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Tried to get said what Vertigo is, by saying it is a time when someone loses his bearings. Or which you experience your mind as whirring, wildly. And I want to talk a minute or two about vertigo. As a way of getting said, at least to myself, how I am experiencing my interior life. That there is just that sense of being on top of a large tall tree or something ~~which~~ which the wind is whipping that tree and you are lashed on somehow Which you experience yourself ready to fall, your trying to hold on you don't what to do, except your there and the wind is whipping the ~~tree~~ tree and your not sure, again whether you will make it out of that tree or what. But somekind of sense of just being out there on the edge of the falling. On the edge of collapsing at the sametime on the edge of incredible possibility of doing a job that never before has been done on this planet, at least.

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I guess that was dramatized for me in the last quarter as we kind of rolled toward tht big storm.. Kind of began rolling in the fall quarter and has really become a large kind of gale for me in the last three weeks or so. As I've experienced our work together with the priors and dealing with the global and struggling with new spirit breakloose of our time in the life of the historical church.

And so and so on a gale of somekind of porportion is beginning to whip us it seems to me, backward and forward. I guess that image came to me most strongly, or came to my consciousness last night. As I had the occasion to use the christmas money sent by my parents to go out and see a film so our family went down to see "Sometime a Great Notion". Which as you may ~~know~~<sup>know</sup> is a novel about logging industry ~~a~~ in the northwest. It ~~as~~ started out to be a plunge into our history or our roots. But anyway, while it was a fairly lousy film Newman had a chance to direct the thing and it was his first one. It was Newman all the way. Finally getting out his radical defiance at the end of the ~~as~~ last scence there toward life.

In the midst of that I was thrown back into a greatdeal of memory that I had virtually lost, or at least had had a tendency to forget. And not the least of which ~~is~~ was working with my father in the woods. And my dad was for many years was what they called a man who did "high rigging", which meant in those days, before you had these ~~high~~ hydraulic spar trees in which you shove this thing ~~up~~ up in the air about 100 feet, put your lines out and begin to yare trees out of the rough terrain there. You just selected a large old growth fir that was a 120 ft. or 150 ft high and then you go up and, one person does the job of climbing it, like you see them climb telephone poles. You've got large spurs on the inside of your feet and a rope around it ~~and~~ with a large waistband of heavy leather. And you climb that tree, just walking up the tree flipping your rope and walking as you go, kind of thing. When you get to limb you have to chop it off. If you take a power saw you saw off the limbs of the large forks or something and last night in this film there was a scene in which Newman, being the star logger of this particular film. Did such a deed in which he went to the top of the tree and ~~sawed~~ sawed out the top of this large fir tree on this mountain side and then proceeded to take his rope off and sit on top of this sawed off tree about 140 ft., I guess, up in the air. Which I have never exactly done that. That is indeed the bit of the absurdity of that vocation in which you have danced a little closely to the abyss, If a ~~gax~~ little gale comes up and whips that tree a little bit and you are off and there is nothing between you and the ground, except space.

I was thrown into my own experience a number of times. watching my <sup>father</sup> ~~myself~~ or myself ~~father~~ in other context experiencng ~~high~~ heights. And the experience of vertigo ~~and~~

And as we particularly have experienced being given the gift of the Kemper building ther at Northside Campus there, or whatever it is that we are going to name that. I experienced ~~an~~ internally that kind of whipping, the gale, being at the edge of falling off of something. Or the kind of experience of being cut

loose. And my head spinning. And in the midst of everybody experiences vertigo at sometime or another. It might ~~xxx~~ just be stepping up on top of the table changing the light bulb. It might be on top of a ladder, or going over a bridge. You experience just that sense of not knowing what reality is or how, or ~~whaxxy~~ whether you are going to fall or jump or whatever might be the case there.

What I grasp about vertigo is that is first of all having a context exploded in which you have no control of that context. Rather you are kind of looking out here beyond your immediate situation, beyond the reality you have been given, struggling for somekind of new context and thereby you begin to real and spin and so forth because you have had your context wipped out. -Or-in-ether-words-

Or another way to talk about vertigo is that it deverts you from thinking tactically. If you in the top of the tree in which you are cutting out the top of that tree. AAnd of course you have the whip lash that comes when that top finally peels off there, you've got to hold on pretty tightly. The biggest thing is that you lock you knees against the trunk of the tree. Which immediately kicks out your spurs to an angle from your feet . If you lock your knees in your spurs ~~kicks~~ out and your just start sliding. And you'll end up chocking yourself to death around the waist because that rope will tighten up <sup>as</sup> ~~xx~~ you go down=the tree for the tree expands towards the trunk. So one of the biggest dangers is ~~axxyxxxxxx~~ when you get up~~x~~ there and get panicky you want to grap that tree like this. And there by you loose all of your tactical prowess and end up going down the tree faster and faster. ~~x~~

I remember one time in particular my Dad in a pretty good size operation that he was working for and another guy was up a tree and Dad was down below in terms of getting some equipment up and he got terrified~~d~~ . He experienced the ~~xxx~~ awe ~~er-the-fear-of-his-lost-~~ or the fear of his own loss of bearings. His own loss of his context and he began weaving. You could see him up there at the top of this tree about a 120 feet up there in the air. Beginning to just kind of weave

and there was irrationality, kind of yelling and kind of flailing against that tree. So my Dad yelled up the tree at him, "Drive in your spurs!" And he yelled that about five times, "Drive in your spurs!" And finally the man decided to drive his spurs. And got control of himself and finally began then to come down which then the next logical thing to do, for a man who had just experienced that kind of terror in his life. He was fairly useless to us and would have been for sometime probably.

But the experience of vertigo is the experience of anticipation which you have no control of. Or that is to say it is to experience your radical contingency in which you see disaster confronting, that is to say the wind may whip you out of there or that top may come down and whip the tree thereby snapping the rope which will flip you off the tree, or something like that. Or you experience radical possibility, "You made it!" haha And you began experiencing somekind of "made it" syndrome there in which you forget what you are doing and all of a sudden you might lean over backwards and off you go. ~~in-which-you-go-down-head-first-in-the~~ Which means you down headfirst down the tree that way. In which again it is fairly difficult to get out of there, when you come down the tree.

You either have the experience of disaster or the experience of victory. Both of which throw you over against vertigo or throw you into, or blows out your context. Takes you away from thinking practically, that is dealing with the given situation that you've got and moving on it. At least that's my experience of vertigo, and what happens. ~~Human-emotion~~ Human emotion, for instance in the midst of experiencing disaster is clearly to be here. I mean just raw fear. You push that ~~you~~ to the bottom you get terror. Uncontrolled terror! In which you do not know whether you are going to make in to the next moment. And I guess I experience that kind of terror when we think about the kind of expansion move to the Kemper building. You even think about what might happen I mean whatever we meant by "Base" may be fragmented. And have undisrelated dynamics or whatever else ~~you-begin-to-experience;--the-~~ as you begin to experience

the kind of shift there and the pulling apart of the kind of experiencing of unity and oneness that we experience here.

Or finally what will happen is that you have the nerve of creativity cut of this bondy if you have that kind of fragmentation. And while/<sup>I don't</sup> you want/<sup>to</sup> sit there and dream or think to hard on that, nontheless that is there. That for me is a part of the terror of the expansion of base into 2 or 3 or whatever number there. And finally the only thing that you can say to a person experiences that is "Drive your spurs!" That is to say operate tactically you use the wisdom you have. Instead of plodding off over the possibilities begin to do the job that you know how to do.

The other one of vertigo is the one of possibility or victory, ofwinning. And I've experienced that in a way I've never experienced before in the last two or three weeks. And winning is probably a \_\_\_\_\_ term in my language. Because ~~in~~ has ~~xxxxx~~ a sense of euphoria to it hahaha you kind of begin to laugh and chuckle to your self. That you are winning. ~~FePerhaps-the-xatae--~~ Perhaps the category of victory I don't know what that means, because you usually think of that as rolling over the top of somebody else and finally coming to a glorious end.

Well in the midst of the sense of victory or possibility is for me the passion of hope or the struggle with hope and you push hope to the bottom and you have euphoria. You have giddiness and it again takes you away from thinking tactical the hope that comes for me is that of "just think if we have Bishops coming through staying and residing in our facilities, our new facility we can now host them" "Or if we have the princes of the Church, executives and others coming through and being the vehicle of the new, of the movement." We will have finally won with the historical church, and they will be the vehicle. Or the businessmen will come and meet in our great new facilities and finally provide the economic wheels under the movement, which we can win again.

While those all may well happen if you begin to put your eyes on those it is euphoria. It is euphoria. And the only word to a human being that begins to experience that is. "Drive your spurs!" Think Tactically. A spirit revolutionary builds and uses his tactics. He is one who operates tactically. That is to say he deals with what he has got in his hands and moves tactically. For me the emotion in the midst of being the revolutionary spirit man is love. And when you push that down very far, it turns into what I call disciplined passion, disciplined passion. And the discipline comes at the point of having decided to live out of what you know about life. That is you showed up to be covenanted, that you showed up to be one that has decided to forged the vision of the future, you live out of your disciplined. That is you live before the decision ~~xx~~ you have made to be the Church, to care for all men, to build the future. That your covenant and your vision that begins to give shape to your discipline. It's an order to accomplish the task you've decided to be about. The passion

The passion comes from the point for me at the symbols of your methods, of your rituals that articulate. That allows once again to get out before you your decision. Your life decision to invest your life. Disciplined passion. And all of those covenants, vision, methods, rituals are for me fundamentally tactics, to keep you moving ahead with discipline, but with passion. Not euphoric, or terrifying, paralyzed into terror. And as we come to this meal we are reminded of our Lord, that he was clear that the covenant he had made was with the Lord, with God and he put his death into that covenant. To be the obedient one even to death. And the vision he had was the vision as we now talk about it, of the resurrection. That somehow in giving up one's life expending it shoving it into history. Shoving it into the future, somehow ~~that~~ that life is transformed, given back, as new life, resurrection. That is method was to occasion perpetual spirit happening here, there and everywhere. To explode human beings vision and the possibility of their own life to engage in once again significantly in history. And the rituals are those that reminded him and remind you and I of our decision to die. Our decision to be the cruciform man to be the new style

of the new world. And all of those are just ~~ax~~ simply a tactic to keep you shoving, moving ahead. Grappling with the issues the Lord abas given you, short of being paralyzed with vertigo. So we come to this one symbolic event which the Church has said throughout its history is the symbolic activity of the Church gathered. It is the key symbolic, that pulls all of those together, covenant, vision, methods, ritual and somehow it is the orchestration of all of those dimensions of tactics, if you please, that allows us to move, to be, to be revolutionary spirit men. And so the cry for me is, and for us is "drive your spurs" when you experienc vertigo.