

A STUDY OF REINHOLD SCHNEIDER  
THROUGH BIOGRAPHY AND TRANSLATION

A STUDY OF REINHOLD SCHNEIDER  
THROUGH BIOGRAPHY AND TRANSLATION

by

SHERRY QUIRK DEUTSCHMANN, B.A.

A Thesis

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies  
in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements  
for the Degree  
Master of Arts

McMaster University

June 1982

MASTER OF ARTS (1982)  
(German)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY  
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: A Study of Reinhold Schneider  
through Biography and Translation

AUTHOR: Sherry Quirk Deutschmann, B.A. (McMaster University)

SUPERVISOR: Dr. F.T. Widmaier

NUMBER OF PAGES: v, 75

Permission to translate "Der Fünfte Kelch" and "Der Traum des Heiligen" was granted by Insel Verlag (Lindenstrasse 29-35, D-6 Frankfurt 1, Federal Republic of Germany). Both stories belong to Reinhold Schneider's collection of short stories entitled, Die Dunkle Nacht which was published by the "Alsatia Verlag" in Colmar during the Second World War.

## ABSTRACT

This thesis consists of a biography of Reinhold Schneider and a translation of two stories which appeared in his 1943 collection of short stories entitled Die Dunkle Nacht. Each story is followed by notes which give explanations concerning historical background, biblical concepts and expressions, and problems in translation. The Bibliography is divided into "Works Cited" and "Works Consulted" for the reader who wishes to do further research on this author.

The purpose of this thesis is to provide the English-speaking reader with an introduction to Reinhold Schneider, one of the few people who both wrote and published anti-Nazi literature within Germany during the Second World War. This courageous writer, who saw his role as giving his people "a helping word", sought to direct them back to the Absolute, revealed in the person of Jesus Christ. He also reminded them that the conscience is an indestructible part of man. The emphasis of this thesis presents itself equally in both Parts One and Two to show that Schneider deserved such names as "a voice in the wilderness" and "Germany's conscience" during this difficult period of history.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my supervisor, Dr. F.T. Widmaier for his commitment to the work that went into this thesis. I would also like to extend a special thanks to his wife, Mrs. Widmaier, for her valuable help with the translations.

The readers were Dr. G. Teuscher and Dr. R.L. Van Dusen, to whom I am grateful for their suggestions and help.

I would especially like to thank my family and friends, without whose support and encouragement the completion of this thesis would not have been possible.

Finally, I would like to thank Dr. E.M. Landau, the president of the Reinhold Schneider-Gesellschaft. Through correspondence with him I received informative articles and answers to questions which helped shape Part One of this thesis.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION .....	1
PART ONE: THE BIOGRAPHY .....	3
Notes .....	20
PART TWO: THE TRANSLATIONS .....	25
"The Fifth Chalice" .....	26
Notes .....	51
"Vision of the Saint" .....	55
Notes .....	68
BIBLIOGRAPHY .....	71

## INTRODUCTION

In an essay of March 1942, Reinhold Schneider wrote: "My only desire is to be a witness of the truth, and I ask all those who feel appreciative of my work to help me . . . that this be and remain my only desire and that no extrinsic intentions be attached to it."<sup>1</sup> Schneider discouraged questions concerning himself. He believed that attention given to the person of the artist only distracted from that which the artist has to express, and he regarded the preoccupation with the person of the artist as typical of this time:

. . . these questions stand in the way of the great purpose we should be serving with all our personal strength . . . He who examines the art and especially the writing of recent times with a critical eye, cannot misapprehend the extent to which good energy and great intentions have been reduced or spoiled through personal vanities. The artist alone is not responsible for these vanities, rather all those who have awakened and promoted them. Preoccupation with the person of the artist can only bring about disaster. What does one expect to achieve by doing this? A deeper understanding? If the author is speaking the truth, then no psychology, no biography is needed--for truth cannot be explained. If he does not speak it, then every word that is said about him is too much.<sup>2</sup>

It is the intent of this thesis to adhere to Schneider's request, i.e., to present him as a witness of the truth. However, Reinhold Scheider, and certainly his work, are still relatively unknown to the English reader. 'Preoccupation with the person of the artist' in Part One then serves only the purpose of acquainting the English

reader with Reinhold Schneider, the man and the writer. Special attention will be given to Schneider's writings during World War II, the problems he faced, and how he overcame them. Part Two is a translation of two short stories which Schneider wrote during the war. Though these stories represent only a fraction of his entire short story collection and only one of several genres he used in this period, both give expression to the truth of which Reinhold Schneider desired to be a witness.

PART ONE: THE BIOGRAPHY

Reinhold Schneider was born on May 13, 1903 in the German resort town of Baden-Baden. The second son of a hotelier, he spent much of his childhood among the guests of his father's hotel. Though his father was Protestant, his parents decided to raise their children in the mother's Catholic tradition. However, after three years at a private Catholic school, Reinhold and his brother were transferred to a public school and they received no further formal religious instruction. The time which Reinhold spent in private school was to be his last contact with the Catholic Church for many years. Only later, when he was in his mid-thirties, did this early contact begin to take on any significance in Schneider's life.

Schneider completed high school in 1921 and began an agricultural apprenticeship in Langenstein on Lake Constance. Unable to cope with the strenuous work demanded of him, he left just six months after he had begun. After spending some time with his parents, he moved to Dresden where he started training as a business clerk with the print shop Stengel and Co.

In 1923 Reinhold Schneider's father died at the age of fifty-five. The bad economic times which followed World War I had forced him to sell his hotel, and during the inflation of 1923 he lost all his money. Soon after his father's death, Reinhold, who had been suffering from severe depressions, attempted suicide. His mother remarried in August of that same year.

During the seven years at Stengel in Dresden, Schneider began to search deeply for the meaning of existence. Through reading and private study he became fluent in French, English and Spanish. He also learned some Italian and Portuguese, and it was due to this proficiency in foreign languages that Schneider was hired by Stengel and Co. as a

translator for foreign business correspondence. To help supplement his income, he also translated privately. Schneider's search for the meaning of existence led him to read works by philosophers and writers such as Plato, Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Shakespeare, Whitman, Hauptmann, Kierkegaard and Unamuno. His tragic view of the world, partly a result of the misery of the post-war years and the decline of his family's fortunes, slowly began to change through the influence of Kierkegaard and above all through that of the Spanish philosopher Unamuno. The study of their works protected him "from disillusionment, a disillusionment that went so deep, it had driven him to attempt suicide."<sup>3</sup> Unamuno's words urged Schneider "to have the courage to go on living, even if it should appear absurd."<sup>4</sup> And by showing him that life is meaningful, Kierkegaard taught Schneider to accept himself.<sup>5</sup> Although Schneider never attempted suicide again, some of his later work shows that he continued to struggle with suicidal thoughts.<sup>6</sup>

From age 12 on Reinhold Schneider had tried his hand at writing poetry and drama. Now, after seven years of reading and language study he decided to give up his position at Stengel in order to become a freelance writer. Attracted by the writings of Unamuno, he set out for Portugal in August 1928. Later in his autobiography Verhüllter Tag, Schneider wrote: "here I sensed I would be able to find the landscape of my soul and possibility of meaningful poetic expression".<sup>7</sup> He spent the winter of 1928-29 in Portugal where he wrote historical and religious essays, sonnets, short stories and drafts of dramatic works. A great deal of the work on Schneider's first published book, the historical and religious study Das Leiden des Camoes, was completed during this winter.

After his return from Portugal in the spring of 1929, Schneider continued his study of history, literature and philosophy privately in Munich, Göttingen, Heidelberg and Berlin. He earned his living by writing for newspapers such as the Dresdener Anzeiger, the Berliner Börsenzeitung and the Berliner Tageblatt, and by making a number of radio broadcasts. In 1930 and 1931 Schneider travelled to Spain, France and Italy and again to Portugal. The visits to these countries inspired him to write several essays and the books Philipp II. oder Religion und Macht and Innozenz der Dritte.

Schneider himself regards his sojourns in foreign countries as particularly important for his intellectual development. It was in foreign countries, he writes in a biographical note dated 1937, that he found "the intellectual independence that was necessary [for him] to venture an investigation of and a statement about the essence of the German character."<sup>8</sup> His first attempt at such a venture was his study of the writings of Johann Gottlieb Fichte and the ensuing book Fichte: Der Weg zur Nation, which was published in 1932. In the same year Schneider moved to Potsdam where he lived until 1937. Here he studied the history of the Prussian dynasty of the Hohenzollern and in 1933 published the book Die Hohenzollern: Tragik und Königtum. In this work Schneider expresses his belief in the monarchy and he directly opposes the 'ideology of the blood' which the Third Reich had established (Verhüllter Tag, p.96) and which it had made into the ideological foundation of its policies.<sup>9</sup> Publication and sales of the book were quickly forbidden by the new Nazi government and it was not reprinted until well after the fall of the Third Reich.



The first signs of political control over German literature had appeared soon after Hitler was appointed Chancellor of the German Reich on January 30, 1933. Blacklists were posted on April 23, containing the names of authors whose writing opposed the new National Socialist government or openly disagreed with its ideology. Among the forty-four German-speaking authors were Bertolt Brecht, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Arthur Schnitzler and Stefan Zweig. On May 10 there followed a public book burning, staged by Hitler's propaganda minister Goebbels. The result of these events was an unparalleled emigration not only of writers but of artists and scientists as well. Reinhold Schneider's name did not appear on the blacklists but further printing of his book, Die Hohenzollern, was forbidden by the Nazis in August of 1933. Schneider nevertheless stayed in Germany and in Verhüllter Tag he gives the following reason: "I can only live with my people . . . As much as I respect those whose convictions forced them to emigrate, I have never thought of leaving Germany . . ." (p.98f)

In September 1934 Schneider made a brief journey to England. He had encountered English tradition through his "constant preoccupation with the fate of nations, their temporal and eternal significance . . ." <sup>10</sup> He began his historical work Das Inselreich: Gesetz und Grösse der britischen Macht, returning to England the following March for further research. The study of this country's history affected him so deeply that he began to re-examine his life. "As I tried to comprehend English history, Christ stood everywhere before me . . .", he explains in Verhüllter Tag. (p. 131) Schneider had been observing not only in England's history, but in the histories of other nations as

well, the effect God-fearing leaders and individuals had had upon the events of their time. It was through his study of English history, however, that Schneider came to believe that God manifested himself in history, that he entered into history in the person of Jesus Christ. Schneider's writing of Das Inselreich was for him, "the turning point: from the historical, I came to faith."<sup>11</sup>

This book, as is the case in each of Schneider's historical works, does not only give a detailed and factual account of history; it also makes moral statements concerning the decisions and actions of certain historical characters. In the epilogue, Schneider addresses the German reader, explaining that Das Inselreich was not to be misunderstood as a history of England: ". . . rather it is . . . to refer to the law which reigns over all history."<sup>12</sup> The Nazis did not acknowledge any law above history.<sup>13</sup> Probably for this reason, Das Inselreich was suppressed by the government soon after it was published in 1936.

In 1938 Reinhold Schneider returned to the Catholic Church after an absence of almost twenty years. This decision and his ecumenical views were "due to a conversion and not to his upbringing . . . Reinhold Schneider came of age without having any personal relationship to Christ or to the Church."<sup>14</sup> It was Schneider's becoming a Christian through a direct, personal confrontation with Christ and not through mere tradition that enabled him to write during the war. Only a fervent faith could have given the strength and courage needed to confront the despair and dangerous circumstances of that time. Later, in Verhüllter Tag, he states: "Even today [i.e. in 1954] I don't know which power is supposed to conquer the forces of destruction if not the power of Jesus Christ." (p. 59\*)

Early in 1938 Schneider finished writing Las Casas vor Karl V, which he wrote as a protest against the Nazis' persecution of the Jews. He saw a parallel between the treatment of the Jews in Germany and the "forced conversions" during the Spanish Inquisition at the time of Charles V.<sup>15</sup> Despite the fact that the horrors committed by the conquistadors in Las Casas closely resembled those already committed by the Nazis, the censors granted permission for the publication of this book by Insel in September, 1938. Eva Wunderlich states that the publishing of Las Casas "sheds some light on the stupidity of the censors" and believes that because Schneider was not denounced by his readers, "there must have been a considerable group of educated people who relished this severe criticism of the Nazi system."<sup>16</sup> However, the government soon banned Las Casas and refused a new supply of paper for further printings. Schneider's belief was then confirmed that "the time of need which had come upon Germany demanded something other than [the] extensive literary works" which he had been writing. Short, anecdotal works would meet that need.<sup>17</sup>

In the spring of 1938 Reinhold Schneider became seriously ill. He suffered from a stomach illness which became increasingly problematic. Friedrich Heer believes this illness to have been Schneider's reaction to the growing power which the Third Reich had over Germany.<sup>18</sup> By April 1938 he was well enough to move to Freiburg im Breisgau which became his permanent place of residence. Schneider would continue to struggle with poor health for the remainder of his lifetime.

Reinhold Schneider knew that a catastrophe was coming in his country. Early in 1939 he gave expression to this presentiment in a short story Vor dem Grauen. Schneider himself is Benedikt Labre who appears as a beggar: " . . . I don't know what is coming! I just feel that the people are not living right; that something unimaginably horrible has happened and is happening every day and every hour; and that this horrible thing which is still hidden must one day be revealed."<sup>19</sup>

Rita Meile describes Schneider's reaction to the "anxiety and uncertainty, the threat and danger" which increased when the war broke out in 1939: "Reinhold Schneider lays aside all plans for larger works. What is necessary now are short, clear and complete challenges. What is necessary now is a direct confrontation with the present."<sup>20</sup> In Verhüllter Tag Schneider explains that at this point, he felt himself "finally called away from the literary life into [a] religious-historical existence". (p. 185\*) Thus he began devoting his time and energy to what he called "religious medical service".<sup>21</sup> He recognized that the war was causing not only physical suffering but spiritual suffering as well. Through his writing, he hoped to become a kind of pastoral care worker among his countrymen "in those unspeakably dismal days," when their "disturbed eyes stared aghast into nothingness . . ."<sup>22</sup>

In October 1939 Schneider went to Berlin where he stayed for several months with the painter Leo von König. His reasons for going to Berlin were "partly because he believed he could still work best there under wartime conditions and partly in order to be closer to the people and their afflictions."<sup>23</sup> Schneider knew the power and the impact that words can have; he believed that a writer should use words

in such a way that they become a "messenger" or a "helper" to the reader--characteristics which belong to the original purpose of literature.<sup>24</sup> His "short, clear and complete challenges" took on the form of essays, historical short stories, sonnets, leaflets and letters. Walter Nigg, a friend of Reinhold Schneider, writes: "Seldom did a writer, during one of the most difficult times of history, succeed in becoming a consoler of his people in such a way [that Schneider did]."<sup>25</sup>

Schneider wrote that he sought "no new idea, rather to serve that which has been revealed."<sup>26</sup> Like John the Baptist had done two thousand years before him, Schneider was announcing through his writing that: "The Kingdom of God is in the midst of our time!" Schneider tried to show that the nature of this Kingdom has been continually revealed not only in Germany's history but in the history of every nation. "No nation is lost . . . [and] each one is called to be a part of God's great Nation . . .", he explains in "Mein Anliegen".<sup>27</sup> The world only learns its purpose and direction by believing and receiving the message of Christ's crucifixion. Regina Bohne explains Schneider's viewpoint as follows:

. . . on [the cross] the revealed Truth of God died: Love, in the person of Jesus Christ. This Truth and Love could not be received by the world . . . ; therefore the Truth had to die for the world, and for the "darkness of sin". . . . We have to deal with this crucified Truth within historical time; . . . Alone through the cross and the power of powerlessness, which revealed itself for all historical time, history learns its purpose and goal . . . <sup>28</sup>

Schneider pictured history as providing "a battleground upon which two powers wrestle for man--the Divine and the Satanic, and that man stands between them to choose one side or the other."<sup>29</sup> In referring to the war, Schneider spoke of an abyss which had opened up,

but which has always been there. This represents the Satanic power into which man could fall; it is a dark realm devoid of God and of meaning. Schneider explains that "Jesus Christ alone can protect the world from falling into the abyss; men are incapable of it."<sup>30</sup>

Schneider also believed that the world is moving towards a specific goal: one last battle between God and Satan where evil will be destroyed once and for all. Until this time comes, evil will always be an active force in the world. Josef Rast concludes from Schneider's beliefs that "that is why man can never succeed in establishing an order which would not be threatened by evil powers."<sup>31</sup>

Though man has no control over the existence and activity of the two powers, he is not simply a helpless puppet. On the contrary, Schneider emphasized that man has a choice between these two powers. The results of this choice are manifested in history: war, destruction, hate and hopelessness are characteristic of the Satanic, and peace, harmony, love and hope are characteristic of the Divine. History, as a rule, has been characterized more by the former manifestations than it has by the latter. However, in Schneider's extensive study of history, he repeatedly found individuals in different time periods and countries who chose to be directed by God. The consequence of this choice was the actualization of peace, harmony, love and hope which the individual experienced within himself and which affected the historical events of his time. Two such examples are found in the stories which follow in Part Two of this thesis.

Because man has been given a conscience, he is held responsible for his participation in history. Schneider believed that the conscience alone can tell man what he is to do and that it must be a sober

and well-governed conscience which is answerable to God and to the world. Whether this conscience is sober and well-governed again depends upon the power by which man chooses to be directed. In an essay entitled "Satanism and Transfiguration", Schneider expresses that if the world does not look to God for direction, its only alternative is to be directed by the other power (Satan).<sup>32</sup> Relating specifically to his time, Schneider was calling his people to pray and to bow before God, and to "turn away from the sinner and false power which they had served, to the true God who holds time in his hands."<sup>33</sup>

Schneider thus presented a view of history which can be applied to any nation and any period of time. Both man and the spiritual powers--the Divine and the Satanic--are actively involved and responsible for events in history. God, who has entered history as Jesus Christ, calls man to turn to Him for meaning and direction and away from the destructive influence of Satan. However, Schneider only wanted to address Germany because he believed that his task as a writer was primarily to help his own people. Schneider felt that it was important to reintroduce this view of history which, he believed, is actually "the old and original view of history" because "only such a view will enable us to endure this time . . ."<sup>34</sup>

Schneider had "a thorough aversion to power, which he assessed . . . as radically evil; he saw this demonic power culminating in National Socialism . . . [and] he belonged to the Resistance Movement within Germany, the Kreisauer Kreis. . . ."<sup>35</sup> Schneider consciously used his writing as a form of protest against the ideology of the National Socialist Party. Writing under this dictatorial regime was difficult. Expressions of disagreement with the Party had to appear in a form which would not endanger the author, his work or the

publisher.<sup>36</sup> One such form which Schneider used during the Third Reich is the historical short story. His use of this genre for this particular purpose was, however, not unique; it was frequently used during the war.<sup>37</sup> Historical accounts of tyranny and decline, these stories "spoke for themselves and were capable of standing up against the distortions and tortures of a totalitarian state."<sup>38</sup> Schneider also used the sonnet as a form of protest against National Socialist propaganda. Rita Meile describes his use of this genre as a gigantic undertaking which he made "right in the midst of the disintegration of form and the intellectual havoc of his time . . . to oppose the ruling power."<sup>39</sup> She explains Schneider's belief that there was "a conclusive relationship between formlessness and tyranny" and that he used the strict form of the sonnet as a protest against the formlessness and loss of tradition caused by National Socialism.<sup>40</sup> Schneider himself expresses this idea in his book Die Hohenzollern: Tragik und Königtum when he writes: "when form is shattered, the forces rule."<sup>41</sup> The form also accentuates its intense content. Schneider writes the following concerning the sonnet: ". . . because of its rigid form, the content is immeasurable . . . it is precisely the strongest message that demands the strictest form."<sup>42</sup> Finally, correspondence by mail also became an effective means to express his opposition to National Socialism. He corresponded with personal friends and with soldiers on the fronts.

In 1940, Reinhold Schneider's first large collection of essays, Macht und Gnade, was published. Approximately one year later, sometime after Schneider had returned from Berlin, his publishing privileges were withdrawn. This, however, did not discourage him because he was



convinced that this was the time for which he had been born.<sup>43</sup> Determined to give his people a 'helping word' (cf. Verhüllter Tag, p. 213), Reinhold Schneider sought out ways to publish illegally. He had become friends with Joseph Rossé, director of the "Alsatia-Verlag" in Colmar. Rossé supported Schneider's beliefs and was willing to risk his life in order to publish Schneider's works. Among the other important people who helped Schneider were Heinrich von Schweinichen and Heinrich Höfler.<sup>44</sup> These men devised means of secretly supplying the tons of paper needed for over one million copies of articles, small books and sonnets which the "Alsatia-Verlag" printed during the war. Schneider's writings mainly reached the fronts, prisons and concentration camps. Some arrived in Red Cross packages and others were copied by hand or photocopied and passed from soldier to soldier. Karl Borromäus Glock, a publisher in Nürnberg who took personal interest in Schneider's work, spent his free time during his military duty copying Schneider's sonnets by hand.<sup>45</sup> Having access to military photocopiers, Glock reproduced the hand-written copies and sent them out in officially stamped envelopes to barracks, military hospitals, training centres and seminaries. The response was tremendous. Schneider writes that he received whole mail-bags full of letters, mainly from soldiers, who expressed their appreciation for his encouragement and consolation. (Verhüllter Tag, p. 190)

A German army chaplain, Prelate Johann Kessels, took some of Schneider's writings with him when he crossed the border to his station in Poland. Kessels collected a large number of sonnets and essays, and with the encouragement of Rossé and Schneider, he arranged for the

publication of 20,000 copies of Das Gottesreich in der Zeit: Sonette und Aufsätze von Reinhold Schneider. (cf. Verhüllter Tag, p. 201)

This collection appeared in 1942 near Krakau, Poland, and was the reason that Schneider was charged with high treason three years later (April, 1945).<sup>46</sup> Among Schneider's other important writings are Das Vaterunser, Der Kreuzweg and the sonnet collection, Jetzt ist des Heiligen Zeit. These works express strong opposition towards National Socialism.

During the last few years of the war, Schneider's illness became worse, causing him to spend two two-month periods in hospital. Nevertheless, his faith and the commitment he had to his people gave him the necessary strength to continue writing. This can be clearly seen in the amount of work he produced during these years. In the spring of 1944, the Gestapo made inquiries and searched his house in Freiburg. The charge for high treason which followed a year later could have cost him his life if the Allies had not moved in when they did.<sup>47</sup>

Schneider's first post-war writings, short works and poetry, reached prisoners of war within the country and without. He began giving lectures and making some radio broadcasts. His message in each of these media was the same: Germany had the chance to begin again. There would have to be, however, a radical change in both the thoughts and actions of every person, especially with respect to peace.

Reinhold Schneider received public recognition for his wartime writings in the first years after the war. In 1945 the BBC in London called him "a voice crying in the wilderness" who spoke the truth in the twelve years of National Socialism. The following year, the Universities of Freiburg im Breisgau and Münster in Westfalen honoured

him with a Doctorate in Philosophy and a Doctorate in Law respectively. Together with poetess Gertrud von Le Fort, Schneider received the commemorative award given by the Baden provincial government "for the voice in our people's time of need" at the 100th anniversary of the death of Annette von Droste-Hülshoff in 1948. The recognition did not last long, however, as Germany continued to regain her strength. In the late 1940's Schneider began a new and tragic phase of his career. His words seemed to be falling on deaf ears and he did not see the change in his country that he had hoped for. He complained that neither press nor radio were prepared to present his views about Germany. Schneider criticized the 'grotesqueness of Democracy in which the conscience had no voice' and 'the grotesqueness of Christendom which evaded the conscience'.<sup>48</sup> He began writing primarily dramas which were, for him, "a settling with myself, with the world and history . . ." <sup>49</sup> but which, he admitted, would probably be of little use to the public.

The call to German rearmament, forced upon the Federal Republic by the United States, distressed Schneider deeply. He felt that Germany should "renounce weapons forever as an atonement for the atrocities of National Socialism."<sup>50</sup> In 1950 he took a public stand on the issue of rearmament by publishing three articles: "Verantwortung für den Frieden", "Ein Brief Reinhold Schneiders" and "Macht des Gewissens". After they were rejected by West German newspapers, Schneider sent his articles to an East German paper entitled Aufbau. When they appeared in this communist newspaper, Schneider was tragically misunderstood by his West German compatriots as a Communist. Not only was he publically slandered, but he was also cut off from the

mass media.<sup>51</sup> One group of Catholics demanded his excommunication. Schneider suffered financially because he could no longer sell any of his books. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I cannot make a living from my books . . . obviously people intend to destroy my existence."<sup>52</sup> To another friend he wrote that he had been called a Jew, a Communist and a convert to Protestantism when, "in truth, I want to be nothing but a fervent Christian."<sup>53</sup> However, at the end of 1952, Schneider began regaining public recognition when the President of the Federal Republic, Theodor Heuss, who understood Schneider's attitude toward Germany and appreciated his literary achievements, nominated him for the order 'Pour le Merit' for Arts and Sciences.<sup>54</sup>

In 1954, Schneider began a two-year period of extensive travelling as a lecturer, despite his failing health. During this year he travelled throughout Germany, Austria and Switzerland to give lectures on the Greek Tragedians, on Shakespeare, Schiller, Grillparzer and Dostoevsky. He also lectured on Spanish and French drama and on German romanticism. Despite his busy program Schneider also finished and published his autobiography, Verhüllter Tag. The following year he travelled to Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland. At the end of 1955, Schneider flew to Portugal to give lectures in Coimbra and Lisbon. The Portuguese government invited him to stay as a guest in these cities and also in Porto until February of 1956. In the second half of the month, Schneider gave lectures in Spain before returning to Germany.

Upon receiving the Peace Prize awarded by the Association of the German Booktrade on September 23, Schneider gave a speech entitled "Der Friede der Welt". With the same deep concern for his people that had moved him in the years after the war, Schneider called Germany "to

an inner transformation and a change of views with respect to the relationship between war and peace."<sup>55</sup> He expressed his conviction that in order to create outward peace, that is, peace in a society or between nations, people had to be prepared to change inwardly. For Schneider, peace could only be lived from the inside out.<sup>56</sup> However, he still did not see a change either in his people or in the world. This observation, together with the great physical pain he was suffering due to his own illness, caused him to experience disillusionment and doubt at the end of his life. "I cannot pray for myself," he wrote in his last work, "and the Father's countenance has become completely dark."<sup>57</sup> However, nowhere in this autobiography does Schneider deny God's existence,<sup>58</sup> and those who knew him maintain that he never lost his faith. Walter Nigg says that "above all, Reinhold Schneider was a fervent Christian and he remained one until the end."<sup>59</sup> Shortly before his death Reinhold Schneider wrote that "it is better for the sake of Truth to die with an earnest question than to die with a belief that is no longer honest."<sup>60</sup> It was in this spirit that he died on April 6, 1958.

## NOTES

1 Reinhold Schneider, "Mein Anliegen: Dienst am Geoffenbarten", in Gesammelte Werke, ed. Edwin Maria Landau, vol. IX: Das Unzerstörbare (Frankfurt: Insel, 1978), p.14. My translation. All quotes in this thesis marked with an asterisk are my translation.

2 Ibid., pp. 12-13.\*

3 Gabrielle Schwébus, "Zur Entdeckung Reinhold Schneiders, Deutscher und Europäer (1903-1958)", in Über Reinhold Schneider, ed. Carsten Peter Thiede (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1980), p. 158.\*

4 Ibid., p. 158.\*

5 Wolfgang Frühwald, "Reinhold Schneider", in Handbuch der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur, ed. Hermann Kunisch (München: Nymphenburg, 1965), p. 529.

6 e.g. in poems, especially in "Sonett an meinen Vater" and "Der Romantische Selbstmörder in der Lössnitz"; in the novella "Ein Selbstmordversuch" and in the essay "Über den Selbstmord". (Schwébus, Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 163)

7 Verhüllter Tag, (Köln & Olten: Hegner, 1954), p.67.\* All further references to this work appear in the text.

8 "Biographische Notizen", in Reinhold Schneider: Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, ed. Franz Anselm Schmitt und Bruno Scherer, 2nd ed. (Karlsruhe: Badenía, 1973), p. 34.\*

9 Peter Meinhold, "Reinhold Schneider--ein Mann des Widerstandes" in Blätter der Reinhold Schneider-Gesellschaft, No. 2 (1978) :7.

10 Reinhold Schneider, "Autobiographische Notiz", in Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 36.\*

11 Ibid., p. 36.\*

12 Das Inselreich: Gesetz und Grösse der Britischen Macht (Leipzig: Insel, 1936), p. 554.\*

13 At the time Das Inselreich appeared, the Nazis were committed by oath to recognize Hitler as Germany's highest judge, head of state and Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces. cf. Donald S. Detwiler, Germany: A Short History (Carbondale & Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1967), p. 189.

14 Schwébus, Über Reinhold Schneider, pp. 156-157.\*

15 Schneider also expressed this view to friends, i.e. Frau Heynemann from London (June 28, 1947) and Otto Heuschele (September 9, 1952) through personal correspondence. (Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p.116)

16 Eva C. Wunderlich, "Reinhold Schneider: Christian Conscience of the German People." The Catholic World 166 (1947/48) :453.

17 Edwin Maria Landau, "Enthüllende Wahrheiten", unpublished article p. 5.\*

18 "Reinhold Schneider (1903-1958)", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 141.

19 Vor dem Grauen (Paderborn: Schöningh, 1961), p. 21.\*

20 "Reinhold Schneiders Sonette: Eine Studie über Dokumente des inneren Widerstandes im nationalsozialistischen Deutschland", in Über Reinhold Schneider, pp. 245-256.\*

21 Schneider, Winter in Wien: Aus meinen Notizbüchern 1957/8 (Freiburg: Herder, 1961), p. 31.\*

22 Walter Nigg, "Die Zeit, für die ich geboren bin: Reinhold Schneider", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 119.\*

23 Meinhold, Blätter, No. 2 :8.\*

24 Nigg, Über Reinhold Schneider, pp. 120-121.

25 Ibid., p. 120.\*

26 Werke IX, p. 14.\*

27 Werke IX, p. 19.\*

28 "Das Absurde und das Kreuz. Albert Camus und Reinhold Schneider", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 40.\* Bohne takes part of

this viewpoint from Schneider's Verhüllter Tag where he says: "the world cannot receive the spirit of Truth--therefore the Truth dies for the world." (p. 200\*)

29 Schneider, "Der Mensch vor dem Gericht der Geschichte", in Schriften zur Zeit (Baden-Baden: Hans Bühler Junior, 1948), p. 18.\*

30 Gedanken des Friedens: Gesammelte Kleine Schriften (Berlin: Christophorus, 1946), p. 46.\*

31 "Reinhold Schneider", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 54.\*

32 Messages from the Depths, trans. Robert J. Cunningham, ed. Curt Winterhalter (Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1977), p. 55.

33 Meinhold, Blätter, No. 2 :15.\*

34 Schneider, Werke IX, p. 14.\*

35 Hans Jürgen Baden, "Extreme Existenzen--Jochen Klepper und Reinhold Schneider", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 193.\* Baden also writes that Schneider took part in confidential talks in Berlin with some people who were involved in the conspiracy against Hitler (i.e. Luckner, York, Moltke and Guttenberg).

36 W.W. Schutz, Pens Under the Swastika: A study in Recent German Writing (New York: Kennikat Press, 1971), pp. 17-19.

37 Other writers who used the historical short story to express protest against National Socialism were: Werner Bergengruen, Friedrich Percyval Reck-Malleczewen, Frank Thiess, Jochen Klepper and Gertrud von Le Fort.

38 Schutz, Pens Under the Swastika, pp. 21-22.

39 Rita Meile, Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 247.\* Again, Schneider's use of this form is not unique. Others who used the sonnet to express opposition were: Haushofer, Britting, Holthusen and Andres.

40 Ibid., p. 247.\*

41 Hohenzollern (Köln & Olten: Hegner, 1953), p. 296.\* Cited by Meile in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 247.

42 Schneider, "Das Sonett" (Manuskript Karlsruhe).\* Cited by Meile in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 248.



43 Schneider expressed this in a letter to Heinrich Graf Luckner, Freiburg, June 4, 1942. (Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 134\*)

44 Schneider wrote that because of their involvement in this form of opposition to National Socialism "Höfler and his family, as well as Rossé suffered hardship in payment for their efforts." (Verhüllter Tag, p. 189\*)

45 Glock later became a good friend of Schneider. (Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 224)

46 Schneider wrote this to his friend, Heinrich von Schweinichen in a letter dated May 19, 1947. (Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 139) He also mentions it later in Verhüllter Tag, p. 206.

47 Through personal correspondence with Dr. E.M. Landau, I learned that "if the French had not moved in so quickly in 1945, then he [Schneider] would have been charged with treason and would have definitely been sentenced to death."\* (16.3.1982)

48 Schneider, in a letter to Heinrich Graf Luckner, November 29, 1950. (Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 167\*)

49 Ibid., p. 167.\*

50 Walter Nigg, Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 129.\*

51 Peter Meinhold, "Der beispiellose Friede: Schriften, Vorträge und Briefe Reinhold Schneiders zum Friedensgedanken", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 219.

52 Schneider, in a letter to Duchess York von Wartenburg, June 1, 1951. Cited by Ingo Zimmermann, Reinhold Schneider: Weg eines Schriftstellers (Berlin: Union, 1982), p. 158.\*

53 Schneider, in a letter to Werner Bergengruen, December 4, 1951. (Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 178\*)

54 Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 179.\*

55 Peter Meinhold, Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 221.\*

56 Though he is aware that the world cannot be changed overnight, Schneider explains in the speech "Der Friede der Welt" that "a

change cannot be expected at all if there is not a sudden transformation within individuals . . . "Leben und Werk in Dokumenten, p. 270\*)

57 Winter in Wien, p. 119.\*

58 Schneider writes that one need go through a natural history museum just once to see that God is just as near as he is far away: "It is impossible to deny him in light of this vast world of forms, this awesome abundance of inventions." (Winter in Wien, p. 129\*)

59 Walter Nigg, Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 126.\*

60 Reinhold Schneider, "Das Schweigen der unendlichen Räume", in Pfeiler im Strom (Wiesbaden: Insel, 1958), p. 242.\* cited by Yoshitaka Yokotsuka, "Aus der Tiefe der dunklen Nacht: Eine Skizze von Reinhold Schneider's Weg der Angst", in Über Reinhold Schneider, p. 277.

PART TWO: THE TRANSLATIONS

## The Fifth Chalice

Jubilation spread from the cities of Lombardy to the war-torn seaside towns of Lower Italy when the news came that now, in the fourth year of his pontificate--a pontificate characterized by many great accomplishments--the Holy Father was finally setting out on the campaign against the hated Normans. Only a few pious souls expressed misgivings about the fact that a great and holy man, who had entered the eternal city barefoot after his election as successor to the Apostle<sup>1</sup> and who had just celebrated Christmas in Worms at the side of Henry III, the mighty Emperor, should now return from Germany across the Alps at the head of what was said to be a great and glorious army of Swabian knights. In the opinion of these pious souls it did not befit the humble position of the Christian spiritual leader to take up the sword. Everyone else, however, was pleased that the Holy Father did not evade the difficult task of establishing political order among the peoples of Italy. To the alarm and anger of the uncommitted, he did this with the same consuming passion with which he had endeavoured day and night to rekindle the spirit of pure, fervent service to God in the Church. Those who favoured the Pope's involvement were also happy about the fact that the Pope evidently wanted to forestall the emperor and put an end to the anarchy in Southern Italy before the emperor himself crossed the Alps. Otherwise the emperor would avenge the widespread evil and in the process re-establish his sovereign authority.

The Greeks and the Normans quarrelled over the possession of the land, allies one day, enemies the next, again and again outmanoeuvring one another and at the same time becoming wealthier and more powerful as the misery of the people increased. It appeared, therefore, that the rule of the Pope, or at least his conquest of the bold northern brigands, was the best solution. The emperor had given the province of

Benevent to the Pope in exchange for possessions and claims of the Church in Germany and there was no doubt that the Pope was determined to establish his sovereign authority in this province. Even before he intervened with military force, he had excommunicated those who had desecrated and pillaged his churches, and although the host of knights was certainly not as great as rumour would have it, the strength of his army swelled mightily as it marched through Italy. Throngs of enthusiastic warriors poured in from all directions in the firm belief that the hour of judgement had finally arrived for the sons of Tancred of Hauteville.<sup>2</sup> It was Tancred who had led the plundering Northmen into the south. Each city, each province and each one of the ancient warlike families wanted to be able to boast of having had a part in avenging the outrageous horrors and insatiable pillagings they had suffered.

Although Italy was in a state of joyful anticipation, the city of Salerno was living under the shadow of a deep concern. Not a year had gone by since the respected and dynamic Prince Gaimar had been assaulted on the beach by some people from Amalfi who had suddenly landed there. Together with conspirators from Salerno they had shamefully murdered him. His stripped body, which had been stabbed thirty-six times, lay for a long time on the sand--a plaything for the waves that washed over it intermittently, or carried it further along the shore. No one dared bury him. After this outrage one of the parties that had supported the old dynasty was successful in establishing its authority once more by elevating a young nephew of Gaimar to the throne. This could, however, only be accomplished with the support of the Normans, to whom the gates had to be opened. They besieged the conspirators--some of whom were Gaimar's relatives--in the citadel and after assuring them safe conduct, cut them down in the street as soon

as they found the courage to come out. Both Greeks and Normans were accused--and perhaps justly--of being involved in the murder of the prince, and this was by no means the only atrocity to occur at that time and in that region. During these turbulent times the citizens could turn to the venerable archbishop John of Salerno for fatherly comfort and advice. From the vantage point of his spiritual office this humble man<sup>3</sup> had a clear understanding of worldly conflicts, and he commanded the respect of noble-minded citizens. It was well known that when the Pope grieved about the shortcomings and avarice of so many abbots and bishops, he often found solace in the company of the archbishop.

But just at the time when Leo IX's forces were being consolidated in Benevent--armed men were still setting forth from cities and castles, and here and there Norman horsemen or travellers were already being slain on the roads--just at this time the archbishop became seriously ill. Day and night, the citizens waited anxiously outside his palace. Messengers on horseback carrying news about the progress of the papal army were still given immediate entry for the venerable archbishop was passionately interested in the Pope's enterprises.

One oppressively humid summer evening when grief and depression had become unbearable, the portal of the palace suddenly opened and the archbishop was carried out on a stretcher. His arms were so weak that he could scarcely lift them to bless the kneeling people. The feeble, dying man was carried down the steps, across the square and into the cool cathedral, with the crowd following at a respectful distance. Those bearing the stretcher set it down before the altar at the grave of the holy Apostle Matthew, the highly venerated sanctuary of the city. At a sign from the sick man they laid him upon the bare marble slab.<sup>4</sup>

The venerable old man then tried to pray, but after the first whispered sounds he fell asleep and the deep lines of pain on his face disappeared. As he lay there motionless in absolute peace, people knelt in the cathedral until the sun had gone down. Then they disappeared into the city's twilight. The doors remained open.

A young chaplain, whom John of Salerno especially loved, knelt in the glow of a single, huge candle<sup>5</sup> beside the old man on the sacred stone and the same expression of perfect repose that was on the face of the slumbering man could be seen on the chaplain's face as it was bowed in prayer. When the first rays of light shone through the choir window, the archbishop awoke. Startled, he looked up towards the high ceiling, and then it appeared as if he were trying to shake off a dream. A deep sigh broke from his breast. But soon he raised himself up with miraculous steadiness. He bowed deeply before the altar, almost touching his forehead on the steps, then crossed the deserted square to the palace and knocked at the entrance door. The servants who opened it were frightened to death, but the young chaplain, who had followed as if in a dream, pointed with a smile towards the cathedral, then to the sky above it which had been set aflame by the overpowering light of the morning.

Just a few hours after his miraculous recovery, the archbishop left Salerno, accompanied by a small retinue. He had to speak to the Holy Father, he explained. However, he would probably return very soon. The people should not cease to pray for his soul, because his life, for which the Holy Apostle had entreated was perhaps only to be granted for a short period of time. Indeed, the archbishop was like someone who had returned home from a distant journey and who has to leave again soon; but no one dared to ask him what he had experienced.

In the meantime Pope Leo IX had spent several days in total seclusion on Mount St. Benedict. As he was taking leave of the monastery, he looked out over the broad valley illuminated by snowcapped peaks, and said to the abbot: "I feel as if I have once again been in Alsace, my home. There is a sacred mountain there also, holy sisters once lived upon it. Below it the Rhine valley extends in a glorious light and the mountains on the other side of the river send their greeting. Immeasurable blessings stream from that sacred place onto the land below. But instead of palms, fir trees thrust boldly toward heaven and springs bubble between the cliffs. I prayed for peace there as I did here. But now I must use the sword--and yet I believe that my successors in the apostolate will no longer have to do this. They will only need to bless; for the world cannot exist without blessing. May God grant that the sword then rests in the right hands!" As a pilgrim the Pope had come, and as a pilgrim he descended the mountain through vineyards and olive trees, exercising once more the cherished silence he had maintained in the monastery. Below, at the gates of Germano his chancellor, Frederick of Lotharingia and the sub-deacon, Hildebrand awaited him. With them was a retinue of spiritual and secular lords and the first group of soldiers. As they travelled in the shadow of the majestic mountains<sup>6</sup> towards the border of Apulia, intending to meet the army that had already left Benevent, they encountered the first signs of devastation. The olive trees had been cut down, young fruit trees and grape-vines had been uprooted and burned. Cattle that could not be carried off lay dead in the field beneath a cloud of swarming vultures and insects. Burned-out buildings towered by the roadside. The victims of the pillaging had been waiting for the company in the



bit of shade that was left. Tearfully they begged for alms and were given aid. Men and women, whose limbs the Normans had severed, lay waiting in carts and on stretchers. When the Holy Father saw these mutilated people he dismounted; he bent in deep anguish over the unfortunate souls, comforting and blessing them. Shaken, he entered into a church which had been robbed of its sacred vessels. The pillagers had unhinged the doors and tried to force their way on horseback into the interior. No one knew what had become of the priest. However, a boy who had watched the robbers from a hiding place, related that some of them had crossed themselves and others had knelt down before they committed their sacrilegious acts. With fervent prayers the Pope consecrated the church anew and pious monks and soldiers vowed they would perform rigorous works of penance to atone for the suffering that the Holy Church<sup>7</sup> had endured here.

From a hilltop the army could now be seen through the glare and haze with weapons flashing as it made its way up the road beneath the mighty cloud of dust that whirled overhead. The tall, splendid figures of the German knights rode in the centre in tight formation, while the auxiliary forces from all regions of the south swarmed about in confusion. The Holy Father stepped out onto the edge of the hill so that his tall, white figure could be seen from afar. He seemed to be hovering, he looked strangely weightless; the fervour of his inner life seemed to have transfigured his body. With a wonderfully noble gesture, he raised his hands in blessing, while from below came the muffled sound of heavily armoured knights dismounting. The banners were lowered, and the whole army fell to its knees. Then a mighty song rose in honour of Saint Michael.<sup>8</sup> Later many a fighter told how he believed he had seen the archangel himself on the hill. The singing encompassed the Holy Father as he continued eastwards at the head of the army.

In the hot, humid night fires burned in the distance alongside the moving army as it slowly neared the plain: everywhere the revolt against the oppressors had broken out and acts of violence were repaid with further violence, malice with malice and cruelty with cruelty.<sup>9</sup> Deeply grieved, the Pope pondered the misery and sin the souls would have suffer because of political anarchy. In order to crush the enemy quickly and with a fatal blow the Pope wanted to meet with Argyrous, the Greek emperor's governor in Apulia, to discuss an alliance, even though chancellor Frederick of Lotharingia, as well as the German generals Werner and Albert thought that the help of the Greeks was not necessary and<sup>10</sup> the clever sub-deacon Hildebrand, whose advice the Pope especially valued, doubted the Greek's willingness to help. But just as the army reached the little Fortore river which formed the border between Benevent and Apulia, scouts sighted the army of the enemy in the immediate vicinity. The frenzied revolt of the whole country and the advancing of the army and its allies, whom the Normans had not yet dared to confront, drove the Normans together into a dangerous position at the border like a herd of cattle that crowds into the smallest corner of shade in the blaze of the afternoon sun. The heads of wheat had been ripped off the unripe stalks in the sparse fields; the enemy must have been so famished that it tried to roast and eat the unripe grain.

The Pope's warriors were exuberant when they saw that the hour of battle had arrived. Not very far from the ocean, towering out of half-decayed walls which dated back to heathen times, was a frontier fortification belonging to the Greeks. The farmers called the town Civitella, and it was hardly more than a citadel and a reasonably safe shelter for soldiers. There was room for only a few houses between the

old walls, however, a dense colony of straw-thatched huts had been erected in front of the gates, its occupants doubtlessly hoping to find protection in the fortress should there be any danger. The Pope sent for the keys to the gates and received them immediately. Weaponless and in white raiments he rode through the gates, then through the narrow path which the jubilant crowd of refugees was trying to keep clear, and up to the citadel. From there one could see the devastated plain covered with bluish-red evening shadows. In the distance, the Norman camp was still visible with its teeming horses and clouds of dust and the smoke which hovered directly above the ground. The German and Italian auxiliary troops camped by the river whose muddy trickle of water barely moistened the stoney bed.

That same evening, Norman envoys appeared. The Pope received them in the presence of his chancellor, the sub-deacon and the German generals. The envoys greeted the Pope with great respect. In the name of their lords, the Counts Umfred, Richard and Robert, they offered peace. If the Holy Father would give the Normans the lands they had taken into possession as a fief, the envoys proposed, they would live in peace, pay their tribute yearly and become true servants of the Church. Imploringly they begged to be freed from his ban. The Pope looked pensively into the faces of the supplicants; stubbornness and slyness, courage and hardship were engraved upon them. "How am I to believe you?" he asked. "Two years ago I appointed Count Drogo, Umfred's brother as my governor in Benevent. He promised to maintain peace in the city, but no sooner had I turned my back than Drogo was killed and murder and robbery were once more rampant in broad daylight." "The Greeks were responsible for Drogo's murder," answered the spokesman. "I do not know who did it," the Pope replied, "I only know that you do not keep a single promise and that no defenceless person

is safe from you." At this point the spokesman motioned to one of his escorts to hand him a flagstaff. The spokesman seized the staff and lowered it in front of the Pope saying, "Here is proof that Emperor Conrad, the emperor's father, once gave Benevent to my lords as a fief; we want to belong to the Empire." --"You want to force your way into the Empire in order to rob it." But the knight knelt down and bowed his head. "We implore you, free us from your ban." With great melancholy the Holy Father gazed upon the man kneeling before him. "If only I could! God can forgive seventy times seven<sup>11</sup> and we, as humans, should be able to do that if it concerns ourselves and our friends. But what should we do when it concerns God's affairs? I have seen desecrated churches and all the horrible devastation of holy places. You have carried off chalices and you have slain priests. Even if only those who suffer for our Lord can truly conquer, He has still suffered with them and I could no longer be at peace if it were to happen even once more as a result of my leniency. Here on our soil, in front of our eyes, you have dishonoured the Almighty. And what misery you have brought to the people! Now the sword hangs over your heads, as if the angel of God himself had hung it there. I cannot take the sword from you, it is no longer in my hands. There shall be no peace until it has fallen." "The Church," replied the Norman with his head still bowed, "has had much patience and much forbearance with unruly peoples. This is how she has won her Kingdom. Will she not have forbearance once more with us?" There seemed to be a genuine yearning in this question and it was obvious that the Pope, who was gazing down thoughtfully, was having difficulty in answering it.

During the long period of silence, the last deep red of the sun, which had long since set, coloured the sky, and the Norman looked up stubbornly saying, "If you will not think of us, think of your own

people. Much blood will flow if it comes to a battle, and we will fight until our last knight has fallen." This threat provoked the chancellor and the German generals to such intense anger that they could barely contain themselves. Instinctively the Germans reached for their swords. The Pope, however, rose and silently left the room, accompanied only by his young secretary.

The others now broke into a rage: "The hour has come," cried the chancellor, "when the last Norman will disappear from Italy's soil." "Now," threatened one of the Germans, "you will have to pay tenfold for the crimes you have committed and the moment when you lose the battle, the whole country will rise up and slay you to the very last fugitive. None of your people shall reach the ocean again. And you are to blame." The enraged warriors made a move to kill the envoys then and there, but the chancellor stepped in front of the Normans. Hateful looks followed them as they hastily made their way out of the room. Hildebrand, the sub-deacon, had been a silent witness to this scene. "Well, are you still their friend?" the chancellor asked. Hildebrand's eyes darkened with restrained sadness as he replied: "I never was. However, I do not know the ways of the Lord. We are surrounded by enemies on all sides who are not much better than the Normans. And we still have not even wrested Sicily from the followers of Mohammed. The Normans have committed horrible sacrileges. The wicked who repent can become true sons of the Church. I see there is a certain strength in this people. However, how should I know with what intention God uses a people and in what hour? He enlightens the Holy Father; He guides the Church along a glorious and mysterious pathway. Perhaps we must cover a distance with our eyes closed and only when we are called may we open them again."

The generals went down to the camp whose flickering fires surrounded the walls; noisily, impatiently and confident of victory,<sup>12</sup> the soldiers awaited the light of day. It was still dawn after this short summer night when the archbishop of Salerno reached the fortress and most urgently requested to speak with the Holy Father. Immediately he was led into the small chamber adjoining the hall where the Pope was in prayer thanking God for the dawning light. The appearance of the archbishop startled the praying man. "All this time," cried the Pope, "my soul has been filled with sorrow because I was afraid that you were no longer among the living. Now I see you before me and I feel as if I am only seeing a vision." --"I asked," answered John, whose face was deathly pale with strain, "to be carried to the grave of the Holy Apostle; there I received life once again." --"Oh, then this is a good omen for me, and this day which I almost started to fear last night will be a blessed one too." --"It shall be so, even if it should bring suffering and misfortune," replied the archbishop, sinking into the chair offered to him. "In the guise of evil Grace goes steadily, step by step, through time. As I slept on the Apostle's grave, I saw a battlefield. It was covered with a great number of dead warriors, but they did not have the stubborn faces of the Normans, rather it was Norman lances and arrows which pierced their bodies and many were holding crosses in their blood-stained hands. I also saw you mourning on the battlefield; I clearly recognized your holy figure and in my heart I felt an intense sorrow, and it was as if you were very close to the dead. That is why I have come; the Apostle sent me this dream."

"Dreams," answered Pope Leo shuddering, "are often reflections of a foreboding message. I have now begun the fifth year of my pontificate and soon five years will have passed since I saw Saint Peter in a dream: he handed me five chalices which were filled with gall.

Behind a veil of mist I saw other men kneeling: to one, the Apostle handed two chalices; to another, three, and to one further away, whose features are beginning to become clearer to me lately, he handed many more. To me, however, he offered five chalices whose contents were very bitter and it was a great comfort to me that I was not given more. As Peter's successor I have now been suffering for four years the fate of the Church in this world; it is much more painful than if I had been suffering personally. Heretics preach with insolence in France. The Hungarians have relapsed into paganism, and the emperor was unable to do anything about it. Saracens roam the Mediterranean Sea and slander the cross before our very eyes. Worries about my homeland depress me greatly. During the Christmas celebration at the Cathedral in Worms, the archbishop of Mainz opposed me, and in the presence of the emperor, I had to tolerate injustice and withdraw the decree I set against one of the priests of the archbishop. Otherwise the Mass would have been profaned by the discord of the highest priests. Like Germany's priests, Italy's priests have also defied me because they would not be likenesses of Christ and would not live according to His Word. During the Synod at Padua such a fierce quarrel flared up between the servants of several prelates and those of mine, that I had to go out in front of the church myself and silence the tumult. I stood there for a long time amid a hail of stones and a shower of arrows. All of this is not being done to me; it is being done to the Body of Christ.<sup>13</sup> But the most bitter experience of all is that the priests of Byzantium have begun a vexatious quarrel over the highly sacred Sacrament of the Altar<sup>14</sup> and that the Greek emperor is supporting them. It is as if Christendom, as if the Body of our Lord Himself, is to be torn apart.



But I raise the last chalice to my lips, and the joy that it is the last one will never leave me. But I still would like to see the worst sins atoned for and overcome." --"But," asked the archbishop quietly, "what if that which I saw in the dream is a part of the bitterness of the last chalice?" The Pope was silent; he folded his slender hands and prayed, and soon he was so deeply absorbed in his prayer that John of Salerno did not dare question him any further.

At that moment the blast of trumpets, the whinnying of horses and the clashing of weapons sounded from the camp. When the Pope and the archbishop stepped to the window, they saw preparations for battle all around. The enemy, a significant mass of knights with a small group of foot soldiers as a rear-guard had, as if by a stroke of magic, approached overnight in impressive formation. Already the dark armour could be seen glittering from a hill that rose between the two camps and dominated the plain. Here three knights stopped amid their subordinates, and messengers rushed to all sides to draw individual groups in closer or to send them out. The army moved easily and obeyed readily as the three Norman Counts Umfred, Richard and Robert arranged them for battle. The combatants beneath the castle now saw the Pope. They wheeled their horses around once more and cheered; he blessed them. With tears in his eyes, he looked down at the noble figures. "Now," he said to the archbishop, "another vision comes back to me that frightened me many years ago; I saw myself spattered with the blood of my own people. I feared the vision very much. However, in this hour, I must recognize that I have been moving towards it. "Behind all images of horror lies the perfection of souls," replied the archbishop consolingly. "Only God knows which affliction we need and he sends it to us in His holy and unrelenting mercy. However, my days and hours are numbered; I had to tell you what I saw--I could prevent nothing. Let



me die now, with your blessing, among my children." Having said this, he knelt down. But the Holy Father drew up the venerable old man and enfolded him in his arms. They embraced one another for a long time, while below, the ground echoed with the sound of hoof-beats and the hurried footsteps of soldiers. "Perhaps," comforted John of Salerno, "both of us will soon have peace; God will send you a sign of His love in the time of your deepest affliction. I have the feeling that this day holds a blessing for you. But the gifts of Grace never resemble the things we request; they are much more wonderful than the aspirations of our hearts." With these words, they bade each other farewell.

The general had announced their decision to accept the challenge of battle; beneath the gaze of the Holy Father, who had been joined by the chancellor and the sub-deacon, the battle got underway. In tight formation, the Swabian knights charged towards the middle and the left flank of the enemy where Count Umfred and the young Count Robert were positioned. But before the lines came into contact, Count Richard of Aversa sallied forth from the right flank of the enemy with bands of heavily armed knights, whose tilted lances flashed in the sun. Passing by the Swabian knights, the attackers struck the still disorganized groups of Lombards with the force of a cutting axe; instantly they splintered and flew in all directions. Tall and erect on their heavy horses Swabian knights brandished their broadswords; but the opponents who had been thrown off their mounts ran their short swords into the bodies of the German horses.<sup>15</sup> Then the skillful assailants clung to the mighty form of the enemy like a pack of hounds holding a deer at bay. Count Umfred's attack came to a halt; now the bold Robert plunged

from the left into the tumult at the centre. He fell from his horse, reappeared on another, fell again and emerged a second and third time swinging now a lance and now a sword. As midday covered the combatants with scorching heat and dust Count Richard and his knights, who had driven the Lombards out onto the open plain, wheeled their horses<sup>16</sup> around and with one fierce blow, drove the German lines together. From the distance ever new bands of horsemen rapidly approached, thus strengthening with frightening speed the ring which was forming around the Germans; and at the walls of Civitella there was no one left to help. Holding high the banner or their lances as a sign of their unbroken courage in the face of death,<sup>17</sup> the encircled knights defended themselves until the rage of the enemy--to the inexpressible anguish of the Pope--washed over the very last man.

A mad rush for the city gates had begun some time ago, so that now the street and the square in front of the fortress were jammed and the battlements overflowing. When the outcome of the battle was no longer in doubt, the chancellor sent messengers on horseback to Rome. Other messengers were to try to circumvent the enemy<sup>18</sup> and reach the Greek commander Argyrous. Now the castle gate was slammed shut, to the despair of those who had been refused access; and moments later the pursuers reached the defeated warriors at the walls and cut them down mercilessly. Meanwhile, in the distance on both sides of the river pursuers and pursued disappeared into the sultry twilight. The enemy was too exhausted to attack the fortress immediately. However, some of the impetuous Norman knights shot arrows into the huts located in front of the walls. Flames burst from the thatched roofs, and the wind caught the sheaves of fire and blew them towards the gate and the city. The confusion and fear of the people who were crowded inside the walls increased minute by minute. The Pope's eyes remained fixed upon the

battlefield which was dimly lit by the last fading light of a blood-red sky<sup>19</sup>. Normans clambered over mounds of dead warriors looking for weapons and rings. Horses without masters roamed aimlessly amongst those who had fallen. The Pope turned away and his companions saw that tears were streaming down his cheeks.<sup>20</sup> There was no more word of advice, no word of comfort for already disappointment had turned into bitterness. In their terrible fear of the wrath and revenge of an enemy that would take them by storm,<sup>21</sup> the besieged forces demanded surrender. A soldier reported that the Pope's belongings had been plundered and that some of his servants had been slain. While the chancellor remained undecided about what he should do, the sub-deacon went down to the angry crowd. He refused the an armed escort.<sup>22</sup> "The only power we have left is that of consecration and faith," he said resolutely. And by walking unarmed into the midst of the crowd and speaking forcefully of the greatness of the Church and the holiness of her Head, he actually succeeded in instilling reverence in the rebels once again and in appeasing them.

As soon as the Holy Father was alone, he prayed fervently for the threatened city, with whose fate the destiny of the Church was so closely linked. When he looked up again, the wind had died down and the fire was smouldering<sup>23</sup> quietly in the night without having caused any damage within the fortress. But soon the enemy was bound to rush the gate and how long would it withstand the assault? In a very few days, perhaps even in a few hours, everything could be over. Behind the Pope's bedchamber, staircase which he had not yet used, led up to the tower of the citadel. He ascended, set the lantern down on the landing, and stepped onto the platform. It was a starless night.

Clouds had moved in off the sea. All around the fortress the Norman campfires flickered. No sign could be seen to indicate help was on the way; there was no comfort to restore the soul of the grieving man.

Just as he was descending again he thought he heard a moan. At the curve of the stair he found the door of a tower chamber and opened it. There, inside a niche-like room, lay a sick man on the bare stone. His face and hands were covered with horrible, repulsive wounds. His eyes, in which the light of the lantern shone, reflected immeasurable anguish together with deep resignation.<sup>24</sup> The sight of the afflicted man in his abandonment moved the Pope deeply. "Poor brother of our Lord," he said, bending down. His hands and heart shuddered at the thought of touching him, but he overcame his repulsion with a smile, and pressed the head of the unfortunate man against his breast. Then with extreme effort he lifted the heavy burden and carried the sick man down the few steps into his bedchamber. Exhausted, he lowered the stranger onto his own bed. The Holy Father quietly shut the door so that the servants would not discover what he had done; but the fear and confusion in the citadel were so great that only a very few were still attending to their duties. The Pope washed the wounds of the sick man and wrapped them in flesh linen; a glimpse of thankfulness seemed to light up the clear, expressive eyes of the suffering man. The Pope smiled; he drew close to the leper and kissed his feverish lips tenderly. Then he sat down on a mat at the foot of the bed. From the city and the fortress walls came the rumble of dull, heavy blows which were answered by cries of rage and fear. The Pope, however, only got up to refresh the suffering man with some wine, then he sat down again. The peace within the chamber was untouched by the violent events outside.

Suddenly voices could be heard in the adjacent room. The Pope carefully pulled the curtain around the bed to protect his secret, then left the room. With great indignation the chancellor reported that the people would open the gates themselves if the command to do so were not given. The besieged people believed that the enemy would be satisfied if the Holy Father alone were in their hands. --Even if the fortress were to fall, added one of the German generals, the citadel could hold out for a while. There was no shortage of reliable defenders and weapons and there was still time to assemble the best fighters in the citadel. The Holy Father had been listening in silence. Then he firmly refused, saying: "No, this will not save us, it is not the road which we must take. I have been thinking about many things and as in a vision it has become clear to me how poor and wretched the Normans are. They are reckless fighters; God has given them tremendous strength. But their souls are covered with leprosy, and we have pushed them away from us instead of trying to heal them. A messenger is to be sent to them to tell them that I want to come to them. Then I will have the gate opened and go to their camp." The chancellor and the knights were utterly dismayed: "You want to deliver yourself into their hands, Holy Father?" asked Frederick of Lotharingia. "They will carry you off and boast of their triumph<sup>25</sup> over you and the Church, and in the time of their greatest need, the people of our Lord will be without a shepherd." Hildebrand's eyes, however, were fixed with admiration on the tall, radiant figure of the Holy Father as if they could perceive something hidden. "The Head of our Holy Church has seen the Divine Light," said the sub-deacon, his voice trembling; "and verily it is enough if the Light comes to one person in an hour such as this and resides in him. The Light is with him, as it was with his predecessors. He sees what we do not see. It is our duty to obey him."

Soon after the chancellor had sent messengers into the Norman camp, the fighting on the fortress walls ceased. The Pope did not want to be accompanied by any warriors. Together with the sub-deacon and a few priests, he stepped outside the gate. The way to the enemy camp led across the battlefield. When Pope Leo came upon the first dead bodies--it was a knight who had been defended by his dying page, and not far off lay a Norman with his face turned towards the ground--the shock overwhelmed him: "Ne perdas cum impiis, Deus, animam meam, et cum viris sanguinum vitam meam,"<sup>26</sup> he prayed aloud. Slowly he walked on, looking into the faces of all the dead. He gazed at beautiful, strong limbs that shone through the broken armour and ripped clothing. He saw the light, shining hair and the bloody foreheads, the fractured skulls and the noble bodies that suffered the disgrace of death in nakedness. He carefully turned the head of one knight who lay with his face against his horse's body and with dismay looked into the disfigured face. But he did not turn away. Kneeling down upon the ground the Pope contemplated the face of decay. "How did they die?" he asked again and again. "Where have you sent their souls, my God? Did you mercifully accept their suffering? Did it win them their salvation? And even if they may have died in sin, yet their suffering was genuine to the bitter end; in reality, they all suffered for you. Their suffering brought them closer to you; they have become like you and you will see this hidden likeness." He thought he saw a brightness on the foreheads of the Lombards and Germans, and dark shadows, not even dispelled by death, on those of the Normans who had died in their defiance. His eyes kept wandering back and forth from the faces of his people to those of the enemy. "You know them all," he whispered. "You

will forget none on the battlefield who belong to you. You have already called them and we can almost recognize those whom you have called." Again and again he knelt down upon the trampled ground surrounded by swarming vultures who refused to be driven from their spoil. He found the slight body of a boy who had been pierced through by arrows like Sebastian,<sup>27</sup> and pulled him up onto his lap. He tried to loosen the hands of two adversaries who, in death, still plunged their swords into each other's bodies. Tears streamed down his cheeks and he vowed not to leave until the disgrace of decay had been covered and each of the dead had found a grave from which he would rise again in glory.

At the foot of the hill the Norman dukes awaited him with a group of selected knights. The great anguish which the Holy Father had experienced did not cast him down, but rather it appeared that this suffering made him light and free. Smiling, he approached the victors. "We thought we were rendering God a service," he began, "and were defeated. However, to you who have persecuted His cause and mistreated that which is Holy, God has granted victory. Should we not both learn from His benevolence? It can only have been His love that defeated us. Our love must become stronger, better, purer. We must understand that He did not need the kind of service we wanted to offer Him, even though we strived to do it with sincere devotion.<sup>28</sup> But whether we fail or are allowed to complete what we have planned, all our doing goes back to God's plan and this plan weaves its way through the world. Had we won at Civitella, we could have forgotten the power and the mystery of this plan. Perhaps we would have forgotten that it is precisely through adversity that glory comes to us,<sup>29</sup> and we would have believed that we can judge in God's Name, but on a human level from the narrowness of our hearts, whereas He never judges without mercy. And



if you had been defeated, your hearts would have become harder still, hatred would have consumed your souls and you would never have uttered a prayer for your dead. Now, however, God wants to open your hearts; he has granted you victory instead of punishing you and has even handed over to you our lives and what little we possess in material wealth. Now is the hour where you must acknowledge God. It may not come again. I have seen your dead; a cloud surrounds them through which our eyes do not penetrate. They are in great need of atonement and prayer. Now God's love has opened up heaven above you; He does not want to count against you the sins that you have committed; rather, His love wants to conquer you. And since God's love does not keep account or argue, since it does not hold grudges and in the twinkling of an eye wipes the overpowering force of sin off the face of the earth, we do not want it to shame us even further. "We cannot resist this powerful force; it wants to penetrate us. I therefore lift the ban from you. I enjoin you and at the same time beg you with all my heart to make atonement and to have mercy on your souls. For your souls are suffering tremendously; the Holy Spirit has been calling you for a long time, and your soul has answered the call and has rejoiced at the sound of His voice. But then those forces overwhelmed you again, the sinfulness and the restlessness of your blood and the greed for the things of the world, and you wanted to silence this voice with blasphemy. And the more tenderly this voice pleaded, the louder you cursed, but there will be no end to suffering and you will have no peace. If this mysterious voice were to die away, you would wander aimlessly all over the world or you would destroy it--insofar as God would allow it--but the world will not be able to satisfy you. For you are God's children and the



Church is your mother on earth; she is the home of love, without love you cannot exist. Love wants to bind you; it wants to make you workers in the vineyards of our Lord. Love has returned to you again through us, who have become defenseless, but who are still charged with the office which no one man take from us." The Normans realized that he wanted to bless them and they fell on their knees, many of them sobbing. His arms stretched forth over the leaders and the hosts of warriors in the distance,<sup>30</sup> and when he had given them his blessing he blessed the dead as well.

"It is true," Count Umfred replied, "that we have committed great sins. There is probably no one among us who does not repent of them at this moment. We would like to atone for the sins we have committed against the Church through our loyalty to her Holy Leader. The victory that God has granted us has been hard-won. We suffered much distress beforehand and we do not want to pay the price for a second victory like it. We did not fight for spoils this time, but rather for a certain<sup>31</sup> right. We solemnly declared this before the battle. We want to be a part of that Christendom which we have ravaged. Within this Christendom we want to build a kingdom that will protect our people. Had the sword conquered us, we would have submitted, but without the spirit of submission. But now we see, Holy Father, that you are the greatest amongst the great of the world because you alone can show mercy even when you are defeated, and because your heart is much more powerful than all the weapons of the world. We wish to lead you to Benevent and if you would give us this duchy as a fief, you shall rule there and we will be your servants." The Pope walked toward the counts and embraced them as the warriors cheered; then he allowed himself to be led to the top of the hill and into the tent to discuss the conditions of peace that had just been concluded.

As soon as the Pope had returned to the fortress, he rushed to his bedchamber. He pulled back the curtain from the bed, but the stranger had disappeared and no trace could be found to indicate a sick man had been lying there. The linen was as clean as it had been before. "He was not human," whispered the surprised Pope, shuddering. He knelt down beside the bed and prayed for a long time. Then, with a joyous countenance, he joined the priests and the warriors. In the courtyard below, the people had crowded together to thank him. He greeted them as if he had never been humiliated. But he ordered that a tent be erected for him out on the battlefield. Here he stayed several days and nights, performing works of penance while the dead were being buried. Even when the last grave had been covered over, he did not leave the battlefield.

Finally one morning he announced to the deacon that he had received assurance that God had accepted the souls of those who had fallen believing they fought for a just cause. He had seen their restored bodies and their pure foreheads in a divine light.<sup>32</sup> "So then we will be leaving for Benevent," said Hildebrand after some thought. "And the Normans will escort us with their army."

"Yes," the Holy Father replied, "you are right. We are prisoners. But whatever may happen, we can only be the prisoners of our own children. The others cannot conquer. Only we can conquer because we have God's promise. The terrible thing is that it is so difficult for us to be able to recognize this victory, and to be able to grasp it. It is garbed in the brightest light of love and mercy, and this light makes us blind. And instead of seeing the glory of our Kingdom, we think we see a dark destiny. --"You know the Light, Holy Father,"

Hildebrand said, deeply moved. "We will greatly need your help." --"Others will also know it, when their hour has come," the Pope answered, "and perhaps you too will one day be amongst those who know it, though I do not want to wish it upon you. For then you will have to experience how great is the suffering that makes us powerful. And because you are probably now in need of comfort, I want to tell you that I have experienced a great blessing during the past few days. I believe I have had a very close encounter with the Lord.<sup>33</sup> Something similar may have been granted to my venerable predecessors, without them telling anyone. In the time that I still have left I want to pray for my successors. For the Lord wants to reveal Himself to His Church again and again, always in the special hour of each individual Pope."

Hildebrand bent over the hand of the Holy Father; then they stepped out in front of the tent. The Norman counts awaited them; Count Umfred held the stirrups as the Holy Father mounted his horse. While the morning light was transfiguring the last traces of horror on the battlefield, the small company of priests--in the midst of the army of the former enemy--rode through the burned plains toward the mountains, on the road to Benevent. When on one of the following days the Holy Father was informed of the death of the Archbishop of Salerno, he did not mourn. "The fifth chalice is almost empty," he said, smiling. "It has been the most blessed one." He only lamented that it was becoming increasingly difficult to find worthy successors for the departed. And throughout the journey he continued to manage the affairs of his office with ardent concern; but the rest of the time, he rode amongst the armed men like a stranger, seeing what other mortals<sup>34</sup> did not see and foreknowing what they did not know. But the power emanating from his right hand as he raised it in blessing again and again was felt by all who knelt along the way. Once, because he could

not ride over to it, he consecrated the ruins of a church from the distance, and it came to be widely believed that from this very moment on, there was a cross and chalice on the altar, as if the Holy Father himself had placed them there.

## NOTES

1 The Apostle Peter is believed to be the founder of the Roman Catholic Church, and every Pope is considered to be Peter's successor. The Pope in this story is Leo IX. He was one of the few German Popes in history and his papacy "marked the beginning of true papal reform and of the liberation of the Church from both the Roman nobility and German imperial entanglements." (New Catholic Encyclopedia, 1967 ed., s.v. "Leo IX, St.", by O.J. Blum)

2 Tancred was a petty provincial baron and the commander of a small group of knights in the militia of Duke Robert of Normandy. Tancred had twelve sons, eight of whom sought their fortunes in Italy. His sixth son, Robert, who appears in this story, is described by the chroniclers of his time as "a fair, blue-eyed giant, who was perhaps the most gifted soldier and statesman of his age." (John Julius Norwich, The Normans in the South: 1016-1130 [London: Camelot Press Ltd., 1967], pp. 39, 69)

3 "this humble man" translates "der . . . ohne Eigensucht" which in the German original is part of a relative clause to "John of Salerno" in the preceding sentence of this translation: "Johann von Salerno, der von der Warte seines geistlichen Amtes die Händel der Welt ohne Eigensucht klaren Blicks übersah . . ." The long relative clause would have been quite cumbersome in English. The sentence was therefore split and the relative pronoun was replaced with "this . . . man". This makes it possible to catch the meaning of the adverbial phrase, "ohne Eigensucht" in the adjective "humble".

4 "upon the bare marble slab" translates the German "auf die Grabplatte, ohne eine Decke unter zu breiten." To condense the meaning of the German infinitive into the adjective "bare" makes for a more elegant translation.

5 "huge" translates the German "armdick".

6 "in the shadow of the majestic mountains" translates the German "unter den gewaltigen Bergen hin". This translation quite poetically expresses the idea "close to and parallel to" which is contained in the German preposition "unter".

7 "das Heilige" has been translated as "the Holy Church", "the Church", "that which is Holy" and "the Holy Spirit" depending on the context.

8 Saint Michael is the protector of Israel who appears in apocalyptic circumstances as Israel's source of strength in extreme distress. During the time of this story, Saint Michael was venerated in Italy as the patron saint of soldiers. (Edmund Curtis, Roger of Sicily [New York & London: Knickerbocker Press, 1912], pp. 33)

9 "cruelty with cruelty" translates the German "Grausamkeit mit ihresgleichen". I felt that in English it was best to complete the pattern established by the repetition of "violence" and "malice" by also repeating "cruelty".

10 "and the clever sub-deacon Hildebrand" translates the German "der kluge Subdiakon Hildebrand aber". Since the German "aber" appears in an unstressed position and since it does not express the idea of contrast, it was translated as "and".

11 "Seventy times seven" was Christ's answer to Peter's question: "How often should I forgive my brother when he sins against me?" (Matthew 18:22)

12 "noisily, impatiently and confident of victory" translates the German "in lauter, ungeduldiger Siegeszuversicht".

13 i.e. the Church.

14 The highly sacred Sacrament of the Altar is the Eucharist, or the elements of Communion which are the Body and Blood of Christ. The quarrel at this time was between the Greek Orthodox Church and the Roman Catholic Church concerning the validity of unleavened bread as matter for the Holy Eucharist.

15 "into the bodies of the German horses" translates the German "den Tieren der Deutschen in den Leib". Since "animals" would sound rather awkward in English, I substituted "horses". This translation, however, led to a repetition of the word "horse" in one and the same sentence. The first occurrence of this word was therefore changed to "mounts".

16 The German text has a singular subject: "da warf Graf Richard, der die Lombarden . . . hinausgejagt hatte, die Pferde herum und drückte mit einem heftigen Schlage . . ." Obviously Richard did not drive the Lombards out alone, but rather with the help of his knights. Schneider deliberately used the singular to create a vivid picture: this army works in such unity and Richard has such perfect control over it, that he uses it like a tool. In English this picture

could not be totally recreated, since the passage" . . . da warf Graf Richard . . . die Pferde herum . . ." had to be translated as "Count Richard and his knights wheeled their horses around."

17 "courage in the face of death" translates the German "Todesmut".

18 "to circumvent the enemy" translates the German "auf Umwegen".

19 "which was lit by the last fading light of blood-red sky" translates the German "auf dem das letzte blutige Rot verglühte".

20 The statal passive in "dass sein Antlitz von Tränen überströmt war" is best translated into the active voice.

21 "of an enemy that would take them by storm" translates the German "des stürmenden Feindes".

22 "armed escort" translates the German "die Begleitung Gewaffneter". Schneider deliberately uses the archaistic form "Gewaffnete" instead of the modern "Bewaffnete". Despite the many references to warriors in this story, "Gewaffnete" appears only twice, and in both instances the armed persons are facing a single, weaponless man. With this juxtaposition, Schneider emphasizes his belief that a weaponless person, when 'armed' with the Spirit of Love (God), is more powerful than a person armed with physical weapons.

23 "glosen" is an archaic word meaning "to smoulder". The prefix "ver" often gives a verb stem the meaning "to the end", which would give "verglosen" the meaning "to smoulder to the end", or "to slowly go out". Since this shade of meaning is difficult to render in English, I translated "verglosen" as "to smoulder".

24 "immeasurable anguish together with deepest resignation" translates the German "ein unendlicher Schmerz auf dem Grunde tiefster Ergebung". A literal translation would be "immeasurable anguish on the background of deepest resignation".

25 The verb in the German text is "triumphieren über" which not only means to triumph over, but also to celebrate that triumph. The translation "to boast of their triumph" tries to express this added meaning.

26 "Do not let my soul share the fate of sinners, or my life the doom of bloodthirsty men." (Psalm 26:9, Jerusalem Bible; the Latin text is from the Vulgate)

27 Sebastian is an early Christian martyr. According to a romance compiled c. 450, he was an army officer condemned to be pierced with arrows by his fellow soldiers for his Christian faith. (New Catholic Encyclopedia, 1967 ed., s.v. "Sebastian, St.", by E. Hoade)

28 "with sincere devotion" translates the German "in heiligem Ernste", i.e. the meaning of the German adjective has been transferred to the English noun and the meaning of the German noun to the English adjective.

30 "and the host of warriors in the distance" translates the German "und die Kriegerscharen". I added "in the distance" because the reader might wonder how the small group of selected knights suddenly became hosts of warriors. These hosts likely waited in the distance and watched as their leaders met with the Pope and his retinue.

31 "certain" has been added for clarity. It was not just any right for which they fought, but rather a specific one: the right to receive as a fief the lands which they had taken into possession. This right was based on Emperor Conrad's granting Benevent to the Norman counts prior to Emperor Henry III's reign.

32 "in a divine light" translates the German "im Lichte", which here clearly refers to a divine light.

33 "I have had an encounter with the Lord" translates the German "dass der Herr ganz nahe an mir vorübergegangen ist."

34 The literal translation of the German "die Menschen" would be "men". However, in order to translate "Gewaffnete" accurately (see Footnote 22) "men" has already been used in this sentence ("armed men"). "other mortals" is actually a good translation of "die Menschen" here, because it sets the Pope apart in a mystical way from the people surrounding him.



## Vision of the Saint

Again the prisoner was hearing that chant with which the day had begun; eyes half-closed, sitting by the narrow open window, he saw once more the figures of those chanting as he had seen them in the morning: the emaciated monks of the Charterhouse monastery who had suffered indescribable degradation in prison were being led to their death because they did not submit to the will of the king and would not take the oath recognizing his supremacy over the Church of England.<sup>35</sup> An expression of joy was on their pale faces and the certainty of victory sounded in their voices<sup>36</sup> as they walked between the armed guards<sup>37</sup> across the courtyard of the Tower to the gate. Thomas More had commended to his daughter, who was standing at his side by the window, the strict, penitent life of the monks, which had prepared them so well for the most difficult hour of their lives. But now, in the late, mellow hour of the evening, the chanting returned to his memory as if from a different realm; the sufferings of the venerable fathers must have long since come to an end at the place of execution; no longer were they in need of the courage and the saintly determination which had given them strength on their final journey. Their voices were the voices of the transfigured, who praised the Lord and His mysterious, merciful power. To them the Light had become manifest, while below on earth the light of their last day of suffering was waning; consolingly their chant drifted down from above.

But the prisoner heaved a sigh of extreme distress;<sup>38</sup> his thoughts moved away from the transfigured witnesses and sank back deep into earthly matters. Suddenly, in the unfathomable twilight of the narrow room, a heavy breathing could be sensed. Out of the veils of darkness<sup>39</sup> a mighty figure appeared surrounded by the glitter of a golden chain draped downwards across the chest, sparkling stones and

flashing sword belt; the broad, full face was pallid and the small eyes glowed with penetrating anger. "I knew that you would come, my gracious Lord," whispered the prisoner. "All the long while that I have been imprisoned here and even before that, since I gave the seal back to you and left your service, I have been speaking with you; my life, when it does not turn to God, our Lord, is indeed but a conversation with you. I have said so much to you that I hardly know what more to say." --"And yet you have been silent, persistently silent; people have been clinging to your silence and it has become the centre of a criminal resistance."<sup>40</sup> --"I would not have been silent before you if you had come to me or had summoned me. Oh, why did you not do it earlier! I would not have withheld from you the reason that I cannot take the oath." --"Today you said it publicly before the tribunal," exclaimed the king angrily. "Yes, I said it," replied Thomas More. "It was the moment that I feared the most; never have I experienced a more difficult hour, not when I said goodbye to my unsuspecting loved ones forever and when I travelled up the Thames through our city for the last time--I looked back to my house, and to the windows behind which I had lived in peace with my books and then to the many houses wherein I had been happy with my friends--and not even earlier when I dared to uphold the purity of my conscience while in office. In your graciousness you have always respected my conscience as long as I was permitted to serve you. Never have I been so afraid of any moment as I was of this one; and I always hoped that you would understand me, without my speaking; I had put my hope on your benevolence. But then, when I knew with certainty that the judges would sentence me to death, then I had to say that I could not swear to your sovereignty over the Church, because God Himself, when He was on earth, handed over this sovereignty to the apostle and to his successors. I also had to say

that the unity of the world cannot be destroyed in deference to an earthly ruler. You see, my King: that is the way things are; man has not made them and I would not dare oppose your law for the sake of my own ideas. I do not wish to advocate what I think, only what is: God's law in earthly life, the law of our Saviour which holds the world together. And as I said that and proclaimed that no individual can legislate against the law which is supposed to bind every man, I was afraid that something terrible was going to happen and that the state itself which I served for so long was going to break asunder. It had now been uttered that what never should have been allowed to happen, had happened and that the king's law had broken away from God's law. But the judges remained silent and cold or they objected strongly to my statement. None of them seemed to notice that their office and authority had been wrested from their hands. They all thought that Thomas More had spoken. Oh, no, it was not I. I would have never dared to use such words before your judges. Truth and reality spoke through me. But that your judges did not see. And so everything has remained as before and it will perhaps be a long, long time until people realize what, in truth, has happened, and that the powers and rights of the authorities have broken away from the real power, from the real authority, from the vine which was planted by God and which supported them.<sup>41</sup> For now man holds the powers and rights in his hands like severed branches; and these branches will wither from hour to hour."

"It is very strange," answered the king scornfully, "that you should speak of power, you, who in truth, have never experienced it and have never embraced the goods of the world with love. You have administered the most varied affairs of my country so long and have not sensed that now her hour has come. Do you not feel that England wants

to be free? The ship wants to break away from the anchor; she wants to set out to sea. In such moments she must be under the captain's absolute control. On a ship no one but the captain may give orders. I will not tolerate a second voice. And now the ship is in my hand and I will be her helmsman; the people will hail me when they see me at her helm. It is the great hour that a king must not miss." "It is the hour of temptation," replied the prisoner, "when that which is against God's order and against the salvation of souls and of the world appears to be right." --"And you alone," asked the king bitterly, "have realized that, you and the obstinate old Bishop of Rochester, and the handful of Carthusian monks who had been incited by their prior?"<sup>42</sup> --"It appears that at present we are the only ones, at least the only ones who dared to say what they knew to be true. That is to say," the prisoner added with a smile, "we did not say it. We were merely silent and did not swear the false oath, and this silence has aroused your indignation. You cannot bear that a few unarmed men should be silent. But you see, my King, it goes beyond the rights of a king to compel a person to make a statement that he does not want to make and cannot make. We did not want to affront; we wanted to be silent. And because we were silent we were called before the court of law. Silence was taken in olden times as a sign of assent. This happened under wise rulers, your forefathers. That men were condemned because they were silent is something I had not experienced until now. But my wit has often been too quick, my tongue too nimble and you took pleasure in this nimbleness on your journeys and at your table. It is a curious stroke of fate that Thomas More must die because he was silent, not because he spoke."

"Through your silence you have renounced your king and your country. It was an act of treason that tried to hide behind the mask

of wisdom." --"He who renounces," replied the prisoner in his serene, open manner, "surely seeks his own way. But we did not move; we did not change our position; we wanted rather to remain exactly where we were. But when all the others were moving, even though they did not want to admit it, it is we who came under the suspicion of being under way; this can easily happen at sea when the one ship is at anchor and the other is sailing. And yet we are not alone; for Christianity exists above all kingdoms and it has a conscience, and this conscience is for us. And," he continued on in a very serious tone, "the dead are also for us. For I know with certainty that they would have decided as we did. The moment has a great and deceptive power. Your moment<sup>43</sup> had no power over the dead; they saw the truth. It is indeed my fervent desire to be one with the dead. The only truly terrible thing that is happening today is that you are separating yourself and your people from the communion with the dead. May God in His mercy unite all of us again, just as the pillars in a House of God that stretch asunder are united at the peak of the vault!" --"Our House of God was swaying, the pillars had become rotten; this you have often bewailed yourself. There was need for a strong, building hand." --"But you are a king," answered Thomas More, "and you know that no temporal evil justifies a revolt against the law which is from above and which has existed since the beginning of time. Whoever would build must remain under Grace; if he steps outside its circle, then the mightiest power turns against Salvation. Grace rests upon the Church; it is manifest to those who have eyes to see. Today the Church has won saints." --"Do you mean the intractible monks?" --"Yes, they triumphed over you today. Against your will you have lit the Light within the Church. This is precisely your misfortune, that you cannot conquer at all. Firm boundaries which you do not see have been drawn around your power.

Within these boundaries you are very strong. If you take but one step outside them, you have lost your power. And so it is with me. You have only limited power left over me. Now you still have it. But once I take the few steps to the Tower hill and once I have left behind the short distance between here and the gallows, then your power over me will have vanished. Since it is so insignificant and can be overcome with a few steps of an old, sick man such as I, I find it rather strange that your magnanimity does not relinquish it. Do you really want this last shred of power too? Consider that in a few hours it will be worth much less than my garments in the hands of the executioner. And of what value are the worn garments of Thomas More and how much worth has his old dead body?" The king shrugged his shoulders coldly. The prisoner waited a long time; there was no rebuke in the words of Thomas More, rather a fervent compassion when he now asked: "What has become of your noble magnanimity, my King, the demeanour of your youth? Beside you stands a shadow--I know that you will be very angry when I speak in such a manner, but what I say is nevertheless true. This shadow appears to your passion as a bright, charming, extremely desirable image; to my eyes, to which images are already becoming transparent, this shadow is dark. A dark coldness has come over you, something very powerful, which you do not know. Whoever among your people is as lonely as I am within my prison cell must sense it. This darkness is also coming over the country. You do not see the power that is at work and perhaps the woman of your love does not see it either. But it is here, and now I feel deep pity for this woman; for where such forces reside, there threatens a sinister end. This horrible force is very close and when it has come, your poor heart will become even more restless, more impetuous; you love a dead woman, an executed woman, and in this love your heart will lose its home."

These words seemed to move the ruler. But he dismissed them with a haughty gesture: "What do you know of the life and the passion of a king?" -- "Yes, you are a king," the prisoner replied, "and thus your personal life and your duties,<sup>44</sup> your fate and the fate of the country flow into one another, and none of your subjects can distinguish that which you have done for your own sake from that which you have done for the sake of your country. The shadow at your side has torn you away from your good and happy life, and you in turn are tearing the country away from the old order. The shadow is the galleon figure on your ship and I cannot look into its cold eyes without shuddering. Where will the journey lead? And what shall happen now? You were once joined together by the sacrament with a noble lady and the only one who could have broken this holy seal did not do so.<sup>45</sup> A consecrated ring was placed around your soul; you cannot take it off without mortally wounding your soul. No matter what you may do, the wound cannot heal. The sacrament is powerful without our knowing it. But<sup>46</sup> you are a consecrated king and you know what the sacrament is. No blessing can be upon your actions, for when you began, you violated that which is holy."

The king shuddered. "I live with great fear for your soul," Thomas More continued, "but you are not yet able to understand this fear. Power gleams before your eyes. To me it has become an ever deepening mystery that at certain times human beings are unable to see reality. This is the reason why I cannot make you see the terrible force into whose sphere of influence you have strayed. A gate has been forced open which should have remained closed. No one is guarding this gate; no one is trying to close it. And if it remains open for a long time, more and more forces shall flow into the world which have not been in it before, and the world will change in a ghastly way. But he



who is very close to death or has become a close friend of death in this evil world, can sometimes sense the death of others. Thus I sense the death of the lady at your side; death is a part of her completely; it is her very essence. Your own death--" here the prisoner hesitated, feeling himself and his words to be those of a stranger, the voice of a third person. He distinctly saw a shudder pass over the king's form as the latter pulled his short coat around his shoulders. "Your own death is still very far away; with my whole heart I wish you a long and happy life; it would be too early to warn you today. My fervent prayer is that Eternal Love may reach you while you are still on earth. We do not know which ways she chooses. A certain weight of guilt and sin often seems to be required so that a heart may become free again. In the thickest entanglement of sin we may be on the road to Love; for we have not made the plan for our lives. Even you, my gracious King, are part of a wonderful plan and that is the real reason why I so urgently begged you to come on this, my last night. I wanted to thank you. You were called to be the instrument of my salvation.<sup>47</sup> You and I are bound together for eternity. In my early years I longed for a spiritual life. But then I went into the world. Women and children flourished at my side; I lived with my friends and experienced the boundless happiness of good discourse and joy of knowledge, thought and invention. All the pleasures of the mind adorned<sup>48</sup> my happy life and I spent indescribably precious nights over my books. These nights and the first hours of the morning when I came from the chapel and stepped into the garden--the mist was still lying on the river and the shops and gates were all still closed--these were really the most beautiful experiences; I was alone then, just as I always wanted to be. I also want to confess to you that it made me happy to wear a hair shirt<sup>49</sup>



under my state coat and to lead the life of a penitent without the members of my family and my friends being aware of it. Only my daughter Meg suspected it, but she never betrayed this suspicion. And in the same way I looked after your affairs; I was not really a part of them and yet I hope that, until the day when our ways parted, you were pleased with me. The honours and gifts which you bestowed on me as a token of your benevolence gave me pleasure. But my heart did not become attached to these things; my hands did not hold very firmly onto that which others wanted to take from them. There are stories of trees whose roots entwine a treasure, rings or a crown, or a precious sword; my roots had entwined a skull; I enjoyed thinking about death. In this way I could survey the affairs of the state and dealings of men without becoming confused by them. That is why I enjoyed jesting so much, because everywhere I saw the curious contradiction between the way of the world and death. But I would never have become completely free had it not been for you. The love of my dear ones and my love for the state would have held me. I would also not have rendered the humble contribution of speaking the truth boldly and of living it. Now, since I have been imprisoned here, I have had peace. The prison is my cloister cell. Day by day I seek to go one step along the path of suffering of our Lord. But whenever I cannot follow Him, He comes toward me. It often seemed to me as if I heard His footsteps outside, as if He were brushing against the door--or as if He were stepping inside. He has deemed these miserable walls worthy of His presence.<sup>50</sup> And now I can no longer return to my home. Only the Lord can still open this cell into which you have had me locked; it is a place of Grace. I am a prisoner of the Lord. Several times I became ill and death touched me. Thus a kind hand has gently set me free; and now I

wait with yearning for the time when the only one who keeps the keys will come, and that I may follow him. And he who truly yearns for God will not be unwelcome to Him. Here you are no longer the king. Here another is king and to His Kingdom, whose law is Grace, belong all the kingdoms of the world."

The king was about to turn but the prisoner's pleading held him back. "And yet you have received your crown from Him; as king, you shall appear before the King just as He calls me as your chancellor. Both of us shall have to account to Him for that which happened during our impoverished time. And when you come before Him, my King, you would have to come at the head of your people and be able to say: here are the people over which You have set me; they were Yours; I knew this each and every moment. Now I am bringing them back to You. And then the people would also have to answer for their share of your burden and your deeds: you shall know those who prayed for you and served you with pure hearts. This day will come as surely as I will see God upon His throne in a few hours."

The ruler raised his hands as if to cover his face; a huge ruby gleamed on his thumb and bathed his hands in a bloody glow. "No, my noble, unfortunate Lord," said the prisoner, "these hands cannot protect you. You have taken this stone from the grave of Saint Thomas of Canterbury<sup>51</sup> and have placed it on your finger. But are not the most precious things with which God adorned the world best left in the care of the Saints? Why do you throw these things back into the world where they must become a consuming fire? For you cannot hold onto them and possess them no matter how long your life may last. And now the conflict has been provoked and you have decreed a law which the righteous cannot obey. Do you not sense the indescribable pain of those who want to serve God in your service, and who make the horrible

discovery that service to you and your crown can no longer please God? A rent shall go through their very hearts; they no longer have a home in their country, no longer any place in the world. But you have decreed the law and now want to and have to gain respect for it by force and the blood of the righteous shall be on your hands. I plead not for myself--I can only be thankful because I have experienced Grace in this time--I even plead no longer for your country and your people and not for those who languish with me behind these walls or who will languish within these walls tomorrow; not for those whose heads will fall where mine will fall, and not for their relatives and friends who will mourn them and not even for the unfortunate whose hearts are turned to stone with sorrow and whose souls wither with bitterness and grief. I plead for you alone, for your soul and your eternal life. Have mercy on yourself and do not bring death upon yourself. And if you should ever feel the guilt, then look at it; take heart and with the highest saintly courage tear the veil from your sin and look it in the face. Do not let yourself be discouraged or cast down by the evil forces. They will always lie in wait for you; for you are mighty and you have received the grace of your inheritance and office from God and perhaps even a special grace. --For its sake, above all, I love you and I still love you. If only you do not become bitter and if only you do not seal your heart so that it withers, then all can still be won. Despair not; face the truth and believe that Love has not turned away from you! It shall call you, do not turn away! I am going before you and I shall ask Eternal Love that it may call you; if you hear the quietly pleading voice in the very distant future, in the last moment of your life, then do not be frightened by the bloody images of your deeds; summon up courage and say yes. Despair not; I shall not cease to pray for you. All things now travel the path of sacrifice; another

path to Eternal Love is no longer open. Our base, tyrannical will has desired it thus. But we have been chosen for each other's salvation and we shall find each other again. So often I prepared your lodgings when we travelled through your country. Now you are sending me ahead into the country of the Eternal King, who is Love itself; and I want to look after the lodgings one more time."

Thomas More was kneeling before his lord: "Have mercy on your soul, my King! How are you to have mercy on it, if it is not through obedience to Eternal Love which seeks you, pursues you and will not give up until it has caught up with you and has seized you in the deepest abyss of sin! Terrible days must lie ahead for your country after that which has happened and perhaps the wound which has been inflicted upon it shall never heal. My blood is only the first drop of a dreadful river. Our days have been too full of pleasure and we did not recognize the evil one that stood eavesdropping behind the door. Now he is here and only Love shall shackle him again; only Love closes the mortal wound of the world. With your soul many souls shall be saved, or many shall be lost. Have mercy on all of them! It must not be dark at the place where you stand." But the image grew pale at this onrush of fervent supplication; it was not clear how the king received the words of the former chancellor. The anger in Henry's eyes had yielded to an icy stare; now and then horror appeared to flare up in them. He raised his hand as if he wanted to reply with a gesture; but indecision prevailed.<sup>52</sup> Powerless, the heavy hand laden with gems sank; then heavy shadows fell over the figure and enveloped it in darkness.

Very early in the morning there was a jingling of keys outside and Thomas Pope, a friend of the condemned, stepped inside. In anxious dismay, he looked into the sunken, wasted countenance of the prisoner;

their eyes met; no words would have been necessary. But the friend had to explain that he had come in the name of the king; it was the latter's will that the prisoner suffer death this very morning. "The king has always been very gracious to me," returned Thomas More in his usual quiet and serene manner: "I thank you with all my heart for the good news you bring me. I am ready. This cell has been a place of Grace for me; I believe that now everything has been done here which I in my meagre strength could do. God shall continue the work which was begun here. I earnestly beseech you, do not ever cease to pray for the king." His friend could not hold back his tears. "Do you not see," Thomas More asked him, "that after our suffering salvation is waiting? We shall all be together rejoicing in heaven, the judges and the judged, the persecutors and the believers. The only difference is that some of them will succeed in reaching the goal earlier than the others. But at the end stands Love which has called us. And verily, since the world is so evil and our hearts are so wicked, Love can seize us in no other way except in that the one contribute to the guilt and the salvation of the other. And just as Paul and Stephen found each other again in the Light and are enthroned beside each other--Paul, who sinned against Stephen and who received forgiveness for this sin--we, too, who share this terrible hour shall all unite at the feet of the Saints." Then with a light-hearted remark he put a gold coin into his pocket for the executioner and followed the captain of the Tower down the stairs. Holding a scarlet cross<sup>53</sup> in his hands, his long, grey beard which had grown while he was in prison blowing about his face, he walked in his rough robe across the courtyard of the Tower toward the gate which rose before him like the sombre, fate-proclaiming<sup>54</sup> boundary gate between the kingdoms of the earthly and heavenly kings.

## NOTES

35 Henry VIII's commissioners administered this oath throughout England in 1535. Under the 'Act of Supremacy' a person could be charged with high treason if he refused to acknowledge the king as "the only supreme Head on earth of the Church of England." (E.E. Reynolds, The Trial of Sir Thomas More [London: Burns & Oates, 1964], p. 9)

36 "Gesang" has been translated here as "voices" instead of "chant", which is the literal meaning. It is more likely that "certainty of victory" was expressed in the monks' voices than in their chant.

37 "armed guards" translates the German "Gewaffnete". Schneider uses this word here in the same way as he does in "The Fifth Chalice". (cf. footnote 22)

38 "heaved a sigh of extreme distress" translates the German "seufzte unter einer schweren Bedrückung auf".

39 "veils of darkness" translates the German "Schleier". "darkness" was added to make clear that the author is not referring to real veils, but to the appearance of a vision out of "the unfathomable twilight of the narrow room".

40 Even though More had already resigned as chancellor, the court pressed him to agree to the king's new title as Head of the Church. It was impossible for Henry to proceed without More's submission because More was the most prominent layman in the realm. When he refused to swear to the Oath of Supremacy, More was taken into the custody of the Abbot of Westminster. (New Catholic Encyclopedia, 1967 ed., s.v. "More, Sir Thomas, St.", by R.J. Schoeck)

41 i.e. Jesus Christ. (cf. John 15:1-2)

42 These men joined Thomas More in the decision not to swear against their conscience. The bishops bowed to the king's will as did practically the whole body of the clergy. (Reynolds, The Trial of Sir Thomas More, p. 144)

43 "Your moment" translates the German "diese Stunde". The possessive adjective "your" was used to translate the German demonstrative "diese" because Schneider refers to the present moment in which all actions are determined by the king's will.

44 "your duties" translates the German "Deine Bestimmung", which in this context means "that which you as king are destined by God to do".

45 King Henry VIII's first wife was Catherine of Aragon whom he divorced because she did not give him any sons. In order to carry on his lineage, Henry married his mistress, Anne Boleyn. He justified this by legislating the 'Act of Succession', under which a person could be charged with a capital offence if he denied the validity of the king's re-marriage. "the only one who could have broken this holy seal [and] did not do so" refers to the Pope. (New Catholic Encyclopedia, 1967 ed., s.v. "Henry VIII")

46 "but" translates the German "und", which in this context is clearly contrastive.

47 "You were called to be the instrument of my salvation" translates the German "Du warst berufen zu meinem Heil". "to be the instrument of" was added to clearly express the idea that More considers the king's actions to play an important part in his salvation.

48 "adorned my happy life" translates the German "haben sich um mein glückliches Leben gerankt".

49 A garment of coarse hair cloth worn next to the skin as penance.

50 "of His presence" translates the German "seiner Nähe".

51 Saint Thomas of Canterbury (Thomas Becket), an archbishop during Henry II's reign, was martyred in 1170. His tomb became the most famous shrine in Europe until 1538 when nearly all the shrines in England were dismantled. It is believed that during this same year, Henry VIII had the body of the Saint disinterred and burnt after finding his own archbishop to be guilty of high treason. (The Catholic Encyclopedia, 1913 ed., s.v. "Thomas Becket", by Herbert Thurston)

52 "but indecision prevailed" translates the German "doch blieb sie unentschieden". The pronoun "sie" refers to the gesture which stopped short of really expressing anything.

53 "scarlet cross" translates the German "rotes Kreuz". I substituted the adjective "scarlet" for "red" in order to avoid even the most fleeting association in the reader's mind with the Geneva cross, the emblem of the Red Cross Society.

54 "schicksalskundig" means "knowing fate" or "being acquainted with fate". (Grimms's Deutsches Wörterbuch, 1893 ed., s.v. "schicksalskundig") A literal translation of "schicksalskundig" as an adjective would be "fate-knowing". Another possible translation would be "fate-perceiving". However, "perceiving" is too weak because it means the acquisition of knowledge through the senses whereas "kundig" implies that something is already known. The translation "fate-proclaiming" is actually too strong, because it means "telling what is known." However, of the two possibilities, "fate-proclaiming" is closest to "fate-knowing" in meaning, because if the boundary gate has the appearance of knowing fate then it is, in fact, "proclaiming" it.



## BIBLIOGRAPHY

### Primary Works Cited

- , Der Dichter vor der Heraufziehenden Zeit. Freiburg:  
Herder, 1947.
- , Die Dunkle Nacht: Sieben Erzählungen. Kolmar: Alsatia,  
n.d.
- , Gedanken des Friedens: Gesammelte Kleine Schriften.  
Berlin: Christophorus, 1948.
- , Gesammelte Werke. Ed. Edwin Maria Landau. Vol. IX:  
Das Unzerstörbare. Frankfurt am Main: Insel, 1978.
- , Das Inselreich: Gesetz und Grösse der Britischen Macht.  
Leipzig: Insel, 1936.
- , Schriften zur Zeit. Baden-Baden: Hans Bühler Junior,  
1948.
- , Verhüllter Tag. Köln und Olten: Jakob Hegner, 1954.
- , Vor dem Grauen. Das Attentat. Paderborn: Ferdinand  
Schöningh, 1962.
- , Winter in Wien: Aus meinen Notizbüchern 1957/58.  
Freiberg: Herder, 1961.

### Primary Works consulted

- Schneider, Reinhold. Der Christliche Protest. Zürich: Arche, 1954.
- , Einberufung zum Frieden. Ed. Hans Jürgen Schultz.  
Gütersloh: Gütersloher Verlaghaus Gerd Mohn, 1978.
- , Die Ewige Krone. Olten: Vereinigung Oltnrer Bücherfreunde,  
1954.
- , Das Gottesreich in der Zeit: Sonette und Aufsätze.  
Kolmar: Alsatia, n.d.

- . Das Kreuz in der Zeit. 3. Auflage. Freiburg: Herder. 1967.
- . Das Vaterunser. 6. Auflage. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1957. (Herstellung: Freiburger Graphische Betriebe, 1978).
- . Weltreich und Gottesreich: Drei Vorträge von Reinhold Schneider. München: Schnell & Steiner, 1948.
- . Worte aus der Tiefe. Freiburg: Herder, 1976.

#### Secondary Works Cited

- Blattman, Ekkehard. Reinhold Schneider Linguistisch Interpretiert. Vol. 2 of Linguistik. Didaktik. Beiträge zu Theorie und Praxis. Heidelberg: Lothar Stiehm, 1979.
- Curtis, Edmund. Roger of Sicily. New York & London: Knickerbocker Press, 1912.
- Detwiler, Donald S. Germany: A Short History. Carbondale & Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1967.
- Frühwald, Wolfgang. "Reinhold Schneider". In Handbuch der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur, pp. 529-32. Ed. Hermann Kunisch. München: Nymphenburg, 1965.
- Norwich, John Julius. The Normans in the South: 1016-1130. London: Camelot Press Ltd., 1967.
- Reynolds, E.E. The Trial of St. Thomas More. London: Burns & Oates, 1964.
- Schmitt, Franz Anselm und Scherer, Bruno. Reinhold Schneider: Leben und Werk in Dokumenten. Karlsruhe: Badenia, 1973.
- Schütz, W.W. Pens Under the Swastika: A Study in Recent German Writing. New York: Kennikat Press, 1971.
- Thiede, Carsten Peter, ed. Über Reinhold Schneider. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1979.

Trapp, J.B., and Schulte-Herbrüggen, Hubertus. "The King's Good Servant": Thomas More, 1477/8-1535. New Jersey: Boydell Press, Rowman & Littlefield, 1977.

Winterhalter, Curt. Messages from the Depths: Selections from the Writings of Reinhold Schneider. Trans. Robert J. Cunningham. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1977.

Zimmermann, Ingo. Reinhold Schneider: Weg eines Schriftstellers. Berlin: Union, 1982.

#### Secondary Works Consulted

Beer, Werner M. Macht und Verantwortung: Die Verwaltung der Macht in Werk Reinhold Schneider als erzieherisches Anliegen unserer Zeit. Paderborn: Ferdinand Schöningh, 1966.

Brenner, Hildegard. "Deutsche Literatur im Exil: 1933-47". In Handbuch der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur, pp. 677-694.

Frey, Dr. Arthur. Cross and Swastika: The Ordeal of the German Church. Trans. J. Strathearn McNabb. London: Student Christian Movement Press, 1938.

Grenzmann, Wilhelm. Dichtung und Glaube: Probleme und Gestalten der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur. Frankfurt am Main: Athenäum, 1964.

Grimm, Reinhold. "Im Dickicht der inneren Emigration". In Die Deutsche Literatur im Dritten Reich: Themen. Traditionen. Wirkungen, pp. 406-421. Eds. Horst Denkler and Karl Prümm. Stuttgart: Philipp Reclam Jr., 1976.

-----, "Innere Emigration als Lebensform". In Exil und Innere Emigration. Third Wisconsin Workshop. Vol. 17 of Wissenschaftliche Paperbacks Literaturwissenschaft, pp. 31-73. Eds. Reinhold Grimm and Jost Hermand. Frankfurt am Main: Athenäum, 1972.

Hoffmann, Charles W. "Opposition und Innere Emigration: Zwei Aspekte des 'anderen Deutschlands'". In Exil und Innere Emigration II. Internationale Tagung in St. Louis. Vol. 18 of Wissenschaftliche Paperbacks Literaturwissenschaft, pp. 119-140. Eds. Peter Hohendahl and Egon Schwarz. Frankfurt am Main: Athenäum, 1973.

Hoffmann, Peter. The History of the German Resistance: 1933-1945.  
Trans. Richard Barry. Massachusetts: The MIT press, 1979.

Landau, Edwin Maria; Van Look, M.; Mahnert-Lueg, L.; and Scherer, B.S.  
Reinhold Schneider: Leben und Werk im Bild. Frankfurt am Main:  
Insel, 1977.

Reddemann, Karl-Wilhelm. Der Christ vor einer Zertrümmerten Welt:  
Reinhold Schneider--Ein Dichter Antwortet der Zeit. Freiburg:  
Herder, 1978.

Rothfels, Hans. The German Opposition to Hitler: An Appraisal.  
Trans. Lawrence Wilson. Chicago: Henry Regenery Company, 1962.

Schnell, Ralf. Literarische Innere Emigration: 1933-1945. Stuttgart:  
J.B. Metzler, 1976.

Wiesner, Herbert. "'Innere Emigration'. Die innerdeutsche Literatur  
im Widerstand: 1933-45". In Handbuch der deutschen  
Gegenwartsliteratur, pp. 695-720.

#### Journals Cited

Meinhold, Prof. Dr. Peter. "Reinhold Schneider--ein Mann des  
Widerstandes". Blätter der Reinhold Schneider-Gesellschaft, No. 2  
(1978):5-27.

Wunderlich, Eva C. "Reinhold Schneider: Christian Conscience of the  
German People". The Catholic World. 166 (1947/48):452-454.

#### Journals Consulted

Heer, Friedrich. "Fragen des Reinhold Schneiders". Hochland, 50  
(1957-58):522-535.

-----, "Reinhold Schneider: The Poet as National Conscience."  
Renascence: A Critical Journal of Letters, 4 (1951/52):42-47.

Klieneberger, H.R. "The 'Innere Emigration': A Disputed Issue in  
Twentieth-Century German Literature". Monatshefte, 57 (1965):  
171-180.

Werner, Alfred. "German Pen versus German Sword". The South Atlantic  
Quarterly, 50 (1951):199-207.

Wunderlich, Eva C. "Schuld und Sühne des deutschen Volkes". The Germanic Review, 23 (1948):290-300.

### Encyclopedias and Dictionaries

The Catholic Encyclopedia. 1913 ed., s.v. "Thomas Becket".  
By Herbert Thurston.

Grimm's Deutsches Wörterbuch. 1893 ed., s.v. "Schicksalskundig".

Modern Catholic Dictionary. 1980 ed., s.v. "Sacrament of the Altar".

New Catholic Encyclopedia. 1967 ed., s.v. "Byzantine Church, History of".  
By M.J. Higgins.

New Catholic Encyclopedia. 1967 ed., s.v. "King Henry VIII".  
By J.J. Scarisbrick.

New Catholic Encyclopedia. 1967 ed., s.v. "Leo IX, St.".   
By O.J. Blum.

New Catholic Encyclopedia. 1967 ed., s.v. "More, Sir Thoms, St.".   
By R.J. Schoeck.

New Catholic Encyclopedia. 1967 ed., s.v. "Sebastian, St.".   
By E. Hoade.