
Sunstone

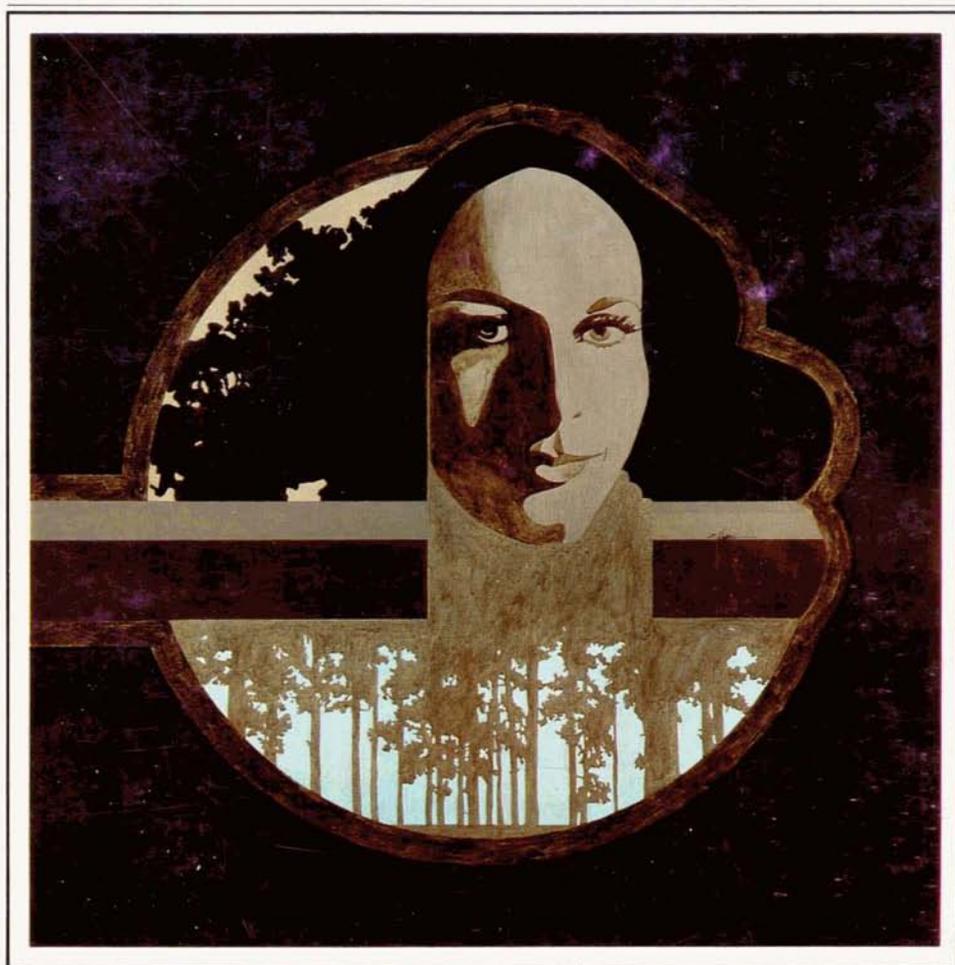
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Three Mormon Women Guatemala Project

Escape from Saigon Mormon Shakespears

Pioneer Architects Poetry Fiction





Sunstone

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF
MORMON EXPERIENCE, SCHOLARSHIP,
ISSUES, AND ART



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Letters



I just finished reading the first issue of *Sunstone* magazine and I have to say that I am very pleased with its first fruits. I sent my subscription early in the summer and I didn't know what to expect. For a time I wondered if *Sunstone* would get off the drawing board but the wait made the taste sweeter.

I enjoyed the entire issue and the stories of two men who wrestled with doubt and won. I myself had been an intellectual convert to the Church for much of my Church life. I've been a member since January 28, 1973, but my spiritual conversion didn't begin until January 1, 1975. Now I have the spiritual testimony which is the greater testimony. Conversion and testimony are never complete in mortality.

This issue has shown me so clearly that love is the key to bridging the gap between intellect and faith. Real and noble love for others and of others humbles the intellect sufficiently for the Holy Spirit to touch the mind and spirit of the doubter. I can truthfully and accurately say that my spiritual conversion was a labor of love; by the Godhead, my friends, and my family.

The first issue of *Sunstone* is a success. A standard of excellence is set and hopefully it will be equalled and surpassed in the future. It's too bad that such a few people of the Church will gain the depth and richness of this facet of life and gospel. Hopefully more people will get the opportunity to read this fine magazine. I would urge the subscribers to share their copies with friends, family, and all the water spiders skimming across the surface of life and the gospel. My only criticism of

the magazine is that it is a quarterly and not a monthly — see if you can't expand the magazine.

May all of us defeat doubt and pride of mind.

Peter M. Bowman
Reading, Pennsylvania

Thank you so much for the copy of *Sunstone*. I am sorry to say that I wasn't even aware that such a magazine was in existence and how grateful I am that you have called it to my attention. I wish to congratulate you and the rest who are responsible for what is a beautiful, beautiful, long overdue magazine. Of course, I am particularly thankful for the fact that *Fires of the Mind* by Robert Elliott has finally been published. It is perhaps our finest Mormon play, certainly a play that asks many questions and that, in and of itself, is important today. I was particularly pleased also with John Kessler's personal experience "Facing Spiritual Reality."

Best of Luck

Charles Whitman
Provo, Utah

Really have to say you folks have done a beautiful job with your journal. Everyone that I have shown it to is very impressed with the layout and content. Keep up your excellent work. Now that I have seen exactly what it is, I can at least guess at the need it is designed to fill, and believe me there is a need. The need I have in mind is that of insuring some of the intellectuals

and young turks of Mormondom that they are needed in the Church.

Enclosed is a gift order for my father-in-law, Dr. Smith; he is one of those disenfranchised intellectuals, of sorts. He was impressed by the story of the young Salt Lake lawyer when he read it at our home Thanksgiving Day. Thus, we decided to rush him off his own subscription. More articles of accomplished individuals who have become humble and found their way back into the fold would certainly provide a buttressment to our efforts.

Once again let me say that I think there is great great value in what you're attempting to do. Please keep up your fine efforts. God Bless You.

Peace:

Gregory A. Daneke
Visiting Assistant Professor
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Mr. Kenney asked that *Sunstone* "bear the witness worthy of a living faith that is both intellectually vigorous and spiritually discerning." With the printing of "Facing Spiritual Reality" by John T. Kesler this wish is, in my mind, fulfilled. Mr. Kesler's story of conversion is one of real inspiration, not sterile intellectualism or modeled sentimentality. Wanting to avoid, as he says, "self-deluding leaps of faith," he does make the final leap, well-timed and perfectly executed, across a much smaller chasm than originally thought. Though one hesitates to comment on something as intensely personal as one man's conversion, I do wish to extend my gratitude to Mr. Kesler for sharing his experience.

In his latest book, Chaim Potok observes that "all beginnings are hard." Certainly the real truth of this seemingly simple statement is apparent to the staff of this journal. In my opinion, the challenge of this beginning has been met and I look forward to the next issues of *Sunstone*.

Craig L. Fineshriber
Salt Lake City, Utah

The first issue of *Sunstone* showed excellence in a brilliant form. I thrilled at reading Robert Elliott's play, "Fires of the Mind." I was challenged by his attention to subtle details and the exquisite ending. Thanks for presenting it.

I was stimulated by the articles of Norman and Kesler. The elasticity of the articles allows the individual to deepen his awareness of self. May the same detail and careful planning go into succeeding issues of *Sunstone*.

Madeline Free
Salt Lake City

Editor:

The first issue of *Sunstone* arrived a few days ago and I wanted to thank you for it and convey to you my impressions. To begin with it is very handsome; the design and the layout are first rate. You can take a good deal of pride in its appearance.

My main criticism of the first issue, if I can be honest with you, is that it's difficult to know where you stand. There is no declaration of purpose that seems clear cut nor is there any focus or indication as to the direction the journal will go. As a teacher I've always believed that it was important to nail my thesis to the door the first day of class to let students know what they could expect of me and what not to expect, to tell them what I believed in and where I stood, just to clarify things and to make communication easier. In spite of your editorial, I don't find that declaration or focus in the first issue.

I know the problem you have in publishing a journal among a people who suspect your motives and intent before you begin and I would not by any means encourage you to be rash or radical, but I do think that you have to address yourself to issues and concerns that are of vital moment to young people in the Church if *Sunstone* is to succeed. When giving some advice to a novice editor and publisher over a hundred years ago, William Gilmore Simms, one of the South's most important writers, said this, "Remember what Spenser writes over all the doors but

one — 'be bold, be bold, be bold!' Over only one door he writes — 'be not too bold.' " It's the same advice I would give you from my perspective of five years as the editor of *Dialogue*. To be bold does not mean to be irresponsible but it does mean that you will have to face honestly and squarely the problems that concern young people in the Church today. If you do this and do it responsibly I believe *Sunstone* will thrive and will make a significant contribution to the lives of those who read it.

As before, I extend encouragement and offer our best wishes for your continued success as you strive to mold the journal into what it should be. *Sunstone* has great potential. Like the stones on the Nauvoo Temple it can help set a foundation for those who need stability and direction. It can be illuminating and it can be solid. May it be both as you desire it.

Best wishes,

Robert A. Rees
Editor, *Dialogue*

Your comments are welcome and well taken. I shall try to be more precise: Sunstone is a journal of Mormon experience, scholarship, issues, and art. Written, produced and promoted by young Latter-day Saints, it is independent of official Church direction, but not of Church teachings. From the beginning it has been our aim to provide a responsible forum for the questions, the discussions, the witnesses, and the achievements of Mormon youth.

We resist the temptation to "take a stand" favoring any ideological faction or special interest. Sunstone will not be used as a vehicle for dissidents who wish to remake the Church in their own image or for intellectual marshmallows who would turn it into an organ of religious propaganda. Dialogue serves liberal intellectuals well; as does Exponent II, Mormon women; the Journal of Mormon History, Church history buffs; and BYU Studies, quasi-official Church scholars. The Ensign remains indispensable for all Latter-day Saints who wish to keep posted on Church developments and official policies. Sunstone has chosen the difficult road of the generalist,

oriented toward a challenging and inspiring generation of students and young adults.

I am instinctively distrustful of admonitions repeated three times, especially when followed by exclamation marks. When I read, "Be bold! Be bold! Be bold!" I think of the boldness of the editors of the Nauvoo Expositor, and the boldness of those who suppressed them. And I think there must be a better way. Boldness may not necessarily imply irresponsibility, but in my mind it is too often associated with defiance to be Sunstone's watchword. Honesty, straightforwardness, creativity, innovation, constructiveness, and, for all its over-use, relevance I would claim for Sunstone. Boldness I shall be happy to leave for other publications.

*As to the criticism that we have failed to show our colors, I think most who read the articles found a clear and comprehensive picture of what Sunstone stands for. Bob Elliott's exceptional play *Fires of the Mind* focuses on the spiritual struggles of a missionary who doubts he has a testimony — a theme that troubles many Latter-day Saints. His honest realism concludes with a soul-provoking ending that challenges both those who see themselves as Church pillars and those who sometimes feel more like sagging roofs or squeaking doors. John Kesler's conversion story, on the other hand, manifests a wholly different approach that can be strengthening for many questioning youth. An informative look at early Christian teachings about the exaltation of man, a stimulating review of Ericksen's classic *Mormon Group Life*, background material on Mormon art-glass windows, and an amusing view of games Mormons play helped, I think, complete the broad appeal of the first issue.*

In the current issue Peggy Fletcher has succeeded in selecting a wide array of articles that reflect Sunstone's commitment to treat "honestly and squarely the problems that face young people in the Church today." But being a Latter-day Saint is more than facing problems. It is also hopeful, joyful, inspiring — and sometimes downright funny. Sunstone will continue to address itself to all these aspects of Mormon life, and to that end invites the suggestions and criticisms of our readers.

Scott Kenney

Is prophecy a gift?

ORSON SCOTT CARD

Is prophecy a gift you should desire?
It makes you taste pain twice:
First forever in a cup of dread with ice,
Then forever for a moment in the fire.



In a crowded Sunday School class

ORSON SCOTT CARD

The room is closed and the air is overspent,
And attention fades with the weight of CO₂
The spirit is willing but the molecules are few:
When the oxygen left, the spirit also went.



Double Helix

ROY K BIRD

Long-named acid, nucleus of life,
Your myriad turns and convolutions
Are primary, secondary, and tertiary
Links between ape and man.

Or could it be that your base pairs
Are as the rungs on Jacob's ladder —
A spiral staircase
Bonding God to man?



DESTINATION: FREEDOM

A Diary of the Saigon Airlift

April 1975

THU ANH DOAN

Translated by BLAINE HART

Like so many other Vietnamese, leaving their home is not new to the Doan family. Doan Viet Lieu and his then-fiancé left their homeland of North Vietnam for the South upon the division of the country in 1954. He spent most of his life in the military and the missionaries first met him as Lieutenant Colonel Lieu. In 1974 the family had recently moved to Saigon after being stationed for over 12 years in Central

Vietnam. Col. Lieu was introduced to the Church in November by his nephew, Doan Viet Huyen, whose family had recently joined the Church. They were receptive, and in mid-March 1975 the entire family was baptized.

Thu Anh, 20, is the oldest of ten children, seven girls and three boys. She attended French schools in Vietnam and went to college for two years in Saigon. The

following journal was begun at the suggestion of one of the full-time missionaries, formerly in Saigon, assisting the refugees in Guam. She is now enjoying studies at Ricks College with her sister Mai Anh and looking forward to going to BYU next year, where she plans to major in French.

The remainder of the Doan family has received sponsorship in Visalia, California. Most of the other Vietnamese church members mentioned in this account now live in southern California, with the exception of the Think Van Dinh family and several others in the Provo-Salt Lake area. Sister Doan's mother, who accompanied Thu Anh in their departure, passed away last September in California.

Blaine Hart completed his mission in Vietnam approximately three months before withdrawal of the remaining missionaries and four months before the fall of Saigon. He is a junior at Utah State University in his native Logan, majoring in liberal arts (whatever that means). He is currently assisting Brother Dinh and the Church Translation Department in preparing the Vietnamese manuscript of the Book of Mormon for publication.

This is the account of the evacuation of my family, Doan Viet Lieu's family, from Saigon, Vietnam, in April and May of 1975.

After the elders were directed by the Church to leave Saigon for Hong Kong, we were somewhat confused and worried, but Saigon still seemed tranquil and peaceful. War news from the central regions was all news of losses. Nha Trang, then Dalat, then Cam Ranh in turn fell into the control of the Viet Cong. Nevertheless, activities of the populace in Saigon continued as usual. No one thought that Saigon could suffer the same fate as all the cities of central Vietnam.

April 24, 1975: We have received news that An Loc, the area near the city of Bien Hoa on the belt around Saigon, has fallen. This afternoon when I returned from a test, my mother told me that the family of To Van Kiem has been evacuated by the church to Guam by plane. President

Nguyen Van The called my family to go with them, since there were still 15 seats. But my father was busy meeting at the Military Headquarters and in his absence my mother did not dare to decide.

April 25: Today Sister The's family came to stay with my family in Camp Le Van Duyet (where every week Elder Bowman and Elder Collete used to teach us the gospel . . .). We are awaiting the phone call of Brother The to go to the airport and board the plane for Guam.

April 26: Our two families piled our belongings on the car and went to the airport. The Military Police refused to let our vehicle enter the gate. My father had to run about seeking the help of many people, but to no avail. Waiting throughout an entire day under the bitter heat of the sun brought us near fainting, especially the small children. And we saw numerous vehicles of the ICCS taking their personnel into the airport. We know the situation has become very critical, though the news on Radio Saigon is still normal and the government continues to calm the populace.

President Nguyen Van Thieu resigned several days ago. This news has strongly moved many people, because of his very emotional address on the evening he resigned. I still have bad feelings towards him, for I argue that it was the corruption of his political power that brought the loss of the country in this manner.

Vice-president Tran Van Huong has succeeded him; the Viet Cong refuse to negotiate because they consider Huong of the same political thinking as Thieu. They demand a new leader. There are rumors that Duong Van Minh, that is "Big Minh" will succeed, but this is not yet at all decided.

April 27: Two cars carrying our family and belongings drove in caravan to the airport today. This time, thanks to my father having prepared beforehand, we were able to enter the airport, but we were still unable to pass the gate of the Defense Attaché Office, composed of civilian advisors, where the American Marines are

guarding very strictly. We are lodging at the home of a friend of my father, Mr. Thuyen. This man works for airport security, so he has a house at the airport, and we do not dare leave the airport any more, fearing that entrance again would be impossible. We met the families of Brother Huyen, Brother Ham, and Brother Think, who like my family, have been able to reach the area outside the gate of the DAO and are living here.

The period of waiting for the roster from the American Embassy has begun. My father is not staying with us in the airport because he is commander of a military center and hence cannot abandon his post. Moreover, President The has decided that all the brethren must wait behind till the last moment to go with him. It is Sunday, and according to my father, the Church held a special meeting today. It was decided in council that the president's family would receive first preference to go, then the families of the leaders in the Church, and then the families of investigators.

This afternoon the Embassy called Brother The to inform him of a flight with ten seats reserved for his family. After thirty minutes of preparation an American car came to take Sister The's family into the DAO gate. Our family remains at Mr. Thuyen's house, though waiting is not easy. Because we have heard that luggage is not allowed, my mother sits all day rearranging our suitcases, and every time she repacks she throws out some clothing. Thus from large suitcases, our luggage is now transferred to small, cloth bags, and it looks as if each of us can only bring a few changes of clothing and the necessities.

My mother is becoming old with worry because my father will have to stay behind. "Women's nature is weak in that way," Mai Anh and I joke with one another.

But we children only regard this departure as a brief vacation. I have dreamed for two years of being able to go to France to study; my sister Mai Anh is delighted to go abroad. The other children are too young to care.

April 28: Still waiting. Nothing new. About ten o'clock in the morning Mrs. Thuyen and her children took their leave of us because their flight had arrived. Brother The came into Mr. Thuyen's house (where we are living) to phone. The Embassy spokesman replied that the airplanes were still busy evacuating Americans from the Embassy, so there is no room. At the moment we are still not very worried, because we believe leaving Saigon in any way is enough, the later the better; we have begun to have an intuition that we will never again return. My mother, however, has only to look at my father's brow wrinkled in thought to suppose that the situation is very critical, and she worries endlessly. I try hard to comfort her and I feel we are fortunate to be able to leave Saigon. I pray that Heavenly Father will protect the people who must stay behind, because I still am sure that our departure will be easy, like the departure of Brother Kiem's family and Sister The's family.

About six o'clock this afternoon, as we were eating dinner with Mr. Thuyen, there were suddenly many large detonations. Electric lights in the house broke. The windows rattled violently. We were bewildered, did not understand what had happened, and turned on the radio to listen to the news. (Since the first Viet Cong attack on the southern Vietnam, we only use the radio to listen to the news of station BBC London, because Radio Saigon always hides important news and only blindly consoles the people.)

We learned that the Viet Cong have struck Newport, in the suburbs of Saigon, and are attacking areas like Gia Hinh, Bay Hien That news made us children terribly confused. Outside crisp explosions continued. At six-thirty Radio Saigon decreed a 24-hour curfew.

At that time my father took Brother The back to the church, because the President had to return to Thanh Thai to wait for a call from President Wheat, president of the Hong Kong Mission. Right after the curfew order was issued, my father had taken Brother The back to Thanh Thai

and he was going to buy bread for our dinner (for after entering the gate of the airport it was impossible to leave again), so my father just barely had enough time to rush back to Mr. Thuyen's house, where we were living. My father had no time to stop by at Camp Le Van Duet.

April 29, 4:00 a.m.: The Viet Cong have launched a fierce rocket attack on all the Saigon region, especially Tan Son Nhut airport. Bombs are exploding only one street away from the house where we are staying. The house has been shaking in a frightening manner and has brought us all suddenly awake.

I fear that my family will not be able to leave Saigon, and I have earnestly implored our Father to save us in time. I remember a passage in the Bible which I had read, which consoles me somewhat: "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it"

This only comforts me to a degree, however, because I am still only a human being (at twenty years old, I am still an easily frightened child) with all the weakness of humans.

April 29: Early this morning at about seven a.m., when I had just changed, I saw my younger brothers and sisters rushing out the front door after my mother. I can still hear my mother screaming, "Hurry, grab all the things, they're opening the DAO gate!" I awkwardly carried two bags containing our baggage and ran after the kids who had gone ahead. When we were near the DAO gate, kept shut by the Marines, we saw my father turn around and reach out his arm urging us to run faster.

Having passed the large, iron gate, it was as if we had escaped from death, even though there is yet nothing worthy of hope. Nevertheless, passing the DAO gate, the most difficult place, is a big step. Certainly this morning it was a miracle of the Lord that caused the American Marines to permit us to enter DAO. For after us only a few more families came in (among them Brother Ham's family, Brother Huyen's family, and Brother

Thin's family). Afterwards no one else entered, though outside the airport large crowds are waiting and want to enter.

My father, after returning to Mr. Thuyen's house to wait for the phone call that Brother The had promised, was unable to make contact any more with Brother The because all telephones were cut for the curfew. My father, depressed, went back to the DAO gate, and was wondering how to cross the gate when suddenly he met a car of the American Embassy coming. He then went forward, asking to go with them and was accepted. In this way at about ten in the morning, my father was united with the family within the airport.

The departure of my father with our family has caused me to ponder a great deal. I believe that the Lord's intercession was in that event. Why was it that last night, April 28th, my father stayed at Mr. Thuyen's house with us, while other nights he always returned to Camp Le Van Duet? Why was the curfew declared this morning, the 29th, to let my father be unable to return to camp? Why was there the car of the American Embassy to let my father go through the DAO gate, the gate that separated life and death in the last minute?

12:00 noon: Everyone is spreading a terrifying piece of news: this afternoon (April 29), 2000 bombs will be rocketed into the airport. Worse, the bombing the previous night has broken the runway so that airplanes can neither take off nor land. Now what? Everyone looks at one another despondently. Our family has no other means whatsoever to escape from Vietnam, because we have no money to buy a boat to cross the ocean. And outside, in the city of Saigon, 100% curfew is still being strictly observed. So we have no way at all: advancing (to leave) is impossible, yet retreating (returning to LeVan Duet to avoid the rockets) also cannot be done. We have to entrust our lives to Father in Heaven.

Many families, extremely frightened, have left DAO and gone back out to Saigon to seek other means of going abroad. Very possibly they will not be able to escape,

because most of the boats are stationed at Vung Tau, and the road from Saigon to Vung Tau is occupied by the Viet Cong. But when people are terrified they become crazy and lose their reason, like a wild animal trapped in a cage.

April 29 — May 4: After two hours of waiting in the DAO an American told my father to order everyone to form an orderly line. Helicopters would come to meet us. The American Marines began taking vehicles to tear down the light poles near there to prepare a fairly wide area for helicopters to land. It was as if we had been brought back to life. We bowed our heads to thank our Father for giving this hope. Alas, it was only a hope.



We waited until three in the afternoon then saw, hovering against the blue sky, American F-150 helicopters with two rotors, used to transport people. Our anticipation was short-lived. Immediately after the helicopter appeared against the sky, we heard gunfire from four quarters. It happened that the observation station of the Viet Cong had discovered the presence of foreign helicopters, and they wished to prevent the landing of these helicopters.

I felt as if my breath disappeared when the image of the helicopters vanished into the clouds. The heavens were again empty, plain, like the despair settling into the minds of the group lined up beneath an

earth. Holy Father, I prayed, my tears flowing freely in despair, let thy will be done, if indeed it is thy will

Suddenly another large explosion rolled over the DAO. A cloud of yellow smoke spread out over the wide field before me. In fact, that was a signal to let the helicopters know where to land.

Every person was near tears when we saw the helicopters again in the sky.

After waiting a century-long few minutes, the first three helicopters began to land right in front of us, throwing blinding dust in our faces. But we were so overjoyed that we didn't even brush off the dust trapped in our hair and eyes. My mother burst into tears: "Children, the helicopters have arrived, thank our Heavenly Father . . ."

The helicopters landing were all full of American marines. These people stood in a line around us, and afterwards we learned that they had the duty of protecting our fates. Each helicopter landing to meet evacuees leaving Tan Son Nhut all brought American marines and left them there. Only at the last flight were they brought back.

On the signal of an American soldier, each line of people stood and followed. When it came to my family's turn, we hurried after them. When they saw that there were enough people to fill a helicopter, the marines stopped the line. The rest had to wait for the next helicopter. So when I was the last person on the aircraft I looked about and started: there were only six of us from the fifteen people of the family. Where were the others? I hurriedly called out, then realized that in our group there were only my next younger sister, Mai Anh, my two youngest brothers, Tuan Linh and Khanh Linh, my grandmother, Sister The's younger brother, Liem, and myself, Thu Anh. My grandmother gestured to reassure us, because at that moment the helicopter had taken off and we could hear nothing whatever. A few moments later we no longer felt worried. The pulse of life blazed up within us. We had escaped from the zone of fire and death. Without

needing to confer with each other, we all bowed in thanks to the Lord.

The helicopter left Saigon behind and was flying above the Pacific Ocean. I looked past the frame of the door at the face of the blue sea, toward the homeland I would perhaps never see again. Khanh Linh suddenly pulled me out of my sorrow. He pointed at the American pilot standing beside the door of the aircraft and said in surprise, "Thu Anh, look at that good-looking American. He's more handsome than Elder Bowman even!"

I smiled for the first time in many hours.

The helicopter landed us on the deck of the *Duluth*, one of ten warships waiting to receive refugees from Tan Son Nhut and elsewhere in Saigon. After discovering that the rest of the family were not on the helicopter following ours we were pushed below by American marines. We filed through winding passageways to a place with narrow berths, mostly occupied by families of Vietnamese Air Force officers. Khanh Linh, Tuan Linh, and Liem went back on deck, but the helicopters had stopped coming and our family had not arrived.

An American soldier brought us candy and milk. He was very young and asked me if I had younger brothers and sisters. When I smiled and nodded, he smiled back. What warming feelings a smile can bring, especially between the people of different languages.

At 10:00 p.m. on the 29th we were awakened from a sound sleep and put on barges which in turn ferried us to a huge Kimbo freighter. After two hours of waiting below the Kimbo on the barge, we boarded the gigantic ship at midnight. It was so big and so aglow with lights, we expected much improved conditions from the *Duluth*. Never were we so disappointed.

What startled us most when coming aboard were the bodies lying everywhere on the deck. When I asked in agitation, "What are those people doing over there?" a man standing nearby answered testily, "They're sleeping, of course. What else?"

And you'd better go find a place, too; we've still got at least ten more days on this ship before reaching Guam."

I was dumbfounded. Like a robot I took my bag and picked my way through the bodies lying on the ground. My feet were soaked with muddy water, because the deck was terribly dirty and my feet were without shoes. The only pair of shoes I had brought along I had wrapped and carried in my hand because they were dress shoes, not at all convenient. [From then until the time we reached Guam I went barefoot, for the first time in my life. And I bitterly thought back to the times at home when my mother never let us go without sandals.] After searching unsuccessfully for a place, and still not knowing what to do, we were guided to an entrance to the hold where a braided rope ladder hung. This hatchway was a huge hole, completely different from the arrangement on the *Duluth*. I felt dizzy looking at the rope ladder: "Enough, Liem," the four of us shook our heads. "No way we're going down!" We followed one another back to the deck and flopped down in a place near the edge of the ship. This place was incredibly wet; it seemed as if the entire surface of the deck was damp and malodorous. Nevertheless, the people lying at our feet were still dead asleep. At that moment I understood how in cases of absolute necessity the body can still overcome the soul's sickening fear.

Drowsiness overcame my reflection. We clutched our bundles of clothing to ourselves, crouched clasping our knees, and bent our heads, slumbering in • weariness.

The next four days were the worst in my life. We did not know if the rest of the family was alive or dead; we ate only white rice and a little canned fish, and later only rice — food we fed to the cats at home. Because mother had kept all the essentials, we hadn't so much as a towel or a toothbrush in our bags, and for the first morning in my life I did not wash my face.

On the second day it began to rain. Everyone on the deck ran straight to the four hatchways and began pushing to get



into the hold. We had no choice but to climb down. Mai Anh went first because she was used to physical exercise at school and could climb the rope expertly. I had broken my arm when small, so the school would not let me play strenuous sports; hence I had never climbed a rope. Liem went next and began to help me down, one step at a time. I clung to the rope and shook. Scared to the point of tears, I wanted only to scream. Suddenly it began to rain heavily and dozens of people began descending at once, shaking the rope in a terrifying manner.

After a time as long as a century I finally reached the foot of the ladder. Only then did I recover, and I held my face and sobbed.

The next morning (May 1) I was awakened at six by children crying loudly throughout the hold of the ship. I looked up at the hatch. The sky was bright and I saw the forms of American soldiers etched against the sky. My head hurt terribly because of the heat and noise beneath the hold, so when Liem woke up I seized all my courage and told him to help me climb the ladder to the hatch so I could visit my grandmother on deck. This time I was not as afraid as the time before, though I still shook.

On deck, I noticed that the number of people there had multiplied many times. They were much more crowded than the first day I arrived. But on deck the air was cooler than below because of the ocean breeze, though the ship was still standing quietly on one spot. I heard people discussing that the ship must still wait for a full 5000-person capacity before lifting anchor. Hearing that, I felt like falling apart. Just at that moment, a woman turned on a radio, and I listened in panicky surprise:

"This is Radio BBC London . . . The Provisional Revolutionary Government has been master of the situation over the entirety of Vietnam since last night, one o'clock in the morning, April 30, 1975. The government has called for the surrender of all military and civilians that their revolution may be assured. An

authoritative source has let it be known that the People's Revolutionary Government has decided that Saigon will have a new name, Ho Chi Minh City"

I could no longer listen. My ears were ringing — even though when we evacuated like this we accepted the danger of the country, even though at all moments I also knew that Saigon soon would fall into the hands of the Communists like countless cities of South Vietnam, yet when I heard a reliable source like this I could not help my feelings. My Saigon, so distant! My friends, did anyone escape? . . .

Countless terrible stories I had heard about the occupations of the Viet Cong in cities of South Vietnam appeared in my mind. I remembered the features, frightened and discouraged to the nth degree, of a girlfriend of mine when she escaped from Dalat to Saigon after a month living with Viet Cong. I met her several weeks before I left Saigon. She described to me the atrocity of the Viet Cong which she herself witnessed and was victimized by. All of the women from forty years on down were called up and given a number. With that number they were lined up and assigned a "husband" — wounded Viet Cong soldiers. My friend recounted that she had had number 127 and had received a husband whose two arms and two legs were all cut off; even more tragic, his face had been completely destroyed by a shell, and only his lips were still whole. My friend had to unwillingly take that husband and serve him for a month. It was the most terrible month of her life: by day she had to go do social tasks, clearing roads and whitewashing housing areas the same color; sometimes she had the responsibility of investigating, spying on those rich families who had not left Dalat in time. These families had had all of their property confiscated and were guarded very carefully, waiting for the day of the "people court," that is, the death sentence. The Viet Cong do not forgive the rich people, nor do they forgive the high-ranking officers of the Republic of Vietnam. Because she accepted the

Catholic Church, my friend had not the right to commit suicide and she clenched her teeth in endurance, although she did not want to live at all.

Seizing a carelessness of the guards, she had escaped overland to Saigon. Her family was all in Saigon, and only she was caught in Dalat. She had just returned from abroad (she had received her Ph.D. in America) and gone to Dalat to relax, and Dalat was lost so fast she was unable to escape. After she returned to Saigon, her family hurriedly prepared to go abroad. That was about the first of April, 1975. Just at that time she discovered that she was pregnant. She was nearly hysterical, and she resolved to go anywhere else. I remember her last sentence: "I understand that my destiny was determined by the Lord like this. This test is for me to endure to the end. My life no longer has anything left. . . ."

Now Saigon was enduring the fate of Dalat, of all the free lands which had fallen into the hands of the Communists. Of the seventeen millions in South Vietnam, only a little over a hundred thousand escaped. Heavens, yet I, yet my family had not had to stand that terrible scene. I cannot express my deep emotion towards that enormous blessing of God.

And from the bottom of my heart, I prayed to Him to protect all the Church members that they might be able to escape like my family. I also earnestly pled with him to guard my friends, though they were not those who had taken the name of his Son. All that day my state of mind was terribly confused. I was torn between happiness at escape and worry for loved ones still caught in Saigon.

When I went back down into the hold, Mai Anh had awoken but was extremely hungry, and at that time there had still been no distribution of food, although the last meal the previous day was distributed about noon. I didn't know what to do, because we had no kind of food at all.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, they passed out another meal to us. This time they changed the method and every family only received one plate of rice.

Large families got two plates. I instructed my brothers and sisters that each time they ate a bite of rice they should also take a drink of water, so the rice would expand and ease the hunger. We were sick and tired, so our bodies seemed nearly paralyzed, without strength to protest or think at all.

On May 3rd a family moved into our hold who had a radio, and we followed in dread the following broadcasts of the British Broadcasting Company: "For reasons of nonsubmission, 6000 officers of the armed forces of the Republic of Vietnam were executed before the circle at the Saigon market. Immediately after this bloodshed ended, the female university students were brought right to that place to join in a mass wedding with the Viet Cong invalid soldiers. . . ."

"Although they had thrown away their weapons to surrender, the Provisional Revolutionary Government decided that the military men of the old regime had slaughtered too many Viet Cong troops and hence ordered that they be shot. Because of that, the service branches of the Republic of Vietnam such as the paratroop branch have resolved not to surrender. They are preparing to wage a guerilla war in the southwest regions, where the Viet Cong are not yet completely in control. . . ."

That news astounded us, and our spirits were in such turmoil that all day we were like machines, not able to think [anything more] at all.

Sunday, May 4, was fast day. After discussion, Mai Anh and I decided we should try to fast that day and pray for our ill-fated compatriots still caught behind, though our own condition could not be called happy. Because we had only one Bible, we could just lie and pray and sing hymns, remembering the agonies Jesus Christ suffered, certainly more miserable than our hardships now. And there was one strange thing which I wish to point out here. That Sunday we thought trying to fast would make us still more tired) nevertheless, *on the contrary*, we felt healthier than on the previous day. The

headache disappeared, and many worries also subsided.

On May 5th we set foot on Subic Island, not at all sorry to leave the dilapidated ship where we had just experienced four of the most terrible days of our lives. Mai Anh and I promised one another that after the memory of this magnificent boat trip we would never again go by ship, not even by first class cabin.

When food was distributed, we praised this hot meal endlessly. After eating we were led into a tent and began preparing a place to stay. Later, after a brief tour of the island scenery, we stood in line for another meal, although we had just eaten an hour previously. All places on Subic were noteworthy in operating twenty-four hours a day, so during that day we ate several dozen meals in all.

A family among the number who had just landed at Subic came to stay in the same tent with us. I noticed that the man, about my father's age, always sat, holding his face, in a corner of the tent, while his wife, who looked older than my mother, busily tidied up. I helped her with a few essentials, and finally, all of a sudden she told me that her husband was a colonel in the South Vietnamese Air Force. He himself had landed a helicopter on the roof terrace of her house (he had always flown helicopters in the armed forces) to take his wife and children to an American ship. He was so sad because of the death of his closest friend, also an air force colonel. This colonel had flown a helicopter to Phu Quoc to meet his wife there. He had landed on a high rock promontory near a sandbank. His wife, overjoyed, rushed out, and the aircraft's rotor cut off her head. The colonel, after that, plunged the craft into the sea, killing himself.

The husband of the woman in the same tent with us flew right behind his friend's aircraft, but was unable to save his friend.

May 7: Still no sign of our family.

At 11:30 this morning we arrived at Guam. After several hours of paperwork at the airport, we were brought by bus to Camp Orote Point, Tent City.

The first thing I saw when the bus stopped was . . . my father! Darkened and emaciated, wearing an interpreter's badge on his chest, he leaped off the bus to meet us. We were overjoyed, and countless worries pressing on our bosoms through countless previous days vanished.

My father took us to meet the family at tent G1 section 17. I cannot describe the innumerable emotions in the uniting which the Lord had reserved for my family.

After that we met Elder Bowman and Elder Oviatt. I was amazed at seeing them because they were so very different from the days in Saigon. Especially Brother Bowman, with his sunburnt face and gaunt form. Back in Saigon I often joked: "When Elder Bowman sits to play the piano, his back hides the whole thing!" I was moved more when I heard my mother describe their sacrifice in the responsibility of greeting the refugee members coming to Guam from Saigon: they had to keep watches night and day at the harbor and bus stop!

My family had come by plane directly to Guam on May 3, 1975. They were fortunately spared the starvation and misery of a ship like the Kimbro freighter.

May 8: This morning I followed the children to get relief clothing. Heavens, when holding the clothing in my hand I nearly cried! I thought of the wardrobe full of clothes which I had had specially sewn in Saigon's largest shops. I thought of the times I had belittled this shop as dirty, or that shop as bad. I thought of the clothes which I had cast aside after wearing once because I was not pleased. . . . And I accepted this lesson about humility and haughtiness.

This afternoon I went all over Camp Orote Point, leaving word for my friends, but received no answer. While going about the camp I met several people who escaped after the day I left Saigon, and they let me know much terrifying news: After occupying Saigon, the Viet Cong entered the officers' camps (of which the two largest were the Chi Hoa quarters and the

Le Van Duyet quarters where we lived). And they slaughtered all the families there. They also gave me an accurate number: in the Chi Hoa quarters, the Viet Cong killed in all 198 officers and their families.

I also met an officer who worked under my father in Camp Le Van Duyet. He confirmed that only my father and he escaped. Everyone else was caught behind. I thought with emotion of the soldier who worked at my house. He was very diligent and courteous, and he asked to go along with my father and serve my family. My father accepted and promised that at the last moment he could go along. But, as I have related, something beyond my father's control caused him to be caught in Tan Son Nhut and go ahead with my family. We do not know his fate. Nor do we know what will happen to the two drivers for my house. My friends must be the wives of the crippled veterans. I dare not think any more. Without reason, I suddenly want to cry as hard as I did when still a baby and my mother forbade me something.

Sunday, May 11: After four days at Orote Point Tent City, we were transferred today to another camp, Camp Asan. Here on Guam there are many different refugee camps, so I am still looking for my acquaintances.

Tonight we attended sacrament meeting with several Latter-day Saint members at Guam and of course with Elder Bowman and Elder Oviatt. The American members spoke warm words of comfort to us, and I understood clearly why our church is called the Church of Love. I was most moved when Mr. Bacon said: "All the members of the Church think of you; they always pray for you, and they will open wide their arms to receive you."

After that a bishop whose name I don't know stood and counseled us a little, and praised Brother Bowman and Brother Oviatt for their sacrifice and their wholehearted service of the Lord. In that, he expressed the thoughts of all of us toward these two elders worthy of respect and love. (And Brother Bowman's face

blushed from the roots of his hair to his temples, and Brother Oviatt bowed his head and blinked, his face no less red.)

May 14: This morning when I went with my brothers and sisters to eat at the dining hall, built overlooking the sea in three tent areas, I noticed three older men near our table who kept watching my two little sisters Phuong Ahn and Kim Anh playing.

"I suppose . . . your family was caught behind?" I hesitatingly asked one of them.

"It's so bad, young lady, let me tell you. We were managers of a prison camp. When Duong Van Minh took power, I knew that the country was about to be lost. I decided to leave my post to see about escape for my wife and children, but my chief was cruel. He ordered me to stay. And something really atrocious, he himself had run to a boat already and sat there sending orders by radio to keep on calmly working. When Saigon was lost, I only had three minutes to burn the secret files and two minutes to run to the harbor. My house was only 500 meters from there, but there was no time to return for my wife and children. So now I look at other people's children and cry, thinking of my own."

Stirred, we sat silent. Someone sitting at a table not far away broke in: "My case is even more tragic. That day, the afternoon of April 28th, when the Viet Cong rocketed so bad, I was sitting drinking coffee near the cathedral and I didn't know where to go to escape fire, when a helicopter landed right there. Seeing people run up, I ran up, too. I got on, then it took me out to a warship, and so I came to Guam, while I never meant to go! My wife and children are still behind!"

May 19: About four o'clock this afternoon we were called to go on the bus to transfer to another camp, Andersen Air Force Base. Our entire Mormon group includes about sixty people, so we are together in one barrack. In this camp we can lie on mattresses and have full conveniences. This camp is smaller than Camp Asan and

has no beaches, but to compensate there are pretty parks at the foot of the cool, green coconut trees. Nonetheless, the noon sun is still bitter, and the hot summer breezes cannot make the air pleasant.

May 20: I just met two refugees — sisters who left Vietnam by themselves on May 5. Feeling this was strange, since the Viet Cong conquered Saigon on April 30 yet on May 5 they were still able to escape, I asked them about it. One of the girls (with a pretty smile) related: "But we weren't in Saigon. We were in Rach Gia (a province in the southwest). When the Viet Cong took Saigon, they still hadn't completely conquered the western region. Because the provincial capital of Rach Gia is small and most of the people are country folks, the Viet Cong didn't do any violence. They just seized the property and watched a few rich landowners. Every day three Viet Cong would come to every house to inspect. We lied that we were country people and asked permission to row a boat to look for our family who were lost. And we raised a Viet Cong flag on the boat and rowed to the villages near there. Taking advantage of a night without moon or stars, we rowed out to sea, and after that we raised the Vietnamese flag and asked to board an American ship. Only through that were we able to escape, but our family is still caught. In fact, we had also decided to stay behind with the Viet Cong, since our parents were lost and we had no news of them. But because there were only we two girls at home, two suspicious Viet Cong came every day to inspect the house and joke around. We were scared to death; we knew no one could protect us, so we sought the road of escape.

"Going out like this is to be helpless, two sisters alone who don't know who to rely on, but no matter what, this is still an area of freedom. No one dares to force you here. If we stayed, our life would have been like the life of a fly. . . ."

I comforted them and directed them to meet my parents. My parents wanted to help them go with my family, but they were taking care of papers to go to

Switzerland because they had a relative there, so they refused.

Laughably, this afternoon when I went back to visit them, a number of people stopped me and asked if I was a newspaper reporter. I was astonished, because I dressed very commonplace and wore no badge of any kind. Someone in the group explained: "We see you asking questions of a lot of people, and when they answer, you take a pen and paper and record it, so we thought you were a reporter for some newspaper."

I apologized for making them misunderstand, and I was very ashamed.

May 23: This afternoon Brother Bowman came to bid farewell to us before boarding the plane. I didn't dare shake his hand for the last time because I was afraid I would cry when saying good bye. I think that causing many people to love you is difficult; nevertheless, Brother Bowman has done it. My family admires him endlessly. My younger brothers promised one another that soon when they spoke English well they would follow the example of "Anh ca Bang" and "Anh ca Phuoc" to return to Vietnam as missionaries.

May their dream come true.

Sunday, June 1: This morning we went to the airport and a bus took us to a huge Capitol International Airway jet. We had proper seating space and full conveniences. After seven hours flying, we arrived at Honolulu and got out to rest for two hours at the Hawaiian airport. After that we reboarded the plane and after flying five more hours arrived at California. Because of the difference in times, when we got to California it was still Sunday, June 1, 1975.

A bus then took us to Camp Pendleton, and there we were united with Sister Kiem's family and Sister The's family. Sister Kiem sobbed when she met her husband, and at that moment I looked with pity at Sister The. But she let me know some very happy news. The Church had intervened for Brother The, and

presently he was in a separate zone in Phu Nhuan, Saigon. He had just sent a telegram to Sister The: "I hope to see you soon." (However, no further news has been received to date of President The.)

Our first observation was the cold — a penetrating cold, terrible cold. The scenery in California is completely different from the scenery in Guam (of course). Here the mountains are tall and imposing, the vegetation fresh, and the air very cool. Colder but no less pretty than my Dalat. After processing we were set up in Area 8 of Camp Pendleton.

After that the brothers and sisters of the Church came to visit us in great numbers, and their warmth moved us deeply. Truly, as Mr. Bacon said, wherever we went, we were greeted with open arms by the Mormons. They received us tenderly. They received us in friendliness. And I understood clearly the meaning of the saying of the Church: "All people are brothers and sisters because everyone is a child of God." This saying is not strange, since many sects say the same, but as far as application of that phrase, truly I wish to testify that only our church lives that phrase taught by God. That afternoon when we attended sacrament meeting my father and a number of family heads in our group stood and testified of that fact clearly to President Christensen and the American members.

That night before going to sleep I sincerely thanked Heavenly Father for leading us across each dangerous step to the promised land among this love.

June 2: Happy for just a moment, now we must be sad already. Tomorrow Sister The's family goes to Utah. My-Nga and I looked at each other: "It's just like we're playing hide-and-peek. It was that way in Orote Point, and now in California it's the same."

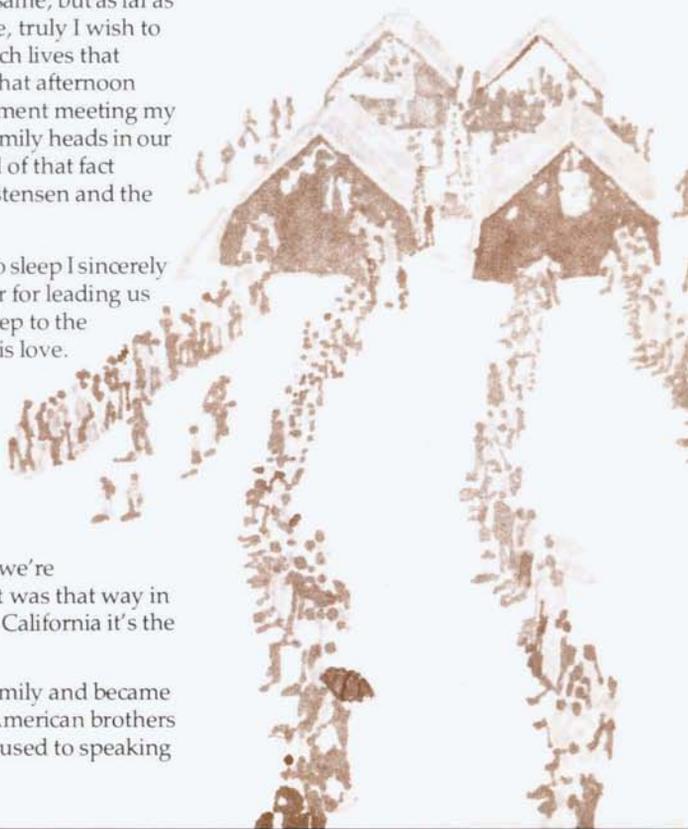
I followed Sister The's family and became acquainted with all the American brothers and sisters. I have to get used to speaking

English, I told myself.

June 3: Life here in Camp Pendleton is just like at Orote Point. That is, there are no conveniences. "After staying at Camp Asan and Andersen Air Force Base, then have to return to a second Orote Point Tent City, that's really dull," was the common thought of all of us.

Afternoon here is hot, and morning and night are cold. Fortunately for us, we became acquainted with American cold in the summer. The American members smiled no end to see every one of us wearing a thick overcoat while they had only a thin shirt.

Sunday, June 8: This morning when we held Sunday School, we had a pleasant surprise: Elder Hart came to visit us. We had heard the news for several days now that Brother Hart and Brother Bowman would come to visit us, so we waited with impatience. Elder Hart is now very different from when still in Saigon,



because he has let his hair grow longer and his face looks more experienced. We were very moved by the fact that Brother Hart still remembers Vietnamese, and he still remembers the face of each of us members.

We understand that the missionary program is very useful: a bond of friendship joins the missionary with the investigator family, and that bond can never be broken, because that is the bond of love and understanding.

I remember the first evenings Elder Hart and Elder Elmer came to open the gospel to us. At that time we were still distant from the counsels and commandments of the Lord. We were merely puzzled investigators.

We truly had faith when Elder Bowman and Elder Collete came to continue the work Elder Hart had done. That faith progressed daily and never ceased to be strengthened. Now, after countless trials, we can proudly say: nothing can shake our faith. I do not forget that the courageous work and limitless sacrifice of Brother Bowman and Brother Oviatt contributed a large part in developing our faith. They put the commandments of the Lord into practice in works. That was something precious. That was something worthy of

respect. And that was something very difficult.

When we arrived in California, we held the first home evening since we left Vietnam. My father emphasized the work of Brother Bowman and Brother Oviatt, to remind my younger brothers who were deacons to take that as an example. Afterwards my father wished them to also go on missions and forget themselves in this way. My father said: "The Lord's greatest commandment is that we must love and care for other people more than ourselves. If you can obey that, you will be able to keep all the other commandments."

This is the conclusion of my memoirs of the evacuation, in all, one month and ten days.

Actually, our evacuation is not yet finished, because we must still request a sponsor in order to have a place to settle in America. Perhaps that will be our last hard transfer. And may we say, in the words of the prophet Joseph Smith: "We have endured many things and we hope to endure all things. . . ."

May the Lord guide us to build a new life of peace and happiness, and may we forget every painful past.

The Genealogist as Scourge

CLIFTON HOLT JOLLEY

I am southern people.

Always thought the underpinning tendrils of my person
Knotted tight upon the cogs of abolition *machina*,
Until my grandma-ma, unacquainted with the consequences
Even now, paid two hundred bucks to a British genealogist
Who traced me smack into the closet of a southern skeleton
Who, before death's diet drove him thin, sat fat as any cat
In old Virginia. I, who felt uneasy humming Stephen Foster,
Was forced to deal with a great-however-many grandsire who
Was wet-nursed by a black female his father *owned*.

Well, I could not; hired a Boston genealogist of my own
(bless his Yankee eyes!) to search some respite
From a too, too wretched past. About five hundred dollars went
Like that, and I was all prepared to tell him where to place his pedigrees
When we hit what he called luck. It seems that

In 1853 the root to my troubled family tree
Got religion — contracted it from a couple of bearded lunatics
Sent out by an also bearded lunatic who had led a nation of also lunatics
Not by mistake to Utah — which was the height of lunacy.

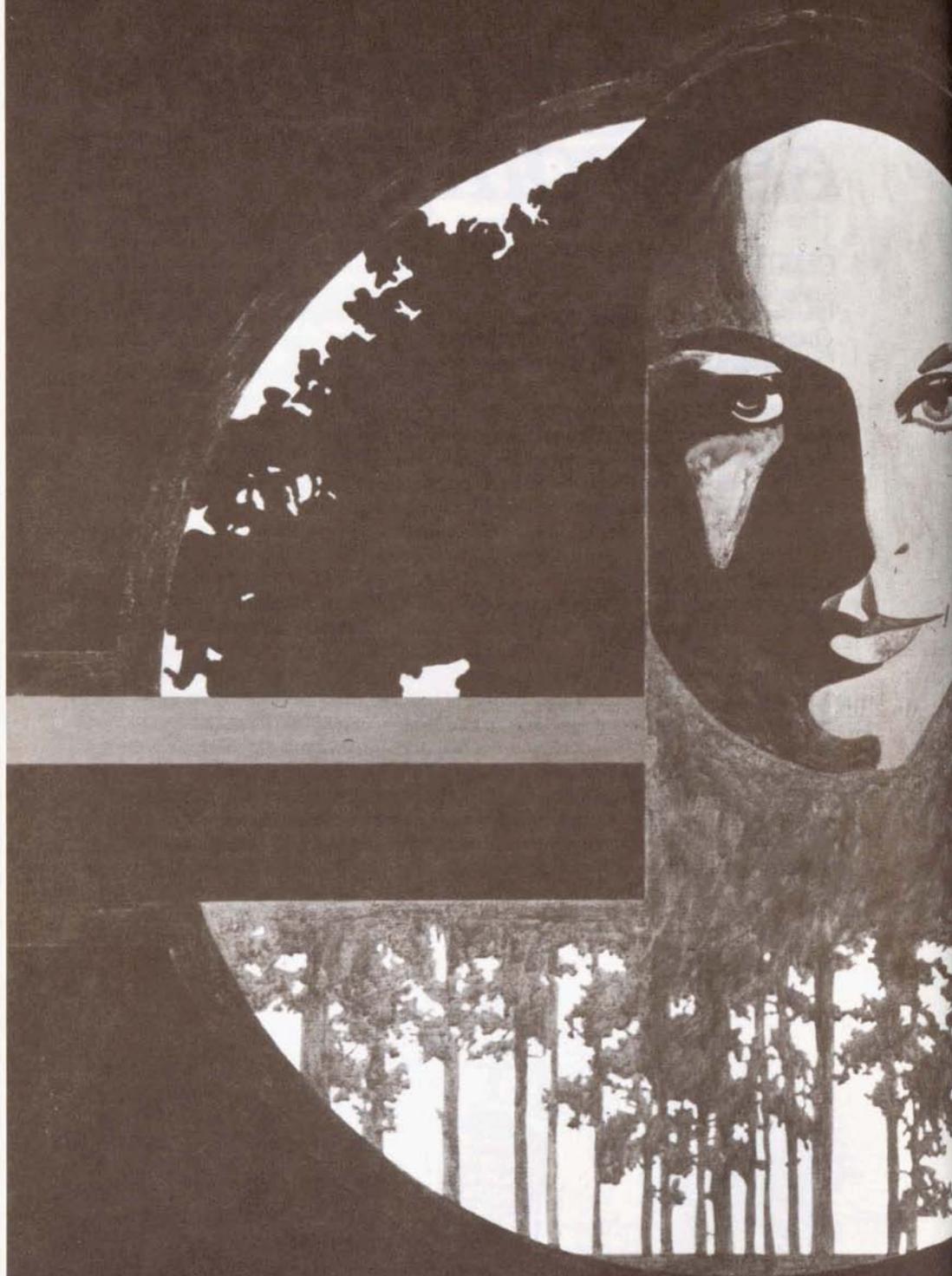
"But don't you see?" the pedagogist queried, "The Mormons opposed slavery."

Swell. The great-grand-fool from whence I came

Traded eighteen slaves for as many wives and moved into the desert.

Now how does one bring such things up across tea and talk at Gloria Steinem's?
Perhaps women still do not exist in Boston.





MORNING

KAREN ROSENBAUM

Karen Rosenbaum was born in California's mother lode country and grew up in southern Nevada and Salt Lake City. She received her B.A. degree in English from the University of Utah and her M.A. degree in English from Stanford University. Currently an English instructor at Ohlone Junior College in Fremont, California, Karen also serves as Relief Society President in Berkeley's University Branch.

"Siddhartha sat under the mango tree like Buddha."

Circle Buddha

"Who sat under a fig tree?"

Marginal notation: *abo* tree, (Whatever that is.)

"And Siddhartha received"

i before e except
except why bother.

Draw a circle around the word. Now draw a line to the margin. Connect all the circles and lines and the dots on the i's. Now there. Doesn't that look nice?

I'm dissolving, thinks Monica M., and she puts down the sliding purple pen and folds Ramsey Ulton's Hesse paper neatly in two and drops it on the heap of papers to come back to. Oh Ramsey, the point, where is the point? She eyes the point of the purple pen lying across the thinly-lined scrawl of Joe Rees.

"Siddhartha," writes Joe Rees, "found the purpose of life and the meaning therein. What is relevant is the river, for in the river Siddhartha found peace." Joe Rees is a new veteran with creased bell-bottomed overalls and stiff sandals and he isn't

comfortable yet with peace. She fingers through the yet-to-reads for Byron Coombs, who hasn't been to class for two days.

To teach. For four years she has taught and still the word — in all its inflections — teach, teaching, taught — leaves her with a faint suggestion of awe. But what is teaching? Sitting on the floor and at her feet, not her students, but their notebook paper hieroglyphs which she deciphers and judges on the basis of some obscure, never-worded standard. Or in the classroom, conducting, pulling open the voices for the crescendos of perception, and pushing them back down when the ideas become sloppy and slurred.

And why? Isn't it after all the need to have eyes fastened on her, the mesmerism of her own voice. Attention. Frank doesn't seem to require that; he's happy locked up in his lab. But she is always starved for or surfeited with, it seems, attention.

There is something else. Nora says it is a noble something. Nora says it every day when she comes in from Reading Improvement A. To affect for good the lives of others. And then Nora, what is good? And how is it measured? Is a scrawling paper on relevance good? Is studying Siddhartha even good? Will it make them happier, wholer? Will they have stronger bones and fewer cavities and cleaner teeth? Are all ideas good, the Idea of ideas?

She knows she has effect. The letters they write her — on the bottoms of their essays or appearing in her box in fat sealed envelopes — some sputtering ink and anger.

I think your comments on Heinlein are narrow. If you had read Stranger with more sensitivity and less of that fancy literary criticism, you might have grasped it . . .

Dear Miss M:

I wrote my paper viciously because I understand why Rabbit ran. My mother's just like his wife, sucking, clutching . . .

one on an index card inside a brown paper bag of very dead roses

Get out of my insides! Bitch! or offering, unquipping themselves

Here are some thoughts I had last week at Santa Cruz. DON'T READ THEM IN CLASS. They are for your eyes alone . . .
Miss M:

I couldn't come to class last week. I was in Phoenix getting an abortion. My father has a friend there . . .

or confessing feelings they flush for the next day — wondering with a ballpoint pen how old she is and whom she spends her evenings with; noticing everything — her toenail polish and little blue earrings that hang like fish hooks; attaching significance to things which astonish her — glances in their direction, or glances away, or no glances at all. And one once from a girl, obsessively enamored, she said, with a history of attachments to women teachers, but she knew this time, she knew from Monica's brusque impatience with her lack of preparation, she knew.

They want so much of her. Not just the hours in the cool dark library stacks which she likes really and the hours at home indexing and organizing the reading material and translating and digesting their papers, and the hours at school when she collects all her energy and compresses it into a ball somewhere inside her and then, for an hour at a time, emits it bit by bit in a shower of little sparks. They want more than that, they want her, too — they want to dissect, to disembowel her.

What do *you* think (*Cat's Cradle, The Female Eunuch, Sly* and the Family Stone, scuba-diving, mauve, bamboo shoots in Oriental dishes)?

Could *you* (turn in Jesus, live on abalone, sleep next to your dead mother)?

"Read us something *you* write," said Byron Coombs one day, the day after she'd asked him to read them a story he had written and had shown to her — some really modern fiction, she had said, and he had glowed. She'd thought they'd like his surfer's story, but they didn't because they didn't much like Byron Coombs.

She said, when he asked her to read, "No." She remembered one of her teachers reading a novel he was working on and afterwards the strained silence, and she smiled tightly and said to Byron Coombs and the class watching them,

"Sorry. My bottom drawer asked first."

She looks at Byron's slashed, dogmatic handwriting. The paper is longer than usual. Usual is skimpy, barely suggested, but peculiarly delightful insights which she rewards with As. She glances through. She sees why the paper is long. His treatment of Hesse is shorter than usual, hardly a page and a half. But then

Miss M:

I feel you insulted us last week by implying we were not a worthy audience to hear any of your writing. My disappointment at your behavior caused my absence the last two class periods and was responsible for my almost dropping the class altogether. I had thought this was the sort of situation where we all shared. . . .

Reading, reddening, the absurdity of it. Everyone sees the world through his own personal distorting little kaleidoscope. Insulting — oh! She loves these students, she has loved most of her students, but especially these. And especially Byron Coombs. When she tells Frank about them, about Byron riding up to her office window on his red Honda 80, about their excitement over Woodie Guthrie's old *Grapes of Wrath* stuff, her eyes get wet and she has to look down.

She chews the top of the purple pen and when she has bitten off the caphead, she begins to construct a reply

Byron,

I had certainly not intended to insult the class. On the contrary. . . .

A knock. Frank comes in, stands over her so she can have the best possible view of his knee. He has on the levis she mended with purple thread because she didn't have any blue.

"Lotta work?" he asks. He doesn't sound too interested.

"Yes." She turns over the letter to Byron Coombs. "You have a grouch?"

"Yeah." His eyes are rimmed below the circles of his glasses. "Bernard wants the Tungsten stuff in by June." He leans down and yanks on a strand of her hair. "How are the jolly greenimps?"

"In wretched writing form," she says. "You hungry?"

"With a bowl of cherries under my belt?"

He flips out the waistband of his levis and drops his voice an octave. "I'm hungry. I'll go make friends with your refrigerator."

When he's making kitchen noises, moving jars, she looks again at her letter to Byron Coombs.

There was a community college conference in February. The kind where teachers signed up for sections that sounded interesting — Chicano drama or transformational grammar in freshmen comp or the remedial adult — and she had picked the one on teaching the writing of imaginative poetry because there wasn't one on the writing of imaginative prose. She remembers now the aging and tanned blonde woman with the face like the faces that glazedly smile out of the society pages, the woman who looked so out of place in thick white lace pants and blouse, and who carefully seated herself in the circle next to a full-habited nun — and who was very conscious of why.

The white lace lady was the poet. She told of writing poetry *with* her class. She'd show them the poem she was working on and they'd help find better words or point up symbols she was only semi-aware of. One poem was about Janis Joplin and was called "Death of a Gypsy" and the students had supplied the dope talk so the poem sounded real.

But it hadn't sounded real to her. It sounded to her like the white lace lady in a strip show — though she wasn't quite used to being in strip shows — and the students all shouting olé as each white lace layer was peeled off. It was the great emotional burlesque.

Frank comes back with what looks like a ham and sardine sandwich. He scoots over the piles of papers and sits next to her. "Now tell me," he says, "the problems of your day. Then I can put them up there with Bernard's and Fielding's and see which is the most deserving of my immediate attention. I'll give you a twenty-point handicap."

She chews on her lower lip. Then she says, "Did you think of putting a little spaghetti on top of the sardines?" She rubs his back with her elbow and her heel wrinkles Joe Rees' reflections on the relevance of Siddhartha.

She has gone through the drawer full of stories — carboned copies mostly, some which she has sent out to magazines under the name Forsythe Heald which she is as proud of as most of the stories. But Forsythe Heald is a name to be easily reckoned with, alas, and Forsythe Heald's stories have come back slipped under her door by a discreet mailman who must have wondered.

She has searched through the stories for the one that would compromise her least — her favorite, too, in a way, a story about a child — about her as a child, but then her childhood seems so far away. She has carried it in a yellow folder with her books and notes and now in the hour before her first class, she opens the folder and sees it — the carboned letters look fuzzy but how clearly, she thinks, they give her away.

Last night she had forgotten she'd begun the story with a poem. She reads it over now. It is light — and harmless. She starts to read, mumbling in rehearsal. Oh. That — the "spring-green dress" — it sounds so affected. And the name Amanda, ought-to-be-loved, the symbolism is so overt. And what about the child — isn't she more than the child of her own past, isn't she, too, the child of her future — the embryo grown womb big and warm and embodying even now her dreams?

Her lips are open, her eyes closed when Nora comes in from her 8 o'clock, drops her books on the desk. "How are you?" she says. "I had maybe fourteen there this morning. I'll have the other fourteen tomorrow. I wish they'd all pick the same day to stay home. Then I could sleep in, too."

Monica opens her eyes and tries to smile at Nora. "It's May," she shrugs. "And it's morning."

"And they're remedial," says Nora. "And they ought to be there. It's good for them."

Monica stands up. "And that's why they're remedial," Nora is saying. Monica picks up her books. "All they care about is the passgrade," says Nora, Monica nodding quietly out of the office.

The hallway seems too quiet. Tucked under the Hesse papers is the yellow folder. Tucked under the Hesse papers is a diary almost, a dictionary at least, the Harbrace Guide to Monica M.

There they sit. Teresa Ligo arguing with Gary Height about Kamala being a feminist. Ah Teresa you're wearing a spring-green dress. Joe Rees is sitting upright as though his spine is steel. He has a band-aid on his foot where the sandal rubs. She moves the overhead projector under the front desk and slides the note stand out of the way by the window. Next to the window Ramsey Ulton is sprawled over two chairs. Ramsey, do you mind playing second to a bottom drawer? Are you very insulted? Byron Coombs, head down, is reading, so she will notice, *Magister Ludi*.

She sits tentatively on the front desk and breathes hard against her stomach. The eyes all come to focus on her. Some of the eyes are on a long iron key Frank found to hang around her neck. "I'm going to try something new," she says, noting clinically the strangeness echoing in her own voice. They watch and wait. They like something new.

"I'm going to read you a little story I wrote." She looks down, opens the yellow folder, and says without looking up again, where she knows she would see first the eager face of Byron Coombs, "It's just a little thing — quite old." Then tightening her lips in the tiniest of smiles, she purges out that apology.

"Take, Eat," she thinks. "It's called 'The Gingerbread Girl,'" she says.

They are very quiet. She begins.

Three Mormon Women in the Cultural Arts



JILL C. MULVAY

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In the early days of Utah, the struggle for bare sustenance was so severe that there was little time or opportunity for anything else; but I am thankful it is so

much better now." So wrote Lucinda Lee Dalton from Beaver, Utah in 1876.¹ She had grown up in Beaver and in the Saints' settlement of San Bernardino, California during the 1850s. Her father was poor, but refused to raise his children in ignorance. At considerable sacrifice to her parents, Lucinda had six years of irregular schooling before age twelve when she began assisting her father as a teacher, opening her own school at age sixteen. Later, as thirty-year-old mother with children,

Lucinda found her "great ambition to gain a liberal education" yet ungratified. "There are times," she grieved, "when my heart faints within me as I think of my God-given talents rusting away for want of polishing." Her love of music, sparked by one teacher's rudimentary instruction, found expression only in the village choir and her own accordion. "No weary traveler across the burning desert ever longed more bitterly for water, nor famished slaves for bread, than I for music."

But Lucinda did eke out a cultural existence in Beaver. She read prolifically and her articles and poems can be found in forty years of *Woman's Exponent* and *Young Woman's Journal*. Many of her poems are refreshingly imaginative, devoid of the maudlin sentiment which marked much of the poetry of her age. She headed up the woman's suffrage movement in Beaver, and eventually served as one of the officers of the territorial woman's suffrage association. Perhaps in traveling to Utah's larger towns and cities she often felt a pang of envy, for she commented: "I do believe there is no sin in coveting that which is my neighbor's when I see others slight their privileges and trifle away those inestimable opportunities for which I have been almost consumed with longing."

As a teacher, Aunt Lu, as she was called, worked far into the night to keep ahead of her students, lest she be "vanquished by some industrious boy or girl. . . . It is most humiliating," she wrote, "to see boys and girls yet in their teens acquiring greater proficiency than all my tedious years of self culture have enabled me to gain. But I am glad they are not limited to my meager opportunities, and I console myself for all that I lack, with the hope and determination that my children shall have a large part of that which I sought but never found." A teacher for sixty years, Lucinda Lee Dalton lived out her seventy-five years enriching the cultural opportunities of the coming generation.

Mormon women in the cultural arts can be viewed in two lights. First, in light of

the development of their individual talents. Lucinda Dalton and her poetry. Mary Teasdel and her painting. Emma Lucy Gates Bowen and her singing. And countless others who have been and are in some sense artists. Second, as Lucinda Dalton spent her time teaching, so have many LDS women tried to heighten Mormon cultural awareness and refine and enrich the cultural environment in which Mormons live. It is this second aspect of Mormon women in the cultural arts which I wish to consider as I focus on three twentieth-century Mormon women who have patronized, fostered, and cultivated cultural arts among Mormons.

Alice Smith Merrill was born in 1868 in Fillmore, Utah, just fifty miles north of where Lucinda Dalton lived in Beaver. The schools of the 1870s were more regular than the schools of the 1850s, and Alice, unlike Lucinda, never expressed regrets about her education. She had happy, pleasant memories of being whisked through the snow by sled to Fillmore's rock schoolhouse. There she recited lessons that introduced her to grammar, arithmetic, and geography, and even to literature, if it might be termed such. "We chose up sides," she later recalled, "took opposite ends of the room and vied in distinct rendition of alternating voices from 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' 'The Bells,' and 'Excelsior.' The old walls would fairly ring as we recited those grand old poems."²

At the age of eight Alice was sent to Salt Lake City to comfort and cheer her widowed grandmother, Bathsheba W. Smith, whose home in the old three-story Historian's Office seemed to the young Alice to be "enveloped in an 'Arabian Nights' atmosphere."³ Grandmother Bathsheba did possess almost magical talent for conjuring up a home, even under less propitious circumstances than those in Salt Lake City in the 1880s. She fitted out the large, cumbersome wagon in which Bathsheba Smith rode to Utah, with a carpeted floor,



Church Historian's Office where Alice Smith Merrill lived as a child.

a comfortable bedstead and four chairs, and a head high osnaburg wagon cover lined with blue drilling, the monotony of which was broken by a workable door and window, a looking glass, a candlestick, and a pincushion. Thus, in 1849, did Alice's grandmother travel from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake Valley, wearing white stockings all the way.⁴

Bathsheba's home in Salt Lake City was no less imaginative with its "deep windows glazed with tiny panes, buff blinds with little hand-painted scenes," closets of china, armchairs, rocking chairs, congress chairs, and carpets, linen, comforters, and quilts of Bathsheba's own design and handwork. "Each day was as if I had rubbed the ring and a genii came to satisfy my wish," Alice recalled. Free to rummage around in "two built-in cupboards stuffed with *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Century*, *Youth's Companion*, and *Scribner's*," Alice read for hours daily. By the time she was seventeen she had organized a Shakespeare Society with fifteen young men and fifteen young women who read, studied, and acted Shakespeare.

In the old gable-roofed home Grandmother Bathsheba had a trunk,

one till of which contained her own "book of drawings that she had made in the art class in Nauvoo, and her box of water-colors and brushes, brought from England to Winter Quarters." Perhaps Alice used the same paint and brushes as she began her own work with watercolor. She studied under local artists J. T. Harwood and Mary Teasdel, and eventually gained some repute as a watercolorist.

In 1891, a year after her marriage to George Henry Horne, Alice Merrill Horne served as a member of the Liberal Arts Committee of the Chicago World's Fair. When her husband was called on a mission she continued her studies in art and taught school. The six children born to the Hornes didn't daunt Alice's spirit, her artistically creative soul. "The home must be kept sweet and clean," she explained in an article for the *Woman's Exponent*, "but the brain is as prone to get cobwebby as the best room."⁵ Her own mind was never that idle. In 1898 she was elected to the state's third legislature where she served two terms. She accepted the nomination, she said, for the purpose of working in the interest of art in Utah and she did not back out of her promise. In 1899 she authored a bill

calling for the organization of the Utah Art Institute which would "advance the interest of the fine arts, including literature and music, in all their phases within the state of Utah." The bill, passed into law, provided for annual art exhibits whereby the state, through paying out money for prizes and in turn acquiring the prize-winning paintings, could develop a state-owned collection of art. Exhibits were held in Salt Lake City, Ogden, Logan, and Provo. Winter exhibits at Utah Agricultural College and Brigham Young University proved popular enough to draw bobsleighs filled with school children from nearby farming communities. Utah became the first state to establish a fine arts collection, originally known as the "Alice Art Collection" in honor of Mrs. Horne. Many of the paintings still hang in Utah's Capitol.

Mrs. Horne had expressed her fear that the Institute might come to be "used by officials for political advantages." As early as 1911 Utah artist H.L.A. Culmer declared, "The Utah Art Institute . . . is in the hands of a small coterie whose policy seems to be the keeping of everybody else out," and during the twenties no state funds were appropriated for art exhibits or the state's purchase of paintings.⁶ In 1937 legislation changed the name to the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts, and the Institute, operating with federal WPA funds during the 30s and 40s, pushed development of the Utah Symphony Orchestra. In 1966, with monies from the National Endowment to the Humanities, the Institute began to function more fully, and since then another Latter-day Saint woman dedicated to the arts, Margaret S. Beecher, has made a significant

contribution to the Institute as member, vice chairman, and chairman of the executive board. She now serves as chairman of the Literary Arts Advisory Committee which has recently published its first edition of the *Utah Literary Arts Magazine*.

But the Institute's future did not look so bright in the 1920s, and Alice Merrill Horne decided if the state would not exhibit and purchase art, she would. And she would encourage the public to purchase art:

There are those who delight in bestowing a charity upon the ignorant poor but who are never

willing to place a premium on talent coupled with industry and devotion. Why not be willing to pay a fair price for a good thing?

Our artists have given their time and means and devoted their talents to their chosen callings. They have won laurels abroad and have brought credit to Utah. Let us patronize them, or they cannot live among us.⁷



Alice Merrill Horne

She planned and carried out arrangements for art exhibits in banks in Salt Lake City, Provo, and Ogden, personally carrying pictures each week as she traveled by train. In 1921 the Alice Merrill Horne Gallery opened in the ZCMI tearoom and the Oak Room of the Newhouse Hotel in Salt Lake City. When the Utah Art Institute and the Utah Art Colony were without funds, the Horne Gallery financed combined exhibitions. By 1931, over the ten-year period since Mrs. Horne had opened her gallery, she had sold 474 paintings for more than \$49,000 and placed some 30

collections of works by Utah artists.

Alice Merrill Horne was convinced that art would not be saved by the rich, but by the great cultured middle class. For that reason she was anxious to display art where the general public could see it. "For art development in a community is of greater moment," she said, "that in each home should hang a good picture, however small, than that the rich have many works of art. *It is too bad that any impressionable child should be denied the privilege of living with one good picture.*" If she had anything to say about it, no child would be denied that privilege. She began to take art to Utah's schools. By 1931, Mrs. Horne had arranged for 129 exhibitions to be held in 40 schools. Shortly after John Hafen's death, his works were exhibited at Lafayette School (Salt Lake City) in a memorial exhibition arranged by Mrs. Horne. She gathered J. T. Harwood's works for a show at Webster School (Salt Lake City) when that artist moved to California. She loaned her private collection to West High School, West Junior High School, and Washington School, all in Salt Lake City. She accepted a position as PTA president with the stipulation that school exhibitions feature the works of Utah painters — and they did, including works of Waldo Midgely, Lawrence Squires, Lee Greene Richards, Mahonri Young, A. B. Wright, Joseph A. Everett, Florence Ware, Henri Moser, Mary Teasdale, and J. T. Harwood.

Mrs. Horne's contribution to the Salt Lake community directly affected many members of the LDS Church. But they also felt her influence through LDS publications. In 1901 she began a series of articles for the *Young Woman's Journal* on building and beautifying the home. "If art reigns in the home," she advised, "there will grow out of it beautiful parks, streets, thoroughfares and cities."⁹ In 1904 she wrote articles for the *Journal* on John Hafen and Mahonri Young, and a few years later she expanded her articles into a series on Utah artists with substantial biographical notes and photographs of the works of Harwood,

Hafen, Teasdel, Richards, Dallin, and Hartwell.

In 1914, she collected these essays on Utah artists and other essays she had written on architecture in the first art book published in Utah: *Devotees and their Shrines; a Handbook of Utah Art*. The book was later used as a text by public schools in the state.

In 1902, Mrs. Horne was named to the Relief Society general board. She served as the first chairman of the Relief Society's art committee and planned a series of lessons on art appreciation which focused on American artists such as Sargent, Homer, and Whistler, as well as on Utah artists. After the first year, the emphasis of the lessons changed to home architecture and landscape study, but the series petered out when Mrs. Horne resigned from the board in 1916. Her civic demands were too great, she said. The Relief Society congratulated her on her decision, and well they might, considering the strength of her contribution to the community during the twenties and thirties.¹⁰

Church publications, however, had not seen the last of Alice Merrill Horne. In 1933 the *Improvement Era* featured as the monthly frontispiece a painting by a local artist. Who but sixty-five-year-old Alice would have been qualified to provide the full column of commentary?

Alice Merrill Horne died in 1948 after having been named to the Utah Hall of Fame by the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, and receiving the Medal of Honor from the Academy of Western Culture.

Alice Louise Reynolds, a contemporary of Alice Merrill Horne, grew up with all those "inestimable opportunities" for which Lucinda Dalton had been "almost consumed with longing," and her contribution as a cultivator of the arts proved to be commensurate with her privileges. Born in Salt Lake City in 1873, Alice Louise was a daughter of Mary Ann Tuddenham and George Reynolds, both from London, England. George Reynolds,

one time clerk for Brigham Young, and later one of the presidents of the First Council of the Seventy, managed the Salt Lake Theater for a period, served as a regent for the University of Deseret, and involved himself in journalism, business, and science. And he provided very well for his family. After the birth of her younger sister, Alice was under the constant care of her Aunt Julia, who, Alice said, was a master at surprising her. "Sometimes I would awaken in the morning and find a lovely blue hair ribbon hanging from my bed post, and on the bottom of it, a juicy, ripe orange." Her Aunt Julia taught Alice the names of the wildflowers in City Creek Canyon, and read to her from Mother

Goose, Hans Christian Andersen, Greek mythology and the Bible. At four years of age, Alice was "wheeled to school in a baby buggy by her mother's maid." At six, she began public school, where T. B. Lewis, the first Territorial Commissioner of Education in Utah, was her teacher. He was a neighbor of the Reynoldses as were artists A. B. Wright, Lee Greene Richards, and George Ottinger.¹¹



Alice Louise Reynolds

At age thirteen, just three months after the death of her mother, Alice and her sister Florence left Salt Lake City to attend the Brigham Young Academy in Provo. Later, having spent some time at the Salt Lake Academy and the Brigham Young College in Logan, Alice returned to the Brigham Young Academy, graduating in 1890 at age seventeen. After two years of teaching in Utah's public schools, she was approached by Benjamin Cluff, Jr., who told her, she later recalled, "that there was no literature being taught in the Brigham Young Academy, and that persons he had talked to thought I was somewhat gifted in English, and he wanted to know if I would

be willing to go to the University of Michigan for two years emphasizing English, thereby preparing myself to teach literature at Brigham Young Academy." Cluff himself was a University of Michigan graduate, and in 1892 when Alice, with a total of \$75 in savings, left for Ann Arbor, there were six or seven former Brigham Young Academy students there. One of those was John J. McClellan, later Salt Lake Tabernacle organist, who awakened in Alice a love of classical music. "Since my association with him at Ann Arbor," she reminisced, "music with me has been little less than a passion, and my opportunities have been many to gratify this deep-seated desire for this great art."¹²

Alice's lifelong love for literature was deepened during her two-year stay at Ann Arbor. She returned to Brigham Young Academy in 1894, a twenty-one-year-old faculty member. That year she taught the first class in Chaucer and the first class in Shakespeare ever offered at the school. She also taught history and development of English literature. The following year she was given the responsibility for

teaching all the literature offered at the school, which she continued to do until additional faculty members came. At that time, she observed, it was evident

that the teaching of literature was moving in new directions, colleges all over the country were giving literature courses in Romantic Poetry, Victorian Poetry and so on. So it was agreed that Professor Osman should do the work in Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, and that I should prepare myself to do work in the Romantic and Victorian Poets. Accordingly I went to Chicago in the summer of 1902 and

took a course in Romantic Poetry, in the History of the Novel, and in Teaching Literature.¹³

This seemed to establish a pattern of continued graduate studies for Miss Reynolds who thereafter devoted summer vacations to travel and study at Cornell, the University of California at Berkeley, and in Paris. She took three years of leave from teaching for graduate studies, spending one year at Columbia University and two at Queens College, London University.

Alice Louise Reynolds extended herself in directions that were foreign to most Latter-day Saint women. She was not a traditional homemaker. Her close friend Amy Brown Lyman described her activities as "chiefly in the intellectual realm":

She had no inclination nor talent for handwork, such as sewing, knitting, crocheting, or mending. She felt that she was much better at working with her head than with her hands. Routine housework did not appeal to her. To her it was more or less boring. Nevertheless, she kept up an interesting, attractive, and hospitable home, filled with books, paintings, pieces of sculpture, beautiful china, lovely fabrics, and a rare collection of autographed books and unique souvenirs.¹⁴

Never a wife or mother, Alice Louise Reynolds did bequeath a fine cultural inheritance to BYU students and the members of the Church.

In forty-four years of teaching at BYU, she presented twenty different courses in English to more than five thousand students. She served for many years as the school's matron, or dean of women. During her thirty-four years of service on the Library Committee, library holdings increased from 10,000 to 100,000. She is well-remembered for devising the means for securing for BYU the 1200 rare-volume library of Judge J.W.N. Whitecotton. When the library became available in 1918, the school had no funds to purchase it. Library Committee minutes for that period

indicate that Miss Reynolds's "faith and indefatigable efforts electrified the faculty and carried over into the community with the result that contributions were received to cover fully the purchase." Almuni raised over half the necessary \$1,500; BYU students contributed quarters and community high school and grade school students pitched in their dimes and nickels.¹⁵

She seemed to wield her influence with a touch of grace, as indicated by comments from one of her English faculty colleagues, Alfred Osmond:

If I cannot say there is method in Miss Reynolds's madness, I can, with propriety, say there is magic in her method. Without being a siren or an enchantress, she does charm people into doing the things that ought to be done.¹⁶

Of the 1,200 Whitecotton volumes, 220 were set aside and combined with 280 volumes contributed by Miss Reynolds to form the Alice Louise Reynolds Library. The original 500 volumes increased to 1,000, and because Miss Reynolds herself, her friends, and the Alice Louise Reynolds clubs (some sixteen of them) continued to contribute funds and books, the collection had by 1966 reached 10,000 volumes. The Alice Louise Reynolds clubs hope to provide an appropriate memorial to Miss Reynolds in the new addition to the Harold B. Lee Library at BYU.

"One of my hobbies has been libraries," Miss Reynolds once observed, and appropriately so, since in addition to her contributions at Brigham Young University she contributed to libraries in Springville, Castle Dale, and Lucinda Dalton's culture-starved Beaver.¹⁷

Miss Reynolds's influence has been felt by members of the Church outside of the BYU community. She spent almost as many years writing for Church publications and lesson manuals as she did teaching. In 1898 she began making regular contributions to the *Young Woman's Journal*. One of her first articles, "Poetry and Revelation," reflects her sensitivity to truths common to the gospel and great

literature, a theme she never abandoned. Her series on women of letters began with an article entitled, "Woman's Intellectual Renaissance," and featured articles on individual woman writers including Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa May Alcott, and George Eliot. Nor was her treatment superficial.

In "George Eliot's Religious Life," Miss Reynolds discussed Eliot's rejection of the religious institutions of her time, concluding:

As I think of her I can but feel sure that George Eliot was naturally not only not irreligious, but possessed of great spirituality. . . . Like Joseph, the prophet, from her heart burst the question, Where is truth? Unlike the prophet she did not go in faith and pray for wisdom, but lived a painful tragedy, until her utter desperation led her to repudiate the doctrines of so-called Christianity. Nevertheless . . . many of the doctrines which her life and writings exemplify are those that have the seal of divinity upon them.¹⁸

The writings of Alice Louise Reynolds found their way into almost every Church publication: the *Improvement Era*, the *Instructor* and the *Relief Society Magazine*. With the *Relief Society Magazine* she became deeply involved, editing the magazine for seven and a half years, first as associate editor and later as editor. During this time she maintained her position on the BYU faculty, spending three days a week in Salt Lake City at Relief Society headquarters and the rest of the time in Provo.

In 1923 when she was first called to serve on the Relief Society general board and work with the magazine, the Relief Society began a series of literature lessons. During the subsequent ten-year period, Alice Reynolds prepared fifteen courses in literature for Relief Society sisters. For the first two or three years the lessons focused on American writers including Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, Henry David Thoreau, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. In 1925-26 several American poets were considered. The lessons were

partly biographical, but also focused on individual works. Getting the appropriate materials to the women sometimes caused problems, as is evident in Sister Reynolds's comments at a Relief Society conference:

Now, the matter of books. We are very grateful for the libraries that we have, where we can get books to read.

However, there are some communities that have not such facilities. If you are in a community where you have not a single volume of Longfellow or Lowell, or Holmes or Whittier, then I believe that this organization, that was organized for relief, should find some way to relieve the situation, even if they have to buy the books.¹⁹

The organization responded positively: shorter works were sometimes printed in the lessons, and the Relief Society tried to make available published anthologies.

In 1926-27, the magazine published and analyzed specific poems by Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edna St. Vincent Millay, George Santayana, and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Miss Reynolds avoided a preference for "sweetness and light" literature as is shown in her selection of Amy Lowell's "Patterns" and Robert Frost's "Death of the Hired Man." Nor did she suggest discussion skirt basic issues even when they were as controversial as the protest against war of Thoreau's night in jail.

In 1929 Miss Reynolds tried to launch a series of lessons on drama which never seemed to get off the ground, perhaps because of the unavailability of materials. But her introduction to that course bears mentioning:

We should like our readers to recognize that our modern playwrights, even those who are as great as Galsworthy, Shaw, and Barrie, are interested in the same social problems as Relief Society workers and social workers the world over are interested in. Also that when writing plays they make use of the same material as social workers

constantly come in contact with while at work in every day life.²⁰

In 1930, Relief Society sisters were encouraged to invest \$3 in Heath and Company's *Great Short Stories of the World*, and were introduced to comparative world literature through Greek fables, tales from *Decameron*, *Beowulf*, and *Morte d'Arthur*, and stories by Ibsen, Goethe, Melville, and Shaw.

Though in 1930 Alice Louise Reynolds resigned as *Relief Society Magazine* editor and general board member to return to full-time teaching, the standard of literary appreciation she raised among Mormon women was carried by the Relief Society for four full decades, until 1970. While I have focused on the cultural contributions of Miss Reynolds, she was active socially and politically as well. Her death in 1938 marked the close of an abundant life — one of the finest examples we have of LDS single womanhood.

The third lady of the arts I wish to discuss was not quite contemporary with the two Alices. We don't have the distance of decades to lend perspective to her contributions because she is still living. But Florence Jacobsen certainly follows in the tradition of women who have developed their personal talents and interests and who have then, at some point, been in a position to use those talents and interests in refining and enriching the Mormon cultural environment.

"No impressionable child should be denied the privilege of living with one good picture," Alice Merrill Horne said in 1909. Whether or not Florence Grant and Willard Richards Smith were aware of that counsel, they followed it. Young Florence Smith grew up during the twenties with one fine John Hafen painting, a painting she has never forgotten. She studied that painting and was soon able to recognize Hafen's works wherever she saw them.²¹

Skilled in the fine art of china painting which she had learned as a young girl, Florence's mother was anxious to encourage her own children in creative design, and so presented her daughters with naked dolls for Christmas gifts, along

with plenty of scraps of fabric, yarn, and embroidery thread. The Smith sons concocted crystal sets, and carved their own bows and arrows. The whole family attended almost every Salt Lake Theater performance, and at home made up a family orchestra with darinets, violins, a flute, and young Florence at the piano.

At the University of Utah, Florence studied every aspect of home economics: chemistry of textiles, dress design, food chemistry and preparation, interior decor and furnishings, even architecture. When she graduated she was employed as a dress designer. She loved to work with her hands, and even after her marriage and the birth of three sons, she volunteered her services as a caterer and interior designer because she took delight in arranging beautiful things. But these need not necessarily be expensive things: she had learned early to make something out of almost nothing and that pattern once established was religiously followed.

During the 1950s Florence Smith, now Jacobsen, accompanied her husband (Theodore C.) to the New York Mission, where he had been called to serve as president. Concerned with the poor conditions of Church-owned historic homes in the eastern states, Sister Jacobsen expressed her concern to visiting Church authorities. After her return to Utah and her subsequent call to the YWMIA general board and presidency, Sister Jacobsen sometimes received letters concerning historic homes and furnishings, forwarded to her by Church leaders. She worked with Elder Mark E. Petersen in setting up a Church committee for historical arts and sites and has been involved with that committee from its inception in 1962 to the present.

In 1966 Sister Jacobsen was summoned to aid in the historic restoration of the Joseph Smith family home in Palmyra, New York. Later calls asked her to help restore and furnish the New York farm homes of Peter Whitmer and Martin Harris, homes of Wilford Woodruff and Brigham Young in Nauvoo, and Brigham Young's Forest Farm in Salt Lake City.

Under Sister Jacobsen's direction as general president of the Young Women's MIA, Brigham Young's Lion House (then owned by the Young Women's Mutual) was closed for remodeling in 1963. The Church appropriated money for restoration of the building, leaving the interior decor and furnishings for the YWMIA to plan and finance. Sister Jacobsen and her counselors and countless volunteer helpers worked for five years renovating the building and authenticating furnishings. Restored and revitalized, the Lion House was re-opened as a social center in 1968.

The YWMIA has a long history of heightening the cultural awareness of its young Mormon women. In the early part of the century the *Young Woman's Journal*, official organ of the YWMIA carried a series of articles on Mormon artists by Alice Merrill Horne. MIA manuals written by Alice Louise Reynolds during the twenties indicate that the MIA's suggested reading course included such authors as Jane Austen, Tolstoy, and Shakespeare.

Music, dance and drama festivals had been part of the MIA program for years. Sister Jacobsen's YWMIA administration built upon that tradition in expanding the cultural program for young women: commemorating the centennial of the Salt Lake Theater young Florence Smith had so loved; beginning an annual Young Artists Festival and working with the Young Men's Mutual in establishing the Mormon Youth Symphony and Choir; offering the Marba Josephson scholarship for literary excellence to a talented high school senior or college student; and producing the outdoor theater presentation of Promised

Valley and later working with restoration architect Steven Baird in restoring and furnishing the old Lyric theater, named now the Promised Valley Playhouse.

After her release from the YWMIA presidency in 1972, Sister Jacobsen was called to create and define a new position, that of Church Curator. She was given responsibility for preserving, cataloging, and displaying the historical arts and relics of the Church. Maintaining that the only thing she brings to the position is a love for art and history, she has already called in experts — "to help with the technicalities," she laughs, realizing how much of the work will be technical. Her new assistant



Florence Smith Jacobsen

curator, Richard Oman, has training in art history from the University of Washington, and Paul Anderson and Allen Roberts, historical architects working under a grant from the Curator's Office, are in the process of compiling an extensive survey and study of Mormon buildings. The Curator's Office is working in conjunction with Dean Lael Woodbury of BYU's College of Fine Arts towards

setting up a joint program for displaying Mormon art. The young Florences growing up will, because of her continued efforts, always be able to find a John Hafen painting to study, or a Mahonri Young sculpture, or even a nineteenth-century quilt made by some young Mormon girl whose mother or grandmother gave her scraps of fabric and bequeathed her a love for the beautiful.

Alice Merrill Horne, Alice Louise Reynolds, and Florence Smith Jacobsen are not the only Mormon women who have refined and enriched Mormon culture. They are exceptional women, but

representative of scores of less visible women like Lucinda Dalton who, in many places and times, have sensed that beauty is an integral part of the gospel. They remind us of our own responsibility to preserve and build our culture, leaving it richer than we found it. We might well ask ourselves the same question Alice Merrill

Horne posed to her contemporaries:

If God spoke to Emma Smith concerning music and art, should not we, the recipients of the benefits, from that "turning of the key" [on woman's behalf], be glad to preach the Gospel of beauty?²²

¹Lucinda Lee Dalton, "Autobiography," microfilm of holograph, Archives of the Historical Department of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, hereafter cited as Church Archives, original in Utah Manuscripts, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California.

All direct quotations regarding the life of Lucinda Dalton are taken from this source.

²Alice Merrill Horne, "Child of the Frontier," pp. 8-9, microfilm of typescript, Church Archives.

³Descriptions of Bathsheba Smith's home in the Historian's Office in *Ibid.*, pp. 10-13.

⁴See "Autobiography of Bathsheba W. Smith," p. 15, typescript, Church Archives; Alice Merrill Horne, "The Mormon Pioneer's Culture," *Art Strands* (April 1940), p. 5.

⁵Alice Merrill Horne, "Home and Ideals," *Woman's Exponent* 29 (15 February and 1 March 1901): 81.

⁶Alice Merrill Horne, *Devotees and their Shrines: A Handbook of Utah Art* (Salt Lake City, 1914), p. 64; H.L.A. Culmer, "Progress of Art in Utah," *Herald Republican*, 1 January 1911, photocopy on file at Utah State Institute of Fine Arts, Salt Lake City, Utah.

⁷Alice Merrill Horne, "Utah Art," *Young Woman's Journal* 20 (December 1909): 602; see also Raye Price, "Utah's Leading Ladies of the Arts," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 38 (Winter 1970): 82-85.

⁸Horne, "Utah Art," p. 602; see also Price, "Utah's Leading Ladies," pp. 84-85.

⁹Horne, "Home and Ideals," p. 81.

¹⁰"Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne," *Relief Society Magazine* 4 (January 1917): 10.

¹¹"Autobiography of Alice Louise Reynolds," pp. 1, 2, typescript, Alice Louise Reynolds Faculty Folder,

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

¹²*Ibid.*, pp. 10-11; Amy Brown Lyman, *A Lighter of Lamps: The Story of Alice Louise Reynolds* (Provo, Utah, 1947), pp. 23-24.

¹³"Autobiography of Alice Louise Reynolds," p. 13.

¹⁴Lyman, *A Lighter of Lamps*, p. 67.

¹⁵Excerpts from Minutes of the Brigham Young University Library Committee, 1917-1937, 17 October 1918, Alice Louise Reynolds Faculty Folder; "BYU Library Collection," *Daily Universe* (Provo, Utah), 20 April 1961; "Alice Louise Reynolds," *Friends of the BYU Library Newsletter* 11 (Winter 1973): pp. 2-3.

¹⁶Alfred Osmond, "Alice Louise Reynolds," *Relief Society Magazine* 10 (April 1923): 170.

¹⁷"Sketch of the Life of Alice Louise Reynolds," typescript, Alice Louise Reynolds Faculty Folder; "Alice Louise Reynolds," Noble Warrum, ed., *Utah Since Statehood*, 4 vols. (Chicago and Salt Lake City, 1919-1920), 3:525.

¹⁸Alice Louise Reynolds, "George Eliot's Religious Life," *Young Woman's Journal* 10 (March 1899): 111.

¹⁹"Relief Society Conference," *Relief Society Magazine* 10 (December 1923): 610.

²⁰Alice Louise Reynolds, "Literature Lessons," *Relief Society Magazine* 16 (February 1929): 84.

²¹Information on Florence Smith Jacobsen is taken from two interviews: Interview with Florence Smith Jacobsen, Oral History Program of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 24 August 1972, tape and typescript, Church archives; interview with Florence Smith Jacobsen by Jill Mulvay, 14 March 1975.

²²Alice Merrill Horne, "The Gospel of Beauty," *Relief Society Magazine* 7 (April 1920): 202.

THE CRAZY HOUSE

ROGER EKINS

Roger Ekins earned an M.A. in creative writing from the University of Utah. He is now working on a Ph.D. in education from Union Graduate School in Staten Island, New York. Originally from Salt Lake City, he is married and has two daughters.

Although based on a factual experience several years ago, this story is strongly fictional and should not necessarily be construed as criticism of the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Salt Lake City.

The summer of 1964 was just like any other summer in Salt Lake City except that I had a good job. I was a caulker's assistant, which meant that I filled his caulking guns with a gooey, gray caulking compound which stuck to my hands and clothing. I also cleaned old caulk out of joints and often had to sandblast them clean for him. Then he'd come along behind me and fill the joints up again.

His name was Joe and he'd originally come from Oregon or Washington. I always get those two places mixed up. I think he was

from Portland. At any rate, about all he ever did was complain about the way we were all getting screwed in Utah because we didn't have a powerful union. "In California," he'd brag, "I used to get seven thirty-three an hour. Don't know why I ever came to this God-forsaken place in the first place. Think I'll move back to L.A." As far as I know, he's still here in Utah someplace — he was one of those people who are always complaining about life and planning to pack up and get out, but never do. He was sure a good caulker, though.

We spent almost the whole summer working on the roof of the Veteran's Administration Hospital. It was really rather pleasant; the sun shone most of the time and we couldn't work in the rain anyway, so it was a pretty good job. They also paid me something like two-fifty an hour which wasn't too bad for a kid just out of high school. Besides, Joe was a nice guy to work with. He wasn't too smart, but he never yelled at me or made me work too fast. We were both getting paid by the hour, so as far as we were

concerned, the job could last all summer. As we worked on the capstones and fascia of the hospital, I noticed that Joe seemed to be avoiding one certain building. "We'll catch it later," he'd say. "I'm saving that one for last." I couldn't imagine why we were going out of our way to leave anything 'til last unless it would be a lot harder than the rest. Finally, when we were working on the building right next door, I asked him about it. "Look, Joe — we're just gonna be making work for ourselves if we skip that one. We'll just have to haul all our equipment back over here again. Why not do it now and get it over with?" That was the first time I realized Joe had some kind of strange fear of that building. "Don't you know what that building is?" he asked. "That's the looney bin, the crazy house, the place where they keep all the psychos. Don't want anything to do with that building! Do you?"

I'd never really been around crazy people before, at least not the kind they lock up. When I was ten or so our cub scout pack went on an excursion to the insane asylum in Provo, but about all I can remember is it was nothing but a big disappointment. We'd hoped to see crazy lunatics banging their heads against iron bars, screaming that they were Napoleon or God. We hadn't really seen any crazy people at all — just a bunch of men and women sitting around playing cards or reading or resting. We knew they couldn't be crazy — they looked too normal. We didn't even see any buck teeth or crossed eyes. There was one woman with beautiful blonde hair and I remember looking at her, thinking how beautiful she was. She sat there all by herself, combing that wonderful hair and smiling at me. Everybody there looked just like the people you sit next to in church every Sunday. We felt very bad that they wouldn't let us see the crazy people.

"Hell, Joe — what are you so nervous about them for? They'll just be a lot of old men who went crazy over some war or other. Even if some of them are really dangerous, we won't be anywhere near them."

"Look, kid — you don't understand. I used to have a little brother that was crazy

like that. When he was born, he'd just lie in his crib and stare at the ceiling. He'd never cry or nothing. They took him away to a kind of hospital. We used to go and visit him every year. Now we don't go no more."

"Gee, I'm sorry Joe — I didn't know. Is there any hope that he'll be cured?"

"Cured!" Joe echoed with disdain. He just picked up a caulking gun and walked away from me across the roof. "I don't want to talk about it," he mumbled.

I knew immediately that I had said the wrong thing. I felt like an idiot, but I didn't make things worse by attempting an apology. We just kept caulking for another month while Joe continuously complained about the right-to-work law, and I silently wondered about his little brother. I tried to shove the word "cured" out of my mind, but it kept coming back to me. I was haunted by thoughts of fresh caulking being cured in the sun and hams hung up in a smoke house. I wondered what his little brother looked like. No arms or legs? A huge, oversized head? I pictured him lying in a crib, his parents and Joe standing around with tears in their eyes. I saw the looks of disgust and pity on their faces. No love — just disgust and pity and guilt because there was no love.

Joe became less and less talkative as we neared the inevitable end of the next to the last building. I could feel the tension building up inside him as he counted up the joints to estimate how many days we'd have left before the "crazy house." Finally, after spending half a day going around doing all kinds of odd repair jobs, Joe reluctantly picked up two cans of caulk and headed toward the last building without a word. I grabbed the caulking guns and the ladder and hurried after him. When we checked in at the front desk for the necessary keys and stuff, the head nurse explained how all the men in I'm sure if our boss hadn't been already yelling at us to finish the job fast, Joe would have actually built the scaffolding. be up on the roof most of the time and the last time I checked, we didn't have any patients living up there." She sort of giggled nervously as she waited for us to join her in her joke. We didn't. She then

cautioned us to be sure to lock every door, window, and hatch right behind us. "If one of those poor boys finds a way to get to the roof, he just might jump. We certainly wouldn't want to be responsible for that kind of tragedy, now would we?" What she really meant, of course, was that we'd better be careful how we locked things up if we didn't want *her* to jump on *us*. She handed us a set of keys and a map of all the entrances and exits of the building.

We spent the first two and a half days working on the portion of the roof we could reach through the door at the top of the stairs. For a while, Joe didn't say too much. He'd just ask me for a caulking gun when he needed it and tell me when I was using too much grit in the sandblaster. We got a kind of rhythm going: he'd hand me an empty gun, I'd hand him a full one. I don't suppose we exchanged more than twenty words that first afternoon. But by the end of the second day, it looked like we'd be able to finish the job without having to go through any of the wards. Joe began to smile again and soon he was talking about his old girl friends, his wife, and the labor unions.

For a week we crawled through hatches and climbed up ladders. We even lowered a rope over one ledge so we could caulk the next level without having to go through a ward. Things were going smoothly and the job was nearly completed. The closest contact we ever had with the patients was to see them lined up for lunch in their blue pajamas. There'd usually be about forty of them stretched down the hall in single file. They all looked alike — slumped shoulders and wrinkled blue pajamas; they shuffled along in their hospital slippers as they approached the cafeteria. I could never be sure about the expressions on their faces — Joe wouldn't let me get close enough. We ate over in Building A. As long as they were far enough away from us, Joe seemed fairly happy.

But just as we got to the end of the job, we discovered a small ledge sticking out at the third floor level. It was about eight feet wide and some fifteen feet long. We had two choices: we could either build up three stories of scaffolding to do a

twenty-minute job, or we could gain access through one of the windows leading into a kind of patients' dayroom. I'm sure if our boss weren't already yelling at us to finish the job fast, Joe would have actually built the scaffolding.

So we went on down to the third floor and started following our map down the corridors as we searched for our ledge. Twice we had to show our passes to people and explain what we were doing. Three times we had doors opened and locked behind us. I was getting very interested in the whole thing. I was curious to see what these guys really looked like. Joe wasn't saying a word — he'd frozen up again.

Finally we got to the southeast corner of the building. The door was marked "Patient Day Room," and I knocked as Joe stood there, praying no one would be inside. We heard a key turn and two attendants came out into the hall to see what we wanted. They were glum-looking fellows with remarkably well-starched white uniforms. They wore shiny black name tags over their hearts — one said Compton and the other said Smith. They seemed glad to see us. I showed them our pass and they admitted us into the room.

Immediately we were greeted with the unmistakable smell of old men — a smell I had known so well as a boy when we visited my grandfather in the nursing home. The attendants were standing guard over twenty or thirty men dressed in their sloppy blue pajamas. I noticed with interest that the patients wore no name tags, — only the guards. Joe just stood there looking at his feet, so I explained what we were going to do. They showed us which key to use for the window, and we quickly walked across the room without saying another word. Our footsteps seemed thunderous against the hardwood floor. No one else was making a noise. The room was damp and cold.

I unlocked the middle window, and Joe stuck his head out into the sunlight toward the ledge. "You stay in here and lock the window after me," he said mechanically. "I'll go outside and do all the work — just hand me a fresh caulking gun when I knock."

Joe stepped through the window easily. We'd already decided we wouldn't bother to sandblast this area — it would be o.k., and besides, what building inspector would get out on that ledge to check up on us? Joe stuck his hand back through the window. It was like a nurse handing the surgeon his instruments during an operation. Joe never looked toward me and the room full of patients. He concentrated on the ledge as I handed him his tools. "Hand me the bucket of caulk, too," he added. "That way, we won't have to keep locking and unlocking the window." "Be careful out there," I warned. I closed the window behind him and locked it tight.

There were three empty chairs by the window. I chose the middle one and sat down. I looked up at the men lining the perimeter of the large room. Almost all of them were staring at me. Some were interested, or at least they seemed to be interested, in what we were doing. But most of them merely stared.

I was nervous, but I tried to casually lean back in my chair as I studied the expressions on their faces. For the most part, their faces were blank, totally expressionless. One man, however, seemed very perplexed as he tried to smooth out the wrinkles in his pajamas. I wondered how many years he had been trying to smooth out wrinkles that never had been — never would be ironed. Another man was fiddling with some kind of plastic puzzle while the man next to him watched, grinning. I was surprised that none of them were carrying on any kind of conversation. Three or four seemed to be talking to themselves, but no one was listening. Except for their mumbling whispers, it was deathly quiet, and I began to fiddle with the keys as I nervously waited for Joe to finish the job.

I turned and looked out the window to see how Joe was doing. I was surprised to see that he was more than half-way finished. Instead of cautiously lying on his stomach and stretching the caulking gun out over the capstone, he was foolishly kneeling right next to the edge as he hurriedly tore out the old caulk and re-filled each joint. He was using a screw driver to clean out

the old joints, slashing and jabbing viciously at the cracked, dried-out caulk. Even from inside I could see the air bubbles in the new caulk as Joe quickly squeezed too much into the cracks, letting the excess ooze over the top and splatter to the asphalt parking lot three stories below. I watched as Joe slipped a little and caught himself on the ledge. I tapped on the window with the keys to warn him to be more careful, but Joe just kept on working. Apparently he couldn't hear me.

Suddenly one of the patients began to get very upset. He started wriggling in his chair and began to poke the man next to him. "Harvey," he finally shouted, "you're on fire!" Harvey looked at him dumbly, not understanding what his buddy was trying to say to him. I noticed the cigarette he had been smoking had burned its way to his lips, and I was about to say something when Harvey realized what all the commotion was about. Quickly, he reached up and slapped the burning ashes out of his mouth onto the floor. The echo of his slap traveled instantly around the bare walls of the room as each man stared at him. He sat there on the edge of his chair, bewildered and apparently dazed.

One of the guards, who had been watching the whole thing, stomped across the room, grabbed the man by his collar and began to shake him. "You know that's against the rules, Harvey. You know you're not supposed to throw your cigarette on the floor. Now pick it up and throw it in the butt can where it belongs and don't you ever let it happen again!" Both Harvey and his friend tried to explain to the guard what had happened, but he wasn't interested. He knew what had happened, but just didn't care. All he cared about were the rules. He stomped back across the room to the other guard while Harvey cleaned up the cigarette, but he licked his lips, trying to extinguish the pain.

I glared across the room at the two guards. I guess I expected to see them cruelly laughing, but everything was back to normal, as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. I don't think I've ever felt so

angry, so indignant. I was standing, my fists clenched and once again, almost all the patients were watching me, waiting to see what I'd do.

Just then Joe knocked on the window — I unlocked it and he stood there, looking into my eyes. We faced each other over the threshold of two worlds. A fresh, warm breeze entered the cold room and then, once more, Joe looked away as he handed the equipment in to me. Again, it was the surgeon and the nurse. The sun reflected off the metal caulking guns, and I thought they gleamed like the sterile instruments

of an operating room. Joe turned once more to look at his work or at the ledge, grimaced and then stepped heavily through the large window. He picked up the can of caulk and one of the guns and quickly walked across the room. I looked around at the room full of blue-pajamed dead men, closed the window on the warm summer breeze and pretended to lock it.

As we got to our truck, Joe asked if I remembered to lock the window. "Sure," I said. "Good," he replied. And we drove back to the shop in silence.

Alone in a Valley

Cordell Andersen's Private Peace Corps

ELIZABETH SHAW

Elizabeth Shaw received her M.A. in English and American Literature from BYU in 1974. She is a native of Cowley and Riverton, Wyoming, which she describes as "home towns in the Bradbury and Metalius traditions." Recently returned to Utah after a year and a half in northern California, Elizabeth is an editor/writer at the BYU Press.

Except for the hum of the farm pickup, the black Guatemala mountains effectively elbowed most sound out of the valley that night. Miguel Max, the Indian boy on Sunday night roving guard, was not really expecting anything as he wheeled toward the main road where he thought he'd detected some activity.

Suddenly two khaki-clad figures stepped into the swath cut by his headlights.

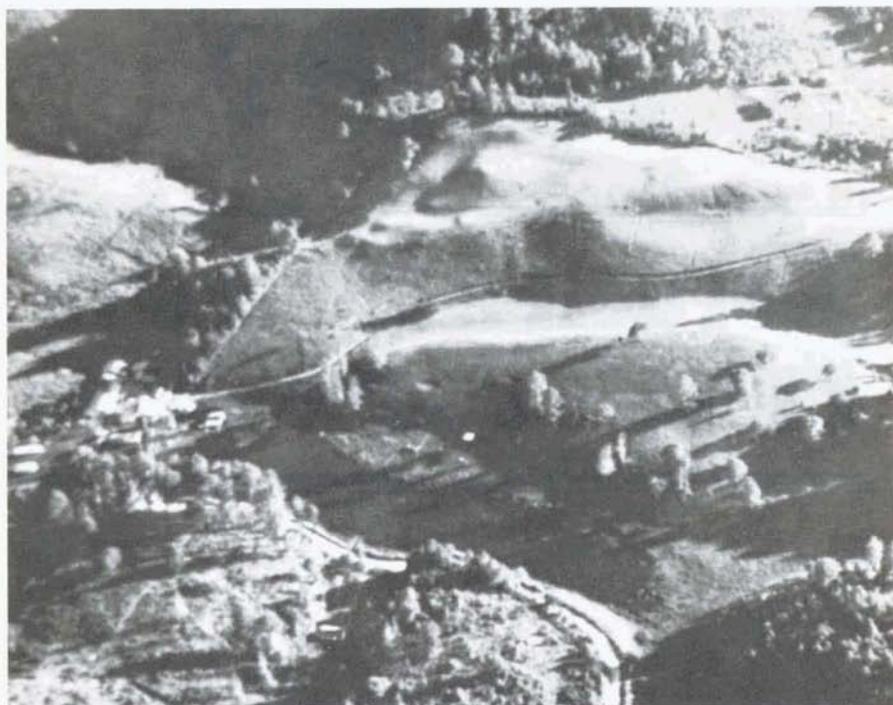
Miguel caught all the signs — beards and flowing hair, criss-crossed cartridge belts, submachine guns, the raised-arm halt command — and slid the truck into second gear. The truck obediently whined down; then, almost upon the guerrillas, roared back into high gear as Miguel jammed his foot to the floorboard. He was aware of the frantic leaps to the side of the road, and the back of his neck tensed as he waited for the bullet.

Instead, he soon saw a vehicle blocking the road ahead. Even if he could make it

tore into the room, white as a sheet. "And when an Indian is as white as a sheet, that's something," Cordell grins, relating the incident.

The guerrillas didn't come back that night, but "nobody slept much." There was a gun in the house, but no ammunition. The next day Cordell drove into town to inform the army, who promptly moved eight civilian-dressed soldiers into the plantation schoolhouse to patrol the area by night.

So goes, not a typical twenty-four hours at the Paradise Valley Plantation in



Paradise Valley, Guatemala

through the barricade, the 20 kilometers to Coban and the protection of the army couldn't be made on his nearly empty tank. Wheeling in an abrupt U-turn, Miguel barreled back down the road, past where the first two men had been, and into the driveway of the decaying plantation house.

The Cordell Anderson family and the twenty-some orphaned Indian boys who lived with them were gathering for family prayer, Cordell remembers, when Miguel

northeastern Guatemala, but at least a possible — and in this case, actual — day for Cordell Andersen and the people around him at the Center for Indian Development continue their struggle to eliminate some of man's oldest enemies. Fighting problems of public relations (both in Guatemala and North America), lack of funds, and despair, the Foundation for Indian Development, (spearheaded and field-directed by Andersen), has been able to create from an unbelievable chaos of

filth, poverty, and ignorance, an island of order and hope for the Pokomchi Indians. The effort marks men and dreams so unusual in a cynical and selfish society that it is difficult to approach them without suspicion, and an effort to douse the "quack" and "quixotic" signs glowing red between the lines.

Cordell Anderson is admittedly unusual. Not tall, he is a sandy-haired and alert-eyed man who even sits energetically; he was more than willing to talk with me about the last eight years of

He sank his capital into a shaky real estate venture: 450 acres of non-producing ranch land, complete with ramshackle plantation house, 110 miles north of Guatemala City. The land was virtually deserted, as far as civilized life goes. Nevertheless, Cordell saw the 240 Indians living there as not only a resource, but his purpose.

His first big problem was public relations. In the beginning he had none with the Indians, since they were suspicious and aloof. He tried to win their trust and



The Cordell Andersen family, 1975.

his life, and the events which are shaping a future that few fathers of seven would risk. Reared in Provo, Utah, he served a mission in Guatemala for the Mormon Church. That mission, plus a prophecy spoken by Hugh B. Brown during that time, led Cordell to believe that he should return. After military service, marriage, and graduation from BYU, he gave up a thriving business, loaded up his family and film-showing equipment, and drove to Guatemala.

cooperation by showing films and giving food and medical treatments, but though the Indians accepted what he had to give them, they still did not accept him, and no real changes took place. After one and a half years, the turning point came in the form of a tragedy-miracle.

Cordell and his family had administered "gallons of worm medicine" one afternoon at a little impromptu medical clinic (a one-room shack), and then showed the film "Man's Search for Happiness." This

showing was the first blatantly Church-related overture the Andersens had made. There was a remarkably good spirit during the movie, Cordell recalls, and of the 140 people treated that day, 60 had stayed to watch the film. But after the movie was over, he noticed a little knot of mothers who didn't leave the room with the others. One was sobbing. As he approached them he could tell that a baby was dead — probably in violent reaction to the medicine.

"I panicked," Cordell says. "I knew this was bound to happen sooner or later, but

room. The next day word spread like fire through the hills of the new witch doctor down in the valley."

Three months after this incident a dysentery epidemic struck the area. The government hospital in Coban logged five deaths a day, unable to keep ahead of the scourge. The Andersens had no choice but to start treatments on the ranch. One afflicted three-month-old girl lost both parents in the epidemic, and the Andersens took her into their home to continue her treatment. In spite of all they



With Cordell's guidance, Indians of Paradise Valley have exchanged the hovel. . .

the superstitions of the people were such that at this point one death would destroy all we had tried to do for the past eighteen months. I took the baby from the mother and tried to find a sign of life. Something inside me wouldn't let me accept the death. As I held her, I gave her something like a patriarchal blessing, naming all kinds of things that were going to happen in her life. When I finished, there was a perfect feeling of reverence in the little circle. The baby was breathing, and the mother silently took her child and left the

could do, she died. Though saddened by her death, Cordell had feelings that his work would not suffer because of it. At her funeral, the first "Mormon style" religious service the Indians had seen, Cordell spoke the sermon and then, to the amazement of the Indians looking on, dug the grave. No landowner had ever done that.

When the dead baby's two older brothers came into the Andersen home, together with a friend of theirs who could speak

some Spanish with his native Indian dialect, the real conversion began. The friend of the two brothers did some proselyting among his friends, extolling the charms of the Andersen ranch house (actually a "hideous old place," says Andersen), and soon about twenty orphaned Indian boys, aged three to sixteen, had joined the household.

Though this was the beginning of deepening relationships with the Indians, the Andersens' white public — both in and out of the Church, in Guatemala and the United States — showed itself to be

wild down there for a while," says Cordell. "Someone was always roaring down the hills on the tractor or the four-wheel drive.

One or two of the boys would take random shots from the back of the truck, so whoever was out there would know we were armed. There was always a crew playing the marimba, seeing movies, going to classes, playing games. The guerrillas either figured that this was a nuthouse or that there were just too many people to try and cope with here. (Even though, except for myself and a visiting friend, Miguel Max at 16 was the oldest



... for clean homes with floors, stoves, and no disease.

less dependable. Miguel Max's encounter with the guerrillas was only one of Cordell's "public relations" problems. That particular problem, though at times a very tense one, has apparently faded after a concentrated effort by all those on the ranch (now the Center for Indian Development — "El CID") to make visible and audible, day and night, the good the project is doing.

Evenings were devoted to teaching the boys how to drive the vehicles. "It was

male in the household.) And we also assumed they saw and heard that we were doing something to help the people." Considering his experience, Cordell's near-nonchalance is remarkable when he says of the guerrillas, "These kinds of people come and go now and then."

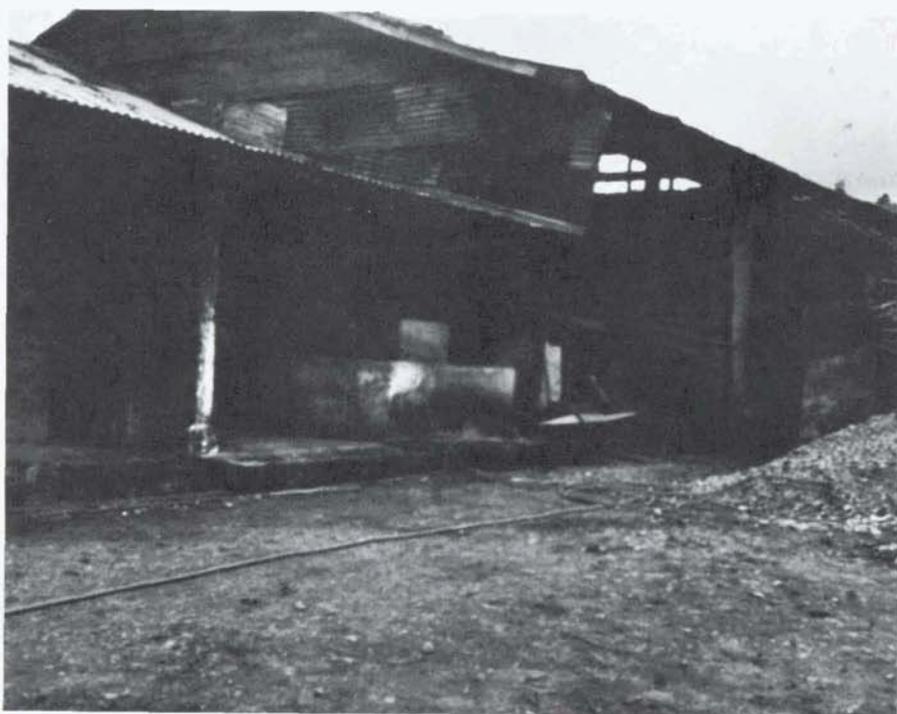
Right now the biggest obstacle to the hopes for El CID is not Indian or guerrilla hostility, but the apathy of those who might be expected to give the project

support — either verbal or monetary. At times even the silence of apathy would have been appreciated. Disapproval from unexpected sources, usually more general than specific, has stunted contributions. Though the reaction of first-hand viewers to the project has been near-unanimous awe and approval, lack of even unofficial Church sanction has caused some would-be donors to hesitate. One mission reunion group, after earmarking two thousand surplus dollars for the Foundation for Indian Development (the fund-raising arm of El CID), finally

has yet to collect their promised portion.

Cordell cites as a typical supporter his father's neighbor in Provo who works at Geneva Steel, maintains two sons on missions, has an Indian student in his home, and sends the Foundation \$50 a month. He estimates that the living expenses of the Andersen family, wages for the seven full-time Indian personnel who now operate El CID, and the entire program are sustained on the amount of an average Provo salary.

Reasons for the less than universal support



The dilapidated hulk of an old sugar refinery . . .

decided the money should go through formal Church missionary channels. Surprisingly, government and industry grants, too, have not been forthcoming, though the cause is obviously as worthy as it is tax-deductible. Part of one grant from a major industry was designated for the Foundation, but the money went first to Church-related Indian programs and none has yet filtered into Paradise Valley. At least two Indian-help groups have used Paradise Valley photographs and success stories to obtain funds, but the Foundation

of the Foundation, beyond the historic opposition inevitable for good things and the ubiquitous bite of inflation and recession, are hard to pin down. They may lie partially in envy, partially in distrust, partially in the in-bred reluctance of those approached to "gamble." And they may lie in part, too, in Cordell himself. He is an immediately likeable person, direct, confident, unmarred by either presumption or diffidence. But, as you might expect from someone willing to take his family and "fortune" into a Central

American wilderness, someone willing to live outside planned society and build a society of his own, Cordell is his own man. There is an air of autonomy about him, not unlike what you'd expect in a career pioneer or explorer, some small hint of Gary Cooper-type apartness.

An article in the January 1972 issue of *BYU Today* headlined Cordell as a "Combination Livingston, Schweitzer." Conscious that he doesn't have a Ph.D., conscious that it is hard work and practical application that has reaped results in

Indian who needs help. The disease and death statistics on the plantation have dropped dramatically. In the three years before the Andersen program was established, a tenth of the Valley's population — 24 — died. From 1971 to 1974, the area recorded no deaths. An important part of the medical services are the preventive programs and education classes. Work is also done in home improvements, construction of outhouses, nutrition experimentation, and supplemental feeding of all school children, pregnant mothers, and sick



... transformed into a dorm for happy kids who built and painted their own bunk beds.

Paradise Valley — not sophisticated theory — Cordell is nevertheless something of a Schweitzer idealist. Perhaps that in Cordell checks contributors. (Interestingly, the Schweitzer hospital in Africa closed last December because of insufficient funds.)

Just what is the record to date of the Center for Indian Development? On the 100 acres of the CID devoted to non-commercial projects, there is a combination medical-dental clinic which treats any

people.

The CID operates a grade school open to all area residents with a present enrollment of about forty. The students are divided into small groups and given intensive guidance for several hours each day. They get practical experience in CID projects such as the vegetable farm and the carpentry and pottery shops.

The CID has also been a home and family to many orphans and presently is caring for more than a score. These children,

along with the teenage students, are housed in a three-story building constructed under the roof of the old sugar refinery on the plantation. The students have helped decorate and build their own dormitories and even their own beds. And they take turns working in the Center farm to produce their own fruits and vegetables.

It is the teenagers who form the core of the CID program, for through a rotation system of on-the-job training from native instructors and supervisors they are given practical experience in nearly all aspects of rural living and working. Some of them have already returned to their home areas and established their own agri-business enterprises, which incidentally have financed several full-time missionaries.

A modern dairy has been built in the Valley, complete with a portable water system and a diesel power plant. Some of the first group of ragged, illiterate orphans who came into the Andersen ranch house six years ago are now operating the only modern dairy in northeastern Guatemala. They have mastered the equipment, learned to operate the vehicles, and become proficient in running their own business enterprise.

This group of graduates now forms the membership of the Paradise Valley Cooperative of Indian Products and Services. The elected president, our Miguel Max who eluded the guerrillas, is now 23 and the general work manager at the CID.

The children of these people aren't dying anymore. If they get sick, their parents can pay for their treatment. Healthy and clean, they are also receptive to the Gospel. Paradise Valley produced the first

full-time, full-blooded Indian missionary from Guatemala. The plantation has had as many as forty-two full tithe payers. When church meetings were held on the ranch, the average attendance was fifty-eight, an astounding number for rural Lamanite branches. Because the branch has now been moved to Coban, fifteen miles away, the increased expense of attending has been prohibitive to the Indians — Cordell estimates the cost, translated from the Indian economy, to be about \$40 for the round trip.

Cordell chuckles when he admits that Ammon is one of his favorite Book of Mormon people, but it would be difficult in Cordell's position to not be touched by that kind of spirit. He observes that Book of Mormon classes have been extremely popular among the school students.

Despite the problems, despite the misunderstandings, despite the fact that as recently as November 1975 Cordell seriously questioned the financial ability of the CID to maintain progress at its present rate, most people who hear the story of Paradise Valley want it to continue. It's no Camelot, despite its name, but a twentieth-century reality battling several centuries' problems. Its people don't need and wouldn't understand romanticizing. But for those of us "outside" who are less and less sure of what "normal" means, Paradise Valley can't avoid being a kind of symbol, with its failures equally as eloquent as its successes.

Postscript: A Feb. 10 cable from Cordell reported earthquake damage to buildings and facilities, but no injuries at Paradise Valley.

To stand
to dream
to know –
three verbs
like rods in the hand of Israel's God
no man can break

stasis
vision
isolation.

Book of Visions

STANLEY ABSHER

Stasis:

I have stood, sat, squatted, lain;
shifted my weight from foot to foot, buttock to buttock, side to side;
endured winter without fire, summer without drink, night without woman,
the biting of wind and gnat;
first thistles springing around me, then brush preceding the forest,
now kudzu choking it;
I am here, remain, endure, withstand, continue;
and in my eyes delightful visions play.

Vision:

In the time of the thistles I saw Him nailed to the cross,
lavender blooms, his blood, strewn thickly across the field –
the seven churches of Asia, Jerusalem, Italy, Spain
like thistle plants in the breast of the wicked earth.

Then out of Alexandria and Greece
wooden soldiers of wooden philosophies
marched forth – from the forest of despair,
the forest of earthly delight and original taint,
brambles and brush, then the martial trees themselves
blooming with blood and horror, of which the cross was made,
marching.

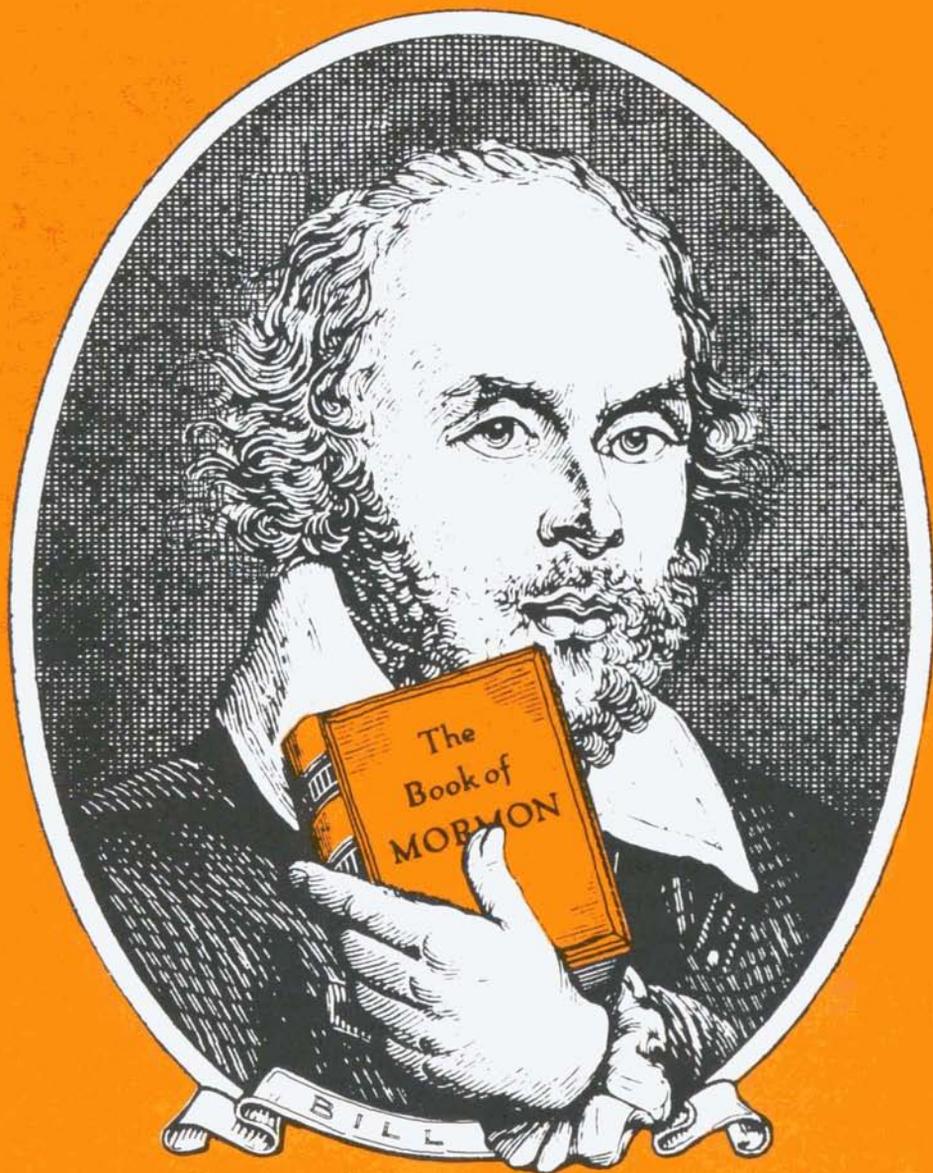
But now I see the heavenly green
fins of Christ's own fish, the school
of his own winged messengers, whose play
strangled and felled those warrior trees, delight
in the warm ruachan sea.

Isolation:

I have stood, first restless, and now like a leeching statue,
season upon season; I have dreamed
Christ's foot on a molten sea; and I have learned
all secrets:

He has made my dull flesh ore, it purified
to naked element; His mind has cast
me in his ten commands; His seven fingered
hand has set me in His winter garden,
and strung his kudzu runners around my throat.

He who made the mold was wise in all:
He made me, one eye open, one eye closed
that I might comprehend both God and man.
I apprehend you, God and living man –
I see Him standing in his winter garden,
right arm raised in curse or benediction,
the right hand broken off.



Mormon Shakespeare:

A Study of Contemporary Mormon Theatre

FREDERICK BLISS AND P.Q. GUMP

Frederick Bliss is a recent graduate of St. John's College at Annapolis with a degree in chemical engineering. His 3.98 grade-point average made him valedictorian. He is married and has a St. Bernard that eats more than his two children put together. He is currently working in Alaska, which he says is not as cold as it is reputed to be.

P.Q. Gump is a graduate student in Family Relations at BYU, where she has been a student since 1967. She is a career student, she claims, and intends to keep registering until they put her on the faculty. She has one child by a long-expired marriage, and believes fervently in alimony. "It's better than a scholarship," she says, "because I don't have to keep my grades up."

Their collaboration was an accident, they claim, and they don't get along very well. "What critics do?" Gump remarked. According to Bliss, he had all the good ideas and Gump did all the writing. Gump agrees about the writing.

Theatre is a disease that the Mormon Church caught early in its childhood. It has never quite recovered. LDS plays, pageants, and extravaganzas have turned up every few years since the Nauvoo period.

In the last ten years Mormon Theatre has reached its adolescence, complete with awkwardness and pimples, but with a promise of the stature it may someday achieve. This spurt of growth has been centered in Provo, Utah, primarily because Brigham Young University has been, until recently, the only place where enough money, directors, playwrights and audience members could come together long enough to accomplish anything. This article is a history of the last ten years of Mormon theatre, its writers, and its trends.

DEFINITIONS

Right now we're going to define some terms *our* way, and if your definition differs, be not offended. The language

belongs to us as long as we're using it.

Mormon theatre, in this article, means stage plays written by and/or for Mormons. This means we don't include *Paint Your Wagon*, which was definitely not written for a Mormon audience, while we do include Sundgaard's *Promised Valley* even though he is not LDS. Within Mormon theatre there are a few simple subdivisions:

Scriptural plays rely on the Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price, or the Bible for plots and settings.

Mormon history plays rely on events in LDS Church history for plots and settings.

Contemporary Mormon plays deal with specifically Mormon themes and problems in a contemporary setting.

Secular plays by Mormon authors are those which do not specifically mention Mormonism but reflect, deliberately or inadvertently, the LDS influence on the playwright.

DEVELOPMENT: THE WATERSHED PLAYS

Five Mormon writers have produced plays with enough impact to justify our calling them watershed plays. Their effect on other playwrights and on the Mormon audience has been profound and lasting, and several of them may turn out to be classics of Mormon theatre.

And They Shall Be Gathered

And They Shall Be Gathered, written by Martin Kelly and directed by Dr. Charles W. Whitman at BYU in 1969, is the first of the watershed plays. Before that time Mormon plays could be divided into two rough classifications: **miracle plays** and **hero plays**. The **miracle plays**, like *Promised Valley*, were essentially inspirational anecdotes expanded to a couple of hours. The characters were almost all righteous, God-fearing people

who struggled against nature or enemies and were saved from disaster by their faith and by divine intervention. Occasionally, for realism, a leading character would be plagued by doubts. The **hero plays** stressed the conflict between whiter-than-white good guys and blacker-than-black bad guys who always lost in the end. *The Tragedy of Korihor* and *A Day, A Night, and A Day* fall into this category. Some good writing often went into these works, but by and large they were primitive, simplistic, and acceptable only to an unsophisticated Mormon audience. They almost never dealt with serious questions.

Kelly's *Gathered*, a Mormon history play based on the conversion experiences of an Armenian couple, broke through into realistic treatment of Mormonism. In Kelly's play the antagonists are not evil—they're good people who just don't want to change religions and don't understand why their children do. The young couple who join the Church are treated lovingly and humorously, and they emerge not as untouchable paragons of virtue but rather as fairly normal people who have found a faith they value more than anything else in their lives. In *Gathered* the missionaries administer to a dying boy and, perhaps for the first time in Mormon theatre, a miracle does not occur. The boy dies, and the non-Mormon father comforts the disconsolate missionaries.

The overall effect of the play is joyful, and it is at least partly because of the believability of Kelly's characters and his fair treatment of Mormon and Gentile alike that *And They Shall Be Gathered* quickly became an LDS favorite. The play was purchased by the Church for distribution to the wards and stakes, and Lambert and Cracroft anthologized the play in their book *A Believing People*.

Of course *Gathered* did not change Mormon theatre overnight—several hero and miracle plays have been written since. But many of the finest Mormon writers freely admit their debt to Kelly for having shown that it was possible to write a believable Mormon drama. Orson Scott Card's *The Apostate* was a not entirely unsuccessful attempt to bring Kelly's

honesty to scriptural drama, and Carol Lynn Pearson's *The Order is Love* follows in the Kelly tradition.

THE ORDER IS LOVE

The Order is Love, a musical written by Carol Lynn Pearson, composed by Lex D'Azevedo, and directed by Max Golightly at BYU in 1971, is the second of the watershed plays. *The Order Is Love* tells the story of Orderville in southern Utah, the home of the longest United Order experiment. Pearson's historical research was impeccable, and she combined a very accurate picture of the community with a highly entertaining script. Though the BYU production suffered from overly presentational acting and directing, the singable music, the excellent choreography, and the simple, honest acting of a few of the leading characters — notably Blaine Jensen and Rob Nuismer — allowed Pearson's remarkable script the impact on the audience it deserved to have.

Though *Order* was not innovative, it was the first really well-constructed Mormon play. Pearson achieved what other writers had failed to do: she cut out all the deadwood and extra rhetoric and built a smooth-running play that held the audience from beginning to end, and this in spite of a flawed performance. *Order* was also the first really commercial production done at BYU. An original cast album of the songs from the show sold fairly well, and the Pearsons' Trilogy Arts publishing company published the script in paperback. Though the Mormon in-jokes are no more inaccessible than the Jewish in-jokes in *Fiddler on the Roof*, the American theatre-going public is not accustomed to them, and we believe this is the only bar to *Order's* success outside the Mormon ethnic group. Certainly the play did well wherever it played.

The effect of *The Order Is Love* on Mormon theatre was to raise the professional

standard of writing. Though some writers condemned its commercialism, most were quick to realize that there is nothing wrong with writing plays that people want to see. *Saturday's Warrior* was directly influenced by Pearson's play.

STONE TABLES

Stone Tables, a musical written by Orson Scott Card, composed by Robert Stoddard, and directed by Charles W. Whitman at BYU in 1973, is the third watershed play. *Tables* is seriously flawed, and the Stoddard and Card team produced a much better musical a year later, *Father, Mother, Mother, and Mom*. But because *Stone Tables* had a larger audience, its impact and influence have also been greater. The play, a retelling of the story of Moses and Aaron, is actually two plays: the first three acts study Moses' conversion from a powerful Egyptian prince to a shepherd and prophet in the wilderness of Midian, while the last act relates Aaron's conversion from a demagogue to a high priest after the making of the golden calf.

In its BYU production director Charles Whitman did away with biblical costumes and sets, quite in keeping with the tone of the script. Robert Stoddard's music, difficult, modern, and intricate as it was, also pulled the play out of period and stressed the universality of its message. And though Card hampered his script with unrhymed verse and far too much dialogue, it too broke with tradition. Card had toyed with the idea of a flawed prophet in *The Apostate* a few years before, but in *Stone Tables* he was able to show — not only once, but twice — the terrible stresses that lead to change in a character. Moses' pride and Aaron's insecurity are fundamental to their characters in *Tables*, and the different ways they overcame their weaknesses are effectively contrasted. A third contrast is Pharaoh, who is given

both of their flaws and fails to overcome either.

Stone Tables's cutting examination of individual change was a new insight in Mormon theatre. Audience members found themselves and their weaknesses, past or present, in *Stone Tables*, and the play as directed by Whitman was cathartic and fulfilling. Unfortunately the play is too long, and even the heavily cut versions that have been produced are occasionally boring to the most sympathetic audience.

Stoddard and Card, particularly in their subsequent *Father, Mother, Mother, and Mom*, are innovative not only for Mormon theatre but also for American theatre at large. Their unique combination of music and drama is a far cry from the usual musical comedies of Broadway. And though their style has not been imitated, the intensity of characterization is reflected in several later works, notably Elliott's *Fires of the Mind*.

SATURDAY'S WARRIOR

Saturday's Warrior, a musical written by Doug Stewart, composed by Lex D'Azevedo, and directed by Harold Oaks at BYU in 1974, is the fourth watershed play. A contemporary comedy, *Warrior* is essentially a hero play in which a young Latter-day Saint is forced to choose between the evil world and his joyful Mormon home. The particular issue is birth control, and Stewart answers some very serious population questions with a rather shaky folk doctrine that premortal spirits choose to come to earth as families, and that birth control thwarts premortal covenants. The only direct argument against birth control is the father's partially inaccurate statement that "We don't believe that way." The climax of the play is a melodramatic choice between the forces of good, who are all good, and the forces of evil, who are all evil. Subplots include a pair of very funny missionaries and a

callow young artist who joins the church and marries an even sillier Mormon Girl.

Saturday's Warrior's contribution to Mormon theatre is not so much artistic as commercial. Stewart and D'Azevedo produced a slick, tight work that reached Mormons who had never known that a play could make them laugh and cry and feel wonderful about being Mormons. While literary writers screamed "foul," Stewart brought hundreds of thousands of people into theaters in Utah Valley, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, and elsewhere. Most of them had never been to a live play before. People who are not ready for the intense realism of Elliott or Card, or who are bored by Kelly's gentle writing, have been introduced to Mormon theatre through *Saturday's Warrior*, and the literati who complain about it may eventually benefit as much as Stewart.

The original BYU production was shoddy, and it was not until Stewart and D'Azevedo formed Omega Productions that the show got off the ground. After a successful run in Los Angeles, Omega opened the show in the Spanish Fork High School auditorium (not known as a Mecca of the arts — PQG) and broke all Utah attendance records.

No Broadway show in Utah has ever made so much money, and the lessons are clear: a large Mormon audience *does* exist, and there is a paying market for strictly Mormon entertainment. It would be unfortunate if better writers than Stewart let sour grapes keep them from writing for the largest theatre audience in Utah; for as long as that audience sees no better, they will remain content with milk and never get the meat at all.

Saturday's Warrior is too recent to have had much obvious effect on Mormon theatre at large, unless the sudden increase in the number of original plays scheduled at BYU is partly due to *Warrior's* success. Possibly Omega Productions' financial success and the Utah Valley Repertory Theatre Company's financial failure indicate that the future of commercial Mormon theatre lies in heavily backed individual productions rather than in small amateur groups.

FIRES OF THE MIND

Fires of the Mind, written by Robert Elliott and directed by Charles W. Whitman at BYU in 1974, is the fifth watershed play — and, we might add, the best of them all. A contemporary Mormon play, it is the story of a missionary, Elder Johnson, who is desperately looking for a testimony while shutting himself off from those small signs that do come. He is contrasted with several other missionaries: Markham, an eager climber who wants to do the right thing but is too easily influenced by the wrong people; Matthews, an intolerant power broker who feels constantly threatened by Johnson's unrelenting pursuit of truth; and Lucas, a kind elder with a strong testimony who tries to help Johnson, through love and patience, to understand that he isn't finding answers because he doesn't know what he's asking for.

Except for a surperfluous montage of voices at the end, the play is sometimes moving, often humorous, always gripping. Elliott has captured missionary language perfectly, and his characters are unbearably real. *Fires* would be important for this alone, but Elliott has advanced Mormon theatre in another respect: in *Fires of the Mind* the bad guys are as Mormon as the good guys. This kind of frankness could have degenerated into wholesale debunking, but Elliott very carefully balanced every argument presented. Johnson may accuse Markham and Matthews of lacking testimonies, but Lucas is always there to insist that he is wrong, and when Johnson is under attack as a bad missionary, a few who understand him are able to give a kinder view. And yet, in spite of his complete fairness, Elliott gives the play a moral, though not moralistic, conclusion: Unless an audience member is determined to side with Johnson, he will see Johnson's decision at the end as a mistake, however understandable it is.

Unfortunately, *Fires of the Mind* can have only a limited effect on other writers. Its balanced point of view can be adopted, but good writing can only be imitated by good writers. What Elliott has done is not so much to change the direction of Mormon drama — he follows well within the tradition established by Kelly, Pearson, and Card — as to set a high standard of good writing. And we believe that of all the Mormon plays to date, *Fires of the Mind* is the most likely to endure, not as a museum piece, but as living theatre that can delight audiences for years to come.

THE MAJOR WRITERS

The writers of the watershed plays are essentially the major writers of Mormon theatre today, with one addition, Clinton F. Larson. Of course, the line between major and minor writers is a hard one to draw, and today's evaluations may soon prove out of date as new writers rise and old ones fade away. But these six writers are regarded as successful by one standard of success or another.

Clinton F. Larson. Larson, the poet in residence at BYU, has been writing Mormon drama for many years. Several of his works have been produced, and more have been published. His reputation, however, depends more on his poetry than on his plays, and in fact the most successful aspect of his drama is the poetry in it. Few Mormon writers have his exquisite control of language, and it is unfortunate that his plays are generally unproduceable. The problem is partly an outgrowth of his poetry: because each word is carefully chosen, the language overwhelms the action of the play, and the drama suffers. His pieces read much better than they play, and in printed form the philosophy is much more accessible. We could wish that he would learn theatricality, but then, like Larson, we are afraid his poetry might suffer for it. So though his plays are not likely, without a drastic change in style, to play before capacity houses, the body of literature he has created is still some of the finest in the Mormon Church. He has also had an influence as a teacher and a critic on several young Mormon writers.

Doug Stewart. Stewart began his playwriting career with *A Day, A Night, and A Day*, a scriptural play based on the story of Nephi in the Book of Helaman. Essentially a hero play, the characters are shallow and do not change from beginning to end. However, Stewart's strength has always been the ability to control the structure of his plays, and signs of this show up in *A Day*. His plotting strengthened the drama of the scriptural story, and the audiences were gripped even when productions were weak.

True to the maxim that one should capitalize on his strengths, Stewart's second stage play to be produced (another play about Enoch never saw the light of day), *Saturday's Warrior*, was very well constructed and again held his audiences thoroughly. But Stewart's weaknesses were just as weak as before, and shallow characters and unbelievable dialogue prevailed. Directed as a farce, *Saturday's Warrior's* weaknesses do not show up too glaringly. However, we hope that Stewart will not regard his financial success as a sign that he has nothing left to learn. Writers who have mastered techniques that Stewart does not have may well learn to master his, and there is no sign that Mormon audiences will be more loyal than any other.

Carol Lynn Pearson. Pearson's fame has come mostly from her poetry, which tapped a broad market. But there is no doubt that she is a gifted playwright, though it has been some time since she had a new play produced. *The Order Is Love*, discussed in detail above, is still a well-constructed piece that hasn't suffered too much from comparison with most recent plays. We hope that we won't have to wait too much longer for another play worthy of her talents.

Martin Kelly. Author of *And They Shall Be Gathered*, Kelly has retired his pen longer than Pearson. Kelly admits to having written another full-length play, *The Wrong Moon*, of which he says, "It was awful." He is currently working on a play about Jan Huss, the Bohemian religious reformer who was burned at the stake, and those who have had an advance look at portions of the script promise that

Kelly's naturalness in writing is undiminished.

Orson Scott Card. Card is the most prolific of the Mormon playwrights. His best-known plays — *The Apostate*, *Stone Tables*, and *Father, Mother, Mother, and Mom* — seem to be steps in an upward development that looks promising. *Tables* and *Father* were written in collaboration with composer Robert Stoddard, and we regret that such a felicitous combination has broken up; Stoddard, disturbed by what he saw as Card's growing concern with commercialism at the expense of art, broke off the partnership during rehearsals of *Liberty Jail*.

While Stoddard and Card were together their collaboration was unusually thorough. In *Father, Mother, Mother, and Mom*, which both of them regard as their best work, Card influenced the music to the point of writing several melodies, while Stoddard shaped much of the rewriting, particularly during the summer 1974 production of the play, which Stoddard directed. Since then Card has worked with several composers, and one of them, Murray Boren, scored Card's libretto to the opera *Abraham and Isaac*, which will debut in the winter of 1976. However, disgusted with the lack of support for his Utah Valley Repertory Theatre Company and the criticism on doctrinal grounds of several of his works, Card has vowed that he has written his last Mormon play. How long that vow will last remains to be seen.

Robert Elliott. Elliott's play, *Fires of the Mind*, is his first, which makes its excellence even more remarkable. *Fires* was published in full in the first issue of *Sunstone*, and plans are underway for several more productions of the play. In our most recent contact with Elliott he reported that he wasn't working on another play at the time. Of course, Elliott runs the risk that his second play won't be as good as his first. Our answer is that it could be inferior to *Fires* and still be a good Mormon play.

THE MINOR WRITERS

There are many other playwrights whose

works aren't as prominent and yet are worthy of note, such as **Louise Hanson**, author of *The Tragedy of Korihor* and *Covenant in Gold*. Hers are essentially hero and miracle plays, but they have attracted good audiences, and *Korihor* toured throughout the western states with BYU's repertory company. **Gerald Pearson**, Carol Lynn's husband, has written several one-acts and a full-length play, *The Naked Veil*, which was directed by Charles Whitman at BYU several years ago. Since then he has been in the publishing and recording business, apparently to the exclusion of playwriting.

Robert Stoddard, mentioned above as collaborator with Card, also scripted a charming fantasy called *Giraffe Story*, which has been produced several times and recently was purchased by a major play distribution company. **Brenda Sinclair** wrote *Poor Howard* while still a student at BYU. *Howard* had serious flaws in structure and dialogue, and her characters were one-dimensional, but sell-out crowds were delighted. Sinclair's comic sense may prove to be her greatest asset.

Ed Walker's *The Dove* was produced at BYU in 1974 and shows great promise. **Beverly Warner's** play *Shepherd of the Lord*, a scriptural play about Peter and one of the few Mormon plays to portray Christ directly on stage, was warmly received in 1973. **Keith Engar's** *Right Honourable Saint*, a musical with Robert Cundick based on the life of Karl G. Maeser, was produced as part of BYU's centennial. It was a disappointment to those who expected anything.

Max Golightly, occasionally a playwriting teacher at BYU and nationally known as a poet, has directed two of his own plays, *Wisdom Tree* (a musical with Yutonna Kerbs) and *The Forge and the Fire*. *Wisdom Tree* showed the wisdom of the policy of not letting a writer direct his own work, since an impartial eye might have noticed and solved serious flaws in the work; but by Golightly's second production of *Forge* in 1975 he seemed to have overcome some of his earlier problems. **Thom Duncan's** plays *A Sceptre*, *A Sword*, *A Scented Rose* and *Prophet* were produced at BYU in 1972 and

1973. *Prophet*, a musical about Joseph Smith written in collaboration with composer Jerry Jackman, was heavy-handed and relied too much on the questionable idea that Joseph Smith knew about his death throughout his life.

Charles Whitman's three plays—*Phantom Empire*, *Play the Drum So It Is Heard Again*, and *Papa Married a Mormon*—are lit by only a few exciting scenes. However, his main contribution to Mormon theatre extends beyond his own writing, as will be discussed below.

Fran Smeath's play *Returning* opened in January 1976 at BYU. A Mormon history play set in Nauvoo in the 1840s, *Returning* had an excellent cast and director, and its sold-out extended run was received enthusiastically.

Peter Johnson, currently in San Francisco working on Malden's "Streets of San Francisco," is regarded by some as likely to be one of the most successful Mormon writers, though he has not yet had a play produced.

James Arrington, who studied at ACT in San Francisco, has returned to BYU where his one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham* will be produced in March 1976. The script, in the tradition of *Mark Twain Tonight* and *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*, is reported to be more than a collection of spicy quotations from the *Journal of Discourses*, and Arrington has taken pains to give an accurate picture of Brigham Young. A talented actor, he will direct himself in his own play.

Tom Rogers, a BYU professor of Russian and head of the Honors Program, has written several plays, one of which, *Huebner*, is attracting considerable attention. Production possibilities look bright for this Mormon history play about one of Mormonism's few real martyrs, who was beheaded in Nazi Germany because he refused to renounce his beliefs. Reports are that the script has remarkable potential.

Other playwrights could be mentioned, and some are just surfacing now. What should be obvious from this list is that

contrary to some theories it is not only possible that a unique Mormon theatre may develop — it is already here. Most of these writers are young and eager to learn, and the prospects look excellent.

LANGUAGE

A note belongs here about the evolution of language in Mormon plays. A scant ten years ago writers were still using stilted pseudo-biblical language for scriptural plays in the mistaken notion that 17th-century English is the language of God. Even the Mormon history plays showed an aversion to contractions, fragments, and other elements of natural speech, and those who recall *All in Favor* or *Let It Rain* know what contemporary plays were like. Characters spoke with all the vim and vigor of instructional filmstrips, and elocution was more important than characterization.

We've come a long way since then. Martin Kelly began the swing to the vernacular with *Gathered*, and Pearson, Card, and Elliott followed. Eloquence is still possible (cf. John Monson's courtroom speech in *Father, Mother, Mother, and Mom* and Elder Lucas's testimony to Johnson in *Fires of the Mind*), but the days of phony dialogue are, we hope, thoroughly dead. With contemporary language true-to-life characters are possible, like these missionaries from *Fires*:

MARKHAM It's so wonderful to be serving these people. They're so humble and beautiful. I work my tail off and I love every minute of it. It makes me feel so good. I wish I could just do this forever.

MATTHEWS How long have you been out?

MARKHAM 11½ months tomorrow.

Mormon clichés sound like Mormon clichés, and our own language can make fun of itself in the hands of a gifted writer.

CHARLES WHITMAN: FATHER OF MORMON THEATRE

If Mormon theatre is coming into its own, a good portion of the credit has to go to Charles Whitman, whose influence on LDS playwrights has been powerful. Whitman has taught or directed the plays of two-thirds of the 36 playwrights in TABLE I. His influence is pointed up even more by the fact that of the five watershed plays, he directed three (*Gathered*, *Tables*, and *Fires*) and was a major influence on Doug Stewart before he wrote *Warrior*.

Other directors (see TABLE III) have put on Mormon plays, of course, but as head of the playwriting program at BYU Whitman has been in a unique position of influence. The growth of Mormon playwriting has been his dream, and his encouragement has been the impetus for many a playwright. His excellent directing ability has made many original plays better than the scripts warranted, and if there is a large audience for Mormon plays it is partly because Whitman has taught them that when they come to an original play they will not be disappointed. He has a unique ability to draw the best out of actors, and the casts of such plays as *Stone Tables*, *Shepherd of the Lord*, *A Day, A Night, and A Day*, and *Fires of the Mind* find themselves fulfilled, not only artistically but also spiritually.

Of course, some of his former students now find themselves at odds with Whitman's ideas — but none of them will deny the importance of his role in their career. And Whitman has the good fortune not to resent the successes of his students, even when some of them surpass his own writing ability. Whitman's goal is the growth of Mormon theatre, not self-aggrandizement. And if the force of one man's will could make a great theatre movement, we would already have it.

BYU'S MORMON THEATRE

This does not diminish the contribution of other BYU directors, all of whom have directed at least one original script — many of them more than one. Student directors

have also done important work, and the burgeoning directing program at BYU requires all student directors to present at least one original play during their undergraduate experience, which is a great spur to new writers, who find their scripts in demand.

BYU's theatre program is far from perfect, and most productions leave something to be desired. But everything points to more growth and improvement. Enrollment has increased tremendously. Original plays occupy more places on the season. Tad Danielewski, a noted professional, has joined the faculty to create out of whole cloth a cinema program at BYU. Although production companies are springing up outside the university and outside the state, it will be a long time before they can hope to match BYU's contribution to Mormon theatre.

THE AUDIENCE

But the whole thing exists because of the audience. Obviously, the number of people attending LDS plays is increasing dramatically — but more important still is the fact that the audience is maturing. There is no dearth of the undiscerning who will flock to inferior plays. Nevertheless, there is a kernel of theatre-lovers who are no longer content with them. They have been spoiled by the good plays, and as their ranks increase there is a good chance that writers will improve to satisfy them. Elizabethan theatre did not begin with Shakespeare: audiences had to grow up on *Box and Cox*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and other such pablum before they were ready for *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. And if a giant should arise among the Mormon dramatists, it will be because the audience is ready.

And not until.

TABLE I AUTHORS AND PLAYS*

PLAYWRIGHT	
Martin Alder	<i>No Greater Crown</i> — MH** (Whitman, BYU, 1966)
Gerald Argetsinger	unproduced***
James Arrington	<i>Here's Brother Brigham!</i> — MH (Arrington, BYU, 1976)
Maxilyn Capell	unproduced***
Orson Scott Card	<i>The Apostate</i> — S (Whitman, BYU, 1971) <i>In Flight</i> — S (A. Steward, BYU, 1971) <i>Across Five Summers</i> — MH (Whitman, BYU, 1971) <i>Stone Tables</i> — S (Whitman, BYU, 1973; Evenden, UVRTC, 1975) <i>Of Gideon</i> — S (Crosland, BYU, 1974) <i>Father, Mother, Mother, and Mom</i> — MH (Stoddard, UVRTC, 1974) <i>A Christmas Carol</i> — Se (adaptation; Card, UVRTC, 1974) <i>Liberty Jail</i> — MH (Stoddard and Card, UVRTC, 1975) <i>Abraham and Isaac</i> — S (opera; Robison and Evenden, BYU, 1976)
Christy Lund Coles	<i>The Brothers</i> — MH (Metten, BYU, 1968)
Greg Divan	unproduced***
Thom Duncan	<i>A Sceptre, A Sword, A Scented Rose</i> — S (Golightly, BYU, 1972) <i>Prophet</i> — MH (Jacobs, BYU, 1973)
Robert Elliott	<i>Fires of the Mind</i> — C (Whitman, BYU, 1974; pbl <i>Sunstone</i> , Winter 1976)
Keith Engar	<i>Right Honourable Saint</i> — MH (Whitman, BYU, 1975)
James E. Faulconer	<i>Abraham and Isaac—The Akedah</i> — S (Oaks, BYU, 1971-72)
Max Golightly	<i>Wisdom Tree</i> — Se (Golightly, BYU, 1970) <i>The Forge and the Fire</i> — (Golightly, BYU, 1974; 1975)
Louise Hanson	<i>The Tragedy of Korihor</i> — S (Hansen, BYU, 1969-70) <i>Covenant in Gold</i> — S (Woodbury, BYU, 1972)
Peter Johnson	unproduced***
Martin Kelly	<i>And They Shall Be Gathered</i> — MH (Whitman, BYU, 1969; Gledhill, BYU, 1976; pbl <i>A Believing People</i>)
Clinton F. Larson	<i>Coriantumr</i> — S; <i>Moroni</i> — S; <i>Mantle of the Prophet</i> — MH; <i>Snow White and the Mirror</i> — Se; and others (pbl); <i>Mary of Nazareth</i> — S (Metten, BYU, 1966)
Pat Metten	<i>Twilight Song</i> — Se (Metten, BYU, 1970)
Audra Moss	unproduced***
Marie Myer	<i>Mission Call</i> — C (Metten, BYU, 1975)
Mark Nielson	<i>Dark Swans</i> — Se (BYU, 1969)
Rob Nuismer	one-acts — Se
Carol Lynn Pearson	<i>Move On</i> — MH (Hansen, BYU, 1971, 1972) <i>The Order Is Love</i> — MH (Golightly, BYU, 1971; pbl <i>Trilogy Arts</i>)
Gerald Pearson	<i>The Naked Veil</i> — MH (Whitman, BYU)
Don Poole	one-acts
Gale Sears	<i>Celestial 2-A</i> — Se (Whitman, BYU, 1976)
Tom Rogers	<i>Huebner</i> — MH (to be announced)
Brenda Sinclair	<i>Poor Howard</i> — Se (Crosland, BYU, 1975)
Fran Smeath	<i>Returning</i> — MH (Crosland, BYU, 1976)
Doug Stewart	<i>A Day, A Night, and A Day</i> — S (Whitman, BYU, 1967, 1968; Jacobs, Omega, 1975; Berry, Omega, 1976) <i>Saturday's Warrior</i> — C (Oaks, BYU, 1974; Jacobs, Omega, 1975; pbl)

Robert Stoddard	<i>Giraffe Story</i> —Se (Stoddard, BYU, 1973; UVRTC, 1974)
Arnold Sundgaard	<i>Promised Valley</i> —MH (various) <i>Brigham!</i> —MH (Golightly, BYU, 1976)
Connie Walker	<i>Ninevah</i> —S (Whitman, BYU, 1974)
Ed Walker	<i>The Dove</i> —Se (Crosland, BYU, 1974) <i>The Trial of Abou Ben Zoma</i> —Se (BYU, 1975)
Beverly Warner	<i>Shepherd of the Lord</i> —S (Whitman, BYU, 1973)
Charles Whitman	<i>Phantom Empire</i> —Se (Mitchell, BYU, 1969) <i>Play the Drum So It Is Heard Again</i> —Se (Crosland, BYU, 1972) <i>Papa Married a Mormon</i> —MH (adaptation; Metten, BYU, 1975)
Buddy Youngreen	<i>Orin Porter Rockwell</i> —MH (Youngreen, Sundance, 1971) various farces — Se

TABLE II COMPOSERS

Murray Boren	with Orson Scott Card: <i>Abraham and Isaac</i>
Robert Cundick	with Keith Engar: <i>Right Honorable Saint</i>
Newell Daley	with Arnold Sundgaard: <i>Brigham!</i>
Lex D'Azevedo	with Carol Lynn Pearson: <i>The Order Is Love</i> with Doug Stewart: <i>Saturday's Warrior</i>
Crawford Gates	with Arnold Sundgaard: <i>Promised Valley</i>
Jerry Jackman	with Thom Duncan: <i>Prophet</i>
Yutonna Kerbs	with Max Golightly: <i>Wisdom Tree</i>
James Prigmore	with Buddy Youngreen: <i>Orin Porter Rockwell</i>
Robert Stoddard	alone: <i>Giraffe Story</i> with Orson Scott Card: <i>Stone Tables; Father, Mother Mother, and Mom</i>

TABLE III DIRECTORS

James Arrington	BYU
Orson Scott Card	UVRTC
Ivan Crosland	BYU
Mike Evenden	BYU
Preston Gledhill	BYU
Max Golightly	BYU
Harold I. Hansen	BYU
Norlan Jacobs	BYU, Omega
Albert Mitchell	BYU
Harold Oaks	BYU
Agnes Stewart	BYU
Robert Stoddard	BYU, UVRTC
Charles W. Whitman	BYU
Lael J. Woodbury	BYU

* Based on BYU Theatre production schedules from 1965 to 1976, supplemented by scripts on file at BYU Theatre Department and interviews with professors; UVRTC production schedules; and interviews with authors.

** MH: Mormon history play; S: scriptural play; C: contemporary play; Se: secular play.

*** Some writers whose works have not been produced are included because of their demonstrated potential.

TABLE IV PRODUCERS

Brigham Young University	Provo, Utah
Omega Productions	Salt Lake City, Utah
Utah Valley Repertory Theatre Company	Provo, Utah
Sundance Summer Theatre	Provo, Utah

UTAH'S

UNKNOWN



PIONEER

ARCHITECTS:

Their Lives
 Works

ALLEN ROBERTS

Allen D. Roberts received a B. A. degree in Art and Design from Brigham Young University in 1973 and is currently working on his master's degrees in architecture and history at the University of Utah. Allen is currently the Architectural Historian for the State of Utah, and is working on a preservation policy for historic buildings owned by the LDS Church.

Unable to resist the opportunity of engaging in the popular sport of lambasting Mormon life and culture, an architectural correspondent for the *Western Architect and Building News* (14 July 1890) delivered an unjustifiably cruel and biased evaluation of what was essentially Mormon architecture:

Whatever may be said of attractions of Salt Lake City, in many respects it must be acknowledged that architecturally

the place is woefully behind the age, and the weather-beaten and crumbling adobes present an appearance that does not accord with the ideas of modern civilization. Only to the antiquarian in his studies and researches of primitive inhabitation of many can they be of interest.

Even after 43 years of constant development and refining of the architectural profession in the Mormon Corridor, the myth of a spiritually and materially impoverished people living in rustic adobe buildings under the rule of despotic leadership which suppressed individual expression still persisted among the uninformed. Yet in fact there were probably few western cities in the region better prepared to execute architectural designs of the finest quality than Salt Lake City in its pioneers days. To be sure, the predominant style of building for the first few decades consisted of vernacular forms and indigenous materials, but skilled architects and builders were sent to many of the major settlements at an early date, causing a rapid development of building technology and a consequent urban imagery expressing contemporary ideology.

The contribution of early Mormon architects and their architecture has never been adequately explored. Because of the Salt Lake Temple, Tabernacle, Beehive and Lion houses, Salt Lake Theatre, and Council Hall, we know of the fine accomplishments of pioneer architects Truman O. Angell, William H. Folsom, and Henry Grow, but outside of these men, little is known of Utah's early designers. It is the purpose of this article to illuminate a part of our architectural past by identifying several of Utah's early designers and discussing their significant works.

The Role of Architects in the Mid-19th Century

The typical architect of 1850 would undoubtedly feel lost in the office of a modern architect, with all its complicated catalogs, drafting machinery, paperwork and, most of all, grand design

problems and the complex solutions they demand. But the architect of today would feel no more comfortable in the shoes of the pioneer architect. "Builder/architect" is a more appropriate term for the multi-disciplined designer who usually designed and built his structures and personally worked out every problem. There were few professionally trained architects in 19th-century America. A select few aristocrats received school training at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, but most architects were semi-skilled draftsmen — usually carpenters, masons, or contractors — who also possessed artistic sensitivity and drawing skills. Texts for these self-made designers were limited to a few carpenter's and builder's guides and house pattern books. From these the builder/architect would select his favorite Greek or Gothic Revival cornice details, window and door types, moulding and stair patterns, etc. Strict formulas depending on rules of proportion and scale, symmetry, and other principles of art were religiously adhered to by the better designers to insure that their plans and elevations were endowed with the proper correctness, order, and unity. Most plans for major buildings were well drawn, considering the primitive drafting implements available, but usually included little more than exterior elevations, floor plans, and a structural transverse section. There were a few notes on the plans, but a list of specifications written out in longhand, and cost estimates, would be provided if the owner requested them.

Many Mormon architects in pioneer Utah were well acquainted with styles of eastern and midwestern America and Europe, especially Great Britain. Several had worked on the temples in Kirtland and Nauvoo, two ambitious structures which proved that Mormon designers had, if given adequate technology, the ability to create and execute splendid designs. Lagging building technology was the obstacle which prevented other western architects from developing monumental architecture of the type that had grown up in the East. A comparable intermountain city, Denver, Colorado, did not develop its

natural resources during its formative years as rapidly as Salt Lake did and consequently its pre-railroad architecture was less impressive than Salt Lake's. The limitations resulting from primitive technology were removed at an early date for Mormon architects. Mainly because of the Church's desire to establish a permanent and beautiful Kingdom of God, the development of a building industry was a top priority in new Mormon settlements. Public works programs in most cities guaranteed a continual supply of competent craftsmen for major construction projects and rapidly exploited natural resources — i.e., clay for adobes and brick, lime for mortar and plaster, iron for nails and machinery, trees for structural lumber and decorative trim, — giving architects the materials they needed to erect fine buildings. The advantages of well-planned cities, cooperative employment programs, and the inherent skills of craftsmen who came from many parts of the world were utilized by Mormon architects to produce structures which frankly amazed many objective travelers who observed the territory's progress through its architectural maturation.

While the relationship of Church and architect was symbiotic, the Church did not go so far as to decree that certain styles be followed (with the possible exception of the temples) in its buildings. Good workmanship, use of the best materials, and practical designs were encouraged, but architects were at liberty to express themselves individually, provided their designs were not above the ability of builders to execute them. The limitations imposed on design were few and many critical writers who predicted the temple would never be completed or the great clear-spanning tabernacle roof would never stand were fortunately disappointed. Excessive designs and those which too strongly suggested a relationship to the apostate liturgy of Catholicism or other iconoclastic of pagan religions were avoided in favor of relatively simple and straightforward forms.

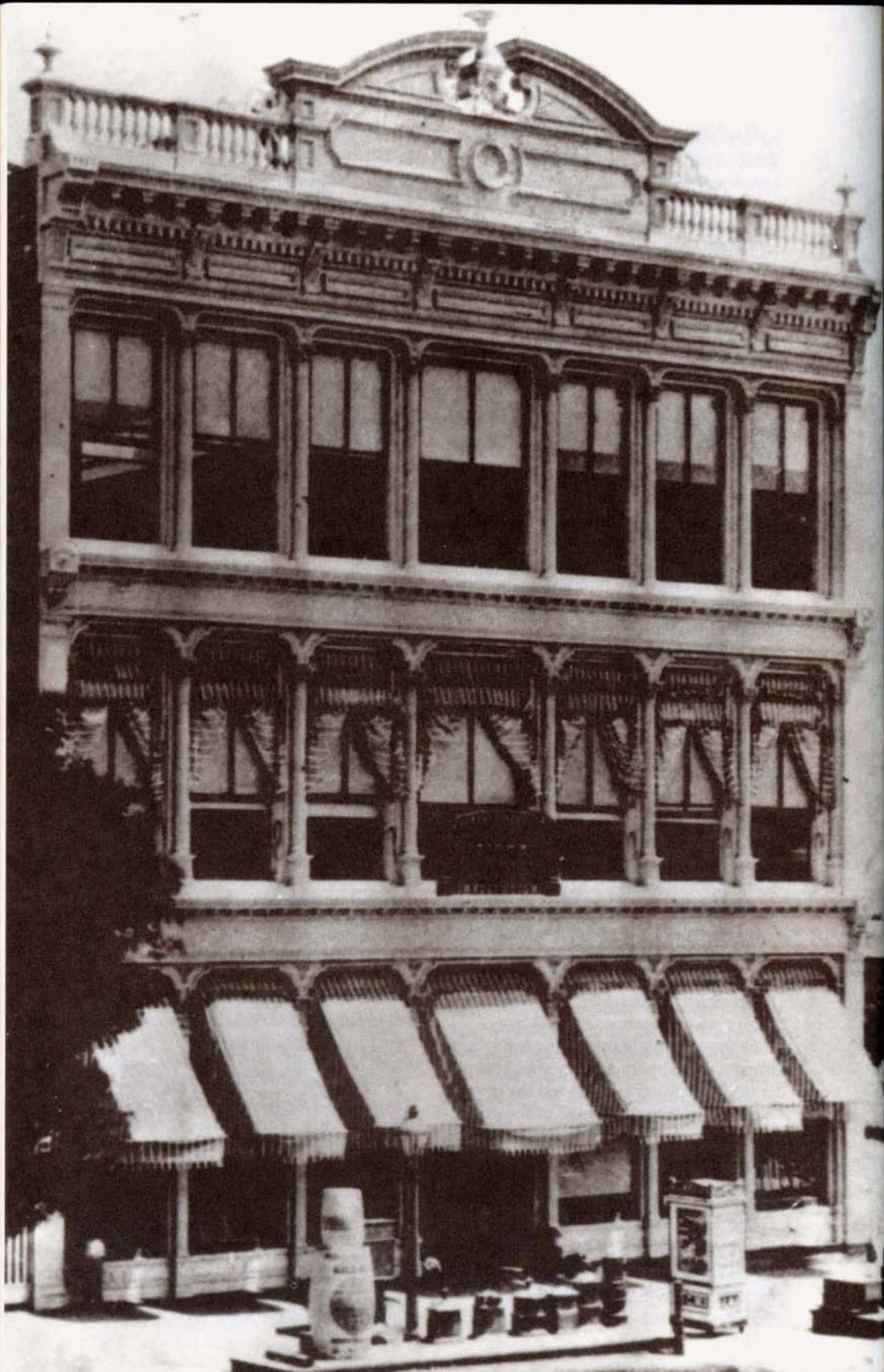
There was no attempt by either the Church or architects themselves to develop a distinct "Mormon" style; thus, except for ubiquitous vernacular styling we find no pronounced regional "high" style and little real uniqueness in mid-19th century Utah architecture. Designs came from Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City in the Midwest; Boston, Philadelphia, and New York in the East; and Denver and San Francisco in the West. Even ethnic-dominated towns such as Midway, Spring City, and Millard used American plans, forms, and detailing almost entirely. A major desire seems to have been to divest Utah of its early image as a desert land of scattered villages with log and adobe cabins. While not attempting to create a uniquely Mormon style, it is apparent that the Church and its architect members had a general consciousness of architectural reputation. Many superb buildings served to reflect the Church's presence, strength, taste, and awareness of fashionable styles of the day.

Let us turn now to specific architects, their lives and works. Because they are already well known and have been the subject of numerous articles, Truman O. Angell, William H. Folsom, and Henry Grow will not be discussed at length. Rather, four lesser known, even totally forgotten, architects whose works were important to the development of pioneer architecture throughout early Mormondom will be considered.

Obed Taylor

(died July 30, 1881), Salt Lake City

On 25 July 1855, Elder George A. Smith received a letter from San Francisco which gives us our initial acquaintance with Obed Taylor: "I am at present stopping with a brother Obed Taylor whom Brother Parley (P. Pratt) baptized last spring. He was a Canada acquaintance of my wife Martha, rejoices in the truth, and is extremely arduous to gather."¹ For some reason Taylor did not "gather" to Zion until about 1871. His death on 30 July 1881 came while the architect was at the height of a bright career which, unfortunately,



ended after only ten years of practice in Utah. During those ten years Obed Taylor produced many of the state's finest and best-known structures. Taylor was for several years the partner of William H. Folsom. This talented team designed the Deseret National Bank (1875), the original Z.C.M.I. with its famous cast-iron storefront (1876), and the Feramor Little residences.² Taylor's independent works were no less impressive: Ogden's Z.C.M.I. and First National Bank Block (1881),³ the late Salt Lake 18th Ward meeting house,⁴ the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, and the large Coalville Tabernacle.

Nothing is known of Taylor's architectural background in Canada and San Francisco. He was a quiet, retiring man by nature and left no account of his early accomplishments, but was probably well experienced in the Victorian and cast iron modes which dominated late 19th-century architecture in San Francisco. Armed with this knowledge, Taylor capably planned the 100 x 318-foot three-story Z.C.M.I. building.⁶ The walls of the building were of ordinary rock and

brick, but the front and roof featured marvelous Italianate cast iron. Perhaps receiving impetus from Richard M. Upjohn's prior First National Bank (1871) on South State Street, Folsom and Taylor produced the largest iron front ever erected in the territory. Due to its modular and precast system, several additions were made to the old front without disturbing the effectiveness of the original design.

The Deseret National Bank and the Z.C.M.I. Building in Ogden were similar in appearance, both calling upon a classical decorative vocabulary for the main ornamental elements.⁷ Both buildings were three stories tall, occupied corner lots, and had clipped corners with the main entries facing the street corners at 45 degree angles. The two banks had heavily molded belt courses between the ground and second floors and featured extensive cornices with dentils and paired brackets. Decorative parapets for the inscription plaques sat atop the buildings over the entries. The entries of the two structures were almost identical, with their segmentally arched pediments and



Obed Taylor's design for Ogden's ZCMI was realized after his death in 1881. The building stands, though remodeled on the ground floor by J. C. Penny Company.

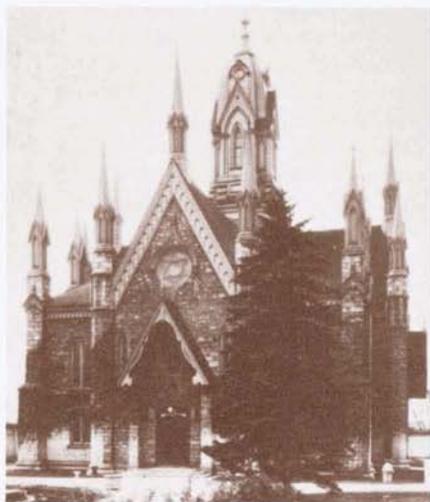
Obed Taylor and William H. Folsom were partners in the design of the 1876 ZCMI cast iron front. Elias Morris was the builder. The front has been disassembled and replaced on the facade of the new ZCMI Center.



Obed Taylor's exterior design of the mammoth ZCMI (1881) store in Ogden was similar to that of the earlier Deseret National Bank (1875), in S.L.C.

banded Corinthian columns. The absence of Greek pediments over the windows of Ogden's Z.C.M.I. seems to be the major difference in designs of the banks.

During the late 1870s Obed Taylor was called by the Church to be one of its supervising architects under Truman O. Angell. As a consequence, Taylor was given the opportunity of designing the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. Built of the granite rock not used in the temple, the magnificent late Gothic Revival hall was begun in 1877 and completed and dedicated in 1882. Henry Grow, designer of the Tabernacle roof truss system, was



The Salt Lake Assembly Hall (1877-82) on Temple Square became the prototype for the later Coalville Tabernacle.

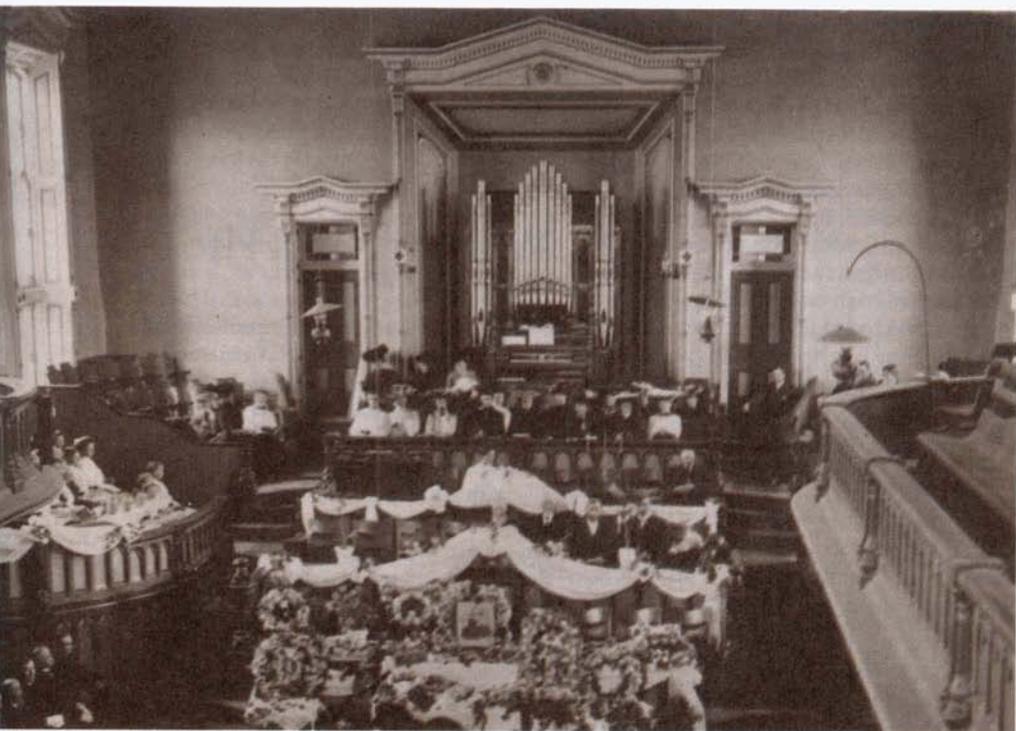
the builder. The relatively unaltered structure measures 68 feet in width and 120 feet in length, and is 130 feet to the top of the tower which rises from the center of the building. The roof has four gables, each surmounted with ornamental spires. Eight octagonal buttresses and eight square pilasters also support handsome Victorian Gothic pinnacles. The masses and decorative elements are wonderfully combined to create one of the most striking buildings for worship in the country.

Complementary to the exterior is Taylor's awe-inspiring auditorium — a massive open space with a long, sweeping gallery along three walls and pulpits, choir seats, and organ after the same general design as the Tabernacle. The plaster "beams" and exquisite rosettes once served to frame scenes of the Church's temples and depictions of Christ which were painted on the ceiling. These symbolic scenes have since been covered.

The Salt Lake Assembly Hall was considered so successful a design that it was used as the model for a similar and even more impressive edifice, the Coalville Tabernacle (1879-83). Thomas L. Allen of Coalville was appointed to design a plan for Coalville's new tabernacle in 1878. "He made elevations to show the (Summit Stake building) committee and church



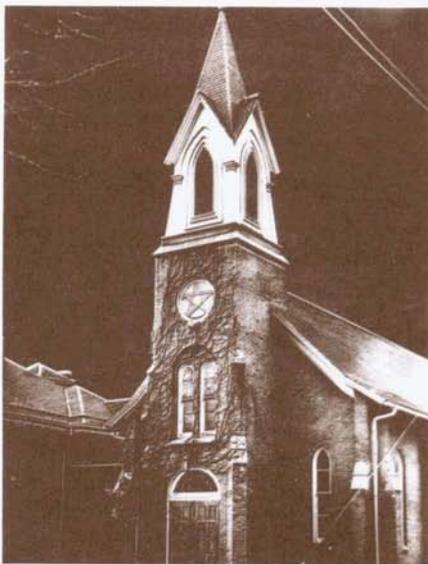
Interior of the Salt Lake Assembly Hall.



A rare photo of the Coalville Tabernacle interior before the addition of another floor through the chapel at the level of the gallery in 1941. This disrespectful modification sealed the fate of the architectural gem, which was razed during the night in 1971.

officials. Church architect Truman O. Angell and master builder Obed Taylor reviewed and approved the plans.⁷⁸ This account seems to indicate that Allen conceived and drew the plans independently of Taylor. It is unlikely, however, that Allen, with his limited architecture background, developed the design alone. The two tabernacles are so similar in concept and detailing that they obviously were inspired from the same source. It is probable that T. L. Allen visited with Taylor in the preliminary planning stages of the Coalville Tabernacle and, using the Assembly Hall as a guide, modified its plans for the newer building.

Several of Obed Taylor's best works were completed after his death in 1881.⁹ In addition to the Assembly Hall and Ogden Z. C. M. I. already mentioned, the Salt Lake 18th Ward meetinghouse was also



Salt Lake Eighteenth Ward Meeting House. This recently demolished structure was designed by Obed Taylor in 1880 and initiated the brief trend of single attenuated Gothic-spired churches in Utah. A group of Mormons think so highly of the building that they have arranged for its reconstruction next to the restored Council Hall on North State Street.

completed in 1882. A small (31 x 62 feet) building, it was nevertheless significant for initiating the late Gothic Revival meetinghouse style which became prevalent in larger Mormon communities in the mid-1880s. The 18th Ward chapel was the first regular Mormon meetinghouse to have a tall, engaged tower with a Gothic-styled steeple. Gothic pointed windows and stepped buttresses had been used in earlier buildings but were not included with the central tower and the New England meetinghouse plan until Taylor's design. The building was also important historically as the home ward meetinghouse for the prophets of the Church, all of whom have lived in the 18th Ward. It is unfortunate that this important edifice was destroyed in favor of four parking stalls and a small patch of grass. Concerned Church members, neighbors, and the State of Utah have recently united on a project which will attempt to reconstruct the chapel next to the old Council Hall. If imitation is truly a form of flattery, then Obed Taylor may have been flattered that the 21st Ward, built over two decades after the 18th Ward chapel, copied his design almost exactly, just as Coalville

reflected an earlier Taylor masterpiece. It is lamentable that Taylor came to Utah Territory so late and left so soon, for the legacy of rich architecture he left is too thinly spread to receive the appreciation it is due.

William Nicol Fife

(1831-1941), Ogden

William N. Fife was the first professional architect in Weber County. As the major form giver, Fife produced such notable works as the original Ogden Tabernacle (1856), Ogden Central School (1880), and the Weber Court House (1871-76).¹⁰ Yet, like many other Mormon architects, his design career was abbreviated due to a series of important Church calls. Indian fighter, city marshal, colonel, personal friend of U. S. Grant and Philip Sheridan, missionary, polygamist, colonist, and explorer, Fife was an extraordinary man of wide experience as well as a skillful architect.

A native of Scotland, William N. Fife was born at Kincardine, Perthshire, on 16



The Feramorz Little mansion — imitative of the more elaborate "Gardo House" designed by Taylor's partner, William M. Folsom.



October 1831.¹¹ William received a good education and at age fifteen was admitted to college, at the same time being

apprenticed as an architect and builder for a period of seven years. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he found employment in Glasgow with the firm of J. Nairn and Sons, builders, with whom he remained for nine months before fitting out for Melbourne, Australia, to go into the building business with his uncle, Thomas Fife. He never made it to Australia. Instead, he chanced to take lodging en route in a house which proved to be the Mormon conference house. There he met Alexander F. McDonald, Cyrus H. Wheelock, and other missionaries from Utah, and was converted to their faith. The course of his life now completely changed. He had no more desire to go to Australia, but set his mind upon emigrating to Utah.¹²

William N. Fife arrived in Salt Lake City 20 October 1853, and was immediately employed by President Heber C. Kimball who put him in charge of his building business. Fife was paid \$5 a day and worked for Kimball for eighteen months, laboring on numerous houses and public buildings. In the fall of 1856, President Brigham Young called Fife and his young family to move to Ogden and build a tabernacle in that city. Put under contract, Fife took on a partner, architect Walter Thompson, and also contracted with Chauncy W. West and Albern Allen. Fife had complete charge of the project, however, and did the design work and much of the carpentry himself. The tabernacle was finished in three years and after completion looked much like the old adobe tabernacle built in Salt Lake City in 1851. During construction Fife fell from a scaffold sixty feet above ground and miraculously recovered after a blessing.

The fall did not interrupt his work nearly as much as his participation in the Echo Canyon Indian War and other military activities. Mr. Fife had proven his abilities as a military leader in the previous Indian troubles of 1853, and had risen from corporal to second lieutenant, to first lieutenant and to captain. He went with the Weber and Box Elder militia to head off Colonel Alexander, who was endeavoring to enter Salt Lake City by way of Soda

Springs.¹³ Returning from "The Move" in 1858, Fife next entered into a building contract to put up government buildings at Camp Floyd. He profited handsomely from his contract and returned to Ogden in 1859 to build a tannery for West and Hammond and stables for Wells, Fargo and Company. In 1860 Fife went to Salt Lake City where he helped to finish the Seventy's Hall and a store for William Jennings. He also built the Chauncy W. West residence in Ogden in 1860.

In April 1862 Mr. Fife was appointed city marshal of Ogden. While marshal, Fife single-handedly captured two dangerous armed robbers and received \$1,000 reward. After being re-elected for several succeeding terms, he served as Weber County coroner, pound keeper, president of the local dramatic association, and member of the Weber Stake High Council. He continued to be active and prominent in military matters and organized the first company of militia in Ogden Valley in 1862. In 1866 he was made Colonel of Infantry by Ulysses S. Grant. In 1868 he took a contract to build several miles of the Central Pacific railroad between Promontory and Ogden and was Marshal of the Day when the iron horse made its advent into Ogden. A tireless man, William N. Fife acted as a school trustee and did everything in his power to improve and advance his community. When smallpox was brought into Ogden in May 1870, Fife personally disinfected every afflicted house, built a special shelter for the sick near isolated Brick Creek, and provided the 89 victims with food, supplies, and medicine for three months.¹⁵

In 1873, after an active civic and professional life, Mr. Fife went on a successful mission to his native Glasgow, Scotland. He returned in 1874 and was architect of most of Ogden's important buildings constructed through 1880. One of these, the Central School, was considered the finest school building in the Territory at the time, and still stands as the present Elk's Club Building.

Nervous restlessness seemed to characterize William N. Fife. In November



Considered the finest school in the territory at the time, Ogden's Central School (1880) was designed by pioneer architect William Nicol Fife. The building

was later converted into an Elk's lodge and still stands.



William Nicol Fife designed the unusually refined Weber County Courthouse (1871-76) in Ogden.

1880 he left Ogden with a view of exploring Arizona and Mexico in behalf of President John Taylor. After many interesting adventures, he settled near Lobley's logging camp where, during his absence, his first wife Diana was killed by a hostile Mexican. In 1887 Fife assisted Erastus Snow in exploring parts of Mexico and subsequently sent one of his families to reside there. Fife and the remainder of his family returned to Ogden where William died in 1914 at the age of 83.¹⁶

It is difficult to comprehend how a man so preoccupied by other weighty concerns could find the time to refine his architectural skills to such a degree of perfection. Fife's works are those one would expect from a master who had devoted his entire life to the pursuit of architectural excellence. The Central School and County Court House are mature designs and exhibit a skillful knowledge of planning, proportion, scale, unity, variety, balance, and harmony. The forms and massing of Fife's building are formally arranged but are pleasing. The Classical detailing is rich and appropriate without being gaudy. Fife's works, though relatively few in number, were of high quality and rank him with Angell and Folsom as one of the premier architects of pioneer Utah.

William Wilson Fife

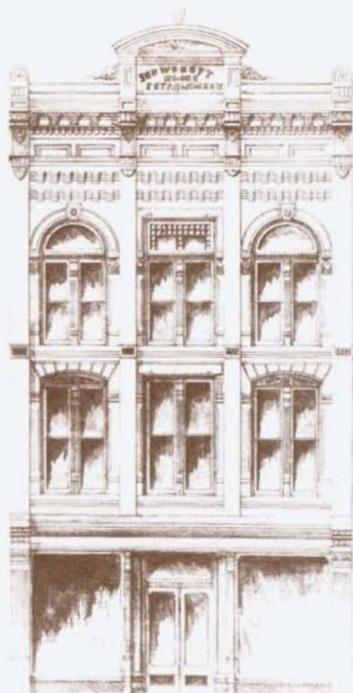
(1857-1897), Ogden

W. W. Fife, the eldest son of pioneer architect William Nicol Fife, was trained by and was partner with his father. He ultimately became Utah's most important architect outside of Salt Lake City. It may have been difficult to live in the shadow of such an illustrious man as Colonel Fife, but son William seemed equal to the task. Sharing in many of his father's building experiences, W.W. determined at an early age to follow the architectural profession as his father had done. This proved to be a wise decision as W. W. benefitted greatly from the close contact and special training he received from his very accomplished father.



Born 16 August 1857 in Ogden, W. W. Fife was perhaps Utah's first native born architect of significance. At age 13 he went to work for his father to learn the trade of builder and architect. A partner at age 15, the enterprising son assumed charge of the drafting department at age 17 and soon after took over the entire architectural business after his father retired to pursue other goals. Fife's firm was by far the largest in Ogden at the time and subscribed to all of the important architectural publications of the day: *American Architecture*, *Inland Architect*, *Architect and Builder*, and the architect's and builder's edition of *The Scientific American*.¹⁷ These popular magazines furthered the young architect's education after his father left the firm, and introduced him to developing American styles.

The Romanesque Revival created mainly through the efforts of Henry Hobson Richardson in the eastern United States, was particularly appealing to Fife. His earlier works had followed various classical lines, culminating in the exquisite Second Empire Ogden City Hall (1888-89). In the 1880s his Perry's Block, the Scowcroft Block, and the Utah Territorial Reform School showed his mastery of commercial styles, but by 1890 Fife had fully embraced Richardsonian Romanesque. The Woodmansee/Union



The Scowcroft Block (1890) still stands in Ogden in much the same condition as depicted in the architect's rendered elevation.



The completed Utah Loan & Trust Company building in Ogden, designed in 1890 by W. W. Fife.



W. W. Fife's French Second Empire masterpiece, Ogden City Hall (1888-89) was unequalled as an

example of this particular style in Utah.

Block (1890) — Ogden's equivalent to Salt Lake's Constitution Building — Utah Loan and Trust Co. (1891), and Ogden High School were Romanesque structures excelled by only Salt Lake's City and County Building (1894), which had been designed by out-of-state architects Bird & Proudfoot.

Richard K. A. Kletting, designer of the State Capitol, was also fond of Richardson's triumphs in the east and dabbled briefly in designs featuring large Roman arches and rusticated stone, but as one trained in the art of fine stone cutting, Kletting could not divorce himself from the smooth stonework he so admired. It was therefore left to W. W. Fife to lead out in the development of this major American architectural trend in the intermountain West. Fife's Romanesque-styled buildings became models for many other architects in the region. A list of only Fife's major works would be too extensive for this account,¹⁸ but it would be accurate to assert that to him goes the greatest credit for giving Ogden its metropolitan appearance.

Like his father, William Nicol, W. W. was involved in numerous adventures in Arizona and Mexico.¹⁹ He was with his father at the time his mother was killed in 1882 and devoted his time and talents to the Church whenever called upon. W. W. died in his fortieth year, preceeding his father in death by seventeen years.²⁰ It is truly unfortunate that such a brilliant designer was taken at the zenith of his prolific career.²¹

Elias Lacy Thomas (E.L.T.) Harrison

(1830-1900), Salt Lake City

Of all the historic Mormon architects, E.L.T. Harrison was the most controversial. Best known for his leadership in the apostate "New Movement," Harrison's struggles with the Church and assertion of the rights of individual expression were also reflected in his architecture.



E.L.T. Harrison was born in Barking, Essex, England, 27 March 1830. He was educated as an architect and became very proficient in the profession. Converted to Mormonism as a youth in the 1840s by Apostle Orson Pratt, Harrison advanced quickly in the Church as is reflected by this series of responsible assignments:

Head of the church book store and business office in London; contributor to the *Millennial Star*, the British organ for Mormonism; church emigration agent in Liverpool; and president of the London Missionary Conference.

In England Harrison became a friend of Edward Tullidge, later editor of the *Millennial Star*, and co-publisher with Harrison of the *Peep O' Day*, the intermountain West's first published magazine. As a result of frequent long discussions on Church doctrine and policy by the two intellectuals, Harrison concluded that the Church should move away from its strong authoritarian and institutionalized orientation in favor of more individualized, "universalistic" religion.²³ His deepening skepticism caused Harrison to seek sympathizers with his movement for Church reform. Eli B. Kelsey, William H. Shearman, and William S. Godbe, along with Tullidge,

were early allies who united with Harrison to throw off the "suppressive Church control" yoke. After the demise of *Peep O' Day*, the *Utah Magazine*, *Mormon Tribune*, and *Salt Lake Tribune* followed as organs for what became known as the Godbeite Movement or New Movement.²⁴

In 1868 Harrison and Godbe, one of the territory's ten wealthiest men, traveled to New York on a "business trip" and participated in numerous seances through intermediary Charles Foster, a renowned spiritualist.²⁵ Armed with newly revealed truths, Godbe and Harrison printed revelations which, though more vague than their sermons and editorials, exposed the extent of their apostasy.

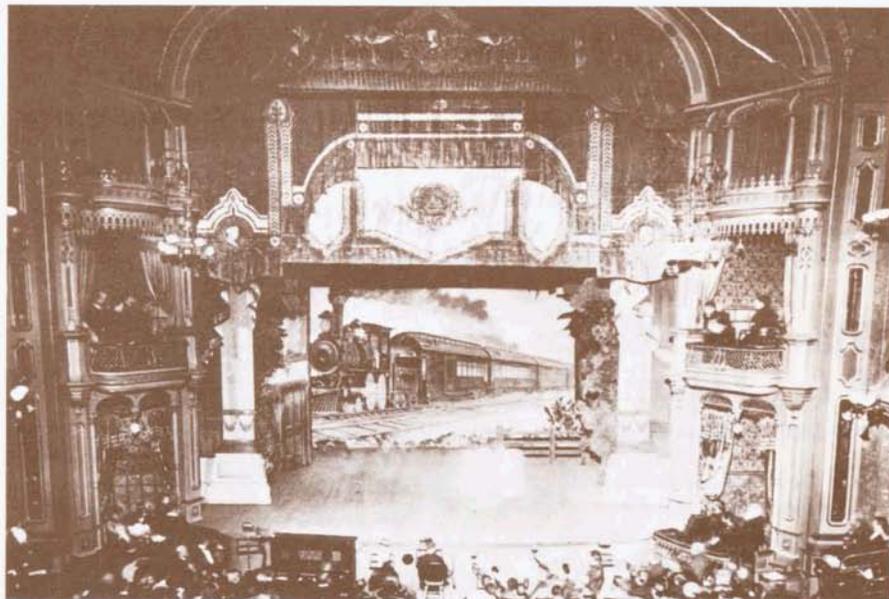
"The two leaders substituted a pantheistic for a personal God, rejected the Christian atonement, denied the literal resurrection, refused scriptural authority, and declared the notion of Satan dead and buried."²⁶ The Godbeites' opposition eventually moved from passive editorialism to more active, though largely secret, rebellion which ultimately resulted in the 1869 excommunication of Harrison and Godbe

for conspiracy.²⁷ The loss of Harrison was regretted by many of the faithful but was justified by Harrison's continued association with the New Movement which, unable to sustain itself through recruitment of new members, disintegrated in the 1870s.

Despite his difficulties with the Church, E.L.T. Harrison was highly respected by the Mormon community as a skillful



The Salt Lake Theatre



The Salt Lake Theatre interior was superlative in its lavish richness and marked a high point in pioneer architecture; designed by E. L. T. Harrison, later

excommunicated for conspiracy during his leadership in the Godbeite "New Movement."

architect. His profession, in fact, gave Harrison an outlet to physically demonstrate his disdain for the Church's program of social austerity and simplicity. Harrison rejected the idea that foreign influences and flamboyancy and extravagance in life style were inherently destructive to either Church or individual progress. His architectural works clearly reflected a commitment to the best of "high styles," styles which emphasized ornamental and picturesque qualities of design. Because competent architects were in great demand, and because Harrison was capable of giving the primitive city a richness, a refined and finished appearance which struggling early settlers, immigrants, and gentile visitors alike could relate to and appreciate, Harrison was given important commissions and was encouraged in his work.

Upon arriving from England in 1861, Harrison was immediately charged with designing the interior of the new Salt Lake Theatre, one of Brigham Young's favorite projects. Being a native of London, the Englishman incorporated design motifs from buildings he had been familiar with, and purportedly used the famous Drury Lane Theatre in his hometown as a model.²⁸ While the two structures were not very similar, the Salt Lake Theatre was

highly decorative in the best of contemporary English styling. The richness of the theatre was unparalleled in any other structure of the territory and represented the zenith of architectural accomplishment during the pioneer era.

Harrison's designs were well received and were not considered excessive at first. His contributions went beyond those of his private practice. Harrison was apparently the first pioneer to teach formal classes in architecture. An ad in the *Deseret News* reveals the depth of his working knowledge of the building craft:

PRACTICAL ARCHITECTURE.
TO CARPENTERS, JOINERS, MASONS,
&c., &c.

CLASSES to teach the above-named Mechanics how to get out the lines of their work, including centering, groined Arches, Roofing, Staircase Railing, &c; also to impart a general outline of the principles of Architecture—will be held every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock, in the west wing of the 14th Ward Meeting House, commencing Tuesday, 11th Feb.

TERMS—One night per week for the quarter, \$5
 Two nights " " " " \$3
 One half in advance.

E. Z. T. HARRISON, Teacher.
 Residence—Emigration Street, corner of 2nd block
 west from Main Street. 32-34

In 1863 Harrison was also one of the organizers and teachers in the Deseret Academy of Art, a short-lived and premature organization supported by a range of artists including Charles R. Savage, Daniel Weggeland, George M.



E.L.T. Harrison designed several buildings for the Walker Brothers, including Walker's Store and the old Walker Brothers Bank.



The Godbeitt Pitts Company store was one of the first prominent commercial structures in Salt Lake City.

Ottinger, and William H. Folsom.³⁰

All of Harrison's achievements notwithstanding, being cut off from the Church changed the members view of him and affected his architectural career. Members were directed not to associate with apostates either as friends or in business dealings. Brigham Young had once exclaimed, "I want to make a wall so thick and so high around the territory that it would be impossible for the gentiles to get over or through it." Harrison had tried to put holes in the adobe curtain but in so doing found himself cast outside the wall. Fortunately for Harrison there were adequate clients among the gentiles, apostates, and condescending Mormons to support the architect's career.

Although there is no direct evidence to support the idea, it is thought that the Walker Brothers gave Harrison the commission for their famous bank. Stylistically it is similar to the Godbe-Pitts Co. building, a known Harrison design. The Walker Brothers were disenchanted Mormons who, as friends of Godbe and Harrison, financially supported the pair's various publications. Due to their close relationship and the absence of other non-Mormon designers at the time, it is likely that Harrison obtained the Walker Brothers job. The Walker Brothers Bank and Godbe-Pitts Co. store were, along with William Paul's Eagle Emporium, the most prominent commercial structures in early Salt Lake City. All three buildings were quite classical in their designs and depended on symmetry, Roman-arched bays on the upper floors, pilasters, Greek pedimented parapet walls, and Greek and Roman ornamental vocabularies. Harrison's designs were striking and, in a city of largely one-story adobe and frame structures, comparatively monumental.

The one building that best symbolized the philosophy of the New Movement was Harrison's design for the William S. Godbe residence, built in the mid-1880s. The unbelievably elaborate Gothic Revival house was essentially a one-and-a-half story U-shaped adobe building enhanced by intricate wood carving on the entire surface of the

home.³¹ It was pioneer vernacular as to basic materials, house pattern book as to plan, and Victorian as to overall effect. The Godbe house perhaps reflected what might have been, had the basic Church been "enlightened" to higher and more worthy aspirations as envisioned by the New Movement. One writer has described the movement as being "supernatural and Gothic," the Godbe house most perfectly characterized those qualities.

For most of Harrison's nearly forty years of practice in Utah the spirited architect designed independently. However, as the "building boom developed in 1889, E.L.T. saw the need to take on a partner to assist with the growing work load. In 1890 H. W. Nichols, originally a merchant of groceries and fruit, and later a builder/architect, joined forces with Harrison. Together the firm designed such notable structures as the Central Block for J.K. and M.H. Walker, the Market Block for H. W. Lawrence (another Godbe dissenter), the Phipps Block, Whittemore Hotel, T.C. Armstrong, Jr., Block, Tribune Block, Ellerbeck Block, and many others.³² They also submitted three designs for the Chamber of Commerce building competition which was won by Richard K. A. Kletting. The partnership was dissolved after the end of the "boom" in 1893 and both architects reestablished independent practices. Other significant works by Harrison included the Grand Opera House and Alta Block and the Sarah Daft Block.

As an independent or as a partner, and through the rages of changing styles and building trends, Harrison always maintained a highly decorative, expressionistic philosophy. One glowing account credits C.I.T. Harrison with being "the pioneer of architectural progress in Salt Lake City":

Arriving in that city in the days of pole fences and adobe structures, architecture was yet an unapplied art, and a knowledge of its principles a somewhat useless acquisition.

William S. Godbe residence (c. 1886) with Godbe on front stairs, designed by E.L.T. Harrison for his partner in the "New Movement."



The walls of Salt Lake theater were, however, just about at that time going up, and he found temporary but congenial employment in designing its fine proscenium, handsome stage-boxes, and galleries, which features, associated with the generally ample proportions of the building, have gained for it the reputation of being one of the handsomest theaters on the continent. Progress in reference to dwelling-houses in that city was delayed many years in consequence of a lack of building material, even common brick being for a long time unobtainable. Under these difficult circumstances the only buildings legitimately entitled to the title of villa residences were designed by himself. When the manufacture of brick at last commenced, it fell to his lot to design and supervise the erection of the first buildings uniting the features of store and office buildings in one structure, as in the case of the "Ellerbeck," and "Tribune" blocks; also of introducing the first buildings in which St. Louis and Philadelphia brick, and terra cotta, were ever used, as in the case of the Large "Union" and "Alta" blocks. A decade or two after the erection of the theater, the second theatrical building in Salt Lake City – the Walker Grand Opera-house – was placed under his supervision, every detail (including those of its highly ornamental interior), being furnished by himself. These buildings familiarized the public mind with modern styles, and made possible the class of buildings now being introduced. Happily, a door is now opened wide to architecture in Utah, and it no longer needs the services of

*any special patron or professor of the art to carry its banner.*³³

There were obviously many pioneers of architecture, but E.L.T. Harrison surely stands as one of the most significant. Not content with the slow and mediocre development of Utah's architecture, Harrison continually attempted to advance the standards of his profession and of all of life's pursuits generally.

E.L.T. Harrison died of paralysis in 1900, three years after retiring from the active practice of his occupation.³⁴ A Mormon writer penned his obituary and described a man "of high character, small stature, massive head, a brain active and heart tender . . . not a bitter opponent,"³⁵ undoubtedly an appropriate summary of a dedicated thinker and fine architect.

The story of Utah's lesser known pioneer architects does not end here. This brief study not only suffices to dispell the myth of architectural primitivism in early Utah history, but it suggests that a broader base of concern and expertise existed than is commonly believed. Moreover, the lives of Obed Taylor, William Nicole Fife, William Wilson Fife, and E.L. Harrison reflect the fascinating and often difficult symiosis that evolved between aesthetics, pragmatism, and religion on the frontier. There are more names that must be added to this initial listing, and hopefully the future will see the creation of a more complete history.

- ¹ *Deseret News* 5:222 (letter quotes from Bishop J. L. Heywood to Elder George A. Smith).
- ² James A. Little, "Biographical Sketch of Feramor Little," 1890. Taylor is specifically credited with the design (see Alice Merrill Horne's *Devotees and their Shrines*, p. 22).
- ³ Milton R. Hunter, *Beneath Ben Lomond's Peak: A History of Weber County*, Deseret News Press, 1945, p. 365.
- ⁴ *Deseret News Weekly*, July 26, 1882.
- ⁵ Charles W. Penrose, "What Mormons Believe," *Deseret News*, 1901.
- ⁶ "In the Shadow of Moroni," *Selections from Magazines*, SLC, date unknown, p. 34.
- ⁷ Summit Stake Manuscript History, LDS Church Archives.
- ⁸ George B. Pratt, *Ogden City, Utah, Picturesque and Descriptive*, Art Publishing Company, Neenah, Wisconsin, 1889, pp. 116-117.
- ⁹ *Deseret News*, July 30, 1881.
- ¹⁰ Milton R. Hunter, *Beneath Ben Lomond's Peak: A History of Weber Co.*, Deseret News Press, 1945, pp. 364-65.
- ¹¹ Frank Ellwood Eschom, *Pioneers & Prominent Men of Utah*, Utah Pioneers Book Publishing Co., SLC 1913, p. 381, 870.
- ¹² Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, Vol. IV, George Q. Cannon & Sons Co., SLC, 1904.
- ¹³ *Journal History*, Col. William Nicol Fife, life sketch, Oct. 21, 1914, pp. 3, 5.
- ¹⁴ *Improvement Era*, Vol. 18 No. 3 (Jan., 1915), p. 280.
- ¹⁵ "Utahn, 74, Tells of Thrilling Early Days," newspaper article — source unknown.
- ¹⁶ *The Ogden Standard*, Oct. 22, 1914.
- ¹⁷ Hanly and Litteral, *Utah, Her Cities, Towns, and Resources*, W. B. Conkley Co., Chicago, 1904, pp. 153-4, 170-71, 177, 182 (lists works and includes several photos and architect's drawings of Fife's buildings).
- ¹⁸ Milton R. Hunter, *Beneath Ben Lomond's Peak: A History of Weber Co.*, Deseret News Press, 1945, pp. 364-65, (partial list of works).
- ¹⁹ "Utahn, 74, Tells of Thrilling Early Days," newspaper article — source unknown.
- ²⁰ *The Ogden Standard*, Sept. 1, 1897.
- ²¹ Various Ogden City directories from 1878 through 1897 list Fife as "carpenter," "contractor and builder" and "architect" respectively. At the time of his death in 1897, Fife was listed as an architect (Polk's Ogden City Business Directory for 1897-8). Three years prior to his death Fife had been stricken with paralysis — a result of shock received upon learning of the death of his mother. Other losses of close family members were accompanied by serious strokes which eventually deprived the architect of much of his sight, and his mobility. Nevertheless, he had nearly finished the design for the George Tribe Block when he suffered a fatal stroke while eating dinner.
- ²² and ²⁶ Ronald Walker, "The Commencement of the Godbeite Protest: Another View," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 42 (Summer, 1974).
- ²³ "A Real Representative of the Most High," *Millennial Star* 20:641-644 (see, e.g., E.L.T. Harrison's).
- ²⁴ Edward W. Tullidge, *History of Salt Lake City*, Star Printing Co., Salt Lake City, 1886, pp. 400-01.
- ²⁵ *Deseret News*, May 22, 1900.
- ²² and ²⁶ Ronald Walker, "The Commencement of the Godbeite Protest: Another View," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 42 (Summer, 1974).
- ²⁷ Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Utah*, History Publishers, San Francisco, 1889, p. 647.
- ²⁸ *Salt Lake Tribune*, Oct. 3, 1948.
- ²⁹ *Deseret News*, Feb. 5, 1862.
- ³⁰ Paul L. Anderson, "William Harrison Folsom: Pioneer Architect," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 43, No. 3 (Summer, 1975), p. 249.
- ³¹ Bancroft, *History of Utah*, p. 647.
- ³¹ *Western Architect and Building News*, Sept. 1889.
- ³² *Salt Lake ("Christmas") Herald*, December 25, 1890.
- ³³ "Picturesque Salt Lake City" (photo book), Salt Lake City, 1889, pp. 50-51.
- ³⁴ Various Salt Lake City directories. Harrison was listed as an architect from 1867 through 1896.

Review



Andelin, Helen B. *Fascinating Womanhood*.
Santa Barbara, Calif.: Pacific Press, 1965.
Revised, paperback edition, Bantam
Books, 1975. 343 p. \$1.50.

Reviewed by Reba L. Keele

Reba L. Keele, originally from Price, Utah, graduated in speech and English and completed an M.A. in rhetoric and counseling from BYU. She received a Ph.D. from Purdue University in speech and communication, with a minor in educational psychology. She is presently the associate director of the Honors Program at BYU and coordinator of General Education Services there. She is Relief Society president for the BYU First Stake.

The danger of reviewing a book which is regarded by many (including its author) as the salvation of the family is akin to giving the first missionary lesson in the Vatican. However, Helen Andelin's *Fascinating Womanhood* is now in paperback, available in every airport and bookstore and selling hundreds of thousands of copies, while Ms. Andelin herself is identified in *TIME*, *WOMAN'S DAY*, and the *TODAY* program as a devout Mormon.

First, may I make clear what I am *not* disputing about the book? I believe that the techniques it describes will work, at least for a time. She proposes many valid principles of human relations (focusing on another person's strengths, allowing another to exercise his own individuality, accepting responsibility for one's own actions, the need to have inner peace and to be as attractive as one can be). All of these principles are true, both from a psychological and gospel viewpoint, and her intentions are good. My contention is that the context Ms. Andelin presupposes for the practice of these principles is based on certain underlying premises which negate her good intentions.

I highly recommend reading the book, if you can exercise discretion. It is no more harmful nor inane than most popularized how-to-do-it books, but some gospel principles need to be remembered when reading it. First, if we are all sons and daughters of God, we are divine personages, in potential at least. I am offended by the underlying premise of her book that men are basically coarse, unfeeling stupid little boys who can be easily handled if you just learn how to make them love you. "Angela Human," as described by Andelin, has as her goal the mastery of the art of winning a man's "complete love and adoration."

Everything in the book focuses upon the achievement of that goal. I cannot believe we women ought to search only to "find someone to love us." Rather, the gospel teaches us to love others, to be honestly dedicated to the growth of other human beings, not for any reward, but because it is right to do so. The assumption of behavior patterns which have as their goal the manipulation of another for one's own gain is difficult for me to place in a gospel context. Many behaviors she suggests are proper in any loving relationship, but become deceptive and dishonest when practiced in the context she establishes as necessary.

Ms. Andelin describes the nature of men and the nature of women, a description frankly insulting to any man who seeks to honor his priesthood, and any woman who believes she is a daughter of God. Samples: Men have a sensitive pride (read masculine ego) and are susceptible to immediate destruction of masculinity if the woman knows, does, or appears to know or do anything better than they. When this

belief is coupled with the statement that the "cry of his soul" is for admiration, she is describing a self-centered creature very different from the person described in *Doctrine and Covenants* 121:41-46. On the other hand, women lack qualities of leadership, are naturally fearful (especially of such fearsome things as snakes, flies, bugs, traffic, and intersections, among a few), must dispense with any air of competence or knowledge, and must leave matters of "opinions, discretion of judgment of another to others." Since "feminine" women have these qualities, our foremothers, Barbara Smith, and those of us whose patriarchal blessings talk of strength and leadership are placed between a rock and a hard place. Do we buy our clothes in the little girl's shop, stamp our feet and shake our curls when angry, and generally behave in a childlike way in order to be feminine? If we can't

bring ourselves to do that, we are warned that we may have a happy marriage, but never a celestial one. Is it necessary to challenge such assertions?

I cannot believe that God, His prophets, or His doctrines ask women to pretend to be ignorant, children, or helpless — or that He is pleased when priesthood bearers are hoodwinked by manipulative methods. He *does* expect us — whether female or male — to be truly humble about the gifts we have been given, sensitive to the needs of *all* those around us, and not self-centered. Required reading when you complete this book is an article by Emma Lou Thayne in the *Ensign* (April, 1975) called "Mother Killed the Rattlesnakes." Now that's what I call Fascinating People — a husband and wife with mutual respect and common goals pursued in strength.

Phipps, William E. *Was Jesus Married?* New York: Harper & Row, 1970. 239 p. \$5.95.

Kraut, Ogden, *Jesus Was Married*. 1969. 80 p.

Reviewed by Keith Norman

Keith Norman of Lehi and Salt Lake City fulfilled a mission to New England, graduated from BYU, and was a member of the Tabernacle Choir. In 1973 he completed an M.T.S. in early Christian history at Harvard Divinity School. Keith is presently studying languages at BYU.

When, shortly after its publication, I first noticed the bright red, white, and blue cover of *Was Jesus Married?*, I dismissed it offhand as undoubtedly an amateurish attempt at sensationalism. I had long been aware that several 19th-century Church leaders had taught not only that Jesus was married, but that he had several wives. I had never been entirely convinced by their arguments — at least they never claimed revelation as their source.

But I eventually read Phipps's book, and recently *Sunstone* invited me to compare it with *Jesus Was Married*, a modern Mormon

author's earlier compilation on the subject. Ogden Kraut's modest-appearing blue cover with conservative block letters seemed to be the model of constraint and circumspection. Yet ironically it was Presbyterian minister Phipps who was more convincing that Jesus was married during his mortal ministry.

Phipps's book is scholarly, well documented, persuasively argued and very readable. His contention is that Jesus grew up in a Jewish culture in which marriage and procreation were obligatory for every man: the social and religious stigma attached to virginity or celibacy in a Jewish male past his early twenties would have forfeited him all respect and credibility as a teacher among his people. If Jesus had been strikingly original or revolutionary in this respect by remaining celibate, the Gospel writers would have at least written in defense of such an abnormality, and thus Phipps holds that it

is their very failure to mention the topic which argues most strongly that Jesus was in harmony with the mores of his time and culture. It was only in later centuries, when the Christian Church shed its strong Jewish ties and absorbed the predominant Greek philosophical and ethical attitudes that belief in the lifelong virginity of Jesus came to be considered essential to believing in his absolute purity and sinlessness. Christians have denied his sexuality ever since.

In his chapter "Sexual Attitudes in Ancient Judaism" Phipps shows the importance which the leading rabbinical schools placed upon the command, "Be fruitful and multiply." They viewed the creation of man and woman as making them essentially co-equal partners with God in the task of procreation, and they had a deep reverence for the joyous physical union of the couple joined into one flesh by God. The masculinity of an unmarried male was thus suspect among Jews, and one commentator goes so far as to suggest that the neglect of marriage is tantamount to murder. As Phipps summarizes, "Not to procreate was, in effect, to take the lives of potential offspring" (p. 20).

The author also points out that the practice was to marry fairly young, usually before reaching the age of twenty; in fact, in most cases the marriage would be arranged at a much younger age by the respective fathers. After discussing the absence of celibacy in the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, the Pseudepigrapha, the Qumran scrolls, the Mishnah, and the Talmud, Phipps concludes by quoting the *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*: "The voluntary renunciation of marriage is a conception utterly foreign to Judaism" (p. 33). Connubial love was as essential within marriage as sexual license was anathema outside of it.

But this is only the beginning of the case which the author makes. The New Testament itself, he asserts, contains "abundant internal evidence that Jesus endorsed marriage" (p. 37). Certainly he participated in the other major Jewish institutions of his time, including circumcision, synagogue schooling

centered on scriptural study, temple worship, and the observance of the festivals. The description of Joseph as a "just man" in Matthew 1:19 meant that he regulated his life by the Torah and would have taken seriously his obligation to arrange for his sons' marriage (see I Corinthians 9:5).

Part of the reason for the belief that Jesus was a virgin is the thesis that he was above the taints of sexuality. This not only denies the goodness of the creation but also the full humanity of Christ. If he was "tempted in every respect as we are" (Hebrews 4:15), he must have been tempted sexually, as well as in the trials of married life and raising a family. Jesus' behavior around Mary Magdalene points to marital intimacy (as the recently discovered *Gospel of Philip* strongly intimates), and Phipps speculates that she may have been his second wife, since his first marriage would have taken place many years earlier. However, he discounts the possibility of polygamy as suggested by 19th century Mormon leaders, since it was quite uncommon in New Testament times.

Phipps thoroughly disposes, passage by passage, of the traditional scriptural arguments for Jesus' celibacy. One of the most baffling to me has always been Matthew 19:12, in which Christ seems to commend those "who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven." But this passage is part of a discourse emphasizing the positive values of marriage and children, and Phipps persuasively argues that the word "eunuch" is not to be taken literally. Jesus is contending for the sanctity of marriage and against the prevailing ease of divorce among the Jews. The great rabbi Hillel, a generation before Jesus, had maintained that divorce was justified on the slightest pretext — a man could divorce his wife even if she spoiled a dish for him or if he found someone else more attractive. In contrast, Jesus regarded marriage as "an unconditional interpersonal covenant witnessed by God" (p. 83), and suggested that to put away one's wife and marry another was to

commit adultery. Phipps believes that Jesus advocated "making oneself a eunuch" by abstaining from marital relations until an estranged spouse was won back, rather than divorce and remarriage. This practice, in the prophetic tradition of Hosea, is attested among Christians by the early 2nd-century treatise *The Shepherd of Hermas*.

The author spends a chapter on Paul's attitude toward sexual relations, and shows how I Corinthians 7 has been distorted by interpreters in support of celibacy. Actually Paul was quite in accord with the spirit and teachings of Jesus and Judaism on marriage, although he may have personally been separated from his wife. Phipps speculates that Paul's "concession" in I Corinthians 7 to those who were able to withhold themselves from marriage was due only to his expectation of the nearness of the second coming of the Lord, and that he modified his opinion in later life. At any rate, Paul's counsel was addressed to specific problems in the Corinthian Church and should not be used to extract "general norms regarding Christian sexual relations." Rather, the apropos generalizations of the Apostle are contained in Ephesians 5 and 6, "where there is no hint of preference for the unmarried state" (117).

The remainder of the book is concerned with the change in sexual attitudes of Christians which began in the second century with the influence of the Greco-Roman moral dualism, and the subsequent effect upon early orthodox and Roman Catholic ideals, as well as the ramifications for Christians today. Ancient philosophers from Pythagoras to Plato and from Epicurus to Epictetus believed that the spiritual was entirely at odds with the physical, and the true philosopher strove to separate himself from all physical craving. Thus sexual asceticism became the ideal, and the conversion of Greek philosophers such as Justin and Athenagoras helped Christianity take the lead in denigrating sex and marriage. Tertullian advocated that even married couples should refrain from conjugal

relations, and the idea that sexual intercourse was sinful for any purpose other than procreation soon prevailed and is still held by many Christians. The rearing of children came to be seen as a hindrance to the devout Christian as well as to the philosopher, and priestly celibacy entrenched itself gradually but irrevocably into the Church. By the end of the fourth century virginity was proclaimed as the cardinal virtue of Christians, and the celibate monk replaced the martyr as the archetype of piety.

Inevitably this ideal was read back into the New Testament, so that both Jesus and his mother were venerated as lifelong virgins. The emulation of this misconception, Phipps contends, has resulted in psychological and spiritual hang-ups for Christian society ever since, and the contemporary orgiastic "sexual freedom" and promiscuity represent above all the rejection of a perverted Christian ethic. He calls for a return to the Biblical view of the spirit and body of man as an integrated whole, which is fulfilled in the image of God by marriage. We must, he urges, "yoke together what has long been disjoined: the love of God and the love of spouse-offspring" (p. 196).

Obviously this rather daring study by a Protestant scholar will be of particular interest to Latter-day Saints, despite his dismissal of earlier Mormon assertions of Jesus' marital status. Perhaps more serious is his objection to belief in the virgin birth of Christ. He explains the Gospel writers as emphasizing the procreative partnership of Joseph and Mary with God, who bestowed his special favor on Jesus. However, he neglects to comment on the reason Joseph was minded to put his betrothed away privily when he found her with child, or why he then changed his mind (Matthew 1:19ff). His principal theoretical objection is that of Tillich: "A human being who has no human father has no full humanity" (quoted p. 45). Thus "it is especially incongruous for Christianity, which is centered in the holiness of a flesh-and-blood person, to affirm a nonphysical insemination" (p. 44). Of course the assumption that God is

nonhuman and therefore cannot be a human father is at odds with the basic teaching of Mormonism about the nature of God, and consequently is no stumbling block for a Mormon's acceptance of Jesus' full humanity.

Later on, in a minor overstatement of his case against asceticism, Phipps generalizes that Christian "teetotalers," along with earlier ascetics, assume they are "imitating the way in which Jesus mortified the flesh" by "abstinence from sensual pleasure" (p. 148). But for the Latter-day Saint, as well as for other Christians such as the Seventh-Day Adventists, abstaining from harmful substances to care for the body which is to be exalted and eternalized is the polar opposite of fanatical deprivation aimed at hastening the anticipated release of the soul from its fleshly prison.

In addition, the author shows some inconsistency when he belittles belief in a "materialistic" (physical) resurrection (p. 94). In this regard he believes that marriage will be transcended to the hereafter by an all-inclusive divine love, which will make sex obsolete. In other words, Phipps wants us to "render unto earthly life the concepts and physical practices that belong to the natural sphere but render to the resurrected life the radically different concepts that are appropriate to a fleshless existence" (p. 95). Apparently physical life, including marriage and sex, is still seen as having only a limited value as a preparation for eternal life. This speculation on the nature of the resurrection is certainly not integral to the book's thesis, and would better have been omitted.

In spite of these objections, *Was Jesus Married?* is an invaluable contribution to the study of the life of the Savior, and deserves careful attention by Christian laymen as well as New Testament scholars. Although its impact on the scholarly community so far has been limited, the idea of Jesus' sexuality is no longer taboo. Unfortunately the book is apparently out of print, although it is still randomly available. In challenging the notion of Jesus' lifelong virginity, Phipps has taken on one of Christian orthodoxy's

most revered sacred cows. But given the thoroughness of his scholarship and the general soundness of his reasoning, the question "Was Jesus married?" might eventually be answered by Christians in the affirmative.

After reading Phipps's excellent study, turning to Ogden Kraut was an exercise in frustration. Certainly there is value and interest in the collection of quotations relevant to the subject from past Mormon leaders, but even this is largely overshadowed by Kraut's deficiencies both as a scholar and as a writer. Symptomatic is the summary statement of his opening section, in which Kraut assumes a haughty dogmatism without pretense of objectivity: "Fundamentally the question is not, 'What proof do we have that Jesus married?' but rather, 'Where is there any proof that celibacy was a doctrinal law of God?'" (p. 5). Actually, the principle behind this assertion is close to Phipps's line of reasoning — but what a difference in tone and methodology!

Jesus Was Married was privately printed and supplies no biographical information about the author. Kraut's apparent lack of scholarly qualifications would not be so bad if he had limited himself to a mere compilation of other sources, but he is constantly making statements and factual claims which are at best unsupported, and often clearly false. On page six he tells us that Judah's ritual and laws were "zealously observed" to keep the nation pure for the Messiah to be born into, and that every Jewish woman hoped to be his mother. Why are there no sources for this information — is it just that this is the way he thinks it *should* have been? The truth is that there was no unanimity at all among the Jews on the conditions of the Messiah's advent, and at least one prominent strain of thought insisted that his origin would be completely unknown — hardly an inspiration to "every Jewish woman" (see John 7:27, I Enoch 48:6, and IV Ezra 13:51). Kraut's statement that the Passover was the "most zealously attended" of the Jewish Feasts (p. 7) is apparently an assumption that he has never bothered to check: The Feast of Tabernacles was the

most popular (see John Marsh, *The Gospel of John*). Even when they do appear, quotations from Jewish scholars are inadequately documented; as for example, a criticism of Jesus' celibacy as disregarding of the first commandment from God to man, which is merely credited to "M. Zvi Udley, Th. M. Ph.D." (sic, p. 12). Not all his attributions are this deficient, but Kraut's inconsistency in such matters is only too revealing.

Kraut uncritically continues the questionable reasoning of earlier Mormons who interpreted allusions to the generation of Christ, his seed, children, bride, or marriage supper as literally as possible. Yet whenever scriptural writers themselves discourse on such themes they interpret them more or less figuratively. The author must be unaware of the way that Mosiah 15:10-13 interprets Isaiah 53:10. Revelation 21 indeed records a vision of "the bride, the Lamb's wife," but this is specifically identified as the New Jerusalem, in the same vein that Paul speaks of Christ as the husband of the Church (II Cor. 11:2) — clearly a metaphor. So also when Revelation 19:7 and the following verses speak of the marriage of the Lamb, the imagery is that of the Messianic banquet familiar to Jewish eschatology. This is what John the Baptist alluded to when he referred to himself as the "friend of the bridegroom" (John 3:29). There is no way in its present context to take this as a literal reference to Jesus' wedding, but Kraut not only transfers this passage back to the context of the marriage at Cana, but even ascribes it to John the Beloved (p. 20). The reasons for such an interpretation are rather incomprehensible, but the result is to imply that John the son of Zebedee was the best man at Jesus' wedding. Granted that Mary's actions at Cana point to a close relationship to the bridal pair, nevertheless the plain sense of the text indicates only that Jesus was a guest. If it was Jesus' own marriage, the author of the fourth gospel did a good job of covering it up. In fact, Jesus' own wedding would probably have taken place at least ten years earlier; the incident at Cana is at the beginning of

Jesus' ministry, when he was "about thirty years of age" (Luke 3:23).

But Kraut's most glaring excesses are reserved for his section on the "Everlasting Covenant of Marriage," which for him is a synonym for plural marriage. Orson Hyde, Orson Spencer, Orson Pratt, and others (not all named Orson!) held that Jesus was a polygamist, which is understandable in men under pressure to defend their own religious practice of plural marriage against a hostile and ridiculing world. But Kraut's assertion that polygamy was "commonly known and lived . . . down throughout the Christian Dispensation" (p. 24) ignores not only the specific instruction of I Tim. 3:2 and Titus 2:23-35, especially verse 30, that only under special circumstances does the Lord command or permit the practice of plural marriage. And one does a doubletake to read that Jesus, in order "to become a God," must marry — in a context that strongly implies plurally (p. 41). If there is anything the scriptures make clear about Christ, it is that he was *already* God, even before he was born. (Need I cite examples? Start with Mosiah 15:1-9.) Kraut's reasoning on plural marriage seems to run that since Jesus was widely exposed to the teaching and practice of plural marriage in a Jewish society, and since he never condemned it, he must have not only advocated it but also lived it (p. 24)! In fact, we have virtually no evidence that polygamy was still practiced or advocated by any Jewish or Christian groups in the first century of the Christian Era (see Phipps, p. 10). Kraut does quote Jedediah Grant from the *Journal of Discourses*, who quotes Celsus, a physician and philosopher in the first century, as asserting that Christ's followers were persecuted because of polygamy. This Celsus is represented as quoting freely from the writings of John and Paul, yet Kraut identifies him as Aurelius Cornelius Celsus, whose dates he gives as 30 B.C. - 38 A.D. (p. 33), which has him dying before the gospels were written! The error may have originally been Elder Grant's, but Kraut has only compounded it.

A further example of Kraut's simplistic reliance on the speculative pronouncements of any past Church authority is in Orson Pratt's explanation of Psalms 45:9, which in the King James Version begins, "Kings' daughters were among thy honorable women. . . ." Elder Pratt wants to read this apparently messianic passage in accordance with earlier English versions, and change "women" for "wives." "Any person acquainted with the original can see that the first translators have given the true rendering" (quoted p. 46). In fact the Hebrew reads (*bi*) *qa rotheka* — literally "[among] thy dear ones" (feminine), which in this context would refer to court favorites, possibly wives (or concubines), but obviously those of Solomon, not of Christ. The messianic overtones here come from the fact that Solomon, as the son of David in regal splendor, points to the glory of the coming messianic age. Elder Pratt goes too far when he identifies the royal wives of Psalm 45 with the five wise virgins of the parable in Matthew 25, and wants to include this in the biographical details of Jesus' life — Jesus of course being the intended bridegroom (p. 54). Likewise Orson Hyde's statements (p. 77) would almost persuade us that Jesus' major mission on earth was to beget seed for himself, and that only those literal

descendants of Christ were to be the elect of God, something certainly not taught in the Church today.

Kraut's collection of quotes on the literal seed of Jesus is at least interesting, and I must confess to concentrating on the negative in reviewing *Jesus Was Married*.

Perhaps Jesus was married — but is it too much to ask a Mormon who claims to speak or write authoritatively on an area open to scholarly debate to verify his information and check his conclusions against the available sources? Although Kraut has no end of definite statements about Jewish laws and customs, he betrays no awareness of such elementary and readily accessible standard sources as the *Talmud* and the *Mishnah*. His book, with its blind reliance on conjecture by persons in high ecclesiastical office, is symptomatic of our tendency to let "the Church" give us all the answers so we don't have to do the work ourselves — what Hugh Nibley has recently described as our "zeal without knowledge" (Rom. 10:2). If you must read this work, at least read that of Phipps along with it. It's an example of what we aspiring Latter-day Saint scholars and defenders of the faith *could* be doing — if we were willing to undergo the necessary intellectual preparation and adhere to rigorous standards of scholarship.

Forum



LAVINA FIELDING

THE BEST-KEPT SECRET

Last year I casually asked my brother, then a freshman at BYU's law school, how classes were coming. "You know," he said, "it's a funny thing. All the time I was going to school before, you'd kind of grouch around when you got an assignment, and when you got a *hard* assignment, you'd really complain. Well, our small group teacher gave us a tough case — a *really* tough case, and the other two small groups got kind of mediocre ones. That's what was funny: we were walking around kind of smirking at each other and the other two groups were grouching. It's a different atmosphere. Students are competing to learn and resent it when they don't."

I grinned at him. Lynn and I, and possibly that handful of freshmen law students, possess the best-kept secret in American education today — learning is *fun*. There is delight in the chase of mind after idea, in the dance of argument and exposition, in those moments of illumination when concept touches cortex with an almost audible hissing and a glory of what Christopher Morley called "cool, green light."

These are pleasures of the mind as palpable and as satisfying as those more lavishly and luridly celebrated pleasures of the body. Many students, I fear, mightily resist — not from impregnable virtue, but from a potent combination of fear and laziness. As Lynn mentioned, it takes a special setting sometimes for people to admit that they like learning, especially if it is associated with the machinery of education that taught us the socially acceptable stance of the "high school prisoner" — in classes against our will.

I remember as a graduate student in

English learning to avoid a direct answer to the question of "how's your dissertation coming?" The safest thing to say was "oh, you know," plus grimace. The questioner could thereafter make soothing sounds of consolation. But I was a coward. What I wanted to say was "Great! I'm having the time of my life!" The only problem with such an answer was that it always stopped the conversation cold. For a while I thought it was because the questioner was afraid of getting trapped by a monologue on western landscapes. Then I noticed that little animated my colleagues except discussions of the job market (dismal) and the freshmen English classes they were teaching (abysmal). One fellow retranslated part of *Piers Ploughman* instead of doing a paper — but he didn't want to talk about it. It was just a class project, none the more attractive for being self-inflicted. I remember discussing hobbies at a party of English graduate students and professors. I was the only one who read for pleasure out of five doctoral candidates and three professors. Shocked, I later asked my major professor, a man who taught Mark Twain and Henry James with window-rattling gusto, if I'd daught an unrepresentative group." No, you didn't," he said bluntly. "Scares hell out of you, doesn't it?"

It did. It still does. When I think of the simple satisfactions and the complex joys of learning — learning how to make a woodbox, learning French, learning why charity runs like a rainbow through the Book of Mormon, learning *anything* — I become more and more convinced that eternal progression is eternal education. Education is more than the acquisition of skills and information; it's the ability to solve problems in a framework that keeps

the parts congruent and textured. Learning by revelation, though rare for me, is one of the most breathtaking experiences I know — where a concept suddenly connects with audible clicks, rotates ninety degrees, and alters the structure of my understanding, like a wave of color passing over a landscape and making it brighter, bigger — more real, somehow.

As I try to remember how I made my discovery about the pleasures of learning, I can isolate a few elements. They're probably not the same for everyone. For one thing, my discovery was made in the absence of television. It didn't even come to our isolated valley until I was eight and then my family couldn't afford one. We still don't have one. That meant books and stories. I remember how we trailed Mama from stove to ironing board pleading for "John and Mary" or "the Gadianton Robbers." My older brother taught me to read when he started first grade. My mother, without a murmur, suffered through the endless adventures of Dick and Jane. We not only read aloud to each other, we made up stories and told them to each other. I still remember the thrill when I discovered figurative language; it was "where your treasure is. . . ." We were farmers and reading time had to be snatched from work, so imagine my pleasure when I finally became a student and my work *was* reading. It was heaven. I think I discovered my mind the way a baby discovers his toes, and I'm glad that I didn't have too many distracting rattles around.

My discovery was a private one; I didn't realize that was what was happening exactly. But I think the scholarly community consists of those who make the discovery and then find each other.

There are a few ways to recognize them,

and school, that setting of formal education, is a good place to look:

1. They do what's required for classes. There's a value to the discipline of mastering a subject by reading and writing that brilliance does not compensate for. And no one is in a position to evaluate a class until he has learned what it contains. I remember my anger, on the first day of a linguistics class, when a student who hadn't even bothered to purchase the text demanded that the teacher justify the course's "relevance." The teacher, a courteous man, tried, but finished by pointing out that relatively little beyond sheer survival skills can be immediately proved relevant to someone ignorant of the subject.
2. They do more than is required. I remember one teacher lighting up like a Christmas tree because I'd read a book he referred to — not on the reading list — and brought some of the ideas back to the seminar for discussion. I deserve no praise for such a simple thing. I am ashamed that it happened so infrequently.
3. They have discovered that humility is the best offense. Seeking knowledge, rather than sheltering the infinite vulnerabilities of their ignorance, leaves them at least temporarily free of ego's insatiable demands — in itself, a great happiness.
4. They make connections. One of the wonderful things about being a Mormon for me is that the gospel provides a three-dimensional framework of values so that all information immediately has a place where it belongs, a perspective from which it can be evaluated. It claims kin with powerful concepts and truths that make knowledge a growing home and an unfolding country whose coordinates are happiness and wholeness.

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