

5.00

30) 2400

80
75
7

200

525
2450
64

525



440 fines
100 food
1200 Salary 60 = 20
60 T/s

1800
1600
3400
1133
8

1600
4

9064

Козлобаки

304) 3400

11 1/3

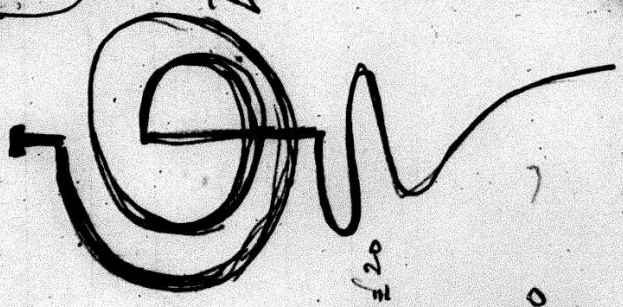
80
9) 24000
3420

490
49
441
180
261
455
455
409.5
180
229.5
45.5
275.0



Book 4 Part 3
Methods of naming
islands shows the
as follows
This is the old history
about summer
Friday 500

30) 2400



80
75
525
2450
64

525

440 fines
100 food
1200 Salary 60 x 20
160 T_{1/2}s

1800
1600
3400

1400

1133
9064

1503/1064

304) 3490
80
11 1/2
7) 24000
3420

490
49
441
180
261
229.5
45.5
275.0



Book 4 Part 3
Methods of using
idols icons &c
as talismans
Hind + Budd trickery
Christ commercial
trickery too

The City of God. 2 carbons

Moscow July 1913



Day after day we crawled

Beneath the leaden flint

Featureless heaven, snow dull meadow

Field after field, ~~whereon~~ ^{whereon} no aurore

Sunrise ~~like~~ ^{awakened} earth's ~~main~~ ^{my} magnificent,

Save at the margin where, shimmered in the duller pines,

Dim earth mixed with black heaven, in there unsealed

A red eye ~~stare~~ ^{ing} ~~gloried~~ ^{through} that purple field

As if the bloodhound of Eternity

Tracked ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~entire~~ ^{the} Time. Remorseless rain

Beat down, pale piteous monstrosity,

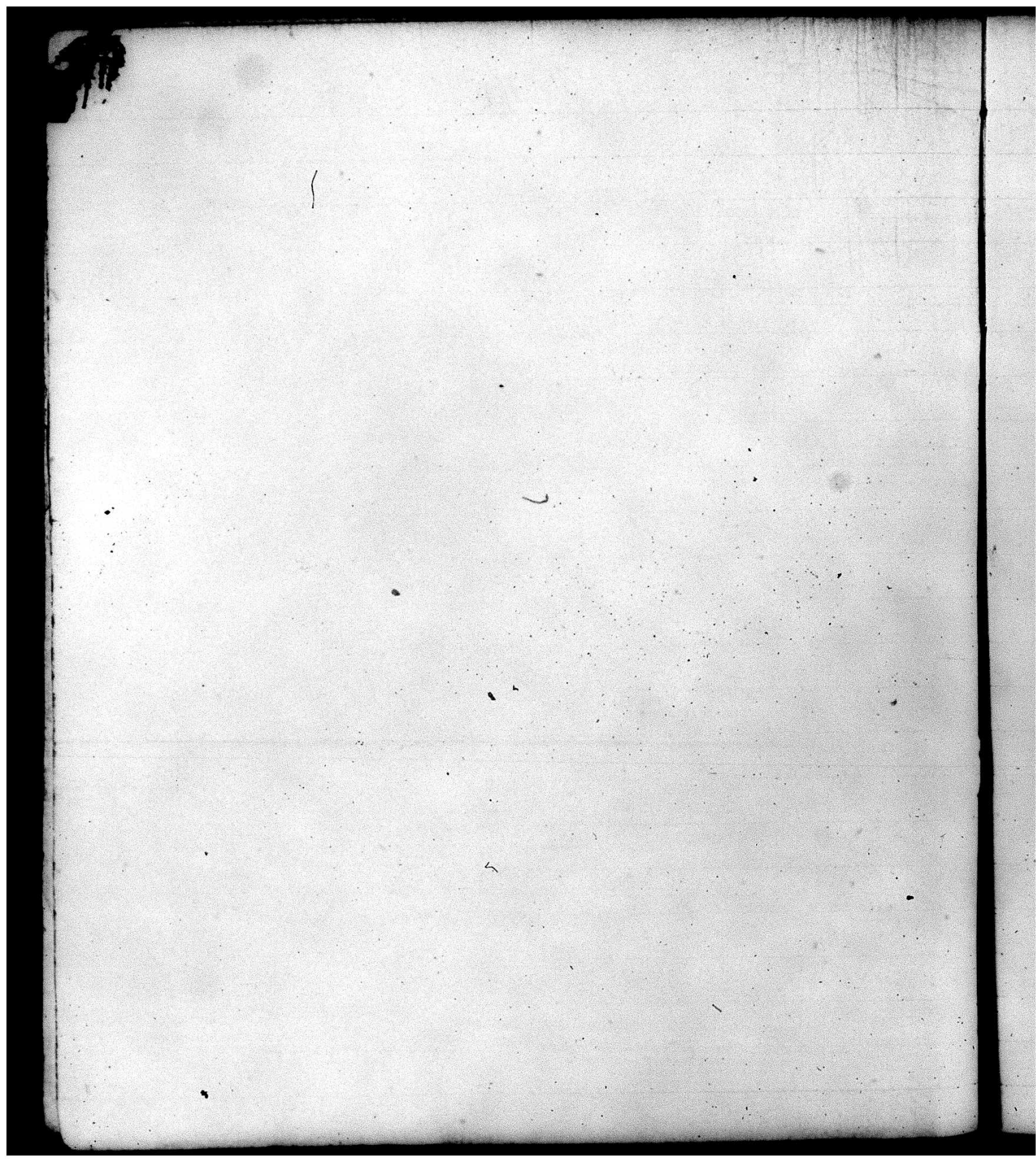
Upon the inexorable plain.

^{Pa} Like quoniam that staggered under the grim load

Set on his back by God

Might pity ^{our} the weak jolting as we moved

Hopelessly yet inevitably on

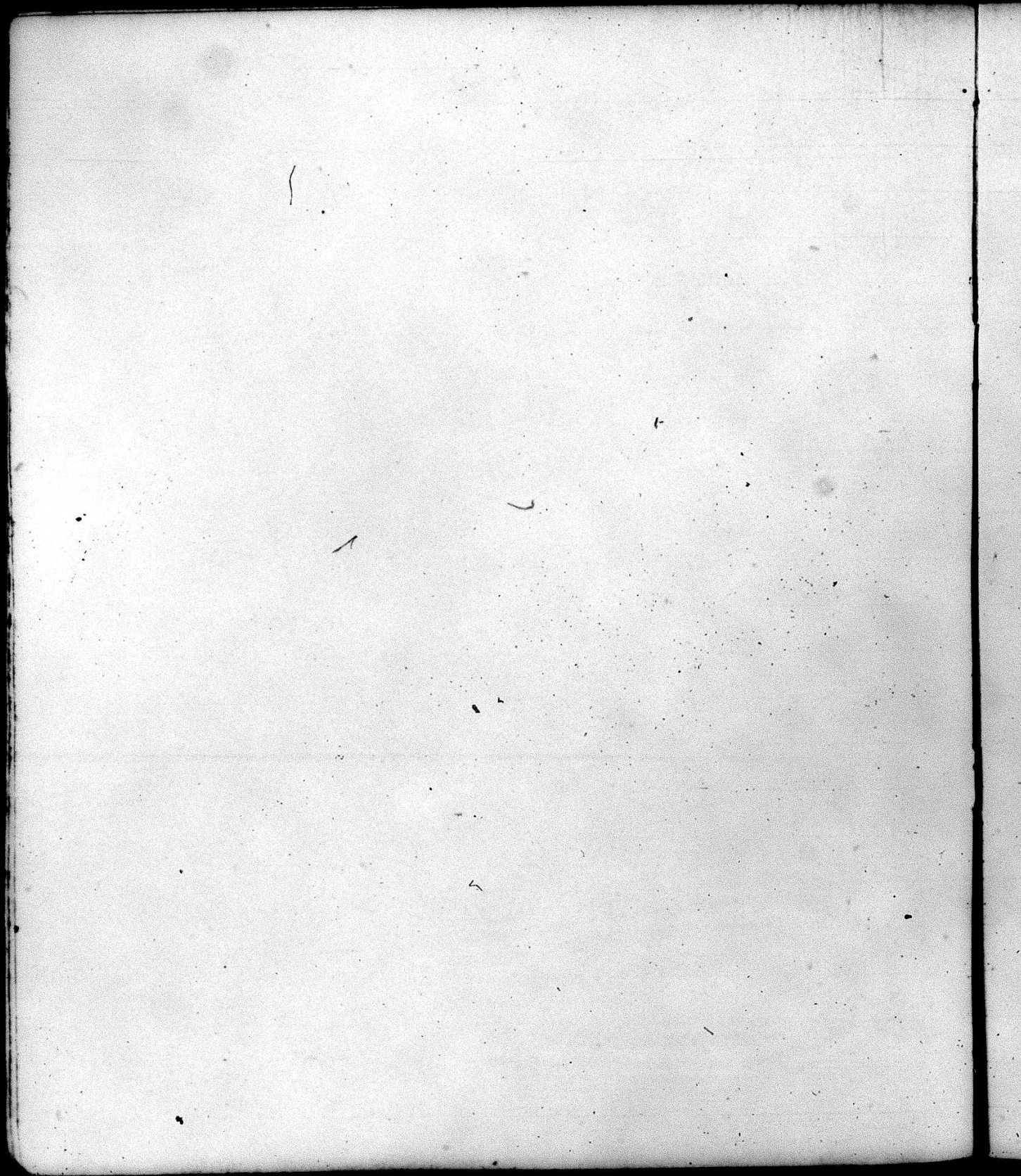


Under who knows what senseless good
Unlovable as unloved

Towed the evasive long on
That worked us without laughter, wrapped
In its own cynic sleep
Careless of the vitalities it trapped,
Not sanguine from the ~~less~~ blood it lepped,
Not diving from the life it sapped,
But in eternal gloom
Its own soul's tomb.

This was the sombre way we went -
Not eloquent of death, since death is change,
But of some hideous ocean bed and strange
Beneath a vault immobile grim and silent,
The sun himself struck silent at the nod
Of some more awful god.

We were so far from the one city we sought
That we had never hoped, and so despair
Never built bastions against the thought
That we might - in some ultimate - be there.
Sunsets and dawn were but the same red eye,



Not just behind us and the best before,
Nor was the night more tender than the day,
Since ^{to} see less ~~is~~ ^{no} worse than to see more,
Sight's limit being that monstrous
Of greivous green and grey!

Wonder could no more touch the soul. The day
Broke as its peers had broken when we found
Ourselves in an enchanted ground.

Where all the plain was suddenly withdrawn,
And we were in the midst of alien races
And monstrous market places

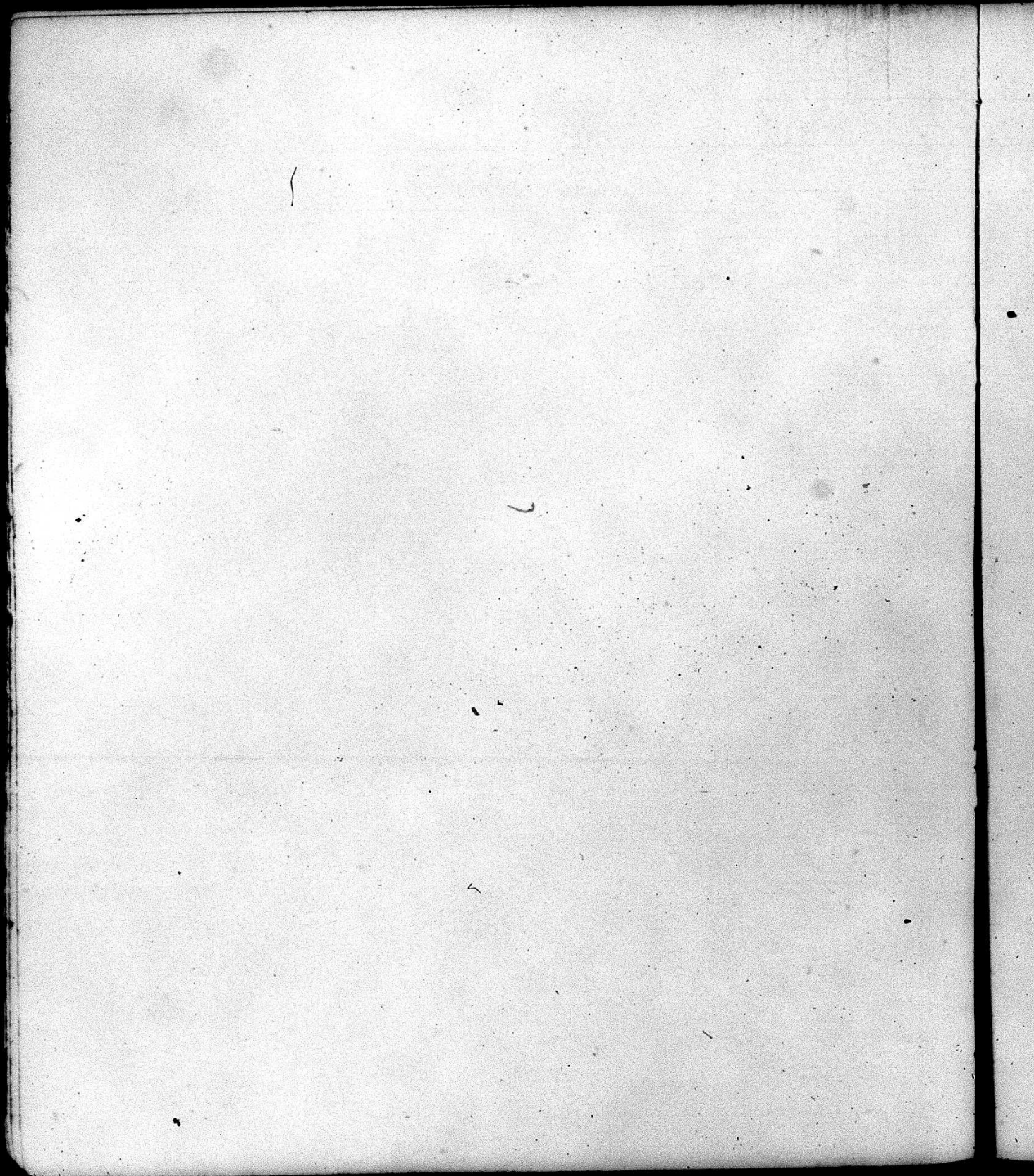
Where no man marked us. An armed man
stood out

From the bright-colored rabble: he was black
From head to foot, save for the peacocks' plumes
That were his crest — then was this woodland
Stried Bghad or either Samarcand?

Kashgar the avoided? Yarkhand ~~the~~
the yak's meat?

Himis of holy men beyond utmost reach
Of Himalaya? Pride of Shelun's strand

Srinagar, haphrest-lobe of my heart?



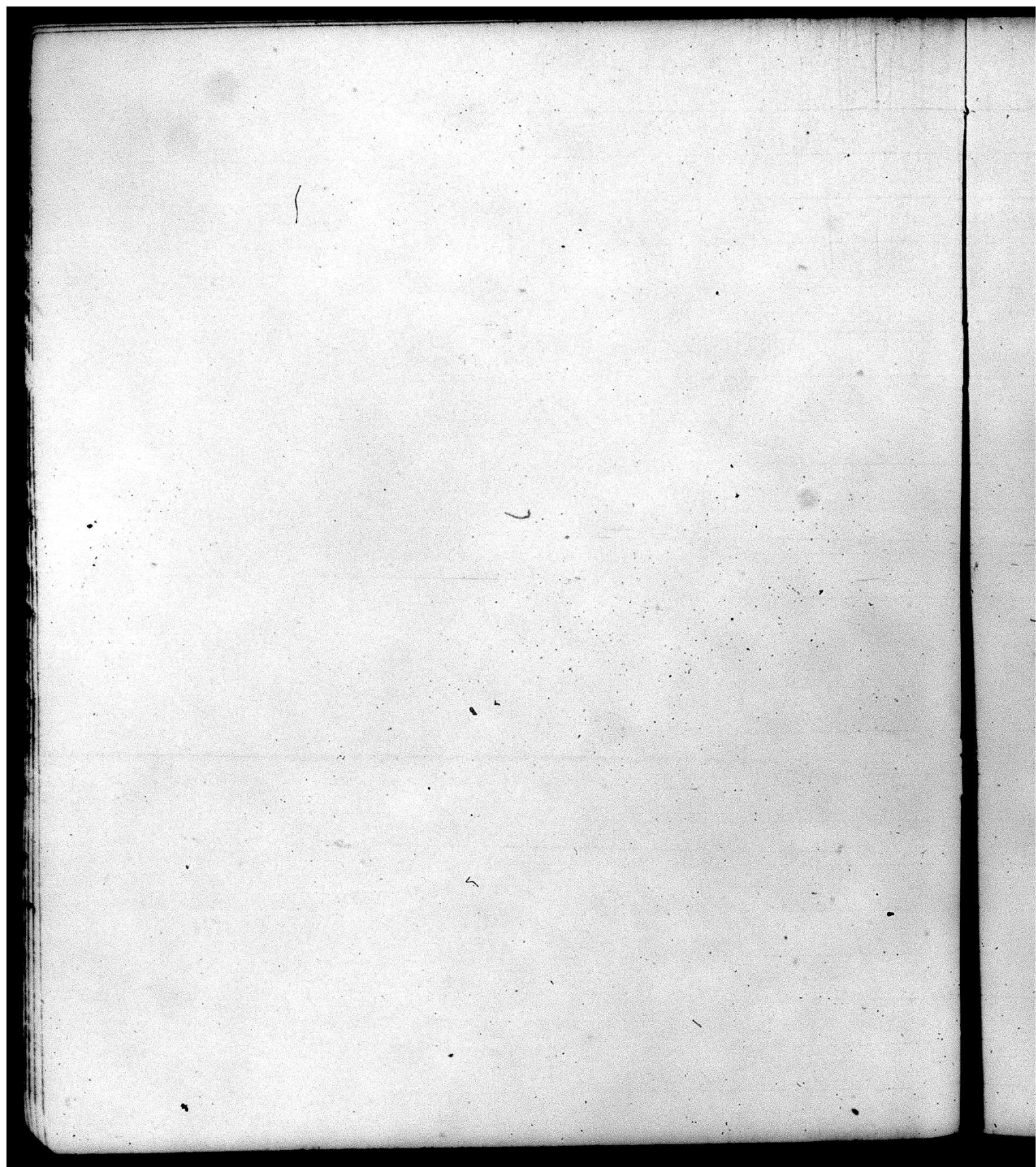
O! but the warrior ~~stood~~ signed trusts to loose
Our shoes, for that the ground where we trod
Was holy already from profane use
Being the outskirts of the City of God.

II

Close-ranked, the legions of the spear-bright rain
Roused as they charged; we came untroubled

What a space: a threshold of twin spires
twin

Topy and jade enfront the firmament,
and 'twixt them nestled the babe-fane
Domed with blue canopy, the golden piers
Of stars about it; there we stayed, and there
Put up petitions well and thorough to fame,
Whirls of faint smoke that roared in the thin air.
Lo suddenly we felt our feet unhook
Bleed with the sharp blows of the City of God.



Towered above the abyss, the red wall ran
 Mightily forth, its crenellated ~~eye~~ crest
 square-topped
 a saw, ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~where~~ God's luminous eye
 Pined through each palpitant embrace,
~~And~~ Saw where, crown over crown, fan over fan,
 Dome upon dome, cupola beyond cupola,
 Great glands, sun, moon, cross, crescent, breast
 And mighty heart and gland and vesica
 Heaving with natural and unnatural longing,
 Crowding, coalescing, thronging,
 Mixing their magic, clouding over all
 With pale pure gold, the Spring sun's thrill
 Thrilling with ecstasy to burst the blue —
 Oh! all our hazy dreams came true
 When we beheld the jewel of the city
 Its nine glands colored like all manners of fruit
 And flowers with stripe and trellis, wheel and spine,
 Even like all manner of beast and bird that be
 And every gland stood baye, displaying pity,
 Each staff a column of fire,
 And its vibration was a lyre,

IV

And all this hung above a mighty river,
 Curve after curve, as ~~if they~~ ^{amphitheatres} would

~~around the roof~~
 about the base of those pale precipices
 That cut the clouds, whose curtain'd eyelids

In their absorbed gaze into that profound, ^{river}
 The abyss of height confronting the abysses
 of East and North - Oh! but the fiery fan
 of burning water that made molten love
 To the fiery face of the fair fame above,
 Whose pure and whose palmyrae plan
 Was older than all worlds, than that ~~cup's~~

When Christ ^{Ischyros} ~~himself~~ ^{hot hour} cupped the topmost tower
 About where rook the royal river ran.

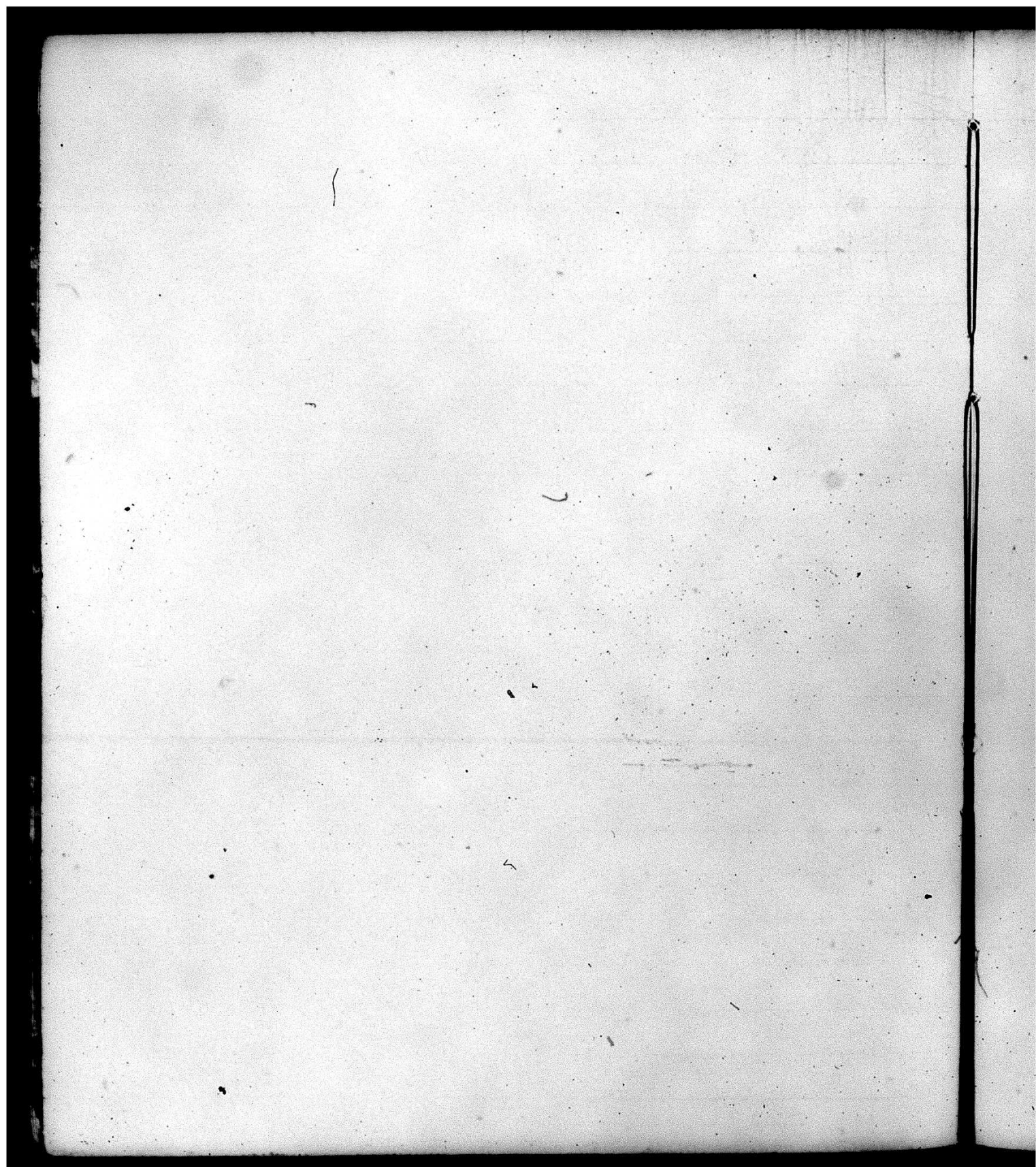
and the echo of it a lute
So that a mingling melody
Shone out thereof, a maze of moons in the glow
All inexpressibly dowered with perfume,
and this was molten, this was living stone,
This was the very flesh and blood of God,
Incarnate Christ, the Saviour, hailed alone
~~De Antifona~~ ^{Art. Fex} the martyr's, the reviving word
That on itself beget the ^{one true} only wine
and from its own ~~beats~~ breast drew the only wine.

~~an~~
~~Antifona~~

and all was rainbow and aureole blended

1- fluent colours interchanged and splendid,
Pure water whirled into pure fire and flecked
with miracles of foam,
wheels upon wheels spinning and crest,
Colour and sound in storm,
The heart of God within a frame of blue;
Our best wish dream come true!

2



Gold upon gold, dome above dome, faint arrow
 Kindling sharp crescent, as the sun-rays swept
 Saw for one midnight moment when one narrow
 Fence ray exhaled from no eye that slept
 Of God, one God, the Sun - Gold upon gold,
 Found upon found; fold upon fold
 Of walls like leaves and cupolas like flowers
 And spires and domes that were as fabled fruit
 Of the low lands beyond the pillared seas
 Of Hercules,
 Silver, sharp showers
 Swept on the city and made my thy suit
 To the great god whose amorous hours
 Were housed in those sternities
 Within, where by the frescoes and the gold
 Mosaic, manifold,
 Carven like lace, by malachite
 and porphyry and chrysolite,
 Where in their copper and cold sarcophagi
 Hundreds of emperors lie
 And in their reliquaries bediamonded
 Thousands of saints still watch their jewelled bones,
 and beneath canopies of precious stones

1

2

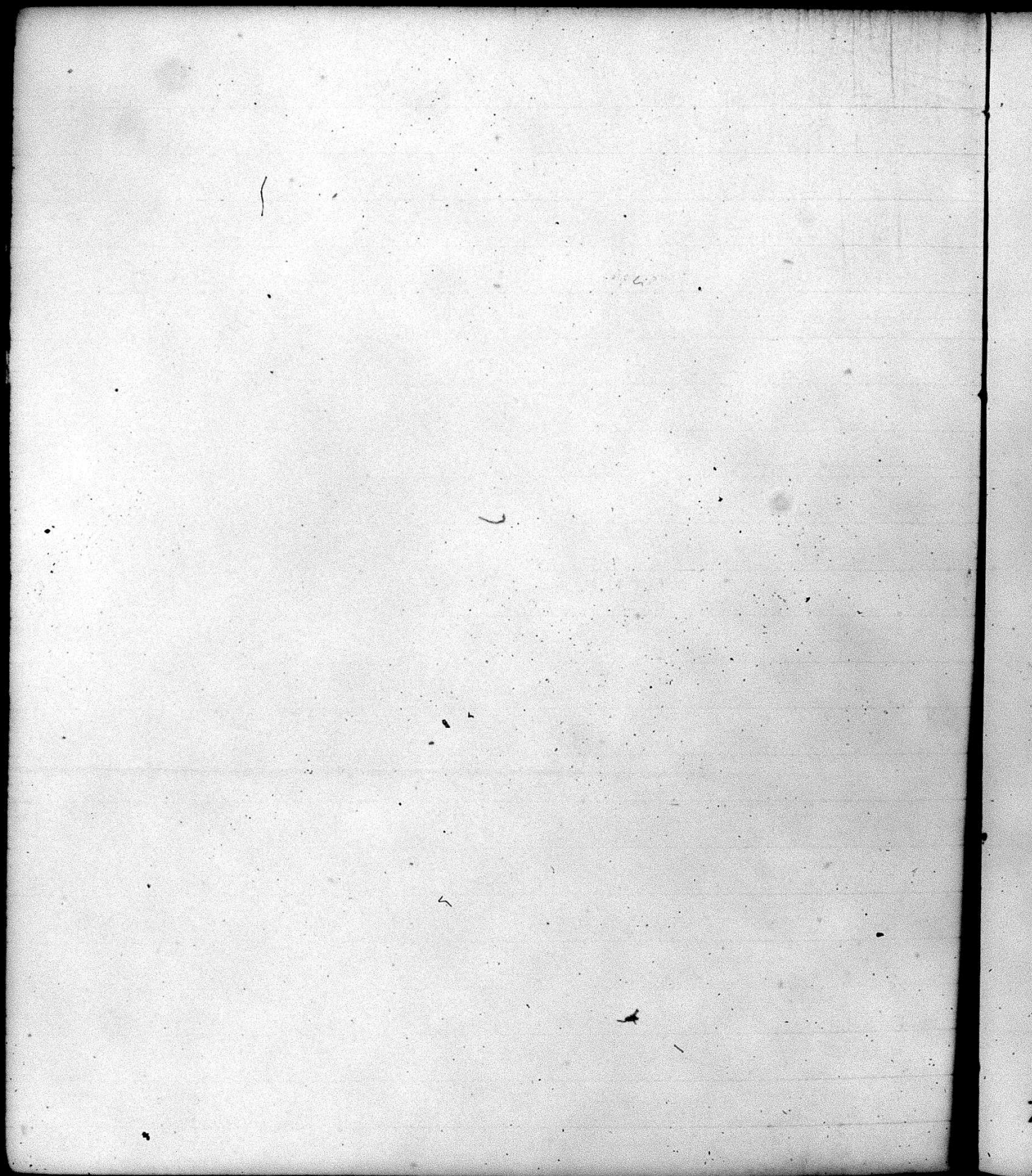
~~2~~

each an
I washed archangels, with their armed host,
Holds ready to defend with glaive and spear
The frontiers of the city, and appear
The emblazoned ensigns of the Holy Ghost,
That all invisible persuades the whole
Being its secret soul.

There, in that sanctuary of silences,
There is a Word,
The Word that built the city, never heard
By any of those archangel phalanges,
Unuttered even in the holy heart
Of God, or breathed by its own lightning breath,
Since from all being it stands ever apart
Its name being Life, & that name's also Death.

VI

Then was I caught up into rapture - yes!
From heaven to heaven was I swept away,
And all that shadow city past,
And I was in the City of God at last:
This city was alive, a throbbing, a stirring
Shaped as the sacred secret place of Her
That hath no name on earth, whose whisper we
Catch in the ^{Silence} ~~whisper~~ of the sea.



And though it poured a river of sunset blood,
Pulsing its choral and colossal flood
Round the city, and lifting it aloft,
Too subtle, strenuous and too serene-soft,
So that the very being of it did ~~not~~ swim
Into itself, hless to the buoyant brain,
And rose and fell as only rise and fell
The bosoms of those maids ecstasical
Whom ^{gods} we caress ^{with} in giant spasms -
~~That~~ Red orgiastic dawns of the organs
Wherein the soul, beneath its own feet trod,
Spends itself in the sanctuary of God!

VII

And in that heart of hearts was no more,
No more the heart; but, sailing through the sky,
Came trembling the more awful heart, the blindest
Of a million trumpets blazoning the past,
Heralding the to-be, and in their wrapt
Whirred in communicable throng.
And in their wake, tremendous and austere,
A form of fear,
~~The~~ ^{One} ~~is~~ ⁱⁿ the shape of the Most Holy One,



