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Ruminations on Watergate

Why is it that human beings strive so hard to elude the truth, especially the truth about their own lives in the conduct of their vocation? When human beings are called to account for their actions, together with the motives and aims that informed those actions, they are passionate in their efforts to cover up the truth, or to rectify themselves. So strong is this passion that it requires great effort to overcome it, great pressures from threats of punishment or involuntary disclosure.

Does this not impel us to wonder about the dynamics of the inner self? Must we not stand in dread of such a tilt against the truth, against righteousness? The dread stimulated by our bent against the truth is not lessened by viewing the Watergate affair as the revelation of evil within others. Our excessive righteousness about their wrong, our curiosity that hangs on to the almost shameless parade of the cheapness and baseness of some of the activity and reasons for it, reveal to us that our response is a form of cover-up of ourselves by their wrong.

Certain comfort arises from the exposure of the Watergate participants. The just God has a way of bringing men to punishment for their evil, even when he uses fallible men in the process. But that comfort is hardly adequate to deal with the reminders of our own exposures evoked by the Watergate hearings. Whether it is relief that others rather than ourselves are being exposed, or glee that haughty and arrogant people get their comeuppance, the exposures reflect that human life is always on trial. In the face of such reminders no one can blithely shrug off the dread exposure of our own lives by the Just Investigator whose detection system is infallible and whose rule is absolutely perfect. Under such exposure a deeper dread is revealed, for even those who long to be just and true find within themselves a deficiency toward the truth combined with passions for evil.

All of this says loudly and clearly that the Christian doctrine of original sin is highly pertinent to a proper understanding of the individual and social life of human beings. This teaching is not some burden of personal denigration imposed on a genuinely good but somewhat hoodwinked mankind. Neither is it some remnant of a primitive age, a throwback to an animal beginning, from which we have now liberated ourselves. Rather, from this teaching we learn that we do not fear and trust the God of truth more than we fear or trust all else. It illuminates for us the restless cravings that impel us to seize the good we see and set it in antagonism against the good.

There are many manifestations in individual and social existence of this deficiency toward the truth and of these perverting passions. The Watergate affair discloses some of these manifestations in relation to human vocation and the function of government. Thus, we ought to learn, for example, that a fundamental of a democratic society in distributing power to the largest number of people is not the greatness of each one (or all together) so that each deserves maximum power. To the contrary: the passion for evil in each one is so great and the practice of that passion such a possibility that no one is to be entrusted with such power or such secrecy that he cannot be curbed by the presence and power of others.

Sinners and the Abuse of Creation

There is another facet to the instruction derived from such knowledge of human beings as is furnished by the doctrine of original sin. We can cultivate a compassionate sympathy for the created world, especially since we ourselves are locked into it, and are perpetrators as well as victims of its abuse. The best of
created things, including good governmental institutions, are abused by fallen man. This abuse is never truer than when fallen man uses these creatures for his "good" goals, his expediencies, and, above all, for his own self-serving purposes. The present hearings on the Watergate affair testify to this abuse of the creation just as clearly as the fuel shortage and environmental pollution demonstrate the abuse in other parts of creation. And yet the abuse does not nullify the good use of these created agencies. The very institutions suffering the abuse of man are simultaneously the instruments by which the evil is exposed. Sinners, as well as violators of the law, are brought to justice. God's work of preserving life and order continue along with His work of exposing wrong-doing and evil, and working death on evil-doers.

It is remarkable how the functioning of these good (and abused) institutions serves to keep sanity, justice, and order at work. The disgust and revulsion at the reported conduct of people in government is counter-balanced by the fact that these same institutions, manned by people, are the vehicles by which such conduct is given its due reward. However, in the present situation we are in danger of discrediting our institutions of government. The thrust to discredit established institutions, matched by the countermeasures taken (purportedly) to safeguard the present personnel in positions of power, has played an important part in the present Watergate episode. This push to discredit institutions, to bring the functioning of government to a standstill, looms as a real and deep danger. One muses with horror on the matters of these actions and counteractions. Are they the result of excesses, greed, and ignorance? Or are they the results of intentional malevolence? Are we, in fact, confronted with a long, sustained plan methodically to discredit the institutions? About the plans of the "revolutionaries" (at least as expressed in the late '60s) there need be no doubt. But what of the use of the governmental agencies, offices, and bureaus to counteract these threats? Which action discredits the institution more: the raw and self-righteous exposé of all the ills in the institutions, with the announced claim to bring the entire process to a halt, or the sly perversion of those institutions which grows from using them to attack order, law, and freedom in the name of defending them?

Who is the Jury?

There are elements at work which arouse the suspicion that they are themselves at work to discredit the institutions. The object is not only to ferret out wrongdoers, but to punish them in proportion to their violation of the law; and to protect and praise the innocent for their keeping of it. This fact raises some hard questions about the activity of the Select Senate Committee, chaired by Senator Ervin. To this Committee has been assigned the task of gathering information regarding legislation on campaign and election practices. Repeatedly members of the committee have disclaimed their function as a court, and they operate on the basis of rules consonant with this disclaimer. But are they gathering such information from witnesses before the committee? The lure to pursue their assigned goal via the route of ferreting out the wrongdoing of members of the White House staff and members of the Committee to Re-elect the President seems to be irresistible. The Senate Committee does not need the kind of information it is getting to make good legislative proposals. It is questionable that such legislation will grow rationally and practically from the explorations now being carried out before the TV cameras and radio microphones. In fact, the Committee may serve to discredit both itself and the courts, inviting citizens to mistrust both agencies of government, if its proper work is left undone and if it turns itself (even unintentionally) into a court without a jury.

Indeed, who is the jury in these hearings? If the hearings fail to gather information for legislation (or prove to be superfluous for such information-gathering) and if the work of the courts is made more difficult (or perhaps impossible) by the hearings, then another agency in a free, sane, and just society is discredited. Who is safe and secure if an innocent or guilty person is tried in an unjust way. That is not due process but lynching.

Who Teaches about Wisdom and the Good Life?

People can be driven to despair by loading on to them too much knowledge of their own or others' evil. There are many limitations on disclosures in human relationships designed not to help people escape the truth but to make it possible for people to live with the truth, without the overload of shame and despair. The excessive information broadcast to people is necessary neither for good legislative recommendations nor for a good trial. It may, in fact, be detrimental to both tasks. Too much information about evil, together with the failure of those institutions in a society for protection from evil and for adjudication against evil, combine to double the disappointment. The threat posed by this overload of information is not that it will become impossible to find a jury competent to judge the cases, but rather that the life in civilized society will be brought to nought by despair.

Along with many others, I have mused on the fact that the witnesses have been intelligent, educated people, many of them lawyers, and a number of them young. Members of the Senate committee have not only found it necessary to deliver lectures on moral philosophy to the witnesses, but they have also wondered aloud about the standards (or lack thereof) for the moral and legal decisions made by the witnesses. Surely those of us who are in institutions of learning and in positions of forming young men and women for the life of wisdom
and goodness ought to be caught up short by what we hear. Learning is not wisdom, skill is not goodness, brains are not character, youth is not a virtue. Our excessive admiration for these qualities now reveals the folly of our idolatry and the poverty of our moral teaching. Perhaps our passion for objectivity has left an enormous void in the passionate search for wisdom and goodness. Our indulgence has become mother to our shame where we have seen young men, untired and untested, raised to positions of power where they became victims as well as perpetrators of means justified by ends. We can, of course, "tsk" our tongues in mock righteousness or wring our hands in impotence. It would be better for us to learn that the fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom and a good understanding comes from the life exercising those moral lines of God's commands. We would not be such foolish teachers if we did our task as heirs of this treasure and guardians of such qualities for those we teach.

Something cancerous has been revealed in the Watergate hearings and we would do well to excite it immediately. There is a manifest craving to have money and power, and to be in the presence of the inner ring of power. Cancer is a good symbol for this craving: the devourer becomes the devoured. The lust for power destroys not only the idea of service but the one also who should be servant. In place of a true community of belonging there grows the ever more lonely and suspicious coterie of the inner ring. Such craving is never satisfied for it cares nothing for the object of the craving.

One does not satisfy the craving by legislation. One can only curb its activity. Since money is patently one of the means for power, legislation on campaign practices ought to limit strictly the amount of money allowed to be spent on the campaign. The money ought to be handled only by means of checks. It ought to be money handled through a public agency established for receiving and paying such funds. Public re-

porting ought to be just that, and it ought to come through a National Election Committee, responsible to the courts on the one side and to the citizens on the other side. For the deeper healing of the craving, however, legislation must give way to another, more powerful dynamic than law, the good news of a more pure, more righteous exchange God has given us.

She Worshipped Well

Since 1955 Dr. Mahela Hays served the University as University Psychologist. Her death on the morning of 25 May reminded the members of the University community again of the pain and sorrow of our mortality.

Dr. Hays will be remembered for many things. Among the hundreds of students she counseled, many will remember her for her persistent and valiant attempts to help them put order in their lives. She was no friend of chaos and disorder, although she was a steadfast friend to people caught in these problems. By many colleagues she will be remembered for her independence of mind, her fidelity in friendship, and her straightforward way in dealing with the cant that too easily spreads in an academic environment.

For me, however, the memories of Dr. Hays turn chiefly to the plain brick building that houses Immanuel Lutheran Church in Valparaiso.

In the past fifteen years there have been hundreds of times that my family worshipped with her in the Sunday morning Eucharist. This independent-minded, well-trained woman knew how to worship. Her willing submission to the Word of God and it sung, the focus of her attention in prayer and praises, the unselfconscious energy with which she included herself in the worshipping people served as a living flesh and blood testimony to my family. She refreshed us by her presence, in the fullness of her womanhood reminding us of the essential womanhood of the Church herself. I have not known many people who worship with such unlabored intensity, such focused attention.

It was an incongruous end when, on 26 May, Dr. Hays' funeral was held in the cold, pagan atmosphere of a funeral parlor. The setting was as barren as one could contrive. One could be consoled by saying that such a setting simply makes the richness of the Word of victory and the faith which receives that victory appear more brilliant by contrast. If so, let us be consoled. Such a view would lessen the incongruity.

It is time for Christians and whole congregations to reconstruct the pattern of the funeral service. Such services ought to be held in that place where the baptismal font stands, before that altar from which the dead have received the Lord's Body and Blood. It is time for us to shout again our testimony that the end of life in Christ is not death but life. Such living testimony of victory is to be made within the context where that life has been given, nourished, corrected, and comforted. If we have indeed sanctified the joy and grief of our lives in the house of God, then let us hallow also the great grief of death and the great joy of our hope in that same house. Such practice can re-enforce Luther's advice: let us go to the Lord's Supper as if we went to our death so that when we go to our death it will be as if we are going to the Lord's Supper.
REFLECTIONS
ON
"OPERATION HOMECOMING"

One of the main indisputable products of war is the death of individual people. For most of us this is a very abstract concept. Even when we walk through the sea of Crosses and Stars of David which flows over the rolling ground of Fort Bonfacio near Manila, marking a portion of the American war dead from Pacific operations in World War II, we rarely rid ourselves of the abstraction. Equally abstract are the remarks of an F-4 pilot from Iowa when he presents a technical description of how many passes it took him in his jet to terminate the crawling of a wounded Viet Cong trying to get to cover. The abstract qualities persist when we read of still more B-52 saturation bombings continuing around Phnom Pehn.

One of the by-products of war is the taking and holding of prisoners. The plucking of some 590 Americans from Hanoi's Gia Lam airfield and Loc Ninh in the South moves us from remote abstractions to specific care for the POWs. Snatched from their mental and physical detention, these people were moved into the spotlight by means of the international media. They were swapped for political use by the foe for political use by their friends. Fleeing years of tightly-circumscribed coarse living where survival of the collective group, reinforced by the structures of rank, was of greater value than individual welfare, they entered the scene of years of family estrangement surrounded by seemingly boundless individualism. They were greeted by cheers and posters and the presence of the same equivocal feelings that have surrounded the war they symbolize. These men came back to touch us for one moment with something we feel we should know, and yet, somehow, we don't know it.

The predecessors of these men stretch back through history: Andersonville, Georgia, where a hundred years ago Americans showed how they could treat their fellow-countrymen as POWs—13,000 died; Fort Santiago, a short distance from where this is being written, the scene of the suffocation and drowning of some 400 Americans and Filipinos when their Japanese captors opened the gates that allowed the Pasig River to flow into the cells at high tide; Tegel Prison where Dietrich Bonhoeffer watched the air raids on Berlin; Mamertine Prison where a prisoner of a different kind of war, Paul of Tarsus, awaited the end. And for two months the 1973 continuation of this historical progression came through Clark Hospital, Philippines, through my spot, where I waited to care for those returning who might need surgery here. None did.

They were happy to get out. At first they had trouble showing much response—stiff military salutes, formal statements by the ranking officers. But then it came out:

At first, the responses of happiness were expressed with stiff and formal actions. Soon, however, the smiles and laughter, the pleasure in smells and taste found appropriate expression.

smiles and laughter, faces lit with unbelief popping out of the ambus windows for a better look at the hordes of professional and amateur camera wielders, the two-fingered victory sign, the amazement at the number of Americans, cars, manicured lawns, the hesitancy to consider that the brutality and the years of their withdrawal from that brutality were finished. Few of us in the crowds of those greeting our men could restrain tears in response to the shock-wave of emotion that spread from these men only hours away from their prisons of six and seven years.

Inside the hospital the returnees first noticed the smells. They kept remarking about the perfume of the nurses, the clean smell of the sheets and pajamas; and the next thought was to take a shower with soap, now. Then their attention jumped to food. They thought of pumpkin soup as a staple and Russian canned fish as a delicacy. But energetically they accepted their reintroduction to steak, roasts, turkey, vegetables, pie, and ice cream. The earlier groups who had been imprisoned longer threw away everything from North Vietnam—the leather belts, vinyl shoes and hand bags, grey pants and shirts, cigarettes and tooth paste. Those who had been imprisoned less than a year kept all as souvenirs.

Finally began the narrations of what had befallen them. They related their fear for their lives from discipline to soap, the leather belts, vinyl shoes and hand bags, grey pants and shirts, cigarettes and tooth paste. Those who had been imprisoned less than a year kept all as souvenirs.

Robert F. Beckman, Major, is Chief of Anesthesia Services USAF Hospital, Clark Air Force Base, Philippine Islands. In 1964 he received his BA from Valparaiso University, in 1968 his MD from the University of Iowa. His assignment at the hospital necessitated his being involved with the prisoners of war. He uses the figure 590 Americans in his article. The total number of returnees was 598. Of this number eight were not Americans; of these eight, two Germans, were cared for at the USAF hospital. The editor asked Dr. Beckman to describe his activity and reflections in connection with the reception and care of the returning POWs.
and marches in the presence of great fatigue and serious illness. They feared frequent depths of depression or boredom. They feared the physical problems of cold, heat, insects. They feared the recurring attacks of malaria, dysentery. They feared the continued pain and disability from the shoulder dislocations, leg and arm fractures, low back fractures (all resulting from supersonic bail-out or hard landings and plaguing them throughout their captivity). They recounted the horrible fractures, low back fractures (all resulting from supersonic bail-out or hard landings and plaguing them throughout their captivity). They recounted the horrible tales of pain and suffering they endured during their captivity.

Tales of fears for their lives were balanced by evidences of good orthopedic surgical work. Stories of harsh conduct among the prisoners were balanced by accounts of sacrificial and generous service among them.

monotony of miserable and insufficient food, the nonexistence of normal sanitation, of being able to do little for their fellow-prisoners in pain, disease, and death. But there were also other stories: prisoners’ lives that had been spared when guards allowed themselves to be battered while holding back furious crowds. There were stories of POWs receiving back rings, watches, and even money that had been taken five and six years previously. Hospitalized prisoners had the good fortune of being attended by what was apparently the elite of Hanoi physicians. These Sorbonne-educated, English-speaking surgeons, in the work done on our men, achieved standards in orthopedic surgery which were very good by standards in the United States.

Yet other stories emerged. Tales were told of prisoners, who, upon orders from their own senior officers, enforced by group ostracism and reinforced by threats of court martial upon return, were forced to maintain a hard-line anti-North Vietnamese attitude and to continue militant actions which were obviously provoking physical reprisals. But these tales were balanced by other accounts of commanders who sacrificed their own well-being for the sake of the men they led. The men cared for each other in a thousand small ways when they had nothing to give but themselves. They made spoons and tobacco pouches for Christmas presents. Using his imagination and memory, each man took a night to recount carefully some movie (banal or profound), creating the entertainment feature “Saturday Night at the Movies.”

And so these our fellow-countrymen have been repatriated to their native soil, seeing themselves as part hero, part coward, part oddity, and part junior version of Rip Van Winkle. They suffer even against their rational judgment the prison-grown fantasy that all will be healed once they are back home. Chronic depression and fatigue, compounded with grinding years of imprisonment, render impossible the dream of taking up where they left off five years earlier. Icebergs of hostility must be dealt with as they lurk in an environment where their proper object, the North Vietnamese captor, is no longer present. Too often these pent-up feelings become indiscriminate, often intensely personal reactions without insight. The returnees express their hatred of anyone or anything associated with the peace movement or the North Vietnamese. Some of their releases to the media have shown these feelings.

With the days of being hero for a week coming to a close for these men, the turmoil within them played raucous counterpoint to the turmoil around them. Upon the arrival of the returnees at Clark Hospital, the first debriefing began with a Colonel of the reception team emphasizing repeatedly how The Man (President Nixon) was The One responsible for their release, and now The Man may be swallowed up by the Watergate scandal. The war that was supposed to end with their years of sacrifice and their release continues with ever-increasing involvement in Cambodia and soon perhaps Laos. The onrush of time which never seemed to touch the stagnant eddies of prison life has now caught up the returnees. Those with disabling injuries have begun the long cycles of operation and recuperation with the hope of retrieving some function. Many of those who have been on leave regaining stamina and healing the thousand small breaches of the separation years with their families are returning for new assignments. They feel the task of proving that their past experiences have not left them crippled relics, kept on the payroll for old times’ sake.

How shall we reflect on the sufferings of these people?

We who were observers now know the whole process has passed. The school children’s welcoming signs for the POWs have disappeared, revealing the same white walls of the hospital. The wards have returned to their usual business, and the “We made it!” grins no longer flash in the hallways. The offerings of the dietary service bear no clue that just a few weeks ago the temporarily unlimited budget poured forth the Air Force equivalent of the festive board. But the drama and emotion of the moment linger. One must reflect on the past and future sufferings of these men. The best we can give them in their returned freedom is the hope that what they have endured and survived they will view in a perspective different from what is expected. The world thinks that pain is the worst and pleasure the best. But to the one who has heard and believed the Gospel about Jesus Christ, the suffering has been graciously transformed from an instrument of death to one of life. To those who have not suffered in faith, these will be incomprehensible ravings; to those who have heard and believe, it is an obvious and joyful fact. The loneliness, the separation from those we love and the culture from which we have sprung, the gnawing to do anything for diversion to hasten the passage of these times, all of these underscore what we have always known: here we have no abiding city, but we look for the one to come. This is not last ditch optimism/pessimism grasping when all else fails. It is the primary fact of faith, the lively grip on the eternal Sanctus that lies beyond the prison compound, the upheavals of the times, and our personal victories and defeats.

June, 1973
Joseph Sittler is a professor in the Divinity School, the University of Chicago. On April 10, 11, and 12 he delivered the Gross Memorial Lectures at Valparaiso University. He also delivered this devotional address in the Chapel of the Resurrection.

Little children, you are of God, and have overcome them; for he who is in you is greater than he who is in the world. They are of the world, therefore what they say is of the world, and the world listens to them. We are of God. Whoever knows God listens to us, and he who is not of God does not listen to us. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error. Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and he who loves is born of God and knows God. He who does not love does not know God; for God is love.

In this the love of God was made manifest among us, that God sent his only Son into the world, so that we might live through him. In this is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the expiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. No man has ever seen God; if we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us.

I JOHN 4:4-12

The Lessons for the Sundays in Lent, and the Lessons read in the special offices in this chapel during the season, operate in a kind of liturgical oscillation; they swing back and forth between passages reportorial of the Passion of Jesus and admonitions for the practical life of the believer. They swing between what has happened and what ought to happen; between things that have been accomplished by God and deeds that we ought to
do; between facts that are there, fixed in history and ways of life that are potential in the present—ways among us that are not yet realized.

The passive voice is the grammar of grace

The Church's Liturgy is the dramatization of this pattern. The passive voice is the grammar of grace. We are called to faith because God is faithful. Our active response is possible because the initiative is in the faithful God. We can love and ought to love because we have been and are beloved.

How often in the letters of St. Paul is the force of this God-of-the-passive voice disclosed! Paul says "I know," then corrects himself to say, "I mean, rather, that I have been known." Christian cognition is a creation of and a response to God's knowledge of us. Paul says, "I will" and then immediately changes the statement to affirm that God has already willed to be gracious. The apostle says, "I love," and remembers that "I have been loved."

If, then, that is the pattern—from the passive voice to the active—how does it actually work out? One can gain some idea of that from reflection upon the results of beginning from the other end! Suppose we start with our love—assume that the reality and strength of our love is sufficient to make our lives whole and good and to achieve redemption.

It is a common assumption, of course, that this way could work out if all of us committed ourselves to it with sufficient resolution. But it doesn't work this way, and it can't. There is a built-in egocentricity in the human as such—and it limits and corrupts everything in sight. Mothers and Fathers love their children. They also yearn for a projection of their lives and values and life-styles in the lives of their children; and this self-love admixed with the particularity of the child turns out often to be aggressive, self-serving, and corrupting to the self-hood and integral development of the child.

Love between persons discloses the same dialectic. Each loves the other—and each loves also the magnification and elevation of the self-esteem in the love of the other. G.K. Chesterton in one of his essays reflects upon what he really means when he says "I love my wife!" There is a sense in which a man does indeed love his wife; there is also the fact that he loves her because she displays the marvellous ability to reflect the man back to himself as five times his normal size!

All our loves are mixed, ambiguous—and for that reason shot through with a duplicity which is a product of self-love. Our recognition of that duplicity enhances the passion with which, in passionate avowals of love, we mask the mixture.

"Man loves himself in everything—even in God."

Luther once said, "Man loves himself in everything—even in God." That is a terrifying truth, but a truth. For many a man says he loves God, and means by that that his professed love of God is a powerful help to the integration of his life and personality. Which means, of course, that he does not love God purely, above all things. What he primarily loves and seeks is integration—and God is loved as instrumental to that.

The love with which we love is never pure or complete; it can only be purified, made good, come to the adoration of God's love and service when its center is outside the self. The love with which we love can only be made a good and edifying love when it is controlled by the love with which we are loved. "The love I speak of is not our love for God, but the love he showed us . . ."

**VISUAL ARTS — RICHARD H. W. BRAUER**

**Recent Art Acquisitions - Valparaiso University**

Chinese Vase, K’ang Hsi, 1685-1722, blue and white, 1973 gift of Marion T. Reed (Mrs. Earl H.).


ON JUNE 20, 1837, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS WROTE IN HER JOURNAL:
I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mamma who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting room (only in my dressing gown) and alone, and saw them. Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain) then acquainted me that my poor Uncle, the King, was no more, and had expired at 12 minutes past 2 this morning and consequently that I am Queen.

What were the prospects for the petite, youthful Queen Victoria (1819-1901)? At the very least, frightening, as they would have been to a mature man of wide experience. Victoria was Hanoverian, and from infancy had labored under what might be called the curse of the Hanoverians. It had been the peculiar trait of the Hanoverian kings of England to treat their offspring, and particularly the Prince of Wales, as rivals, as if they had no ability and should not succeed. The generation of vipers sired by King George III lived up to their father's expectations, and created a double crisis. There developed a real danger that the Hanoverian line might collapse from lack of legitimate heirs. Dangerous as the crisis of succession appeared, however, the second crisis, that of popular disenchantment with monarchy itself, was perhaps more acute. Not since the Restoration had the prestige of monarchy fallen so low as with George III and his two successor sons.

The Hanoverian curse clouded Princess Victoria's unhappy childhood. The Prince Regent would not even allow her harried, debt-plagued father, the Duke of Kent, to select the names for his infant daughter. As the Duchess of Kent, Victoria's mother, later recalled,

just as The Child was about to be baptised His Late Majesty forbade the names of Charlotte and Augusta being given, deeply wounding the Duke's feelings and mine thereby.

None of the traditional names of the English royal family was to be attached to the Duke of Kent's infant. She was baptized Alexandrina Victoria. Snubbed by the Prince Regent, hounded by

Arthur P. Kautz, a professor in the Department of History at Valparaiso University, received his diploma from Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois in 1935. He received his BA (1947) and his PhD (1952) from the University of Minnesota.

Three recent volumes deal with the first part of the Victorian reign. The most important is Cecil Woodham-Smith, Queen Victoria: from Her Birth to the Death of the Prince Consort. One of the many charms of Priestley's Victoria's Heydey lies in the color he gives the canvass. And David Duff has had a book published.
creditors, the Duke of Kent in December 1819 took his little family to Woolbrook Cottage in Sidmouth. A few weeks later he caught a chill which rapidly became debilitating. The barbarous medical treatment finished him. Even before the bloodlettings of the final days, "there had been taken from him 120 fluid ounces, 6 pints of blood." On January 23, 1820, Princess Victoria lost her father.

The distraught Duchess of Kent turned to the Duke's equerry, Captain John Conroy, who soon became her evil adviser, and increasingly Princess Victoria's antagonist. As the Princess grew, Conroy and the Duchess devised the "Kensington System," whereby they would control every aspect of Victoria's life, obtain the regency if the Princess should come to the throne before she was of age, and, under any conditions, reap the kingdom, the power, and the glory. Mrs. Woodham-Smith reports that "Princess Victoria never had a room she could call her own until she was nearly grown up and slept in a little bed in her mother's room until she came to the throne."

The "Kensington System" kept the playmates of a normal childhood from the Princess. She loved her half-sister, Princess Feodora, but coldly disliked the Conroy children, who were thrust upon her. Early in 1828 Conroy succeeded in getting Princess Feodora married off to the penurious Prince Ernest Christian Charles of Hohenlohe Langenburg. It was in many ways an unhappy marriage, but it served Conroy's objective of isolating Princess Victoria. There followed "journeys," actually royal progresses, under the direction of Conroy and the acquiescent Duchess. They were reminiscent of Absolom going early to the gates of Jerusalem to steal the hearts of the people. Conroy reminded Victoria's favorite uncle, Prince Leopold, later King of the Belgians, of Mephistopheles. When it appeared that a cordial relationship might develop between King William IV and his niece Victoria, and the curse of the Hanoverians might be suspended, the Duchess of Kent and Conroy rebuffed the King.

In time the only person in the household the Princess trusted was her governess, the Baroness Louise Lehzen, formidable daughter of a Lutheran minister in Germany. What was the Princess's preparation for the awesome responsibilities of the throne? Cecil Woodham-Smith concluded that "in spite of the praise lavished on her education by the Bishops, she was not a well-educated nor an advanced child." The things done to the youthful Princess, and the things left undone, left her vulnerable.

How did her gender affect Queen Victoria's prospects? Attitudes had mellowed since the time of Mary Tudor and the invidious comparisons with Queen Maud. Although any woman on the English throne would face greater political problems than a man, in the peculiar circumstances of the times the problem of gender in 1837 appeared negligible.

If the Queen married, what would be the prospects of the husband? Precedents did not prove enlightening. Queen Anne, ruling in warlike times, might be considered remarkably successful. George, Prince of Denmark, had been naturalized and created a peer after he married Princess Anne. When Princess Anne became Queen, she tried to gain the title of King for her husband, but failed. He was named "Generalissimo," which nominally placed him above Marlborough, and Lord High Admiral. He sat in the House of Lords, where the Whigs treated him roughly.

Queen Mary II shared the throne with the Prince of Orange, King William III, and deferred to him. When she died in 1694, nothing much changed; William III continued as King, disregarded his general unpopularity, and remained preoccupied with diplomatic and military policies countering King Louis XIV. A repetition of England's experience with King William III would have been politically infeasible in the nineteenth century.

Nor would the precedent of Queen Mary I have been acceptable. Religion had troubled the reign of Mary I and made her role difficult. Her marriage to a foreign monarch, King Philip II of Spain, was highly unpopular in England, though he left the country after a year. Yet he tried to influence the policies of Queen Mary, and was feared the more by suspicious Englishmen.

Queen Elizabeth I, by refusing to marry, had evaded what might have been the greatest problem of her exciting reign. So she did not provide a useful precedent for the youthful, romantic Queen Victoria. Thus the secondary roles of a queen's husband were undefined and potentially troublesome.

It is useful to view Queen Victoria's reign, especially the first twenty-four years, from the broader perspective of an additional fifty years at each end, from 1787 to 1911.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN FALLS INTO two parts, the first ending with the death of Prince Consort Albert in 1861, the second extending to the Queen's death in 1901. The first part lasted twenty-four years, almost a quarter of a century, but for both the Queen and for England an age had ended. To counter tunnel vision, and to appreciate the momentum of change surrounding the first quarter century of Queen Victoria's reign, it might be useful to view the twenty-four years from the broader perspective of an additional fifty years.
at each end, from 1787 to 1911, or almost a century and a quarter. What were the prospects?

The eighteenth century had been an Age of Aristocracy. Land still meant power. Aristocrats not only made up the House of Lords, but they exercised control over the House of Commons. In 1911, however, the aristocracy was a beleaguered class. Lloyd George’s budget, with its stiff inheritance and income taxes, threatened the weakened foundations of the landed aristocracy. In their ill-advised but stubborn fight against the budget, the House of Lords lost not only the battle, but the war. In 1911 the veto power of the House of Lords withered.

Already in 1832 the narrow aristocratic control of Parliament had been broken. The House of Commons became somewhat representative, and the middle class shared power with the aristocracy.

“The rise of the brash, traditionless middle class, the emergency of a mass society, the breakdown of the hierarchical society that went back to antiquity, created in the nineteenth century a social and cultural turmoil that can perhaps best be compared to the wrenching of the earth along a geological fault.”

Then in 1867, six years after the death of Prince Consort Albert, the democratic tide began to flow in ever-widening reform bills. In the eighteenth century it had been said that a nobleman could be created by a word, but that it took three generations to make a gentleman. The rise of the brash, traditionless middle class, the emergence of a mass society, the breakdown of the hierarchical society that went back to antiquity, created in the nineteenth century a social and cultural turmoil that can perhaps best be compared to the wrenching of the earth along a geological fault. A social seismologist might have compared that shock wave to those of the barbarian invasions.

In his Victoria’s Heyday J. B. Priestley presents a sharp vignette of the uncertain pretensions of the rising middle class. They were social climbers, yearning to be like the aristocrats.

This powerful middle class, dominating the 1850s, was unlike any society that had existed before. Elements coming to it from the past were not entirely ignored and forgotten but were radically modified. It was not Puritanism all over again. It was not a continuation and spreading of the earlier and very narrow Evangelical way of life. . . . It was sharply divided about religion. In one large section of it religion declined into a decent piety. . . . Yet in another large section, as much masculine as feminine, a perfervid Christian faith, now being challenged by intellectuals, was being clutched at and then held in a bigoted and highly emotional fashion.

The men were Oh! so gentlemanly, the women so refined and delicate. But Priestley suspects that they were storing up a harvest of repressions.

The masculine principle was firmly in control of this middle class. However, what is severely repressed by the conscious mind may return in greater force from the unconscious. So determinedly rational and hard-headed men can be overcome by feeling that is almost hysterical. . . . It cannot be said that this middle-class society had inherited that curious strain of melancholy, with all its churchyard brooding, which was characteristic of the eighteenth century. Yet mid-Victorian fiction is filled with wasting diseases, slow-motion dying, funerals and cemeteries. . . . Where we have sex at every turn, they had death. Where we linger with lovers, after watching them strip, they lingered round the deathbed, aware of each ebbing pulse.

BETWEEN 1787 AND 1911 THE ECONOMIC foundations of England had shifted from agriculture to commerce and industry. England had led the world in industrialization and had held that leadership for so long that by 1911 it was difficult to grasp the unwelcome fact that both Germany and the United States had forged ahead of the United Kingdom industrially.

By 1911 the circle had closed also for the free-wheeling industrialists. Workingmen, once so defenceless and miserable in the factory system, came under the umbrella of Lloyd George’s welfare state. Meanwhile the green and pleasant isle of the eighteenth century had become darkened with smog and soot from the towns and cities which now housed the vast majority of the population.

King George III had exercised power. King George V was a circumscribed constitutional monarch. Seared by the American Revolution, Englishmen under King George III were ready to retreat into Little Englandism, whereas the sun never set on the great Empire of King George V. In 1787 Europe still slumbered, undisturbed by the French Revolutionary turmoil, whereas in 1911 Europe stumbled at the brink of a gigantic disruption which would give as yet incomprehensible definitions to liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Between 1787 and 1911 the world was trans-
formed, or was ready for explosion. Rapid transportation and communication shrunk the world. Medical discoveries, public health measures, and chemistry had extended the life expectancy of a population multiplied by the industrial revolutions. Gas and electricity eroded the timeless power of night. The world had become westernized, to a great extent anglicized, and was infinitely more complex than the simple and stable world lost by King George III.

But the greatest explosive energy of the century and a quarter lay compressed in ideas. Karl Marx, John Stuart Mill, Charles Darwin, a score of writers had planted intellectual time bombs that would shatter the remaining thought patterns of the eighteenth century. How fared the diminutive Queen Victoria in that tensing turbulent world? The Victorian shadows and sins of omission are easy to recognize and recount. Even Mrs. Woodham-Smith in her sympathetic biography of Queen Victoria inserts an unexpected *obiter dictum*:

One of the very few valid criticisms of Queen Victoria is that she was not sufficiently concerned with improvement of the conditions in which a great mass of her subjects passed their lives. She lived through an age of profound social change, but neither public health, nor housing, nor the education of her people, nor their representation, engaged much of her attention. As a young girl she had not been lacking in humane and generous impulses, she had been moved by the poverty of the poor gypsies at Claremont and by the sorrows of Ireland. It is a commonplace of human development that such impulses pass away with adolescence and she had as well a leaning towards absolutism, which made Louis XIV the object of her young admiration. Some part of what was lacking, however, must be attributed to the influence of Melbourne. At an impressionable period, made doubly impressionable by the deprivations of her earlier life, it was unfortunate that she should have come under the influence of a man with so much charm and so little belief in human nature, with such a touching capacity for tenderness allied to dislike of reform, and such want of sympathy with the struggling mass of the workers that he was capable of callousness.

True—but...

A Hebrew proverb refers to the exceptional person who can light fires of imagination, of decency and compassion in others as "an interpreter, one among a thousand, one man who makes many see." Germany pioneered in social welfare simply because Bismarck wished to win the ears of the workingmen from the "birdcalls" of the Social-Democrats. David Lloyd George had to battle the House of Lords to effect small advances in social welfare and public housing. And in the United States the forces arrayed against social welfare are again strident. Queen Victoria, however, on occasion could be such an Hebraic interpreter. After the Indian Mutiny it was the Queen, not her ministers, who brought conciliation to the Indians. In 1861 she agreed with Prince Albert's amendments to Lord John Russell's bellicose memorandum regarding the Trent affair. It was generally conceded that the original dispatch would very likely have resulted in war between the United States and Britain. It was indeed most infrequently that the Queen became "an interpreter, one among a thousand." But her ministers, better educated, more experienced, had that constitutional responsibility and failed that test. In practical politics, when the Lauds and the McGoverns dream dreams and see visions of social justice before the fulness of time, fate can humble and fell the upstarts suddenly, cruelly.

The twentieth century became the graveyard of monarchies. How successful was Queen Victoria in meeting the monarchical crisis? The youthful Queen, fresh, wholesome, innocent, a welcome change from her predecessors, halted for a time and then reversed the deepening disenchantment with monarchy in Britain. In a turbulent century England evolved without revolution. The role of the monarch as a constitutional head of state, not as the political leader; the liberal-democratic (or Victorian) compromise; the fruition of the cabinet system and of the office of prime minister; economic transformation and social upheaval—upon these shoals monarchies foundered. That turmoil hit Britain as violently as it did Russia, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary. But the stolid Queen provided a steadying influence in the storm. Hence her statues around the world (although sadly felled because of frenetic revolutionary forces from Ireland to Aden to India in recent decades) still cast a long, dignified shadow. So perhaps the real success of Queen Victoria was that both she and the monarchy survived.

THREE RECENT VOLUMES DEAL WITH the first part of the Victorian reign. The most important is Cecil Woodham-Smith, *Queen Victoria: from Her Birth to the Death of the Prince Consort*. Mrs. Woodham-Smith, whose reputation
as a stimulating writer and a sound scholar has been enhanced by each successive book (The Reason Why, Florence Nightingale, and The Great Hunger), gained permission from Queen Elizabeth to examine the family records in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle, which had remained closed to outside scholars until after the Second World War. Mrs. Woodham-Smith also gained access to the Palmerston Papers. Now her wide-ranging research has resulted in the publication of the first volume of her biography of Queen Victoria. Somewhat weak in constitutional history, it should be read in tandem with Elizabeth Pakenham, Countess of Longford's Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed, also based on the family records at Windsor Castle. The two books are outstanding in the endless shelves on Queen Victoria.

Richly detailed and documented, framed in the wider European and world setting, Queen Victoria again shows Mrs. Woodham-Smith's mastery of sound narrative with broad vision. The volume is enriched by her perceptive asides and anecdotes. The first four of the thirteen chapters deal with the parents and the childhood of Princess Victoria, with the parallel story of Prince Albert. Under the able tutelage of Melbourne, to whom the young Queen became deeply attached, she overcame her inadequate training. In 1840 she married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (1819-1861). Both the Queen and her consort were strong-willed persons, so the marriage required many difficult adjustments. Partially because the young Queen was burdened with pregnancies, partially because of the forceful, and increasingly able, ways of her consort, Prince Albert became the successor to Melbourne as the Queen's tutor. Mrs. Woodham-Smith pictures the marriage as happy and successful. Queen Victoria transmitted the Hanoverian curse: her relationship with the Prince of Wales was never good.

The author's handling of the royal family in the setting of English political life, in the larger United Kingdom, and in the world setting is masterly. Particularly delightful is her deft handling of the Crimean War, which she had developed successfully in her initial book, The Reason Why. One awaits her second volume of the biography of Queen Victoria with eagerness and assurance.

In his Victoria's Heyday J. B. Priestley employs a genre that can be awkward and difficult to handle: a year-by-year survey of a decade, the 1850s. Within a few pages, however, Priestley demonstrates his craftsmanship and the reader becomes involved in a romp. Priestley refers to the volume as "an informal social history." "Social history" must be given the broadest possible definition, for under this heading, Priestley includes economic, political, cultural aspects, especially acute literary judgments. Where the 1840s had been roiled by reform legislation, Chartism, the Irish tragedy, and European revolutions, and the 1860s would be dominated by Bismarck and the American Civil War, the 1850s were, except for the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny in the distance and Palmerston distressingly close, a relatively peaceful plateau. Hence, although "the leading politicians were not moving forward but marking time, . . . of all the Victorian decades this is the most Victorian."

In reading Priestley "one reads history filtered through a rich, experienced, indeed a wise mind."

One of the many charms of Victoria's Heyday lies in the color Priestley gives his canvas. An infantryman in the Great War, he has lived a long, eventful, full life, greatly enriched by wide reading and curiosity. The illustrations, many full page and in color, complement Priestley's description of "the Victorian Noon Day" as richly diverse and fascinating. Any event of a given year may give Priestley the opening to discourse at length on an attitude, an event, a myth that interests him particularly. Even in his prejudices one senses a breadth of vision and understanding that give the personal points of view value and perception, or at least a charming piquancy. In reading Victoria's Heyday one is reminded of treasured books like T. R. Glover's The Ancient World of the 1930s; one reads history filtered through a rich, experienced, indeed a wise mind. Victoria's Heyday is a joy to behold, a delight to read.

And a David Duff has had a book published. Although it is entitled Victoria & Albert, it might better be A Voyeur's View of Prince Albert: the Rise & Exhaustion of a Coburg Parvenu. In the hands of a Lytton Strachey debunking is a stimulating examination of sacred cows ready for the slaughter. In the hands of a novice debunking becomes self-destructive and sadly embarrassing. Duff, seemingly a shuffler of 3x5 cards, does not like Prince Albert or the Coburgs; he is persuaded that Queen Victoria married the wrong man; that the evils of the twentieth century, yea, the graves of the Great War, came from that mistaken marriage. Preoccupied with sex and Coburg plotting, Duff inadvertently once or twice does succeed in assembling a two-dimensional cartoon figure of Prince Albert. It is a sophomoric attempt that failed.

The volume is carelessly written, badly edited, betrays a lack of reading and understanding. We are not amused.
THE HOPEWELL INDIAN CULTURE

Philip McGraw

THE HOPEWELL INDIANS were a prehistoric mound-building people who occupied parts of the eastern United States for more than a thousand years beginning around 500 B.C. Their primary cultural centers were in the central Mississippi, Ohio, and Illinois river valleys. These Indians were farmers, traders, and artists of exceptional ability.

After establishing their settlements and ceremonial centers along the upper Kankakee and lower St. Joseph rivers, the Hopewell Indians went northward into Western Michigan. Probably they went first to the Kalamazoo Valley, then to the lower Grand River Valley, where they established an important ceremonial center at the present site of Grand Rapids.

The northern-most occupancy of each region by Hopewell Indians was within a deciduous forest zone, which at that time probably was dominated by oak and hickory, but within historic times was composed principally of maple, beech, birch, and hemlock. The region of their occupancy was also limited by climate. They favored a relatively warm climate and did not settle north of the latitude that in modern times experiences a frost-free season of at least 150 days.

This climatic limitation of the Hopewell Indians must have been related to the agricultural pursuits on which their culture was based; they subsisted primarily by farming, which was sufficiently well developed.
to permit a stable mode of life. Agriculture originated in tropical America some thousands of years prior to introduction into this area. From its centers in the nucleus of America, agriculture based on the cultivation of corn, squash, and beans gradually diffused to various parts of North America, but not all of the crops in this tropical assemblage diffused at the same time or to the same places. However, by 100 B.C., the probable time of its introduction into the Upper Great Lakes region, agriculture was well-established elsewhere in North America. Squash and beans, as well as tropical flint corn, were probably brought into the Upper Great Lakes region from the Illinois River Valley by migrating Hopewell Indians. They seem to have been the first farmers in the region, and their habitat was limited to the areas where the somewhat delicate tropical flint corn of that period could be grown. It seems probable that in Hopewell times the tropical flint corn had not yet been adapted to growth in cooler regions. In addition to the crops mentioned, they probably also raised tobacco. The Hopewell Indians supplemented their food production by hunting and fishing and seem to have hunted all of the available animals, particularly deer. These animals included all or nearly all of those still found in the region when the first Europeans arrived nearly a thousand years after the end of the Hopewell culture. The only domestic animal the Hopewell Indians kept was the dog.

The physical appearance of the Hopewell Indians can be reconstructed from their skeletons and some small sculptured figures found in their burial places. These Indians were of medium height and long-headed or medium longheaded. The figurines suggest that they were stocky or plump, particularly the women, with oval faces and slant eyes. The men wore breech-cloths of animal skin or woven fabric and the women wore wrap-around skirts of woven cloth or skin. Both men and women wore slipper-like moccasins, probably made of animal skins. Women seem to have worn their hair long in back, but parted in the middle on top of the head and drawn back above the ears. Men removed some of their hair, leaving a forelock in front and long hair gathered into a knot at the back of the head. Their villages and ceremonial centers were always along rivers. Their dwellings probably were types of wigwams, round or oval in plan with dome-shaped roofs, made of saplings covered with bark, mats, or skins. They erected large conical or dome-shaped mounds of earth over the dead and surrounded these with earthen walls enclosing large areas that were circular, oval, or rectangular.

The Hopewell artifacts can be distinguished from precedent and subsequent cultures by their shapes, designs, and the craftsmanship used in their creation. The bases of their projectiles had a distinctive shape and they were the first group to use notched projectiles and grooved axes, and to do precise drilling.

Trade Routes of the Hopewell Indians

Although the Hopewells were a midwestern culture they traveled far and wide. Widespread trade or cultural connections of the Hopewellian people, particularly in the Ohio area, indicate a considerable knowledge of the entire area east of the Rocky Mountains. There was a fairly extensive contact with the far southeast and probably...
the Florida area, for it was from this
general region that most of the large
marine busycon and cassis shells
have come. The cassis shell is a time
marker in the Hopewellian horizon.
(Shown on Plate 1) Its live range is
and has been from Cape Hatteras
down the east coast of the United
States and on into the West Indies.
It has not been on the Gulf Coast
of Florida. The basis for using these
shells as horizon markers comes
from comparing burials of different
times and dating the materials found
by the Carbon 14 test. The Carbon 14
process allows archaeologists to tell
very closely the date of the burial.
Once the date is determined the period is then catalogued as to its
position in the horizon. After all
the artifacts of a burial are dated,
they are then compared with other
classified and dated burials. This
process then allows the archaeologist
to plot accurately the progress of
the culture. Since cassis shells are
not found in early burials, it is con-
cluded that they mark the approxi-
mate time that the Hopewellians be-
gan trading with the inhabitants of
Florida.

THE HOPEWELL INDIANS
mined raw copper in Michigan.
(See map, Plate 1) It was used in
its raw state and pounded into the
shapes desired. Its malleable quality
made it suitable material for pre-
historic purposes.

From their travels to Florida the
Hopewell Indians returned by way
of Virginia and the Carolinas to
mine mica. The early mines in these
areas show extensive work by a
primitive people, and, from all in-
dications, the material was used al-
most exclusively by the Hopewell
culture. (Plate 1)

Another and very distinctive time
marker of the period was the exten-
sive utilization of obsidian, particu-
larly among the Ohio Hopewell.
Obsidian also appears in some ten
or twelve Illinois Valley Hopewell
sites, although mostly in the form of
flakes. Although the source of this
material is not known, it may have
been from the northern Rockies, the
southern Rockies in eastern Arizona
and New Mexico, Texas, or from
Middle America. (See Plate 1)

Obsidian deposits have not been
found in a natural state in the south-
east or the lower Mississippi Valley.
Additional indications of the connec-
tion between Ohio Hopewell and
the southeast are the presence of
simple stamp, check stamp, and
complicated stamp impressions on
the T-shaped lip and vertical com-
pound vessels which link the Ohio
Hopewell with the Florida area.
When early Hopewell sites are com-
pared with sites of the same period
found in Florida, pottery of Hope-
wellian design is absent from the
Florida sites. In later Florida sites
pottery is found which is typically
Hopewellian in design. As well as
Hopewell-influenced pottery, cop-
per ear spools, copper breast plates,
pan-pipes, and platform smoking
pipes are found at the Santa Rosa-
Swift Creek (Florida) site. The cop-
per artifacts especially are indica-
tions of the Hopewell trading in the
area, since the copper of the time
came from Michigan, an area of the
Hopewell domain.

From the mounds which have
been exposed it may be concluded
that these articles were accumulated
for prestige. This is especially true
when one compares two different
burials and finds a large difference
in quantity as well as diversity and
quality of artifacts. Those members
of the tribe who had accumulated a
large supply of these goods lavished
them on their dead relatives so that
in death the relatives might main-
tain the same position they main-
tained in life.
It has been suggested many times that these trade connections seem to indicate trips by individuals into the far southeast, the Plains, or the Northern Mississippi Valley and Lake Superior area, and that there were regular, definite missions to obtain these raw materials. The common cultural foundation which existed through the Hopewellian period may have been the cause for such individuals to be welcomed into foreign tribal groups while on missions to obtain raw materials. It is also likely that these travelers would take along with them some of the finished products from the Ohio area associated with the ceremonial complexes which were dominant at the time. A good example of their trade in finished products is the Minnesota pipe stone which was formed into effigy pipes, and seemed to be much in demand throughout the primitive cultures. (Plate 1-traditional route to Minnesota)

**Notes on Hunting Hopewell Artifacts**

Almost all the artifacts pictured in this article have been surface finds. The method for hunting for these artifacts is simple. The first step is to imagine oneself in the position of the Indian. He needed water for himself and his crops; he needed rich soil which was easily tillable. Finally, he needed a place where the land rose above the water level, preferably land that was sandy and well drained. Since most of the dwellings were only shelters, it was important to have dry floors and a dry camp.

Having imagined this combination of needs for the Indian, the hunter for artifacts begins to select sites. The best time for this exploration is in the spring of the year, after farmers have plowed their fields. However, freshly plowed fields, where the newly turned soil still covers the artifacts, makes it virtually impossible to find the artifacts. But after a strong wind or a pounding rain the artifacts are exposed in a newly plowed field, making the hunting possible and the finding more certain.

Experience impels me to note that permission of the landowner should be sought before entering his land. However, most farmers will grant permission gladly (unless there is danger of damage to crops) for most farmers welcome the removal of stones from the land.

**Artifacts and their Original Uses**

**Agricultural Tools**

Plate 2 illustrates a number of daily tools. The mortar and two pestles displayed were used to grind flint corn into meal, which was used to make a substance similar to our cornbread. The pictured hoe (Plate 3) was used just as hoes are used today, and it is reasonable to conclude from the nature of their tools that the Hopewell growing plots were relatively small.

The Hopewell were the first Indians to make use of the spade (Plate 3). It was designed totally for digging. Earlier cultures did very little digging in contrast to the Hopewell, who dug extensively. This tool was probably designed for construction of the ceremonial mounds and burial pits of the Hopewell. They also built stockades with large posts set at intervals; such a tool was needed to dig the post holes. It can be surmised that societal change necessitated the invention of this tool.

It was pointed out above that the Hopewell lived in an area to which hickory and oak were indigenous, and to make use of these nuts they designed the cup-stone or nutting
stone (Plate 3). These round stones had small dips in the center so that the nut would stay in place while it was struck with a utility tool called a hammer stone. The hammer stone was used in all steps of stone implement and orament manufacture, because it was necessary to strike the raw flint stone many times properly to form the desired shape.

The last of the daily tools are the grooved ax and its little companion, the hand celt (Plate 4). These tools were made predominantly of green stone but other granite types were also used. These axes were not used to fell trees as might be supposed. The Hopewell cut down trees by a method known as charring. A fire was built at the bottom of the tree to char it. The ax was then used to chip off the charred material and the process was repeated until the tree fell. The hand celt was also used for this purpose and for chipping flint and other stones.

Projectives, Knives, Blades, and the Throwing Stick

Projectiles and arrows were not shot from bows. They were attached to shafts and thrown with an atlatl, a stick which was used as an extension of the arm to hurl the shaft. A banner stone (not pictured) was a balancing piece of stone which was used as a weight for the projectile shaft or arrow. In later years the banner stone became more elaborate suggesting perhaps that it was used for ceremonial purposes. The elaborate designs in themselves could not serve a functional purpose and would be damaged if actually used as shaft weights.

Flint projectiles were made from stones called blanks. (Plate 5) If one can imagine putting two notches in the side and then chipping the stone to a point, he can see how they were used to form projectiles. Blanks were mined from raw flint and shaped into the forms pictured. The hunter carried these with him so that when one of his points broke he could form a new one. The direct analogy would be to a modern man carrying spare parts for his machinery.

The large blades and simple knives may have been used for such a purpose as skinning out animals, much as we would use a knife today. Most of the knives are readily recognizable. Although the flake knives may look like discarded flint, they were formed this way intentionally by taking a raw nodule of bone-stone and undercutting the lip with a deer's antler. When the groove was of proper depth the artisan struck it sharply and the flake knife slivered off the nodule. Flake knives had great utility because they were very sharp and were quite easy to replace when they became dull.

Ornamental Objects

The Hopewell were artisans of great renown and their ornaments are proof of their craftsmanship. Ornaments of the Hopewell Indians were made of metal, shell, bone, and stone. Bead necklaces were made of copper, river pearls, marine shells, and canine teeth of bears. Copper spool-shaped ear ornaments occasionally were worn at the wrists. Armbands were made of silver and probably of copper. Polished stone, copper, perforated and cut eagle claws, and bear canine teeth inlaid with river pearls were used for pendants and breast ornaments. Pieces of imported sheet mica may have been used as ornaments or mirrors.

The Hopewell were a religious and superstitious people, and many of their ceremonial objects were derived from religious practices and superstition. Objects such as the boat...
stone and the bird stone pictured in Plate 6 are termed "problematic" items because historians can only speculate about their possible uses. Some think that they may have been used by women as hair ornaments. Items such as pennants and gorgets (pictured in Plate 7) were worn around the neck or as a type of chest ornament.

The large group of projectiles (Plate 8) and the group of rolled-copper beads seen in Plate 9 all came from one cache site indicating that they were probably part of a surface burial. Note that the large points are broken. Close examination reveals that they were broken intentionally. Probably superstition taught that the dead owner would need these in the hereafter and that the stones must be broken so their spirits could be released to follow their owner. The rolled copper beads were the personal decorations of the owner and as such must be buried with him. They were not inheritable, because in the hereafter the owner would need them so as to be properly dressed and equipped.

The drills in the tray pictured in Plate 10 were used in making ornaments and everyday tools. Most of them may have been designed to be used as projectiles as well as drills.

Tobacco pipes made of polished stone were of the platform-type with a bowl centered on a platform and the system hole extending from one end of the platform to the bowl. Most were simple, symmetrical, curved-base platforms with spool or barrel-shaped bowls. Some were elaborate effigy forms with bowls carved realistically in the form of animals and humans. One example is the frog effigy displayed in Plate 6. Others were carved in the form of a bear, a nude woman seated on the platform, her baby cradled in front of her, and a two-bowl pipe carved to represent an alligator.

**Pottery and Other Art Objects**

The Hopewell Indians had fine pottery and utensils. Their spoons were made of notched mussel shells and probably of wood. Large dippers or containers were made of imported marine shells. Pottery was of several styles. The utilitarian ware consisted of round or conoidal-based jars made of fired clay tempered with particles of granitic stone and covered on the exterior with the imprints of cord-wrapped paddle. Another characteristic style of Hopewellian pottery, similar in form to the ware just described, differed in that the exterior surface was smoother and then decorated with bands and zones of rather thick and dentate stamp impressions.

The finest pottery ever found in the prehistoric Upper Great Lakes region was the Hopewell ceremonial ware made of fired clay tempered with small particles of limestone. Characteristic of this type were small quadrilobate jars with flat bottoms. The smooth, gray surfaces of those vessels were decorated with contrasting body zones filled with closely-spaced impressions of a fine-toothed dentate stamp rocked back and forth, and the rims were decorated with a bank of fine cross-hatching. This pottery probably was made only for burial with the dead.

Other Hopewell pottery types, those which were for everyday domestic use, seem to have been copies of this fine ceremonial ware. This pottery, represented by jars with round or flat bottoms and bodies that frequently were quadrilobate, were made of fired clay tempered with particles of granitic stone. Some of this pottery was relatively plain, but most of it was decorated with curvilinear zones filled with...
curved zigzag lines or punctate impressions.

The Hopewell Indians used musical instruments. Most characteristic were panpipes consisting of three or four conjoined tubes of bone or reed, graduated in length, and bound together with a broad, flat, encircling band of silver or copper. They had rattles of various kinds, including some made of turtle shell, and probably also had drums.

Hopewell art and material wealth were lavished on the dead, probably with elaborate ceremonies. Deceased people of high rank were placed in subfloor pits or tombs sometimes lined with bark or logs. Tools, weapons, utensils, pottery, pipes, and ceremonial objects, all of excellent quality, were placed on the grave. Bodies were placed in an extended or a flexed position. Bundles of bones, probably from partly decomposed bodies that had been placed on burial scaffolds, were also placed in grave pits. When the burials were completed large mounds of earth were erected over the grave pits. These mounds were conical or dome-shaped. It is likely that only individuals of high social position, such as priests and chiefs or members of ruling families, were given mound burial.

The Hopewell Indians must have had a social organization that included class structures, hereditary ranks and privileges, divisions of labor, ways of organizing co-operative work projects, such as the building of mounds and inclosures, and means for individuals to become specialized as artists, traders, metal workers, and the like. This social organization, whatever its actual detail, was much more elaborate than that of any of the earlier prehistoric groups of Indians.

The Passing of the Hopewell

The Hopewell culture represents a climax of culture—a kind of classical period. It is likely that such a level of culture was never achieved again by any American Indian culture. After about A.D. 700 the glory of the Hopewell was gone. The subsequent cultures seem to have been diversified outgrowths of a generalized Early Woodland and Middle Woodland base to which were added, from time to time, some exotic elements introduced from other regions.

Where the Hopewell people went is a mystery to all who study their culture. They seem to have left the basis of their culture and disappeared, taking with them the golden arts and crafts which they possessed. Some have suggested that they were absorbed by other tribes, but this is doubtful because the art forms which they developed do not appear in later cultures. They, like the cliff dwellers and the Mayana, seem simply to have left their homes and abandoned the culture which made them the most superior Indian group ever to live in the area.

The answer to their disappearance may lie in climatic change or a natural occurrence which, with their superstitions, precipitated their exodus; but, since they had no written language, the facts which caused them to become extinct will always be left to conjecture, one of the great mysteries of American archaeology.
Conceptions of "health" and "health care" serve to characterize a society and deeply affect the quality of urban life. Medical pathology with attending institutions and services constitutes the largest industry in the nation, except for defense. Public discussion, raised by anxieties over costs and qualities of services and nudged by a report just completed by a presidential commission, seems headed toward adoption of some form of national health insurance during the next years. The following "manifesto" by three noted observers fires a shot directly across the bow of that discussion.

One of the authors, Professor John McKnight, offers the following thoughts by way of introduction.

A hallmark of industrialized societies is the development of commercial insurance. The dictionary mistakenly suggests that we insure ourselves to 'protect against loss.' But consider the reality. Are we insuring our car against fire, our health against illness and our life against death? Of course not. No company is willing to insure that our car, house, health or life will not be destroyed. They merely guarantee to pay a fee if they are destroyed.

The folklore of insurance may lead some people to assume that paying a company monthly premiums somehow protects their car, home, health and life. Most of us know better. We know that as we drive our car, it is no safer because it is insured. We know that our house is just as likely to burn after we pay the fire insurance premium. We recognize that even though we paid our life insurance today, our death is just as imminent tomorrow. But do we believe that our health will be no better, or worse, if we have health insurance?

The Cresset offers this essay in the interest of creating a more healthy discussion. —RHL

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THE SOURCES of human health are varied. They include at least four elements:

1. Self-activated behavior, e.g. breast-feeding rather than artificial feeding; walking rather than riding; not smoking; temperate use of food and drink.
2. Communal behavior, e.g. caring by family members, neighbors, and friends; promotion of feelings of belonging by voluntary associations.
3. Environmental factors, e.g. physical factors, including sanitation, air pollution, transportation, and lead poisoning; unemployment, economic depressions, and conditions of work.
4. Therapeutic information, tools, and skills, e.g. vaccines, aspirin, scalpels, antibiotics, and knowing how to use them.

The data show that in both developed and underdeveloped societies, the first three elements are by far the major health determinants. Medical techniques of therapy and prevention are much less important. Even immunizing agents in underdeveloped countries are of lower priority in eradicating disease than the provision of proper sanitation, nutrition, and housing.

Therefore, the critical health issue in any society is the development of cultural values, social relationships, and public policies that provide universal and personal access to all the sources of health listed above.

To achieve this goal, we must overcome the popular notion that health care can be "delivered." This concept defines health care as a "commodity" and requires a class of professionals to dispense "it." Once a professional or his "allied health workers" are defined as the principal source of health, then the therapeutic health sources become dominant, although they are the least important. The other three sources of health become subordinated or totally neglected in the allocation of resources relevant to health. The institutional arrangements that derive from this inversion of priorities limits the opportunity of all to equal and individual access to and use of these resources. Thus, this inverted arrangement, called the "health delivery system," is basically health-denying and reactionary.

As a result, the current national debate on various systems of channeling the national wealth into "the delivery system" offers only a choice between essentially conservative health-denying approaches. Regardless of the particular scheme advocated, those with a vested interest in "health delivery" win. Physicians and their allied institutions (hospitals, the drug industry, insurance companies), having narrowed the definition of health sources to the services they control and provide, now stand to maximize that control by taxing every American.

The people lose several ways.

First, these schemes preclude a rational decision on the proper allocation of resources designed to promote a healthful society. They assume that "health" is in a doctor's office or a hospital ward, and deprive us of the basic right to decide how resources should be used to deal with the critical social and economic determinants of health.

Second, the universal health system tax acts as an astigmatic lens that magnifies the importance of professionally-controlled sources of health while denying the personal vision of self activated and communal determinants of health. Why should we care for ourselves and others if our care by professionals is insured?

Third, all these health plans concentrate the control of therapeutic resources in the hands of professionals and their para-professional hand-maidsens. There are some non-industrialized nations developing approaches that provide people health information, tools, and skills for their personal utilization in an attempt to prevent them from having to become patients. At the same time, the United States seems intent on pursuing policies that will insure (pun intended) every citizen being designated a patient and the entire nation a hospital.

The instrument for achieving this result is a universal "health" tax designed to provide a guaranteed annual income to the members of the health delivery team.

This massive concentration of power and money in the therapeutic industry will have predictable effects. Institutional growth will be stimulated, while obscured by the rhetorical veil of "paraprofessionalism," by placing more manpower and capital in the hands of the health industry. Like every other industry, the growth will be rationalized as an effort to provide more of a "good thing." As the Council of Economic Advisors said in last year's report to the President, "if it is agreed that economic output is a good thing, it follows by definition that there is not enough of it."

The critical question for the American people is to analyze the
“good thing.” The GNP is made up of positive benefits and negative costs. The same is true of the products of the health industry. Every drug has its dangers. Every routine annual examination has its risks. At some point, the negative costs begin to overbalance the positive benefits. Thus, we may be moving toward the time when physicians disable more patients than they cure. Even now, there is considerable evidence that medical services do not effect total mortality rates, but simply shift the segment of the population that will survive. Therefore, we must develop a new accounting system for the health industry (as well as for the GNP) that will provide a monitoring function to make sure that increasing investment of resources does not result in increasing danger to the people’s health. In the absence of a cost-benefit analysis of the health industry, it would be folly to pour more money into the present system.

A second negative cost that will be intensified by national health insurance is the so-called preventive health care services. What is the real value of the monthly pre-natal doctor visits, the regular well-infant examinations, the multiple school examinations, the camp examinations for adolescents, the annual executive checkup, and the prepaid medical schemes that purport to provide early diagnosis and preventive maintenance care? Evidence continues to mount regarding the uselessness of these procedures. Historically, these practices came into vogue during the Great Depression when physicians’ incomes were not what they are today, thus creating new markets for their products. Given substantial new capital, we can expect sky-rocketing growth in the negative cost of this national placebo.

Finally, we can expect the health industry to direct an ever-increasing percentage of its newly acquired health taxes toward terminal life-extension technologies. Like any other growth industry, the health system will direct its products where the demand seems unlimited—protection from death. Serving the death-denial market will require a complex industrial, research, and professional support system. Increasing percentages of the health dollar will promote public-relations-oriented research extravaganzas designed to create “breakthroughs” that appear to delay death by a few weeks or months.

In summary, we predict that national health insurance will stimulate the delivery of disabling medical services, intensify reliance on useless preventive measures, and radically exaggerate the death-denying tendencies of the existing system. While these negative costs mount, we will be ignoring the positive health benefits available from the basic sources of health previously described.

It is predictable that the escalating costs of national health insurance will quickly and surely educate the American people to the fact that they have struck a bad bargain. The health return on their investment will be no better than the educational returns from the escalating investment in the school system. They will soon recognize that health cannot be insured by providing a guaranteed annual income to the medical system. Just as the public is now legitimately rebelling against schools, they are destined to revolt against a tax-supported medical system that applies the ancient practice of blood-letting to our body politic.

When Solon, moralist, law-giver, and rationalist, rebuked Thespis for being successful with his stories in dialogue, he supposedly said: "Are you not ashamed to tell so many lies?" Ever since playwrights have made us cry and laugh about the lies they told us. And lies—the escape of a human being from reality into a world of his own imagination—has been the major subject-matter of Tennessee Williams’ work. (He said in a recent article in the Sunday New York Times: "...the most important theme that I have essayed in my writing for the theatre: the mendacity that underlies the thinking and feeling of our affluent society.") He likes to follow his characters on the narrow road between reality and illusion; he loves to see them stumble into the blue mist of uncertainties where life plays football with their fates. Williams is attracted and repulsed by the cruel ambiguities that wait for his heroes and heroines around the next corner.

He is a compulsive confessor, not only in his plays, but also when he feels like apologizing for them in the New York Times. He has written many plays, perhaps too many, but some of them have been very good and of lasting value—if we can still believe in posterity in this period of the graffiti. In 1945 Laurette Taylor helped Tennessee Williams to become America’s great new hope with _The Glass Menagerie_. Did he fulfill the promise we wrested from him in our impatient naivete to have
another towering playwright like O'Neill, one as prolific and impressive as O'Neill was? Arthur Miller has been a slow writer all along, although not as reluctant in his output as Thornton Wilder or Lillian Hellman who gave up writing plays in the crazed and changed world of the Sixties. Is Williams also out of tune with our time?

He has a particularly fine poetic gift and theatrical visualization. Yes, he has tricks in his pockets, he has things up his sleeve like a magnificent stage magician. But he has one or two strange weaknesses and one serious shortcoming.

His weaknesses first. He can be sickly drawn towards violence and is pretty violent about the sick and decadent world in which his characters grope around. He paints moods; he is an excellent painter of a world of half-lights. Oppressive as these half-lights are, with the help of his poetry they let a few sunrays come through. One can feel how desperately he tries to break through these half-lights and all the anxieties he and his characters encounter on their way, which often is full of outbursts of violence and despair. His are mainly sick people in a sick world, living with some kind of illusion.

As to his shortcoming: He is frank, or shameless, in the way he lets us in on his lifelong struggle with his own inner chaos. When he fails, his failure is painful for his audience as much as for himself. He has a passion for stripping in dramatic playfulness. One of his most eloquent romantics in Camino Real (a play close to my heart: I did not say ‘mind’) says: “There is a passion for declivity in this world.” One can easily recognize the characters who are stand-ins for Tennessee Williams.

Something of this passion is in his latest play, Out Cry, that was done in Chicago and London in a slightly different version as The Two Character Play and then came to Broadway where it could not endure. Most of his plays need a special atmosphere which is hard to come by these days. There is something “loony” about these two characters who are actors pretending in Pirandellian fashion that they were abandoned by their theatre company because they were considered insane, and now they find themselves on the stage of a provincial town, a stage which is described as “a nightmare of debris.” Felice and Clare are brother and sister, but both are only halves of one and the same personality that in the reality of illusion is Tennessee Williams.

The two actors feel strange about play-acting before strangers in a “State Theatre of a state unknown,” acting out what is called The Two Character Play. It is a strange Gothic tale in which they think (and make us believe they) are involved. The two seem to have imprisoned themselves in their family home in a southern American town. Their false mystic father had just killed their mother and then himself. The brother is not only an actor, but also pretends to be the playwright of the play within the play. He is going through a barren period, and everything happens as if in “a maze of amazement.” Nobody knows the next step, sometimes the next line.

The prisoner in this illusion of a vague reality is the mind. The slain parents seem to mean the uprootedness of the playwright or his forceful attempt at disassociating himself from his past during a barren period in his life. This may or may not be so. The solution to this riddle may be imprisoned in Williams’ mind. No doubt, it is a human outcry, a desperate play of someone for whom it must have deep meaning. He is so frightened, however, that he does not permit us to look into the depth.

There is much poetry in the lines, but the lines have no wings. In my judgment it is not necessarily bad when a play is what we call static. It can be a most rewarding theater performance when a great actor speaks only bits of lines, little speeches from scenes of a great playwright. I experienced a memorable Samuel Beckett evening that way, featuring the late Irish actor Jack MacGowran. Or, I heard O’Casey read in front of a lectern. I am certain that one day a great actress with a flair for Southern belles will come out with a Tennessee Williams evening, put together from various scenes of his works.

Out Cry ran for a short while in the Lyceum Theatre on Broadway with two lovely actors (Cara Duff-MacCormick and Michael York) and with Peter Glenville directing them. We have seen a catharsis of a playwright who tried to distill for us his anguish. But he was not able to liberate the play from its own tortures so that it could soar from the personal Angst into a universally valid tragedy.

What a great relief it was to have seen A Streetcar Named Desire at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center! It was the last production under Jules Irving, and that we have to say goodbye after such a wonderful production of one of Tennessee Williams’ best plays is all the more painful. A great hope was invested in the Vivian Beaumont Theater which, under Joseph Papp, will have a different look, perhaps a bit more contemporary and daring.

Blanche Du Bois has by now become a semi-classic figure, a lost soul caught and quivering in the crude cage of an all-too-real life. Rosemary Harris relived the part for us in an exciting way. Stanley Kowalski, another unforgettable character, was very much alive, even though James Farentino played him a notch more subdued than Marlon Brando. Philip Bosco’s Mitchell, Patricia Conolly’s Stella and everyone else in the cast helped to celebrate The Streetcar’s twenty-fifth anniversary. Ellis Rabb gave this production a 1970s sheen in the bed scene, but his staging was imaginative and fluid, recreating the New Orleans’ atmosphere beautifully.

In a short one-act play on D. H. Lawrence, called I Rise in Flame, Cried the Phoenix, one of Williams’ masterly short plays, he has Lawrence say: “I’m burning, burning, and still I never burn out.” I wish we could say the same about that great poet-playwright Tennessee Williams.
THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

Ten years ago this month, in a commencement address at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, I told the young graduates that “they [the laity of their congregations] will sense when you are orating rather than proclaiming the Word of God. They will sense it not primarily by what you say from the pulpit but by how you conduct yourself in the daily round of your calling. For the Word is a reconciling Word, and if your ministry is not a ministry of reconciliation it will be no Christian ministry at all.”

It would be presumptuous to suppose that those who were present on that graduation night a decade ago remember that address any more than most of us remember speeches that we ourselves have suffered through on ceremonial occasions. But if I were somehow to be given the privilege of speaking once again to that class ten years after their graduation, the burden of my message would again be that “the Word is a reconciling Word, and if your ministry is not a ministry of reconciliation it will be no Christian ministry at all.”

Being neither an elected official nor a theologian of the Church, I would not take it upon myself to arbitrate in the dispute which is presently tearing The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod apart and nullifying its witness in the world. But when the shepherds become so involved in their quarrels that the sheep are left unfed and exposed, it is surely not out of order for one of the sheep to let out a bleat which might, one hopes, recall the shepherds to their primary task. I venture to do so because my calling is to serve Christ and His Church as a layman ministering to laymen. And this calling, too, is a ministry of reconciliation, rooted in the Gospel of a forgiving God who enables us to forgive one another.

By the standards of this world, and especially of the age in which we live, this is a “soft” gospel. In our national life, in the business world, on campuses all over the country, in the church, the politics of the past decade has been a politics of the jugular. The key word has been confrontation. We have not much prized the virtues of patience, long-suffering, forbearance, gentleness, meekness, peace. We have been harsh and legalistic in our dealings with each other, even within the Church, despite the apostolic word that “a servant of the Lord must not be contentious, but be gentle towards all, fit to teach, patient under evil, in meekness correcting the opposers; perhaps God may give them a change of mind in order to come to a knowledge of the truth.”

I have no particular objection to politics in the Church. In its human, denominational, institutional sense, the Church is an organization which needs to make decisions on various kinds of matters and there is much to be said for the principle of majority rule and for the practice of politics in bringing about the achievement of a majority on this or that particular question. Neither do I reject it as morally indefensible—although in the larger view it may be politically self-defeating—to reward the adherents of one’s own party and to penalize the adherents of the opposition. The whole business may be sub-Christian, but then the very existence of sects or denominations within the Body of Christ is sub-Christian and we must make do with them as best we can.

My objection is to politics—whether within the Church or anywhere else—practiced as a form of total war. The “soft” gospel of Jesus Christ forbids us to go for the jugular. Good old St. Paul breathed out all of the wrath of his Christian soul against the chap in Corinth who married his father’s wife, but when the Christian congregation responded to his imprecations with an alacrity and vigor which threatened to destroy the man, Paul in his next letter said, “That’s enough. Treat him kindly now.” We have perhaps come to a point in our common life within the Church where we ought to consider calling off the dogs and waiting quietly for the God of all mercies to bring us together again. Either that, or we should consider quietly going our separate ways into a world which is perishing without the Gospel.

The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod meets next month in its biennial convention in New Orleans. The fact of its divisions is well-known. Those who love spectacles are looking forward with great relish to a great bloody battle out of which the synodical presidium or the St. Louis seminary faculty or perhaps both will be dragged dead and naked. Wouldn’t it be a marvelous validation of the Church’s ministry if New Orleans turned out to be one of those great moments of reconciliation which have happened from time to time in the Church and which, when they do happen, force from even the Church’s enemies the incredulous cry, “See how these Christians love one another!”