

Cathedral of Christ the Redeemer (or Christ the Saviour)—Moscow

When the last of Napoleon's soldiers left Moscow on December 25, 1812, Czar Alexander I signed a manifesto, declaring his intention to build a Cathedral in honor of Christ the Savior "to signify Our gratitude to Divine Providence for saving Russia from the doom that overshadowed Her" and as a memorial to the sacrifices of the Russian people. In 1837 a site was chosen by the Czar. A convent and church on the site had to be relocated, so that the cornerstone was not laid until 1839. The Cathedral took years to build and didn't emerge from its scaffolding until 1860; elaborate frescos continued in the interior for another twenty years. The Cathedral was consecrated at the very day Alexander III was crowned, May 26, 1883. Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" was debuted in the Cathedral in 1882. After the Revolution, the prominent site of the Cathedral called out for redevelopment by the Soviets, who planned to replace this monument to Czarist religion and 'outdated' religious sentiment with a Palace of the Soviets. On December 5, 1931, in the depths of the worldwide economic depression, the Cathedral of Christ the Savior was dynamited and reduced to rubble. Funds for the largest building in the world remained unavailable. Finally Nikita Khrushchev transformed into a huge public swimming pool. With the end of the Soviet regime, the Russian Orthodox Church lost no time in requesting permission to rebuild the Cathedral of Christ the Savior, in February 1990, foundations began to be poured in the fall of 1994. The lower church (Church of the Transfiguration) was consecrated in 1996, and the completed Cathedral of Christ the Savior was consecrated August 19, 2000.



SEA PICTURES, Op.37

Sea Slumber-Song

Sea-birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;

"I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild!

Isled in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes and wails and sins,

Ocean's shadowy might,
Breathes good-night,
Good-night!"

(Roden Noel)

In Haven (Capri)

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
"Joy, sea-swept, may fade today;
Love alone will stay".

(C. Alice Elgar)

Sabbath Morning at Sea

The ship went on with solemn face:
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day,
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

And though this sabbath comes to me
Without the stoled minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's Spirit shall give comfort. He
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire,
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning.

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

Where Corals Lie

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and steed, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the lands where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.

(Richard Garnett)

The Swimmer

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid
To southward far as the sight can roam,
Only the swirl of the surges livid,
The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
And the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,
Waifs wrecked seaward and wasted shoreward,
On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,
And shores trod seldom by feet of men —
Where the batter'd hull and the broken mast lie,
They have lain embedded these long years ten.
Love! when we wandered here together,
Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,
God surely loved us a little then.

The skies were fairer and shores were firmer —
The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd;
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
Sheen of silver and glamour of gold.

So, girt with tempest and wing'd with thunder
And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,
And strong winds treading the swift waves under
The flying rollers with frothy feet.

One gleam like a bloodshot sword-blade swims on
The sky-line, staining the green gulf crimson,
A death-stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun
That strikes through his stormy winding sheet.

O brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
In your hollow backs, on your high-arched manes.
I would ride as never a man has ridden
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden;
To gulfs foreshadow'd through strifes forbidden,
Where no light wearies and no love wanes.

(A. Lindsay Gordon)

Michael Puri

Involuntary Memory (7) - Proust

- stream of consciousness. ("automaton" - 8)
- epilogue → "a plaything of involuntary memory" (9)
- "recreates mental structures + processes" (15)

Activated by fingers/body/physicality (muscle-memory) (8)
 (is this what Cioran had in mind?)
 On Elis. Le Guin, Bachelard's Body?

Memory as Dialectic of Past + Present (12, 15)
 doubleness of memory -

Mostly, the analysis sets out to demonstrate this dialectic

Present (recurring ^{"melancholic subjectivity"} melancholy idea at beginning of each phrase)
 engages w/ fragments of the past via associations
 "loss of a desirable past" (16)

Was analysis of this sort necessary?

Circularity (rotation) of 5 phrases

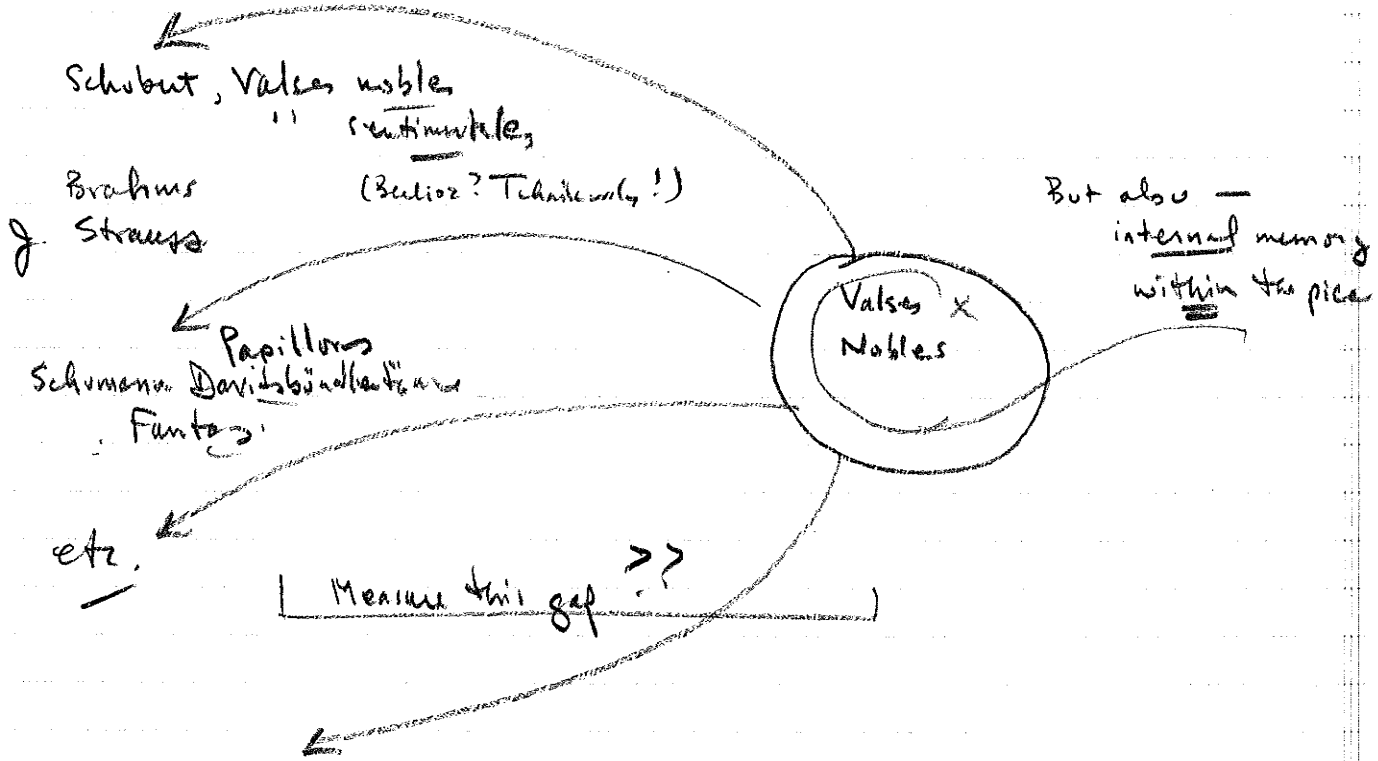
time transformed, linear to cyclical, at end, w/ protestations
 Am Waltz #2 (its end)

link to history →

Bergson

- true memory = la vie intérieure (23-24)
 pure subjective duration - or pure durée

Memories of lost time (+ culture)



external objects recalled
in memory ... as lost,
phantoms, ghosts -
"lost time"

But by 1860s, 1870s Strauss waltzes were themselves "twilit memory"

Nostalgia + loss in Johann Strauss
+ Brahms?