

My military energy

(story continued as "Facebook Solo")

- That is not necessary; let him serve in the army.
- Pretty well said! let him push it...

The epigraph taken by A. S. Pushkin from the play by Ya B. Knyaznin "Bouncer" for the story "The Captain's Daughter"

I graduated from a Moscow school in 1966. I could not enter the university for reasons that will be discussed below, I worked for a year at the Sickle and Hammer plant as a milling machine-gear cutter and in June 1967 I thundered into the army without having time to try again to enter the institute. And at school I studied almost on one five. But in 1966 there were two graduations in schools - tenth graders (to which I belonged) and eleventh graders. In universities, where, for obvious reasons, the competition has almost doubled, they preferred to accept 11th graders, believing that 10th graders would still have a chance. In addition, I foolishly "cut off" in written mathematics - I got worried and, when simplifying the algebraic expression, mistakenly wrote one instead of zero in the answer. This score (an unfortunate unit) was not enough for me to enter the university. But that's a different story. And I do not regret that I did not go to college right after school. Why? Read on!

The transition to eleven-year school education was conceived by N. S. Khrushchev. The year of study was added so that high school graduates could also receive a working specialty. But in 1964, Khrushchev was removed from all posts, and his reforms, including school ones, gradually turned away. The new broom has become revenge in a new way.

A little about the school I graduated from. In those years, the ninth and tenth grades were actually elite classes, where it was quite difficult to get into. So in our school, out of seven eighth grades, only two ninth grades were formed, where almost half are those who graduated from other eight-year schools and moved to our school. Many were expelled from the ninth grade - those who did not cope with the school curriculum or behaved unworthily. In our ninth "A" grade, girls were treated like "noble ladies", we read poetry to each other, discussed mathematical problems. It was unthinkable to utter a swear word or treat the weak for some reason. Nationally, for example. I drank all this later - already in the army.

~ Brief summary of this story. In the summer of 1966 my grandmother's brother Ivan Gerasimovich Ovrashok died. He lived with his wife Anna Platonovna in the village of Yunakovka in Ukraine. They lived alone in a house (in a hut), where there was not even electricity. Their two sons died in the Great Patriotic War. As a kid, I was often sent to them for the summer. After graduating from a Moscow school in 1966, I was preparing to enter an institute, but then a telegram arrived about the death of my "cousin" grandfather. I did not remember my own grandfathers. My mother and I decided that I should go to the funeral. It was my first flight on a Li-2 plane from Bykovo to Kharkov.

Then it was necessary to get by bus to Yunakovka.

My grandfather was buried, but I stayed with my grandmother for another two weeks - before the start of the entrance exams to the university. I was sorry to leave my grandmother alone in an empty house. I took textbooks and a program of entrance examinations to universities with me to the village. In mathematics, I knew everything, except for questions on ... Newton's binomial and combinations. I began to study these issues and killed two weeks for this. And then I found out that these questions were excluded from the program (there was a footnote in the program about this, but I did not pay attention to it. I flunked written mathematics at the entrance exams to the university and thundered into the army, not having time to enter the university a year later. Here you go and "Just think, Newton's binomial!"

I worked for almost a year at the Hammer and Sickle plant as a milling machine with a gear cutter. I worked in two shifts, which prevented me from going to evening preparatory courses for entering a university. But he did not have time to enter the university and in June 1967 he thundered into the army.

I ended up in the summer of 1967 in a sergeant's school in Belarus (https://rvsn.ruzhany.info/guest_index.html), where he received the specialty of a steam boiler operator, and with the rank of junior sergeant was sent to Kazakhstan to serve as the head of the garrison boiler house. At this time, they switched from three years of military service to two years, and the duration of training in the sergeant's school was reduced from nine to six months. Because of this, the rank of junior sergeant was not given to everyone, but only to those who studied perfectly. Among them was me.

When I got to this sergeant school in the hot summer of 1967, after a haircut and a bath, we were given not the traditional uniform summer black satin shorts and light green alcoholic T-shirts, but ... winter pants and a thick undershirt under the tunic. And in the yard 30-degree heat! Some of us on the parade ground fainted from overheating. And we slept in stuffy barracks (a room for 300 people) in these "sleeping pajamas". I thought it was traditional "hardships of military service", which even in songs are sung and which must be steadfastly endured. But everything turned out to be much simpler and much "dumberier": there were no summer sets of underwear in the warehouse and we were given winter soldier's underwear. Then, when the heat subsided much, we were given the long-awaited summer underwear during the next trip to the bathhouse.

In these pants, we jumped out of bed in the morning on command and ran out to do a morning run. They only had time to throw off their shirt, wind footcloths around their feet and put them into boots. During this run, we ran to the local river and on command ... wrote into it. The spectacle was still there! What a similar (cascade of fountains) I saw in Peterhof! The poor river was seething and foaming all over... There was a toilet in our three-story barracks, but after rising it could not serve so many cadets in a short time.

"Head of the boiler room" is a loud word. I had three stokers under my command, and in the coldest time of the year two auxiliary workers were sent to help them, bringing coal in wheelbarrows and transporting slag and ash in the same wheelbarrows. We were all conscript soldiers. All were 19-20 years old (see fig. 1).



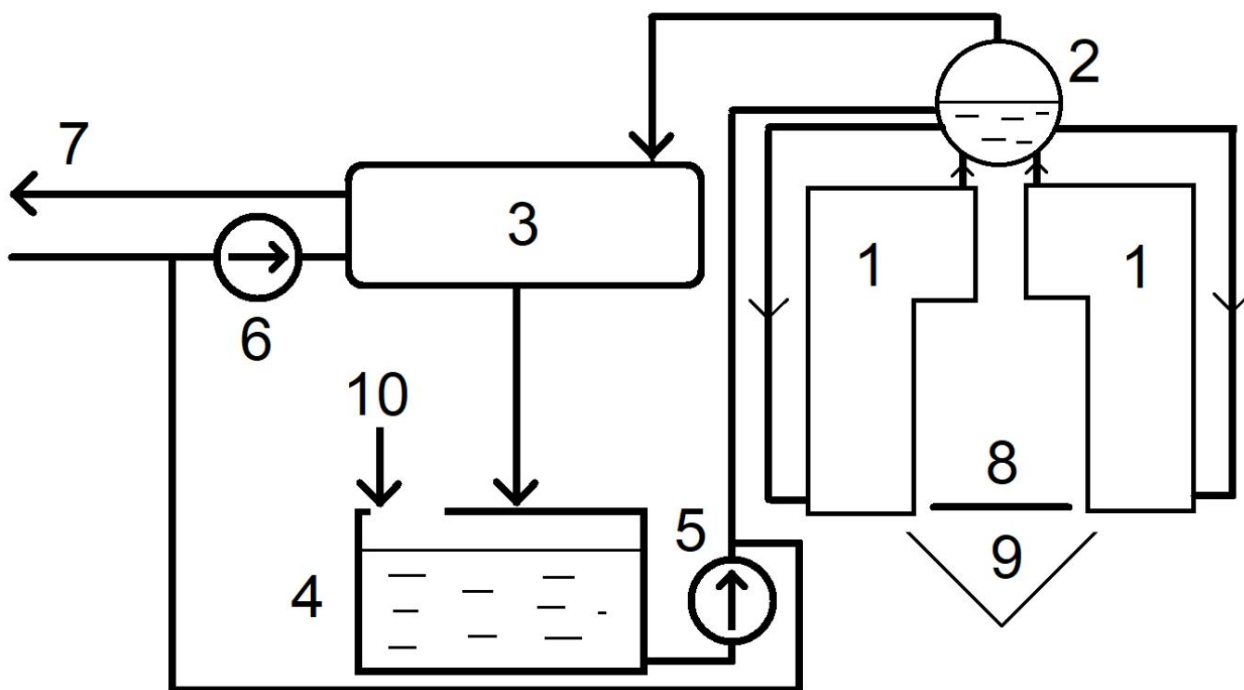
Rice. 1 Photo of the author in 1967

I, as I said, had the rank of junior sergeant. But the position of the head of the boiler room, or rather, the senior stoker, was a corporal. In principle, I should not have been appointed to this position, but they did. At first they gave me a sergeant's salary of 10 rubles 80 kopecks, but then they transferred me to the position of a corporal with a salary of 4 rubles 80 kopecks and they said that if I complained, they would catch me on something and demote me to a private with a salary of 3 rubles 80 kopecks. By the way, about 80 kopecks. Once upon a time, there were round monthly salaries for conscript soldiers - 3, 4, 10, etc. rubles plus tobacco allowance for shag. Then, in line with the fight against smoking, the issuance of tobacco was replaced monetary reward - these same four two-hryvnia.

And they taught us at the sergeant's school, to be honest, disgusting. A lot of time was devoted to "stepping" (on the parade ground they were taught to walk with a "Prussian step", stretching out their socks) and political studies ("The USSR is a stronghold of the world") "outfits" were frequent - peeling potatoes in the dining room and washing dishes there. And how to kindle a gas boiler, so as not to blow it up, was shown "on the fingers." I saw a living boiler room for the first time when I had already graduated from this sergeant's school. Everything had to be learned on the spot. Many in training got into a kind of vicious circle: in the daily outfit for the kitchen or on guard, the cadet almost failed to sleep, and after the outfit he involuntarily fell asleep in class. The officer-teacher caught him on this and assigned him a new outfit out of turn and the circle closed. Sleepers were also detected in this way. In some classes, the cadets, after the training team "Gases!", put on gas masks and listened to a lecture in them. So it was very comfortable to sleep - I propped my head on my hand, closed my eyes, and no one sees that you are sleeping. But the teacher went for such a trick: he shouted loudly "Get up!", And quietly - "Who is sleeping!". Sleeping in gas masks heard the first half of the command, but did not hear the second and jumped up, thus betraying the fact that they were sleeping.

Our part was in the Kazakh bare steppe. All regular officers and foremen (there were no ensigns then) dreamed of transferring from this "hole", where there were not even televisions, at least to a higher unit in the Astrakhan region (the city of Kapustin Yar - Kapyar). All this was a training ground for missile troops. And our military unit was engaged in telemetry of missile flights and the search for their fallen ones in the steppe "remains".

The boiler house worked on coal. In the summer it was imported by cars from Kuzbass. From memory, I reproduce the scheme of the boiler room - see fig. 2.



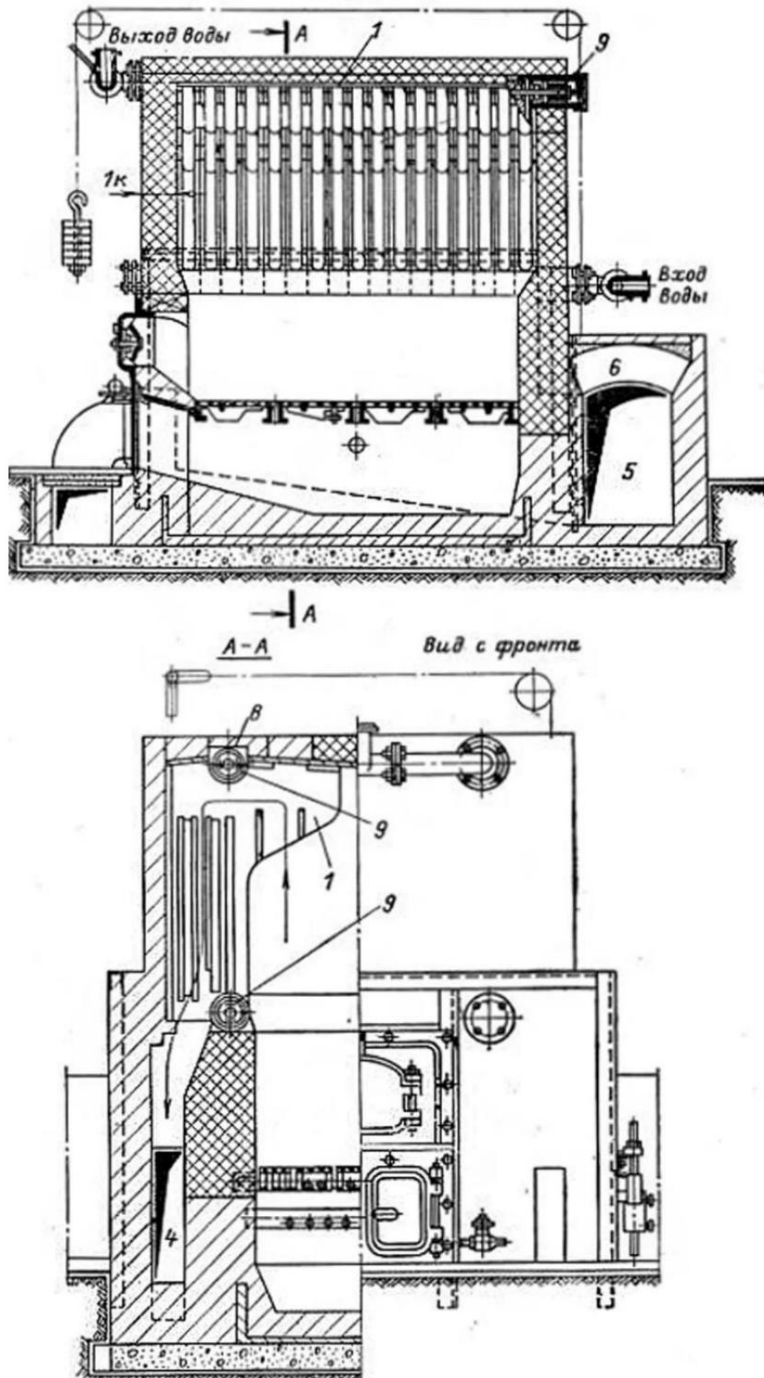
Rice. 2. Scheme of the boiler house in the 20th separate test station (20 OIS, military unit 31926, Novaya Kazanka village, Dzhangalinsky district, Ural region)

The steam boiler was assembled from separate cast iron L-shaped sections (item 1 in Fig. 2 and item 1 in Fig. 3), similar to those from which radiators are assembled in our homes. In theory, this boiler should be a water-heating boiler, but a drum (2) was attached to it from above, where a steam-water mixture was supplied through pipes from the boiler. The steam was separated and sent to the boiler (3), and the water returned through the culverts to the cast-iron sections of the boiler. So the natural circulation of water and steam was carried out. A boiler is a tubular heat exchanger, where water from the heating network was pumped into brass tubes pressed into tube boards with holes by a pump (6) and from where it then entered the heating batteries of the entire military unit (7). The condensate from the boiler was drained into the tank (4), and from it the pump (5) returned to the boiler, and also went to feed the heating system. This tank was in the basement of the boiler room. Coolant losses were replenished by pouring water through point 4, delivered from a large well located not far from the military unit. Water from the well was supplied to the boiler room through a pipeline or transported by a water carrier. There were two more fans that drove air into the furnaces of the boilers. There were no smokers. They were limited by natural draft, which was created by an iron 25-meter pipe, standing on steel braces.

The air in the fans was taken from under the ceiling of the boiler room. But in the cold, this led to the fact that the air temperature in the boiler room became unbearably low. Stokers had to "stoker" in felt boots, warm pea coats and hats with earflaps tied under the chin. But this too

did not protect from the cold. Then the stokers switched the "suction" of the fans not from the boiler room, but from the street. Because of this, the fan blades were covered with a solid crust of frost and stopped driving air into the boiler furnace. What to do here? It was necessary to survive this cold in the boiler room (a strange phrase!), By returning the air intake from the ceiling of the boiler room, or skillfully combining these two methods.

The MG-2 hot water boiler (see its diagram in Fig. 3) was converted into a steam boiler in case of an emergency power cuts. In such a situation, it was necessary to quickly extinguish the boiler furnace (to scoop out burning coal and red-hot slag from it, filling it all with water) and supply water to the boiler by gravity from a special tank located under the ceiling of the boiler room (it is not shown in Fig. 2). A hot water boiler in such a situation could boil and explode - fall apart into separate cast-iron sections.



Rice. Fig. 3. Scheme of the MG-2 hot water boiler: 1 - cast iron sections, 4 and 5 - gas ducts, 6 - gas duct arch, 9 - ties of cast-iron sections (they are also the entrance and exit of water from the boiler).

Steam boilers did not have safety valves, but had special siphons - U-shaped steel pipes that descended into the basement of the boiler room and ended on its roof in the form of a drain towards the ground. The other end of this device was connected to the steam part of the boiler drum. If the excess steam pressure in the boiler exceeded the allowable (1-2 meters of water column, 0.1-0.2

atmosphere), then the condensate in the lower part of the U-shaped pipe "spit out" outward, and the pressure in the boiler dropped. Further, the steam condensed and again locked this exotic

safety device. Once my stoker went to work on another boiler, he put out the old boiler, but forgot to turn off the feed water supply to it. This stoker then fueled

water working boiler, and at the same time idle. The dampened boiler overflowed, water from its drum began to flow into the safety U-shaped pipe, and from it to the street. And there, as luck would have it, they put the commander's UAZ for the night. The stoker feeds the boilers and ... pours water from above

unit commander's car. And it's cold outside! In the morning they missed it - they couldn't find the command car, they decided that it had been stolen for a ride, to go to Novaya Kazanka, but they got stuck and left the car in the steppe. This often happened. Then they noticed an ice slide near the wall of the boiler room ... Barely

the car was removed from it with crowbars and picks ... The commander of the unit believed that I did all this on purpose arranged to annoy him. I, of course, did not do this, but ... This unit commander, a lieutenant colonel named Kazansky, was a harmful man. He never said kind words - he just stamped his feet, waved his fists, cursed and threatened a tribunal when he called me to the headquarters about the low temperature of the batteries in the residential and office premises. And what efforts it took for me and the stokers just to maintain the work of the boiler house, not to freeze it - this did not particularly interest him.

The power supply of the boiler room and the entire garrison was carried out by electric generators driven by diesel engines. They were located in a separate building located near the boiler room. There you could see a captured German diesel engine that was no longer working, taken from a submarine. By the way, at the Sickle and Hammer plant I worked on a captured German gear-cutting machine from Nice.

Once they launched a new diesel generator and connected the phases at the electrical terminals in the wrong way. In my boiler room, all the pumps and fans began to rotate in the opposite direction, which is unacceptable. The new diesel engine could not be stopped and everything could be corrected, since there were exercises, "works", as we said: the locators were following the flying rocket. I quickly realized what was happening, and temporarily switched the terminals on the switchboard boiler room. But the funniest thing happened in the dining room. There, the cook prepared cutlets for officers, stuffed meat into an electric meat grinder and did not get a single gram of minced meat.

The meat did not go towards the knives, but into the gearbox, clogging it completely. This cook (also a conscript soldier) later said that he was stunned when he did not see the minced meat coming out of the meat grinder. He decided that he would be accused of stealing meat.

Once, diesel workers, speaking in Aesopian language, "celebrated the new year too hard" and made sudden power surges. Because of this, two electric motors of the network pumps of the heating network burned out in the boiler room at once, and the spare one failed even earlier. And they promised to bring a new one right after the holidays on the first flight from the "mainland". This means that in a day or two the entire military unit will freeze, all the pipes of the heating system will burst, and I will go to court, which the unit commander promised me for a long time. The network pumps of the heating system are like a human heart: if it stops, the person is finished. What to do!? I found an electric motor more or less suitable in size and power, installed, or rather, somehow attached it with a twisted wire to the pump frame, started it and prayed to God to save us. The motor ran, but began to warm up. Then the stokers and I filled the bath basin with snow and put it on the motor. The alignment of the engine and pump was disturbed, vibration began. The motor was turned off and the entire

this flimsy structure. So we fussed with the pump for two days like a mother with a sick child, until a serviceable engine was delivered by a special flight from Kapyar by AN-2 aircraft, and the burnt ones were taken away for rewinding. When analyzing the accident, it was impossible to say that we were not to blame, that it was all the diesel workers who screwed up. You will immediately pass for a snitch. And this is the most shameful title both in the army and in prison. There was such an annual ritual. An inspector came to the unit, all the soldiers were lined up on the parade ground, and the inspector asked: "Are there any complaints?" Behind the inspector stood the commander of the unit and showed everyone a huge fist!

By the way, about food. Not about the power supply, but about the nutrition of the soldiers. In the canteen and in the farm everything was done by the hands of conscript soldiers - bread was baked, soups and cereals were cooked, cows were milked, pigs were bred, which freely walked around the territory of the unit as if in Gogol's Mirgorod, squealing waiting for food waste from the dining room. Cattle (even imported cows) had to be slaughtered and butchered by ourselves... At first I was sent to help butcher and butcher a cow, and then I myself was given as a soldier's assistant for this. It was extremely difficult for me, a city kid, to watch this for the first time, but what is it like to participate in this "execution" myself! For a long time I dreamed about the eyes of this cow, I heard her last breath ...

But back to the boiler room. During the winter heating season, a lot of ash accumulated in the chimneys of the boilers, which reduced the draft in them and, consequently, the steam output. We had to put out the boilers for two or three days in early spring, let them cool down a little and clean the chimneys from the ashes. There was, of course, the risk of freezing the heating main, but this had to be done, taking advantage of the short spring thaw.

Once, for this cleaning, we dismantled the brickwork in two places - at the chimney of the boiler, located at the base of the chimney, and in the boiler room at the back of the boilers. They opened it and got scared! A huge number of black birds flew out of these manholes, many of which were already blind and rushed about in different directions, hitting the ground, walls and windows of the boiler room. Something similar can be seen in Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*. They were starlings, many of which were already dead in the chimneys of the boilers. These birds, on their spring migration from south to north to their native lands, felt the flow of warm air from the chimney and, obeying some instinct, rushed into it ... I had to clean the chimneys from both ash and birds. After

chimney cleaning holes in it were laid with bricks using a mortar mixed with sand, fireclay, refractory clay and cement. Another working profession that I received in the army is the profession of a stove-maker. Then the boilers were fired up again, since the end of the heating season was still far away.

By the way, about the ignition of the boiler. If another boiler was working nearby, then hot slag was raked out of it and thrown into its furnace of the boiler put into operation. This was called "let the boiler light up." But if both boilers were not melted, then according to the instructions it was necessary to do it this way. First you need it was necessary to burn firewood on the fireboxes of the boiler furnace (see item 8 in Fig. 2), and then throw coal onto the resulting wood coals, achieving its ignition. But this is a rather long operation, requiring among other things, saws and splits of firewood, which were brought to the unit hundreds of kilometers in the form of huge, thick, gnarled logs. The boiler was fired differently. They threw coal into the furnace of the boiler with a shovel on the grate, poured it with diesel fuel (diesel fuel) and set it on fire. Diesel fuel was then poured with a mug from a bucket, achieving the ignition of coal. Once I saw that my stoker was going to kindle coal not with diesel fuel, but with gasoline, and stopped him in time. So it was possible to blow up the boiler. Yes, and diesel fuel to kindle the boiler was quite dangerous. So they burned one small building with a stove. It was kindled in the manner described above - they threw diesel fuel into the oven, but spilled it on the floor. A flame burst out of the stove and ... And the walls of many residential buildings and barracks in this military unit were made of reed shields coated with clay. These houses burned like candles. Just do it

jump out of them...

About the grate in the boiler furnace. I recently understood the etymology of this word. It comes from the word ear. In the old days, ears of bread were placed on wooden grates, they were beaten with a flail, and the grain fell through the grates. My grates in the boiler room were cast iron. We can see them in the stove in the country. There were more than a hundred grates in the boiler furnace. They lay on a special frame. The stoker had to poke the burning coal on the grates with a poker, carefully pick out pieces of sintered slag from it, without picking up the grate at the same time, which could fall into the ash pan of the furnace. Grid-irons often failed there due to the fact that they burned through. In such a situation, it was necessary in theory, to extinguish the boiler and go to the spare firebox. After the emergency boiler cooled down, it was necessary to climb into it through the firebox door and install a new grate, at the same time making an audit of other grates. But! It is forty degrees below zero outside and both boilers are working at full capacity, even one of them cannot be stopped. What to do? Again rescued the soldier's ingenuity!

The place near the rectangular hole formed from the fall of the grate was cleared from slag and burning coal. The new grate was tied with a thin steel wire to the end of the poker, and the grate was set to the right place like a crane boom. One time I couldn't do it. I had to open the ash pan (see item 9 in Fig. 2), clean it thoroughly from hot ash and ... climb into it in order to direct the grate to the right place from below. And for this I had to put on cotton pants and a padded jacket, a hat with tied ears and winter soldier's mittens. After all, during such an "expedition to the underworld", red-hot ash and slag rained down on you from above.

At the stokers and drivers, who hung around the boiler room in winter, the tunic and harem pants (soldiers' breeches) very quickly got dirty and salted. They were washed in ... gasoline. Soap and water were not suitable for this (only footcloths and underwear could be washed this way). They poured gasoline into the trough, rinsed uniforms in it, and then hung them up to dry and air out. It was, in fact, not washing, but a kind of dry cleaning. In summer it was done in the open air, and in winter in the cold - in the boiler room. But the gasoline taken from the gas tank of the car was very cold - with a sub-zero street temperature. It was impossible to rinse something with hands in such gasoline. So that's what the hell stokers came up with! They threw some piece of iron into the furnace of the boiler, after a while they picked it out with a poker and ... threw it into a trough with gasoline. It was an art to determine the right time for holding the piece of iron in the boiler furnace. Underdosed - gasoline in the trough will remain cold. If you overdo it, gasoline will flare up, and the fire trough had to be hooked with a poker and dragged out of the boiler room to the street ... There were foam fire extinguishers in the boiler room, but ... The stokers dismantled them, washed them thoroughly from the inside, poured water into it, put sugar and yeast in there (they took it in a bakery) and hung on the fire shield of the boiler room for the preparation of mash. The stokers were given additional food rations - white bread, milk from the subsidiary farm and sugar. In the boiler room, the command often arranged a shmon - they were looking for alcohol and other prohibited things. But no one thought to look into the fire extinguishers. A strange thing - the officers in the unit themselves drank like horses, but the conscripts were not allowed to do this. Someone must be sober! Although both were 18+. The draft army in those years, and partly even now, was essentially a semi-prison, a relic of serfdom with gentlemen-officers and serfs-conscripts. They were dressed differently, they were fed differently ... The army differed from the prison only in that military service did not leave a stain on the biography. On the contrary, they were proud of her (as the author of these lines, for example). And the conditions for the stay of soldiers in the army were often worse than prison ones. The same hunger, cold, mockery of foremen and officers, the notorious hazing ...

By the way, about bullying.

Wound up in one group (as our companies were called) foreman-sadist, re-enlisted, a former fierce "grandfather" by the name of Sizov. What he did with the soldiers, I will not tell. One "innocent" example: through his friends from the old-timers, "grandfathers", he robbed the soldiers - forced them to give money coming from home by postal order. Those who did not give, arranged

"fun" life. Complaining to the authorities was useless. For the authorities, the main thing is that nothing goes beyond the unit. This foreman finally transferred to serve in Kapustin Yar, but he did not give up his old habits. Sadism is like a drug. And then news from our unit about his "tricks" came to the new duty station. But the soldiers in Kapyar had friends in the city - they got to know each other during the leave. The soldiers asked these guys to "teach" the foreman a little, and told him why. The foreman in the city was so beaten that he had to be dismissed. The beaters turned out to be the same sadists as the foreman himself.

I lived not in the barracks, but in the boiler room itself, since I had to eliminate minor and major accidents, which, according to the law of meanness, most often happened at night. The new unit commander tried to send me to sleep in the barracks. But my stokers faked a couple of minor accidents which made everyone, including the commander, freeze at night, and I was returned to my cozy clean closet in the boiler room. There, under my bed, was a box with ... TNT checkers. The fact is that coal near the boiler house was stored in the form of a high pile, which froze in winter. Stokers in this mountain made caves with pickaxes, cutting down coal in a miner's way and plunging it with shovels into wheelbarrows. There was a danger that these caves would collapse and crush people. So they gave me TNT checkers with fuses so that I would undermine the arches of these caves.

I was lucky that I didn't live in the barracks, and because hazing reigned there - old-timers mocked young soldiers, beat and even raped ... Then these "newbies" became "grandfathers" and mocked the new "newbies" - a vicious circle closed. There were some wild rituals of transferring "geese" to "newbies", and "newbies" to "scoops", and "scoops" to "grandfathers" with severe moral and physical injuries. And then these mentally and physically mutilated people transferred these wild morals to civilians. Many troubles of our country came from this - see my thoughts on this matter here <http://www.twt.mpei.ac.ru/ochkov/Army.htm>. This is one of the reasons why they began to "mow down" from the army at that time. Reworking Griboyedov, one can say this: "I would be glad to serve - hazing is sickening to endure!" That is why I said at the very beginning of this story that I

"thundered in the army", and not just "went to serve".

In theory, officers and foremen were supposed to take turns spending the night with the soldiers. But they did not do this, preferring to simply lock the soldiers at night in the barracks. This is where the scary stuff happened! In the cells of the prisons there were at least eyes in the doors through which the guards could look into the barracks, sorry, into the cell. On the Internet, I found a terrible story of a medical instructor who served in this unit later than me - in the early 80s. Read - <https://proza.ru/2018/06/30/680> and gasp! Hazing flourished when the last officers and foremen who had gone through the war left the army (I still found them). They treated the soldiers like their children and stopped hazing in the bud. The new officers, who were not on the fronts of the Great Patriotic War, looked at the soldiers as if they were cattle. Not all, of course, but many.

But back to the boiler room.

The stoker, throwing coal into the boiler furnace and shoveling sintered slag out of it, had to monitor the water level in the boiler drum and the pressure in the heating system using the water gauge glass. The pressure in the boiler was often below atmospheric pressure. If the water level and/or pressure in the heating system became low, it was necessary to turn on pump 5 (see Fig. 2), open the corresponding valve and put additional water into either boiler drum 2 or heating network 7. It was also necessary to monitor the temperature of the network water at the inlet to pump 6. This was the main indicator of the quality of the stoker's work, which was recorded in a special notebook when passing the shift. And it lasted eight hours. The stoker only interrupted her when she went to the dining room. At this time, I replaced the stoker.

There was no toilet in the boiler room, and the common latrine "like a toilet" with holes in the floor was quite far away. What did the stokers do in the winter in the cold. They took a shovel, grabbed some coal into it, made

"big and small things" on this shovel and carefully threw it all into the boiler furnace. As they say in the movie saying - not aesthetically pleasing, but simple and hygienic! "Small deeds" were done simply on coal, then throwing it into the boiler. Sometimes strangers who came to warm themselves in the boiler room, out of the simplicity of their souls, wrote not on coal, but for interest on hot slag, which was raked out of the boiler furnace. For this they received a "pissing shovel" in one place - the stench from this action spread throughout the boiler room.

Stokers were recruited from soldiers with the help of a "carrot" - they were promised additional food, a ten-day leave to their homeland after a successful heating season, and further service in a unit in a "net" position: in a bread slicer, in a food or clothing warehouse.

It was unreasonable to drive the soldiers to work as a fireman with a "whip" as a punishment for some misconduct. The work is very responsible. It was rather dangerous to trust her to a slob.

I remember one soldier, repairing his car, removed the cylinder head from the engine and dropped the nut into the neck of the oil pan. He wanted to see where the nut fell, and ... shone a match into this hole. He burned his face badly. Thank God that the eyes remained intact.

Vehicles often broke down due to being operated and repaired by low-skilled soldiers. There were a lot of cars in the unit, more than half of them were laid up. The car is standing and waiting for repair, and its owner is sent to duty and is not given the opportunity to repair the car. I remember one conscript driver brought a carburetor for his car from vacation in order to repair it and stop going to the outfits. I also brought gas welding hoses, a torch and a cutter from vacation to the unit. They were worn out in the boiler room ... My father brought this to me from work.

From the heating network, hot water was often taken without demand for washing and washing. When there was enough water in the well, it was not a big problem. But there were periods when additional water was barely enough. Here an order was issued to prohibit the selection of water from the heating system. But it didn't help. Then they gave me pieces of paper with an official seal and ordered me to seal the heating network. I wrapped the valves air vents with a string, pressed its ends against the wall and glued it with a piece of paper with a seal. The air vents were located under the ceiling of the premises and served to release air from the heating network when it was filled with water. Unauthorized water withdrawal was also dangerous because the heating network could "swallow" air, and air jams could form in it that disrupted circulation. It's not uncommon

led to the fact that the pipes and radiators of heating froze and burst. In the barracks and service rooms, the misprint of the airmen went without any problems. But here in the houses of the families of officers one had to see a lot. Firstly, it was striking that some officer wives walked in front of me in a negligee. I immediately recalled the Roman matrons who bathed naked in the presence of their slaves. And the conscript soldiers were some kind of semi-slaves. On the other hand, there were also attempts, as they say now, of female harassment - my husband is not at home, he is in the service ... But me, a Muscovite what struck me the most was the life in these houses - kerosene stoves in the kitchen, a toilet outside, no shower or bath etc. etc. And many young women have babies in their arms. It is truly said in one film: "In order to become a general, you need to marry a lieutenant, and wander with him around the garrisons of years twenty, in every taiga, in the desert! Through the wild Kazakh steppe, I would add.

The political officer's wife was a rather young, but rather plump lady. In the morning, she, along with some other wives, went by GAZ-66 car to Novaya Kazanka to work as teachers, doctors, or just to shop. This political officer considered herself the main one and did not want to ride in the car's box with all the other women, but wanted to sit with the driver in the cab as the boss. The driver of the car set it up on purpose so that at the morning divorce we all saw how this fat young woman in a miniskirt climbs into the GAZ-66 cab, where it was quite difficult for the guy to get into. Door

The cab on this ATV is located high above the wheel. Look at it was our little entertainment.

There was a soldier's bath near the boiler room, which I heated twice a week: steam bubbled (gurgled) in a special water tank under the ceiling of the boiler room (it is not shown in Fig. 2), from where hot water flowed into the bath by gravity. Civilian Kazakh women came to the bathhouse and washed the soldier's bed linen there. I also supplied them with hot water. Therefore, the boilers had to be heated even in summer with a monthly break for repairs. My stokers washed like this after their shift. Behind the boiler on gas flue 6 (Fig. 3) there was a bath, which had to be washed with sulfuric acid before bathing (it was used for car batteries, and I prepared distilled water in the boiler room from steam). Then water from the boiler was "blown" into the bath, and the "ablution" of the stoker was performed. That's where I like to wash. Many in the unit knew about this bath and came to me for a swim. In the bath, it was not washing, but torment, and, as already mentioned, she did not work every day. And the problem of soldier's hygiene was very acute - there were often outbreaks of dysentery. The village of Novaya Kazanka, located not far from the unit, was called new because Old Kazanka had to be burned to the ground due to an outbreak of bubonic plague. The "town-forming enterprise" of this village was the so-called Anti-Plague Detachment - a healthcare institution that monitored the epidemiological situation in the district. There was also a small boiler room, and I was mutually beneficial friends with its Kazakh boss. We exchanged spare parts for boiler houses, I brought him very valuable firewood in those places, he arranged small feasts for me with bishbarmak, a delicious dish of Kazakh cuisine. He stabbed for this "fat calf" - a young lamb.

The boiler house in this village heated only the buildings of the Anti-Plague Detachment. In the rest of the houses they burned dung in the stoves - a dried mixture of straw and sheep droppings. The composition was approximately the same for adobe bricks, from which houses were built. There was almost no furniture in them - they sat and slept on the adobe floor covered with felt. Exotic! Now such eco-villages are specially built for tourists.

The condensate tank in the basement of the boiler house (item 4 in Fig. 2) was in the form of a rectangular parallelepiped, on the upper surface of which stokers often slept, not wanting to go to the barracks. There, side by side, were the drivers of cars parked near the boiler room (see above the story about the commander's gazik). The fact is that, in winter, water was drained from the cars at night. Antifreezes in engine cooling systems were not even thought of at that time. In the morning, starting the car in the cold was a big problem. You can't do without hot water. This water (almost boiling water) was scooped in buckets from a tank in the basement of the boiler room and poured into the radiators of cars. The driver of the water truck also slept on this tank, which brought water from the well to the boiler room, canteen and other places of the military unit. I often did not wake up the driver of the water carrier, but I myself got behind the wheel of this ZIL-157 and drove for water. There was also a pipeline from the well to the boiler house, but it often froze in winter.

And the well was arranged like this. An adobe booth was built above it, in which there was a concreted pit two meters deep, at the bottom of which a vortex pump was installed. In the spring, during the flood, this pit was flooded with water. Therefore, the pump motor was stored at the top, and the pump itself was left at the bottom. If I needed water in the boiler room, I went to this well and saw that the pit was completely filled with water. What I did!? I "launched" the inflated chamber from ZIL, vertically installed another pump on it using improvised means (rope sticks), plugged it into the network and pumped water out of the pit. Then it was necessary to lower a rather heavy electric motor down a steep staircase, install it, center it and connect it to its network. Rubber cylinders that fit into the couplings of the pump and engine, I cut out of the heels of old boots. Next, it was necessary to use an air compressor, taken from the same ZIL, to suck water to the vortex pump and turn it on. After the special tank in the boiler room was filled (the stoker waved a flag to me from the roof of the boiler room), the vortex pump turned off, and its electric motor rose from the pit to the top. And all those operations of turning the pumps on and off

carried out "knee-deep in water." How I was not electrocuted there and in other similar places, I do not know. My mother at home prayed for me a lot and earnestly!

And there were many such episodes when I had to risk my health and even my life. But I understood that if the boiler room stopped working in the middle of a harsh winter, then the whole part would freeze and will have to evacuate...

In general, I was lucky with my service in the Soviet Army. I didn't get into the combat unit due to poor eyesight, but ended up on "housing work" in the unit where I was doing interesting and useful work. Self-taught, he acquired many specialties: a stoker, an ash-carrier, a metalworker, a carpenter, a plumber, a demolition worker, a gas and electric welder, an electrician, a driver ... Of course, it would be wiser to keep a civilian qualified person in this job. But he needs to pay a salary, create more or less acceptable production and living conditions ... It is easier to use the semi-slave labor of disenfranchised conscripts, whose health and life few people valued.

Dies, loses health - it doesn't matter! Babies are still giving birth!

After the army, of course, I went to study at the MPEI at the Faculty of Thermal Power Engineering. And I didn't have to take any practice at any power plants. I myself could teach someone something. When, after graduating from the institute with a "red diploma", they left me in graduate school, I myself built an experimental stand for myself, which received steam from the MPEI CHPP.

The labor skills acquired in the army were very useful here. And in the MPEI yard there was a dump where you could find everything for the experimental stand - steel angles, pipes, and so on.

Now I, already an elderly MPEI professor, in terrible dreams, is my army boiler room, in which I heroically (I'm not afraid of this word) served my two young years. I dream, in particular, that my favorite boiler room exploded in the middle of a fierce winter, and I myself was handed over to the tribunal, which the unit commander often threatened me with.

Solo on Facebook (imitation of Dovlatov)

Sergey Dovlatov has two small books called Underwood Solo and IBM Solo. They contain brief sketches, notes in a notebook, not systematized by topic or chronologically. Something just came to mind from my life or from the life of friends and ...

Below the reader will find similar notes that the author posted on Facebook. When Facebook was silenced, the author saved some of these notes-observations and placed them here.



As the classic sang "I came out tall and face - thanks to my mother and father!". See photo.
But thanks for more than just that.

Now parents-grandparents, as a rule, closely guard their children. Sometimes excessive. And during my "childhood-adolescence-youth", another extreme was observed: children grew up "like grass under a fence" - almost without parental supervision and did what they wanted on the street. The morals in these children's and youth communities were very wild, cruel, and sometimes perverted. We didn't even call each other by name - there were nicknames like in thieves' communities.

There was no one to look after the children - the parents worked from morning to night like hell. Even Saturday was a working day. And free time from work was eaten up by a heavy and unsettled life! There was no time at all for communication with children - he dressed, fed and ... thank God! Many children did not see maternal, parental affection at all. Moreover, many mothers hated their children - abortions were forbidden! Brothers and sisters also often hated each other -

After all, everything was not enough, everything had to be fought for: food, clothes, a place to sleep, and so on. Many adolescents did not have such a natural moral brake: I will not do this because it will greatly upset my mother and father, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts. And this is the most severe punishment for a normal child/teenager!

The school was thoroughly saturated with lies - they said one thing, but did another. There were no excursions, trips to museums, theaters ... One was an outlet - mathematics, physics, technical creativity in circles, "non-Soviet" literature and ... parents, if they were lucky. This is probably where many of the troubles of old Russia, the former Union and modern Russia stem from.

wild, cruel and perverted mores of evil children and teenagers pass into adulthood. Many do not steal or kill, not because their conscience and beliefs do not allow, but because they can catch and imprison! And all this was born in the semi-homeless childhood of Sokolinki and other semi-marginal regions of the country.

There is a well-founded opinion that we need only one reform - a real and honest reform of education from kindergarten to university. We do a lot of things poorly

(houses, roads, planes, cars, domestic and foreign policy, etc.). But the worst thing is that we are of poor quality and raise children.

Nothing else (grabbing, renovation, monetization, etc.) needs to be done anymore, and in 10-15 years you will not recognize the country. Honest and educated people will arrange their own destiny without internal and external advisers. In the meantime, very often (too often) dishonest and uneducated people crowd together, make their way to the top and command us. And we cannot prevent it.

My parents still found time to take care of me. And I had (and still have!) a spiritual connection with them. I remember how my mother put me on her knees, kissed and caressed. I walked and talked a lot with my father. That is why I did not end up in a colony, like many of my peers, and something did in life.

When I was a kid, I was sent to a pioneer camp somewhere near Kubinka near Moscow. Commercials in the year 1958–1960.

There we went for a walk in the forest, where an American bomber stood in a clearing. Or rather, his skinned remains. We climbed on it and in it. I still remember the special smell of this plane and the inscriptions in it in an incomprehensible language. It was possible to ride in the fuselage on carts with containers for bombs, sit in the pilot's seat ... The leader was calm for us and went about her business!

Behind the fence was some kind of aircraft repair plant. They, apparently, took this aircraft for spare parts (pieces of duralumin) or copied it. We were taken to this plant for a tour.

My colleague and co-author Viktor Korobov from Dnepropetrovsk (now Dnipro) calls me and says that Dnepropetrovsk University is ready to publish our common book, but we need sponsorship. I transferred \$500 to him. The book was published, but not in Russian, but in Ukrainian (see <http://www.twt.mpei.ac.ru/ochkov/Mathcad-Chem-Ukr.pdf>).

And our mother-Rassey should have sponsored such work - to maintain and strengthen the ties between the citizens of Russia and Ukraine - the Russian language in the Russian-speaking part of Ukraine. Maybe then we would have avoided what happened in 2014 and 2022. Americans poured billions into it!

Victor (alas, he is no longer in this world) told me that at his university there was an assistant professor who, in Soviet times, ran to the party committee and knocked on teachers who taught classes in Ukrainian. During the time of "independence" this associate professor began to knock on those who in Russian leads classes.

And earlier it used to be that at seminars students answered who was in Russian (from the east of Ukraine), who was in Ukrainian (from the West). AND NOBODY DID NOT SEE THIS!!! And the university was prestigious - it was the only one in the Ukrainian SSR that was directly subordinate to the union, and not the republican ministry of secondary and higher education.

Wat such bastard "docents" both in Ukraine and in Russia brought us to blood.

Yes, we have a lot of evil fools in Ukraine, who cluster in power and law enforcement agencies. Smart people always agree in a good way.

By the way, about the word "independence". One of our politicians was offered a million to say independent, not independent Ukraine. He puffed and puffed, but he couldn't say. But this is not just a story I made up, but some real fact. Ukraine received not independence, but some special form of it - independence. What led to the sad events of 2014-20?? years.

2022 When analyzing information on Ukraine, it throws you into the heat, then into the cold.
You listen to one opinion, look through one information, and you conclude that Putin is the savior of Russia.

You listen to a different opinion, look at other information, and you conclude that Putin was recruited into the GDR in his younger years and given the task of finishing off Russia from the inside.
This is not just a split personality, but something from a series of jokes that end with the words "and you are a right wife."

Here are two more stories related to the previous one.

Our former graduate student came to us from Odessa to MPEI at the very end of the last century, now OGPU professor. I'm not kidding - this was the name of the Odessa Polytechnic after Ukraine gained independence - Odessa State Polytechnic University. Then, however, realized that stupidity was froze, and renamed it the Odessa Polytechnic (<https://op.edu.ua/ru>).

So, this professor was going to go back to Odessa by train from the Kievsky railway station in Moscow. On the platform, he was stopped by a police squad (not yet the police) and asked to show his documents. He showed them, but he was told that the documents needed to be checked and offered to go to the picket. And the train to Odessa is standing at the platform and is about to leave! In short, they ripped off \$50 from our professor so that he could leave Moscow. This professor then called us from Odessa, told us about his adventure at the train station and added that he would now go on business trips to Warsaw-Berlin-Paris, and never go to Moscow. It was necessary, of course, to accompany him to the train in these dashing years.

The second professor's story is like this.

One professor from MPEI went to Lvov to oppose his dissertation. This was in the 2000s, before 2014.

They settled him in a hotel room, the windows of which overlooked a small square. In the evening our professor heard a noise in the square from his room and looked out the window. Young people gathered there boys and girls. They jumped and alternately shouted "Who does not jump, that Muscovite!", "Moskalyak to Gilyak!". The Muscovite professor was frightened, called his Lvov colleagues and said what was happening on the square and that he was afraid to go out into the street. He was "calmed down" - they said that these "children" jumped like that almost every day, that it was just such a ritual, in no way connected with the arrival of our "Moskal".

So they jumped, so they shouted!

Pleischner (played by Evstigneev) from the film "Seventeen Moments of Spring" fell asleep on Flower Street in Bern. On the same street, the filmmakers also fell asleep. They made two mistakes in the name of the street. First, the word blumen (flowers) does not have two dots (umlaut) above the letter u (blumen, not blumen). Many people know about this bug. The second mistake is more subtle - in Swiss German there is no letter escet (similar to the Greek letter beta) - the Swiss write the word "street" like this: strasse, not straÿe.

I once went "to an illegal apartment" (just kidding!) in the city of Basel along one street and realized that I left Switzerland and ended up in Germany when I saw that the name of the street on the houses began to be written in to another.

My Swiss colleague explained this by the fact that on Swiss typewriters there was not enough space for the letter escet, because. specific French letters had to be stuffed into the typewriter - a letter with an apostrophe at the top, for example. In Switzerland, as you know, three languages are spoken - German, French and Italian. But there are no specific letters in Italian!

Let's go back to the previous entry about Ukraine and imagine Switzerland, where German radicals would come to power and say that there would be only one state language in Switzerland. How would it end?!

At the Sakharov memorial in Moscow there is a fragment of the Berlin Wall.

It's good to install mock-ups of walls there, which are now being fenced between the USA and Mexico, between Russia and Ukraine, between Russia and the Baltic countries, between Israel and Palestine, etc. First, a mock-up, and then a fragment, after these walls are broken!

I don't clean up after my dog because I want to make the city a little cleaner. This is impossible - it is all filthy with dogs, and more with people themselves! After each winter, the snow begins to melt, and all of us and our children will smell these "snowdrops".

I clean up after my dog because I want to continue to respect myself and not be like the cattle that does not clean up after their dogs! I wanted to write softer - "those pigs", but why offend innocent animals!?

Let's first learn to live cleanly and respect each other. Then, God willing, we will learn to elect the right deputies - local and Duma. Drive them with a filthy broom if they don't work well (they can't force the police to fine the asshole dog breeders, for example), they assign huge salaries to themselves, and even steal in addition ...

In continuation of the previous note.

I once walked along the square in Stockholm. And in front was a grandmother with a dog. The dog sat down and pooped. Grandmother, groaning, bent down and picked it all up in a bag. This, I think, is Europe - see above. But here we are overtaken by two girls on horseback. One horse lifted its tail and made a pile the size of a grandmother's dog. I thought that now one of the girls will deftly, without grunting, jump off the saddle and clean it all up. There was none...

Nabokov in one story has a colorful description of how beautifully a horse poops ... I just can't find it ...

There was such a king of Saxony and Poland (concurrently) - Augustus the Strong. In Dresden, a monument "Golden Horseman" was erected to him. In the same city, there is a dent on the railing of the Elbe embankment. Locals claim that Augustus himself made it with his august finger without any tools!

The capital of dumplings is the city of Xi'an in China. There's a five-story restaurant in the center that serves only dumplings. The filling for them is made from everything that runs, swims, flies, crawls on the ground and underground, grows on trees, bushes, and so on.

I was there, I drank honey, drank beer and ate dumplings.

At the entrance to the restaurant there is a stand with plates, other utensils and chopsticks. Premier of the State Council of China Li Peng ate from them when he visited this restaurant. MEI graduate, by the way.

About 30 years ago, a pretty lady from the Bakovsky Rubber Products Plant came to us at the MPEI and asked for advice on the operation of the plant's boiler room.

The late Anatoly Sergeevich Kopylov and I were a little embarrassed (see below), but we tried answer all questions.

At the end of our conversation, this lovely lady told us: "And now I ask you to accept samples of products from our factory as a souvenir!" Here Anatoly Sergeevich and I could not stand it - from laughter and embarrassment slipped under the table...

But the lady gave us (after we both "crawled out from under the table") children's squeaker toys, nipples and other rubber pot-bellied little things ...

The fact is that in Soviet times the words "Product number two of the Bakov Plant (IBZ)" was a euphemism (what term do I know!) The words condom, sorry, condom.

- Where are you going?

- To the dorm!

- Have you forgotten IBZ number two?

And the product number 1 was worn on the head. It was a gas mask.

On the packaging of product No. 2, the chimney of this plant was flaunted. Like a phallic symbol!

Two photos from Switzerland.





Then I accidentally ended up in the Swiss town of Riehen (Richen, Riehen) not far from Basel. I remembered that the great Euler spent his youth in this town. I found out where Euler's house was and drove up to it - see photo.

What did I see? The back of Euler's head in the bas-relief is... the profile of a lion. Leonard (Euler's name) is "staunch lion"! Has anyone else heard of such an encryption of Euler's name on his commemorative badge?

Sit comfortably - now I will tell you what is happening in the world.

I'll start with local affairs.

The neighbors in the house or in the country had a problem. Smart and adequate neighbors solve it smartly - they make compromises, take into account each other's interests, and they decide everything amicably, even without much sympathy for each other. If one neighbor, and more than aspirations, both neighbors are inadequate evil fools and losers, then everything can end in a scuffle and even blood.

Now about global affairs.

Foreign policy both in our country and in their West is now run by these very inadequate fools and losers. Recall their psaki or our Zakharova with laurel. What are the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Defense of Germany or the UK worth!

I was told by my friends in the USA that their university graduates find themselves in business, science, art, and so on. Many, but not all. Inadequate fools and losers are often recruited for diplomatic and military service and for "bodies". Many go into politics. A normal successful person will not volunteer for this job. An inadequate fool will quickly fly out of business, science and art. The situation is similar in Europe and in our country.

And the work is not dusty - you are sitting on a budget, you are guaranteed to get a lot and never you answer.

And the leaders of countries, even if they are normal people (they were normal people before being elected), are surrounded by these most inadequate evil fools and losers. That's where all the problems come from.

Apparently, I am that rare person who knows how to say goodbye to the deceased in the Eastern (Orthodox) and Western (Catholic / Protestant) Christian churches. Alas, I had to attend. We have many times, and in the West a couple of times.

Here are three main differences.

1. In the West, they say goodbye to the deceased only in churches near cemeteries. In our country, this is done in almost all churches, and a stranger who comes to church only to pray can "run into" someone else's dead. And this is shocking to many.

2. In the West, in the temple, a closed coffin is put on public display and a lifetime portrait of the smiling deceased is hung out. Relatives say goodbye to the deceased in a separate room. Then the coffin is closed and transferred to the common room. If the deceased was ill for a long time and has changed a lot, then this leaves friends, colleagues and not very close relatives with a difficult memory. And it is necessary that the deceased be remembered by friends as cheerful and cheerful! My supervisor has died. Before that, she, alas, was ill for a long time. At the funeral, I looked at her in a coffin and did not recognize her, I shuddered. Now, when I think about her, it's not an intelligent, stately woman who knew how to age gracefully, but a skeleton covered in leather. Everything would be better like the Germans. More cultural.

3. In the West, when praying for the dead, everyone sits and thinks about the deceased, about the frailty of earthly life. We all stand with burning candles. Some or even many think not about the frailty of all living things, but about how not to drip a candle on themselves or about when the service ends and it will be possible to stretch their legs.

I'm not surprised when ice cream is eaten on the street at minus twenty in Moscow. I am surprised when plus ten people wear fur coats and down jackets. Resistant all the same people - Muscovites!

Here, about 30 years ago, I ran in the winter to the Terletsky Park to the sports ground.

Once I run up, and there are two women shoveling snow ...

And MPEI at that time began to pay a penny - perestroika, which in Moscow, thank God, did not turn into a shootout.

I had to buy and bring chalk to the audience myself ... Yes, even

some squabbling started.

I, looking at the ladies deftly wielding shovels, thought - I'll leave the institute to hell and get a job as a snow sweeper in the park. The salary both there and there is symbolic, but at least I will be in the fresh air. And, most importantly, no squabbles and scandals ...

As soon as I thought so, as one woman says to another: "You took my shovel, give it back!". She replied: "Yes, you choke on your shovel!" And it started...

No, I thought, I will not leave my native MPEI! We have intelligent disputes about the position of professor, head, pulpit, and here about a shovel!

Then I was invited to ABB for a good salary. Successfully passed three stages of the interview. Didn't leave either. It was a pity to leave your subordinates! Then they created their own company... Survived!

During the Second World War in the United States there was a shortage of three goods - gasoline, chocolate and ... nylon stockings. All nylon went to military purposes! Parachutes, for example.

Business people have launched the production of foot paints that imitate nylon stockings. For greater resemblance, a stocking seam was drawn at the back.

I remembered Venichka Erofeev with his immortal poem "Moscow-Petushki":

"I looked after this woman with disgust. Especially at white stockings without any seam; a seam would humble me, maybe unload my soul and conscience ..."

A fresh alternative look at the problem of traffic jams in the city.

A young man or girl at the age of 18-20, having not earned a penny in her life, gets behind the wheel of a car donated by her father or someone else, and travels around the city on business, and more idle, filling the streets, parking lots, parking lots, courtyards of houses. Public transport, including taxis and carsharing is not for them - it's for the rogue. And this is by no means majors!

Then these young or no longer quite young people and girls have children and begin ... to be indignant at the fact that with a child you can't drive up to a kindergarten, a clinic, or a school ... Even paid parking lots are full! And the yards have been turned into parking lots with barriers, where with a child it's especially don't walk...

Analogy!

There are not enough seats in public transport. Therefore, there is a rule - passengers with children, pregnant women, the disabled and the elderly sit down. The rest stand holding onto the handrails if there is no free seating.

The same can be said about personal transport.

If there are not enough places on the roads and parking lots, then passengers with children, pregnant women, the disabled and the elderly go out on the roads first of all. The rest use public transport, if this, of course, is possible in principle.

The only trouble here is that a seated person in public transport sees someone who needs to give way. When leaving on the street in a private car, this person does not see people who are no longer in need of personal transport and ... does not give way to them. But you need to think about it if you are a cultured and polite person.

Today is another anniversary of the withdrawal of our troops from Afghanistan.

I remember being terribly struck by three huge double-page spreads in a Stern or Spiegel magazine that I saw in 1983 in West Germany. And at that time we did not say a word about the losses in this war.

First spread. Our ZIL-157 fuel truck is crawling into the gorge, and from above, from the mountain, it is aiming at it from a "duh" grenade launcher.

Second spread. The fuel truck is blown up and on fire.

Third turn. They opened the door of a burned-out fuel truck, and in the cab, through the steering wheel, the almost completely burnt hand of the driver, a young conscript, one must think, was thrust through the steering wheel! Boy aged 19. Cargo 200.

And in the same magazine, there is a photograph of a grave monument somewhere in Russia with an inscription that someone who died in Afghanistan is buried here. One of the first such monuments. Before that, it was strongly recommended not to write like that. That was the essence of the magazine article under the photo of the grave.

I still remember these pictures. So they stuck in my memory. After all, in those days only friends and relatives knew about the dead. The whole country was kept in the dark.

Old historical places of Novogireev.
Paris - two-story German houses (demolished)
London - three-story German houses (demolished)
Institutsky - five-story brick houses (still standing)
And all these three quarters were called Abroad

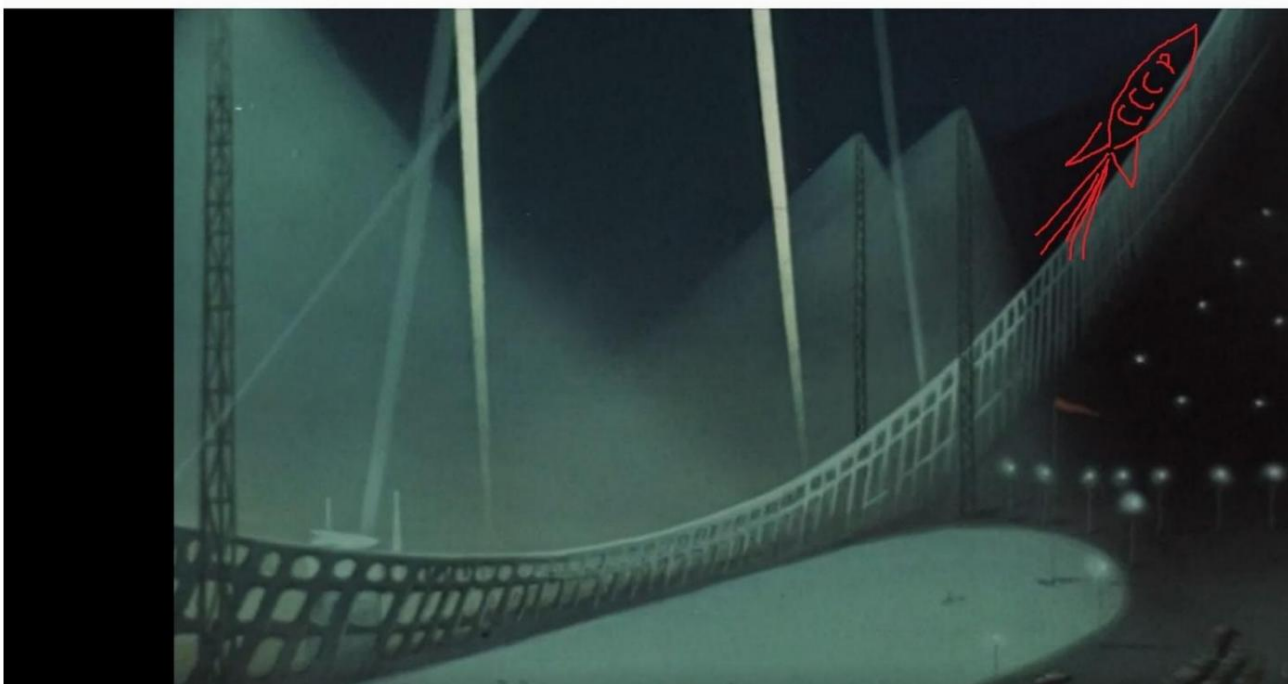
Then I was in the subway, I saw the markings at the edge of the platform, fixing the doors of the cars. And it was necessary to install fences on this place!
Now even on the escalators they announce how to behave if you fell on the rails.
All over the world now, without a wall with doors that separates the platform from the train ("horizontal elevator"), no new metro lines are being built. Even in China. Moreover, such walls with sliding doors began to be installed at old stations. I wrote about this on the metro website, but they answered me that they don't do it for a number of reasons. One of them is that they do not want to spoil the architectural appearance of the stations.

Russia is a country of paradoxes!
Another example: an unmanned tram in Moscow is almost ready, but unmanned metro trains are still being thought about! Although the first task is much more difficult than the second! And the working conditions of a subway driver, it seems to me, are much harder than those of a tram driver.
The unmanned metro (new branches) is already in many cities of the world, but I'm talking about unmanned trams. didn't hear.
By the way, in the advertisements for employment in the Moscow metro cars, the vacancy for a train driver is still in the first place.

полет на луну мультфильм 1953



Найти



When I was little, after watching this cartoon, I drew a rocket launch to the moon like this: the rocket rolls down a huge flyover, then it starts to accelerate further upwards and ... flew into space. There was some bewitching dynamics in these my children's drawings.

And then I saw in the chronicle the launch of a real rocket (V-2) and was very disappointed - some kind of thick dreadnought slowly, slowly rises up without any romance and dynamism ...



There is an art museum in one German city, and in it is the Otto Dix hall. For his sake, I go to this museum when I am in this city. The rest of the museum is outright garbage.

One of Dix's paintings is called "Prager Strasse".

One fragment always strikes me on it - see photo.

In "childhood-adolescence-youth" I often saw such legless invalids on the streets on home-made wheelchairs with four bearings instead of wheels. They also had push sticks in their hands (see photo) or something similar to a paperweight, with which they pushed off on the asphalt.

Then I was very scared of such people. I saw how passers-by carried them into the bus-tram. The wheelchair-board was tied to the remains of the legs. Once I was walking with my son, and we met such a disabled person. The son rushed to the side and almost got hit by a car ...

Now I immensely admire the courage and perseverance of these people - to lose almost half of their bodies at the front and stay afloat, move around the city ... Many of them even worked somewhere - pensions were meager ...

PS

Such severe injuries were usually received in minefields. Or when a grenade fell under my feet. Now such disabled people can be seen in Europe and America on electric chairs. They often put fake legs on themselves in order to shock the audience especially. Or they have real legs, but are paralyzed...

In our country, alas, you cannot meet such people on the streets - they are locked in their apartments.

So I look at pictures of pre-election and other rallies (meetings with deputies, meetings of shareholders, residents, etc., etc.) - ours, Belarusian, Ukrainian, and immediately I remember the immortal Russian classic - Chernyshevsky's novel "What to do" :

"Our entire previous life led us to the conclusion that people are divided into two categories - fools and rogues: "whoever is not a fool, that rogue, is certainly a rogue, we think, and only a fool can be not a rogue." We met and meet people who spoke very well, and we saw that all these people, without exception, are either cunning people, fooling people with good words, or adult stupid guys who do not know life and do not know how to take on anything.

believed and not

we believe good words, we consider them as stupidity or deception ... "

Wound up in my kitchen at one time ... ants. There wasn't much concern from them. They lived somewhere behind the stove - they had a nest there, where it was warmer. But one summer was very hot. So my ants got into... the rubber seals on the refrigerator door. How!

I remember that MPEI students were sent to help the vegetable base. There was such a practice in Soviet times!

At this base there was a huge oak barrel dug into the ground. Three meters in diameter and about the same depth. Or a little less - now I do not remember.

They gave me rubber boots, some kind of raincoat with a hood, and lowered me down the stairs to the bottom of this barrel, giving me a bucket of salt.

Our student girls at the edge of the barrel were chopping cabbage, grating carrots and dumping it all into the barrel.

But I walked in circles in a barrel, trampled it all with my feet and sprinkled it all with salt like a sower. When the salt was running out, they lowered a new bucket of salt to me.

So I "trampled" to the upper edge of the barrel during the work shift and climbed out of it without a ladder, stepping over the edge. The barrel was covered with a lid and pressed down with a load - oppression.

This barrel often appeared to me later in nightmares. I dreamed that I did not have time to trample down the falling cabbage, it completely overwhelmed me and they fermented me along with the cabbage. So, by the way, separate forks of cabbage are fermented in a barrel.



I was riding a bike here in the southwest of Germany and took a picture of this.

Everyone has their own heroes. To some, the Nazis are heroes, if we talk about some Germans in World War II.

This monument is located away from the tourist trails in Germany. Otherwise, the scandal would have been at the international level for a long time. They would write on the memorial simply - to fellow villagers who fell in two world wars.

The memorial was erected before the Second World War, and then the names of those who died in the Second World War were added. But they left an inscription about the heroes. God be their judge!



I can't forget this picture either. Basel Art Gallery. I went to this museum specifically to see it and make my own photocopy. I stood in front of her and read Dostoyevsky's *Idiot* on my smartphone.

"We went through the same rooms through which the prince had already passed; Rogozhin walked a little ahead, the prince followed him. They entered the large hall. Here, along the walls, there were several paintings, all portraits of bishops and landscapes in which nothing could be distinguished. Above the door to the next room hung a picture, rather strange in its form, about two and a half arshins in length (179 cm) and no more than six inches in height (27 cm) It depicted the Savior, just taken down from the cross. looked at her, as if remembering something, but without stopping, wanted to go through the door. It was very hard for him and he wanted to get out of this house as soon as possible. But Rogozhin suddenly stopped before the picture.

"These are all the pictures here," he said, "everything for a ruble and two at auctions was bought by the deceased father, he loved. One knowledgeable person reviewed everything here: rubbish, he says, but this one - here is a picture, above the door, also bought for two rubles, - he says, not rubbish. Another parent found out for her that he gave three hundred and fifty rubles, and Savelyev, Ivan Dmitritch, from the merchants, a great hunter, so he reached four hundred, and last week he already offered five hundred to his brother Semyon Semyonitch. I left behind.

- Yes, this ... this is a copy of Hans Holbein, - said the prince, having managed to make out the picture, - and although I am not a connoisseur, it seems to be an excellent copy. I saw this picture abroad and I can't forget it."

...

"But I like to look at this picture," Rogozhin muttered after a pause, as if forgetting his question again. faith can be lost!

"That disappears, too," Rogozhin unexpectedly confirmed.

Расписание
выноса полойного ведра по дому № 24 подъезд № 6
улица им. В. Бардина ЖЭК № 8 Бауманского р-на.

За чистоту!

Год	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
1979 г.	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
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	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
1980 г.	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
1981 г.	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
1982 г.	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
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	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
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	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов
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	Забора Рубина	Ларин Андрей	Май Улья	Илья Абуев	Светлана Викторовна	Николай Викторов

Do you know what it is?

This highly artistic canvas is hung out in the permanent (!!!) exposition of the Swiss Museum of Basel (see above). According to it, visitors judge the level of culture and art in the USSR and Russia. You walk around the museum, enjoying real masterpieces, and then bang your face in the trash can. Art, damn it!

I translated to the caretaker in the hall what is written in the picture. He did not believe ... He thought that these were some secret letters...

And you ask where the legs of Russophobia grow from!



Cashing a check for royalties in New York.

I was immediately told that I needed to take a bag - they would throw in the old, greasy, most popular banknotes of 10 and 20 dollars, which they would not take anywhere in Moscow. They don't transfer to a card. Then I immediately sold this bunch of money - I bought tablets for gifts. The Apple store said that only Russians and Chinese pay in this way.

Where is the nose patch from? Read more...

Here I wake up in the morning in the New Yorker hotel room of the city of the same name and see a beautiful view of the Empire State Building. Usually I come across hotels in New York with a view into some kind of stone well with air conditioners at the bottom. And here is the beauty!



Let me think, I'll open the window and find out what the weather is like outside, if it's raining. And then something happened that describes the saying "The curious Barbara's nose was torn off at the market!". It was not torn off, but slightly damaged. I raise the left window window with both hands (see the lower left square in the photo). It opens in an American way from the bottom up, like we have in old buses and trams. I already opened it the night before without any problems. But then the upper part of the window suddenly comes out of the grooves and hits me on the nose. At first I was afraid for my glasses - whether they were intact, and then I went to the bathroom to look in the mirror what was happening with my nose. There is an abrasion on the nose and blood flows. I washed the abrasion, covered it with plaster and called the lobby to tell about the faulty window, which "very fortunately" broke my nose so that the glasses and the window itself remained intact. I was asked to go downstairs to the people in charge of security. They gave me a form, asked me to write what happened to me, and gave me the address of the local emergency room. I somehow filled out the form and went to this emergency room. Taxi, of course, at the moment when it is very necessary, you can not catch, and I got on foot from 34th to 42nd street, from 8th to 10th avenue. At the emergency room, I explained what had happened to me. They immediately asked me if I had money or insurance. I showed the insurance of Ingosstrakh, which did not interest them at all. They asked to see money or a credit card. I did it, and they made sure that there was money on the credit card ("who goes to New York without money?!"). After that, they measured my temperature, blood pressure, asked if I had chronic diseases, allergies to medicines, and so on. I signed a bunch of papers and the doctor put three stitches on my nose. Then they gave me an injection, X-rayed them, made sure the bones of my nose were intact, gave me replacement band-aids and some kind of nasal lubricant, and billed me for \$1,238, which I paid by credit card. After that, I call my American partners, with whom I was supposed to be at a meeting at that time, and explain what happened to me. One (an optimist) says that I was very lucky - now I can get good compensation from the hotel. At a minimum, this is a payment of a bill from a doctor and free hotel accommodation. As a maximum - plus compensation for non-pecuniary damage and "loss of presentation." Under a hundred thousand will run! Another (realist) said that if I want to get something from the hotel, then I need to take a vacation and a bank loan for fees

lawyers (\$ 250 per hour) and other expenses and sue the hotel. I liked the opinion of the optimist more, and I went to the hotel to demand compensation, or at least payment for the doctor's services. But when I started to "download rights" at the hotel, they told me that they were not so rich that they could pay me something right away, but they would report the incident to their insurance company and they would make the right decision. I tried to make a row and threaten them with a lawsuit, but I realized that it was useless - they are grated people. Moreover, when the tone of our conversation began to rise, two tall black guards approached me from behind and stood on either side of me. Now, I think, they will throw me on the floor and "draw" something else on my face. It's good that I know the way to the emergency room. I only asked the hotel to apologize in writing, which the guest relations manager did: "Please forgive the incident, we hope to see you again in our hotel and so on. etc."

The next day I flew from New York to Moscow and gave the bill from the doctor in Ingosstrakh for payment. I got paid for it.

A month after my adventure, I decided to write to the hotel and ask them how the hotel insurance company reacted to my nose. They referred me to the insurance company, which sent me a check for \$4,000. More precisely, it was like this. My American realist colleague has a lawyer-in-law. He advised asking the insurer for \$5,000, he would offer \$3,000, and it would be possible to agree to \$4,000. It will be necessary to prove that you did not get to the meeting, and missed the profit, and so on. Better a bird in the hand than a bird in the sky - a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

With this money, my wife and I flew to Istanbul. There I shore my nose: in which case you can't "cut down" such money from the Turks! They'll also charge you for breaking windows!

A fresh alternative look at the events of 1956 and 1967.

After the war, the USSR moved its borders farther to the west for its own security. Czechoslovakia (it gave Hitler the Sudetenland without a fight), Hungary (Hitler's ally) and other countries ended up in this security zone. Poland was chopped off land before the war, but compensated for it German lands. I feel sorry for these countries, but the security of our country is above all!

The Hungarians in 1956 (and only 10 years after the end of the terrible war) wanted to make a hole in this security zone. And they got it in full. The same can be said about 1967 in Czechoslovakia. Everything is simple and clear.

Those who gasp at these events, call it the suffocation of the revolution, call on us to sprinkle ashes on our heads, or fools or on our own minds.

In the film "Carnival Night" men indecently kiss not women, but ... men. A little sick of this.

But this, they say, was a kind of "fig in your pocket" - a protest against the criminal prosecution of homosexuals in those days. And their concentration in the cinema was very high.

Here I lay in bed with a cold, re-read / listened to the Russian classics and made an interesting discovery.

Everyone knows that Chekhov himself was a doctor and did not hide his sympathy for this profession in his stories and novels. Chekhov's doctors are all good people...

But Tolstoy was a count and all his counts are nice people.

Judge for yourself.

Pierre Bezukhov was on the bird's rights, and became a count.

Natasha Rostova almost became a princess, but became (remained) Countess Bezukhova.

Princess Mary also almost did not become a princess, but became a Countess of Rostova.

Nikolai Rostov - a count and a "good" count - took care of the peasants ...

Vronsky, for all the inconsistency of this character, is a count.

And Tolstoy's princes are mostly unsympathetic people ...

Take, for example, the Bolkonskys - the old and the young bore, who nearly drove Natasha to sin. The girl is in full juice, but he dispersed all the suitors, and he drove off to Switzerland ... And before that, he killed his first wife ... If he had taken her to Moscow to give birth, then everything could have ended well. Konstantin Levin (the alter ego of Count Tolstoy) took Kitty (the former princess) to give birth in Moscow. Prince Vasily wanted to deprive Pierre of his inheritance and county by deceit. The Russian princes considered the counts to be Peter's upstarts: "From rags to princes, sorry, to counts, to lordships!" Tolstoy felt this and voluntarily "displayed it in his works" ... By the way, Tolstoy's ancestor received the title of count for a rather dubious act. He deceived the son of Peter I from Italy.

A fresh alternative look at Alexander III.

He curtailed all the reforms of Alexander II, who, in particular, did not have time to abolish the Pale of Settlement.

This forced many smart, sober, hardworking Jews (a significant part of the Russian elite) to go either to America or to the revolution. He did not introduce a majorat, which finally finished off the Russian aristocracy (not to be confused with the elite!).

This "statesman" Alexander III tightened the screws so that all this banged at his successor. Do you want reforms? Get bloody revolutions!

Yes, the terrorists killed the father of Alexander III. But this is not a reason for abandoning reforms. It was necessary simply to strengthen personal security and not to wander around St. Petersburg idle - on foot and in a carriage! Treasury in his time flourished luxuriantly. We still can't figure it out. The ROC finally merged with the state. We, too, cannot get rid of this evil.

He was a drunkard and a glutton. Even the necessary preventive wars were lazy and afraid to wage. Russia at that time could calmly gain a foothold in the Black Sea straits. Manchuria, Tibet could be separated from China. We wouldn't have such a dangerous giant at our side now.

An army without combat operations quickly decays, becomes incapable of combat and even dangerous for the country itself. Which backfired in the Russian-Japanese and World War I, although the army was rapidly re-equipped under Alexander III.

He said that Russia has two allies - the army and the navy. But these allies could not even defend the Romanov dynasty. What can we say about the whole of Russia.

In childhood and adolescence, you can inadvertently overhear a dialogue that you will remember for the rest of your life. will be remembered.

In the 60s, my one-year-old relative ended up in the Mozhaisk juvenile colony. Once I went with his parents to visit him.

We sat with other parents in the room and waited for a date. Mothers told each other how their sons ended up in the colony. One mother says that her son is not to blame - bad boys robbed a peer (they took away pocket money), and he stood aside and only ...

showed the knife. I thought - not a fig to myself - innocent! I myself was so often robbed in the street and even beaten in addition ... Thank God, they didn't cut me with a knife ...

And in general, in those days, the Moscow outskirts were filled with juvenile delinquency. I remember that almost half of the boys from our yard ended up in the colony. Many out of stupidity, out of a desire to keep up with the company. Many were forced to commit crimes. Rob a stall - trifling matter ... Relationships in children's communities were wild, cruel and even perverted ...

Here in Moscow, in Russia and even abroad, discussions periodically flare up about what to do with Lenin in the mausoleum. On the one hand, it's not good to keep the dead on public display, but on the other...

A similar local discussion from time to time arises in our Moscow Power Engineering Institute - what to do with the bust of Lenin in the main lobby. On the one hand, this is history and so on, but on the other... We have already looked closely and are used to it, but the "fresh" students are a little shy of this art object... By the way, the Ivanovo Energy Institute is named after Lenin. But I didn't see the bust there. Can we give them our bust?

But the masterpiece was the Leningrad Order of Lenin Metro. Lenin. The Moscow metro is also named after them. Lenin. But now, during the reconstruction of the stations, they stopped writing this at the entrances to the metro. And there was no big scandal.

More recently - 50-60 years ago in Moscow and "throughout the Great Russia" there was such a ritual custom. If a person did not die at home, but in a hospital, then anyway, after opening and freezing, they brought him home in a coffin and left him for the night in his native apartment. Even on the fourth or fifth floor of Khrushchev without an elevator. And the coffin lid was left on the landing. Why did they do it? In order to ... scare children. Kidding! Although, what kind of jokes can there be!? The lid of the coffin was a reminder to the neighbors of the frailty of everything earthly. It came from the patriarchal traditions of the villages that Moscow swallowed up ...

I remember my neighbor died in the stairwell opposite. I go out already at dusk from the entrance, and towards me comes ... this same neighbor. I told him: "Hi, Mikhail Ivanovich, how is your health? (he had been ill for a long time before that)" The neighbor looked at me rather strangely and entered my entrance. And after a moment I was dumbfounded and I thought to myself: "What the hell is health here? There is his coffin lid on the stairs!" Then everything was cleared up - it was the twin brother of the deceased, who had flown from the Urals to his funeral. But the impression remains. So far it's all good

I remember and share it with you.

In the ethnographic museum of Stockholm, I saw a similar somewhat shocking installation - a living room with a dead man in a coffin, and on the street there is a cover. The deceased is not buried until all his friends and relatives are convinced that he actually "played the box." And for this we traveled from distant lands for a long time! So in 1924, they began to bury Lenin in Moscow, and so they really didn't bury him to the end. Not everyone was convinced that he was dead ... Lenin is still more alive than all the living! And now your neighbor is dying, and you don't even know about it - there was no shocking coffin lid on the landing. He died in the hospital and dragged his poor man from the morgue straight to the cemetery (to the crematorium), bypassing his native home... And many people are not buried in the church... Then, in two years, you accidentally learn about the death of a neighbor with whom you were even a little friends ... They bowed to each other.

And earlier, a coffin with a dead person was placed in the courtyard of a multi-storey building for general farewell viewing. And they took photos. And then the stools on which the coffin stood were always turned upside down with their legs ... There was such a sign ... I don't remember what it meant. The new dead were driven away from the house, probably.

Read for relaxation -

<https://skazki.rustih.ru/mixail-zoshhenko-bespokojnyj.../>

An anecdote as a starter.

Millions of teenagers demand to make our planet cleaner!

Millions of parents are asking their kids to start... in their room!

Here I am looking at photos and videos about the protests of young people about possible fraud in the elections and I think about this.

As part of distance education, a university teacher or a school teacher sends out a task to his students or schoolchildren and asks them to complete it without cheating, without peeping into textbooks and the Internet, without calls and letters to friends, without prompting from parents. Alas, the very request humiliates both sides. But the teacher just wants to know how his subject is assimilated, maybe he is to blame for the fact that the students do not answer well. Is it necessary to change the methodology and content of the lessons? This is called Quality Education with Good Feedback. But in remote, emergency mode - a pandemic in the yard!

Now tell me, what percentage of students and schoolchildren will fulfill such a simple request from a teacher?

You will say that this request is stupid, that it is necessary to organize not just control, but strict control in a different way in order to know for sure that the schoolboy or student completed the task without cheating (without stealing, to call a spade a spade). Control is needed, even with the involvement of the police, like at the Unified State Examination: dogs sniff out cell phones in toilets! To deceive a teacher is a prowess that is boasted! And I saw in one country with a very low, almost zero level of corruption and with fair elections, how a teacher conducted a similar exam. I took this exam myself! the teacher entered the classroom, opened the curtain on the board, where the exam questions were listed and ... left the classroom. There were no video cameras in the classrooms then. And the teacher left because watching (following) the examinees is insulting for everyone!

The student who wrote the answers put the papers on the teacher's table and returned to his seat.

After the allotted time, the teacher entered the classroom, took the papers for checking and left. Who did not have time, he was late! Everybody's Free!

The fact that someone will give someone to write off, and there could be no question. It is impossible to peep somewhere, not only and not so much because they will be caught and kicked out of the exam, but because ... Well, it's like getting into a friend's pocket or bag and stealing something. The hand does not go up. Moral taboo! They will tell me that this is bad - the lack of mutual assistance ... No - it's just holding an honest selection, fair competitions, guaranteeing that an excellent student will not be robbed. A C student should be less likely to get a good job upon graduation than an A student. I'll let you write it off, and then this person will take my place in production or in politics and will still command me. And I'll be unemployed with my A's. No politics - pure business!

So, when we have a qualified majority of such students and schoolchildren, then the order will come, which these same schoolchildren and students, current and former, are now demanding at rallies! In the meantime, we have "one thief is in a hurry to change another, giving the will half an hour!". Nothing to choose from! A few honest people try not to go into politics. This dirty business is politics! If you think that you can cheat while studying, then you can then steal budget and other money at work ...

You say you can't stand it. I will answer - yes, the thief should be in prison and ... make room for a new, more greedy, hungry thief. Why? See above!

This is a cardinal change of power, elites - we saw in 1917, in 1937, in 1987, in 2000. Do you want to see again?

I attacked poor schoolchildren and students because it all begins in the family, school and university, but in adult life, unfortunately, it continues and gets worse!

How many counterfeit and expired goods do we have in stores and pharmacies?

Can you entrust the repair of an apartment or cottage to an unfamiliar or even recommended company and not be an overseer on them? I'm not even asking about deadlines!

Are you afraid to take your car to the service? Will they supply you with a defective or used part, and even crooked? Or maybe nothing will change at all!

Do you trust doctors, are you looking for more or less verified through your acquaintances?

Are you afraid that in a cafe or restaurant you will be slipped some rubbish, and even cheated?

Why are our "toxic" athletes kicked out of all decent international competitions?

Why did our politicians (former thieving threesomes) quarrel with all our neighbors - far and near?

Why do we have total distrust in the authorities, in the courts, in journalists?

Why do we think after every election whether we were deceived with the count of votes?

Everywhere, alas, full of crooks! And you say - power, power! In the power of crooks, dropouts only concentrate (bunch)!

Who is to blame and what to do?

You have to start with yourself! And this is very difficult. It's easier to go to the square - to tease the police, to make a fuss, to get a buzz! At school, at work, you need to buzz and get high!

In the meantime, we need to bear this cross, which was given to us for the sins of the fathers! And hope that we will all become better, more honest with time.

Here in Moscow the best weather has come ... the weather is not the weather, but the best time for walking. There is no dirt and dust, but there is pure snow...

I walked along Novogireev and wandered to the enterprise of the All-Russian Society of the Blind.

Reminds me of an old story.

Once upon a time, I was driving my son in a sled and came across two drunken blind people who worked at this enterprise. They were there by touch making wiring harnesses for the Moskvich car.

These drunken blind men asked me to take them to a special house where they lived...

So I alone was pulling a sled with my son and two blind men, who all the time strove to fall into a snowdrift ...

By the way, from the enterprise of the blind to their house there was a path fenced with railings, which has survived to this day.

On the Internet I saw a parody of the behavior of our and Western diplomats and the military. Two dogs, separated by bars, barked angrily at each other, bared their teeth... But when the bars were moved away and the dogs were nose to nose, they immediately stopped barking and baring their teeth and began to wag their tails. The grate was pushed back, and the dogs again began to bark angrily and bare their teeth.

Approximately so behave and politicians with diplomats. When they are far from each other (separated by a fence), they "bark at each other" at press conferences, bare their teeth, throw sanctions at each other like shit. When they meet (the fence is removed), they wag their tails, shake hands, smile at each other like augurs. Everyone understands that no one wants a real war, a real confrontation, but everyone wants to continue sawing the budgets of their countries - we are, they say, your defenders ...

The current aggravation in Ukraine (spring 2022) is caused by the fact that real global problems have appeared - a pandemic, climate change, migration, hunger, lack of clean water, land and ocean pollution, outcast riots ... Diplomats, military, military-industrial complex, television talkers and bloggers in our country and in the West were afraid that world resources would be transferred to solving new pressing problems, and they would remain out of work and they would have to go to the labor exchange. It's a pity only those countries that put on the altar of these vile pseudo-military games -

Ukraine, Afghanistan, Syria...

Do you know what Terletsky Park used to be called? Unofficially!

As a kid, I first lived in the area of 12th Avenue (now it is gone), and then moved to the area of 1st Novogireev Avenue.

So at one end of the park it was called Dubki (go swim in the oaks!), and at the other Sosenki (yesterday I went skiing in Sosenki). But there was no park itself - there was a large military unit, from which in the 60s they began to cut off pieces and transfer them to the city.

And they chopped off a little from the park - they handed it over to the Ivanovskoye district under construction. And from the west, first a hospital wedged into the park, then a house for stage veterans (this is a holy cause!), Then the mansions of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which were successfully seized. In place of the ZhSK there was another military unit ... With the development of local history, the name Torletsky Park surfaced, but the people quickly changed this word into Terletsky. Such are the laws of language!

Terletsky Park, by the way, was also an unofficial name for a long time - it was part of Izmailovsky Park.

Terletsky or Torletsky would be nice to give to the shopping and entertainment center, which is being built near the Novogireevo metro station. The old name Kyrgyzstan is not a goat's sleeve! Soviet functionaries imitated the friendship of the peoples of the USSR in this way.

And even earlier, the Enthusiasts Highway cut off Terletsky Park from Izmailovsky Forest Park. Old Vladimirka passes in the middle of the Terletsky park, as a memorial stone tells about. In the word Terletsky one hears the ringing of the bells of the triplets that raced along this path. Not all the convicts were taken there.

We, boys, made our way to the building of the mortuary of the 60th hospital on a dark evening, shone a flashlight into the windows of this terrible building and tried to make out the dead on the shelves. It was very creepy. Then the windows were half painted over with white paint, but we somehow managed to build something in the form of a ladder to look inside. It was impossible to refuse such a trip to the territory of the hospital. You will immediately pass for a weakling!

Now all this has been demolished and a new hospital is being built.

Once upon a time, I got into the old blue trolleybus No. 30 near New Houses under the bridge and went to my native Perovo-Novogireevo. At some stop, Faina Ranevskaya entered the salon and asked me with her special inimitable contralto: "I beg your pardon, will I get to the sixtieth hospital?"

I was stunned and almost blurted out: "Mulya, don't make me nervous!" But, thank God, he restrained himself and said: "Yes, you will get there!"

Faina Georgievna politely thanked me.

There was such a legendary bus number 55. The old-timers of Perovo remember it well. He traveled along the long route "Perovo Station - Luzhniki Stadium." The bus passed through the very center of Moscow (KGB - Children's World) - see a frame from the film "A Man Is Born" (Teatralnaya Square). We, the boys, got into this bus, raised the window, stuck our heads out and admired Moscow. It was for us (inhabitants of barracks and huts, and then miserable Khrushchevs) a different world!

At some point, this bus began to go only to the Polytechnic Museum. And it was like that. Until 1961, Perovo was a suburb of Moscow. The 55th bus had tariff zones: you go further - pay more. And when Perovo entered Moscow, the tariff became uniform - 5 kopecks. The route became unprofitable and it was divided into two. The 55th began to make a circle not in Luzhniki, but at the Polytechnic Museum. And then it was necessary to make a transfer, if I am not mistaken, to bus 107, pay another nickel and go further to Devichye Pole and Luzhniki.



I'm in Boston visiting Allen Razdow, one of the creators of the world famous mathematical program Mathcad. There is also Maple, Mathematica, SMath.

I gave Alain my "world famous" Mathcad watch, and he gave me my first Mathcad ad in Spectrum magazine and a tour of the world famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Also in Boston and Cambridge. He showed, in particular, the building where the GPS was created for the needs of the military.

In 2006, the MathSoft company with the Mathcad package was bought by the company for \$63 million. PTC Corporation, which, after the creation of Creo, buys everything that is badly lying.

Alen's parents (Razdovichi) emigrated from Yugoslavia to the United States before the war, where Alen graduated MIT.

By the way, the creator of the RTS is also from Europe - from Leningrad. In general, all the creators of the most popular CAD trinity (Creo, Autocad, SolidWorks) come from the USSR. How! This is not a brain drain - this is a transplant of brains into more fertile soil.

I entered my first BASIC program into the D3-28 computer through the Consul ATsPU. And who remembers how the apparatus was planted on the moon through this device?

I have it on my hump from Leningrad to Moscow lane by train. And it weighed under 40 kg! In St. Petersburg, he was allocated according to the order to one of the Sredmash Research Institutes, and they handed it over to us. The shortage was terrible.



Four-year school No. 2 in the city of Perovo-Pole, Moscow Region, 1957. The satellite was launched, the Volga was released!

My index in this matrix is $i=2, j=6$. ORIGIN=1. My class is 1st.

"Bald, go pee!" "Shaggy, go poop!"

The boys were forced to have their hair cut "under Kotovsky". It was a lice fight. Girls, thank God, did not cut their hair.

Here I had a consultation before the exam.

Among other things, I advised students to come to the exam, observing a certain dress code. And then a student will come in lowered jeans, with dangling suspenders, in a baseball cap with a peak back ... And not all teachers "meet by clothes, but see off by mind." Someone may lower the score for an annoying "outfit".

The next day, I sat down students with tickets to prepare for the answer to the exam and I'm waiting for an assistant who should help me ...

The door opens and an assistant enters in ... low-cut jeans, with dangling suspenders, in a baseball cap with a peak back ...

I later explained to this dumbfounded assistant why the students greeted him friendly loud laughter ...

The main reason for the riots that took place in Kazakhstan is the too large number of such persistently inadequate people - marginals (see below). On the one hand, they are prone to spontaneous senseless protest, and on the other hand, they cannot organize themselves and prevent themselves from being deceived and robbed by the authorities. Such people, alas, are everywhere, but their percentage is different in different countries. If this percentage exceeds a certain critical level, expect trouble. Enough spark. Mindlessly or on purpose in winter (!!!) they doubled the price of gas! And they not only ride on it, but also (and this is the main thing) - they heat it in houses, to which they used to burn dung. The analogy is direct -

let the gas in the house, and then struck a match. And it will be mostly the innocent who will suffer.

The main national idea is to reduce the percentage of such people!

I enter the German tram. I go to the automatic conductor, insert a card into it - it does not accept. I put five euros in a piece of paper (there is not enough change) - spits it out, inserts a ten - the same result, I tried a twenty - I didn't like it either. He put the already tried five, smoothing it out - again a misfire. Okay, I think, if you don't want it - whatever you want. I have to get off in one stop. I'll drink beer with the saved money. I sat down and began to think about what kind of beer to take - light or dark. As soon as I was daydreaming, my grandmother comes up to me - God's dandelion and puts 2 + 2 + 1 euros in coins - I, she says, will change you ... I bought a ticket, but nevertheless I drank a beer ... By the way, a fine for a ticketless travel (black passage, as the Germans say) 70 euros - there is a sign about this in the tram in 10 languages, including Russian. And in Basel, Switzerland, there is a fine of 100 francs and there is no automatic machine in the tram - only at stops.

I don't respect anyone who didn't ski in Moscow today. Except for physical reasons - no skis, can't ski, two legs but both left and/or two hands but both right, etc. Here's an engineering marvel I shot today while skiing.

We have built a pedestrian bridge between Izmailovsky Park and Terletsky Forest. As many as three. I was not too lazy, I stopped, unfastened my ski poles, took off my gloves and filmed this engineering and economic miracle for the (next) story against the backdrop of beautiful Russian winters.

This bridge has stairs and elevators at both ends. What fool did this!? There are two ramps around the world. Good place a lot. Elevators often don't work. Okay, I unfastened my skis and crossed. What about mothers with prams?

But smart people explained to me that a normal bridge would cost two or three times cheaper. Both in terms of capital expenditures and operation. There would be less "savings" and ... kickbacks to customers
bridge.

But if anyone thinks that only our elevators do not work well, then he is mistaken. In the London Underground (the tube), half of the elevators do not work. And under the Thames to Greenwich there is a pedestrian tunnel with two large (30 people) round elevators at the ends. One of them does not work regularly, and cyclists have to make their way along a narrow spiral staircase winding around the elevator shaft. In Frankfurt, and the airport has a zone for business class. A beautiful staircase with a carpeted path leads to it ... and an elevator, which you will not find in Moscow, barely closes and rides with a terrible creak ...

I was pleasantly surprised when I saw for sale ... a film (analogue) camera. Not used, but brand new, freshly made in the classic minimalist style of "Changes"! And even without batteries - the film must be pulled out of the cartridge, sorry, from the cassette for a new frame with a lever, as in the good old days. And the frame counter is mechanical. And you need to set the aperture with shutter speed yourself. And sharpen it yourself too, measuring meters to the subject - this is not a SLR! And there is a selfie lever (self-timer)!

And the film is for sale. Not only in color, but also in black and white.
I almost bought. And the saleswoman sat down, but the wife pulled by the sleeve. And then - I have already thrown out tanks, baths, an enlarger and other chemicals for a long time. And at home I have quite a whole Soviet "Zenith". True, sometimes the shutter sticks, but you can fix it.
The current generation, alas, does not know this magic - to take analog photographs yourself. It, however, does not know how to produce fire by friction.

I saw an interesting wooden mosaic-map (Puzzle) in one office.
There, Crimea was simply broken off and put on the table. So that there is no dispute whose it is.
This map is also convenient in that if some region (Catalonia, Basque Country, Donbass, etc.) achieves separation, then you can simply remove the country (Spain, for example, or Ukraine) from the Map, cut off a part with a jigsaw and paste everything back. If countries unite, then their
can be glued, and the seam can be smeared.
One can speculate about whether this is acceptable with large countries. I won't say anything about Russia - you can get sued. But China would be good at one time to have in the form of 3-4-5 separate countries - Manchuria, Tibet and so on. The same can be said about the USA. The EU will change - Britain has already seceded, but the jigsaw was not needed, if you do not take into account Gibraltar. You have noticed that the problems of the world come from the big countries and their satellites. Saw up large countries - and there are no world problems. There will be a lot of little problems.

There is such a pattern in the world. The richer the temples, the poorer the people. This also applies to the main army temple in Russia.
The main thing to remember is that this building has nothing to do with Christianity, and even more so with religion. And don't let the crosses fool you. Yes, and architecture
this is typical kitsch, bad taste. The architect has seen enough of Faberge eggs.

Soviet memorials were much more decent in this regard. And from the point of view of spirituality, and from the point of view of architecture. Not to mention the fact that we have a multi-confessional country and an army.

And most importantly.

This building is a bomb planted under multi-confessionalism. Let's also build the main army mosque, pagoda, synagogue, temple...?

Alas, we are again stepping on the old tsarist Orthodox rake!

Every New Year's Eve I watch Carnival Night.

And every time I ask myself - what kind of business trip was the director of the house of culture sent to at the hottest time - on New Year's Eve. In the Gulag after 1953, it seems, they didn't just send them "on a business trip" so easily. And for the duration of the business trip, the deputy took over all the affairs - they did not send a new person.

In modern times, he would go to the Maldives for kickbacks from guest "artists". Yes, and then only after the holiday.

Now the film "Enjoy Your Bath" will be shown on TV. There is an episode where the characters of the film swear angrily.

So, never after such a swearing people will be able to love each other.

Ryazanov is a strong producer who had good scripts, great actors, amazing music... But as a director he is no good. He has a lot of directorial marriage and no directorial finds at all, for which directors are called great. Ryazanov too often lacks a sense of proportion - the basis of art.

Some stubborn person introduced a rule back in the USSR - in weather reports, measure the wind speed in meters per second, and not in km / h or miles per hour (mph), as in the whole civilized world. They say that this man also insisted that the speedometers of cars also show meters per second, that the pilots announce to passengers the speed of the aircraft in meters per second. Such were the requirements of the SI. Here's to a fun life! So about now in Ukraine everyone is being translated from Russian into Ukrainian.

When we see the wind speed in kph in the weather report, we immediately imagine a moving car and estimate the wind speed from it. And so you need to multiply by 3.6.

This man also insisted that air pressure be measured in hectopascals, not mm Hg. It is said that several hypertensive patients died without taking the right medicine at the right time. Therefore, the usual mm Hg was returned. But the speed was not corrected.

One politician visiting another. Their dialogue:

- Germany closes its nuclear power plants.

- This is right!

- And France, right next to it, is building new nuclear power plants across the Rhine.

- And that's right too!

Here the politician's wife shouts from the kitchen:

- Both countries cannot be right! Someone is wrong!

Her husband replies:

- And you, wife, are right!

Pre-session scary story.

About one MPEI professor they tell such a bike.

A student gives him an exam on the subject of TOE (theoretical foundations of electrical engineering), and he (Krug) says: "You, my friend, don't know Ohm's law! What do you have in physics?" The professor flips through the record book, sees a triple there, crosses it out, puts a deuce and says to the stunned student: "First you study physics and pass it, and then proceed to master my subject!"

The story is old and well known. But it has a sequel, which I will tell someday.

There is such a profession - to cut the budget of the Motherland!

Tell you what it's all about.

One of the sad results of the Second World War was the creation of military industrial complexes in the West and in the USSR.

In theory, after the war, it should have been minimized. But! Representatives of the VVK both in our country and in their country did not want to go to the labor exchange in order to get a job as a security guard in a store or a bouncer in a nightclub, for example. They are already accustomed to tossing huge resources ...

Nowadays, real threats hang over the world - coronavirus, global climate change, migration, and so on.

Half of the world's population is starving, while the other half overeats and even rages with fat. Two thirds of the world's population do not have access to clean water. Everything is littered with rubbish.

In theory, all funds should be redirected to solving these problems. But the military and the VVK in our country and in their country were frightened of this and deliberately began to escalate the situation in the world. Our military and theirs, and politicians working for the military, winked and smiled at each other like augurs. They do not want to be dragged away from the budget fat feeder and forced to deal with real, not artificially created world problems. Entire countries have been made victims of this rather vile policy - Syria, Libya, Ukraine, Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan ...

80-90% of company employees hate corporate parties. Especially New Year's. I don't want to go, there are a lot of things to do at home before the holiday, but you can't help but go! From grief or annoyance for free, they get drunk and misbehave. And in the morning they repent. And all the "ugliness" in the photo and video are recorded. You can then blackmail if you wish. Somewhere they forbid phones to be carried to corporate parties, turn off video surveillance in restaurants and inform participants of corporate parties about this ...

Do you know why the Americans imposed sanctions - they stopped, for example, supplying us with composite materials?

They want Russia to revive its industry and help them defeat the Chinese in the future. So it was in the 30s of the last century. The Americans helped us build factories, without which there would have been no victory over Hitler. Or she would have bled even more.

Who remembers the vocals that accompanied the bugler's signals in the pioneer camps!?

Morning.

Get up, get up, buddy!

From bed to potty!

Get up, get up!

Put on your trousers!

Day.

Take your spoon, take your bread, and sit down to dinner, to dinner!

Evening.

Sleep, sleep in the wards - pioneers and counselors!

Pioneers do not want to sleep, but the counselors laugh!



Year 1964-65. Stadium "Metallurg" that Yauza not far from Elektrozavodskaya. Race walking competition. Now I will go around everyone and take first place - I have the longest legs. Or just another workout. And the pre-workout warm-up was like this -

run along the Yauza embankment to the Moskva River and back (10 km). Cars were very few.

And in winter we trained on the indoor tennis courts of MPEI near the Lefortovo prison. Changed clothes on the balcony for spectators. There is a track - 400 m, and in its middle there are two courts.

And our coach was the Olympic champion of Melbourne (1956) Leonid Vasilyevich Spirin.

<https://rus.team/people/spirin-leonid-vasilevich>

We were very proud of him. He told us that we can go to another coach. And this trainer will offer you "vitamins". Never agree - life can be ruined!

The coach told us that he sailed on a steamer to Melbourne from Vladivostok and along the deck walked in circles for practice.

These trainings in my youth helped me a lot in my life. I don't know if I would be alive and healthy now if I hadn't been involved in sports then.

PS

My rival friend Boris (he is wearing a cap in front of me) twisted his feet to the sides. Coach, Leonid Vasilievich said: "You walk like Maxim Gorky!". When walking, you need to wrap your feet inward - clubfoot like a bear. Then all the toes work!

Power day is coming. There is a mathematician's day - March 14, a chemist's day - October 23. These days in America and some European countries, schools devote the whole day to these subjects. In the book "Heat Engineering Calculations on a Computer" I suggested the day of heat engineering, heat power engineering - April 19. And around this day, real heat comes to central Russia.

There is a steep hill in Terletsky Park at the end of Martenovskaya Street. (10th Novogireev Avenue).

But few people know that this hill is an old protective embankment (parapet), on the left behind which there was a shooting range. Now there are tennis courts. The embankment did not allow bullets to fly far when they missed.

The boys and I climbed over the fence of this military unit (more precisely, these were summer shooting camps) and collected cartridge cases there. And now, if you dig deeper into the ground, you can find bullets.

This military unit occupied almost the entire park. She actually saved the park itself from development. Then they began to gradually cut off individual pieces from it and transfer it to the city. The remains of this part, or rather its fences, are the National Guard on Svobodny and the closed research institute near the 70th hospital.

First, they opened a pond closest to Terletsky passage.

Then the middle pond with the letter G. There were left from the military and for a long time there were swimming lanes of 25 meters with wooden sides for starting, turning and finishing. Then came the turn of the pond with an island and a boat station.

Carp were bred in the ponds for the soldiers' and officers' canteens. For a long time then these fish were caught from ponds!

The border of the unit ran along the old Vladimirka. And further to the highway of Enthusiasts was a swampy forest. Then they dug two ponds with islands and drained the area. And along the alley between the first and second ponds in the summer there were tents where the soldiers lived. They jumped out of the tents and lined up in the alley. We, I repeat, the boys climbed over the fence to them - extreme! We were caught and sent to the kitchen to peel potatoes (out of order!). Then they were fed and released. The trees give an indication of the age of the firing range embankment.

I am so "old" that I remember how on TV (February 1956) they announced that a second program had appeared, and what needs to be done to watch it on KVN-49 - lower this pin from behind with your left hand all the way down.

There was still an intermediate position - they thought that a third program would appear. But this did not happen soon.

Because of this, discord began in the families - they began to argue which program to watch.

"Today he listens to jazz, and tomorrow he will sell his homeland!" An old MPEI professor told me that as a student he was a delegate to the All-Union Congress of excellent students in the Grand Kremlin Palace. And then it was only opened to the public (1950s). In one of the small halls of this palace, Eddie Rosner's orchestra was playing. It was, as he admitted, the biggest shock in the life of this student - the future professor. At that time, only the vulgar Utyosov sang all sorts of rubbish to his "jazz". He sang and crushed the rest!

He asked one person not to smoke at the exit from the apartment, not to throw a match on the steps and not to go down the common stairs with a smoking cigarette to the street. I asked him to smoke already on the street. Asked politely several times. No result. Then I tried to remember all the swear words and repeated my request something like this: "If you, ***, do not quit smoking on the stairs, then I will put your cigarette in your ass, ***, ***, *** ..". This *** immediately got scared and said: "Why were you silent before?" And no more smoking on the stairs.

I realized that this person does not perceive a polite request. And understands only obscene abuse. Or scuffle. And they too often end up like that in power, in law enforcement agencies and the service. That is why we live in the richest country in terms of resources, like in a pigsty! We have many resources

normal, adequate people are few!

Then I came across one picture on the Internet and realized that in Moscow there are not four seasons (winter, spring, summer and autumn), but only three: mud, dust or snow. The last season is the only pleasant one, but, alas, it is very short-lived.

Moscow is a very dirty city. And the saddest thing is that the majority of "Muscovites and guests of the capital" simply do not notice this. There is a lot of open ground in Moscow, which is kneaded by cars and trampled by people, spreading dirt on the asphalt. It dries up and turns into dust...

There is a conspiracy theory that dirt in Moscow is sponsored by... car wash owners...

Here I recently saw a "live" lathe and immediately remembered such a story.

At school we had a labor lesson. The Trudovik told me and my friend to clean the lathe and oil it. We cleaned and lubricated it - we dripped oil from an oil can onto all rubbing surfaces and into all holes. That's what the worker said. Out of ignorance and excessive zeal, we also dripped oil into the hole on the machine chuck (see photo), where the key is inserted to clamp the workpiece.

Trudovik came, examined everything, praised us and ... turned on the machine. The tracer oil from the spinning cartridge neatly dripped the Trudovik from head to toe. As well as the floor, walls and ceiling in the workshop.

So we, not wanting it ourselves, punished the Trudovik. He sharpened hack-work on this machine, and forced us to clean up after himself. And we so wanted to work on the machine ...

It's good to turn off the TV with the computer on a winter evening and play a wonderful family lotto game.

Do you remember what some of the numbers on the barrels are called? 22 - ducks, 77 - hatchets, 44 - chairs, 80 - grandmother, 90 - grandfather, etc. There is a wonderful story by Chekhov on this topic, "Children."

I, naive, kept hoping that our "editor-in-chief", who received the Nobel Prize, would say something about Asanzh. But he did not wait and was once again convinced that all of them (journalists) are corrupt both there and here. Let's say softer - managed. But without such management, it will become even worse. The world is based on compromises. And two-faced scoundrels.

I was in Germany and decided to visit a very interesting open-air museum in the Black Forest.

I took a bicycle, bought a train ticket from Freiburg to the Gutach station, where this museum is located, and set off.

I arrived at this station and got out on an empty platform with some old woman. The train closed the doors and left for the "light distance".

I ask the old woman where the museum is. She replies: "Oh, honey, you came to the wrong place. This is Gutah, but not that one. There is another Gutach with a museum, but you have to go back to Freiburg, and then take another train."

The return train is in two hours! Nothing to do! I got on my iron horse and rode back to Freiburg, guided by the rails and signs. But he didn't regret it. I visited places where no tourist has ever set foot. In one village I saw a monument,

which in tourist places would have either been demolished or corrected long ago. See the photo above with typical "fascists" and with the inscription "Our Heroes".

I ended up in the right Gutach with the museum the following weekend. A very interesting museum with old houses, mills and other things from the seventeenth century. I visited similar museums near Arkhangelsk (Malye Korely), in Stockholm (Skansen) and in the Dutch Arnhem. A real wooden water mill operates in Gutakh. And my grandfather Yakov was a dispossessed miller. I remembered this grandfather at this mill. He disappeared in the Gulag. And he also remembered the second, also dispossessed, grandfather Fyodor, the butcher. At the cowsheds of the museum.

Here I had to do repairs in the apartment, in particular, replacing the toilet bowl.

The master put a new one, and the old one needs to be dragged to the trash.

I took it out somehow to the street and began to think how to transport it further. In hand hard, and you can get dirty.

Idea! I'll tie him with a rope and drag him to the garbage heap. Good winter and the road is covered snow is slippery.

I went up to the apartment, took a rope, tied it around the toilet and dragged it. And the time later - dark and not a soul on the street. In a crowded time, I would be ashamed to do this!

But then a belated girl comes forward. How she squeals, how she bounces to the side! I stopped, tried to apologize and explain the essence of the matter. But this only aggravated the situation: the girl waved her hands and ran away. I didn't chase her down. It's clear - it's dark outside and not a soul. And here comes a hefty man and drags the toilet bowl on a string! Open day at the crazy house!

Here I took two pictures in Moscow.

The first shows how the janitor tried to scrape the ice from the sidewalk, but spat on this task. But it would be better if he did not start it. People walk on clean asphalt, then, having lost their vigilance, they slip on the ice.

In the second picture, the unit that sweeps snow from the asphalt, but it is powerless in front of the ice on the asphalt.

These two pictures reminded me of one case from the time when I studied in Germany, in Stugtraot.

There I became friends with the commandant (der Hausmaster) of the campus - university campus. Herr Müller was his name, I remember.

We sit with him once at his house and see through the window that it is snowing outside. Herr Müller immediately jumped up, apologized, and ran outside. I followed him out to see what happened. He got on a tractor with a whisk (see photo) and began to drive along the campus paths, sweeping snow from them. He did this all the time while it was snowing. And the paths are arranged in such a way that it is very convenient to sweep snow from them - nothing prevents you from driving in loops. Then the commandant explained to me that if this is not done, the snow will quickly be trampled, it will turn into ice, and it will become impossible to clean it off. Salt and other reagents are prohibited - there are lawns and trees all around.

In Moscow, only the roadway is cleaned this way. And you need footpaths...

Year so 1971-72. I sit down at the MPEI at the table in the audience and find a bundle in the table. I open it (I hope to find out the owner's data there), and there are three discs or, as they say now, vinyl: The Beatles, Rolling Stone and Monkeys. I was stunned. Only my peers will understand me! All this was wrapped in a Yugoslav newspaper.

I posted a notice about the find on the doors of the auditorium, but no one contacted me. Maybe now there is an owner?

There was such an old Soviet joke.

A man walks into a store in Tallinn and asks for a zipper. The seller replies that it is not for sale. The buyer asks about the nearest store where it is. In Helsinki - the seller answers.

Then I came across a Russian store in Germany and bought a sample of doctor's sausage. Not our production, but German, but according to Soviet GOST, without "fools". I tried it and immediately remembered my childhood - the taste is amazing, as Raikin said. Immediately reworked the old joke in a new way.

A man walks into a store in Moscow and wants to buy doctor's sausages. The honest seller replies that it is no longer on sale. The customer asks about the nearest store where she is still left. In Germany - the seller answers.

The whole trouble with Poland is that it cannot possibly exist as an independent state. They gave her independence at the end of the 20th century, so she immediately joined the European Union and NATO, losing, in fact, her independence. And now they want to eat the fish and, sorry, sit on the tail. So, however, many want, but few succeed. Take an example from Switzerland. She has long achieved independence and defends it, while trying not to swear with her neighbors, who once upon a time offended her very much. Forget the old for the sake of the new.

Here I am going late on a Sunday evening in Germany on a bike along a dedicated bike path on the street. I'm approaching a T-junction. My road is the main one and the side road is on my left. But I have a red traffic light. I stopped and waited for the green light. But he is not and is not. And there's not a soul on the street. And the red light does not go out and does not go out ... I think to myself that I have become completely German - I'll drive through a red light at least once. On the street, I repeat, not a soul, and I sit on the bike alone like a fool and stare at the traffic lights. Could not resist, went to the red!

As soon as I drove a hundred meters - I hear a police car with a "chandelier" screeching from behind. They overtake me and push me to the side of the road. A policeman leans out of the window and murmurs to me "Rote Ampel - rote Ampel!" I stop, apologize and say "Uncle, I won't do it again!". Released without consequences.

Where did the police come from? And they wanted to catch me? But! Service is service! Die Ordnung muss sein! Both big and small!

By the way, riding a bike at night without a red light behind costs 100 euros! And then you won't get off with an apology! And the lamp should not work from a dynamo (now it is in the front wheel hub), but from a battery so that the light is on even when stopping at an intersection!

While they are arguing about what is more harmful to nature - the production and disposal of plastic bags or the production and disposal of paper bags, I remembered that the new is the well-forgotten old.

I got myself ... a string bag. Perhaps something will be thrown away in stores, and I will snatch!
And you can see what you're wearing. We have nothing to hide from people!
My wife, however, thinks that I'm just a hippie. Show off!

When I settled in the dormitory of the University of Stuttgart in 1983, I was immediately struck by this picture.

There was a refrigerator in the kitchen, stuffed with bottles of beer, wine, milk, mineral water, and juices.

You take a bottle from the refrigerator and put a cross in front of your last name on a sheet attached to the refrigerator.

In the hallway hung a telephone with a meter on the wire. The caller wrote down his name and two numbers in a special notebook, which the counter showed before and after the call.

At the end of the month you are asked to pay. This, as I later found out, was a small business of one student.

I immediately thought about what fate would await such a refrigerator and such a telephone in OUR student hostel. Not in the Petushny, not in the worker, not in the police, but in the student or even graduate student. Even at Moscow State University.

That's all you need to know about why the Germans and other Swiss with Swedish Austrians live comfortably and beautifully even in hostels, and we live like pigs even in villages with three-story cottages behind hewn fences. Although we have oil, gas, forests and other good things, at least fill up. Bye! In a sense - while filling up!

Here I was given two unexpected compliments with an interval of half an hour.

one)

In the morning, after shaving, I anointed my face with a new balm and got ready to leave for work. But the wife asked me to run to the nearest store and buy potatoes.

In the store, the saleswoman gave me a potato and ... a compliment, saying: "Man, what a perfume you have!". I almost dropped a potato...

2)

Okay! I brought potatoes home and ran to work. In the subway, after the turnstile, a lady in a beautiful new uniform stopped me and asked me to show a social card, on which I travel in Moscow for free. This controller thought that I had not yet reached retirement age and was using my grandmother's card ...

Here I was lucky enough to swim along the Elbe on a retro steamer. Sitting in his restaurant - you sip beer: on the right, water splashes behind the wheels of the steamer, and on the left, behind the glass, a steam engine is working!

I'm walking here last spring not far from the school where the last bell takes place. Three high school girls in classic festive school uniforms are standing in a back street. This once upon a time could be seen on September 1 on first-graders with bouquets: a dark brown dress with a white collar, a white lace apron and white stockings.

But these three girls had these mini dresses, their legs "grew from their ears", and the busts were still the same. All three were elegantly holding cigarettes. Sin - I looked ...

It seemed to me that one of them would now turn around and say: "Man, treat the lady with lafitte!"

Maybe I'm the only one with such a perception of such an outfit on such schoolgirls?!

But one of my friends was somehow looking for such a school uniform for her daughter. So, the Internet immediately sent her to ... a sex shop. In Kuprin's "The Pit", by the way, a "priestess of love" is described, who went out to the guests of the brothel in the dress of a schoolgirl.

There is such a good old Italian film "My Friends". In one episode, one "friend" seduces a beautiful innocent girl. She screams - only after the church, only after the church, but then she almost gives up ... But then in the city (Florence) there is a flood, a whole flood ... They are drummed on the shutters of the windows and ordered to save themselves.

The girl jumps up from the sofa, falls on her knees and thanks God for not letting her fall into sin through the flood...

And the hero zips up his pants and shouts: "God flooded half the city to keep your virgin!"

Here I was going on a business trip from MPEI to Zambia - to see the Victoria Falls and conduct master classes. My relatives and friends were very against this trip and unleashed a new opsin coronavirus pestilence on half of Africa... This is to prevent me from flying there. Tomorrow I'll be picking up tickets...

From what I heard somewhere.

In the Moscow office, an employee listens to the phone and says into the receiver - OKAY... OKAY... OKAY...

He hung up, his colleagues ask him: - What is it - he said OKAY all the time, but then OKAY?

- I spoke Ukrainian with Kyiv.

Once I was lying in a hospital room next to a police colonel. There were no police back then. We became friends and he told me a lot of things.

This colonel was recruiting new policemen. For example, he went to a military unit and asked the commander of the unit to collect all the "demobilizations", whom he agitated to go to work in the police. He talked about the benefits of serving in the authorities and asked those who expressed a desire to stay. There were two or three left ... And then the commander of the unit spoke to this colonel in the ear - that one won't climb out of his mouth, his comrades beat his face more than once for stealing, and with that I won't sit down together ... But I had to take these.

At the enterprises, a person was called to the party committee (this colonel also came there), and they told him (the person, not the colonel) that he should go to work in the police or put the party card on the table. To objections in the sense that it was not mine, that I was not trained in this matter, they answered that you would learn a little! There, they say, they just need honest people, otherwise it's quite a disaster ...

I hope things have changed for the better now.

This colonel and I had hernias cut out. It was an ordinary city hospital. I asked the colonel why he didn't go to his hospital. He replied that there are a lot of thieves, surgeons, whose hands grow out of the wrong place ... They still sew up wounds, but with hernias have little.

Here today I messed up the time of one meeting and arrived in the center of Moscow an hour earlier. What to do? Sit in a cafe? Trite! I decided to take a walk in Zaryadye Park, since it was nearby and the weather was beautiful - frost and sun.

I went out to the cantilever half-bridge over the Moscow River and was stunned by the beautiful views. My photo!

And before that, in the summer, I rode a bicycle along this bridge. It was probably the only bike ride there. Mine is exactly right!

The fact is that no one is allowed into this park on bikes. You can't even dismount and lead the bike by the "horns". There are guards on the side of Varvarka and they don't let cyclists in, they tell them to park the bikes. And I accidentally dragged my bike up the stairs from the side of Kitaigorodsky passage, where there are neither guards, nor prohibition signs and signs, and impudently swept along this half-bridge-parabola, dispersing pedestrians with a bell. At the exit from the bridge, as many as three stunned guards ran up to me ... They stopped and began to find out how I ended up on a bike here.

I was alone on the bridge. Usually there is a crowd of "residents of Moscow and guests of the capital."

Tsvetaeva's poems came to mind. I pulled them out on my smartphone and read them.

Clouds all around

Domes are all around.

Over all of Moscow

- How many hands are enough! —

I lift you up, the best burden,

my tree

Weightless!

In this wondrous city,

In this peaceful city,

Where and dead me

It will be joyful

Reign for you, grieve for you,

Take the crown

O my firstborn!
You're fasting -
govey, Do not
antimony eyebrows
And all forty - honor -
Forty churches. Go on foot - with a young
step! - All free Semiholmie. It will be your
turn: Also - daughters You will hand over
Moscow With tender bitterness. For me -
a free dream, a bell ringing, Early dawns
On Vagankovo. March 31, 1916 2 From
my hands - a city not made by hands
Accept, my strange, my beautiful brother. In
the church - all forty magpies, And doves
soaring above them; And Spassky - with
flowers - gates, Where the hat of the Orthodox
is taken off; A starry chapel - a shelter from
evil - Where the floor is worn - from kisses;
Five-council incomparable circle Accept, my
ancient, inspired friend. To Unexpected Joy in
the garden I will bring a foreign guest. Red
domes will gleam, Sleepless bells will rattle,
And the Mother of God will drop a cover on you
from crimson clouds, And you will rise, full of
marvelous powers... - You will not repent that
you loved me. March 31, 1916 3 Past the night
towers The squares rush us. Oh, how terrible is
the Roar of young soldiers in the night! Thunder,
loud heart! Kiss hot, love! Oh, this roar is brutal!
Daring - oh! - blood. My mouth is hot, For
nothing that is holy is a look. Like a golden
chest Iverskaya burns. You finish the mischief

Yes, light a candle,
so that it won't be with
you at night - as I
want. March 31, 1916
4 A sad day will come,
they say! They will reign, they will pay,
they will burn out, - Cooled by other
people's pennies - My eyes, moving like
a flame. And - a double who groped for
a double - A face will appear through a
light face. Oh, finally I will be honored with
you, Beautiful belt of goodness! And from
afar - do I envy you too? - Stretch, crossed
in confusion, Pilgrimage along the black
path To my hand, which I will not withdraw,
To my hand, from which the ban has been
lifted, To my hand, which is no more. To
your kisses, oh living ones, I will not object
to anything - for the first time. I was
enveloped from head to toe by a beautiful
cloak of Grace. Nothing will make me
blush anymore. Holy Easter today. Through
the streets of abandoned Moscow I will
go, and you will wander. And more than
one will lag behind on the way, And the
first lump on the lid of the coffin will burst,
- And at last the Selfish, lonely dream will
be resolved. And from now on, the newly-
departed boyar Marina does not need
anything. April 11, 1916, the first day of
Easter 5 Over the city, rejected by Peter,
the bell thunder rolled. Rattler capsized surf
Over the woman rejected by you. Tsar Peter
and you, O king, praise! But above you,
kings, are the bells. While they thunder
from the blue - Moscow's superiority is
indisputable. - And forty whole forty
churches Laugh at the pride of kings! May
28, 1916 6 Above the blue of the groves
near Moscow The rain of bells is dripping.

Blind people wander along the Kaluga
road - Kaluga, song, habitual, and it washes
away and washes away the names of
Humble wanderers, singing God in the darkness.
And I think: someday I, too, Tired of you, enemies,
of you, friends, And from the pliability of Russian
speech - I will put on a silver cross on my chest, I
will cross myself - and quietly set off along the old
Kaluga road. Trinity Day, 1916 7

Seven hills - like seven bells, Seven
bells - bell towers.
All by: forty magpies - Bell seven-
hills! On the bell day, on the red
day of John, the Theologian was born.
The house is a gingerbread, and around
the wattle fence And golden-headed
churches. And I loved, I loved the first
ringing - As the nuns flow to mass, Howling in
the stove, and a hot dream, And a healer from
the neighboring yard. - See me off, all the
Moscow rabble, Holy fool, thieves, Khlyst! Pop,
close my mouth tight with the Moscow bell land!
July 8, 1916 8 Moscow! What a huge Hospice
House! Everyone in Russia is homeless. We will
all come to you. The stigma dishonors the
shoulders, Behind the top is a knife. From afar, far
away You still call. For hard labor brands, For
every pain - Baby Panteleimon We, the healer,
have. And behind that door, Where the people are
pouring in, There the Iberian heart, Red, burns.
And pours hallelujah On swarthy fields. - I kiss you
on the chest, Moscow land!

July 8, 1916

9

red brush

The rowan lit up.

Leaves were falling.

I was born.

Hundreds argued

Bells.

The day was Saturday:

John the Theologian.

To me to this day

I want to gnaw

hot rowan

Bitter brush.

August 16, 1916

Then I ended up in a German pub and, after drinking beer, went down to the basement, where, sorry, the toilet is located. This room, necessary for pubs, has an original entrance door in the form of a thick armored "gate". Previously, there was a bank at this place, where I, studying in Germany (Stuttgart) in the 80s, received a scholarship. Now many bank branches are closing - everyone is switching to servicing via the Internet. This closed bank was turned into a pub, and a toilet was made into a vault for cash and gold, retaining an armored door. And right! Money is rubbish, human waste... Money needs to be spent - drunk in pubs, for example, and not saved in banks!

As a kid, I was sent in the summer to Ukraine in the Sumy region (the village of Yunakovka - my mother's birthplace) to my grandmother's brother. They (my mother's uncle and aunt - Anna Platonovna and Ivan Gerasimovich Ovrashok) were lonely - they lost two sons in the war and were very happy when they brought me to them for the whole summer.

So, in one year, a "trouble" happened on the collective farm - a record harvest turned out and there were not enough hands for cleaning. I was a kid who was contracted to row a combine trailer with pitchforks and tamp straw. When the trailer was filled, it was necessary to open the rear grate with a lever and dump the straw on the field. I worked like this for a week from dawn to dusk. He came home tired, satisfied and black from dust and dirt. My grandmother washed me in a trough. And the water was heated in a huge samovar.

At the end of the harvest, a truck drove up to the house where I lived with my grandparents and dumped two sacks of wheat. It was my first earnings in my life, which turned out to be dearer to me than all that I later earned ... Grandmother and grandfather fed chickens with this grain all winter. They had a pension for two dead sons of 20 rubles a month. They lived in a garden and living creatures - chickens, geese, a goat, a piglet ... My grandfather also had an apiary. I will write about it sometime.

PS

Now few people understand the meaning of the term "grain harvester". Everyone knows only about the food processor.

Previously, bread was mowed with reapers and laid in windrows. Then (when the bread dried up) a special car picked it up and loaded it into trucks and carts. All this was brought to the current, where the bread was threshed in threshers - the grain was separated from the straw. The combine could do all this at the same time. Pictured is a trailed harvester. He was pulled by a tractor. Now harvesters are self-propelled. And the harvester sits in a sealed sprung cab with air conditioning. Previously, the work of a combine operator and his assistant was hellish work - dust, noise, shaking... Harvesters often broke down, and they had to be repaired right in the field.... By the way, I saw how a locomobile really works - a steam engine that sets in motion a threshing machine, where they put compressed bread and from where straw and grain came out. And water was poured into the locomobile and straw was thrust into the boiler furnace. All this is well shown at the very beginning of the film "Kuban Cossacks", from where I took one frame.

In Italy, they say, they shot the sequel to the famous film "Italian Marriage". The heroes lived to the time when it became possible to do a genetic examination on paternity. Everyone passed the tests and it turned out that the hero Mastroianni is not the father of any of the three sons of the heroine Sophia Loren. Like this!

If a migrant from France wants to get to the UK, this is normal. The French policeman will not interfere with him and he does not need to be sent home. And Macron is not a dictator.

If a migrant from Belarus wants to get to Poland, this is no good. The Belarusian policeman must stop him and send the migrant home. And Lukashenka is a dictator. Double standards will destroy this world!

Then I came across on the Internet a photo of children who built a toy ... guillotine, and immediately remembered three "things":

1. The poem "The children in the basement played the Gestapo - / The plumber Potapov was brutally tortured!"
2. One museum exhibit. I have been to many museums around the world and have seen many interesting things that evoke different emotions. But from one museum exhibit there was such fear and coldness that it was remembered for a long time. This is a real guillotine, which the British brought from the West Indies after they "squeezed out" one island from the French. This murder weapon is on display, along with a ledger of more than 500 people, at the Maritime Museum in the London suburb of Greenwich.
3. Karamzin. He was shown in London the ax with which Anne Boleyn's head was cut off. He described this in his Notes of a Russian Traveler. Now in the Tower it is no longer shown. At least in public display. The guillotine also needs to be hidden - there are a lot of children in the museum (see photo and item 1).

I was in 1978 in Bulgaria. Student construction team. We laid electric cables in the city of Vratsa.

And there was a chic Russian bookstore "Maxim Gorky" with the most scarce books by those Soviet standards. We got very well stocked there - we brought the books that we had barely bought home!

Once I go with a friend to this bookstore and see on the shelf two copies of the collection of the Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca in excellent translations. I took one book for myself, and I advised a friend to take the second. Like, at home, if you don't need it yourself, then you can give it to someone! In the Soviet Union, where bookstores were crammed with waste paper, one could only dream of such a book!

We come home with a friend and see that these are not two copies of the same book, but two different ones.
volumes.

I asked a friend to sell me his volume, but he already understood what was happening, and he asked me give him my book.

We tossed a coin, and I got the two-volume book!

It was the best souvenir from this trip! Even now I am not indifferent to poetry, but what can we say about my young years ...

Then I saw an old photo of the demolished church on Sennaya Square in St. Petersburg and remembered Nekrasov.

Yesterday at six o'clock

I went to Sennaya;

They beat a woman with a whip,

A young peasant woman.

Not a sound from her chest

Only the whip whistled, playing ...

The priests did not come out of the church on Sennaya, they did not say:

"What are you doing, monsters!?"

Remember what Christ said when they wanted to stone a woman!"

So these priests got what they deserved!

And the modern church is silent - the priests only wave their censers! They cast out demons with holy water!

And you need to expel in word and deed.

Then I remembered one advice, or rather, one instructive story that my coach told me in my youth, when I went in for sports. Athletics.

The boxing match is over. The winner goes from the ring to the locker room, and a cleaner with a dustpan, a broom and a mop hobbles towards him - she is going to clean up the ring -

sweep the broken teeth into a scoop... What will the winner do!? Correctly! He will smile at the woman, step aside and politely let her through! He respects himself!

And what will a loser do in such a situation!? Correctly! He will also try to hook the cleaning lady with his shoulder: "You, they say, are also confused under your feet, and it's sickening without you, your mother!"

In our country, alas, politeness is often mistaken for weakness, and a boor (a boss at work, for example) is considered a successful person, an "effective manager", and not a loser. But this, alas or fortunately, is not the case. Such a boor and home boor. And he's not doing well at home... When they try to be rude to me (on the street, for example), I immediately remember this truth. I feel sorry for this person. And my anger, the desire to somehow symmetrically or asymmetrically answer immediately disappears ...

On the territory of CHPP-7 of Lenenergo there is an unusual monument - a steam turbine, which worked through the entire blockade. I would move this monument from a place where few people see it, to Palace Square!

As they say, if you live long, you will live to see everything!
The series "Bomb" was released on the first channel, where Lavrenty Beria is shown as a kind of cute fat man in pince-nez and a hat, who sometimes puts on an admiral, sorry, marshal's uniform. His surroundings are brutal, and he himself is all in white ... He didn't even have enough time for women and schoolgirls (a small plot of the first series).

A symbolic shot - in the pince-nez of "dear comrade Beria" the prison bars are reflected ... Well, not the bars, but the glass blocks of the window ... Anyway - very symbolic!

On the other hand, why is Beria better or worse than other "leaders of the USSR" of those times. They replayed it after Stalin's death, and let it go to waste. And he himself could have put into consumption various Bulganins, Khrushchevs and other Malenkovs ...

Some have blood on their hands up to the elbows, while others are up to the shoulders. That's the whole difference ... In our department, Beria's son Sergei spoke during perestroika. He said that his father had grandiose plans for the liberalization of the USSR, but his buddies cocked, including for this ... Otherwise, we could get Gorbachev much earlier ... But sons are subjective for obvious reasons. Remember the son of Khrushchev!

As boys, we ran through the streets and shouted:

Beria, Beria,
Lost confidence
And Comrade Malenkov
Kicked him!

Bedbugs were the scourge of old Moscow.

I remember my mother scouring every corner of our room in the communal apartment to find and destroy all their nests. This was done simultaneously in the whole house, in all apartments of the house. But bedbugs, infections, still crawled out at night to hunt.

The last stronghold of bedbugs in our apartment I (a boy of 10 years old) found personally when I removed it from the wall loudspeaker, opened the back cardboard cover and...

And bedbugs were poisoned with DDT. They turned on the music of this rock band in the loudspeaker - bugs from all over the house ran to listen, made a crush and died in it!

There was such an anecdote.

In the hardware store:

- Do you have dichlorodiphenyltrichloromethylmethane?
- DDT or what?
- He is! Sclerosis!

Now the bugs are back. They say that they are imported from Central Asia and the Caucasus.

Idea! Demolish all the walls of the Kremlin and leave only the towers. So did almost all the cities of Europe. For many, both in our country and abroad, the Kremlin walls are a symbol of a prison, a zone, and captivity.

A half-hearted solution is to open all the gates of the Kremlin, and make a pedestrian zone on the walls. You walk, look at Moscow through the battlements of the walls and listen to the audio guide ... And remove all the officials from the Kremlin (Staraya Square is enough). BKD once a week to give for representative affairs - the presentation of awards, credentials, and so on.

The vacant premises will be given over to museums, exhibitions, concert halls, cafes and restaurants. Connect all this with Zamoskvorechie by a pedestrian bridge or a cable car... Of course, you can start it up only with a QR code!

There are many things you can think of...

But the authorities are unlikely to agree to this. They're really stuck in there!

Here I go to my native MPEI.

Three students are standing at the entrance, talking, smoking and spitting on the pavement, carefully drawing some kind of picture with spitting. The canvas is asphalt with crushed white chewing gum. I asked permission to photograph the students themselves and their "work of art" on the asphalt. They agreed, but I do not show their faces for obvious, or maybe for incomprehensible reasons.

Do you know what they call us abroad? That's right: Russian pigs!

Near MPEI, after the lunch break, everything was spat on and pelted with cigarette butts and chewing gum! As if you are not entering a Higher Educational Institution, but a special institution for the handicapped teenagers.

Great movie Girls. Amazing angles. So that's why she loved him -

I saw it and I was blown away! All according to the scenario of the Viennese charlatan, as Nabokov called him - according to Freud: the chainsaw is a phallic symbol! And he fell in love with her, including for delicious dinners.

Whatever you call a ship, so it will sail!

Do you know that the Novogireevo district, among other things, because of the name of the cinema on the central square is slowly becoming a small Kyrgyz ghetto: many people settle here Kyrgyz. I have nothing against Kyrgyzstan and, moreover, against the Kyrgyz (this is the name for us presented by officials, without taking into account our opinion), I am against any ghettos in Moscow! Now it's all under reconstruction with the same name. Why don't we give this center new name!? Novogireevsky - very banal. It is necessary to give something original, fresh, conspicuous. For example, London and Paris. The fact is that once upon a time two quarters German houses at the beginning of Saperny and Napolny passages were called London (three-story houses) and Paris (two-story houses), and both quarters - Abroad. Two such houses miraculously survived on 2nd Avenue and decorate it, smooth out the monotony and dullness Khrushchev and Brezhnev barracks. The old-timers of Novogireev remember these names. Need support this historical memory! Who agrees? Send other variants of the name of this mall! "Kishlak" or "Kyrgyzstan" is not necessary! The center is drawn up in European, not in Eastern style!

PS

Reading from Gogol.

The tailor himself was from St. Petersburg and put on the sign: Foreigner from London and Paris. He did not like to joke and wanted to shut the throats of all other tailors with two cities at once, so that in the future no one would appear with such cities, but let him write to himself from some "Carlser" or "Bishkek".

Do you want me to tell you what a typical Russian anti-vaxxer is? One type of many types.

Sit back and listen (read)!

This is a completely normal person who knows that if he or his relatives get sick, and the doctor prescribes a medicine, then you need to look for an imported remedy. There are, of course, domestic analogues, which, perhaps, are even more effective than foreign ones, and cheaper. But ... They try not to save on health!

Our authorities froze a huge stupidity. They said that we would only let Western vaccines in if the West approved our vaccines. It's the same as if we agreed to take Western medicines for headaches or cancer, if the same medicines of ours were certified in the West.

Who will calculate how many people died from Corona-19 because of this stupidity and greed of our leaders!? Many of us would have been vaccinated with Western vaccines and would have avoided the disease. Or at least stop being anti-vaxxers. If you want to be vaccinated with a domestic vaccine for free, get vaccinated! If you want an imported product - pay money! If you don't want to get vaccinated at all - pay for corona treatment if you get sick, in full! And no big problems!

Remember the story of how a woman got an imported cancer medicine for her child that was not registered in Russia and almost ended up in jail?

The story of imported vaccines from the same opera. And the libretto of all these operas is the same - the people's chronic distrust of power. Too long and too much power lied people.

As Zhvanetsky said, hands should be washed more thoroughly before our medicines and vaccines are certified in the West!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o-UDT367VVc>

Modern migrants, rushing to Europe, the USA, Australia, do what 400 years ago did migrants from Europe, who landed on the eastern coast of the Northern New World. Many in the Old World began to live unbearably, and they began to look for a new place residence.

But the natives of the New World did not have barbed wire, tear gas, machine guns ...

When I was little, I, firstly, never upset my grandmother to death - only half to death, and, secondly, they gave me coffee with chicory to drink at home, in kindergarten and at school. This drink had a unique smell and taste. Later, in my mature years, when I sometimes accidentally heard this smell, I was seized by some amazing and beautiful nostalgic feelings. Now I have tried everything that is sold in our stores in packs with the word chicory, but I cannot find this smell. Where to find such coffee?

Many settlements and separate territories of the Earth have mottos. New York is the city of the big apple, Japan is the land of the rising sun, and so on. Our Novogireev can also have a motto - the area of two parks! I don't know of another place half an hour drive from the center of Moscow (and this is the optimal parameter for a big city) with two large famous forest parks within walking distance - Izmailovsky and Kuskovsky! (I consider Terletsky park a part of Izmailovsky, and Ivanovsky - a part of Terletsky). No wonder our central avenue is called Green! In our area, to carry out a good real renovation, to demolish the Khrushchev barracks - he would not have had a price.

I saw an amazing scene in China. The Chinese leaves the restaurant full and satisfied. The door of his personal car is open in front of him, and he scratches his "turnip" with a comb (magic fingers) on the go. They say that in the old days there was a special servant for this, who walked along and scratched the owner's head.

When I am upset about something, my wife quietly comes behind the chair on which I am sitting and starts scratching my head with these "magic fingers".

In The Forsyte Saga, Galsworthy described how the wife of one of the old Forsytes would start combing his hair when he was upset about something.

You can also scratch your heels. We read in Gogol's "Dead Souls":

"Perhaps you are accustomed, my father, to someone scratching your heels at night? My dead man could not fall asleep without this." This Korobochka offered Chichikov according to the laws of hospitality.

I'm driving here calmly on a bike around Stockholm and suddenly a bell rang, a traffic light flashed and quite an ordinary street quickly went ... into the sky!

Cars, buses, trams stopped and missed... a small yacht with a high mast!

The rule is simple - the advantage is with the one who moved here before! The same rule, by the way, in the Netherlands on the canals!

Here we stand with my wife on January 8, 2015 in the Paris Carnavalet Museum and discuss one interesting picture. Then an employee comes up, apologizes and asks not to talk, because a moment of silence began in memory of the executed Charlie Hebdo journalists. They were shot by the Islamists the day before because of one cartoon.

Do you know what picture we discussed? Here's the one - "Parisians pull the devil's tail"!

Back in Soviet times, a German from Germany flew to me at MPEI. To Moscow with Lufthansa Airbus-300, back - by Aeroflot on Il-86. He joked - I'm flying back with an AIRSHOT! Schroth in German it is crowbar. I asked him how many Airbuses were lost. He answered three. I asked how many died Ilov. He did not know. I told him that there was only one. On him in Delhi Boeing has landed!

It was just too voracious and noisy.

In the army, I fired blanks from the AK-47 during exercises. The horn of the machine gun was loaded with special cartridges, in which there was a cartridge case with gunpowder, but there was no bullet. At the same time, a special nozzle was put on the muzzle of the machine gun, narrowing the cross section of the muzzle and thereby performing two functions. Firstly, due to this, the necessary pressure of powder gases in the barrel was achieved for automatic reloading of weapons. Secondly and most importantly, if a real, and not a blank, cartridge turns out to be more than expected in the horn of the machine gun, then its bullet will get stuck at the exit from the barrel. At the same time, it was strictly punished to shoot in bursts only into the distance at the "accumulation of manpower of a conditional enemy", but not at a person at close range. Particles of burnt gunpowder and / or fragments of a cartridge case could injure - for example, get into the eye.

Salaga from Hollywood did not serve in the Soviet army, and they began to film the "war". This is where a man died.

Here I recently re-read, or rather re-listened to, N. V. Gogol's story "How Ivan Ivanovich Quarreled with Ivan Nikiforovich."

Listened and gasped! The great Russian-Ukrainian writer in this story described in general terms the future conflict between Ukraine and Russia.

Look!

AI and IN have been sick of each other for a long time. They did not communicate out of friendship, but because, by the will of fate, they turned out to be neighbors - the border, sorry, they had a common fence. They most likely were also relatives (relatives) - in small towns this is a common thing.

The immediate cause for open conflict was... a gas pipe that the AI and the IN could not share. And what is a gun - a bone of contention between AI and IN. This is a pipe, or rather, a pipe from which gas flies out!

Read on.

AI and IN after a quarrel seemed to be ready to make peace. They were drawn to each other! But!

Agafia Fedoseevna came to Ivan Nikiforovich in the evening of the same day. Agafia Fedoseevna was neither a relative, nor a sister-in-law, nor even a godfather to Ivan Nikiforovich. It would seem that she had absolutely no reason to go to him, and he himself was not too happy with her; however she went and lived with him for whole weeks, and sometimes more. Then she took away the keys and took the whole house into her own hands. This was very unpleasant for Ivan Nikiforovich, but, to his surprise, he listened to her like a child, and although sometimes and tried to argue, but Agafia Fedoseevna always prevailed.

Guess who this lady is?

"As soon as she arrived, everything went upside down.

"You, Ivan Nikiforovich, don't put up with him and don't ask for forgiveness: he wants to ruin you, this is such a person!" You don't know him yet.

The damned woman whispered and whispered, and did what Ivan Nikiforovich did not even want to hear about Ivan Ivanovich.

Everything took on a different look: if a neighboring dog wormed its way into the yard, then they beat it with anything; the children who climbed over the fence returned with a cry, with their shirts turned up and with signs of a rod on their backs. Even the woman herself, when Ivan Ivanovich wanted to ask her about something, made such an obscenity that Ivan Ivanovich, as an extremely delicate person, spat and said only: "What a nasty woman!"

And further!

"Finally, to top off all the insults, the hated neighbor built a goose barn right in front of him, where there was usually a climb over the wattle fence, as if with a special intention to aggravate the insult. This barn, disgusting for Ivan Ivanovich, was built with devilish speed: in one day."

Guess what kind of bridge, sorry, a barn, which, by the way, stood on the posts. Like a bridge!

Friends and neighbors tried to reconcile these two fools! How? Minsk process - at the city meeting with lunch!

"Then the mayor blinked, and Ivan Ivanovich—not that Ivan Ivanovich, but the other with the crooked eye—stood behind Ivan Nikiforovich, and the mayor went behind Ivan Ivanovich, and both began to push them from behind in order to push them together and do not let go until hands are given."

But! "Everything went to hell!"

Gogol's story ends with a description of how AI and IN began to file lawsuits against each other in (Stockholm and other) courts, wasting their strength, health and money...

Only Agafia Fedoseyevna was happy! She always rejoices when her geopolitical opponents quarrel!

"It's boring in this world, gentlemen!"

PS.

In Gogol's story, a neighbor secretly sawed down the posts of a goose barn at night, and it collapsed. Can the Crimean (Kerch) bridge really collapse like that!? Many enemies predict this!

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I remember I took students in 1995 to practice in Germany. We visited 4 power plants, including the nuclear one https://ru.wikipedia.org/.../%D0%90%D0%AD%D0%A1_%D0%A4%D0...

There we were told that there were two stops at the station.

One because the insulator on the power line began to warm up, and the second because of a steam leak. When assembling, do not put a gasket under the thermocouple flange ...

Once upon a time, my address was this: Moscow, 1st Novogireev Avenue, d ... apt ... Then I served in the army and wrote letters, missing the word "Novogireeva" in the address. Letters reached the index! But colleagues thought that I live almost on Red Square ...

I remember that a professor from Italy came to us at MPEI during perestroika. At the end of his stay, he was asked what surprised him the most at MPEI, in Moscow. The professor half-jokingly, half-seriously replied that what surprised him the most was that our female students dressed like their prostitutes. Nine o'clock in the morning, and the students come to Moscow Power Engineering Institute in high heels, in miniskirts, fishnet stockings, with curled and loose hair, in war paint ... We answered the professor: "No, it's your Spanish prostitutes who dress like our Moscow students! ".

Now, thank God, or maybe unfortunately, the students began to dress and make up much more modestly. Almost like their Spanish, Italian and other European peers. Not only in the morning, but also in the evening.

Here I do not get tired of being surprised and delighted when I pass by one house. It is located in the courtyard of brick five-story buildings not far from the Aviamotornaya metro station, not far from the prefecture of the South-Eastern Administrative District of Moscow.

I admire looking at this "wonderful clearing in the middle of the stone jungle." It's good that there is a traditional wooden picket fence, and not a three-meter iron fence.

I wonder how people managed to save this house. They say that the entire arsenal of means of eviction was used against the residents of this house - legal and illegal: they turned off the electricity, water, gas, heating, sewerage, surrounded the house with growling bulldogs, sorry, bulldozers, tried to set it on fire, filled up the yard with garbage, put pressure on the residents in the place work, etc. I am also surprised that the residents did not rebuild the house and turn it into an ugly modern 2-3-story brick mansion. But this certainly would not be allowed by the authorities. The city authorities would burst with envy!

But the house survived! He survived the Khrushchev thaw, Brezhnev's stagnation, Andropov's insanity, shootout, sorry, perestroika, the dashing 90s and other "fun" periods of our recent history! I wonder if this house is private? Who owns the land under it and so on?

I would award the tenants of the house with the Order of Fortitude, Courage and Courage! And the house should be declared an architectural monument under state protection. Here, over time, a wonderful museum of Moscow life in the first half of the 20th century could appear.

Hunting is not for food, not for fishing, not for protection, but for fun, for show-off - this is a rather vile thing (to go out with a gun on an unarmed animal, to beat a child or an old man, knowing that you will not get back). It's another thing to go out with a horn at a bear - that's like a man, that's honest!

I have tried every brand of cognac and finally settled on... essential forte!

Here I was walking in Moscow along Neglinnaya past the Central Bank. I was not too lazy and took a picture of their courtyard, filled with ... Toyotas. Guess whose government agency this is? Japan or Russia?

Until all our civil servants switch to domestic cars, our auto industry will not rise from its knees! We urgently need to revive the release of the Volga! Following the Cortège project!

Here I accepted a debt from a student. I suspect that I wrote it off - I checked the properties of the sent file. He put pressure on the student - he admitted that he had cheated, and that almost everything was like that do.

We talked about life. The student said that he went to Pushkin Square to protest (to walk) against election fraud. This, they say, is critically important for the country, and therefore, for other reasons, he did not have time to solve the problem on his own.

That is how we live! We cheat with might and main, but we don't like other people's machinations! You have to start with yourself. NO!

The country is full of crooks, and you want to have an honest vote in it?

Miracles do not happen!

And the worst thing is that the crooks are clustered, concentrated in some organs. Like poisons in the liver.

Because of this and other reasons, we live like pigs in a resource-rich country. And the neighbors turn away from us.

Here, if I come across borscht for lunch, I immediately remember a story that was told to me long ago in Ukraine.

They had the first secretary of the Communist Party in one region. This man never praised anyone. Whatever good his subordinate did, he always found a reason to scold or criticize, at least. This concerned, of course, only subordinates. He licked the ass of his superiors in Kyiv no worse than any other official.

So, one day he went to inspect a collective farm. And there was a grandmother who knew how to cook amazing borscht. She took steamed pork and beef in the right proportion and the right variety, special fresh beetroot, potatoes, cabbage, onions, greens and "mustache, sho treba!" Who ever tasted her borscht, he remembered it to the grave!

This grandmother was instructed to treat a distinguished guest with such borscht.

They poured (my Ukrainian mother said - they poured) this secretary of my grandmother's borscht, served donuts, salsa, garlic and other necessary things (see photo). He drank vodka, ate salsa and began to sip borscht.

Everyone froze, waiting for what he would say at the end of the meal.

The secretary ate the borscht, licked the spoon, put it next to the empty plate, wiped his lips with his hands, burped and said... "It's too hot!"

Hamie it is Hamie! Especially the leader!

In our country, before and even now, rudeness is perceived by many both at the top and at the bottom as the most effective and only method of leading people.

By the way, borscht is not a Ukrainian, but a Lithuanian word and an invention... There is a very tasty cold borscht (beetroot) in Lithuania...

And, however, it is difficult to figure out who invented what. Everything is mixed. As in borscht!

I finally began to understand what happened in Ukraine and what is happening in Belarus.

This is downshifting on the scale of not one person, but the whole country.

Downshifting refers to the philosophy of "living for yourself", "refusal of other people's goals." People (and, I will add, countries) that identify themselves as downshifters tend to give up the desire to promoted generally accepted benefits (constant increase in material capital, career growth, etc.), focusing on "life for yourself."

Downshifting, free, but rather involuntary, happened with Sweden, with the Ottoman Empire, with Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, Germany, with the USSR. They abandoned the imperial propaganda purposes and "healed for themselves." Then, however, Russia caught on and became try to go back. But this is a separate sad story.

Belarusians are told that your industry will collapse, and so on. And they answer, "I don't give a damn, how we will survive. The main thing is that there is justice, really! We will sweep away these scoundrels, and I don't give a damn that they will be replaced by new ones, even meaner!". The latter, by the way, many understand but, alas, not all.

So a person, refusing a prestigious job in a corporation or in a state institution, moves to the countryside and "grows cabbage" there, sorry, potatoes.

This process is painful in families - scandals, divorces...

And what about countries?

Then on the Internet I came across a photo (selfie?) of a guilty dog and remembered such a story.

Friends had a daughter and a shepherd dog.

My daughter once got imported sneakers and white branded socks for them of the same stamps. And that was during a time of total scarcity. That's why they "got it", and not just "bought"!

My daughter only wore these shoes: in the evening she washed and cleaned her sneakers, and washed and hung her socks dry until morning.

But then one sock, much to the chagrin of his daughter, disappeared, but was soon found - his dog I ate it, and after a couple of days I "returned it back". They began to wash and bleach this sock - my daughter did not allowed to throw it out. But the former whiteness was not achieved. Again tears. We decided half-jokingly half-seriously to "pass" the second sock through the dog so that its color would approach the color the first sock and to restore pair. But here the dog has already balked - flatly refused to swallow the second sock, remembering how she was scolded for the first ...

A memorial sign on Plyushchev Street in Perovo captures the junction of two eras - historical and spelling.

Below it is written: Perovskago car repair plant. The ears of the old spelling stick out. We read from Chekhov in the story To Paris

"A new grammar of Grotto has been recommended," Lampadkin muttered, sobbing in his mud-filled galoshes. - Grotto proves the theory that adjectives in the genitive case of the singular masculine have not ago, but ho ... Here and

understand! Yesterday I left Perkhotkin without lunch for a golden word, and tomorrow, therefore, I will have to slap him with my eyes ... Shame! Shame!

For reference

The Spelling Commission at the Academy of Sciences was established in 1904 with the aim of simplifying graphics. Scientists voted for changing or canceling this or that sign - it was proposed to make a choice between decimal and octal "and" to get rid of ъ ("yat"), and from ы ("fits") and more.

But when the recommendations of the philologists were prepared, the then president of the Academy of Sciences, Grand Duke Konstantin Konstantinovich was afraid of "spelling turmoil", the first version of the decree on the reform of Russian spelling was published in the Izvestia newspaper only on December 23, 1917.

... After 1918, the letters ъ, ы, і were "expelled" from the alphabet; canceled the spelling "ы" at the end of words after hard consonants. The letter V ("Izhitsa" - Gogol described his mouth in the form of an Izhitsa) was completely forgotten, and it did not fall into the decree, but since that time it has actually ceased to be used.

Type-setting letters began to be withdrawn from printing houses. As a result, compositors ended up without the letter ы at all (revolutionary sailors did not delve into such subtleties that the decree did not abolish the letter ы in general, but only its use at the end of words), for several years the apostrophe (') had to be used as a dividing sign (under) .

Prefixes on z- / s- began to be written in accordance with the sign of sonority / deafness of the subsequent consonant (silently, but indisputably).

In the genitive case of adjectives, pronouns and participles of the masculine and neuter gender, it was necessary to write -th / -it instead of -ago / -yago (great, not great).

The endings of the nominative and accusative plurals of the feminine and neuter gender of adjectives, pronouns and participles -я̆/-я̆ were replaced with -я̆/-я̆ (red and blue instead of red and blue).

The oni form was eliminated for the nominative case of the feminine plural of the pronoun (they).

The spellings of the feminine forms of her, one, one, one were replaced by her, one, one, alone.

By the way, on February 8, 1928, Dmitry Likhachev was arrested for participating in the student circle "Space Academy of Sciences", where, shortly before his arrest, he made a report on the old Russian spelling, "trampled and distorted by the enemy of the Church of Christ and the Russian people"; sentenced to 5 years for counter-revolutionary activities.

Here at the end stations of the metro you often come across people in gray shirts walking against the flow of passengers. Their complexion is also gray. Or does it just seem to me because I feel sorry for them. And the faces of these people are rather sad... I call them "Children of the Underground". There is such a story Korolenko.

They are subway train drivers.

Why am I writing this? And here's what!

There are active talks that unmanned taxis are about to appear in Moscow. AT

The country is also developing unmanned trucks ...

And first of all, you need to think about these children of the dungeon - finally let them unmanned metro trains in Moscow.

All over the world, new metro lines are being designed unmanned and according to the horizontal elevator scheme. We don't even talk about it. The Moscow metro is very behind in technical plan.

Why did I mention the horizontal lift? He is at some stations of St. Petersburg, by the way. The fact is that almost every month we hear reports that somewhere someone has fallen on the subway rails and because of this traffic delays. And how can subway drivers survive all this? With a horizontal elevator, this cannot be done either on purpose (suicides) or by accident (pushed, it became ill, etc.). Labor underground, and even on a shift, and even with stress - this is hard labor! By the way, walls with doors separating the rails from the platform are already being installed on many existing metro lines abroad. In our country, new lines are still being built according to outdated safety standards. Alas!

Then I saw one photo on Facebook and immediately remembered one of my canoe trips along the Neckar River in Germany. Everything was fine - my German colleague and I calmly paddled down the river towards the city of Rottweil (see map below). And suddenly a hefty swan swoops down on us. It splashes, hisses, tries to pinch with its beak, beats the boat with its wings ... We were stunned and reversed - retreated. And the swan, victoriously shaking its tail and cooing, swam in its direction. We made one more attempt to skip this place - the story of the brave swan repeated itself. There he had a nest where his girlfriend was sitting on the eggs. We had to climb ashore and drag the canoe and luggage on dry land. And so did everyone traveling in this place. And there were quite a few...

I remembered something

else! The late Anatoly Sergeevich Kopylov and I took students abroad for practice. In front of the border guard booth, in front of the checkpoint at the thermal power plant, I went first, then our students walked in single file. And the AC closed it all, picking up the stragglers ...

Moscow, alas, is a very dusty city. One of the reasons is a lot of trampled lawn - see photo. When I was studying in Germany, I saw this kind of road construction technology. built new buildings of the university, but the paths were not laid, but left loose soil, sprinkled with sand. A month or two later, the students trodden paths that were asphalted. The rest is lawn! It turned out nice and neat. And most importantly, no one cuts the path along the lawns and tramples the grass!

Who has tried rotten Swedish herring? When I went to Sweden, they ordered it for me. I searched for it for a long time and found it in the central department store in Stockholm. The one to whom I brought it opened a jar in the country in the fresh air. But the neighbors smelled and thought that a certain plumbing operation is being carried out and the windows were closed.

The history of this delicacy, they say, is as follows. During another war in Europe there is a shortage of salt in Sweden. It began to be used less when salting herring. Herring rotten, but they did not dare to throw it away - there was a hungry time. Someone liked it and went ... Many peoples have food in reserve, for hungry times. But even in full times they are eaten for the joke. The Swedes have rotten herring, we have dried roach, the British have spam - all kinds of canned food pork offal, etc. Hence the computer term "spam" came from ...

Everyone is happy with the metro in Moscow. But!

All over the world, new metro lines are being built according to the horizontal elevator scheme - with two sliding doors: at the cars and at the edge of the platform. Moreover, old metro stations are equipped with walls with doors.

Building a metro like in Moscow means producing cars without belts, headrests and pillows. That is, according to the safety standards of the past and the century before last.

When I read about how beautiful stations we have and will have in Moscow, I always think about it and wonder why this issue is not raised in the media in our country. How to get water in your mouth. They write only that another person fell on the rails. It's a pity for a person, of course, but how many people were late for work, for a meeting, for a train station, etc.

In Moscow, by the way, there is such a "metro" - an underground train between the terminals at Sheremetyevo. There are two or three such stations in St. Petersburg.

By the way, ground stations of the MCC and MCD can also be equipped with such walls with doors. There will be not just a platform, but a warm glass pavilion without wind, rain, snow... The train approached and the doors opened...

Once upon a time there were elevators with one door near the shaft, and the cabins were without doors. There were also non-stop elevators without doors at all - paternosters. They are currently banned for safety reasons. It is strange that they are still not exploited in Moscow.

Here, back in the memorable Soviet era, I had a chance to travel by train from Moscow to Bratislava, if I'm not mistaken. In the compartment with me was an Armenian couple - husband and wife. AT made friends along the way. My husband even treated me to a very good Armenian, of course, cognac.

When we stopped at the border (Chop), there was some cognac left in the bottle.

A customs officer enters the compartment, asks what we are carrying, looks through the declarations, looks around the compartment, stops looking at the bottle, takes an empty glass and pours the rest of the cognac into it. From cognac is poured into the bottle and ... a rather thick and long gold chain!

The Armenians were asked to pack their things and go to the customs office, where the total shmon, as they told me later, when they changed the wheels of the cars and we Let's move on to Czechoslovakia. What else did they find and how did they get away - I don't I asked and they didn't tell.

I remember I lived in a hotel in the glorious city of Samara. There was a brewery across the road. There are two small niches in the plant's fence. One niche with a tray where you put money (like in a savings bank), and the second niche with a straw, under which you substitute a container for beer. Beer, by the way, was very good and fresh. There is a price tag on the wall.

Then someone reproached me for soviet thinking. Unfairly rebuked. And what is sovietness, soviet behavior? I remember in the old days, many "Soviet" people (including myself), when traveling abroad, took with them ... a boiler. And not only in order to save currency, but also in order not to trudge tired in the evening to a cafe, but to calmly drink tea in a hotel room ... Many now consider this behavior to be one of the typical signs of sovietness. But! At present, almost all hotel rooms in our country and abroad have water heaters in the form of electric kettles, coffee makers, and so on. This sovietness here turned out to be ... avant-garde! Let us recall the Russian avant-garde in art. It arose on purely Soviet soil, and at first many intellectuals perceived it as Sovietism. And now these paintings in the West are sold and bought for big millions! Many contemporary art movements

grew out of the Russian avant-garde.

I have many examples of sovietness as the avant-garde.

Then I once went to our dacha general store for "vegetables and fruits." Two alcoholics "rested" on the porch. They asked me: "Young man, are you by any chance a mathematician?" Just in case, I took off and put away my glasses (there are two of them, and I am one), quite legitimately assuming that the next question would be something like this: "If an infinitely small value is subtracted from an infinitely large value, then what will change?" In the sense that - donate, plz, 10, and preferably 50-100 rubles! ". But the second question was this: "A friend and I argued here, what is the cosine of 45 degrees?"

slightly taken aback, said that true mathematicians operate not in degrees, but in radians, and answered in all seriousness, although I really wanted to be ironic at the expense of degrees. When I returned home to the dacha, I checked my answer on the computer (of course, with Mathcad) and made sure that it was correct. They taught well at school, but sclerosis has not yet come into its own!

Here I had and still have a great idea - to give the new metro station under construction at MPEI the name "Energy". While it is called "Aviamotornaya" - the second "Aviamotornaya".

This station will have two exits - one to Energeticheskaya street, and the second to CHPP-11 - one of the first large Moscow power plants. And the names of metro stations should correlate with the names of ground objects.

Of course, it would be nice to call the station "Energy Institute" (in St. Petersburg there is a metro station "Technological Institute"). There are only two stations in Moscow, the name of which is directly related to education ("Universitet", "Studencheskaya" and, it seems, everything), but even four are associated with ... football (Luzhniki, Dynami, CSKA, Lokomotiv), which everyone has on the teeth!

I wrote about this idea to the naming committee and received an answer that now it was decided to name adjacent stations the same way.

Then they brought me a set of bottles of Madeira from the island of Madeira.

I immediately remembered two characters of classical literature who adored this wine: the most old Forsyth, who had gone to London and founded a dynasty, and Balaga the coachman, who unsuccessfully helped Vasya Lanovoy (Anatole Kuragin) to take Lyudmila Savelyeva away from home (Natasha Rostova).

Here I was flying on an airplane and there were apples in the bag with on-board food. Not smooth, shiny imported, but often tasteless, and those that we have in the gardens of the Moscow region on hang in the trees and lie under the trees. Apples even with lined barrels (carrion?), but very tasty! Now in central Russia there is a rich harvest of apples - here is someone in Aeroflot and thought to add them to the passenger menu. Well done!

I crunch such apples whole - I leave only the leg. They say that in a core, in seeds the best vitamins! I recently upgraded my teeth so that I can eat apples again without a knife! Patriotic!

Here, about 10-15 years ago, I caught a car on the street in Moscow. Behind the wheel was young boy. We talked along the way. He said that he was "studying at Moscow State University, sir." I respected him immediately asked: "Which department?" He said they don't have faculties. I was surprised - how

Moscow State University has no faculties!? He replied that he was not studying at Moscow State University, but at Moscow State University - in the Moscow

State University of SERVICE. I almost fell out of the car (then renaming just started)! I took the word (abbreviation) "MGUS" as an ironically polite "yes", "no-sir" ("yes, sir", "no, sir"; it is pleasantly surprising when taxi drivers in America treat you like the lord is addressed: "Yes, sir", "No, sir").

So here it is! The renaming of most educational institutions into universities is a kind of discrediting our higher education system. Now we, alas, mostly do not universities, ah... universities! Universities do not dare to call their language! Therefore, I think the HSE called itself a school, not a university.

Other examples.

Good Pedagogical Institutes in our regional centers have become bad or mediocre universities.

There was a single and unique MVTU - now a faceless technical university named after no one knows who - a half-educated veterinarian who died stupidly not far from this school!

From the Moscow Power Engineering Institute, only ... a tram stop remained: in the official name of my native university now does not have the words "Moscow Energy institute" - there is only an abbreviation MPEI

By the way, no one is going to rename MIT (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) to university!

There were only 7 universities in old Russia, if I'm not mistaken. Can you list them? BUT there were still many different kinds of schools, courses, institutes that did not reach the status university!

For me, in Moscow there is one university of Moscow State University and many different, sorry, universities ...

Here, someone sometimes flaunts the fact that in a pandemic, instead of a mask, he puts a whole head on his head. mask.

And I remember my military service. There were lectures at the sergeant's school... in gas masks. Not all, but some. And in the army it was very sleepy if you don't go or don't running. Due to the fact that there were a lot of night outfits and guard duty in training.

So, in the classroom, sleeping in a gas mask is the very thing: he propped up his chin with his left hand, and the instructor officer does not see that you are sleeping and will not punish you with an outfit out of turn. But there were such vile teachers who caught sleeping. They loudly commanded "Get up!" and quietly added "Who sleeps!". Sleepers heard only "Get up" and jumped up from their seats.

Another trick could be done to you by your own cellmate, sorry, fellow barracksman - on the sly insert the cork into the tank of the gas mask, and you, sleeping, begin to slowly suffocate. But this done at the end of the lesson, when you had to wake up in such an unusual way.

Have you had a case when a complete stranger was delighted with you immensely? I had!

I equipped the mother-in-law's grave at the Nikolo-Arkhangelsk cemetery. In the office they told me to go to the place and wait for the workers there. I'm going to the very end of the cemetery - everyday life, not a soul to the people, "foggy morning, gray morning" ... Quite scary - different thoughts climb into my head, something seems to be behind the crosses, the dead are looking at you from the monuments ... And suddenly I see a pale, frightened woman not far from my mother-in-law's grave.

If it were a dog, it would furiously wag its tail, jump up and squeal... But the woman only said, choking with happiness, that she was ordered to go to the grave to be equipped and wait for the workers, but here it's terribly scary, and how good, that at least one living soul appeared ...

I wanted to tell her that I was also immensely glad to meet you, and at the same time make ... a terrible face - roll out his eyes and bare his teeth ... But, thank God, he restrained himself ...

Afterword.

As a kid, I was sent to a pioneer camp. Two hundred meters from it was a rural cemetery. So, the leaders, led by the director, sent the guilty children to the cemetery "to count crosses" on a moonlit night. Roaring with fear, the child had to walk alone to the cemetery with whitening crosses and return back to the concentration, sorry, pioneer camp. And the company of counselors with the director watched this execution ...

My friends and I were punished like that. The counselor left after lights out, and we had a pillow fight with the whole detachment. Three random people, including me, were taken hostage and sent to the cemetery. As I remember now - we, roaring at the top of our lungs, moved towards the cemetery about 30 meters ... Above us took pity or thought that we had already been punished enough, and returned back ...

Yes, children should not be killed! But what should be done with them?

Another children's horror story.

Previously, the dead people were always brought home, and the coffin lids were put on the landing.

I remember as a kid in the evening I wanted to get home on the fourth floor, but I knew that there was a coffin lid on the second floor. I had to wait almost an hour on the street for an adult fellow traveler ...

But with age, the fear of everything beyond the grave becomes dull and even completely disappears. Probably we are beginning to understand more and more that we will all be there ... My elderly friends moved from Novogireevo to Novokosino. I ask - why? They answer jokingly that they are slowly moving closer to the cemetery ...

The National Guard is first cordoning off schools to prevent massive falsifications and deceptions at the Unified State Examination, and then she cordoned off the former schoolchildren themselves, protesting against mass electoral fraud and fraud. When will our fools finally understand that the country will become normal only when the exam ceases to be a police operation, and not when in the power structures of some crooks will be replaced by others! Need yourself change! After that, the power will change.

Here, sometimes when registering for an airplane, you come across uncomfortable places - by the toilet, for example. And once they tried to seat me and my wife not at the toilet, but ... instead of the toilet. Judge for yourself. We are given seats 13C and 13D. A number of damn, but there is nothing to do - we arrived at the airport late, and There was no online registration. We get on the plane, go to the very tail, and instead of two seats there is only one, and even then in ... the toilet - see the diagram of the aircraft. We sat on A and B (we sat on the pipe), but we were quickly herded. Went deal with the steward. Everything worked out - we were put in a business class (first row) and fed-drunk as compensation for moral damage!

**

I looked at the wall of the country house and gasped - fathers! need to paint again! He spat on his finger and rubbed the wall - dirt!

I remembered a joke. The gypsy looks at her children, swarming in the dust, and thinks: "Whether they should be washed, or new ones should be born!?"

I took a brush with a hose, sprinkled some washing powder and washed the children, sorry, country house!

Shine!

This operation, by the way, must be done before painting. Before buying paint. Washed - and changed my mind about painting! Unless, of course, the paint has peeled off. This is Finnish Tikurila - tinting L85, if anyone is interested. Minus one - burns out over time. So one wash is not enough.

And my soul does not lie with plastic - the dacha should be wooden!

That's what I have in the attic of the dacha!

As a graduate student, I received a royalties for the invention of 30 rubles. It was a third of my scholarship. I spent this money on the purchase of a model yacht. The wife scolded (there were more pressing needs at home), but not as much as the wife of the hero Shukshin from the story "Microscope".

But what a pleasure my son Alexei and I got by gluing this yacht together! She has an electric motor and a screw in case of calm!

And who else has interesting art and other objects in the country?

In Soviet times, 30 rubles were paid to all authors, and the rights to the invention remained with the state. In this way, a copyright certificate differs from a patent for an invention.

Here I had a very interesting bike ride in China.

There is a city of Xi'an. It is the only one where a city wall 20 meters high has been preserved - a rectangle with a perimeter of about 14 km - see the map. You can climb this wall, rent a bike there and ride along the entire wall. Very interesting views open up - a mixture of antiquity and modernity - see photo.

It is dangerous to ride a bike in the city itself - there are a lot of scooters darting in different directions. They are also silent - electric. Gasoline from oil and very expensive, and electricity from local cheap coal.

Near this city is located, by the way, the second world landmark of China -

Terracotta Army. A very impressive museum, which I was taken to by colleagues from the local university.

I dream of someday riding a bike along the walls of... the Moscow Kremlin. Zhirinovsky promises to free the Kremlin from officials if he becomes president. Vote for him, right?

Here we managed to ride a bike around London.

This case, frankly, is quite dangerous - there is left-hand traffic. Even on the wheel the bike I rented has a warning picture.

Everyone knows about the curvature of London, and the fact that Sweden switched to right-hand the movement is relatively recent, few know. But not completely crossed over: trains in Sweden still walk on the left side.

In Russia, by the way, there is one left-hand railway - it passes near MPEI - road to Kazan. It was designed and built by the British. And no way to her right side will translate.

I'll tell you how I once walked around Berlin.

1983 year. Aeroflot does not fly to West Germany - boycott due to downed Korean aircraft.

I take a train ticket from Moscow to Frankfurt am Main. In Berlin at the Ostbahnhof (East Station) stop and parking for three hours. I ask the conductor - you can walk around the city. He says - no problem, only the train will not depart from here, but from another Berlin station - Friedrichstrassebanoff.

I walk around the city, and in two hours I come to this station. Bang! And this is not East, but West Berlin. Rather like this: one platform in one city, and the other in another. And my train is not in my city. What to do? Went to the head of the station! Long negotiations, calls to Moscow, and I was led along long gloomy underground corridors to my train, from which my things were almost thrown out at the border.

Now the Berlin Wall is down, thank God. Or rather, it is gradually transferred to the border of Russia and Ukraine, the USA and Mexico, Israel and Palestine ...

When I was a graduate student (1975–78), I conducted industrial experiments at the Sevmorzavod in Sevastopol. "Sev" because it was on the north side of the city. And I lived on the south side. These two parts of the city are separated by the famous Sevastopol Bay.

Every weekday, early in the morning, a ferry departed from the Grafskaya pier, which carried people to the plant. So, every time you could see such a picture! Someone was late, and the ferry was slowly moving away from the Count's pier. The gap between the side of the ferry and the edge of the pier gradually increased, revealing dark water. Some on the ferry shouted "Jump!" to the running man, others "Don't you dare!". They bet they would jump or not have the courage. They raised their thumbs up and down, like in the Roman Colosseum ...

A latecomer who did not dare to jump had to take a bus to the factory for two hours around the bay and then still receive a reprimand for being late for work!

The same picture was observed at the end of the working day! But there, the latecomer received a reprimand not from the factory, but from his wife!

PS

On the map you can see the dry dock of the Sevmorzavod. When I was there for the first time, it was the first Soviet aircraft carrier Kyiv. It was dragged by tug from Nikolaev to Sevastopol for retrofitting. I was setting up a desalination plant.

When water was pumped out of the dock, its bottom was full of fish, and they scooped it up with buckets!

Then I had to fasten my bike to ... the piano leg in the lobby of the hotel.

Never done that before.

Why didn't I just fasten my iron horse! To poles, trees, fences... Alone once in Germany, I came to the pool and, as expected, fastened the bike to a special frame on parking of bicycles, capturing at the same time by mistake the lock and ... someone else's bicycle. Came back through 40 minutes and I see - an angry German, the owner of a locked bicycle, is standing by the bikes. Another would he cursed or even hit his neck, but this one didn't mind - he accepted my apologies.

By the way, a new type of fraud has appeared - your bike fastened in the parking lot is still locked with one combination lock and leave a note: transfer the money there and you will receive the lock code. And the castle itself. For memory.

By the way, MPEI hostel organized a bicycle parking lot. Then she was removed. Reason - they began to steal big, biting the locks.

I once walked along Vasilyevsky Island. The house looks small.

Roof and two floors. Yes, the tube still sticks out from above. Here is the whole house. A small house in general. Up to the second floor, if you stand on the shoulders of the manager, then you can reach out with your hand. I wouldn't have paid any attention to this house, but some scumbag from the second floor splashed rubbish at me. I wanted to express myself stronger, raised my head up - no

nobody.

"Hidden, scoundrel," I think.

I began to rummage around the house. I look, at the second floor, some kind of board is nailed. On the board there is an inscription: "Water level on September 23, 1924." "Wow," I think, "where was the water in the flood. And where, I think, the unfortunate tenants were saved, since the water was felt in the topmost floor? Not otherwise, I think, they were saved on the roof ... "

Here all sorts of terrible pictures began to be drawn to me. Like water covered the first floor and rushes to the second. And the tenants, probably in fright, threw their little things and climb onto the roof in despair. And, perhaps, they tie themselves to the pipe with ropes so that the whirlwind does not throw it into the abyss.

And before that, I began to sympathize with the tenants in their past misfortune, which I forgot about my offense.

Suddenly a window opens and some mischievous old woman gives her voice:

- What, he says, to you, father? Are you from social security or maybe an agent?

- No, - I say, - mother, neither this nor that, but I look here and am horrified by the level. The water, I say, was painfully high. Probably, I say, mother, they tied you with a rope to the pipe?

And the old woman looked at me wildly and quickly closed the window.

And suddenly a stout man in a vest comes out of the gate and asks with concern:

What do you want, citizen?

I say:

"What are you all doing to me?" Don't even look at the house. Here, I say, I look at the level. It hurts high.

The man smiled and said:

No, he says it is. In our area, he says, hooligans spoil a lot. They always broke the actual level. Here we have it higher and attached. Nothing, thanks to God, now do not touch. And don't touch the light bulb. High because ... And with regards to the water - here it was smaller than the knee. Kura could wade through.

And I somehow feel sorry for the levels at all.

- You would, - I say, - have your level nailed to the pipe.

And he says:

- If this level is beaten off, then we will go to the pipe - very simply.

"Well," I say, "to hell with you. Sink.

Mikhail Zoshchenko "The Drowned House"

Here, social networks often mockingly ask about: how much did it cost to deliver pizza to the USSR, how much did a minute of conversation on a mobile phone cost, etc. etc. Interested in the price of copying sheet A4.

I immediately remember how I made copies of my PhD (1979).

Graduate students, preparing for the defense, of course, learn the details of this procedure from those who already passed successfully. So, the senior comrades, among other things, reported that the dissertation can be multiplied if you come on a certain day of the week at a certain hour at a certain cafe on Novy Arbat and say a certain word to a certain lady (password). She takes your typescript and returns it the next day with seven copies and a new password. This operation cost 25 rubles (about a quarter postgraduate scholarship). The dissertation was about 100-150 pages long. So consider how much a copy of one A4 black-and-white page cost in the USSR! Both in rubles and in spent nerves!

In Crimea, there is a sign hanging on the wall of a rest home: Marshal Zhukov wrote his memoirs here. I asked at the reception, in which room he did it. I was told - at where you are live.

The room is rather modest - a living room, a bedroom and a bathroom with a bathtub. But in the rest of the rooms at the time of Zhukov there were only toilets or in general "a corridor system - there is only one toilet for 48 rooms." But the sea is close - 50 m. This is the main advantage of this building - the rest of the residential buildings are located quite far from the sea. And then - he ran away, swam in the sea and returned to the room to warm up, if it was already autumn.

In those days, Zhukov was already in disgrace and offended by the authorities. Although he was afraid of her - he lied a lot in his memoirs and entered Brezhnev there ... But, it's not for us to judge him ...

After I learned all this about Zhukov, I began to enter this room with some trepidation. At night I was afraid to see Zhukov's shadow ... You open the door to the bathroom, and there he bathes in the bathroom ...

This is the sanatorium Partenit (former Frunzensky) in the Crimea. Previously, it belonged to the USSR Ministry of Defense. Then Kyiv commanded them. Now I don't know whose it is. But the place is fabulous. I have visited many resort places in the world (Turkey, Bulgaria, Spain, Israel, Canaries, Palanga, Caspian Sea, Brighton Beach, etc.). But the best place is the Southern Coast of Crimea in September-October. I'm not talking about service, but about climate, about nature, about

attractions. Service is a business! No wonder they are still fighting for this peninsula.

By the way, the best water for swimming, swimming in the Caspian Sea!

Then I went into the premises of the engineering service of our management company (plumbing, electricians, etc.) and gasped. There was such a mess - no repairs were done for forty years, a mess complete and in the workshops. At first I thought how they can put things in order in our houses if they cannot at home. But then I remembered the saying "Shoemaker without boots."

"Living power for the mob..."

I always remember these lines when a post appears on FB (mine or someone else's) that in Moscow (in VO, in Novogireevo, in Terletsky Park, etc.) they are going to do or have already done something good.

Here begins such, sorry, srach. Like, all this in order to steal more. Once don't call the mayor! They remember the previous one, who certainly did not steal.

О Т З Ы В

на статью В. Ф. Очкова "Использование цвета при графическом изображении алгоритмов и листинге программ".

Уже первая фраза статьи, в которой блок - схемы и "эталонный язык ALGOL-60" объявляются наиболее употребительными средствами записи алгоритмов, настораживает и вызывает подозрения, что автор далек от реальной программистской практики. Дальнейшее чтение укрепляет эти подозрения.

Графическое представление программы должно быть единым как в процессе проектирования и разработки программы, так и при ее вводе в машину, просмотре, редактировании и редактировании и выводе на печать ее текста, ее документированности и публикации. Для правильного восприятия программы совершенно необходимо не ограничиваться ее текстом, а проследить не представленные в этом тексте (разве что в комментариях) логические связи между элементами программы (подчас далеко разнесенными), между программой и спецификацией задачи.

Цветная графика пока еще мало доступна массовому пользователю и не скоро станет доступной. Еще меньше оснований надеяться, что цвет скоро проникнет в учебники и в учебные пособия, в средства документирования алгоритмов и программы, в средства обучения. А эпизодическое использование цвета в одних ситуациях, чередующееся с иными приемами в других, будет не способствовать, а мешать восприятию программы. Что касается проследивания смысловых, а не синтаксических особенностей программы, то здесь автор вообще ничего не предлагает.

Делить даже небольшую программу на подпрограммы и процедуры, располагаясь на отдельных страницах, удобно хотя бы тем, что страницы, содержащие логически связанные части программы (например, описание процедуры и ее вызов), можно положить рядом и легко сопоставить их друг с другом.

Последнее замечание носит субъективный характер. Я - дальтоник, раскраска рисунков, особенно рис. 4 и 5, вызывает у меня только ярь в глазах и никак не помогает, в отличие

- 2 -

от ступенчатого расположения на рис. 2, увидеть структуру программы.

В силу сказанного даже краткость основного текста статьи В. Ф. Очкова не может служить доводом в пользу ее опубликования.

07/09/1986

REVIEW

to the article by V.F. Ochkov "The use of color in the graphic representation of algorithms and listing programs."

Already the first phrase of the article, in which flowcharts and the "reference language ALGOL-60" are announced the most common means of writing algorithms, alarming and suspicious, that the author is far from real programming practice. Further reading reinforces these suspicions.

The graphical representation of programs should be uniform both in the design process and program development, as well as when it is entered into the machine, viewed, edited and printed out text, its documentation and publication. For a correct understanding of the program, absolutely it is necessary not to be limited to the text, but to trace those not presented in this text (except in comments) logical connections between elements of the program (sometimes far apart), between program and task specification.

Color graphics are still little available to the mass user and will not be available soon.

There is even less reason to hope that color will soon penetrate into textbooks and manuals, into the means of documenting algorithms and programs, and into teaching aids. And episodic

the use of color in some situations, alternating with other techniques in others, will not promote rather than hinder the perception of programs. As for tracing semantic, not syntactic features of the program, then here the author does not offer anything at all.

Divide even a small program into subroutines and procedures located on separate pages, it is convenient at least because the pages containing logically related parts programs (for example, a description of a procedure and its call) can be put side by side and easily matched them with each other.

The last remark is subjective. I'm colorblind, coloring pictures especially rice. 4 and 5 only makes my eyes ripple and doesn't help at all, unlike stepped arrangement in Fig. 2, see the program structure.

In view of the foregoing, even the brevity of the main text of the article by Ochkov V.F. can't serve reason for its publication.

Here I was cleaning the drawers of my desks before the holidays and in one of them I found a review of a 30-year-old statute of limitations on my unpublished article.

At that time, the Union had the only journal "Microprocessor Means and Systems" that published articles on personal computers.

So, in 1985, I sent an article to this magazine on the use of color in programming. The answer came (see copies) in the sense that all this is nonsense, and the reviewer himself is color blind.

But a year later, the Turbo Pascal language appeared, where color began to be used for marking program listings.

Here is such a story!

Here you come across a number of articles on the problem, sorry, homosexuality.

First they gave out information that there were big problems with the ballet "Nureyev" at the Bolshoi. The so-called Orthodox activists gathered there to arrange a riot, and the performance was postponed under a plausible pretext. Then they said that in Germany (and we imitate it in many ways) they are going to legalize homosexual marriages, etc. Often they discuss not the work of this or that composer, writer, artist, but his "orientation". It really infuriates me - who cares who "sleeps" with whom. I'm talking about politicians in general.

I once had a dispute with my colleagues in the West on this matter. Why do we have a somewhat, to put it mildly, different attitude to this.

Here's what I told them.

We have many people in prisons both on business and idle - for political reasons under Stalin, for example. Many served in the army, which was considered a kind of semi-prison. Living conditions both there and there were almost the same. The army just did not leave a stain on the biography. Healthy and less healthy young people were left alone unattended and idle in a closed room (cell / barracks), where terrible things happened. And this often happened with the tacit permission of commanders / jailers. Humiliated people are easier to manipulate. Many later transferred all this into civilian life "in the wild".

In these institutions, it was customary to "lower" the weakest or beginners. In many ways, including through sexual contact.

Therefore, in modern Russia, the problem of sexual contact between a man and a man is perceived by many not as one of the forms of the free life of free people, but as one of the forms of violence and even torture.

I fully admit that one man can fall in love with another man, although many consider this a disease, a perversion, and even a grave sin. I consider this a kind of "cross", about which it is better to keep quiet. But I also admit that the partner of this man may enter into a relationship with him not for love, but for other reasons. Mercantile, for example. And this is one of the forms of coercion - soft economic coercion (see the characteristic photo with "shackles" below). There is such a version of Dostoevsky's "Idiot": after the fire, the landowner Barashkov left more than two daughters, a daughter and a son. They are taken under the guardianship of a very rich "old goat", as they say now. The girl soon dies and only one very pretty frisky and curious boy remains ...

This is where the phenomenon of "New Religion" arose.
What it is?

At my institute, the class of computers where students study is equipped with a special program that allows you to see what is happening on the student's screen from another main computer. You can bring it to the big screen. You can take control of the student computer and help the student correct the error. Very handy when it is difficult to get to a student's computer. I tell students that some office computers are now equipped with such a special program (in fact, a hacker program), and the boss sees what the "office plankton" is doing. I almost wrote the word god instead of boss. That would be a typo according to Freud (Freud). My grandmother told me: "Behave yourself, God sees everything!".

It is convenient to remotely service computers with such a program, if you, of course, trust the master. And then he can, for example, steal money from your bank or misbehave online on your behalf.

By the way, some parents use such a program to know what their children are doing when they are sitting at the computer in their separate room. Other parents pretend to be interlocutors in social networks, put hidden cameras in the room. Is it moral separate question. But a child, and even an adult, should know that Someone is watching him and can punish him. Immediately or later. This is now called a new religion: you can not believe in God, but you need to be afraid of God's punishment.

It is believed that in ten years everything that an individual sees and hears will be stored on the "God's" server. In which case, all this can be viewed. Now, in many countries, the police use this to protect themselves from slander, attacks and other misfortunes ...

Such radiograms (a radio receiver and a player in one bottle) are remembered by many. But not enough who knows such their "anti-Soviet" nuance.

At the bottom there were buttons (radio buttons - radiobutton, as the programmer will say now): VHF, KVI, KVII, KVIII, SV and DV. Short waves (SW) in the USSR started from 25 meters (SW), and abroad from 19. So, if you press two buttons KVI and KVII at the same time, then some Soviet receivers the radio wave range became ... anti-Soviet (from 19 m), and it was possible to listen to "enemy

voices" (Voice of America, Air Force, Deutsche Welle, etc.) without the interference created by "jammers". Then, they say, the "authorities" got wind of this and forbade the production of such receivers. Seize them, as in very "cold" times, they did not dare, and during the war all receivers withdrawn. They left only loudspeakers (black cymbals).

In 1977, I, a graduate student, had the good fortune to speak on the topic of my dissertation at the bureau General Physics and Astronomy of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. Ten people listened to me for about ten minutes. Among them two Nobel laureates.

It's the season for asparagus in Germany.

Two regions of this country are arguing over whose asparagus is better - this is the vicinity of Erlangen (Thraconia in Bavaria) and Dresden (Saxony). The photo shows not just asparagus from near Dresden, but from the area where it is the best, as the restaurateur swears (the land is special there).

In the morning, the asparagus shoots out of the ground in indecently shaped shoots, and by lunchtime it is already on table with hollandaise sauce. Boiled potatoes are also served with this - one asparagus is not full you will. And as the restaurateur assures - in addition to all this, you also need the appropriate beer pick up! It should not overpower the flavor of the asparagus!

Spin the movie.

I myself only yesterday found out where this expression comes from.

In the old days, a cinema mover came to rural clubs, but there was no electricity in the club yet.

It was. Therefore, male spectators had to spin the handle of a dynamo machine - a dynamka.

Then, by mistake, a letter was thrown into the mailbox for me - the address on the envelope is not mine, but the address of a neighboring house.

I decided to take the letter myself. I go to the entrance, waiting for someone to open the door. There is a woman, and I enter with her into the entrance with a persistent smell ... of garbage. I ask the woman how they tolerate it, where did they complain? She says that she does not feel any special smell - the usual smell of a driveway.

It's called SNOW!

So, alas, many of us "smelled" the inconveniences of our neighborhood, city, country, planet and do not want to change anything. And people who have seen or know how to live differently notice it right away!

- And Pushkin will look after me for you!? - Anna Petrovna Kern threw in her hearts to her husband.

This is where the catchphrase came from.

Happy birthday to all the great poet! Women, after all, love with their ears!

Who remembers such payphones (payphones)? Until 1961, five-kopeck coins (15 kopecks) were lowered into them, and then kopeck pieces (2 kopecks). If you didn't get through, then the coin fell down, and it was pulled out by pushing a metal cap with the inscription "Coin return" into the inside of the phone with a finger. Then these phones were replaced by others, where the coin did not immediately fall into the phone, but remained on top of the phone and it was taken away if they did not get through (see photo below).

But almost no one remembers why they made such a replacement for payphones!

During my "difficult childhood" there was such street fishing. Inside the phone, in a niche with a lid, where coins fell, if you didn't get through, they slipped a sponge. A person picks up the phone, hears a beep, lowers a coin, dials a number, does not call, hangs up, but the coin does not return - it lies on the sponge. The man curses - the machine "ate" the coin!

Then, in the evening, the sponge was pulled out of the apparatus with a steel hook and ... a bunch of coins fell out with a clang! Taking money from the population without robbery!

And further!

Letters can be seen on the dial. At first, in Moscow, the numbers were six-digit. Example Zh-6-50-46. Zh - Zhdanovsky telephone center, K - Kirovsky telephone center, etc. Then another letter was added and it became žž-6-50-46. And then the letters were replaced by numbers - 176-50 46.

Here I will tell you about another unusual elevator.

In Berlin, I once stayed at the Radisson Hotel on Unten der Linden. There, in the lobby, there is a huge cylindrical pool with fish and fish. Inside the pool there is an elevator in another transparent cylinder of a smaller diameter, of course. They take the elevator to the restaurant on the roof: you go and choose your fish to eat. I'm kidding, of course.

But it is interesting to see how a man in scuba gear and fins swims among the fish. He cleans the glass of the pool. And I, a sinful thing, at first thought that he was catching the selected fish for cooking in a restaurant.

You can safely enter this hotel lobby and take the elevator to the restaurant... You can have lunch, you don't have to dine, but it's worth taking a look at everything!

It was and was overgrown.

Who remembers the legendary Beryozka store on Lilac Boulevard?

It used to happen that you would come from a business trip abroad, hand over honestly earned full-fledged currency and you will receive surrogate checks from Vneshposyltorg. Otherwise, the "butterfly" shone - Article 88 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR (before execution).

But it was nice to have these checks before birthdays or on March 8 for close ladies perfume buy.

Here is such a story. Fat people go to fitness clubs. Otherwise you won't be girls love and respect friends and colleagues. Expensive, lazy, but necessary! Fattening countries start wars. Now you just can't fight. Therefore, they came up with hybrid wars, cyberwars. Expensive, dangerous, but ... Otherwise, they will stop being respectful and afraid. And the photo is cool. I noticed in America that you can walk from your bed to your chair in the office back and forth without climbing a single step. True, on the way you can go to such a club and walking on artificial stairs. Unbelievable, but it is a fact! Houses without steps are made for the disabled. But at the same time they produce new disabled people!

Here I will tell you a little more about the Danube ...

Hearing about the fights of football fans of different teams and how the police separate them, I remember the eighties of the last century, when I lived in a hotel in the Bulgarian city of Ruse on the very bank of the Danube, which separates Bulgaria and Romania.

In the evening, a football match between the teams of Bulgaria and Romania was shown live on TV. When the Bulgarians scored a goal, all the hotel guests poured out into the street, screaming wildly and showing obscene gestures towards Romania - across the Danube. One even, I remember, took off his pants and showed the Romanians his bare ass. When the Romanians scored the goal, the Bulgarians sat quietly in the hotel with their noses down. I went out into the street to see what was happening on the Romanian coast. I heard the cries of the Romanians. It was already quite dark, but I imagined or actually saw a flash of Romanian naked asses.

Here's how to separate the fans of different teams so that there are no fights - see the photo below!

True, the Bulgarian fans still got into a fight in the end. But already among themselves - after the match, they argued about the quality of their team's game. She won, but according to some she scored few goals against the Romanians. Others came to the defense of the team - that's the reason for the fight. There would be a desire, but there will be a reason.

Probably the Romanians also staged a "civil strife".

While looking for this "hunter" in a white coat, I did not write about him. And now I will write.

The hunting of unarmed animals by armed people, not for food, not for trade, not for protection, but for fun - this is a rather vile thing that someone is trying to call a sport. It has nothing to do with sports. In sports, there are equals with equal chances of winning.

Yes, some animals, bears, wolves, etc. need to be shot. But this should be done by specialists, not "hunters" in white coats.

Approximately 1960.

Standing: my parents Fyodor Yakovlevich and Natalya Fyodorovna, nee Malevanaya.

Sitting: my mother's mother (one of my grandmothers) Efrosinya Gerasimovna and her brother, my mother's uncle Ivan Gerasimovich Ovrashok. He lost two sons in the war. There were no other children in their family.

Russian father - Ukrainian mother. Who am I? How should I relate to the current state of my two homelands?

But here is my opinion on the latest Russian-Ukrainian events, which I bring to the attention of my friends here in Ukraine and even in the USA.

Imagine that Zhirinovskiy came to power in a weakened Russia. Legally, semi-legally, but he came and said: "There is no Tatarstan with Chechnya, but there is the Kazan province and the region of the Terek Cossacks. There is no bilingualism, but there is one state Russian language!" And at the side of a weakened Russia, Russia without an army, there is a strong Muslim state with not quite adequate leadership. How would it all end ... This is how it ended. Ukraine got off lightly!

As they say in my second homeland: "The gentlemen fight, and the serfs crack their forelocks!"

Everything would have calmed down by itself, but a third force intervened, which benefits from quarreling our countries, relying on nationalists. This vile thing is to incite brothers to fight no matter how stupid they are ...

Here I want to tell one interesting story on the eve of Victory Day.

I had a book with one co-author. On the cover we placed a portrait of Mona Lisa printed on a printer (they were called ATsPU - alphanumeric printing device) with crosses and zeros. Then (1990) it was still fresh and unusual.

My co-author (and he went through the whole war, was a communications officer) brought a freshly printed book home and showed it to his wife. The wife asked: "Who is it!?". He replied: "Like who!? This is the Mona Lisa, that is, Gioconda!". The wife exclaimed menacingly: "What kind of Gioconda is!? This is Raika - your radio operator, with whom you played tricks at the front ...". A scandal in a noble family almost with a scuffle!

Co-author V. A. Khmelyuk told me all this and showed Raikin a photograph that he kept secret from his wife. The resemblance is complete. Well, not with a portrait from the Louvre, but with a picture on the cover of a book. I remember Khmelyuk himself suggested this picture. Did he mean his front-line girlfriend or was it all according to Freud?

Now Vladimir Arkadyevich is no longer alive! Eternal memory to the veterans!

On the eve of Victory Day.

I was riding a bike across Germany away from tourist routes and saw this in a village in the very south-west of the country. Near France (Alsace) and Switzerland.

How to treat it?

If it were not for the inscription "Our Heroes" with a mention of 1939-1945, then one could take it easy - fellow villagers remember those who died in the war. But the Nazis in helmets, of course, are shocking. If it had been in a crowded place, then, probably, the monument would have been edited. I have never seen anything like this anywhere else in Germany.

PS

Let me sum up the discussion that took place (see below).

I have no hatred for modern Germans. Moreover, I really appreciate and respect them for their diligence, accuracy, and so on.

I just saw a monument on which it is written that these are our heroes. Although everyone knows that Germany unleashed two world wars and lost both. She doesn't really have any heroes. Heroic deeds can only be for a just cause. The German could lie on the embrasure of the bunker near Moscow, but this is not a hero. This action has another name. And not heroes defended Berlin in 1945. Yes, many of the defenders died, but these are not heroes, but victims. They need to be remembered, but not praised. Otherwise, it will be an insult to the memory of real heroes.

This monument surprised me, to put it mildly. I wrote about it here and heard different opinions.

Here I wrote that I managed to visit the source of the Danube. There, at a castle in the Black Forest, a key is marked, enclosed in a stone circle, which is considered to be this source. Nearby, the stand shows through which countries the Danube flows to its mouth in the Black Sea. Very close, by the way, flows the Rhine, which flows into the North Sea. What a watershed!

But this, as they say now, is a fake source of the Danube. The real beginning of the Danube is located two kilometers from this round structure - at the confluence of two rivers. A monument has been erected there, which many mistakenly (fake), not knowing German, consider it a sign marking this very source. And I thought so, riding a bike to this place. In fact, this original monument was erected by one married couple in honor of their golden wedding - they say, we once merged into one river long ago and so our life flowed together to the very "mouth" - to the grave.

Here, in response to one of my posts with a fallen tree, a discussion arose about the problems of paths in parks, divided into walking and cycling zones.

Problems mainly come from not quite adequate people - pedestrians and cyclists who do not respect themselves or those around them.

Pedestrians often take to the bike lanes on purpose and do not want to get off when you call them, although the pedestrian zone is almost empty. Like, I go where I want, and you went (rolled) to hell! Many people walk with their dogs not on a leash, but the dog runs back and forth and does not know that this is a bike path. If you want your dog to run freely, stay away from the bike path! Or lead strictly on a leash!

Cyclists, on the other hand, often ride in the wrong direction and because of this, they always go to the pedestrian part of the path. I mean the main circle in the Izmailovsky forest park, where one-way traffic is established for cyclists - there are appropriate signs.

In a word - the problem is not in the tracks, but in the people. Educated, adequate people will not create problems for themselves, they will minimize them.

Often you call someone walking along the bike path, and he swears - you can't, they say, go around.

It's easy to get around. But it often happens that you start to go around without a call, and the pedestrian will hear you at the last moment and, without looking back, will jerk sharply to the left. Both motorists and cyclists know that an extra maneuver that could not be done is fraught with accidents.

I rented a bike here in New York and wanted to drive across the Brooklyn Bridge with a breeze (see photo). There, the non-automobile path is also divided into two zones - on foot and for bikes. It was not there - the bike path is also filled with pedestrians. Almost everyone responds to calls correctly, but this, of course, is not a ride. I had to dismount and lead the bike by the horns. But it was some kind of holiday in the USA - there were a lot of tourists. And so on weekdays everyone strictly observes the segregation of pedestrians and cyclists. You won't be too rude on the roads there. Granny (on foot or on a bike) can pull out a revolver! And in Holland, if you go to the bike path, then you will first be politely called, and if you don't get off quickly, then you will be pushed off the path rather rudely by hand.

Around the lakes of Germany, Switzerland, Italy and other Sweden (I managed to ride a bike there too) there are footpaths. Previously, they were not divided into bicycle and pedestrian zones. There were conflicts - pedestrians even joined hands and blocked the road for cyclists. But the local authorities quickly sorted everything out - they widened the paths where possible, and everywhere they drew a dividing line. Now a new conflict is brewing - electric bikes and scooters have appeared, on which some idiots accelerate to 50-60 kph. But this is also fixable! Strictly limit the speed of two-wheeled vehicles - electric and self-running!

And further.

Everyone can walk, but not everyone can ride a bike. Or they can, but they are lazy. This is one of the reasons for the poor attitude of some pedestrians towards cyclists.

Nostalgia for the USSR for many and here on FB results, in particular, in such a phrase. Like, earlier all nations lived in friendship, but now they all quarreled.

But I remember children's street teasing in this vein. Instead of the "fifth point" I put asterisks. You can fill them in with letters and add new ones.

one.

Reluctant, red face on ***** similar
***** a on a pig, oink, oink, oink, oink!

2.

- in the ass piece of wood.

3.

***, ***, ***, *** runs along the rope,

And the rope will burst and slam.

4.

- number two! (option: ***** - muzzle damn it!)

Now these freak children have grown up and some of them command the country in the same spirit. We have been quarreled with the whole world.

Number 3 especially got in the beautiful USSR. Both at the domestic and state levels.

Yes, you can't throw out the words from the song!

Here, commenting on one post, I remembered the most famous two-story house in America (Boston). From his balcony, they say, they declared the independence of the States from England, Spain, France and other "occupiers" without asking. Having had a cup of tea before! Now the US decides for themselves who can take independence and who can't!

My parents are Fedor Yakovlevich (04/12/1907 - 06/25/1996) and Natalya Fedorovna (09/08/1913 - 10/29/1989).

Photo of the beginning of the Second World War.

As a child, I believed that a girl, when she marries, takes not only her husband's surname, but also her husband's patronymic.

New leather American coats were lent to them for a photo shoot. This is what the father said.

And he also said that such coats came to us from the USA along with Studebaker, Dodge and Willis cars as a driver's outfit - they lay in the cabs of the cars. But the authorities took these "polta" for themselves. Later, when these authorities met with the allies, the Americans mistook them for drivers who carry the authorities. And with American planes, we received leather jackets for pilots, which the authorities did not take away.

Once upon a time I was at a carpet factory in the village of Obukhovo in the Moscow region. He advised the personnel of the factory boiler house, which at the same time heated the village. There, in the factory club, behind the scenes, there was a full-length portrait of Stalin, but ... in a mirror image.

The fact is that the carpets on the local jacquard looms were woven double, and then this sandwich was cut into two parts. The correct part was sent where it should be to the customer, and the mirror part remained at the factory. The uniform is buttoned up on the female side, and so on.

I don't know if the photo shows the same Obukhov carpet or some other, Central Asian, for example. Stalin was given a lot of things with his image.

The fate of the Obukhov twin carpets is also interesting!

Now I understand that it was a natural childish reaction to the insanity that was in schools in literature classes.

Children were forced to memorize Lermontov's poems "On the Death of a Poet", and there was a total lie all around, and the poets were ridiculed in batches.

The pure children's psyche defended itself as best it could from this lie, for example, distorting the poet's verses.

Otherwise it was difficult to survive.

In the distant Soviet years, audience B-308 at MPEI was the first in the country to install televisions that played videos illustrating lecture material.

The event was epoch-making - there was even a note on this subject in the main newspaper of the USSR, Pravda. In it, in particular, it was written that "the lecturer presses a button, and a Hysteresis loop appears on the TV screen as if alive." With a capital letter!

Then the colleagues approached the lecturer and asked him what he thought old Hysteresis would say about such a lecture.

And smart people believed that this achipyatka (hysteresis is a delay in Greek, and not the name of a scientist) was done intentionally in order to draw attention to the article, to MPEI, to this specialized audience of the Department of Electrical Engineering.

So sometimes mistakes are made on purpose on postage stamps, banknotes, coins ... And then they become a collector's rarity, for which millions are paid.

I remember MPEI issued calendars on which the Moscow Power Engineering Institute was written. I myself make mistakes so often, but Word kindly corrects me. By the way, why is Word capitalized? It's not a human!

Ops! The "entrance" to the power line mast was wrapped with a thorn. The inscriptions are no longer scary!

I am waiting for the roofs of electric trains to be fenced with barbed wire. It will be nice too! And the hooks will take the wire cutters with them.

Nature has a powerful tool - natural selection is called. You don't need to block it. And then there will be too many idiots.

There was a dispute about tastes. When discussing the exhibition of one artist. Yes, and Easter recently "swept through the country."

In connection with this, I recall my long-standing publication in Izvestia.

No matter how you turn on the TV or unfold the newspaper - everywhere: "Finally, Easter eggs are back in Russia!" (Izvestia "Faberge Eggs - at Vekselberg", 05.02.2004). And everywhere - happiness about it. Let's find out!

Looking at these eggs, you remember the irritated merchant's wife, who strung a dozen rings on her hand, spread her fingers and was touched: "Beauty!" A pile of gold sprinkled with precious stones is not yet a work of art. This is usually kitsch! By the way, 99% of figurines from Meissen are also classic kitsch. And almost all jewelry products in our stores and Swiss watches with diamonds are also kitsch, cheap. And the price does not play any role here. Ladies need to remember this when they hang earrings on their ears and a necklace around their neck. Faberge, by the way, has really beautiful things -

miniatures from inexpensive Ural gems, for example, which he, or rather, his nameless masters, made without regard to crowned customers.

Okay, tastes do not argue - let's talk about something else. What else comes to mind when looking at these Easter eggs?

The country rolled into the abyss, and the royal family - into Yekaterinburg cellars. The king, instead of doing the "royal business", thought about what to give his wife. He also probably believed that he was doing a charitable deed: Easter, after all, was just around the corner. Of course, he did not know what would happen to Russia, although he should have guessed. But we do know. So you see Nicholas I, locked up with Rasputin in the office and examining a new egg:

"There is not enough gold here," one says.

- Yes, and diamonds would not hurt to add, - echoes another.

- But no, beauty! - they both say in chorus, "spreading their fingers."

They knock on the door.

- Who's there? Were the workers shot on the Lena?

Ugh you - do not give business to do! With all sorts of nonsense climb.

Our current authorities are also often engaged in not "powerful", necessary things, but what the hell! The movie "Matilda", for example, is being discussed ...

Museum of Kazan University - former university church. Thank God that the museum was not destroyed and the church was not restored. We like to do it under the sauce of historical justice. But in fact, only people are set against the church.

Here Leo Tolstoy stood with his fellow students, nodding his head, waving his arms and mumbling obscure words. Isn't this where Lev Nikolayevich's dislike for the Russian Orthodox Church came from? Read the description of the church service in prison in the novel Resurrection.

As a child, I was sent to my grandfather and grandmother in Ukraine, in the Sumy region. In the attic of the house (a white hut with a thatched roof) there were boards with "paws" - the preparations of two coffins. The places are treeless - grandfather and grandmother were preparing for death in advance. Grandfather made these coffins himself, adjusted all the planks. It was not the same shape as in the picture. But the principle is the same.

My friends and I lowered these boards down into the yard, collected coffins and lay down in them - first we take turns, then grandfather. Grandfather liked it - checking the assembly of the coffin - did it dry out, the dress rehearsal of the funeral. He sat, grinned and smoked a goat's leg with shag And the grandmother cursed and we were driven around the yard with a broom!

And there was a sign - a coffin was prepared (they called him a house there) - you will live long. Another sign is not to buy new clothes, but to wear out old ones.

Assembly hall of Kazan University. Leo Tolstoy sat in a large armchair when, at the beginning of the 20th century, he was awarded the honorary title of professor. And half a century before that, he had dropped out of university. Professors of the university sat in medium-sized chairs, in small chairs -

noble students, and on Viennese chairs - raznochintsy students. There are also stools in the back. Kidding!

Right now, we will expel someone from MPEI for laziness, and in half a century we will accept honorary doctoral professors.

Then I somehow remembered about the monument to "Showing the Way" in New York. I went to the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday to see an interesting temporary exhibition - old genre paintings about America. I went to these halls, but I was told that there on Saturday and Sunday (these were the first days of the exhibition - the premiere) only the museum's friends are allowed in. Please come back on Monday! I said that on Monday I have negotiations all day, and on Tuesday I fly to Denver. Begged to have pity on me. Here alone a man grabs my arm and says to the caretaker "He is my friend!". Friends of the museum, people who have made a sponsorship contribution, can go to special exhibitions on special days without crowds by inviting one friend. He was a complete stranger to me, but he heard my prayers and even in broken English, took pity and helped me see a very interesting exhibition.

My first and favorite book. Publishing house "Finance and statistics". Distant 1988 year.

It turned out that I did not have a single copy of this book. Began to search on the Internet. Found, arranged a meeting with the seller. An old man, God's dandelion, came and broke such a price! I grunted, but I bought it.

And my co-author Yuri Pukhnachev, unfortunately, passed away.
<https://www.nkj.ru/archive/articles/3290/>

Among other things, he led the famous column "Crossword with Fragments" in the journal "Science and Life". Now his daughter is leading her.

The last such crossword puzzle.

<https://www.nkj.ru/games/crossword/game/crwd/355>

Try to solve!

I remember when you are on the subway and you have nothing to do, out of hooligan motives you scrape off extra letters from the glass of the car door with a coin ...

Hooliganism because someone will look at this inscription and ... really described. From laughter and / or from a hint. And on the track, as luck would have it, did not pee.

Now you will not see this - everyone is buried in their phones. And there's not much to scrape! But you can describe!

I spent the summer in Mariupol-Zhdanov as a kid with my aunts and uncles and my grandmother.

I remember street scenes. Two women are standing and talking. One is in Russian, the other is in Ukrainian (Surzhik), and no one notices it. And now they can get killed for it. That's what the vile elites of our countries (Russia and Ukraine) have done! And the Americans took advantage of it. In its global confrontation with Russia.

Here, in pre-coronavirus times (DKV), I mistakenly bought not cut flowers in the supermarket, but roses in a pot. They were in a beautiful package, and such a substitution was imperceptible.

The one to whom I gave them was a little surprised (to put it mildly!), But she accepted the flowers. There were 3 flowers and many buds.

But now, on self-isolation, these flowers have bloomed in full bloom, and I gave them many more times. And you can't buy other flowers anywhere now! They say you can order! But why, if there is their home.

Conclusion. Very often, a mistake ends in unexpected success.

Few people remember that there were two cozy quarters in the Napolny Passage area, which were called London and Paris. In this "abroad" there were two and three-story German houses. And around were one-story houses. That's why they called London and Paris!

A good name for the shopping mall under construction near the Novogireevo metro station is London and Paris.

And Kishlak, sorry, let Kyrgyzstan call buildings in Kyrgyzstan!

In Moscow, by the way, the Tajikistan sign was removed from one such building.

Also a good historical name for this mall is Gireevo. And the metro station can be renamed Gireevo at the same time. And then Novogireevo is often confused with Novokosino.

The wife's grandfather (supertest) told.

He was on a business trip in America before the war.

At one meeting, where everyone was sitting at an oval table, a Negro shoe shiner came in with a box. Everyone was moving away in chairs from the table, and this man was cleaning their shoes.

These are the laws of hospitality!

Summer 1953. The person to whom we said "thank you for our happy childhood" has just died. And then I sincerely thought that I was incredibly lucky - I was born in the USSR, and even in Moscow itself. I still think so, to be honest. True, not always.

This is a kindergarten. We were taken to the countryside. We slept there, I remember, in folding beds like a canvas hammock on wooden legs in the shape of the letter X, which was unfolded for the night. There was one room for everything - both a bedroom and a playroom.

Before that, as my mother said, I almost died - I had been ill with scarlet fever, and then immediately with measles. These cottages saved me.

I remember we were taken into the forest past the power line mast. It had a skull and crossbones painted on it - Don't fit in! Will kill! We were very afraid of this picture and clung to each other. At lunch, I remember, the teacher asked us to cook a crust of bread in order to rake her buckwheat porridge on a spoon in a plate. There were no knives and forks.

I still remember how they themselves did the shadow theater - they cut out characters from paper. Something out of clay sculpted...

PS

Sandals and then could not be worn without socks. Panama is classic. On everything, mother sewed ribbons with indelible pencil Points, Points, Points, Points, Points ...

Year 1964-65. Stadium "Metallurg" that Yauza not far from Elektrozavodskaya. Race walking competition. Now I will go around everyone and take first place - I have the longest legs. Or just another workout. And the pre-workout warm-up was like this - run along the Yauza embankment to the Moskva River and back (10 km). Cars were very few.

And in winter we trained on the indoor tennis courts of MPEI near the Lefortovo prison. Changed clothes on the balcony for spectators. There is a track - 400 m, and in its middle there are two courts.

And our coach was the Olympic champion of Melbourne (1956) Leonid Vasilyevich Spirin.

<https://rus.team/people/spirin-leonid-vasilevich>

We were very proud of him. He told us that we can go to another coach. And this trainer will offer you "vitamins". Never agree - life can be ruined!

The coach told us that he sailed on a steamer to Melbourne from Vladivostok and along the deck walked in circles for practice.

These trainings in my youth helped me a lot in my life. I don't know if I would be alive and healthy now if I hadn't been involved in sports then.

PS

My rival friend Boris (he is wearing a cap in front of me) twisted his feet to the sides. Coach, Leonid Vasilievich said: "You walk like Maxim Gorky!". When walking, you need to wrap your feet inward - clubfoot like a bear. Then all the toes work!

I sinned against the sloppy "Muscovites and guests of the capital", but ...

Then I walk down the street and see how the girl carefully lowers the bag with the remnants of the McDonald's feast into the urn.

Immediately, one crow stood on the lookout, and the other pulled out a package from the urn and "unpacked" it ...

Conclusion - do not throw packages into the bins, but simply throw them on ... the sidewalk, under your feet! So you will help our feathered friends to survive in the city!

Here I watched the film "Such a guy lives" for the nth time in quarantine. Kuravlev is inimitable! Has anyone but me noticed that the dance and fashion scenes were filmed in... a church converted into a club. Instead of an icon, a portrait of Lenin was hung, a screen hangs in place of the altar, the doors there are clearly church ones. Did Shukshin know about this when he made the film.

There were a lot of such cultural institutions in religious buildings in those days. People didn't even notice that they were watching movies and dancing in the former temple. Although I am not at all opposed to concerts being held in churches, films were shown between services. This is how they do it in many countries.

I wonder if this building survived and if a church was made in it again?

In 1967, I was drafted into the army and sent to a sergeant's school.

There was an epidemic of dysentery. It was aggravated by the fact that many wanted to get sick.

Firstly, you are sent to the hospital, where the conditions were much better than in training, and, secondly, after treatment (1-2 weeks), you become a bacilli carrier and you are not sent to the kitchen where you were terrible working conditions.

Stopped this epidemic by many measures. Including the fact that they established "Post number one", as we joked - they put an orderly between the toilet and the washbasins. This person made sure that everyone washed their hands with soap after using the toilet.

When I was a kid, I was sent to the countryside for the summer. And there, newborn blind kittens were drowned, leaving the cat with only one kitten. I remember how my aunt asked me to do this - she was busy with something. I took a bucket, poured water into it, put blind still wet kittens in the bucket and crushed them with a brick. He turned away, waited about five minutes and poured it all into the latrine cesspool. One kitten, which I liked better, I left to the cat. That's what my aunt said.

You will say that it is cruel that I grew up a sadist. No, I didn't grow up as a sadist, no, I didn't torture animals in my childhood, although in the army I had to slaughter cattle - cows, sheep, pigs ... We tied the cow with her head to a post, choked her with an ax butt on the head, and then butchered . The first time I did it was as an assistant to a more experienced soldier. And in subsequent times, they gave me an assistant myself. And I worked in the army as the head of the boiler room, not as a butcher. But the army was completely self-service.

Leaving newborn kittens, abandoning them in the city is more cruel than honestly drowning them, putting them to sleep. To castrate a cat, depriving it of the natural joys of life, is more cruel than drowning her kittens, leaving her only one, which is then necessarily attached to someone. But do not throw out into the street!

"At that time, newborn puppies were brought to Kiril Petrovich in a basket - he took care of them, chose two for himself, and ordered the rest to be drowned."

A.S. Pushkin "Dubrovsky"

Here I always try to pass through the turnstile in the subway, which is wider than the others. I love space! But I saw such a teasing marking on it and ... turned left.

Why?

Like Carlson, I consider myself "moderately well-fed", but by no means fat.

This is the only monument in the world that was erected both to representatives of one profession and to representatives of one country - in memory of the doormen and the Swiss! When I stood in front of him in the city of Lucerne, I remembered that I had proposed to write on it Saltykov-Shchedrin: "" To the kindly faithful Swiss, who saved in 1790, for a daily wage, the French throne-fatherland."

https://ru.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dying_lion

My students donated blood on the day of the donor, but they still came to my seminar with their hands bandaged, although they had every right to rest on that day. It pleases me - they like my seminar!

And at home I found my "awards" for donating blood in my student years! I'm a little short of the Honorary Donor title. Well, not the USSR, but at least MPE!!

Belarus is a unique country. They speak one language, but write (officially) in another. It's worse than in English-speaking countries, where they write Liverpool and read Manchester.

They will play! There may come a time when people will be forced to speak in a non-native language. And the whole of liberal Europe will believe that this is how it should be. In spite of Russia.

Some kind of gender research by March 8th.

Let's conduct a global (thought) statistical experiment and measure some parameter for all adults on the planet: weight, height, intelligence, etc. - in a word, everything that can be measured by number or evaluated by linguistic criteria (genius, talent, very smart, just smart ... and completely, sorry, a fool). We turn the obtained points into curves, where we plot the parameter of a person along the X axis, and the percentage of people with this parameter along the Y axis. At the same time, statistical processing will be carried out separately for men and women. What will we get?

Statistical case 1.

The curves of case 1 (first figure) are obtained for those human parameters, the value of which is greater for men than for women (height, weight, muscle strength, etc.). This, as many believe, is due to evolution - if the average male is larger than the female, then new generations become larger.

Statistical case 2. This is

how (second figure) curves may look for parameters whose values have not changed in humans over the past several thousand years - the mind, for example. Many rightly believe that modern man, if you remove the touch of education and culture, is not much smarter than the ancient Greek or Egyptian. Among male geniuses (Nobel and other laureates, great inventors, famous writers,

artists, composers - see the right edge of the graph in the second figure) more only because there are enough ... fools among men (left edge of the graph). But the average woman is smarter than the average man - the center of the "female" curve is raised due to a smaller spread along the edges: the areas of the figures under the graphs are the same - without offending anyone, we will assume that the Lord God or Nature (whoever thinks for himself) equally endowed both halves with the mind humanity.

Yes, there was a good old time when you could arrive at the airport 15 minutes before departure, buy a ticket without a passport and calmly walk along the airfield to your plane. Someone will think that I'm telling fairy tales. Watch the film "My Little Brother", where the hero of Ephraim the Pope flies from Riga to Moscow. Aircraft IL-12 (wheel on the tail). At IL-14, it was moved to the nose. And then the handsome Il-18 appeared. And then the Tu-104... Where is it all!?

And now!? That's what bad uncles have done. First, they hit civil aviation, and now also quarantine. It is easier to enter a super-regime enterprise than to enter an airplane!

I remember this old TV story. I was a boy.

Two guys follow a champion skier in the hope of learning the secret of his victories. The champion loses such a list. The guys think that this is a recipe for making a miracle ointment for skis. They cook it from the indicated ingredients, smear their skis with it and ... disgrace themselves on ski racing...

I saw this photo and immediately remembered the lines from the immortal poem "Moscow-Petushki" by Venichka Erofeev:

"Nothing, nothing," I said to myself, "nothing. There is a pharmacy, see? And over there - this fag in a brown jacket is scraping the sidewalk. You see this too. Well, calm down. Everything is going as it should. If you want to go to the left, Venichka, go to the left, I'm not forcing you to do anything. If you want to go right, go right."

I also remembered that we, defective boys in the pioneer camp, called each other like this: "Hey, you Macedonian fag!" The counselor (an intelligent, shy girl) accidentally heard this and said: "Children, the name of Macedonian was not Pidor, but Alexander!"

You will not believe it, but somehow we felt ashamed, and we stopped swearing like that ...

They began to use another curse. And beware of the counselor.

I also remembered that some idiots are going to rename the Perovo station to Chukhlinka.

And Karacharovo was liquidated.

Exactly! They are all faggots - not even Macedonian! Erofeev did not read!

But is it weak to restore not only the fountain, but also the old building in the place of the new one in Lubyanka? With the old functions of the Insurance Company. What are they fixated on Dzerzhinsky? The insurance company - there is something sinister and symbolic in this.

This is a postcard that my super-father (father-in-law) received at the front of the First World War. February 22. The year is not visible, but most likely 1917.

I remember this place and this time well!

1963-1967

I had a dog, I loved her. She ate a piece of meat, I...

In short, the dog had to be taken to the veterinarian for vaccinations and so on. For the entire east of Moscow there was one veterinary clinic on Sinichkin streets. Dogs were not allowed in the OT, taxis are expensive. From Novogireevo I took an electric train (where dogs are allowed) to the Chukhlinka station, went up to the Perovo station and went to the sorting station.

Now some idiots have renamed the Perovo station Chukhlinka - it will, presumably, be Nizhnyaya Chukhlinka and Upper Chukhlinka. I hope common sense will prevail and the good old name Perovo will return. And Karacharovo must return. And in general - common sense! Let the idiots stay in the asylum!

Because of Karacharov, Venichka Erofeev was spinning in his grave and swearing worse than after the Hammer and Sickle!

This photo reminded me of Venichka also from this excerpt from the poem "Moscow-Petushki": "And there - this fag in a brown jacket is scraping the sidewalk. You can see that too. Well, calm down. Everything is going as it should. If you want to go to the left, Venichka, go left - to Chukhlinka station, I'm not forcing you to do anything. If you want to go right to Perovskaya Street, go right."

Put some sugar on the frog for me, I won't take it in my mouth, and I won't take oysters either: I know what an oyster looks like - like snot from the nose. Take a ram," he continued, turning to Chichikov, "this is a side of mutton with porridge!" These are not the fricassees that are made in Parisian kitchens from lamb, which is lying around on the market for four days! These are all the sanctions of the Germans and the French, I would hang them for this! Invented sanctions, treat hunger! That they have a German liquid nature, so they imagine that they can cope with the Russian stomach! No, it's all wrong, it's all fiction, it's all ... - Here Sobakevich cursed obscenely and shook his head angrily. - Interpret: democracy, democracy, and this democracy - poof! I would have said another word, but that's just indecent at the table. I recently said at dinner about the snot oyster, so my missus vomited so much!

Londoners call their underground tube. The machine that makes this pipe is a tunneling shield. One of them worked out its resource, but it was not handed over for scrap, but painted in the colors of the British flag and made a decoration of one of the London Underground stations. We in Moscow really lack such monuments of technical culture!

MPEI in this sense, well done! He did not throw away the rotor of the steam turbine and the electric generator from the MPEI thermal power plant for scrap, but put them as monuments at the entrance to the institute!
PS

At this station in London (Greenwich Maritime Museum) I once saw such an "oil painting". People in a chain blocked the exit of passengers and demanded to show a ticket to travel on the subway! Wow, what a mess!

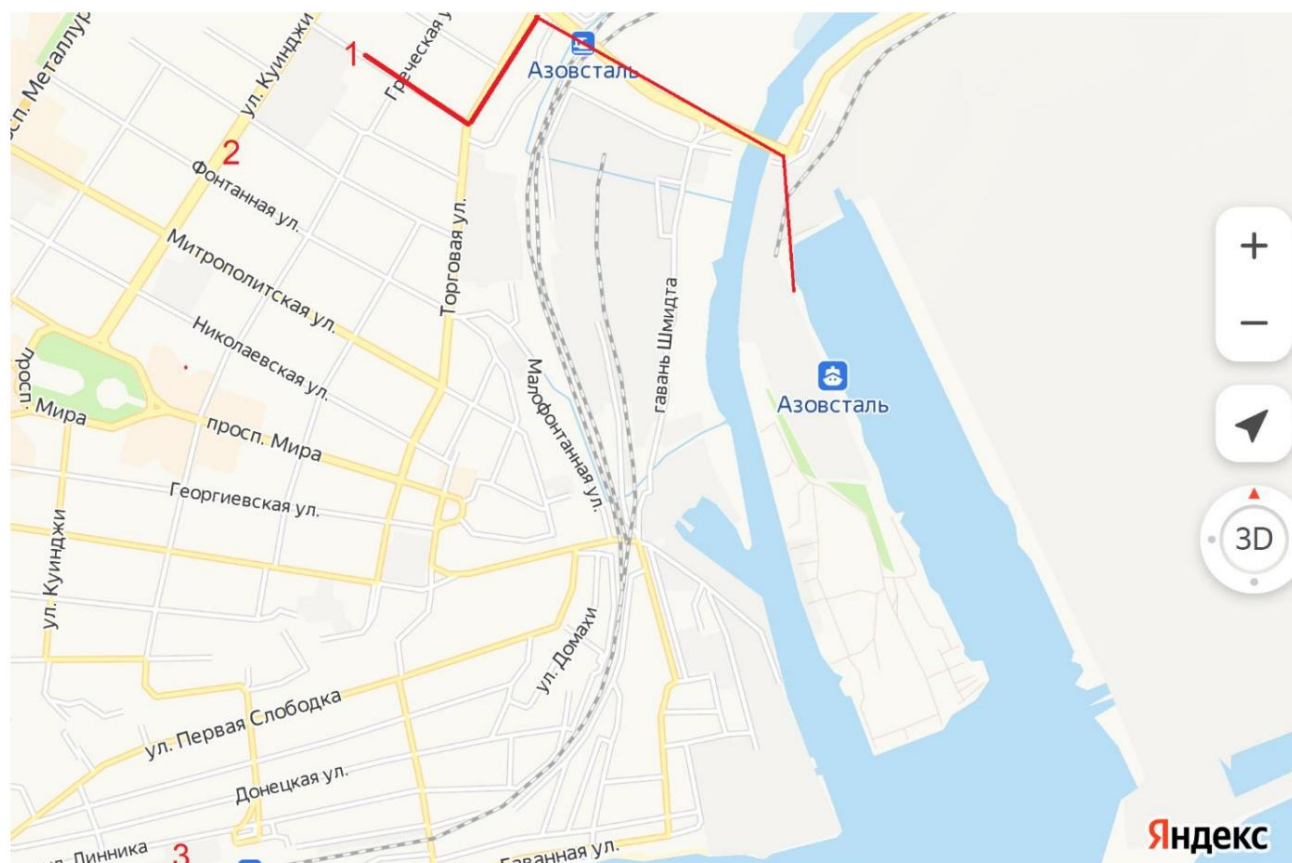
Taxis in Baku are the same as in London. For their color they are called eggplants. They are very comfortable: high ceiling, wide doors, luggage is placed next to the driver. It would be nice to have such taxi cars in Moscow! I once saw how one respectable lady in a fur coat was put into an ordinary Moscow taxi, and she complained that this car "became a little small in her hips"!

Do you know how a domestic therapist differs from a foreign one?

If you complain to our therapist about something, he will most likely send you... to donate blood.

A foreign therapist will take your blood himself, send a test tube to the laboratory, after 10-15 minutes he will see on the display what you have with blood and will decide what to do next with you. Ultrasound, for example!

In our country, many patients perceive the reference to blood donation as "fuck you". Hence many health problems. And distrust of doctors...



Mariupol - Azovstal - spring 2022...

I spent half my childhood and youth in this city (then Zhdanov). My honeymoon was there in 1970. As a kid, they sent me there to the sea in the summer. They gave it to the conductor on the train, and I went there for a day. The train was pulled by a locomotive. We drove through Donetsk - then the city of Stalino.

In Mariupol I had:

- A grandmother with her son - with my uncle Pavel on the then Krasnoarmeiskaya street - see point 1 on the map.
- Aunt Nastya on the then Artem Street - item 2
- Aunt Vera with my cousins Lyudmila and Natalya and cousin Alexei on Semenishina street - p. 3

I lived with them alternately.

Uncle Pavel was without a leg. He lost it even before the Second World War, working as a wagon coupler. He could not walk on the sandy city beach - there his leg, a piece of wood, fell into the sand. And the sea near the shore is shallow. And we went to swim with him on the canal of the Azovstal plant (the red line of our road). The dog Kashtanka was running after us. And I carried an inflated "sausage" - a rubber trophy something like a half-mattress, on which the Germans were transported by water during the war. On the canal it was possible to dive from the concrete shore immediately to the depth. It was convenient for an uncle without a leg - he swam faster than he walked. And I was floundering on the "sausage" in the water ... And in the distance the blast furnaces of Azovstal smoked. They brought ore from Kerch by sea. For this, the channel was dug. And coal from the Donbass was transported by rail. With my cousin, I went to the port at the grain pier to catch gobies. Then they were smoked or fried.

The city was wonderful! What have they done to him!

Ukraine gained independence without any problems, taking at the same time, even against its will, the lands where they spoke Russian. There were no particular problems before Maidan 2014.

It was necessary to incite Ukraine against Russia from across the ocean! Demolish monuments, ban the Russian language, blame Russia for all their troubles... I remember two people were talking on the street in Mariupol - one in Russian, the other in Ukrainian. And no one just noticed. Imagine that in Switzerland it is forbidden to speak French and Italian - only in German. Where would it end? Civil war with French-Italian intervention!

Now the brother - the son of Aunt Vera barely escaped from the destroyed house and lives with his wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren in Tambov at a ski base. I help them with some money. Cousin sits in Mariupol in the basement of a destroyed house. There is no news about the other.

Aunt Vera told me that in 1941 she saw the Germans marching through the streets to intimidate the city. And then she saw how, already in our time, nationalists who arrived from the west of Ukraine were marching through the streets. Also to intimidate the population. The second was much scarier, she says. Westerners are people offended by the whole world.

A seemingly simple children's game of hide-and-seek. But...

In childhood (adolescence) we played it like that. In a communal apartment, when all the adults were at work, we blindfolded one tightly, while we "sweatily" hid the other player in the apartment. The first was to find the second by touch, scanning the whole apartment with my hands. This search could take hours...

Here are the "cache" were: in bed under all the mattresses, feather beds blankets; on the kitchen table behind plates and pots... But the pinnacle of all this, literally and figuratively, was this. With the help of belts and ropes, we tied the player playing under the ceiling in the kitchen to the gas pipe. While hiding, everyone dispersed around the apartment and made noise so that the driver would not guess exactly where the person was hiding.

The main informational tragedy of my life.

We used to do this - read the newspapers, listen to the radio, watch TV and think that, yes, this is all ... to put it mildly - one-sided information. But at night I will catch "enemy voices" and through the wheezing of the jammers I will hear something, to put it mildly, more objective. But now it has become clear that everyone is lying, that the entire press (media) is corrupt.