MORMON EXPERIENCE SCHOLARSHIP ISSUES & ART

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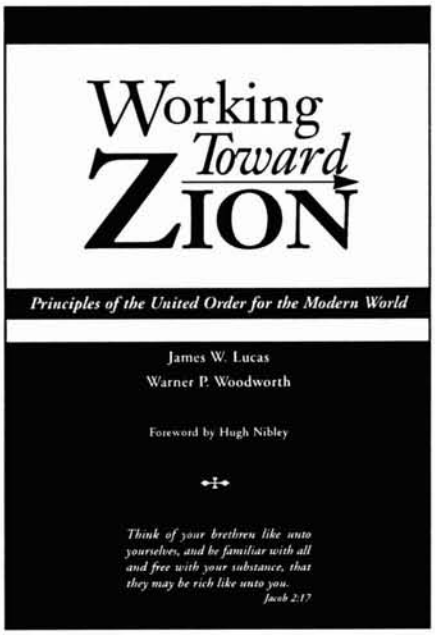

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Distributed by Origin.

SUNSTONE

MORMON EXPERIENCE, SCHOLARSHIP, ISSUES, & ART

April 1997 Volume 20:1 Issue 105

SUNSTONE (ISSN 0363-1370) 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 opinions of the writers only.

SUNSTONE is indexed in *Religion Index One: Periodicals*, the *Index to Book Reviews in Religion*, *Religion Indexes: RIO/RIT/IBBR 1975– on CD-ROM*, and the *ATLA Religion Database on CD-ROM*, published by the American Theological Library Association, 820 Church Street, Evanston, IL 60201-5613 (e-mail: atla@atla.com, WWW: http://atla.library.vanderbilt.edu/atla/home.html).

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YEA, YEA  NAY, NAY

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

IN the June 1996 issue, SUNSTONE spotlighted a new religious group in Manti, Utah (see "The Manti Mormons: The Rise of the Latest Mormon Church"). In the picture on page 35 of two men working on a construction project in front of the "Endowment House," the man you identified as Jim Davis, is *not* Dr. James Davis of Leeds, Utah. This misrepresentation has had an effect on his chiropractor business and reputation.

VICKI DAVIS
Leeds, UT

O PIONEERS!

SINCE the late 1970s, the Church has strived toward an international church, a church for all the world. And as a stake president, I tried to implement that view for the Netherlands. Presuming that the "international church" motto still holds, why has the Church ordered the *worldwide* commemoration of 150 years of *Utah* pioneer history in 1997? Of course, the Pioneers are extremely important in the formation of the Church in Utah and the United States, but not for the rest of the world. Although the First Presidency directive gives a very broad interpretation of "pioneer"—anyone who contributes in establishing the Church—in the accompanying guidelines, the international view gets lost. After that broad definition, the guidelines suggest a number of activities, each bearing mainly on the Utah pioneers, as do the logo (a handcart) and the theme ("each step in faith"). The only cultural translation is to an LDS branch of Cambodians who celebrated their first converts—not in Cambodia but in Utah and Massachusetts!

Why is this celebration not a good idea on the international scene? First, "pioneer" does not have the same positive ring in many cultures, and the notions "pioneer spirit" and "pioneer values" have no meaning, let alone "pioneer meals or recipes" (guideline quotes). Also, locating pioneer graves would be hard to do in Europe, Africa, or Japan.

More important, each country abroad has its own significant history, often much older than Deseret's. They have their own role models, their culture's heroes, their liberators, their founding fathers (or mothers!). But to call these people "pioneers" is a misnomer. To try to mold these different national histories within a "pioneer" framework is not only slightly insulting, it is also a missed opportunity. The Church units abroad could have been asked to select significant moments or events in their national history and celebrate these in their contribution to righteousness. Synchronized (though why synchronize at all?) with the Utah celebrations, this could have resulted in a cross-cultural palette of Christian role models and values. The present guidelines by no means lead toward such a valuable interchange. What happened to the motto, "a faith for all cultures"?

WALTER E.A. VAN BEEK
Utrecht Ward, Netherlands

A LIBERAL CONVERT

JOINING the Church would have been impossible without shifting my thinking. I had to give up the plenary view of biblical interpretation—a relief, since I had accepted it reluctantly. When inspiration did not have to mean inerrancy, I felt freer to exercise religion without giving up intellectual integrity. I needed something to help define faith in an intellectually satisfying way. God directed me to *Is God a Creationist?*, edited by Roland Mushat Frye. Later, the New American Bible showed me that sound scholarship does not necessarily mean denying faith.

Due to meeting my future wife, I studied Mormon history and doctrine. I knew to ignore anti-Mormon inflammatory remarks; however, as to their facts, what I could confirm proved to be true. In light of Mormonism's conflicts with the Bible (as preached by evangelicals), I came to believe that the Church's claims were not true. Nevertheless, some things attracted me. Foremost was the idea that families could be eternal. Next was the three-fold division of heaven, which appealed to my sense of justice. Also, while Protestants believe in the universal priesthood of believers, Mormons practice it better.

Carrie insisted on a temple marriage, but I felt I could not join unless I gave up my intellectual integrity. "If the Church is what it says it is, then prove it," I repeated. If the Book of Mormon were "true," then there should be archaeological evidence. Carrie bought *An Ancient American Setting for the Book of Mormon*. Even without training in archaeology, I saw how far-fetched (at best) John Sorenson's reasoning is.

A friend of hers gave me J. Reuben Clark's *Why I Believe*. It turned out to be another tract with the same Church reasoning, the same (out-of-context) Bible verses with supporting arguments that either ignored or brushed aside logical and historical prob-

lems. The same was true for John Widtsoe's *Evidence and Reconciliations* and LeGrand Richards's *A Marvelous Work and a Wonder.*

It became obvious that to accept the Church at all, I would have do so on a different basis than the conservative viewpoint. My study led me to publications like SUNSTONE and the New Mormon Historians like D. Michael Quinn. Jan Shipps's *Mormonism: The Story of a New Religious Tradition* put the Mormon movement in a new perspective.

After reconciling some aspects of biblical inspiration, particularly the nature of prophecy (through Catholic writings), not only could I find faith in an errant Bible, I could put the failed prophecies of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, etc., into perspective.

Honest, open scholarship, utilizing historical and literary criticism, will open up new vistas, and it can enrich a religious tradition. In order for it to do so, however, one must give up the idea that everything must have one right interpretation.

New Approaches to the Book of Mormon, essays edited by Brent Lee Metcalfe, helped me appreciate the Book of Mormon and helped me define how I would approach Mormon doctrine and scripture. Ironically, Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* caused me to appreciate Joseph Smith as a person rather than seeing him as a fraud. It also helped place his actions in their historical perspective, which does not exonerate all of them but does explain why he did some things.

The net effect: I can affirm the Church to be true, the Book of Mormon the word of God, Joseph Smith a prophet ordained by God and succeeded by God-ordained prophets—with intellectual integrity. I believe that God led me through this process.

TIMOTHY A. GRIFFY
Phoenix, AZ

PECULIAR INTELLECTUALS

I'M NOT LDS, but I subscribe to SUNSTONE and occasionally read the *Ensign.* When shortly after his excommunication, D. Michael Quinn was disinvited from his scheduled lecture at Southern Utah University, the faculty raised the money to bring him to Cedar City for a non-university–sponsored talk (see "Stake Presidency Opposes Quinn's Speech," SUNSTONE, June 1994). An LDS faculty member contributed twenty dollars, but he admonished, "You're in for a big surprise," knowing that the non-Mormons were expecting a disguntled firebrand. We were surprised. During the first half-hour of his talk, Quinn bore his testimony. Instead of a firebrand, a loyal Mormon defended his faith (see Quinn, "Dilemmas of Feminists and Intellectuals in the Contemporary LDS Church," SUNSTONE, June 1994).

Here is what amazes me about the LDS community and especially about you intellectuals who publish and read SUNSTONE: Even the victims of what Armand L. Mauss calls the recent "heresy trials" do not abandon their faith (see "Authority, Agency, and Ambiguity: The Elusive Boundaries of Required Obedience to Priesthood Leaders," SUNSTONE, Mar. 1996); they simply bear their testimony at symposiums instead of

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sacrament meetings. So many excommunicated Mormons cling to their faith, their love of their spiritual community, and their belief that they *will* spend time and eternity with their loved ones in the celestial kingdom.

One of my favorite writers, Carol Lynn Pearson, speculates "Could Feminism Have Saved the Nephites?" (SUNSTONE, Mar. 1996). A radical thought to some, but what's amazing to this non-Mormon is that this brilliant woman *really believes* there were Nephites and that the Book of Mormon accurately portrays their experience. Isn't that *enough* to earn her an irrevocable celestial kingdom recommend? Does she still have to worry that speculations concerning Mother in Heaven will keep her out?

Don't Church leaders recognize that the "dangerous" radical element of intellectuals, feminists, and homosexuals are incredibly faithful Mormons? I love you brave, peculiar people; I am inspired by your faith; I enjoy your humor and thought-provocation.

STEVE SUSOEFF
San Francisco

PLAYING CHICKEN

I WAS impressed with Edgar Snow's comments on Shiz with his head cut off ("Head Over Heels," SUNSTONE, June 1996). Snow assumes that Shiz "could have run around like a chicken with its head cut off . . . Apparently chickens can do this; my grandmother used to say she had seen it happen." I have chopped the heads off numerous chickens, and there is no way that a chicken has ever "ran around" with its head cut off. The expression alludes to uncoordinated and erratic motion—that is all. The muscles of a decapitated chicken contract in such a way that the legs kick out and the wings fling. To "run around," a chicken would have to have balance and a sense of direction, which it does not have without a head. Even if a decapitated animal were placed on its feet, one kick would send it bouncing and flailing.

If we believe Ether 15, a weary Coriantumr, still undoubtedly "drunken with anger," cut off Shiz's head, who then raised himself up on his hands before he died. Had there been an ancient tale (like that of chickens) that men with their heads removed can raise up, then a writer in that period could have assumed it to be true and included it—whether or not it actually happened.

Snow's comments beautifully illustrate how an honest writer can make an erroneous statement.

C. DWAYNE OGZEWALLA
Lake Wales, FL

Edgar Snow responds:

I agree with Ogzewalla. My grandmother, who had also wrung a few chickens' necks, was exaggerating—just a bit of fowl play. I was merely suggesting that Shiz's decapitation scene might have been a poetic stretch as well, much like the passage I quoted from *The Iliad* about lopped-off hero's heads continuing to speak. Ogzewalla's comment "how an honest writer can make an erroneous statement" is appreciated, since few people lavish compliments of honesty on persons of my legal profession. But, the irony is, I was trying to be ironic (apparently not sucessfully), not necessarily honest or accurate in mentioning of chickens losing their heads.

CHECK THE LABELS

"ANONYMOUS BISHOP" uses a rhetorical style that marginalizes people whose lives differ from those of "regular" Church members (see "Stay with God: A Response to 'Oliver Alden'," SUNSTONE, June 1996). "Bishop" will not "allow [himself] to be 'branded' with any human cultural definition," yet he insists on using the cultural label "demon" to describe homosexuality. This, of course, accords with attitudes about sexuality that have long suppressed people who have powerful drives that make them "different" from heterosexuals. This labelling refuses to acknowledge that God has a greater understanding of the diverse human condition than do we. Throughout history, minority groups from women to peoples of color have suffered under the stigma of the demon label—a stigma that results from fear and ignorance, not from love and acceptance. By establishing the "demonic" nature of homosexuality, we deprive homosexuals of the opportunity for self-acceptance and self-love, not to mention that we erase their divine nature by giving them a satanic heritage.

My out-of-the-closet homosexual friends successfully maintain relationships that are as happy, healthy, and functional as my heterosexual relationship. We need to seek a deeper comprehension of human sexuality, to discuss sexual issues openly and frankly, and to open our hearts to that which we don't understand—to foster community for all members regardless of cultural labels.

MATTHEW H. WOOD
Morgantown, WV

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

I AM surprised at many of the responses to "Anonymous Bishop." Jennifer Goodfellow stated, "With all the research and experience showing that one's sexual orienta-

"This royal throne of kings and queens, priests and priestesses, this anointed valley, this bannered mountaintop, this seat of Ephraim, this other Eden, demi-paradise, this fortress built by nature for herself against infection and the hand of war, this happy breed of Saints, this little world, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Salt Lake Valley!"

tion can not be changed, I was amazed someone still believes that with enough prayer a gay can become straight." Such thinking, she said, is "outdated and misinformed." A belief in God (as he is known to us through modern revelation) is a belief that he can perform miracles. Can any believing Mormon truly admit that God has no power over his children's sexuality? Is it beyond the scope of God's infinite power to cause such a change in a homosexual?

I fully understand that there are many homosexuals who will never experience a change in their sexual orientation, despite all their best efforts and prayers. To this I can only answer: God works in mysterious ways. But to deny God's power in these matters is unthinkable.

KENT R. BEAN
Lehi, UT

CURRENT SCHOLARSHIP

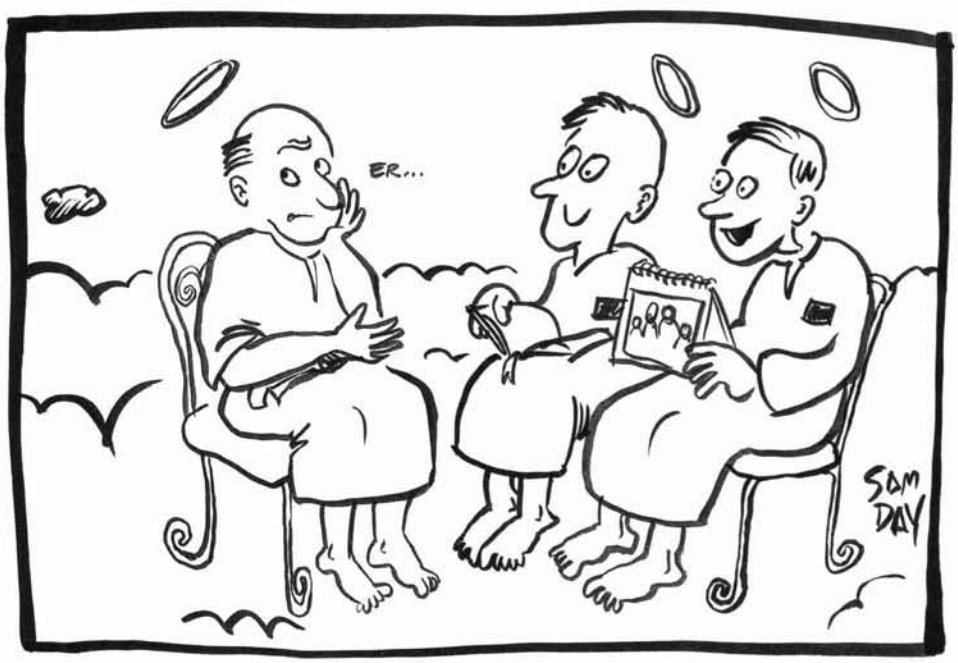
MARK THOMAS'S letter with respect to Carol Lynn Pearson's "Could Feminism have saved the Nephites" struck me as rather myopic. He hammers on Pearson for not following "current scholarship" on New Testament authorship, and he takes Mormon liberals to task for not being sufficiently committed to truth, such as the notion that the story of the woman taken in adultery should not be taken as authentic.

"Current scholarship," however, is a broad river, changing all the time with all sorts of flows and directions, depending on the assumptions and methods chosen for navigation. If a group of scholars, such as the Jesus Seminar, approaches the text with methods driven by a common set of secular assumptions and values, then, surprise, their "truth" depicts Jesus as a secular figure, hidden from sight by later religious accretions that became the New Testament.

If a scholar like Richard Elliot Friedman in *Who Wrote the Bible?* (Harper, 1987) adopts the assumptions and methods that produced the Documentary Hypothesis, he can put together a very persuasive and impressive reading of the Noah story as being spliced together from distinct accounts by two different authors. But however impressive Friedman's reading, however scholarly his methods, it is rather strange and startling to find that the Noah account is chiasmic (see Isaac Kikawada and Arthur Quinn's *Before Abraham Was* [San Francisco: Ignatius, 1989]). Hence, the same redundant phenomena in the Noah text that Friedman takes as evidence for dual authors can be easily accounted for by another set of assumptions that shows the repetition as a conscious artfulness that unifies the story. Friedman's approach completely overlooks the poetic aspects of the story, a class of information that is right in front of his eyes and directly relevant to his conclusions. He does this while being scholarly, scientific, respectful, devotional, utterly sincere and honest, brimming with integrity, and completely in line with the dominant scholarly consensus.

Even in the sciences, some of the criteria by which we test assumptions are "simplicity and aesthetics," "fruitfulness," and "future promise" (Thomas Kuhn's terms, from *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*). Read the story of the adulteress while assuming that these values matter. What truth value does the story have in this context?

KEVIN CHRISTENSEN
Lawrence, KS



"Now, Mr. Brown, do you want to live with your family forever?"

OFF MARK

MARK THOMAS'S criticism of Carol Lynn Pearson misses the mark. If we took him seriously, only people who are up-to-date on biblical scholarship could speak at Church, and that's crazy. Some of the best moral sermons I've heard have been preached by true believers who have never heard of "higher criticism." It is perfectly acceptable to take our received text on its own terms and mine it for the truths its stories contain. I do that when I read the Book of Mormon. I have no idea whether it is historical; however, when I read it for its messages, and its counter messages (as Pearson did), I feel the Spirit and my life is richer and holier.

I'm a pragmatist, but since we can't ever know what Jesus really said, for me, a theology based on "truth" is one that primarily uses the story of the woman taken in adultery to teach us how to forgive, one that makes life kinder, gentler, and "spiritual." Since the tale is in our cannon scripture, we have to do something with it (and there are a lot of perplexing verses that we must also deal with). If some take a text literally and others don't, big deal. What is important is right living. I find biblical scholarship very helpful in improving one's theology, especially in correcting loony concepts and assumptions, but eventually we must return to scripture itself as the authority on how we should live, for the metaphors that should shape our relationship with the Divine. A man or woman should ultimately read the Sermon on the Mount as God's call to his or her self, not just as a redaction of the first-generation's theology by the anonymous author of the book titled Matthew.

Thanks to Carol Lynn Pearson for making the Spirit's call in scripture live today.

SCOTT BALDWIN
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OF GOOD REPORT

"A GOOD BARGAIN"

Why strict religious demands make a religion stronger and more attractive.

THE FREE-RIDER PROBLEM

FREE-RIDER PROBLEMS ARE THE ACHILLES' HEEL OF collective activities. Michael Hechter summarizes the free-rider problem as follows. "Truly rational actors will not join a group to pursue common ends when, without participating, they can reap the benefit of other people's activity in obtaining them. If every member of the relevant group can share in the benefits . . . then the rational thing is to free ride . . . rather than to help attain the corporate interest." The consequence is, of course, that insufficient collective goods are created because too few contribute. Everyone suffers—but those who give most generously suffer the most. Let me state this as a proposition: *Religion involves collective action, and all collective action is potentially subject to exploitation by free riders.*

One need not look far to find examples of anemic congregations plagued by free-rider problems—a visit to the nearest liberal Protestant church usually will suffice to discover "members" who draw upon the group for weddings, funerals, and (perhaps) holiday celebrations, but who provide little or nothing in return. Even if they do make substantial financial contributions, they weaken the group's ability to create collective religious goods because their inactivity devalues the compensators and reduces the "average" level of commitment. . . . This perverse dynamic threatens all groups engaged in the production of collective goods, and it pertains to social and psychic benefits such as enthusiasm and solidarity no less than to material resources. It would seem that religions are caught on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, a congregational structure that relies on the collective action of numerous volunteers is needed to make the religion credible. On the other hand, that same congregational structure threatens to undermine the level of commitment and contributions needed to make a religious group effective. However, costly demands offer a solution.

SACRIFICE AND STIGMA

THE costly demands in question are not simply monetary costs analogous to the purchase price of secular goods. They are instead what at first glance would seem to be gratuitous costs, the *stigmas* and *sacrifices* common to sects, cults, and other "deviant" religious groups. Religious *stigmas* consist of all aspects of social deviance that attach to membership in the group. A group may prohibit some activities deemed normal in the external society (drinking, for example), or it may require other activities deemed abnormal for the world (shaving one's head, for example). By meeting these demands, members deviate from the norms of the surrounding society. *Sacrifices* consist of investments (material and human) and forgone opportunities required of those who would gain and retain membership in the group. . . . At first glance it would seem that costly demands must always make a religion less attractive. . . . To the contrary, costly demands strengthen a religious group by mitigating "free-rider" problems that otherwise lead to low levels of member commitment and participation: *Sacrifice and stigma mitigate the free-rider problems faced by religious groups.*

They do so for two reasons. First, they create a barrier to group entry. No longer is it possible merely to drop in and reap the benefits of membership. To take part at all, you must qualify by accepting the stigmas and sacrifices demanded from everyone. Thus high costs tend to *screen out* free riders. . . . The costs act as nonrefundable registration fees that, as in secular markets, measure seriousness of interest in the product. Only those willing to pay the price qualify.

Second, high costs tend to *increase* participation among those who do join. Group members find that the temptation to free ride is weaker, not because their human nature has somehow been transformed, but rather because the opportunities to free ride have been reduced and (in equilibrium) the payoff of involvement has been substantially increased. If we may not attend dances or movies, play cards, go to taverns, or join fraternal organizations, we will eagerly await the Friday church social.

The dynamics of stigma and sacrifice have the following direct and formal consequences. First: *By demanding higher levels of stigma and sacrifice, religious groups induce higher average levels of member commitment and participation.* Second: *By demanding higher levels of stigma and sacrifice, religious groups are able to generate greater material, social, and religious benefits for their members.*

At first glance it seems paradoxical that when the cost of membership increases, the net gains of membership increase too. But this is necessarily the case with collectively produced goods. Some examples may be helpful. The individual's positive experience of a worship service increases to the degree that the church is full, the members participate enthusiastically (everyone joins in the songs and prayers), and others express very positive evaluations of what is taking place. Thus as each member *pays* the costs of membership, each *gains* from higher levels of production of collective goods.

Furthermore, for a religious group, as with any organization, *commitment is energy.* That is, when commitment levels are high, groups can undertake all manner of collective actions, and these are in no way limited to the psychic realm. For example, because Mormons are asked to contribute not only 10 percent of their incomes, but also 10 percent of their time to the church, they are thereby enabled to lavish social services upon one another—many of the rewards for being a Mormon are entirely tangible.

These propositions lead to a critical insight, perhaps *the* critical insight: Membership in an expensive religion is, for many people, a "good bargain." Conventional cost-benefit analysis alone suffices to explain the continued attraction of religions that impose sacrifices and stigmas upon their members.

RODNEY STARK

from *The Rise of Christianity: A Sociologist Reconsiders History*
1996, Princeton University Press, reprinted by permission

SUNSTONE *welcomes submissions.*

FROM THE EDITOR

ILLUSIVE REFLECTIONS

By Elbert Eugene Peck

FLORIDA — I'm here for a long, hedonistic President's Day weekend of light, heat, fun, and friends. *And* dancing. At Epoch, we "move to the grooves, well, list to the discs. 'Til the dawn's early light, we dance non-stop, breaking only for water.

The darting lasers, flashing strobes, succeeding crescendos, and creeping fog transform the hall and its occupants. As the sacrament is a brief, sacred space that we construct to renew us spiritually, for me, the structured dance experience heals and energizes in a different way. Such crafted spaces, though momentary, influence for much longer our daily cares and routines. "Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length," said Frost.[1] That's true of spiritual experiences and also sensory ones. Mormon spirituality often transcends the physical, but we also celebrate the union of spirit and matter—we're here to get a body! There is a spirituality in connecting with the senses; after a night of intense sights, sounds, smells, touches, and tastes with friends, I feel an inner connectedness and an enduring calmness. Is this spirituality? Or mere Paganism?

Whatever, I'm very happy when I dance: moving in sync with the incessant, tribal rhythms, feeling in sync with the enveloping, swaying mass of humanity, feeling a live, integration of self. While accessing these primal, often dimmed, parts of my soul, I'm rapt with a fixed, broad grin. Movement. Oneness. Being. Joy. Dancing, I'm the least cerebral, and that reversal in priority feels great! This ecstasy is aesthetic, creative, physical, social. Friends enjoy dancing with me; I'm happy and interactive. Here we "speak" with reciprocal smiling nods and paired gestures that deepen our emotional bonds.

I admire the practiced styles of my neighbors and often copy them. A man dances in front of a mirrored wall, critically honing each turn and tilt. I look in the mirror, too, and critique my performance. I'm awkward, dorky, wooden—nothing like I imagined—the pain of confronting reality. How can people dance with me and not laugh?! I tell myself that I should delight in my *joy* of dancing, which my friends do with me and I with them. This rationalization fails.

My joyous spirit shattered, I leave the floor. I feel like *Man of La Mancha*'s Don Quixote when he is forced to look in the mirror and see that he is just a fool, not a heroic knight with a woeful countenance.

The dance's sensual spell is broken. I revert to my default mode of critical thinking and ponder the power of illusion. How many times am I a blind but obvious fool? Built on false assumptions, was the joy I felt dancing not real? With how many other "illusions" is this so? So what? Their fruits are good. (Quixote's Dulcinea illusion did, after all, redeem Aldonza; illusions can be self-fulfilling prophecies.) And yet, can one, can I?, sustain the same act when my self-image is now Fred Flintstone rather than Rudolf Nureyev?

Many of the *constructive* realities in our lives are, in truth, constructed illusions. Should we deconstruct *all* of them? Wouldn't that do more harm? What do we replace our disillusions with, other illusions? Is an illusion just as powerful when you know it's not "real"? Can we act in life—even dance—without them? Like faith, illusions empower us to act, to grow, to be(come) what we are not. Yet, some illusions are *destructive* and should be debunked. Some are good *and* bad: "I am a good parent" can simultaneously empower and delude. Many religious beliefs have a similar duality of mixed fruits: big things, like the Second Coming, and smaller ones, like believing all callings are inspired.

In any event, just as each sunrise dispels our night dreams, life's relentless experience shatters our day dreams. As the fatalist Miss Van Husen, in *The Matchmaker*, laments, "Everything's imagination. . . . that's what life is: disappointment, illusion."[2] As a high school cast member, I thought her view jaded; now it's mature. And yet, Dolly Levi's web of illusions did snare all into happiness.

Caught in the illusion of being thoughtful about illusions, instead of the reality of merely avoiding dancing, I amble up to the balcony. From here, the event below seems artificial, vain, pointless, an escape.

Disillusion has its up side. It's a painful, necessary companion to change and growth. Individual and collective human progress is a cycle of myth shattered by "fact" and replaced by "truth," which, in time, turns out to be just a more enabling myth. Progress requires regularly reflecting on our reflection; truth does make you free. My dancing would never improve if I lived only in my fantasy. Mormonism's lack of a vigorous critical culture coddles many dysfunctional illusions. There are times, as Elouise Bell says, "when nice ain't so nice"[3]; Christians must to learn to "speak the truth in love" (Eph. 4:15).

I enter a secluded, open-air patio and consider which of my inherited religious *beliefs* are now discarded *illusions*. Some I am better off without; others I wish still animated me. Most of our illusions come from our culture—the "social construction of reality." As the air we unthinkingly breathe gives us life, these illusions define what we see and what we think is real. By contrast, our disillusionments are relatively few; we've swallowed camels and strain at gnats. Life was a lot easier when, as children, we were acquiring life's illusions instead of, as adults, testing them.

Poe penned, "You are not wrong, who deem / That my days have been a dream; / . . . *All* that we see or seem / Is but a dream within a dream."[4] We do live in a reality of dreams and their concomitant disappointments. Still, there is no democracy of illusions: some matter more. I think Paul got it right: When everything else is done away, faith, hope, and love must remain (1 Cor. 13)—these give us the power to constructively live, and breathe, and have our being. Perhaps, as Stoppard suggests, the world will whimper out in a frozen wasteland, but, here and now, we *must* dance and act and think and love and care.[5]

It is now late, and I am tired. From animalistic dancing to gifts of the spirit!—my mental detour's run its course. I gaze on the street below. A humid, sea breeze refreshes my face; I take a deep, healing breath and look up. The sky still shows no sign of the coming sun. Then I hear and feel again the muted, continuing, pounding pulse inside, and I yearn to rejoin the dance. It doesn't matter any more that I am a bad dancer; I want to live, even without my illusion. When I re-enter the floor, friends greet me with welcoming smiles and high-fives, and we all begin moving together with the lights and sounds and smoke and mirrors and mass of humanity.

1. Robert Frost, "Happiness Makes Up in Height For What It Lacks in Length" in *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, ed. Edward Connery Latham (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1969), 333.

2. Thornton Wilder, *The Matchmaker: A Farce in Four Acts* (New York: Samuel French, Inc., 1957), 94, 113.

3. Elouise Bell, "When Nice Ain't So Nice" in *Only When I Laugh* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 40–66.

4. Edgar Allen Poe, "A Dream within a Dream" in *Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allen Poe* (New York: Vintage Books, 1975), 967, emph. in original.

5. Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia* (London: Farber and Farber, 1993).

TURNING THE TIME OVER TO...

Scott Abbott

ON ECCLESIASTICAL ENDORSEMENT AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Steven Epperson (shown talking Beethoven with his son Nick) is the first casualty of BYU's ecclesiastical endorsement policy. Epperson has demonstrated commitment and faithfulness to the Church throughout his life.

Religion is being destroyed by the Inquisition, for to see a man burned because he believes he has acted rightly is painful to people, it exasperates them.

—William of Orange

DURING GAIL HOUSTON'S August 1996 appeal of Brigham Young University's decision to deny her tenure, despite overwhelmingly positive English department and college committee votes, Associate Academic Vice President James Gordon testified that procedurally the university could not be faulted. Houston broke into his technical testimony to remind Gordon and the appeal panel that the hearing was about more than technicalities, that she was a woman with a family, that she was being forced from a position at a university where she had served with dedication, that the decision, in short, was existentially important to her. Gordon responded to the panel that in her outburst she had exhibited the behavior that had led to her dismissal: "From the moment she arrived on campus, we have been unable to control her."

On 22 October 1996, Steven Epperson, an assistant professor of history at BYU since 1993, was told that his services would no longer be required as of the end of August 1997. This made him an early casualty of the policy announced by BYU President Merrill Bateman on 8 February 1996, under which the bishop "of each Church member employed at BYU" would be asked to certify annually "whether the person is currently eligible for a [temple] recommend."

The university clearly has the legal right to establish regulations such as the one demanding that all faculty must undergo ecclesiastical endorsement, and Epperson's bishop, for reasons I will enumerate later, would not certify him. Similarly, James Gordon may have been right when he asserted that the university correctly carried out its own policies in Gail Houston's case (although the American Association of University Professors has argued otherwise and is currently formally investigating BYU for academic freedom violations). But when Houston appealed for a wiser, more charitable judgment, when she asked that Gordon, for the university, look into her face and discern there more than the features of a feminist who has supposedly "enervated the moral fiber" of the university, she showed us a way out of the sanctimonious edifice we have constructed for ourselves, or have allowed to be constructed.

IN this spirit, I would like you to consider the following portrait of Steven Epperson. My rendering will not do him justice; but it is fuller and more honest than the meager sketch passed from his bishop to BYU administrators. I have known Steven and his family for nearly twenty years. We have collaborated. We are friends.

Steven was born in Salt Lake City in 1954. After high school, he enrolled at Brown University. He served a mission in France from 1974 to 1976. A section from his poem "Tangled Woods and Parisian Light"[1] evokes an experience from that time, contrasting the quiet message of two missionaries with a riot taking place nearby:

. . . . . .

A boy clung to his father's leg
Eyes on the street wide and wincing,
The man cradled his son's head listening
While the other pair spoke in low voices,
Searching for words in an alien tongue.

A dog was strung up on a lamp post,
A placard hung round its attenuated
neck,

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Its hanging tongue the same deep
crimson
As the shrill apocalyptic text
Which it bore upon its broken chest.
The two bent nearer the father and the
son
As if to shield them from the proximate
menace,
Continuing the tale of a youth
And the questions he bore into a tangled
wood.

The seried ranks of acolytes bore the epi-
center of the quake away
Leaving clustered knots of onlookers
among the rubble
To register the aftershocks, the emptied
vials of wrath—
The simplicity of the shouted syllogisms
The utter directness of the violence
The thrill of the extraordinary gesture.

The tale neared its end:
"The woods shone
The boy returned through the fields,
A live ember of divine words in his hand.
And thus his story began."
. . . . . .

Steven was graduated from Brown in religious studies in 1979. He married Diana Girsdansky, whom he had met in the Providence Ward. After he had earned an M.A. from the University of Chicago Divinity School, Steven moved with Diana and their children to Princeton, New Jersey, where they spent a year before he began a Ph.D. program in religious studies at Temple University in Philadelphia. I still remember the first priesthood meeting I sat through with the young man whose earnest voice and careful thinking made us all look forward to the year he would spend as a member of the Princeton Ward. At Temple, Steven studied with Paul van Buren, now director of the Center of Ethics and Religious Pluralism at the Shalom Institute in Jerusalem, and worked with Mormon historian Richard Bushman, then at the University of Delaware. (For a personal description of Steven's years at Temple, see "House of the Temple, House of the Lord: A View from Philadelphia."[2])

After graduation, the Eppersons moved to Salt Lake City, where Steven became history curator at the Museum of Church History and Art. He helped develop the permanent exhibition of Church history now displayed on the museum's main floor and curated various exhibitions on Church history and art, including "The Mountain of the House of the Lord," an exhibit commemorating the centennial of the Salt Lake Temple. In 1993, Steven began teaching as an assistant professor in BYU's history department.

When BYU's new policy required Steven's bishop, Andrew Clark, to certify his temple worthiness, Bishop Clark refused, on the grounds that Steven was not attending Sunday School or priesthood meetings, nor was he currently paying tithing. Some background on both counts will be helpful.

Although he was still paying fast offerings, Steven was in fact paying no tithing at the time. Diana was starting up the Children's Music Conservatory, a public, non-profit, and initially expensive undertaking, and their best estimate was that after the Music Conservatory's summer camp in June, it would begin to break even and they would be repaid the money they had paid out.

Hannah, the Epperson's daughter, and Diana were not attending Church; the family was going off in different directions, Steven reports, and there was some tension and disagreement. Uncomfortable with that state of affairs, they followed Hannah's advice and sought a Sunday activity they could do together as a family. Eventually they began going to Pioneer Park to join other Salt Lake residents in feeding the homeless. This was a deliberate and thoughtful attempt to keep the family together and focused on Sunday-related issues and services. Between November 1995 and April 1996, Steven raced back from Pioneer Park to attend sacrament meeting in his ward.

On 5 May, several months after Bishop Clark's initial refusal to certify Steven temple worthy and after Steven had been contacted by James Gordon, Steven met with Bishop Clark. Steven offered, despite the family problems it would cause, to attend priesthood and Sunday School in a neighboring ward, which met at a time that did not conflict with the Sunday morning family project, and he explained he would pay tithing again after the Conservatory's summer camp. On the same day, in an incident that, in the context of his attempt to come to terms with his bishop, felt to Steven like a slap in the face, Bishop Clark refused to approve Nick, the Epperson's youngest son, for ordination to the priesthood—because Nick would not promise to attend all of his meetings. Nick said he would be with his family half of the month in Pioneer Park and attend meetings the other half, but this wasn't good enough for Bishop Clark.

On 10 May, Steven had a follow-up telephone conversation with Bishop Clark, who told him that July to September was an insufficient period to judge whether he was a sincere tithe payer and that attendance at another ward's meetings would not fill the requirement. Bishop Clark said Steven was a member of the Eighteenth Ward. Period. Bishop Clark lectured Steven on principles of "priesthood leadership," explaining that Steven should lead and expect his family to follow as he "laid out the program." (Later in the month, Steven met with Eagle Gate Stake President Ray Wood in a desperate attempt to plead Nick's case. President Wood listened while Steven explained that it felt to him that Bishop Clark was punishing Nick for Steven's choices, but finally President Wood said Steven would have to work out the matter with Bishop Clark.)

BESIDES SAVING MONEY IT HELPS TO ELIMINATE ATTENDENCE PROBLEMS...

"A religious community that governs itself according to the spirit of its laws and basic principles, such as the sanctity of marriage, the primacy of the family, self reliance, etc., should be flexible enough to include a variety of non-destructive behaviors."

All Steven could hope for at this point was that the BYU administration would try to understand that his predicament was the result of the inflexibility of his local leaders, and perhaps intervene. On 17 May, Steven met with Vice President Gordon and told him that Bishop Clark had rebuffed his good faith effort to begin paying tithing at the end of June and to attend priesthood and Sunday School in another ward. He asked Gordon to speak with his bishop to try to achieve a compromise. Gordon said he could do nothing.

Finally, in mid-October, Gordon asked Steven if he could speak with his bishop. Steven agreed, asking only that Gordon give him a full report of what Bishop Clark said, so that he could verify the information. Gordon agreed. On 22 October, Steven was summoned to Gordon's office to discuss, Steven thought, what his bishop had said. Gordon gave a short report of his conversation with Bishop Clark. Steven responded. The letter of dismissal, which Gordon subsequently handed to Steven, was lying on the desk while they spoke. The administration had decided, the letter said, to terminate Steven's contract as of August 1997.

When Gordon later explained, in a *Deseret News* article about Steven's dismissal,[3] that the person involved "can give us permission to speak with the bishop, and we will work with people if they are making a good faith effort," it did not match the process Steven said he experienced, for Gordon had refused to speak with Steven's bishop to work things out and had denied Steven's good faith effort in the face of absolute inflexibility.

I TELL this story not to argue that Steven was doing something better than going to church, nor to argue that his stubbornness in the face of what he saw as un-Christian inflexibility was the most politic choice, but, rather, to point out that routine church activity (as opposed to deeply held values) is subject to circumstances. What is possible one year becomes more complicated the next; sometimes family dynamics require innovative strategies. A religious community that governs itself according to the spirit of its laws and basic principles, such as the sanctity of marriage, the primacy of the family, self reliance, etc., should be flexible enough to include a variety of non-destructive behaviors. A formalistic, impatient, overpious community may break its less-orthodox members on the wheel of ephemeral policy. Do thirty years of devotion, tithe paying, a mission, temple marriage, and church work mean nothing in the face of a year of well-meant but slightly altered church activity?

Where does this kind of insistence on the letter of administrative procedure get us? Will more people comply with its demands now than before the new policy? And more to the point, will BYU faculty and staff now be more spiritual? Or do others respond to coercion the way I do? My nature is to do well the things I choose and to despise and evade what I am forced to do. Or, if I decide to knuckle under even while disagreeing with the requirement, I experience a diminished sense of dignity. Emphasizing the letter over the spirit shifts a people's sense of morality from heartfelt individual commitment to superficial observance of outward requirements. And the arbitrariness of the policy is staggering; in contrast to Steven's case, one Tooele County bishop has *called* a ward member who finds church attendance distasteful to serve breakfast to the homeless in Salt Lake City.

Steven Epperson stands for others who are currently under investigation by the BYU administration (on 13 December 1996, BYU President Merrill Bateman told BYU humanities faculty that these number approximately 100) and who, too, may be asked to leave, one by one, in the coming months. By insisting on the letter of its new policy, by weeding out members of the staff and faculty who cannot satisfy their bishops' personal interpretations of the standard of temple worthiness, no matter how idiosyncratic, what does the university lose?

In Steven, BYU loses one of the fine apolo-

"I'LL HAVE MY PEOPLE CALL YOUR PEOPLE ABOUT LETTING MY PEOPLE GO."

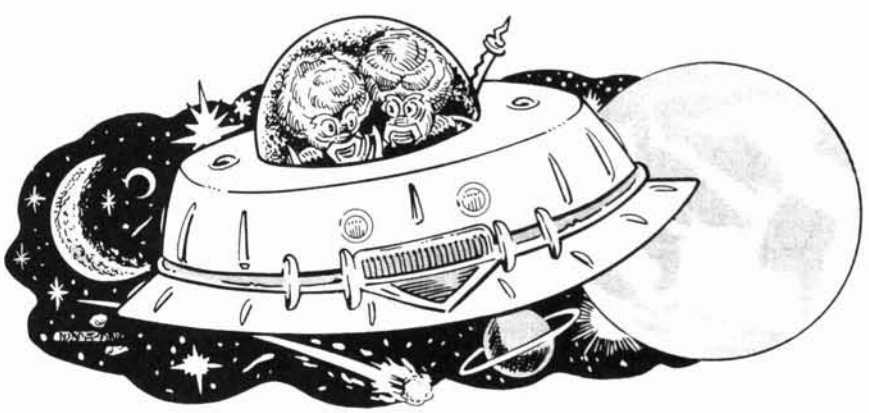
"When the university insists on the letter of administrative procedure, will faculty and staff be more spiritual? And isn't 'ensuring voluntary compliance' an oxymoron?"

gists for our religion. As an invited speaker at conferences in Jerusalem, Baltimore, the former Soviet Union, and elsewhere, Steven has argued our case eloquently. Thinking people in many parts of the globe hold Mormons in higher esteem as a people because Steven confesses our creed. Jacob Neusner, distinguished research professor of religious studies at the University of South Florida, begins his review of Steven's book *Mormons and Jews: Early Mormon Theologies of Israel* (Signature Books, 1992) with the words "Brilliantly conceived and elegantly executed" and then writes of "the doctrines Epperson lays out with the authority of scholarship and the passion of faith. He writes with craft and care; he speaks with humility; in the framework of his subject and his sources, he has given us a small masterpiece."[4] Neusner continues with an anecdote that illustrates the service Epperson has performed for the Church:

> A personal word may prove illuminating. The first time I lectured at Brigham Young University, my topic, Pharisaism in the first century, spelled out in four academic lectures, interested only a few. The question periods after each lecture provided an exercise in practical missiology for young Mormons. I was the designated candidate, they, the aggressive proselytizers, and the protracted question periods, for four successive days, concerned only, what does a Jew say to this argument? And how can we devise a compelling answer to that negative response? In the end I wondered why my hosts had gone to so much trouble to bring me to undergo so sustained and demeaning a public roast. I left with the impression that all the Mormons wanted to know about the Jews was why we were not Mormons. When the Mormons sought permission to build their center in Jerusalem, I therefore took note, in the *Jerusalem Post*, that they have written a long record of persistent missions to Israel, the Jewish people, marked by an utter absence of regard for our religion, the Torah.
>
> But God does not leave us standing still. People change, and God changes us. So I hasten to add that subsequent visits to Provo have proved far more productive, with the tradition here expounded by Epperson coming to the surface, and the possibility of a genuine religious dialogue among people who share a single reading of religion and a common reading of what scripture has delivered to us, but also what scripture has left for other writings to hand on as well. Epperson's definitive work, both the historical and the theological chapters, lays sturdy foundations for the construction of a two-way street, one that both religious communities, each a pilgrim people, stubborn in its faith, eternal in its quest to serve and love God with and through intelligence (which is God's glory), may share as they trek toward that common goal that Israelite prophecy has defined for us all.[5]

Along with Steven's skill as apologist, we lose a talent for thinking creatively about our own beliefs and institutions. Consider, for example, Steven's depiction of the temple and its possibilities:

> The temple is a paradox, an earthly home for a transcendent God. It cannot house his glory, yet he bids his children raise its walls, adorn its chambers, weave its veil. For he chooses just this place and not celestial spheres to disclose and veil his presence among the children of Israel. Signs of fellowship and wisdom, signs of sovereignty and orientation hewn upon the temple's sheer face betoken the knowledge and endowment bestowed within. Mortal hands and eyes are led by ones immortal to frame the fearful symmetry of his form, his house, his kingdom here on earth. We cannot place the crown upon his kingdom—cannot bind all wounds, sate all hunger, pacify all violence, wipe away all tears. Yet he bids, he demands a realm of equity and justice, now, from our flawed hearts and feeble hands.
>
> The House of the Lord is the matrix for the kingdom of God on earth. The temple transmutes city and wilderness: it pursues neither Eden, nor the heavenly Jerusalem. It sanctions neither a naive return to a romanticized past, nor the negation of the sensuous present, the real, for an abstract future. Rather, by a mysterious alchemy conjured through the conjunction



"Do you mind if we stop by earth? I want to check out the General Conference book sales."

> of words from an improbable rite, it would bridge the rift between parents and children, the whole estranged family of Adam and Eve, and it would establish Enoch's city here, in this world, through unnumbered acts of charity and justice.[6]

We lose, in addition, a fine critical eye. Steven recently published, for example, at the invitation of the editor of *Brigham Young University Studies*, a review essay of Robert Millett's and Joseph McConkie's *Our Destiny: The Call and Election of the House of Israel* (Bookcraft, 1993), a review that will help us, if we listen, move beyond morally ambiguous patterns of accepted thought. Steven points out, for instance, that

> the authors contend that since "literal blood descent" from Abraham delivers "the right to the gospel, the priesthood, and the glories of eternal life," "rights" by blood de-scent are crucial for the exercise of legitimate authority to establish and maintain the Church. They claim that such authority is rooted securely, since the Church's early leaders "were all of one stock," sharing with Joseph Smith a "pure . . . blood strain from Ephraim"; they are "pure-blooded Israelite[s]." This teaching, they assert, is to be taken literally; it is "neither myth nor metaphor."[7]

He then demonstrates that such assertions of pure blood lines are biological nonsense and points out that when the authors cite William J. Cameron as an authority and a "wise man," they are associating themselves with the thought and person of the editor of Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, a virulently anti-Semitic weekly, with a man who was subsequently the editor of *Destiny*, the publication of the anti-Semitic Anglo-Saxon Federation of America. Cameron maintained, Epperson writes, "'that Jesus 'was not a Jew. And the Jews, as we know them, are not the true sons of Israel. It was the Anglo-Saxons who descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel.' "[8] The review ends with a question: "Is it possible that, just when the LDS community is emerging from ethnic, linguistic, and geographical parochialism to become a world-wide religion, that *Our Destiny* would unwittingly turn us back?"[9] Millett and McConkie had the opportunity to defend themselves, so this was no one-sided polemic. (And in fact, Steven received a letter from Salt Lake lawyer Oscar McConkie threatening legal action for having supposedly called Joseph McConkie racist.) Rather it was the kind of activity you hope university professors will engage in; for, in the give and take of discussion, ideas are sharpened and deepened and revealed for what they are.

Epperson was hired at BYU, in part, because of the quality of his book *Mormons and Jews*, which won the Mormon History Association's 1993 Francis Chipman Award for Best First Book and, in an earlier form, the MHA's William Grover and Winifred Foster Reese Best Dissertation Award. In the fall of 1995, Steven underwent a routine third-year review in which department, college, and university committees judged whether he was making the progress in citizenship, teaching, and scholarship required of an assistant professor. During the process, the orthodoxy and quality of *Mormons and Jews* became the crucial questions in evaluating Steven as a professor, even though the book had been disallowed for consideration as productive scholarship during Steven's three trial years because it had been published prior to his arrival at BYU. Academic Vice President Alan Wilkins, after an hour-long discussion of the book's orthodoxy with Steven, asked "What would you do if the General Authorities asked you to suppress this, not to teach it, to recant? If they declared that this work wasn't doctrinally sound?" Steven replied that "that is their prerogative; they determine what is doctrinal for the Church. That's not what I do. I don't claim or teach this as doctrine. But I have done a professional job of recovering and re-presenting to readers what is in the historical record."

In late September 1996, nearly half a year after the results of other third-year reviews were announced, James Gordon asked Steven if he could send copies of the book to two outside reviewers for evaluation, and Steven agreed. Two weeks later, however, the evaluation was cut short with the letter announcing that Steven's bishop would not judge him temple worthy. Because of the six-month delay, Epperson lost crucial time in the search for another academic position.

LETTER FROM STEVEN EPPERSON TO HIS COLLEAGUES

My dear colleagues:

I have been informed by University administrators that my contract will not be renewed after its expiration in August, 1997. The immediate cause cited for that decision is my failure to obtain, over a reasonable period, the letter of ecclesiastical endorsement which we all must now secure annually in order to remain employed at BYU. It is, I believe, an unfortunate decision. But I will not appeal it or seek to have it set aside. Six months of interviews have served only to disclose how differently my bishop and I perceive my stewardship as husband, father, and priesthood holder. Six months of meetings have only disclosed how willing University administrators are to grant local ecclesiastical leaders inordinate power to determine who works and who does not work for this institution. I cannot imagine, as a condition for employment, submitting annually to the intrusive scrutiny of my private family life mandated by this ill-conceived policy.

It is very important to me, no matter what disagreements there may be between us on this policy issue, that all of you understand how appreciative I am of the confidence and fellowship you extended to me three and a half years ago when you voted to welcome me as a member of this department. I have never taken that trust lightly; I treasure it to this day. I hope only that you will not feel that your good will was misplaced. When I signed my letter of appointment in 1993, I had every expectation that my stay at BYU would be an enduring and productive one. I am sorry and disappointed, keenly disappointed, that my stay here will be so brief.

I sincerely wish all of you the very best of success in your research, teaching, and service here. We have a marvelous body of students—intelligent, well-meaninged, curious and decent—who need excellent teachers/scholars/saints to assist in their pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. May we be equal to them.

The contract I signed in July is good for the academic year 1996–97. I look forward to our continued professional and personal associations through this year and beyond.

Sincerely,

Steven Epperson
Department of History

STEVEN EPPERSON'S case is serious enough if it stood alone. But there are professors and staff members in every department of the university whose lives are under scrutiny at the moment, whose years of devoted and skillful service are being discounted under the new ecclesiastical endorsement policy. And if, for various reasons—perhaps feeling themselves victims of unrighteous dominion, out of pride, from sheer obstinacy—they refuse to comply with whatever their particular bishop requires, however arbitrarily, we lose their services. I am not arguing for leniency for rapists and thieves and plagiarists. BYU has routinely fired staff, faculty, and administrators caught in acts of moral turpitude. No matter what their skills, a morally solvent institution cannot afford to have such people around.

That is not, however, what is at stake here. The question is why the behaviors that we require of all members of our community, the laws by which we judge one another good or bad, must proliferate as they have. Why must we raise peccadillos to mortal sins? We would all agree that an absolute requirement against murder is in the best interest of all and that it is appropriate to force one another not to murder. The consequences of a murder so far outweigh any benefits of free agency that we simply outlaw it.

But what about the cases of occasional church attendance or sporadic tithe paying? There are obvious spiritual benefits to paying tithing, to take the latter example; and a Church university all of whose faculty and staff pay tithing may be an especially fine place. The sweetness of that utopia diminishes, however, when compliance is forced. As contrasted to a case of murder, the claims of free agency weigh heavily here.

No, one may argue, we are firing people who don't pay tithing or go to church so that we may employ only people who want to do so. And our new interviewing and screening procedures are aimed at ensuring such voluntary compliance. We are justified in our current practice of turning away for positions candidates who have current temple recommends but who, for some reason, have gone without a recommend previously.

My answer is that you simply cannot ensure voluntary compliance. You can't even ensure involuntary compliance, for that matter, for there are some bishops who refuse to play this spiritually destructive game. But "ensure" and "voluntary" don't belong in the same sentence. Remember the old joke about free agency and how to enforce it? You can kick out some of the students who wear shorts above the knee and thus force most of the others to wear longer shorts. You can fire faculty members who, for whatever reasons, don't go to church enough to satisfy their bishop and thus put the fear of ecclesiastical non-endorsement into their colleagues. But why would you want to do that? Trust, Church President Gordon B. Hinckley reminded members of the BYU community on 13 October 1992, comes from the top down.

SO, to review my argument: (1) If forced compliance to proliferating policies has little spiritual benefit to the individual or to the university; and (2) if the principle of free agency (over which the War in Heaven was fought) is of extreme importance both to individuals and to the university; then (3) in all cases of transgression except those so egregious that we would all see them as unacceptable, the transgressor might receive charitable counsel but ought never to be coerced to be "good" (by expulsion from school, if a student, or by firing from a job, if staff or faculty). "Teach them correct principles, and let them govern themselves," said our founding Prophet. Do we not believe him? And why do we ignore the clear words of Jesus Christ? "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel" (Matt. 23:24).

NOTES

1. Steven Epperson, "Tangled Woods and Parisian Light," SUNSTONE, 15:1 (Apr. 1991), 41.
2. Scott Abbott and Steven Epperson, "House of the Temple, House of the Lord: A View from Philadelphia," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, 20:3 (fall 1987), 129–140.
3. Sharon M. Haddock, "BYU expects LDS faculty to meet temple standard," *Deseret News*, 23 Jan. 1997, B1.
4. Jacob Neusner, "Toward a Common Goal," SUNSTONE, 17:3 (Dec. 1994), 71–73
5. Neusner, 73.
6. Abbott and Epperson, 140.
7. Steven Epperson, "Some Problems with Supersessionism in Mormon Thought," *BYU Studies*, 34:4 (1994–1995), 132.
8. Epperson, "Some Problems," 133.
9. Epperson, "Some Problems," 134.

BABY'S BREATH

Following the bees, their hum
a chorus of speedboats,
we plunge through an ocean of flowers,
wrenching and snapping stalks,
wrapping the thick fluff of bunches

that we gather and pile high on one shoulder,
carry down to the barn for drying,
skirting the cancerous thistles
that flay our skin.
We tie them with shiny black cord,

granny knot over and under,
half-hitch looped through and pulled tight,
hang them in long rows from crossbeams
and slap at the hungry mosquitoes
that leave streaks of blood on our legs.

Then we step again into the sun
covered with perfume, dirt and dried sweat,
bronzed growers
from the first fields,
the first community of grain.

—PETER LUDWIN

IN MEMORIAM

CLINTON F. LARSON

The noted Mormon poet, who died on 10 July 1994, is remembered by two of his BYU students.

MAN OF AGES

I think I saw you once,
with Genghis Khan, astride a horse,
racing over frozen steppes
and playing polo with a monkey's head.

Or was it Venice?
Fitzgerald and that flapper?
Estelle? Was that her name?
In a pub. No—that palazzo.

The one with vines, thick with gardenias,
pale as moonlight on her hair . . . .

Or maybe it was Oxford, chatting
up the Don. I saw you there (well, I thought),
perched upon a single scull, grinning
as the Thames threw glints in your eyes.

Wicker and wood, heat of a fire. Wood pipe
and aging wool. The library at Cambridge, perhaps.

Surely you're the one I saw
in the uniform of doughboy,
storming the bunkers of Gallipoli,
and then, at night, telling the lads

how you done it with just two hands
and a bayonet; the flicker of dim firelight
catching your pale grin and stretching it.

(You made General by Alamein.
Your English had improved by then.
I think I saw you there—Oh, God!—
a banty little cock, but tough;

and the ladies with silk stockings . . . .)

I may be mistaken, though. If it was France,
you would have been out spying up
Von Richtoven, the spots of your Camel
ghostly in the graying clouds;
the sound of the engine a single, sweetly
droning note. Alone, among the clouds.

I might have seen . . .
I might have seen . . .

I still have pictures—old and fading, but
the smile is unmistakable, that laugh
comes through the years. Blurred, perhaps,
but isn't that you? Straddled over a lion's
head, the rifle still hot in your hands?
The brim of your hat hides your eyes.

It is possible. It is.

Anywhere but this, where the chairs
are plastic and even the chalk is choked.
The children walk on, walk on
and never see you—never see you, really.

I saw you once—I *really* did—teach grammar
while reciting *Jabberwocky* in a room made small
by you. The light was fraught with neon,
too bright. All that plastic and fabricated wood.

And then you smiled; spoke the words,
and in such incomparable nonsense
made sense of the whole conundrum.
What were verbs to the Jabberwock?

You were Taliesen, then—or, perhaps,
Saint Nick. And does it really matter which?

I think they might have glimpsed you then,
and oh, the light you brought to them—
passed down through all these bitter ages
and filtered through those lenses

that we saw you with.
That happened. It did. I know it did.

I saw . . .

—VIRGINIA BAKER

THE MASTER POET

For Clinton F. Larsen, poet, teacher, and friend

He climbs filaments of light from suns, moons, and novae
To the world he wrote of and knew with a belief beyond faith.
Up the spiraling galactic clouds and the soundless burning trails of comets,
Beyond the dark chasms of interstellar voids and the quiet fury of blackholes
He steps, weaving poems and songs to present to Elohim and Jehovah
And all the gathered host. He has found the first and final language:
Where every word spoken with divine purpose wields together
Thought and matter, where poems live beyond the recorded word,
Spiraling in the light of a thousand suns and eternal beings
Shimmering with every note of music and color possible in that place.
He was, he is, a chief bard, who sings the memory of a race
And gives back to us all our hope and despair in its glory.
His voice was among the sweetest on Creation Day,
His thoughts spinning like new stars, his poems bursting into being.
Such souls as he will teach even the Gods a new creation song.

—CARA O'SULLIVAN

CORNUCOPIA

My Creed

MY TESTIMONY

RELIGION HAS PERMEATED MY LIFE ALMOST AS long as I can remember. As a child, Primary and Sunday School presented me with a life-in-a-box. Batteries included. As well as enthusiastic coaches, heros, and villains. In MIA, quorum meetings, and seminary I received a carefully crafted mission statement, short- and long-term objectives, and a detailed set of instructions. The first goal was to gain a testimony—actually, *the* testimony, for the pattern is imprinted on every child's consciousness at an early age. Once that goal was attained, I felt obliged to squeeze my life into the "real" Latter-day box. But as I grew, that box became real uncomfortable.

Gradually, I ventured out of the box, eventually reaching the conclusion that my growth was no longer within the box and those who controlled its parameters had no use for what I had to offer. The Church provides community, stability, status, and security. It serves the needs and promotes the growth of many, many people. But I found modern Mormonism confining. Conformity is the norm, obedience the highest virtue. Creativity, imagination, authentic personal experience are suspect. I cut the cord.

Some have lamented my "loss of faith." They needn't. My journey has been one of continual growth and expanding vision. If I were to die tomorrow I could truthfully say, "It is enough. Thank you."

I will forever bear the Mormon imprint. At its best, I believe Mormonism, at least until recently, valued continuing personal experience (code-named "revelation") over tradition, "authority," and poplar opinion.

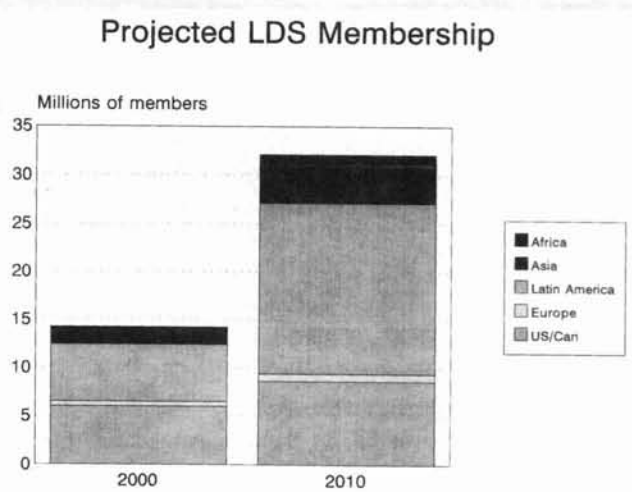
Which brings me to testimony. For me, a testimony is simply speaking the truth about where we are. It is unique to every individual and, to the extent of our engagement with life, changes continually. It is a statement of what life has revealed to us—or more accurately, what meaning and value we have assigned to it. At age fifty, this is my testimony:

1. "I" am the convergence of genetic code and hormones, unwilled chemical and electrical discharges, complex neural pathways, ruts, carved out by years of social conditioning, physical pain, and pleasure. All of which predispose, but not predetermine, me to certain behaviors and emotions.

2. Fear, laziness, prejudice, and self-interest taint my motives and behaviors. Yet, like Sisyphis, I continue to strive for unattainable ideals. My motto: Sin boldly, forgive abundantly, trust in God's mercy.

3. "God" is my name for the values I esteem most highly—currently goodness, truth, and beauty. They have no objective existence. Beyond understanding, but sometimes gloriously

Peculiar People



PROJECTED LDS MEMBERSHIP

IF LDS MEMBERSHIP continues to grow at the same rates observed between 1980 and 1993, there will be major shifts in the geographic distribution of members. By the end of year 2000, Latin America would have about the same number of members as the United States and Canada. Asia (including Oceania) would come in a distinct third, while Europe and Africa would have a relatively small share of membership. By the end of year 2010, slightly over half of all members would live in Latin America, Asia's share of members would become more visible, and African membership would exceed that in Europe.

manifest, they are beacons of moral courage, intellectual and emotional integrity, and aesthetic vision.

4. All social institutions are collective expressions of individual fears and aspirations. All I give—all I withhold—makes a difference. If it's to be, it's up to me.

5. This is *my* life. I decide what matters and what doesn't. Everything in my life reflects my values, my intentions, my imagination. Fascinating.

6. Death is certain. It is life's final, inescapable act. While living fully committed and passionately engaged, I aspire to let go of personal ambition and control. Not in resignation or despair, but in admiration of, and respect for, this miraculous phenomenon we call life.

—SCOTT KENNEY

Top Ten

PAN MAIL

POPULAR MORMON HUMORIST ROBERT KIRBY wasrecently upgraded from Utah columnist to sometimes national columnist (Religion News Service in Washington, D.C., now syndicates some of his writings). Increased feedback is a natural outgrowth of heightened exposure. What follows are his top ten excerpts from recent letters to Kirby:

10. "I once thought Mormons were dangerous. But your column reveals that Mormons are really only just as crazy as the rest of us. Thank you for clearing that up." R. D., Indianapolis, Ind.
9. "Your articles drive my mother-in-law and all of her church lady friends crazy. The enclosed $5 is for the drink of your choice. Thank you, thank you, thank you." G. R., Salem, Ore.
8. "The rotten filth you write is proof that the LDS church needed enforcers like Porter Rockwell. If I get around you ever, you will be a sorry [expletive deleted]." Unsigned, Colorado Springs, Colo.
7. "You make me sick." D. V., Las Vegas, Nev.
6. "As a result of your shameful and untrue portrayal of the Church, our good friends have stopped investigating the Church." M. L., San Bernardino, Calif.
5. "How can your mother and father possibly sleep at night? For their sakes if not the Church's, please change your ways." Mrs. W. M., Seattle, Wash.
4. "[Expletive deleted] you!!!" Anonymous, Flagstaff, Ariz.
3. "I am undecided as to your intent. Is it to make the Church look false? Is it to mock your Heavenly Father? Are you just having fun? I expect an answer." A. H., Eugene, Ore.
2. "How is it that the Church missed you when it cleaned out the other so-called 'intellectuals?' I would give anything to be your stake president for an hour." B. B., Los Angeles, Calif.
1. "No more columns about beating up the Prophet." Dad, Holladay, Utah. "P.S.: I'm not kidding."

Public Opinon Poll: doth the King stink?

Book of Mormon Musings

LAMONI LE PEU

> I would that ye should go in and see my husband [King Lamoni], for he has been laid upon his bed for the space of two days and two nights; and some say that he is not dead, but others say that he is dead and that he stinketh, and that he ought to be placed in the sepulchre; but as for myself, to me he doth not stink. (Alma 19:5.)

MY GUESS IS THAT EVERY NEPHITE AND Lamanite would stink by our modern standards of personal hygiene. We usually don't think of this since we are conditioned by Hollywood to see actors who wear deodorant playing Moses. But Lamoni's Queen presents us with a different set of circumstances: even in ancient Lamanite society, a certain class of people had odors that were unacceptable, namely dead people. Apparently the queen had taken a hurried opinion poll about her husband's fate which may have looked like this:

1. Do you think my husband is dead? Yes. No.
2. If dead, does he stink? Yes. No.
3. If alive, does he stink? Yes. No.

Although we don't know the statistical outcome of this poll, we do have the queen's personal opinion that the king does not stink (we don't know if she thought he was dead or not). We know from the account that the king was not really dead and therefore would not have had the stench of decay. In my opinion this confirms Queen Lamoni's opinion; she wasn't just standing by her man, she had good olfactory senses.

What about those who thought the king stank? My guess is that the rumors soon took on a life of their own. Perhaps someone wanted to take the king's place in this moment of crisis.

What better way to get the whole matter disposed of than to suggest that the king is starting to stink and that he should be buried? Or maybe the rumor was started by someone who had a progressive view of personal hygiene and wouldn't hesitate giving an opinion about any Lamanite or Nephite's personal odor.

I wish we had King Lamoni's personal response to these rumors after he was revived. If the Lamanites had had television, I imagine that King Lamoni would have made millions as a spokesperson for deodorants after this incident. "Take it from me, King Lamoni, you stink more than you may think."

—EDGAR C. SNOW JR.

Twenty Years Ago in Sunstone

MORMON THEATRE: WHAT THE AUDIENCE IS HUNGRY FOR

SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE. IN THE SUMMER 1977 issue of SUNSTONE, Orson Scott Card, writing under his compound pseudonym Frederick Bliss and P. Q. Gump, lamented lack of good, profitable Mormon Theatre. Now, the success of *Saturday's Warrior* seems enviable:

"It seems that once again, theatre people have chosen to do the plays *they* like . . . instead of looking at what the audience is hungry for. The sell-out performances of *Saturday's Warrior* seem to have communicated nothing—the purists among LDS theatre people merely turn up their noses and utter (using the kindest word), 'Drivel.' Well, those lines outside the theatre *mean* something. How far would Shakespeare have gotten if he and the Burbages had sneered at the groundlings and insisted on doing 'great art'?

"We speak angrily: Mormon audiences will keep flocking to drivel as long as the really talented Mormon artists keep producing plays (paintings, music) for themselves instead of for their audiences. There is a democracy involved in the arts. Those artists who ignore the vote of the majority miss a lot of meals.

"And yet, . . . [t]he Mormon audience needs to see the classics, too; needs to learn to appreciate fine acting, fine directing, *and* fine writing, and the last is harder to come by in the Church than the first two.

"But couldn't there be a balance? . . . If [the Lighthouse Company] would only attempt a few Mormon plays among the classics and non-Mormon works in their season, they could accomplish three purposes: they would increase their own chances of survival, since Mormons like best to attend plays that remind them they're Mormon and make them feel good about it; they would produce Mormon plays better than they've been done before, raising the standards of theatre in the Church; and they might even provide an opportunity for really fine writers to *want* to write plays, knowing that they'll get a decent production.

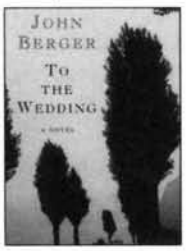
"Composers live by having works commissioned by orchestras and performing groups. So, we must point out, do playwrights. The business of writing a play on speculation is just about as sensible as digging oil wells with a shovel."

Sunraves

HARROWING EXPLORATIONS, BEAUTIFUL CELEBRATIONS

AS I GROW OLDER, I AM MORE AND MORE moved by our wonderfully human desire to be connected to each other and to the Earth. We have deep needs to belong, to understand, to share. Furthermore, we construct profound personal and cultural narratives to help us express these needs. And, in turn, these narratives shape and determine us—often causing us to behave in proscribed ways detrimental to our own lives and our environment. That's why all of my classes at BYU, whether introductory biology or advanced courses in conservation biology, now begin with the study of our stories.

Nothing is more likely to bring me satisfaction and perhaps a deeper sense of hope than finding a new book by an author who is willing to push the limits of thought and language and help me come to a clearer understanding of who I am and who my people are. I come away from such a book with a fuzzier-edged sense of reality and the wish to become somehow larger or better. Here are a few that have made me feel this way recently.

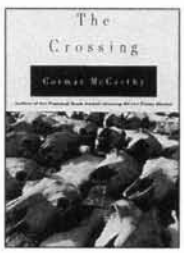


TO THE WEDDING by John Berger. This book, written something like an impressionist painting, is a wonderful affirmation of difficult lives and impossible situations. Ninon, a beautiful and wonderfully alive young woman, discovers she has AIDS—the result of a single, midnight-past tryst on a beach. She is certain her now-happy life is destined for a slow, inexorable decline into pain and degradation—that she's denied the best years of her life. While this is true in one sense, Ninon's fiance loves her and refuses to abandon her even though she demands it. This beautiful story is the celebration of Ninon's life by those who love her even in the face of death. Berger's work is a hymn in praise of the human spirit, an exploration of virtue, redemption, and ephemeral victory.

A CHORUS OF STONES by Susan Griffin. Susan Griffin has pushed the edges of our thought for many years: *Woman and Nature* explored ecofeminism; *Pornography and Silence* analyzed the damage pornographic, hierarchical relationships have on both genders. In *A Chorus of Stones.* Griffin explores the creation and interpenetration of personal and societal history. This book is a harrowing exploration of the soul-killing damage we face when we are silent or silenced. Griffin helps us understand the costs of abuse. She pushes us to speak, to become responsible for our own lives, to become more than we are. This is one of the most important works to help me understand the insanity of the twentieth century.

INDEPENDENCE DAY by Richard Ford. Ford is fascinated with the structure and meaning of the more or less ordinary lives of ordinary people trying to get by in contemporary America. How do we live decently in a world of violence and chaos—a world where many of the defining events of our lives happen to us instead of being shaped by us? What does it mean to try to help our children understand the events of their lives when we have similar difficulties understanding our own lives? How do we take charge of lives made anxious and slippery by the profoundly troubling events we are compelled by? Ford's work is an understated, masterful examination of late twentieth-century angst and the impact of the cultural on the personal.

WOMEN IN THEIR BEDS by Gina Berriault. The title piece of this compelling and rich collection of Berriault's stories is an examination of the lives of women and how they are compelled often by circumstances beyond them. We are faced with struggling to understand our individual and societal complicity in compelling women to and in their beds. In the end, we understand that compulsion is always damaging. Every story in this collection is full and thoughtful if sometimes shocking.



THE CROSSING by Cormac McCarthy. Are our lives destined to be lived in spaces conscribed by borders both real and imagined? Are we shut out and shut in by borders? Is it possible to cross and are the costs worth the benefits? McCarthy's last two books. "All the Pretty Horses" and "The Crossing," explore these issues and more. McCarthy is a master of the language. His books are a pleasure to hold in your hands and read aloud—sentence after sentence surprise. McCarthy's book may not be a personal guide for our own crossings, but it certainly helps make us aware of the borders we face and the difficulties of trying to cross.

—SAM RUSHFORTH

MORMON INDEX

Percentage of 1847 Mormon pioneers living with one parent: 24

Percentage of 1995 U.S./Canadian Saints living with one parent: 15

Number of books to be the #1 hard- and paperback bestseller simultaneously before Mormon-authored *The Christmas Box* was: 0

Percentage of LDS among the U.S. population: 1.8

Number of nations with a higher percentage (incl. Samoa and Tahiti): 11

Percentage of adult Utahns who describe themselves as LDS: 69.2

Percentage of Utahns who have a formal LDS membership: 90.0

Rank of Moses 1:39 among most quoted scriptures in general conference from 1950 to 1978: 1

Percentage of LDS men vs. LDS women who say their sex life would be better if divorced: 26 : 15

Percentage of LDS U.S. high school seniors vs. U.S. seniors who report monthly use of alcohol: 32 : 66

Similar percentages for Catholics, Jews, and Fundamentalist Protestants: 75 : 79 : 58

Number of years Church remained landlord of a Salt Lake prostitution house after the Quorum of the Twelve first discussed the issue: 44

Rank of the Mormon Tabernacle organ among the world's largest organs: 12

Percentage of the Association of Mormon Conselors and Psychotherapists who "often" give blessings to their patients: 3

Percentage of members of AMCAP who "often" counsel patients to seek a priesthood blessing: 29

Number of pairs of eyeglasses donated to Armenians in 1996 by Mormon industrialist Jon M. Huntsman: 25,000

Number of foreign ambassadors who heard President Hinckley counsel world peace at the Washington, D.C., Temple: 33

Chances that a country bearing a U. S. State Department travel warning has organized Church units: 6 in 17

Chances that a country bearing a U. S. State Department travel warning has American Mormon missionaries: 1 in 17

Percentage Mormon growth per decade throughout the past century: 43

Estimated percentage growth per decade through Christianity's first three centuries: 40

1,2 *1997–1998 Church Almanac* [*Deseret News*], 102; **3** *Salt Lake Tribune*, A1, 6 Dec 96; **4,5** *1997–1998 Church Almanac*; **6,7** Lawrence A. Young, "The Religious Landscape" in *Utah in the 1990s* [Signature Books], 159; **8** Jay Parry, Larry Morris, *The Mormon Book of Lists* [Bookcraft], 134; **9** Tim B. Heaton, Kristen L. Goodman, Thomas B. Holman, "In Search of a Peculiar People: Are Mormon Families Really that Different?" in *Contemporary Mormonism: Social Science Perspectives* [Illinois], 96; **10,11** Stephen Bahr, "Religion and Adolescent Drug Use: A Comparison of Mormons and Other Religions" in *Contemporary Mormonism*, 128; **12** D. Michael Quinn, *Same-Sex Dynamics* [Signature Books], 319–20; **13** *Salt Lake Tribune*, B3, 6 Jan 97; **14,15** P. Scott Richards, Richard W. Potts, "Spiritual Interventions in Psychotherapy" in *AMCAP Journal*, vol. 21, no. 1-1995, 45; **16** *Salt Lake Tribune*, 6 Dec 96; **17** *LDS Church News*, 7 Dec 96; **18** *1997–1998 Church Almanac*; **19** Don LeFevre; **20,21** *The Rise of Christianity*, [Princeton], 7.

The Joy Anna Matthews Hansen Lecture

Gender is a more helpful way than patriarchy to understand women and men in society. The feminist project must continue as long as gender disadvantages women and children.

PLEASE, DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGERS!

By Marie Cornwall

DELIVERING MESSAGES ABOUT WHAT ISN'T working is a difficult and challenging task. Whether the concern is about the viability of a marriage, a political system, our communities, or our churches, women often find themselves in the position of delivering messages people don't always want to hear. This responsibility comes to women because much of the power required for instituting change remains in the hands of men. Creating change is uniquely difficult for women, for to do so women must articulate the problem to others who rarely share similar experiences or look at the problem in a similar way. Thus, women trying to create change find themselves in the untenable position of "always complaining about something." As a result, when women raise their voices to draw attention to problems which need solutions, they find themselves the target—they become the problem.

WOMEN CREATING CHANGE: SUFFRAGE, WOMEN'S MOVEMENT, FEMINISM

Feminism is as central to who I am as Mormonism is.

IN a day when women have greater freedom and equality than ever before, we still struggle to be heard on issues of importance to the health and well-being of our society. Feminism is the new "F" word, despite the fact that the majority of women in our country agree with the central tenets of its agenda: equal pay for equal work, equal educational opportunities for women and men, better child care, and so on. A student once shared with me a conversation she had had with a friend after signing up for my sociology of gender course. The friend said she was very brave to take the course and asked, "Is the teacher a feminist?" My student replied, "I don't think so; she seems really nice." Rather than understanding and exploring the feminist agenda, people distance themselves, seeking protective cover from that which they don't understand. I find my students either disinterested or defensive. They find feminism is at best irrelevant, and at worst one of the greatest evils in our time.

Nationally, the academic quality and relevance of women's studies courses have come under attack, and at most universities women's programs remain marginalized and under funded. At the same time, the scholarly contribution of women is changing the very foundations of knowledge. I teach a course in feminist theory in the social sciences, and I believe that good feminist scholarship is very intriguing, relevant, and vital to the health and well-being of our society. In my field of sociology, feminist social scientists have made great strides in re-working the theoretical frameworks of a decidedly male discipline. When I read the *American Journal of Sociology* these days, I am very likely to find an article based on feminist theory or focused on the impact of gender. This represents a dramatic change from just a decade ago, when such topics were relegated to second- and third-tier journals.

Feminism is as central to who I am as Mormonism is.

MARIE CORNWALL is a professor of sociology at Brigham Young University. She was the 1993–94 Belle S. Spafford visiting professor in the Graduate School of Social Work at the University of Utah, where she and Louise Degn produced the two-part KUED television documentary, Utah Women Considered. *An earlier version of this paper was presented as part of the annual Joy Anna Matthews Hansen Lecture at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium on 17 August. The author thanks Dawn Hall Anderson for review and helpful suggestions on multiple drafts.*

"Feminism is the new 'F' word, despite the fact that the majority of women agree with its central tenets: equal pay, equal educational opportunities, better child care, and so on."

Growing up as a Latter-day Saint, I was always taught that Satan's greatest power lies in his ability to lead us astray with half-truths. I'm sure my teachers hoped I would simply heed their advice to just stay away from worldly philosophies and half-truths. But I am an incorrigible optimist. I have always believed that if worldly ideas contain half-truths, I am obligated to look for the part that is good and true before I toss the rest. And that is how I approach feminism. I do not now, and I never have given myself over completely to feminism, however loosely defined—but then I don't believe everything I hear in Sunday School either. I remain highly committed to the process of finding what is good and true in the variety of philosophies feminism offers. I only wish some of my academic colleagues were as cautious and selective about the philosophies of men—for they, too, are riddled with half-truths.

Why am I committed to the feminist agenda? Because I believe in women and what they can contribute to our world. Had I lived a century ago, I would not be allowed to vote. The suffrage movement began in 1848 in Seneca Falls, New York—just miles from Palmyra. Utah women obtained the vote in 1870, lost it in 1887 as a result of the Edmunds-Tucker Act, and then obtained it again with Utah's statehood in 1896. But the Twentieth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was not passed until 1920—seventy-two years after the first meeting in Seneca Falls.

Had I lived one hundred and fifty years ago, I would not be speaking at this podium. Eight American women traveled to London in July of 1840 to participate in the World Anti-Slavery Society. The women were not seated as delegates to the convention for, it was decided, the "promiscuous female representation" would bring "all order to an end."[1] Go back three hundred years, and I would have lived in a religious community that believed that only men achieved salvation, that a woman *had* no soul to save. Only the dramatic changes of the last half century have allowed me access to graduate school training and a position as a professor of sociology.

It is this history that ties me to the feminist project. At the summer Olympics in Atlanta, our women's teams demonstrated over and over what is possible when resources are provided for women's sports in our schools and universities—even if men's sports teams have to cut back a little. With gold medals for the women's teams in basketball, softball, and soccer, Title IX—which required sex equity in education—a feminist project that has finally borne fruit.

SOCIAL SCIENCE, FEMINISM, AND PATRIARCHY

New feminism focuses on how gender practices subordinate both men and women.

MY feminism has always been tempered by my social scientific world view. Because I am a social scientist, I know that new definitions and perspectives are always on the horizon—there is always a better way to articulate reality. Take, for example, the feminist writings about patriarchy, with spins from three different feminist perspectives. Radical feminists attack patriarchy as the structure and process of men's control over women's sexuality and reproductive capacity. According to Marxist feminists, patriarchy harms women by subordinating them within their own homes and exploiting them as workers in our capitalist marketplace. For psychoanalytic feminists, patriarchy is the symbolic rule of the father played out in traditional sex roles, in gendered sexuality, and in the unconscious mind.

Patriarchy is a term worn out in rhetoric—it is not conceptually tight and is inadequate as a descriptor of what is wrong in our gendered world. Patriarchy literally means "rule of the fathers"; feminists have generally used the term as "rule of the men." But not all men rule, not all men are patriarchs, and not all patriarchs exploit women.

New feminist perspectives suggest instead that we focus on gender,[2] specifically, on how gendered practices in our society subordinate *both* men and women. Patriarchy is one salient feature of gender, but gender is not synonymous with patriarchy or with men's domination and exploitation of women. When I speak of gender, I refer to more than a traditional division of labor between men and women. Gender is not an individual attribute, as in male or female. Gender is what men and

"When masculinity requires bravado over sensitivity; when femininity requires the enactment of dependency over initiation; when gendered practices block men's and women's full development, then agency is constrained."

women do, a carefully choreographed dance, a set of interactions and relationships central to the organization of human conduct. Gender establishes patterns of expectations for individuals, and it orders social processes in everyday life. Gender, as a pattern of social behaviors, is enacted in mixed company but also among men and women alone. Gendered behavior is even more exaggerated and obvious in locker rooms and beauty salons where only men or only women are present.[3] In "The Meeting," Elouise Bell has written a satire of such behaviors with our familiar gender norms reversed. You may recall the announcement of Education Week courses: "Sister Lorriane Larson will be giving a lecture on 'Eschatology and Ether in the Perspective of the Book of Revelation.' . . . Brother LeRuth Davis will have a workshop titled 'Twenty Tips for Keeping a Tidy Garage,' and Brother Terry Joe Jones will repeat last year's popular series on 'Being a More Masculine You.' . . . And Sister Alice Young Taylor will lecture on 'Three Important Men from Church History.' "[4]

Gender is more salient in some contexts than in others. For example, the gendered expectations for men and women are more apparent at a Thanksgiving Day dinner than at a banquet table of male and female sociologists. Gendered interactions differ across religions and racial and ethnic groups; they also differ across working class, middle class, and upper class cultures. Clear patterns of behavior are readily apparent when men and women do gender, but this does not mean that men and women always behave differently. Not all men are from Mars, and not all women are from Venus. The within-gender variation is often as interesting as the between-gender variation. Barrie Thorne, a feminist and sociologist, tells us a great deal about how boys and girls "do gender" on a school playground by describing the variation in play among boys and among girls. She finds some girls prefer baseball over jump-the-rope; some boys prefer jump-the-rope over baseball. But she also learns that being a tomboy is a lot less damaging to a girl's reputation on the playground than being a sissy is to a boy's reputation.[5] Gender is so important to the patterning of our everyday life that we spend an incredible amount of time seeking, defining, and reinforcing gendered practices. As a child learns to walk and talk, she also learns how to "do gender," or how to behave consistent with her category of sex.

THE CORRUPTION OF GENDER

No power or influence ought to be maintained by virtue of one's gender.

UNFORTUNATELY, we live in a society that supports corrupted gender practices while it resists examining the consequences. This is apparent in our economic system as well as in interpersonal relationships. Nancy Folbre, a feminist economist, has suggested that a society is fundamentally unfair when societal norms and expectations restrict women's choices more than men's or give men an a priori advantage either in terms of rights or responsibilities. According to Folbre, the norms of our modern society grant more rights to men (freedom to pursue one's own interest, for example) while holding women more responsible for nurturing children and caring for the sick and the elderly. We resist the feminist suggestion that both both men and women have the same rights. This feels unsafe. Who would do what women always do—take responsibility for the private and personal part of life that sustains our communities, our congregations, and our families?[6] I have never understood why men are so willing to exalt women for the work they do but have been so little interested in full participation in this glorious work themselves.

Imagine another society where men and women have the same rights and are held equally responsible for devoting time to home, children, and community. This society stops the erosion of family life and assigns responsibility for nurturing children and caring for the sick and elderly equally to women and men. Such a society no longer blames women for societal problems but places responsibility squarely on the shoulders of both men and women.

But, one may say, men do care about families and children. But caring is a choice for men; it is not always a choice for women, and the sanctions are greater for women who do not care than for men who do not care. *Caring about* is also distinctly different from taking *responsibility for.* In my sociology of

"We live in a world that values paid labor over family labor and status over sacrifice."

gender class, a student once reported that he had surprised his fiancee by announcing *he* had decided to stay home and take care of the kids while she supported the family. She protested immediately—that was her job. He then assured her that he was just joking. He was pleased with himself, for the point he wanted to make to the class was that women like things the way they are. Women like raising children and taking care of the home. I asked him, "Would you ever want to be a full-time dad?" He said, "Are you kidding? No way. I'm not going to do that." I also think women generally do like doing what they do; we are just disappointed that men aren't more willing to share in the *responsibility* for child care and domestic work. The imbalance of responsibility becomes more apparent as women take on double duty—family care along side employment.

We hear a great deal of concern about the impact of working moms on the development of children. We are aware of increasing numbers of female-headed households and how much more vulnerable they are to poverty. Because more and more of these families are the result of pre-marital sex rather than divorce, some have chided teenage girls and women for their sexual irresponsibility. Meanwhile society ignores the sexual irresponsibility of men. A national study designed to learn more about the fathers of children born to unmarried mothers revealed that 60 percent of fifteen- to seventeen-year-old mothers had a partner three or more years older than they. Half the fathers of their children were twenty years of age or older.[7]

"Doing gender" is also about the distribution of power between men and women. Power corrupts—we know that; the scriptures warn us of this fact. We learn that "no power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood" (D&C 121:41). We can say the same about gender. No power or influence ought to be maintained by virtue of one's gender.[8] Gendered relationships should operate by kindness and in such a way that "enlarges the soul without hypocrisy and without guile." This applies equally to men and women. We must not ignore the fact that women also have the opportunity to exert power over men—as mothers, wives, sisters, and co-workers.

The adequacy of our system of gender is manifested in the growth and development of individuals. A corrupted gender system can harm development and constrain individual agency. When masculinity requires bravado over sensitivity; when femininity requires the enactment of weakness and dependency over autonomy and initiation; when gendered practices block women's full development and participation in our public world and limit men's involvement in rearing children, then individual agency is constrained.

Corrupt gender practices can block the capacity for an individual to learn hope, to develop faith and trust in others, and to acquire charity. In Utah over the past five years, between eight and nine women were killed each year by a husband or boyfriend. Utah's number of rapes per 100,000 is as high as the national rate. Last year, the U.S. Justice Department estimated that 500,000 women are sexually assaulted in this country each year. Women (and men) who are abused and battered as adults or as children face difficult and unique obstacles in their quest for faith, hope, and charity. The feminist project is as much about saving men from the corruption of gendered practices as it is about saving women. A part of the feminist project is to continually remind ourselves that when the gender system is corrupt, women and children are placed at great risk physically, emotionally, and spiritually.

But what about our religious institutions? Don't they create and sustain our gender system as natural and according to God's laws? No, not necessarily, for religious principles can be corrupted in practice, adapted to fit cultural norms that are not consistent with God's desire. The inequality of our gender system in the United States is a historical development that has been constantly modified and is constantly under negotiation. We see the process of these negotiations in the rhetoric of the suffrage movement and are surprised by the ringing similarity of those arguments to the issues we confront in our own times.[9] Joining the feminist project means active participation in the ongoing negotiations about gender expectations and their impact on individuals.

Women today have greater access to resources and to the

"Many young men were raised to value women and to be more egalitarian, but they face a world that indicts them anyway, just for being male."

centers of power than they have ever had. We are better educated. The wage gap has declined. Women are entering professions in record numbers. And in the past few years there has been a tremendous push to make a place for women in the political arena. Each new generation of women has acquired more freedom. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers fought for the vote, our mothers and we ourselves entered the labor force in record numbers, and the new generation is expanding women's participation into the professions and into politics.

GENDER IN THE COMPLEX MODERN WORLD

Gendered disadvantages appear in every aspect of society.

SO why is it that feminists aren't yet satisfied? Our society is more complex and more complexly gendered than it was just one hundred years ago. Back then, my grandmother lived in a small town, produced most of her own food, and clothed her family. There were no large grocery stores, no department stores, no credit cards, no television. Women rarely worked for pay outside the home. There were no extensive hospital and health care systems and insurance companies, few large international corporations. In the complex modern world, the significance of gender involves far more than family and religion. Like light through a prism, gender is fractured and reflected across multiple institutional and organizational arenas.

Religious institutions are more standardized and regulated. For example, nineteenth-century Latter-day Saints demonstrated commitment and loyalty through procreation and the expansive settlement of the West. Twenty-first-century Latter-day Saints show their devotion by running complex, Church-organized educational programs for children, teenagers, and adults. Church members attend meetings, engage in proselyting efforts, and go to the temple. From curriculum to rules governing use of the meetinghouse (women can schedule the gym for exercise classes, for instance, but can't use the classrooms for child care facilities), from autonomous women's activities to regulated budgets and accounting systems, policies codify gender practices. Gender issues turn on access to resources and on the judgment of both local and general male leaders, who make decisions with or without (at their discretion) input from women. Sending information about the circumstances of women's lives up an ecclesiastical ladder with an ever-increasing number of rungs is becoming even more difficult.

The labor force is an another arena in flux. Almost nineteen million new workers joined the labor force between 1979 and 1989; two-thirds of them were women. People want to blame feminists for this change and many others that followed in its wake. But the economy was far more powerful than feminists were. Women's entrance into the labor force helped maintain the average family wage despite the declining male wage. In 1989, the average male salary was $17,000 *lower* than it might have been had the economy continued to grow in the 1970s and 1980s as it had in the 1950s and 1960s. Seventy-five percent of Utah women are in the labor force where gendered interactions can be hostile and discriminatory.[10] In Utah, as elsewhere, gender constructs the career pathways and job opportunities of women. Two-thirds of Utah women are concentrated into four traditionally female and low-paying occupations: clerical and administrative (30 percent), service occupations such as waitressing, food preparation, or hairdressing (13 percent), sales (11 percent), and elementary and secondary school teachers (10 percent).

Another arena where gender plays a formative role is education. Educational systems dominate our lives from age six through age seventeen and, for the college bound, into our twenties and sometimes thirties. Gendered stereotypes dominate often-outdated educational materials. Even in high school and college, young women rarely read or hear the full history of civilization, one that includes the story of women's lives intertwined with significant events of history. From Plato to Rousseau, women read philosophies that denigrate and deny women's intellectual capacities. Rousseau once wrote:

> The man should be strong and active; the woman should be weak and passive; the one must have the power and the will; it is enough that the other should

"Imagine a society where men and women are held equally responsible for devoting time to home, children, and community. Men do care about families and children, but *caring about* is distinctly different than taking *responsibility for.*"

> offer little resistance. When this principle is admitted, it follows that woman is specially made for man's delight. If man in his turn ought to be pleasing in her eyes, the necessity is less urgent, his virtue is his strength, he pleases because he is strong. I grant you this is not the law of love, but it is the law of nature, which is older than love itself.[11]

Outside the classroom, other doors remain closed. As higher education becomes more important for economic survival, the educational attainment of women continues to lag behind that of men. The gap in educational attainment between men and women is larger in Utah than in any other state.

Gendered interactions disadvantage women in matters of law. As families disintegrate, women find themselves before the mercy of judges and courts unaware of the economic insecurities that accompany years of devotion to full-time motherhood. In 1991, 73 percent of divorced mothers were awarded child support by the courts; only 57 percent actually received child support.[12] The feminist project must continue as long as gender disadvantages women and children or places them in danger.

CARRYING THE MESSAGE

When showing that gendered problems exist within the Mormon community too, the messenger is often accused of attacking the Church.

CARRYING a message to this community about the corruption of gendered practices is not an easy task. Organizations, and the men who serve them, either want to deny the the corruption of gendered practices, minimize the extent of the problem, or avoid taking responsibility for change. I purposely speak of all organizations, not just religious ones. Focusing on religion alone is a misdirection, a wasted effort. We accomplish nothing if we hold religious institutions accountable for gender corruption and ignore the harmful effects of other institutions—the media, for example, or the business world, which has effectively avoided taking responsibility for hostile work environments or the lack of family-friendly policies. At the same time, to ignore the significance of religious institutions in such matters is also folly.

It has been over fifteen years since *Mormon Women and Depression* aired on KSL.[13] People criticized Louise Degn for focusing on depression among *Mormon* women. Why did she have to single out Mormon women and make the Church look bad? Her intent was never to make the Church look bad. But she felt strongly that unless she specifically addressed the fact that LDS women got depressed, our community would dismiss depression as someone else's problem, not ours. Within weeks, the documentary was being shown in Relief Societies throughout the United States.

We now have the same kind of controversy brewing over sexual abuse in our community. Somehow it's all right to talk about abuse as long as we don't make the Church look bad in the process. But this is a catch-22, for in order to get the Church community to respond to the problem, we must first demonstrate that the problem is as acute within the Church as without.

WOMEN'S VOICES

When women have access, what we say won't seem like whining or nagging.

THIS brings me back to where I began—to women delivering messages about needed change. Are women's voices heard by the establishment? Think about how often gratitude is expressed for the *quiet* devotion of women, or how women *quietly* go about their duties in the ward. Is there something about women's voices, per se, that is problematic?

The new psychology of women, building on Mary Belenky's study of women's ways of knowing and Carol Gilligan's well-known *In a Different Voice*, made women's voices a central concept of the feminist movement.[14] Psychologists have observed that women tend to silence themselves in relationships rather than risk open conflict or disagreement that might lead to isolation or to violence. In fact, psychologist Lyn Brown shows how a psychologist, by listening to women's voices (what is

said, about whom, and within what relationship) can find strength or weakness, courage or cowardice, and varying resistance to the loss of voice in the struggle to maintain relationships.[15] But I want to point out another reason behind the self-imposed silencing of women's voices.

At times, men are predisposed to reject female messengers—no matter what the content of the message. Think about the cultural images we have regarding women's voices. Everyone knows the troubles Adam brought upon himself by listening to Eve. Even given the Mormon view of Eve as precipitating a fortuitous and foreordained fall, suspicion of women still lingers. In Homer's *Odyssey*, Circe warns Odysseus about the Sirens who "by the melody of their singing" enchant men, luring them from their purposeful, heroic adventures. These sirens are disembodied beings; it is not their beautiful bodies that are enticing, but their song. Women's voices are a danger. "They sit in their meadow, but the beach before [them] is piled with boneheaps of men now rotted away, and the skins shrivel upon them." They promise special knowledge, but do not deliver—instead their voices bind men, controlling them and eventually bringing death and destruction. And what of the Furies in the *Eumenides*?—vengeful old crones who punish men for the wrongs they do to their families. Are these accurate or fair images of women? Feminists have helped us understand that language is reflective of our culture and shapes our attitudes about women. Think for a moment about some gendered terms that reflect the way men hear women's voices.

"Nag." The thesaurus that comes with my latest Corel WordPerfect 7 Suite describes the verb "to nag" as "to bother persistently with trivial complaints," as in—and this is included in the definition—"She nags her husband all day. . ." or "She nagged to take a vacation." The definition is gendered. Is that what women do with their voice? Persistently bother about trivial things?

"Whine." My thesaurus says that to whine is "to talk in a tearful way." And we all know boys aren't supposed to cry.

There are witches, shrews, vixens, harpies, battle-axes, henpecking women, and scolding wives. And finally, there are women who just plain "bitch." You can't tell me that bitch is a gender neutral term. A woman's personal development may depend upon finding her voice, but much in our language warns men to keep their distance from a woman who has found her voice.

When women are messengers, they are more easily discredited. As women, we must bear part of the responsibility. We have not yet learned how to deliver our messages, we don't always agree on the message to be delivered, and we get sidetracked by skirmishes over these matters within our own communities. Our anger, passion, and pain about the harm done to women and children often make it difficult to speak calmly.

On the other hand, men don't always want to hear the messages we bear. And I don't blame them, because sometimes what we have to say is pretty awful and it often reflects poorly on men. We often bring attention to things hidden and private, speaking about the unspeakable.

Is this complaining, nagging, whining, and bitching? Perhaps. Why can't we just be happy and stop stirring things up? Because if we do fall silent, no one will follow through and deal with the problems we want brought to public attention. We want to be a part of the solution rather than part of the problem. But we can't until we have access to the centers of power. Men are going to have to give us some space on platform committees, in the board rooms, and in ward council meetings. When we have access to the centers of power, when we are treated with respect and credibility, what we say won't seem like whining or nagging. We will work *with* men to reshape society rather than constantly reminding men of things gone awry. We'll stop complaining that they forgot to take out the garbage, and we'll take our turn, and, together, society is improved. Or is that too scary? Would men rather have us whine and nag?

So, now, I want to leave a couple of messages about the future of feminism to whomever is listening. First, if you think today's feminists are difficult to get along with, just wait until you meet the next generation of women. When Louise Degn and I produced the *Utah Women Considered* documentary, we were most impressed by two things. We were impressed by how much women of my generation contributed to a renegotiation of gender in the family and elsewhere. But we also realized how much the new generation of women take equality and boldness and their individual autonomy for granted. They don't think of themselves as feminists, but they are engaged in the feminist project. I see the same thing among the women students at BYU. BYU administrators sometimes think women faculty are the problem—always stirring things up among the women students. But I spend much of my time convincing my students that now is *not* the time or the place, that there are numerous ways to negotiate changes, that it is important to pick the right battles at the right time.

I grew up understanding we were about a project which takes incredible energy and a lot of time. The coming generation comes to us thinking it is only natural to raise issues and to address them squarely, and they expect changes now. They have grown up with change, and they know change isn't always bad.

But these young women also carry a great burden. They are sent to us by mothers who have never resolved the pain and conflict of being a baby boomer. Most Mormon women baby boomers chose family over career and children over education. While they value the choices they made, they expected a lot more credit for having "done the right thing." Instead, they live in a world that values paid labor more than family labor and status more than sacrifice. Feeling ambivalent about their own lives, they often expect too much of their daughters. I see young women, for instance, who really do want to be elementary education teachers not college professors, nurses not doctors, secretaries and sales people not CEO's, and they are angry that they must defend their choice. These daughters fight the belief that whatever they become, they must not be domestic and must choose non-traditional occupations.

My generation never questioned whether we would make good mothers—birth and motherhood came naturally to

women. I see a new generation able to plan when and if they become mothers. They have greater freedom of choice in that regard. But I also see a generation taught that nurturing is not necessarily natural for all women, and they worry about their own abilities to mother. Since they can't really know until it is too late, they postpone motherhood unnecessarily.

Second, we must pay more attention to this new generation of young men. They are scrambling, trying to adjust to a new world. Some are angry. They worry about their ability to provide for their families—with good reason, given our current economic situation. They find themselves competing with women for positions in medical, law, and business schools and are sure the playing field is no longer even. They find it easier to blame the women they compete against for their failures than to recognize the consequences of a rapidly changing global economy. They want to be what they've been taught to be in Sunday School and priesthood meeting, and they are frustrated to find the women they date uninterested in their parochial ideas.

The rules have changed, and somebody is hiding the rule book. Some men balk at the changes, fighting desperately to maintain the tradition of their fathers. Others are searching, trying to understand what changing gender configurations mean for them. They ask what it means to be male in a world where some men do evil things to women, and they look for a way to be cleansed from the sins of these evil men. They feel adrift, many without fathers to help them understand a new world. These are sons raised by their mothers to value women and to be more egalitarian, but they face a world that indicts them anyway, just for being male.

Those of you who hope for a future without contention will be disappointed. Feminism may be imperfect, but it is also well entrenched. Many young women shy away from adopting a feminist identity, but most accept the issues inherent in the feminist project. As long as our gender system is corrupted and harmful to the well-being and eternal progression of women and men, we will continue to speak of the unspeakable, whatever the consequence.

NOTES

1. Quoted in Carrie Chapman Catt and Nettie Rogers Shuler, *Woman Suffrage and Politics: The Inner Story of the Suffrage Movement* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1969 [1923]), 17.
2. Lorber, Judith, *The Paradox of Gender* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1994).
3. See Barrie Thorne, *Gender Play: Girls and Boys in School* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1995), especially pages 36–45. See also, Candace West and Sarah Fenstermaker, "Power, Inequality, and the Accomplishment of Gender: An Ethnomethodological View" in *Theory on Gender: Feminism on Theory*, ed. Paula England (New York: Aldine De Gruyter, 1993), 151–74.
4. Elouise Bell, *Only When I Laugh* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 12–13.
5. Thorne, *Gender Play.*
6. Nancy Folbre, *Who Pays for the Kids? Gender and the Structures of Constraint* (London and New York: Routledge, 1994).
7. David J. Landry and Jacqueline Darroch Forrest, "How Old are U.S. Fathers?" *Family Planning Perspectives*, 27(4):159–161+ (1995).
8. Or class, or race, or income bracket, for that matter.
9. See Louise Degn article in this issue of SUNSTONE.
10. Women age 24 thru 54.
11. Quoted in Irving M. Zeitlin, *Ideology and the Development of Sociological Theor,* 5th ed. (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1994), 36.
12. Suzanne M. Bianche, and Daphne Spain, *Balancing Act: Motherhood, Marriage and Employment among American Women* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 1996), 149.
13. Louise Degn, producer, *Mormon Women and Depression,* KSL-TV documentary, 17 February 1979; transcript in SUNSTONE, Mar.–Apr. 1979, 16–26.
14. Mary Belenky, et al., *Women's Ways of Knowing* (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1996). Carol Gilligan, *In a Different Voice* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1982).
15. Lyn Brown and Carol Gilligan, *Meeting at the Crossroads* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992).

SINGER IN EDEN

Seen from outside,
the house was perfect.
Brass quail topped faucets—
a twist of hand,
cool tail & beak
indenting the palm—
and drink spouted,
cold and blood-scented
with iron & copper salts.

Tricycles with tinseled
handlebars posed atop
jewel-clean aggregate.
The Siamese moved
under polished bureaus,
skulked forth to spy
through eleven windows.

A cupped hand made a portal
for seeing inside: slim chairs
shouldered silk jackets.
A Steinway glowed,

metronome advancing
like a click-beetle.
God you just wanted to cool
your cheek on granite and listen
to the rumrumrum of madam's
Singer inventing a shirt bordered
with roses & never outgrown.

—SEAN BRENDAN-BROWN

The Joy Anna Matthews Hansen Memorial Lecture

Utah's 1895 constitutional convention debated the public/private roles for women, and the arguments still resonate in today's debates about the proper sphere for women.

LET WOMAN CHOOSE HER SPHERE

By Louise Degn

THIS IS THE SECOND YEAR OF A MEMORIAL lecture begun by David Hansen in honor of his wife, Joy Anna Matthews Hansen. Joy Hansen was a homemaker, mother of three daughters, and a community volunteer, working in girls youth organizations and as a crisis counselor. She died of pancreatic cancer in May 1993.

I hope my remarks honor the memory of Joy Hansen.

WOMEN'S PARTICIPATION

THIS lecture is dedicated to "exploring and expanding the participation of women in the Latter-day Saint community." That's a curious issue—expanding the *participation* of women in the Latter-day Saint community. Haven't women always participated?

Wasn't Joseph Smith a progressive, teaching that women not only had souls but they could reach heaven, and, worst heresy of all, that men and women went there together?

Wasn't the Church incomplete until the Relief Society was organized?

Haven't LDS women always preached, prayed, organized, and ministered to the needs of the people—things Protestant women have done only recently, after they were allowed to join the professional clergy? Ask any Latter-day Saint woman active in the Church; she might want a little less participation, not more.

But then we have to ask ourselves: Participation in what? In the public sphere, or in the private sphere? Certainly, women have always participated in the private sphere of life—home, family, and the congregation. The issue is participation and influence in the public sphere—the community, the nation, the general Church level.

This issue is of particular interest to me right now because I am currently producing a documentary for KUED, the public television station in Salt Lake City, on women's suffrage in Utah and other inter-mountain states.

I have been reading the works of and interviewing many wonderful historians who have unearthed information on suffrage: Beverly Beeton, Jill Derr, Joan Iversen, Billie Barnes Jensen, Jeff Johnson, T. A. Larson, Kathryn MacKay, Carol Madsen, Lola VanWagonen, Jean White.[1]

A woman's right to vote seems so conventional to us today. But in the 1800s, and even up to 1920 when the U.S. constitutional amendment was passed, the idea of women voting *was* controversial. The central issue was the participation of women in the public sphere, which many in Victorian society thought would destroy the home and family; women would be sullied by participating in male activities.

This idea was supported by the legal system in which women had few rights. The family was considered the smallest unit of society, and the man represented the family before government—owning property, controlling children, voting, inheriting wealth. American law was based on English common law, which had been codified by William Blackstone in the late eighteenth century. Blackstone wrote that "the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during marriage," an idea that is incredible to us today. Married women had *no* legal existence. Their very being was suspended during mar-

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"I favor keeping priesthood an all-male club—along with the all-female club to socialize girls into women."

riage.

The family was a unit. To be orderly, a unit could have only *one* representative, and that representative was the man. He voted on behalf of the family. The law did not recognize that anyone in the family could have interests different from the family's, or from his.

During the 1895 debate on Utah's constitution, B. H. Roberts, a member of the LDS church's Council of Seventy, spoke against including women's suffrage in the new state's constitution. He used this argument:

> I want to ask my logical friends what reason is there here for extending [the vote] to woman? Have we in our conduct been so bad to women that mothers, that daughters, that wives, and sisters, have need to protect themselves against us? . . . There is no such a thing as a conflict of interest between man and woman that demands any such action. . . . [2]

That, too, is an incredible statement to us today, knowing what we know about battered and abused wives and children. But in 1895, that was a perfectly credible statement.

I must point out that B. H. Roberts was going against the position of the LDS church in opposing women's suffrage. For over twenty-five years, the Church had strongly supported a woman's right to vote. Though B. H. Roberts had a reputation for going his own way on a lot of things, he is reported to have got a good tongue lashing for opposing the Brethren on this issue. But he could not have made his argument if it had not been valid to many people. Later in the debate he said:

> Because the position of women in the family is fixed by wisdom of our ancestors, she is not in a position to act independently as all ought to be who have the elective franchise. The main reason why they have been denied [the vote], however, is to be found in the universal belief that there is a difference in the sphere of man and woman, as there is in their nature. [3]

That's the crux of the argument: Men and women have different spheres, determined by nature.

Again, this was back in 1895. But I am struck how these arguments for keeping women out of the public sphere still occur in contemporary issues, such as:

1. the failure of the Equal Rights Amendment a generation ago;
2. whether women should work outside the home;
3. whether LDS women should have the priesthood;
4. viewing the family as the smallest unit of the Church and the notion of the priesthood holder as the family's representative in the Church.

A century from now, I wonder if the arguments now used against women participating in these public spheres will seem as silly to people then as they do to us when they were used against suffrage a century ago. Yet the underlying issue is extremely important, because when we say "private sphere," we're usually talking about children—how we raise children and give them the values and security they need. There is nothing that a society does that is more important.

An example. Divorce became a women's rights issue a century ago, because women, tucked away in their private sphere, had no recourse when—despite B. H. Roberts's assertions to the contrary—men did *not* represent women's interests.

Today, in some U.S. states, we see the beginnings of a reversal of no-fault divorce in marriages with children because children are hurt terribly by divorce. The state has an interest in maintaining the family unit in order to protect the children. But how should the state do that? Keep two unhappy people in a marriage? Go back to common law and treat the husband and wife as a unit, without independent rights? An extremely difficult issue. It was not resolved in the nineteenth century, nor has it been resolved in the twentieth.

The issue remains: How much participation should a woman have in the public sphere? How will it affect her family? Only now are men having to answer that question as well.

Remember the saying, "No success can compensate for failure in the home"? It was directed to the men of the Church. The issue of women and the priesthood is interesting, since priesthood operates in both the public sphere—running the Church—and the private sphere—operating the home.

Priesthood offers men an additional connection to their

children. And in this day of so much discussion about "fatherlessness," I think that's important. Priesthood also offers a way for a boy to become a man, a crucial ritual in cultures throughout time, but mostly lost in our modern, fragmented, technological society. This loss hurts the entire society.

I favor keeping priesthood an all-male club—along with the all-female club to socialize girls into women.

What, then, of the concept that women share the priesthood with their husbands? I could never quite relate to that. I don't disparage women who do relate, it's just that I don't. First, I don't have a husband, so there's nothing to share. Second, I've been to the temple, and the endowments given me there seem quite enough. The argument about "sharing" sounds like another of B. H. Roberts's arguments against suffrage. He said:

> Women already have an influence in politics, and though indirect, it is none the less real, and when a man who is married casts his vote, it is the expression of the mentality of the group with whom he is connected. The hobo and the bachelor may each for himself cast his ballot with no other consideration than how it affects him; but, gentlemen, the man who is a head of the family does not do it and he cannot do it, because there stands by his side a counsellor and he cannot escape hearing her. [Laughter][4]

The B. H. Roberts speech quoted from was long and entertaining. He never would have gotten past the sound-bite engineers at this year's political conventions. Many other delegates to the Utah constitutional convention, including high LDS churchmen, opposed Roberts. Orson Whitney, later an apostle, pointed out to Roberts that the LDS church itself operates on the principle of common consent. Women voted to sustain Roberts as a member of the Council of Seventy, and yet he wanted to deprive them of the right to vote in politics.

The debate was quite spirited and in the end suffrage won by a big margin and was included in the state constitution. Women in the state of Utah—along with women in Colorado, Idaho, and Wyoming—held the right to vote decades before the national amendment was passed.[5]

And what do I think about the proper role of women in the public/private sphere? I like the words in a suffrage song of the 1800s.

KEEP WOMAN IN HER SPHERE
Tune: Auld Lang Syne
Words: D. Estabrook

I have a neighbor, one of those,
  Not very hard to find,
Who know it all without debate,
  And never change their mind.
I asked him, "What of woman's rights?"
  He said in tones severe—
"My mind on that is all made up,
  Keep woman in her sphere."

I saw a man in tattered garb,
  Forth from the grog-shop come;
He squandered all his cash for drink,
  And starved his wife at home;
I asked him, "Should not woman vote?"
  He answered with a sneer—
"I've taught my wife to know her place,
  Keep woman in her sphere."

I met an earnest, thoughtful man,
  Not many days ago,
Who pondered deep all human law,
  The honest truth to know.
I asked him, "What of woman's cause?"
  The answer came sincere—
"Her rights are just the same as mine,
  Let woman choose her sphere." [6]

NOTES

1. For representative works, see: Beverly Beeton, *Women Vote in the West: The Woman Suffrage Movement, 1869–1896* (New York: Garland Press, 1986); Jill [Derr] Mulvay, "Our Foremothers and the 1870 Franchise," *Exponent II* Dec. 1974, 14; Jill [Derr] Mulvay, "The Liberal Shall Be Blessed: Sarah M. Kimball," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 44(summer 1976):205–221; Joan Iversen, "A Debate on the American Home: The Antipolygamy Controversy, 1880–1890," *Journal of the History of Sexuality* 1(Apr. 1991):585–602; Joan Iversen, "The Mormon-Suffrage Relationship: Personal and Political Quandaries," *Frontiers* 11(1990):8–16; Billie Jean Barnes Jensen, "In the Weird and Wooly West: Anti-Suffrage Women, Gender Issues and Woman Suffrage in the West," *Journal of the West,* July 1993; Billie Jean Barnes Jensen, "Let the Women Vote," *The Colorado Magazine* (1964) 41; T. A. Larson, "Women's Rights in Idaho," *Idaho Yesterdays* 16(spring 1972):2–19; T. A. Larson, "Women Suffrage in Western America," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 38(winter 1970):8–19; T. A. Larson, "Women Suffrage in Wyoming," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* 56(1965):57–66; Kathryn MacKay, Carol Cornwall Madsen, Jill Mulvay Derr, Jean Bickmore White and Georgia Barker, "Battle for the Ballot," readers theater, unpublished; Carol Cornwall Madsen, *Women Win the Vote: Essays on Woman Suffrage in Utah, 1870–1896* (forthcoming 1997); Lola Van Wagenen, *Sister-Wives and Suffragists: Polygamy and the Politics of Woman Suffrage 1870–1896* (diss., New York University, 1994); Jean Bickmore White, "Woman's Place in the Constitution: The Struggle for Equal Rights in Utah in 1895," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 42(1974):344–69.

2. *Official Report of the Proceedings and Debates of the Convention assembled at Salt Lake City on the Fourth Day of March, 1895, to adopt a Constitution for the State of Utah* (Salt Lake City: Star Printing Company, 1898), 466.

3. *Official Report,* 468.

4. *Official Report,* 465.

5. To hear the full story, with all its exciting details, watch for the documentary on a TV screen near you, probably spring 1997.

6. Folkways Records, Album No. FH 5281, now archived by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

There once was a white salamander
who stirred up everyones dander—
  the forges he stoked
  'til he went up in smoke
and left the histories much blander.

REED RUSSELL

LIGHTER MINDS

THE TOP 20 SINS
IN DESCENDING ORDER OF SERIOUSNESS

By J. Frederic Voros Jr.

FROM A CONSERVATIVE PERSPECTIVE

1. Not paying a full tithe
2. Murdering someone who is not a member of the Fancher Party
3. Asking if it has ever occurred to anyone else that "Holy Ghost" might be another name for Heavenly Mother
4. Thinking about an issue after the Brethren have spoken
5. Thinking about an issue before the Brethren have spoken
6. Reporting sexual abuse committed by a priesthood leader
7. Being sexually abused by a priesthood leader
8. Committing sexual abuse
9. Claiming that priesthood leaders expect to be followed blindly
10. Asking "why" when your priesthood leader tells you to do something
11. Homosexual marriage
12. Plural marriage
13. Remaining single
14. Attending the Sunstone symposium (except by assignment from the Strengthening Church Members Committee)
15. Beating up a heterosexual
16. Quoting Brigham Young out of context
17. Quoting J. Golden Kimball in context
18. Listing general authorities' names in reverse seniority order
19. Betting against Steve Young
20. Publicly admitting your doubts

FROM A LIBERAL PERSPECTIVE

1. Voting Republican
2. Quoting any scripture containing the words "sin," "obey," or "repent"
3. Claiming that liberals lack testimonies
4. Asserting that you know the Church is true
5. Asking, "Lowell *who?*"
6. Claiming the Brethren are above criticism
7. Criticizing Sterling McMurrin, Lowell Bennion, or B. H. Roberts
8. Asserting that God is infinite
9. Questioning man's infinite potential
10. Asking when the King Follett Discourse was canonized
11. Quoting from any book written by Orrin Hatch, Bettie Eadie, or Bruce R. McConkie
12. Criticizing the Prophet when he extends the priesthood to all worthy males
13. Defending the Prophet when he limits the priesthood to all worthy males
14. Pointing out that obedience to the law of chastity and the Word of Wisdom would stop the spread of AIDS
15. Criticizing the First Amendment
16. Defending the Second Amendment
17. Attending BYU Education Week, except to research your article on anti-intellectualism at BYU
18. Doubting Anita Hill
19. Believing Paula Jones
20. Publicly admitting your faith

Winner, 1992 Brookie and D.K. Brown Memorial Fiction Contest

How We Do Death

By Michael Fillerup

THE NIGHT HE HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT KATIE Morgan, Frank Williams couldn't sleep. Earlier in the week he'd said some things, not maliciously, half teasingly, really, to get a little rise out of Stella. "I swear she never smiles. She stalks the halls at church scowling like the Terminator."

"Katie? She has a very good sense of humor. It's a little bizarre sometimes, but—"

"I've never seen her smile. Ever."

"Well, you wouldn't either, if you were married to Roger!"

Roger. Another point of guilt. Something about the office supplies salesman had always grated Frank. That phony-baloney, deep-bellied laugh and the way he gripped your hand Sunday mornings, staring you in the eye as if reaffirming the NATO Alliance. "How are you today, Brother Williams?" His aura of one-upmanship.

"If Katie doesn't tell him where his head is," Stella said, "he'll forget he's even got one!" She switched off the light and curled up on her side in her "deep sleep" position. After playing possum several moments, she finally sighed. "Frank? I'm tired. Do you mind? I'm really, really tired."

"Try Geritol," he grumbled, giving the covers a tug. "Try vitamin E. Try ginseng. Try anything."

"Oh, brother! Grow up, will you?"

"Won't I?"

He hoped so. Fast. Because there was another point of guilt, peripherally related. Less than forty-eight hours before "the incident," Frank had seen Katie at Walker Park. White culottes, a M*A*S*H T-shirt, lace-up, mid-calf sandals, she was hoisting little Linda by the hands and swinging her up and out and up and out. Later, Frank would recall the red Kool-Aid stains circling Linda's mouth and spotting her white T-shirt, and the way her baby belly bulged beneath it, and her felicitously piercing "Wheee!" each time she arched into the air, and the exultant cries of his daughter Cassie swinging on the rings—"Watch me, Daddy! Watch!" But mostly he would remember Katie. At that moment she had appeared so young, healthy, athletic, her stern jaw and acute edges softened by the autumn sunlight, red threads glittering in her crisp blond curls, her bare calves firm and glossy. He had felt—oh, not a sexual draw, really, but surely a sensual one. She had been the simple country subject of Winslow Homer or Cézanne. And that image would haunt him for two reasons: it was the last time he saw Katie Morgan whole, and she was smiling.

Or maybe not quite the last time. And maybe not just a sensual draw. That night Katie had appeared to Frank in a dream. They were driving home from church together, alone. They had never made it: halfway there, they checked into a motel where they undressed each other swiftly, hungrily, like two famished souls who had suddenly entered the land of milk and honey. Katie had slathered him from head to toe with coconut butter, licking him in places he hardly knew he had. Frank was so hot that when she kissed his bald pate, it sizzled.

Although he knew better, Frank would always sense an original connection between their transgression and the ultimate results: the wages of fantasized sin. His only consolation was that it had been her suggestion, her wink, her hand on his thigh. "Come on," she had whispered, leaning into him. "Be daring!" She had smiled like a bride—an experienced one.

Frank's dream proved prophetic, more or less. Two days later, Katie and Roger left town for the weekend, alone. The first time in nine years. They checked into the Hilton in Scottsdale. Except they never made it to the king bed. At least that was how Frank had imagined it, "the incident." The first of many to follow. Roger unzipping his pants while Katie prepared herself in the bathroom, the sudden lurch, followed by the sequential tearing of the shower curtain, like big buttons popping. Then a hollow thud and the godawful thrashing and flip-flopping, like a five-and-a-half foot fish out of water. He ran. "Katie!"

Thank God the bathroom door wasn't locked.

"IT'S . . . inoperable." He looked up from his clipboard for the first time since . . . whenever. Overnight his baby-smooth cheeks had stubbled, and patches of sweat darkened his light green tunic. "It's . . . I think that maybe. . . ." Her hand reached out from the bed and touched his. "It's okay," she whispered. "It's okay."

Later, Dr. Griner showed her the x-ray, Kodak clear: two walnuts perched atop her brain like little Siamese twins. "We can't cut," he said clinically. "Not without inflicting permanent damage."

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Katie nodded. Okay.

When Ann and Brenda, her visiting teachers, came with flowers and balloons and M&Ms in a glass jar, Katie squeezed each by the hand and smiled. "But they don't know anything about the power of the priesthood. My patriarchal blessing says—it promises—I'll live to see my grandchildren. I've got a family to raise. Four . . . four children," she said, almost choking on the words.

Brenda's upper lip trembled; Ann smiled knowingly.

"After all," Katie said, gripping the bed-rails and with gritted teeth pulling herself upright in bed. "We're all in the same boat, really. We don't any of us know when we're going to go. You, me, Roger. It could be today; it could be twenty years from now. They'll try to shrink it and buy some time, I guess."

How much? they asked without really asking.

"Whatever the good Lord gives me. Enough."

She was brave—everyone said so. Her third day in the hospital, she forced herself out of bed, legs quivering like tubes of Jell-O as she dragged herself to the toilet, shaking her head violently when the nurse rushed in to help: "No! No! No!" She refused pain shots, sleeping pills, medications, even Tylenol. Even when they stuck tubes in her neck and the sides of her head. "I've got to keep my mind clear. I've got to keep my senses now. Especially now."

"She's a fighter," they said. "If anyone can. . . ." But Dr. Griner cautioned against giving her false hope.

She fought it; she fought him: with faith, hope, her Kentucky stubbornness, and, yes, her macabre sense of humor. Brain tumor jokes. "What do you do when someone has a seizure in a swimming pool?" "Throw in the laundry."

The day after her second biopsy, when Dr. Griner entered with his usual doom-and-gloom report, she sat up in bed, head bandaged, legs crossed yoga style, and began chanting like a Hare Krishna. His jaw dropped. Katie threw her head back and roared: "Get me a tambourine, Doc! Get me a tambourine!"

She came home two weeks early. Her two boys were playing football in the driveway. They dropped their ball and ran over, butched blond heads glistening with sweat, and pressed their hands and faces lizard-like against the glass. Her head was turbaned with gauze, her eyes bloodshot, her face red and swollen, as if she had been in a brawl. She raised her hand, which seemed delicately small, and waved. Michael and Jamie stared a moment, then smiled impishly. "Mom?"

NIGHTS were the worst. At home, in her sleep, the walnuts would fog up and transmogrify into crab apples, shriveled breasts, giant testicles. A condor would swoop down with talons clicking and pluck them up, always dragging her along for the ride. Sometimes it was almost comical, like the sausage stuck to the woodcutter's nose. But more often her voice was smothered by the whirlwind, a great sidewinding of sand and ice. Ultimately, she was awakened by a child's whimpering, which turned out to be her own: lullaby sighs downstairs. And then the invisible shredder would kick into gear, labor pangs in all the wrong places, and she would curse the lout for snoring through it all—knowing in her mind he hadn't abandoned her intentionally; his spirit was willing, but his flesh had succumbed to exhaustion, joining the semi-dead. She would place her palm on his sandpapery cheek, stealing warmth like a pickpocket.

Nights were the worst, when the smell of wood smoke seeped in through the cracks and the pines were inverted broomsticks dipped in pitch. Each phase of the moon became her brain, her little life through a telescope: a fake smile, a sea horse, an embryo, a skull.

But in the morning there were eggs to fry, lunches to pack, hair to comb, teeth to brush, faces to wash. After waving to the yellow school bus as it spewed out a tail of blue exhaust, she would walk home via the greenbelt, past the sledding trail where Roger often took the children on snowy days. Knee-deep in the morning mist, the Indian summer breeze curling the hem of her gown, she became a love-lost heroine in a gothic romance. Sometimes she almost felt herself walking across the firmament, angelically, or like that great Water-Walker of old. Other times, she trudged home like a wounded soldier in retreat. Always, inevitably, she would stop and kneel on the same grassy patch, head bowed, eyes open, feeling every follicle of sunlight on the back of her neck and each pine needle piercing her kneecaps. She would listen to the private silences—bird flight, the blue morning air, spirits rising from the frosted grass—listening, beyond the sound now, only to feelings, the faint hairs growing on her freckled forearms, the dark little continents burgeoning in her brain. Always, inevitably, she would close her eyes and re-ask the obvious: What now? Why now? Why *us*? Mentally searching the scriptures and conference talks for answers: For the rain falleth upon the good and the evil alike. There must needs be an opposition. The faith of a mustard seed can move mountains. By little things I make great things happen. I give you weakness that you may be strong. And, surprisingly, she took comfort in these reminiscent fragments. A stubborn confidence hardened within her. No. No. No. She gripped the iron rod and refused to let go.

But then her other half countered: Was she being punished for poor parenthood? Lack of gratitude? Not being thankful for all she had? For always seeing the glass half-empty? You think you've got it so rough—here, take this! Her doctrinal mind knew better: God doesn't work that way. He wouldn't. He couldn't.

But he has. He did.

And then she would think about Roger and the children and how they would get along without her. And felt guilty about every little thing—Linda throwing her arms around her as she hustled off to work: "Don't go, Mommy! Don't go, pleeez!" How she would cry and carry on until she finally had to shove her away, for both their sakes. Hollering at the boys for tracking snow into the house. Yelling at April. Bitching at Roger about the damn house, his job, late hours, rotten pay. Suddenly all the little, spilled-milk crises that had rocked her world seemed laughable. Almost. She wished it were a year ago, she and Roger laying shingles in the August sun, the smell of hot

pine sap and the tangy red earth. To swing a hammer again! To lug laundry down the stairs! And then she would gaze up at the peaks that now seemed a thousand miles away yet close enough to reach out, touch, burn her hand on the hot autumn colors, or prick herself on one of the steepled tips as Sleeping Beauty had pricked her finger on the cursed spinning wheel. She wished she were that beautiful princess and could sleep for a decade or two, until her children were fully grown, and then reawaken, whole, to embrace them in their adult beauty. Wasn't that the promise of the resurrection? The great glory to come? Ten years, twenty, fifty, a century—it was all in the twinkling of an eye, wasn't it? Until Christ the Handsome Prince would bend down and awaken all his sleeping brothers and sisters with a magic kiss. She looked toward the sun, glowing brilliantly above the mountains like a renewal of the promise, and for a moment all was well, with the air so clear and blue and the little train of clouds like puffs of God's breath, soft-floating answers to her prayers. But then a crackle, some floppy-eared dog prancing by, and the ugly other would switch back on, the steel teeth gnashing and grinding to the impossibly ancient smell of gunpowder and coonskin caps as she clenched her eyes again: No! No! No! No!

THE Relief Society sisters brought dinner four or five times a week, and on Saturdays Ann and Brenda came to the house to clean and help with the laundry. Stella said she could help, too, but Ann and Brenda said no, they could handle it. "Thanks anyway. We're her visiting teachers. We're glad to do it."

Stella said so was she. "Glad, I mean. To do it."

At fast and testimony meeting, Bishop Turner asked the congregation to please remember Katie Morgan in their prayers. Thereafter, every public prayer included a reference to Sister Morgan. Frank and Stella concluded all their daily family prayers with "and please bless the Morgans." Kent McMillan, the elders quorum president, called a special fast on Katie's behalf and that night went to the house and gave Katie a blessing: "You will be healed," he proclaimed authoritatively. "You will live to raise your four children. The Lord has revealed this to me. Be of good cheer."

FRANK didn't see Katie again until she came to church five weeks after her first seizure. Her face was big and bloated in spots, shrunken in others, like a Cabbage Patch Doll's. Fat cheeks and pinpoint eyes. She sat in the side pews with her family, head covered with a paisley scarf, a brown shawl over her shoulders. Silent. Like an immigrant who can't speak English. Like a stranger who isn't certain if she's truly welcome. Timid. Afraid. Even though everyone shook her hand. Even though the Relief Society sisters all hugged her. They smiled and said how good it was to have her back. And she smiled and said in the short, clipped syllables of a foreigner: Yes. Good. So good. To be. Back. Very good to be.

FRANK would make four visits to the house, each inspired by an ambivalent blend of curiosity, duty, brotherhood, and the common suffering that unites human beings in distress.

And guilt. There was his adulterous dream, yes, and things he'd said about Katie earlier. And Roger. Katie joined him in the elders quorum now, "just in case." In his confederate gray suit, back arched pompously, he appeared to bear his cross a little too piously and self-righteously, Frank thought, although he knew he shouldn't be critical. Walk a mile in his moccasins. . . . Judge not that ye be not. . . . Acid rain may fall on you, too, if you're not careful. . . . Still, every time he looked at Katie, sitting there like a damn mannequin, he felt himself getting angry at Roger, as if he were an unwitting accomplice.

Frank's first visit was the night before Halloween. A fat-faced moon was rising out of the pines. Katie was asleep upstairs.

"I'm fine," Roger said, flashing his salesman's smile. "We're fine."

Frank noted encouraging indicators. Taped to the slanting drywall of their cozy A-frame were three paper banners lettered in carnival colors: I'M GREAT!!! I'M HAPPY!!! I'M WONDERFUL!!! Even the freshly carved jack-o-lantern on the kitchen table grinned with ghoulish optimism. Before it sat a slimy, stringy pile of pumpkin seeds and 3x5 cards: GUESS HOW MANY. MICHAEL. JAMIE. APRIL. LINDA. Paper ghosts and skeletons were smiling on the walls.

But there was an odd odor in the house. A moldy bread smell. Pants and jackets were draped over the sofa and soiled clothing piled in the laundry room. Peanut skins freckled the shag carpet. Cheerios spotted the kitchen floor. The TV room was an obstacle course of Fisher-Price toys. The children drifted quietly in and out, like solemn little spirits that any moment might fade away and disappear.

"We're fine," Roger sighed, but his face looked like a tire that had suddenly gone flat. "Yeah," he said, pulling a slimy thread from the pile of pumpkin seeds, "We're just trying to get back into a routine."

"A TUMOR is like a growth—a bad growth. There are two little walnuts that keep getting bigger and bigger. . . ." He had tried to explain it to them a dozen times, but Linda was too young, and Michael almost seemed too old, and April appeared too guilty, as if it were all her fault. Jamie was the only one who finally came right out and asked: "Is Mom going to die?"

"We don't know." What else could he tell them? Faith, hope, miracles. The power of the priesthood. They'd heard his broken record a thousand times before. "I don't know, Jamie. I don't know, April, Linda, Michael. Not if we can help it. Not if God can." But then he corrected himself. "It's Heavenly Father's will, not ours. It's in his hands."

But he could read Michael's adolescent scowl perfectly, his mumbling, grumbling lips: Why does God want to take my mother? Why does he need her more than we do? He's sup-

"We talked about our bratty kids, our boring, horny husbands, church, all the forbidden topics. And for a day at least, I was truly happy."

posed to know all and see all and have all. Why our mother? Why us? What did we do wrong? Or waifish April with the greasy blond hair, her apologetic droop: What did *I* do wrong?

"YOU need the priesthood blessing," she said. "Not me. Where I'm going they take good care of you. Not like here."

Roger glared at her. "You're not going anywhere!" he hollered.

She looked down at her cupped hands, felt like crying, smiled instead. "What's the difference between an Osterizer and a person having a seizure?"

Roger's smile came slowly, belligerently. "I don't know—what?"

"An Osterizer's got an on/off switch."

"Very funny," he said. Smiled. Laughed.

But he bought a do-it-yourself will kit—just in case. Always just in case. "Not just you—it could be me. Driving to work, coming home. Who knows?" They talked about life insurance, trust funds for the kids, CDs, jinny maes. They talked money—*she* did. First thing, pay off the mortgage. Get that monkey off your back. Child care for Linda. A full-time nanny would be best. They discussed everything but a new wife, a new mother. He wouldn't allow it. "Not negotiable," he said, closing his black binder.

SHE fought it: every microwave meal she made, every cake she baked ("I did it all by myself!"), every bowel movement on her own, every letter she wrote, and she wrote reams. Dear Ann, Dear Brenda, Dear Bishop Turner, Dear Editor, Dear Roger. . . .

Dear Stella,

Thank you for the apple pie. It was wonderful!!! You have always been such a wonderful friend. It's not easy babysitting Linda. Thanks.

I've been thinking of a lot of things lately. Right now I'm thinking about a lousy rotten day last winter. We were building the house, living in that cold dark dreary basement in the meantime. The kids were at school, Roger was making his rounds, and Linda had kept me up all night again crying her head off. And it was snowing again—like the whole sky was falling in little littered bits and pieces. I was sitting by the woodstove trying to get warm, feeling sorry for myself, thinking about the Jeppersons vacationing in Hawaii and Bishop Turner's big Victorian house with the hot tub, thinking how they have everything and I've got nothing but a half-built house we'll never be able to pay for. And then feeling ugly and guilty about my feelings. Cursing God in my heart for dealing me such a rotten hand. And just about the time I'm ready to do something I would have regretted, guess who comes tromp-

ing down the stairs with a plate of chocolate chip cookies, whistling a silly Primary song? "Happy winter!" you said. "Let's celebrate!" And while we were gorging ourselves, you opened the newspaper and checked the weather. "Ha! Honolulu: Cloudy. Rainy. Record lows. Ha! So much for Gladys Jepperson's suntan!" And then we laughed. It felt so good. It was the first time I'd laughed in so long. We talked about our bratty kids, our boring, horny husbands, church, all the forbidden topics. And for a day at least, I was truly happy. I don't know what good spirit prompted you to stop by, but thanks.

Stella, I've always admired you, but I felt intimidated, too. You're a classy Californian, and I'm just a country hick. I could never figure out what you saw in me. This experience has helped. There's pride in everything if you look deep enough.

Love,

Katie

P.S. I just want to be a Mom. I just want to sit at the kitchen table and make Valentines with my kids. I just want to cook a nice breakfast and put on their coats and then go and wave goodbye and watch them run to catch the bus just in the nick of time.

"YOU build walls, you know. Fences. But at dark, that's when they all crumble. Driving around from client to client, you're okay all day until suddenly out of nowhere it hits you like a rabbit punch. Especially at night, driving the empty highways—all that time and space to think and second guess. What if, what if, what if? You're almost home where you can't hide in your briefcase. I keep telling her, 'I'm okay. I'm handling it; I'm handling it.' I don't know. Maybe she's right. I'm only human. Boy, am I ever only human."

Frank placed his palms gently on Roger's head and, in the name of Jesus Christ, blessed him with faith, hope, courage, endurance, health, strength, wisdom in dealing with his wife and children. "Your suffering is intense; it is great. But it's through our trials we truly come to know and understand our Savior. God's ways are not our ways; his thoughts aren't ours. He knows what is best, and we must have faith in his infinite wisdom. Call upon us for help, Roger, in this time of need. Let us help in that truest sense, brother-to-brother. God bless and strengthen you, Roger. God bless. . . ."

Roger rose from the kitchen chair slowly and tentatively, like a cripple who has just been healed. He turned to face Frank, whose hands hung limply at his sides. Roger started to say something, but Frank wrapped him in a bear hug, and the two husky six-footers wept in one another's arms.

SHE had refused medication. She had also refused to make a farewell video for the children. It was Roger's idea. "No! I don't want them to remember me like this! Not like this!"

At first, she hated looking at herself. Every morning she would confront the bathroom mirror and monitor the rapid metamorphosis of her face: the chipmunk cheeks scrawled with radiation blush, the pencil-point chin, the shiny, lopsided skull that chemotherapy had stripped bald. She would stare and stare until it all became a miserably bad joke, and then she would curl her fingers and cackle, witchlike: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the ugliest . . . baldest . . . most ravishing . . . gorgeous . . . !" More than ever she had envied the trim figure and high cheekbones of Stella Williams—Stella with the luscious blond hair that swung so playfully, tauntingly, below her hips.

But as the pain grew worse—the *real* pain, not of self-image or ego, but the blunt raw hurt of a thousand rusty zippers on her skin that some invisible sadist kept tearing open and tugging shut all night, all day—the other no longer mattered. Flesh, hair, lipstick, pantyhose—it was vanity, all vanity. For dust thou art, and unto dust. . . . Her only redeeming virtue was her courage; she would be brave. As long as she could drag herself to church, to the toilet, in and out of bed, she was the hero, the victor. But it hurt, hurt like hell. It *was* hell. Merely moving her fingers shot icy needles up her arms, straight to the bull's-eye in her brain. Every cell in her body seemed to be frying and freezing simultaneously. Tying her shoes or rinsing a dish was scaling Mt. Everest. Massaging her back, Roger's fingers were like termites chewing through her flesh. Who cared about mascara and eyeliner?

At night, she could feel the slow, cautious rhythm of the mattress, could hear his hastened breathing, the creaking of bedsprings, and, then the sudden relaxation. She said nothing at first, sparing him the humiliation. God forgives little indiscretions—little indiscretions in lieu of bigger ones. It all seemed so silly to her now, although she tried to understand his need, this sticky, urgent, male need of his, tried to refeel the phantom passion, but there was nothing. It was gone. One night, she even said yes yes yes, but it was like being impaled by an oak tree; she thought any moment she was going to split in two. She said it was good, it was fine, right up to the final cry he maybe mistook for pleasure, maybe was just hoping, was in fact a pre-death shriek: the fires of hell spearing her in the groin. Like triple transitional labor. The end. He knew, really, but neither of them would say so. He thanked her and thanked her, but after that he left her alone.

Still, Sunday mornings she would struggle into a dress, trudge downstairs, and present herself to her family: "Behold, the Elephant Woman!" They would smile, cautiously. She was winning.

Then one morning at church her scarf fell off, revealing the gigantic potato head, lumpy, scarred, stapled. And she laughed. She didn't care anymore. She honest to God didn't care.

But after the Inquisition Chamber, when they stapled her skull back together again, lying in the recovery room, she held out her veiny little arm and whispered to Roger: "Was I brave?"

"Of course. You're always—"

"Honey?"

"Yes?"

"I'm tired of being brave."

He bought the Demerol. Within a week she was on morphine.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the ugliest . . . baldest . . . most ravishing . . . gorgeous!"

STELLA had always felt weird about hospitals, cemeteries, funerals, things like that. Maybe because she had watched Death take her mother so slowly and gruesomely when she had been only twelve. Since then, even the smell of rubbing alcohol had nauseated her. But with some prodding from Ann, she made what she thought would be her last visit to Katie at home, in bed. Katie answered her with winks. At first she tried to bolster her friend's sagging will. "Katie, you haven't given up yet, have you?"

Katie's eyes closed slowly, an excruciating yes.

"Whatever happens, Katie, you'll have left your children a greater legacy than I will if I live to be a hundred. Your courage, your faith, your fighting spirit. . . . You're an example to us all."

Wink.

"You make our biggest hurts seem microscopic."

Wink. Wink.

Stella sniffled, wiped her eyes. "Well, next time I'll write down all the boring, dull things I do so I'll have something real to talk about."

Katie shook her head. Her frail hand reached out, freckled and scaly, and found Stella's. "You're not dull," she whispered. "Or boring. I always liked talking to you."

Stella looked away, hiding her tears. Ann took Katie's hand, stroking it gently as she chatted about mundane matters, as if Katie were a sick little child with a cold. After several moments, Stella turned on her angrily. "Stop it, Ann! Stop! I can't pretend like that. I can't—"

Driving home, she apologized to Ann for her outburst.

"I KEEP seeing her strapped in that padded chair, in that damn hospital dungeon. There's a helmet on her head with tubes and wires spiraling out of it, like one of those medieval cures for the insane. Her neck's bent like it's broken, and her mouth's all crooked and hanging. They've got her arms strapped at shoulder-level, like she's on a cross. I'm thinking, Blood of the Lamb . . . Blood of the Lamb. . . . Then they turned on the juice, and I couldn't handle it. I ran outside like Peter denying Christ, until they were all through."

ON Thursday, the women from the Hospice came. "We'll make it as painless as possible," they said. "We'll let nature run its course."

Roger considered this a moment, then panicked. "But what . . . what if she catches pneumonia or something?"

The women gazed at him curiously—such interesting old eyes, kindly yet stern. "What would you have us do?"

Roger stared at the kitchen floor. For the first time in eight months, he noticed that it was speckled with peanut skins.

AT fast and testimony meeting, Roger stood at the pulpit and read the testimony Katie had dictated to him two months before. There were thanks for favors and apologies for petty offenses. A passionate restatement of her faith in Christ and of the truthfulness of the Church. Thanks to Roger, her children, Bishop Turner, the Relief Society, her visiting teachers, Ann and Brenda. And Stella Williams. A special thanks to Stella. In closing: "If I had to go through the pain and misery ten times, even a thousand times all over again, and I died afterwards, I would rather do that than live forty more years the way I was, gnashing my teeth in lukewarm nothing."

IT was almost time for her medication. Roger didn't want to give her injections, he said. That was a last resort. "Once I use the syringe, then she can't drink water, and once that happens, she can't eat. That means an IV. And *that* means. . . ."

Frank nodded dumbly. He was trying not to, but his eyes kept drifting to the far corner of the living room where Katie lay inert in a bed with plywood sidings: boxed in. One fleshy white arm lay atop the sheet like a lump of pork fat. Frank noted the half-full catheter bag beside the bed and the bedpan underneath. Lilting melodies from *The Little Mermaid* video drifted in from the family room where the children were sprawled out on the floor staring at the TV monitor in the dark. Clothing was strewn about; the moldy bread smell had settled in permanently. Wads of Kleenex overflowed the wastepaper basket and spotted the linoleum floor like paper turds.

Katie shifted in bed and groaned.

"Her spirit's trapped inside that body," Roger said, and an image flashed in Frank's mind: a giant beast caught in the tar pits, helplessly sinking. A dumb beast roaring without sound.

Roger pressed his fists to his forehead. Slouched in the folding chair, he looked like a broken prizefighter, his blond cowlick hanging in his eyes, his belly swelling the lower third of his green sweatshirt. He had put on ten pounds since Frank's last visit. Stress, tragedy had been sending him to the fridge.

"It's over," Roger said. "Right now she's carrying eight thousand rads in her brain. Griner says a thousand rads, dispersed over the whole body, will kill you like *that*. He snapped his fingers crisply. "She's a fighter. She's going down with her boots on. But unless Jesus Christ comes through that door and says, 'Take up thy bed and walk. . . .' We're just waiting now."

Pot-bellied Linda strutted into the room, swiveling her shoulders like a sumo wrestler. "I want to see Mommy!" she demanded playfully. She pulled herself up on the plywood sidings and rolled over onto the mattress, bouncing lightly up and down, big-eyed, grinning like a little demon. Katie's head bounced in unison, a lopsided volleyball. Frank couldn't pry his eyes from her giant head. A ring of short, scruffy hair wound around the base while an even thinner trail ran down the back of her skull, like a scalp lock. A big bulge protruded from the near side, spidery veins glowing through the whiteness like blue filaments, or like a little light bulb growing inside a much bigger one. This, Roger explained, would keep swelling until the elasticity couldn't accommodate it anymore. And then. . . .

Frank caught himself counting the indentations where the head plates had been stapled back together. Gruesome little bites. He thought: Dear God, I will never ever feel sorry for myself for anything again.

Linda removed something from the plastic bucket on the bed and held it up. "What's this, Daddy?" She was barely three and didn't understand, but at the moment her antics were more annoying than endearing.

"Tissue paper."

She held up a Tampax. "What's this?"

Roger thought a moment. "A stick."

Linda giggled. "No it not!"

Roger looked at Frank and sighed. Beat. Beaten. "I'm afraid to remarry. What if something like this happens again? I couldn't live through this. Not again." He called to the other children: time for bed. His tone was gentle, conciliatory. A token cry of protest rose from the family room, but the TV soon went off and the children shuffled upstairs to bed like little robots. Linda had cuddled up beside her mother and feigned sleep.

"I've got the answer," Roger said. He was staring into the living room, half-hypnotized, speaking to the yellow flames swaying lazily behind the glass panel of the fireplace. "I'll buy myself a Corvette—I've always wanted one, you know. And then when I want to get warm at night, I'll go out and sit in it and turn on the heater. And when I've had a hard day and I need coddling, I'll turn on the control panel, and a nice, sweet voice will say, 'There, there, Roger, now you just sit back and relax now.' And then those automatic seat belts that drop from the ceiling will reach around and hug me tight." He chuckled, but the deep-belly gusto was gone. It rang hollow. Frank reminded himself that it was just talk, idle talk. It meant nothing. He was just trying to cope, that's all. A man's not accountable under those circumstances. What would he do, in Roger's shoes? Suppose it was Stella—her potato head, her spirit trapped inside that lump of flesh. Changing her diaper, cleaning out her catheter, spoon-feeding her morphine. Whatever could get him through the night, that's what he'd do.

Roger mentioned the insurance money. It was a good policy—a great policy. No one could tell him the Lord didn't have his hand in all this. Three days before her first seizure, for no good reason at all, he'd doubled his life insurance and taken out a policy on Katie. "The Holy Ghost must have grabbed me by the pants and dragged me down to Met Life."

More talk. Pragmatic prattle. He was tired, exhausted. Talking in his sleep. Can a man be held accountable for sleep-talking? For dreams? Nightmares?

Roger checked his watch. "It's about that time," he sighed, and trudged into the kitchen, returning with a large spoonful of medication—brown goop. He knelt by Katie's bed so he was facing her backside, away from Frank. He carefully lifted the bed sheet. Frank saw a slice of Katie's white buttocks through the gap between Roger's arm and rib cage. He winced as he watch Roger insert the spoon into her anus. It took several moments. Then Roger lowered the sheet and returned to the kitchen. The spoon clinked in the sink.

BRAD TEARE

"If I had to go through the pain of dying a thousand times all over again, I would rather do that than live forty more years the way I was, gnashing my teeth in lukewarm nothing."

"It's hard," Frank said when Roger returned. "I lost my mother when I was seven. She left six of us—the youngest was barely two." He wasn't sure why he had said this. Courage. Roger was going to need far more courage than even Katie would now. He remembered: the stink of flowers and casseroles, the forlorn faces of his brothers and sisters watching the melted cheese grow cold on their plates. His father clutching the telephone receiver, his face knuckling up like a fat fist. Bishop Packard's words of assurance at graveside: "Life is a voyage, and those standing in the port watching the ship disappear over the horizon are thinking, 'It's gone! It's gone!' But those waiting on the other side—mothers, fathers, grandparents, ancestors—they're all shouting, 'Here it comes! Here it comes!' While one party grieves the departure, the other celebrates the arrival." Everyone nodded. Amen, they said. Then they all marched off to eat. Sixteen more casseroles. Potato salad. That night, Frank's father gathered the six children for family prayer: "So we all pull together now. We go on. We adjust. It's the human way, the Mormon way. Your mother's in Paradise. . . ."

But that night something had happened. Sleeping in the upper bunk, Frank had been awakened around midnight, not by the sound of his older brother snoring down below, but an odd feeling. A sensation. As he opened his eyes, a flash of light momentarily filled the window. In its wake, he saw someone standing sadly in the moonlight, like a heavenly messenger bearing bad news. At first, Frank was frightened. He was about to scream when he realized it was his father. He was totally naked—nothing, not even his garments. Frank didn't know what to think—he was barely seven, confused, afraid. His father climbed onto the upper bunk and crawled in behind him, pressing close. He was sticky and sweaty. Frank lay facing the wall, waiting, trying not to move, not to breathe even. Then he felt his father's hand slide over his little belly, stroking it softly, slowly. That was all, but it was so strange. He lay there staring at the darkened wall, until his father's hand dropped limply onto the mattress.

THERE was a whimper upstairs and a cry. "Daddy! Daddee!"

Roger excused himself and plodded upstairs as if such distress cries were commonplace. Frank could hear him talking, comforting. Then a groan: Katie.

He crept over to her bedside. Linda had fallen asleep under her mother's fleshy arm. He briefly monitored the subtle rhythm of her body swelling and shrinking. Life. And then he saw the dumb beast screaming silently in the tar pits.

Frank looked around, guiltily, to make certain no one was watching. Then he pressed his fingertips gently against her great potato head, exploring its lumpy surface tenderly, curiously, amazed to discover little patches of fuzz. Like an infant's.

It was a bizarre feeling that made the hairs on his neck and arms rise as if he were touching a grotesque mold or fungus on the one hand while fondling some sacred but delectably forbidden object on the other. It occurred to him that he had never touched Katie Morgan before except in the illicit passion of his dream. He continued his indiscretion now, stroking her wispy scalp lock and pressing each stapled indentation. Little baby bites. He studied her mouth, barely parted, showing neither grief nor pain nor solace, only fatigue. He recalled that Indian summer day at Walker Park and saw her again in white culottes and a M*A*S*H T-shirt, the afternoon sunlight glittering on her crisp blond curls as she swung little Linda up and out, up and out. Then he did something a little bit wicked. He mentally raised Katie from the bed and put Roger in her place: the grieving widow. Briefly he considered their life together, what might have been. Then he saw beautiful Stella withering in the wood box. Little Cassie. His mother and father, his grandparents. Aunts, uncles, cousins, one by one taking their turn inside. He saw himself.

He dropped to one knee, his hands trembling as he placed them back on Katie's naked head. He caressed it now, gently, tenderly, like a lover. Then—checking again—he leaned over as if to kiss her goodbye, goodnight. Instead, he fished into his pocket for the key chain with the tiny metal vial of consecrated oil. He unscrewed the cap and poured two drops on top of her head, rubbing them gently into her fuzzy scalp. He laid his fingertips on her head. And then he blessed her with death. □

SPELL

Frozen doves darken branches
until hunters, fooled, shoot
them down only to discover,
crying disgust, that no blood—

sacred blue fog—drips down.
Cathedral drainpipes
gurgle, gargoyle snouts
snarl ice.
Bells ring in alabaster rooms.

The ice is beautiful—silver-black,
danger sacred and slick.
Winter makes
sleep holy, in dreams
famished eyes glare through leaves

where ice is faster than physics,
ancient madrigals ring
stretches of poisoned sea.
Some perfumed son dreams
a dream of custody,
in a Kansas silo sits

forever frozen;
his keeper
the radiance of a wristwatch.

—SEAN BRENDAN-BROWN

How have religions understood the relationship between "that which we hold sacred" and "that which we keep secret"? Is it ethically wrong for me to do historical research and to conduct interviews on temple sacred and secret garments?

SACRED, SECRET, AND THE NON-MORMON

By Colleen McDannell

AFTER THE 1991 SUNSTONE SYMPOSIUM in Salt Lake, the *Deseret News* published a "Statement" on the front page of its metropolitan section signed by The Council of the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. The statement began: "Recent symposia sponsored and attended by some members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have included some presentations relating to the House of the Lord, the holy temples, that are offensive. We deplore the bad taste and insensitivity of these public discussions of things we hold sacred." [1] While the statement never told members not to attend such symposia, the Church leaders stated that "we are saddened at the participation of our own members." The *Salt Lake Tribune* ran a story that not only reported the statement but gave background, including citing my symposium paper, "LDS Garments: A View from Outside," as one of the "problem" presentations.

While other Sunstone participants have had to justify their participation in the symposium to Church leaders, not being a Mormon, I received no follow-up telephone calls. The Bretheren's comments, however, have motivated me to think seriously about the meaning of the sacred and how I, as a scholar of religion, should respond to such criticism of my work. I would like to explore two related questions: The first is, how have religions understood the relationship between the sacred and the secret? From the perspective of religious history, how do Western traditions define the connection between "that which we hold sacred" (the phrase used in the statement) and "that which we keep secret" (its practical corollary)? The second question deals with my position as a non-Mormon researching a topic some Latter-day Saints consider "unresearchable." Is it ethically wrong for me to do historical research and to conduct interviews on temple garments? Are my studies, in the words of Church authorities, "offensive," "in bad taste," and "insensitive"?

To begin with, I acknowledge that I already presume a connection between the sacred and the secret by coupling the terms. Some LDS authorities would deny this connection. Nowhere in the *Deseret News* statement, nor in other aspects of LDS culture, are Mormons told that they should not talk about certain things because they are secret. Instead, matters are not discussed because they are "private," "confidential," or "sacred." However, most of us assume that when we are told not to discuss something it means we are asked to keep it secret, and while we may not understand exactly what the sacred is, we know from everyday life what secrets are. According to one definition, "secrecy [is] the mandatory or voluntary, but calculated, concealment of information, activities, or relationships."[2] We all keep secrets and tell secrets. Institutions also keep and tell secrets. The police keep investigations secret; corporations guard their business secrets; the Mafia arranges murders in secret; and the FBI and CIA protect our national security in secret.

Why do individuals and institutions keep secrets? Sociologists give us many reasons: secrecy helps preserve cultures from outside change and influence by slowing down innovation and providing social stability. Having secrets (or what some call "exclusive knowledge") enhances individual and communal prestige. Secret organizations can pursue political rebellions or other goals hostile to the larger community. Internal discipline is more easily maintained when secrets are involved and economic control more directly expressed. Most

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of us have mixed feelings about secrets. We relish our domestic privacy, but therapists tell us too much secrecy is bad for us. We realize that at times governments keep secrets, but we also demand the "right to know."

SECRECY WITHIN RELIGION

What is the relationship between the sacred and the secret?

SCHOLARLY literature available on secrecy is almost entirely written by sociologists and anthropologists concerned with how people construct and maintain their societies.[3] As a historian of religion, however, I see that limiting access to knowledge, rituals, and objects is a part of many religious traditions. I hesitate to reduce religion to merely one of many social functions and to see secrecy as being a means to achieve specific social goals. What is more useful is to try to understand the nature of secrecy within religion. What is the relationship between the sacred and the secret? If we look at the Latin origin of the word sacred, we find that *sacrum* means "what belonged to the gods or was in their power."[4] Given the Roman religious tradition out of which this term developed, I immediately think of the cultic activities in Roman temples. Roman religion was primarily a religion of ritual rather than belief. Animal sacrifices were offered to the gods by priests and priestesses in temples. The average citizen was excluded from the area of the sacrifice. Consequently, the word *sanctum* (as in the English "sanctuary") meant something which was walled off or otherwise set apart. Here we find a close connection between the sacred and the secret. Originally, the word "sacred" referred to a place, not to a feeling. The temple area was *sacrum* and set apart for the gods. The area in front of the temple precinct where the people gathered was *profanum* (or, in English, "profane"). Although mystery religions existed in Ancient Rome with limited membership and exclusive knowledge, the term "sacred" comes not from this tradition but from the public Roman cult. To do linguistic justice to the origin of the word "sacred," we might contrast it with "exclusive" rather than "secret." The Greek terms *hieros* and *hagnos*, from which our English word "holy" eventually derives, do not have the connotation of separateness or set apart as *sanctum* does. It is from the Greek that the word "holy" comes to assume its meaning of purity, awe, and veneration.[5]

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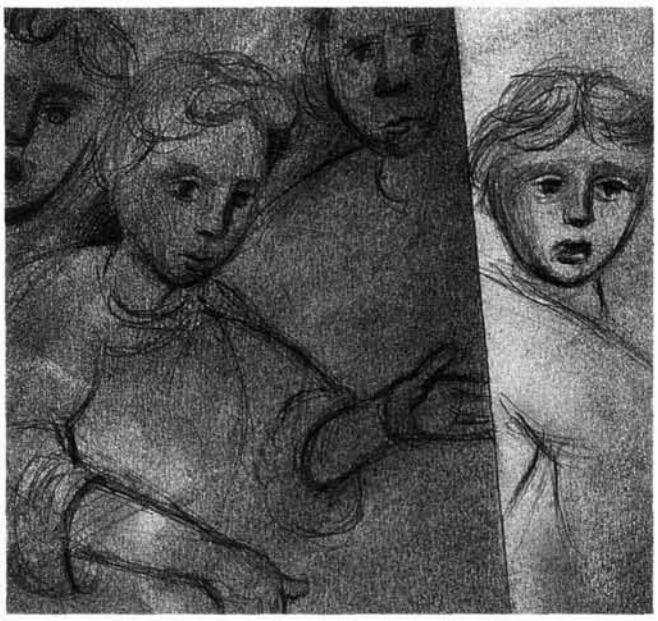
Concepts of the sacred do not exist in themselves, but are shaped and maintained by individuals. When rigid boundaries between the sacred and the profane are constructed, those people permitted in the realm of the sacred form a privileged class.

Like the classical Greeks and Romans, the ancient Israelites also had a term for sacred. *Qadosh*, from the root *qd*, means, in Hebrew, "to set apart." Like most ancient religions, Israelite religion included oracles and animal sacrifices. Certain men from certain families were permitted to assist in the sacrifices. In Exodus and Leviticus, great care was taken to define what was pure and sacred versus what was impure and profane.[6] The same notion of separation can be seen in Islam. The Arabic word *harim* means circumscribed, inviolable. The *Ka'bah*, the Islamic sanctuary in Mecca, off limits to all but Muslims, is called the *Al-bayt al-haram*, the "forbidden house." The women's quarters in a traditional Muslim home, where only the family is permitted, is called *harim*. The English word "harem" mistakenly refers to the women, rather than to the place set apart.

Early Christians internalized the meaning of the Jewish law and rejected the Roman concern for appeasing the gods through sacrifice. Some Romans, however, saw Christianity as a secret cult which ate its god in a cannibalistic rite and practiced sexual immorality. According to historian Wayne Meeks, Pauline Christianity was more exclusive than the Roman mystery cults.[7] Christians believed they imparted, in the words of 1 Corinthians 2:6, "a secret and hidden wisdom of God, which God decreed before the ages for our glorification." Around 200 A.D., Christians were described as "a people skulking and shunning the light, silent in public," who despised the Roman temples as dead-houses, rejected the gods, and "laugh[ed] at sacred things."[8] Within early Christian ritual, the unbaptized were restricted to the first part of the service consisting of singing psalms, reading scripture, and offering prayers. Only

Christians in good standing could attend the sacred meal where the bread and wine were consumed.[9]

Gnostic Christianity, one of the versions of Christianity that flourished during the first five centuries after Jesus' death, preached exclusivity in ritual and communal life. It also claimed that its teachers possessed the secret teachings of Jesus. Valentinus (A.D. 140), for example, taught a noncanonical set of gospels in private to certain people who had proven themselves to be spiritually mature.[10] Orthodox Christian leaders accused the gnostics of fraud and destroyed their gospels and writings. Mystical forms of religions, such as gnostic Christianity, Sufi Islam, and the Jewish Kabbalah, emphasize that knowledge of the divine requires considerable study and meditation, and that only the most dedicated will ever be able to understand the inner religious truth. These esoteric traditions, however, never became influential because they resisted institutionalization and historically have been perceived as a threat to the main current of religious belief.



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Why do individuals and institutions keep secrets? Sociologists give us many reasons: secrecy preserves cultures from outside change and influence by slowing down innovation and providing social stability.

After Christianity became the state religion of the once-flourishing Roman Empire, boundaries between the sacred and the profane continued. The evolution of a clerical class, the development of the cult of the saints and relics, and the construction of elaborate places of worship heightened the sense that certain locations and things were sacred. Access to the sacred continued to be restricted: relics were hidden within golden containers; only the priest could drink the sacred blood of Christ; only males could enter into the church sanctuary; only those versed in Latin and theology could read the Bible.

The Protestant Reformation challenged the notion of sacred places and people. While Luther retained some Catholic notions of the sacred, the Reformed tradition of Calvin and Zwingli rejected the idea that particular places, things, or people were imbued with a special godliness and thus should be set apart. The Puritans, for instance, refused to set aside special religious holidays and worked as hard on Christmas as on any other day. They called their church buildings "meetinghouses" in order to eliminate any idea that the space was holy. Puritans replaced the notion of an exclusive sacred space with the idea of an exclusive people. What was sacred was the community of the Elect. The Puritan community, and not a place or thing, was set apart as holy.[11] Those who led that sacred community assumed a powerful authority. Protestant theology, however, denied the minister any magical powers because it asserted that all people had the ability and responsibility to address the divine. At the same time that Protestant theologians reinterpreted the meaning of the sacred, innovations in technology made it much more difficult to restrict knowledge to certain groups of people. The printing press began a trend that eventually would culminate in cheap, efficient communications and widespread literacy in Europe and North America.

Contemporary Christianity continues the Protestant trend of devaluing the "set apartness" of the sacred. With women's ordination to the Protestant clergy, the barrier restricting female access to the altar and pulpit has been dismantled. Although Catholics still have an all-male clergy, since the Second Vatican Council Catholic liturgy has moved toward being, as one says in the computer business, "user-friendly." Masses are conducted in homes, guitars and folk singing lend an informal air to services, and lay people help the priest distribute communion. While the Catholic priest retains the exclusive power to change the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, the laity actively participate in many aspects of church rituals. Although relics, rosaries, statues, and pious pictures now enjoy somewhat of a comeback, most American Catholics understand the sacred in ways similar to Protestants.

WHAT can we conclude from this whirlwind and thumbnail tour of Western religious sensibilities toward the sacred and the secret? First, the Latin origin of the word "sacred" does not refer to special knowledge

or pious feelings but to a notion of a special space. While words obviously change from their original usage, there is a persistent strain in Western traditions to equate something sacred with a space that is set apart. Religions set apart their sacred space, their particular set of teachings or ethics, and even their community, from the profane.

Second, the sacredness of a space (or teaching, or community) excludes one set of people but, more importantly, includes others. Concepts of the sacred do not exist in themselves, but are shaped and maintained by individuals. When rigid boundaries between the sacred and the profane are constructed, those people permitted in the realm of the sacred form a privileged class. The medieval priest, for instance, could touch the consecrated host, but for anyone else touching the sacred body of Christ was desecration. As a religious historian, I must always ask: Who is creating—through ritual, theology, revelation—the boundaries of the sacred? What types of power relations are established when access to the sacred is limited?

Third, and most important for our discussion, Western religions can more efficiently maintain limited-access sacred space rather than limited-access sacred knowledge. Spatial boundaries are easier to define and defend because they are physical. Knowledge is more difficult to control because it is immaterial. In Israelite religion, only priests could approach the Holy of Holies, but through the biblical books of Exodus and Leviticus all Jews learned of the ancient temple ceremonies. The Christian altar as a sacred space has existed since the first centuries, but gnostic Christians could not maintain their communities based on secret knowledge against the attacks of an institutional, state-based church. With increases in literacy and the publication of scripture and theology in the vernacular, religious knowledge could not be confined to a elite group of educated, Latin-reading men. Muslims who restrict non-Muslims from joining pilgrimages to Mecca delight in publishing picture books, travel journals, and theological treatises on the *hajj*. They can restrict the space of Mecca to Muslims, but the nature and experience of pilgrimage is too essential to Islamic spirituality to demand silence.

MY RESPONSIBILITY TO MORMONS AS A SCHOLAR OF MORMONS

I am responsible to see that my writing does not offend those I interview.

EVEN though a set-apart sacred space is easier to maintain than a set-apart community based on secret knowledge, restricting access to places, things, or information is common in Western religious traditions. If this is the case, shouldn't I accept LDS leaders' criticism of my presentation on garments? My response is no.

In recent years, historians of religions have challenged the notion that words like "the sacred" or "the holy" exist as categories by themselves, untouched by politics in the general sense of the term. Historian of religion Jonathan Z. Smith, a colleague of the late Mircea Eliade at the University of Chicago, argues that the meaning of the sacred also must be negotiated between people; it does not fall untouched from heaven. Smith has written that we must recognize that most of our religious texts were produced by a well-organized, self-conscious, scribal elite that had vested interests in restricting and valuing certain places and things.[12] This is not to deny or affirm the claims of religious people that their revelations have divine and not human origins. What scholars now ask are questions such as: Once the revelation has been received, what happens to it? Who controls access to the information? Who interprets the information? Who preserves the information for future generations? Who is left out of the decision-making process?

I use this line of thinking in my own research. Boundaries between sacred and profane are created and maintained by specific groups of people. For LDS authorities, there is a rigid boundary between that which goes on inside of the temple and that which is on the outside. For them, not only should the space be exclusive, but the information and the objects given within the space are reserved for the initiate. More important, however, they insist that even reflections (or theologizing) on the information is exclusive. For me to approach any aspect of the sacred—by entering the space, or learning the information, or reflecting on the meaning of the information—is profaning the sacred. As a scholar of religion, these are precisely the dimensions of LDS culture I want to study. If I were interested only in the institutional Church as described by Church leaders, I would have to take this problem seriously. Church leaders will publicly present only limited amounts of information and theology for a scholar to work from. They will not, for instance, discuss how temple garments fit into their spiritual lives.

Church leaders, however, are not the only ones who define the meaning of the sacred and set boundaries between the sacred and the profane. Church members have their own notions about what constitutes the sacred and what can and cannot be spoken to an outsider. I am more interested in what the average person thinks, because the activities and perspectives of the religious elite present only part of the story. From my experience, many Mormons accept the exclusive character of sacred space and sacred information, but they do not accept the notion that everything connected with the temple is reserved only for members in good standing. For some Latter-day Saints, reflecting on the meaning of their garments does not breach the boundaries between sacred and profane. These people define the sacred in a manner different from LDS authorities, and I must respect the boundaries they establish. Since Church leaders will not publicly theologize about the garments, I study the responses of those who will speak with me about this important aspect of their spiritual lives.

Does this mean that I am not accountable to anyone? Can scholars research and write whatever they want? In 1919, anthropologist Franz Boaz wrote an indignant letter to a popular magazine objecting to the work of four anthropologists who helped gather intelligence during World War I. These scholars, he complained, "prostituted science by using it as a cover for their activities as spies."[13] According to Boaz, scholars should

not be collecting information for any purpose other than the betterment of human understanding. In the 1960s, anthropologists conducted field work in Latin America and Southeast Asia to help the American government plan various forms of counterinsurgency. Cloaked in secrecy, their research was not accessible to other scholars or to the people they studied. The problem was not that anthropologists were telling the secrets of their informants, but that anthropologists themselves were being asked to keep secrets. Consequently, in 1971 the American Anthropological Association published a guide called the "Principles of Professional Responsibility." It explained that an anthropologist's paramount responsibility is to those she or he studies. When there is a conflict of interest, the welfare of the individuals with whom the researcher worked must be considered first. All clandestine research was condemned, and all scholarly results were to be made available to the public and, when possible, to the people studied.[14]

This code of ethics proposed by American anthropologists applies to my work as a historian of religion. A religious community, such as the Mormons, is made up of a variety of subcommunities. There is the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, but there also is the Mormon Women's Forum and the B. H. Roberts Society. My responsibility is not to the Church elite, whom I did not interview, but to those I did interview. The Church leaders who published the "statement" could not make helpful criticism of my conclusions on garments because they have decided that speaking about garments, by definition, profanes "things we hold sacred." They challenged my right to speak about garments, not the content of what I said about garments. Consequently, the criticism that is significant for me comes from people who *will* talk about garments: the people I interviewed and my own professional community. I rely on their evaluations to keep me from producing writing which *they* consider offensive, in bad taste, or insensitive.

NOTES

1. *Desert News*, 23 August 1991.
2. Stanton K. Tefft, "Secrecy: A Social and Political Process," in *Secrecy: A Cross-Cultural Perspective*, ed. Stanton K. Tefft (New York: Human Sciences Press, 1980), 320.
3. For the classic sociological statement on secrecy, see Georg Simmel, "The Sociology of Secrecy and of Secret Societies," *The American Journal of Sociology* 11 (1906): 441–98. See also Joachim Wach, "The Secret Society," in his *Sociology of Religion* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1944), 112–19; and Sissela Bok, *Secrets: On the Ethics of Concealment and Revelation* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1982).
4. Carsten Colpe, "The Sacred and the Profane," *Encyclopedia of Religion*, 511.
5. For a fuller development of the concept of the Holy, see Rudolf Otto, *The Idea of the Holy*, trans. John W. Harvey (London: Oxford University Press, 1923).
6. See Mary Douglas, "The Abominations of Leviticus," in her *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo* (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books, 1966), 54–72; and Michael P. Carroll, "One More Time: Leviticus Revisited," in *Anthropological Approaches to the Old Testament*, ed. Bernhard Lang (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1985), 117–26.
7. Wayne Meeks, *The First Urban Christians* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1983), 78.
8. Stephen Benko, *Pagan Rome and the Early Christians* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984), 55.
9. Henry Chadwick, *The Early Church* (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books, 1967), 32.
10. Elaine Pagels, *Gnostic Gospels* (New York: Random House, 1979), 14ff.
11. James P. Walsh, "Holy Time and Sacred Space in Puritan New England," *American Quarterly* 32 (1980): 79–95.
12. Jonathan Z. Smith, *Map Is Not Territory* (Leiden: Brill, 1978), 203.
13. Carolyn Fluehr-Lobban, *Ethics and the Profession of Anthropology: Dialogue for a New Era* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1991).
14. Fluehr-Lobban, *Ethics*, 29.

TRUCK ROUTE

Inside my childhood
five younger brothers
maneuver metallic trucks
in the dirt under lilac trees,
their voices hum, rumble
to mimic the rise of trucks
over hills, fall into shifting gears
while I sit on cement
pretending not to hear,
my ears tuned to their travel.
Dad, on his grocery run to the city,
drives truck four days every week,
out from the valley, then back,
out and back again.
The rhythm of those runs
reverberates over years,
a cycle of empty, then full,
light, then heavy.

Now divorced, my brother Nick
drives for months on end
trying to remember or forget
the sense of homelife
that's swallowed in wandering.
I hear his semi shifting,
crisscrossing the continent,
gearing down under a load,
the gray asphalt wearying.
Stuck in Texas over Christmas
he wanders up through our town
en route to emptying,
raps on our door near New Year's,
his semi, a long, long memory,
suddenly parked in our neighborhood,
metallic like a second sun.

—ANITA TANNER

To solve the world-threatening dilemmas of pluralism, groups must engage in extended conversation with others about their differences in an approach that validates the other's views. This is almost impossible when a social order is built on issues that cannot be spoken.

INTELLECTUAL POLITICS AND THE UNSPEAKABLE IN MORMONISM

By David Clark Knowlton

EVERY BODY OF THOUGHT, EVERY CULTURE AND religion, maintains implicit canons about the nature of the world. Although these explanations seem real—and to members of a group they are demonstrably real—they often contradict those of other groups, sometimes stridently. Hence, the central dynamic of pluralism: the bringing of differing ideas and world views into contact and conflict, one view unsettling another. In these situations, core ideas are not mere intellectual abstractions but are issues on which the world and the heavens hang. Pluralism's culture clash upsets more than a group's ideological solidity; it threatens its very nature of reality and thus provokes fierce, emotional turmoil within individuals and groups.[1]

To resolve this difficulty, groups must engage in extended conversation with others about their differences in an approach that validates the other's views. This inter-group discussion is almost impossible when one group's social order is built on issues that cannot be spoken. Current Mormon intellectual and spiritual politics confront precisely this challenge.

In "Sacred, Secret, and the Non-Mormon," Colleen McDannell addresses the ethical quandaries she faced after LDS church leaders criticized her research on what Mormons think and believe about temple garments.[2] Theirs was not an academic critique; they did not criticize her theory, methods, analysis, or data; they questioned the propriety of her approach:

> Recent symposia . . . have included some presentations relating to the House of the Lord, the holy temples, that are offensive. We deplore the bad taste and insensitivity of these public discussions of things we hold sacred.[3]

Although the statement's ambiguous language makes it impossible to know exactly what the Brethren see as offensive, it seems that the offense, insensitivity, and bad taste lie in the *public* discussion of sacred things. For the Brethren, apparently talking openly about something sacred desecrates it. This imposed norm prohibits discussion of the sacred and challenges the academic norm that favors analyzing every proposition. This religious norm suggests that the academic norm of open analysis contradicts the scholar's ethical obligation not to damage the religious traditions she or he studies. By refusing to engage in the conversation and by demanding that certain "sacred" topics be removed from academic disquisition, Church leaders have, probably unintentionally, created a contradiction for the scholar that is not easy to solve.[4]

Other aspects of McDannell's work also contrast with various Mormon points of view. This is unavoidable because she builds her approach on the canons of her field, not on those valued by Mormon elites or other members of the LDS community. For example, viewing Mormonism from an empirical position, she notes Mormon subgroups that coexist and overlap, and she accepts each subgroup's claim to a legitimate portion of Mormon territory, whether it be the Quorum of the Twelve, the Mormon Women's Forum, Sunstone symposium audiences, etc. In her relationship with the various groups, she solves her ethical dilemma by remapping Mormonism once again from a new perspective that includes all these groups.

Many within the Mormon community would question or take offense at including some of these groups as legitimate components of the Church; they view the community with dif-

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ferent conceptual lenses than does McDannell. The Mormon community contains strong politics of inclusion and exclusion built on acceptability, legitimacy, and orthodoxy, including shunning those deemed unacceptable. This creates an arrangement of Mormon society grounded in anger, fear, and tension. Depending on one's position within the Church, an individual's map of what constitutes legitimate Mormonism will differ from another's, and people insist forcefully, emotionally, on the accuracy of their own perceptions. But to an empirical outsider, our community includes more diversity than many insiders believe or can accept.

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McDannell's work of religious geography—labeling the Church as a group of people who share a common social origin—contrasts with the common Mormon notion that the Church is a single body with a consensus of belief, directed from the prophet (who represents God) to the masses. Although important, in fact, this is but one of many models used inside Mormondom to explain the movement. To answer specific questions, scholars select and analyze one model according to their research or to the methodological canons of their academic discipline. Hence, academics often view a community such as our own differently than it sees itself. Our differing vantage points mean we are selectively blind to our own realities.[5]

> If we say things that do not fit within the Mormon restricted code, then people assume that our language reflects our inherent unrighteousness and we lose value within the community.

Members of any community being studied often misunderstand the scholar's approach, perceiving it as threatening to their notion of community. This is true particularly in a discursive terrain landmined by the explosive history of past conflicts. Thus anthropologist Roberto Da Matta writes about the danger anthropologists face, when writing about their own communities, of having their work taken simply as a political broadside,[6] rather than legitimate inquiry.

As an anthropologist and as a Mormon, therefore, I wear two hats, or, rather, have two minds or perspectives when I study Mormonism. At times these vantage points conflict fruitfully, at times they conflict in a deafening cacophony of dissonant futility. It is important to note, as much postmodern anthropology argues, that scholars are not omniscient speakers, standing above the fray on a divine perch, telling objectively everything there is to know about a given people. Rather, scholars are human beings interacting with a given community. The nature of this interaction—the social positions of the scholars and their interlocutors—constrains the resultant knowledge,[7] as does a scholar's rhetoric; the representation of reality tautologically creates, to one degree or another, both the objects and the analysis.[8] As a result of these kinds of insights, scholarly discourse receives considerable critical attention, including asking how the limitations of representation might make the goals of reason impossible.

Thus academics depend on what social linguist Basil Bernstein has called an "elaborated code."[9] Anthropologist Mary Douglas describes this as a

> code in which . . . the speaker selects [signs] from a wide range of syntactic alternatives which are flexibly organized; this speech requires complex planning . . . [and] the elaborated code is adapted to enable a speaker to make his intentions explicit, to elucidate general principles.

The elaborated code focuses on the linguistic function of reference; that is, it communicates specific information rather than building social relationships. Douglas continues that

> [the code's] primary function is to organize thought processes, distinguish and combine ideas. In its more extreme, elaborate form, it is so disengaged from the normal social structure that it may even come to dominate the latter and require the social group to be structured around the speech, as in the case of a University lecture.[10]

This code and its epistemological assumptions challenge another Mormon notion. To many Latter-day Saints, "knowledge" is absolute and trustworthy. It enables people to stand and simply and forcefully state that they "know the Church is true." But in scientific terms, such a simple assertion is little more than a socially useful fiction. These different approaches to language become a point of real tension between my two communities, as they did from time to time in my classes at BYU. While social scientists recognize the rather tenuous status

of their knowledge, many Mormons see scholarly observations, ideas, and models about the Church as direct challenges to the strong ideas Mormons hold about themselves.

Furthermore, the expectations people have concerning language and its place in life vary in views held by Mormons and social scientists.[11] While scientists hold an elaborated code, Mormons generally have a different ideology, one that distrusts rhetoric, particularly elaborate speech.[12] To most Mormons, "good" speech communicates simply the feelings of the heart, the whisperings of the Spirit. Further, "good" speech carries considerable moral weight as one of the sites where we work out our salvation. Speech also signals to others our righteousness and our relationship to the sacred.[13] We must be very careful in what we say since so much depends on it.

While as an individual I might be able to negotiate my way across the minefield of conflict between scholarship and Church membership, my relatively humble arrangements can be seen as disloyalty by either community.[14] This occurs because each usually looks only from one vantage point, attempting to maintain clear boundaries in the tense and shifting discursive field that connects my two domains. This has often left me feeling like I was tied to two horses galloping in different directions.

THE MORMON APPROACH TO CONFLICT IN LANGUAGE

It leaves the reasons of Church authorities unspoken and requires the accused to discover them to be right with God.

IN September of 1991, as has been widely published,[15] I was called in by my stake president concerning my Salt Lake Sunstone symposium presentation on terrorism and the Church in South America the previous August. My stake president never explained to me what the criticism was; he seemed to feel it was enough for me to know that my work had concerned the apostles, and they had directed him to call me in. According to his logic, if I were in tune with the Spirit, I would simply understand the unspoken and respond appropriately by heeding authority and censoring my work.

Both Colleen McDannell and I encountered the politics of the unspeakable. What substantial portions of our community desire to discuss, the Brethren would rather exorcise from public discussion; for Colleen it was temple garments, for me it was terrorism. In my case, the unspeakable also became a way of testing my loyalty to the Church.

For us as individuals, this raises all kinds of ethical dilemmas. For us as scholars, it also raises the fascinating analytical question of the roles of secrecy and silence in Mormonism and how such boundaries are created and contested. Thus my stake president's position—I should simply heed the unspoken, which operates as a practical confirmation of the "truthfulness" of the Church. His model required me to submissively recognize that I had erred and, through fasting and prayer if need be, to ask the Lord what I had done wrong and then mend my ways. The oracular nature of the Brethren's statement—its vagueness—becomes functional as does my stake president's inability to explain to me what I had done wrong. Like a good riddle, that vagueness forces me to apply common standards of reasoning to come up with the answer (or, the cynic might add, simply to acquiesce to power), thus reinforcing the privileged position of the riddler. In the stake president's model, the Spirit mediates between the position of the Brethren and my position as Church member. It organizes our actions, such that when we see coordination, though no one has ostensively ordered it, we can take it as proof that the Lord does indeed guide the Church. The oracularity of actual speech in relationship to the unspoken makes this possible.

According to this model of an oracle, the stake president's inability to tell me how I had erred was appropriate. It underlies the position that the Brethren acted on the whisperings of the Spirit, in that their instructions to the stake president present me with a riddle whose solution required me to ask the Lord what he told the Brethren.

It also, of course, supports the power structure. The only point of this triangle of relationships (Brethren, Lord, me) that is questionable is (lower case) *me* and my relationships with the Brethren and the Lord. If I do not come out in harmony with the Brethren, then obviously I am not in tune with the Lord either, and thus my righteousness is called into question. A cynic would focus on the possibilities for abuse in this kind of structure.

THE ACADEMIC APPROACH TO CONFLICT

Conflict is resolved by extended discussion instead of communicating by a "restricted code" used only by insiders.

ANOTHER model more appropriate to the academic domain, and the one I followed, stressed the value of discussion and compromise. I indicated to my stake president that I would consider whatever specific issues the Brethren had with my work, but that I could not accept blanket censorship of my right, as an academic, to write and study the material of my discipline. At the time, BYU had no formal academic freedom policy and thus no formal limitations on a professor's freedom of inquiry. I stressed that academic discussion was my contractual right, but that since the Brethren found my work troublesome, I would consider their position and build compromise between my academic rights and their religious concerns.

But I missed their point. My model stressed open inquiry and rational discussion in contrast to obedience and self-censorship, either *a priori* or *a posteriori*. My stake president saw no attempt at censorship. The trope was simply not appropriate to the domain in which he operated. Rather, he expressed a concern, sanctioned by authority, which, I, if correctly religious, would simply follow. The academic model required conversation and the Church model the unspoken coordination of action. By stressing the second, I provoked accusations of apostasy from the first. The two presented themselves to me as antithetical and contradictory. Each challenged the basis of the other. My speech brought into question the necessarily unspeakable of Mormon practice.

This reminds me of the notion of "restricted code" developed by linguist Basil Bernstein as a contrast to his "elaborated code."[16] Bernstein notes that some people say a lot with few words, while others say little with many words. The first situation requires people to intuit the depths of meaning communicated by subtle phrases or nuances of expression. The latter, more like academic expression, requires one to expect words and their limited referential meaning to carry forward the sense one wishes to communicate.

MATTHEW CHATTERLEY

Since words and situations have no meaning in and of themselves, Bernstein's "restricted code," "saying much with few words," requires a relatively long and dense social interaction in order for people really to be aware of the range of meanings intended by simple expressions. To outsiders, the restricted code seems almost inscrutable; how can people understand one another and coordinate their actions when so little is actually said? To insiders, the ability to capture the deep meaning of a few words, to understand the unspoken, can function as if it were natural, or as a manifestation of "the Spirit." Thus the ability to decipher the restricted code becomes a sign of a person's character—"he who hath ears let him hear"—rather than as a product of socialization and education.

Douglas writes that in a restricted code one

> draws from a . . . narrow . . . range of syntactic alternatives and these alternatives are . . . rigidly organized. . . . [Because] the restricted code is deeply enmeshed in the immediate social structure, utterances have a double purpose: they convey information, yes, but they also express the social structure, embellish and reinforce it. The second function is the dominant one.

THE RESTRICTED CODE IN MORMONISM

Here we use language boundaries as markers of the sacred.

I HAVE noticed that Salt Lake natives depend on a restricted code involving subtle changes in expression and a strong awareness of what is actually not said. For example, after someone has given an outrageous talk in sacrament meeting or has said or done something unpopular, people do not generally go up to them and say, "I disagree with you," or, "I really think you should have said something different." Rather, they employ a code ranging from overly effusive praise, if they really like something, to silence, if they do not, with various shades of meaning to the words "nice talk," depending on the tone, for everything in the middle. Silence, the unspoken, is extreme censorship, while mild censorship is communicated when people simply say "nice talk" with a dry tone of voice and nothing more.

I think this restricted code stems, in part, from the common notion that we should avoid contention or evil speaking. As a result, much social information must instead be communicated in the form of subtle hints. These have the function of reinforcing community boundaries, since the good people will understand without being explicitly told and will regulate themselves appropriately, thus maintaining community morality. On the other hand, people who speak too much and improperly, or who do not understand the code, are often treated as morally problematic because they have not learned the boundaries on which the social codes hang. They are often accused of moral failings in an attempt to explain their differences from the "good" people of the community. In this case, the restriction of language embodies the morality within the community. But it cannot be easily discussed, since to raise it to conscious discussion risks causing one to fall into the camp of immorality. The very act of discussing challenges the social sleight of hand by which this works, since it makes us aware of it. And thus aware, we can perhaps control and change it, as if, in a non sequitur which is a critical part of the process, standards of morality could be so easily changed, or were so related to one's language ability instead of one's relationship to God.[17]

> Speaking out can all too easily be construed as an attack on authority and the sacred. This inflation of necessary conversation into desecration will form the basis of future Mormon politics.

The relationship between this restricted code and morality (or the sacred) becomes even clearer in our recent controversies. Apostle James E. Faust, in the October 1993 general priesthood meeting, changed the definition of apostasy. Instead of referring to "deviant" beliefs and practices in general, Elder Faust focused on one specific behavior: speaking.

Holding differences of opinion with the Church is not a sign of apostasy, he avers; rather, the crux lies in the *public* expression of those differences. Apostasy lies in breaching the boundaries of the unspeakable, as if such were a desecration. The central issue of morality, and therefore Church membership and salvation, lies in giving voice publicly to what should not be said.

While Elder Faust would perhaps argue that I am pushing his statement too far, it does serve to indicate the critical importance of that language boundary in Mormon life. The general authority Statement on symposia further emphasized this boundary when it attempted to protect the temple from discussion, thus seriously inflating the vows not to speak about a *part* of the ritual to the *entire* ritual, including the building in which it is realized and everything associated with it.

The temple represents the kind of collective understanding that comes from a restricted code; it models relationships that are expected to typify Mormon society.[18] While there is a lot one can say here, I had better not say more than just a little.[19] During most of the endowment ceremony people sit as a mass and move as a mass in an extremely regimented fashion. At the critical moment, however, when the formal ceremony ends and people pass to the highest status, they do so as individuals. At that point, when one is metaphorically intimate with God, all communication becomes completely restricted to certain gestures and a bound set of phrases. If we should deviate from these words, a temple worker, who stands conveniently as a representation of social control, will correct us, bringing us back to "righteousness" so we can progress.

Thus, as individuals, we should be of one heart and mind with God and our fellow Saints, according to Mormon imagery. We represent this through the extreme restrictions we place on speech during these critical ritual moments. Another example comes from prayer. Here we should pour out our soul to the Lord. But the code, patterned as it is in terms of "we thank thees" and "we ask thees" along with expectations of content, does not allow for the expression of much individuality. That is precisely the point. We should structure our lives so that they fit within the frame of the gospel, at which point our feelings and thoughts will be those allowed by the frame. Dissonance between us and this linguistic mold symbolizes unrighteousness or an "unruly spirit."

In part, these boundaries come from the importance we grant to language as a marker of the sacred in our community. Because of our rejection of so-called ritualism, we do not avail ourselves of the rich material symbols other traditions use to mark the sacred. Like the Quakers, discussed by anthropologist Richard Bauman,[20] we depend on our use of language, including the boundary between the spoken and unspoken, to index the presence of the spirit of God, righteousness, and sanctification among us.[21] How do you know when someone is spiritual, is a good Latter-day Saint? Of course you can show your temple recommend. But, even more importantly, we assess people's comportment, including their linguistic comportment, to see if it fits the restricted models of righteousness our tradition provides us. People know someone is spiritual if she or he speaks spiritually, if she or he deploys the linguistic indices of spirituality in their speech. People know someone is good if he or she uses the right language.

This means that to be taken as spiritual, or valued within the community, we have to lock ourselves in this linguistic straightjacket. If we say things that do not fit within it, then people assume that our language reflects our inherent unrighteousness and we lose value within the community. This becomes problematic when things we need to express or discuss for personal or community advancement do not fit in the mold.

Of course, this is linked with hierarchy, since in part the hierarchy has the power to expand or tighten the boundaries of discourse; but only within limits, since pushing it too hard would undercut their own authority.[22] If others wish to expand the boundaries, they face accusations of immorality or unrighteousness. Thus it is always safer not to speak and to respect the discursive boundaries. As a corollary, one would expect it to be relatively easy to tighten the boundaries, as actually happens in the politics of those who claim orthodoxy.

Douglas stresses that this support of authority functions as a restricted code. Following Bernstein she locates its development in either a "positional family" or social symbolic order:

> Restricted codes are generated in what [Bernstein] calls the positional family. The child in this family is controlled by the continual building-up of a sense of social pattern: of ascribed role categories. If he asks "Why must I do this?" the answer is in terms of relative position. Because I said so (hierarchy). Because you're a boy (sex role). Because children always do (age status). . . . As he grows his experience flows into a grid of role categories; right and wrong are learnt in terms of the given structure; he himself is seen only in relation to that structure. The child's curiosity is harnessed to the task of sustaining his social environment. Let me quote briefly from Bernstein himself. Differences in speech are taken to be "indices of a particular form of communication; they are not in any sense accidental but are contingent on a form of social structure. [The restricted code] sensitizes the user to a particular form of social relationship which is unambiguous, where authority is clearcut and serves as a guide to action. It is a code which helps to sustain solidarity with the group at the cost of verbal signalling of the unique difference of its members. . . ."[23]

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

Future conflicts for scholars of Mormonism.

IN conclusion, academics who study Mormonism face conflict with much of the Mormon community because of the different roles language plays in the academic world as opposed to the Mormon world. The Statement on symposia makes this clear. But academics can hide in the academic domain, even at BYU, and there protect themselves from the Brethren's intervention. Unfortunately, those within the community who need to talk must do so without the protection af-

forded most academics, since the very act of doing so triggers accusations of unrighteousness and apostasy. But even more importantly, speaking out can all too easily be construed as an attack on authority—and therefore the sacred—because of authority's relationship to the unspeakable in Mormon life. This inflation of necessary conversation into desecration of the spiritual will probably form the basis of future Mormon politics and poses a challenge to the integrity of our community. The academic in me wonders how we will resolve the problem; the Mormon in me is simply very, very sad.

NOTES

1. David Tracy, "The Dangers of Pluralism," 1986 Sunstone Symposium, and tape #SL86-041, August 1986.

2. See Colleen McDannell's article in this issue. See also her chapter "Mormon Garments: Sacred Clothing and the Body" in *Material Christianity,* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1995).

3. The Brethren's concerns are outlined in the "Statement" on symposia, *Deseret News*, 24 August 1991, also in SUNSTONE, 15:4 (October 1991): 58.

4. Please note that this and many of the other challenges discussed here are not deliberate or intentional, to my knowledge.

5. On this point, see the thoughtful work by the eminent anthropologist Renato Rosaldo, *Culture and Truth* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1989).

6. Roberto Da Matta, "Some Biased Remarks on Interpretivism: A View from Brazil" in *Assessing Cultural Anthropology*, ed. Robert Borofsky (New York: McGraw Hill, 1994); see also David Knowlton, "No One Can Serve Two Masters, or Native Anthropologist as Oxymoron," *International Journal of Moral and Social Studies* 7:1 (1992):72–88.

7. In ethnography, data are not gathered, per se, rather they are created in this interaction between scholar and those people studied. For example, Alcida Ramos writes: "Ethnographic facts are not out there on the ground to be picked up by the competent anthropologist, but are the result of a complex process of give-and-take in the interaction between observer and observed" ("Reflecting on the Yanomami" in *Rereading Cultural Anthropology*, ed. George Marcus [Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1992]).

8. On this point see Stephen Tylor, *The Unspoken: Discourse, Dialogue, and Rhetoric in the Postmodern World* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1987). See also James Clifford and George Marcus, eds., *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1986); George Marcus and Michael Fischer, *Anthropology as Cultural Critique: A Critical Moment in the Human Sciences* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986); Paul A. Roth, "Ethnography without Tears" *Current Anthropology* 30:5 (1989): 555–69; and Robert Pool, "Postmodern Ethnography?" *Critique of Anthropology* 11:4 (1991): 309–31.

9. Basil Bernstein, "A Socio-Linguistic Approach to Socialization," in *Directions in Socio-Linguistics*, ed. John Gumperz and Dell Hymes (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1970). Quoted in Mary Douglas, *Natural Symbols: Explorations in Cosmology* (New York: Vintage Books, 1973), 44.

10. Douglas, *Natural Symbols*, 44.

11. On the importance of ideologies of speaking, see Richard Bauman and Joel Sherzer, *Explorations in the Ethnography of Speaking* (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1974).

12. See Tylor, *The Unspoken*, on the relationship of "plain speech" to science. As Richard Bauman notes, this notion was also critical in the formation of Protestant linguistic practice, in *Let Your Words Be Few: Speaking and Silence among Seventeenth Century Quakers* (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1983).

13. See David Knowlton, "Belief, Metaphor, and Rhetoric: The Mormon Practice of Bearing Testimonies," SUNSTONE 15:1 (April 1991): 20–27.

14. In fact, both sides of this disloyalty argument have been made during the process of my dismissal from BYU, as a perusal of the documents will demonstrate. See also Knowlton, "No One Can Serve Two Masters."

15. SUNSTONE news stories or various newspaper accounts.

16. Bernstein, in Douglas, *Natural Symbols*, 44.

17. This suggests the Brethren's ongoing preoccupation and fear of moral relativism. See my "In Search of the Iron Rod," presented at the 1993 Washington, D.C., Sunstone Symposium, #DC93-019.

18. See Greg Urban, *A Discourse Centered Approach to Culture: Native South American Myths and Rituals* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1991) on the iconic relationship between discourse and social structure.

19. See anthropologists Clifford Geertz's and Victor Turners's many analyses of ritual and religion for some possibilities here. Tgeerte: *The Interpretation of Cultures,* Basic Books, 1977; *Local Knowledge: Further Essays in Interpretive Anthropology,* Basic Books, 1985; *Islam Observed,* University of Chicago Press, 1971; *Religion of Java,* University of Chicago Press, 1976; Victor Turner: *Dramas, Fields, and Metaphors: Symbolic Action in Human Society,* Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1975; *Forest of Symbols: Aspects of Ndembu Ritual,* Cornell University Press, 1970; *From Ritual to Theatre: The Human Seriousness of Play,* New York: Performing Arts Journal Publications, 1982.

20. Bauman, *Let Your Words Be Few*.

21. See Knowlton, "Belief, Metaphor, and Rhetoric," for a discussion of paralinguistic features as markers of the spirit.

22. See Douglas, *Natural Symbols*, 45–46, on the ability of authority to expand or retract the domain of a restricted code unilaterally as a means of control and a protection of authority itself.

23. Douglas, *Natural Symbols*, 45.

ON THE BUFFALO NATIONAL GRASSLAND

Who would ever think it would be this easy
to get lost in grass no higher than my knees,
wild parsley, flowers like open umbrellas
against a rain that announces but never arrives.

Behind me, telephone poles, thin and small
as pencils, disappear behind each shallow ridge,
and the far-off sandhills loom dark with flocks
of restless cranes trying to find their spring way home.

Grandfather said that one could never truly be lost;
just look where sky's brightest along the horizon:
that would reflect the nearest water,
and there one could always find life.

I stop to hear the dry scrapings of his voice
carried on winds that never tire or quit,
see the mirage of his eyes in quivering clouds,
and walk away from a bitter sun.

—RICHARD LUFTIG

INTERVIEW

SAVING OUR SELVES

A conversation with James Lucas and Warner Woodworth

Last summer, Aspen Books released Working toward Zion: Principles of the United Order for the Modern World, *by James W. Lucas, New York City attorney, and Warner P. Woodworth, BYU professor of organizational behavior. The book examines free-market economic theory and history and Mormon practices and preachings about economic cooperation, materialism, our obligation to help the poor, and workplace ethics. Unearthing provocative and forgotten statements by Church leaders, this excellent economic primer distills united order applications in today's modern economy. It is essential reading for any Saint concerned about money and morality. This interview was conducted by Elbert Peck on 28 December 1996.*

What were your objectives in writing *Working Toward Zion*?

Lucas: The book examines modern economic, business, and lifestyle issues from the restored gospel point of view. We begin by combining doctrinal and historical perspectives—trying to show how the restored gospel grew along with the development of the present, modern economy. Joseph Smith's revelations that deal with economic issues, which we broadly label the "united order," have teachings, principles, and ideas that are relevant to how we live today. We try to look at the whole modern Church, with increasing membership in poor countries but large membership in wealthy countries, and to show that these principles apply whether you're living in a garbage dump in the Philippines or on Salt Lake's East Bench.

Woodworth: A major theme is that the Church is changing dramatically with the growing global enterprise of Zion. Not only are numbers growing exponentially, but the increasing diversity of cultures, nations, and languages is a major challenge, too. The Brethren suggest that growth is a wonderful thing, but they also admit it's more complicated. So the Church is inundated with requests for help from Latter-day Saints all over who face huge challenges of unemployment and increasing poverty—many Latter-day Saints are actually worse off now than they were ten years ago—and projections suggest the situation will accelerate.

How can the Church respond? In addition to baptizing people and giving them copies of the Book of Mormon and Church callings, a challenge for this Latter-day Saint generation is to see if Joseph Smith was correct that a church that doesn't have the power to save its people in this life does not in the next either. Such economic turmoil requires local, national, and international Church leaders to generate strategies to improve living conditions of Latter-day Saints everywhere.

What principles of the united order can be used today?

Lucas: We summarize many principles in chapter 10—consecration, stewardship, work, self-reliance, moral motivation—but the basic principle is cooperation, the idea that we can progress more both spiritually and materially if we cooperate. In the context of an economy based on competition, there is a tension. The balance needs redressing in favor of cooperation over competition from the family to the large firm. On the family level, this means not trying to keep up with the Joneses but dedicating one's resources to gospel service. In the business firm, we discuss examples of companies that inculcate employee empowerment and/or ownership.

You say little about the Church implementing the United Order and much about individual action.

Woodworth: Many members assume that the Church will organize the united orders with one plan that will work in all places. What we learn from the early days in Utah, Missouri, and Kirtland united order efforts is that, as Orson Pratt suggested, there is no one fix. There is no universally applicable single strategy or mechanism. Indeed, the early Brethren suggested and spelled out various models; their attempts at cooperation and consecration differed greatly in rural and urban areas.

John Taylor suggested that as individuals we are God's co-laborers, his fellow-workers in accomplishing his purposes. That idea suggests partnership, not a top-down one-system-fits-all. The Brethren argue for individual initiative and personal and family responsibility in practicing enterprise, consecration, and stewardship. Essentially we're saying to Latter-day Saints around the globe today, explore possibilities rather than wait around for the Millennium. Recent general conference talks by Apostles Jeffrey Holland, Neal Maxwell, and Dallin Oaks have been on the problems of wealth, materialism, consecration, and the building of Zion people. They're asking us to do it; they're not saying, "We have the answers, and we'll lay them on you."

Lucas: There's definitely a place for the Church organization. We're not trying to displace the Church or its role, but we're trying to help people see that there are things they can be anxiously engaged in without having to be commanded, according to section 58 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Historically, the Church has grown and adapted to change by adopting solutions that were first initiated and tested by individual members. So as we confront these modern economic issues, it's incumbent on members to explore and develop potential solutions.

Give a current example of member-led cooperation that exalts the poor.

Lucas: One of the best models is the private, non-profit organization, Enterprise Mentors, which Warner helped found and which we describe in some detail. Initially launched through Church networks, it helps Third World people improve their businesses and secure credit so that they can develop their own small business in the informal economy, where many Church members make their living.

Woodworth: The Ouelessebougou Utah Alliance is also a wonderful case. During the Ethiopian drought in the mid-1980s, many comfortable Salt Lakers watched the nightly news about millions of people starving and dying and suggested models that went beyond the Church's special fast that generated millions of dollars in relief effort. They began saying, "We ought to do a lot *personally*, rather than through a quorum or a ward."

They gathered with like-minded individuals and set up a non-profit foundation to help in a part of the world where they could make a difference and wouldn't immediately be overwhelmed with disasters. They picked a little region in southern Mali, with about seventy-two villages and 35,000 people, where 40 percent of the children were dying by age five. They asked, "What can we do? . . . Well, they need water; let's provide good wells." And after the wells, volunteers helped villagers plant gardens and improve their diet and health. That led to health care and medicine and training of village workers. That led to education and building over twenty schools. Then the parents wanted to become literate, and so they contacted another NGO (non-governmental organization) called Laubach Literacy, whose international vice president happened to be an LDS returned missionary, and they got $50,000 of resources to start an adult education program. After four years, about 4,500 adults now can read and write.

The last several years, I've helped develop a micro-enterprise program so villagers will have more income to buy medicines, sold at low cost, and pay teachers. They've developed a bunch of producer co-ops. Several years ago, a group of women, who had been pooling their money to throw a banquet, dance, and party, began to say "We ought to do more: we ought to start a business, a cooperative." The name is Group LoLo. It became the first women's cooperative enterprise in the region. They pooled their money to buy oils and chemicals to make soap. They would mix the soap, pour it into molds, cut it into big bars, and sell it in the local market on Fridays. To that point, there had been no such native products people could buy. This gave the women an income.

When I was there a year-and-a-half ago, that small-group business idea had begun to spread, and other women's associations and different cooperatives had been formed to do other kinds of things. Some pooled money to buy bean seeds and fertilizer and lease land—none of which any one individual could afford. The exponential leverage the group gained through pooling resources, labor, and marketing ability inspired others to create similar enterprises.

I've been able to get U of U, BYU, and Harvard graduate students, with university funding, to intern over there, to study these grass-roots cooperative efforts, and to provide business consulting and training. The Alliance has just launched the first village banking system in the region. Some of my BYU students have prepared training materials and taught sessions on how to start a small business, how to market your product, and what are savings. We met last week with about 170 African villagers, none of whom had ever had a bank account or understood how to manage financial resources. They had all saved money to buy a membership in this new village bank and start a savings account. They voted one to be the president, another vice president; they set up a training and education committee. These people will now have access to credit; they're setting up lending families—groups of people who like and trust each other—who collectively apply for a loan of thirty or forty dollars to start with. They choose one member to use the loan to buy raw materials to grow the business they already have or start a new one. They pay off the loan at competitive market rates. Then the group requests a second loan, about double that first amount. In this way, wealth is created, and people become self-sustaining. Because a group rather than one individual guarantees the loan, experience shows that the repayment of loans will be very high and that the bank will become self-sustaining.

That's how to set people up in self-supporting stewardships. The other part of the law of consecration is to create a surplus from one's income to help others.

Woodworth: I agree. One thing people can do is join organizations like Enterprise Mentors or Ouelessebougou-Utah Alliance. Salt Lake Rotary and Kiwanis clubs have helped support several of these LDS-tied organizations. Some wards have set up savings operations to which members contribute to help fund a rural bank in Guatemala or Honduras in order to create a base of capital to start a revolving loan fund to build self-reliance among poor women in Central America.

Lucas: Americans, particularly Church members, could develop a greater consciousness about the need to engage in such philanthropic endeavors. Recently, much publicity has focused on how the charitable giving of wealthy Americans, such as Warren Buffett and Bill Gates, is a tiny fraction of the levels of charitable giving that their equivalents engaged in earlier in our economy. At the turn-of the century, in the midst of the economic explosion of the economy of the age of the robber barons, Rockefeller and Carnegie took on major giving—the equivalent today of billions of dollars. Soon, everyone else had to start giving just to keep up their status. It created an atmosphere where philanthropy was expected of the wealthy. That does not exist in other countries, and it did not exist here before Carnegie made it socially mandatory. We have fallen somewhat. We should have a greater sense of current needs and that philanthropy is not just a few checks at the end of the year for a tax deduction.

Pope John-Paul II says the First World must share its wealth with the Third World. Are you talking about redistributing U.S. wealth to poorer Saints?

Woodworth: It isn't so much a question of distribution as how do we apply the Church's temporal teachings to help the poor in all

From *Working toward Zion*

The earth . . . was made for man; and one man was not made to trample his fellowman under his feet, and enjoy all his heart desires, while the thousands suffer. . . . What is to be done? The Latter-day Saints will never accomplish their mission until this inequality shall cease on the earth.

—Brigham Young (p. 78)

Our merchants have hearts that are too elastic, entirely too elastic; they are so elastic that they do not ask what they can afford to sell an article for, but what they can ask the people to pay; and as much as the people will pay, so much will the merchants take. . . . They put me in mind of some men I have seen who, when they had a chance to buy a widow's cow for ten cents on the dollar of her real value in cash, would then make the purchase, and then thank the Lord that he had so blessed them.

—Brigham Young (p. 133)

The mission of the Church is to prepare the way for the final establishment of the kingdom of God on earth. Its purpose is, first, to develop in men's lives Christlike attributes; and, second, to transform society so that the world may be a better and more peaceful place in which to live. . . . The betterment of the individual is only one aim of the Church. The complete ideal of Mormonism is to make upright citizens in an ideal society.

—David O. McKay (p. 183)

For the lack of opportunity they are not able to develop the talents and ability that are within them. This is the condition of the peoples of most of the nations of the earth. . . . [Jesus] requires, absolutely requires, of us to take these people who have named his name through baptism, and teach them how to live, and how to become healthy, wealthy and wise. This is our duty.

—Brigham Young (p. 298)

Many of us deplore the fact that a few of our corporate entities seem to lack that social consciousness proportionate to their power and the privileges granted them by the state. Some businesses apparently still fail to recognize that there are social and spiritual values as well as profits that should be considered in their operations.

—Ezra Taft Benson (p. 271)

countries to raise themselves. The "haves" in the Church see the Church as a system of private worship, attending the temple, doing home and visiting teaching, and fulfilling callings. They don't connect that worship to personal values and lifestyles and how they generate and spend income. Do you spend 300 bucks per child on Christmas presents and buy Mercedes Benzes and just acknowledge the hand of the Lord in your wealth and comfortable lifestyle? Or do you share the principles by which you become successful and consecrate your time and tithing in helping others? In that sense, the book is not about economics; it's about values and ethics and integrating the spiritual and temporal. The Lord said everything is spiritual, but the modern world economy has bifurcated the spiritual from the temporal.

Lucas: We can obsess too much on the very wealthy, as if they could solve the problem. The rich have fewer resources than the collective, vast U.S. middle class. Any middle-class American is wealthy beyond imagination, by historical standards.

Aren't the active tithe-and offering-paying Mormons already quite philanthropic? They sacrifice to create an impressive surplus that they donate to the Church. How much more of their lifestyle do they need to cut?

Woodworth: That is one of our challenges as Latter-day Saints living in the modern world. We've institutionalized, and to some extent ritualized, the tithe contribution, as if by paying tithing everything's going to be taken care of. A good proportion of tithing goes for chapels, missionary work, temples, and so forth. We still have the increasingly large sector of poor Latter-day Saints. Obviously, the Church's tithing and welfare are not going to solve these problems. It's going to take greater sacrifice, consecration, denial—more and more from me and my family—to help.

We need to reverse our thinking and ask, *How little do I really need to have a comfortable life for my family so that I can give the rest to causes and spend part of my professional time doing something besides taking care of me and mine?* That's a tremendous challenge. The Church emphasizes taking care of one's family, and, as Elder Dallin Oaks suggests, we often use that attitude as a justification for accelerating our earning power and consuming greater and greater amounts. That distorted Mormon materialism is how we justify our love of the things of the world. We need to start asking how we can give more than 10 percent. As a BYU professor, why can't I live on about half of what I'm making and channel the rest to needy causes—and not just my money, but my expertise, knowledge, and time. Can we not pay social tithing? I've attempted to give at least 10 percent of my consulting time to groups and organizations that could never afford to pay me what I could get at General Motors. Many Latter-day Saint doctors, lawyers, accountants, managers, and other professionals could give a lot more of themselves.

Lucas: I can't say how much any other person should give, but we need to discuss these issues more so that people at least consider them when they decide how to spend their resources. Even during difficult economic situations, people can always consecrate time and talents.

For those who do consecrate more, there is a dynamic between being part of the Mormon covenantal community and the desire to help the general needy of the world.

Lucas: Enterprise Mentors is a good example of the balance. They use Church networks as a launch pad, so to speak, but they open their services to non-members, as well. They operate on the referral system—one says to another, who may be a fellow ward member or a non-LDS friend or relative, "Hey, I went to Enterprise Mentors, and they helped me expand my straw hat business. Go down and talk to them about helping with your coconut milk business." So, while there are always a large number of Church members who are helped, many non-members are helped, too. The organization also has non-Mormon staff members.

We need to think of Zion differently. In the previous century, the idea was gathering into a pure, 100-percent LDS society. Now we're going in the opposite direction where almost all members in the world are going to be a minority population. We have to think of Zion and the united order in terms of interfacing with our larger, non-Mormon host society by using the enthusiasm, collective logic, and resources of Church members but opening opportunities to non-member neighbors. Making projects exclusive would create resentment and ignore our moral obligation to help all the poor.

Woodworth: We need to beware of exclusivity. This notion of being different and focusing on ourselves led to a lot of jealousies and political contention in Missouri, Nauvoo, and early Utah. Non-profit organizations like Ouelessebougou and Enterprise Mentors must do their good works for the whole community.

Your book addresses business people and business issues a lot. What do united order principles have to do with modern business?

Lucas: The dust jacket speaks of "combining stewardship, consecration, and entrepreneurship to generate righteous prosperity for all who seek Zion." People tend to approach money matters with a dichotomy between our minds and souls. We are either making profits or doing charity. The gospel rejects this dichotomy and insists on righteous principles in our business lives.

For example, our understanding of the united order principles sees businesses as having a *gospel* function in generating jobs—stewardships. Further, we see financing job-producing businesses as a united order principle—setting up people in self-sustaining stewardships. Now, Utah has an impressive entrepreneurial culture. Yet, as a lawyer who works in corporate finance, I am astounded at how little financial support small and medium-sized businesses get in Utah, even though plenty of financing exists for building luxury condos for the coming Winter Olympics. We suggest that morality and policy issues—what kind of economy you want to build for the people of Utah—should be as much a part of an analysis of what Utah financial institutions finance as are quick ratios and whether the real estate developer and the banker are in the same East Bench ward. Is the economy of the "Zion of the Rockies" to be based on independent high-tech firms with jobs that can support families, or is it to be based on low-paying jobs servicing outside-controlled economic interests and providing a playground for wealthy Hollywood types?

Is there an irony that the rhetoric of nineteenth-century Mormons was anti-capitalism but you're using capitalism to achieve the same purposes?

Lucas: Describing early Church rhetoric as anti-capitalist is an over-generalization. They had a sophisticated and subtle approach to the economy of their day, and they were perfectly willing to use the mechanisms of capitalism—corporations, financing institutions, technology—to achieve their objectives. They were not at all opposed to individual initiative and individual enterprise. What they opposed was the division of rich and poor that created social distance and broke down the fellowship of the Saints.

What we're suggesting works in a free market system and is consistent with what they were proposing, which is that we use the free market for its advantages but be constantly alert to its dangers—pride, selfishness, and the breakdown of social cohesion.

Woodworth: Earlier Church leaders warned against the excesses of capitalism and socialism. Both systems emerged and grew with the rise of Mormonism. Leaders argued for a third alternative—consecration, the united order, a system that would function in a free market context but would not make just a few people rich, thereby lifting and building the community.

Today's leaders have said the same things. President Spencer W. Kimball talked about the importance of clean money and clean business and warned about filthy lucre being the evil means by which some gain wealth. President Ezra Taft Benson argued for moral profits, but not extreme profits, and the need for companies to invest in bettering the lives of employees and their families.

So the united order principles can affect the modern Mormon capitalist?

Lucas: We've realized that these principles apply to how we run our businesses. In starting the early united orders, the Brethren said that they saw the plan as a means of developing abilities and self-governing stewardships as well as improving members' economic situation. This ideal has a clear counterpart in the modern concepts of how to run a successful business. These emphasize the particularly dynamic potential of employee empowerment and ownership in helping people not only be more productive and profitable but also in creating an environment where one's employment is a building experience. Where we go to work can be a place where we are built rather than drained.

Woodworth: At BYU, I use these ideas to suggest to students that they are not going out just to have a career but to fulfill a mission. They ought to look at their employment and their income as a means of self-fulfillment and as a means of practicing gospel principles in a secular system. Many see their careers simply as a means to an end, to become millionaires so they then will be able to serve the Lord and the Church. But work itself is ennobling and a source of meaning and consecration and satisfaction. Wherever we are in the corporate ladder, we should be giving a full day's pay, and if we have opportunities as manager or entrepreneur, we ought to seek ways to create a better quality of working life for the employees who spend much of their life in our organization.

Lucas: We also discuss in the book how, contrary to many modern management methods, these concepts actually lead to more successful, dynamic businesses.

Some hope that the Church's encounter with the international experience will move it to a higher plateau. Is the international Church going to save the American Church?

Woodworth: The Lord is going to save the Church. He is pouring his spirit out upon regions of the world where they have little compared to us. This is a major challenge of latter-day Mormonism: can we learn from the experiences of previous dispensations and overcome the problems of pride, divisions between rich and poor, obsessions with clothing and a dress-for-success mentality, and concentrations of power that exploit the poor, and instead truly build a Zion society? That's our big challenge in this last dispensation—to give of ourselves and create an integrated system of worship, well-being, and cooperation.

Lucas: I don't know about the international Church saving the Church, but the internalization of Mormonism I think does offer opportunities for a lot of us American Mormons to save ourselves.

REMEMBRANCE

In this garden
where the snow hurries down
and the brambles, as in rebellion
claw the white air,
I saw you standing once
the hanging vine above you
and the peach tree warm.

The grass is laden now with its white burden,
the tree stacked with tracery
and the sky a wilderness of flakes,
and you, though far away
stand embowered here in light.

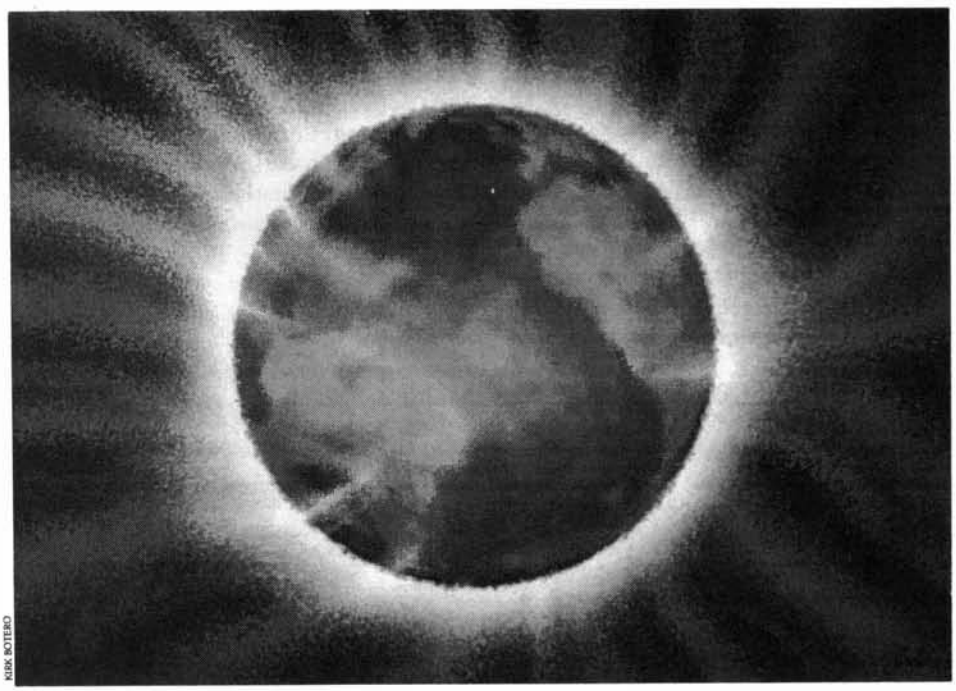
The evening, still now, blue-cold
and the tree a porcelain hand
with long white nails,
the hanging vine a web of ivory
all around you
make the twilight faintly warm.

—DAVID NAPOLIN

SERMON

YOUR KINGDOM COME . . .

By Stanley M. Hauerwas and William H. Willimon



KIRK BOTERO

Since the Lord's Prayer "lurches toward the specific and the mundane," how should we find spirituality in our own daily bread and trespasses?

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come . . . Unexpectedly, quite surprisingly, politics creeps into our Christian praying. Here we were in the Lord's Prayer, talking about God, heaven, and holiness, and suddenly we find ourselves in the middle of a political argument about a kingdom. We have not prayed, "Lord bless our nation," or, "Lord protect my family." We pray *your* kingdom come.

Here the Lord's Prayer lurches toward the specific and the mundane. (Be prepared to get even more specific and mundane, for shortly we move in this prayer from kingdom to Earth to bread.) In an age in which there is an outburst of enthusiasm for things spiritual, it may come as a shock to admit that Christianity is very materialistic. Our goal is not to fill you with enough spiritual hot air that you float a foot above the earth. Our goal is to teach you to pray in such a way that material matters such as politics and bread will be for you spiritual matters.

Jesus did not come urging us to think about him or to feel deeply about him. When he called disciples, he did not come seeking our disembodied individual spirits. Jesus came inviting us to join up with his kingdom. When we see him healing people, casting out demons, we are to know that "the kingdom of God has come upon you."

Seeing the kingdom at hand necessitates a response, a decision. We call this repentance. Will we be part of this kingdom or not? In saying "Your kingdom come," we are acknowledging that faith in Jesus is not simply an idea or an emotion. It is a concrete reality of which we are to become part or else be out of step with the way things are now that God has come into the world in Jesus. When the kingdom comes, we are "to repent" (i.e. change, let go of our citizenship in the old kingdoms) and "believe the good news" (i.e. join up, become part of the revolution).

Christianity is forever mixing religion and politics. To the credit of the rulers of this world, they at least had the good sense to look at Jesus and see that, in him, they were in big trouble. Matthew says that the moment King Herod heard about the birth of Jesus he called together his political advisers and "was frightened, and all Jerusalem with him" (Matt. 2:3, scripture quotations come from the New Revised Standard Version—NRSV). Herod had been in office long enough to know a threat to his rule when he saw one.

Herod knew that, in this baby at Bethlehem, everything his kingdom was built upon was in mortal peril. So Herod responded in the way rulers usually respond: violence. Herod called out the army and they massacred all the Jewish boy babies (Matt. 2:13–18)—alas, only one of many violent attempts by governments to rid themselves of challenges to their power. In praying "Your kingdom come," we are in a power struggle that can become violent because the kingdoms of the world rarely give up power without a fight.

Early in his earthly ministry, even before he preached his first sermon, Jesus was confronted by Satan, who offered him complete political control—"all the kingdoms of the world"—if Jesus would only worship him. (Note: Satan is able to offer "all the kingdoms of this world" since they belong to Satan!)

Jesus refused to worship Satan even if the reward was complete power, as the kingdoms of the world define power. Rather than running the kingdoms of the world, Jesus went about establishing a new kingdom, a kingdom in this world yet not of it—what he called the kingdom of God.

As Martin Luther once said, whatever you would offer your son or daughter for, that is your god. Most of us would not think of offering up our children to be killed, yet few of us question having our children register for military service. We justify this sacrifice of

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STANLEY M. HAUERWAS AND WILLIAM H. WILLIMON in Lord, Teach Us: The Lord's Prayer and the Christian Life, *Abingdon Press, 1996, 50–60; Reprinted by permission.*

our children on the basis of our support for American democracy and freedom, but it may be more a matter of worship and prayer.

The story of Jesus' temptation by Satan suggests that *kingdom* is a question about whom we worship. To be part of this kingdom is to acknowledge who is in charge, whose *will* ultimately counts in this world. There may be some faiths that detach the individual believer from concern about earthly matters, who strive to rise above outward, visible concerns such as swords and shields, wine and bread, politics and power. Christianity is not one of those religions. We want you, body and soul. Indeed, we believe that your body is your soul. So *we've got* opinions about the way you spend your money, invest your time, cast your ballot.

KINGDOMS have boundaries. There are those who are citizens, and there are those who are not. Whereas the prayer addressed to "Our Father" implies a kind of inclusivity, when we pray, "Your kingdom come" we are asserting an exclusivity as well. As Christians, we are not opposed to boundaries. The gap between the world and the kingdom of God ought to be made clear. Those who first met Jesus had the good sense to know that they had encountered one they had not met before. Jesus repulsed more people than he attracted.

What Jesus said and made clear was that he was from somewhere other than our kingdoms. As C. S. Lewis once noted, Jesus spoke and acted in such a way that one either had to follow him or else decide that he was crazy. There was no middle ground in his kingdom. You either had to move toward it, risk letting go and being caught up in his project, or else—like the rich ruler—you had to move on, realizing that you wanted to retain citizenship in the kingdoms of the world.

While we are not opposed to boundaries, God's kingdom enables us to be opposed to the way the world sets up boundaries—on the basis of gender, class, race, economics, or accent. Nothing is more provincial and parochial than the modern nation which sets up national boundaries and then defends them with murderous intensity. The boundaries of God's kingdom obliterate all of the world's false means of demarcation between human beings. Here is a kingdom open to all, with no consideration given for the world's boundaries. Our boundary is baptism.

BAPTISM is a call to become citizens of Israel, to become part of God's weird way of saving the world. That weirdness is signified, exemplified, specified in the act of baptism itself.

When you join Rotary they give you a handshake and a membership card. When you join the church, we throw you into water, bathe you, half drown you, clean you up, and tell you that you have been born again. We thus signify that being a Christian is not natural, not a by-product of being an American. To be Christian is to be adopted by a new nation, the kingdom of God. For the first time in our lives, those old labels and divisions which cause such grief—male/female, slave/free, rich/poor—are washed away, overcome, not by saying that such divisions don't mean anything, but rather by showing how they have been relativized, subordinated, washed by our new citizenship. Now the only division that makes much difference to us is church/world.

To say "Your kingdom come" is to be willing to become part of the rather weird gathering of strange people, often people the world regards as outsiders, who are now on the inside with Jesus. One of the most persistent criticisms of Jesus was the charge that he hung out with disreputable people.

And as he sat at dinner in the house, many tax collectors and sinners came and were sitting with him and his disciples. When the Pharisees saw this, they said to his disciples, "Why does your teacher eat with tax collectors and sinners?" But when he heard this, he said, "Those who are well have no need of a physician, but those who are sick" (Matt. 9:10–12).

Every time the church gathers, prays the Lord's Prayer, and eats and drinks the Lord's Supper with Jesus, we show that Jesus continues to be known by the company he keeps at the table. God's kingdom is a bunch of tax collectors, sinners, and sick people eating and drinking with Jesus.

Little about the kingdom of God is self-evident, so don't think that you know all about the kingdom of God just because you are reasonably intelligent. We have people who have been in the church for 50 years who still confess to being shocked by the appearance of God's kingdom when it happens, still get miffed by the people who show up insisting that Jesus has invited them to dinner, are even yet surprised that the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it.

Perhaps the elusiveness of the kingdom is why most of Jesus' teaching was teaching about the kingdom. Imagine a sermon that begins, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth" (Matt. 5:3–5).

Blessed are those who are unemployed, blessed are those suffering terminal illness, blessed are those who are going through marital distress . . .

The congregation does a double take. Blessed? Fortunate? Lucky? What kind of world is this? In America if you are unemployed, people treat you as if you have some sort of disease. They don't want to catch what you have. If your marriage is a failure, you are a failure. That doesn't sound very blessed.

The preacher says, "Wait. I should have been more clear. I wasn't talking about *your* kingdoms, the kingdoms built upon success and achievement and earnest striving. I am talking about the kingdom of God." In this topsy-turvy place, our values are stood on their head. Little in this kingdom comes nat-

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name.
Your kingdom come, Your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And do not bring us to the time of trial, but rescue us from the evil one.

(Matthew 6:9–13, NRSV)

"To say 'Your kingdom come' is to be willing to become part of the rather weird gathering of strange people the world regards as outsiders, who are now on the inside with Jesus."

urally. It comes because God is in charge and because we are invited to be part of God's rule.

WHAT is that kingdom like? It appears mostly to be known through hints, analogies, parables, and images rather than by definitions and explanations. In the New Testament, the kingdom is usually discussed in stories, parables. Jesus said the kingdom is like a little seed that silently grows, eventually yielding great harvest (Mark 4:26–29). The kingdom of God involves a great deal of wasted seed; for many times the seed that is sown fails to take root (Mark 4:1–9).

Many times, the kingdom of God appears to the world as something small and insignificant, as small as a mustard seed (Mark 4:30–32), as troublesome a weed as the mustard plant, breaking out all over. The kingdom of God is like a rich man who placed his property in his servants' charge and then left town (Mark 13:34–36). In speaking about the kingdom of God mostly in parables, Jesus thereby showed us that the kingdom of God is sometimes difficult for us to see, tough for him to explain. The kingdom is here, not yet here, surprising, unexpected, threatening, playful, real.

Note that we pray, "Your kingdom come." The kingdom isn't here, not yet in its fullness. God's kingdom is coming. It is here incipiently, in glimpses, but not in its fullness. This future, now-and-not-yet quality of the Christian faith is known by the word *eschatology* ("talk about last things"). The Christian faith is not satisfied with things as they are, now, today. The Christian faith is not preoccupied with an archeological exhumation of some distant past by which it attempts to give meaning to an otherwise meaningless present.

The Christian faith is eshatological, always leaning into the future, standing on tiptoes, eager to see what God is bringing to birth among us. We are created for no better purpose than the praise of God. This is our true destiny. Yet any fool can see that the world is not like that, at least not yet. So Christians, in the Lord's Prayer, are busy leaning forward toward that day when all creation shall be fulfilled in one mighty prayer of praise.

Yet we are not merely standing around gazing up into heaven awaiting that future day (see Acts 1:11). In praying the Lord's Prayer, we are already participating in that end time. Politics has become prayer. When we pray this prayer, we are thereby signifying our citizenship in this new kingdom offered to all through baptism. We are pledging our allegiance to a new sovereign, relinquishing our allegiance to the kingdoms of this world. As the church gathers to pray this prayer, we are already forming a visible new community, formed on the basis of God's rule rather than on the basis of the way the world holds people together.

The kingdom of God which is coming—here, not here, present, not fully present—is a banquet, a great party thrown for outsiders who, before Jesus, had no place in the promises of God to Israel. By an amazing act of divine generosity, Jesus has made possible a party at which even gentiles like us have been invited. The kingdom of God is a party to which all of the good people refused the invitation so the host went out and invited all of the bad people to come. The kingdom of God is a party with a bunch of people with whom we wouldn't be caught dead spending a Saturday night had not we also been invited.

This is one of the reasons why being in the church can be a real pain, considering the sort of reprobates Jesus has invited to the party, the party which is called kingdom of God.

We are able to live hopefully in a fallen-yet-being-redeemed world because of the One who has taught us to pray "this way." We have been given the grace as Christians to know that we live between the times, having seen the fullness of God in Jesus Christ, yet also knowing that all the world is not yet fulfilled as God's world. That tension—stretched as we are between what is ours now in Christ and that which is yet promised—is our role as God's people.

We, you and I, are living, breathing evidence that God has not abandoned the world. We are able continually and fervently to pray that God's kingdom come because we know that God's will has been done. We are able to be honest about all the ways in which this world is not the kingdom of God in its fullness and to hope for more because we know that God's will has yet to be done, God's kingdom has yet to come. We are able to live without despair in the world's present situation because, even in us, God has claimed a bit of enemy territory, has wrestled something from the forces of evil and death. That reclaimed, renovated territory is us.

LEADING RAIDS

Today it is a tree line
which stands as openness,
we within the trees
staring out into light
that looks like the eye
of death. We carry
shadows in our pockets.
I sweat and use my heart
for a compass. My gun
has rusted, fungus
in the barrel. My knife
shaves me till it shines.

We stand outside all
things. Even the forest.
It is what must be seen
before it is entered,
used before it is known.

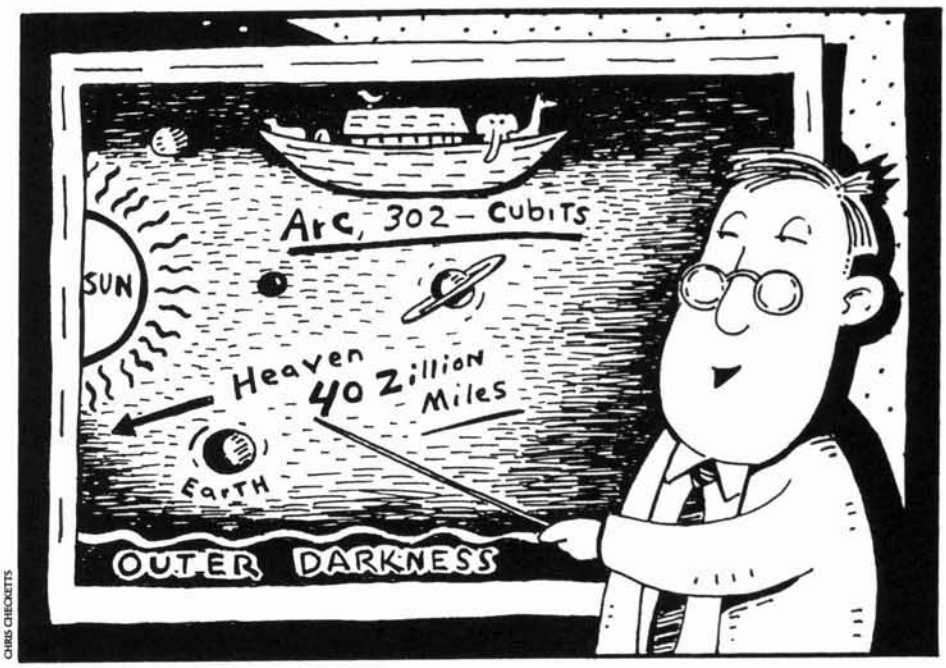
Intensely bright, a day
comes soon when the spores
rise from my rifle, clean
bore, barrel sighted.
The sun spars on its tip
till it sinks into the notch
of today's reckoning
with tomorrow.

—ROBERT PARHAM

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACTS

YES, BRO. BRINGHURST DOES HAVE BROWN EYES

By Annette Haws



CHRIS CHECKETTS

"Where do seminary teachers get this stuff? Participation in seminary should not be a detriment to testimony."

IN HER FRESHMAN YEAR, MY daughter came home from high school one afternoon and told me that her seminary teacher had told her class, with absolute sincerity, that he knew the actual location of heaven. He had an astrological address for God, and he was happy to share it with his students. Oh great, I thought, another faith-promoting rumor gone awry. I turned and looked at this honor student who lives in the upstairs bedroom and asked her what she thought.

"I think that Brother Bringhurst has brown eyes," she replied without raising her eyebrows. In our family, this phrase refers to a person whose intestinal tract is so full that even his eyes become brown.

A couple of weeks later, she came home with another gem. "The earth is only seven thousand years old. Dinosaurs never really lived on this planet," she explained. "The fossils and dinosaur bones are all part of "matter unorganized," left-over dirt and stuff from other worlds that God used when he created this world." On this occasion, she raised her eyebrows, rolled her eyes, and as she carried her backpack upstairs, remarked, "Maybe Bro. Bringhurst never got to see *Jurassic Park*." I stood in the kitchen struggling with the irony that my fifteen-year-old's first serious dose of religious cynicism had been administered at seminary.

Unfortunately, this was not the first distressing bit of misinformation to come out of the seminary building. Over the course of several years, as I have looked at their "handouts" and had my own and other people's children ask me about questionable concepts discussed in seminary, I have continually asked myself, "Where are they getting this stuff?"

A year later, on a particularly snowy afternoon, I was driving a group of debate students to a tournament forty miles away. The road was slick, and I focused on keeping the cumbersome, unfamiliar van on the road. So I was less interested in the macho drivel occurring behind me which was typical of high school students, particularly debaters. I'm not sure what drives the need to be "too cool" in the sub-eighteen crowd, but it's always open season on any institution or population group, depending on what student's insecurities have been irritated most recently. In my five years as a debate coach, only occasionally, when the conversation was too slimy or the bias was in complete defiance of logic, reason, or common sense, would I interject an adult opinion, usually in the form of: "Oh, for heaven's sakes," "Good grief!" or "You can't honestly believe that." After a moment of silence and rolled eyeballs, the same conversation would continue in lower tones.

On this particularly foul afternoon, despite my need to focus on the icy road, my interest was drawn to the diatribe in the back of the van. The opinion espoused belonged to a particularly obnoxious boy. He was never content with his own opinions until he had foisted them on someone else; this required a small entourage to bolster his voracious ego. I had never heard him mention religion before; actually, based upon the behavior he had previously exhibited, he was one of the most amoral students I had ever encountered. On this van ride, he was being his typically eloquent self, as he elaborated on the things that he had been learning in "Sem." Of course, he was much too cool to attend church (certainly to the silent relief of every youth leader in his ward), but "Sem" was a "totally do-nothing" class that filled his class schedule so that he was eligible to debate. Since I had been a seminary teacher in a pre-Utah life, my ears were tuned.

Unquestionably, the lesson some frustrated teacher had been to trying to impress upon young minds was the divine conception and the divinity of Jesus. These students' interpretation of that lesson was total smut.

"I mean, they like did it, you know, the act. Like it was the only way it could have worked." Then they went on to say how totally "uncool" it must have been for Mary, if

ANNETTE HAWS is a freelance mother of four. She was the debate and mock trial coach at Logan High School before recently moving to Holladay, Utah.

she was already "hot" for some other guy. In seconds, this group of students had relegated one of the most spiritual events in the Earth's history to the level of a back seat romp in a car. There were a few other rather sordid remarks about "virgins" and then this clincher remark from my pretentious pug-nosed friend: "You know, they had to beam Mary in from some other planet, so it wouldn't be, you know, like incest or something."

Sitting next to Mr. Pug was an extremely slender girl with long dark hair, brown eyes, and a translucence about her skin that suggested that she either had an eating disorder or was a vegetarian who didn't like vegetables. In fact, I had watched this girl pass on the salads at McDonald's, pull the meat patty out of a hamburger, and then eat the buns and an order of French fries drenched with animal fat. Now she made an actual intelligible remark. "Religion is the opiate of the masses. I guess you'd really have to be "high" to believe all this crazy space stuff." Then, of course, several kids laughed in the same knowing way they had when "virgin" had been mentioned. Their intent was to suggest that not only were they sexually sophisticated, but they were also knowledgeable about "cool" drugs.

The several really nice kids in the van were extremely quiet; they had tense, crooked smiles on their faces. They laughed lightly at the appropriate moments, but without enthusiasm. I suspected that memories of multiple Primary lessons on being valiant Church members were circulating through their brains. One was twisting the "CTR" ring on his finger. Personally, I was busy making contingency plans for when the thunderbolt hit us. For the last twenty minutes, I had been saying to myself, "pearls, pigs, and mud." I felt I needed cleansing; maybe lightning was the perfect solution. Why was I in this situation anyway?

"Beam" Mary in from another planet? What rocket scientist had suggested this to a bunch of brain-dead teenagers? Excuse me, where is this located in the scriptures? "Who is Mary?" is best addressed in graduate division religion classes at the "Y" or the "over-fifty" gospel doctrine classes in upper east bench wards. Seminary students are not ready for "meat and potatoes," let alone a vegetable soufflé. We all know about kids and vegetables; they waste them.

I FELT a burning desire to assault the faculty lunch room in the seminary building the next Monday. I wanted to demand "What are you doing to my church?"

"Well, I just don't believe that it's our divine role to be only gatherers and the men to be only hunters."

But I knew what their response would be; they would speak Mormonese about being "in" the world, but not "of" it (or "totally out of it," as the kids would say). The logic lines for their theories had developed over many years of conversations with other devoted lunch box theologians as they delved into the mysteries of their brown paper sacks. Most of these theories should be left in the garbage can along with orange rinds. Too often much of this inappropriate theoretical garbage makes its way into a classroom, as an interesting aside. Unfortunately, they are rarely introduced with "this is just my opinion" or "Don't quote me on this." Instead, the seminary teacher seeks to bolster the legitimacy of his speculation with a remark made by some obscure general authority with an Orson Pratt complex. In contrast to the boring lesson material that slips unencumbered through the adolescent brain; anything sensational or illogical sticks forever.

The seminary handout on Celestial Dating also inflicted on us "goodly parents" another large measure of needless ridicule. I was first introduced to this guideline by Zachary, a free-floating spirit who confined his fuzzy dark hair under a faded baseball cap or a light brown stocking cap, depending on the season. His oversized Levi's or overalls hung at a precariously low level on his long, thin torso. Zach wasn't a "member," but he enjoyed spreading any good news or joke, as the case may be. On this particular afternoon, he came into class and presented me with a copy of "Rules for Celestial Dating." The handout contained about twenty rules for dating that carefully "tip-toed" around any real issues.

"Yo, Mrs. Haws, I have it all figured out. According to the Celestial Rules, you can still have sex as long as you do it standing up, with the lights on, in a group, and don't hold hands." By the next afternoon, I had heard at least five variations on this same theme that were circulating through the high school. Cynical students, members and non-members alike, not particularly interested in dating in a celestial fashion had a field day harassing the kids who genuinely tried to be straight. The handout, happily, was retired, but not before the halls of the school were papered with the suggestions that were much too tasteful to mention *sexual abstinence* in an honest, forthright manner.

Noah's ark provided another instance where the credulity of the seminary student was severely tested. On a beautiful fall afternoon, all of the seminary classes were on the lawn as several teachers with yellow helium balloons demonstrated the exact size of

Noah's Ark. After determining precisely the length of a *cubit*, the teachers floated balloons up to show the approximate height and breadth of the historical craft. Unfortunately, as this demonstration of literal size went on, it became increasingly apparent that the area encompassed with balloons was not large enough to contain *literally* two members of every species. The poor student who finally had the courage to raise that question, in the face of all the yellow balloons and careful measurements, received a scant look and trouble-maker treatment: "With God, all things are possible," was the teacher's response. "Then why didn't God make a bigger boat?" was the teenager's reply. Adolescents love to have the last word.

The scenario that should have given me the greatest spiritual relief, unfortunately, proved to be the most irritating. My daughter's friend came into my kitchen one afternoon as I was chopping various vegetables in a half-hearted effort at preparing dinner.

"Well," she said, "We don't have to worry about spending any time in outer darkness any more."

"Oh really," I asked, "where did you get all that?" Of course, I already knew.

"My seminary teacher said that women will never go to outer darkness because they can't ever have that close of a relationship with Jesus. Only men who have the priesthood can go to outer darkness."

I wanted to scream, "Of course, we can go to outer darkness; we can be just as bad as men!" But I didn't; I popped a piece of green pepper into my mouth and took a deep breathe as I chewed. "Did you ask him for documentation? Certainly, he must have some scriptural reference or reliable information to make such a statement. An educated, responsible adult who has hundreds of impressionable adolescents as a captive audience wouldn't make such a ludicrous statement without documentation!" My hands were shaking as I clutched the knife and waved a carrot.

"It's okay, I'll ask him about it tomorrow." She hurried out of the room.

"Where do these guys get this stuff?" I grumbled to myself. I thought back to the years when I was correcting twenty home-study Seminary booklets a week. Admittedly, it had been thirteen years ago, but I would have remembered "beaming" in Mary and casting women out of outer darkness. Why can't these full-time "professional" seminary teachers just stick to the curriculum? It is a little dry, but it's safe. No one is going to stub a spiritual toe on "Honor thy mother and father" or "Love thine enemies." No young Church member is going to be embarrassed in the cafeteria by a reference to a seminary discussion about telling the truth or treating siblings with kindness.

A wise professor once told one of my education classes that a third of the students in any class would be more intelligent than their teacher. He then went on to say, "You can't B.S. kids. Don't even try." Teachers who present myths or bigoted half-truths as Church doctrines lose their credibility, but credibility is not the significant loss. Students become cynical, and that is the devastating loss. The Church needs its intelligent young people. Participation in seminary should not be a detriment to testimony.

Several years ago, amid much press and hoopla, five or six people were excommunicated for preaching false doctrine in a public forum. Aren't we paying tithing dollars to another group of people for doing the same thing?

LOVE PENNED RED

. . . your houses shall be left unto you desolate . . .
your women shall have great cause to mourn . . .
Helaman 15:1–2

My mother finished her life in side-boxes
in shabby playhouses, she was an actress
and then she was old, and then she watched.

She had Old World grace and cut fresh flowers
each morning for Sebastian, an old man who
brought ice-cold four-percent milk in bottles.

She'd laugh at *this* theater—lighting wrong
music wrong, set design some novice's concept
of angst; the extreme discomfort of a crowd

smelling each other in cured flowers, the gas
from the organ and candles and breath
embarrassing; everyone thinks someone else

has ruined the tempo, she'd take responsibility,
wave off-white and marble-veined hands thumbs-up,
airbrushed blue mouth whistling

to that freaky, cheap-tuxedoed impresario
licking beads of sweat from his cupid's bow
and patting the coffin like a sideboard

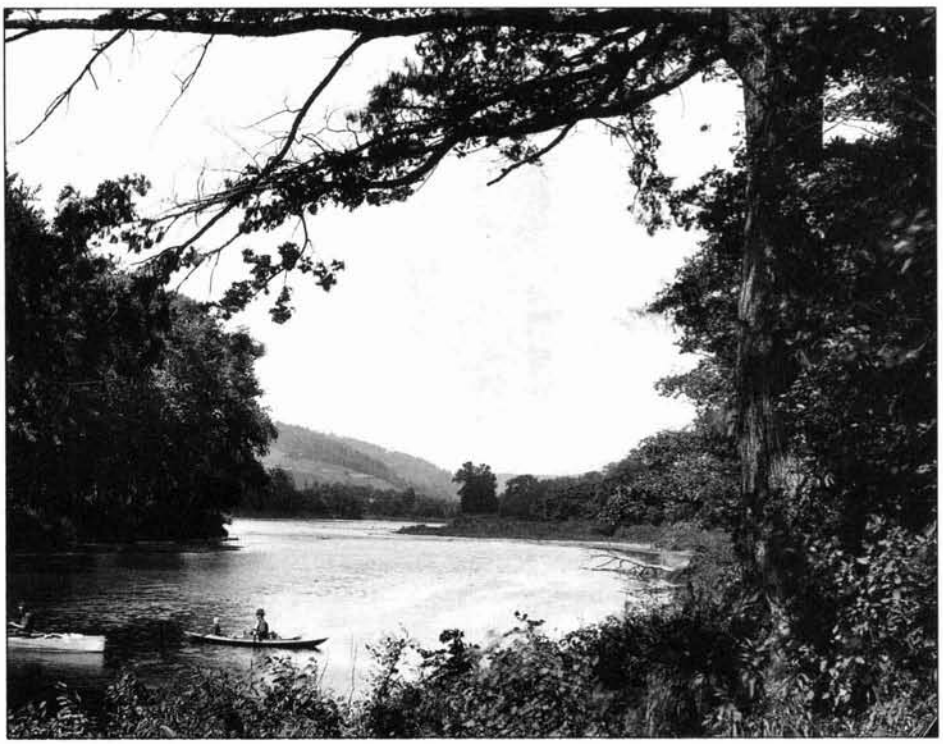
he's left a deck of cards on, or his gloves.
She'd hand him a summons, *love* penned red:
that'd do it, god willing, she'd be his halting place.

—SEAN BRENDAN-BROWN

REVIEWS

PICTURING MORMONISM

Reviewed by Nelson B. Wadsworth



The Susquehanna River as photographed in 1907 by George Edward Anderson, near the site where John the Baptist appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery in 1829 (from *Church History in Black and White*).

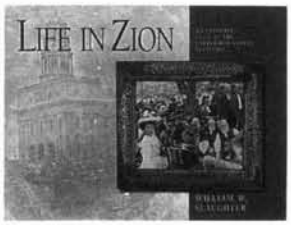
IN THE LAST YEAR, a plethora of new books on Mormon art and documentary photography has been published, adding visual dimension and interest to Utah's statehood centennial, 1996.

Each book sheds unique light on intriguing aspects of visual communication and the impact that brush, pen, sculptor's tool, and camera have had on the LDS church, its people, and its publics. Together, these volumes give an all-encompassing look at the Mormon art tradition, from the earliest oil paintings of its leaders to photographs of the 1990s LDS scene.

From as early as 1835, artists worked among the Mormons in Kirtland, Ohio. Portraits of Church leaders were displayed in the Kirtland Temple. And the dramatic growth of the Church in Nauvoo coincided roughly with the invention of photography in Europe and its introduction in the U.S.

The first photographic images produced of Mormons came from Lucian Foster, a pioneer American daguerreotypist from New York City and a close associate of Joseph Smith. Foster opened a gallery in Nauvoo in 1844, about the time the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were murdered in Carthage Jail. Despite the close ties between Foster and Smith, just how and when, or even whether, the Smith brothers were photographed by the daguerreotypist remains a mystery. If they were, the portraits would have been fragile, easily obliterated images made on sensitized, silver-coated copper plates. If they once existed, chances are they no longer do.

NELSON B. WADSWORTH (nelson@cc.usu.edu), author of Set in Stone Fixed in Glass, *is a professor emeritus of journalism at Utah State University.*



LIFE IN ZION: AN INTIMATE LOOK AT THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS, 1820–1995
edited by William W. Slaughter
Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1995
196 pages, $24.95

SOME of Foster's work is included in William W. Slaughter's *Life in Zion: An Intimate Look at the Latter-day Saints, 1820–1995,* but all are reproduced from second-generation copies because, if they still exist, the originals, like the Smith portraits, are also lost.

Slaughter is a photo archivist for the LDS church and works daily with the thousands of photographic images that have accumulated since those early days in Nauvoo. But Slaughter's is not a book about history or the history of photography, nor is it about the photographers who made the images he publishes so profusely. His aim is to give "a fluid glimpse of the past, our past—a look at the people of Zion and the variety of lives that make us a people, all one in the gospel."

Using more than 200 photographs, Slaughter leads the reader on a visual journey from early to modern Latter-day Saint life.

Life in Zion is a good photographic overview of Mormonism and superb to display in a prominent place on the de-caf table. Those who open it can spend hours examining in minute detail the people, dress, and lifestyles of the Mormon community throughout much of its history. Significant characters and events are visually documented—within the constraints of the photographic technology of each era.

But the book is not really, nor could it ever be, "an intimate look at the Latter-day Saints," at least not in the broad sense of "intimate photojournalism." The limitations of the early instruments of photography precluded any such intimacy: the early photographs have a necessary posed, static appearance. The introduction of the Kodak camera in 1888, invention of faster films and plates, rollerblind, and focal plane shutters in the 1890s, and development of reflex cameras after the turn of the century finally made possible the freezing of split-seconds of time.

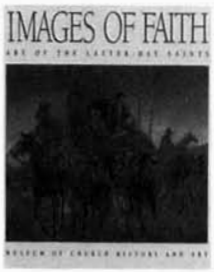
But the old-time professionals, used to making pictorial landscapes and posing sub-

jects stiffly in front of their cameras, were slow to adapt. Candid, spontaneous photography and modern photojournalism did not really come into vogue until the first picture magazines were published in the 1930s.

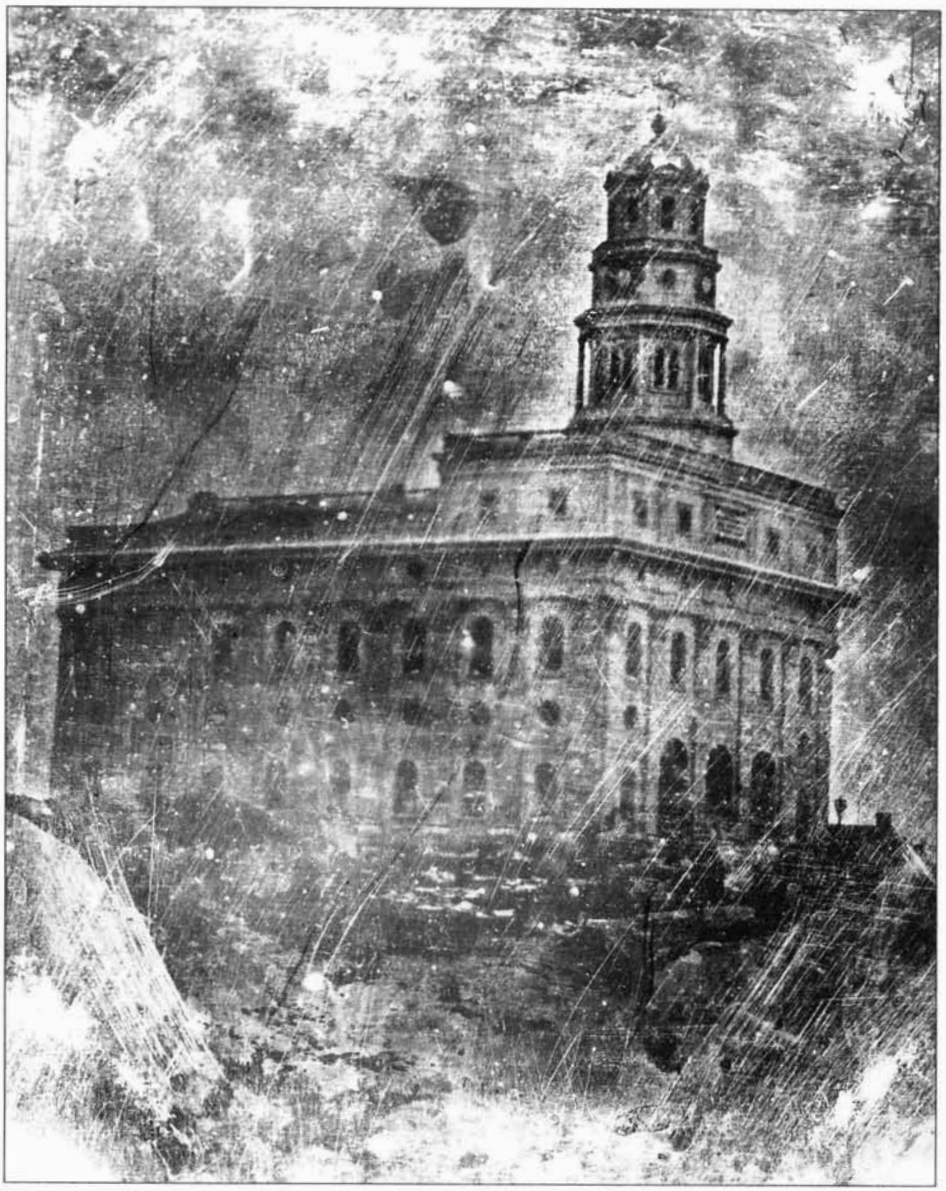
One of the weaknesses in *Life in Zion* lies in the final section, Part Five: 1945–1995. Photographers then had modern instruments that make close-up, intimate photography possible. With it, the transitory instant or "decisive moment" can be captured. Yet, one finds little such documentary photojournalism in Slaughter's book. With LDS photographers at work around the globe, the final section could have included much more powerful images, possibly in full color.

The captions in *Life in Zion* are also not very user friendly—most are just lengthy text blocks with historical tangents related indirectly to the photograph at hand. And the photographers get second billing, typically in the footnotes at the end of the book, if at all.

Despite its weaknesses, *Life in Zion* is a fascinating book and worth having. And the twenty-five-dollar price is right. You will be surprised at what you see in these historically significant photographs. Just follow Slaughter's introductory remarks, and "get out your magnifying glass."



IMAGES OF FAITH: ART OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS: ESSAYS BY RICHARD G. OMAN AND ROBERT O. DAVIS
by Richard G. Oman and Robert O. Davis
Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1995
202 pages, $49.95



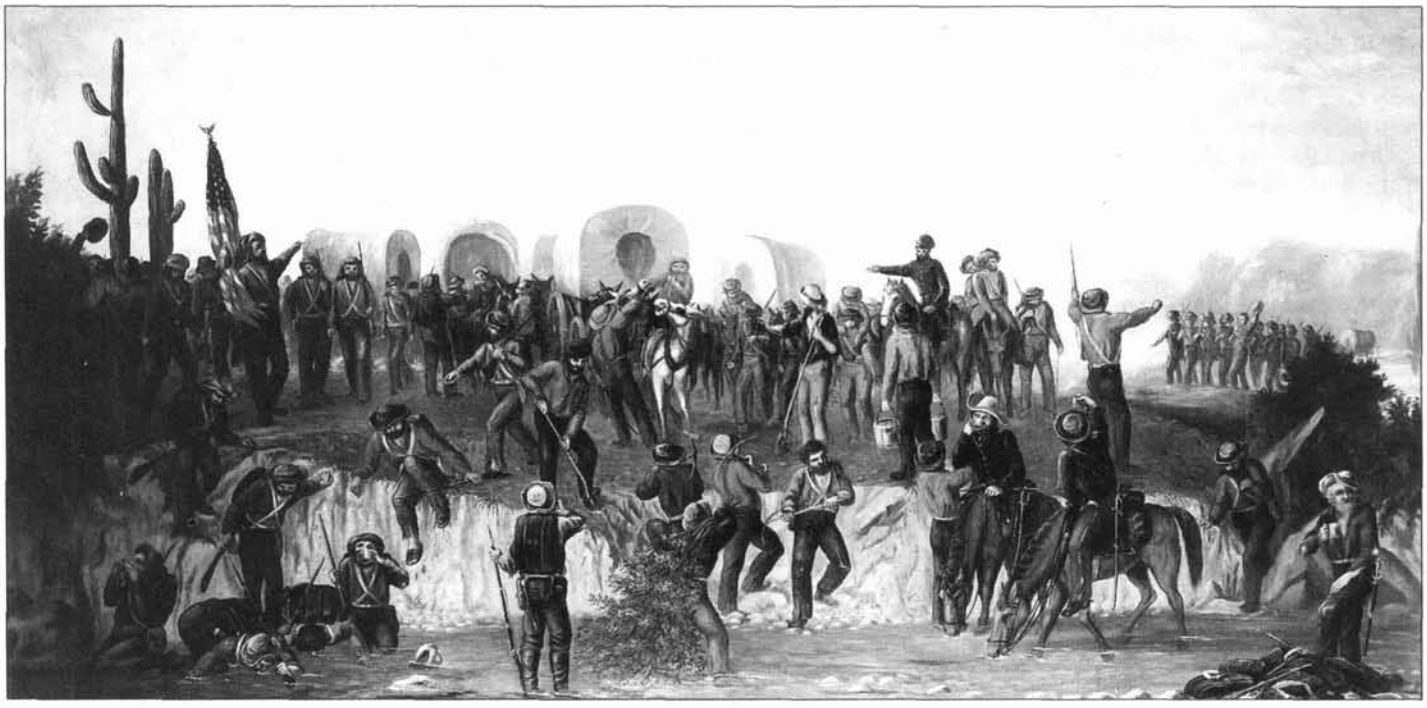
A Daguerrotype image of the Nauvoo Temple, possibly taken by Lucian Foster in 1844, is among the earliest of Latter-day Saint photographic images (from *Life in Zion*).

PHOTOGRAPHY by pioneer Utah photographers is also included in *Images of Faith*. Its primary thrust is the painting, sculpture, and artistic artifacts created by and about Mormons in the last 160 years. Most of the artwork comes from the Church's museum, where the book's authors are curators.

The book is more than a collection of art and photographs. In their essays, museum curators Oman and Davis give readers historical context and biographical sketches of the artists. The book features 282 examples in full color, with another 86 black and white photographs of the artists, either gallery portraits or action photos in their studios. The exquisite reproductions and text weave a fascinating thread of the Church's art tradition. The book itself is a fine work of art. Photographs are tastefully arranged, with comprehensive captions giving the appropriate history of each piece.

Disappointingly, only one page, eight text lines, and two images are devoted to the pioneer photographers. Since the Church has extensive holdings of the two leading Mormon photographers of the period (1835–1890), Charles Roscoe Savage and Charles William Carter, one would expect better representation. Considering their handicaps, these cameramen of the daguerreotype, wet-plate, and dry-plate eras did remarkable jobs of documenting the stoic expressions of the people who posed in the scenic views and galleries of the pioneer period. Later photographers such as George Edward Anderson, J. George Midgley, and Craig Law, and non-Mormons Ansel Adams, Dorothea Lange, and Russell Lee get a little better treatment. Lange and Lee photographed Mormons in rural Utah for the Farm Security Administration during the Depression, and Adams and Lange teamed for a 1953 *Life Magazine* photo essay on three southern Utah towns. The 1,200 images they produced are described by Davis as "the finest existing record of Mormon village life at mid-century."

The book implies that Law, Midgley, Adams, Lange, and Lee are the only photog-



Painting by early Mormon artist George Ottinger shows members of the Mormon Battalion on their historic march (from *Images of Faith*).

raphers who produced Mormon artistic photography, which is simply not true. As good as these photographers were and are, many others are worthy of collection, or at least mention.

George Edward Anderson, though he fits into the after-the-turn-of-the-century period, was actually a product of the Pioneer period, having apprenticed with the master himself, C. R. Savage. Anderson receives more recognition now because his extensive collection of negatives has been preserved by the Church, which still holds the largest collection; sadly the bulk of Savage's collection was destroyed in a fire. Still, many fine examples of his work, in exquisite original albumen prints, are preserved in many archives.

CHURCH HISTORY IN BLACK AND WHITE: GEORGE EDWARD ANDERSON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC MISSION TO LATTER-DAY SAINT HISTORICAL SITES ,1907–8
edited by Richard Neitzel Holzapfel, T. Jeffery Cottle and Ted D. Stoddard
Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1995
241 pages, $29.95

ANDERSON'S obsession—photo documentation of Mormon history—is the focus of *Church History in Black and White: George Edward Anderson's Photographic Mission to Latter-day Saint Historical Sites, 1907–8 Photographs,* a comprehensive photo essay on "The Birth of Mormonism," produced by one of the Church's most artistic photographers in 1907 and 1908. This handsome volume contains the achievement of this obscure village photographer from Springville, Utah, whose magnificent, artistic photographs have been rediscovered by photographers, artists, and scholars in recent years.

Having researched Anderson for the LDS church exhibit at the New York World's Fair (1963–64), and having written about him in three subsequent books, I am delighted to see yet another publication of his photographs.

I once called Anderson "in a sense, a photojournalist ahead of his time" because of his uncanny obsession of telling stories with his camera. Before the turn of the century, he had documented construction of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad through Utah, the lives of miners in Carbon and Emery counties, the Scofield Mine Disaster of 1900, and, in his travels with a portable gallery throughout rural central Utah, the lifestyles of his beloved Mormon people.

Anderson's most ambitious project began in 1907 when at age 46 he was called on a mission to England. He decided to detour on his way east to document the roots and historical sites of the Church in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and Vermont.

Holzapfel, Cottle, and Stoddard have taken the 1907 diary of Anderson's photographic trip (in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum archives), edited it, and published it along with pictures Anderson took along the way. There was nearly a year of photographic detours before he boarded the steamer for England.

Holzapfel and company have done an incredible job of deciphering Anderson's journal. Anderson was a excellent photographer but a mediocre journal writer; prolific and consistent, he dwells far too long on daily lodging, sleeping, eating, grooming, and endless trivia. His handwriting is difficult to decipher; the editors make it easier to understand by footnoting anything that might leave questions in the reader's mind.

Being able to see the exact date, circumstances, and inner thoughts of the photographer as he worked is historically valuable and interesting. But Anderson did not express himself well and seldom disclosed his emotions. Just look at what he writes about the day he shot the most dramatic image of his entire life: the Sacred Grove, Manchester, N.Y.

> Visited the grove. Mr. Austin's boy, Hugh (twelve years old),

> pointed out the place or tree near where it is said the boy prophet had the vision. Went all around the place and decided where the best point to make the pictures, views, etc.

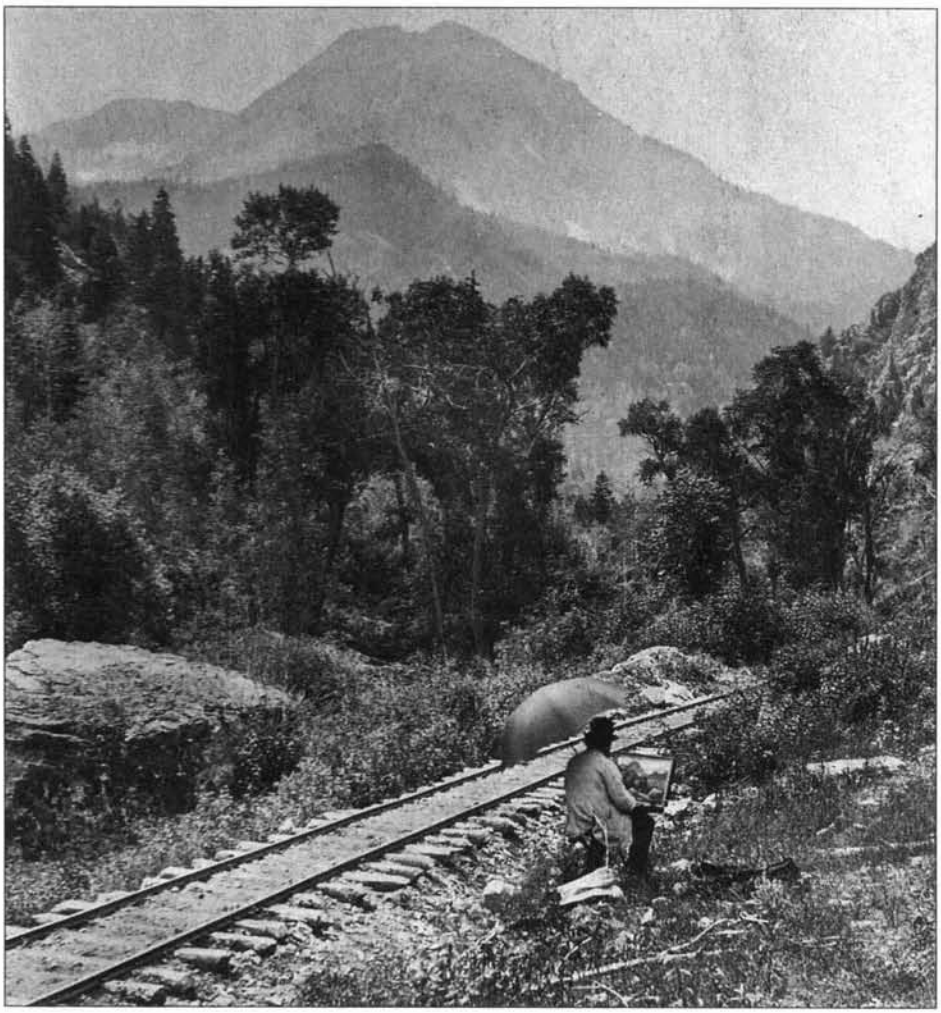
That's it. Rarely does he give specific details or reveal his philosophy of documentary photography in his journal. Later, in articles in LDS magazines, he expanded on his Sacred Grove diary entry, but only after the picture had become somewhat of a visual icon for members of the Church.

I was disappointed in the reproduction of Anderson's photographs. The editors were not able to reproduce from the original glass negatives, relying instead on facsimiles, so the halftones do not reflect Anderson's meticulous craftsmanship.

What a shame that the photographs were not printed as Anderson himself would have done and then reproduced in modern duotone, as were the photos on the book's dust jacket. The richness of Anderson's detail would have given the photographs the pure artistic impact they deserve.

Despite these frustrations, I am still thrilled with this book. For the first time, Anderson's complete "photographic mission" is published together with the day-to-day observations of his Quixotic journey.

Church History in Black and White is visually intriguing, intellectually stimulating, and may help Latter-day Saints better understand their roots. Equally important, it is also evidence that photography can be an artistic expression of the Mormon experience in any era.



C. R. Savage photograph of an unknown Utah artist, possibly George Ottinger or Alfred Lambourne, painting scenery in American Fork Canyon (from *The Savage View*).

THE MISSION, INSIDE THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Produced by Matthew Naythons
Time Warner Corp.
Sausalito, CA: Epicenter Communications, 1995
226 pages, $49.95

IN contrast to Anderson's posed, emotionless style, the photographs in *The Mission, Inside The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* by Time Warner Corp. have a modern, spontaneous sensibility. For a year, nearly fifty talented photojournalists traveled to six continents to document the lives of members of the Mormon faith. As the dust jacket text relates, these photographers "were given unprecedented access to Church members." They did not have to photograph their subjects from afar; they were given the kind of access that produces close-up, intimate, high-impact photography and allows for capturing decisive moments of human emotion. Photographers accompanied Saints "on their missions; slept in their homes; and attended their baptisms, weddings, summer camps, church services and funerals." "They shared family home evenings, parades, and festivals. They laughed with them, and sometimes cried with them."

After establishing this unprecedented rapport, the photojournalists brought out their motorized Nikons and began shooting powerful pictures in full, living color. The result is a riveting, tightly edited, book-length photo essay in the classic sense. The photographers do that with expert use of their instruments and with story-telling detail. And the editors have enlarged the images enough for instant recognition, giving the reader/viewer an idea of what it is like to be a Mormon in the world today.

Photojournalists take the reader to eight-year-old Jacob Bodily's baptism in Takotna, Alaska; to a Gold and Green Ball in Perth, Australia; to a family reunion in Logan, Utah; to an Arvada, Colorado, youth reenactment of the handcart Pioneer trek; to the bedside of nineteen-year-old Emmitt Young of Los Angeles, dying of a rare, incurable cancer; to the funeral of President Howard W. Hunter; to a twelve-day pilgrimage of Mormons down the Amazon River to the temple in São Paulo, Brazil; to missionaries tracting in the ghettos of the Bronx; to the Church in Israel, Russia, Finland, the Dominican Republic, and Samoa, just to mention a few.

The idea for *The Mission* began in 1992 with Matthew Naythons, an award-winning photojournalist for *Time* magazine, who had encountered Mormons all over the world.

Elder Brigham Wise baptizes an eight-year-old girl in Roi Et, in Northeastern Thailand (© Acey Harper, from *The Mission*).

Naythons, also an emergency room physician, met James O. Mason, a Mormon, while working on *The Power to Heal*, a photojournalistic look at health, healing, and medicine around the world. Mason was then director of the Centers for Disease Control for the U.S. Public Health Department in Atlanta, Georgia. (He is now a member of the Church's Second Quorum of the Seventy.)

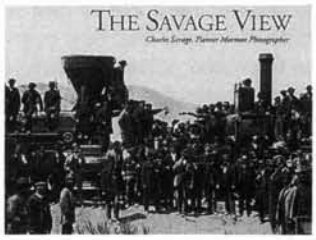
Naythons had been a photographer for David Cohen and Rick Smolen's *Day in the Life* series of picture books, from which the inspiration came for a similar project about the LDS church. Knowing access would be the key to the project's success, he approached Church authorities in Salt Lake City for cooperation. Eventually, he got it.

Acey Harper from Tiberon, California, another talented freelance photojournalist, was hired to coordinate the work of the professional photojournalists. "Acey learned the language and the culture," says Bill Evans of the LDS Church Information Service, who was involved as liaison for the Church. "He poured his heart and soul into the project, and it shows."

President Gordon B. Hinckley, in his introduction ("Why Am I a Member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?"), writes,

> I believe that there is something wonderfully reassuring about a cause that has endured every conceivable kind of persecution, a cause whose history is told in the steadfastness and courage of its members in the face of withering adversity. . . . I invite you to open the pages of this remarkable book and to look into the lives of our people. They speak many languages and live in a variety of societies all over the world. And each of them can stand and say, as I say: This religion is true. It is the work of God. It is the way to happiness in this life and eternal progress in the life to come.

The Mission is the most powerful visual statement ever made about the Mormon experience. Those who conceived the book, photographed it, edited the thousands of images, and wrote the text (most of them non-Mormons), took the time to research their subjects and approach them with sensitivity and understanding before the cameras ever came out of the bags.



THE SAVAGE VIEW
CHARLES SAVAGE, MORMON PIONEER
by Bradley W. Richards
Nevada City, CA:
Carl Mautz Publishing, 1995
182 pages, $29.95

I COME away from reading The Savage View: Charles Savage, Pioneer Mormon Photographer with mixed feelings.

The research looks familiar to me because it encompasses pretty much the same territory I covered nearly a quarter of a century ago in a master's thesis at the University of Utah.

I am pleased to see Bradley Richards pick up where I left off and add more flesh to the bones of the premier Mormon photographer of the nineteenth century in this, his first book-length biography, I'm a little envious. In those early days of my research. I was never able to convince any publisher to undertake a book on C. R. Savage, even though I tried time and time again.

The pioneer photographer has since grown in stature and popularity. He now enjoys a reputation similar to the one he had when he was alive—perhaps the leading artistic photographer in Utah in his day.

Richards has indeed unearthed a great deal more detail about Savage's life, as well as some heretofore unpublished images in a five-year study of the pioneer photographer. But the story of his life, as contained in the journals, scrapbooks, and family genealogies, remains pretty much the same as in my thesis and later published in 1975 and 1992 as chapters in *Through Camera Eyes* (BYU Press, 1975) and *Set in Stone Fixed in Glass* (Signature Books, 1992).

Yet, Richards has taken the Savage story one step farther than I did. He has organized the material more thoroughly into a complete biography, along with a selection of photographs gleaned from a variety of public and private sources.

He traces the life of the Mormon photographer back to his roots in Southampton, England, and gives the details of Savage's conversion to Mormonism as a teenager in the slums of Southampton, his voyage to New York, then across the plains to Utah, and finally it chronicles his life as a gallery/landscape photographer in western America.

I am intrigued by this book, mainly be-

cause I like and respect C. R. Savage as a person and photographer and am eager to see his life and work carried forward to receive the recognition they fully deserve.

This is a good book about western frontier photography. Savage was not only the premier photographer of his day, but he was also the mentor of many of his contemporaries. Most of the successful photographers followed in his footsteps in Utah after the turn of the century. His artistic technique created a whole style of landscape, pictorial photography which is still valid today.

One minor point: I am a little disappointed in the selection of some of the photographs in the final chapter. There are better examples of his work. The BYU Photo Archives, LDS Church Archives, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum, Utah State University Special Collections, Utah Historical Society, and some private collections have many large, original albumen prints made by Savage that are still in mint condition and better portray his unique style. They would also reproduce much better than some of the grainy *cartes de visites* and stereo views selected.

UTAH: THE STRUGGLE FOR STATEHOOD
by Ken Verdoia and Richard Firmage
Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1996
205 pages, $34.95 hd; $21.95 pb

JUST as Slaughter's *Life in Zion* visually documents Mormonism, so does Verdoia and Firmage's *Utah: The Struggle for Statehood* visually chronicle the epic, political quest of the Utah Territory to take its place among the sovereign states of America. Both are complex potpourris of photographs, drawings, paintings, and political cartoons which lead the reader through the two main realms of the state's centennial history, one the religious and the other the political.

Verdoia and Firmage's book is actually a spin-off of the meticulous research the authors did for KUED-TV's series by the same name, which aired during the centennial celebration. And therein lies its chief strength and possibly weakness, because good documentary television is predicated on the unearthing of copious "visuals" to tell the story.

The authors have done a masterful job in amassing pictures of the key players and scenes in Utah's struggle for statehood. They sifted through the various archives with a fine-tooth comb and edited their visual discoveries down to roughly 450 images to tell the fifty-year struggle for Utah statehood, all in a little more than 200 pages of illustrations and text.

I fell into the same trap in my last book, *Set in Stone Fixed in Glass,* when I provided the publisher with more than 600 illustrations. Fortunately, a savvy editor convinced me to cut the number in half, and we probably could have cut more.

Reproducing so many "visuals" in such a limited space can be a blessing and a curse. It's a blessing for their display of depth and detail but a curse because in order to fit all the images in, one must reproduce them small. That's when an old adage of photojournalism comes into play. It goes something like this: "Photographs reproduced like postage stamps lose their visual impact, and the reader doesn't know where to look."

In *Utah: The Struggle for Statehood,* the dominant photographs that catch the reader's eye and lead the journey through the text are few and far between. Too many visuals published together in similar size compete with each other for the reader's attention.

Despite this weakness, which is a matter of personal taste, *Utah: The Struggle for Statehood* is an excellent book worthy of long hours of perusal. In fact, it is not like a novel you just pick up and read from cover to cover. It must be "perused"—studied and examined and pored over like an old issue of *Life* magazine.

The book provides faces to the key political players in the struggle for statehood, as well as flesh and bones to the people of Zion who lived through it.

Through a series of chapters and boxed sidebars, the reader is taken on an epic journey, from the earliest beginnings in the 1840s to President Grover Cleveland's signing the bill that made Utah the forty-fifth state in 1896—and the aftermath of that epic event.

What makes this journey so intriguing is that the text is graphically illustrated at every step along the way with hundreds of well-reproduced photographs, drawings, political cartoons, and even facsimiles of key political documents. The words mean much more with pictures alongside.

This is one of the bell-ringing publications of the centennial year and a must-have for anyone with even a passing interest in Utah's history.

THE STRIP OF REDWOOD FOREST

You walk in two worlds.
From the waist down you wear
trees. Horn knobs grow in your
temples.

Spaces open and huge
freedoms fall in rays of light
to the forest floor.

Knee deep in owl's clover
you graze. Your eyes give off
starlight. Old memories
unfreeze their surf glaciers.
You melt in the meadow
among elks.

—RUSSELL SALAMON

RECENTLY RELEASED

Compiled by Will Quist

This section features recent titles of interest to Mormons; descriptions are often taken from promotional materials. Submissions welcome.

BIOGRAPHY

Go Forward with Faith: The Biography of Gordon B. Hinckley. Sheri L. Dew. Deseret Book, 1996, hb, 653 p., indexed, $23.95.

"A behind-the-scenes look" at the current Church president. Sources include Hinckley's journal, about thirty interviews, family papers and interviews, interviews with Church leaders and friends, and Church documents. With four sections of color pictures

Hamblin: A Modern Look at the Frontier Life and Legend of Jacob Hamblin. Hartt Wixom. Cedar Fort Books, 1996, hb, $24.95.

"Now from the torn pages of Hamblin's own journals and diaries, found in an old, weathered saddle bag, the real story of Jacob Hamblin comes to life." As told by an award-winning journalist and teacher.

Modern-Day Miracles from the Files of President Harold B. Lee. Sel., arr., and ed. L. Brent Goates. With tribute by Francis M. Gibbons and epilogue by Richard M. Cracroft. Covenant Communications, 1996, hb, 182 p., $14.95.

Lee's son-in-law and biographer presents forty-two stories of people whose lives were blessed miraculously—almost all by Lee—and whose stories were kept in his "Miracle File."

Worth Their Salt: Notable but Often Unnoted Women of Utah. Ed. Colleen Whitley. Utah State University Press, 1996, pb, 308 p., $19.95.

Eighteen authors about Maude Adams, M. Augusta Anderson, Maud May Babcock, Sarah Elizabeth Carmichael, Chipeta, Susanna Bransford Engalitcheff, Jane Manning James, Alice Merrill Horne, Esther Rosenblatt Landa, Georgia Lathouris Mageras, Elisabeth Ann Claridge McCune, Helen Zeese Papanikolas, Ivy Baker Priest, Eliza Kirtley Royle, Patty Bartlett Sessions, Mary Teasdel, Kuniko Muramatsu Terasawa, and Rachel Urban.

HISTORY

1997–1998 Church Almanac. *Deseret News,* 1996, pb, 544 p., indexed, $7.95.

A compilation of information in eleven groupings: statistical snapshot, major events, current and past general authorities, general officers, 1847 pioneers, worldwide Church, missions and temples, historical chronology, news in review, and general statistics.

Early Mormon Documents, Vol. 1. Ed. Dan Vogel. Signature Books, 1996, hb, 708 p., indexed, $34.95.

"Over 450 documents relating to pre-1831 Mormon origins": statements from Joseph Smith Jr., his family, close relatives, acquaintances, and early converts; comparisons of drafted and published histories.

Mormon Identities in Transition. Ed. Douglas J. Davies. Cassell Religious Studies, 1996, hb, 246 p., indexed, $49.95.

The outgrowth of "a most successful academic conference devoted to Mormon Studies held . . . in the University of Nottingham in April 1995." An impressive array of twenty-four topics and scholars.

HUMOR

Mondo Utah. Trent Harris. Dream Garden Press, 1996, pb, 91 p., $9.95.

"A collection of some of this state's finer examples of weirdness presented in a professional and respectable manner."

THEOLOGY

Joseph Smith: The Choice Seer. Joseph Fielding McConkie and Robert L. Millet. Bookcraft, 1996, hb, 402 p., indexed, $19.95.

In evaluating "the Prophet's greatness as teacher, priesthood leader, and restorer," the authors "turn . . . to the doctrinal teachings . . . in his sermons, letters, revelations, translations, and narrations"—with clarifications and expansions from his friends and successors.

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NEWSPAPERS & MAGAZINES

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BOOKS

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IF . . .

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BOOKNOTES

MATERIAL CHRISTIANITY: RELIGION AND POPULAR CULTURE IN AMERICA

by Colleen McDannell
Yale University Press, 1993
312 pages, $35.00

Reviewed by Martha Sonntag Bradley

COLLEEN MCDANNELL's book, *Material Christianity* dignifies the things we formally or informally use to celebrate, to remember, to worship, to bring religion into our daily lives.

I have been surprised by how many of my students at the University of Utah wear CTR rings. I see them on gas station attendants, hanging from pierced earlobes, even on businessmen. This is just the sort of religious activity that interests the non-Mormon McDannell, professor of history at the University of Utah. What is the function of "material" in Mormon culture? For her, the value of studying objects lies in the fact that these are the physical embodiment of ideas—as Ben Shann said, the "shape of content." These are the things that people carry with them for years, pray before, eat and dance and sing in, build and decorate, contemplate, locate within their religious tradition and daily experience.

McDannell's book is based on the premise that objects in part explain who we are and what it is that we most value. During Utah's state centennial, we have heard endless discourses on the value of honoring and observing the past. One of the reasons that I am a historian is that I have a little bit of the voyeur in me. I like nothing better than a legitimate reason to sit on a stool outside someone's window and watch the family live in their house, interacting, screaming, feeding, whatever. How they inhabit their house is what is interesting. Even empty, long-forgotten, rat-infested buildings speak volumes about the people who once walked in them, scrubbed their walls, and painted flowers on their door frames. They are not silent reminders but noisy testimonials to the lives of the people of the past. They can be read just as successfully and poignantly as a written text. Read this book cover to cover; it enriches our understanding of the religious experience and places our own personal practice in a larger context.

For Mormons, McDannell's chapter on garments is important. We have always had outsiders watching us, trying to understand who we are, but few, if any, nail us down. McDannell has. Respectfully, yet revealing some of our most funky and hopelessly superstitious behaviors, she introduces the Mormon practice of wearing garments as a reminder, a sign of obedience, and a link to ancient Christianity. Based largely on extensive oral interviews with Mormons, she tells us why Mormons choose to wear garments (or choose not to) as she teaches us about the power of a religious idea. If you buy her interpretation, it matters less in the end what the doctrine/teaching/practice is than the commitment—of faith, of connection to church—that creates for some a welcome boundary between insiders and outsiders. This is a highly sensitive interpretation of the role such physical symbols play in the lives of religious men and women.

Her chapter on "Christian Kitsch and the Rhetoric of Bad Taste" suggests key objects that play significant roles in the religious lives of Church members. I have my own box of Christian kitsch. These objects speak to issues about a sense of community, religious identity and a sense of spirituality. They fall conveniently into four categories: (1) objects that are didactic in nature, or that help teach a gospel principle; (2) objects that monitor progress in religious activities; (3) objects that help us remember; and (4) objects that are signs of obedience. When I was a girl, a Book of Remembrance was proof of engagement in genealogical work which, in my mind, also meant you cared about your dead ancestors. That book also helped teach us about the importance of temple work, genealogy, about making sure your life was in order. The countless certificates, bandalos, awards (Duty to God, Personal Progress), the gear that goes along with the Scouting and Young Women's programs is designed to help young people figure out who they are as Mormons and not forget.

Sophisticated scholarship and interpretation make this book a must read. However, it is also an amazing amount of fun. Lively, colorful, and highly unusual illustrations enliven many pages. It is an irresistible book that reminds us of the uncontrollable richness of the religious experience that begs to burst out of traditional expectations of what religion ought to be and do and spill over into every part of our lives.

MARTHA SONNTAG BRADLEY teaches history at the University of Utah.

on keeping things small

by Marilyn Bushman-Carlton
Signature Books, 1995
64 pages, $10.95

Reviewed by Lisa Bolin Hawkins

MARILYN BUSHMAN-Carlton's collection of poetry, *on keeping things small,* is as deceptively simple as the cliché suggested by its title ("good things come in small packages"). Although some of the poems lean toward the prosaic and probably wouldn't be published outside a collection, others use imagery, language, and metaphor in an accessible way that allows the reader to think past the surface, through the poetry, to a point of understanding and thought-provoking relationships. One first notices the excellent cover design and illustration by Jill Schwartz. The arrangement of small jewel tones suggests a stained glass window, a patchwork quilt, and a garden all at once. The cover prepares the reader for the concurrent and different meanings that small things have in Bushman-Carlton's poetry.

The poems are arranged in three untitled sections. On first reading, they seem to evoke the poet's childhood, her own children, and then the thoughts of a more mature woman about her grown children, her spiritual life, and the cycles of nature and life and death. On subsequent readings, however, the childlike qualities in the poems of maturity and the mature qualities in the childhood poems collide mid-volume with the combination of vicarious childhood and mature perspectives that our own children evoke in us. As the cover suggests, the separate, small poems are leaded into the larger picture, stitched into the larger pattern, and rooted in the same earth to form a greater contribution.

Most of the contributions are, unsurprisingly, small—an image here, a metaphor there, the delight of a perfectly chosen juxtaposition of words. In "From Wheat," the poet describes her mother's breadbaking as an act of parturition and motherhood, her mother "Plump as her aproned stomach / russet as her summer arms," creating "bread to bed her children warm at night." Her mother's fears that young children would drown in the irrigation ditch, described in "Dandelions," reflects the fear shared by many Utah mothers—Elisa Pulido's poem, "My Grandmother Painted," describes with sim-

ilar urgency Minerva Teichert's frequent (and blessedly unkept) bargain with God that she would give up painting if her children had avoided the same fate. "Summer School, 1960," succinctly captures the innocence, talismans, and rituals of adolescence along with the poignant suspicion that incantations cannot prevent the perils of growing up. But growing up may not be all that awful, as "On Sunday Nights" suggests with its unknowing knowing of parents as lovers ("her green eyes spicy, his hand at home / in the groove of her waist"). A daughter, far from home, gets precautions from her mother dished "across the wires like hot soup in "My Daughter Calls." Her mother remembers the dangers of childhood and the mother's wish (then) that her daughter would mature past them. The mother now realizes that she had forgotten that her daughter's body would someday "curve / into the vulnerable mark of woman."

These are a few of the nuggets to be mined from Bushman-Carlton's poems. Two poems are especially fine. "Stone Cows," begins the book and sketches in three stanzas the life of the poet's father as a dairy farmer, from his childhood herd of cows imagined from the stones of a creek to the silence "still as stone" when the father retires after his adult life of attending to the needs of milk-heavy cows—and has become used to their noise. The poet's wit and imagination are writ with small and significant irony in "Genesis," where we "begin again" in an Eden where Eve is the center of attention and Adam is "useful for carting off pruned limbs." The Fall takes an upside (or downside) turn, and Adam is told of some things that weren't part of the original Fall and a few things that seem to be part of any take on mortality—the difficulty of parenthood (for fathers, too). As far as the woman is concerned, the man will "desire her more than food."

on keeping things small emphasizes the importance of daily life while commenting on matters of life-making and -shaping importance that occur when one sees the relationships connecting small things. Marilyn Bushman-Carlton has written a collection of poems that, at first glance, focuses on daily life. The poems wait, like a display in a little-known corner, showing small things and the connections among them, waiting for the reader who is willing to forego the desire for a map that goes somewhere but who will instead enjoy and learn from the garden/quilt/stained glass window in the many layers the poet has created. ☎

LISA BOLIN HAWKINS is the poetry editor of Brigham Young University Studies.

THE MTC: SET APART

by Benson Parkinson
Aspen Books, 1995
295 pages, $9.95

Reviewed by Brian Evenson

THE FIRST of a series of novels about mission life, Benson Parkinson's *The MTC: Set Apart* examines the lives of several very different members of the Church as they prepare to go on missions and struggle with life in the Missionary Training Center. With a certain amount of sensitivity, Parkinson deals with a place that a good number of LDS people have had to pass through, managing to construct a bland but relatively accurate—if not deep—picture of the MTC as something that is suffered through on the way to better places.

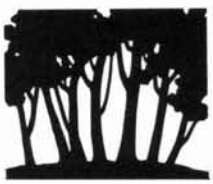
The difficulty of the book is that reading it is a little too much like going through the MTC again: you get bored a lot, you get those cheap shivers that serve as a substitute for authentic spirituality, and most of the time, you don't know exactly what you are doing there and think you probably want to leave. It is neither risky nor challenging; Parkinson seems unwilling to take any real chances—an awkward book or a transitional book, the sort of thing that somebody just a little bit disillusioned with Bookcraft might read, but not truly challenging. When there is a problem or a threat, it is always resolved with a minimum amount of pain. Indeed, *The MTC: Set Apart* is full of Deseret-Bookisms.

The prologue and the narrative chapter headings often sound like bad "The Wonder Years" or "Stand By Me" voiceovers. Its primary purpose seems to be to create stereotypes that the characters never really step out of—one is, for instance, "the scholar and thinker," another "a peacemaker." The dialogue is hackneyed and predictable, filled with fumbling attempts to bear testimony and a whole lot of "gottas" and other efforts to render dialogue through vocabulary.

The basic concept of the book itself is interesting—instead of a primary character, we have several main characters, a sort of primary cluster—but the parts have a difficult time building much resonance. The first chapter, about an older missionary from Omaha, has little power or feeling—Parkinson is at a distance from his character. The second chapter, about a missionary from Salt Lake who goes almost by default, is much stronger. Parkinson is able to give us a much more expressive character. The remaining chapters fit in a range between these two, except for the fifth chapter, "Home on the Ranch," which is the only place in the book that breaks into good, solid writing. The depiction of a rancher's son is sensitive and has a lyrical quality reminiscent of parts of Eugene Garber's *The Historian*.

If you plan to be challenged, this is hardly the book to pick up. Probably the most interesting effect of the book is not so much what it says about the MTC as that it makes one think back on one's own experience, serving as a springboard for memory. The book is a valiant effort to reveal life in the MTC, but as literature it fails more often than it succeeds. ☎

BRIAN EVENSON is a professor of English at Oklahoma State University and the author of Altmann's Tongue: Stories and a Novella.



SPRING THAW

When the wind gathers west
of Snake Rock and huffs
so the trees groan,
do you remember?
Do you bow to the rhythm,
lay haste aside
to await the uncoiling
in your belly?

Walk through the dusk-soaked woods.
Stop to watch the downy
woodpecker hammer a lanky birch,
hear the maples
gurgling with sap,
and the water
laughing boundlessly
as snow melts.

Four crows holler, winging east.
The sun shimmers on the brook
that zigs through the ravine,
silver like perpetual lightning.

—SHARON SINGER

THE MORMON UNIVERSE

Sunstone Salt Lake Symposium Announced. Mark your Franklin Planners: the 1997 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City will be on August 6–9 at the Salt Lake Hilton.

BYU Professor Group Changes Web Address. The Internet address for the BYU chapter of the American Association of University Professors is now http://ucs.byu.edu/bioag/botany/rushforth/www/aaup/aaup.htm.

History Made in Denmark. The Danish Mormon History Association, Dansk Mormonhistorie, has relocated and can now be contacted at: Dansk Mormonhistorie, Bjaeldevej 5, Dk 4000 Roskilde, Denmark.

History Buffs Dig Deep into Pockets. The Mormon History Association, in tribute to Leonard Arrington, is raising $50,000 to help fund a historians' residence at The Mesa, a retreat for writers and artists near Zion National Park, Utah. Wallace Stegner wrote that The Mesa "is something Utah and the interior West have painfully lacked. Nothing would advance western literature faster or more surely." Those able to help may call Linda Newell (619/872-4465) or write to Craig and Suzanne Foster, 2470 North 1000 West, Layton, UT 84041.

Historians to Gather Along the Mormon Trail. Marking the sesquicentennial of the pioneers' westward ho, the Mormon History Association will meet in Omaha, Nebraska, for its 1997 annual conference. The Holiday Inn Convention Center will host the event on May 22–25. Contact Craig or Suzanne Foster at 801/773-4620.

Counselors to Explore the Family. "Strengthening Families: What Works in the 90's" will be the theme of the 1997 spring convention of the Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists (AMCAP) on May 2–3 at the Joseph Smith Memorial Building in Salt Lake City. Contact conference chair Gwena Couillard, 280 North 300 West, Logan, UT 84321 (801/752-2512; 801/797-1012).

British Faithful Seeking Understanding. Promoting Mormon studies in the United Kingdom, The Oxford Symposium will convene on May 17 at Wolfson College, University of Oxford. Guest speakers are to include Eugene England and Tim Slover. Write to Kristian Heal, Wolfson College, Oxford, OX2 6UD England; or email at Kristian.Heal@Wolfson.ox.ac.uk

Utah the Place for Religion Scholars. The American Academy of Religion and Society of Biblical Literature (AAR/SBL) will hold its Rocky Mountain Regional Meeting May 2–3 in Salt Lake City at the University Park Hotel. The conference will feature numerous Mormons and Mormon themes. Participants include William Hamblin and David Paulsen lecturing on Joseph Smith; Donald Parry, Steven Ricks, and Andrew Skinnner on the Dead Sea Scrolls; and Dean May, Ronald Esplin, Carol Cornwall Madsen, Ronald Walker, and William Hurtley on Utah settlement. Other LDS speakers include Jill Derr, Michael Walton, Dan Wotherspoon, Margaret Toscano, Keith Wilson, and Daniel Peterson. For information, call 801/581-6181, or write to AAR/SBL, c/o Middle East Center, 153 OSH, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, UT 84112.

NEWS

ELDER PACKER OUTLINES "UNWRITTEN ORDER"

Elder Boyd K. Packer doesn't want stories told about him at his funeral.

"I SPEAK to you today as a teacher," said LDS Apostle Boyd K. Packer, setting the tone for his instructions on principles that aren't found in Church handbooks or scriptures. "There are ordinary things that every member of the church should know," he told BYU students and faculty attending the October 1996 devotional. "They are not taught in classes." Rather, it is through our testimony of Christ and our "experience and observation we learn the unwritten order of things," he said. This "unwritten order" included, according to local print media (Provo's *Daily Herald*, the *Salt Lake Tribune*, the *Deseret News*, and BYU's *Daily Universe*):

- The one who presides in a meeting sits on the stand or at the front near the person who is conducting. The first counselor sits on the right and the second counselor sits on the left of the person presiding. In addition, if the presiding officer speaks, he needs to do it at the end—to clarify anything else that was said. Elder Packer emphasized that this was also the case for women's auxiliary meetings.
- We do not aspire to callings, nor do we ask to be released. Elder Packer said to always "presuppose that the call comes from the Lord."
- One of the most important things we can learn, he said, is the line of authority. For blessings, the person in need should first go to the father of the home. If that's not possible, go to the home teacher. For counsel, members need to go to their bishop, not general authorities. "We don't go to someone higher for a more inspired blessing," Elder Packer said.
- Church revelation comes from above, not from the side. "However more experienced the holder or more spiritual he may be, it is better to go through the proper channels," he said.
- Bishops should not allow members to plan Church meetings, but they can take suggestions. Don't allow funerals and missionary farewells to become family reunions, he said. At funerals, people need to hear about the Atonement, not the deceased. Elder Packer said he has told his fellow apostles that "if at my funeral they speak about me, I will rise up and correct them." He added, "Of all meetings, funerals could and should be the most spiritually impressive. Often the spirit is repulsed by the humorous experiences and jokes when the time could be devoted to teaching things of the spirit."
- In addition to a more proper attire in Church meetings—"slouchy clothing" leads to informal and slouchy conduct," he said—Elder Packer criticized the use of informal names. "It bothers me to sustain 'Buck,' or 'Butch,' or 'Chuck' to the high council."

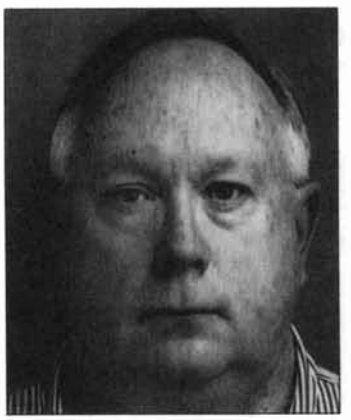
These things are not "so rigid that the church will fall apart if they are not strictly observed all the time," he said. "But they do set a tone, a standard of dignity, and order." Elder Packer also indicated that observance will make one a better leader and of more value to the Lord.

CHURCH SPOKESPERSON CONVICTED OF SEX ABUSE CHARGE

ON 3 FEBRUARY 1997, former LDS church spokesperson and confessed child sex abuser Lloyd Gerald Pond was sentenced to prison for up to fifteen years. Pond, originally held for two counts of first-degree felony sodomy, had plea-bargained to one count of second-degree felony forcible sexual abuse. His victim was a fourteen-year-old female member of his ward, whom Pond abused at a West Valley City, Utah, radio station on 6 November 1996.

Pond, who was employed by the LDS church at the time, was arrested on 15 November. After initially denying the charge, Pond confessed and was reported by the *Deseret News* to have told the girl he was sorry. "I alone am responsible for this situation," he said. "I apologize for my conduct and hope I can get the help I need."

The girl first disclosed the abuse to her school counselor, who notified the police. Over the last few years, the fifty-one-year-old Pond had been helping the girl start a modeling and acting career, the *News* reported. During their sessions at the radio station where Pond worked nights, he would often photograph her—sometimes in lingerie or underwear. He reportedly had her make sexually explicit recordings, which he said he would sell out of state or use for commercial phone sex.



Lloyd Gerald Pond

He also had her phone him at the station and talk dirty to him, paying her ten dollars a call, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*. But during the last photo session, Pond asked the girl to "try something different" involving fruit. He partially wrapped her head in aluminum foil, covering her eyes, and had her perform oral sex on him, the *News* reported.

Pond, who hosted the Church radio series *Times and Seasons* (a public affairs program that focuses on moral and social issues), does not have a previous criminal record. Church officials sent letters to some 600 radio stations

that had aired the series and recalled them, explaining that "serious allegations" had been made against Pond.

Shortly thereafter, Church Public Affairs issued this statement: "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints' moral standards are beyond dispute. Our membership of nearly ten million members reflects core values which have provided moral guidance for our members throughout the world. The Church is not a party to the case involving Lloyd Gerald Pond. We expect that the court decisions reached in this matter will be consistent with the requirements of justice and due process. Pond has resigned as a Church employee. Meanwhile, we are concerned and have compassion for the individuals and families involved." ☎

BYU COACH FIRED AFTER ERRANT REMARKS ABOUT CHURCH LEADERS

ONE BUMBLING brouhaha after another. That's how it seemed to the Cougar sports faithful recently, when BYU basketball coach Roger Reid's verbal lambasting of a seventeen-year-old prep recruit was reported in the media, and then again a few weeks later when BYU administrators bungled their firing of Reid, the winningest coach in the school's and its conference's histories.

In November, Chris Burgess, an LDS high school basketball superstar from Irvine, California, had narrowed his college choice to Duke and BYU. Many commentators ranked him as the top prep American player of the year, maybe of the decade. Reid had followed Burgess's progress for over three years. He wanted to re-build his crumbling basketball program around the kid phenom. And then Burgess chose Duke.

Reid was understandably disappointed. Destroyed, actually. He let Burgess have it during a phone call following the announcement. "Roger made me feel worse than I already did," Burgess told the *Deseret News*. "He said I let nine million people down. He said I was letting down the prophet and the apostles. I didn't ask for the responsibility." Reid responded in the *Deseret News*, "I'm sorry he feels bad, but that's what I really felt. We're sorry we didn't get Chris, but I'm not sure he even considered us seriously." Reid said he didn't think Duke coach Mike Kryzewski had put in nearly the effort Reid and his staff had. "Duke got four Chris Burgesses this year," Reid added. "And they'll get four next year, too."

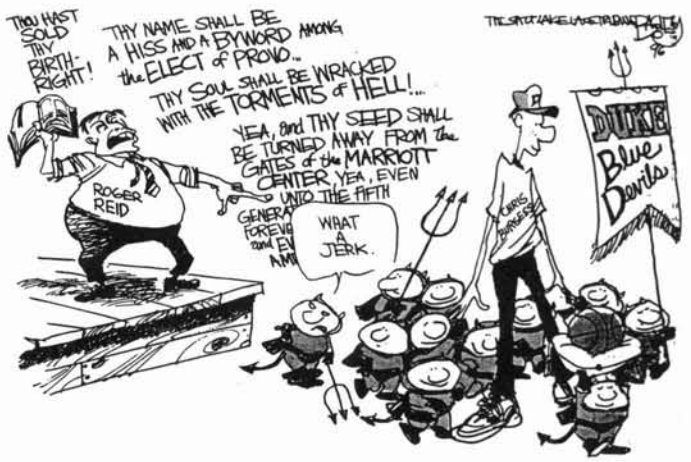
For Burgess, the decision came down to wanting to play with and against the nation's best players and contend for a national championship. He also believes he can be a strong role model for LDS youth in North Carolina.

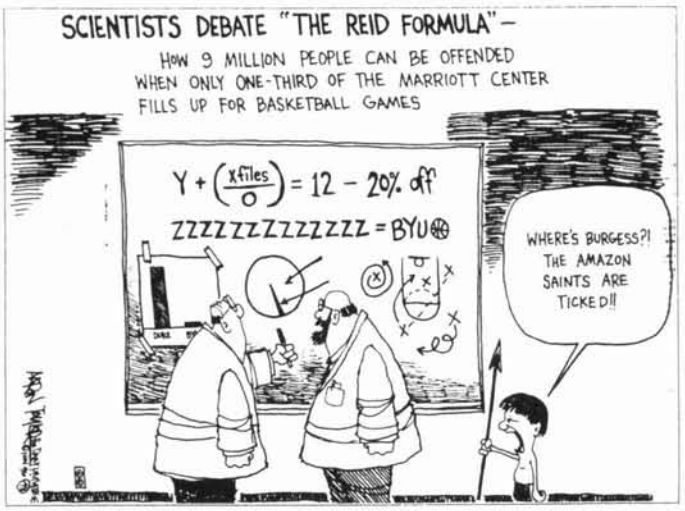
Roger Reid's firing was "a personal foul on BYU."

Reid's comments, predictably, brought him all sorts of grief. Talk radio shows from California to Utah blasted him. Local and national newspapers ran his quotes while a number of editorial cartoonists jeered. It was precisely the kind of publicity that BYU, and its governing board of trustees, hates. Reid privately and publicly apologized, adding that his comments had been "misunderstood," "blown out of proportion," and that he had never said the prophet and apostles were disappointed.

Nonetheless, the cumulative effect of this faux pas and his storied others, along with dwindling fan support in the Marriott Center, hastened perhaps, the inevitable. In the evening of 18 December, following a day of denials, half-truths and mis-truths to the media—general public relations mayhem—Athletic Director Rondo Fehlberg announced in a hastily called press conference, according to the *News*, that Reid was "stepping down"—that is, er, to say, fired.

Again, the media had a field day. The *Salt Lake Tribune* editorialized that Reid's firing was a "personal foul on BYU." University of Utah basketball coach Rick Majerus—never known as a chum of Reid's—was quoted widely as saying the way BYU fired Reid was a disgrace. Reid, in tears, told reporters that BYU had stripped him of the only thing he had ever wanted: to coach Cougar basketball. Assistant coach Tony Ingle was put in Reid's place for the remainder of the season, and a search has begun for a permanent replacement.





UPDATE

LDS REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS REACHES ALL-TIME HIGH

THE RESULTS of the November 1996 election mean that, in 1997, fifteen Mormons will serve in the U.S. Congress—one more than in the previous session and an all time high.

Two of them are Democrats: Sen. Harry Reid (Nv) and American Samoa's nonvoting delegate, Eni F. H. Faleomavaega.

The thirteen Republicans are: Senators Robert Bennett (Ut), Orrin Hatch (Ut) and Gordon Smith (Or), and Representatives Chris Cannon (Ut), Merrill Cook (Ut), Michael Crapo (Id), John T. Doolittle (Ca), Jim Hansen (Ut), Wally Herger (Ca), Ernest Jim Istook (Ok), Buck McKeon (Ca), Ron Packard (Ca), and Matt Salmon (Az).

While Mormons comprise 1.8 percent of the U.S. population; they hold 2.8 percent of the seats in Congress.

The number of members of Congress from other faiths, in descending order, includes: Catholics, 151; Baptists, 67; Methodists, 59; Presbyterians, 53; Episcopalians, 42; Jews, 35; Lutherans, 22; United Church of Christ and Congregationalists, 10; Christian Scientists, 5; Pentecostals, 4; African Methodist Episcopal, 4; and Seventh-day Adventists, 3.

MAN BREAKS INTO ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

ON 10 NOVEMBER 1996, a man with a roofing hammer chopped his way into the St. George Temple. Entering through the 3' by 3' foot hole he'd opened in the sealed, 119-year-old, northeast doors, he made his way to a room adjacent to the celestial room. He was pounding on the wall to get in when temple security apprehended him, Kelly Larson of the St. George police told the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Larson said the same man had been outside the temple the previous day reading scriptures. He apparently had tried several times to get in to the temple but didn't have a recommend, the *Tribune* reported. The thirty-seven-year-old suspect was booked into the Washington County Jail on charges of disorderly conduct, trespassing, and resisting arrest.

Utah Boasts Fewest Smokers. The Centers for Disease Control's first study of smoking prevalence in a population found that only 13.2 percent of Utah adults light up—the lowest in the nation. California is second at 15.5 percent, then Hawaii at 17.8 percent. Kentucky, however, checks in at 27.8 percent. The national median is 22.4 percent, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*.

Elder Neal A. Maxwell

S.L. Bishopric Member Accused of Running Scam. Terry Hansen, a member of a bishopric in Salt Lake, has been accused of bilking ward members and other investors out of $439,000. He was arraigned in October 1996 on ten felony counts. Many of the trusting twelve victims had invested their life savings in his mutual funds, the Associated Press reported. Authorities said the victims were given fake quarterly reports under the name of a real investment company.

Elder Maxwell Ill. Apostle Neal A. Maxwell, 70, has been diagnosed as having a "pre-leukemic condition." Church spokesperson Bruce L. Olsen said the illness has not slowed Elder Maxwell and that he is "receiving excellent medical help, is responding to medical treatment, and is going about his duties."

Utah Temple Announcement Inflates Land Prices. In 1976, land in north American Fork sold for about $8,000 an acre. By 1992, prices for the same land had risen to around $20,000. Then came the announcement that the Mount Timpanogos Temple would be build there, and almost overnight, lot prices shot up by $10,000. Today, according to BYU's *Daily Universe*, a lot in northeast American Fork can't be found for under $40,000.

Marie Osmond's Dolls a Hit. From variety show co-star to country singer to sitcom actress to lead in a touring musical production—Marie Osmond only needs a few more career changes to beat the national average. Her latest outing, designer of a line of collectable porcelain dolls, has proven to be as much a hit as were some of her early showbiz efforts. Ranging from $25 to $300, they are among the most popular dolls sold on one cable home-shopping network, and they sell well at places such as Disneyland.

Marie Osmond

New Utah Project Investigates Church/State Separation. The Utah State Office of Education recently received a huge grant from the George S. and Dolores Dore Eccles Foundation to study current church and state debates. The program, known as the Utah Three R's Project (Rights, Responsibilities, and Respect), will be directed by Ray Briscoe, a retired LDS church research analyst.

Utah Brews Award-Winning Beer. Utah's reputation as a dry state with weak beer may not be deserved—at least on one account. Two Salt Lake beer makers, Desert Edge Brewery at the Pub and Red Rock Brewing Co., recently won top honors at the prestigious Great American Beer Festival in Denver. Ironically, the state-mandated 3.2 alcohol content helped. For instance, beer in the Northwest averages 4.5 to 5 percent by volumes. Utah brewers have to pay careful attention to formula and flavor since they cannot rely on alcoholic firepower to hide sloppy technique.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS FIGHT INTERNET PORN

SHORTLY BEFORE Thanksgiving, national religious leaders, including LDS Apostle Henry B. Eyring, gathered to urge the country to step up anti-pornography efforts—especially on the Internet. As part of a national summit organized by the Religious Alliance Against Pornography, Catholic, Baptist, LDS, Methodist, Jewish, Episcopal, evangelical, and other leaders pledged to fight harder within their own churches and communities. "New forms of media and communication offer tremendous potential for good," the statement reads. "Nonetheless, we stand in opposition to a trend which suggests that the mere existence of such technologies serves as a license for exposing children to pornography or eliminating the responsibility of pornography distributors to shield their materials from children." It added, "We do not rashly call for a new or expanded censorship. Rather, we appeal to reason and responsibility in finding the potential for allowing adult liberty without compromising the protection of our children."

Another Latter-day Saint, organizational consultant Stephen Covey, helped the group discuss how to bring a cultural shift against pornography. He said showing its true character and dangers will lead people to insist on change, the *Deseret News* reported.

HOMEMADE MISSIONARY VIDEO PULLED FROM DESERET BOOK

THE POPULAR missionary video, *He's Not My Companion,* was banned from Church-owned Deseret Book after several customer complaints. The video, intended to "illustrate mission rules in a playful way"—was made by two missionaries while serving in North Carolina. Ironically, Deseret Book had pressured the missionaries to market the video after it had been circulated informally for nearly eight years. The re-mastered video had sold more than 1,000 copies in the two months before it was pulled. Deseret Book officials told the *Salt Lake Tribune* that the video was "quite amateurish" and "portrayed missionary life in an unflattering way." One of the filmmakers, Rocco DeVilliers, said, "Part of the charm of the video is that it uses real missionaries and not actors." *He's Not My Companion* and its sequel, *Defiance,* depict missionaries "innocently breaking a rule," he said. "We wanted to show the importance of keeping rules, but to do that, we had to show the good and bad consequences," he told the *Tribune.*

He's Not My Companion
A humorous real-life missionary video.

Why would a man who called himself "Alpha and Omega" destroy Brigham Young's china in order to save the Great Salt Lake?

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S CHINA SMASHED IN S.L. MUSEUM

IN LATE NOVEMBER 1996, a man walked into the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum and overturned a display case of Brigham Young's china, smashing about a quarter of the 100-piece set. "I heard a crash and saw a man walking toward me," DUP International President Louise Green told the *Salt Lake Tribune.* "Then he walked to the door and said, 'I am Alpha and Omega.' Everyone got excited, and I started crying." Police were notified, and Todd Eugene Anderson, 27, was immediately arrested. One officer told the *Tribune,* "He walked right up to me and put his hands behind his back and said, 'I'm the one you want.'" Perhaps as a partial explanation, Anderson later asked, "Doesn't anyone care that the Great Salt Lake is drying up?" The value of the gold-rimmed china emblazoned with the initials B.Y. is several thousand dollars. If convicted, Anderson could get fifteen years.

ANTI-ALCOHOL PETITIONS CIRCULATED IN LOGAN CHAPEL

IN LATE NOVEMBER 1996, anti-alcohol petitions were circulated throughout many LDS chapels in Logan, Utah. The petitions, some circulated during sacrament and other meetings, urged members to support strict limits on alcohol sales. Petitions and accompanying letters came from the Logan Area Multi-Stake Council. "[T]he petitions were a result of local initiative and were done without any direction from Church headquarters," Church spokesperson Don LeFevre told the Associated Press.

One letter encouraged bishops to obtain signatures from children. "It is appropriate and recommended that adults and children old enough to understand what they are signing be encouraged to participate," said the letter. "Most 5- or 6-year-old children will not understand. Many, if not most, 8- or 10-year-old children can understand with a little help." The letter adds, "Children have a right to be heard." The AP reported that petitions were in the chapels, and members arriving and leaving were encouraged to sign. Others were signed when Church volunteers went door to door.

BISHOP/MEMBER CONFIDENTIALITY UPHELD

IN 1993, RaNay Stout Jackson was jilted just a few hours before her

wedding. She turned to her bishop, Gary Riddle of the Ridgecrest Ward in Orem, Utah, for weekly counseling. Jackson then sued her former fiancé, Scott William Brown, for $1 million for intentional infliction of emotional distress, the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported.

Brown's attorney, Richard Hackwell, asked the court to require Jackson's bishop to outline pertinent conversations he had had with her. Hackwell said he wanted to probe the seriousness and reasons for Jackson's claimed distress. The non-confessional nature of her conversations and the fact that plaintiffs who claim emotional damages normally must provide to defendants information about any counseling or medical treatment remove the penitent-clergy protection, Hackwell argued.

Utah's Third District Court disagreed: "The court finds—and defendants do not genuinely dispute—that plaintiff spoke to her bishop in confidence and for the purpose of seeking or receiving religious guidance, admonishment, or advice and that the cleric was acting in his or her religious role pursuant to the practice and discipline of the church,'" Judge Glenn Iwasaki wrote, quoting a controlling 1994 Utah Supreme Court decision.

HEATHER FARNSWORTH, 22, SUDDENLY LOSES HER PASSION FOR FOOTBALL.

BACHELOR BITES THE DUST

STEVE YOUNG, former BYU football star and the current quarter-

PEOPLE

TRANSFERS

John Hughes

Leonard Arrington

- Former professional and BYU basketball star **Danny Ainge** was promoted from assistant to head coach of the National Basketball Association's *Phoenix Suns*. He says his last head coaching experience was with eighth graders.
- Pulitzer Prize–winner **John Hughes**, the former *Christian Science Monitor* editor and publisher and recent BYU communications department chair, has been named editor of the *Deseret News*. He is the first non-Mormon to oversee the Church-owned newspaper during its 146 years.
- **Danny Jorgensen** is the new president of the John Whitmer Historical Association. The president-elect is **Ronald Romig**, and the proposed new members of the board of directors include **Martha Bradley**, **William Russell**, **Mark Scherer**, and **Karl Sandberg**.
- **Robert J. Matthews**, former dean of BYU's Religious Studies, has been called as president of the Mt. Timpanogos Temple.
- Apostle **Russell M. Nelson**, was recently named to an advisory committee by the U.S. Secretary of State. The committee, composed of twenty prominent religious leaders and scholars, has been asked to advise the administration on human rights abuses against people of all religions.
- **Paul Richards**, former director of BYU public affairs, has retired from editing Provo's *Daily Herald*.
- **Arthur K. Smith**, the University of Utah's first non-Mormon president, has accepted the position of president and chancellor of the University of Houston educational system. During his tenure, Smith worked to combat the U's persistent anti-Mormon reputation.

AWARDS & HONORS

- This past fall, **Leonard J. Arrington**, former BYU history professor, LDS church historian, and Utah State University economics professor, received the 1996 Governor's Award in the Humanities for his "outstanding academic career and his participation in public humanities programs." **Marie Cornwall**, former director of BYU's Women's Research Institute, and **Louise Degn**, University of Utah assistant professor of communication, also received Merit Awards for their documentary film, *Utah Women Considered*.
- **Katy Ballenger**, a BYU freshman from Salt Lake City, was one of ten young people recently honored by the Caring Institute in Washington, D.C. The former Miss Teen Utah 1996 won the national award for a service club she organized at Olympus High School, which now has hundreds of members and has spread to schools in Idaho and Vermont.
- **Lisa Bolin Hawkins**, a part-time teacher at BYU's law school, recently won the Arlene R. and William P. Lewis Playwrighting Contest for Women. Her play, *One of the Righteous*, is based on a Jewish legend that there are thirty-six righteous men living on the earth at all times.
- **O. Glade Hunsaker**, a BYU English professor, and **S. Michael Wilcox**, a faculty member at the U of U LDS Institute, were given Excellence in Teaching Awards by the BYU Division of Continuing Education in November 1996.
- **LDS Technical College of Fiji** recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Staffed by members of the community and Church Educational System missionaries, the school has educated 325 students in Forms 1 through 7 (grades 7 through 13).
- **Janet Griffin Lee**, Deseret Book Company board member and widow of the late BYU President Rex E. Lee, was given the Heritage Award for her contributions to the community. Presented in November 1996, the award was sponsored by Utah California Women.
- **Richard P. Lindsay**, released in 1994 from the Second Quorum of the Seventy, recently received the American Council on

back for the San Francisco 49ers, is no longer one of Mormonism's most-eligible bachelors. He recently announced his engagement to twenty-five-year-old BYU communications graduate and a former "Doublemint Twin" model, Aimee Baglietto.

UTAH COLLEGES NOT THE PLACE FOR RELIGION DEGREES

IRONICALLY, UTAH, one of the most religious states in the nation, is one of just a few states that doesn't offer college degrees in religious studies. "You cannot understand the world, past or present, without understanding religion. . . . To be serious about looking at the world, we have to have a consistent and deep understanding of religion," Colleen McDannell, who holds the Sterling McMurrin Chair in Religious History at the University of Utah, told the *Salt Lake Tribune*. "How can you possibly understand world religions by taking one ten-week course?"

The following is a brief survey of Utah colleges and the study of religion.

- The U's history department offers about eight religion courses.
- Utah State University offers an "Area Studies Certificate in Religion," which is an interdisciplinary program that doesn't lead to a degree. The school has only four courses that deal directly with religion.
- Weber State University has three religious studies courses in its department of philosophy and political science.
- Westminster College, Utah's only private liberal-arts school, offers a minor in religion.
- BYU requires students to take a religion course almost every semester. A post-graduate minor degree can be earned only in ancient scripture or LDS church history and doctrine.

Reasons cited for the lack of religious studies majors include budget limitations and low student demand. Another theory is that the state hasn't "matured" enough, says David Truemper, chair of the department of theology at Valparaiso University in Indiana. "A school usually needs to be pretty ripe and mature to have a department of religious studies that it can afford to give some room to," he told the *Tribune*.

Alcohol Problem's Clarence True Wilson Christian Leadership Award for his work in fighting alcohol abuse.

John Welch

- **President David O. McKay**, ninth LDS church president and former chair of BYU's board of trustees from 1951 to 1970, was honored during BYU's 1996 Founder's Day. The school's College of Education was recently renamed after this "bright, energetic, and extraordinary teacher." Also last fall, Utah Valley State College and Church officials unveiled a nine-foot statue of the prophet outside the college's David O. McKay Event Center.
- In Albuquerque, New Mexico, the **Mormon Battalion** was honored by LDS church and community leaders in October 1996 by the dedication of a twenty-foot native stone monument.
- In November 1996, retired LDS Air Force general **Robert C. Oaks** was given the 1996 Patriots Award for his "high standard of service" to the United States. Oaks was Mormonism's first four-star general.
- **Bruce L. Olsen**, managing director of LDS Public Affairs, has been elected to the College of Fellows of the Public Relations Society of America. Fewer than 2 percent of the organization's 17,000 members have been honored similarly.
- **D. Michael Quinn**'s *Same-Sex Dynamics Among Nineteenth Century Americans: A Mormon Example*, was selected by *Publishers Weekly* as one of 1996's top five religious books.
- BYU's two Army ROTC squads, the all-male **Ranger Challenge** team and the all-female **Killer Angels**, fared well at a western states' invitational at California State University. The Ranger Challenge team took first place, and the Killer Angels, the only female team at the competition, took sixth. The Killer Angels, who did not receive a warm welcome, beat male teams in every event except the hand grenade assault course.
- In October 1996, BYU English professor **Darrell Spencer** won the top prize in the thirty-eighth annual Utah Original Writing Competition. The $5,000 publication prize went for *Strange Fish*, a novel set in Nevada that explores a father-son relationship.

Lawrence Young

- **Emma Lou Thayne**, Mormon poet, author, and teacher, was recently honored by the National Society to Prevent Blindness for "having the vision to make our world a better place to live."
- **John W. Welch**, former director of the Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies and a BYU law professor, was recently awarded by BYU the five-year Robert K. Thomas Professor of Law Scholarship for his "exceptional commitment to the university" and his "years of scholarly study of ancient American and biblical civilizations."
- BYU associate professor of sociology **Lawrence Young** recently won the prestigious Distinguished Book Award of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion for *Full Pews and Empty Altars: Demographics of the Priest Shortage in the United States Catholic Diocese* (University of Wisconsin Press). Most recently, Young edited the book *Rational Choice Theory and Religion: Summary and Assessment* (Ruttledge University Press).

DEATHS

- **Golden A. Buchmiller**, former *Deseret News* state editor and *LDS Church News* staffer, died 9 October 1996 after a heart attack. He was 74.
- **Alyce King Clarke**, big-band "King Sisters" singer of Payson, Utah, died 21 August 1996 of chronic bronchial asthma. She was 80.
- **J. Bracken Lee**, long-time conservative mayor of Price and Salt Lake City and Utah governor, died 20 October 1996. Lee was famous for his confrontational style, explaining once: "Do it honestly, do the best you know how, and let 'em holler!"

MISCELLANEOUS

- In November 1996, **Joe Waldholtz**, the infamous ex-husband of former Utah Republican congresswoman Enid Greene, was given a prison sentence of thirty-seven months, the maximum possible.

SPEECHES & CONFERENCES

CONFLICT KEY TO GOOD FICTION, LEVI PETERSON SAYS

Levi S. Peterson

"[A STORY] has to produce tension, or you don't have conflict"—an essential element to successful fiction, said Mormon author Levi Peterson during the LDS Writers Conference in October 1996. "I always like the conflict that's between conscience and passion," but understand that the standard in the LDS church is different. "In the church, you ignore those animal passions," he said, according to Provo's *Daily Herald*. "You must keep bad words and bad images out of mind because they will reduce your spirituality." One approach to explicit scenes is to "have it happen off stage; then report it," Peterson said. BYU English professor, author, and keynote speaker Eugene England spoke on "Literature for a Chosen People." "Being chosen means a choice people, a favored people. But it also means a higher standard. We are chosen in order to serve him," he said, according to the *Herald*. "It means knowing and being taught and being most responsible for keeping his commandments. Chosen people are not better than others"—Heavenly Father does not play favorites, he said.

UTAHALIVE! REACHES OUT TO LOST MORMONS, UNCHURCHED

THIS FALL, hundreds of Christian pastors met in Park City to discuss strategies in claiming lost Mormons and others who are just plain lost. Under the name UtahAlive!, the group represents more than 200 congregations and more than thirty denominations across Utah. British-born evangelist John Guest told the *Salt Lake Tribune* that they are not coming to "tackle hard-core Mormons . . . or to bother anyone or be obnoxiously confrontational." Instead, the movement plans to go after that "huge slice of people who have become disenchanted with the Mormon church as well as those moving in from other places who are looking for a spiritual home." Guest said in a prayer during the conference, "As God wept over Jerusalem, we weep over the cities of this Wasatch Range." The campaign will include person-to-person witnessing, rallies, interfaith efforts, meetings with professionals such as doctors and lawyers, training pastors and lay members, and praying, the *Tribune* reported.

MORMON MEDIA IMAGE

EDWARDS FEATURED IN FOOTBALL MAGAZINE

CELEBRATED BYU football coach LaVell Edwards was prominently featured in a recent issue of *Touchdown Illustrated*. The spread discussed LaVell's 200-win mark, his perennial domination of the Western Athletic Conference, and his incredibly successful quarterbacks. While discussing a player who was contemplating a mission, Edwards said: "We need a big, strong 240-pound lineman a lot more than the Lord needs a big fat missionary," the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported.

FORMER RICKS SCHOLARSHIP STUDENT, NOW BIKER, PROFILED

A 10 JULY 1995 *New Yorker* photo and text spread titled "An American Attitude" featured "a look at today's bikers," including men who call themselves the Crow and the Gangster—and Tim Koontz, a former Ricks College scholarship student. Koontz lives in west Salt Lake, near the Kennecott Copper mine, and works as a diesel mechanic with the Utah Transit Authority. He sports a Harley-Davidson trademark tattoo on his beefy arm; he is a bear of a man, nearly 300 pounds. He's been that big since he was fourteen.

His size helped him become the state heavyweight wrestling champion and earned him a scholarship to Ricks. His first year there, he blew his knee out. "I couldn't wrestle, and that meant that I couldn't get money to go to school," he said. "I never knew why they did that, but it turned me finally against the Mormon church. That's when I went to Idaho Falls and bought [Murphy's Roadhouse] bar."

Koontz apparently still harbors some bitterness, sometimes venting it on general conference weekends. "When the conference appears to be drawing to its close, Koontz gets on his bike and heads for the city," Alec Wilkinson wrote in the *New Yorker*. "On the left-hand side of his gas tank is a painting of a naked, brown-haired girl sitting on a beach with waves in the background, and on the right-hand side is a painting of a naked blonde. . . . As the faithful leave the Tabernacle, Koontz rides among them. Mothers draw their daughters close. Fathers shield the eyes of their sons. Koontz likes to imagine one of them saying, 'Don't look at that, boy, it'll burn your soul.'"

BYUPDATE

BENSON BOOTED FROM DAILY NIVERSE

BYU'S *DAILY UNIVERSE* has decided to phase out cartoonist Steve Benson from its editorial pages, replacing him with acclaimed *Chicago Tribune* cartoonist Jeff MacNelly. *Universe* faculty advisor John Gholdston told the Provo *Daily Herald* that much of Benson's recent work was unsuitable for the BYU community, citing a recent cartoon of an Army drill sergeant demonstrating a push-up while atop a female soldier. "That's just too graphic and brutal for most of our audience," he said.

Gholdston acknowledged that another reason was Benson's acrimonious relationship with the Church. Eldest grandson of the late Church President Ezra Taft Benson, Steve Benson announced three years ago that he was leaving the Church. Benson, too, believes the decision was made primarily over his outspoken criticism of the Church, not his "graphic and brutal" cartoons. *Universe* operations manager Daryl Gibson confirmed it, explaining that Benson's criticism of the Church on *60 Minutes* in April 1996 prompted some readers to complain about the space Benson was given in the Church-owned school newspaper. Gibson, in fact, encouraged Gholdston to drop Benson. "You don't want to antagonize your readers with something like that," Gibson explained to the *Herald*. Gholdston and Gibson added that the administration and school's board of trustees had nothing to do with the final decision.

Benson sees the *Universe*'s decision as a preemptive move to keep Church officials from getting involved. He told the *Herald* that this only reinforces the parochial "hillbilly image" many people outside the LDS community have of the university. "BYU has so violated the strictures of academic freedom and intellectual discourse that I consider it an embarrassment to have graduated from there," he said. "If I could find my diploma, I would return it." Benson, who got his cartooning start as a student at the *Universe* in the late 1970s and is now with the *Arizona Republic*, is syndicated by United Features and distributed to about 200 newspapers. Shortly after Benson quit the Church, the Church-owned *Deseret News* stopped regularly carrying his cartoons.

Y RELUCTANTLY OPENS ATHLETIC ACCOUNTING BOOKS

FOR YEARS, BYU refused to make public its athletic budget. Faced with the prospect of losing federal funding—thanks to the Equity in Athletics Disclosure Act—BYU opened its books on the last day possible, 31 October 1996. During the 1995–96 school year, BYU spent $14 million on athletic programs, a figure comparable with programs at the University of Utah, Fresno State, and other top Western Athletic and Big 12 schools. One thing BYU doesn't have in common with other programs is that it finished the year nearly $700,000 in the black—a rarity in these days of high-stakes college sports, according to Provo's *Daily Herald*. Another disparity is coaches' salaries. At BYU, the average men's head coach salary is $48,327. That's lower than at every Big 12 school except Missouri. It is also less than the average BYU women's coach salary of $49,932—one BYU Title IX victory.

Over a third of the budget went to BYU's high-profile football team ($5,375,231), but the program brought in nearly $1.5 million more than that. The same is true for men's basketball, where total costs were over $1.5 million, but it made over $800,000. It is the unallocated men's and women's sports that drain the coffers, with men spending $2,256,487 and bringing in $1,949,811, and women spending $186,153 *but* making $21,425. And these budget figures could jump considerably during President Merrill J. Bateman's tenure: he has said that—for missionary purposes—the board of trustees wants all BYU athletic teams to be ranked at the top of their fields ("Pres. Bateman, Board, Want Top 10 Athletic Teams," SUNSTONE, Sept. 1996).

COURT SUPPORTS Y HOUSING PRACTICES

IN OCTOBER 1996, the U.S. Tenth Circuit Court ruled that BYU's student housing policy does not violate the federal Fair Housing Act. The suit was filed by Mark Wilson and Anne Walker, both unmarried non-students, who had been turned down for housing specifically reserved for BYU unmarried students, the Associated Press reported. The court ruled Wilson and Walker didn't have standing because the two were not students and wouldn't have had access to BYU's student-only housing. It was also ruled that BYU's advertising of gender-segregated housing was lawful because the policy of separating men and women itself is not illegal, the AP reported. The day after the ruling, the American Civil Liberties Union stated, "They left the door open for future litigation."

Shorts Stay on Campus. The probation period on shorts ended in fall 1996 with the administration deciding they could stay ("Administration Re-emphasizes Honor Code," SUNSTONE, June 1996). Alton Wade, student life vice president, said the majority of students surveyed wanted to continue the shorts-to-the-knees privilege but also thought violators should be punished. Now, those found wearing non-compliance shorts will be asked to meet with the Honor Code Council. No one will be suspended, but repeated infractions could result in expulsion, the *Deseret News* reported.

Computer Science Chair Announced. Hoping to attract and retain top computer science professors, BYU recently announced the establishment of a $2.5 million David C. Evans Chair of Engineering and Graphics. The chair will be given to a different professor every five years as an award for past performance and will support future research and development.

Trustee and Presidential Scholarships Combined. The Heritage Scholarship is now the most prestigious undergraduate award offered by BYU, replacing the Trustees Scholarship and Presidential Scholarship. To be considered, entering freshman must have a minimum composite ACT score of 31 and a minimum unweighted high school grade point average of 3.85.

Y Grads Assist David Letterman. BYU communications graduates LeAnne Archibald and Heather Petersen were two of fourteen interns hired to screen David Letterman's mail, coordinate meetings, and take care of personal things such as Christmas and birthday shopping. Now full-time staff, Archibald and Petersen were originally selected from a field of about 1,000 candidates. They report loving their "red carpet, limo riding, movie premier–attending" lifestyles.

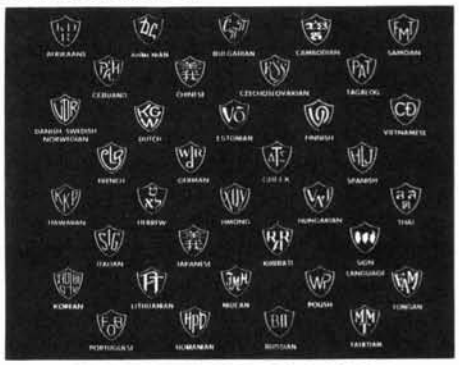
Applications Now on the Internet. Trying to make that 27,000 enrollment cap cut just got a little easier—at least in terms of the application process. Beginning this fall, Zoobie wannabes can access BYU's homepage and apply online at http://www. byu.edu. The only paper work remaining is the bishop and stake president interviews, which must still be mailed in.

Former Y Artist Designs Postal Stamps. This fall, the U.S. postal service released two fifty-cent stamps—both of cyclists—designed by retired BYU director of graphics McRay Magleby. This is his second design to be so circulated; his Utah Statehood Centennial commemorative first-class stamp depicting the Delicate Arch was released last year.

SUN SPOTS

SPANISH FLY LESSONS

In order to determine whether incoming missionaries assigned to Spanish-speaking countries should be placed in a regular or accelerated instruction program, the Missionary Training Center has newly called missionaries call a 1-800 number and speak to a Spanish instructor. Recently, when some elders called the number they were given, they ended up talking with a sensuous female voice which pitched less-than-spiritual bliss.



IN EVERY TONGUE

Many emeriti of Primary and Junior Sunday School shed a tear over the years when such class names as Blazers, Merrie Miss, and Moonbeams were eliminated. They understood, though, when told that the names didn't translate well into foreign languages; after all, we had become an international church. However, CTR (the acronym of Choose The Right), which succeeded Co-pilots and Top-pilots, is eminently translatable, as is evidenced by the many language versions available at your local LDS bookstore, in sterling silver or fourteen karat gold.

MERRY MARTHA

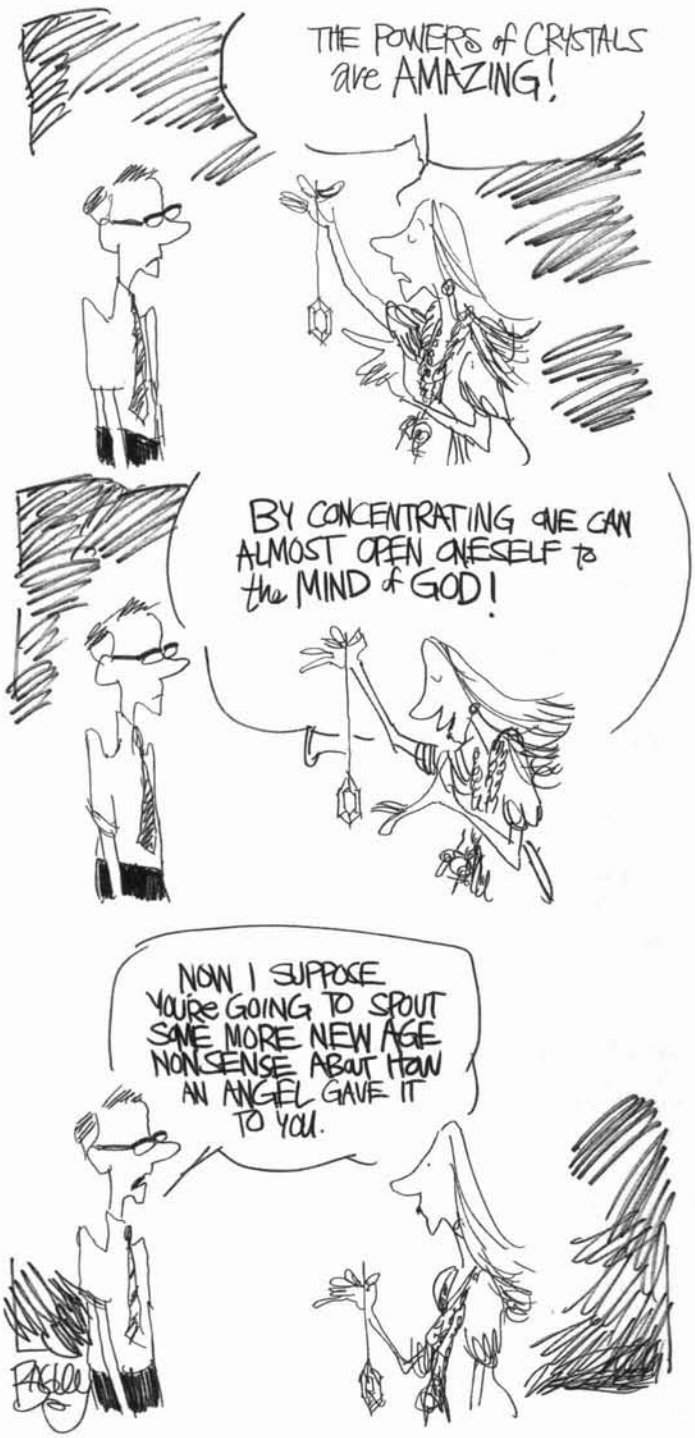
For former BYU Cougars who miss that daily dose of outrage in the *Universe*, here's a recent letter praising the stay-at-home, food/gardening/decorating TV guru Martha Stewart:

Dear Editor,

I was instantly disappointed upon reading the December 5 review on "Martha Stewart's Christmas." Martha Stewart should not be criticized for her "pretentious and ostentatious, . . . self-glorifying" holiday tips, but rather lauded for her homemaking accomplishments. In a day when women who choose to stay in the home with their families are looked upon as lazy and unaccomplished, Martha Stewart has stepped forward as a publicly admired role-model for housewives. Stewart is a prime example of entrepreneurship, capitalizing on the idea that everyday household chores such as cooking and gardening can be made glamorous with variety. Martha Stewart makes staying at home to care for a family more appealing and her well-publicized and spectacular endeavors with decor, gardens and cuisine give homemakers more credibility and appreciation in a world focused on monetary accomplishment and fame. I greatly appreciate Martha Stewart, not only for her unique and beautiful ideas, but also for her irreplaceable contribution to society as a well-rounded, educated and accomplished homemaker.

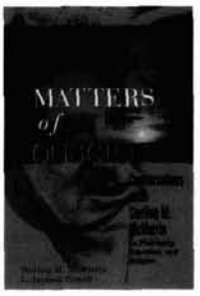
Sincerely,

Jaimee Rose, Gilbert, Ariz



SUNSTONE MERCANTILE

Which book tempts you?



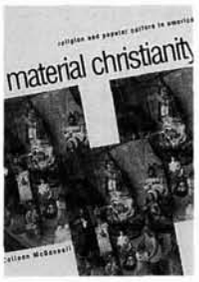
Special Living Lessons for Relief Society Sisters

by Sister Fonda Alamode, with Laurie Mecham Johnson ~~$10.95~~ ***$9.85***

The hit symposium comic is now in print! Innocence always does Fonda in: When she suggests that sisters pass their recipes down to their posterity, it comes out "posteriors"; bishops decide that mothers should get Mother's Day gifts, then assign the Relief Society to make them. (Signature)

Matters of Conscience: Conversations with Sterling M. McMurrin on Philosophy, Education, and Religion *with L. Jackson Newell,* ~~$28.95~~ ***$26.05***

Newell's interviewing probes, challenges, and constantly draws McMurrin's life story out. Insightful and humorous, this remarkable dialogue captures the sweep and depth of the late McMurrin's thought in his approaches to philosophy, education, and religion. (Signature)



The Mormon Hierarchy: Extensions of Power *by D. Michael Quinn,* ~~$44.95~~ ***$40.45***

Clandestine political activities, investigative and punitive actions by Church security forces, personal "loans" from Church coffers, and other privileged, power-vested activities by Church leaders from Brigham Young to the present are documented in Quinn's latest work of impeccable scholarship. (Signature)

Material Christianity: Religion and Popular Culture in America *by Colleen McDannell,* ~~$35.00~~ ***$31.50***

This witty, learned, comparative study puts the body and the senses back in American religious studies. McDannell helps us grasp the textures of faith—its smells, tastes, looks, and feel—by studying such things as Catholic shrines, Mormon garments, and Protestant icons. (Yale) **(See review on p. 69; also *Heaven: A History* below.)**

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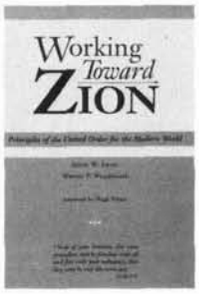

Wake Me for the Resurrection *Robert Kirby essays and Pat Bagley cartoons* ~~$9.95~~ ***$8.95***

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