

what Independence really means in today's international Church.

Just like any other book, however, there are parts to be quarreled with. While Campbell often keeps remarkably objective throughout the book to most of the different Mormon groups, his tone at times seems harshest toward the LDS faith. Also, he can sometimes appear quite judgmental toward those who hold more speculative views about scripture and millennial prophecy, such as the Church of Christ (Temple Lot) interpretation that Isaiah 2:2—"the mountain of the Lord's house"—refers to Missouri (257). Also, while the book is commendable in its historical accuracies, there are still a few small errors, including stating that the Saints bought the temple land in 1832 (46), rather than 1831. But these are minor quibbles, and they do not detract from the overall quality of the work.

While many other important themes and points could be presented as evidence for this book's importance, I will single out three that I feel are especially meaningful. First, the book was published by University of Tennessee Press, which is a new publisher to the Mormon scholarship scene. Second, as a geographical study, it is a new framework in which to explore Mormon history. I especially appreciated chapter 9, entitled "Independence Classified," where Campbell places the Mormon view of Zion within the larger view of other "sacred spaces," particularly in Asia. And third, I really enjoyed the fact that the study looked at several different groups within the larger Mormon movement, a trend that this reviewer hopes will continue. Overall, this is a significant book that deserves much more attention than it has heretofore been given.

—Benjamin E. Park

*Sergeant Nibley, PhD: Memories of an Unlikely Screaming Eagle*, by Hugh Nibley and Alex Nibley (Salt Lake City: Shadow Mountain, 2006)

Alex Nibley has taken his training as a playwright and filmmaker to bring readers an important book about his father's wartime memoirs as well as the larger context of war and its meaning. The format of the book is unusual; it reads like a screenplay or a documentary film that has been maneuvered and cajoled onto paper. Readers are guided in such a way that the authors' voices are interrupted often in order to bring attention to ancillary material. Some may find this interweaving of several narratives frustrating; but if readers are patient, they will be rewarded.

A highlight of the book is Alex Nibley's solid sense for story structure and form. It is refreshing to find creative use of literary devices in a history book. There is exposition, development, foreshadowing, and a recapitulation of earlier philosophical themes that punctuates the contradictions of war. This structure successfully heightens emotion in a way that the pages of a well-crafted book of fiction might.

Readers follow Hugh Nibley from his schooling at UC Berkeley (a period of time that was almost not covered in the book due to Nibley's reticence to publish letters that he felt betrayed his youthful arrogance) to his mission in Germany, where Nibley served the people he later fought during World War II. The book is full of personal letters and diary entries that reveal Nibley as articulate and moody with a sharp, downright biting wit. Readers are also given insight into Nibley's keen spiritual senses as they follow his "five o'clocks," the vivid and oracular dreams that often occurred at that morning hour (26).

The greater part of the book chronicles his wartime experiences, where Nibley is vaulted into the perilous mission of the 101st Airborne Division, the first division to land in Normandy. Nibley was in the thick of it all: he distinguished himself in advanced intelligence, helping to write *Invademeccum*, a top-secret guide used in the invasion of Normandy; he landed on Utah Beach on D-Day in a jeep he had waterproofed; and he survived the near-suicidal air invasion of Holland (part of Operation Market Garden) despite his Waco glider being hit by excessive machine-gun fire. Readers interested in World War II, as well as the harrowing campaigns of the 101st Airborne, will not be disappointed in this narrative.

The book ends in philosophical reverie rather than historical detachment, an unusual but effective approach considering the milieu already established in previous chapters. Dwight D. Eisenhower's prescient warnings on the "military-industrial complex" as well as his feelings on preemptive war—"I wouldn't even listen to anyone seriously that came in and talked about such a thing"—are timely reminders, considering the current deliberations on the ethical use of war (318, 335). His reminders have extra rhetorical zing when placed toward the closing of the book. Considering Eisenhower's positions as the supreme Allied commander in Europe and later as the U.S. presidential nominee of a party that was firmly promilitary, he had ample reason to hide his bitterly won wisdom concerning the strife of nations. Instead, he gave candid warnings as one who knew, a sage who had seen everything of war. If Alex Nibley hopes that readers might find their understanding of war somewhat refined and reshaped, the author has succeeded at least with me.

As a professor at BYU, Hugh Nibley wrote an editorial during the Vietnam years renouncing war. It created a small firestorm, and most responding editorials disagreed with his argument. He gained a reputation as antiwar, but Nibley was not a stereotypical pacifist—he volunteered to serve his country in World War II and did not shirk when war's horror encroached upon him. "He was proud of his association with the Screaming Eagles," writes Alex Nibley. "He held soldiers in high esteem, but he had no admiration for the industry of war" (331). Eisenhower understood that war was sometimes necessary, but having suffered through it, offered this: "I hate war only as a soldier who has lived it can" (333). Likewise, Nibley's pacifism was an outgrowth of experience, epitomized in these words: "I saw the war. It's the saddest thing there is. I renounce war not because of what I have read, but because of what I have lived" (329).

—James T. Summerhays