

Touches of memory. Old Doctor's Notes
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Touching memory. Notes of the old doctor
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"With gentle, gentle hands, memory touches me"

I. Utkin

At a young age (after graduation) I came across a small poem by I.A. Bunin, the lines from which sunk into the soul: "... The day will come, the Lord will ask the prodigal son: were you happy in earthly life?" Many times, up to this day, I have recalled these lines, and the answer to the question posed was always unambiguous: yes, there was! Moreover, I can name the exact dates of this great happiness: from September 1, 1957 to June 27, 1963. These are the days of my student life, study at the 1st MOLMI (Moscow Order of Lenin Medical Institute) named after I.M. Sechenov. In recent decades, the institute changed its name, was an academy, became a university, the once highest award of the former country was lost somewhere, fortunately, the name of I.M. Sechenov. And two years ago a new name appeared (in the Western manner) - Sechenov University. But until now, my classmates, as an identification password, when they meet, shout to each other: MOLMI-63! By the way, one can expect a response from the closest eternal neighbor, friend and rival, who always jealously estimated the word "second" in its name. And it will sound great: Pirogov University. It is also very close to me, I did my clinical residency in it.

Why were these years for me (I am sure that not only for me) the happiest?

Firstly, I studied at the best higher education institution in the world. I am not saying this because of some kind of leavened patriotism. I have visited many medical institutes in our country, including such wonderful ones as St. Petersburg, Samara, Saratov, Crimean (Simferopol), Volgograd, in the near abroad - Kiev, the magnificent Vitebsk, Tashkent, Samarkand and many others. I have been to the Sorbonne, Boston University, Chinese and Korean universities. I understand that I look like that sandpiper who praises his swamp, but I can't do anything about it, and if I were offered to start my studies again, I would not hesitate to choose my own 1st MOLMI.

By the way, Boston University is remembered for the fact that there I first met such a phenomenon as feminism. It was so. I stood at the door of the library, waiting for my comrades who had gone away somewhere. A girl stepped out from behind a corridor bend, her face covered with an imposing stack of books. I realized that she was going to the library, and, as is our custom, I rushed to the door, opened it and, politely bowing

head, invited the girl to pass. Then the unexpected followed. Deliberately not paying any attention to me, the girl unloaded her burden on the table at the door, closed the door I had opened, then opened it again, picked up some piece of wood from the floor, put it under the door, slowly gathered books in a pile, went into the library apparently unloaded the books there, took out a piece of wood from under the door and closed the door. The impudent men who encroach on the self-sufficiency of a woman were taught an object lesson!

Second, I have studied with some of the best professors and teachers in the world. When from time to time I open the album presented at the graduation party, then, turning the first page with my photograph (how young we were!), I always freeze in respectful delight, looking from one face to another, be sure to say aloud their surnames, names, middle name. Their memory is sacred and irresistible for time.

The following fact seems interesting to me. In the mid-nineties, homeopathy attracted my attention. Her domestic history is filled with bright names, but she also made many opponents. She especially got it in the fifties of the last century from representatives of academic medicine. Reading the materials of the collegiums of the USSR Ministry of Health, its Academic Council, I saw familiar names everywhere: Zakusov, Abrikosov, Strukov, Struchkov, etc. Their main desire was to destroy, to wipe out the hated method from the face of the earth, which did not fit into their purely materialistic understanding of the universe ... Hahnemann's term "vitality" was for them the embodiment of idealism, not to mention the sub-minimal doses of homeopathic medicines. To me, looking at the problem from modern positions, their antihomoeopathic statements seem ridiculous, but I, as before, bow my knees to these outstanding figures of Russian and Soviet medical science. As for their views and assessments of homeopathy, then, frankly, are modern critics and haters of homeopathy far from them scientifically? Evidence of this is the notorious "Memorandum 2", which tried to lower homeopathy to the level of pseudoscience.

I met some of the Great Ones only at their lectures. For example, with the outstanding physiologist Peter Kuzmich Anokhin. I remember his lecture on the basics of hypnosis. The audience was packed to capacity, which, frankly, was not typical of Anokhin's lectures (he was not distinguished by outstanding oratory skills, unlike the second professor of his department, Shidlovsky, at whose lectures the audience stood in the aisles). Petr Kuzmich began his lecture by stating a fact about the mysterious properties of the human psyche. And as an example, he cited his own characteristics - for all his genius, he suffered from inexplicable forgetfulness, regularly after the lecture he left his watch on the department, which he laid out to control the time, and thus a certain number of mechanisms were lost, until the employees presented him with a gold watch for the anniversary. with engraving: "We ask you to return the finder to the Department of Normal Physiology of the 1st MOLMI." Having told this, the academician noted with satisfaction that since then he had never left a watch anywhere. By the way, at the end of the lecture after the professor left, the clock remained at his workplace, he calmly left, and only

the assistant on duty took them.

Unfortunately, not all titans of medical thought were titans on the podium. I remember the lectures of the great therapist Vladimir Nikitich Vinogradov. Severe, not tolerating the slightest disorder at the department and in the clinic, the thunderstorm of students and residents, suspected of aimlessly wandering around the clinic, had some kind of congenital (or acquired) speech defect, which, in combination with a rather colorless voice, created certain difficulties of perception and by no means encouraged students to attend lectures. This, by the way, is an essential and, to a certain extent, unfair paradox - the external attributes of a lecture often mean more to the audience than the content. For example, the great cardiologist Aleksandr Leonidovich Myasnikov (the grandfather of the current TV celebrity) read deep, meaningful, but rather dry lectures, and as a result, in terms of attendance, they were clearly inferior to emotional ones.

I cannot forget one of the lectures of Professor Yaroslav Stepanovich Przheborovsky, the head of the Department of Inorganic Chemistry. I still remember his stooped figure and luxurious gray mustache. He seemed to us a deep 75-year old man, but now from the height of my eighty he does not seem to be such. He read lectures, according to the students, rather monotonous and boring, the attendance of lectures was average, but before one of them our classmate Arkady Mikhailov, who worked as a laboratory assistant at this department before entering the institute, said that at the end of this lecture we were in for a surprise. The fact is that the lecture was devoted to a chemical element (iodine), the salt of which has explosive properties (iodine nitride is "detonating nitrogen." A large sheet of paper was treated with a solution of this salt, which was then dried and hung over the lecture table, and a kind of explosion-packet was set in motion by hitting the pointer on it. The students of our group, who, thanks to Arkady, knew about this effect, were looking forward to the end of the lecture. However, this time the old professor forgot about the attraction and, having finished his lecture, slowly walked towards the exit from the audience. Our entire group looked at Arkady with a mute reproach. And he made up his mind. Jumping over two rows of chairs, he ran to the table, grabbed the pointer and shook it on the hanging sheet. There was a loud enough explosion that made everyone present, including the old professor, who had already approached the door, startle. He even sat down in surprise, but quickly got his bearings and waved his hand to Arkady gratefully. Well, we were, of course, delighted. who, thanks to Arkady, knew about this effect, looked forward to the end of the lecture. However, this time the old professor forgot about the attraction and, having finished his lecture, slowly walked towards the exit from the audience. Our entire group looked at Arkady with a mute reproach. And he made up his mind. Jumping over two rows of chairs, he ran to the table, grabbed the pointer and shook it on the hanging sheet. There was a loud enough explosion that made everyone present, including the old professor, who had already approached the door, startle. He even sat down in surprise, but quickly got his bearings and waved his hand to Arkady gratefully. Well, we were, of course, delighted. who, thanks to Arkady, knew about this effect, looked forward to the end of the lecture. However, this time the old professor forgot about the attraction and, having finished his lecture, slowly walked towards the exit from the audience. Our entire group looked at Arkady with a mute reproach. And he made up his mind. Jumping over two rows of chairs, he ran to the table, grabbed the pointer and shook it on the hanging sheet. There was a loud enough explosion that made everyone present, including the old professor, who had already approached the door, startle. He even sat down in surprise, but quickly got his bearings and waved his hand to Arkady gratefully. Well, we were, of course, delighted. Our entire group looked at Arkady with a mute reproach. And he made up his mind. Jumping over two rows of chairs, he ran to the table, grabbed the pointer and shook it on the hanging sheet. There was a loud enough explosion that made everyone present, including the old professor, who had already approached the door, startle. He even sat down in surprise, but quickly got his bearings and waved his hand to Arkady gratefully. Well, we were, of course, delighted. Our entire group looked at Arkady with a mute reproach. And he made up his mind. Jumping over two rows of chairs, he ran to the table, grabbed the pointer and shook it on the hanging sheet. There was a loud enough explosion that made everyone present, including the old professor, who had already approached the door, startle. He even sat down in surprise, but quickly got his bearings and waved his hand to Arkady gratefully. Well, we were, of course, delighted.

PS. However, Arkady Mikhailov, with whom I began to recall what happened, without denying the very fact of the effective end of the lecture, claims that it was not Ya.S. Przheborovsky, and associate professor A.I. Garbuzov (later professor and head of the department). But even if my memory fails me in this case, it was still great!

Academician Vasily Vasilyevich Zakusov gave excellent lectures on pharmacology. Elegant, always fit, with a military bearing (he graduated from the Leningrad Military Medical Academy named after S.M. Kirov and then spent a long time in military service). His lectures always attracted a full audience. The accessibility of the presentation of complex pharmacological problems, combined with a clearly commanding manner of reading, attracted the audience. In addition, Vasily Vasilyevich was a famous fashionista - a suit is always, as they say, brand new. But most of all we young people were shocked by his ties, unimaginably beautiful and new at every lecture. There were many legends about the academician, which are very difficult to separate from the truth. It was said that one day he went to the pulpit, stood there for several minutes in deep thought, then said loudly: "Sorry, comrades," and left.

As you know, students who missed practical classes, then had to work them out outside the classroom. Vasily Vasilyevich took detention at home. This procedure is also overgrown with legends. The academician met each student in the hallway, helped to undress, hung clothes on a hanger, took him to a room that served as an office, and, for a start, treated him to tea and cookies. Then there was a friendly conversation on the topic of detention, which invariably ended with a credit. In the hallway, Vasily Vasilyevich handed the student a coat, opened the door and wished all the best. You say, liberal? But those who worked with him never characterized him with this word. And aristocratic behavior (in the best sense of the word) and manners would be nice to learn from many of the current.

Sometimes we, students of the late fifties and early sixties, witnessed fundamental fractures and tectonic shifts in medical science and even in biology in general. So, from the brilliant lectures of Associate Professor of the Department of General Biology Platon Borisovich Hoffman-Kadoshnikov, we learned that genetics is not at all a "corrupt girl of imperialism", as we were persistently taught at school, but a very serious and promising science, in the creation of which Russian roots were clearly traced. Of course, there is no doubt that this was said with the approval of the head of the department, academician Fyodor Fedorovich Talyzin, who, due to his international employment, rarely lectured to students.

Cases when specialists of the Institute occupied prominent positions in state and international organizations were quite frequent. However, it happened the other way around. For several years, the Department of Health Care Organization was headed by Sergei Vladimirovich Kurashov, the Minister of Health of the USSR, a graduate of the Kazan State Medical Institute. I remember his last lecture in 1963. It was the last and in another, tragic sense - we knew (and when it was so that the students did not know something) that Sergei Vladimirovich was terminally ill, and this lecture was a farewell (he died a year and a half later and was the only Soviet health minister, including N.A.Semashko, was buried in the Kremlin Wall). He read the lecture confidently,

solid, not very emotional, but what emotions can there be. Of course, the listeners had them, and even then they were internal.

We listened with pleasure to informative therapeutic lectures by Vladimir Kharitonovich Vasilenko and Zinaida Adamovna Bondar. By the way, in the lecture of Zinaida Adamovna, I first heard the pre-revolutionary lines that later became widely known:

"Blessed is he who early in the morning
Has a chair without compulsion - He also
has food to his liking,
And all the rest of the pleasures. "

She read it with the most serious air, beating the rhythm with a pointer, which she did not part with throughout the lecture, waited for the audience's reaction and burst out laughing with us.

Against the background of the names of great medical scientists and practitioners, the scientific degree of candidate of medical sciences, which was held by the head of the department of Marxist-Leninist philosophy, Ivan Alekseevich Pashintsev, sounds very modest. Short in stature, rather puny physique, he had a strong-willed character, combined with some especially sincere, sincere attitude towards young people, without the slightest flirting with her, which we especially appreciated. At one point, our group had a mutual misunderstanding with the teacher. The whole department took his side, declaring us to be busters and violators of discipline. Now, recalling this episode, I cannot speak with one hundred percent certainty about our unconditional rightness, largely due to youthful maximalism, but also of the punishments offered by the teachers (one former officer was especially zealous, who insisted on a measure of punishment from military practice - to "unassign" the group, that is, distribute her students to other groups). The decisive word was given to the head of the department. And he said to him: no punishment, but he takes over the conduct of the classes in the group. So we got a great teacher and responded with disciplined learning, passing the session successfully. We not only respected Ivan Alekseevich, but also loved him as a senior mentor. He answered us with a kind of innocent sincerity, almost family gullibility. I remember how we met him in the evening at the exit from the institute, to our surprise he was a little tipsy (later we learned that he had a birthday), seeing our amazement, hugged everyone and recited: "Drink, drink, drink here - they won't give it in the next world, "which delighted us. I remember the speech of Ivan Alekseevich at the general Komsomol meeting, where the results of the work of the student detachment on the virgin lands were summed up. Paying tribute to the selfless work of the institute Komsomol members, he unexpectedly expressed surprise at the fact that their leader, constantly and ardently agitating students for their indispensable participation in this noble cause, had never been on the virgin soil. We, I confess, timidly discussed this topic on the sidelines and did not expect that our teacher not only shares our views, but also openly declares this. It should be said that the following Komsomol leaders necessarily led the student construction teams of the institute. that their leader, constantly and ardently agitating students for their indispensable participation in this noble cause, has never been on virgin soil. We, I confess, timidly discussed this topic on the sidelines and did not expect that our teacher not only shares our views, but also openly declares this. It should be said that the following Komsomol leaders necessarily led the student construction teams of the institute. that their leader, constantly and ardently agitating students for their indispensable participation in this noble cause, has never been on virgin soil. We, I confess, timidly discussed this topic on the sidelines and did not expect that our teacher not only shares our views, but also openly declares this. It should be said that the following Komsomol leaders necessarily led the student construction teams of the institute.

All the years mentioned, the institute was headed as a rector by its graduate

1931 Vladimir Vasilievich Kovanov. Not tall, stumpy, slightly limping (the consequences of polio in childhood), energetic, but not hectic, in speeches - always thorough and reasonable. As a student of the outstanding surgeon Nikolai Nilovich Burdenko, he was always faithful to the best traditions of the Russian surgical school. During the Great Patriotic War, Vladimir Vasilyevich rose from a surgeon in an evacuation hospital to a leading surgeon in the army. Much can be said about his enormous healing activity during this period, based on his personal memoirs, published many times, but I want to remind you of one very unusual fact. It is no secret that the nutrition of the wounded plays an important role in quality treatment. But what kind of nutritious food could we talk about during the years of a destructive war? The usual high-calorie diet was not always enough, and the need for it, especially in hospitals, was very great. In this situation, the surgeon Kovanov recalled the stories of slaughterhouse workers, who sometimes drank fresh bull blood to recuperate. At that time, there was a small herd of cattle at the location of the evacuation hospital. It was not difficult to get a few liters of bovine blood. The problem was different - the taste and smell of blood was disgusting, which became an obstacle for many of the wounded. But this task was quickly solved by adding all kinds of natural flavors and fragrances to the blood. The resulting mixture was called hemocostol, bottled, and it was widely used in many military medical institutions.

After the end of the war (for Vladimir Vasilyevich, it ended in Berlin) and demobilization, he was sent to work first as an instructor, and then as the head of the health sector of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party of Bolsheviks, where he did a huge amount of work to restore the domestic health care destroyed by the war. From 1950 to 1956 he was the deputy director, and from 1956 to 1966 he was the rector of his own 1st MOLMI named after I. THEM. Sechenov. The next ten years until V.V. Kovanov - Vice President of the Russian Academy of Medical Sciences.

Such a detailed exposition of the biography of this remarkable scientist, teacher, organizer of health care, medical education and science is also based on the fact that for some time I was directly related to his family.

Vladimir Vasilievich and Klavdia Andreevna Kovanov had two sons, and both were preparing to become doctors. The eldest, Valery, who entered the institute two years before us (that is, even before his father became rector), was a disciplined student, studied in student scientific circles, his close friend was Boris Egorov - a future cosmonaut, in short, no hassle he did not deliver to his parents.

The youngest son, Vladimir, had pronounced leadership qualities (as a father!), But at the same time they were combined with some kind of demonstrative unsociability, which many took for arrogance, which, perhaps, was inherent in Vladimir, but to a much lesser extent than it seemed (more about him in the next publication). He, unlike the elder

brother, he entered not in MOLMI, but in the 2nd medical institute, in order to avoid talking about nepotism, but something went wrong there (Klavdia Andreevna somehow let slip that Volodya got into a bad company), and after one year training he was transferred to our institute and even went with our course to the virgin lands. He got into our group because two of his classmates (at school) studied in it.

Literally a few days after returning from the virgin lands, Volodya announced to several students of our group that he was inviting them to visit for Sunday lunch. He told the invitees that this was an initiative of his mother, who wants to meet new friends of her son. Klavdia Andreevna wanted to look at Volodya's new comrades, she even thought, a naive person, that she could influence the composition of his friends. Next Sunday we came to the house in Starokonyushenny lane (the famous Arbat lanes!). Klavdia Andreevna greeted us like her own children, everything in the apartment exuded benevolence and hospitality. We sat down at a table with snacks and several bottles of dry wine. Somehow quietly, as usual, Vladimir Vasilyevich entered, shook hands with each of us, offered to pour the wine into glasses and, rising, said a few words about the institute, about medicine, about our medical future. We got up, he walked around the table again, clinking glasses with everyone. After dinner, the rector, having apologized, went to his room, and we, emboldened, even sang a little quietly. Klavdia Andreevna took me to the kitchen and there, putting her arm around my shoulders, said in a low voice: "You are friends with Volodya, he is a good boy."

Last week Volodya told me that my mother was inviting him and me to the Sports Palace to train figure skaters. The fact is that the second son of the Kovanovs, Valery, courted the figure skater, and she was a part of their house. Before that, I was several times at the Palace of Sports at hockey matches, but this was the first time I saw the training of figure skaters, and indeed figure skating in general. The experience was amazing. The hall itself, which I was used to seeing filled with spectators and seething with emotions, was quiet and dark. Only a part of the ice rink stood out as a bright spot, along which fairy fairies in multi-colored dresses gracefully fluttered to the quiet music. One of them drove up to the side where we were standing, hugged and kissed Klavdia Andreevna, gave her little palm to Volodya and me. I was delighted with what I saw, this world completely unfamiliar to me, conquered by its uniqueness and novelty. Since then, I have been a devoted fan of Russian figure skating, who has gone from complete obscurity through the phenomena of Belousova and Protopopov, Rodnina and Zaitsev, amazing Pakhomova and Gorshkov to today's girls who amaze the whole world with unique jumps.

Subsequently, I visited the Kovanovs' house a couple more times, but then it all stopped. Why? Frankly, I don't know and I can only guess. Maybe Klavdia Andreevna was stopped by my provincialism, as they would say today - notoriousness? But, most likely, Volodya, with his pronounced independence, simply could not allow even his mother to choose friends for him. Subsequently, we studied with him in the same group, our relationship was friendly, but no more and closer, at least a little like

relations with other classmates, expressed in the lines of our institute's anthem: "Even if we were not brothers with you, friendship made us stronger", did not become.

Student life, if you mean lectures, seminars, practical classes, went on quickly and without much stress. In the afternoon - cinema, theater, stadium, but more often gatherings in a hostel, exchange of news, disputes on a variety of topics (my classmate figuratively defined this as "nights long hoarse"), dinner dreams, usually ending with a messenger the nearest bakery to buy a loaf for 28 kopecks - so desirable, softest, delicious. And if there was also sweet tea, then the minutes of dinner turned into minutes of bliss. I wanted to eat all the time. I even had my own criterion of satiety: after a hearty lunch or dinner (this happened, especially during the holidays), I mentally asked myself the question: would I eat a good kebab now? And for the first time he answered negatively only two years after graduation,

We played a simple "box" (a matchbox was thrown, and points were awarded depending on the form of its landing), a card game "open-up" (this is how we distorted a simple up and down), and occasionally preference. Why occasionally? Because the harsh laws of this game do not recognize the game without reckoning, without cash, and we almost never had them. Nevertheless, sometimes they played. When in Kaluga my colleagues invited me to "paint a bullet", I was surprised that they had not previously asked if I was playing. They explained to me that this question is superfluous - since you were a student, you cannot but know the preference.

But twice a year this hedonic life was severely interrupted - it was time for exams. Cinema, theaters and stadiums were canceled, even the appearance of students changed - the carefree expression on the face of many was replaced by tense and even anxious, restless. Some united in groups for joint preparation, while the majority preferred to work on their own. It was difficult to get into the small reading room of the library. Eyes red from sleepless nights, worried, we jostled in front of an audience or classroom and looked like people on death row. Our classmate Gera Katkovsky always approached each of us with one question: "Do you think I'll give up?". And for the most part I didn't even wait for an answer, it was just a ritual. Many, feeling the vulnerability of their position, due to the inadequacy and fragility of knowledge, they solemnly swore to themselves that such preparation was the last time, and everything would be different by the next exam. Some, in order not to succumb to the general nervousness, were unnaturally cheerful and sociable.

And in the audience at the tables sat the whole color of Soviet medicine, which was waiting for us to get an answer to the question: what and how did you learn over the past time, is it not in vain that you take a place in the temple of science, how do you prepare for future work, can you let your own people down? teachers? No, I will not say that my legs gave way, but a nervous chill was walking somewhere nearby and at any moment I was ready to remind myself of myself.

In the first year, we took general biology. I have an uneasy relationship with this science. At school, botany, zoology, and biology were given to me

easy, and everything that is easy is not very appreciated and generates, to a certain extent, some kind of frivolous attitude. Of course, biology at school and at the institute are completely different things, which our teacher, dear Tatyana Nikolaevna Ulissova, tried hard to prove to me. But I was irresistible in my superficial stubbornness.

During the exam, I got to the assistant professor Alexander Ivanovich Osipovsky (by the way, the co-author of Tatyana Nikolaevna on the biology textbook for nurses, published after the events described in 1962). He looked at me very kindly, but my mood immediately soured when I looked at the ticket. A chill crept down my spine, and my faith in a happy outcome swayed like a suspension bridge under a weight that exceeded its capabilities. Twenty minutes of preparation did not improve the situation. I bleated something on the first question. The examiner's good-natured expression changed at first to bewilderment and then to sympathetic. On the second question, we both sank, and in a low voice he suggested that I take a second ticket. I perked up, but after reading the contents of the ticket, I completely lost heart, and my bleating took on a hopeless shade. But how the examiner suffered! In the end he told me: "You know, young man, I have been taking exams for thirty years, and during all this time I have not given a single two! And now I am, more than ever, close to it. " I wanted to share my experiences with him and say that I had never received a deuce in my life, but for some reason my voice disappeared, I just wheezed something vague. Alexander Ivanovich's face suddenly revived: "Here is a condition: take the drug and if you name it correctly, I will put a three. If not - well ... let's see! ". Kind soul, even in this position he did not want to deprive me of hope. I reached into the box with preparations standing in front of him (there were more than seventy of them, almost everything had to be examined under a microscope next to me and named the characters and their stages of development). I didn't dig into the box, grabbed the first microscope slide that came across and looked at it through the light. My voice even cut through and I croaked: "Flea!" The help of a microscope was not needed. The examiner smiled with relief, put "oud" and waved his hand in the direction of the exit (I think he said to himself: "Come on from here, and so I won't see you again!"). I, having slipped through the line of classmates crowded at the door, ran out into the courtyard, ran to Mokhovaya and only then began to come to my senses after the shame that had happened. I caught my breath and promised myself that this will never happen again.

I remember another exam (of course, for any student, the exam is the most emotionally memorable event). We passed general surgery after the third course. I had to pass the exam to the head of the department, Professor Viktor Ivanovich Struchkov (at that time this wonderful surgeon had not yet been crowned with big titles and awards - he received the Gold Star of the Hero of Socialist Labor and the title of Academician of the Russian Academy of Medical Sciences later). I pulled out a good ticket, I knew the answers to both questions well, so I started cheerfully and confidently. The professor sat with half-closed eyes and nodded encouragingly from time to time. Not having listened to the end of the answer to the first question, he made a gesture to move on to the second. I knew the history of intravenous anesthesia thoroughly. Pirogov, Sevastopol, relief of suffering of the victims, further development

method. And - the cherry on the cake - in Soviet medicine, the problem of intravenous anesthesia is mostly dealt with by the professor ... I gave my name and did not immediately understand what had happened. The examiner, who seemed to be dozing off, suddenly opened his eyes wide, jumped up, instantly found himself behind my back and shouted in my ear: "Who? Who? Repeat!" I have not yet entered, as they say, into the situation, I thought that he simply did not hear and confidently repeated it. He returned to his seat and shouted: "Where did you get this?" I explained that I took this from a tutorial. But he no longer listened. His eyes sparkled, burning right through me. "You should have rolled a couple to know the history of medicine, but you covered the first question tolerably, so this is how: for the first - five, for the second (he slashed with his hand) - count! Total - three. Get out!" I went out, shocked and depressed.

These are the two Cs I got in the exams, but how different they are, although they are similar in that both are undeserved, which left a deep imprint on my memory.

Actually, it is true that the exam is a lottery. Even in the case when you thoroughly know the material, you want it to be also to your liking. I've always been fine with that. In the eighth grade of the school (it was the Chekhov school in Istra near Moscow), after reading Eugene Onegin, I was fascinated by the image of Tatyana Larina. For hours I read in the school library everything that was available about this character, wrote a home essay about her, and it fell on my soul so much that I learned it by heart, being absolutely sure that this particular topic would come across to me on the exam. With a sinking heart, I followed the hand of the teacher, who wrote the topics of examination essays on the blackboard, but was not surprised to read "Tatiana and Olga in the work of A.S. Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin".

An even more tangible coincidence of my interests with the exam lottery happened at the entrance exams to the institute. I graduated from the Kaluga secondary school No. 7 with a silver medal, and when I entered the institute, according to the then existing situation, I had to pass one exam - chemistry. I knew the subject well, but the entrance exams are a new, unusual test, so I prepared for them with full responsibility. But a strange thing: as soon as I sat down to textbooks, Avogadro's law occurred to me (equal volumes of different gases, taken at the same temperatures and pressures, contain the same number of molecules), and I always started every lesson with it.

The last five days before the exam I spent in Moscow, in the house on Chistye Prudy, where my uncle's family lived. His wife, Irina Mikhailovna Danilevskaya, a charming and hospitable woman, once studied at the Institute of Chemistry and Technology, and she had many textbooks on chemistry, starting with the famous textbook by Glinka in those years. And in each of these textbooks I found a description of Avogadro's law and, in the end, had a lot of knowledge about this law. There is no doubt that it was he who got me on the exam. I conscientiously set out on paper everything I knew about him (the four sheets of paper I had to put were not enough for me, I had to ask for two more) and laid them out in front of the astonished examiner (that was the aforementioned A.I. Garbuzov). He scanned the pages with his eyes, grunted, looked at me carefully and asked if I had solved the problem, which was attached to each ticket. I was fine with the problem. He looked at the solution, took the exam sheet, put it against my name

"Ex." and showed with his hand that I can be free. As if on wings, I flew into the corridor, ran down the stairs (the auditorium was located on the fifth floor) and on the second floor I caught up with the applicant who had passed the exam (also with an A) in front of me. We met, shook hands with each other (it was Anatoly Vitalievich Nikolaev - now the Honorary Professor of the Institute), but, of course, there was no time for conversations - both he and I were overwhelmed by enthusiastic feelings.

The same specific premonition helped me again, on the infectious disease exam. I studied this subject with great interest for a year, even attended the student research circle, so there was no particular concern about the exam. But three days before the exam, a student from a neighboring group came to our room where we started preparing and, waving his arms briskly, announced that he had made an agreement with a laboratory assistant from the department who was always responsible for issuing tickets. Therefore, he rejoiced, it is enough for each of us to learn one ticket and tell him the number. Further, they say, a matter of technology. We (and there were four of us) agreed on the chosen numbers (I chose number five) and were calm for the outcome, quickly learning one ticket, spent the rest of the time as we please. But when we came to the exam, We were met by this student and in a dead voice said that the head of the department had sent the laboratory assistant we needed for some business, and today her return is not expected. Two of our company, along with the unfortunate organizer, immediately left the exam, the third - almost excellent student Andrey in long torment earned a three, and I, boldly going up to the table, resolutely took out a ticket and was not even surprised that it was number five. True, I did not get complete satisfaction, because I got it wrong on the issue of differential diagnosis of typhoid and typhus, but I got a solid four all the same. the third - almost excellent student Andrei, in long torment, earned a three, and I, boldly going up to the table, resolutely took out a ticket and was not even surprised that it was number five. True, I did not get complete satisfaction, because I got it wrong on the issue of differential diagnosis of typhoid and typhus, but I got a solid four all the same. the third - almost excellent student Andrei, in long torment, earned a three, and I, boldly going up to the table, resolutely took out a ticket and was not even surprised that it was number five. True, I did not get complete satisfaction, because I got it wrong on the issue of differential diagnosis of typhoid and typhus, but I got a solid four all the same.

But I can't say that fortune has always been merciful to me. When preparing for the exam in histology, in the field of my knowledge (relative, of course), there were 72 tickets out of the 73 offered (but I did not know ticket number 13 completely and soberly, as it seemed to me, judging that the risk of pulling out this particular ticket was negligible, did not bother with this problem). I walked confidently to the exam, took the ticket and ... threw it back when I saw number 13. The assistant of the department, who was in charge of tickets, gasped with such impudence, picked up the ticket, looked at the number and grinned: "Superstitious, or what?" I could not speak from shock and only nodded. She turned around, made sure no one was seeing the scene, and allowed her to take another ticket. Everything ended well.

I was lucky, I passed exams to two ministers of health of the USSR - the former, Miterev Georgy Andreevich, who was still the People's Commissar of Health (and in the most difficult time for the country - 1939-1946), was the first Minister of Health of the USSR until 1947, I passed the health organization to him, and the future, Boris Vasilievich Petrovsky - the state examination in surgery. Both were remembered for their benevolence, gentleness, an interested conversation, rather a conversation, with a student.

Boris Vasilievich, an outstanding surgeon, scientist, healthcare organizer, had great authority among the country's leadership, colleagues, and patients. Like other great people, there were many legends about him, often based on

the real facts lay. Men especially admired the outstanding abilities of the scientist's liver, he was able to take a fair amount of alcohol, but in the morning he was "like a cucumber." His student and workmate in the surgical clinic, a wonderful specialist and scientist Mikhail Izrailevich Perelman, with whom I had the good fortune to talk often, said that sometimes after excessive libations he, feeling bad, had to be several hours late for work and call on this about the boss's reception. And invariably he heard from the secretary: "Boris Vasilyevich is in the operating room." Moreover, he was proud of these unique abilities of his own, but he treated the post-alcohol torments of others with understanding and compassion for them. The same Mikhail Izrailevich recalled the visit to Boris Vasilyevich of his bosom friend, the legendary Minister of Medium Machine Building of the USSR, Efim Pavlovich Slavsky, three times Hero of Socialist Labor (he left his ministerial post at the age of 88). During the period described, Slavsky was over 90, and Petrovsky was well over 80. After a warm meeting in his office, Boris Vasilyevich put a bottle of vodka on the table and asked the secretary to bring them a couple of sandwiches. An hour and a half later, there was a request to get another bottle and cold snack from the safe. And finally, after a three-hour conversation, the secretary was sent to his deputy (who was Perelman) with a request to borrow a bottle of cognac, which was done. An hour later, Mikhail Izrailevich saw through the window how two people (he wouldn't dare to call them old men) of grenadier build for at least half an hour,

I wrote this part of my memoirs and wondered if I recall two famous journalists from the Sport-Express newspaper, who quite often publish their conversations with famous athletes and coaches, unambiguously directing their memories to how much, with whom, where they drank, violated the regime, and sometimes the law. But I don't think I am like them. Firstly, he always used his extraordinary alcoholic insensitivity for business, and secondly, in the Russian people, for whom the problem of drunkenness is not an extraneous matter, they say: "Drunk and smart - two lands in it."

I remember the last meeting with Boris Vasilyevich. It was in the mid-90s at one of the Pirogov congresses of doctors, which were held at the initiative of the Russian Medical Association and its president, Professor Ashot Grigorievich Sargsyan. By that time, the euphoria of the late eighties and early nineties had passed, the health care system was close to complete decline, the indignation of doctors was gushing forth. The congress hall was very electrified. The speakers, whose indignation was at the limit, intensified it with ever-increasing loudness of speeches, reaching the level of shouting. This was in sharp contrast to the speech of Academician Petrovsky. In a low voice, without emotion, Boris Vasilyevich (who, by the way, was repeatedly elected as Honorary Chairman of the Pirogov Congresses) began: "Our healthcare is in a serious condition. This is not good". And then each point of his speech, and he touched on all the burning problems, he ended with the words "this is not good." This quiet statement of the disastrous state of Russian medicine made the entire excited audience quiet down and after the end

speeches applaud violently. After a while, Boris Vasilyevich, apparently tired, left the hall. When after a while I went out into the foyer on my business, I saw Petrovsky sitting alone. He, in my opinion, was dozing. I approached, asked if he needed any help, the academician started up, thanked him, said that his car was about to come up. Indeed, the door opened and a young man, probably a driver, came up, took Boris Vasilyevich by the arm and led him to the car. And the audience for a long time lively discussed the situation in the national healthcare system, adopted a tough resolution, which, unfortunately, did not affect anything.

How different our eminent examiners were! I will forever remember the gloomy, stern great biochemist, Hero of Socialist Labor Sergei Ruffovich Mordashev. For fifteen minutes of my answer, I did not catch any reaction on his face, he motionlessly and gloomily looked past me and did not ask a single question, indifferently took my grade book, put a mark, signed. Frankly, I did not even experience the usual joy from the fact of passing a difficult exam (and the exam was actually one of the most difficult in all six years, I still remember only the Krebs cycle with horror), there was something in his manner arrogant, unpleasant. However, I do not want to negatively characterize the academician in any way, maybe he was simply not in the mood, which happens to everyone.

I met something similar on the ENT exam. Then the assistant professor of the department, the future professor Nikolai Alexandrovich Preobrazhensky so openly demonstrated complete indifference to my answer, without sitting down on a chair and continuously walking parallel to the table, that I involuntarily stopped twice in my answer, although this, however, did not cause him any reactions, and I was forced to continue so that he did not think that I did not know the material.

But here's the opposite example. One student did not show up for the state examination in therapy, which was reported to the head of the department, Professor Alexander Leonidovich Myasnikov. It turned out that the student the day before, to put it mildly, had abused alcohol, was lying in his dorm room and had no strength to get to the audience. What did the academician do? Did you put "no" in the statement and close the question? Nothing like this. He asked to deliver the student in any form. When his comrades brought him under the arms and seated him on a chair in front of the professor, Alexander Leonidovich asked to bring a glass of strong tea and was left alone with him. About twenty minutes later, the student came out to the waiting fellow students on his own feet and with a student's record book in his hands with a positive mark. But the professor had every reason for a formal solution of the issue, but he knew

Exams drew a line under a certain stage of student life. And between the exams, student life was filled with daily activities taught by our teachers. In institute life there is no concept of "class teacher", but it was he who we considered the teacher of normal anatomy, which occupied the lion's share of the curriculum. It was an assistant

Lyudmila Ivanovna Gordeeva, a sweet, kind, intelligent woman, who successfully instilled in us that anatomy is the basis of the foundations of our future profession. We responded to her maternal care as best we could: some with diligent study, some with discipline and respect. In her second year, she was replaced by Associate Professor Galina Semyonovna Satyukova (wife of the editor-in-chief of the central Soviet newspaper Pravda, which she never told us about). A spectacular, bright woman with a loud, slightly hoarse voice, she was an excellent educator. When I came to a couple of classes unprepared, she took me to her office, sat me on a chair, sat opposite and, calling me by name, showed her knowledge of my biography (which means she was preparing for a conversation), which especially affected me. She said that the son of a military officer of the Soviet Army should not be in the tail of the team (commonplace truths, but I didn't think about them). I will not say that after this conversation I was immediately transformed and took up my mind, it happened a little later, but the first step towards this was taken just then.

The following episode best speaks of her motherly attitude towards us. Normal anatomy exam in progress. The exam is state, so there are members of a special commission, and not just examiners. Galina Semyonovna takes the exam with Alexei Avdeev, who, in modern terms, was the informal leader of the group (more about him below), but did not succeed in his studies, to put it mildly. So on this exam, Lesha was drowning. Galina Semyonovna looked at him thoughtfully and sympathetically, not daring to pass judgment. At that moment, she saw that the chairman of the state commission was going to their anatomical table, who went around all the tables. The reaction of our teacher was instant: she whispered to Alexei: "Look here!" When the inspector approached, Galina Semyonovna loudly asked Avdeev to show exactly these anatomical objects, which Lesha did very cheerfully. "Okay, Avdeev, go, three," she said to the student who was numb with happiness. But it was not there. Having witnessed the student's brilliant answer, the old professor was indignant: "How is it, an excellent answer and only a three?" But it was not easy to embarrass Galina Semyonovna: "I did poorly during the year!" The chairman of the commission could only approve of such a principled attitude towards the examinee. But it was not easy to embarrass Galina Semyonovna: "I did poorly during the year!" The chairman of the commission could only approve of such a principled attitude towards the examinee. But it was not easy to embarrass Galina Semyonovna: "I did poorly during the year!" The chairman of the commission could only approve of such a principled attitude towards the examinee.

And in the next courses, in clinical disciplines, we had wonderful teachers, masters of their craft. To single out one of them means to offend the rest, who also selflessly invested in our young souls a commitment to our future profession, laid the foundations of our worldview, understanding of the deep and humane great Chekhov's thought that the profession of a doctor is, first of all, self-sacrifice.

And yet one more name, one more personality I will single out from this outstanding host of teachers.

It was on the course of hospital surgery on Pirogovka. For the first lesson of our group, a short woman in a white coat walked into the classroom with a brisk gait. She pushed a chair to the table, sat down and ... As the song says: "And she smiled at us with such a smile that we will never forget such a smile!" Exactly. It was not

a mother's smile, not an elder's indulgent smile. It was an unforgettable smile from a friend. Almost sixty years have passed, thousands of faces, thousands of eyes, thousands of hands, thousands of names and surnames have met and are completely forgotten, but this smile of Nadezhda Viktorovna Troyan will always be with me.

By the way, many years later, while in the United States, I talked with an emigrant doctor from the Soviet Union. She admired Americans, emphasizing the fact that they constantly smile, even at a complete stranger. I was a guest, I did not want to argue, but I remained with my opinion, the essence of which was that the constant smile on the face of an American or American woman is, in most cases, a defensive reaction, meaning "don't touch me, don't bother me, you see, I even smile at you." I do not at all want the conclusion to be drawn from what has been said about my rejection of the Americans, this is a great country, a great people, but this does not mean at all that I always and in everything agree with them.

Before this lesson, we knew nothing about the heroic past of Nadezhda Viktorovna. And she herself did not start talking about it. But after the first lesson, one of the classmates said that a legendary person, a Hero of the Soviet Union, a Belarusian partisan was teaching us. By that time we had all watched the movie "The clock stopped at midnight", but did not in any way connect the plot of the film with our teacher. No, it was not she who personally planted a mine in the bed of the Hitlerite governor, Gauleiter of Belarus, Cuba. The same one who said: "It is necessary that the mention of one of my names would thrill the Russians and Belarusians, so that their brains freeze when they hear the name of Wilhelm Cuba." The partisans sentenced the occupier to death, and three Belarusian girls carried out this sentence. They said that Hitler, upon learning of the death of his pet,

We, of course, were proud that our teacher was such a heroic person, although her benevolence and ease of communication brought her so close to us that we quickly got used to her heroism, this is how life works. And Nadezhda Viktorovna continued to amaze. Somehow in late autumn, our group, always cheerful and optimistic, came to class in a completely disassembled state. Everyone, as one, was irritated by something, immersed in themselves, frowned, snapped. Nadezhda Viktorovna, entering the classroom, immediately caught the mood of the team, slowly checked the audience through the magazine and, after a pause, asked: "Well, what are we going to do?!" Tolya Kostenko, one of the group's emotional leaders, muttered hopelessly in an undertone: "Let's go to the cinema!" And the teacher, associate professor of the department, suddenly perked up and said: "Well, in the cinema, so in the cinema. Went! "The Sport Cinema was nearby, the show started in a few minutes, the teacher bought us tickets (there were about ten of us). I don't remember the name of the film and its content, such an unusual act of Nadezhda Viktorovna overshadowed all other impressions.

Subsequently, our heroine was appointed vice-rector of the institute, and then for six years she headed the Presidium of the Union of the Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies of the USSR, made a significant contribution to the development of this organization, especially in the issue of gratuitous donation.

This organization in the Soviet Union enjoyed a great and deserved

authority, having many millions of members. In the late 80s, while working in the Central Committee of the CPSU, for some time I headed the local Red Cross organization there, and at solemn meetings dedicated to the holidays, I was elected to the presidium, which was usually headed by one of the members of the Politburo (at the last such meeting, my neighbor in Boris Karlovich Pugo, the future Minister of Internal Affairs of the USSR and a member of the State Emergency Committee, was a very friendly and intelligent person, we even exchanged a few phrases).

But this, as one famous TV presenter says, is a completely different story. To be continued...

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