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The Heart of Holy Russia

~~The City of God.~~

"above Moscow is nothing but the Kremlin; & above the Kremlin is nothing but Heaven"
Russian proverb.

It would ill become me to write a Guide to Moscow. I merely deplore the fact that ^{as} a month there would cost far less than the same time in Switzerland. The winter-sportsman does not make it his headquarters. ~~I send for business, now for pleasure~~

Footnote to Note

~~Ch.~~ I.

Observers so well yet so diversely equipped as von Molthe and Theophile Gambier concur in amazement at this city of miracle.

As one would expect, the truly original mind of the strategist finds nobler expression than ^{that of} the mere report in words.

Gambier, writing of St Basil's, exhausts himself in such feeble-feeble photography as this: "on dirait un gigantesque madraspore, une cristallisation colossale, une grotte à stalactites retournée."

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Footnote to Article

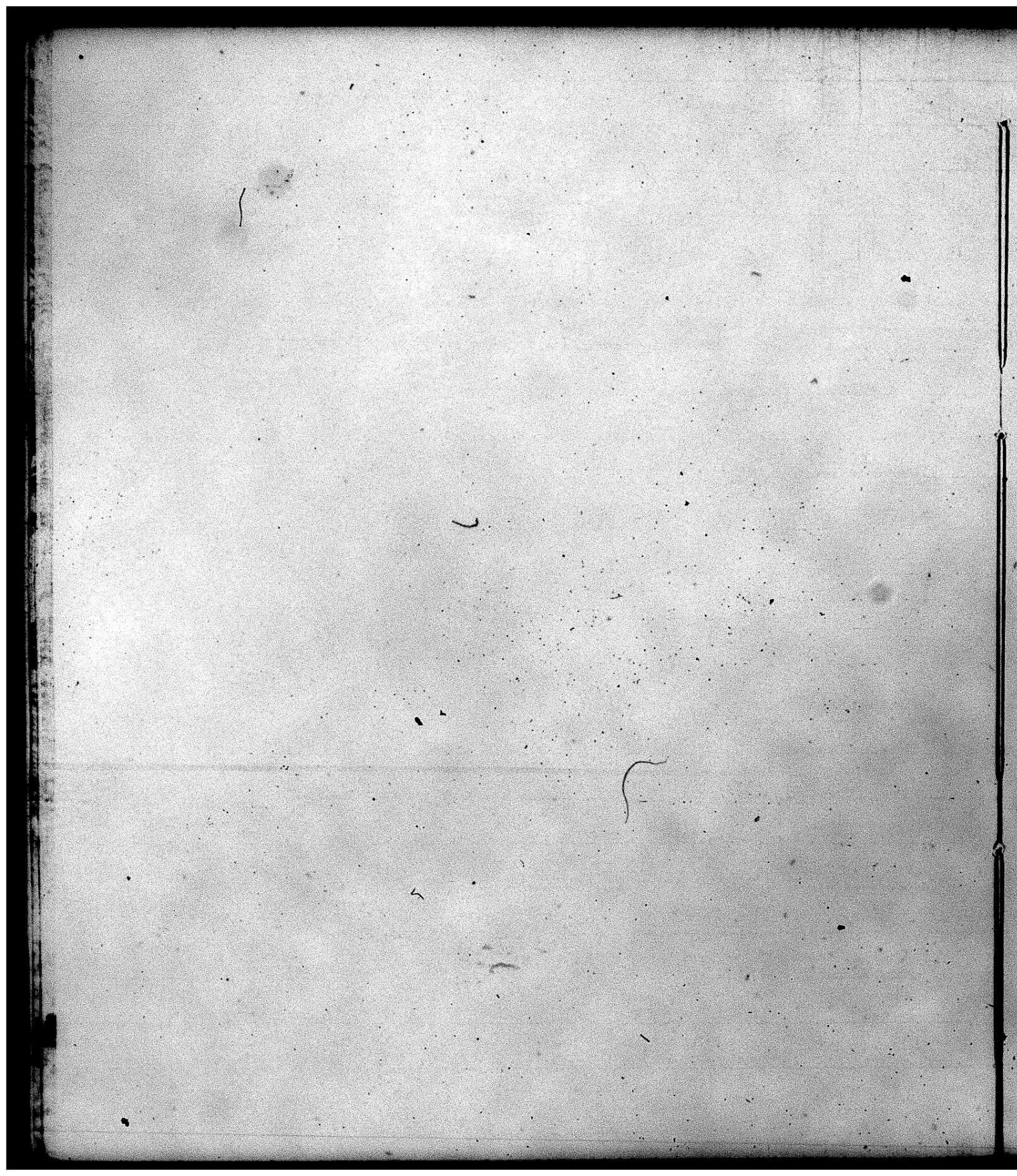
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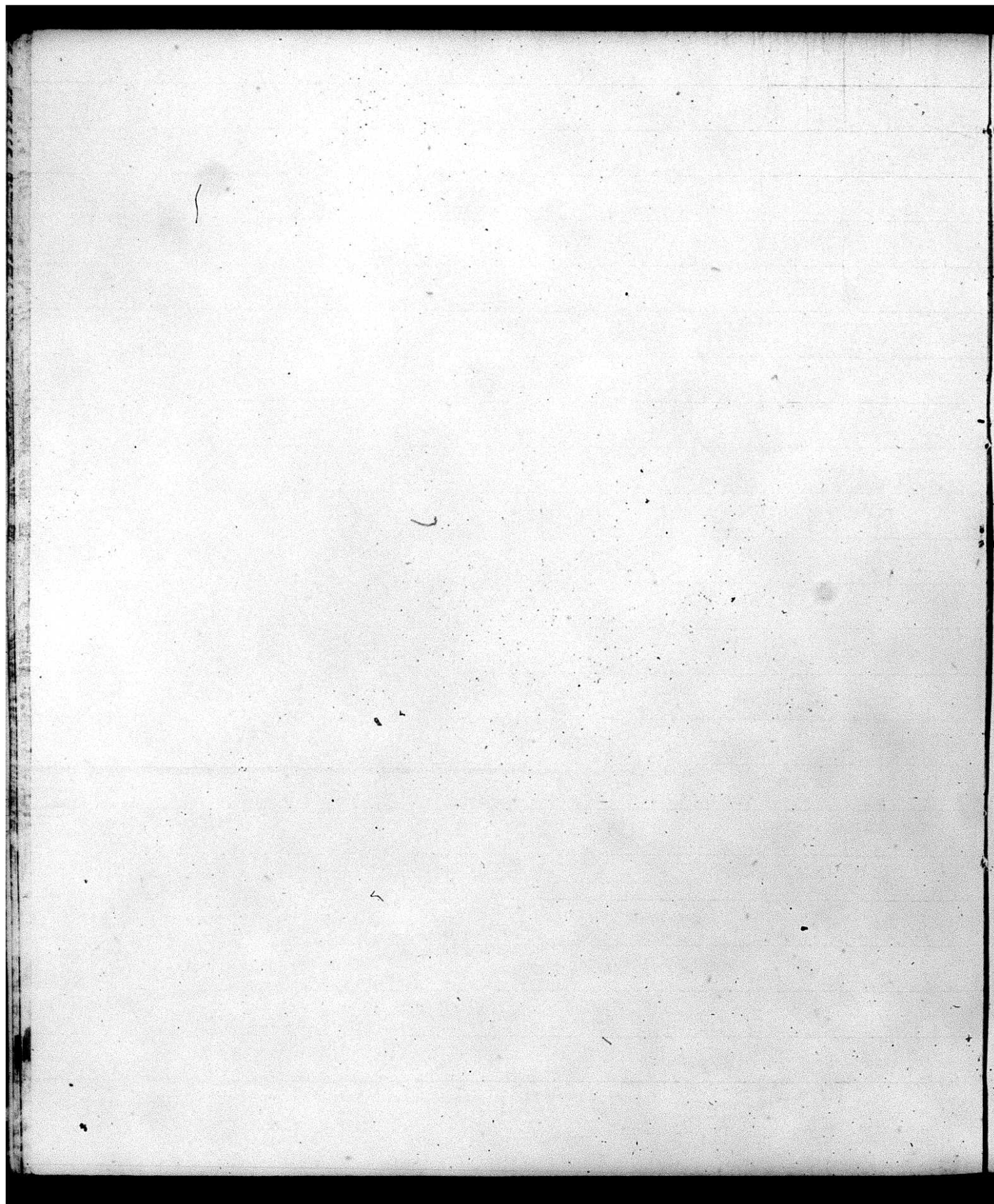
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Gambier, writing of St Basil's, exhausts himself in such feeble-feeble photography as this: "on devant un gigantesque madrepore, une cristallisation colossale, une grotte à stalactites retournée."

The soldier sums the whole city in a phrase of inner truth. "On se croit transporté dans une de ces villes que l'imagination sait se



représenter, mais qu'en réalité l'on ne voit jamais." All of us (I hope) and in particular my Lord Dunsany (Mr S. H. Sime have seen these cities of the imagination; and the more we have travelled the world, the more we have grown content with our disappointments. Delhi, Agra, Benares, Rome, London, Cairo, Naples, Anuradhapura, ^{Venice} all fall short in one way or another of making me exclaim as I exclaimed when my eyes first fell upon the great ~~East~~ wall of the Kremlin, ~~with~~ its macchicolated red brick crowned by the domes of the cathedrals, its Tartar towers culminating in the glorious Gate of the Saviour, flanked by ineffable St Basil: "a hazy dream come true." There is nothing in de Quincey, Ludlow, or Baudelaire so fantastic-beautiful as the sober truth of Moscow. It has not been planned; it obeys no 'laws of art'. It is arbitrary as God, and as unchallengeable. It is not made in any image of man's mind; it is the creation of mind loosed from the thrall of even so elemental a yoke as mathematics.



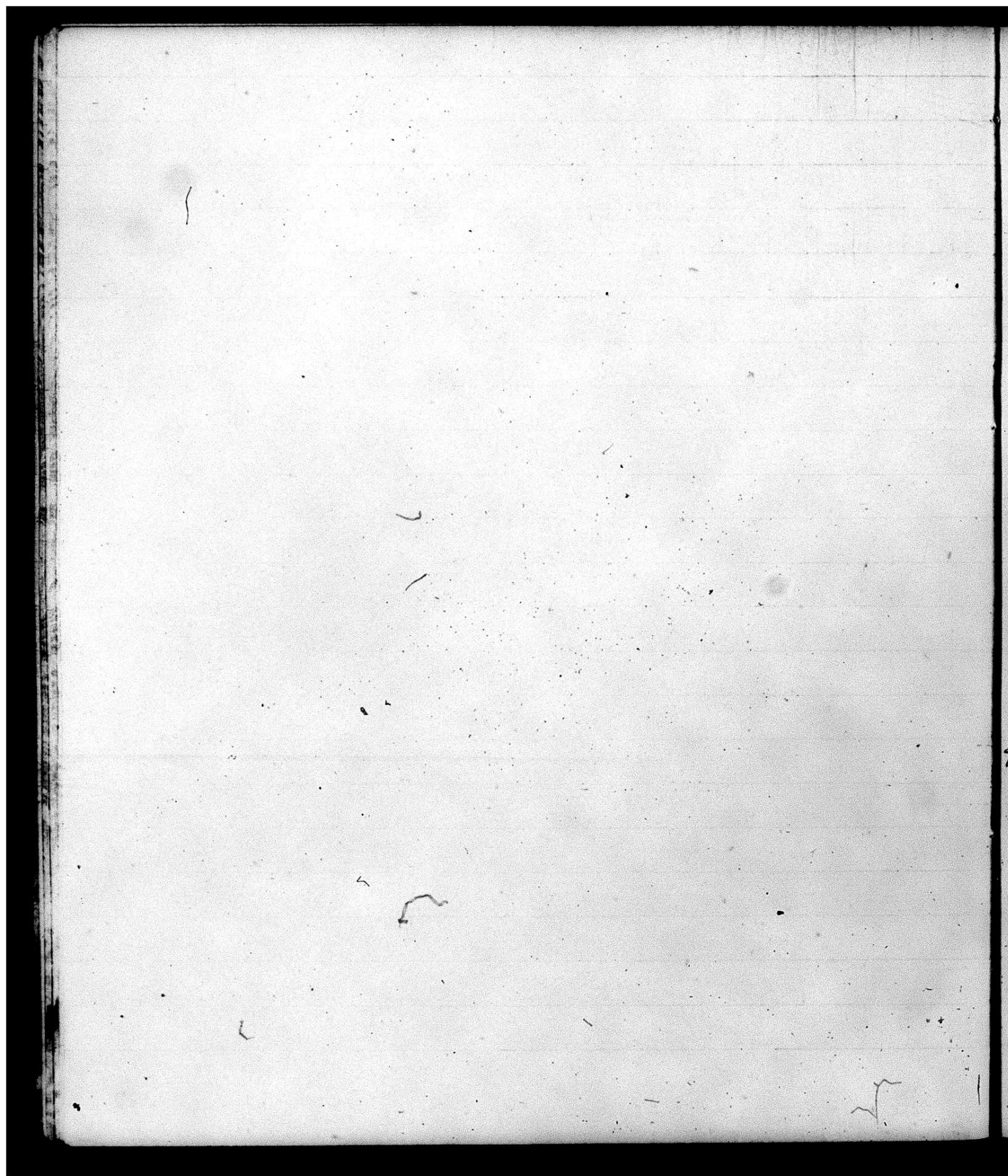
It is the Imagination incarnate in metal and stone.
 It is the Absurd in which Terullian believed.
 It is a stone of beauty, a mad poet's idea
 of heaven. It mocks human reason; it belongs
 to no school or period; it could not be imitated
 or equalled, because the mind of even the
 greatest artist has limitations, grooves of
 thought; and, in Moscow, it is the unexpected which
 always happens. Happens: the Kremlin is an
 accident. The town itself is an accident. There
 is no particular geographical reason for its
 being where it is. ~~As to~~ As to natural advantages,
 it has none. There is a small river, perhaps
 half as wide as the Thames at London Bridge,
 and a hill no higher than Ludgate Hill.
 Go to ^{the top of} Ivan Veliky one clear day, and you can
 see but ~~illimitable~~ vastness of plain all
^{same for that low morn. way, where the city}
 ways to the horizon. It has no Vesuvius, no first
 boy of blue, no crested Pegasus. It has
 no even hills. It has no mountain setting,
 no mighty river, no possibility of bad wind
 but the sky. And there it is, unassailably

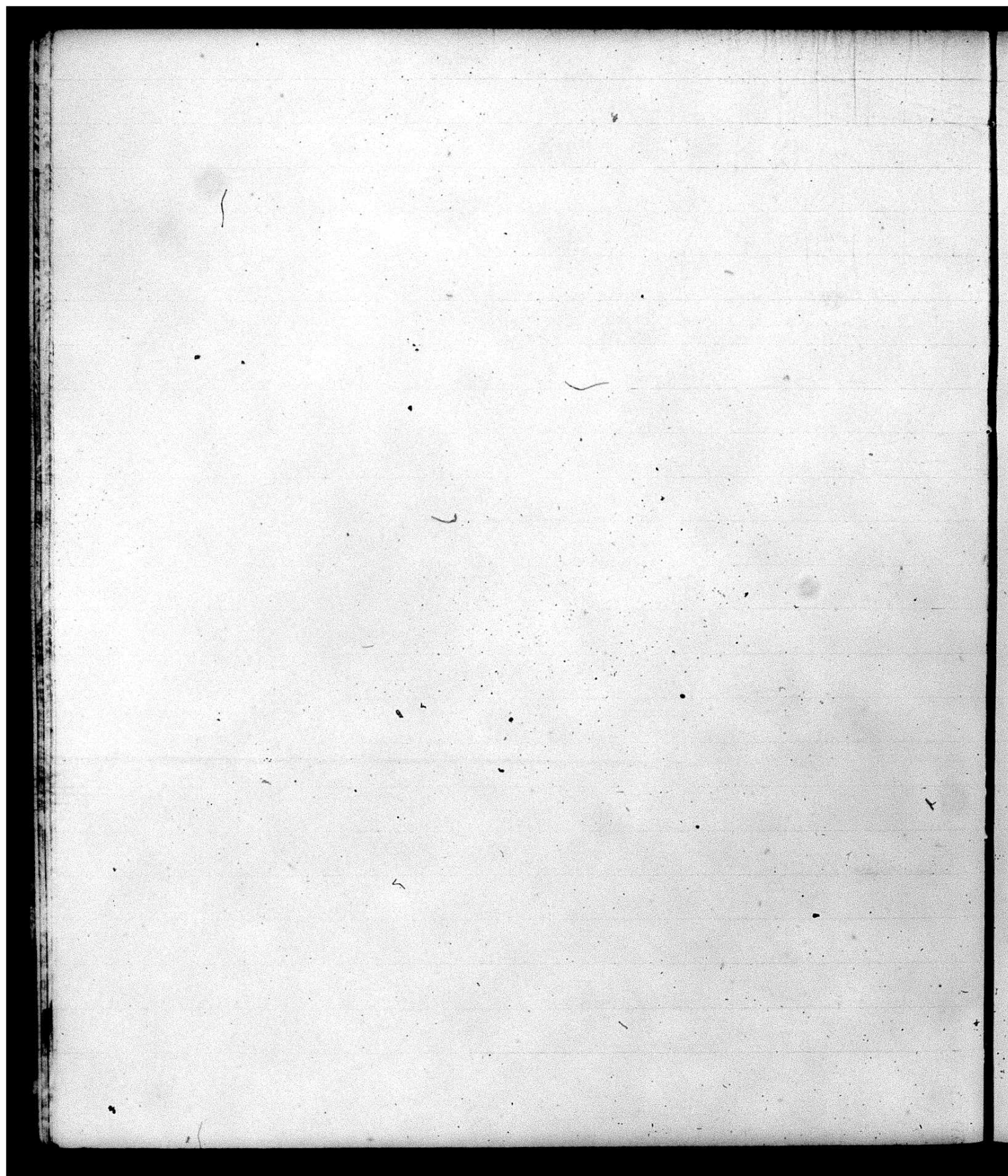
(might not say
Basil Church, ~~this is~~ this
basilisk-church?)

4

mayificent, sheer warlock's work. It is the sudden crystallization of one of those 'barbarous manes of avocation' of which Zoroaster speaks. It is the efflorescence of a Titan vice, the judgment of the God that turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt upon a spurthia of the whole race of giants. For like the thyrsus around whose spear Christ vine-tendrils, every dominant form of the Kremlin is a fantasy upon one theme - and that a theme of which the Sun himself is but the idolon. It is the Lord of Life, the Giver of Life, the beautiful, the simple, the master of ecstasy, the fulfiller of promise, the witness of the tubercle, the Viceregent and Arbitrator of the Godhead, the mainspring of ~~his~~ manhood, the compeller of destiny, that is commemorated in this wilderness of wonder.

This ~~Kumbi~~ is the solution of the Platonic antithomy of the Many and the One. Every
There are no two species alike, either in colour,



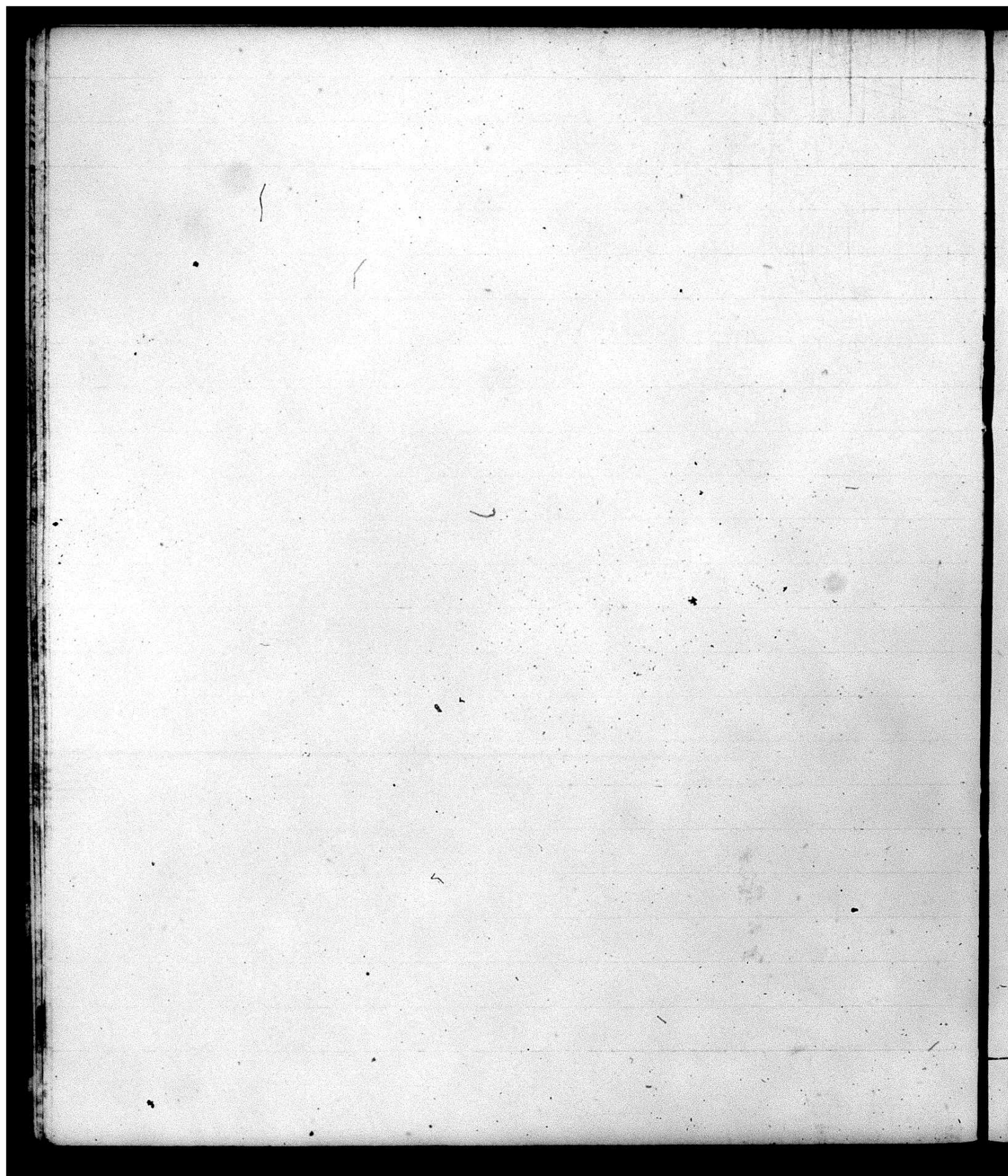


not imitations of any other music, but
 melodies all their own, as wonderful
 to the ear as is the city to the eye. In
 accord with the miracle of the building,
~~then take~~ they repeat the Great Work
 accomplished in every phrase of phrase,
 the lesser bells answering the greater
 like Nymphs caressing Bacchus.

It is stupendous, unbearable; the consciousness
 breaks into ecstasy; one becomes part
 - not peculiar part which is the whole - of
 the choral colossus; there is no more
 limitation; time, space, the conditions of the
 Ego, disappear with the Ego itself in
 that abyss of eternity, that indivisible
 and instantaneous point, which is the
 Universe.

II

Within the churches is infinite prodigality of gold.
 Except ⁱⁿ St. Saviour's, a modern Europeanized basil
 church, height is always ^{so} disproportionate to



that one might fancy oneself in the torture-chamber of a Sadistic God. 7
breathless, up and up out of sight stretch the
fierce prescoes, with their snakes and dragons
that devour the servants, their Gods, bearded
as their own popes, and their devils, winged and
speared like the housemen of the steppes
that their preachers feared. All eyes in
these dimly-lit ~~dark~~ shrines, cease before the
shaft of the divine instrument starts from
the curves - slight enough - of the roof. The
effect is unpleasing, the void breaks in
upon form, and eats it up. It turns the
whole edifice into a magic mouth gold-
fanged whose throat sucks up the soul
into annihilation.

There is no truly original feature in the art of
the prescoes, which recall the primitives.
It is the superb barbaric indifference to
balance which piles gold on gold: Only the
faces, hands, and feet in ikons are
uncovered; the robes are carved in gold
or woven in pearls and ^{every other precious stone} covering the canvas. These

* When these churches were built, the windows had to be minute, because
of winter. Ivan the Terrible was ignorant of 'chauffage central'

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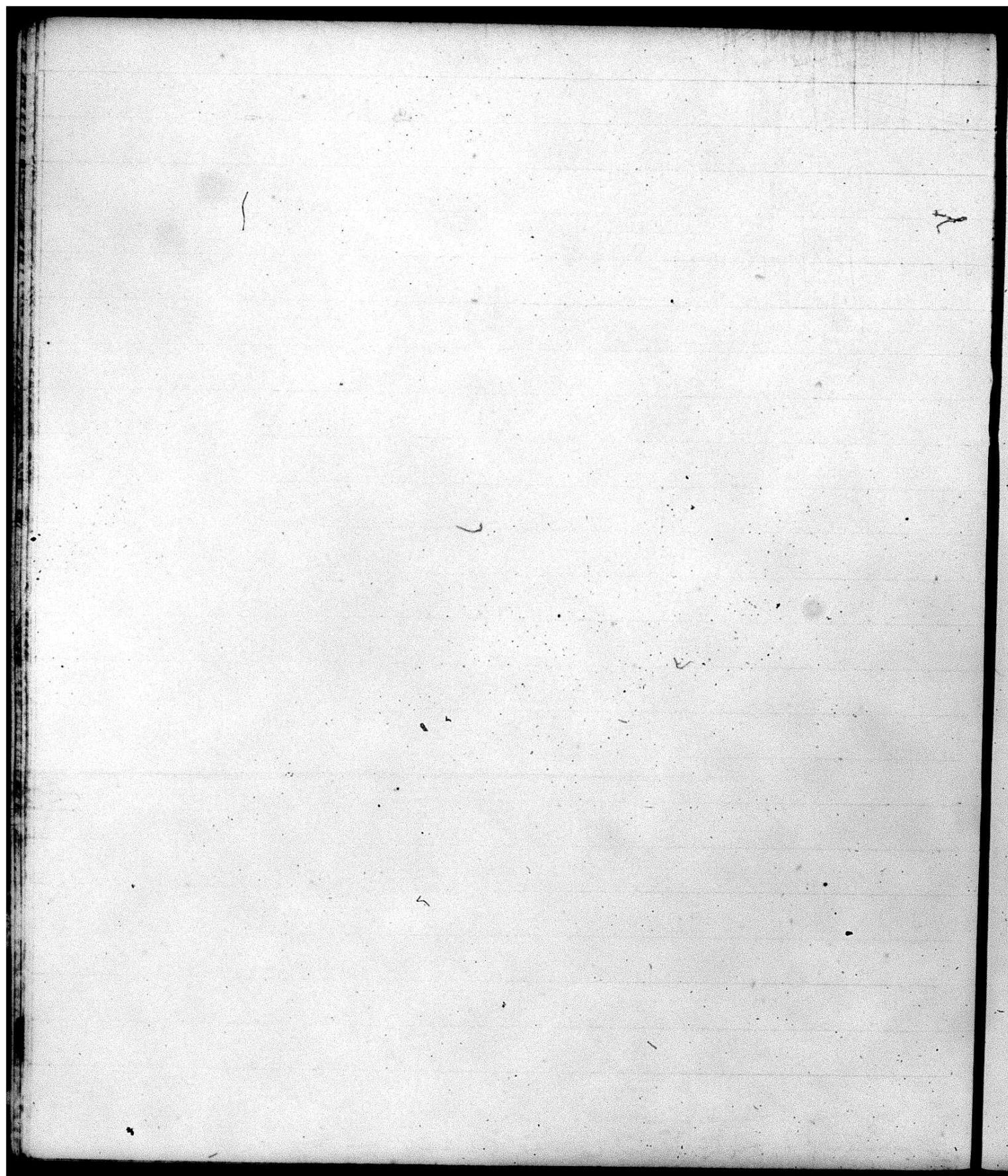
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these dimly-lit ~~also~~ shrines, ceases before the
shaft of the divine instrument starts from
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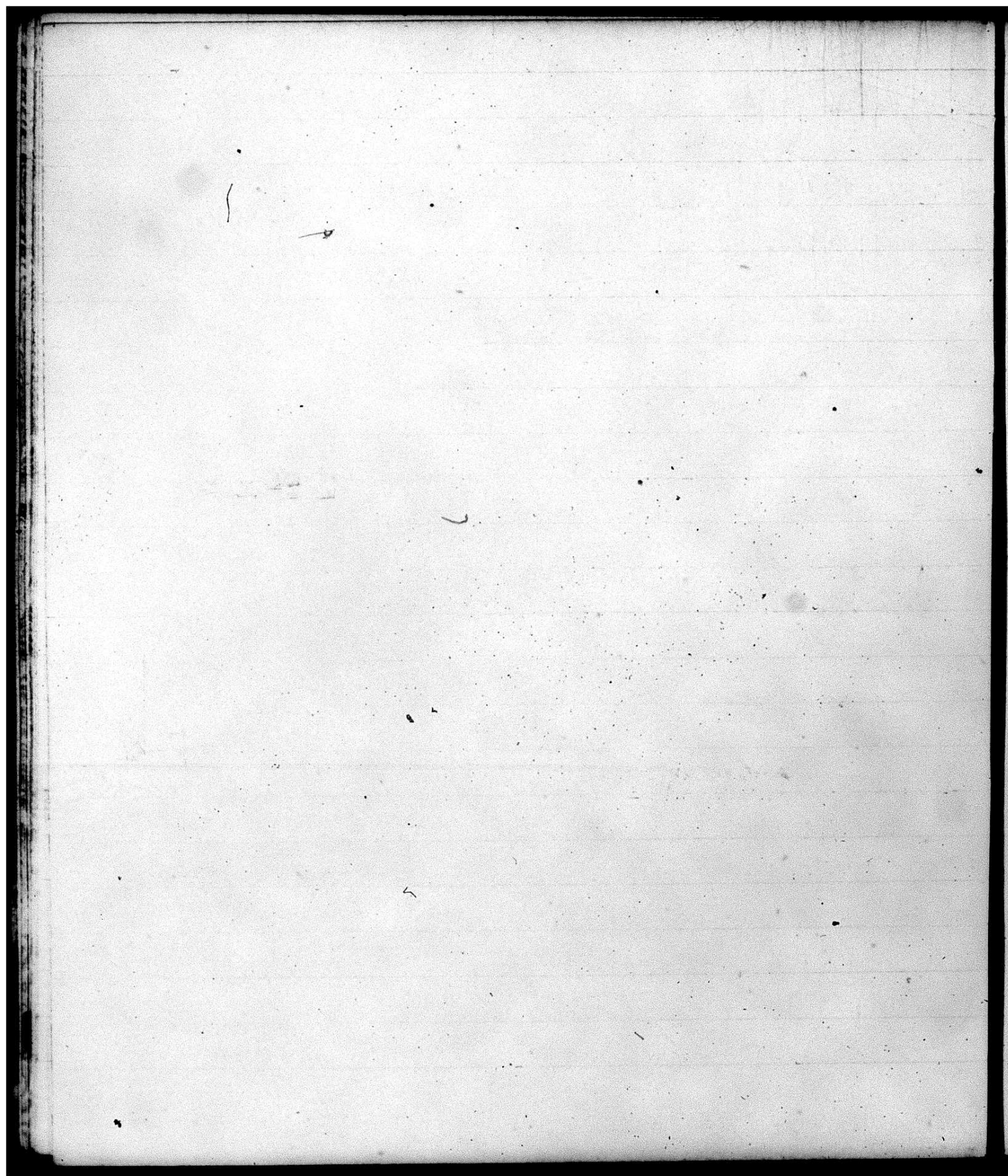
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faces and hands are indescribable, would be so even in good light. at first one distrusts the gap in the gold. at second one gives up criticism and adores. The whole overpowers; nothing else matters. One is in presence of a positive force, making a direct appeal.

The lumber of culture goes overboard.

Fact, elemental fact, reaching beyond all censures, is with ^{and upon} one. There are the coffins of a hundred Tsars, red copper slightly bronzed, each with name and date in high relief, the simplest ornaments in holy Russia. ~~and~~ Above the coffins of the Romanoffs hangs a marvellous golden canopy. ~~and~~ Along one side are mighty hammers, hammers encased in gold. and the sanctuary has St Michael mighty and terrible slaying the serpent; for this is the Church of the Archangel. The floor is purple with porphyry, rough and uneven blocks on which the squares never toiled, but polished by millions of devout feet for centuries.



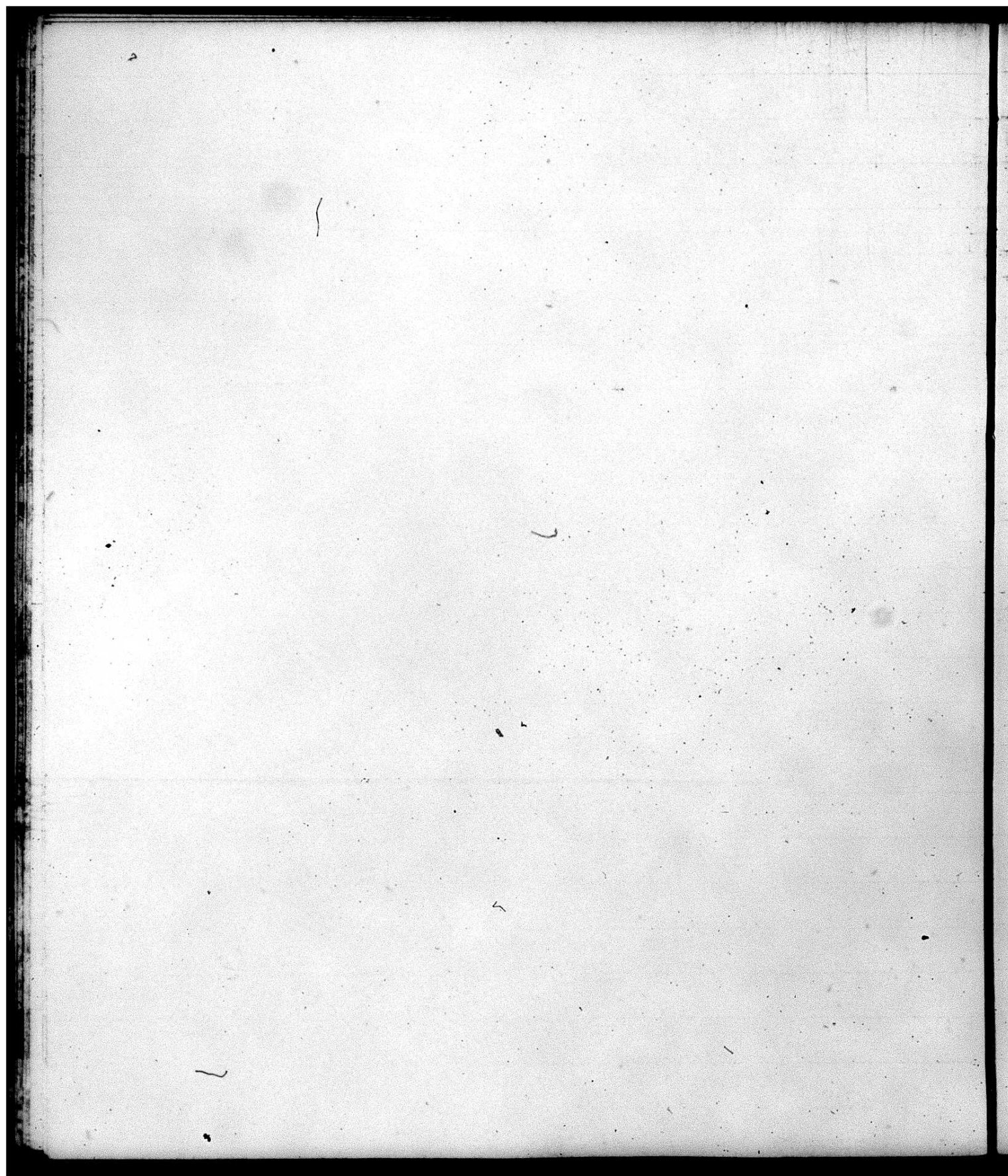
Go into the Church of the Assumption. Here is the ~~Cabote~~ ~~Futurist~~ fresco of Jonah with his adventures from the casting-overboard to the preaching in Nineveh. And he passes from this corridor direct into a dim sanctuary, its pictures, painted with infinite detail, invisible even by the light of a taper - and one acquiesces in the eternal truth that invisibility is no drawback to the appreciation of a picture! Further along, a sombre clerestory holds a ^{vest} reliquary ~~of gold and silver~~ of gold and silver, the cover crucis half drawn to show most-eyed bones of saints; here a hand, there a foot, here again a bone which piety has decorated with gold wires.

And though all move, the incense of many women and some men, prostrating themselves, crossing themselves ceaselessly, kissing the frames of the relics one by one, testifying most notably to the

lucis a non lucendo

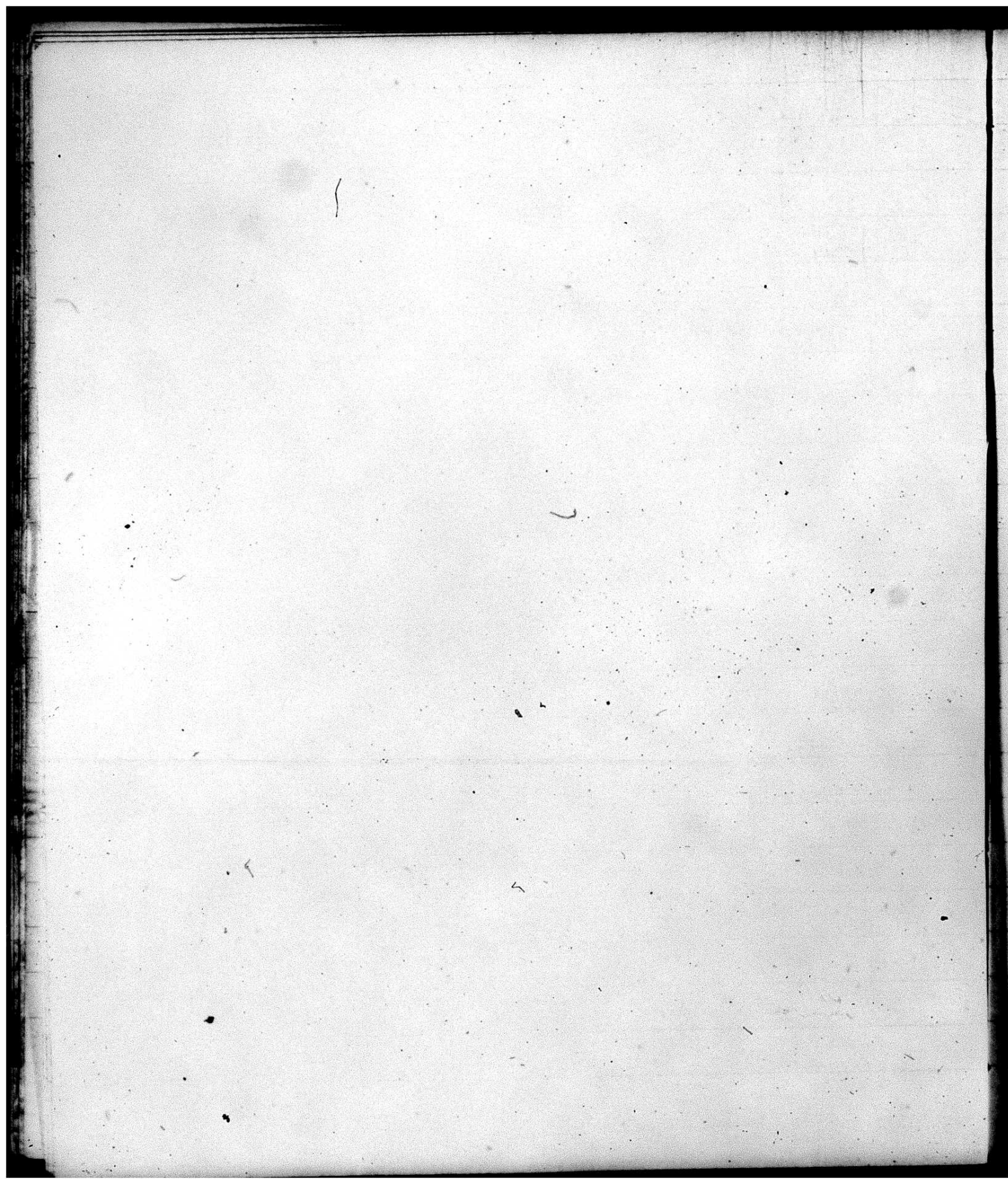
vitality of the faith thus numbed, the
 faith, which, as Eliphas Levi said, has
 not inspired a single eloquence since its
^{Platonic} ~~beginning~~. The popes are the most despised
 of the people; the cult is ~~scornfully~~ scorned
 hand and foot on the winding sheet of a
 formality a hundred times more ostentatious than
 the Roman; and yet it ripples and throbs
 with overwhelming life. Again the authority
 of things is conquered: ^{it is as if} l'usage a non heurte!
 is recognized as an absolute and irreversible
 canon of philology.

The secret is in the Russian ^{himself. He is} the natural
 martyr and saint, the artist in psychology.
 Most people are ^{exquisitely} aware that even the
 commonest Russian regards the sexual act
 as a serious scientific experiment, with
 grave conclusions studying the personal



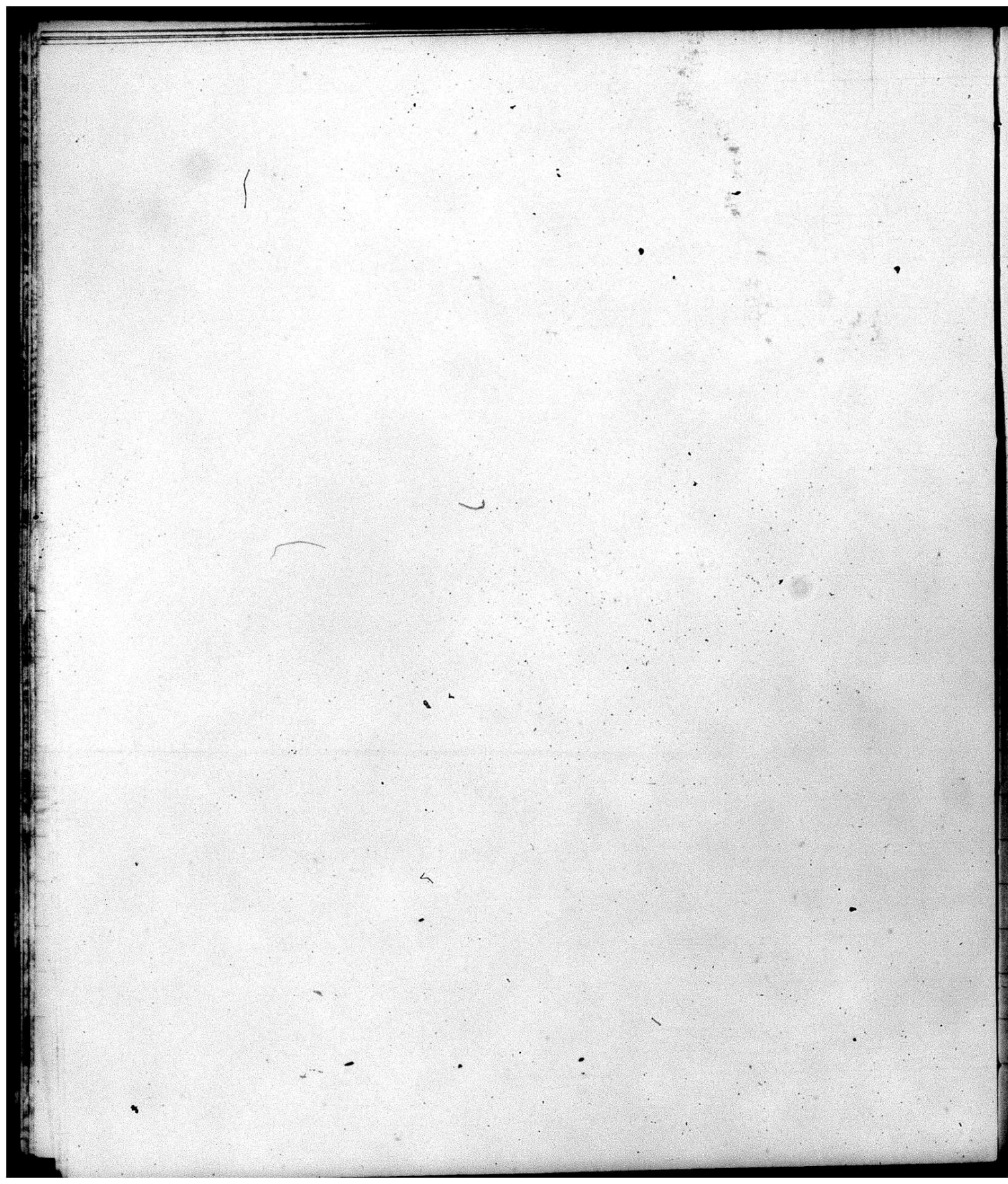
equation in all its details, never admitting
 enthusiasm until the stage directions
 so ordain. This principle is carried ~~out~~ as far
~~further~~ in religion. The people cross
 themselves when they feel like it, prostrate
 themselves by no discernible rule.
 Each man carries out his cult with no
 reference to his neighbors. Each is present
 in order to work himself into religious
 ecstasy. If he succeeds, he has been to church;
 if not, he hasn't.

The Russian understands suffering itself
 as a thing to observe, not to feel. He
 accepts the hardships of his lot as God's
 experiment with man. The means is nothing,
 the end all. Hence the patient longing
 of his dog-like eyes, and the beatitude
 glimmering from his pale cheeks. Hence
 the joy in sorrow and sorrow in joy of
 his whole mental composition. Hence
 his long suffering and his fierceness, his
 tenderness and his lambality. The Great



Mean is realized by the exhaustion of the extremes. It is Chinese Taoist philosophy in practice, and at the same time the antithesis of that plan of achieving everything by doing nothing.

As unproductive as the Russian at prayer is the Russian at debauch. He drinks to get drunk, realising the agony of the limitations of life as much as Buddha, though ^{he} finds sorrow in change, and the other seeks change as the remedy of sorrow. And so all his guilt only amounts to a wish that he were dead, or at least mad; ~~and~~ ^{he} strives to overcome the enemy, life-as-it-is, by entering a realm where its conditions no longer threaten and obsess. His method is childish, to our supercilious eyes, for we have gone through the mill of the Renaissance and a hundred other educational crises, while Russia - with the deadly exception presently to be



noted — has remained 'a spring shut up,
a fountain sealed'. But all our pleasures
have some primitive physiological basis in one
or other of the senses, and the man who
can enjoy a mutton-chop has no need to envy

him who turns from some nauseously
bedevilled kioskshaw. In Russia the
essential elemental thing is always there,
and even the mistakes of its art and life
turn to ^{charm and to prettiness} ~~adornments~~. A savage woman

of twenty is always splendid, though she
blacken her teeth and tattoo her face and
hang her ribs with spout cartridges and
blunt a fork bone through her nose; our
civilization resembles a beg dressed by Piret.

All this of Moscow, the heart of holy Russia,
whose crown is the Kremlin; it does not apply
to Warsaw, with its sordid gangs of Jews
and Roman Catholics, or to Petersburg with
its constantly increasing taint of shame

92 X

1114

1114

Pantheism. Paris at its best is a poor thing, we must be very intimate with artists to escape the commercial gaiety of Montmartre and the lined boulevards, and the general (awfulness of its second-rate monuments. But the worst elements of Russia have

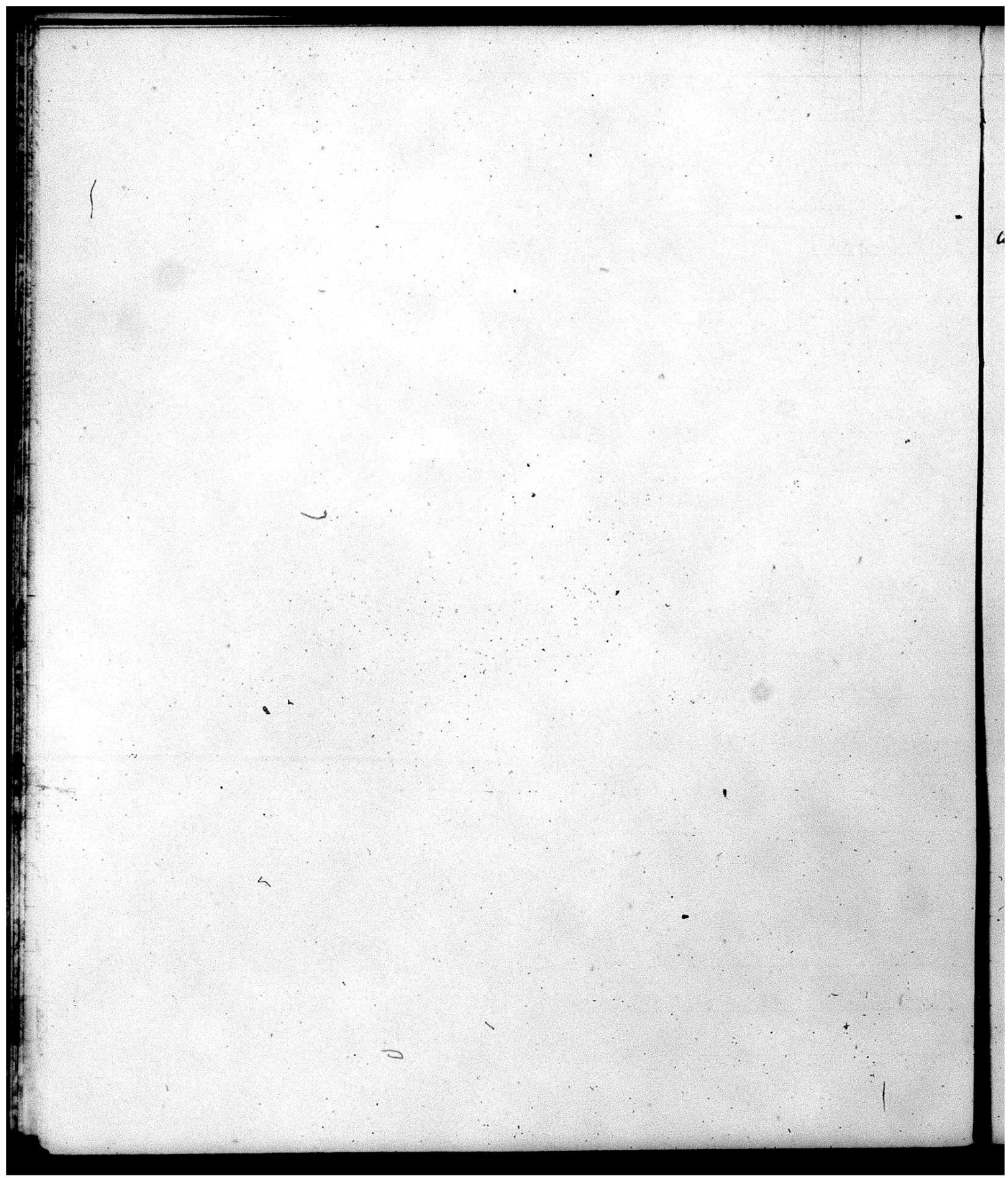
annexed the worst elements of Paris: ^{Paris is the Gipsy that - Gypsies - Russians into France.} Politically, the influence of Rousseau has been deplorable. The 'central social' is as out of place in Asia as frock-coats and lavender trousers on the tawny limbs of the Samurai. Pushtkin, the national poet, is but an echo of Byron. It was at that period that Russia discovered Europe, and it has discovered nothing since. What we most like in Russian literature we should most dislike. One's natural feeling is toward familiar things. It is not the Western garb of Tolstoi that we should admire. His perfectly insane views on poverty & chastity and non-resistance are the truly Russian

these manners still in touch of art.
 Paris often in love with art.

14
its heart is a poor thing,
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of - rule movements;
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Plenets of Paris;
ians into France.
ce of European
what social' is as out
whose manner still on body of just nation
Lutes after in base visit at war.

escape the commercial gaiety of Montmartre
and the lined boulevards, and the gaudy
fashions of its second-rate women.

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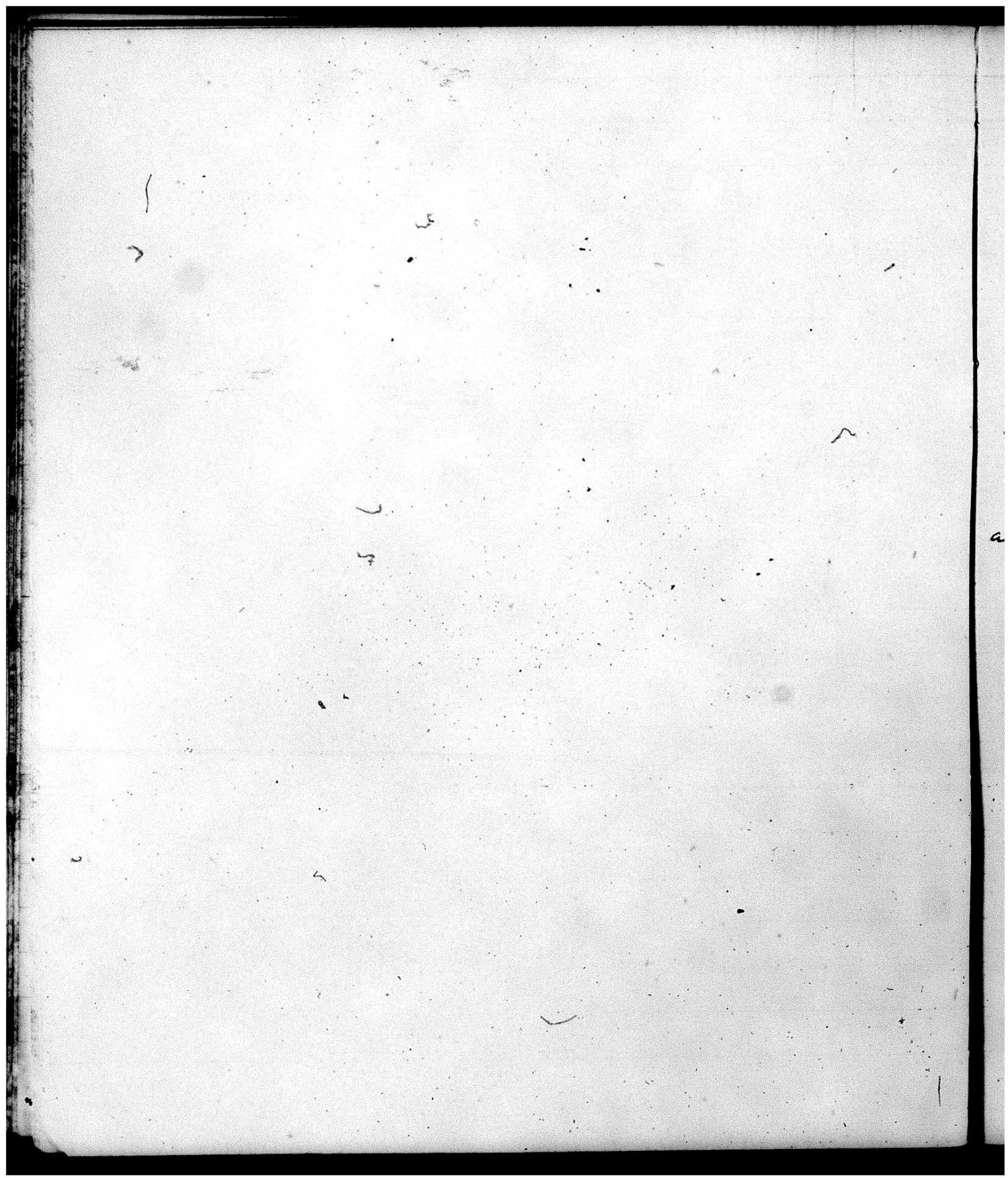


into

utterance. Where those views are tinged by
 rational considerations they become French,
 and his lofty crye for chastity ~~degenerates~~
 a neo-Malthusianism as cruel in its
 theory, as it is disgusting in its practice.
 The ^{and the} Russian says "Let God be true, and
 every man a liar"; ~~be~~ it is the voice
 of his own holy spirit that speaks, and that
 voice cares nothing for conditions. "If thine
 hand offend thee, cut it off" said Christ; and
 immediately Russia produced a sect as
 sullen as the Galli, the shorn priests of
 Cybele, the fellow-martyrs of Aty.
 There is no talk of the 'interests of the
 community', the 'greatest good of the greatest
 number', and the rest of it. Shelley's
 'Masque of Anarchy' anticipated Tolstois
 non-resistance with a plan of campaign
 whose principal tactic was to show
 yourselves to be worn down by artillery
 in order to fraternize with the
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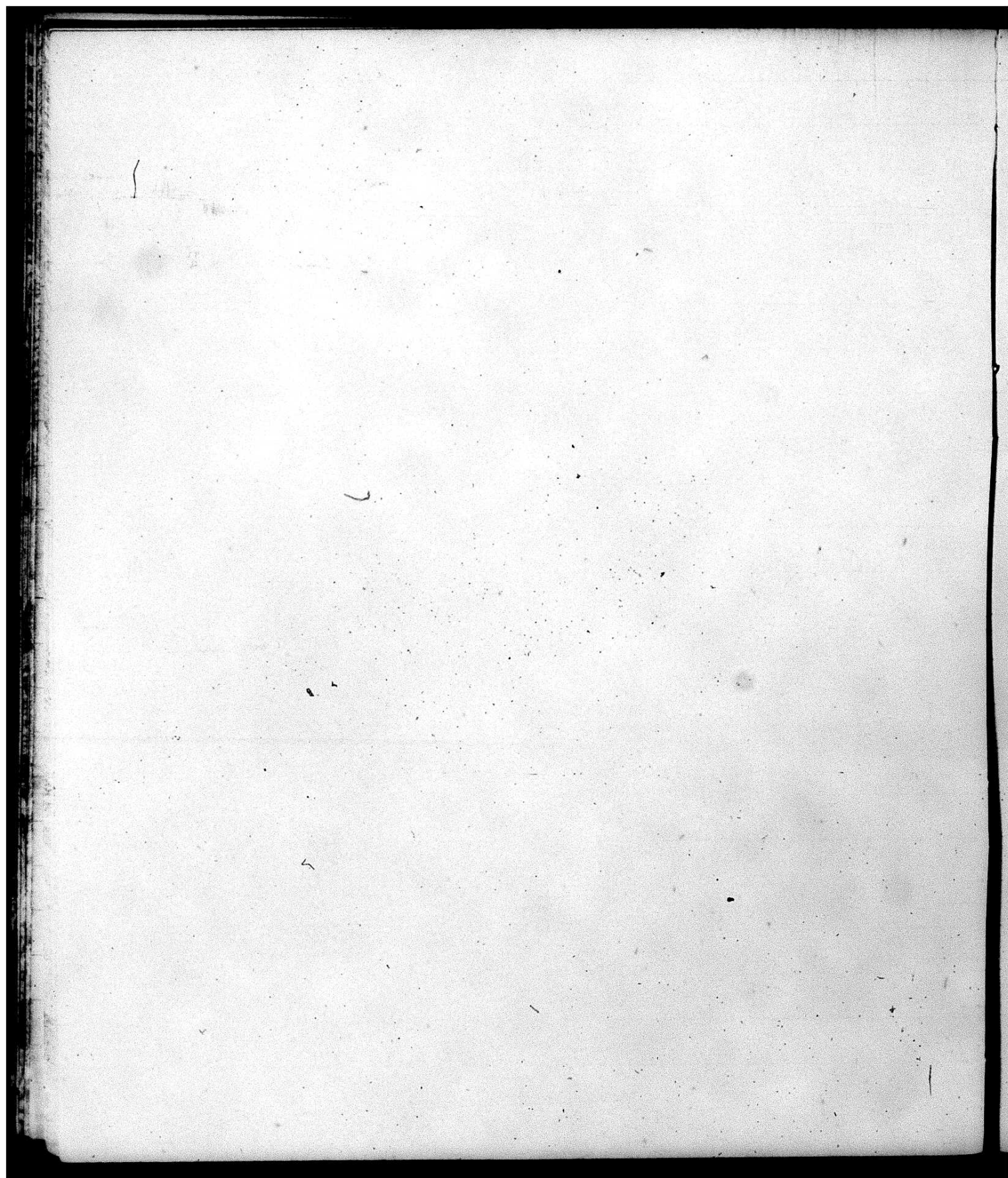
practical plan - in the long run.

Were I not resolved to keep politics out of this paper, I could adduce some singular evidence to this effect.

St. Basil's is unquestionably superior among these monuments. Its liberality (the others is so much more like, its oppositions so much more violent, its violations so absolute, and its unity so achieved, beyond theirs. I saw the Terrible had the eyes of the architect put out, so that he might not make another masterpiece ^{or another}. How curiously ineffectual are words to convey ^{an} impression. Even poetry can only reproduce an impression, and by no means the cause of the impression.

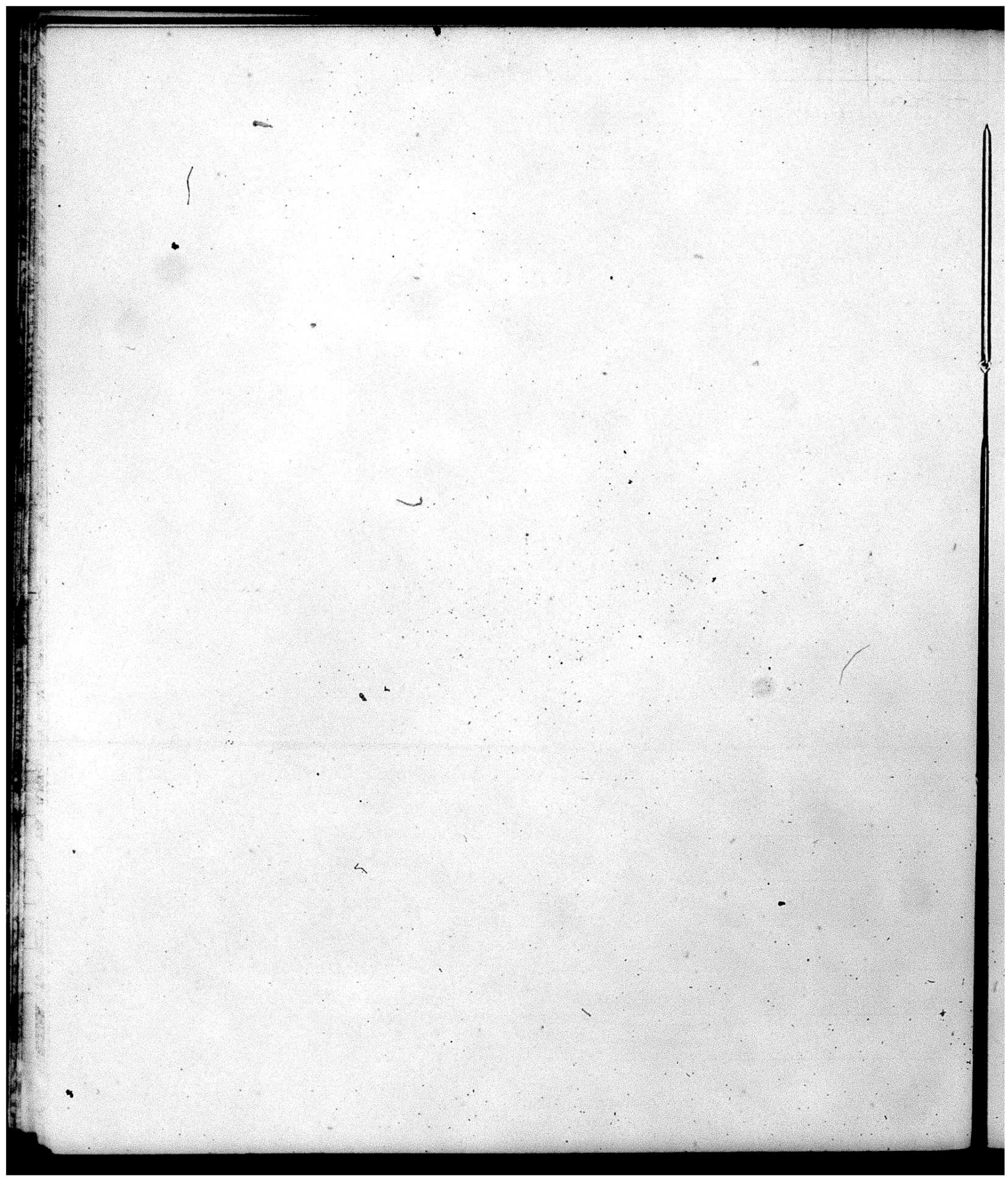
Here is St. Basil's from the front.

On the extreme left, far back, a column on four arches with a windowed spiral; next, a ^{low} grey piallus, the gland of grey stripes & white from a green base round ^{spiked} with red pyramids. Then a lofty piallus the shaft ornate in red & grey, the gland striped ^{with} orange and green in spirals; ^{under} next it nestles another piallus, its gland covered with ^{flat} diamonds of red and green



Then another, lofty, with straight stripes of Red & green. Now comes the main spire, shaped rather like a wine-bottle, fretted with myriad false arches, adorned in red, green, and Naples yellow. Its gland is gold. Then a grey sheath ~~leads to~~ supports a gland bellied with green, yellow diamond pyramids filling the spaces. Last comes a high ~~lofty~~ lingam decorated with false arches, its gland of red and green pyramids set spiral. At the foot is a grey covered balcony and admission is gained by a quasi-Chinese causeway whose spires are covered with green-grey scales, ribbed with red, white, and green. The whole is further ornamented ^{chiefly} with bars of red, white, yellow, orange, and green in various combinations, and the flat spaces with painted flowers in pots executed in a style somewhat recalling certain phases of post-impressionism. So effective is it to obscure ^{the mechanism of materials!}

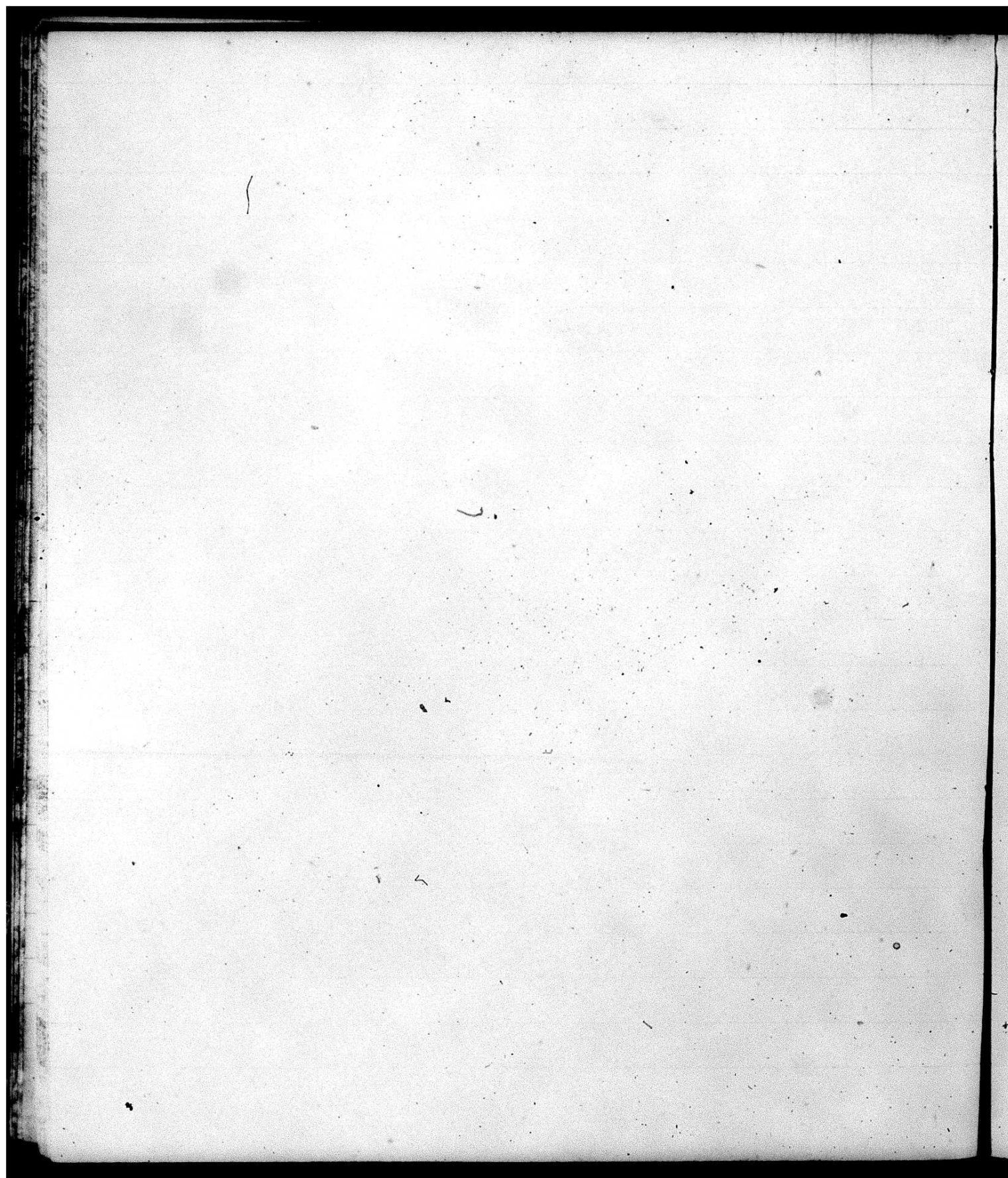
Here is the northern aspect. As one walks round it, ~~the~~ new towers spring into view, always fantastically varied, yet never permitting the impression of the whole to alter by a jot.



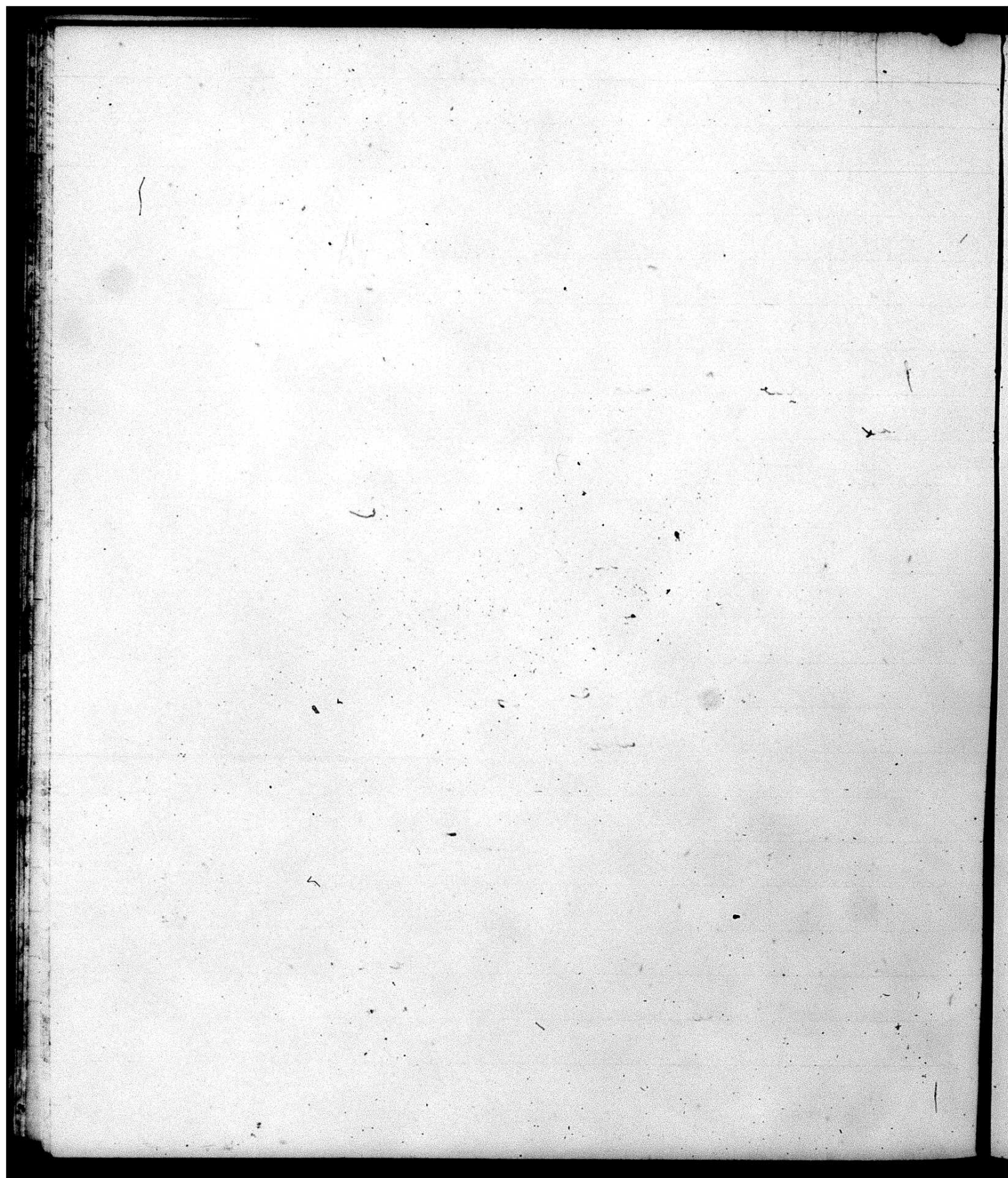
The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; and
 get in Him is neither variableness nor shadow of
 turning.

III.

The Moskva by night has a curious likeness to the
 Thames; and St. Saviour's takes on the aspect of
 St Paul's. For a second the illusion is complete;
 then one turns back to the marvellous prospect of
 the Kremlin, and is again in Asia. One
 passes into the enchanted garden of Alexander
 Pushkin, with its ruins of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{old} walls now
 half hidden by usurping vegetation, always
 beneath the maculations of crimson, crowned
 by the mighty palace of the Tsar. Moscow has
 virtue to bellow modernity. The guide-book
 informs us that such and such was rebuilt
 in 18 hundred & something; one is as unmoved
 in admiration as when one learns that the
 gargyles of Notre Dame are Early Victorian.
 It merely intensifies one's admiration for Early
 Victoria.



That in these gardens monsters play is only ~~the~~
in keeping. No Pyan dream of centaur, nymph,
hemaphysdite, faun, hemidryad, exceeds
the soul that leaps in Russian eyes. Who has
the key of the garden of Pain? He will find it
more useful in Moscow than even in London,
where the ~~quitting~~ constant wear of the news-
~~the~~ - London the City of Interruptions - denies
all who would remain themselves to explore
strange being down where themselves are lost.
With a telephone at one's elbow, one is obliged
to ~~use~~ fill a minute with the noise of a month.
Unnecessary task for Moscow, where the minutes
are with months, by their own right divine.
What is bred in the West is bliss in the
East. It is the elemental forces of Nature that
nurture our hearts. London's comedy and tragedy
is so glazed over by hypocrisy that London feeds
on lies. In Moscow one is cast out by faced by
facts. The troughs of sulphuric acid between the
double windows, without which one could
know no daylight in winter, are undeniable.

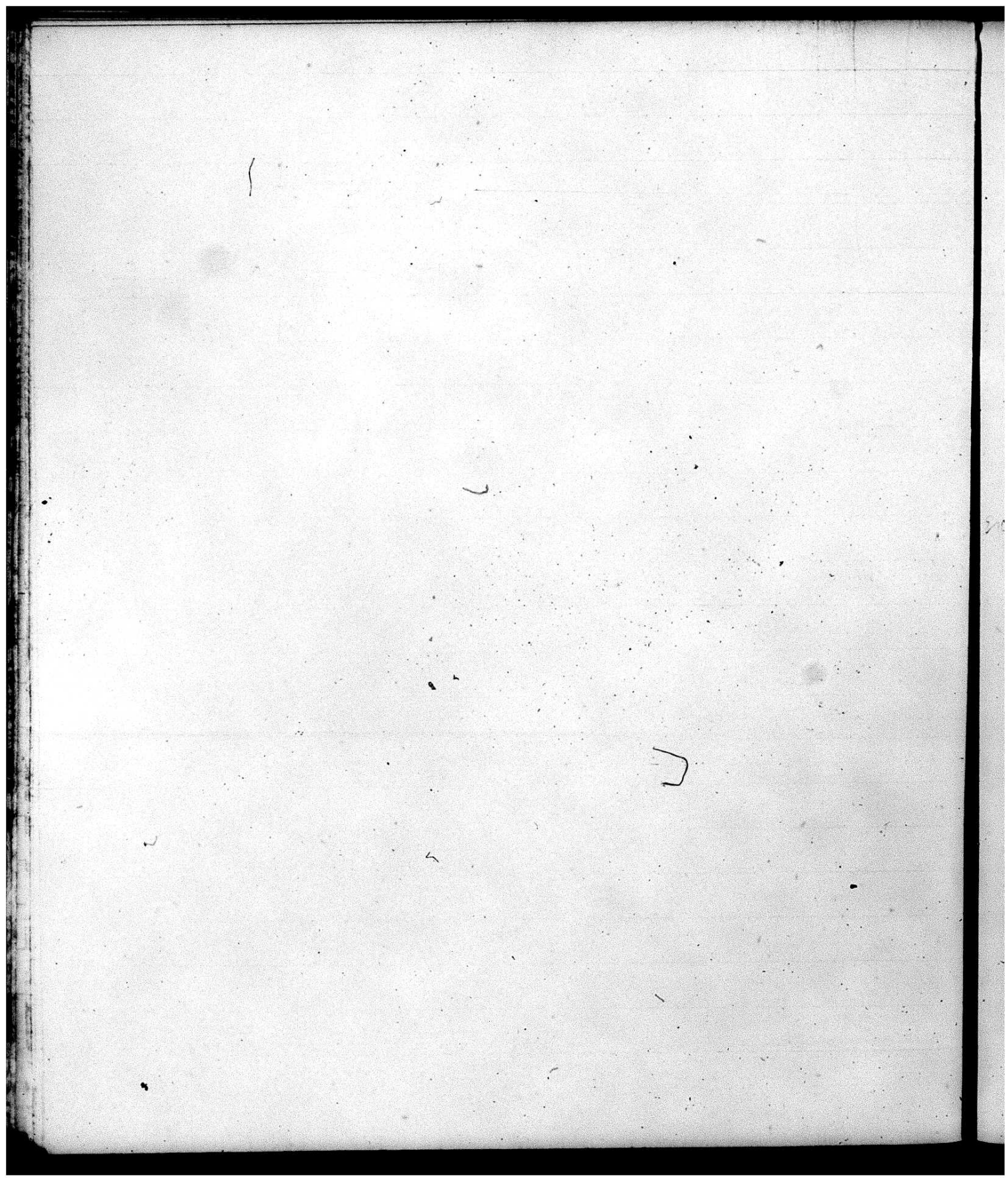


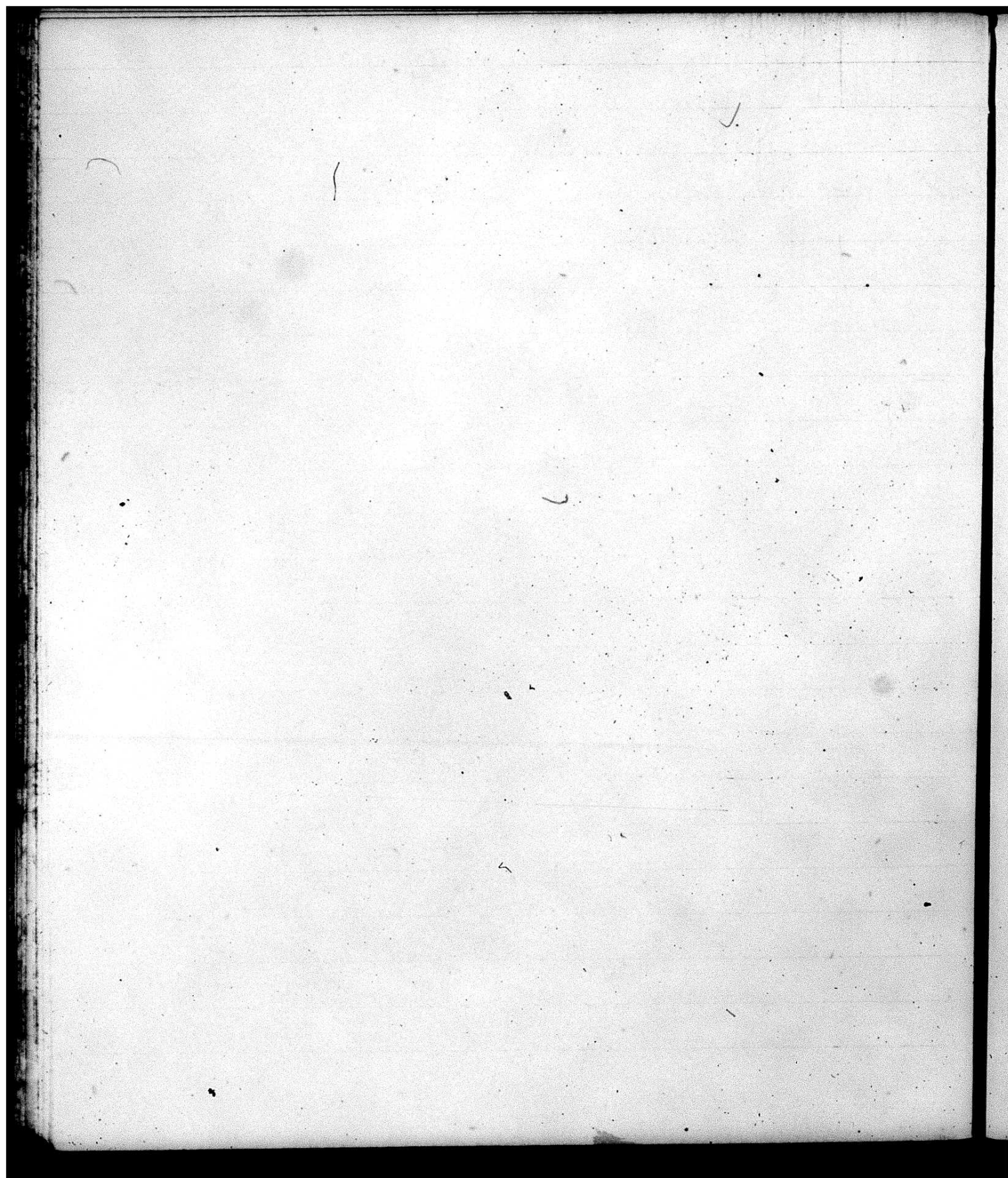
In Nice the hotel porter can (and does) telegraph to the papers that his thermometer is 21° when there is snow on the ground and a blizzard blowing. It is this annual frustration of snow that keeps the heart of Moscow pure, even as India is purged by heat and rain. Where Nature always smiles degeneracy soon sets in. Countries not purified by calamity must be washed in blood. This is the merciful and terrible law, and this is the law under which wild beasts proud unchained in the Garden of the Third Alexander. None who accept the law of their own being are free within the limits of their destiny: - Ovis bore the crook and scum; the Russian has his trances and his ~~delus~~ vices - and the knout. I wish I were sure that the Russian - not only his artist - were as sure as I am that the two are but phases of a unity which would have no phases but for an inexplicable optical illusion! However, the artist ~~transit~~ & the peasant lives it; that must suffice.

Mercury mines

21.

Russia is always in extremes: the Café Concert
at the aquaria and the finest ballet in the world
on the one hand - the mercury mines on the
other. The Tsar on the one hand - the greatest
personal freedom in Europe on the other. An
Edict in Act would drown Russia in blood:
• Duma is an anachronism. The result is
a life simple and moderate, perfectly policed
and admirably free. When all is said and done,
the only crime is to conspire against a rule
which ensures this freedom. The ^{ethics} politics of
Russia ^{is} not to be judged by the convicted
Suebi-^{rule}Therists who come to England and pose
as political martyrs, or the ^{women} ~~flower~~ who,
after being licensed prostitutes for 15 years in
Warsaw, arrive in London with a tale of
a virgine flétrie and a riched govern-
ment. Russia is ^{pre-}eminently sane,
as England is hysterical. A Press censor
saves me (at least) from the excesses of the
Press. In England to-day it is impossible
to discover from the newspapers whether a



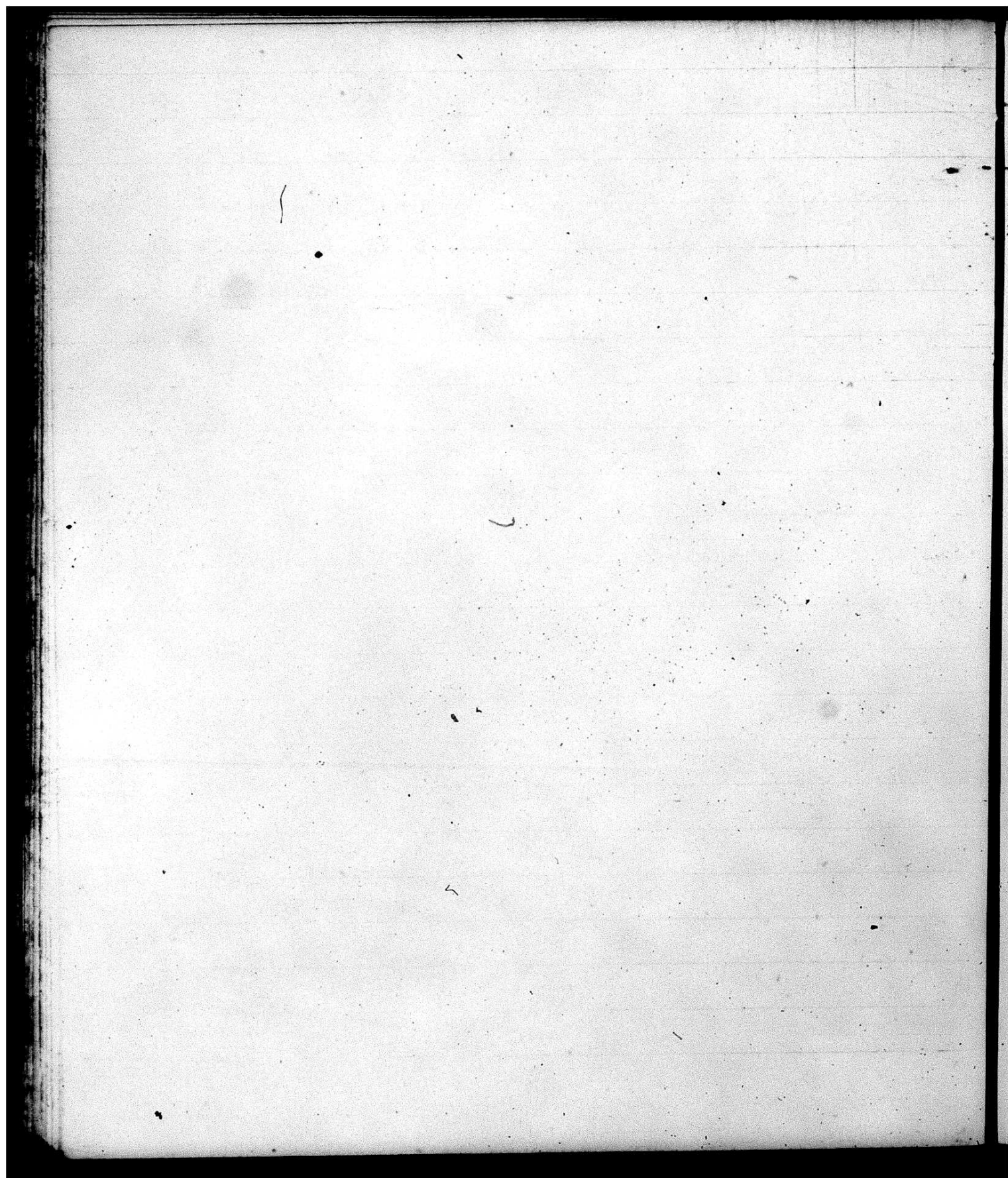


British Empire is the hysterical creation of
 a few Jingo newspapers. England without a
 navy can be starved in three weeks: Russia
 only overpowered merely staves her invaders. General
 Suvorov and General Férrier are better
 strategists than my lords Roberts & Kitchener.
 Russia has in her own right all the things that are
 wanted. The 'Vin exceptionnel de Georgie' which
 I drank to-night would be hard to match in French
 vintages, and it only costs ten shillings a bottle even
 at this den of thieves where I sup and write. If
 you insist on all your wine coming straight from Paris
 it is expensive to live; I find the local products,
 from hors d'oeuvres to that kind which neither
 tarts nor spins, incomparably finer. The
 Christmas strawberry at the Savoy is not equal
 to those that you pick wild in June. The
 opposite content in is one of those superstitious
 that oppress the newly rich, and make their
 lives a burden fiercer than Solomon's grasshopper.
 All life ultimately reposes on spiritual truths,
 not on material illusions. If a man is a



physician at forty, he knows by experience the simple truth of poets like Wordsworth, Burns, and Francis Thomson. A friend of mine has recently had his ~~small~~^{moderate} income multiplied by five. The other day he said to me "Till now I never knew what it was to be poor." The poor remain happy in their hope; if they were only rich — The rich have lost that illusion; they know riches are valueless, and they despair of life. A girl friend of mine lived for three years happily on a pound a week or less; she has come into a thousand a year, and "never has a penny to bless herself with." She even contemplates an expedient as ancient as it is unsatisfactory to she out the exigency of her indigence.

Ruin is where the Russian scores; he steals ravenously, and flings away the spoils. He never attaches any value to money, or regards it as a standard of value worth. But he is a good deal influenced something, even sentship, a strategy, or pre-eminence in vice have value; but riches are left to the Jew. The Russian is the



only rival of the Turkman as the antithesis of all that Weinger implies by the Jew - which term, by the way, has an extension quite different from that of the ~~mass~~ ^{Hebrew} race. To say so much is not to take sides in a controversy or even to admit that controversy as legitimate; as a logician, I deny that either of the contradictories A and a necessarily fall into either of the classes B and b.

In Russia I go further, and assert the identity of A and a. It is the secret of the estrangement of strength and weakness which is, eternally, whispered between the steppes and the sky.

IV.

It is not often that Nature condescends to make a pun; here She has done so, by the constant reminder of the astounding likeness between Moscow and Mexico (D.F.) There is the same 'sudden unfamiliarity'; for example, between the Kremlin and St Basil's there is a path which has known no workman's toil. There are here also the terrific rains which make houses stand knee-deep in water. I once saw a man thigh-deep in the ~~Pink~~ ^{Pink} ~~water~~ ^{water} next to the Hermitage Restaurant - the best in Moscow - baling for his life.

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smoke in the street, and that both sexes refuse to
submit to the inconvenience of waiting when they are in a
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the same great open circles, with low crude houses, ~~and stalls here and there~~, animals in unexpected places, a general air of mānawa, occasional Chinese, odd dumbbards reeling about in open daylight, ^{electric} cable trams of surprising excellence running through roads paved with cobbles of desolating irregularity. Even minute details occur; for example, the bedrooms in my corridor run 109, 103, 108, ^{107, 106, 101}. The gardens and boulevards suggest an Alameda rather than the Paris which they were probably intended to imitate, and the behavior of the people who adorn them goes to complete the likeness. The suburbs confirm the diagnosis with their wooden huts and their refreshment shanties, their fields unenclosed, their ribbon parks and fashionable hotels whose approach would not be tolerated in the most primitive districts anywhere else.

and as I make these observations on the road to Sparrow Hills, my friend remarks (luz sponte) that it is exactly like the

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VII Sambov 48 - Hist

VIII see Répines

IX Ostroshkov 58 - La pie

Léviton 61-00 Landsc.

Léov 65 - Porte

X ?

IX?X ? Doboushovi 59 - Landsc

20. Kúchankó 57-95 Hist.

21. Svetoslavsky 57 - Spring.

Kessetkine 59 - Miner.

22. Bronzov Landsc

19. Polanov 44 - Landsc & relig.

Antocholsky from the T. Kable

18. Silvanity Hist

17. Ivanoff Studies

Antocholsky Christ Martyr

16. Melchovsky Dⁿ walking room etc

15. 14. Verechtshyne

12. 13. }

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Except for the quality of the rain, there is no striking resemblance

back-blocks in Northern Australia!

and this in 56° North! Whence comes this constant suggestion of the tropics? To me this is an unsolved puzzle, an isolated fact which I can connect with no other item of my mind, much less subordinate to any general principle. But it is so strong and so remarkable that it must be set down in the record.

The very in sketchy

V.

Pale green as the sea in certain seasons, with all of its translucence, are the thin spires and the dome of the Iberian Gate, whose facade is of the colour of a young fawn, and whose windows are dappled white. Beneath each tower is a passage, and between them nestles the Chapel of the Virgin of Iberia, the holiest shrine of Russia. Most sacred is the image of the Virgin, a copy of that of the Iberian monastery of Mount Athos, a copy made according to the rules of ceremonial magic, amid fasts and prayers and conjurations.

Sillets

- Losenko 37-73 Studio
 Borovikovski 1757-22 Portr
 Tropinine 1776-57 Part
 Vipsensky 1783-36 "
 Chichevnie 1791-30 Lands
 Tchemetsov 4-79 Pushkin &
 Flavit, sky 30-66 Collier (Humboldt)
 Klodt (Barn) ^{A-K} 32-02 Sunset
 Pankinow 32-90 Elephant & nightingale
 III Priamichukhow 40-94
 Klodt (Barn M-P)
 Suedovskiy 49 - Medusa
 Tchitchow 32 - Amer (Hain)
 IV Maschinow 44 Bay at wedding
 Aivazovskiy 17-00 Blk Sea, Emory at night
 Klever 50 - No Forest
 Chudich Maschinow 35 Forest
 Krinzi 42 - Landscapes
 V Vasilief Landsc
 VI Korshukhin 35-94 Reflection
 Kurochenko 46-98
 Pohlinstov Landsc 50 -

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It was presented solemnly in 1648 to the Tsar Alexis Mikhaïlovitch by the archimandrite Pochoums. ~~and his fellows~~ The cheek of the Virgin bears yet the mark of the knife thrust of an iconoclastic Tartar.

The chapel is crowded with many other icons, and the ragged-devout. Also, as Baedeker cynically remarks, *se méfiez des pickpockets.* (It is delightful to find Baedeker among the prophets!)

But while the anterior is like all Russian shrines, an avalanche of gold, the exterior is a noble canopy of ^{vivid} that blue-violet which nature only produces by way of the laboratory, ^{and crowned with a golden angel.} studded with gold. Framed between the crimson brick of the Duma on ~~one~~ side the East and the History Museum on the West, it is a spectacle of unwearying beauty.

To me it is evident that devotion and admiration leaves their object admirable. I believe that the appreciative eye can distinguish between two similar objects - one of which has been worshipped, and the other not. I believe that the human

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Veichtchajine 42-05 Russian
 Pérov 33-82 (Titans)
 Chichine 31-98 } (uncl.)
 Poliénow 44- }
 Kramskoi 37-87 } (Tolstoi 73)
 Répin 44- } works
 Mahowsky 46- } genre
 Tchermessow 1737-65 } Coll II
 Scholow 1791-47 } Portraits
 Brüllow
 Bruni 00-75 } Selbstbildnis
 Ivanow 06-58 } youth lying down
 Libédaw 12-37
 Telotow 16-52 } Portr
 Gay 31-94 } Last Supper
 Schwalby } Historical
 Wassnetzow } Menns! 48-
 Wassilief } Boat on Black Sea

Lavroschenky P⁴

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(almost believe that the Tower of the Savonar
is the most beautiful in the Kremlin partly
because for two and a half centuries no
man has dared to pass beneath it without
his head ^{un} covered and that St. Nicholas of
Mojaisk really protected his image from the
attempt of the French to blow up his gate
with gunpowder. all such petty miracles
are credible enough in face of the more
great and undeniable miracle of the
existence of so much beauty upon earth.

VI.

Educator spoils the Russian as it spoils
everybody. The Tretyakoff gallery is
sufficient evidence. There appears no true
original strain of Russian art. The whole
gallery is so imitative that every picture in
it might have been painted by Gerald Kelly.
and unfortunately there are only one or two
who mimic any thing so high as Reynolds or

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Sansbury; the principal influences are rather those of Frith, Luke Fildes, and others of the sentimental photography school. The pictures of Péroff, Mahovsky, Kramskoi, and Gay and Repine, are oleographs more oleographic than all previous oleographs. Verestchagin has been well called 'the despair of photographers'; he had astonishingly normal perception, and a facility of draughtsmanship and colour which implies a mastery in which nothing was lacking but individuality. He fills some ~~pages~~ ²³⁵ of the catalogue with oil paintings, many of them conceived on the most generous scale.

The man must have had a far greater capacity for painting than I have for looking at his pictures. A mosque door, life-size, with the minute carvings reproduced so that the texts are as legible as the original, figures again and again in these vast canvases. The painter never seems to have grasped the ~~first~~ fundamentals of painting. In this gallery the fact that representation of nature has

x Paris has become the sole centre of art, and so
destroyed all national characteristics. I
noticed exactly the same tendencies in the
gallery at Stockholm

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no connection with art is drawn home, and one almost begins to sympathize with the Futurist manifesto.

The only insight beyond that of Bonnat, Brogniasson, Carlier-Daran, and their bovine kind is shown by Shishkin, Sakhovsky, Perovskine, Pestchery, Dubrovsky, Nesteroff, and Kundry, until we come to recent years, when the accessibility of Paris has given an entirely new direction to Russian art, and the Latin quarter has warned Russian students that they must be original. The slavish imitation that marked all 19th century work, even more than 18th century, is gone, and the future appears more hopeful than that of art in any other country.

But the past must be closed; the Tretyakoff gallery is only 'an average Academy', except for the room which is consecrated to foreign art, and holds the best Goya and the best Van Eyck, and the best Toulouze-Lautrec that one is likely to see between Vladivostok and the studio of Rodin in the Rue du Cherche-Midi - where it is always Quatorze Heures!

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But of all these matters it is idle and unpertinent to write. Analysis shows King Lear to be a jumble of ²⁶ very (compromised) letters, repeated without any regard to symmetry or any other rule for assembling the same. This appalling café-concert (where of the 30 items barely three are tolerable) does not hinder my appreciation of the ~~Shashlik~~ ^{SHASHLIK} which my bold Caucasian in his brown rough robe with the silver ~~furniture~~ ^{furniture} will presently bring me on a shewer. The concert comes to an end; the banality of bad orchestra, bad singing and bad dancing of bad women, is audible through the clutter of innumerable forks and plates and tongues in jaws, is dead before it is alive; this is not Moscow, or even an impression of it. The lady in black silk ^(in my sight) with 'sapphire' oblongs about $2\frac{1}{4}'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$ in her ears reminds me delightfully of the cold sucking-pig of the Shviansky Bazar. Life cancels life; death is the only positive, perhaps because it has the air of being the only negative. Moscow is the bezel of a pro-ming; about it

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is only the gold and silver of the stars and of the steppes, a ring whose equation is the incommensurable.

I can take ship in my imagination, and arrive at newellous heavens; I can conjure monsters from the deep of mind; nothing so strange and so real has found the bow of the sunrise in its russet silken sails, or hailed my bark from the far shore of Oceanus or Plegethon. Chimera, Medusa, Erichonia, and those others that we dare not name; is it you or your incarnations that come, in cubus and succubus, unshaded into the dream which we call Moscow? Why is the essential of the unsubstantial fixed in stone, the land of utopian fairy paved with cobblestones, the grossest vices transfigured with a film of moonlight, the blood of unnameable crimes become of equal virtue with the blood of martyrs? Why is the face in the ikon so dark, if not for the face of Ioan the Terrible as he gazes sneering on the face of his own son, struck down by his own hand? Blood on the snow, and stabbright on the cupolas! The Stetitzes headless before St. Basil's, and

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July

The sun setting, ablaye those pinnacles of best
 erect! The city washed in fire, and the conqueror
 of Europe flying before his army from the
~~palace~~ ^{palace-guest} of Field-Marshal Boreas! Heroin
 and murder hand in hand, devotion and
 treachery mingling justice ^{horses} under the
 walls of the Kremlin! What ghosts lurk in
 the shadows of the garden of Pan feet
 playmates in those of the garden of Alexander
 III. All this is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent
 as that East Name itself; all this is prophetic
 eternally and infallibly as I step from the
^{of this} famous concert-hall to the garden, where
^{columns, crescents,}
^{flags, trees, and fountains} are alike ablaye
 with ultra-violet, the miracle of summer
 dawn in Moscow.

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—unearthly as only one other sight that
 I have seen, the ^{other} ~~other~~ ^{horses} eclipse—

Klester
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July 25 Osters
 1913.

to master of Field-Marshal Boreas! Heroin
and murder hand in hand, devotion and
treachery mingling fratricidal fires under the
walls of the Kremlin! What ghosts lurk in
the shadows of the garden of Pan's
playmates in those of the garden of Alexander

III. All this is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent
as that Great Name itself; all this is prophesied
sternly and infallibly as I step from the
this famous concert-hall to the garden, where
columns, crescents,
flags, trees, and fountains are alike ablaze
with ultra-violet, the miracle of summer
dawn in Moscow.

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- unearthy as only the other sight that
I have seen, the abhorrence of eclipse -

Alister
Waley

July 25 1917

The sun setting aboye those pinnacles of lust
 erect! The city washed in fire, and the conqueror
 of Europe flying before his army from the
~~Vladimir-gardens~~ ~~blunder~~ of Field-Marshal Boreas! Heroin
 and murder hand in hand, desertion and
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 walls of the Kremlin! What ghosts lurk in
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III. all this is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent
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^{gais} ~~fatuus~~ concert-hall to the garden, where
~~columns, crescents,~~
 fays, trees, and fountains are white aboye
 with ultra-violet, the miracle of summer
 dawn in Moscow.

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- uncausally as only we then say that
 I have seen, the other ~~houses~~ ~~of~~ ~~eclipse~~ -

Alister Crowley

July 25 Oantus
 1913.