

TWO MEMOIRS OF RUSSIAN EDUCATION

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Translated by John Ranck

**Translator's Note: The Soviet-era publication of these memoirs was bowdlerized, but the censored text has been restored from the original in this translation, and is indicated by italicization. To avoid confusion, I have surrounded with quotation marks the titles of pieces mentioned in the text, instead of putting them in italics.*

I. The Sixth St. Petersburg Gymnasium During My Tenure (1883-1891)

The Gymnasium I entered was considered a “ministerial school” since it was included in the National Educational Ministry.¹ Located on the Fontanka river near the Chernishevsky Bridge, it was, so to speak, under the close and permanent scrutiny of the highest levels of government. We were therefore frequently favored with visits from Minister Delianov,² a small, plain man, with swarthy Armenian features. He was praised throughout Russia when his department, which, although it had a very scanty budget, returned nearly a third unused to the treasury at the end of the year.

At our Gymnasium a “special committee” comprised of University professors tested the female students' knowledge of the sciences and awarded them a special diploma, a kind of “General Certificate of Education.” My step-mother received such a degree, which gave my father the chance frequently to refer to her, not without pride, as “My wife, the University woman.” I think it was that memory that made me decide to attend the same Gymnasium.

My ability in the sciences was nowhere near equal to hers. Being particularly inclined toward language, especially the old ones, Latin and Greek, I was constitutionally disinclined toward mathematics. Given that fact, how I managed to finish my studies there with a medal in that field, only God and my examination partner know. The latter was first in the class and nobly worked out problems for me before tackling his own (since the questions to the examinees were always different). My “savior” was my friend A. Smirnov, son of the very well-respected choral conductor at the Imperial Chapel, whose house I frequently visited, and where I frequently played music, even if we had no scores on hand.

I enjoyed my coursework in history and geography, especially the latter, which was taught by the notable geographer and first-rate pedagogue, Ivan Petrovich Poddubny. I remember once, when I had made a rather unsuccessful attempt to outline Germany on the map, that he said “Ai, yai, yai, yai, hey, Tcherepnin, Tcherepnin, you have “flooded” Germany, what will Bismarck say?” Poddubny was, apparently, no stranger to music: he kept track of my musical activities and was a loyal audience member at any concert I conducted or that included a piece of mine.

Generally speaking, our teachers were well-bred people, kind-hearted and not at all bad-tempered. Some of them, like *the talented* Poddubny, for example, we greatly admired. We had the same feelings for our Classics instructor, the young Latin specialist, Mikhail Alexandrovich

Georgievsky, a junior representative of that famous pedagogical family. Other of our teachers, however, received less of our attention and affection, but they were all worthy people, leaders in their field, and we respected them all.

The Petrov brothers were especially honored for their years of service and for their age. One of them, Leonid Petrovich (“*Father Leonid*”), taught theology, and the other, Konstantine Petrovich taught Russian grammar. I want to focus on their unique and original personalities:

Of Karelian ancestry,³ they were quite Russified, yet retained their austere forebears' focus and insistence on hard work. They both had their unique ways of approaching teaching: they were very strict with their students and systematically, persistently presented and explained in great detail the substance of their lessons, *for example in Church Law or Russian language*. Most lessons with “Father Leonid” were spent being interrogated by him, since he did not like sitting behind the lectern. He would sit among the students at their desks, usually near the ones he liked best. He would draw little pictures of country villages, with inscriptions like “Smirnov walking his dog to the cafe,” or simply “pharmacy,” etc. and would give these unpretentious little drawings to the special students near whom he liked to sit. The lessons invariably ended with “further explanations” of the course material. We found it important to pay attention to those explanations, since we knew that questions to test our assimilation of that material would be on the next exam. To those who enjoyed his affection, and whose study he guided, he would use the affectionate form of address, and would seldom call on them. The remaining students, among whom I counted myself, however, he would address formally and would call on in almost every session.

Generally speaking, I did not enjoy our church law teacher's affection, and did not receive encouraging little pictures of the dog entering the cafe. On one very important exam before graduating from the fourth year to the fifth, however, I got a “B,” an occasion almost unprecedented in the school's history. *To this day I cannot explain how that happened, especially since I am a man of genuinely pious upbringing, who grew up in a religious family, and, subsequently became a composer whose religious music occupies a very important part of my artistic output.*

I recall the following two examples of my personal interaction with the father arch-priest: once, when I had not understood one of his explanations, I asked him a question. In answer, using the familiar “thou,” the following rang out: “Sit thee down. I do not suffer fools.” The second incident took place during a graduation exam on church law after my correct response to the question it had fallen to my lot to answer: “I give you a five, but remember this, since you never seem to know your Catechism.” He said this very preceptorially and not, it seemed to me, without vexation.

Like his brother, our Russian language teacher, Konstantine Petrovich Petrov was very serious and strict with his students. He was, however, much more lively, and during his lessons he liked to discuss current intellectual events. Whether he had attended a concert, an opera or a play, or visited an art exhibition, or read a new book, he made sure to discuss it with us during our class time. Given his great age and our relative youth, one must say that the content of his opinions did not excite us, but those opinions were always interesting and enlivened his lessons. In other respects, like his brother who read and explained catechism to us, Konstantine Petrovich read and explained Russian verse and prose, and was a very good teacher in reading and recitation. If his explanations did not satisfy us, we were free to challenge them. I remember one of my appearances in class in connection with the teacher's explanation of the last verse of the well-known poet, Pushkin:

Sometimes when again I am drunk on harmonizing,
Upon my fiction I find I'm crying,
Perhaps upon my sad decline,
Will smiling love one last time shine.⁴

Our mentor believed that Pushkin the “versicler” (as one called them then)⁵ was expressing his last hope before dying; that it was precisely in the field of poetry; and that he wrote this poem relating to “the harmony of verse,” to fiction written “in verse,” and for love “of verse.” I, however, claimed that the poet's meaning was much broader: that by “drunk on harmonizing” he meant love of music; that by “fiction” he meant poetic and literary creation; and by “love” he meant love in general, in the broadest understanding of that word. I do not know who was correct, but the argument was heated and many of my friends were in favor of my interpretation. I did well in this class, wrote reasonably good essays on class assignments, and willingly read and declaimed verse.

Konstantine Petrovich also apparently harbored some kind of “family” hostility toward my immature appearance, which subsequently revealed itself in a quite amusing manner. Several years after I graduated, my brother, who was at the time a student at the Gymnasium and Petrov's pupil, told me that once, as he was confiding his impression of a symphony concert to his students, Petrov delivered the following tirade: “Last night I heard a piece by our former student, Tcherepnin, now (said with scathing irony) a well-known composer. Well, good luck to him, good luck to him (with a patronizing, all-forgiving sideways gesture).”

Konstantine Petrovich's son, Dimitri Konstantinovich, was a well-known Spanish scholar, an advocate of Calderón, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes⁶, and a professor at our university. What a range this Karelian family had: from the cold deprivation of their native homeland to the foreign sultriness of Iberia, spiritual sister of our “Iberia” -- beautiful Greece.

Our class inspector was one of the mathematics teachers, Ivan Pavlovich Zelenin, a very nimble, thin, smooth-shaven elderly man, with wire-rimmed glasses over his kind-looking, weak-sighted eyes. We liked him very much and were not at all afraid of him, even though he was very good at catching those who liked to smoke near the fireplace. This skill of his was one with which I had first-hand experience.

During my tenure at the Gymnasium the director was Mikhail Vasilevich Pustonsky, a very good, affable, soft-spoken man. After his demise, Dimitri Nikolaevich Solovov assumed the job. Our new director was a very good musician and zealously introduced music into the curriculum of the school that had been entrusted to him. He was known as a composer of religious music and was the author of many very popular church works. In the assembly hall, before classes began, Dimitri Nikolaevich initiated us to daily performance of devotional choral hymns, in which he always participated,. All the students (there were about 600 of us) sang in the chorus. One of us also always led the chorus. I frequently and with the utmost pleasure fulfilled this first-in-my-lifetime choral conducting duty. A separate student chorus, under the guidance of an excellent choirmaster, was established for liturgical singing. As much as possible, students who had the capability and desire for such experience conducted this chorus.

The repertoire of our “secular” chorus was much broader and more interesting from a musical standpoint and included more Russian composers, e.g. some of Dimitri Nikolaevich's excellent choral arrangements. *I especially remember “Lord! Love our tsar,” from [Glinka's] opera “Life for the tsar” that he arranged for chorus and that we frequently sang.* In addition, he formed a student orchestra that included any student who played any kind of instrument. To fill the missing wind parts, he invited soldiers of the Music Chorus. Organization and administration

of orchestral matters was entrusted to the venerable organist at the Mariinsky Theater, Professor Voyachek, who later became my colleague at both the Mariinsky Theater and the Conservatory. How well I remember his crooked, old figure, with a large, woolen scarf that always covered his shoulders. He also wore a rather threadbare overcoat that was often covered with snow or frost when he came inside. Whether in support of the psalms of the believers against the eternal enemy in “Faust” or in greeting the wedding couple in “Lohengrin,” wearing old, ill-fitting wire-rim glasses, he would slowly climb the steep ladder to the organ, which was his workplace in the theater.

The maestro provided beautiful arrangements for our huge gathering, and rehearsed and performed with us for various festive events, including evening musicales, plays, etc. The daily life of the orchestra and its regular rehearsals were our responsibility, or more specifically, my responsibility, since I usually played the piano part, which occupied no small role in these arrangements. From there it was only a small step to leading the entire group, which provided my first conducting experience.

My friend Safonov⁷ was my closest associate in the orchestra since he had an insuperable desire to play many instruments. To quench this desire, one of the “hired hand” soldiers gave him a baraban, or drum, which in those days were called “Turkish.” For the performance of a Haydn minuet, which called for a tympanum for that particular note, we decided one day to get a “D” out of this instrument that was not designed to produce an “even-tempered” pitch. Great was our joy when we finally succeeded in drawing the desired sound from our “Turk.” That joy, alas, was short-lived, since at its first solemn blow, the baraban burst, causing as much trouble for the soldier who was responsible for this state property as it did for Safonov and me. We managed to conceal this incident from the authorities, and Safonov, who was very well-to-do, covered all the “charges and damages” out of his own pocket. At that time, Safonov was the principal tympanist in the student orchestra and studied with Vojtsekh Ivanovich Glavach.⁸ Glavach was beloved by the St. Petersburg public and was a popular conductor of the summer concerts at the Pavolvsky Vauxhall.⁹ Later on, in the 1930s, I happened to see Safonov in Paris. Until his emigration from Russia, he was a director in the Finance Ministry.

Looking back on my years in the Gymnasium, I remember them with gratitude. They provided me with a good education in the classics and allowed me to attend the University. The Gymnasium gave me a good musical background and definitively confirmed my intention to become a professional musician.

II. IMPERIAL: The St. Petersburg University of my tenure (1891-1895)

My years at the university were outwardly peaceful ones for my “alma mater.” Academic life took its normal course in an epoch that was recognized as being “reactionary” at least as far as politics were concerned. As far as the students were concerned, I don't remember, unless one considers the usual skirmishes with the police in a bar on the University's Founding Day, February 8. These skirmishes typically resulted more from the excessive zeal on the part of the police than from a “revolt of the students.” Later on I will more closely cover that memorable day of my student days.

Our faculty included scholars known throughout Europe who enjoyed the sincere respect and often the admiration of their students. Vasili Ivanovich Sergeevich was the most popular lecturer on the history of Russian law, and was the author of the noted “On Ancient Russian

Law,” as well as many other very valuable scholarly works. His lectures took place in very large Lecture Hall No. 9, and were always chock full of law students and members of other departments. In clear, colorful, Russian language, and with his unusually cogent scholarly thinking, he laid before us the historical bases of Russian jurisprudence and made a compelling impression that evoked a great interest in the subject.

Friendly applause before the lecture and ovations at its conclusion were constant companions of our beloved professor's presentations. To accompany him afterwards along the entire length of our endless university corridors, which once connected all twelve colleges during the Petrov period, became a tradition, *though it sometimes seemed to me that he was a little embarrassed by it*. Imposing, in a formal vitsmundir¹⁰ of impeccable cut, and wearing gold-rimmed glasses, Vasili Ivanovich walked at his usual slow, majestic pace, surrounded by students. He continued to chat with them, giving detailed, considered answers to the questions they posed.

With the professor's consent, I chose the topic “Boyars in ancient Russia” in order to fulfill a required thesis on a course topic in the history of Russian law. I wrote a quite satisfactory essay that drew upon the work of Kliuchevsky,¹¹ Yablochkov,¹² Zabelin¹³ and Sergeyeovich himself. These essential sources of my essay remained on my writing desk for a long time. Later on I would frequently reread them, always with great interest.

Vasili Ivanovich was a great music lover and constant audience member at the Imperial Russian Music Society's symphony concerts in the Hall of the Nobility, to which concerts he had a subscription.

Professor Korkunov¹⁴ taught us general legal theory and the philosophy of law. He was a brilliant scholar and his “General Legal Theory” was a major work that enriched Russian juridical science. *Since this course summarized and synthesized legal theory, which is so important to the budding legal scholar and which introduces him to the very summit of legal science, I still do not understand why we studied it in our first year, that is, before the courses in civil and criminal law. While I was preparing for my final “Government exams,” I was, at last, able to appreciate in a concrete way all the depth of the author of “General Legal Theory,” and its relevance to our “Judicial Code.”*

Korkunov spoke softly, not always distinctly, and without a hint of rhetorical skill. He was nonetheless convincing and inspiring. In his private life Korkunov seemed to us, his students, somehow broken, incomprehensible and strange. These traits subsequently led to a severe depression. I remember him sitting in an unnatural, careless pose in the concert hall, his troubled, dim eyes glued to one spot, almost always on a fellow-concertgoer, which sometimes caused him serious trouble. Shortly after the years under discussion, Korkunov withdrew from scholarly work. Both his university and Russian juridical science lost one of their most gifted representatives.

The captivating, brilliant and worldly Duvernois¹⁵ taught us civil law and proceedings. He was very close to the court of Grand Duchess Ekaterina Mikhailovna, who was a patroness of the arts, especially of music. A professor at the Imperial Alexandrovsky High School¹⁶ and at the School of Jurisprudence,¹⁷ Duvernois was a very lively, engrossing lecturer and aroused in us a great interest in his field, a subject which by its very nature would not otherwise have captured the imagination of his students. *I particularly remember, for example, his incredibly lively and vivid presentation of the specific features of feudal property law in the Polish provinces.*

At the Civil Law final exam I drew a question concerning a son's memorial. The answer enabled me to use one of Duvernois' pamphlets that covered the legal position of the individual

in Roman law, in which I had a great interest. I was happy for the chance to outline the fundamental position of this pamphlet in my response. Duvernois listened closely and approvingly to my answer. When I had finished, he asked, "Are you likely to specialize in Civil Law?" Since I had already made a firm commitment to music, I replied, "No, I do not think so – I am a musician." "Well, then, it would be very pleasant to hear you," Duvernois replied with a smile, probably a little perplexed at my unexpected response.

Two professors, I. Ya. Foynitsky¹⁸ and N. D. Sergeyevski,¹⁹ taught criminal law and proceedings. They both were leading scholars and excellent lecturers, having undeniable credibility among their students. Otherwise they were "fire and ice," not so much for personal differences coming between them, but rather for their differences in such an important field.

Short, frail, consumptive, and half-dead by the looks of him, Foynitsky would lecture with a weak, weary, nasal voice, gasping, and slowly drawing out his words, while tall, sanguine, husky Sergeyevski lectured with loud, quick and lively speech. They were also dissimilar from one another in their approaches to their field. A confirmed humanist and representative of the liberal branch of the field, Foynitsky was an ardent opponent of capital punishment; Sergeyevski more closely adhered to the "krepostnik" as they were called then - landlords advocating serfdom - and was on the side of the defenders of the death penalty. The death penalty, as is known, was widely applied in political transgressions. But in the actual legal code it was mentioned only in three instances: matricide, murder of a priest in a church during a service, and murder of a master by his apprentice.

The fundamental contradiction in our mentors' outlook naturally was reflected in their presentation of various areas of the penal code. This put us students in a very difficult position during the exams that were administered by both professors. To respond to Sergeyevski in Foynitsky's language, or visa versa, meant complete failure in either situation, so that the candidates had increasingly to "trim their sails" in order avoid Charybdis and not hit Scylla. Though neither one was our "sovereign king," both of these worthy representatives of Russian juridical science had a great influence on their students and were respected by them. *In particular*, Foynitsky had the sincere affection of many of us. Their future lives were also dissimilar: Foynitsky remained resolutely behind his lectern, while Sergeyevski exchanged it for a senator's arm chair "as a public representative."²⁰

Professor Martins was a striking, colorful figure and a recognized authority on international law, which he taught. A learned scholar of European renown, he frequently participated in various international conferences both in Russia and abroad. In his very appearance and the irreproachable elegance of his clothing, for example his proper, tightly buttoned black frock coat, Professor Martins looked rather more like an official ambassador of some powerful country, a position to which, incidentally, it must be said he aspired. He lectured with a genteel, somehow effeminate, foppish manner. This adhered closely to his outward appearance, which was so different from the rest of the faculty. He would present his specialty, that was so topical and current, in a fascinating manner. He would deliver his austere academic narrative with great wit and tact, interspersing it with extraordinary episodes that corroborated or elucidated some point or other of his lecture. *His lectures drew a full crowd and were a great success.*

The worthy theologian, Bishop Gorchakov²¹ taught religious law, *in which I was particularly interested*. He was a very good speaker and a leading authority on both religious law and church matters in general. His audience was not large, but very faithful, and he laid out his

subject matter vividly and thoroughly. The exams in church law were very serious and were considered an extremely important part of the law degree.

The official theology course was charged to the Archbishop, Professor Rozhdestvensky, who, allegedly in opposition to Gorchakov's lively, easily digested manner, lectured very pedantically and turbidly.

Later, soon after finishing my conservatory studies, I was asked to teach chorus and music theory at the St. Petersburg Mariinsky Institute, in the chapel where my church law professor served as abbot. During our rare meetings in the Institute's corridors, Gorchakov's great, amiable and worthy figure, embedded in my memory from my student days, represented nothing new. It was however, through his relationship to me as a close associate there that I saw Gorchakov in a completely different, Christian, pastoral light.

My responsibilities with the Institute students took place in the evening, and when I entered the large Chancellery, which also served as the teachers' lounge, I would find it empty and dim. The sole person still there was always our "Father Deacon," invariably plodding over an over-sized journal. This was because he was entrusted with daily and endless work of great importance: since the Institute ate every day, the father deacon, day after day, accounted in his never-ending chronicle everything that was consumed. In these *quiet* evening hours, he was usually very inclined toward conversation, and sometimes seemed caught up in some kind of blissful reverie, the origin of which soon became clear to me. In one of the pockets of his billowing deacon's cassock was a little bottle to which he assiduously applied himself during his nightly chores. Since I was his only companion at the time, and an unwitting confidante, Father Deacon quickly became accustomed to me, and even felt a certain affection for me since I was a musician. Occasionally he even offered to have me take a "snort" from the bottle as "a pick-me-up," as he put it, as he himself had done. The first time, he took offense at my refusal; but afterwards he stopped offering, although he himself steadfastly imbibed "for the glory of God."

During the ten minute period between classes, he always entertained me with stories that pertained to his personal, deaconal activities at the cemetery of the Church on the Okhta (on the other side of the Neva river).²² I could not understand whether these guest appearances took place with the knowledge of his strict Father Superior or whether that Father Superior simply ignored them in view of the deacon's large family, or for some other reason. At least one thing was clear to me: the deacon's Okhta cemetery "seasonal work" was the brightest development in his demanding deaconal existence, if not the most meaningful. With relish he would confide in great detail the good and bad luck that came his way in this realm of his life: whether he got an unexpected invitation, or, conversely, whether he was "evaded" when he was expecting an invitation. His multifaceted critique also covered the greater or lesser "grandeur" of the funeral rites. The Deacon was also a fine connoisseur and expert who was usually invited to wakes, and who well knew all the "eats and drinks" of which they normally consisted.

One night after my classes, I happened to go down to the Chancellery and saw the Class Inspector, my former mathematics teacher at the Gymnasium, the very good Petr Antonovich Litvinsky, the Institute accountant, and the permanent chronicler Father Deacon. They were having a lively discussion on a rather sensitive question: The services of a bull had been requested for the cow that provided milk to the Institute's female students. How should this expenditure be included on the invoice that was presented to the Institute's female boss without offending her femininity and chastity or shocking her with the gross reality of this fact? After a long discussion, they had turned to the Father Deacon for advice. With his deep knowledge of

everything that was contained in the invoice, he categorically decided to include the expense under "building repair expenses." This was carried unanimously and with gratitude.

The Deacon's outward appearance was unprepossessing: he was short, bald, with Jewish sidelocks, a thin, scraggly beard, and bright eyes. Clear traces of "fondness for the bottle" marked his face. It is incomprehensible how he could keep his job, when his superior was the worthy, austere, and righteous arch-priest Gorchakov. How would the Father Abbot defend and retain such a colleague in the prim and proper Institute? The deacon was undoubtedly a "weak" man, moreover in the presence of such an exacting and dictatorial boss as Maria Alexandrovna Olkhina. In this case I think Father Gorchakov followed the evangelical precepts and his deep understanding of the spiritual essence of Christ's teaching.

Among the many legal courses taught in the law school, I most looked forward to the course on Roman law. (Since having been a good Latin student in the Gymnasium, I was very interested in everything about the classical Roman era.) The course on art history was especially important -- one might say essential -- for me as a budding composer and for my aesthetic development. Alas, professor Efimov,²³ the Roman law professor, was only an adequate teacher, and lectured as if giving a report on the subject, which aroused in us no particular interest in the subject.

Professor Kondakov²⁴, who became a well-known scholar, taught us art history. After the entire four years I spent at the University, all I can say about this class is: "Private-docent Kondakov, whose paid mission was to prepare us for his course, "The History of Art," sadly returned two rubles to our pocketbooks. It was quite impossible to find a replacement for our sadly lacking professor. Was it fair that I left the university an ignoramus in a subject that was so important to me and so close to my future artistic endeavors?"

I studied Political Economics with the gifted professor Georgievsky.²⁵ His interesting lectures nonetheless filled only half of the lecture hall, due to the unpopularity of his subject with most students at that time.

The Rector was the very esteemed and admired Dean of the Philology Department, professor Nikitin (chair of the philology department).²⁶ He was a very considerate, intelligent, benevolent man, and knew how to navigate his university "ship." No matter what particular gale confronted the university, the school failed to sink as long as he was at the helm. The "mutual aid fund" that he established and administered frequently rescued students in their hour of need. During my time at the university, students lived very separate existences. They were united by only two characteristics, one rather internal and one more or less external. The external characteristic that united us was the uniform that was required of all student. The internal was the irresistible inclination of the student body to celebrate the university's founding day (8 February)²⁷ with all the resultant consequences.

This important date brought together not only the students, but all of our alma mater's alumni. It began with a solemn convocation in the university's great hall, with official and scholarly speeches and a music program by the student orchestra. Glavach conducted, and it was attended by all the authority figures and the "big brass." The rest of the celebratory day and its finale, alas, were always marked by more or less bad behavior. This extended the length of that side of the Neva in the hospitable shelter of restaurants, inns, bars, snack bars, canteens, and other such institutions in which our pre-Revolutionary capital was so rich. Separate groups of "former students" assembled for meals according to their graduating class.

If you believe the rumor, on one of those days a happy company of students who were drinking together, sent an invitational telegram to the writer Saltikov-Shchedrin,²⁸ signing it:

“The annually dining students.” They received from our well-known satirist a very affectionate reply with the signature: “The annually eating Shchedrin.” During my tenure²⁹ a similar student invitational telegram might more correctly be signed: “from annually pie-eyed students.”

Why indeed should our inoffensive, harmless student festivities be so regularly overshadowed by the continual accompaniment of beefed-up detachments of mounted gendarmes, courageous Cossacks with whips prancing along the streets? An explanation, though not an excuse, of course, of this truly unfortunate occurrence can be given, it seems to me, with a cursory description of the “everyday aspect,” so to speak, of the student celebration of this anniversary that was so dear to us: in that period, some of the more well-to-do members of the student body permitted themselves to dine in restaurants and listen to their hearts’ content to speeches by well-known writers, lawyers, literary figures, professors and others, who were then called “representatives of the intelligentsia,” and who were connected to the university in one way or another. *Those speeches were* always enthusiastic and “inspiring,” but in accordance with the norms of the times went no further than the Chekhovian position: “To see the sky covered in diamonds.”⁽³⁰⁾ Another much larger segment of the student body refreshed themselves with their beer or wine allowance and grabbed a bite to eat in honor of their alma mater. They spent the day in the streets, sauntering in an animated, friendly crowd along the main arteries of the capital, filling the spring-like air with the words of their beloved traditional songs: “From dawn ‘til dusk,” “To be on the cliffs of the Volga,” “Long live the pope,” etc. The list would not be complete, of course, without the immortal “Gaudeamus,” that cornerstone of student repertoire the world over.

The following shows how this seemingly youthful and innocent manifestation of elevated holiday spirit became the subject of inhibitory, punitive treatment by those in positions of power: group singing was called “disturbing the peace,” and the strolling happy crowds were considered “traffic congestion” in the language of the clueless and for the most part atavistic municipal “long arm of the law” that was ill-disposed toward students. Both these offenses called for every possible repressive measure, which ranged from being kept overnight in the clink to facing Cossacks on horseback with whips.

A great number of the non-resident merry makers in the “traffic congestion” were pursued most often into the taverns that they had, in their slightly bleary state, been trying to find. During my last year at the University, when Mayor Trepov was in office,³¹ an especially abhorrent beating took place in the popular Palinsky tavern. I will never forget this.

The day of celebration ended. *Its slight intoxication passed, its bruises and even the scars from the whip healed,* and the student body returned to its usual self-contained and isolated existence. Students within the same department, and even in the same course were so completely unaware of each other that we often discovered later that many of us who had sat near each other for years on the same bench in the same lecture hall were not only unacquainted with each other, but had not even heard of each other. Non-resident students from out of town banded together in cliques according to their “country of origin,” whereas local, “Peterburgian” students were completely isolated from each other and banded together according to their personal interests and the interests of the social stratum in which they were born and raised.

I happened, “on my life’s path,” to witness great turmoil. I was fated to live and work during a period unprecedented in the cultural history of mankind, during an epoch that presented to each living being - irrespective of whether, where or how he experienced it - a cruel, difficult reckoning of his very right to physical, or even spiritual existence. *The more I look back, the more I become aware and remember with gratitude and affection my blessed and cheerful*

student years. This period, during the course of which no external circumstance could hinder my inner productive transformation, formed the basis of my artistic and cultural being.

Circumstances allowed our alma mater to continue to exist for no little period of time. The old gray walls of the university that had, during Peter's time, once held the entire administrative machinery of our vast government, and during Paul's reign had housed the Supreme Senate, finally became the central monument to Russian knowledge. These walls experienced much that was new and unheard of. They await complete unification of the entire student body, that was overwhelmed by the blind, uncontrollable waves of revolutionary chaos.

May my beloved university live forever . . .

*Vivat, Vivat
non pereat.*³²

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- 1 The Sixth St. Petersburg Gymnasium was founded in 1862. Its students came from the nobility and were taught church law, Russian grammar, introductory philosophy courses, Latin, German and French language courses, mathematics, physics and other courses including drawing and singing. It was a secular institution that included Protestants, Catholics, and Jews in addition to Russian Orthodox students. See the Russian-language page at <http://school.ort.spb.ru/magazin/mag_arch/num2/ist_scho.htm>. A picture of the school is at <http://school.ort.spb.ru/magazin/mag_arch/num5/images/school.jpg>. The faculty's photo is at <http://school.ort.spb.ru/magazin/mag_arch/num5/images/tiachers.jpg>.
 - 2 Ivan Davidovich Delyanov, (1818-1898) served in the educational ministry beginning in 1858 and became its leader in 1882. During his tenure he introduced regulations for the gymnasia and other educational entities, and advocated for restrictions on university autonomy. See the Russian-language page at <http://museum.edu.ru/catalog.asp?cat_ob_no=12188&ob_no=12768>.
 - 3 Karelia is located between the Gulf of Finland and the White Sea. See <<http://www.answers.com/topic/karelia-1>>.
 - 4 From "Elegy," written by Pushkin in 1830. See <<http://ilibrary.ru/text/716/index.html>>. The translation is mine.
 - 5 Tcherepnin uses the archaic "stikhotvorets" for "poet." Pushkin himself uses the word in chapter four of "The Captain's Daughter," an historical novel he wrote in 1836. See <<http://max.mmlc.northwestern.edu/~mdenner/Demo/poetpage/pushkin.html>> and the Russian-language page at <<http://ilibrary.ru/text/107/p.4/index.html>>.
 - 6 Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681), Lopé Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635), and Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616) were playwrights during Spanish Theater's Golden Age. See <<http://www.imagination.com/moonstruck/clsc49.html>> (Calderón), <<http://www.theatrehistory.com/spanish/bates001.html>> (de Vega), and <<http://quixote.mse.jhu.edu/Cervantes.html>> (Cervantes).
 - 7 Vasily Ilyich Safonov (1852-1918) held a degree in law and one in music from the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He taught piano at the Moscow Conservatory and became its director in 1889. He retired from that job a year later and went on to achieve great renown as a conductor. His composition students included Scriabin and Medtner. See <<http://www.economicexpert.com/a/Vasily:Ilyich:Safonov.html>>.
 - 8 Voytsekh Ivanovich Glavach (1849-1911) was an organist, conductor and composer. He studied piano with Schumann in Prague and moved to St. Petersburg in 1871 to serve as organist at the Mariinsky Theater. In addition to the summer concerts in Pavlovsk, he conducted concerts in Paris, Chicago, and other places and composed more than 100 works. See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.rulex.ru/01040133.htm>>
 - 9 The Pavlovsky Vauxhall was both a train station and a concert hall. Until the Revolution it was an important cultural center where musicians like Glinka and Johann Strauss would perform. See <<http://www.encspb.ru/en/article.php?kod=2804000603>>.
 - 10 A vitmundir was a short, formal dress coat made from colorful cloth with metal buttons that was popular with civil servants from 1834 until the Revolution. See <<http://slovari.yandex.ru/dict/rges/article/rg1/rg1-1520.htm?text=%20ВИЦМУНДИРЕ>>. A picture of one is at <<http://tinyurl.com/6mjou>> and a portrait of author Lermontov wearing one is at <<http://tinyurl.com/63y75l>>.
 - 11 Tcherepnin might be referring here to Vasily Osipovich Kliuchevsky (1841-1911) whose many history lectures can be found at <http://az.lib.ru/k/kljuchevskij_w_o/>.

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- 12 Mikhail Tikhovich Yablochkov (1848-1906) studied law at the Moscow University and served in various regional governmental offices. His “History of Russian Nobility” is “a classic study of the multi-century history of the noble estate.” See the Russian-language pages at <<http://www.5ballov.ru/dictionary/full/15708/3>> and <<http://www.moscowbooks.ru/book.asp?id=330516>>.
- 13 Tcherepnin might be referring here to Ivan Egorovich Zabelin (1820-1909), whose writings centered around Kievian Russia. See the Russian-language page at <http://www.rudata.ru/wiki/Забелин%2С_Иван_Егорович>.
- 14 Nikolaj Mikhailovich Korkunov (1853-1904) studied law at the St. Petersburg University and taught there beginning in 1889. His dissertation was “Imperial decree and the law,” and his “General Legal Theory,” which Tcherepnin mentions here, has been widely translated. See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.rulex.ru/01110817.htm>>.
- 15 Nikolai Lvovich Duvernois (1836-1906) was born in Moscow and studied law at the Moscow University, where he was particularly interested in ancient Roman law. His “Sources of Law and the Courts in Ancient Russia” “sheds light on the multifaceted history of [Russian] law and remains to this day a primary source on the topic.” See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.rulex.ru/01050193.htm>>.
- 16 A picture is available at <<http://www.encspb.ru/bigimage.php?kod=2805310000>>.
- 17 A photo of the School of Jurisprudence and a Russian-language article about it is available at <<http://www.law.spb.ru/history.htm>>.
- 18 Ivan Yakovlevich Foynitsky (1847-1913) studied law at St. Petersburg University and taught criminal law there from 1871 to 1913. In 1895 he founded the International Society of Criminal Lawyers and served as its president until 1905. See the Russian-language page at <<http://tinyurl.com/59w4rg>>.
- 19 Like Tcherepnin's family, Nikolai Dmitrievich Sergejevski (1849-1908) came from Pskov (about 200 miles southwest of St. Petersburg). He studied law at St. Petersburg University. His dissertation topic was “On the meaning of causal connections in criminal law.” He became a Senator in 1904. See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.jurfak.spb.ru/library/collection/Sergeevs.htm>>.
- 20 Tcherepnin uses “po naznacheniiu,” which can have various meanings whether used in a legal, economic, or scientific context. In its legal interpretation it usually connotes representing the poor or underprivileged.
- 21 Mikhail Ivanovich Gorchakov (1838-1910) graduated from the St. Petersburg Spiritual Academy in 1861 and taught at various German and Swiss universities. He entered the St. Petersburg law school as an auditor and in 1865 his publication “On the Origin and System of Praetorian Edits” won him a silver medal and a Bachelor of Law degree. See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.rulex.ru/01040630.htm>>.
- 22 The Okhta River is one of the tributaries of the Neva river in St. Petersburg. See <<http://www.encspb.ru/en/article.php?kod=2803997887>>.
- 23 Vasily Vladimirovich Efimov (1857-1902). His master's thesis at the St. Petersburg University was “Outline of the history of ancient Roman kinship and inheritance.” He strove “not only to ascertain the facts of the past, but also to discover the connection among the legal institution, the general societal structure and the ideas of a given period.” See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.rulex.ru/01060214.htm>>.
- 24 Nikodim Pavlovich Kondakov (1844-1925) studied at the Moscow University and then studied classical archeology and Italian painting at museums in Italy. His doctoral dissertation was “The history of Byzantine art and iconography in Greek miniatures.” He began teaching at the St. Petersburg University in 1888. See the Russian-language page at <http://www.spbu.ru/History/275/Chronicle/spbu/Persons/K_ondakov.html>.
- 25 Pavel Ivanovich Georgievsky (1857-1928) graduated from St. Petersburg University in 1879. After studying statistics and population science for a few years in Germany and France, he began to teach at St. Petersburg University in 1882. See the extensive Russian-language biography at <<http://www.rosreferat.ru/economy/623.htm>>.
- 26 Petr Vasilevich Nikitin (1849-1916) was Rector at the St. Petersburg University from 1890-1897, Deacon from 1897-1900, and Vice President of the Science Academy from 1900-1916. See the Russian-language pages at <<http://www.philarts.spbu.ru/about/history>> and <http://www.philarts.spbu.ru/about/history/dekan_list/>.
- 27 St. Petersburg University was founded in 1819. See Tcherepnin, *op. cit.*, p. 128, note 88.
- 28 Mikhail Saltykov-Shchedrin (1826-1889) was a noted writer and satirist. Growing up on a family estate where serfs were mistreated, he later became acquainted with the social critic Belinsky, who had a strong influence on his subsequent political beliefs. See the Russian-language page at <<http://www.saltykov.net.ru/>>.
- 29 The Soviet version reads “at another time” (*v inoe vremja*), not “my time” (*v moe vremja*).
- 30 Tcherepnin, *op. cit.*, p. 128, note 89 attributes this to a character in Chekhov's short story “Late Blooming Flowers.” The quotation, which is slightly askew (увидеть все небо в алмазах), is from Sonya's monologue at the end of act IV of Chekhov's play “Uncle Vanya” (1896). See the English version at <[Page 11](http://www.my-</p></div><div data-bbox=)

chekhov.com/proizved/116c.shtml> and the Russian at <http://www.my-chekhov.ru/proizved/116c.shtml>>. The Russian reads: “Мы отдохнем! Мы услышим ангелов, мы увидим все небо в алмазах, мы увидим, как все зло земное, все наши страдания потонут в милосердии, которое наполнит собою весь мир, и наша жизнь станет тихою, нежною, сладкою, как ласка.” The English translation (from the first URL provided): “We shall rest. We shall hear the angels. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see all evil and all our pain sink away in the great compassion that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and tender and sweet as a caress.”

31 Fedor Fedorovich Trepov (1812-1889) was mayor of St. Petersburg from 1866-1878. He ordered the revolutionary Bogolyubov to be flogged. See the Russian-language page at <http://slovari.yandex.ru/art.xml?art=bse/00080/34700.htm&encpage=bse>.

32 “Live, live and never die.”