

RUSSIAN MAECENAS



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SOCIAL PARTNERSHIP MAGAZINE

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With
Russian
pages



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Giraffe Royal Theatre (Estonia) — guests of Maecenas Day 2018

Photo: Anatoly Bisinbaev

*Fair Government
Strong Business
Prosperous Citizens*

RUSSIAN  MAECENAS

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Fragments of the painting *Laying the Foundations of St. Petersburg*.
Vladimir Serov, Nikolay Korchagin. 1946–1947. Canvas, oils.
State Museum of the History of St. Petersburg.

Welcome!

Helping is Easy

Visitors to the Easter Festival held by the Russian Gems jewellery factory did not pass by the box for donations to the *AdVita* charitable foundation for cancer sufferers. The day before I had seen a similar box with the inscription 'Helping is Easy' in a *Teremok* restaurant and was pleased at the enterprise of *AdVita*, which had also come to an agreement with the jewellers. As it turned out, however, it was the festival's organizers who had offered to help *AdVita* based on the charity's mission and reputation, and it had been an easy decision.

I was even more pleased because ten years ago, in the first issue of Russian Maecenas, I wrote about this efficient and transparent charity and the self-sacrificing people who work for it, and I always follow the development of their project. Last year, by all conceivable methods, they raised around 350 million roubles for the treatment of cancer patients! In that year, the charity's fifteenth anniversary, *AdVita* gathered together by no means all its partners, volunteers, donors and now-healthy patients, but the former factory on the Obvodny Canal was still full to bursting. The charity's founder Pavel Grinberg went on stage and said just a few words: today he wears a jacket given to him by a wonderful girl called Zhenya



Kantonistova. Despite the doctors' efforts and the care of her loved ones, Zhenya died of leukemia at the age of 27... And Pavel started his charity.

He knows everything or almost everything about charities and is convinced that helping is easy. It is easy if you do it systematically, without giving in to blackmail and manipulative technologies: by using one of the many ways of making regular payments — automatically, as people pay for the Internet or their mobile phones, by transferring funds to a charitable organization which you trust completely — they know best who is in greatest need of your money.

In fact the phrase 'Helping is Easy' was thought up by *AdVita's* programme coordinator Elena Gracheva, one of the characters in my article ten years ago. And she explained it quite intelligibly: it should become a habit, like brushing your teeth in the morning.

The characters in this issue also know for certain that helping is easy. Let's take a closer look at their experience.

*Arkady Sosnov,
Editor-in-Chief
of Russian Maecenas*



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— It is fundamentally important for us to enter into partnerships with creative artists, so that we can maintain our originality, support our brand and not dissolve in the powerful flow of mass-produced goods from the Southeast Region of the world. And the artist has a key role to play in this!.. We would like to delight a greater number of people with this beauty while maintaining the standard of mastery and exclusivity of these items.

*Tatiana TYLEVICH, General Director
of the Imperial Porcelain Factory / p. 47*

The previous issue of the almanac was presented in oral format at the St. Petersburg House of Journalists under the heading *The World and Us in 2035*. Judging by the reactions of the audience the conversation proved to be lively, dynamic and captivating.

The subjects of the articles in this issue can also be met in person at the traditional Maecenas Day in the State Hermitage and it is hoped they will take part in other Russian Maecenas projects.

Come and join us!



From England to Shushari

GRACHYA POGOSYAN PLANS TO HELP PRESERVE THE MEMORY OF THE MAN WHO DRAINED ST. PETERSBURG'S MARSHES

Dina NIKIFOROVA. Photos: Timur Turgunov



Shushari. Memorial plaque on the Wheeler family grave.

Two hundred years there were boggy, peaty marshes here, as well as dense forests with cranberries and wild beasts. Now there are tall multi-storey buildings housing thousands of people. But very few of them know who actually made this land habitable.

The very name of the modern settlement of Shushari, which is now part of the Pushkin District of St. Petersburg, has a historical meaning: it comes from the Finnish *Suosaari* (*island in the marsh*).

It was to this *island* that the English Quaker and grain merchant Daniel Wheeler came in 1817 at the invitation of Emperor Alexander I. The main task that the emperor set the English farmer, who was skilled in land improvement, was to drain the marshes and then to set up farms around St. Petersburg.

Daniel Wheeler had a large family: his wife Jane and six children. They were not afraid to leave their native land and sailed to St. Petersburg with the paterfamilias. Wheeler did not

spare himself in battling with the marshes along the Okhta and Volkovka rivers and in Shushari itself. He and his assistants drained a total of 40,000 hectares between 1818 and 1832. The farms he established on two hundred hectares were considered at the time to be the most advanced agrarian enterprises in Russia.

In 1832 he followed his calling and left for London to prepare for a new mission, leaving his family in Shushari. Sadly, in his absence his wife and small daughter fell ill, died and were buried not far from the farm. Nicholas I, who greatly appreciated Wheeler's efforts, permitted him to found a family cemetery there: 'The plot of land in the emperor's estate in the district of Tsarskoye Selo will now and forever be called the Friends' Churchyard and will henceforth be used for this purpose.'

The site was subsequently officially named the Quaker Cemetery. In 1838 Wheeler returned to Russia to visit his relatives' graves, then departed for America. He died in New

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York in 1840 and was buried there. The Friends' Churchyard has not survived — it is now the local Orthodox cemetery, and only the dilapidated grave of the two Janes — Daniel Wheeler's wife and daughter — and a tombstone with faded letters remain as reminders of its historic past.

This year marks the 200th anniversary of the beginning of the drainage of the marshes around St. Petersburg. In honour of this significant date Ruslan Tikhomirov, Head of the Municipality of Shushari, decided to tidy up the grave of the members of Wheeler's family. He turned for financial support to local benefactor Grachya Pogosyan, president of his own charitable foundation.

Why to him in particular? The answer is simple: Pogosyan is known to be a zealous guardian of objects of cultural and historical heritage, wherever they may be. Over ninety monuments in eleven countries have been installed or restored on this man's initiative and at his expense, 26 of them dedicated to heroes and events of the Second World War. The latest was unveiled close to Ploshchad Muzhestva on the eve of the 74th anniversary of the lifting of the siege of Leningrad. He was also

not indifferent to the page in the history of St. Petersburg linked with the acts of Daniel Wheeler.

'St. Petersburg has always been noted for its tolerance. I have lived in this great city for over twenty years and have never sensed any non-acceptance of people of different nationalities. On the contrary, they are all de facto St. Petersburg residents. So when I heard about Daniel Wheeler's personality and his achievements I decided that we ought to preserve his memory in a fitting way', says Pogosyan. 'I am grateful to Ruslan Tikhomirov for his respectful attitude to the history of his district — it is an example to us all. I am pleased that my charitable foundation will leave a modest trace in the history of Shushari.'

It is planned to restore the grave of members of Daniel Wheeler's family by City Day (27 May).

Several books and documentary films on cultural-educational themes have been issued under the aegis of the Grachya Pogosyan Foundation.



For the Common Good

RESTAURATEUR SERGEY GUTSAIT IS RESTORING MONUMENTS AND EDUCATING YOUNG PEOPLE

Arkady SOSNOV. Photos: Larisa Tiktinskaya and from Sergey Gutsait's personal archive



The Singing Tower in Pushkin after restoration.

The great schemer Ostap Bender knew 400 relatively honest ways of expropriating money. St. Petersburg entrepreneur Sergey Gutsait, owner of the cult *Podvorye* Russian restaurant in Pavlovsk, the Mandrogi tourist village on the River Svir and other notable establishments in the catering business, knows just as many ways of spending his honestly earned money. Spending it sensibly and tastefully interests him much more than earning it.

What, for example, does Gutsait do? He takes buildings — architectural monuments — on long-term leases, restores them under the watchful eye of KGIOP (Committee on the State Control, Use and Protection of Cultural Landmarks) and breathes new life into them, opening high-class hotels and restaurants in St. Petersburg's suburbs. He fills them with rare furniture bought at auctions, exhibitions and antique shops, devises interiors and employs top designers to bring his ideas to fruition, and includes his own recipes in the menus. His

investments will take 25 to 30 years to pay for themselves, so you can hardly call it effective business — it is a kind of patronage. No bank would lend money for such a long period, so he has to invest money he has earned by his own sweat. But Gutsait's educational project — the creation of the Gorchakov School in Alexander Bryullov's dacha in Pavlovsk which he has restored — is patronage pure and simple. It fully corresponds to the school's motto, partly borrowed from the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum: *Education, Responsibility, Morality — for the Common Good*.

'I cannot judge how successful a businessman he is,' says Olga Taratynova, General Director of Tsarskoye Selo Museum-Reserve, 'but Bryullov's dacha and the Singing Tower in Pushkin, the BIP fortress and the house of Commandant Rotast in Pavlovsk were perishing and thanks to him they have been born again. To put it in philosophical terms: the man will go, but the monuments will remain.'

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It was Taratynova, in her previous capacity as District Inspector for KGIOP, who convinced Gutsait to save the dacha of Alexander Bryullov, brother of the celebrated painter Karl Bryullov. At that time the dacha, although under state protection, had collapsed ceilings, a leaking roof, broken windows, hopelessly uneven parquet flooring and no heating. A further burden that fell to the leaseholder was the restoration of two wings destroyed during the Second World War.

Gutsait hesitated, but thoughts about the quality of school education were already circulating in his restless mind. He read books on the traditions of education in Grand Princes' families and balanced them with modern trends. He sought advice from Sergey Nekrasov, Director of the All-Russian Pushkin Museum which includes the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum Memorial Museum, and asked his friends to which schools they would send their offspring. He looked back at his own school years — he was an idler and could not remember anyone apart from his physics teacher. But even one good teacher can set a child on the right path for his whole life. Look how lucky Misha Zhvanetsky, his classmate at institute, was with his teacher of literature! What Gutsait had in mind was just a school, not a lyceum or a gymnasien: he has a dacha in the Crimea with a small vineyard, where a school is a nursery for seedlings. He believes that the word school as applied to an educational institution came from plant-growing.

How it Happened in Odessa

Sergey Gutsait, like Ostap Bender, is from Odessa, which is where he gets his love of life, his enterprise and his spicy humour. His father was not a Turkish subject but a worthy toiler, chief engineer on an icebreaker, and his mother was Head of the Cardiology Department in a hospital. They were quite well-off, but did not spoil their son. Sergey had a blissful childhood full of adventures with friends and a bright youth, clouded only by the necessity of studying at institute. Like the magnificent Ostap he did not fit into the Soviet system of coordinates



and categorically did not want to devote himself to state service. He was bottom of the class at the Naval Engineers Institute and ended up studying for seven years instead of five (his mother had helped him to obtain academic leave without his father's knowledge). Meanwhile he was about to face the grim reality of Soviet higher education — allocation. Gutsait was last on the list and all that was left was ports in the polar region. The dean (also from Odessa) suggested a way out: 'Enter into a marriage of convenience, like Sofya Kovalevskaya'. After this shady business he was granted a free allocation and went to Leningrad, where he got married properly and had two children. The four of them huddled together in a one-room flat in Kupchino he had bought with his father's help.

All fortunes today are acquired by dishonest means. That statement certainly does not apply to Sergey Gutsait. The newly-fledged Leningrader worked like the devil to provide for his family

It's never too late to study.

'...a young man of about 28 walked into Stargorod... He had no money, no flat where money could have been, no key which could have unlocked the flat... The young man was carrying an astrolabe'.

*The Twelve Chairs.
Ilya Ilf, Evgeny Petrov*

With Beri the St. Bernard by the Catherine Palace in Pushkin. 1985.

Ivan Knyazev was awarded the Prince of Wales Prize as Best Young Russian Architect for this house in Tyarlevo.



and not to fall foul of the law on sponging that was rife in the 1970s. At first he worked in his speciality as an engineer in the fishing port, then in the *Parus (Sail)* restaurant (also to do with the sea!), then worked for 24 hours one day in three in a boiler house and finally turned to agriculture. Happily for him the Party and the Government introduced the Food Programme whereby individual producers were permitted to sell their produce on the market. Sergey even surprised himself by going to the library of an agricultural institute where he studied literature on the growing of flowers and seedlings, after which, armed with a chronometer, he went to the market to study how the old ladies sold herbs.

His initial accumulation of capital was fraught with difficulties. He grew onions from the shoots of an onion in the ground or in sawdust (progressive hydroponics!) until he found out that his competitors were buying produce wholesale from collective farms and selling it retail. Realizing that selling meat was three times more profitable than onions,

he started breeding piglets, then moved on to bullocks. It was nothing like an office for stockpiling horns and hooves! If he took out the back seat of the *Zhiguli* his father had given him he could fit in two bullocks bought at a collective farm, along with hay and mixed fodder. Sergey fattened them up and sold them to a meat processing combine — the account went to the collective farm and the money to him. That went on for nearly four years — it was hard work, from dawn to dusk, but the pay was like a professor's: 400–500 roubles a month!

Sewing blouses from nappies turned out to be more profitable, and again everything was above board, with a patent and without any counterfeit *Made in...* labels. He moved into the three-roomed flat of friends who had gone to work on contract abroad and rented out his own one-roomed flat. He earned enough from his blouses to be able to buy a house. He found a beautiful pre-war shell in Tyarlevo on the bank of the River Slavyanka and refurbished it to his own taste, knocking down the internal walls and ordering

*At a shop counter. Customer:
Wrap me a kilo of meat, please.
The saleswoman in a dazzling white apron
takes a dazzling white piece of paper:
Give me your meat then!*

Anecdote from the time
of the Food Programme

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a Gaudi-like outside wall. He organized parties in this atrium for friends and friends of friends, many of whom are now well-known Moscow St. Petersburgers. By then the market economy had caught him up: Gutsait was finally in step with the times and was able to start a business in his childhood hobby — culinary-gastronomic fantasies.

He received and fed groups of foreign tourists, initially in a local cafe — he bought products on the market, instructed the chefs, paid the waiters and cleaners, hired a small orchestra — then in his own home with the help of his wife and neighbours. One day a Frenchman he knew brought a group of 65: 'Sergey, they are all dying to come to you, even if they have to sit on each others' laps'. Gutsait weighed it up: it was impossible, even though he had extendable tables. Then his French friend suggested: 'I'll split the group in two, half of them to you for dinner, the other half to the Mariinsky Theatre, and tomorrow vice versa, OK?'

Sergey spread his hands: 'I realized I was already competing with the Mariinsky and began building the *Podvorye* Russian restaurant just outside Pavlovsk!'

The restaurant was designed in the style of a Russian tower by Ivan Knyazev, the same young architect who had transformed the wooden shell in Tyarlevo into a model of the northern modernist style. Gutsait still works with him, as well as with other talented architects and designers. Sometimes they bring his ideas and concepts to life, sometimes they suggest their own, but he takes the final decisions himself, explaining this arbitrariness in an amusing way:

'Sometimes a good designer does something so well that it is bad for business. High-class designers form a little clique... They dress stylishly, but not many people appreciate it. They are talented, but I am the best judge of my target audience. For instance, I bought a chandelier for the Singing Tower — the designer was horrified, it was like 'over my dead body'. I said: 'Well, go and shoot yourself then' (*laughs*). Then he looked more closely at it: 'not bad, you were right to



insist...' Well, how can you have a wedding hall without a chandelier? So we fight from time to time, but we can't do without each other.'

Even the arson in 2011 at *Podvorye*, one of the Gutsait Group's main sources of profit, did not dampen his enthusiasm. Of course, the fact that some villains had decided to settle scores with a competitor and the police had no desire to look for them did not add to his love for humanity, but Sergey was overjoyed that on the day after the fire all the staff of the holding company and the parents of his schoolchildren came to help clear up. The reaction of the authorities also inspired him. The restaurant burned down at 4am, and at 8am he received a phone call from Governor Valentina Matvienko asking him to accelerate the restoration of an important venue for St. Petersburg. Gutsait redistributed the restaurant's staff and the tourist groups around his other establishments and did not lose any clients. The new *Podvorye* was finished in eight months and he thinks it is better than the original.

The Singing Tower.
Gutsait in his favourite *Odessa Room*.





On a raft on the Dniestr. 1967.

One Gram for One Rouble

Sergey Gutsait on his Passion for Cooking

'It all started when I was in the sixth or seventh year at school. My friends and I came back to my place after school absolutely starving. My parents were at work, my mother had left something in a saucepan covered by a blanket and I had to make that something into a meal for us all. I peeled potatoes, chopped up cucumbers and a pepper and made five or six portions from one. Since then that has been my hobby: making something tasty from almost nothing, from what is left in the fridge, is much more interesting than cooking classic dishes. In summer we used to go travelling, float down the Dniester from Kamenets-Podolsky on a homemade raft, moor by the fertile banks in Ukraine or Moldova and again I would cook something from whatever came to hand. Then I devoted myself to sailing for about ten years. The yacht would arrive in port and the cook (me) would go to the market — there was never much money so I would begin to haggle, buy leftovers and scraps and fantasize.

Sometimes a recipe comes into your head, like music or poetry. There is no magic in preparing food from expensive ingredients. The received wisdom is that a good cook is one who takes a superb ingredient and doesn't spoil it, but I think a good cook is one who takes a *bad* ingredient (it may be salted beef or rusty herring) and makes superb food from it. I can go to the market with nothing in my pocket and make an excellent dinner from what they will give me for free.

I have taken pleasure in dreaming up recipes for a long time. For example, I have several of my own soups. I invented a Lenten pea soup with smoked potatoes. Potatoes are in the title of the dish, though there are other smoked vegetables in it too. I didn't even need to try it — I just knew it would be tasty. Peas are very cheap: if you take not just one variety but several — yellow and green — and mix them together, you get nuances of flavour fit for a gourmet. Pea soup is usually served with smoked meats which are expensive, but there are now lots of vegans who will not eat meat broths or stocks. So I take

potatoes, carrots and onions, put them in the smoker (I smoke my own meat and fish, so I know what I'm doing), let them smoke for about 15 minutes and then make Lenten pea soup. And if it simmers for a long time it adds to the flavour. In our staff canteen the pea soup is always tastier towards evening. It is cheap and aromatic, and people who try it don't realize there is no meat in it. I sometimes even suggest that high-ranking guests order a few dishes from the canteen. For instance, carrot pate and honey agaric mushroom pate are our own delicious inventions.

I occasionally hold seminars for young chefs. I begin with a simple question: how many eggs do you need for a kilogram of mince to stuff fish? Then we move on. What vegetable oil is best for frying? What vegetables go into borsch? Without what would it not be borsch? And what can you do without when making borsch? What can you replace potato with? I once asked: why is onion necessary? They answered that it was for flavour, but that's not so. I explain that it is to absorb unwanted smells. I remember a story my father told me: the commander of a flotilla came to his military unit and wanted fried fish. They found the fish, but the only oil they had was transformer oil. Then the chef had a brainwave: he fried it well with a large quantity of onion. The admiral ate to his heart's content — thanks to absorption!



On a yacht in the Black Sea. 1971.

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What excites me now is cheap food. Expensive, fanciful food made from fine ingredients — I've been there and done that. *Podvorye* is over 25 years old and does not interest me anymore. But how can one make delicious and cheap food like that in our staff canteen? For some that is an economic question, but for me it is creative. I saw that meat balls cost 29 roubles in the canteen and I reprimanded them: they should be cheaper! I suggested a non-standard solution. Restaurants usually buy semi-cooked meat products. We take a whole carcass and divide it up — I found a man who could do this and set up a room for it. As a result we have good-quality and cheap meat for meat balls and fresh bones for free. We make stock from the bones and the staff canteen now offers *stock with rice* and *stock with buckwheat kasha*. But I think it would be better to name these dishes the other way round: *rice with stock* or *kasha with stock*, and all for 6 or 7 roubles.

I am now opening a social canteen. I've bought a building for the purpose — the former *Vityaz* restaurant in the centre of Pushkin. There we will serve not just pea soup with smoked potatoes but a varied menu with prices from 10 to 50 roubles — only the meat dishes will cost more than 50 roubles — you can't make them any cheaper. I invented a hot maize salad which is delicious. I have a small restaurant called *The Last Supper* in Yalta and they make it there. It is fodder maize that costs 20 roubles a kilo — not genetically modified or sweet, like imported maize, but the genuine article that we used to eat as children. When it is boiled for a long time and flavoured with crackling and fried onion it becomes a real delicacy! The stock made in the way I've already mentioned will be cheap, as will the roast scraps of meat — they are even tastier than fillet steak.

There is no entrance charge to the canteen! The payment will vary — it's a pilot project after all. If you were to set up a canteen of this type in Three Stations Square in Moscow there would be queues there day and night, because there is nowhere else where you could eat as well and as cheaply. For example, the entrance fee would be 30 roubles. If you don't want to queue, go in by the next door, but for 50 roubles! If a queue forms there too, I'll make another entrance for 70 roubles!



Correspondingly, if the queue disappears I'll reduce the entrance fee. In that way it will not be me fixing the price — it will be a genuine market price, i.e. regulated by demand.

The slogan of my restaurant in Yalta is *Real Food with no Frills*. The price is the same for everything: one gram for one rouble. There is no profit in it for me. Now I want to open a restaurant for the same market, but in a highly populated place, so that it will be even cheaper and the food much better. In the second place, I can afford not to make a profit on it and the restaurant will be loss-making for a year or two. I will spend money but I'm in no hurry — I'll let the restaurant evolve by itself. After all, popularizing the place, devising the menu and creating a team will take time. The mark-up will be minimal and the profit will come because there are lots of people around. And when we start to break even, I'll tell the staff: I've fulfilled my ambitions — you can make money yourselves from now on.

In most restaurants of this type the food is monotonous and unpalatable, but at ours people will get very cheap, good-quality and interesting food and, what's more, prepared from fresh ingredients from the market!

SERGEY GUTSAIT'S SOCIAL LUNCH:



1. Jellyed meat with horseradish or mustard.
2. Warm salad with real maize, crackling and fried onion.
3. Lenten pea soup with smoked potatoes.
4. Home-style rissole with mashed potatoes and sauerkraut.
5. Compote of dried fruit.



Maxim Vorobyov. The dacha of architect Alexander Bryullov. 1844.

Dreams of the Elena Quarter

He also restored Bryullov's dacha quickly — it took just a year. He initially wanted to wait for a couple of years, work out the teaching concept and find the necessary money, but by that time the building was already in a state of collapse and there was no alternative on offer. He decided to name the school after Alexander Gorchakov, a close friend of Pushkin at the Lyceum (though he was an excellent student, while Pushkin was mediocre) who went on to become a brilliant diplomat and Russian chancellor, working for the common good! In the school's first graduation there were 17 students, in the second 13, in the third 16 and in the fourth 10. At the insistent request of parents and teachers a middle class was added to the junior and senior classes, which filled the gap in the study programme and united the school's staff. The programme includes some of its founder's *know-how* — a system of educational trips with a compulsory report (in seven years each child goes on fourteen trips — seven in Russia and seven abroad) and a *Public Examination*, a course in the development of investigative skills. A sports centre has been formed in the park around Bryullov's dacha: running tracks, volleyball and basketball courts and a football field which becomes an ice rink in winter. Even the wings have come in useful: one is an assembly hall and the other contains a hostel for senior students and a library.

The school has changed over the last twenty years. At first it was an experimental venture with no assessments or homework, but as soon as the first intake came to take the state exams in their 9th year it became clear that studying playfully was not enough and that knowledge obtained had to be reinforced. A balance was gradually established between study and extracurricular activities (dancing, choral singing, playing musical instruments, various clubs and sport — which also featured in Pushkin's time). As Sergey Gutsait says, 'We arrived at the right idea via a number of wrong ones.' They rejected a purely charitable model, which does not encourage the

parents to become involved in the school or their children to study diligently. For the first ten years study was free, then became partly paid depending on the family's income. Now parents compensate the actual costs of study, but Gutsait provides interest-free loans for those who need them. He still covers most of the expenses for the maintenance of the school himself. He was happy when his graduates who had become prosperous young people expressed a desire to support their *alma mater* which had made them successful — that is charity squared! He suggested that they invest their earmarked capital in an endowment for the school, in order to provide grants for underprivileged families. So a Gorchakov community is being formed, something like the Lyceum brotherhood in Pushkin's day.

In general, Gutsait likes the idea of a school family which includes parents, teachers and pupils. Attention is paid to the motivation of families in the selection process, teachers sit in on one another's lessons as a means of professional development and parents are also required to attend lessons. 'This is our novella. There was definitely nothing like it at the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum, which was a private institution. We do not try to copy its principles: it was two hundred years ago' smiles headmaster Alexander Kuzmin. He came to the school in 2009 from an university where he taught English and was Head of Department. He felt bored, started looking for jobs and saw an advertisement for a vacancy at the Gorchakov School. By the way, in order to look for teachers for the school Gutsait dreamed up a *Male Profession* competition for teachers in St. Petersburg and the Leningrad Region with a prize fund of a million roubles. The winners were decided by an independent jury, two of whom became teachers at the school.

The great local historian Boris Yanush conducted one of his last tours of Pavlovsk for the first intake of the Gorchakov School. Gutsait remembers him saying that Pavlovsk is not just a palace and park but a unique town. Old Pavlovsk is gone forever, of course, but that does not mean that memories of it should not be preserved.

*I still see Pavlovsk's rolling downs,
The meadow round, the water still,
Languor and shady nooks abound,
I cannot forget it and never will.
As you pass the gates with iron clad
The body thrills with wondrous bliss
You do not live, but rejoice and be glad
Or live a different life from this.*

Anna Akhmatova
(translated by David Hicks)



Left to right, top to bottom:
School choir practice.

The boys love snow and ice.

Pupils are taught to play the guitar.

The founder with Gorchakov pupils
discussing the school rules. Early 2000s.

The Elena Quarter Museum —
a place for discussions.

The recently opened Bryullov
Drawing-Room in the school museum,
which includes part of the Bryullov
family archive.



Diagram of the Elena Quarter.

1. The BIP fortress.
2. Alexander Bryullov's dacha No. 1 (Gorchakov School).
3. Commandant Rotast's house.
4. Gornostaev's house.
5. Alexander Bryullov's dacha No. 3.
6. Alexander Bryullov's dacha No. 2.
7. Peter Klodt's house.
8. Peter Klodt's studio.



One of those memories is the Elena Quarter, named after Grand Princess Elena Pavlovna — about forty hectares of land between the Slavyanka and its tributary the Tyzva where not many monuments of the type of Bryullov's dacha survive but where every building has a history!

It was here, twenty years ago, that Gutsait decided not to allow any new construction on this unique territory (the land along the Slavyanka is expensive and developers had their eyes on it). He took out a lease on the land, found allies in Smolny and blocked any projects that threatened to distort its appearance. There is now the possibility of restoring the lost monuments bit by bit: the BIP fortress and Rotast's house (already completed), the bathhouse of the merchant Samsonov on the Tyzva and the dacha and studio of the sculptor Peter Klodt, the foundation of which is directly opposite the school — it may be possible to open an art school for pupils in it.

Last summer the Elena Quarter Museum opened on the second floor of the tower of Bryullov's dacha — another way of preserving history. It is not a museum in the accepted sense with archive documents and artefacts but a regularly updated informational-educational resource, an *explorium*. It was created by teachers and pupils from the top class. On one hand it is their gift to the school and a link with it. On the other hand it is a way of immersing pupils in the cultural environment formed by several generations. The display traces the history of the quarter, the people who lived there (the Bryullov, the Gornostaevs, the Klodts, the Lansere-Benois family) and their estates. The collection has already been supplemented by some unexpected items such as a drawing of the tower of Bryullov's dacha by a graduate of 2008. Gorchakov's room — to be more precise the study of the 19th century statesman — is nearing completion. The ultimate goal of the school museum is to preserve the atmosphere of the open-air dacha (visitors included Glinka, Kukolnik and Karl Bryullov), and the creative contacts for which this quarter was renowned. Lectures, concerts and sessions for film buffs are already being held in Bryullov's drawing-room.

Before the opening of the museum sixth-year boys in white shirts and dark trousers read reports on the flora and fauna surrounding the school. Their dynamic presentations contained masses of useful information and practical advice: which trees in the park produced the tastiest apples (for example, alongside the lapta court), where bees live and honey can be found, what the nourishing properties of birch juice are, how to cope with hogweed and can poplar fluff be controlled. And one boy like a little bird reported that pupils who shout while dousing themselves in cold water in the mornings do not think about the starlings in the starling-house above them. The starling-house can be moved, but better to make the bathers see reason.

While the 'seedlings' are gaining strength in the school, Sergey Gutsait is preparing to extend his educational project. He is

HERITAGE + BUSINESS

'Valorisation is the increase in income yielded by an historic property as the result of its adaptation for modern conditions of use, proceeding from its inalienable universal cultural value'

From The Concept of the Reformation of the Restoration Business, approved at a meeting of the collegium of the Russian Federation Ministry of Culture in the Hall on the Island Pavilion at Tsarskoye Selo State Museum-Reserve. 8 July 2017.

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proposing to add some lower rungs to the ladder — a kindergarten and a primary school, as well as a school for girls. The district administration has offered the businessman the opportunity of leasing several more historic buildings. The position was clear: there was no money to refurbish them, but the plan for the development of institutions for children had to be fulfilled. According to Gutsait, he initially refused — he already had enough to worry about, but then ‘my conscience troubled me and I agreed’. He explained to his incredulous friends (‘why invest money in an obviously loss-making venture?’) that it was a social experiment for the common good which had already led to the creation of an efficient original model of school education. What is more, it is a model that can be copied. Having said that, he does not intend to sell the franchise, but to give it to anyone who wants it.

‘Yes, the Gorchakov School is doomed to subsidy,’ he told me, ‘but its popularity is growing and in a few years’ time I will be subsidizing less than half of it and I will invest the money I save in the kindergarten and the primary school. At first they too will be subsidized, but will eventually become self-sufficient. I will forget the money I spent on the refurbishment. It is not a bank loan which has to be repaid with percentage interest but my own money: well, I’ve spent it and that’s it.’

Sergey’s Big Toy

His key formula is ‘I can afford it’. There are people who are inclined to socially beneficial activity, but...do not have the opportunity. But if you have created the opportunity, if you earn more than you spend and the need remains, there is a chance for charitableness. It is important not to miss that chance while concentrating on the expansion of your business. For Sergey the chance first arose in the early 1990s when he and his wife were walking in Pavlovsk Park and looked into the Round Hall music lounge, which had been woefully neglected. Ostap Bender, if you



remember, collected money for the repair of the Fissure so that it would not get any wider. His modern antipode refurbished the salon at his own expense and ordered specially made furniture for staging free concerts. Yury Mudrov, then Director of the museum-reserve, showed the wisdom (*mudrost* in Russian) to offer the benefactor another object of cultural heritage under his protection.

In fact Gutsait has a cautious attitude to the word *charitableness*: philistines still see it as a cover for dishonest dealings. It is a good word, but it has been distorted and soiled. What is more, he is against tax breaks for benefactors. He knows how to count his money and has no need of even legal concessions — Bender would have laughed at this masochism. Gutsait’s explanation is logical: concessions would harm his reputation, as people would say he was just like everyone else, and genuine benefactors do not need to be buttered up. This stance causes him additional expense. For instance,

The restoration of the BIP fortress took 9 years.





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he leased the Singing Tower (the former water tower) in Pushkin which had once supplied the needs of the Catherine Palace, but it had burned down and the roof had collapsed. Now this dominant feature of the town houses a system of restaurants of various classes and national flavours, shops and apartments. It took five years of torturous work: the concrete blocks in the basement were blown up using special technology and the fragments taken away in lorries, original interiors were created on each floor and a viewing platform on the roof. And for all these years Gutsait was paying a substantial rental charge, with no allowance for even part of the expense of the restoration. Why, he was asked — for the right to clean the Augean stables? If only it were his own property.

A similar scenario applied to the restoration of the jewel of the Elena Quarter — the stone fortress known as BIP (Emperor Paul's Bastion), built on the site of Swedish fortifications. The emperor used to stay in this fortress when he came to Pavlovsk, receiving parades and reviews. The bastion suffered bomb damage during the Second World War and later bricks were taken away, so when Gutsait took it on it was in ruins. According to one version, the businessman had been *given a dare*. He was asked by a reporter from the *Vzglyad* TV programme: 'Did you take on the BIP as a dare?' 'At the moment it's a dare,' was his honest reply, 'but if I undertake to do it I'll manage it'. In fact, officials at various levels had asked him to restore the fortress. He already had a team which had completed the restoration of Bryullov's dacha and did not want to let them go. The building was the largest and most complicated to restore: it took nine years.

Now the BIP is an exclusive apartment-hotel with 22 original rooms: spacious and compact, on one or two floors, for elderly couples and parents with children, with concealed doors and alcoves. The bathroom in one of them provides a marvellous view of a kitchen garden and a picnic area, one has a 30-metre shower room and another has fragments of the original decor which have

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miraculously survived. And everywhere there are scatterings of authentic items: furniture in Jacobean and Thonet styles, a fireplace screen which museum staff are said to covet, a balcony railing in the room which was once Paul's bedroom, linocuts of Paul and his wife Maria Fyodorovna and a specially commissioned bed to match them, with an undulating double headboard. There are beds to suit all tastes, singles and doubles, with carved legs and with canopies, cradles for babies and beds of unusual format — greater in width than in length — for honeymooners.

The concentration of antiques is off the scale. All these appealingly old-fashioned wardrobes, chairs, lamps, mirrors, cornices, blinds, towel dryers, fireplace tongs, shoe stands and other rarities, purchased consciously second-hand (as Gutsait says, 'I saw it and couldn't resist it') are temporarily kept at his home or in a warehouse, then moved to the BIP or the Singing Tower to find a pair or some other conformity, while the owner adds to his reserves. He has his own Internet of objects which travel around their own orbits and carry a mass of internal information. And the exterior of the castle is exactly as it was designed by Vincenzo Brenna — every centimetre was checked and agreed with KGIOP.

It is hardly surprising that guests are dazzled when asked to choose a room. I was also dazzled when Gutsait, holding a bunch of keys, opened one room after another, lamenting on the way that he had forgotten to buy an old sculpture or vase for that niche, or spotting with his eagle eye and suggesting to the manager that a carpet should be moved slightly and the willows pruned so as not to cover the Marienthal pond. At Pavlovsk the BIP (Paul's Big Toy) has already been renamed the BIS (Sergey's Big Toy). The 'toy' is so popular that clients frequently rent the whole castle for a wedding or anniversary — even on weekdays there can be two events. For that reason the BIP was inaccessible on my first visit, which slightly vexed Gutsait. He does not like corporate events being held in this historic building; event agencies which bring powerful musical

equipment damage the exclusive interiors with their fireworks and absurd draping, but here Ostap Bender would not have understood his fellow-citizen: it is pure profit.

Sergey prefers it when just a few rooms in the BIP are occupied. He can afford it. Let the guests stroll through the park as though they owned it, see the turkeys and goats, daydream by the pond and on the way back pick herbs for a salad or roots for beetroot soup and give them to the chef. Let them sit in the glazed lobby (it used to be an open courtyard where guests arrived on horses and in carriages) listening to the mechanical piano. This idyllic scene is disturbed more and more often by lovers of selfies, to the extent that Gutsait has asked his manager to charge for photo sessions. Sergey bought for his own use the house of Baron Konstantin Rotast, the Commander of Pavlovsk, designed in the neo-baroque style by Ivan Potolov, architect of the Pavlovsk town administration, having raised it from the ruins. It will now definitely be better preserved.

Symbolically, the BIP is not far from the Gorchakov School. The BIP is its sponsor, as are *Podvorye*, the Singing Tower and Mandrogi. It is a bank in which Gutsait has already invested a great deal of money and is now beginning to reap the benefits. In another eight years it will have completely paid for itself. So it is not only business that provides the opportunity for charitableness, but vice versa!..

Last summer a collegium of the Russian Ministry of Culture held in Pushkin discussed the concept of the re-formation of a restoration branch called Heritage PLUS. It is a pity that Sergey Gutsait, who lives nearby, was not invited to the event, because he is already putting that concept into practice. He is concluding *contracts for life* with historical monuments and does not stop caring about them even when they have been restored. In addition, he is introducing the principle of *valorization* — raising income by the competent use of historical properties. Meanwhile the monument lives and breathes (the BIP is a monument of national significance).



Baron Rotast's house and its new owners: Sergey, Lyudmila and their Yorkshire terrier Kiryusha.



'Don't worry', said Ostap, 'my project guarantees your city an unprecedented boom in production force... People from Moscow who are hamstrung by the housing crisis will rush to your splendid city. The capital will automatically move to Vasyuki.'

*The Twelve Chairs.
Ilya Ilf, Evgeny Petrov*

The Magic Mirror of Time

One of the rooms in the fortress is graced by an original mirror-clock: if you look at yourself you see the time, if you look at the time you see yourself in the dial. It occurred to me that Gutsait's surname translates as *good time*! We stood transfixed for a few moments, hovering in this field of time: the journalist and the native of Odessa with his bunch of keys to the bijou rooms, but that was enough to escape from the hustle and bustle for a while.

'It seems to me that people differ in their sense of time,' said Sergey. 'In what units is it measured? The answer is obvious: days, hours, minutes and seconds have a physical concept. But what other words relate to time?'

'Well... human life, ages, eternity.'

'There you go. There are those who live one day at a time and don't care about tomorrow, but there are also those who do care what will be here in a hundred years' time. There are birds which fly north because they feel something, but there are also birds which don't fly away at all. People also perceive time in different ways. I, for example, am less interested in what will happen tomorrow than what will happen in a hundred years. It will be without me, but I am doing what I can while I am alive.'

'To leave a trace for your descendants?'

'No, that's too high-flown. Why do some architects design buildings (those five-storey ones) to last 50 years, some to last 200 years and others to last forever? How do those people differ? After all, those who built these buildings to last forever, with thick walls and an egg yolk solution, realized they themselves would not live forever! Now it is different — the tempo and meaning of life have changed. So we lay asphalt like we treat people and how we teach. We are losing the skill to make something that is really good, not just for the sake of a quick profit...'

'And are you from that time?'

'What can I say — I feel akin to the motives of behaviour of

people from the 18th and 19th centuries, those who built the Elena Quarter. That is why I am disappointed with people who live only for today. When I interview someone for a job, I ask him 'Tell me, what will happen to you in 15-20 years?' He doesn't understand why I need to know. And I say: 'If you are interested to know, come and work with us. If not, goodbye.'

'The monuments you have saved will remain, but for how long? Without you they may again fall into disrepair and be orphaned!'

'I am trying to make sure that won't happen, but it doesn't depend only on me!'

We had already moved away from the clock and Gutsait continued the theme on the way to Pushkin, where he had promised to show me the buildings of the future kindergarten and social canteen. 'The holding company's strategy is for some of the employees to become my partners. Anyone who thinks about the future and, at the same time, solves current problems receives a bonus at the end of the year. He can take the money or convert it into a share of the business he is involved in. I already have about twenty such partners — chefs, managers, a financial director, a waiter... It is profitable for them to invest money in their businesses, legally and actually becoming their co-owners. The businesses will go to them when I die, but that does not at all affect their attitude to their work today. I hope they are concerned about their legacy.'

We called in at another remarkable building — the Hermitage Kitchen at Tsarskoye Selo. It was the legendary Ivan Sautov who suggested that Gutsait lease it. The exterior had been restored at state expense, but inside there were no floors or ceilings. Now it is an attractive and popular cafe in a perfect spot at the entrance to the park. Here the head of the holding company has instilled the principle of a team contract which he mastered in the summer of 1970 while still a student when he was working in the polar port of Tiksi: the manager, who is also one of his partners, distributes part of the takings in accordance with the contribution of each

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employee. The chefs and cleaners work to the same business model in the BIP.

Another building awaiting a change in its fate is the imperial railway station in Pushkin, which continues to become dilapidated. And Gutsait, as is his custom, is waiting until the building comes up for auction. From an objective point of view the authorities ought to be interested in helping an enlightened businessman who is prepared to lease it — with all the drawbacks, including bureaucratic red tape — and restore historic monuments whose preservation they cannot themselves guarantee, should they not? But the officials are in no hurry and the enlightened businessman conjectures: what is the hold-up, is there any particular reason, are they looking in the mirror of time? However, he could radically accelerate the decision process by using a fantastic resource: Vladimir Putin has visited him dozens of times and celebrated his 50th birthday at *Podvorye* during his presidency. And in Oliver Stone's sensational film *Putin* he galloped past on a horse at Mandrogi. The restorer could make a call to the very top and obtain a *final certificate*. But that is not in his nature — he prefers to lie on the sofa.

Gutsait assured me that his best ideas actually come to him on the sofa. It was on the sofa that he fantasized about Mandrogi, that New Vasuki on the River Svir, where previously there was nowhere for cruise liners between Moscow and St. Petersburg to stop. He could plainly see what a great project it was, but did not want to undertake it. And here, as in the story about the Round Hall at Pavlovsk, his wife intervened: 'What is there to discuss, get on and build it'. He said: 'Do you actually realize what it is?' She replied: 'What, lying on the sofa?' He started sailing along the Svir to choose the site. And, unlike the hoaxer Ostap, he built his New Vasuki! And his university knowledge came in useful — after all, he has a degree in the mechanization of transshipments in ports. Mandrogi also did not escape without fires and a few buildings burned down, but



Gutsait quickly restored them. 'Wooden houses have always burned down in Russia,' he says philosophically.

Sergey Gutsait is an easy-going, democratic and modest person. This is obvious from the unostentatious way he dresses, the way he carries himself and the type of car he drives, even though he could afford better. He simply considers it indecent to spend more than necessary on himself. He has arrived at this disarming easiness through adversities and family tragedies — the death of his younger son and the break-up with his elder son who he thought would inherit the business. But he decided there was nothing he could do about it. As his indefatigable predecessor from Odessa used to say, the session continues!

What does it say there about educating youth?

'Spending money wisely on education and on restoration is very difficult when you bear in mind the quality demanded of the product. Educating people that tasty food does not have to be expensive is also difficult.'

Sergey GUTSAIT

Not the Last Parade

MUSSA EKZEKOV HAS GIVEN A MUSEUM A COLLECTION OF TIN GUARDSMEN

Sergey LIDIN. Photos: GC Development's archive



At the end of last year the Suvorov State Memorial Museum was given a unique collection of tin soldiers — a reconstruction of the last parade of the Russian Imperial Guard on the Field of Mars in 1914. Its particular value is that it is absolutely historically accurate. Artists worked on the composition for around fifty years, verifying every detail with photographs and drawings of Imperial Guard regiments.

The collection was started by Georgy Ivanov, a descendant of Russian naval officers and a professional engraver. When fate took him to a foreign country in the 1950s he decided to create a series of tin figures in memory of the Russian Imperial Guard. Despite being in financial straits (he was working in Stockholm in a bicycle repair workshop) he invested money in the manufacture of moulds for tin soldiers for almost thirty years. He talked to former guards officers to obtain information about uniforms, weapons and banners of the regiments in which they served. He collaborated with historians, artists and uniform experts in various countries. The moulds were made on the basis of his sketches by master engravers, but Ivanov subsequently cast the figures himself.

The soldiers then ended up with the German collectors Rupert Beyer and Paul Berthold, who decided to use them to reconstruct the last parade of the Russian Imperial Guard, and this also took decades. They made models of Nicholas II and his retinue, the whole guards cavalry (fifteen regiments), a convoy, the guards gendarme squadron, the bands of the horse-guards



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and the cuirassiers, companies of palace grenadiers, regiments of the 1st guards' infantry division and the infantry regiment — 2,564 figures in all.

‘Naturally we had been dreaming of obtaining such a relic, but events took a dramatic turn,’ says museum director Vladimir Gronsky. ‘The last owner of the collection Rupert Beyer was already over eighty and he was afraid that after his death his heirs would sell it off in parts so as to make some money out of it. Not wishing the collection to be broken up and consequently destroyed, he offered us the opportunity to buy it at a price that was moderate but nevertheless unrealistic for the museum. We started looking for a benefactor, but meanwhile the collection was due to be auctioned. Then, literally two days before the auction, a saviour was found and he immediately signed a contract with Beyer. We were over the moon.’

This miraculous saviour of the collection for Russia was the St. Petersburg businessman and public figure Mussa Ekzekov. His diverse charitable projects include the founding of the Leader Sport Academy for Children, the installation of a monument to Dmitry Shostakovich in St. Petersburg and his traditional targeted assistance to a children's hospice. As a member of the Abazins, a dwindling mountain people, Mussa Ekzekov's aim in life is to preserve his ethnic heritage, mainly through the revival of Abaza and Abkhaz culture, which has close links to the culture of other Russian peoples.

We often lament that the culture of philanthropy is not very highly developed in modern Russian society. This culture also includes the ability to say thank you to donors for their unselfish generosity. On this occasion it was all done at a high level. The handing-over ceremony took place in the Suvorov Museum, where the soldiers stood frozen in battle formation on the parade ground. The ceremony was attended by St. Petersburg Governor Georgy Poltavchenko and Lyubov Sovershaeva, Chair of the Museum's



Board of Trustees and Deputy Plenipotentiary Representative of the President of Russia in the Northwest Federal District.

The governor thanked the benefactor for his valuable gift to the city and said he was sure that the reconstruction would occupy a place of honour in the display of Russia's first Museum of Tin Soldiers which is due to open in the Suvorov Museum in May 2018: ‘St. Petersburg has once more justified its title as a city of socially responsible business. People like Mussa Ekzekov are doing a great deal to ensure that everyone will have the joy of communicating with genuine history.’

The Suvorov Museum now has the largest collection of tin soldiers in Russia — 62,564 figures which will take part in several more parades.



Lyubov Sovershaeva, Chair of the Museum's Board of Trustees, with Mussa Ekzekov.

An Armoire in an Interior

AN EARLY 18TH CENTURY GERMAN WARDROBE WILL BE ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS IN THE CHURCH PAVILION OF THE GRAND ORANIENBAUM (MENSHIKOV) PALACE

Marina REBRIKOVA, Curator of Furniture at Peterhof State Museum-Reserve. Photos: Peterhof State Museum-Reserve, Vyacheslav Korolev

This summer a new museum is to open in the restored St. Panteleimon Church in the West Pavilion of the Grand Palace at Oranienbaum. The interior decoration of the church has not survived: the icons removed from the walls in the 1930s and the dismantled iconostasis designed in Ivan Zarudny's workshop in Moscow were lost during the Second World War. The extensive work to restore the pavilion's architectural and painted decoration has taken several years.

Last September, when the restoration of the interior was nearing completion and the staff of Oranienbaum Palace were occupied in the search for items for the future display, a representative of the Dutch company ArtClub B.V. approached Peterhof Museum-Reserve with a proposal to donate an early 18th century wardrobe. The owners of this valuable piece of furniture could hardly have guessed how opportune their generous gift would be. The solid wood double-door wardrobe, decorated with a magnificent carved ornament and figures of Biblical characters, was of interest to the museum staff not only as an important example of applied art of the German baroque period (i.e. not only from an historical and artistic point of view). The particular value of this piece of furniture for Peterhof is that is very similar to the wardrobe that was in the Oranienbaum Palace church in the 18th century.



'A large walnut wardrobe with a carved sprendel (cornice — *M. R.*) with turned legs, capitals and, in places on the doors, two carved sliding drawers' is mentioned in the first inventory of the palace compiled in 1728 after the arrest of Prince Alexander Menshikov, the original owner of the Oranienbaum residence.



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Although the description of the piece in the archive document is brief, it accurately reflects the characteristics of German baroque wardrobes made in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. The spacious wardrobe was probably intended for church vestments and prayer-books. A century later, in 1826, Emperor Nicholas I ordered the wardrobe to be transferred to the Marly Palace at Peterhof. That small two-storey building served as a kind of museum to 'the blessed memory of Emperor Peter I' and carefully preserved furnishings from the first quarter of the 18th century. The old wardrobe was installed in one of the rooms on the ground floor and Peter the Great's personal belongings were arranged on its shelves. Unfortunately, the Oranienbaum wardrobe was lost during the Second World War, along with all the furnishings of the palace, when it was blown up by the Nazis.

The artistic merits of the wardrobe donated to the museum are beyond doubt. The master turned a utilitarian piece of furniture into a work of art. Of particular interest is the carved composition in the centre of the cornice depicting a man and an angel. Above their heads is a strip with a quotation in German from Holy Scripture: HER ICH LAS DICH NICHT DV SEGENEST MICH DEN (I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Genesis 32.26). It is a reproduction of Jacob's fight with the angel, whose allegorical meaning is: the spiritual wrestling of faith which does not submit to any of life's trials and difficulties. Although Jacob gained the upper hand in his fight with the angel, he realized that victory would be granted to him only by the condescension of the mysterious wrestler. Recognizing this, he asked for the angel's blessing. The religious theme in the cornice is supported by depictions of characters from the Bible, in particular the apostle Paul, on the pilasters of the facade.

The masters who made these convenient, spacious and, at the same time, elegant wardrobes frequently included amusing secrets (deceptions) in them. There are also deceptions in the piece



donated to the museum: the keyhole is concealed behind a detail on the central pilaster that moves aside, and the facade of the lower sliding drawer is designed in the form of two false drawers.

The gift of ArtClub B.V. is undoubtedly a huge slice of luck for the museum. The German baroque wardrobe will be one of the outstanding exhibits in the restored Church Pavilion. Thanks to the authentic 18th century furnishings and the high degree of professionalism of those who have restored the carved and painted decor of the church, visitors to the Oranienbaum Palace church will sense the style and spirit of the age and get in touch with history.

Page 22:
'Deceptive' carved figure.

Facade of the wardrobe.

Interior of the Church Pavilion
of the Grand Menshikov Palace.

Fragment of the interior. Carved composition
depicting Jacob's fight with the Angel.



'ArtClub B.V., an international association of collectors and experts, presents a series of exhibitions and educational projects devoted to the history and art of past ages. We believe our common humanistic values help us to understand and get closer to a great variety of traditions and cultures. History and art form a universal language that all humanity can speak. I hope this gift, which will help to restore the interior of the museum to its original appearance, will be another small but important contribution to the treasure-house of the universe.'

*Oleg ARTEMENKO, Executive Director,
ArtClub B.V. (Amsterdam, Netherlands)*

In the Footsteps of Maclay

THE DESCENDANT AND FULL NAMESAKE OF THE SCIENTIST AND EXPLORER HAS REPEATED HIS ANCESTOR'S ROUTE

Oksana SOSNOVSKAYA. Photos: the Miklouho-Maclay Foundation for the Preservation of Ethno-Cultural Heritage

'I hope that by rubbing shoulders with history in this way our young people will get to know about our national heroes, at least more than about Harry Potter'.

Nikolay MIKLOUHO-MACLAY Jr.



Russian Maecenas was the information partner of the expedition.



An artefact from Papua New Guinea: a tabir dish.

Nearly a century and a half ago the great Russian scientist and traveller Nikolay Nikolayevich Miklouho-Maclay embarked on a risky expedition to New Guinea. Contemporaries predicted that he would perish at the hands of the savages and cannibals who inhabited the island in faraway Oceania and his colleagues saw no scientific point in what they considered to be a dubious undertaking.

But this is a story with a happy ending. The Papuans, who still lived in primitive Stone Age communities, acknowledged the stranger as their own, calling him the 'white Papuan' — Kaaram Tamo (The Man from the Moon). The unique everyday objects,

examples of material culture and drawings he brought back with him are now in the Kunstkamera in St. Petersburg, the Russian Geographic Society and the Museum of Anthropology at Moscow State University. Miklouho-Maclay is now considered to be a national hero in Papua New Guinea: the Papuans on the Maclay Coast pass down by word of mouth legends of the good man from Russia who loved and protected them.

This amazing story has had a surprising sequel in the 21st century. In autumn 2017 the great-nephew of the 'white Papuan' set off for the Maclay Coast. He is the explorer's full namesake (same name, patronymic and surname) — Nikolay Nikolayevich Miklouho-Maclay. He led a scientific research expedition with the expert support of the Institute of Ethnology and Anthropology named after Maclay, the Peter the Great Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography (the Kunstkamera) and the History Faculty and Museum of Anthropology at Moscow State University. The expedition was organized for the first time in modern Russian history thanks to the Miklouho-Maclay Foundation for the Preservation of Ethno-Cultural Heritage. Its members included scientists and documentary photographers. Nikolay Miklouho-Maclay jnr. bore a substantial part of the financial expense himself as patron of the project.

The participants in the project received warm words of farewell from Daniil Tumarkin, who led Soviet ethnographic

Over the Barriers

expeditions to Papua New Guinea in 1971 and 1977, and from People's Artist of the USSR Yuri Solomin, Artistic Director of the State Academic Maly Theatre of Russia, who directed and starred in the feature film 'Coast of his Life' (1984) about Miklouho-Maclay.

Several tasks faced the expedition, the most important being to study the dynamics of the life and traditions of the tribes populating the northeast coast of New Guinea and to collect legends about Maclay preserved by the locals. Scholarly works on the results of the expedition will be published, but the main conclusion drawn by the researchers is that the Papuans reverently maintain traditions and that little has changed in their life and culture in the last 150 years.

This conclusion is confirmed by objects still in everyday use which the expedition brought home with them from the Maclay Coast. Their appearance and purpose are identical to the 19th century artefacts collected by Miklouho-Maclay in the same places. These items were presented to Miklouho-Maclay jnr. by the villages of Bongu, Gorendu and Gumbu at a ceremony to bid farewell to the expedition. The donors included the large family of descendants of Tui, the first Papuan with whom the expedition leader's celebrated ancestor made contact in 1871.

The 55 gifts, which are historical and cultural valuables of world significance, include: a knife made from a cassowary bone, a *bul-ra* breast adornment of wild boar tusks, a *tabir* dish used as a bride's ransom and handed down from generation to generation, a bow with arrows and a warrior's costume. The extensive accompanying material amassed during the expedition (photographs, videos and diary entries) show the history of each artefact. Some of them are already in the Kunstkamera's reserves. It is planned to present the *tabir* ritual dish to the Kaliningrad Museum of the World Ocean on Maecenas Day in the State Hermitage.



Quite soon — in August 2018 — Miklouho-Maclay jnr. will lead his next expedition to Papua New Guinea. This time the complement will increase to ten persons and the tasks before it will be more wide-ranging. They will visit remote, little-studied areas of the island, live with local families and take part in traditional rituals on the Maclay Coast. It is planned to hold a scientific-practical conference in the cities of Madang and Port Moresby and to present an exhibition entitled *Miklouho-Maclay in the 21st Century. History Come to Life*. The events will be organized jointly with the University of Papua New Guinea, with whom the Miklouho-Maclay Foundation has entered into partnership.

Meeting in the village of Gorendu.



A knife made from a cassowary bone.

The Man Behind the Carillon

HOW BELGIAN JO HAAZEN CAME INTO HIS OWN ON HARE ISLAND

Arkady SOSNOV. Photos: Timur Turgunov, Alexey Pogarsky and from Jozef Haazen's personal archive



An angel playing a carillon.
Jakobus Harrewijn. Basel, 1700.

A Mellow Sound

Before the closing concert of the *Music above the City* festival the sacristan who opens the windows in the belfry of Peter and Paul Cathedral could not be found. 'This is ridiculous — nobody down there will hear anything with the windows closed!' Jo Haazen made a call on his mobile and so did his assistant. A man arrived with a bunch of keys precisely at 7 pm. Jo hurriedly told him the number of the key for each of the huge windows and helped to throw them wide open. Haazen's acquaintances were pushing their way through with their video cameras to be closer to the carillon and their children were clambering everywhere, but he contrived not to notice them. What angelic patience at such a critical moment!

The long-awaited chords pierced the evening sky... Original pieces for carillon, arrangements of Russian and Western classics and folk songs burst out from the cramped cubicle with keys

and pedals, filling the whole fortress, just as they did in Peter the Great's time. Applause from Cathedral Square floated up to the apex beneath the cupola. After each tune Jo came out on to the little balcony and exchanged bows with the public, repeating: 'Thank you, lads!' In his white clothes he looked like a bird hovering above St. Petersburg.

He would either strike the wide keys with his fists or press them, then leave them and move on to others, as if he had made a deal with each of them, sorting them out with the toes of his shoes and pressing the lower pedals like the accelerator on a car. These biomechanics produced a harmonious modulating melody from fifty bells of varying calibre linked to the keyboard by a system of connecting rods. When I leapt from the belly of the instrument I could still feel its effect — the current produced by the bells was running through my body. Before descending to the crowd

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of listeners the carillonist changed his sweat-soaked T-shirt for a clean one. 'It is real physical work,' he called out as he hurried down, having stopped noticing me too. Meeting the public is very important to him. Right by the exit a boy presented him with a bell made of paper and ladies read poems inspired by the sound of the carillon.

When Jozef Willem Elisabeth Franciscus Haazen first came to St. Petersburg as a tourist in 1986 he did not speak or understand Russian, but during a guided tour of Peter and Paul Fortress he noticed an ancient bell with Dutch lettering and the name of the town of Horn at the foot of the cathedral. How could he fail to notice it! Haazen was Director of the Royal Carillon School in Mechelen, Belgium. That is where the famous mellow sound was born* (the French name for Mechelen is *Malines*: French is an official language of Belgium, along with Dutch and German).

Jo thought: would it not be interesting if there could be a carillon in this cathedral! At that time he knew little about Russia because of the Iron Curtain, but Russian music — traditional tunes, the sounds of the balalaika and domra, folk groups — had always touched him. He then discovered that during Peter I's Great Embassy to Europe in 1697–1698 and on his visit to Antwerp in 1717 he had been impressed by the *singing towers* of Flanders and had ordered six carillons to be brought to Russia — three each for Moscow and St. Petersburg. One of these instruments was installed in the belfry of Peter and Paul Cathedral — it is reliably known that the emperor listened to it with his entourage and visitors from abroad. That carillon of 35 bells was burnt in a fire in 1756 — it happened at night when lightning struck the wooden spire of the cathedral during a thunderstorm. Empress Elizabeth ordered a *glockenspiel* to be installed in the restored cathedral. This second carillon of 38 bells, skilfully made by the Dutch master Barend Oortkras, was not installed until 1765. Oortkras never received his fee and died in penury. The instrument was played



until the mid-19th century, when it had become dilapidated and was partly turned into chimes which sounded every fifteen minutes. Oortkras's bells are still in use today.

'I immediately wanted to help Russia to develop this art — not from scratch, because Peter had started it,' Jo dramatically waved his hand, 'he introduced the carillon not in opposition to the Russian tradition of bell-ringing but to complement it. Of course it had started two hundred years earlier in Belgium...'

When he returned home Haazen began studying Russian — not a simple thing at the age of 42, but easier for someone with a purpose in view. Every day this polyglot, who speaks all his country's languages as well as English and Esperanto, learned the language by the progressive *Assimil* method, which teaches whole sentences instead of individual words. He reinforced his knowledge by chatting to Soviet tourists, whose numbers were gradually increasing. When a group from Sverdlovsk gave him a

There are now more than 130 bells under the cupola of Peter and Paul Cathedral. They include 24 for a Russian peal, 51 for the carillon, 18 for chimes, 12 carillon bells from the mid-18th century and dozens of bells in a museum display.

* Translator's note: the Russian term *malinovy zvon* means 'mellow sound'.

The modern carillon in the cathedral's belfry is a concert instrument consisting of 51 bells with a total weight of fifteen tons (the largest weighs 3,075 kg, the smallest 10 kg). It can play any music — from Bach fugues to jazz improvisations and folk tunes. Its tonality enables it to be played with other instruments, ensembles and orchestras.

Prince Philippe, now King of Belgium, at the ceremony to lift the first bell of the new carillon into place under the cupola of Peter and Paul Cathedral. 2001.

Dmitry Romanov, a descendant of the Russian imperial dynasty, with his wife Doris at the presentation of the carillon. 2001.



One of the named bells.



record of folk music, a matryoshka doll and a packet of cigarettes, he remembered a phrase he had recently learned: 'Smoking is harmful!' and received the reply: 'Anyone who does not smoke or drink will die healthy!' They all laughed — it seems impossible to offend him.

In parallel he sought sponsors with a unique fundraising technique — the sale of each bell for the new carillon in St. Petersburg. First the small bells were sold, then the larger ones and finally the giant bells. The idea appealed to everybody! An unusual community of enthusiasts was formed — people of various professions, rich and poor, believers and atheists, business competitors, even politicians of various colours who had not even heard about the St. Petersburg carillon, all wanted to participate in this brilliant project for Russia.

'They responded because they liked your perestroika,' Jo is convinced. 'The heart of Western Europe was open to Russia.'

And not only Europe. Gradually people in Japan, the USA and Canada heard about the project, as the Royal Carillon School in Mechelen had adopted it, and the school is known all over the world. The project was patronized by the Flanders Ministry of Education and Culture. The funds went to the accounts of the school and of the King Baudouin Foundation, guaranteeing the transparency of the financial plan. Raising the money was surprisingly easy, and the modest musician from Mechelen, who had never gone cap in hand to anybody, was in his element.

He applied to the Minister-President of the Flemish community in Belgium for assistance and — lo and behold — the set includes a bell donated by the Flemish government. An old lady came up to Jozef Willem after a concert and gave him twenty francs towards the carillon. She too was respected and is included in the list of donors along with the Queen of Belgium, the City of Mechelen and a Dutch millionaire who built tunnels for animals to pass under motorways.

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That eccentric stated that he would buy the *E flat* bell for Russia and no other! But the *E flat* bell had already been sold! Well then, said the millionaire, you will have to assemble your carillon without me. Haazen spoke to the donor of the coveted bell, who agreed to the change, leaving the *E flat* bell for the fastidious Dutchman.

Another of the enthusiasts was Bernard van Bogaert, Director of the *De Koninck* brewery in Antwerp. He had opened St. Petersburg's first Belgian beer restaurant near *Gorkovskaya* Metro station. Bernard drove a lorry with a valuable cargo — not kegs of beer but a mobile carillon hired from the *Petit & Fritsen* bell foundry. Jo played it in the Summer Garden, in Peterhof, in Pavlovsk and in the square in front of Peter and Paul Cathedral, and also in front of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. So he was already promoting the carillon to the Russian masses in the 1990s and, as we will see, recruiting associates.

That was the time of the New Russians and Jo, as a typical European, still remembers his encounters with them. They came to the mellow sound in crimson jackets** with suitcases full of cash or wrote cheques for large sums. One of them flew to Mechelen from London in his private jet with a plastic bag stuffed with Belgian francs, but he came to the ceremonial unveiling of the carillon in Peter and Paul Fortress fit and proper with his father, wife and children. He proudly told everyone that his ancestors had been bell-ringers in St. Petersburg and showed the one-ton bell he had donated and which bore his surname.

Like the carillonists of the past Jo Haazen was personally involved in the casting of the bells at Petit & Fritsen in the Netherlands. He was kept company by donors who wanted to see at close quarters the alchemy of metal boiling in crucibles, the subtleties of grooving the bells on turner's lathes and tuning them in a range of four octaves with the aid of sensitive tuning-forks. It was just like it had been in the 18th century, only the lathes were now computer-controlled and the tuning-forks were electronic.

Jo sensed that not everyone in Russia believed in *some chap called Haazen from Belgium*. Four months before the unveiling of the carillon



the fortress's architect had still not calculated whether the load-bearing constructions of the belfry would stand the weight of the instrument! Fortunately it could not have worked out better. Prince Philippe, now King of Belgium, was present at the ceremony to lift the first and largest bell into the tower of Peter and Paul Cathedral. He jokingly asked Jo: 'And what if it falls?' A service was held in the cathedral to consecrate the bell according to Orthodox custom and it rang out — just as it had in 1721 at the hands the *bell player* Johann Förster, the first carillonist in the cathedral — and in Russia.

So, after the carillons of Peter's and Elizabeth's time a third carillon appeared in Peter and Paul Cathedral in 2001. Fifteen years had passed between Jozef Haazen's first visit to St. Petersburg and his first carillon concert. One of his students at the Royal Carillon School in Mechelen conjectured that the Russian project had taken two years off the director's life. Jo gently demurred: maybe it had added two years.

'Grooving — the removal of the top layer of bronze from the inside — is the main difference between a carillon bell and a Russian bell. It gives the bell its basic tone and its overtones (a perfect third and a perfect fifth), making it suitable for melodic music with numerous nuances. Russian peals are structured on rhythm and the sound of each bell is rich and beautiful in its own right'.

Olesya ROSTOVSKAYA,
carillonist, bell-ringer

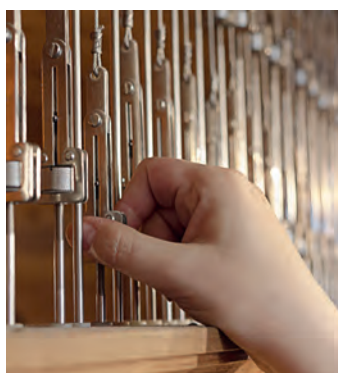
** Translator's note: the Russian word *malinovy* means *mellow*, but it is also the adjective from the word *malina* (raspberry) and means *crimson*. Here it is a play on words in Russian.



Notes and Sounds

‘I have been playing the carillon since I was 13, but it is only now, at 73, that I realize its possibilities and limitations’, said Jo. ‘You don’t have to use too many notes — it is better to play in octaves to convey the tune. You need talent not just to play the notes but also to hear the sounds. If a musician does not have that talent it will spoil the performance.’

We were talking in one of the office buildings in Peter and Paul Fortress — in a cosy room which Jo had been allotted for giving lessons to students — to the sounds of the carillon floating down from the belfry: his pupil and assistant Olesya Rostovskaya was rehearsing for her next concert. Since the carillon was revived



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these summer Sunday concerts have become a fine St. Petersburg tradition. The carillon is also played on special occasions — on City Day, for example. When there are no concerts the windows of the belfry are closed to protect the instrument.

Carillon festivals have been held in Peter and Paul Fortress every summer since 2002. A few years after that its participants began to include students and graduates of the Organ, Harpsichord and Carillon Department which opened in St. Petersburg State University’s Philological Faculty in 2006. It later became part of the Faculty of Arts, whose dean Valery Gergiev also tried out the keyboard of the carillon in the cathedral.

Jo agreed with pleasure to give lessons, especially as he had had no problems in obtaining permission from the Belgian Ministry of Education and Culture to combine the two posts. (‘The ministry understood that this was a good way of reinforcing friendly relations between our nations!’) And since his retirement in 2010 he has spent two thirds of his time in Russia, the rest in Belgium and on foreign tours.

In eleven years the department has awarded twenty bachelor’s and master’s degrees in carillon (students are also taught to play the organ and the harpsichord). Entrants, who typically already have a higher musical education, have to take stiff examinations (piano, solfeggio, harmony...). There are joint programmes with the Royal Carillon School in Mechelen. Jo shows me some photographs: here are the first Russian students to receive diplomas in Belgium... And here are the alumni of the St. Petersburg carillon school: Olesya Rostovskaya, Tatiana Lukyanova, Timur Khaliullin, Galina Elshaeva and other brilliant masters who play the carillon all over the world. For the first time in the 300-year history of the instrument in this country a Russian carillon school has been established. The school is not only a galaxy of pupils but also a style of performance.

By way of instructive information Jo explained that the carillon is a very difficult instrument from the point of view of acoustics

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and the *fist* technique. It is a keyboard percussion instrument (not to be confused with a pipe organ): the long echoes from the clappers striking the sides of the bell accumulate and it is necessary to overcome this agglomeration and chaos. The carillonist therefore has to know how each nerve in the bell's organism reacts to the touch. For the same reason writing music for the carillon is nothing like writing for the piano, for instance. Haazen writes for the carillon but does not consider himself to be a composer, rather a performer and arranger — and that is a separate speciality.

After her rehearsal Olesya, confident in her gestures and opinions, joined the conversation accompanied by her husband Alexey and started saying the same thing in her own words — what the school means!

'If a carillonist plays with great pressure, there is a risk of breaking the instrument and the hands. You have to listen and hear each note, as the echo lasts until it dies away. The only way of regulating its length is to balance the force of the strike. The instrument made for Peter and Paul Cathedral is probably the most responsive in the world! You are still thinking about what you want to do and it is already responding' (Jo liked this description so much that he gave her the thumbs up). 'The carillon requires speed and accuracy of tactile work. A good *touché* (touching the keys) is also part of the performer's skill which our professor teaches his students.'

'The basis of *touché* is the ability to achieve the best possible result with the least effort. It is a rule of nature, one of the postulates of economics, but it is born out of life and love; the philosophically-minded Jo took up the subject — he sees the interrelationship between the material and spiritual in everything that happens. 'Did you know that in Japan the carillon is called musical karate? The art is not in beating an opponent with a single blow, but in controlling the instrument's energy as your own.'

At that moment I managed to look at the situation from the side: a dark February evening; the great bulk of Peter's fortress with



a single window gleaming in its heart. And in the foreground — a table with a laptop, books, a tea service and biscuits at which the Belgian enthusiast who had created an oasis of carillon culture in the centre of St. Petersburg was chatting with the people he himself had taught!

Under his influence Olesya Rostovskaya has fundamentally changed her life. She is a composer and a graduate of the Moscow Conservatory who specialized in the organ, but she also plays the harpsichord and the theremin, has taken courses at the Moscow Bell Centre and greeted the Patriarch with peals at the Moscow house of the Pyukhtitsky Convent, but has decided to devote herself to the carillon:

Lessons with students of St. Petersburg University's Faculty of Arts.

A bell of the mobile carillon for St. Petersburg State University — a gift from Princess (now Queen) Matilda of Belgium.





Left to right:
Olesya Rostovskaya. Easter chimes at the St. Sergiy of Radonezh Church in Krapivniki, Moscow, 2017.

Olesya and Jozef Willem when they first met (2004) and as they are today.

Olesya Rostovskaya, of whom Jo is so proud, performs her own arrangements and even amends other people's so that they are comfortable to play. Her CD 'What Peter I Heard from the Carillon Belfry' is a whimsical combination of chants from the reign of the first Russian emperor, psalms by his court composer Vasily Titov, pieces 'from the repertoire of a visiting carillonist', playful Russian peasant songs...

'One day I was sitting in the kitchen thinking: I am supposed to be an expert on bells, but there's this Western European instrument the carillon and it's a disgrace that I know nothing about it. I found out via the Internet that there was a carillon in St. Petersburg and that it was being played. I phoned some friends there and they told me: we have a carillon festival starting tomorrow, come and see this *whitish man* in Cathedral Square, it's all down to him. I saw the *whitish man* and spent the whole festival sitting in a tier of the belfry.'

Eighteen months later Jo sought her out in Moscow and invited her to study in the department's first intake. Olesya is now not only the recipient of the world's first Russian degree in carillon but also the originator of the name by which Haazen is known in the department: Jozef Willem (it sounds appropriate, like a name and patronymic). To his face they call him *Joshechka*.

The *whitish man* is a fairly accurate description of Haazen, and not only because of the colour of his hair and his radiant aura. Jo has loved

white since childhood as the source of all the colours in the spectrum, a symbol of purity and harmony, and white linen shirts with red embroidery have become an essential part of his wardrobe in Russia.

Appearances can be deceptive: this firefly, this God's dandelion is a very authoritarian teacher. Anyone who wishes to prove to him that their choice of fingering is correct has to play impeccably. Olesya knows this from her own experience and, in her capacity as the professor's assistant, she warns the students. However, even if he is very upset and irritated he is able to keep his feelings in his fist — the same fist he uses to strike the keys. And this European correctness, like *touché*, is one of the disciplines that he teaches.

'After all, I am from the old school,' agreed Jo. 'A professor passes on the knowledge and experience that make him a professor and expects the student to accept them. If a student suggests something of his own in return, two pluses make a minus, the light bulb doesn't burn!'

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In many ways this evening conversation led me to realize why 'Mr. Jo', who is respected in European carillon circles, left his familiar haunts. Life in those familiar haunts went on smoothly and evenly, he played in his Flemish towers and taught carillonists, but only in Russia has he had the opportunity to do the same from a blank sheet! For comparison, in Belgium there are currently 120 carillons, in the Netherlands — 225, in Russia — 4.

Jo Haazen has created his personal school in Russia based on the perfect purity of sound. European carillons, especially historic instruments, typically have short echoes that quickly die away — like sprinkling peas. The St. Petersburg carillon, thanks to its magical composition of bronze, is more drawn-out and melodious. Western arrangements rarely suit it, so Jo carefully checks them with Olesya's assistance, amends them and sometimes rejects them altogether.

'You can't play anything and everything on a carillon!,' he never tires of repeating. And whereas the archive of the school in Mechelen, on the crossroads between European styles is, according to Olesya Rostovskaya, who has played the heavy 40-ton instrument in the tower of St. Rumbold's Cathedral and other European carillons, like 'going on a world tour without leaving a dusty cupboard,' in St. Petersburg there remain only standard, exclusive works.

'I always dreamed of a school where the pupils could learn to hear each bell and its overtones to achieve harmony between consonances and dissonances,' said Jo Haazen. 'Life is completely impossible in nature without the harmony of opposites. Musicians can play notes in a given rhythm and even impeccably, but if they cannot hear what they are playing I ask them: 'Lads, what are you doing?'

In Search of Harmony

Jo's search for harmony began at the age of eight when his parents sent him to music school. He recalls that he first heard the carillon in the cathedral of his native Antwerp as a 13 year-



St. Rumbold's Church in Mechelen.

play for you. Come with a beautiful girl and come and see me in the interval without fail'.

I didn't find a girl, but I couldn't miss the concert. In the interval he was signing autographs at a huge table in the foyer surrounded by people. I decided that as I had already spoken to him that day that was enough, but he noticed me and shouted: 'Maestro, come here!' People moved aside to leave a corridor and he told them all that I was the carillonist from Malines to whom he was returning a favour. Everyone applauded, I felt a little uncomfortable...

A few years later I was playing my mobile carillon in the square in front of the cathedral in Peter and Paul Fortress when Rostropovich suddenly appeared — he had been visiting Boris Arakcheev, who was then the director of the museum, and had rushed out at the sound of the carillon. He made his way through the crowd and said to me: 'That is heavenly music! A few years ago I listened to an unforgettable carillon concert in Belgium. You look a bit like that marvellous musician'. I asked him: 'Don't you recognize me, maestro?'

JO HAAZEN ON HIS MEETINGS WITH MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH:

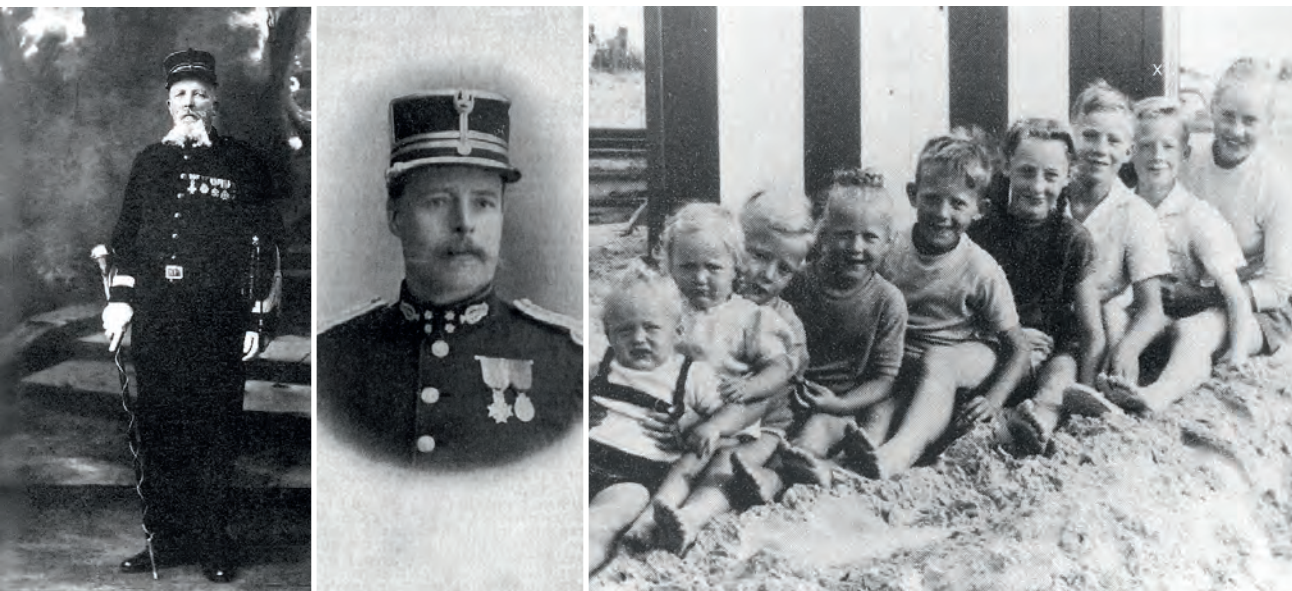
I was teaching in a school in Mechelen when there was a telephone call from the mayor's office: 'Mr. Haazen, a famous musician from Russia is coming to visit you', followed by a long indecipherable surname. Shortly afterwards the door opened and a man in black, who turned out to be the driver, told me that the Master was here. What Master? Maestro Rostropovich! I nearly fell off my chair. He came in with his wife and a phalanx of journalists. After showing him round the school I invited him to climb the stairs to the instrument. However, the height of the belfry at St. Rumbold's Cathedral is 97 metres, and at the last moment Galina, Rostropovich's wife, said: 'You know, Slava is playing at the Salle des Beaux Arts (the leading concert hall in Brussels) this evening. There are 450 steps up to your belfry and the same number down again — it will make his legs shake. We will listen at the bottom of the tower'.

After playing a few Russian compositions I came down and went up to him. He took hold of me as though I was a cello, lifted me up and somewhat theatrically exclaimed 'Bravo, bravo, bravo!' He took a bunch of tickets out of his pocket: 'You have played for me and I will



Mstislav Rostropovich and Galina Vishnevskaya in the garden of the Royal Carillon School in Mechelen. 1992.

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Left to right:
Jo Haazen's great-grandfathers — founder and conductor of the brass band in the village of Schoten, chief conductor of the Belgian Military Band.

Little Jo (second from the right) with his brothers and sisters. 1960.



Portrait of his son. Jozef Haazen.

old and was so disappointed by its discordant sounds that he promised his mother he would never listen to the instrument again. It was a difficult promise to keep: the family lived next to the cathedral. His mother told him: 'Learn to play it as it should be played and become the city's carillonist!' And that is what he eventually did, after he had graduated from the Conservatory and the Royal Carillon School in Mechelen and when his predecessor had retired.

'I found the carillon quite difficult at first — I tried to control the echoes. Many of my colleagues didn't do this and I got angry with them: lads, are you amateurs or just tone deaf?' If he had lived in Russia at that time, he would definitely have asked: 'What, did a bear step on your ear?' — he likes that saying.

He even corrected his teachers, who included that carillonist who had played out of tune! That is what it is to have musical genes. Jo's grandfathers and great-grandfathers were musicians. His father

was a plumber, but played the piano very well (it was considered to be the norm in the family). His mother was a housewife, but had a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. She raised nine children and sang all the time (also considered to be the norm). He has never thought why his life has panned out as it has and not otherwise. He studied diligently and received offers which he could not refuse. For example, he was asked to stand in for an indisposed participant in the International Carillon Competition at the Hilversum Festival in the Netherlands. He won at that first attempt and subsequently won the competition twice more — in 1967 and 1968, which automatically made him a star of world carillon. It was then, at the age of 24, that he became the city carillonist in Antwerp. In Russia that would be like becoming a minister at that age.

'I discovered that I enjoyed playing for an audience — 8,000 to 10,000 people gathered around the tower in the evening, as if it was a meeting. I looked down and saw a maelstrom of people having a good time. I had managed to move them! And that went on for another thirteen years.'

Jo was so happy in Antwerp that three times he turned down the opportunity to move to Mechelen and take up the prestigious post of Director of the Royal Carillon School. He was finally won over when the school acquired a new instrument, giving him the chance to form a new generation of carillonists. He was director of the school for nearly thirty years and today many carillonists in Belgium, the Netherlands and other countries are his pupils.

However, when the silhouette of Peter and Paul Cathedral appeared on Jo Haazen's horizon he needed no persuading to switch to the Russian project. In the old days it used to be said of foreigners of that sort: he's become Russian — in language and in customs. What's more, he obtained a Russian passport — in 2003, long before Depardieu and Steven Seagal — and could freely travel between Belgium and Russia, following in the next step of Peter the Great.

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Here is the prehistory: Peter I commissioned a musical glockenspiel with glass bells activated by water for the imperial residence at Peterhof from the abovementioned *playing master* Johann Förster, who had completed it by the autumn of 1724. The musical box was installed in a pavilion in front of the Grand Cascade where one of Voronikhin's colonnades now stands. A special drum was filled with water and wooden hammers covered with leather connected to the drum struck 56 crystal bells made to a design by Domenico Trezzini at Alexander Menshikov's glassworks in Yamburg. The bells sounded melodious and charmed the ears of visitors to the residence.

Unfortunately the components of the intricate mechanism have been lost. Jo and his new friend Konstantin Erakhtin tracked down one of the bells in the Russian Museum's reserves — they were not even permitted to touch it, only to photograph it... Haazen suggested building an instrument in the image and likeness of the carillon in Peter and Paul Cathedral — the same number of bells (51), but lighter and an octave higher. The management of Peterhof State Museum-Reserve supported the plan. Jozef and Konstantin established the *St. Petersburg Carillon Foundation* — on this occasion the donors were mainly from Russia.

Olesya Rostovskaya is an organist and bell-ringer, so her participation in the project is understandable, but how could someone with no musical background become enamoured with the carillon? Erakhtin comes from the south of Kazakhstan and is a mining engineer-constructor by education. In the late 1990s he had a small business (transport, warehouses, flour and cereals). After hearing the rapturous reaction of his sister, who had been at Haazen's concert in the Summer Garden, he decided to listen himself and was taken aback: the country was in crisis and here was a foreign chap with bells. He initially helped the Belgian, in his own words, 'on a tiny scale'. One day he took one of his classmates at the Mining Institute up beneath the cupola of the cathedral — the

man listened in silence to Jo's playing and suddenly burst into tears (it turned out he had recently lost his father). Konstantin also shed a tear — he particularly likes Prelude No. 5 in the baroque style by the 18th century Dutch carillonist Matthias van den Gheyn. One might think where is van den Gheyn and where is Erakhtin! They are side by side in Peter and Paul Cathedral... And when Haazen espied the Cavalier's House at Peterhof with a tower suitable for a carillon, Erakhtin decided to strike while the iron was hot.

The fundraising took the tried and trusted form of bells bearing the donors' names. The inscriptions on the bells refer to companies and private individuals, their children, parents, relatives — the family of President Vladimir Putin, His Highness Prince George Yourievsky (Switzerland), the actress Nina Urgant... Konstantin Erakhtin named *his* two bells after his daughters, Irina and little Polina. The first concert took place, as planned, on Peterhof's 300th anniversary in 2005, and each name rang out at its own pitch.

The Cavalier's House is now in the process of restoration; when it is finished the carillon will play again. Erakhtin is anxious in advance: will Jo have the energy to look after two instruments at the same time? He has not taken into account that Haazen has already started raising funds for a third — a mobile carillon for St. Petersburg University!

However, Jozef's interests are not confined to bells. Another of his passions — nothing to do with the carillon — is Esperanto. He taught Esperanto in a municipal school in Antwerp for twelve years and categorically disagrees with the opinion that it is a dead, artificial language. On the contrary, it is a living language for international communication and friendship, ideal for balanced relations between people. It is easy to learn and its growing popularity is not the result of political or economic pressure. Its beauty and harmony appeal most of all to Jo as a musician. He speaks at congresses under the aegis of UNESCO, takes part in sessions of the St. Petersburg Esperanto



With Vladimir Putin at the Europalia — Russia International Festival. Brussels, 2005.

The building with a tower close to the Upper Park was built in 1732. It used to have a bell which tolled to mark the beginning of the working day. The arch below the tower was the entrance to the factory yard. A century later the house became the court's winter Holy Cross Church, where Nicholas I attended the liturgy in the first week of Lent and apparently gave the tone to the singers. The bell in the tower chimed the hours until 1864...



Jo performs an Indian classical dance.
St. Petersburg, 2009.

The carillon's debut in China. 2014.

Pythagoras knew about tuning bells.
17th century engraving.



Club and even tried to persuade his friend Erakhtin to become a member...

For him studying languages is a way of getting to know the world. After opening the first carillon in the Beijing Museum of Old Bells in a temple in Dazhongsi four years ago (the compact instrument was made in the Dutch town of Asten), Jo Haazen issued a *Chinese Carillon Book* with the support of St. Petersburg University and has become mad on China.

'It is a fabulously interesting culture: different sounds, thinking, philosophy, characters! I really like Chinese proverbs, in which profound ideas are concealed in short phrases. For instance, 'if you want to understand how a ruler is running a country, listen to its music'. Isn't that brilliant?'

At this point languages and music came together. For a complete portrait it should be noted that Jozef Willem is an original philosopher who has written an essay on the Tree of Life — the embodiment of the divine plan for the creation of the world in various religions and cultures. In his search for harmony he turned to the octahedron — one of the five stereometric figures (Platonic solids) which Pythagoras called divine spatial forms in nature. None of the eight sides develops to the detriment of another — there you have it, harmony of perfection! And, of course, in his metaphysical style he has attempted to capture the spiritual essence of this geometric phenomenon, having examined the three-dimensional cross at its centre. Man as the centre of the universe strives to maintain balance — for this he has to be extraordinarily strong, wise, just and full of love, and the cross is his fate.

Another philosophical theme is the mystery of the bell. The theme consists of in what way the material substance — its shape determines its spiritual content — the sound which can be similar to the course of human life: an initial impulse, increasing vibrations, then a decrescendo ending in absolute silence. Jo Haazen is incredible: he has not just one bell but



51 ringing in him — he can reproduce the basic tone and overtone of each of them. For self-tuning before a concert he uses methods of meditation something like gymnastic yoga, performing cruciform movements... And the majority of musicians just play the notes.

This *white* Belgian has become Russian to such an extent that to the banal question as to why he came to Russia, asked with the purpose of egging him on, he is able to answer 'To pick my nose and scratch my head'. Of course, he is driven by a love for Slavic culture, which he so missed for a feeling of harmony on weekdays in Central Europe. But it is typical of Jo that for him the basis of a Russian is not the soul but... the stomach, a magnetic life force. Russians, in his opinion, do everything on a grand scale — eating, drinking, loving, bawling, quarrelling, creating. And they stand squarely on their feet, like Peter the Great.

A man who can carry on a dialogue with Plato and Pythagoras with such success here and now could have lived in Ancient Greece, in China at the casting of the Great Bell in 1403, or in St. Petersburg three centuries ago as one of the court masters invited here by Peter, a carillonist of Peter and Paul Cathedral along

Over the Barriers



with Johann Förster... But he found himself in Russia at the end of the 20th century, a confused time of hopes and dangers.

Once, when arriving from Moscow by train, our musician-philosopher was seized by some unknown heavies and bundled into a black car with a flashing light. The car stopped at an administrative-type building where the prisoner was taken into the basement and questioned about the purpose of his visit. Jo noticed a lot of home appliances in boxes around him and thought these shadowy businessmen would demand a ransom for him as a foreigner, perhaps even torture him... In that situation he would hardly have declared that harmony is more important than freedom. He was lucky — realizing there was little to be gained from this artless eccentric, they let him go home and did not even beat him.

A year before the carillon was unveiled he was very nearly the victim of a gangster in St. Petersburg. He was frightened — not for himself, but for the documents he had brought from Belgium for the Governor: 'At that time I was renting a room near *Ladozhskaya* Metro station. I arrived about 7 am, opened the door of the flat and

a man suddenly leapt on me from behind! Perhaps he took me for a girl because of my long hair, but he ran off when he saw my beard. I went to the police station and spent two hours in a cell while they sorted it out — that was unpleasant...'

'You reported the incident to the police and they arrested you?'

'Yes, they made a mistake — they kept me in a monkey house, but I'm a hare,' he joked (Haazen means hare in Dutch).

There used to be lots of hares on the territory that is now Peter and Paul Fortress. Legend has it that one of them, trying to escape from a flood, jumped either onto Tsar Peter's boot or straight into his arms. The island was subsequently called Hare Island and was the place where St. Petersburg was founded. So Jo Haazen is quite at home here.

'Good bells are actually more than just sounding bodies. They are noble beings born of sublime thoughts and harmonious feelings which open the way to the mysteries of the Creator, man and nature.'

Jozeff Willem HAAZEN



Accurate to the Last Molecule

THE PETER THE GREAT POLYTECHNIC UNIVERSITY HAS CREATED A PEPTIDE
WITH FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES FOR THERAPEUTICS

Arkady SOSNOV. Photos: Timur Turgunov

I had heard a great deal about *laser tweezers*, a miraculous invention which makes it possible to study directly the behavioural mechanisms of individual molecules in living systems, but, as the saying goes, better to see it once than hear about it a hundred times...

I asked Mikhail Khodorkovsky, Director of the *Nanobiotechnology* Research Centre at St. Petersburg State University (*NanoBio* for short) to describe the creation and research with the aid of modern methods, including *laser tweezers*, of a peptide which is harmless to the human organism and is capable of preventing the adaptation of bacteria to antibiotics. He suggested: 'Let's first take a walk and have a look...' and as we went from floor to floor he began to show me the unique units at the disposal of the Centre of Collective Use — first and foremost, NMR (Nuclear Magnetic Resonance) — and high-resolution mass spectrometers and those

tweezers which record the movement of macromolecules with nanometric accuracy at the applied force of a thousandth of a nanonewton. These installations are for examining the composition and structure of biological objects and identifying their functions at cellular and subcellular levels by experimental biophysical and biochemical methods. This arsenal was assembled, in the figurative expression of my interlocutor, 'on the warm palm of the state.' The university has certainly made full use of the basic financing and grants available.

The first step in the construction of the new infrastructure was the creation in 2008 and 2009 of science education and analytical centres in nanobiotechnologies as part of national targeted programmes. In 2010 a Scientific Research Institute was formed on the basis of those centres, becoming the current *NanoBio* in 2013. In that year, at the third attempt (showing its persistence in



Investment in Intellect



achieving its aims) the Polytechnic won a megagrant to set up a laboratory of molecular microbiology in the centre, headed by the prominent scientist Konstantin Severinov. And in 2014 they won the Russian Scientific Foundation competition and were able to add a laboratory of the molecular biology of nucleotide-binding proteins.

Needless to say, each of these stages was accompanied by the purchase of equipment to tackle specific tasks in biology. Of no less importance was the fact that the launch of the scientific research centre led to an increase in the number of students from the university's biophysical and medicinal physics departments. As the director says, 'the children here pick up everything very quickly'. When they graduated, these 'children' stayed to work in the centre's subdivisions or went to related institutions, winning grants and continuing to work closely with their colleagues from



NanoBio. Of course, the centre has been successful in attracting scientific and industrial partners, such as the St. Petersburg Nuclear Physics Institute NSC 'Kurchatov Institute', the Skolkovo Institute of Science and Technology (Skoltech), St. Petersburg State University, the BIOCAD company, the St. Petersburg Institute of Highly Pure Biopreparations and a number of other Russian and Western research centres.

The link between them is not indirect, but as lively and human as it could be. Scientists from Skolkovo enthusiastically experiment in this compact building (a Skoltech Centre has been created in the complex), graduates of St. Petersburg State University and the St. Petersburg State Chemical Pharmaceutical Academy, not to mention the specialists from the Nuclear Physics Institute, who share 'common genes' with the Polytechnic University, also come here. Semyon Bresler, Head of the Nuclear Physics Institute's Radi-

Alexey Vedyakin, a postgraduate at the Polytechnic University, studies the process of the division of bacterial cells.

Andrey Rudskoy, Rector of St. Petersburg Polytechnic University, discusses the results of the research with Mikhail Khodorkovsky.



Alexander Yakimov, a graduate of the Polytechnic University, is an employee of the St. Petersburg Nuclear Physics Institute who works at *NanoBio*.

Page 41:
Galina Cherevatenko at a laser installation.

Lasers are used at *NanoBio* not only for manipulating individual macromolecules with *laser tweezers*, but also for studying the superfast processes running through them by up-to-date photo-physical methods.

obiological Department, once organized a Biophysics Department at the Polytechnic University, where staff from the Nuclear Physics Institute still lecture. Many of its graduates work at both the Nuclear Physics Institute and *NanoBio*. Incidentally, the idea of using the characteristics of the interaction of RecA and RecX proteins to create a future peptide was actually proposed by Dmitry Baytin, an employee of the St. Petersburg Nuclear Physics Institute. The best results are obtained, as a rule, in an informal creative atmosphere. It is formed by people of a similar mentality for whom, like Khodorkovsky, it is 'interesting, so that it is interesting and the wheels turn.'

This was an opportune moment to ask how he and his interdisciplinary team happened to be at the epicentre of the boom in university biotechnology. And here one has to pay tribute to the foresight of the Polytechnic University's governing body, which appreciated the theoretical and practical significance of this work.

Investment in Intellect

Mikhail Khodorkovsky's laboratory at the State Institute for Applied Chemistry, which was going through a difficult period at that time, was invited to handle this new project. The laboratory was already using advanced methods of researching a variety of objects, including biological ones.

Khodorkovsky, a physicist who has ended up in biology, has sincere admiration for the subject: 'In this science, no matter where you look, all the tasks are difficult, fundamentally profound. Every protein structure plays its part, but those parts are not by any means always known and sometimes the known parts have to be reinterpreted. We do not particularly like applied tasks — it's more interesting when you are not pursuing some indicator but are trying to understand how nature is constructed.'

Khodorkovsky's laboratory from a huge variety of proteins has chosen to study those that are able to interact with DNA, RNA and other nucleotides (nucleic acid units), and therefore are involved in the key processes of cell activity, ranging from bacteria to humans. In the field of view of scientists, in particular, the protein RecA, which performs the functions of a 'repairman' for damaged parts of bacterial DNA in the process of their recovery as a result of homologous recombination, was found. Due to this, some of the bacteria affected by external calls (it's not only antibiotics, but ultraviolet light, radiation, chemical agents), adapts, mutates, falls into the state of the SOS-response and eventually survives. But there is another protein — RecX, playing the role of an antagonist of this process, which parses the structure created by RecA, and forces the bacteria to exit the state of the SOS-response. Using this inhibitor to intentionally exclude the SOS-response in a pathogenic bacterium, then, by blocking the mechanisms of its adaptation, it is possible to fight it more effectively. There is now the prospect of creating a new generation of antibiotics to which bacteria cannot adapt.

The dynamics of the inter-protein regulation of this pair of molecules can easily be seen with the aid of *laser tweezers*. Why

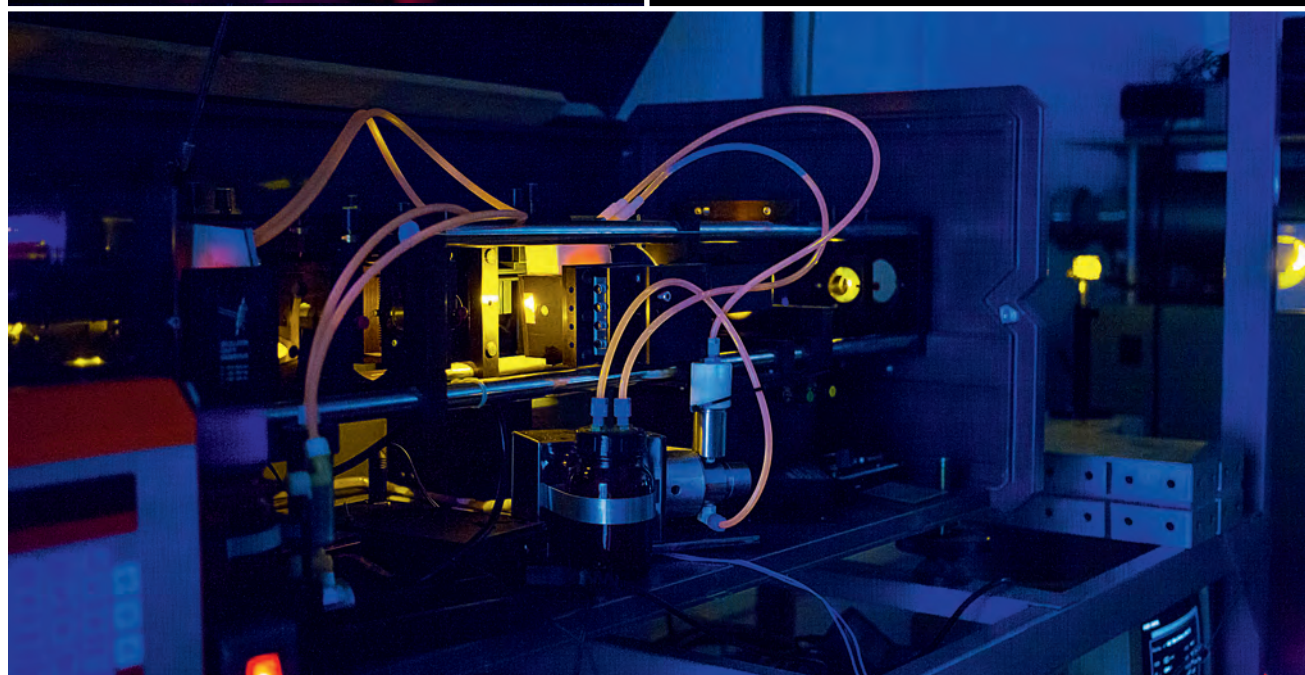
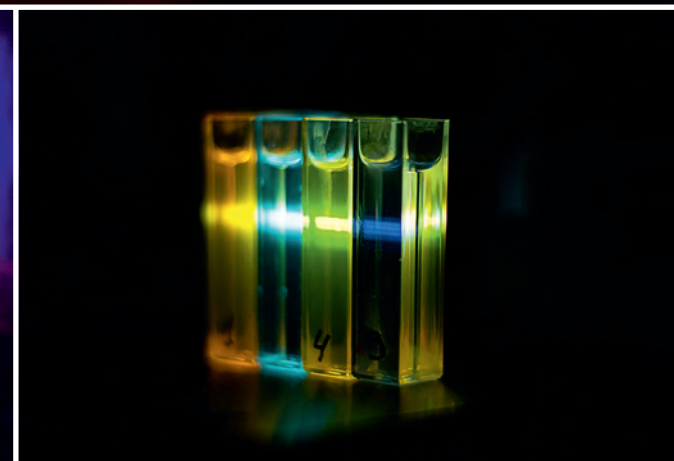
Investment in Intellect

tweezers? Because they help to hold a biomolecule — DNA, for example — in place and observe how its mechanical properties alter on interaction with proteins, not in a test-tube but literally one to one. And the change in the length of DNA on which RecA is strung and whose thickness is a little more than two nanometres can be measured with an accuracy of less than ONE nanometre. Not for nothing is the unit, even though it is inside the building, equipped with its own foundation in order to exclude the smallest vibrations.

That is why so many people want to use the potential of this installation in order to understand on the level of individual molecules how a particular process runs. There is a queue, both in-house — from employees of *NanoBio* — and from outside. Colleagues from outside can use the installation free of charge: the hosts hope in this way to attract them to engage in joint research.

Needless to say, for the researcher such an opportunity to look into a living cell is a real buzz. Galina Cherevatenko, a young researcher, did not detach herself from the monitor and brought us a report from the scene: 'I am observing how two proteins participating in homologous recombination with a single-stranded DNA molecule interact in the chamber of the device. The molecule is stretched between tiny polystyrene balls, you know, like a sheet on a clothesline. The main parameter that we register is the distance between the balls. And when the protein RecA is wrapped around a DNA molecule, it can be seen that it lengthens and the distance between the balls increases. Next, I look at whether this distance will be reduced in the presence of RecX, i.e. to break down the structure.'

Galina has been working on the installation for two years — it took her a month to master it with the assistance of senior colleagues. There were no conversations along the lines of 'Don't touch it, you'll break it, it costs three million'. According to Galina, she and her scientific supervisor Mikhail Khodorkovsky have a lot of questions for each other, but she asks the fundamental ones:



‘Why does it happen like that and not otherwise?’ while his questions are exclusively specific. The director comments: ‘We are obtaining unique data. Each experiment provides too much information. We have to put it all on shelves and comprehend how to proceed further’.

That was how the idea of the investigation came about: the whole RecX protein takes part in the removal of the bacteria’s adaptation system or one can take its central part, modify it to give it stability and be certain that it too can cope with this role. Then

Leading Researcher Alexey Melnikov prepares for an experiment.



this short peptide can be created artificially! They took up molecular design — this was successfully undertaken by the tandem of Alexander Yakimov, a graduate of the Polytechnic University’s Biophysics Department who now works in two places — the St. Petersburg Nuclear Physics Institute and *NanoBio* — and his scientific supervisor Mikhail Petukhov, who also works in both places. The hypothesis was then verified in practice with the aid of *laser tweezers* and other simpler methods, and was confirmed! On the order of the Polytechnic the peptide was synthesized initially in the USA, then in a much more effective modification in Russia, and was tested many times by researchers Dmitry Baytin and Irina Bakhlanova from the Nuclear Physics Institute. The results were published in a prestigious international magazine and patented with the title *Family of Peptides — Inhibitors of the Activity of the RecA Protein Blocking the SOS-Response in Bacteria*.

Experts are of the opinion that this result could well be converted into a promising therapeutic agent for the prevention and treatment of infectious and parasitical diseases, but Khodorkovsky is clearly not a man who indulges in wishful thinking: ‘We would be happy if such an agent were to appear today or tomorrow. The project has already taken five long years, but there are still about three years to go. We have to evaluate the effectiveness of other peptides in this family and construct an amino acid transporter which will ensure the easy passage of the peptide through a cell’s membrane. We are already pleased that we are self-sufficient in terms of ideology and analysis: we have everything here and are not dependent on anybody’.

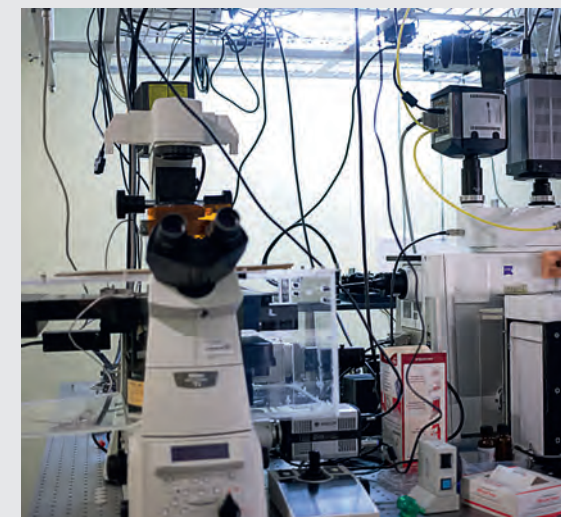
‘We have demonstrated that a small detail — a peptide fragment cut from the central part of the RecX protein — is sufficient to dismantle the construction wound on to the DNA by the RecA protein’, added Alexander Yakimov. ‘But we cannot say that we have identified all the functions of RecX in the process of the regulation of the renewal of bacteria. More work is needed’.



The Peter the Great Polytechnic University's rector, Academician of the Russian Academy of Sciences Andrey Rudskoy.

‘A modern international-class university would be unthinkable without educational and research programmes in life science. These are necessary for us not for status but to resolve global problems — to prolong human life to the physiological limit set by nature, to make this longevity active, relieved of premature aging, and to help in the fight against fatal diseases, including genetic disorders. To do this we first have to identify the diseases — but so that man does not simply exist, like Professor Dowell’s head, but is happy and in harmony with his environment. It is no coincidence that the Polytechnic University, in conjunction with the Almazov Centre and several higher education establishments of the same type, has set up a *Translational Medicine cluster*, has included in its structure an Institute of Biomedical Systems and Technologies, has provided the *NanoBio* complex with unique equipment...

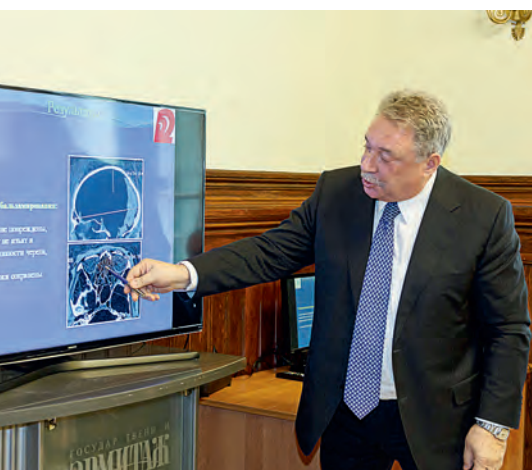
The strength of our university is in its quintessential polytechnic quality, which makes it possible to use all areas of knowledge not only to study biological substances but also to develop nonstandard products and technologies in the interest of human health. In the *NanoBio* complex they study living systems, drawing on the experience and knowledge of specialists in various areas of physics, chemistry, mechanics and biology. As a material physicist I know only too well that our depth of knowledge of nature depends on the perfection of the research tools. As we move along the macro-meso-micro-nano path we are already discovering the secrets of the cell, the fundamental element of life. That is why it is so important to study all types of interaction that occur within a cell and among cells on the level of molecules, and that is what *NanoBio* is engaged in’.



Meet Paresh!

HOW THE SPECIALISTS AT CLINICAL HOSPITAL NO.122 EXAMINED A MUMMY FROM THE HERMITAGE

Sergey ARKADIEV. Photos: Svetlana Pagina



Yakov Nakatis talking about the results of the research.



In fact, there is nothing unusual about collaboration between a museum and a hospital — museum employees need medical services like everybody else. But it is quite another thing when the ‘patient’ is an exhibit, part of a museum collection and an object of cultural heritage.

That also happens, but rarely (!), so it is all the more interesting to evaluate the results of the computer and magnetic resonance tomography (CAT and MRI scans) of an Ancient Egyptian mummy from the State Hermitage that was carried out by Clinical Hospital No.122 in St. Petersburg which is named after Leonid Sokolov.

Summing up the results of the examination, Hermitage Director Mikhail Piotrovsky thanked the specialists at Clinical Hospital No.122 for their successful joint work. He also paid tribute to his colleagues in the museum’s Oriental Department: ‘Natalya Kozlova, the Head of Department, and two Egyptologists — Andrey Nikolaev and Andrey Bolshakov — decided on this step and displayed investigative and scientific courage.’

This mention of courage was seized upon by Yakov Nakatis, Chief Doctor of Clinical Hospital No.122, but he said the risk was minimal: ‘We had prepared for the examination for a long time, discussing the details, and our long-standing links enabled us by our combined efforts to organize an MRI scan of the mummy using the state-of-the-art equipment at the clinic’s disposal.’

They then got down to specifics. Andrey Bolshakov devoted his speech to the Egyptian mummies in the Hermitage collection, the aims and methods of modern examinations and the possible mistakes

that could be made. Vyacheslav Ratnikov, Deputy Chief Doctor of Clinical Hospital No.122 and Vyacheslav Dekan, Head of the X-Ray Department, described the use of tomography in forensic medicine.

As Professor Ratnikov explained to Russian Maecenas, the examination of this very unusual object was all-embracing — there would have been no point in it otherwise. We had to assess the condition of the teeth, the bone tissue, the thorax, the abdominal cavity, the musculoskeletal system, changes before and after death of parts of the body and of the organism as a whole — and that is normal procedure for forensic medicine. The hospital has had its own



Creativity



forensic medicine section since 1989 — a feature that distinguishes Hospital No.122 from other medical establishments in the city, and this enabled them to carry out this particular task fully and competently.

And this is why the museum needed the results of the CAT and MRI scans: it proved possible with the use of these non-invasive procedures, i.e. without damaging the tightly swathed ancient body, to see its internal organs and determine the characteristics of its anatomy. It was established that it was a middle-aged man 165–170 centimetres in height. Some hereditary diseases were identified, as well as diseases of the 'patient's' musculoskeletal system.

This was not the first venture into the museum environment for the doctors at Clinical Hospital No.122. As long ago as the 1980s Sergey Kuznetsov, the Deputy Chief Doctor for Diagnostic Operations who had once been a junior assistant at the Academy of Military Medicine, carried out CAT scans on the collection of anatomic museums and repositories. According to him, there are no particular differences between the examination of an ordinary patient and that of a museum exhibit, except that dialogue with a living patient helps

to make the diagnosis more precise. However, the Hermitage mummy was a special case: the museum staff were quite understandably afraid that it would disintegrate if its covering were removed, and that was where the 'non-destructive control' methods proposed by the specialists at Clinical Hospital No.122 came in. However, it was not possible to carry out an MRI scan because its tissues did not contain water and the apparatus could not 'see' the mummy.

Andrey Bolshakov, Head of the Hermitage's Ancient East Sector, said that the examination had a practical purpose as well as a scientific one: it is planned to make the swathed mummy part of the display in the Ancient Egyptian Room, and for that it was necessary to know as much as possible about it. And here a surprise awaited the museum employees. They had thought that the bandages concealed a woman by the name of Babat, but it turned out to be a man called Paresh, and this is already indicated on the sarcophagi in the room.

After identifying Paresh the partners carried out tomography on two child mummies and propose to continue their collaboration. That means we can expect more discoveries at the meeting-point of medicine and culture.



This is what the ancient body looked like after it had been unwrapped with the aid of computer tomography.

Left:
Journalists bombarded Mikhail Piotrovsky and Yakov Nakatis with questions.

The medical experts revealed the details of the embalming: the skull was not damaged, the brain had not been removed and the eyeballs had survived.

The staff of Clinical Hospital No.122, which includes 33 doctors of science (17 of them professors), many of whom are leaders in their fields, is open to collaboration with cultural institutions and the social sphere.

A Porcelain Fashion Show

WHAT AN ARTIST CAN CREATE IN A FACTORY

Inna ELISEEVA. Photos: the Imperial Porcelain Factory's archive, Tatiana Chapurgina's personal archive, Evgeny Sinyaver



Towards the end of winter the Tsarskoye Selo State Museum-Reserve once again amazed and enchanted its friends by staging a fashion parade of porcelain dresses by Tatiana Chapurgina in the Great Hall of the Catherine Palace. The show complemented the Imperial Porcelain Factory exhibition in the adjoining rooms. The modernist themes in the display of decorative applied art were echoed in the costumes from the celebrated artist's private collection. When Tatiana, a fully qualified specialist in textiles, came to the factory in 1998, she was fascinated by the textural potential of what for her was a new material and decided to use the unique decorativeness of porcelain in the design of clothes.

‘The surface of porcelain excites me like painted material; porcelain as a fabric is a combination of fragility and firmness,’ says Tatiana.

Creativity

According to the artist these are the qualities which are characteristic of real women. Perhaps this is why her costumes are so feminine. The delicate handiwork with porcelain plates and beads, the deep working of colours which alter in different light and the talented cut of the dresses make the models feel as though they are wearing clothes, not a porcelain casing... The first nine porcelain dresses were presented in 2000 in the cult *Stray Dog* café in St. Petersburg. There are now several dozen of them – they have featured in many museum displays and are included in the collections of the State Hermitage and the Russian Museum.

‘It is fundamentally important for us to enter into partnerships with artists like Chapurgina,’ says Tatiana Tylevich, General Director of the Imperial Porcelain Factory, ‘so that we can maintain our originality, support our brand and not dissolve in the powerful flow of mass-produced goods from the Southeast Region of the world. And the artist has a key role to play in this! We counter the numerous Chinese imports with gallery



production, though of course our *cobalt net* services and many other items are still in great demand in Russia and abroad.’

Whether works of high art, as Chapurgina’s works undoubtedly are, can be mass-produced in a modern factory is another question altogether. Tatiana Tylevich has a positive answer:

‘We very much hope that in the near future we will be able to produce accessories from Tatiana Chapurgina’s collection on commission or in small batches. She has wonderful collars and handbags which were made in single examples for private individuals. We would like to delight a greater number of people with this beauty while maintaining the standard of mastery and exclusivity of these items. Our Special Commissions Department is already actively engaged in this: they are manufacturing family services, sculptures and unique gifts based on drawings by the company’s artists.’

The factory currently employs 1,200 people, 900 of them on the production line, but there are also 23 artists and 18 designers on the staff. The factory’s chief artist, Honoured Artist of Russia Nelli Petrova, monitored many of the artists for years before inviting them to join the staff. There are also some famous non-staff authors. Those who visit Imperial Porcelain Factory shops

The Christmas display of porcelain in the Hermitage and its exhibit.



Left:
Tatiana Tylevich.



Tatiana Chapurgina and her porcelain dresses.



stand spellbound before the showcases featuring items based on drawings by Yury Norshteyn and Mikhail Chemiakin.

The factory collaborates with leading museums in Russia and prestigious venues abroad. It staged several exhibitions last year in the Hermitage alone. The major display *Under the Transparent Ice of Glaze. Porcelain of St. Petersburg* can currently be seen at the Hermitage — Kazan Centre, and an exhibition entitled *The Voice of Time. Soviet Porcelain: Art and Propaganda* was staged in the Recess of the Oriental Gallery in the Winter Palace until 1 April.

For fifteen years the State Hermitage and the Imperial Porcelain Factory have been staging exhibitions of artistic porcelain in the run-up to New Year and Christmas, reviving a historic tradition which was established in the reign of Paul I and continued up to the revolution in 1917. In those days the best works of the factory's masters were put on display in the formal rooms of the Winter Palace to be viewed by the imperial family and the St. Petersburg aristocracy. The services, vases, sculptures and decorative adornments were then distributed around the imperial palaces or were used as diplomatic gifts, which made them particularly valuable.

After the porcelain collection was taken under the great museum's wing this creative tandem became even more fruitful. Mikhail Piotrovsky, General Director of the Hermitage, called it 'a unique form of collaboration between the oldest porcelain factory in Europe and a treasure-house of world culture that has no analogue in the world and facilitates the promotion of aesthetics in society'. The Christmas exhibitions in the Hermitage include not only historic masterpieces of Russian porcelain from the 18th to 20th centuries, but also works by contemporary masters, including Tatiana Chapurgina. The pieces made by 21st century artists are imbued with no less energy than those of the past. The Imperial Porcelain Factory is proud of its wonderful artists who are maintaining the reputation of porcelain art.

