

ANTIQUITY

We have recognized the significance and science of antiquity; we have studied the reproduction of styles; we have even become ashamed and have ceased to destroy openly the monuments of antiquity. It will not happen again that the wonderful Rostov Kremlin with its decorated temples, with the palaces of counts and metropolitans, will be sold at auction for 28,000 rubles, to be demolished, as was done before people who still live, and when only an accident saved the pride of all Russia from destruction.

We have everything we need for our welfare; and as heretofore antiquity holds no place in our life. As heretofore we are far from the realization, that the all-governmental, the all-national work must be ^{up}held by the whole country, outside of federal appropriations, outside of obligatory decrees. It is true, we have still a few isolated people, who against the pressure and ridicule of the "united majority" still sincerely love antiquity and work for its welfare, but such people are few and their efforts are maintaining the balance with difficulty; but of progressive movements it is impossible as yet to think. And yet in connection with antiquity we are going through a very important time. There still remains with us a few monuments, which are well preserved and which have not been touched by unskilled renovations; even they seem to be asking a united support.

Whenever one approaches the work of antiquity, one immediately hears information about cracks which destroy the murals, about crumbling arches, about unsafe foundations. Besides, up to the present time, an attentive ear may hear profuse stories about frescoes under the stucco, about the removal of bricks from some ancient monument to some building under construction, about the destruction of an ancient townsite for the needs of a railroad. Of these cruder evidences it is not worth speaking. Such an apparent mutilation must die of itself, crude violence will meet with strong resistance.

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As educated persons, it is time for us to love antiquity, it is already time to speak about a kindly and artistic attitude towards the monuments of antiquity.

During last summer I had an opportunity to see much of our real antiquity which is surrounded by so little love.

Before me in turn passed ancient Moscow, ancient Smolensk, average council towns, Lithuania, Curland, Livonia, and everywhere the love of antiquity encountered small unexpected little islands, and there were many places where the ancient monuments stood as dead.

What do we see around antiquity?

The austere towers and walls are overgrown and covered by peaceful birches and bushes. The majestic churches, with their romantic glamour, are crowded by horrible little huts. The grey iconostases are disfigured by inartistic, well-meaning offerings. Everything has lost its vitality. And the ancient monuments stand surrounded by inner and outer enemies. Some people sleep uneasily because of the wonderful baked brick, from which a mass of factory storage houses could be built; some are disturbed because of a wall through which they could lay street-car tracks; some are distressed by the inoffensive tiles which they yearn to demolish and cart away, so that they should perish in a heap of household rubbish.

One can seldom find a person who wishes to search the living face of antiquity, who would talk of antiquity heart-to-heart. Pharisees of course can be found here as everywhere. And how much antiquity can tell of that which is precious to our closest searchings and strivings.

Let us remember our (unrestored) old church mural decoration. We have investigated thoroughly the composition, its smallest lines and details and, what is most important, how little we still feel its general beauty. How little we realize that before us is not the strange work of crude "God-daubers" but most excellent murals.

Incidentally, in Rostov I became acquainted with a young artist,

ikon-painter, Mr. Lopakoff, and I regret that up to now this talented man has not had the opportunity of proving his finesse and skill in a worthy restoration. An able ikon painter sits without work, while around the old ikons crowd coarse, cunning contractors, who according to Stoglav, would have even been forbidden to touch the holy images; "God-daubers" - who in olden times were exiled far away from Moscow.

Passing through Yaroslaval, we heard that the church of John the Precursor was to be restored; it is necessary to restore the cracks. But it will be a horrible thing if in fixing them, the brush of a guild worker goes over the azure backgrounds and over the velvet varnish; it will be a barbarity, because these frescoes were not painted by guild "God-daubers", but by excellent artists of the olden days.

We do not value sufficiently our ancient painting. From intelligent people I happened to hear stories about the strange forms of antiquity, about curiosities of composition and costumes. They speak about Germans and other foreigners who were despatched into hell to the last judgment by an austere artist; they speak of the treatment of perspective, of the origin of forms of decoration; they speak of many things, but nothing of the artistic beauty, of that by which all else lives, of the things which will make ikon-painting important for the near future, for the best "revelations" of art. Even the most blind and most stupid, will soon understand the great significance of our primitives, the significance of Russian ikon painters. They will understand and then set up a hue and cry. And let them cry! Let us prophesy their complaints - soon the "archeological" attitude towards historical and national creativeness will end and the Culture of mankind will blossom more richly. We have assimilated the Western primitives. We have already become reconciled to the language of many of the most modern individualists. There has penetrated to us, much of the Japanese art, that ancient heritage of Western artists; and many begin to value the creations of Japanese genius, with their vital design and motion, with their incomparable velvet tones.

It does not matter in what way the work is done if only we proceed

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in a worthy way; perhaps through the art of the East we may even look differently upon many things of our own. Let us not look through the fatigued eye of the archeologist, but through the cordial vision of love and exaltation. For practically everything, we have the fatal road "across the boundary", perhaps here also we shall not miss the general fate. When one looks upon an ancient mural, upon old tiles or ornaments, one thinks, how beautiful life was. How strong were the people that lived thereby. How vital and close to everyone was art - not as now, a superfluous toy for the vast majority. Just as the ancient builder could not get along without artistic decoration, so plaster and stencils are now favored. And it would not be so bad if this would be the case in private homes only, but in museums and all public institutions, where the walls are adorned not by spiders and dampness, but by paintings of the best artists, inspired by the broad sweep of their theme. To the extent that the worker of antiquity felt the instinctive necessity of decorating every object which left his hands, in an original way, just so does the ludicrous stencil and vulgarized design now flourish. Everything goes forward!

II

It would be criminal if the monuments of antiquity so beloved and dear to us would stand abandoned. It is not necessary that monuments should stand dead like museum objects. It is not good when facing antiquity, in its vital path, we have the feeling of being in a museum, where as Mr. de la Sizerraine so wittily remarked, the most varied objects are incarcerated as in a prison; where a fresco, designed to hang at a height of many feet, hangs at the level of a human head; where without relation to each other, sacred, domestic and military objects are forcefully tied together by their style of technique. It is difficult to speak here in general of a fitting picture of ancient life or of its characteristics. And this can take place only with one unalterable condition.

Give the monument a vital aspect, give back to it that geniality which gave it the resplendence of its former years - at least return that in some measure! Do not build commercial houses around the ancient monuments; do not obscure them with military barracks and store-houses; do not bring present-day objects into them - and many people will be attracted with far greater yearning to the monument than to a museum. Give to youth the possibility of viewing the monuments and it will surely extricate itself from the clutches of contemporary life and turn towards antiquity, to a work which has seen so much. After that, the treasures of the museums will appear quite different and they will commune with the visitors in quite a different language. The museum objects will cease to be a dreadful necessity, which must be known, together with the entire horror of dry consideration and information in the name of cold antiquity; but quite the opposite, individual objects will become parts of a vital whole, which is attractive and superbly related to our entire life. Not fearing pedantic dryness, the youth shall approach the living monument of antiquity, shall look into its visage and there will be few people in whom there will not be stirred up something long forgotten, known in one's childhood, and then cloaked as though by something necessary. It will become desirous of itself to know everything pertaining to such beauty; one must not teach it; for, as with an attractive fairy-tale, each one will catch explanations of antiquity.

How old all this is and yet, how new. I even feel ashamed to talk about it, although these matters should be thoroughly discussed. In feverish haste a new style is being produced; we rush around in search of the novel. And this mountain will give birth but to a mouse. Of course, in making such a statement I do not mean individuals or exceptions, whose work will find a place of honor in the history of art. What I have in mind is our mass movements. When we have hardly inaugurated our renovation, our original works of art are immediately degraded by commonplace stencils made after their patterns, and this is almost worse than the preceding indifference. Houses

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in the cities derive their artistic taste from the treasure-box of fashion shops, with the pretense that they are creating a new style. Objects of bizarre shape, often little adaptable for daily use, find their way into the home; whereas antiquities, which, together with nature itself, inspire and guide our style, are forsaken and the paths leading to them over-grown by pedantry. Who will have the daring to take this road, pushing aside and shaking off all superfluous rubbish, picking up the debris of erstwhile beautiful forms?

III.

I decided to seek some local finery in the remote parts of Suzdal district. The general indications made me hasten to the villages of Toriki and Shoshkovo, twenty versts away. At Shoshkovo there were many antique objects. In many families there were ancient sarafans, veils and fillets still in use. But it was painful to see the secret desire to sell them all, not because of need, but merely because "it is old-fashioned and no longer stylish". Very seldom did I find a family where they made use of the complete garb.

"You see, the young people do not wear the old things", said an old peasant, while his daughter went to dress herself in her full attire.

I started to assure the villagers, who had gathered in the meantime, of the beauty of their fine costumes, that there was nothing to be ashamed in wearing them; on the contrary, it would be better if people would try to maintain the (native) costume. The old man listened patiently, scratched his head and made the following, fully justified remark:

"Our antiquity has become worn. Some of the sarafans or filets, although antique, are worn out. Our young women are ashamed to walk about with holes in their clothes. If they want to mend them, they cannot get the material to do it with. Nowadays they don't make them as they used to; perhaps they do; but then we are unable to get them and besides they are too expensive, beyond our reach. I have some antiques in my home, but when I

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want to buy something in addition I must get it from either Nijni or Kostroma and it is getting dearer every day. So it happens that the old fashioned style is passing".

The old man spoke the truth: There is nothing with which to mend our worn-out antiquity. We have torn away from it, we have grown away and all our restorations look like despicably cheap patches against the background of antiquity. I have seen attempts at restoring antique costumes, but they were extremely unsuccessful. If you combine the beautiful antique brocade with the cheap brocade which is being used in churches, or if you try to compare the print with their delicate blues and browns with chintz or calico, particularly with those which are specially made "for the masses", you can easily imagine the outrage of such a combination.

Our contemporary urban eclecticism is, naturally, diametrically opposed to nationalism. Instead of the absurd attempts at inventing a native costume for city dwellers, wouldn't it be better to create some basis on which our vanishing national antiquity could endure? It would not be necessary to invent such a costume, for beautiful designs have been shaped by centuries. What we must think about is how our people, in their cultural development, could live in a national trend of thought, so as to be surrounded by all that is necessary for leading a beautiful life. It is necessary that we should see the disappearance in the past of such sad facts as the burning of the headdress by our priests "since it is not fit for horned ones to partake of the Holy Communion." It is necessary that the upper classes should genuinely learn to love antiquity. Why cannot the factories supply the people with beautiful textiles for costumes, something that would be within their reach, not coarse, but sufficiently dignified to serve in repairing the old? Give them the right background for the costume, for the song, and music, and dance, and joy. Let the old song resound again; let the balalaika strings intone those beautiful ancient melodies instead of thrumming away trite marches and waltzes. Let the Russian also be a Russian. It is a

terrible thing to say, but in some places, full of the choicest specimens of antiquity, famous for ages for their enamel, raffia and carved work, we find school work done after the patterns of the "Niva". Or, even worse; at Torzhok celebrated for its famous embroideries, as is mentioned even in our school geographies, a rural school was established some time ago with the purpose of maintaining this vanishing craft and reviving it by restoring the excellent old technique. Everything went well. It could not have been improved, it would seem, since the school was fortunate enough to acquire an experienced leader and answered an immediate local need. One should have thought that the new local government would have endeavored to promote such a successful undertaking. Not at all - instead of this they decided that this was a superfluous institution. Only recently, it ruled that the doors of this school be closed, thus allowing an ancient local craft, practised from time immemorial, to disappear into oblivion. Under such circumstances, will the people be able to create anything beautiful? Only where there is solid soil may we expect a good tree to grow. We all know how much beauty and harmony have been preserved in the customs of the old-believers. Wherever antiquity endures there re-echoes much that is valuable; it is there where the best customs are alive. Such is antiquity!

We do not know, nor care, how to help people reinvest with beauty their daily lives of labor and hardship. Not with the zest of the collector, but gently, only very gently, can we take from the people remnants of beauty, its marvels cherished for ages. Only with the keenest judgment can we maintain a balance of values between that which the people voluntarily resign and that which is taken from them forcibly.

In the same village of Shoshkov I was amazed by the purity of style of the village church; it was a perfect seventeenth century structure. Yet, I found out that the village had only recently celebrated its centennial. Puzzled, I tried to find the correct solution. It then appeared that the

church was built by peasants with the consent of the entire village assembly and that they had decided to build after the ancient styles. Even the pleasant coloring of white and ochre is preserved, similar to that of the churches at Romanov-Borisoglebsk. True children of their age, the peasants already contemplate renovating the church, and its interior is being decorated with unspeakable paintings in the manner of Dore. And there is no mightier voice to point out to them how incongruous it is.

Seeing this decoration, it seems strange that the manner of thought of the grandfathers of these same peasants was so utterly different that they desired their church to be built in ancient style.

At the present time, the most cultured of us have become witnesses to entirely different sights. In spite of all prohibitions, in spite of a commission functioning to safeguard the treasures of antiquity, we see entire towers and walls disappear before our eyes. The celebrated palaces of Gedemin and Keystut at Troki have reached a point of complete mutilation. The falling tower of the Keystut Palace caused the walls to cave in on the island. The chapel contained some fresco paintings of particular interest to us because of their Byzantine character. But only insignificant remnants were left and their days were numbered, for the bricks underneath these paintings were already coming off. Someone is supposed to have expressed a desire to do something shortly to preserve this palace. It should be difficult to do anything now, but it would be well not to let the deterioration proceed still further. In Kovno I was told that not so long ago the local palace, with its walls and spires, towered high above the city; now there is very little left of the tower and alongside the foundation of the walls structures have been built, one beside the other. By what reason and authority do these huts appear on government property, which is even deprived to civic institutions?

At Merech on the Niemen river I was anxious to see the old house which had first seen King Vladislaus and afterwards Peter the Great. According to the archeological chart this house was still in existence as late as 1893,

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commonplace manner, totally ruining the effect of the dark-gray church and the cemetery with its slender birches. The picturesque details of Novgorod and Pakov are losing their uniqueness in the slow process of deterioration. It would be impossible to cite all the superb traces of the past that are falling into bits, and even where we honestly make an effort to preserve antiquity the results are somewhat strange.

After a long drawn-out argument it was finally decided to safeguard the beautiful walls of Smolensk, those walls which were completed "with such solicitude" during the reign of Tsar Boris. To-day they are even being patched. But, on the other hand, the sand is being removed from the old foundations beneath the walls. I really wish I were mistaken in this, but there are traces of recent wheel-tracks in the sand and instead of the velvet-like loam-covered ramparts and Moats beneath the walls, we see shapeless piles of sand and wooden splinters as though the result of a devastating fight. Such is the general view, artistically and historically! And this occurs right near Smolensk with its abundant slopes of available sands.¹⁾ We are accustomed to blame everything on the merciless fang of time; but it is human beings who are merciless and time only follows their traces, painstakingly executing all their desires.

There is a complete category of errors regarding the names of our national monuments and a chronicler might well compile a unique little conclave of the prominent contributors to archaeological perversions. This ought to be done and bequeathed to posterity.

IV.

Several years ago, describing the great trail from the Vikings to the Greeks, I had occasion to contemplate the following: "When will people travel through Russia with the purpose of preserving our historical landscapes in the name of Beauty and national sentiment?"

-----Since then I have visited many ancient sites and places and I would
1) In order to get a clear picture of the majestic view of these walls, see "The Wall of Smolensk", by I.I.Orlov, Smolensk, 1903.

but has since disappeared. In 1896 it was rebuilt from top to bottom. The city tower had been taken apart and on the site of the old town a scanty remnant of a landmark juts out in witness to the Magdeburg brief of the former town of Merech, now nothing but an insignificant settlement. Here and there the landmark still shows traces of stucco work, but it is no longer possible to restore its structure.

On the bank of the Niemen river at Vellony and Sapezhishki are ancient costials (Roman-Catholic churches) dating from the earliest origins of Christianity. In Kovno and Keydany there are beautiful ancient little houses, particularly one with a pure gothic facade. May God send a gentle hand to preserve them in future. Along the beautiful banks of the Niemen there are many ancient settlements which are perishing helplessly. Nothing remains to tell of the great Znich, Gedemin, Keystut, of the crosses and of all interesting events that occurred in this place. Mounds of sand blown from beyond the river cover the wide spaces; the protecting forests are gone and the face of the earth is changing beyond recognition.

The Izborsky towers retain only slight indications here and there of figured panel work and beautiful crosses in relief, which cover the West wall of the fortress. Are these crosses not a dreadful recollection of the crusaders, the most formidable foes of frontier Izborsk? Under the thick panelled walls the subterranean passages have collapsed and the secret chambers and doorways are only ruins.

The famous cathedral at Polish-Yuriev, which is far more fascinating than the Dmitry cathedral at Vladimir, is almost entirely covered with the poor additions of a later period, which brutally cling to the gorgeous embossed ornaments of the church walls. Will there ever be a time when all this beauty will be freed from crude super-structures? Will anybody ever revive this glorious monument?

The wooden church at Ishna near Rostov, a splendid specimen of Northern church architecture, is faced with boards and fenced off in the most

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like to speak even stronger in their defense.

How beautiful are these spots:

Why did the people of old yearn to live so freely? It was not merely a question of a strateg , a position, or other similar considerations, but of the broad life and sentiment of ancient man. If he wanted to set his tent amid ample space, he climbed to the very summit of the hill, so that the wind would whistle in his ears, so that the rushing stream or broad lake would glisten below him and the alluring blue distances would stretch endlessly. And white tents would buoyantly leap up in all directions. If ancient man did not wish to be discovered by an intruder there was no end to his capacities for concealment. In the thick of the forests he encircled himself with impenetrable marshes, with canyons and ravines, so that no one would even suspect that anyone would settle in such a place.

Frequently, the location of an ancient city is shown to be next to the present city and invariably the old location appears to be a much more beautiful site than that of the later settlement. The so-called "Truvor" knew where to settle when he came to Izborsk, near the Sloven Brook. In later times the Pskovichi revealed far poorer judgment when they transferred the little town to Mount Zherava. The old site of Novgorod is much more picturesque in its natural beauty than the city itself. The town of Old Ladoga, the wooden town of Yaroslavl, the sites around the ancient castles of Grodno, Vilno, Venden and other old palaces are among the most beautiful in this vicinity.

What, then, has been the destiny of the old sites and of their ruins? Entire elevated plots are in our way as were the monuments. When we cannot disfigure them by building barns, barracks and warehouses, we must at any rate carry them away like sand. Only recently I saw the beautiful town of Gorodetz on the river Sara ¹⁾ near Rostov, completely disfigured by sand and stone quarries. Instead of the lovely spot, where all Rostov was used to

1) Possibly Gorodetz on Sara is in fact the original site of Rostov. The excavation, which was possible on the remains of the site yielded

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gather, nothing is left save a monstrosity and destruction which would make John Ruskin shed tears of genuine sorrow.

But is it necessary for us to seek beauty? Our indifference and lack of interest has gone to such a limit that we know little about our own beautiful near-by Pakov.

No one feels impelled to sit on the banks of the Veliki River before the grizzly Detinetz ²⁾; there are few to whom the name of the Mirosh monastery really means anything. It is worth visiting this place if only to view the images of the Saviour and Archangel. The ancient towers, the market-place at the foot of the Detinetz, the sails and colored masts of the merchantmen - how beautiful it all is and how near the capital. How lovely are these little old houses with their period porticos and their little windows, now serving frequently for the most commonplace purposes, such as ~~the~~ storage furniture and as warehouses. And how little the majority of our people know of this; all those who walk about with acrid looks bewailing the lack of new impressions.

If we know little of Pakov, how much less do we know about that most beautiful spot near Pakov - Pechery! It is truly astonishing how few people have even heard of this place. There are not many other spots in Central Russia that compare favorably with this one for compactness, age-old serenity and the interest of its structures. The old walls, battered by the attacks of the Lithuanians, branch down into deep moats and then boldly climb up the steep banks. The churches, wooden crosses on the wall, the belfry - all this, concentrated within a small area, creates the impression of extraordinary harmony.

No matter how long you stay here, you experience the desire to stroll again and again across the courtyard, crowded with strange bloated red and white buildings; you want once more to take the winding path between the vestry and the old belfry. A processional of pilgrims passes by; a chant characteristic objects of the Gnesdov type, belonging to the X and XII type

2) In addition to the vital words of Kostomarov regarding customs and morals of the people of the North", to the majestic site of Pakov, see: "The Town of Pakov and Mirozh as sites of first Pakov Settlement, by F. Ushakov, St. Petersburg 1902.

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reaches you from one of the churches and you are conscious of being enfolded on all sides by a timelers antiquity. An additional peculiar charm of Pechery (poluverts) is the presence of the so-called half-believers- remainders of the colonial period, in the ancient territory of Pakov. By some miracle, the inhabitants of an entire group of settlements have preserved their customs, their costumes, even their own tongue which resembles closely the Livenian dialect. On holidays the women adorn themselves with strings of old rubles, crosses and bracteates around their necks, arnamenting their bosoms with an enormous embossed silver buckled-fibula.

From the distance the throng looks white. Men and women are dressed in white kaftans; sleeves and lapels are hemmed in ingenuous designs of black braid. Here, in closest proximity to those who scorn each trace of originality, a genuine style has survived and is preserved by a few hundred half-literate people who hold in high regard the individual traits ^{which marked} their identity from the rest.

We frequently hear that antiquity and in particular a national antiquity is an outlived relic which is dying a natural death from the poisonous impacts of misinterpreted civilization. However, antiquity has not been completely annihilated by the railroad, we have now advanced sufficiently far and it does not rest with us to judge whether antiquity with its songs, costumes and dances can survive much longer. What we must do above all, is to create a fertile soil on which antiquity may prosper and in the record of civilization not become like those who attempt to enlighten the "wild" countries with their ancient, age-old culture. Do we know of any measures, that have been taken to prevent antiquity, outside of the government decrees against its destruction?

Talk to the clergy, talk to the government employes and the police, and you will then see who stands closest to the cause of antiquity. One is ashamed to admit it, but the local government, the local authorities, frequently have not the slightest idea and understanding of the antiquity around them.

Therefore, it is without pride that they point out to you the monuments near which destiny was gracious enough to place them and which they could enjoy. Like the impoverished peasant they would far rather live through as quickly as possible with all tedious inquiries of things which are not accessible to their understanding, for card games and gossip are far more important to them than all the antiquities of the world combined.

From where are we then to get a wholesome foundation? From where should we gain self-reliance under the circumstances? We would sooner begin speaking an African language, than have somebody believe that our own may be dearer to us. The older generation, not possessing a work on Russian archeology which has been recognized for the past quarter century, knows very little about antiquity. The younger generation, for some reason or other, considers antiquity as a concern of the old. How are we to break this enchanted circle? How can we succeed in finding a way to cherish our antiquity and appreciate its beauty - is quite incomprehensible.

The thought may occur to one as to whether some new decrees, some new government subsidies could help.

I can easily foresee the answer of the archeologist; give us money, show us the means, because monumental structures require large expenditures. But it is not a question of money. There is enough money in Russia. The history of the restoration of the new Kreml at Rostov and some other monuments, and finally, our present times, have clearly proved that where there is interest and consciousness, there are also means, and large ones at that. There is enough money, but it is the interest, the love, that is missing. And as long as archeology remains a dry scientific matter it will be estranged from society, from the people. One can predict this without any prophetic talents.

A painting may be done according to rules of perspective, of anatomy and botany, and yet, it may not be at all an artistic piece of work. The cause of caring for monuments of antiquity can be carried on in a highly scientific manner, full of highly technical terminology with references to

thousand-tomed Literature on the subject. And yet, it may not possess the vital spirit that keeps it alive. Just as with a painting, the entire inner meaning of which lies sometimes in a tone which cannot very well be formulated into words, in some persuasive feature which cannot be expressed in any single formula - so it is with the artistic understanding of antiquity; there is much that cannot be put into words, there is much that can be conceived only by intuition. Without this intuition, without the feeling for the beauty of historic landscape, without understanding of the decoration and construction, all talk of it is nothing but foolish jabber.

It is not an easy task we have before us. It is no doubt very difficult not to lose the feeling for a thing when the cold scientific basis is its main concern. Are there many among our professorial-educators in whom the flame of sentiment remains burning? Often, as soon as sentiment is brought into the picture, we notice a complete divergence of opinion; but those who have been taught by experience to know better, should not be afraid - there will always be a few to whom sentiment will indicate the truth, and on the basis of this truth general interest will be aroused; as soon as this is achieved, the necessary means and all else will be found.

There is no doubt that much has been done in the cause of antiquity for the past quarter of this century, but there is much more work ahead and the most difficult and delicate part of it still remains to be done. And what we have in mind cannot be turned over to archeological commissions and archives, to be hailed by sumptuous dinners at archeological conventions and to be forgotten thereafter.

More problems are constantly accumulating around antiquity. These cannot be solved by scientists only, but must be attacked in cooperation with artists, architects and writers.

Much in our life has gone wrong, many principles have become confounded. Our art is full of the most perverted ideas. And antiquity too, if understood correctly, can become a fertile soil, not only for art and sciences, but as a bulwark for the immediate steps of life as well.

I may expect the following question: "You have painted us a depressing picture of the state of Russian antiquity; what do you prescribe as the next step for the moral improvement of this complex matter?"

What answer could I give to such a direct question? It would be a very old one: It is time for the educated Russian to know and love his own Russia; it is time for those, who are bored for the lack of new sensations, to take an interest in the noble and sublime which have not yet found one place in their lives and which will transform their daily monotony into a life full of joy and beauty.

It is time for all those who sympathize with the cause of antiquity to cry aloud about it on every occasion and to point out its present condition in the press. It is time to assail with the weapon of the printed word, the ignorance of the administration and of the clergy standing closest to the cause of rarest antiquity. It is time to ridicule those dry archeologists and pedants devoid of all feeling. It is time to enlist young new forces in the group of fervent advocates of antiquity until this enthusiasm will ultimately grow into a creative movement of national scope, which constitutes the strength of a land of culture.