood and Disneyland.

But the others . . . those oily red faces glowing in the fire-light, full of wonder, awe, anticipation, and a touch of fear—yes, that too—as if Santa Claus were coming to town, or the Navajo version of the Destroying Angel. They watched, as they would continue to watch until dawn, mesmerized.

Throughout he had tried to remain detached, objective. The photographer, even without his camera. But when the half naked troupe, immune to the numbing cold, commenced its monotonously vertical two-step earth-pounding dance, repeating over and over the equally monotonous chant, "Ha-ra-ra-rah! Ha-ra-ra-rah!" like a never ending snap-count, he was surprised—a little embarrassed, too, as he was now, listening—to find himself tapping his foot in time to the beat.

He yanked the window shut, muffling the drums outside. Returning to the darkroom, he found, lying on the table beside the Beseler, exactly where he thought he had let it, his precious negative. His initial burst of euphoria was dampened by a sense of disappointment. Adjusting the knobs, he tried to dismiss the lost-and-found episode as a stupid oversight induced by his panic-stricken state. Like a challenge or act of defiance, he flicked on the red bulb and proceeded to do everything step-by-step as he had been taught. A perfect negative, no filters were needed. He killed the light and ran a test strip at five, ten, fifteen, and twenty second exposures. The developed strip showed fifteen seconds was perfect. Confidently, he squared a sheet of photo paper under the enlarger and set the timer at fifteen. He placed his hand by the small metal box, took a deep breath, and broke into a feverish sweat. On contact his finger leaped from the metal switch as if it were a hot iron. He put it right back, however, telling himself this was all so asinine, the knots in his stomach and trembling in his hands, as if he were in the starting blocks in high school, awaiting a gun. Why all the adrenal hype? Nervous energy with nowhere to go. And prayer. Why didn't he just say one? the scriptures said to pray always—over your food, your flocks, your family, your friends. He had prayed over his work before—plenty of times. His Easter Morning print. (He had sweated blood over that one. Sixty hours in the darkroom. His little Gethsemane.) So why not now? What was he so afraid of? It was all so stupid. The whole thing. Winter and he was sweating like a racehorse. Why was he so

lucky to be next to the boiler room? No windows, no ventilation. And the smell! The stench! The chemicals fermenting. A damn still. Souring like milk. Old yogurt. What next? Dave Junior's breast-fed messies. Laugh it off, Dave. It relieves stress. You'll live longer. Ha! Ha! Why? Don't ask. Beggars can't be choosers.

He flicked the switch.

An hour later he was smiling as he watched the old man's face form perfectly under the watery blur of the developer. Removing the print with his tongs, he buried it face-up in the stop bath. Sealed! Frozen! But a minute later, transferring it to the fixer . . . "Nooooo!" his tongs caromed off the wall in two pieces. The jet-black print went into the wastebasket in shreds. The negative was next. He tore it from the enlarger, intending to wad it up and put it to rest, once and for all, but stopped, his free hand literally clutching the wrist of the other.

He switched on the light and held the negative up to it, tenderly. Within the ghoulish image, white-on-black, he could see the old man as he had looked that morning sitting cross-legged in the pseudo-hogan, his eyelids like wattled scales permanently shut. At one point, near the end, he had raised his eyeless face and stared directly at him, the white man with a camera, smiling a carious, two-toothed smile. An infant's gummy grin. Dipping his head, he began cackling and chanting, delighted, his banded head bobbing back and forth, his eyes sealed shut. Laughing at him, it had seemed.

"Okay, old man," Dave said, testing the edges of the negative between his thumb and forefinger. We'll see . . . "

Stepping out of the darkroom at a quarter to ten, he looked like a boxer who had just gone fifteen rounds. Sweat dripped from his face and dark ovals stained his underarms. His eyes looked dazed and glassy. Snow was falling again. An outside light captured some in a cone so that the snow appeared to be pouring out of the light in a cornucopia of swirling flakes, a fairy tale mirage.

Dave edged up to the window with the spider web crack. The snowfall was heavy. The chain-link fence around the school had turned white fish scales; the Yazzies' hogan was an igloo. Next door, the glow within the tepee was dimming like an oil lamp running out of fuel. He wondered how they do it—up all night like that—and why? He could barely set through sacrament meeting, let alone an all night ceremony. Sitting, he always got antsy, impatient. Had to move on. Places to go, people to meet, pictures to shoot. Could any of *them* spend the night in a darkroom? Especially this sweatbox. He had. Could. You do what you have to. Wherever the heart is.

What about the old man? Where was he tonight? Now? Sleeping soundly in his hogan? Or presiding over the dancers in their pine-sprig masks and breechcloths? Dave envisioned him standing out in the cold, chanting and cackling as he transmogrified into a snowman. Whatever, he wasn't losing sleep over a cockeyed *bilangaana* photographer, that's for sure.

Falling slowly and steadily, the snow had a hypnotic effect. It looked warm and inviting, like a great white sleep falling in rhythm to the multi-pulsations of the press and drums. He

wanted to step outside and let it slowly bury him, like the old man in his mind. The snow began filling his eyes; the fog invaded his body. He told himself to go home and sleep on it, tomorrow's another day. Or junk it altogether. It wouldn't be the first time. Chalk it up to trial and error. The creative process. For every masterpiece, a million fiascos.

Maybe he should junk the *whole* thing? All of it. Thirteen years and what could he show for it? Nickel and dime jobs to make ends meet, whatever he could scrape up for however long. Three to six months usually, long enough to make a slide presentation of train some staff in the basics. Then, so long, goodbye, nice knowing you. This job, his longest stint yet, would expire in June. Then what? It was no life for a family man. Jenny deserved better. The kids. "A fugitive and a vagabond," his father-in-law had called him. Jokingly at first. Seven years ago, their wedding day. Then half-jokingly. Now he didn't even grin. Somber-somber.

He had turned off the lights on his side of the building and was reaching for his coat when he heard the slow clatter of cowboy boots. Turning, he saw Eddie Tom approaching on brittle, wishbone legs. His cadaverous face, glistening with grease and sweat, looked disoriented, as if he had just awakened from a deep sleep. His body appeared to wobble slightly and his hands were shaking as if still working the rattles. For the first time that night, the drums were ceasing, outside and in. A lull, welcome but unsettling. Dave felt obliged to speak.

"How's it going, Eddie?"

The stooped little printer—an elf, a Navajo gnome—protruded his lips and nodded reassuringly, then looked around as if he had lost something. "Cup . . . I need a cup."

Dave pointed to the bookshelf. Eddie got a styrofoam cup and began pouring himself some coffee but none came out. "No coffee?" He looked disheartened.

"Nope, *Adin*."

The two men stood in silence, their eyes avoiding one another. Dave wanted to say something but he wasn't sure what. The print maybe? The trouble he was having? Or photography in general, his obsession with it, how certain images, scenes, people grabbed him, kindled ideas, visions in his head. And once kindled, he had to get them down, that's all. To make the thing real, give it substance, meaning, life. And sometimes it is so bad—the urge, the obsession, the disease—he wanted to close his eyes, go blind to the world for awhile, receive no more images, no more visions. But he couldn't explain this to Eddie any more than the printer could explain to him his incessant chanting and the drums and rattles all night long.

Sizing up the printer, his grease-stained Levis, his whittled brown face, the nervous intensity in his eyes, Dave sensed an unbridgeable gap widening between them. It cut much deeper than complexion or culture or belief. It frightened him, to think

how totally different two human beings could be. That was how he felt at the moment—as if he were standing on one side of the world and Eddie on the other. The silence was tortuous.

“So what are you working on?” he asked.

Eddie looked at him as if he had asked the question in Cantonese. “Title Four brochure. Then the newsletter.”

“You going to work all night?”

Eddie smiled. A front tooth was missing. “Just like you, *hastiin*.”

Dave gazed around self-consciously. “Well, we’d better get back to work or we really *will* be here all night.”

Nodding, Eddie strolled back into the press room, but Dave lingered in the reception area. The thought of re-entering the darkroom paralysed him. The open door gaped at him like a passage into Outer Darkness. The red bulb glowed like a bloody moon. Its reflection turned the trays of chemicals into pools of methiolate. Stepping inside, he knew he had made a mistake. His hands trembled as he fiddled with the knobs of the enlarger. The walls pressed in on him. Drums pounded in his brain like the merciless hammers in the old aspirin commercial. He felt faint, weak. He gripped the table for support and waited for it to pass, assuring himself it was only hunger and fatigue. He closed his eyes and started to—no. He stepped out.

Returning a half hour later, he tried everything he had before—filters, dodging and burning, different exposure times, new chemicals, new film— but every attempt was a replay of the first. Twenty tries later, he resorted to desperation methods that would have sent his darkroom mentors reeling: one minute exposures, one second exposures, double doses of developer, skipping the developer altogether and dropping the film directly into the fixer. Any voodoo gimmick he could think of.

Nothing worked.

He broke another pair of tongs in disgust. Hot, sweaty, nauseated, he grabbed the developer tray and dumped it on the floor. Liquid splattered everywhere. He did the same to the fixer and the stop bath, muttering and swearing. Then he went a little crazy. With a sweep of his arm, he sent a whole shelf of bottles and beakers crashing to the floor. He tore up film, kicked cupboards, mashed cartons with the heel of his boot. Bottles shattered, trays cracked. “Damn it! Damn camera! Damn . . . drums!”

He was going after the enlarger when the door opened. Sweat streaking his face, his shirt sleeves drooping, ragged flaps, standing amidst the wreckage of broken plastic and shattered glass like the loser in a drunken brawl, Dave, wilting with shame and embarrassment, stooped down and began picking up the pieces.

“So how’s it going, Eddie?” Glancing up, laughing self-consciously. “I was just practicing my kung-fu kicks.”

The printer stared at him, silent, expressionless, a wooden

puppet. The minutes ticked off uncomfortably. The puppet spoke: “I used to be Catholic.”

Dave stood up, glass crackling under his feet. Why was he breaking his stone-faced silence to tell him this, and why now? He had never looked so wooden, totemic. His eyes didn’t blink; his mouth didn’t move. He didn’t even appear to be breathing. Just staring, waiting for a response. Dave felt the nausea again—the chemicals, the heat. Finally he replied: “I’m LDS. Mormon.”

Eddie nodded. “I used to be a Mormon, too.”

“You were baptized?”

“I’m still baptized. Catholic, Mormon . . .” He shrugged. “It’s all the same.”

Dave felt an obligation to clarify, repudiate, but this was not the time or place. The Spirit doth not abide with lunatics in mangled darkrooms.

“Lotta people,” Eddie said, peering sternly through tinted lenses, “lotta people don’t understand.” His needlepoint eyes, chips of obsidian, scanned the destruction as if for the first time. He looked at Dave. “The first time it worked for me, it was the morning after a meeting. My wife, she was bringing in the water. There was a light, like a big spotlight on her. The bucket she was holding, it became a tepee.” His dark hands formed a miniature model. With his lips he gestured towards the top where the poles intersect. “There was a little circle, and then there was a little person. He had brown hair—long brown hair—and blue eyes, and he was wearing a white robe. He came out and put his hand on my wife’s head. Then I knew. He blessed her.” Eddie scrutinized the enlarger as if her knew something the photographer did not. “That was right before we got our son,” he said. Then left.

Dave stared numbly at the disaster area he had created. Bits of light blinked like stars on the shattered glass and splattered chemicals. The press was running again, pounding away, and the drums beating as the impassioned voice of the chanter soared to a piercing climax. Dave tried to disregard Eddie’s story but, stepping through the wreckage, found himself groping for an explanation, uncertain of precisely what he was trying to explain or justify or repudiate, yet groping for some way to resolve the whole experience, to answer to it, or for it—the medicine man, the negative, the tales, the superstitions and contributions. Eddie Tom, his story. Fable. Yarn. All right, vision. If he could take a picture of it—these feelings, this ambience—record it on film, then he could abstract, reticulate, superimpose, give it clarity, meaning, definition . . . Sure! When he couldn’t even get a print of an old man in moccasins.

Visions! Every acid-head in high school had had them. Good trips, bad trips, hallucinations—call them whatever. Flying graham crackers, Jesus Christ dancing on the head of a pin. Peyote, pot, mescaline—what’s the diff? Any fool can induce a vision. No

spiritual tuning required.

Dave squatted down and began picking up the broken glass. A fragment sliced his thumb. Waiting for the initial sting to pass, he recalled the deeper, sharper pain of a gusty afternoon many years ago, kneeling in the woods, throwing his voice Enos-like into the wind. That pain, too, had passed. Gathering up the last fragments, he saw within the twinkling pinpoint reflections of light a mirror image of the heavens on a clear desert night. As a boy he had gazed up at those stars knowing that if he prayed long enough and hard enough, if he were worthy enough, yes, the veil would part for him also. It troubled him to think how, with his obsession for taking pictures, he had so complacently outgrown that childhood craving to see the Master image.

He trashed the broken trays and set out new ones, filling each with new chemicals. Screwing the cap back on the fixer, squeezing the neck of the bottle as if he meant to strangle it, he realized that it didn't matter whether his failure to produce a decent print was due to his own ineptitude and carelessness or an old man's hex; whether chemical fumes or a witch's curse had inflicted Eddie's bloated red rash, or if his vision was heaven-sent or drug inspired. It all seemed irrelevant now. Not the point at all. What was the point?

He stepped out of the darkroom and looked outside. Snow was still falling, quietly burying the town, covering all evidence of tracks, trucks, life. He could barely hear the faint pulsations of the drums, though the press was going strong. He wandered down the hallway, past the darkroom, and into his cubicle.

He was awakened abruptly by the phone. His back and shoulders felt sore and his neck cramped from the long-short sleep contorted in his chair. A photography manual was open on his lap. Groggy, it took him several moments to get his bearings. Darkroom. Home. Jenny. Jenny! Wondering where he was and what had happened. He bolted up front to grab the phone but missed it by a ring.

Silence. No press, no drums. Eddie had turned off all the lights on his end and had left the front door open, the padlock off. The unboarded windows were framed white, their centers cataracted with ice. Dave shoved open the one with the spider web crack and looked out on an arctic wasteland—bleak white marred by a few black lines, haphazard claw marks. Nothing moved except a flap of the tepee, tugged and twisted by the wind. The stark whiteness of the sky was broken only by a pale circle in the east where the sun had managed to melt through. The mountains below, black-on-white, were half-dead coals.

Dave felt cold and confused. His empty belly howled but the thought of putting food in it nauseated him. Jenny. He should call Jenny. Now. The wind blew cold white powder in his face, numbing his cheeks. He saw movement in the whiteness. Figures, one by one, exiting the tepee. Crouching to fit through the

small opening, then standing erect. Stretching. Cowboy hats and headbands. Bright red on white snow. One old man crossed himself. Another dropped to his knees and kissed the snow. A third raised his arms to the frozen sun.

Dave yanked the window shut.

In the darkroom he carefully adjusted the enlarger as the boiler next door huffed and puffed like an out-of-shape old man in training. He turned off the light and switched on the enlarger. A cone of light dropped the medicine man's image onto the plastic plate. Dave studied it, the sealed eyes, the chanting two-toothed smile. He pictured the old guy lying on a sheepskin by the warmth of the wood stove, sleeping soundly. He switched off the machine and very carefully removed the negative from the enlarger. Groping for the scissors on the table, with two quick snips, one vertically, one horizontally, he released himself.

A WEATHERED CROSS BESIDE THE WALL

A weathered cross beside the wall
Supports the climbing rose,
And sun within the garden warms it
In the winter snows.

Red thorns will guard its budding
When springtime comes again
As roses bloom upon the limbs
To hide the cross from men.

They had thee, Lord, assume the cross,
But hoped to thrust thee down;
The thorns did not defend thee,
But barbed thy braided crown.

For thee the quiet garden gleamed
An empty place of pain
Where thorns turned inward at thy pores
Drawing crimson rain.

For thee whose beauty is a rose
To bear the fate of thorns
Required a love as deep as grief
When God thy Father mourns.

What fears, then, thorns upon my heart,
Would keep thy hand away,
Thy hand that blossoms like a rose
upon a winter day?

—KATHRYN R. ASHWORTH

The fear of error is error itself. –Hegel

PERFECTION: A SOCIAL CRITICISM AND A THEOLOGICAL ALTERNATIVE

By John Durham Peters

ASK ANY MORMON FOR THE ORIGIN OF THE MORMON quest for perfection and he or she will point to Jesus' exhortation. "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in which is in heaven is perfect." If Matthew 5:48 did not exist we would invent it. However, the LDS quest for perfection bows down to strange gods, and often clashes with the radical and inspiring aspects of its theology. Further, our common ideal of perfection is not equivalent to the godliness Jesus was exhorting us to seek in that verse.

"PERFECTION" AND ITS MEANINGS

What do we mean by perfection? The answer is not simply theological but also linguistic. It is a commonplace that in the time of King James, "perfect" meant "complete or fulfilled." Sometimes it is also noted that the original Greek word means "complete" or "the state of having attained one's ordained end" (*telos*). Usually any linguistic discussion ends there, 350 years too soon. We need to consider the directions the word has taken since. For our obsession with perfection is arguably in part an accident of the history of the English language.

There are two major shifts in the concept of perfection since King James and, in fact, since Joseph Smith. The first shift was brought about by mass production, which defined perfection not in terms of excellence but absence of flaw. A "perfect" product was one whose imperfections did not exceed a predetermined level. Ironically, "quality control" came to mean the control of mistakes.¹ *Flawlessness* overtook and absorbed any remaining sense of *completeness* that "perfection" had; the word came to be defined in terms of deficiencies rather than qualities. In addition, the word acquired a sense of *finality*, since a product whose flaws had been minimized was essentially complete, a latent meaning in the original Greek. By "finality," I mean the idea that a perfect thing cannot grow or change. This notion abounds in current usage. For instance, *The Sesame Street Dictionary*, a trustworthy guide to trends in American culture, pithily defines "perfect" as

follows: "When something is perfect, it cannot be better."

The second significant shift of meaning also came from a late nineteenth-century movement—social Darwinism. Social Darwinism turned the meaning of *perfectionism* inside out by shifting the homeland of perfection from social groups to select individuals. In Joseph Smith's day, "perfectionism" was a utopian faith in the ultimate improvability of society, in the salvation of society as a whole. Joseph shared this faith with his age. Half a century later, social Darwinism glorified perfectible individuals—those who were "fit" to survive—while the rest were left to perish. Creating the perfect society thus took on a potentially brutal aspect. With this shift in emphasis, "perfectionism" gradually came to mean the obsession with details, especially flawed ones. Today, the title *perfectionist* refers not to one's beliefs about the destiny of society but to a person's high demands and intolerance for error.

Since most Mormons belong to the English-speaking community, their words are subject to the broader shifts of meaning found in the larger society; nevertheless, if we are not sensitive to what is happening to the words we prize, we may find our religious life and discourse infiltrated by meanings foreign to it. For example, what is a "perfect family?" The opening sentence of a recent popular story in *Family Circle* defines this concept well: "Everybody said the Caldwells were a perfect family: attractive, bright, charming, social, athletic." Which of these beautiful-people values have anything to do with godliness? Another example: What is a "perfect mother?" Similarly, this has little to do with godliness and everything to do with social pressure and bread-baking. Since "perfection" potently symbolizes everything we could hope to be, a Mormon woman can feel her failure to be a "perfect mother" with real fear and trembling. She suffers for refusing to let her soul be mass-produced. Social convention thus demands payment in the currency of religious remorse—thinking that humanity is a sin.

PERFECTION IN PRACTICE

Self-culture is the chief arm of Mormon perfectionism. I use this blanket term to cover a wide variety of practices centering on

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the self-cultivating, monitoring, controlling, introspecting, or disciplining, for instance. Such practices are incredibly diverse in Mormonism, including goal-setting, journal-keeping, and introspection. They also show up in less tangible ways—in our speech, relationships, and ways of thinking. These practices are essentially moved by a spirit of discipline; they aim to get the self to *behave*, to conform and comply. As French thinker Michel Foucault has shown, self-culture is an old and important part of the Western cultural tradition²; it is not a uniquely Mormon phenomenon, though it does take uniquely Mormon forms.

How do self-culture and perfectionism fit together? They are

not necessarily the same. You can be devoted to self-cultivation without holding any idea of eventual perfection. But together they make a potent and recurring combination, both in and out of Mormonism. Perhaps their most archetypal union is in the person of Benjamin Franklin. His achievement was to found what could be called an enterprise approach to goodness, which combined perfectionist self-culture and capitalism. In his youth, Franklin devised a scheme of moral accounting. We all know about his failure to attain perfection in thirteen weeks, even while aided with a clever system of moral accounting. (His journal in this period was essentially a

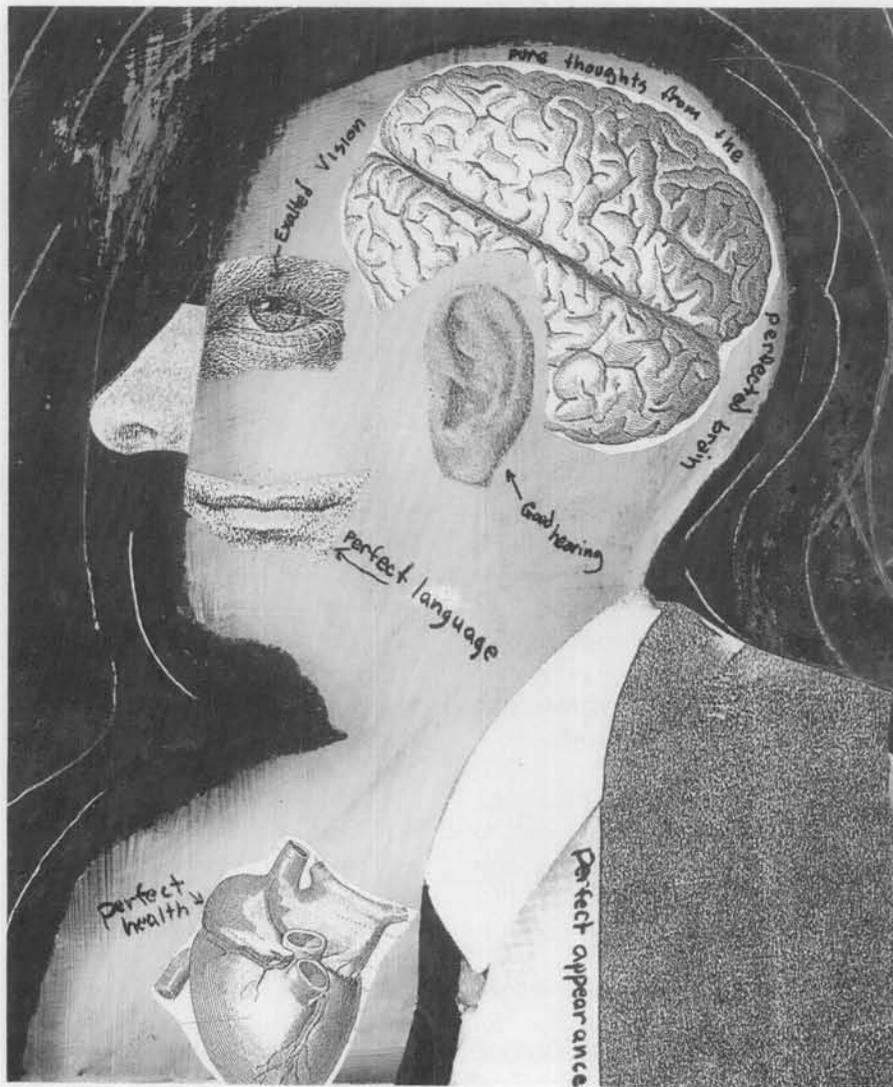
ledger: business applied to the soul.) The motives for his perfectionism were candidly this-worldly: to create the character and self-discipline that would bring success in business. Ever since, the quest for perfection has had overtones of "success."

The important thing about this episode is the mix of business and spirituality so characteristic of American and contemporary Mormon culture. The images and ideas of management abound in our spiritual life, from "spiritual inventories" to goal-setting (a practice equally at home in the corporate board room or the

teachers quorum). A survey of the Mormon landscape reveals a flourishing perfection industry, with all manner of self-improvement guides to spiritual and monetary enrichment. When an ambitious Mormon invents a new way to improve the soul, he rushes out to consult with California business execs or makes "motivational" tapes to be sold at appropriately pumped-up prices.

We need to understand the deeper reasons for this combination of business and religion; we have to get at the psychology of the perfection-seeker. Max Weber, the great German sociologist, has painted its classic portrait in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit*

of Capitalism. The argument goes roughly like this: The archetypal Protestant (who we Mormons resemble in many ways) finds himself in a universe in which his worth is in jeopardy: is he one of the chosen or one of the damned? This uncertainty creates extraordinary anxiety. Trying to learn his status, the Protestant turns to two activities, introspection and acquisition. In introspection, the Protestant searches his experience for signs and feelings of divine favor, thus making self-culture a key part of the quest for existential confirmation. Similarly, the Protestant's furious business enterprise—driven by his anxiety—ends up creating a world that embodies the hoped-



for signs of election, thus banishing all doubts.

Though these two quests seem radically distinct, they are united at a deeper level: the search for recognition, for reassurance of worth. Wealth serves as a balm for spiritual anxiety. It seems to answer the question, "Does God look upon me with favor?" with material evidence. It is important to note that the Protestant does not seek wealth for its own sake but as a token of recognition, as an assurance that his place in the universe is secure. Bearing this in mind, it's easier to see the link between

self-culture and business: they are the inner and outer forms of the search for existential security.

The intimate connection of present Mormon culture with the spirit of capitalism (and with what one might call the body of capitalism) is well known. It is crucial for us to understand what this mixture means for our conceptions of perfection. First, Mormon perfectionism is motivated by anxiety about worth. The perfectionist's ticket to the universe is in danger of being revoked if he or she fails. Flaws terrorize the perfectionist: what must be overcome to feel saved? Second, we tend to seek pathways to perfection that are susceptible to being recognized, whether by others or ourselves. This follows from the idea that recognition (from God) is what we need to resolve our anxiety about our worth.

SOME CRITICISMS OF PERFECTIONISM

The Protestant faces an essentially epistemological problem: how to know who is righteous. This is a universal problem in religious cultures that value righteousness, since it does not seem susceptible to mere human judgment. There are several ways to get around this problem. Two have already been mentioned: *Self-culture*, which can be used to create a doubt-free inner environment, and *wealth*. While wealth may or may not be a sign of divine approval, it always signifies social approval; the traps here are obvious. A third means of knowing righteousness is *collusion*. Instead of waiting for the winds of the spirit that whisper we are God's children, we set up social systems in which we provide recognition for one another. A danger with such systems is elitism. The fourth means is *legalism*. As the Pharisees appear in the New Testament, they had made righteousness into respectability, with a fail-safe system that provides sure knowledge of their own goodness. Their laws are so precise and minute that no question can exist about who belongs to the country club of the righteous. Those who conform, belong; those who don't, don't.

I don't wish to overplay the differences between these practices. They occur in various combinations, and all work to overcome the difficult problem of how to know one's own righteousness. All occur in Mormon life. I would like to develop these criticisms more fully, working from least to most important. The focus of my critique will be self-culture.

First, self-culture captures only that part of our behavior which is visible from the inside. The amount of our own behavior that we can experience is limited, as anyone who has been audio or videotaped knows. We are partisan and partial observers of our own actions. More profoundly, self-culture is ahistorical, especially when it takes the form of introspection. It takes snap-shots rather than movies and at best sees behavior only on its way out. Setting aside the thorny question of what makes an action good, it is nonetheless clear that an action's fruits are an important part of its ultimate meaning. The fruits of an action are unpredictable; they may take days, months, or years to ripen. As American philosopher C.S. Peirce pointed out, meaning belongs to the future.³ This indeterminacy is due to the fact that all

actions take place in concert with the actions of other people and different times. I might get angry at my son, but my apology will teach him that although passions are real (and an important part of being human), love is stronger. Apparent sin at one moment blurs into blessing in the next. The diligent missionary knows implicitly that all his efforts are fundamentally indeterminate: some few "seeds" may one day bring forth a hundredfold.

By contrast, a dominant trait of contemporary Mormon self-culture is its *dailiness*. This is like trying to tell time with the second hand of the watch. Some extreme forms of Mormon perfectionism resemble aphasia, in their inability to integrate minute signs of growth into a larger whole. Perhaps this explains the quest for the elusive "big picture" among more disciplined perfectionists; the big picture is precisely what such a daily regimen rules out. Daily labor of course is indispensable for growth, but daily measurement of that growth is not. Faith is precisely what is needed.

Second, self-culture objectifies righteousness. By identifying and monitoring certain behaviors, one is willy-nilly in the business of knowing and passing judgment on the states of one's own soul. I have nothing against self-knowledge or self-improvement; but the quest for any kind of knowledge of one's own righteousness is the perennial trap for cultures of righteousness like ours, because *genuine righteousness never knows itself*. True righteousness is an epistemological black hole. It has built-in limits to self-reflection. One can know for sure if one is forgiven; such knowledge, as Mormon says (see Moroni 7 and 8), leads to meekness and lowliness of heart. While one can have sure knowledge of the operations of *grace*, the ultimate judgment of *works* is not the business of morals. First of all, we're not epistemologically equipped. Second, we don't need such knowledge: the idea of personal goodness has no reality to the meek and lowly; they know that all their righteousness is nothing but filthy rags. Of course, the fruits of a just life are real and powerful, but these are like winged joys that fly by and can never be hoarded or cultivated for their own sake, for then they die.

Carlyle once noted that "the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick." His comment might also apply to the quest for righteousness.⁴ Righteousness can be inspected only when it is flawed. As soon as we start to be concerned for our own goodness, we can be sure that disease has set in; the concern is itself a symptom of the disease. Moreover, since all we see is our sick soul, the quest for perfection seems more and more like a tormenting downward spiral.

A common Protestant response says depraved beings like us are always spiritually ill and in need of perpetual monitoring. I don't think this a compelling answer for Mormon theology. Instead, one powerful theme our theology shares with Christianity as a whole is the idea that the judgment of personal goodness is solely God's business.

Finally, self-culture makes the self the basis of goodness. It often leads to what we call, in a wondrously descriptive term, *self-righteousness*. The zealous self-cultivator can become a connoisseur of his own goodness, a righteousness Narcissus. By contrast, Jesus taught that none is good but God. Goodness

gathered inward may begin to stink like hoarded manna; goodness's homeland is the community. "He that gathers has little; he that sows abroad has much."

Righteousness can thus be both divine and dangerous. The scriptures repeat this message insistently. The Book of Mormon can be read as a catalog of righteousness gone berserk. It is much harder (occasional Nephite racism aside) on the Nephites than the Lamanites. The Nephite quest for righteousness cyclically turns into pride. The Lamanites, in contrast, must contend with passion. Passion can destroy, to be sure, but pride prefers large-scale operations: it specializes in holy wars, witch-hunts and inquisitions. Crimes of passion are crimes against social order, while crimes of pride are crimes against life. Chesterton says best what I have in mind: "When vices run wild, chaos reigns; when virtues run wild, catastrophe reigns."

A central message of the prophetic books of the Old Testament, of the New Testament and the Book of Mormon is, to put it strikingly, *the badness of goodness*. Goodness can be toxic in the wrong place or quantity. With too much of it, you cease to be able to tell the bad kinds of good apart from the good kinds. If someone is a "bad" ("baaad") musician or athlete, she is good: she knocks you off your feet and transgresses conventional ways of playing. If someone is "goody-goody," he is bad—obsequious, apple-polishing, and so on. Children who are too "good" worry parents; some spunk is called for.

In other words, the scriptures teach that everyone must repent, especially the righteous. Perfectionism, with its zeal to eliminate all flaws, runs the risk of ending up with goody-goody goodness and self-righteousness. When one diligently shuns all that is bad in a perfectionist quest for flawlessness, one can no longer cope with the full, flawed world as a whole. Two main paths follow from this quest, one militant and one passive. The militant approach, whose epitome is Nazism, seeks to rid the world of imperfections by whatever means necessary. Nazism took the perfectibility of mankind to an extreme, but chillingly logical conclusion: human beings are the main sources of chaos and imperfection, and death is the only perfect and flawless thing.⁵ The second approach, though less sinister, is still potentially crippling: it removes imperfections not from the world but from our experience thereof. Ignorance, not violence, is its weapon. It occasionally takes such forms as book-burnings or tirades against "humanism," but its preferred mode of operation is blithe middle-class ignorance. The quest for flawlessness can thus culminate in a spiritual provincialism, when the quest for purity of behavior turns into a quest for purity of experience.

In these two responses we see how far perfection can lead away from godliness. The world is full of suffering, oppression, violence, and hunger. To turn away in the name of one's spiritual quest is to take a different course than God's. His love for all his children, all scattered throughout the universe in varying stages of development, binds him intimately to them. He weeps with them in their suffering (see Moses 7: 28-40). His connecting love for his children provides him with every possible kind of experience, above and below all things, even though his behavior is flawless. Scripture calls this experiencing love "succor." If we take

seriously the idea of God's ongoing parentage, the universe will never lack being in need of succor. Anguish is forever. The fact that behavioral perfection does not rule out anguish and wrenching experience is most fully expressed in the Atonement, in which we see the Spotless One voluntarily assuming the suffering of the whole human family.

FRUITFULNESS

The understanding that God so fully abounds in good that he has power to descend to all depths, I believe, points toward a more robust and healthy way of thinking than perfection. This alternative to perfection I call "fruitfulness." The term recalls Jesus' parables, the tree of life, Lehi's Dream, and Alma 32, central human experiences such as the birth of children and creativity, and the distinctive Mormon idea of "eternal increase." Fruitfulness consists of several interlocking ideas which have been implicit thus far; its central idea is that goodness is more a matter of abundance than that of austerity. I would like to mention a few points from Mormon theology which illustrate such an idea, focusing on the notion of "eternal increase," which I understand to mean reproduction throughout the eternities. These points offer possibilities to explore—hypotheses—rather than fully elaborated ideas.

The first point is the genuineness of novelty, and hence of time, both in this world and in those beyond. Classically, time has been seen as the opposite of eternity: the one subject to change and decay, the other immutable and everlasting. The Mormon vision rearranges the elements in this opposition. The eternities are dynamic and changing, yet know no death. Birth instead is the engine of time for the spheres beyond. Birth and death have traditionally been clumped together as if there was a necessary connection between them. In mortality, they seem naturally linked, but there is no necessary reason why this link should hold in the beyond. Mormon thought dissolves the apparent unity of "whatever is born, begotten, or dies," by positing endless increase. Hence change, time, and growth are no mere illusions given to befuddle or test mortals, but are ongoing. As Sir Richard Burton observed in his *City of the Saints* after his visit to Salt Lake City in 1859, "The Mormons are like the Pythagoreans in their procreation, transmigration, and exaltation of souls . . . They take no leap in the dark; they spring from this sublunary stage into a known, not an unknown world."⁶

The second point is the continuation into the eternities of that same manner of sociality enjoyed on earth (D&C 130:2). Put concretely, this means the eternal validity of conversation. Conversation is a form of association by which we gain knowledge of other intelligences. Through it, we come to understand what other independent, creative beings are making of their experience. The knowable universe consists of matter and meanings. Since each intelligence is independent to act for itself, and that action is essentially creative, the birth of new intelligences alters "things as they are." William James puts it well: "the cosmos is in some degree, however slight, made structurally different by every act of ours that takes place in it."⁷ The essence of intelligent

life is to be creative—that is, to change the structure of the universe, both matter and meaning.

This point suggests at least two things. First, that the eternities are filled with variety. Nothing could be more alien to Mormon thought than an eternity spent amidst crystalline Platonic forms; no static vision satisfies the Mormon thirst for industry, work, and creation. Second, that knowledge of the meaningful universe can never be complete or finished. As long as intelligent beings are acting and creating, the realm of meanings will never be finished. Hence divine experience will necessarily be open to change and flux, even if informational knowledge about the present state of matter (“objective reality”) is complete. This point needs more development than I can give it here, but it follows from the notion of eternal increase. It presents us with a positive, fruitful image of what divine experience might be like, an image we can profitably emulate here.

Third is the continuation of social bonds. The idea of eternal increase countenances none of the distinctions so dear to perfectionism, such as those between self and others, or self and works. It seems to think of the increase in one’s intelligence and one’s posterity as somehow equivalent or parallel. As long as individuals live together in love, no final end-point for growth need exist. By virtue of being eternally connected to a growing species, the possibilities for individual growth (the only real growth) will equal that of the entire species. What arts, civilizations, literatures, sports, musics, adventures could an entire species of intelligent beings create if they had sufficient time and resources? In such a universe, each individual might indeed be flawless, in never desiring or doing wrong, but this would be a mere prerequisite to membership in that order. For instance, an eternal Bach might become technically flawless as a musician, but as a composer, there is no reason to imagine an end to his creativity and exploration. So with our eternal lives. The idea that perfection is a final state comes from looking only at the side of the fulfillment of law, not of the creation of goodness. Because some beings attain perfect harmony with the order of the universe does not mean any end to their works or their fruits. And since our “self” is ultimately inseparable from our works and from other people, individual growth continues in the midst of all perfection. Thus to talk of God as “perfect” seems to praise the least of his attributes, rather than his mercy, bounty, and majesty. Indeed, a recent Bible translation has Matthew 5:48 as follows: “There must be no limit to your goodness, as your heavenly Father’s goodness knows no bounds.” (New English Bible)

This vision underlies what I understand by words like “consecration” and “Zion.” The model it presents is one of *growing perfection*; that is, *fruitfulness*. In my opinion, this offers us a more humane and more divine image of how we ought to live and for what we ought to strive.

CONCLUSION

A powerful and original ideal in Mormon theology is the ideal of fruitfulness. The images of man, God, existence and experience it offers show us that we need not drain this world of vitality in

the name of some crystalline, static perfection. Perfection is an inadequate guide for human experience. Nor does it seem to fit Mormon theology’s vision of the eternities. It seems a mutation, a throwback, a remnant of former days of theological captivity. It doesn’t fit either our experience or our vision, then we ought to abandon it. Abandoning it may of course be easier said than done, due to its pervasiveness in current Mormon culture. Societies have ways of creating ideas in their own image; perfection may indeed fit the experience and vision of many people. But we can salvage the feelings and energy it occupies and find more worthy causes for them; we needn’t throw out the baby with the bathwater. We ought to recapture the symbols and practices conducive to fruitfulness. Such symbols were evidently on the minds of the builders of the Salt Lake Temple when they decorated the Celestial Room with fruits and flowers multiplying in wild profusion. They seemed to have thought that fruitfulness, fertility, and variety were the distinctive features of a celestial life. The spotless, crystalline decor in recent temples reminds one of the importance of purity, but still scatters rainbows to those who look for them. We need to look for the rainbows among the crystal and give them more material form than in our imagination.

NOTES:

My deep gratitude to Kim McCall for many conversations on this topic and for extensive and sensitive editorial guidance. His talk on “the perfectability of man” planted seed for this essay. Marsa Paulsen Peters untangled prose in earlier drafts. Marina Ballamtyne’s sacrament meeting talk, published in *The Outreach* (Menlo Park, California Stake), was also an important stimulus, and is an excellent source on the topic.

1. See Daniel Boorstin’s *The Americans*: vol. 3, *The Democratic Experience*, 1973, pp 193-200.
2. See Michel Foucault, *The Care of the Self*, (New York: Vintage 1987). See also Christopher Lasch, *The Culture of Narcissism* (New York: Norton, 1978), esp. pp. 56ff which is very informative on the history of self-culture in America.
3. For instance, see C.S. Peirce, “The Issues of Pragmatism,” in his *Collected Papers*, vol. 5, Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss, ed., (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1934), pp. 293-313.
4. Thomas Carlyle, quoted in Bruce Haley, *The Healthy Body and Victorian Culture* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press), 1978.
5. See, e.g., Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1958) pp. 73-78.
6. Sir Richard F. Burton, *The City of the Saints and Across the Rocky Mountains to California*, F. M. Brodie, ed. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1963) p. 443. First published 1861.
7. William James, “Report on Mrs. Piper’s Hodgson-Control,” in *William James on Psychical Research*, ed. and compiled by Gardner Murphy and Robert O. Ballou (London: Chatto and Windus, 1961) p. 208.

FIXING MEANING, STOPPING GROWTH

By Dorice W. Elliott

In Neal A. Maxwell's speech "Overcome . . . Even As I Also Overcame," given at the spring 1987 General Conference and printed in the May 1987 *Ensign*, he told listeners that "maintaining Church membership on our own terms . . . is not true discipleship." While I know what Elder Maxwell meant—that picking and choosing which commandments to live is not really living the gospel—I have to disagree with the import of what he actually said. All of us, including true disciples—even Elder Maxwell himself—do take the gospel on our own terms. In fact, there is no other way we can take it.

A popular cliché in Mormon culture claims that "the Church is the same no matter where you go." However, while the organizational set-up, the cookie-cutter buildings, the lesson manuals and vocabulary may be the same, just what the Church is and what it means varies not only from place to place but from person to person. All of us filter what we read, hear, learn and experience through our own consciousness and interpret it in light of our own experiences. Even when one makes the "leap of faith" and decides to give up self to do what God and the Church asks, he or she still gives not actually what God asks, but what he or she *perceives* is asked—and I believe God wants it that way. All of us, from the prophet to the only slightly active member, take what we need from the Church and give what we can.

In a sense, we don't even belong to the same church. That is one of the most important reasons that we all need to refrain from judging each other. No matter how clear a talk, an admonition, or a commandment may seem to us, we can never assume that someone else heard the same thing. Some years ago, for example, I taught what I felt was an excellent

Relief Society lesson. I received a lot of praise for it, and really felt that I had gotten my message across. A few months later, a visitor to our Relief Society stood in a testimony meeting to tell us that her sister had written to her about my lesson, and that it had changed her life. I, naturally, sat back in a warm glow, convinced that I was a wonderful—and possibly even inspired—teacher. Then the speaker described the lesson I had given—her version, that is, of her sister's version. It was like the old pass-around game of "Gossip." The lesson she described, as far as I could tell, bore no resemblance to that lesson or any lesson I had ever (or would ever have) given. Upon reflection, however, I came to the conclusion that maybe I still could take some credit for a wonderful lesson. Something about it *had* touched these two women—not something I intended or even realized I was teaching—but something out of all the words I and others said that day, was heard. No matter how closely we adhere to the printed lesson—even if we read it word for word—we cannot control even what people will hear, let alone learn.

When leaders in the Church preach unity, in fact, what they may actually be seeking is control. I have always found Bruce McConkie's definition of "Unity" in *Mormon Doctrine* chilling because of its denial of difference and its lack of trust in God-created souls to think and create for themselves:

Those who attain [unity] will all know the same things; think the same thoughts; exercise the same powers; do the same acts; respond the same way to the same circumstances; beget the same kind of offspring; rejoice in the continuation of the seeds forever; create the same type of worlds; enjoy the same eternal fullness; and glory in the same exaltation (p.814).

But ultimately, the kind of unity Elder McConkie wishes for is only an illusion. Humans, at least as we know them, cannot even

read the same words on a page in the same way. According to Steven Mailloux, a current theorist studying the process of reading, "reading is not the discovery of meaning but the creation of it." (*Interpretive Conventions: The Reader in the Study of American Fiction*, p. 20). To read, to listen, to engage in a conversation, is to participate in the *process* of interpretation, of creating meanings out of the raw materials, or "signs"—words, tone of voice, dress, gestures, and hundreds of other codes which can spark us to create meaning.

Those who want to fix meaning and hold it in stasis arrest the processes of individual growth and progression for which, according to LDS doctrine, we have come to earth. This attempt to fix meanings of spiritual laws was what Christ so damned the Pharisees for. Evidence now suggests that, contrary to the traditional view, most of the Pharisees were pious and devoted religious leaders. According to the annotations in *The Dartmouth Bible*, "These 'teachers in Israel,' usually of humble birth and devoting their lives without pay to study and to imparting their religious ideals and their knowledge, were more highly esteemed by faithful Jews than princes or priests" (p. 851). But in trying to teach his own disciples how to lead rightly and effectively, Christ castigated the Pharisees for hypocrisy—for attempting to define righteousness and judge others according to those definitions. The Pharisees tried to do what many would do today: to fix the meanings of spiritual laws and to eliminate competing or alternative interpretations. Jesus, on the other hand, continually demonstrated that spiritual laws should be administered only by taking into account the context of the individual situation. As he continually reminds us, judgment is only just when it looks on the heart—when it sees through the eyes of the judged—and who among us can escape our own consciousness in order to see out of another's eyes?

We are commanded to be one, but are we also commanded not to be hypocrites, not to judge, not to bear false witness. Unless these are simply contradictory commandments, impossible to live at the same time, then we must look for other messages of the term "unity" than the one which asks for control, for correlation, for fixing and stabilizing meaning, and for interfering with the dynamic processes of experimenting, interpreting, and growing. Arresting growth, however, is virtually impossible, at least with people. Because however "unified," controlled, or even totalitarian a society may be, the people who live in it will never think or see *anything* exactly alike—thank God.

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BOOKS

TAKING CHRIST OUT OF CHRISTIANITY

THE FIRST COMING: HOW THE KINGDOM
OF GOD BECAME CHRISTIANITY

By Thomas Sheehan

Random House, 1986, \$18.95, 287 pp.

Reviewed by James E. Faulconer

IT IS UNUSUAL for a book about the origins of Christianity to sell well. Such books are rarely accessible to lay people and even those that are have a relatively small audience. Even among intellectuals, Christian history and biblical exegesis are not at the top of bed-time reading lists. Thus, the success of Thomas Sheehan's *The First Coming*, a selection for several book clubs, major reviews in *Atlantic Monthly* and *The New York Review of Books*, is a surprise.

Undoubtedly part of the book's success results from the clarity and skill of Sheehan's writing: the sentences are straightforward and readable; the material is well-organized. Sheehan has used good sense in deciding what to include in his exposition. Most of all, Sheehan makes the material he discusses interesting and (heaven forbid) relevant.

But as readable, engaging and relevant a writer as Sheehan is, the surprising response to his work is best explained by the startling conclusions to which he comes and by the thoughtful way in which he presents those conclusions for the intelligent but lay audience. In a nutshell, Sheehan's conclusion is that Jesus is irrelevant to the message he taught and that, therefore, Christianity is founded on a mistake, the mistake of idolatry.

There are five major parts to the book: an

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introduction, three sections of discussion, and a conclusion. The first section, "How Christianity Came Into Crisis," is an excellent synopsis of the history of nineteenth and twentieth century thinking about early Christianity and biblical exegesis. Only twenty-three pages long, it is very accurate, especially considering the limitations imposed by a brief and relatively simple synopsis of a complex and technical subject.

Latter-day Saints often dismiss biblical scholarship out of hand (or they seek out only some of the most sympathetic but often least scholarly of the late nineteenth century exegetes), but the issues and arguments of biblical scholarship are substantive and they must be dealt with substantively if they are to be dealt with at all. Given the fact that the issues bear directly upon questions of the meaning of the New Testament and, therefore, also on the believability of the Book of Mormon, I see no way for Latter-day Saints thinkers to ignore or pass lightly over these problems and discussions as so many have done. Sheehan serves as a good introduction to biblical scholarship.

On the other hand, Sheehan is too confident in some of the conclusions of contemporary scholarship. (Where most Latter-day Saints pass over the work of biblical scholars too quickly, Sheehan accepts the majority view too readily.) Though the footnotes mention conflicting interpretations and the bibliography lists works in which these can be found, the text of the book uses language that seems designed to convince the reader there are no

such alternatives, leaving the impression that everything is more settled than it really is.

To cite one fundamental example, he says it has been "established" that Mark's gospel was written first (p. 15). That conclusion has been well-argued and is generally accepted by Bible scholars, but *established* is a putting it strongly—especially when there are reputable scholars who argue otherwise.

To criticize Sheehan for these expressions of overconfidence is not merely to pick at nits, for to a very large extent it is this confidence which Sheehan uses to make his case. In fact, much of his case depends on the conclusion that Mark was written before the other gospels, a view that can be summarized by saying the terse character of Mark indicates its earlier origin. (Such a brief summary is necessarily simplistic; the arguments for the position are careful and detailed.) By assuming that Mark was written first and then seeing what things Mark does and doesn't mention, it is possible to reconstruct a view of what made up Christian belief at its earlier stages. Sheehan uses such a reconstruction of early Christian beliefs as the basis of his case.

Though the Mark-first view is the majority view of scholars, recently C.S. Mann (a scholar who up to now has been a strong advocate of the Mark-first view) has argued that either Matthew or Luke was written first and considerably earlier than had been supposed. ¹ It isn't clear that Mann's view is going to win the day; however, if the Mark first view should fall, so will Sheehan's case. Though there is much to be learned from Sheehan's skilled presentation of the history of biblical scholarship, readers must be careful not to share his confidence too much.

The second section of the book, "How Jesus Lived and Died," is Sheehan's case that Jesus didn't preach a religion (a word he doesn't define but probably means a system for worship or perhaps the need for worship), but rather that Jesus preached "the joy of God's immediate and liberating presence" (p. 57). Whereas Jesus' contemporaries looked forward to an *eschaton* (the coming establishment of God's earthly kingdom), Sheehan argues that Jesus, like John the Baptist, taught that the awaited-for future is already here for those who repent. For Jesus, he argues, God was already potentially present in humankind, and he became present "when people *allowed* that presence by actualizing it in lives of justice and charity" (p. 67). Jesus preached what Sheehan calls "the eschatological present-future" (p. 65). In this we find a non-chronological sense of

time: the past is "mankind's sinful distance from God" (p. 66); the future is "God's gracious identification with his people" (p. 66). Jesus' message is that for the repentant the future is here (or, in a phrase from contemporary philosophy, it is "always already here"). Repentance (accepting forgiveness) means crossing the line from the past to the future; for Jesus, "accepting forgiveness meant enacting justice and mercy in the world. . . ." (p. 66).

Though not presented in the traditional terminology of talk about repentance, there is much here which is fruitful and enlightening. The temptation of religion is succumbing as the Pharisees: substituting ritual and proper socialization for just living, being satisfied to pay the tithes of mint, anise, and cumin and neglecting the weightier matters of the law (Matt. 23:23). Sheehan's analysis refreshes the Christian catch-phrase that the gospel is a gospel of love.

With luck, that insightful discussion will not be missed by the other point of this section, the argument that Jesus himself is not an essential part of his message. Sheehan relies heavily on biblical scholarship to argue that Jesus never made claims about his divinity or about himself as an essential part of his message. Though the results of scholarship are not as settled as Sheehan would have us believe, the arguments for the gradual development of belief concerning Christ's divinity are strong. But if for the sake of argument we accept the layering of the gospel stories as they have been reconstructed by contemporary scholarship, determining certain parts as original sayings of Jesus and others as later additions by believers, it does not follow that the ascriptions of divinity to Jesus are wrong—even if they are not quotations of Jesus. Sheehan wants to go from "in the gospels, Jesus doesn't say he was divine" to "Jesus wasn't divine," and I don't think it follows.

In the largest section of the book, "How Jesus Was Raised from the Dead," Sheehan argues that the earliest statements of belief about Easter say simply that Jesus was glorified or that he was raised and it isn't necessary to read these statements as resurrection statements. Initially, he argues, such statements served as metaphorical, interpretive statements describing the disciples' understanding of Jesus' life after his death. Only gradually, Sheehan argues, did such statements come to mean that Jesus had been resurrected.

Suppose we grant that the early disciples were more interested in their experience and understanding of Jesus' life than in the Resurrection; that their statements were primarily

metaphorical and interpretative. It does not follow that these statements are merely metaphorical and interpretive. In a footnote, Sheehan quotes Klaus Berger: "Often in these cases no distinction is made between being swept up . . . , being bodily raised up, and the mere sojourning of the soul in heaven" (p. 259). In other words, no clear distinction was made between what Latter-day Saints might call translation, bodily resurrection, and the soul living in heaven. If no distinction is made, it cannot be argued that the statements do *not* refer to being physically resurrected. In fact, given the contemporaneous controversy between the Pharisees and the Sadducees over the question of resurrection it would seem very difficult for a statement that so-and-so was raised from the dead *not* to be understood as also including bodily resurrection, no matter what else was also included in the claim.

It seems to me, therefore, that Sheehan's conclusion is only weakly supported by the evidence. And since he as much as says resurrection isn't a possible historical event in the beginning of this section (p. 147), I believe Sheehan's case against resurrection begs the question.

On the other hand, perhaps what Sheehan is doing could be construed along these lines: The resurrection of Jesus is hardly an event to be assumed to be true—or even to be possible; it is totally unlike any other human experience. Thus, if an argument is to be made, it must be made *for* the Resurrection, not against it. The burden of proof is on those who assert that there was such an event. Given this reading of Sheehan's argument, in the absence of compelling evidence for the Resurrection, Sheehan offers a reasonable explanation as to how the story of the Resurrection came about and what the story of it could mean. This makes Sheehan's case considerably stronger, but it ignores the fact that few believers think the question of the Resurrection is answerable by argument.

For Sheehan, however, the Resurrection is irrelevant to Christian faith. He reasons: if we accept the New Testament stories, there were people, like the Roman guards of the tomb, who knew of it without being converted. Similarly, it is possible to be converted without knowing of it. In fact, according to Sheehan, the resurrection story gets in the way of the true meaning of Easter morning: Speaking of the resurrection story found in Mark 16:1-8, he says, "The primordial, preapocalyptic meaning of that scene at the grave on that Sunday morning is *the utter absence of Jesus and the futility of the women's search for him*" (p. 169). The point of Easter isn't to be found in the Resurrection; it is to be found in Peter's re-vision of Jesus'

message. For Sheehan, Peter's re-vision is a response to the death of the prophet he had followed, a response to the total absence of Jesus after his death. The only way out of the problem created by that absence and the futility of any search for the person Jesus is "to surrender Jesus: to leave him dead and to see that the meaning of Jesus is that Jesus no longer matters" (p. 171), which, says Sheehan, is exactly the move made by the earliest followers, like Peter, and the move we ourselves need to make. Whether this is the case depends on whether we are willing to accept the next move in Sheehan's argument, the argument that Jesus' divinity is a creation of later disciples and not a part of his message.

In the fourth part of the book, "How Jesus Became God," Sheehan argues that in spite of the absence of the person Jesus in the Easter story, an absence which ought to take us away from the idolatry of Jesus and toward the enactment of the kingdom of God, within a few years the community of followers began to deify Jesus. This occurred, he says, in three stages:

1. Though Jesus had reworked the meaning of God's kingdom so that instead of something awaited it became something always already there for those who repent, Christianity reconstituted the apocalyptic future, making the kingdom back into something to be awaited in the future return of Jesus.

2. Next "Christianity then drew that apocalyptic future back into the present moment by reinterpreting Jesus as the Lord and Christ who was already reigning in heaven" (p. 180). From being the prophet who would return to establish God's kingdom, Jesus went to being the Savior already ruling in heaven, sharing power with God.

3. Finally, the Church finished the identification of Jesus with God by proclaiming that he had pre-existed as savior of the world.

This process of divinization occurred, Sheehan argues, because the early disciples confused their re-vision of Jesus' message with Jesus himself and began to await his return rather than to live as Jesus had lived and to enact the kingdom here on earth themselves. Having done so, believers were put in crisis when Jesus did not return soon. The second and third steps of the process of divinization were their response to this crisis.

The result, he says is that Christianity distorts Jesus' message in three ways:

1. It hypostatizes the kingdom of God, turning it from the necessity of human enactment of the kingdom through justice and mercy into, God's incarnation in Jesus.

2. It abandons Jesus' radical sense of present-future in favor of "the mythical past-present-future of a cosmic 'salvation history'" (p. 222).

3. Christianity reconstitutes Jesus' message into a religion.

Once again, it is necessary that we assume that Mark was written first in order to make the arguments which lead Sheehan to these conclusions. But in addition to this possible weakness of Sheehan's evidence, there is a logical problem with the argument he makes

Sheehan supposes that if we can show that the disciples did not speak of Jesus as divine at first, then the later ascriptions of divinity are fabrications—but not necessarily intentional. However, the three steps Sheehan outlines could be the gradual realization/revelation of who Jesus was rather than the devolution of Christian understanding. It makes a good deal of sense to read the New Testament as the record of people who, at the time of Jesus' life and shortly thereafter, did not understand who he was. In such a case, as they came to under-

stand who he was, one might expect them to incorporate that understanding into their writings and to edit previous writings in accordance with that understanding.

Exactly the same evidence would account for Sheehan's view and the possible Christian view I propose. In other words, Sheehan could be right that the early believers expected the apocalypse at any moment, and when it did not come, changed their understanding of what Jesus' life meant and who he was. But it does not follow that Sheehan is right that Jesus was not divine nor that Jesus did not understand himself to be divine. Sheehan could even be right that the New Testament's explicit statements that Jesus is the savior, the coming Son of Man, etc., were added to the story by later believers rather than being quotations of Jesus' words without being right that Jesus was not that savior and did not think of himself as such.

To show that Jesus' followers changed their idea of who he was is not to show that he wasn't who they came to understand him to be. One cannot go from "The earliest accounts are

unclear about the divinity of Jesus" to "The ascription of divinity to Jesus is a later fabrication" without assuming that the earliest accounts are the most accurate—without assuming that the believers did not come to understand their experience better than they had in the beginning (a not uncommon phenomenon). Only an *assumption* that Jesus was not in fact divine would allow one to make the leap which Sheehan makes—just as only an assumption that he was divine would make the alternative I propose convincing.

Given the clarity of Sheehan's exposition, no reader will be surprised at his conclusions. For him, to recover the kingdom is to reenact the present future by acting charitably and justly; it is to understand *that* as Jesus' message, without equating the kingdom of God with Jesus or anyone else. It is a version of what was called "the social gospel" in the sixties. For most believers, the enactment of charity and justice is the heart of Jesus' message—but in a sense different from that intended by Sheehan, for whom there is no overcoming of sin except that to be found in the charitable acts of individuals for each other. For Sheehan, personal charity makes whatever atonement there is possible; for Christians, Jesus' atonement makes personal charity genuinely possible.

Take, for example, the Latter-day Saint practice of a monthly Fast Sunday. To fast and donate the money saved by that fast to the needy is an act of charity, but the monthly fast is one act with two aspects—worship and charity—neither of which can be separated from the other. To fast and pray and bear testimony without making the donation is not to really worship, for it is to deny the obligation one has to the brother "for whom Christ died" (1 Cor. 8:11). But I am convinced that the opposite is also true: to fast and donate without prayer and testimony—without worship—is not to exercise charity in the full sense possible when it is a part of worship. Worship is an essential part of the fullest sense of charity, for without it the donor does not recognize the extent to which he too is a beggar. King Benjamin makes the connection between worship and charity absolutely explicit. (See Mosiah 4, especially verse 12.) Without worship, charity is the act of one desperate and helpless person trying to help another. As the German poet Rilke says, "To want to improve the situation of another human being presupposes an insight into his circumstances such as not even a poet has toward a character he himself has created." For that reason, in the long run Christian charity without Jesus is condemned to frustration

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and, probably, self-deception.

Thomas Sheehan, then, is a heretic—and proud of it. As Sheehan points out, “In the broadest sense, heresy (from the Greek *haireisis*: taking, choosing, taking sides) is an essential part of all hermeneutics (in Greek *hermeneia*: interpretation, taking something as something)” (p. 224). To choose, to interpret, to understand: in this broadest sense, may we all be heretics. But Sheehan’s definition of *haireisis* isn’t completely candid; it also means *to conquer* and comes from the verb *haireo*, meaning *to seize, to overpower, to kill*—generally, *to win*. Sheehan wants not only to choose and interpret; his book makes it clear he wants to win. He wants to overpower Christianity.

As fellow heretics, Latter-day Saints may have something to learn from Sheehan. We sometimes shy away from being known to the rest of the world as heretics, although the temple ceremonies seem to make the failure to be a part of orthodox religion a virtue. In spite of my serious disagreements with parts of Sheehan’s work, I think it a valuable contribution, and I think it has several things to teach us. First of all, Sheehan’s discussion of repentance as the enactment of the kingdom of God is important. Too often we think of repentance merely as remorse for sin, rather than as a call to do the work of the Lord; and too often we think of the Lord’s work as having more to do with quorum quotas, filling out forms, and the ability to repeat pat formulas to those who need our comfort than it has to do with the need to be a blessing in the lives of others. Too often we forget that work on the welfare farm, our home and visiting teaching, and our private acts of charity are essential parts of our worship.

We can also learn from Sheehan by seeing how he reads the stories of the Bible. Though he is very interested in the historical research regarding the stories about which he writes, Sheehan argues that to inquire about the historical events which lie behind the narrative is to step outside the story and, therefore, to miss its point. To read the scriptures as history apart from their rhetorical claims is to misread them because one steps outside the sphere which makes the story intelligible as a story. Much historical research misreads in this way, thinking that by knowing what documents went to making up the final document and what order these documents took, or what kinds of literary forms are involved in the various parts of scripture, we will know the meaning of the scriptures in question. However, such genetic explanations and interpretation of meaning are not the same: explaining the history of the

words I use and the ways in which my vocal cords move when I tell my wife I love her does *not* tell anyone enough about what that phrase means. (And much genetic explanation precludes, a priori, the only terms a believer would find acceptable, thereby precluding a believing explanation.)

Sheehan’s analysis of Mark 16:1-8 gives an excellent demonstration of why the historical deconstruction of scriptural texts is insufficient (though not necessarily irrelevant): historical deconstruction “fails to explain the rhetorical function of the incredulity within the story [namely, the incredulity of the women who discover the empty tomb]” (p. 141). Historical deconstruction, whether literalist or more in keeping with modern scholarly historical methods, overlooks the fact that the stories deconstructed are, first and foremost, stories rather than modern histories. History in the modern sense was invented in the eighteenth century,² so to read the scriptural stories as histories is to make a category mistake; it is to discuss apples in the terms reserved for oranges.

Sheehan’s lesson about reading scripture is a lesson for both sides in the LDS debate between the historians and the literalists. For *both* sides take the historical approach. Sunday school classes as well as historians approach the scriptures and other sacred stories as if their meaning is to be found in treating them as histories. But to reduce the scriptures to history is to overlook their rhetorical function. It is to overlook their meaning. However, it doesn’t follow, as Sheehan and others seem to suggest, that the historicity of the stories is irrelevant to their meaning. The story of Joseph Smith’s First Vision or of the origins of the Book of Mormon, for example, means more than is encompassed in either’s history, but part of what each means is undeniably that these events did, in fact, occur.

Another lesson from Sheehan goes beyond even the importance of the relation of history to the understanding of sacred stories. He has insightful things to say about the relevance of contemporary philosophical movements to thinking about religion. (In Latter-day Saint theological terms, these movements argue that philosophy and, therefore, European and American culture, have been in apostasy from the beginning.³) Though the position Sheehan takes has analogues in many contemporary schools of philosophy, his position seems based primarily on his understanding of the works of Martin Heidegger and Jacques Derrida. As Sheehan describes that position: “We

only know what we interpret, and there is no way out of this predicament, this ‘hermeneutical circle,’ for human beings essentially *are* the act of making sense . . .” (p. 120).

Traditional thought says that there is something absolute and beyond this world which gives this world its meaning, whether it is the traditional Christian God or the laws of positivism. The point of human research and study is to apprehend this something and, ultimately, to put an end to research and study, to come to the point where, like the traditional God, we know everything immediately, once-and-for-all. Thus, traditionally, the goal of human research and study is silence—the point where nothing more needs to be said.

Like many other contemporary thinkers, Sheehan finds this view strange. For one thing, it postulates something eternally inaccessible to explain the world we already live in, thereby devaluing human life and making knowledge quite impossible. The God who sits on top of a topless throne, whether the traditional Christian God or the laws of some sciences (especially the social sciences), is a god these thinkers can make no sense of. For another, a view which aims at silence aims at the end of human existence, for we find our existence in language. The silence that the tradition aims for is, therefore, also a kind of death. According to those who take this view, the aim of all traditional philosophies is the spiritual/intellectual death of humanity. (Just as, from a human point of view, the traditional God is a dead god, because he knows everything absolutely and immediately, and because he has no need of progress in any sense, or speaking or relation to others.) The move against this traditional view is a move toward understanding language as essential to human being, which leads one to the conclusion that to be is to make sense of things—to interpret.

In spite of the initial reaction Latter-day Saints may have against the view that there is nothing behind this world which gives it meaning, I think there is much to be said for a view which finds meaning in life and existence rather than looking somewhere else for that meaning. I certainly think such a view compatible with Latter-day Saint belief.

One of the genius strokes of the Restoration is its insistence that God has a body. He is somewhere and he is somewhen. The Restoration, then, insists that humans and God are not radically distinct. Etymologically and in many ordinary uses, *world* means the *place of humans* rather than *the planet Earth*. In that sense, Latter day Saints do not believe that God is outside the world; in spite of the many differences between humans and God, he is not onto-

logically different from human beings. This makes much possible that is otherwise impossible, including the recognition that God, like us, dwells in interpretation. (And I do not believe that such a belief commits us either to absolute relativism or to the denial of truth.⁴)

Here, though Latter-day Saints can learn from Sheehan, I think we have the advantage over him. He points out that we dwell in interpretation. But he also supposes that God does *not* dwell in interpretation and that living in that way would be preferable. When Sheehan talks about the human necessity of interpretation, he does so in wishful terms: God has things directly, but humans are “condemned to having the things of one’s world . . . [only] through interpretation” (p. 223). The god he is describing has or knows everything simply and directly—and he implies it would be nice if we could have the world similarly. Given the traditional God who, because he is unembodied, can be everywhere and everywhen at once, the

assumption that he has the world simply and directly is not surprising. It may even be logically necessary.

The Latter-day Saint understanding of God’s existence, however, makes such an assumption unnecessary. What if we suppose that there is no alternative to interpretation, not even for God, because there is no Kantian world of the *Ding an sich* hiding behind this world? In other words, what if we suppose that the world we experience is the real world, not just an appearance or image of a real but inaccessible world, so that the world’s meaning is found in the world (which includes God) rather than elsewhere? Given the view that God is in the same world we are in, such a supposition is not unreasonable, and if we make that supposition, then the need to interpret is not at all to be condemned. Indeed, to need to interpret is to be liberated from enthrallment to something absolutely and infinitely unlike us to life with beings like ourselves, including God.

This way of thinking requires radical adjust-

ments in the way we talk about our understanding of the world, especially since many of our beliefs about how we understand the world unwittingly ape the tradition. (Which is not to say that the approach suggested by contemporary philosophy is *the* way of rethinking things, rather than one way of doing so.) But surely, the idea that we must completely change our way of thinking is consonant with the Restoration. Perhaps it is even demanded by the Restoration.

NOTES

1. Mann, C.S., *A New Translation with Introduction and Commentary*. (The Anchor Bible; v. 27. Doubleday & Company, Garden City, NJ, 1986).
2. See Hans Frie, *The Eclipse of the Biblical Narrative*.
3. A reasonably comprehensive introduction with a good selection of representative pieces from philosophers involved is Baynes, Bohman and McCarthy, *After Philosophy*.
4. See Faulconer, James, “Protestant and Jewish Styles of Criticism,” *Literature and Belief*, Fall, 1986; and Faulconer and Williams, “Temporality in Human Action,” *The American Psychologist*, November, 1985.

EUGENE ENGLAND AND THE LIGHTED LAMP

WHY THE CHURCH IS AS TRUE AS THE GOSPEL

by Eugene England

Bookcraft, \$ 8.95

Reviewed by Orson Scott Card

I CAN’T READ Eugene England’s personal essays as a critic. I am too much a part of the natural audience for his words. I can’t step outside and dispassionately watch his transaction with his readers. I am caught up, captured, possessed, and for a time I see the world through his eyes.

Later, after reflection, I can report on the experience. That is as close to “criticism” as I can come. It is perhaps the only sort of criticism appropriate for such essays. For Eugene England’s commitment to the Church, his

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truthfulness of vision, his simple clarity of expression defy criticism by any detached standard. In fact, England implicitly denies the virtue of detachment. If your whole self is not involved in what he has to say, then he is not speaking to you at all; and if he is not speaking to you, then you have real cause for self-doubt, for he is speaking to all men and women of good heart.

So what you will read here is not an analysis; at times it may not seem to be “about” England’s book at all. It is instead what reading England’s words made me want to say, not to him, but to fellow members of his intended audience.

Hugh Nibley wrote the foreword to Eugene England’s book—an apt choice, since England is the first writer to merit serious consideration as heir to Hugh Nibley’s hitherto unique place in the Church. Years ago, on my mission, I was captivated by Hugh Nibley’s essay on priests and prophets. (I have not reread it since, so my memory of it is shaped by what I wanted to hear then and what I have needed to remember since.) He told the story of the Old Testament prophet who came into the city from the wilderness. That prophet was not part of the hierarchy of priests, whose charge was the maintenance of the status quo. He came to shake things up, to cry repentance, to change the life of the people, bring them closer to their covenant with the Lord.

At the time I thought, Yes, that’s what the Church needs. The title of “prophet” has been co-opted by the hierarchy. We need people to stir us up, to cry repentance to the complacent. And because I had this thought during my adolescence, I naturally considered myself a perfect candidate for such a lonely but valuable job. I will stand outside and be a gadfly, thought I.

That is a role that so many of us who have intellectual or artistic gifts choose to take. And yet it is exactly the opposite of the true prophetic role. The outsider is never capable of reforming those inside the community. For why should those who are committed to the community pay the slightest attention to the advice of those who have no such commit-

ment? And if no one listens to you, of what use are your well-meant criticisms?

Bad enough are the “murmurings” of those within the community, poisoning the air, making the community less cooperative, fragmenting it, breaking it apart. Good leaders in every community, including the Church, spend most of their time healing those inner fractures—plugging the leaks in the dam, so to speak. When we think we see bishops or apostles, Relief Society presidents or mission presidents trying to force Church members to be absolute conformists, to make the Church uniform, made up of ranks and rows of marching morons, what is really going on (most of the time) is an attempt to heal breaches, to give the community strength and integrity, to help it continue to exist across space and time instead of crumbling into unconnected individuals. They are trying to keep the Church, our most important community, alive.

Yet at least the murmurers and grumblers and bickerers and snipers are inside the community. When we (we SUNSTONE readers, we intellectuals, scholars, and artists, we who have ingested great dollops of the wisdom of the world) take a pose outside the Church, speaking as if our distance gave us greater perspective, we have crossed the river, taken the elevator, rented a room, and now lean out the windows of the great and spacious building, jeering at those who are trying to guide others to take hold of the Iron Rod.

Because, you see, the distinction between people who hold to the Iron Rod and people who follow the Liahona is spurious. The Iron Rod is the Liahona; the Liahona is the Iron Rod. They both work by faith. The Iron Rod is useless unless you hold to it, follow it; you only do so if you believe it leads somewhere good, and want to go where it leads. The Liahona tells you nothing unless you have exactly the kind of obedient faith that is typified by holding to the Iron Rod. The true Liahona will never prompt anyone to let go of the Iron Rod and wander unconnected through the fog. If you have a Liahona that suggests otherwise, throw it away. It's a counterfeit.

You cannot understand a community if you do not live as a committed member of it. Outsiders—even neutral or sympathetic ones, like anthropologists, sociologists, psychologists, theologians who try to understand what Mormonism is, what Mormons are—always embarrass themselves when they draw conclusions from their observations. For observing the words and actions of the Saints tells little about what those words and actions mean:

their cause and purpose, and the degree of importance the Saints give to them. From the outside the Church looks monolithic; from the inside we see how hard it is to make a coherent community out of the myriad purposes and opinions and concerns and needs of the Saints.

Communities, after all, exist only as they are believed in by the members of the community—they are creatures of faith. The Church is what we believe it to be, and what we believe it to be directs our behavior within the community of Saints. The very fact of your committed participation in the community changes it to some degree; the very fact of your committed participation also changes you. Only in that synthesis of self and community does the individual acquire any power to change the Church; only in that synthesis does the Church acquire any power to change the individual. That is what I misunderstood in reading Nibley's essay and thinking that it justified my foolish idea of believing in the gospel without participating in the Church. The prophets of the Old Testament were not members of the community. They came from the wilderness into the city preaching the same gospel and the same God that the priests in the temple served and worshipped. No matter how angry people might become at some of the things they said, those who met them, who heard their words, could not doubt that they belonged. They were members. They spoke to Israel from within Israel.

Christ went to the temple to teach, not because that's where the crowds were—he gathered crowds quite nicely without seeking them out—but because he was a committed member of a temple-centered community. He affirmed the truthfulness of the law and the prophets even as he transformed the people's understanding of them; he demanded more, not less rigorous obedience to the fundamental law.

I have learned over the years that the Spirit never speaks to me when I ask for blessings for myself. Guidance in those times always comes from someone else—from my wife, my bishop, a teacher, a book. But when I am participating in the Church, and a member needs something that I cannot provide yet which must be provided, then the Spirit will sometimes answer that member's prayer or need or hope through me. It is only as we serve each other in righteousness that Christ can act through us; and unless we are engaged in the works of Christ through the Church, which is the body of Christ in the world, becoming together his hands and his feet, his ears and his mouth, so that his will is enacted through our actions, his

mind spoken through our words, then all our wisdom, our learning, our intelligence are like a tree that puts forth neither leaves nor fruit. Not only will it give no benefit to anyone else; such a tree is also doomed to die.

Which brings me back, at last, to Eugene England and his book of essays. The title essay, “Why the Church Is As True As the Gospel,” explicitly expresses this commitment to the community of Saints. England is walking the narrow path on which our feet are also set, he is holding firmly to the iron rod to which we also cling, and because of that his words of encouragement and chastisement, of insight and illumination, all have meaning to us. We know that what he describes we will also see as we progress along the path to the tree; and if we have already passed through the experience he describes, we recognize that he is speaking truthfully if not always perfectly, and he helps us make new sense of and gain greater strength from those events in our past.

Eugene England, then, like Hugh Nibley before him, is actually fulfilling that prophet-role that is not available to heads of the hierarchy, for *their* ordination as Prophets, Seers, and Revelators perforce redefines those three words and those three roles. However much their minds may wander in seeking new understanding, in puzzling out the billion questions yet unanswered, the billion sights as yet unseeable by our present feeble light (which is, even so, the brightest light of understanding available in the world), their position at the head of the Church makes it impossible or undesirable for them to speak of those wonderings and speculations. They understand too clearly the price the Church has paid in the past when that limitation on the hierarchy was not understood and observed—when Brigham Young spoke his speculations on the role of Adam, when John Taylor expressed his conviction that the loss of polygamy would mean the apostasy of the Church, when a twentieth-century apostle uttered his tentative ideas about a relationship between lineage and the degrees of glory in the afterlife, when another twentieth-century apostle published his speculations about the future role of blacks in the Church as if they were Mormon doctrine. Because every word of a General Authority is seized upon, magnified, distorted, and then broadcast willy-nilly through the Church, causing tremors and upheavals in the community of the Saints, they must weigh their words carefully, or, in some cases, cause harm because they do not weigh their words carefully enough. Their position of authority gives

them great power to influence and bind together the community, but that power must be used delicately, for it can cause division and fragmentation, confusion and weakness. All their words and acts are confined by the needs of the Church; because these men are the center, they must hold firm, they are not free to fly, not in public at least, not where others will mistake their personal speculations for firm doctrine. They must speak the fundamental truths that will make us one, yet when they attempt to elaborate on them they run the grave risk of obscuring them.

This is why the Church needs Hugh Nibley and Eugene England. They are not invested with official authority, so that the only authority they have in their writing is its truthfulness, the resonance of their ideas in the hearts of their readers. They have the freedom to be sincerely wrong without disrupting the community of Saints. Where the leaders of the Church must, as servants of the host, prepare the wedding feast and keep all in order, a Nibley or an England can, without harm, carry a lamp of his own to the wedding, bringing a gift of light to all who partake of the feast.

I approached *Why the Church Is As True As the Gospel* already disposed to agree with the title essay; some of you may be more skeptical. What struck me most forcefully, however, was that most of the other essays bore out the truth of his title essay. That is, his best and most valuable insights could only have been spoken by someone who sees the world from the perspective of a committed member of the Church. I have read other works by LDS writers of great intellectual gifts, who misunderstood what matters and tried to see the Church from the perspective of the world's intellectual elite; their analysis was sometimes impressive, but it meant nothing, since it could not be translated into good action. England's analysis, on the other hand, is sometimes unsatisfying, but when translated into action, it is invariably good, leading to Good. That makes England's essays worth writing, worth reading, and a valid part of the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. This is a consecrated book, even if it is not always correct.

Two essays in *Why the Church Is As True As the Gospel* do not follow this pattern. "Shakespeare and the At Onement of Jesus Christ" and "Hawthorne and the Virtue of Sin" are not written to fellow Saints, but rather to fellow scholars of literature. Though they are infused with England's faith, these two essays are a clear contrast with the rest of the book, and however interesting they are as an intellectual

exercise, however I would love to have been surprised by them in a scholarly journal, they are futile by comparison with the other essays in the book. If they were all he wrote, England would merely be a Mormon intellectual, of which the Church already has an oversupply, considering that the need for them is so very small. England is at his best—as are all teachers at all times—telling stories, rather than explaining someone else's stories.

For Eugene England is not a Mormon intellectual. To call him that is to deny the value of his work. His life is not the servant of his mind; his mind is the servant of his life. He is a Saint whose abilities are consecrated to the building up of the Kingdom of God. Among those abilities are intellect and language, but there is no hint in his writing that he esteems them any higher than other abilities that he or other Saints might have. The head does not say to the hand, I have no need of thee; England neither has nor supports the notion that the "life of the mind" is a valid goal for the Latter-day Saint. If you long for someone to tell you that your

unconnection with the Church is the result of your superiority, that you cannot fully participate in the Church because of your artistic sensitivity or intellectual discipline, you will find no comfort from Eugene England. Implicit in his writing is the truth that life without full participation in the Church is not life at all. Implicit also is the truth that full participation in the Church does not require or even reward the abandonment of intellect. The true Saint hungers for greater light and knowledge, and greater light and knowledge cannot be had apart from participation in the community of Saints.

So England's book cannot be read safely. You cannot receive even a portion of the value of this book if you do not put yourself at risk in the reading of it, if you are not willing to be changed. But if you place yourself in his hands and receive his words with an open, undefended heart, he will bring you closer to the Spirit of God and closer to the community of Saints. That, and that alone, is the work worth doing.



*Unfortunately, my mother thinks cleanliness
is better than godliness*

THE MORMON ROLE IN ACHIEVING EQUALITY FOR UTAH

POLITICAL DELIVERANCE:
THE MORMON QUEST FOR STATEHOOD

By Edward Leo Lyman

University of Illinois Press, 1986, \$22.95, 361 pp.

Reviewed by Thomas G. Alexander

FOR FORTY-SEVEN years, Utah citizens hoped to achieve statehood, placing themselves on the same footing as other citizens who had already won that status. Seven times during the period from 1849 to 1896, Utahns drafted constitutions and applied for admission. On six occasions, Congress rebuffed them, largely because of the controversy surrounding Mormonism's national image and the various practices of the Latter-day Saints. Not until the sixth convention in 1887 did the delegates reluctantly accede to the national wish to prohibit polygamy—perhaps the most universally detested of the Saints' practices. Clearly, however, Congress questioned their sincerity and refused to admit them.

Between 1887 and July 1894 conditions changed to such a degree that Congress passed an enabling act which the president signed, and Utah statehood was assured. This book, based on Lyman's 1981 doctoral dissertation and adumbrated to some extent by his previously published articles on the Moses Thatcher case and Isaac Trumbo, narrates and interprets the role of the LDS church's leadership in the events which led to the passage of the enabling act and the declaration of statehood.

Lyman's thesis is quite straightforward. He believes that by the late 1880s the Church leadership had become convinced of two things. First, they thought that they could no longer count on the Democratic Party, which had previously seemed more supportive of

their point of view than the Republicans. They reached this conclusion because of the unwillingness of key Democratic leaders to risk potential censure to support the Saints' cause on several particularly important votes. Second, they became convinced that they would have to win the support of the Republican Party's establishment, which had been most hostile to the Mormons since its first presidential campaign of 1856, when the GOP denounced Mormon polygamy as one of the "twin relics of barbarism."

In this connection, it should be understood that Lyman has provided us with only part of the story. He is convinced, probably rightly, that it is the most important part. The part Lyman downplays, however, is the role of Utah's delegate, Joseph L. Rawlins, and other Democratic stalwarts who worked with the party leadership in support of statehood. It was, after all, Democrat Grover Cleveland and the Democratically controlled 53rd Congress that finally assured statehood for Utah.

Lyman's story is the winning of the Republicans to the Mormons' side. While, as Lyman's narrative indicates, the story is quite complex, it can be summarized briefly. Essentially, by working with a number of California Republicans with Utah connections like Isaac Trumbo and Morris M. Estee; by cultivating the good offices of some Midwesterners like James S. Clarkson, chairman of the Republican National Committee; and by winning the support of some national Republican leaders like James G. Blaine, they succeeded in swinging the GOP

behind their quest for statehood.

In composing his narrative, Lyman reiterates and ties into the larger, pattern first interpreted in pioneering studies ranging from B.H. Roberts *Comprehensive History of the Church* (1910) and Leonard J. Arrington's *Great Basin Kingdom* (1958) to Gustave O. Larson's *The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood* (1971). Since those earlier studies, we have recognized that the Church gave up at least the insistence on the necessity of plural marriage as a central doctrine, that the Mormons abandoned their political exclusiveness and divided into the national parties, and that the LDS Church in general and Mormon entrepreneurs in particular began to work together with Gentiles in various business ventures.

Lyman's principal contribution is in his interpretation of the extent and details of the ways in which these previously known patterns of development in the Mormon kingdom fit in with the larger regional and national patterns, and in chronicling the exchange of favors promised and to some extent delivered in the bargain.

My own feeling is that Lyman's work is both imaginative and insightful. This study will undoubtedly remain for many years as the standard volume on the role of the LDS church's leadership in the achievement of Utah statehood.

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THOMAS G. ALEXANDER is professor of history and director of the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University.

PLAY

MEDITATING ON
SUFFERING AND INSPIRATION

BURDENS OF EARTH

By Susan Howe

Reviewed by Thomas F. Rogers

Joseph could not have been perfected, though he had lived a thousand years, if he had received no persecution. . . . You may calculate when this people are called to go through scenes of affliction and suffering, are driven from their homes, and cast down, and scattered, and smitten, and peeled, the Almighty is rolling on His work with greater rapidity. (Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses* 2:7-8)

This spring, the debut of another new play in the BYU Pardoe Theatre belied the appearance of one of the few truly provocative scripts on a Mormon subject thus far. The play in question, Susan Howe's *Burdens of Earth*, may be the most penetrating psychodramatic treatment of the Prophet Joseph Smith to date.

Howe's play derives considerable force from the author's thorough research in historical sources, including journal accounts by Joseph Smith's contemporaries. It is surely not coincidental that the play was written during the recent "Renaissance" in writing of Church history.

Burdens of Earth addresses the Prophet's state of mind during one of his most trying times, during the winter of 1838-39 when he was imprisoned with four other Mormons in Liberty Jail. It explores the very human and understandable despair which so beset the Prophet,

THOMAS S. ROGERS is the author of the play *Huebner* which is collected with his three other plays in *God's Fools: Plays of Mitigated Conscience*.

as attested in the first verses of D&C 122. At that time the Saints were severely persecuted and, separated from them, their leader was helpless to assist them. Whether this in fact led Joseph for a time to question his own inspiration and to blame himself for his people's suffering is not known. But the possibility of doubt in no way detracts from a prophet's stature, as President Kimball's own remarkable autobiography has shown. If anything, such "humanization" of other human beings, however elect, further ennobles them, lends subtle if ironic credibility to the claims made for them, and, perhaps most important, enables us to identify with them and to more readily emulate their notable spiritual qualities. (Is this perhaps why, even in the account of the Savior's passion, we are privy to such utterances as "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me" and "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?")

Equally remarkable is the Howe script's fine balance between the opposed views of Joseph and his recently excommunicated First Elder, Oliver Cowdery. In the best tradition of classical tragedy, the position each takes seems tenable and persuasive, even heroic. In Cowdery's view Joseph is a fallen prophet, leading his people to needless persecution. "I've been fighting to save the Church," he argues, and, to one of Joseph's loyal followers: "I'll be praying for you." Despite his differences with the Prophet, Cowdery is represented as still an unflinching witness to the Book of Mormon and anything but vindictive. He refuses to assist the Missourian conspirators in bringing legal action against Joseph without sufficient

grounds.

Howe's Joseph expresses the perplexity we read of in the Pearl of Great Price account of his earliest persecutions. He puzzles over "the hatred of good people who can't understand what you're trying to do." He concludes that the Saints are so viciously maligned "because we're never satisfied with people as they are" and thus are easily, if mistakenly, perceived as self-righteous. In the script's replay of an encounter with two mobocrats, Joseph changes his tack and avoids returning their insults. (Which of the two, one wonders, was Joseph's actual manner when confronting his enemies? Or were such face-to-face encounters either all too few or, when they did occur, overly charged with hostility and mistrust by both parties?) After the fact, Howe's Joseph painfully questions whether Cowdery deserved excommunication and if, in dealing with him, he shouldn't have been more solicitous and long-suffering. During their imagined confrontation he exclaims, "You expected me to come to you," then pauses, reconsidering his earlier response. His cellmates, who, instead of "Hope for eternal life," have reaped so much unadulterated "misery," implore him to assure them that all will end well; but he hesitates, himself uncertain. That, like Cowdery, he refuses to pretend otherwise only enhances his stature and our sense that he knows when the Lord has spoken through him and when not. The mounting turmoil finally leads him to pose the question asked at some point by all tragic heroes and, with them, each of us: "Who am I?" By contrast, Howe's Hyrum seems rather too confident and unruffled, though at one point he too prays: "Father. When and how are the burdens shared?"

The play's most colorful and possibly most poignant character is the mainstream convert Hanson Jacobs, whose wife is subjected to multiple rape by the Missouri mob, but because of her ongoing faith in his priesthood is subsequently persuaded to bless their ailing child. The miraculous healing which follows not only restores Jacobs' faith; it triggers Joseph Smith's recognition that "sometimes the truth asks us to suffer" and that his fellow Mormons have "suffered for the gospel" rather than on his account. To the Prophet's "I though I'd destroyed you," Jacobs replies: "I can only destroy myself." Whether a flaw in the script or the direction, Joseph's reversal of mood seems terribly sudden. Perhaps a longer pause would have allowed him sufficient time to register this important new insight and the audience to take in such a crucial transformation at the protagonist's most critical moment and, as such, the play's climatic resolution. But that is a

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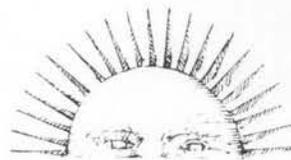
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ELDER, I'M GETTING SICK AND TRED OF YOUR STUPID DOOR APPROACHES.



6



"ELDER, PLEASE, SHE'S NOT INTERESTED."

7



"WE'RE FASTING ..."

8



"IT'S A MIRACLE ELDER! YOUR PAMPHLETS AREN'T EVEN WET!"

9



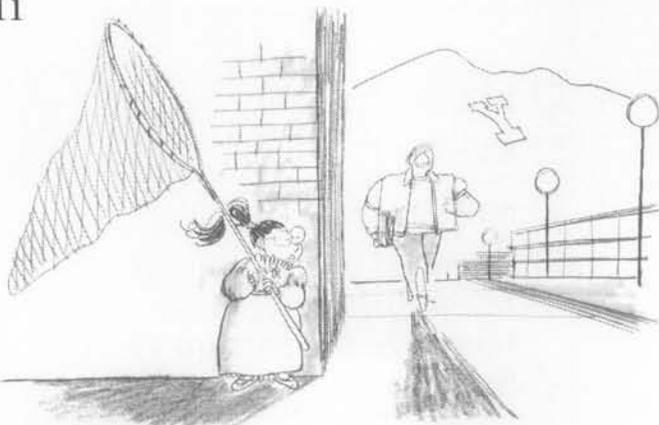
"I WOULD INDEED BE UNGRATEFUL IF I DIDN'T STAND ON MY FEET THIS DAY & ASK SUCH A GORGEOUS GIRL TO DANCE."

10



"MRS. NEWCOMB, ARE YOU REALLY INTERESTED IN OUR MESSAGE?"

11



12



"WELCOME TO SOUTH AMERICA, ELDER!"

minor reservation about a production which in almost every other scene was skillfully and compellingly realized.

Director Bob Nelson, whom we can also thank for BYU's surprisingly controversial revival of Bob Elliott's powerful play on missionary life, *Fires of the Mind*, wisely settled for the "less is more" concept. Phillip Haslam's correspondingly minimal two-tiered set and suggestive lighting conveyed the sense of intimacy the play requires, even on the Pardoe's sizable proscenium stage, thereby allowing the audience to concentrate without distraction on the characters and on the generally fine acting. Carma Anderson's authentic costumes were a further asset. Howe's script requires the actors who portray Joseph's cellmates to double as the personae of various flashbacks and Joseph's imagined confrontations with Jacobs and Cowdery, which keeps the cast appropriately small for the chamber piece it essentially is. The alterations in the characters highlight the actors' versatility.

Reed McColm, Alex Starr, and Kyle Sumpter were particularly impressive in their secondary roles as, respectively, Hanson Jacobs, Oliver Cowdery, and Phineas Hobart. Daniel Hess was more evenly impressive as both Lyman Wight and Major Sam Burris, in part, doubtless, because both characters are temperamentally so similar. Robert Nelson played Joseph Smith with just the right conviction and charisma, while McColm's Hanson Jacobs delivered the account of his wife's violation, the play's most gripping scene, with an intensity that held the audience without ever lapsing into melodrama or bathos, as it well might have with a less gifted actor.

The script itself provides considerable comic relief, and the earthy texture of its characterizations doubtless typifies the devout but rough-hewn early Mormon frontiersmen who, as the transcript of many a nineteenth-century sermon attests, were far less thin-skinned than those in our time who insist on the too heavy censorship of otherwise important and edifying plays. The director's decision to keep faith with the playwright deserves commendation. Moreover, the play's conventional and clearly orthodox audience took in its stride the play's frequent mild swearing; judging by the general titillation, they may have enjoyed it. The salty language, snoring, scuffles over blankets, and complaints about being awakened helped bridge transitions and rendered the Church's legendary Elders—we need to remember that they were all young men—all the more real, more human.

A pervasive metaphor both suggests the hardship and savagery which Joseph and his

fellow Saints endured and gives the play its most literary metaphor—the theme of insects. In his opening dialogue Joseph comments on the persistence of a beetle he once observed, clinging to a stick. Now the Saints are themselves driven off like some fearful pestilence. The Missourians call Joseph a cockroach and vow to "exterminate you like the insects you are." Joseph in turn remarks when accosted by one of them that "in God's eyes a major is no more impressive than a stink bug." Elsewhere Joseph tells Hyrum, "When I first learned the work the Lord had for me, I dreamed of being the size of a bug so I could disappear under a rock or leaf."

What makes Howe's play so memorable is what distinguishes any good drama or literary expression—that, from a basic situation, historical or otherwise, it imaginatively extrapolates and expands our perception of the implications for the persons involved, including the audience. This play addresses the affliction and momentary despair of well-intentioned, even inspired individuals. Sooner or later we each experience this despair. In *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space*, Joseph Campbell insightfully commented on the way drama enlightens us and

what it can teach us about the contingencies we all must face:

In a work of "improper" art, such an assassination as that of Martin Luther King would have to be represented either as justified or as reprehensible. In a tragedy, in contrast, it would appear as the culminating revelation of the character and value of a lifetime; and since a work of "proper" art cannot say nay, but only yea, to life in life's celebration, such a death in high career would be, beyond the sorrow of it, affirmed (p. 133).

Likewise, in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* Campbell noted that "every one of us shares the supreme ordeal—carries the cross of the redeemer—not in the bright moments of his tribe's great victories, but in the silences of his personal despair" (p. 341).

Burdens of Earth is a thoughtful meditation on Mormonism and "a tragic sense of life"—one of the very few in Mormon theatre. Maybe that is why—for all its spiritual insight, or because of it—the Pardoe auditorium was still only half full on the production's final Saturday night.



"MORMON PRESENCE IN CANADA" CELEBRATED AT EDMONTON CONFERENCE

By Alf Pratt

Canadian General Authority Alexander B. Morrison put the icing on the cake at the 100th birthday party of the LDS Church in Canada, commemorated May 6-9 in Edmonton at the University of Alberta.

"I must tell you in all solemnity, however, that unless you understand the deep spiritual conviction that has motivated the leadership and the humble faithful members of the Church since its early beginning you will fall short of the mark," Elder Morrison told the audience of more than 200.

"Ultimately this work can only be understood in spiritual terms." His remarks came at the closing banquet of a four-day "Mormon Presence in Canada" conference which saw more than 50 scholarly papers presented on such subjects as multiculturalism, agriculture, economics, education, health, journalism and literature, politics, polygamy, sports, women's rights--and even far-away Polynesia.

Before being called to the First Council of the Seventy last April, Elder Morrison was a former assistant deputy minister of health protection in the Canadian government and chair of the food sciences department at the University of Guelph. He applauded the efforts of sociologists, anthropologists, historians and others who came from throughout Canada and the U.S. to celebrate the centennial of Mormonism in Canada.

The motivation of the Canadian Saints was also noted by non-LDS scholar Jan Shipps of Indiana Uni-

versity at Purdue, who said it was based on spiritual forces and the faith in strong leaders such as Charles Ora Card. President John Taylor called Card to leave Cache County, Utah, for a country where polygamy could still be practiced.

However, the first Mormon pioneers to Canada were also strongly drawn north by a desire to get a piece of the economic action and win and maintain control over their own lives in politics and education. "Even though Alberta was looked upon as a place of refuge," noted L.A. Rosenvall of the University of Calgary, "it rapidly changed to be perceived as also a place of economic opportunity. The Mormon's group solidarity and agricultural know-how, coupled with financial aid from the Church leaders in Salt Lake City and the benevolence of the Canadian government, gave the early settlers of Cardston a distinct advantage over other immigrants attempting to settle in arid areas of southern Alberta."

University of Washington sociologist Rodney Stark examined the growth of Mormonism in Canada, where Church membership is currently over 100,000. Stark said that social scientists are seeing "the rapid rise of the first world faith since Islam 1400 years ago." Canada, Stark said, offers an opportunity to directly confront the statistics of Mormon growth with the secularization thesis.

In contrast to social scientists who believe that religion is dying and that secularization will replace religion, Stark said that Mormen-

ism's growth in Canada and throughout the world shows just the opposite. The Church has had an average growth rate of 50 percent per decade since it was founded in 1830.

"If one were to assume that the Church does only half as well per decade over the next century, grows by 30 percent a decade, then there will be 60 million Mormons on earth by the year 2080," Stark wrote in a paper read by Armand Mauss of Washington State University. "Or if we suppose that the church could grow at nearly its recent rates, say 50 percent a decade, then in 2080 there would be 265 million Mormons on earth."

A.A. den Otter of Memorial University of Newfoundland said that the early Mormons who left Cache Valley found southern Alberta society congenial to their needs.

"Religiously fundamentalist, politically conservative, they fitted into a society which valued social order and continuity while advocating economic progress and growth," Otter said.

David Elton of the University of Lethbridge said that modern political behavior of Mormons in Canada indicates their political behavior is "indistinguishable" from that of other Canadians. "Mormons tend to participate in politics in similar proportions to other Canadians. Their choice of political parties is similar to that of other members of their community. From a political perspective, Mormons are as typically Canadian as are the adherents of any religious group in Canada."

Brian Champion of the University of Alberta, noted that in contrast to earlier years when Canadian voters elected Mormons such as Solon Low, John Blackmore and N. Eldon Tanner to high ranking positions in the provincial legislature and the Canadian House of Commons, there was an absence of Mormon participation in Canadian federal politics today. The main reason for the avoidance of federal participation Champion said seems to be the time commitment, coupled with the perceived non-legitimacy of the federal arena.

Brigham Card, professor emeritus of educational foundations at the University of Alberta and a descendent of Charles Ora Card, the founder of the first colony in Cardston, discussed the three major socio-historical forces contributing to the Canadian colony: independence from Europe, transcontinental nationalism, and the colonization of the interior west.

Another of Card's descendants, Donald Godfrey of Scottsdale Community College, said the role of polygamy in prompting the early pioneers to migrate both to Canada and Mexico has sometimes been downplayed.

B. Carmon Hardy of California State University at Fullerton warned that when Mormonism's nineteenth century commitment to plural marriage is screened out, "we defraud our understanding not only of Mormonism in its early years, but of Mormonism today."

"By restating, as accurately as we are able, the devotions that compelled men and women to leave their homes for new difficult beginnings in Mexico and Canada, and by recalling the subterfuge and the courage employed to deal with the laws and circumstances they encountered we do them, as well as ourselves, greater honor than by silence and denial," Hardy said.

However, Jessie L. Embry of Brigham Young University said that in appraising the experience of polygamous Mormons in Canada, Mexico, and the U.S., "the impact of law and culture must be seen as more decisive than the peculiar institution of polygamy."

In Mexico, conflicts over culture and language, as well as Mexico's political instability at the turn of the century kept the Mormon immigrants separate from the larger culture. Eventually many were forced to return to the U.S., Embry said. "In contrast, similar cultural background to the U.S. and a more stable government enabled Mormon settlers in Canada to become a more integral part of the community."

Another BYU scholar, Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, noted that like

their sisters to the south a generation earlier, Mormon women in southern Alberta molded a new identity based on their experiences with the western prairies and the people who were there.

"With a persistence grown of a generation of struggle before them, they pulled themselves as quickly as the new land permitted out of the fields, the barn, even the chicken coop, into the kitchen, and finally the front parlor for an evening soiree featuring a guest pianist from Lethbridge."

Dean Louder of Laval University in Quebec City, said that in contrast to other Canadians with U.S. ancestry, Alberta Mormons continue to live in a "symbiotic relationship" with the Mother Country.

"Despite some similarity, Alberta Mormons do apparently differ in subtle yet noticeable ways from fellow Albertans and Canadians," Louder said.

For instance, how does one explain the preference for basketball in southern Alberta at the expense of the national sport, hockey, except by the presence in every LDS chapel of a "cultural hall" and access to the U.S. college network?

A "Mormon drawl" also sets Alberta Mormons apart from their Canadian compatriots, but facilitates their passage undetected in Utah.

Yet Canadian Mormondom, according to Louder, is in many ways, "a mirror image of Canadian society." It is fragmented, regionalized, and driven by directives by a central government, in this instance, located in Salt Lake City.

"To be taken for granted is perhaps the fate of the Canadian nation-state, this medium power and friendly neighbor, which guards the northern horizon and provides a buffer zone between the great powers.

"Must being taken for granted also be the destiny of Canadian Mormons in their North American context?" Louder asked.

In a less serious tone, Irene Harrison of Concordia College, suggested that the LDS Church could never have been started in Canada. "Americans would not have become members in great numbers because Americans would not take direction from outside their own nations," she said.

"They will hardly take directions from inside. And how would the Church have flourished as it had? Canadians wouldn't tout a home-grown church. They certainly wouldn't prefer it."

In her tongue-in-cheek comparison between American and Canadian Mormons, Harrison claimed Canadian Mormons have a preference for conformity to the letter of the law over contention about the spirit of the law; pragmatism over patriotism; champions over heroes; history over mythology; legislated compassion over sporadic individual generosity; talk over action; peace, order and good government over the pursuit of happiness; for privilege over right and demeanor over behavior.

Despite the official centennial of Mormonism north of the 49th parallel, former LDS church historian Leonard Arrington said that the Mormon influence in Canada came

even before the 1887 exodus. In reality, the Mormon influence on Canada began in the early 1880's when crews of young men and women left their homes in the Cache and Weber valleys to work on Canadian railroads.

However, Arrington noted that the Mormon presence in Canada increased sharply in 1887, when an influx of settlers fleeing polygamist persecution contributed to the founding of such communities as Cardston, Magrath, Stirling, Raymond, Aetna, Mountain View, Beazer, Leavitt and Kimball.

These Alberta towns were the

birthplaces of such Mormon leaders as Hugh B. Brown, N. Eldon Tanner, Victor Brown, Ted Brewerton and others.

Using diaries and family journals as source material to support his thesis, Arrington said that the earnings from working on the railroads brought cash into Utah communities to buy equipment and build homes, shops and factories.

"Along with other American and Canadian westerners," he concluded, "they helped to make the deserts blossom and establish fruitful fields in the wilderness."

WOMEN GATHER TO COMMEMORATE PILGRIMAGE

By Lavina Fielding Anderson

About sixty women gathered at Trefoil Lodge in Provo Canyon May 1-3 to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the Nauvoo Pilgrimage, held in 1983 by 54 women who came from all over the country to commemorate spiritual beginnings of women in the Church.

That original Nauvoo meeting has generated several regional annual gatherings, including one in the Midwest and the annual *Exponent II* retreat in New England. For the past two years *Exponent II* has sponsored a Utah retreat as well. The invitational Utah Pilgrimage, traditionally held in the spring, is largely attended by Utah women; however, this year "pilgrims" who had been at the original Nauvoo meeting came from as far away as Georgia and California.

This year's gathering, planned by Carma Hyde, Shauna Clinger, Margie McEntire, Ardelia Stokes, Marilyn White, and Lynne Whitesides, opened with a recapitulation of the Nauvoo experience by Lavina Fielding Anderson and an analysis of "Stress, Strength, and Support" for Mormon women in the

'80s by Grethe Peterson.

Marie Cornwall reported on recent demographic studies of the beliefs and commitment patterns of Mormon men and women, and a panel of women talked about how their own life changes changed the lives of those close to them. Workshops focused on official Church views of women in Church lesson manuals and the *Ensign*, the relationship between work and identity, causing change in any system, finding one's inner "teacher," and meditating through relaxation techniques and guided imagery.

All presentations were organized to include sharing from participants of personal experiences and insights. Flute music, hymn singing, and scripture and poetry sharing rounded out the Sunday morning activity after a discourse by Margaret Toscano on the centrality of Christ to religious belief.

A light sprinkling of snow did not dampen the enthusiasm of early morning hikers, and talking to all hours likewise had little effect on the opposite group who stayed up watching favorite videos.

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"DIALOGUE" SELECTS NEW EDITORS

Beginning in September, the 20-year-old independent periodical *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* will be guided by new editors F. Ross Peterson and Mary Kay Peterson of Logan, Utah. Selected by a national search effort, they succeed Linda King Newell and L. Jackson Newell, who have edited

Dialogue subscribers are mostly Latter-day Saints who are committed both to their religion and to the ideal of free inquiry. "*Dialogue* is going to the new editors in a healthy condition," commented Jackson Newell. "Our readership is made up of individuals who not only subscribe, but also contribute



the quarterly since 1982.

"For over two decades *Dialogue* has evolved into a premier scholarly journal. It performs both a necessary and a useful function for many individuals excited by Mormon studies," said Ross Peterson. "Our intention is to build on past editorial successes, utilize the committed talents of current staff, and publish the best writing on Mormon thought."

"*Dialogue* creates a wonderful bond among many people," said Kay Peterson. "It provides an opportunity for a variety of writers to examine all aspects of the LDS church. The journal is delightfully constructive and creative, yet refreshing and therapeutic. We are excited about this new challenge and opportunity."

According to a reader survey published in this spring's issue,

in ways that enable the publication to remain both intellectually independent and financially solvent."

"When we took over the journal five years ago," Linda Newell said, "we did so because *Dialogue* is an important part of our intellectual and spiritual lives. We felt a sense of mission about keeping it alive as a free and balanced voice in the Mormon community. It's been one of the most stimulating and challenging experiences of our lives and we have every expectation that Ross and Kay will have the same experience."

During the Newells' tenure *Dialogue* acquired a well-deserved reputation for following a timely, dependable publication schedule. The journal published several ground-breaking and controversial articles, including Blake Ostler's "The Book of Mormon as a Pro-

phetic Expansion of an Ancient Source," David Buerger's "The Fullness of the Priesthood: The Second Anointing in LDS Theology and Practice," D. Michael Quinn's "LDS Church Authority and New Plural Marriages: 1890-1904," and Alan Taylor's "Rediscovering the Context of Joseph Smith's Treasure Seeking."

Begun in Palo Alto by Eugene England and Wesley Johnson in 1966, *Dialogue* was edited by Robert A. Rees of Los Angeles from 1971 to 1976, then by Mary Lythgoe Bradford of Arlington, Virginia, from 1976 to 1982, when the Newells became editors. The Petersons were selected for the next five-year term after a four-month search conducted by a committee under the joint chairmanship of Randall A. Mackey and Richard J. Cummings, both members of *Dialogue*'s editorial board.

Ross Peterson is currently a professor of history at Utah State University and director of the Mountain West Center for Regional Studies. He received his Ph.D. from Washington State University, and served an LDS mission in the Great Lakes area. Recipient of five NDEA or NEH grants related to history, he spent 1978 at Victoria University in New Zealand as a Fulbright Lec-

turer, and is writing the centennial history of Utah State University. He was an LDS bishop for four years in Logan, and has served as the Democratic Party chair of Cache County, Utah.

Mary Kay Grimes Peterson, research associate with USU's Folklore

Archives and media assistant for Riverheights Elementary School in Logan, is a freelance editor. She received a B.A. from Utah State University. She was a Democratic Party official from 1979 to 1987, served as president of the American Cancer Society for northern Utah for 1986-87, and has been active in Logan's Heart Association for several years.

The Petersons are both natives of Montpelier, Idaho, and are the parents of three sons.

The *Dialogue* editorial office will remain in Salt Lake City.

A banquet to celebrate *Dialogue*'s twentieth anniversary and formally introduce the new editors has been organized under the direction of Kevin Jones, an attorney and member of *Dialogue*'s editorial staff, and will be held the evening of August 27 in Salt Lake City, the same weekend as the Sunstone Symposium.

"THIS PEOPLE" FOLDS

"*This People* has ceased publication," announced the magazine's new owner, Keith Whisenant, who bought the rights from Sam D. Battistone.

The announcement from Battistone that *This People* was never self-supporting raises questions about the ability for independent LDS periodicals to be supported by subscriptions and advertising. "We just haven't been able to generate the advertising we felt necessary," he said.

In a *Deseret News* story, Whisenant stated that he feels no commit-

ment to the magazine's current subscribers or staff, saying that the magazine is "closed down." He has commissioned a feasibility study to determine whether to start a brand new magazine aimed at the same audience.

Battistone had hoped to increase circulation to 50,000, a level that would attract national advertisers and in a 1985 interview said "I don't think 250,000 is out of the question." However, subscriptions for that last few years leveled off at 36,000 after a dramatic increase from 9,000.

ROBERTS SOCIETY EXPLORES MORMON HUMOR

By Todd Gwilliam

Satire is rarely a gentle form of art. It can't afford to be: pride, folly and ignorance are too familiar and too embedded in people to survive any but the strongest of shocks. The power of satire stems from its ability to surprise, to startle minds grown comfortable with weakness and to cause the re-awakening to fresh examination of habits long invisible.

On May 13 the B.H. Roberts Society took a look at satire and LDS society in a forum entitled, "Is Salvation a Laughing Matter? or Laugh Now. . . It May Be Straight Beyond the Gate." It was an evening of surprising insight into LDS culture delivered with thought-provoking wit. It was also a circus of comic talent and a groundling's-eye of low comedy in the celestial fast lanes of LDS culture.

Five Mormon artists presented a mixture of performance and commentary: a writer, an editorial cartoonist, a novelist and two actors.

William A. Wilson, BYU English department chair with a Ph.D. in folklore from Indiana University, entertained the audience with Mormon jokes and stated that he disagreed with the notion that Mormons, past and present, are "solid, unsmiling souls with little appreciation of humor." To the contrary, he said, humor is a way for people to deal with difficult circumstances—be they physical or moral ones.

However, according to Wilson, Mormon humor differs from the humor manifested by many other religions. Mormons usually aim their jokes not at the highest authorities, but at their local leaders such as stake presidents, Relief Society presidents and, particularly, bishops. The tone of the jokes is rarely anti-clerical. Instead, quite often there is a measure of sympathy toward the figure being ridicu-

led. However, this sympathy or affection may stem from selfish motivations: with a lay clergy, Mormons who tell jokes do so with the realization that they may one day be occupying these very positions and find themselves the butt of similar jokes.

Calvin R. Grondahl, editorial cartoonist for the *Ogden Standard Examiner* and author of several cartoon books, used to be the cartoonist for the Church-owned *Deseret News*. He likened his departure from the *News* to the smaller *Examiner* as "kind of like being smuggled from East to West Berlin." Commenting on his new-found ability to experiment at the new job, he said, "Where I was before we didn't even attempt to do that because the purpose of the newspaper was not to go out and experiment, it was to promote the image of the Church. And that's an interesting question, because I think that's legitimate, too. But what I'm trying to do as a cartoonist just isn't in harmony with that, so naturally there would have to be a parting of ways."

Grondahl went on to say that, "We are cautioned in the Church about being light-minded, but I don't think there is anything light minded about humor. I think it is a very serious thing. Humor is something people use to help them get through the traumas and tragedies of life." He also mentioned that the cartoon that caused the most mail was one that depicted a sacrament meeting baby blessing. The scene was normal in all senses, except that the baby being held up for the people to see looked like a miniature of Frankenstein. Grondahl said he couldn't account for the heavy response stating, "My cartoons speak for themselves."

James Arrington, actor, writer, and director, portrayed some of the humorous characters from his play

"The Farley Family Reunion" and Darryl Christensen acted out some scenes from Arrington's one-man play, "J. Golden." Arrington noted that there was method to J. Golden Kimball's non-conforming madness, "He *knew* people would follow him around. He used this legendary aspect of his life, knowing it would follow him around. He knew people would drive 100 miles to come see this legend—people who hadn't been to church in ten years would come hear him speak."

Levi S. Peterson, professor of English at Weber State College, author of *The Canyons of Grace*, and editor of *Greening Wheat: Fifteen Mormon Short Stories*, described low comedy as "my birth and calling" and described how he "relished the crude humor of the frontier." Peterson read selections from his recent book *The Backslider*, and said that when he started the book it was not intended to be humorous. It was not until he got to the fifth chapter that he decided on a whim to inject some humor, and even then he did

it mainly for his own relief. This fifth chapter eventually became the first chapter of the novel. He said that once upon a time, he "felt guilty about a belly laugh. I have recovered." If the audience at the reading of *The Backslider* was any judge, he has indeed recovered from this illness. As one reader of the book put it, "the only normal people in this novel are the non-Mormons."

This meeting demonstrated that LDS society is well-suited for satire. Mormons are comfortable people. Satire is also, like Mormon culture, conservative—its aim is to reform society from within, to prompt change by forcing introspection by the existing structure, be it an individual soul or an institution as a whole. The tensions between the real and the ideal must have a safety vent of some sort, and the tools of satire—laughter, humor and wit—can provide it. In the moral tug-of-war that is life, laughter is both respite and source of perspective.

FIRST DEATH

I didn't want to be pushed.
We went as soon as we learned
What was outside for us.
Restless for something
To sweat for and dig up,
I didn't mind the weeds
Or aching back too much
As long as I harvested something.

Cain was a different matter.
How could we grow something
So lovely and so rotten?
When I found Abel
Crushed like a grape,
I didn't know what to do,
So I planted him, suspecting
Nothing would come up,

Learning why a sword flames there
As I cried to climb back in Eden.

-PENNY ALLEN

SUNSTONE BUILDS UP REGIONAL CONFERENCES

The number of Sunstone-sponsored gatherings continues to grow. In addition to the annual Sunstone Symposium held each August in Salt Lake City, this year regional symposiums were held on both the east and west coasts, while a Sunstone group in Denver has begun sponsoring speakers on a regular basis, and a monthly New Testament Lecture series is being held in Salt Lake City.

Symposium West 1987, held at the Marina Marriott in Berkeley, California, opened with Linda Siltoe and Allen Roberts discussing their research on the Mark Hofmann bombing and forgery cases. Historian Jan Shipps analyzed "Correlation and the Ecclesiastical Power Structure in Mormonism," and poet Emma Lou Thayne shared her "Spiritual Journeys" over the past few troubled years.

Although conference organizers

Bonnie Bobet, Dick Butler and Lorie Winder Stromberg expected 300 people to attend, the facilities at the hotel proved to be rather cramped for the 500 people who showed up for the symposium. Other sessions included David John Buerger on the temple endowment, Newell Bringhurst on Fawn Brodie, and panel discussions on the Church and homosexuality, medical ethics, and male/female relationships in Mormonism.

Outside of the formal sessions, the event fostered a community spirit among the participants through late-night conversations and other informal gatherings.

Most who attended encouraged the organizers to plan future California symposiums. The 1988 Symposium West will be held next January in Los Angeles, and will be chaired again by Lorie Winder Stromberg. Currently Sunstone

plans to alternate the annual west coast symposium between Northern and Southern California.

The third annual Washington Sunstone Symposium, held at Walt Whitman High School in Bethesda, Maryland, was a smaller, more intimate gathering than in past years. Because the Salt Lake office was late in mailing out the programs for the event, many subscribers did not receive adequate notice of the symposium. Slightly less than 300 people attended, but the smaller size of the group gave a distinctly informal quality to the event. Many who attended encouraged planners to preserve this quality in future conferences. Bill Reed chaired this year's Washington, D.C. symposium planning committee, and Kathleen Flake is energetically organizing next year's conference which will be held on May 14-15.

The symposium opened with a panel discussion of the Law of Consecration. Dean May, co-author of *Building the City of God*, Lyndon Cook, author of *Joseph Smith and the Law of Consecration*, and Orson Scott Card, a utopian thinker and

science fiction writer, offered sharply differing perspectives on the topic.

Ida Smith, founding director of the BYU Women's Research Institute, discussed "LDS Women: At Home and Beyond," and Lowell Bennion spoke at the closing session on "What it Means to be a Christian."

Concurrent sessions included Carlisle Hunsaker on reconciling doubt and faith, Lester Bush on LDS healing practices in the nineteenth century, Randall Guynn and Gene Schaerr on "The Significance and Legitimacy of the Mormon Polygamy Case," Clay Chandler on Mormon architecture, as well as panels on the international church in the 1980s, whether a Mormon can be a true artist, and community service and Latter-day Saints.

In the Rocky Mountain region, Shermion Smoot, Steve Mayfield and Daryl Gibson have organized "Sunstone Denver." This group has brought speakers to the Denver area every other month, including Linda Newell, co-author of *Mormon Enigma: Emma Hale Smith*, Carol Lynn Pearson, author of *Goodbye, I Love You*, and Van Hale, publisher of the Mormon Miscellaneous pamphlet series. The audience for these presentations has varied from 25 to 200 people. Upcoming speakers the group has scheduled include historian Leonard Arrington, philosopher Sterling McMurrin and university president Gordon Gee.

Meanwhile, in Salt Lake City Sunstone is sponsoring a monthly lecture series to introduce members to the world of biblical scholarship, as a complement to the Church's 1987 adult Gospel doctrine New Testament curriculum. Although attendance has varied widely, the quality of the presentations has been high. Lewis M. Rogers, a professor of philosophy at the University of Utah, spoke on the sources of the Synoptic Gospels and how ultimately faith is independent of the scriptural documents. John S. Tanner, a BYU associate professor of English, discussed how the author of Matthew structured the Gospel for his Jewish audience to illustrate how



So much for the theory that the Church is run by the Public Relations Dept.

Christ parallels the same role that Moses played. David Wright, BYU assistant professor of Hebrew and Near Eastern Languages, explained how the book of Hebrews builds on the Old Testament understanding of sacrifice and Anthony Hutchinson, who just completed his Ph.D. in religious studies from Catholic University, discussed the development of the Resurrection narratives in the Gospels.

Future lectures include Jolene Rockwood on "Jesus and Judaism" (August 11), Steven C. Walker on "The New Testament as Literature" (September 29), Philip Barlow on "The Quest for the Historical Jesus" (October 27), Sterling McMurrin on "The Impact of Hellenic Thought on the Beginning of Christianity" (November 24), and Arthur Bassett on "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh: Symbols of the Past, Prophecies of the Future" (December 15).

Sunstone is planning to sponsor a Book of Mormon Lecture series in 1988, again to complement the Gospel Doctrine course.

Although the possibility of sponsoring gatherings in other areas has been discussed, no plans have been finalized. However the continued success of the Washington Symposium, as well as the recent success of the Symposium West and Sunstone Denver group, indicates the presence of a widespread and growing audience for the thoughtful discussion of Mormon life.

Ironically, because documents investigator George Throckmorton worked hard to expose Mark Hofmann's celebrated forgeries he is now out of a job. Since he was occupied analyzing the White Salamander letter and other documents related to the case, Throckmorton was transferred from the state's Attorney General's Office to the Salt Lake County Attorney's Office, which was prosecuting the case. However, just days before Hofmann entered a guilty plea to murder and theft by deception, primarily because of Throckmorton's and William Flynn's groundbreaking forensic methods, the county announced personnel cutbacks for budgetary reasons. Without any seniority in the county, Throckmorton was out of a job and unable to return to his former state position which had been filled. In a bitter twist, since Flynn gave the court testimony about the sensational case he is the recognized expert in the ink and paper tests and not Throckmorton.

Peggy Fletcher Stack, former editor of SUNSTONE magazine recently became editor of the *Hastings Center Report*, the oldest and pre-eminent bio-ethics publication in the United States. According to Stack, the bi-monthly, interdis-

ciplinary journal is "a lot like SUNSTONE, it has thoroughly scholarly articles along with provocative think pieces." Courtney Campbell, author of several SUNSTONE articles, has accepted the position as associate editor of the report. Campbell is near completion of his Ph.D. in religion and ethics from the University of Virginia.



A scenic view from the Yellow Brick Beltway, just outside the nation's capital.

For several years, readers of the Church-owned *Deseret News* have been sporadically delighted, shocked, or appalled by the hard-hitting satirical comic strip *Doonesbury*. However, when the Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoon spent several weeks recently focusing on condoms, safe sex and adolescent romance, the trauma proved to be too much for the paper. Instead of simply moving, censoring, or pulling the offending strips, as it had done in the past, the *News* decided to cancel the feature entirely. However, the *News* was reluctant to turn *Doonesbury* over to its Gentile morning rival, the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Although the *News* editors briefly considered keeping the syndication rights to *Doonesbury* without running the strip, the editors decided to do the honorable thing. *Doonesbury* fans must now turn to the *Tribune*; presumably the *Deseret News* will have to make do with *Bloom county* and *Calvin and Hobbs*.

To avoid beaming neutrinos through the Sacred Grove, the state of New York has shifted one of its proposed supercollider sites.

The site shift marked the second time that state officials had to reconcile conflicting interests of science and religion. An earlier proposal was revised because it encroached on Church property on Hill Cumorah. However, the new proposal interfered with both the Sacred Grove and the Smith family home in Manchester, New York.

When Church officials failed to respond to a proposal that the state acquire the mineral rights while allowing the Church to retain ownership, officials began to look at alternate sites. "We thought it most prudent and most efficient and most respectful to move the [supercollider] ring," said Howard Holzer of the New York Urban Development Corporation. "It's not worth offending anyone."

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DEADLINES AND ADDRESSES

Los Angeles

15-16 January 1988

Sheraton Universal Hotel

Proposal deadline: 15 Sept. 1987

Lorie Winder-Stromberg

9028 Hargis Street

Los Angeles, CA 90034

(213) 559-6649

Washington, D.C.

14-15 May 1988

National 4-H Building

Proposal deadline: 1 Jan. 1988

Kathleen Flake

1301 Courthouse Road

Arlington, VA 22201

(703) 524-1452

OXYMORMONS



INTERVIEW

A MIRROR TO GET PEOPLE THINKING AND TALKING

A Conversation with Bobbie Birleffi

On 13 May 1987 the Public Broadcasting Service documentary "The Mormons: Missionaries to the World" premiered across the United States. Even before airing, the film engaged controversy, culminating in a letter to all U.S. LDS wards from Howard W. Hunter, acting president of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. The letter acknowledged that the Church cooperated with the film's production but distanced the institution from the final product. There were also press stories about the Church's protest to PBS and KCTS, the local affiliate that produced the documentary.

To give members an opportunity to discuss the documentary with its creator, Bobbie Birleffi was invited to speak at the 1987 Washington Sunstone Symposium. This interview was conducted there by Bruce Bennett and Elbert Peck.

HOW DOES ONE GO ABOUT MAKING A DOCUMENTARY ON THE CHURCH AND GET ITS COOPERATION?

I grew up in Wyoming where I had considerable exposure to Mormon values and I was curious about why the Church is controversial in the first place.

Beginning the documentary was a slow process. It took months. As an outsider, I didn't know if the Church was approachable. It seemed to me like a huge institution that was closed off. So I took a research trip to Utah and visited the Church's Public Communications Department. They were concerned that since I was from Seattle I might be part of Saints Alive, which is a fundamentalist ex-Mormon, anti-Mormon group. I'd never heard of them. But the Church wanted some credentials, so I sent letters from other PBS people who knew me and copies of my films which covered controversial subjects. I wanted to show them that I took controversial subjects and dealt with them in a fair way. I had one about child molesters called "Men Who Molest," which was on PBS's *Frontline* and won a national Emmy, and one about the oil boom in Wyoming which included all the opposing sides and which was nominated

for a national Emmy. Sex, money, and now religion.

Because I had a small exploratory grant from the George D. Smith Fund, I decided to just film something on the missionary program. I didn't want to get into a situation where I was knee-deep in film and be in trouble. I wanted to be sure that somehow I was going to be able to make a film out the subject. So I shot a missionary farewell. The Pingree family graciously agreed and I didn't think there would be any problem. I didn't think you had to get everyone else on down the line to approve it. Once we started filming, the project became legitimate. The cameraman I used was Brian Capener, a respected filmmaker who had shot film for the Church, so it was not like I was totally a strange foreigner. Later I was told that the project discussed by the Council of the Twelve. Apparently they decided to cooperate with me on this documentary.

Initially, I thought that the whole film could be carried by one 19-year-old missionary. Well, it is difficult to find an articulate 19-year-old. I discovered that people were not getting articulate until they were in their mid-twenties. But I found a kid that I really liked; he was honestly able to express his feelings, he wanted to do it and I wanted to do it. The Church initially said okay, but it fell through because he was going to Chile and the Church didn't want crews following missionaries in Chile. (They had had several Mormon chapels bombed as sort of an anti-American thing.) So that wiped that out. Every time someone cancelled out, I was set back and had to start the search all over again.

After the Chile episode it became clear that I needed the Church to help me or it would take the rest of my life going around interviewing families before I finally found someone acceptable to both me and the Church. So I started asking the Church to give me four or five names of people I could interview for the film. They said fine. I selected Brian Munoz to follow through his mission. I wanted to focus on Latin

America because I wanted to go to a place where the Church was growing the fastest. When Brian dropped out to marry his girlfriend I was as surprised as the Church. Eventually, I realized that the story could be told more completely by several missionaries and that it would be easier to accommodate upheavals and surprises. The Church gave me some more names and I selected two more missionaries who were also going to Guatemala.

WHEN NEWSWEEK'S RELIGION EDITOR KEN WOODWARD VISITED THE MTC HE WAS APPALLED AT ITS REGIMENTATION. WHAT WAS YOUR EXPERIENCE?

It was the opposite. I expected a seminary atmosphere—deeply religious people walking quietly around with their heads hanging down. Instead, I walked in the front door and everyone was screaming and yelling and guys were running up and down the hall. I wish I could have filmed that approach and burst into the gym with all the excitement and the college dorm atmosphere. They didn't let me film the living situations of the missionaries, but the feeling was upbeat. I think it's loosened up since Ken Woodward was there.

IS THAT WHY YOU CHOSE THE TABERNACLE CHOIR SINGING "BORN FREE?"

The night that I was scheduled to film the Choir, they sang three songs. The first two were very, very slow religious songs that would have been unusable for television in terms of keeping things alive. There was this burst of energy on "Born Free" that I thought was fabulous. A lot of things that may look intentional were situational, like the ex-Marine mission president who happened to be serving as the head of the mission in Guatemala we visited.

DO YOU THINK YOU SHOWED TOO MUCH OF HELEN WEEKS?

I've been criticized for that. I do think that in the film I should have better connected Helen Weeks to the topic. I should have said that she was the mother of nine and raised five missionaries and was intimately involved with that experience from a mother's standpoint. I didn't make that link. But at the same time I thought she was dynamic and powerful and her voice was important and believable. Also, I wanted to have some women in the film. There are very few women in the film, even though they do make up half the Church. Surprisingly, no one's criticized me for not having more women in the film.

WHAT ABOUT SCOTT MILLER?

I first heard about Scott when someone told me about his SUNSTONE article on the MTC. An amusing thing happened when I was interviewing him at his house in Provo. The police rang the doorbell and wanted to know what was going on. I said we were making a documentary. The policeman told me, "I've been called by the bishop of the local ward because there was some concern that you're making an anti-Mormon film."

WHAT WAS YOUR EXPERIENCE IN WORKING WITH THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES, ELDER PACKER AND ELDER BALLARD?

It was easy to interview members, they were open. But in the high levels they were very cautious and skirted difficult questions. Elder Packer seemed like a very kind school teacher. I had heard that he was powerful and I expected a stronger presence. After I initially proved myself, they were easy to work with.

Nevertheless, in a way I felt like I was a semi-professional in that they almost saw me like I was a member. Sometimes I felt they wanted to control me as they would a member. I don't know if that is because I'm a woman, but I felt that they were very used to controlling things, including the media and their image.

DID YOU FEEL PRESSURE FROM THE CHURCH?

It was never spoken. Sometimes people from the Public Communications Department followed me in a low-key fashion and would say, "Bobbie, if there's anything I can do to help. . . ." Once in Guatemala when a missionary guide was taking us to these Mormons in the middle of nowhere, driving in a jeep for fourteen hours through the jungle, I turned around, and there's Jerry Cahill following us. I said, "Jerry, what are you doing?" "We're just here to see that things go well," he told me. It was a small village and we were in each other's way, but he left after a day. That time I did feel that I was being watched a little bit.

WHAT ABOUT THE CHURCH'S NEGATIVE RESPONSE TO THE DOCUMENTARY?

Rather than underground rumors, I prefer public statements, like the letter read in Church distancing the institution from the documentary.

Earlier, the Church sent a letter to the KCTS station manager. Here is what I think is the scenario. Beverly Campbell, the Church's Washington, D.C., PR person went to Barry Chase, the PBS vice-president for public affairs programming, and wanted some changes made in the documentary. (PBS President Bruce Christensen, who is a Mormon, appropriately

did not get involved.) I called her to find what her concerns were. The main concern was that it was too negative; that it did not accurately present the positive side of being a missionary, that it just dealt with the two percent who come home early. They also were concerned that I was manipulated by Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley, authors of *America's Saints*, and they questioned whether the project's principal underwriter, George D. Smith, had a conflict of interest because he is involved in the Mormon community as a publisher of scholarly works dealing primarily with Mormon subjects. Finally, according to them, there were signs of this influence because these individuals and some people in the film were connected with SUNSTONE.

First, concerning George Smith's involvement. Initially, KCTS, PBS and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting were concerned that this would be a pro-Mormon film. When the PBS underwriting committee examined the projects supported by the George D. Smith Fund, they found a wide variety of quality programs like "NOVA," "The History of the Civilization of the Jews," and the "Vietnam" series, and they were satisfied with sponsorship by the Fund. He complied with the national PBS sponsorship requirements of signing a statement that he could not see the film until it was finished and that he could not participate in the making of the film. In the end, however, the film was judged on its own merits: PBS weighed the final product and decided to broadcast it.

Next, concerning my connection with certain individuals, while I did learn things from these people I learned more from the Church. I spent more time with Arnie Augustin from Church Public Communications than with anyone else. Yes, they did refer me to people, but so did many, many other people. I tried to talk to as many people from the whole spectrum of the Mormon community as I could—missionaries, returned missionaries, stake presidents, apostles, everybody. I asked every single person I talked to who else I should talk to. That's called research. We collect hundreds and hundreds of names and conduct hundreds and hundreds of interviews. So to pick a few people I talked to and see a bias is not accurate.

After PBS stood by the documentary and refused to change it, the Church wrote a letter to KCTS and cited all the "egregious errors" in the publicity materials. They said there were five or six false statements. Prior to airing, KCTS notified all PBS station promotional directors of the errors the Church complained about in the publicity materials. I believe in

some cases they were simply splitting hairs. In two cases there were actual errors. There was an overstatement about Peter Wiley being the author of a best-selling LDS "banned" book, and there was a typographical error that might lead you to believe that black people once could never be members. In addition, we changed "Mormons are *required* to tithe ten percent of their income" to *strongly urged*, and we changed "the Mormon Church has *shunned* the media" to *closely guarded its privacy*.

I think the Church used the publicity errors to make people think that the film itself is full of errors. The film has never been challenged in terms of its overall accuracy. It's been challenged in terms of its balance and its emphasis, but that's different from challenging its facts. The Church sent a second letter and referred to all the connections to SUNSTONE. But no one at KCTS had heard of SUNSTONE. It seemed like they had a conspiracy mentality, similar to McCarthyism in the fifties.

THE FIRST TIME WE AT SUNSTONE DISCUSSED THE DOCUMENTARY WITH ANYONE INVOLVED WITH IT WAS ABOUT TWO MONTHS BEFORE IT AIRED. IN LIGHT OF THE CRITICISM AND WITH HINDSIGHT, DON'T YOU AGREE THAT YOU OVERPLAYED THOSE WHO COME HOME FROM THEIR MISSIONS EARLY?

I can understand why people say that. Church spokesman Don LeFever said that the documentary should have been titled, "The Two Percent Who Fail." But to classify the entire movie on the point that there was no positive RM is diversionary. Journalistic endeavors never reflect a problem to the exact degree that it is present in society. An analogy would be to criticize the media for going on and on about the Iran-Contra affair when it only took two percent of Reagan's time. Since the Church claims two percent of the missionaries do not complete their two years, to explore the issues and complexities of this problem would have been impossible to accomplish in a little over one minute, which is about two percent of a fifty-six minute program.

The Church says that there are 98 percent who complete the program, but no one knows the range of feeling in that 98 percent. The only thing I was trying to do was to find a subject and a point that interested me and that I thought merited going into. In a film you cannot go into anything successfully unless you spend a little time on it. The reason I think the non-Mormon audience thinks it is balanced is that while they're watching it they're not clicking on and off like Mormons are, saying, "Okay, where's the positive RM," et cetera. Rather,

they're sitting back hearing articulate, positive Mormon statements all through the film—doctrine, apostles, and so on. They hear those statements counterbalance the voices of Helen Weeks and Scott Miller. It's an overall impression they're getting; they don't ask whether there's a positive statement by one returned missionary to make everything cool.

STILL, WHEN WE FINISHED WATCHING THE FILM, WE DIDN'T FEEL THAT IT DESCRIBED THE POSITIVE FEELINGS WE EXPERIENCED ON OUR MISSIONS AND WHICH MOST OF THE PEOPLE WE KNOW FELT. WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE AT LEAST ONE RETURNED MISSIONARY SAY SOMETHING LIKE "ON MY MISSION I FOUND GOD AND LEARNED TO LOVE AND SERVE PEOPLE?"

Nobody said anything to me just like that. It was just the luck of the draw that we didn't film a person who was articulate in the same way. However, I did hear similar comments from Church officials in General Conference talks.

YOU DIDN'T LOOK HARD ENOUGH TO FIND THE AVERAGE MISSIONARY.

That's true, it's easy to find them. I have to say, however, that most people that I found did have some qualifications to the experience, although they felt pretty positive about their missions. I feel that the film more than adequately represents those who felt satisfied with their mission. It includes missionaries at the MTC, missionaries actively serving in the field, and other sympathetic views expressed by an MTC training director, a mission president and other Church authorities. By my count, over 22 people speak in positive and favorable ways about the missionary experience and the Church as a whole.

MOST OF THE ARTICULATE STATE-

MENTS ARE BY MEMBERS WHO HAD A BAD EXPERIENCE; THE OTHERS SEEMED AT TIMES ALMOST BRAINWASHED. THE FILM SEEMED TO IMPLY, "IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING UPSTAIRS YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE MISSION EXPERIENCE."

If a viewer sees a missionary that way, including those who were hand picked by the Church, that is their opinion; others may not see him the same. In the general explanation of



what missionaries do, I may not have explained the entire positive experience; however, the viewer sees them enthusiastically involved in their mission experience. I think Mormons are over-sensitive on this point. If you ask a non-Mormon audience if this documentary suggests the missionary program is bad, they won't necessarily agree.

WHAT HAS BEEN THE NON-MORMON

RESPONSE TO THE DOCUMENTARY?

In terms of mail, the response has been half for and half against. I am happy there has been such a large response. It's very unusual for a one-hour documentary to get such a large response.

Immediately following the showing of the documentary, KCTS got a lot of calls that all had the same phrases. Let me read some of them. "Is channel 9 owned by the Mormons?" "I do not agree about the Mormon religion, can I have the

name of the producer?" "We help people who used to be in the Mormon church, I feel that airing this program nationwide distorts people." "Do you know the effects of Mormonism? It destroys a lot of people." "I cannot believe that Channel 9 is commercializing this terrible religion."

A distributor of documentary films in New York told me that any time a film approaches balance, which this film tries to do, extremists on either side will see it in opposite ways. Certainly anti-Mormons see it as Mormon propaganda. By the way, KCTS also got a call from a group of Mormon bishops saying they liked it.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS CRITICIZED THE FILM SAYING IT ASSERTED THAT MORMONS HAVE A "DISREGARD FOR OTHER RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS."

I deny having portrayed Mormons as having little respect for other religions. The NCCJ statement is so inaccurate and misses the subject matter of the film so completely that I have to

wonder about the motivations of the person who made the statement. What ever the disregard of other religions that the Mormon Church may or may not exhibit, this film does not enter into that argument.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ARE YOUR BIASES?

It's silly to deny that I have biases; everyone does. If I had a bias come through it would be

about the questioning of authority in the Church. I see that as a major difficulty in the Church and there appears to be a struggle on the part of some members in doing it.

WHEN THE FILM'S NARRATOR EXPLAINED WHY PEOPLE JOIN THE CHURCH IT SOUNDED ALMOST LIKE ECONOMIC DETERMINISM. HE DIDN'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE SPIRITUAL MOTIVATIONS FOR CONVERSION.

No, the text includes both. The narration says, "Without the missionaries it is doubtful that the Church would grow as fast as it does. People in Guatemala seem to be drawn to the Mormon Church because it is a wealthy and successful North American institution, and they hope this new religion will help them better their lives." Then this guy Martinez comes on and says, "I did many ugly things in my past but in the Church I've changed."

I think in Third World countries where people are very poor, they are impressed by these missionaries who look a lot more prosperous than they are. Yes, I think that some of them join because they think their lives will be economically better. They're not money-hungry people joining the Church, however.

I'm not sure what the people in the Third World get from the missionaries. I don't think they completely understand the religion in the same way the Americans do. But that is another film. This is really a film about the American Church going to proselyte there.

AFTER DOING THIS PROJECT, WHAT ARE YOUR PERSONAL FEELINGS ABOUT THE MISSIONARY PROGRAM?

It's sort of fifty-fifty. I come away feeling that what is impressive about it is also what is bad. On the pro side, a mission seems to be an impressive, powerful experience in terms of living with that kind of discipline at the age of 19, and that is probably a strengthening experience. The con side is that I'm not sure how much thinking goes on during a mission, how much questioning. It just seemed like a lot of memorization and regurgitation and obedience. I wasn't a missionary, so in the end I can't really determine if the pressure to obey outweighs the positive effect of character building.

The goal of the missionary program is to proselyte. Missionaries don't do service—digging wells, and so forth—and for that I am critical of the Church. This is a wonderful opportunity for 30,000 young men to go out into the world. Why couldn't the priority be switched? Have everyone say, "Hey, it really isn't important if you baptize ten people a month. What's important is that you helped

two people." I am aware that there are movements in the Church to have missionaries do more service, but they are not coming through loud and clear to the missionaries. I think that it's the one-true-church message that makes the Church controversial and gives outsiders the perception that Mormons have more power and influence than they actually do. Mormons don't want to appear arrogant, condescending and offensive, but that statement sets off an argumentative stance. Maybe that's why the Church will forever be controversial.

The Mormon religion is a targeted group in American society. That's not the same as prejudice and racism. Targeting is watching you because you're powerful. Sometimes you're targeted unfairly. I doubt that they would have investigated so much if I had been making a Jewish documentary and the underwriter was a Jew. Interestingly, in Guatemala I didn't feel that the Mormon church was this big powerful church. It was just one of many churches.

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THE MORMON CULTURE?

Mormons are a bit on the self-absorbed side. Mormons are preoccupied with themselves. I don't know why. I'm sure part of it is from the geographic base in Utah.

Mormonism is portrayed as monolithic, but the members range from bland to controversial. It's more diverse than I thought it was. Originally, I thought that there was "the Mormon" and I found all kinds of people. Culturally speaking—the arts, songs, literature—I haven't seen a lot of that, and it seems a little void for me. It's the intellectual culture that is the most active.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO DIFFERENTLY NOW? WHAT DIDN'T YOU INCLUDE?

About thirty hours of film. I would have liked to put more of everybody in. Rather than just focus on the missionary effort, I might include more general religious information. I stayed away from the theology and the religiosity issues: what Mormons believe, is there polygamy in heaven? . . . All of that kind of stuff the film could have dealt with.

I have a lot to learn about Mormonism. What I learned in the end was that making social documentary about a religion is a difficult thing. You're treading on delicate things, people's spirituality and beliefs. It wasn't my place to challenge the faith but to look at the culture. I wanted viewers to see that Mormons feel a depth of commitment about their faith. Otherwise they wouldn't be struggling with it, they would have just left. That's why I didn't have an ex-Mormon in the film. That was too easy. That

person left. It's the people who stay in there and struggle that are interesting. That last line in the film where the woman says, "I'm a Mormon because that's what I am. That's what I believe." To me that summed it up: no matter what you think of this religion, there are people who care about it and will stay in it. I hope that people see that in the film and that it's believable. I was trying to talk to two audiences, the non-Mormons and the Mormons, that's part of the problem.

The Church said I was influenced by Gottlieb and Wiley, but the film is entirely different from what they do. There's a review that says their book missed the point because it didn't convey any of the spirituality of Mormonism. In contrast, my work is not about the internal political intrigue of the Church; it's more social and cultural and psychological. I was more interested in the people. To me that's what films are for. One critic said, "Why didn't you make the entire film like the first part, with the neutral narrator stating this and that?" Well, you would have been asleep. I try to make things that will engage people as well as teach them. It's always difficult to show people sitting around being good friends. It's tough to get stuff on film that makes good television.

IN A WRITTEN DOCUMENTARY ALL THE FACTS ARE SYSTEMATICALLY COVERED. HOWEVER, IT SEEMS THAT IN YOUR TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY THE SELECTION WAS INFLUENCED BY WHAT FILM FOOTAGE YOU HAD, "THE LUCK OF THE DRAW," AND WHAT WAS ENTERTAINING. IS THAT GOOD REPORTING?

That's an unfair question. Film is different because in an hour's time you're only able to convey two or three ideas. Television is in the predicament of balancing content and form. Even in the world of non-profit television, we have to make compelling television people will watch. If the film was real bland, no one would talk about it. I see the television documentary as a mirror to get people thinking and talking. My documentary succeeds because it doesn't bore people and it doesn't tell them in a heavy-handed way what to think. As a filmmaker I try to set the issue in a concrete way so that the viewer can decide. Some documentaries have a lot of heavy narration that tells people what to think. I try to lessen that in my documentaries, and that makes them more unsettling. I want the people who are living through the subject matter of the film to tell their own story. This film tried to raise some issues and some problems. Whether it did that fairly is for other individuals to decide.

1987 WASHINGTON SUNSTONE SYMPOSIUM

CONFERENCE AUDIO TAPES

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TAPE #	TITLE	TAPE#	TITLE
1 & 2	THE LAW OF CONSECRATION Cook, May, Mangum, Card, Peck	15	COUNTER CAPITALISM May
3	AT THE EPICENTER Roberts, Sillitoe, Throckmorton	16	HEALING PRACTICES/19TH CENT. Bush
4	THE ANGUISH OF FAITH Hunsaker	17	BIO-GENETIC DETERMINISM Moench
5	THE MORMON POLYGAMY CASE Guynn, Schaerr	18	"ON LIBERATING GOD" Hunsaker
6	ESSAYS BY MARY L. BRADFORD EASTER WEEKEND, Bradford, England	19	THE BENJAMIN/NOAH NEXUS Larsen
7	BOOK OF MORMON - 19th CENTURY FICTION Hutchinson, Prince	21	DOCTRINE OF LITTLE CHILDREN Cook
8	TRANSCEDENT EXPERIENCE Koltko	22	CELESTIAL MARRIAGE England
9	REDEMPTION OF EVE/NEW MORMON HEAVEN Rockwood, Charles	23	LITERARY WORLD CREATION Scott Card
10	CONFLICTING GOALS/ELKTON WARD STUDY Molen, Bushman, Breglio	26	MORMON CHAPEL ARCHITECTURE Chandler, Roberts, Molen, Reed
11	CHALLENGE OF EXCELLENCE Bennion, Orman, Boswell, Sayer	27	DOCUMENTS, STONES AND SYMBOLS BIBLICAL PROPHETIC TRADITION Sandberg, Lindgren
12	CHURCH IN 1980's Various	28	MY LIFE WITH DIALOGUE England MONOLOGUES & DIALOGUES Reese
13	CAN A MORMON BE A TRUE ARTIST Prince, Argetsinger, Withers, Card		THE VIEW FROM THE BASEMENT Bradford
14	LDS WOMAN AT HOME & BEYOND Smith	30	WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CHRISTIAN Bennion

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