

Touches of memory. Old Doctor's Notes (continued)
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Touching memory. Notes of the old doctor (continuation)
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"Moscow, Moscow! ... I love you like a son,
like a Russian - strong, fiery and tender"!

M.Yu. Lermontov

Most of my adolescence was spent in Istra near Moscow. More precisely, in a military town located five kilometers from this regional center. The military town is a very peculiar, unusual formation, settlement. Our town was created in the early 50s in the air defense system of the capital and consisted of two parts - a soldier's (barracks) and an officer's (two streets of the so-called Finnish houses, a total of about thirty). The soldier's unit housed the command (headquarters), classes for study and political and educational work, a club, a library. On one of the streets (next to the house where our family lived) there was a military store where the inhabitants of the town regularly bought bread. As for other products and manufactured goods, they somehow did not appear in children's memory, with the exception of two large shelves, filled with cans of crabs and two barrels with red and black caviar - for some reason these goods were not in demand at all (and not only among the inhabitants of the town). The club showed a movie every Sunday evening (free for soldiers and children). In the house where the family of the chief engineer of the unit, Major Vladimir Ionovich Kuzmich, a young handsome man (he was not yet thirty) lived, I saw the TV for the first time - it was in 1954. They showed some kind of film (I think "Hungarian Melodies", but I didn't remember it - everything was overshadowed by my admiration for the technique). a young handsome man (he was not yet thirty), I saw TV for the first time - it was in 1954. They showed some kind of film (I think "Hungarian Melodies", but I didn't remember it - everything was overshadowed by my admiration for the technique). a young handsome man (he was not yet thirty), I saw TV for the first time - it was in 1954. They showed some kind of film (I think "Hungarian Melodies", but I didn't remember it - everything was overshadowed by my admiration for the technique).

A remarkable role in our childhood life was played by the magnificent stadium located within the town. A real football field, running tracks, small stands for spectators, a basketball court (volleyball was located outside the stadium) provided us with great opportunities for sports.

Every year on August 18, the civilian inhabitants of the town, primarily children, were taken to the Tushinsky airfield, located along the same Riga road, where the air parades were held. It was a sight to behold! I distinctly remember one of these days: the bright sun, the blue cloudless sky, a group of snow-gray planes that formed the words "Glory to Stalin" in the sky and the voice of the announcer: "The column is headed by Major General of Aviation Vasily Stalin." All the way back to the town was filled with extraordinary childish delight.

There were not many children in the town, about fifteen people of different ages. We all studied at the Istra school named after A.P. Chekhov. At any time of the year, in any weather (except for severe frosts - for minus twenty-five, thirty, but

they rarely happened) in two groups (first and second shifts) we walked through the forest to Istra, to school. The oldest of us was Tolya Domashenko, a born leader, an adult beyond his years in judgment and possessing extraordinary physical strength. He was not taller than the others, but in strength we were weak weaklings in comparison with him, although he never used his physical advantage.

In the spring of 1956, Tolya and I sat at his house and discussed his decision to enter the Aviation Institute. Actually, the decision itself was not discussed, the place of future study was chosen. For some reason he immediately rejected the Moscow Institute (MAI) and chose (according to the reference book) between the Kuibyshev and Kazan institutes. I, being a patriot of Kuibyshev (almost all my paternal and maternal relatives lived in this city, I often visited them, and my mother and I lived there during my father's business trip to Austria for almost two years). I told Tolya about this beautiful big city, about the Volga, the embankment under construction, two theaters, the famous monument to Chapaev, the Krylya Sovetov football team. Tolya's father, Mitrofan Nikonovich, whom I respected very much for his degree and prudence, unexpectedly intervened in our conversation: "You are probably campaigning for Kuibyshev, because next year you are going to go there to study?" To which I firmly replied: "No! I will only enroll in the 1st Moscow Order of Lenin Medical Institute named after I.M. Sechenov!" And I was not making it up, I had already firmly decided by that time.

And Tolya made a decision in favor of Kazan, entered the aviation institute, successfully graduated from it, and still works in the space industry, being one of the leading national specialists in cryogenic science and technology.

Our family moved to Kaluga this summer, where I graduated from secondary school # 7 the next year, and the dream of Moscow became closer.

Have you ever thought about the question: how does a person feel their age? By physical condition? Not at all. Coldly. For aging loved ones? Warmer. Fast growing children and growing grandchildren? It's even warmer. For parents, relatives, friends who have gone forever? Almost hot. But the hottest thing is the dates. Recently I was driving through the city, and posters (I do not like the word banners) were flying towards them, congratulating the residents on the 873rd anniversary of Moscow. And against this gray background, I clearly felt my age - after all, I perfectly remember the 800th anniversary of the capital.

We lived then in Ulyanovsk, but the anniversary of the main city of the country was a national holiday. Despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Soviet people at that time knew about the capital only by hearsay. As Mark Bernes sang in a good song by Nikita Bogoslovsky (later remade by him for the movie "Big Life" into a victorious march of miners): "... a letter to Moscow, to a distant capital, which I have never been to." In September 1948, we came to school after the first vacation in our life and we were shocked by the message of our teacher Valentina Ivanovna that a student of our class, Stasik Blazhievsky (now, I even remembered his name and surname forever) visited Moscow in the summer. He didn't say anything, we didn't ask anything, we just followed him in a crowd for three days and the lucky ones even managed to touch him.

And in less than a year, the happiness of being in Moscow fell to me as well. My father, an officer of the Red Army, after being wounded served in the Ulyanovsk tank

school and in the victorious 45th entered the correspondence department of the V.I. Lenin. At the beginning of the summer of 1949, the administration of the Academy allowed the audience to invite their wives to the graduation party, and my mother and I went to the capital.

The expectation of something extraordinary overshadowed all my thoughts, so I don't remember the road at all. I don't remember the Kazansky railway station, where my uncle's wife met us, I hardly remember even the first metro ride from Komsomolskaya to Kirovskaya (my uncle's family lived on Chistoprudny Boulevard). The rest of the day is like a fog, the night is in a tremulous, exciting foreboding.

Finally, in the morning, my mother and I, accompanied by a hospitable aunt Ira (the wife of my uncle Vasily Yakovlevich Karpeev, colonel of the Main Political Directorate of the Red Army, was an extraordinary woman who had the hard lot of meeting in the capital numerous relatives of both the Karpeevs from her husband's side and the Danilevskys for our part, to accompany them on trips to the sights and, of course, to the shops, while showing tremendous tact and benevolence) left the six-story (which seemed to me huge) house, walked through the courtyard into Potapovsky Lane, and along it - to the junction of the streets Chernyshevsky (now Pokrovka) and Bohdan Khmel'nitsky (now Maroseyka). Passing along the latter, we passed the grocery store, which the locals called Glass (apparently because of the large glass windows), Armenian Lane. We passed the Old Square and along Kuibyshev Street (now Ilyinka) reached the back side of GUM. And suddenly a small piece of the Kremlin wall flashed through the gap between the houses. My heart pounded even harder. Another fifty steps, and we went to Red Square. Out of excitement, I could not take a look at the entire square and slowly turned my head: the Spasskaya Tower, the chimes, the gates familiar from films and photographs, the Mausoleum, sentries, the building of the Historical Museum. It was only when I returned my gaze to the chimes that I realized for the first time that this was not a fairy tale, that I actually see it all in reality, that I really am in Moscow, and that I am the happiest person in the world! Another fifty steps, and we went to Red Square. Out of excitement, I could not take a look at the entire square and slowly turned my head: the Spasskaya Tower, the chimes, the gates familiar from films and photographs, the Mausoleum, sentries, the building of the Historical Museum. It was only when I returned my gaze to the chimes that I realized for the first time that this was not a fairy tale, that I actually see it all in reality, that I really am in Moscow, and that I am the happiest person in the world! Another fifty steps, and we went to Red Square. Out of excitement, I could not take a look at the entire square and slowly turned my head: the Spasskaya Tower, the chimes, the gates familiar from films and photographs, the Mausoleum, sentries, the building of the Historical Museum. It was only when I returned my gaze to the chimes that I realized for the first time that this was not a fairy tale, that I actually see it all in reality, that I really am in Moscow, and that I am the happiest person in the world!

I also remember another Moscow. It's March 1953. We already lived in Istra, and during the first days of the month, the inhabitants of the town did not have a more important topic than Stalin's illness. We listened to radio messages about his state of health, and even we, children, had a premonition of impending disaster. In the early morning of March 6, our family did not sleep. Father nervously paced the room, my mother and I, and my father's brother Nikifor Yakovlevich, who was visiting us, were depressed in silence. Our eyes were fixed on the loudspeaker hanging on the wall. When at six o'clock the call signs of Moscow sounded and Levitan said in a mournful voice "Dear comrades and friends!", The father, covering his face with his hands, exhaled "Everything"! Mom cried, my uncle sniffled, a feeling of great unhappiness squeezed my throat. A day later, my mother and I went to Moscow. Leaving the Riga railway station building, we found ourselves in a very unusual city: the buildings were hung with flags of mourning, the number of people on the streets dropped sharply, and even the intensity of the usual Moscow street rumble was much reduced. But the most striking thing to me was that the advertising stands, which were previously dazzled with various posters, were all dazzlingly pasted over as one.

white paper, which, given their fair amount, created an intrusive impression of a thorn in the eyes of Moscow streets ...

Of course, we did not even think to get into the Column Hall of the House of Unions, where the coffin with the leader's body was placed, by that time rumors had already leaked out about the nightmarish victims of the ill-conceived sloven system of organizing farewells. Therefore, we immediately went to Chistye Prudy, where Aunt Ira greeted us warmly and immediately told us that even a classmate of her daughter Tamara, Vera Kondakova, who handed Stalin a bouquet on the podium of the Mausoleum during the festive November demonstration in 1952, and a well-known photojournalist, who decided to take a symbolic picture pioneer girls at the leader's coffin, failed to enter the House of Unions. As it turned out later, the photo of the pioneer with a bouquet of flowers near Stalin's body was nevertheless taken, but it was a different girl.

On the morning of March 9, we went along a familiar route to Bohdan Khmel'nitsky Street. The street was crowded with people to such an extent that it was impossible to move even to the Armenian lane. Mourning music sounded from the loudspeakers installed on the roofs. At exactly 10 o'clock the funeral ceremony began. Malenkov, Molotov, Beria spoke. Then the voice of Levitan announced that the members of the Government funeral commission raised the coffin and carried it to the Mausoleum. An artillery salvo rang out. Simultaneously with him, a polyphonic human groan rolled down the street, pinching, chilling the soul, long. Almost seventy years have passed, but this groan still stands in my ears, and when I hear or read that the people did not like Stalin, I remember and, as in reality, hear this groan. I also remember the men who stood without hats throughout the ceremony,

Unforgettable joyful Moscow. April 1961. On April 12, Yuri Gagarin flew into space. We discussed this news lively. And on the fourteenth, when we arrived at the institute, we heard that there would be no classes - those who wish could go to Red Square to meet the first cosmonaut. What does wanting mean? Everyone was willing! We lined up near the institute in a large column and were already quite ready to move when an offer came in: put on white coats. The day was sunny, very warm, no coats and raincoats were required, so the proposal was accepted unanimously and with enthusiasm. The white column walked along Bolshaya Pirogovskaya, passed Zubovskaya Square and advanced to Kropotkinskaya Street. They went with songs, sang their own, student, and Komsomol. People (mostly elderly and old) were standing on the balconies of the houses and waving their hands to us. They were also shouting something joyfully towards us from the open windows. Delight overwhelmed everyone. Valera Shikhverg, our Odessa citizen, an eternal nihilist and dissident, waved his arms and shouted enthusiastically at his beloved "There is a small house in Botavia", successfully replacing the words so that it turned out: "There is only one road in life, it leads everyone into space (!) She!" , and we, choking on the joy that overwhelmed us, echoed him. By the way, looking at the jubilant Valerka, from whose mouth I had often heard a purely rationalistic outlook on life, not typical of my other peers, for the first time I realized the significance of what had happened. "There is only one road in life, it leads everyone into space (!) It!", And we, choking on the joy that overwhelmed us, echoed it. By the way, looking at the jubilant Valerka, from whose mouth I had often heard a purely rationalistic outlook on life, not typical of my other peers, for the first time I realized the significance of what had happened. "There is only one road in life, it leads everyone into space (!) It!", And we, choking on the joy that overwhelmed us, echoed it. By the way, looking at the jubilant Valerka, from whose mouth I had often heard a purely rationalistic outlook on life, not typical of my other peers, for the first time I realized the significance of what had happened.

Having passed along Volkhonka, our column turned to the library named after Lenin ("Leninka", as everyone called her then), walked past the Manege and enthusiastic

I greeted our "alma mater" with a roar - the physiological and anatomical building of the 1st MOLMI, where we passed our most difficult first two years of training. Before turning to Red Square, we were stopped - there were so many people wishing to meet the first cosmonaut, and they were coming in such powerful streams from all directions that the formation of a queue was inevitable. So, waiting for our turn, we stood for about two hours, which flew by very quickly against the background of the general fun and celebration. Finally, we moved and after a few minutes we were in front of the Mausoleum. Yuri Gagarin was standing on it (Khrushchev, as they explained to us later, had gone to rest), waving at us and smiling with his extraordinary smile, the only one in the world. Sixty years have passed, but this smile, later replicated all over the world, still stands clearly before my eyes, being the main component of the memories of the happiest day of my Moscow life. We greeted the hero with loud shouts of "Hurray", although our voices were already quite hoarse from many hours of singing and other sound expressions of delight.

I remember Moscow protesting. This, of course, is not about Bolotnaya Square and dozens of protest demonstrations in the nineties. At that time, this was out of the question. The protests of that time were directed against an external enemy. I first encountered this in 1959.

I then rented a bed from a pretty family of pensioners in Kurbatovsky Lane (now Klimashkina Street). In the evening, returning from the institute along Bolshaya Gruzinskaya Street, I saw at the building of the embassy (or consulate?) Of West Germany (as we called the FRG) an excited crowd of people protesting against some actions of its government. I approached at the moment when one of the protesters threw a bottle of kefir into the building (this is a small two-story mansion, currently the studio of the sculptor Tsereteli is located next to it, and the entire space outside is filled with works of the prolific master). This was greeted with delight by the crowd, which had previously knocked out all the windows. Someone ran to a nearby grocery store, brought in a couple more bottles of fermented milk product and smashed them against the wall with relish. While the crowd was vividly discussing the question of the next messenger to the store, a rattling sound was heard from the side of the grocery store, and we saw that a shopping cart filled with boxes of kefir was rushing towards us. The seller in a white coat, who by all his actions refuted the established opinion about the sluggishness of Soviet trade, instantly sold all the goods, which immediately turned the facade of the building into a kefir river. The militia, standing in a dense formation in front of the building and in no way interfering with the manifestation of popular anger, looked in amazement at the cardinal change in the color of the building. It is noteworthy that on the morning of the next day, on the way to the metro station, I passed this building - it was freshly washed, and nothing around me reminded of the events of the previous evening. filled with boxes of kefir. The seller in a white coat, who by all his actions refuted the established opinion about the sluggishness of Soviet trade, instantly sold all the goods, which immediately turned the facade of the building into a kefir river. The militia, standing in a dense formation in front of the building and in no way interfering with the manifestation of popular anger, looked in amazement at the cardinal change in the color of the building. It is noteworthy that on the morning of the next day, on the way to the metro station, I passed this building - it was freshly washed, and nothing around me reminded of the events of the previous evening. standing in front of the building in a dense formation and in no way hindering the manifestation of popular anger, looked in amazement at the cardinal change in the color of the building. It is noteworthy that on the morning of the next day, on the way to the metro station, I passed this building - it was freshly washed, and nothing around me reminded of the events of the previous evening. standing in front of the building in a dense formation and in no way hindering the manifestation of popular anger, looked in amazement at the cardinal change in the color of the building. It is noteworthy that on the morning of the next day, on the way to the metro station, I passed this building - it was freshly washed, and nothing around me reminded of the events of the previous evening.

In the fall of 1962, the so-called "Caribbean Crisis" broke out. Our entire country had great sympathy for the young Cuban Republic and very painfully perceived the pressure on Cuba from the United States, which later realized the loss of an important bridgehead near its shores and constantly made aggressive attempts to overthrow the government of Fidel Castro.

The Soviet Union, under the guise of civilian cargo, brought missiles to the island, including those with atomic warheads. The USA, of course, could not tolerate this and demanded their withdrawal in an ultimatum form. The world was on the brink of an atomic war. A Soviet government delegation urgently flew to Washington, and difficult negotiations began.

And in Moscow, a powerful protest demonstration took place near the building of the American Embassy on Tchaikovsky Street. Classes in institutes were canceled (students and workers of some factories made up the bulk of the protesters). There was no organized march, they simply announced that everyone who wanted to protest could go to the place of the rally (however, the word "rally" was not in use at that time). My friend Tolya Kostenko and I arrived at the place at eleven o'clock. The entire space in front of the embassy was filled with people. Many hold posters with an inscription in Russian, English, Spanish: "Cuba - yes! Yankees - no! " The crowd chants "Kennedy is a shame!" John F. Kennedy is the President of the United States, and in a year we will all hear sympathetically about the details of his assassination. In the meantime, he is the main culprit, the instigator of what is happening, it is he who personifies aggression,

We make our way through the crowd closer to the embassy. It is surrounded by a double cordon: right next to the building there is a mounted militia, the passage to the building is blocked by a line of soldiers of the internal troops. The windows in the building are broken up to the fifth floor, the stones cannot reach higher. In the windows of the sixth floor, one can notice cautious movements of people, sometimes with cameras, but no one dares to look out. Suddenly a man with a camera jumps out onto the balcony of the second floor and shouts heart-rendingly: "I am mine! I am Russian! I want to photograph you "! A hail of stones flies into him ("your not your own - don't stand on the road!"), He barely manages to dodge and hides in the building.

The people are still arriving. The crowd is like a living organism - it moves, flows from one part of the space to another. Tolya and I carry me straight to the soldier's chain, press us to it. A young puny soldier rests on me with his hands: "Well, where! Step back a little, don't push! " I try to explain to him that the pressure on me is no less than on him. Suddenly the crowd quiets down as if on command. A group of young Cubans raises an orator in their arms - he is young, bearded, with sunken cheeks, burning eyes, from which tears are pouring down in a stream. A typical passionate, ready to give his life even now for his native country. The voice is slightly hoarse, hysterical. The speech is short, at the end it is indispensable: "Patria about muerte! Venceremos! " You believe him infinitely. Yes Yes! Exactly! Homeland or Death! We will win!

There is movement, impulse in the crowd. The pressure on the soldier's barrier is increasing many times over. The soldier, into whom I was pushed, no longer says anything, only puffs. He is only held back by the fact that his hands are holding on to the hands of his comrades with their last strength, It seems that a little more, and he will fall, unable to withstand the pressure. At this moment, an officer runs behind the soldier's chain, who in three places breaks the chain with a chopping motion of his hand, and the surplus of pressing instantly turns out to be behind the line of the soldiers. There are few breakthroughs, about fifty people, almost all are Cubans, and it seems that only Tolya and I represent our country. We all unite into one group and, holding hands, chant protest slogans again. Tolya

pulls out a solid stone from his bosom and throws it into the building. The stone only reaches the second floor and hits the gap between the windows. We are annoyed, especially me, I had a good shot, and I certainly would have hit the window of the fifth, and maybe the sixth floor.

At this time, Cubans, with their characteristic temperament, continue to scream and jump. But our northern temperament is gradually beginning to show itself, we no longer jump so high, we do not shout so loudly. At this time, a group of officers appears who are heading towards us with the obvious intention of driving us out of the cordon. Tolya and I do not mind, and we ourselves are slowly moving towards the chain. But Cubans are not like that. Someone's strong hands grab us, push us into the middle of the formed living circle. Having formed this circle, as soon as the officers come close, they quickly sit down on the ground, clasping their hands. The officers' fruitless attempts to tear someone away from the general mass do not last long, and they, admitting defeat, leave. We immediately jump to our feet and continue to protest loudly. This is repeated three times. Finally, the protesters get tired and allow the officers to cut their ranks and return the soldiers to the line. I am being carried carefully by two young militia lieutenants, I try to show that I can walk myself, but one of them says: "Calm down! When else will it be possible to ride the police?" Following me, they bring Tolya, the officer gently hugs him by the shoulders and says something in his ear, apparently, in the process of moving him, they managed to make friends.

We were tired, not so much physically as emotionally, and therefore decided to go to the hostel, although the rally was still raging. We took a trolley bus to the dining room, had lunch and dinner, went to Malaya Pirogovskaya to the hostel, wandered around there, but both of us were tormented by some kind of incompleteness, and after discussing this, we went back to the Garden Ring.

By this time, the number of people in front of the embassy had noticeably diminished, although those who remained continued to hold meetings and denounce, but they did it somehow sluggishly (whether we're the case!). We freely made our way to the soldier's chain, but there were no acquaintances there. I didn't want to join the screaming crowd, and we didn't have a tinned throat either, we spoke with a noticeable hoarseness. On the opposite side of the street from the embassy, police UAZ vehicles drove and called through the loudspeakers to the crowd to disperse. Suddenly a stir passed through the crowd. Someone loudly announced that sprinklers were approaching us. And they soon appeared, slowly moving from Zubovskaya Square, occupying the entire carriageway of the street. There was no panic, but the people quickly dispersed along the nearby streets and alleys. Tolya and I ran into one of the entrances, where there were already thirty or forty people. Cars, snorting and spitting water jets, crawled by. We got out, walked to the trolleybus stop and went to the hostel. In the morning, as always, I went to the lecture. Tolya showed up at two o'clock - it turns out he went to the embassy. He said that there were no traces of our rampage left, all the glasses were inserted, the territory was clean, the guards were in place.

Moscow is multifaceted, multifaceted. And every facet of it is worthy of description, often enthusiastic, at least not indifferent. For example, here are two major international events.

From July 28 to August 11, 1957, the VI World Festival of Youth and Students was held in Moscow. The previous five festivals were held in the capitals of the countries that were then called People's Democracies - Prague, Budapest, Berlin, Bucharest, Warsaw - every two years, starting in 1947. For several days I happened to be both a witness and, to some extent, a participant in this completely unusual holiday for our country.

I remember the atmosphere of general jubilation, so consonant with the mood of a person whose dream of studying at a Moscow university came true. The streets, especially in the city center, were filled with crowds of people unusual for us - white, black, yellow, in clothes unfamiliar to our eyes, speaking languages that we do not understand, but equally joyful, welcoming, singing. The songs helped to communicate, most often the "Hymn of Democratic Youth" ("Children of different nations, we live with a dream of peace") was sounded. It is interesting that this wonderful song, the words of which were written by Yevgeny Dolmatovsky, and the music by Anatoly Novikov, also played a certain lexicological role in the life of our society. The fact is that among a part of the population the pronunciation of "youth" without "Y" and with an emphasis on the first syllable was persistent. Everything would not be scary, you never know there are local deviations from the norm, but when everyone heard this from the mouth of the first secretary of the party, Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, the experts were alarmed, and a considerable number of sycophants picked up a monstrous pronunciation. And then - from all the loudspeakers: "The song of the world is sung by youth, youth, youth, you cannot strangle this song, you cannot kill, you cannot kill!" Everything fell into place.

I spent almost all the time at the recently opened huge stadium in Luzhniki, watching an extensive sports program, and I myself took part in competitions arranged for everyone. The award was a rather large badge representing the emblem of the Festival - five continents held together by a ribbon and a Picasso dove. The first two types I passed easily (running 100 meters and long jumps were familiar to me), but with the third there was almost a hitch - pushing the core 9 meters was very problematic for me, given my frail build. It is good that the conditions of the competition provided for the possibility of replacing this exercise with a push of a barbell weighing 50 kg. Fortunately, even in Istra, we, the boys, led by Tolya Domashenko, often went to the soldiers' gym and watched our leader "pulling iron", and sometimes imitated him ourselves. So I managed the weight with no difficulty and received the coveted award - a rather large badge, which I, of course, placed on the lapel of my jacket along with several other festival badges. I really liked them, I wore them with pride, but at the institute two weeks later a classmate came up to me and whispered in my ear that I looked like a Christmas tree in these badges. I did not immediately, but understood and took off the badges. But he left one. This is the First MOLMI badge that I purchased before the entrance exam. How could you not have bought it if the entire institute lobby was filled with calls: "Newbie, buy a badge! and even "Whoever does not buy a badge from us will not enter our institute!" I bought and entered. I still have this little rectangle next to my graduation badge.

Now the Festival is rarely remembered, and if they do, it is only after

one occasion. The idea is persistently imposed that this world holiday of youth solidarity was the beginning of the so-called sexual revolution in the USSR. I cannot confirm this with anything. If there was something, then it did not touch the provincial boy in any way. But the amazing atmosphere of friendship, unity of peoples, boundless trust, warmth, cordiality, confidence in the correctness of common interests and deeds - this has remained in the memory for a lifetime.

And one more epoch-making event in Moscow remained in the memory. In July-August 1980, the XXII Olympic Games were held in Moscow.

At that time I worked in the Kaluga Regional Committee of the CPSU and did not even dream of watching the Olympics live, although I was not particularly worried about this, because I watched the most interesting things on TV. But suddenly one day the deputy head of the organizational department, Mikhail Vasilyevich Khodin, came into my office and unexpectedly offered to go to the Olympics. The fact is that his good friends from the Central Committee of the Komsomol sent him two tickets to the Olympic stadium, he had already promised his son to take him to the competition, but it turned out that on that day some unscheduled party event would take place, at which he was obliged to attend. So I became the owner of the coveted ticket, and on the morning of July 29, the younger Khodin and I went by train to the capital.

Moscow amazed with unprecedented - there were almost no cars on the streets. Trolleybuses and buses felt at ease without competitors, but there weren't many of them either. We took the metro to "Sportivnaya", went to the stadium and here we felt the seething of life. People flowed in a continuous stream to the sports arena. We wandered around her, then went to the podium. Unfortunately, there was a break in the track and field competitions that day, but there were many exercising on the treadmills.

Then the footballers of the USSR and the GDR ran out onto the field. The semi-final of the tournament was played. The one hundred thousandth stadium by this time was filled to capacity. Ours, of course, were the undisputed favorites. The footballers of the GDR had a reputation for being a tough middle peasant, but nothing more. Our team immediately rushed forward, but got rebuffed, rolled back and again ... And so the whole match. The ball did not go into the gates of the Germans. And those in one of the rare counterattacks scored a goal. The match time flew by and ended. The disappointment of the majority of those present, including us, Kaluga residents, cannot be expressed in words. I can only say that we did not say a word during the whole journey back in the train. In the morning I went up to Mikhail Vasilyevich to thank him for the trip, but he, who fanatically loved football, only waved his hand in contrition.

Farewell to Olympics was quite unexpected for me. I usually avoid watching the official opening and closing ceremonies of events, as they do not make me feel uplifted. But this time, something pulled me towards the screen. And I was immediately fascinated by the wonderful song "Goodbye, Moscow!" Some particularly sensitive performance by Antsiferova and Leshchenko of the magnificent creation of Pakhmutova and Dobronravov immediately attracted attention. When the camera stopped at the image of the Olympic bear, I froze in anticipation of something extraordinary. And a miracle happened! A tear rolled out of the kind bear eyes! It was a brilliant find of people, subtly

feeling the Russian soul. And not only Russian. When the bear flew away, almost the entire stadium cried, including men, viewers in many countries of the world cried.

Of course, the worldwide holiday was spoiled by the United States and a number of their countries who listened to them about boycotting the Olympic Games in Moscow. This intervention of politics in sports was not the first in history, but it was it that laid the foundation for the systematic use of this, frankly, not entirely honest method of political struggle.

I love Moscow very much. I repeat after the poet: "like a Russian - strong, fiery and tender!" But I cannot say after him: "like a son." My mother is the Volga. Astrakhan, Ulyanovsk, Kuibyshev (Samara) - ten childhood years and through them - the Volga, Volga ... I remember the view of the river from the height and the slope of the New Venets in Ulyanovsk, when she walked majestically and smoothly down there, carrying peace, peace and at the same time extraordinary power, amazing reliability.

When I was about eight years old, my father and I went from Ulyanovsk to visit our relatives in Kuibyshev. We sailed on a steamer called "Power of the Soviets", which covered 220 kilometers in two (!) Days. When we passed the tiny Stavropol (future Togliatti) located on the left bank, anxiety seized my father. He went out on deck several times, peered at the banks and suddenly turned to me: "What if we get off at Shiryaevo?" I was instantly imbued with his desire and nodded in the affirmative. We only had a small suitcase from our luggage, so after a short time we entered the road leading to my father's family village. The road went uphill (the right bank of the Volga), we easily ran up it to the village, and a man came out to meet us from somewhere in an inconceivable cap, torn clothes, which in some incredible way kept on him. Approaching us,

- Hello, Ilyusha! - greeted his father and whispered to me that it was a local "fool", which is found in almost every Russian village. - Do you remember me?

The question was asked for a reason - my father had not been in these places for more than ten years. Ilyusha's brow depicted a huge work of thought, after which he grinned with a chipped mouth and somehow shyly said "Karpeva". Father happily hugged Ilya, because he reminded him of the street uniform of our surname. Two days flew by quickly, my father visited relatives and friends, and I even managed to go fishing with the local boys from the boat. We caught sabrefish, caught a few, the guys were unhappy - not enough, and I looked at the Volga with all my eyes and even bathed in it. I never happened to be in Shiryaevo again, but these two days will be remembered for the rest of my life. My good friend, the rector of the Samara Medical University, Gennady Petrovich Kotelnikov, for one of my birthdays (already after my 70th birthday) sent me an expensive present - a large photo, which shows the Volga in the Shiryaev area.

And my favorite city is Leningrad. Somehow I will describe my attitude towards him in more detail. In the meantime, I will only say - I do not accept its renaming. Concepts that are sacred for me are the Leningrad blockade, Shostakovich's "Leningrad Symphony", Dzhabbul's unforgettable, heartbreaking lines from childhood: "Leningradians are children

my! Leningraders are my pride! " I can't rename them in any way. I also did not accept and still do not accept the renaming of Stalingrad, which encroached on the battle of Stalingrad, sacred for the people.

Kaluga, "the city of my youth," as sung in the song of fellow countryman Serafim Tulikov, left a very big mark in my life. The last school year, upon returning from graduation from the institute - the first medical work, more than ten years of party activity, management of the health care of the region. Kaluga is the creation of a family, the birth of two daughters. In Kaluga, there are dear graves of parents, relatives and friends. Yes, in addition to joys, there were losses and losses in this city dear to my heart, but they tied me even more to it. The poet wrote correctly: "The land, where the air is like sweet fruit drink, you throw and rush, wheel! But the Earth, with which he was freezing together, cannot be stopped loving forever! "

And Moscow ... This is something special, many-sided, unique. Arriving in 1957 to study, I became one of the many "come in large numbers", and Moscow treated me strictly and demanding. In the summer of the next year, she sent me to the virgin lands as part of one of the first Komsomol student groups.

The conditions were harsh from the start: boxcars, unscheduled traffic, then a long 200-kilometer journey in trucks, setting up tents in an open field. We stayed in one of the state farms of the Kokchetav region until mid-October, when all the fields and huge mountains of harvested grain were covered with snow. We rode back in reserved seat cars, which seemed to us the height of convenience. At the Kazansky railway station, leaving the carriage, we saw a crowd of greeters (there was almost no information about the arrival, so relatives came at random to each train). We walked - tired, hungry, rumped, unshaven, overgrown, having lost all the luster of the capital. Suddenly, from the crowd of those who met, they heard: "Glory to the virgin land heroes!" At first we looked around in bewilderment, looking for these heroes with our eyes. But when it sounded: "Glory to the Soviet Komsomol!", And the whole huge crowd applauded, we understood that it greets us. We stopped and started to applaud too. And my soul felt festive and joyful that Moscow was waiting for us and remembered us.

In 1964, I left Moscow, it seemed, forever, but 23 years later the capital again called me to itself. It was already a completely different Moscow: loud, hectic, unsure of itself, swaying from side to side. And then there was August 1991, and I, leaving the USSR Ministry of Health for the neighboring Petrovka, saw a crowd led by young people in black shirts, and, as it later turned out, was heading to demolish the monument to Dzerzhinsky. Moscow seemed to have separated from me, became a stranger, unrecognizable. And then December of the same year followed, which brought the death of my country. Nightmare sensations of collapse, collapse of everything and everyone, a dead end. And the next in line was October 1993. And again I am on Petrovka (the institute where I worked was located on Petrovsky Boulevard), people hiding their eyes, as if expecting something shameful, and a few deaf, but clearly audible, volleys of tank guns. It was a long time ago, but the sounds of shots are still heard by my soul.

And then there was Moscow Luzhkovskaya, extravagant, desperate, life-threatening. But this time is over. Sobyenin's time has come, contradictory as

all of our present life. An unprecedented leap in the metro, a huge number of modern flyovers that make life easier for drivers and pedestrians, improved roads. And at the same time - the repulsive bad taste of new construction, the gradual but unstoppable loss of the specifics of Moscow architecture, some kind of convulsive desire to turn the city into a metropolis, similar to hundreds of Western models. Warmth, humanity gradually leaves the city, the soul evaporates. And yet Moscow remains the only, unique, beloved.

In 1994, a group of Russian doctors, which included myself, visited the Sequoia National Park in California. We admired the giant trees rushing into the sky and admired the very idea of creating this unique park. Our guide, a Russian, who left for the United States during the Soviet era and did not miss a single opportunity to show the correctness of his choice, put his arm around one of ours - a doctor from Kaluga - and said: "Well, Natasha, America is beautiful (beautiful)? " Natasha answered sincerely: "Beautiful, beautiful, of course!" And she added: "And Russia is more beautiful!" The guide was washed away like a wave.

This assessment applies entirely to Moscow. She is in the heart of each of us. We often grumble, but in most cases this is the kind grunt of children who sincerely care about the health, beauty and enduring youth of their mother. Good to you, Moscow!

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