

Margarita's Double Diary

Dear Margarita, I feel like we were in a poem of Pushkin when we were together... Here are the links that I wanted to tell you about:

The evidence that war is not biological: <http://www.unesco.org/cpp/uk/declarations/seville.pdf> I think that the best work on brain mechanisms is being done by Sten Grillner in Sweden employing several Russian scientists who were trained by Bernshtein. Here is a reference: Neural bases of goal- directed locomotion in vertebrates--an overview (2008) <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/17916382> Again, if you do not have access by Internet I can send you the pdf file. Finally, while looking for the Grillner paper I found the following: Language comprehension in the bilingual brain: fMRI and ERP support for psycholinguistic models Walter J.B. van Heuvena, , and Ton Dijkstrab Brain Research Reviews 64 (2010) 104- 122 Again, I have the pdf file if you cannot get it by Internet.

See you in September! But if you want, you can always send me an email and I will reply from California.

David

PS Think of me when you smell a very nice flower.

Dear David

Thank you very much for information you sent. I think that the search for genetic basis of language and speech is an utopia like the creation of a world without war... This makes the task only more interesting Unfortunately the documents only convinced me that war includes very significant biological component. That is why it is so easy to support the ideology of war by biological theories (including the theory of evolution). The origins of the war I see in intraspecific struggle for animal habitat. Yes, our war is different from that struggle as well as human speech from the howling of wolves. Global essence this does not change. So the war been, is and will be (for the new territories, new natural and/or economic resources, war for own status-quo ...). It's our ugly essence, a part of our life in pre- and historic times. At the same time, the ideology of "peace-of-world " is biologically poorly supported by. It is abiological theoretical idea of a possible future. "Just as 'wars begin in the minds of men,' peace also begins in our minds. The same species who invented war is capable of inventing peace." - We did not invent war, we inherited and "civilized" it. And "peace" is idea that requires the invention (not only invention but also instill in our mind). The last will be possible only when the political conjuncture needs it (as happened with "anti-racism" today), or when society ripen (I do not believe it, not today). This does not mean that I approve of war. I hate war, one of which destroyed my hometown. I admire your attempt to encourage society to peace, although I believe its least premature. I want to believe in such utopian world-w/o-war, but my mind refuses to believe. While writing, remembering short poem of Bryusov (file attached). Wish you a nice trip. Smell all flowers in California.

Margarita

PS Did you know that Pushkin and you are in some measure supporters?(see attachment)

Мои разум! Ты стенами строгими Мне все пределы заградил. Напрасно разными дорогами Стремлюсь я, до упадка сил.

Мои безумные видения Законом подчиняешь ты, И в темных безднах исступления Проводишь прочные мосты. Валерии Брюсов 1900

А вот рассуждения А.С. Пушкина о «вечном мире». Но, увы, через 100 лет была новая война и не одна... «1. Невозможно, чтобы люди со временем не уразумели смешную жестокость войны, как они уразумели существо рабства, царской власти и т. д. Они увидят, что наше предназначение — есть, жить и быть свободными. 2. Так как конституции уже являются крупным шагом в человеческом сознании, и этот шаг не будет единственным — вызывая стремление к уменьшению числа войск в государстве, ибо принцип вооруженной силы прямо противоположен всякой конституционной идее, — то возможно, что менее чем через 100 лет не будет больше постоянных армий.

3. Что же до великих страстей и великих военных талантов, то на это всегда будет гильотина, так как обществу мало заботы до восхищения великими комбинациями победоносного генерала — имеются иные дела — и не для того поставили себя под защиту законов».

Dear Margarita,

I am glad that you are not easily convinced when there is not very good scientific proof. You are a good scientist - like me. But that is not all. Alexandr Sergeyevich and I will continue to try to convince you - with many fragrant utopian flowers and full moons! Because life is both interesting and beautiful!

David

Dear Margarita,

Before I go to California, please send me an address where I can send you a book - a utopian book. Peace - through beautiful flowers,

David

And flowers should be not just beautiful, but good-smelling, moon - not just bright, but full. Hm... serious arguments Best

Margarita

Hi Kid, Did you get the book? :) David

Yes, I've got this morning Thanks :-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

I'm back from California and look forward to seeing you again – with flowers, moon and stars! (I have no Russian keyboard to say it better!) How have you been?

:-) David

Hi David,

Welcome back! Pleased to hear you. How was your trip? I'm fine, work, waiting colored autumn leaves and flying away in Russia :-)) Margarita

Hi Margarita,

I look forward to seeing you. Do you like to bicycle? I have an extra bike and the weather is good for it today and tomorrow. Do you like jazz? There is jazz at the Cafe tomorrow at 7 PM.

What else? :-) David

Hi David,

Sorry for the delay in replying - I just got your letter. Bike sounds great, but unfortunately, today I had a long working day - no energy for bike, maybe next time. Tomorrow I'm going to New York - a walk on the streets (I was never able to go there for the summer). We can meet tonight. How about a look at the sunset from the hill?

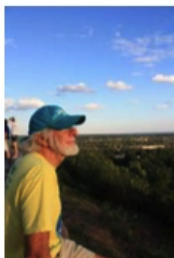
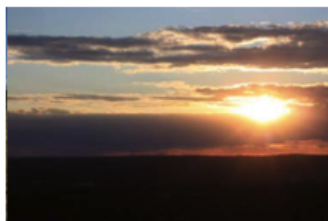
If you do not like the idea - to offer another.

Margarita

Dear David,

Thanks for the wonderful evening and picnic. Hope I haven't offended you? I really do not want to offend you, because I like you. Sending you some photos - portraits and sunset (maybe the chariot of fire?)

:-) Margarita



Dear Margarita,

Funny because I was going to write you the same email: "Thank you for the wonderful evening. I hope I haven't offended you, because I like you! Please send me some of the photos from last night. I will tell you about the results of the race on Monday. :-)" We are very special and precious and we must take good care of each other, especially because it is for a short time! In fact it is the epigram from Evgeny Onegin: Let us make haste to live and feel!

Write me about New York! :-) PS. Please send me some more of the photos of you! :-)

Hi Margarita,

How was New York? Tell me about it. Did you take any photos? We should go there together someday. What is your schedule like this week? Any time free?

:-) David

Hi David,

10-hour walk around New York was great. I returned home at 11 pm, exhausted but pleased :-)) First impressions from 42-nd St when I came out of Grand Central - I'm at the bottom of the canyon :-)) Metro is terrible and there I don't see or feel the city, the bus is not interesting. So I walked by foot - from 42-nd to Battery Park and back (Broadway, 5-th and Park Avenues, some of streets). The next trip will be north of 42-nd Street. Museum of American Indians did not like. It was bad exhibition - a chaotic mix of cultures and geographies. Observation from height of ESB was interesting - shark teeth skyscrapers. Overall, I liked the city, interesting architectural mix, but it is necessary to live there for some time to feel the city better. And I realized 2 things.

1) In our town I really missed big city, with its crazy pace of life, smells of exhaust and the faceless crowd. 2) If I am a beginner in photography, and in architectural photography - a complete ignoramus. My photos of the city are terrible - erase and never show. As for photos of me, I have not a lot of, sending all that is. This week I'll answer the mail with a delay - some problems with internet at home.

:-) Margarita

Hi David,

My trip to NY city was great. I wrote about it in the previous e-mail. Did you get it? My schedule this week: I work all week to 5-6 pm, on Saturday - Russian party, on Sunday - yet free from any plans. Margarita

Dear Margarita,

I like your description of New York. Would you like to go to the city together next Sunday? We could go uptown to Columbia, and go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art as well. Would you like to go to the Scriabin Prometheus on Friday evening? Do you have the time and energy for anything else in the evening this week? You know I look forward to seeing you soon and the only time I'm busy is Wednesday evening. No jazz Sunday. I went to watch the playoffs of the women's professional basketball championship on television. More beautiful women in motion! See the video at: <http://www.wnba.com/video/wnba/2010/09/05/20100905wnbaseaphodeskptpmov-1407915/> :-)

David

Hi David,

I like your plan for this week. Think we will be unable to meet before the end of week. But Scriabin on Friday and New York on Sunday sounds great! At what time and where on Friday?

:-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

Let's meet across from the library (our usual place) at 6:30 on Friday and go together to the concert which starts at 7:00. And let's go to New York on Sunday. I am inspired to write a poem. It is called "A Moment of Ecstasy Cannot Last Long". It is a page poem. Page poems are like the poem about the butterfly by Swenson (attached).

I am looking forward to seeing you.

:-) David

Unconscious came a Beauty to my wrist and stopped my pencil, merged its shadow profile with my hand's ghost on the page: Red Spotted Purple or else Mourning Cloak, paired thin-as-paper wings, near black, were edged on the same side poppy orange, as were its spots. U n c o n s c i o u s Came a Beauty I sat arrested, for its soot-haired body's worm shone in the sun. It bent its tongue long as a leg black on my skin and clung without my fooling, while its tomb-stained duplicate parts of a window opened. And then I moved.	Неожиданно присела красота на мою руку и остановила карандаш, слив профиль своей тени с тенью руки на странице: Пятнисто-красный или траурный плащ, Иначе — пара тонких, как бумага крыльев, вблизи черные с маково-оранжевыми краями, как пятнышки на другой стороне. Неожиданно присела красота. Я сидел, захваченный ее тельцем с угольно-черными волосками, светящимися на солнце. Она высунула свой длинный, как и ее чернеющие на коже руки лапки, язычок и прильнула, без задней мысли, Тогда как ее могильно-окрашенные крылья дублировали створки раскрытого окна. А затем ... я пошевелился
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Thank you for sending me poems. They are beautiful. 'Butterfly Poem - a true anthem of Wonderful Moment (chudnoe mgnovenje) See you Friday

Margarita

Dear Margarita,

Here is my poem for you. I hope you like it.

:-) David

	Момент экстаза не может длиться вечно Ты позволила прикоснуться к себе и не улетела. Ты позволила взять в руки свои крылья. А потом ты тихо запела. Теплая и трепетная. Ты ощутила мои губы на своих губах, Но когда наши уста соприкоснулись, ты испугалась. Я держал тебя трепещущую в своих руках, пока мог. А потом ты вспорхнула на соседнюю ветку, Что бы сказать «прощай».
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Your poem is so beautiful and exciting that causes anxiety and fear

Margarita

Dear Margarita,

Let us take the lesson from Goethe's Faust: "In Faust's study, the dog changes into the devil (Mephistopheles). Faust makes an agreement with the devil: the devil will do everything that Faust wants while he is here on earth, In exchange Faust will serve the devil in hell. Faust's agreement is that if during the time while Mephistopheles is serving Faust, Faust is so pleased with anything the devil gives him that he wants to stay in that moment forever, he will die that very moment (in German he says: "Verweile doch, du bist so schön" – "Stay a while, you are so beautiful". It is perhaps the most famous quotation in all German literature.)" You and me, let us make no agreement with the devil! Instead, let us accept that beautiful moments come and go like birds singing and colorful sunsets and that is what makes our lives so rich! Let us not die in the beautiful moment! Let us live to listen to the bird songs and look at the sunsets, sometimes together and sometimes apart!

:-) David

German original:

Faust. Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen; So sey es gleich um mich gethan! Kannst du mich schmeichelnd je belügen, Daß ich mir selbst gefallen mag, Kannst du mich mit Genuß betrügen; Das sey für mich der letzte Tag! Die Wette biet' ich! Mephistopheles. Top! Faust. Und Schlag auf Schlag! Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen: Verweile doch! du bist so schön! Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen, Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn! Dann mag die Todtenglocke schallen, [107]Dann bist du deines Dienstes frey, Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen, Es sey die Zeit für mich vorbey! Mephistopheles. Bedenk' es wohl, wir werden's nicht vergessen.

Translation by Samuel Taylor Coleridge in 1821:

FAUSTUS. Would that I Could but for one short moment rest in peace, Tho' the next should destroy me. Could you, by Flattery or spells, seduce me to the feeling Of one short throb of pleasure; let the hour That brings it be my last. Take you my offer? MEPHISTOPHELES. I do accept it. FAUSTUS. Be the bargain ratified! And if at any moment I exclaim: "Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions," Then throw me into fetters; then I'll sink, And willingly, to ruin. Ring my death-knell; Thy service then is o'er; the clock may pause, And the hand fall, and time be mine no longer. MEPHISTOPHELES. Think of your contract well; 'twill be remember'd.

I can't find a Russian translation of Faust, but if you can find it look for strophes 106-107. We can understand why Bulgakov begins his Master and Margarita with an epigram from Goethe's Faust about the devil: See the attachment.

Dear David,

Thank you for the enlightening summary of "Faust". This phrase (well as "Faust") is famous in all countries - "Ostanovis' mgnovenie ty prekrasno!" (In Russian). I understand that stop a moment mean to kill its beauty. And never tried to do this, as well as enter into the same water, twice. Maybe we didn't understand each other. Forget it.

:-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

I was talking to myself more than to you when I wrote about Faust. I am the person who needs to learn the lesson that "the moment of ecstasy cannot last long." I hope you don't mind that sometimes I talk to myself like this!

:-) David PS.

Dear Margarita,

I was happy to see you, but you have troubled my dreams. I had difficulty sleeping because of a dream that kept coming back. I had lost my data from a grand experiment, but I could not remember what kind of data it was or what was the experiment. All I knew was that it was very important and I kept looking for it every time I would go back go sleep!

Anyway, I look forward to going to New York tomorrow and forgetting about it for at least one day.

:-) David

Good morning David,

I'm sorry, my bad mood spoiled the evening and your night-dream.

So, stop worrying and sleep well, if you are going tomorrow in NY city. See you tomorrow.

Margarita

Dear Margarita,

As for bad moods and bad dreams, let's not worry about them, but just put on a big bandage. One of the things I learned from my work in medicine in the old Soviet Union was that when your patient is in pain you should put a big bandage on them somewhere so everyone else will know that they are in pain!!!

'til tomorrow.

David

PS I just got a very beautiful book about Native American cultures, and I'll show it to you.

Hi David,

Nice to hear that you've enjoyed race. Funny, but my week of disappointments didn't end. Just came back from the Russian barbecue. This was my first and last visit. Except for 5-6 people (mostly musicians and biologists) stupid crowd mostly new generation of immigrants and potential immigrants, reached the limit of their dreams - they are in US!, speaking about Russia in terms of "kosmicheskogo mashtaba i kosmicheskoi je gluposti" ("cosmic scale and cosmic stupidity", Bulgakov, Dog's Heart). Well good luck to them, I even feel sorry for them.

I'll see the book with great pleasure.

Until tomorrow

:-) Margarita

Hi,

Thank you for poetry evening :-) I attached some photos (don't worry, I'm not going to publish them in Internet :-)) Send them to your friend. Tell him from me - my respect, I'm fascinated with his museum, people like he like rare diamonds.

Margarita



Dear Margarita,

Yes, he is a rare diamond! Thank you for the very good photos which I will send, with our thanks, to him. I'll send you a "blind copy" of the mail. Could you also send me the photo of you and me. I promise not to put it on my wall (and not on the Internet either!). I'll call you tomorrow evening to see if you are too tired to go watch the women's basketball on TV at the sports bar.

:-) David

Dear Margarita,

While waiting impatiently for the photo of you and me, I decided to look for our photo on the Internet. Here is all I could find, but I hope that we do not have to stay all the time in the museum!

:-)) David



Dear David,

Photos that you sent are beautiful. :-) This once again convinced me not to send you our photos. It's terrible - glass eyes and wooden faces. Sculptures from the museum are filled with more life than we in this photo.

About tonight, unfortunately, I can not go with you into the sports bar. I think we'll be unable to meet before the Thursday-Friday. Wish you to enjoy a good spectacle of the game.

:-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

I will miss you this evening, but the girls play again Thursday evening at 8:00, so I will call you then. As they say on the street, "you are in my head". Can we do something nice together on Saturday? The weather forecast is "Mostly sunny, with a high near 72." Here are three possibilities: 1) go to a beach (by bus and bicycle) 2) go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York 3) rent a car and go to the American Indian Museum.

OK, don't send me the photo with glassy eyes. We'll take a better photo sometime. I hope that your week is going better than last week. Anyway, aren't you waiting for your cat to come for next week? (but not "Begemot" - when I see you I will tell you the story of my "begemot").

:-) David

Hi David

Your plans for Saturday sounds great. I especially like the first and third points - the choice is yours. On Sunday my friends invited me into NY, so we hardly see each other on this day.

Hi,

Good morning I will try to preserve the remnants of energy for Saturday.

Margarita

Good morning. Looking forward to Saturday.

:-) David

I'm sending you a paper. This is a summary of the Russian edition in two volumes. It's funny, the publication is completely similar to the old Russian anecdote. I'll try to translate. "In every country, it was decided to publish a book about elephants.

Appeared the following books

India: A few about elephants

France: About elephant's love

Germany: Introduction to elephantology

Russia: Russia - homeland of elephants.

:-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

I love the quote from Serebrovsky!? It goes into my "album" of scientific poetry along with Sir Charles Sherrington (for the brain) and Leslie White (for the evolution of culture).? I attach my "album".

:-) David

"We stand on the shore of a vast sea. Thousands and thousands of valuable or harmful substances—genes—are dissolved in it... The sea is heavy. Every moment, noiselessly, mutations burst out in it, presenting us with new treasures or polluting the sea with new poisons. Slowly, the genes disperse, covering increasingly large areas. Multicolored, sparkling streams mix and turn, giving rise to novel gene combinations that are yet unknown to humanity... The name of this sea is gene pool."

- Serebrovsky 1928,

"We may think of the culture of mankind as a whole, or of any distinguishable portion thereof, as a stream flowing down through time. Tools, implements, utensils, customs, codes, beliefs, rituals, art forms, etc., comprise this temporal flow, or process. It is an interactive process: each culture trait, or constellation of traits, acts and reacts upon others, forming from time to time new combinations and permutations...." "For certain purposes and within certain limits, the culture of a particular tribe, or group of tribes, or the culture of a region may be considered as a system. Thus one might think of the culture of the Seneca tribe, or of the Iroquoian tribes, or of the Great Plains, or of western Europe as constituting a system . . But the cultures of tribes or regions are not self-contained, closed systems in actuality, at all. They are constantly exposed to cultural influences, flowing in both directions with other cultures."

- Leslie White, 1959

Suppose we choose the hour of deep sleep. Then only in some sparse and out of the way places are nodes flashing and trains of light-points running. Such places indicate local activity still in progress. At one such place we can watch the behaviour of a group of lights perhaps a myriad strong. They are pursuing a mystic and recurrent manoeuvre as if of some incantational dance. They are superintending the beating of the heart and the state of the arteries so that while we sleep the circulation of the blood is what it should be. The great knotted headpiece of the whole sleeping system lies for the most part dark, and quite especially so the roof- brain. Occasionally at places in it lighted points flash or move but soon subside. Such lighted points and moving trains of light are mainly far in the outskirts, and wink slowly and travel slowly. At intervals even a gush of sparks wells up and sends a train down the spinal cord, only to fail to arouse it. Where however the stalk joins the headpiece, there goes forward in a limited field a remarkable display. A dense constellation of some thousands of nodal points burst out every few seconds into a short phase of rhythmical flashing. At first a few lights, then more, increasing in rate and number with a deliberate crescendo to a climax, then to decline and die away. After due pause the efflorescence is repeated. With each such rhythmic outburst goes a discharge of trains of traveling lights along the stalk and out of it altogether into a number of nerve branches. What is this doing? It manages the taking of our breath the while we sleep.

Swiftly the head-mass becomes an enchanted loom where millions of flashing shuttles weave a dissolving pattern, always a meaningful pattern though never an abiding one; a shifting harmony of subpatterns. Now as the waking body rouses, subpatterns of this great harmony of activity stretch down into the unlit tracks of the stalk-piece of the scheme. Strings of flashing and traveling sparks engage the lengths of it. This means that the body is up and rises to meet its waking day.

- Sir Charles Sherrington

Thanks for the album. I especially liked the quote from Sherrington. This is an unusually poetic description of a purely biological process.

:-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

How are you?

:-) ? :-(? David

Fine. Five minutes ago the working week ended :-))

Hi, What are you doing? :-) David

I'm going to go home

Let's decide on the time and place to meet tomorrow.

If possible, not very early. Maybe at 11 am? If this is the bike-trip, it is reasonable to meet at your house. If it's OK.

Very good. Tomorrow at 11 AM at my house. You can either ring the bell in front or come up the back stairs. Do not forget your bathing suit! I wish you a restful night!!

:-) David

Are we going to swim? Do you think that it is enough to heat? :-)

It is possible, but not necessary. The water is the warmest at this time of year, warmer than the air sometimes. In any case, we can be prepared if we decide that we want to swim. :-)

OK. I've left out of the Internet. Now I'm available only by phone. Good night :-)

Dear Margarita,

What wonderful memories of our swimming day!

:-) David

My Dear Margarita,

I just returned home and found the heroic flower from you. The flower is very happy in its new home. I had to laugh because in order to get into the treehouse, you had to go through the bed!

:-) David

PS I look forward to the receiving the photo portraits of you as Mexican. PS The heroic flower is next to my bed where it is very sexy and exciting! I moves with the wind from the fan and seems to be speaking. I think it is asking for a poem! :-)

This weekend?

:-) David

Yes :-) What's the general and detailed plan for the weekend?

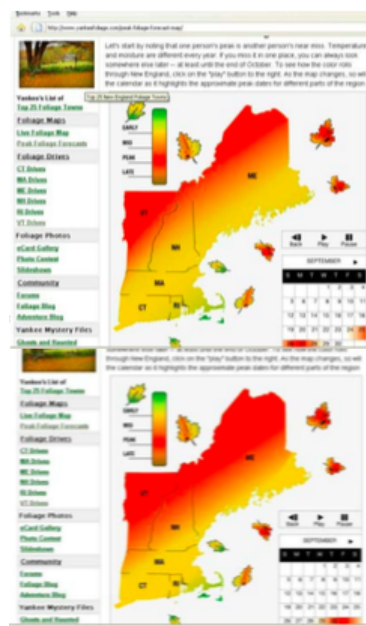
Cool. What time are we going? What (in addition to the camera) to take with? :-)

Wow! :-))) I'll rent the car Saturday morning and pick you up about 8:30. OK. The weather forecast says that Saturday in Vermont will be cloudy with a chance of some rain showers, and Sunday will be sunny and cool. We will come back Sunday evening not too late. I will get us a nice "bed and breakfast". What should you bring? Overnight kit. Warm clothes and maybe a change of clothes. And, as you say, of course, the camera! I have not been able to reach my friend by telephone. He often travels in Africa, so probably he is not there now.

:-) David

PS I have to come by your workplace this morning. Do you have time to take a break for a few minutes?

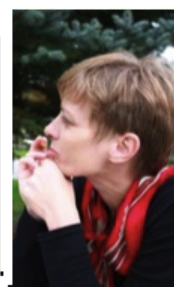
Sounds great! :-) What time are you coming by? Maybe I can take a small break



Kakie kanikyli!! :-) David

Kanikuli zamechatel'nie. :-) A eto fotos na pamjat' o kanikulah

The last few days I can not recover from the charm of Vermont autumn... photos: from Mt Mansfield



I made one brighter. Facing the wind, on top of the mountain, looking out over valleys and lakes, watching the sun go down through the clouds, we do not see it.

:-) :-(- :-)

too much light and contrast. You killed sky

:-)

It could be done with "photoshop" but I don't have that. This is the best I can do. I have invented a new lake! But it is easier than going back to Vermont and waiting for the sun....

:-)

You're right, it's easier than to go back to Vermont,

:-)) "... we cannot get there from here". In addition, we can't enter into the same river twice. This'll be another water. And I'm not sure that it'll be better than the last.

PS. What's name of this new lake? :-)

Dear Margarita,
I am inspired
today. Here is a
new page poem.
:-) David

There is a place we do not go. Facing the wind, on top of the mountain, looking out over valleys and lakes, watching the sun going down through the clouds, we do not see it. Driving through the rain, as night crowds around, your head against my shoulder, we cannot get there from here. There is a room we do not enter. There is a child we will not have. There are thoughts we don't allow. There is a name we will not give. I dared to speak them and you put your finger on my lips to stop. But in the crossing of our lives, the joining of our limbs and lips, the silence seemed to go on forever, the sharing of deepest passions, we come away changed forever, gaining in strength and wisdom. The wisdom of the greatest poets. for mountains of truth yet to climb, Of Goethe and his Doctor Faustus, and journeys yet to even begin. Bulgakov and his Homeless poet, Only death can bring peace to love. Only death can make love eternal. And we are not about dying for there is so much life to live, so much love to give, so many places to go, so many rooms to enter, dreams to share. Thank you for teaching me, my beautiful co-pilot! "How did you get so wise?" I ask, And you say with a quiet smile, "It is quite simple. I am a woman."

Good morning! David, your poems are beautiful, including the latter. Your "Butterfly" and "Moment of Ecstasy" I've translated into Russian. Here is the new poem.

*Есть место, куда мы не пойдем. Лицом к ветру на вершине горы, глядя на долины и озера, наблюдая за лучами солнца, сквозящими сквозь тучи, Мы не видим его.
Проезжая сквозь дождь в надвигающейся ночи, твоя голова на моем плече, Мы не можем попасть туда.
Есть комната, куда мы не войдем,
Мысли, которые мы гоним от себя.
Я осмелился озвучить их, ты остановила меня, прижав палец к моим губам.
Кажется, молчание длилось вечно.
Но ты выжидала, чтобы объяснить.
Мудрость величайших поэтов – Гете и его доктор Фауст, Булгаков и поэт Бездомный.
Только смерть может сделать любовь вечной.
Есть ребенок, которого у нас не будет.
Есть имя, которое мы не дадим.
Но на перекрестке наших жизней, в сплетении наших тел и губ, в обоюдной глубокой страсти,
Мы изменились навсегда,
Приобретая силу и мудрость
Для гор истины, которым еще расти, для путешествий, которые еще предстоят.
Только смерть может принести мир в любовь.
Но мы не собираемся умирать, потому что так много жизни, чтобы жить, любви, чтобы дарить, мест, куда стоит идти, комнат, куда стоит войти, мечтаний, чтобы разделить.
Благодарю за урок, мой прекрасный штурман! «Как ты можешь быть столь мудрой?», спросил я. И ты ответила с легкой улыбкой, «Это так просто, я – женщина».*

Dear Margarita,
I am very happy to have the poems in Russian!
And the photos are wonderful!
:-) :-) David

We have two tickets to the Theatre on Saturday evening at 8:00 PM (seats F-F-6 & 7). Should I get a car so we could go to the American Indian Museum during the day on Saturday (or a car for both Saturday and Sunday?) - or go somewhere else if you prefer? Best not Vermont or New Hampshire. Happy cannucula!

:-) David

I think that, the theater would be enough on Saturday. Otherwise it'll be a very hard day for you (trip and theater, all together). On Sunday - your choice. But remember: from New Hampshire we've brought this rain... :-))

Sorry David, it seems I didn't understand you. I looked at the map - the theater far enough. Should we rent a car on Saturday?

Eto uzhasno and ne pravil'no, no I skuchaju po tebe

:-) :-) there are thoughts we don't allow you put your finger on my lips to stop...

I put my fingers on my lips to stop :-)

good morning, princess! :-)

Good morning. :-) Thanks for Audrey's photo. I like her so much. I don't know woman more beautiful than she is

ТЫ МОЙ ТИП. ОНА МОЙ ТИП. :-)) Apparently I cannot write to you in Russian. So I made it a graphic - attached. :-)

I've read it twice :-))



Dorogaya Margarita,

Your travel agency (Rimsky Tours) suggests the following possibilities for this coming weekend. Please note that the "official" weather forecast is:

Saturday: Mostly sunny, with a high near 67 (19 celsius). Saturday Night: Partly cloudy, with a low around 50 (10 celsius). Sunday: Mostly sunny, with a high near 64 (18 celsius).

Saturday during day: voyage to Indian Museum. Also, if you wish in the morning a 40 minute canoe trip, beginning between 9:00 and 11:00. Saturday evening: tickets to the Theatre with a charming companion Sunday: Breakfast in bed (sorry, no jacuzzi)

Sunday during day; Voyage to see Dinosaur footprints, followed by trip along Connecticut River to Gillette Castle (closing time 4:30) returning via the The Chester - Hadlyme Ferry across the river. Other suggestions are welcome. Tips are encouraged for good service

Yours truly, Rimsky Tours

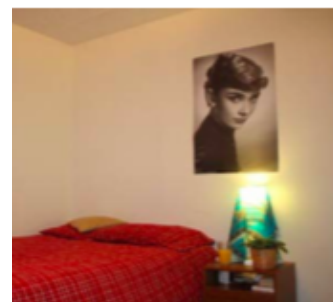
:-)) :-)) :-)) Dear Rimsky Tours, The program you propose is grandiose! I really liked it, especially the provision of a charming companion. Looking forward to Saturday. :-) PS You are unique in everything, even in the tourist business.

Dear Princess, What time should the royal carriage arrive to fetch you tomorrow morning? Canoeing starts at 9:00, but is optional. At your service, Rimsky Tours

Privet! Canoe need me today to swim to my house :-)) If it's possible, let's meet tomorrow, not very early on after 9 am. I've very hard day today. What time do you prefer?

PS Look what I bought yesterday (attached) :-)

Privet! I like the poster for your room, but my dear Princess, you could have had the same effect by putting a mirror on the wall! :-) :-) Shall we say 9:30 tomorrow morning for the royal carriage? :-) :-) PS The Rimsky Tours Canoe taxi service is available but rather expensive! Please inform us if you wish to use it. We also provide a service with a large umbrella that is quite reasonable, and not necessarily dangerous, although it could be insidious...



9-30 am sounds great. :-) As for the canoe-taxi, but still under a great umbrella, plus the cost and insidious taxi driver ... Thank you, today I'd rather swim in mine frail boat under small umbrella :-))

It's true that a princess should be careful of insidious taxi drivers! The carriage will arrive tomorrow at 9:30 pulled by beautiful royal horses. :-))

Dear Rome' Tours.

:-) On behalf of grateful clients allow me bring you many thanks for a great trip and excellent service. In recognition sending you the latest photo-music album-report that prepared last night. You can use these photos to advertise your company with the consent of the author of these materials. Wish prosperity to your agency With great respect and appreciation

Former client



dangerous lunch



in chaise-langue



prayer or talk with stone



seems you come back to home



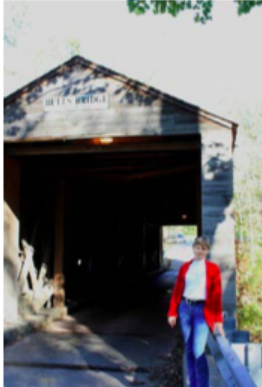
looking at me



looking at Connecticut-river



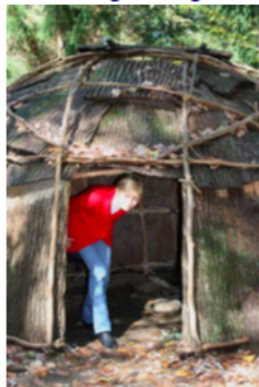
covered bridge



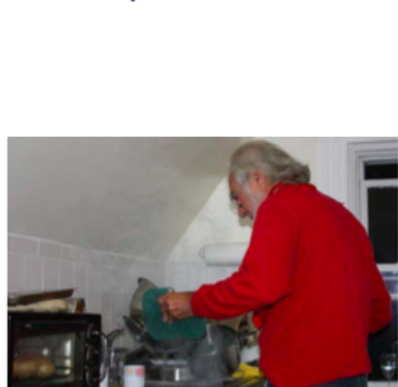
near castle



coming out wigwam



potatoes with nails



First of 4 :-)



Good morning, Princess :-)(:-)(:-)



I felt so hard myself on Sunday tonight and Monday. We had overplayed. Maybe it was a bad joke of Woland. I was able a little to get rid of this state just last night, then I phoned you. And music helped me again. It was the rock, approximately in this sequence that I attached. But today again I received a photograph of Audrey ... It's too hard for me. I don't want to come back to Russia in depressional mood. And I don't want to leave you so hard and tragic. I'd like to spend the last night with you, simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy. I can tell you back same words that you told me on our first night. "If you say Yes - it would be fine if you say No - I'll understand." In any case, what would you not respond, do not send me any more Audrey. I do not want Roman holiday. Anyway, I want to remember them as a mystery tale, and not as a tragedy. Ask you again - no photos and never call me princess.

Dear Margarita,

No. No more photos of Audrey. No more princess. No more Woland.

And yes. :-) One last night with you, simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy. It must be **Wednesday night and not Thursday night, because I need to go away. I am going to the airport Thursday to go see my brother, the Alyosha to my Dmitri. On Wednesday evening I return about 8:30.? So I will come to get you between 8:30 and 9:00.? Is that OK? The computer I use for music has now totally crashed and I don't know if I can get my other computer equipped for music, but I will try.**

:-)

Thank you that understood me. It's a pity that we can not meet on Thursday evening. On Wednesday I'll have a hard day. But I'll try. I'll come after 9 pm, or call if I can not come. Don't worry about songs sent. There're more important words, not music. It's mostly for me. See you tomorrow. Maybe.

:-)

Dear Margarita,

I was able to listen to the music and understand some of the words, especially the words "Ja svoboden!" No more sad music. Only :-) music. Maybe you can bring some on Wednesday. Even if you are tired on Wednesday, remember that we will be simple, gentle, cheerful and without tragedy. That is good even when one is tired. Do I understand that you would come here instead of me coming to get you? I usually arrive here at 8:30. I will have eaten already. Would you be hungry?

David

Please, don't worry about the dinner. Hope, I'll have time to have dinner before our meeting. Let's meet at the old place, near library, at 8-45 pm (plus / minus 10 min.). I would not want to walk down the streets alone in this late time.

:-)

Very good! 8:45 at our usual place across from the library tomorrow evening, Wednesday. :-) :-) :-) If you feel like calling me by phone this evening when you are having a smoke, it will make me happy.

"If you feel like calling me by phone this evening when you are having a smoke, it will make me happy" Are you sure? Usually at this time you're looking for a tree.

:-))

At least since I will be behind a tree, you will know where to find me. :-)

If this tree isn't in a forest :-)

Be careful. If it is in a forest, I might chase you! :-)

I'm not afraid. N-years ago, I had classes in running and karate-shotokan+jiu-jitsu. If something is stored in memory of my limbs, I have two good chances to save. :-))

You may be faster in the short distances, but I will catch you after many kilometers and you will be too tired to resist! :-)))

No spasibo, chto predupredil :-)

But, again, I have two chances - to fight or don't resist. I'll think about this alternative. But later. Now I have to finish my work for tomorrow, and finally get home. Good night! See you tomorrow.

PS. Dreamscatcher is working! I hung a small red one near to my bed; as a result I sleep like a baby!

Best wishes for a good doklad! :-) :-)

My day is filled with beautiful sad music!

"My Sweet and Tender Beast"

"Juno and Avos

Outside, the sky is weeping!

I cannot say what is in my heart, but I cannot stop the sky from speaking.

:-)

:-)

:-)

Put another way, as a page poem

После нашего прощания Не могу я заставить замолчать небеса
Как сказать не могу, что у меня на душе За окном плачет небо
Мой день наполнен прекрасной грустной музыкой

After we said goodbye,

but I cannot stop the sky from speaking
I cannot say what is in my heart,
Outside the sky is weeping.
my day is filled with beautiful sad music.

Thank you for the wonderful night. Goodbye



It's not a Christmas tree, but also beautiful. :-) I've brought for you two little books of Pushkin' poems. if I'll have time I'll send the books now, if not - in January. I'm going to Moscow for New Year- Orthodox Christmas-Old New Year

:-) Happy New Year

It is SO good to hear from you. Have a wonderful trip. I'll send you a mail when I come back.

:-)) David

Merry Christmas :-)

Dear Margarita,

Thank you for the Christmas card! Even though I have been abroad since the beginning of November. I look every day to see if there is news about you! I return on January 13 to the States. I wish you a wonderful 2011!

:-) David



Dear David Thank you for the gift. I just found the envelope in mailbox. It was very nice

:-) Margarita

Dear Margarita,

Thank you for the email and phone call. I hope you are well, and I am glad to know that you like snow and cold (remembering childhood!).

Is it possible for us to meet for a drink or dinner at a restaurant this weekend? "If you say Yes - it would be fine if you say No - I'll understand." :-) David

David, Whose is the translation of your poems? Yours or mine?

Hi, The translations were yours, but I had to make a few changes for the spacing. I hope I didn't make terrible mistakes! Like C novOm godom! :-)) David

Don't worry - your Russian is better than my English :-))

I asked because I don't remember if I sent you my translations

Yes, you sent me translations, but there was no time for you to translate "rain" so I don't have that. :-)

There're 2 quick translations - the literal and rhymed. Sorry, not Pushkin

:-)) (The last time I wrote poetry more than 20 years ago) Good night, David :-)

После нашего прощания	Коли плох перевод, предложи другой сам
Не могу я заставить замолчать небеса	Я не могу сказать о том, что на сердце у меня,
Как сказать не могу, что у меня на душе	Но не могу запретить говорить небесам.
За окном плачет небо	За окном плачет небо.
Мои день наполнен прекрасной грустной музыкой	Грустная музыка дня ...

Good morning, Margarita :-)

Good morning, David No, we're not going to die, not now, mb later :-)

PS Sorry, I don't know what I'll do this weekend, might work. If you want, we can meet tonight for a cup of coffee.

Unfortunately, this evening is not good, but any other evening for a cup of coffee. Tomorrow?

Well. Tomorrow I should finish work not too late, at 5-6 pm. Is this time good for you?

Great! Where? And what time exactly?

Ok. At 5-30 at the cafe you know. Or we can meet near the library, if you're not afraid to be cold :-).

Other suggestions are welcome if it's not too far from my way home.

Very good. The Cafe. I'll be there by 5:30. :-) :-)

[at the cafe] **"You promised me not to tell her! I told my husband about you, but just that you are a friend. If you really loved your wife you would not have told her! Now you must choose, either we go back the way we were or we say goodbye."**

The next day she sent the poem Gavriiliada by Pushkin.]

Dear Margarita, Thank you for the poem. I am thinking... and thinking... and thinking. You will say that I think too much, that this is the problem with poets and prophets...

PS. And, yes, you are right, as usual. There is also Hamlet, who at 4 AM is pacing the halls of his castle, saying "To be or not to be, that is the question! All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. . ."

Dear Margarita,

From the beginning, there was something special about the deep and mutual respect that we shared. It was always, "If you say Yes, it would be fine. If you say No – I'll understand."

With those words always in my head,, I wrote a letter of farewell last week. I was confident that you would understand and respect why I must do so.

I tried to send you the letter, but I could not not. It was not complete. And so, I had to think, and think and think, to the point that I began to fear that I was becoming like Hamlet.

As I read and re-read the letter, I had to admit that I had fallen in love with you.

The girl from the Kavkaz who dreamed of being a speleologist-anthropologist, just as I dreamed, the young Tom Sawyer of finding my Becky when I explored the caves of the Ozarks.

You are the girl I sought and never found in when I went to live in Moscow, knowing no Russian except what I had memorized from Evgeny Onegin, and going with my friends to the Taganka.

You are the beautiful woman holding her baby in trust over the precipice in the mountains and the beautiful girl in the video of the wedding dancing to the waltz of Doga.

You introduced me to the Master and Margarita, and our wonderful love inspired the best poetry I have ever written.

And so, during this week, Woland has returned again and again, tempting me to try to hold on to our moment of wonderful love forever.

Я -- часть твоей силы, что вечно хочет зла и вечно совершает благо. But I know it cannot be forever. I would write you a poem, but the poem was already written.

"Only death can make love eternal. Only death can bring peace to love. And we are not about dying for there is so much life to live, so much love to give, so many places to go, so many rooms to enter, dreams to share.

Thank you for teaching me, my beautiful co-pilot!" Please, please understand! And please, please accept this letter simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy.

Прощай,

Дэвид

Well. This's your choice. I promised that I'll accept any of your decision.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v2XbVEN795o> [А напоследок я скажу]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8Ht551RPV0Q&feature=related> [БЛАГОСЛОВЛЯЮ ВАС из к/ф "Ирония Судьбы..."1975г.]

Farewell, David

Good evening I just got a book from Russia that promised you - Bernstein "O postroenii dvizhenia". Please, let me know, if you're in town, I'll put the book in your mailbox this week. (I don't want to lose it, if you're away).

Best Margarita

Hi Margarita,

Yes, I am here. When you leave the book in the postbox at the front of the house, please reach into the box and take the book of poetry that I will leave for you. Thanking you for the Bernstein book, and thinking of you forever.

David

Dear David

I've got your book of poems. And have to tell that you made me very upset. Sorry, but you acted dishonestly. You could not publish my translations w/o asking me (plus with your own errors) This is at least tactless.

Margarita

Dear Margarita,

I am sorry for being tactless. As for the errors, I think that they were corrected, but since I did not ask your permission, if you wish, I will stop the publication. This can be done because the book is not yet published, and what you have is just a proof.. Meanwhile, I am delighted by the Bernstein book which is a wonderful present. I did not know that his lectures were published as well as the 1947 book.

Once again, I apologize. I will do what you advise..

David

I'm glad that you liked the book. Hope it will be useful to you.(But as far as I know, some Bernstein' papers were translated in English)

As for your poems publication - then do it as you see fit. Now for me it does not matter in what form it will be published.

Good luck with your projects. All the best

Dear Margarita,

Thank you for your understanding about the poetry. Once again, I apologize for not having requested your permission.

I wish you all the best in everything!

Peace and love, through struggle,

David

[after many months without any contact since I had said goodbye]

Yes, it was not one but one hundred years ago that we met at a concert on the Green. And yes, it could be said that good poetry, good bourbon, good wine, and good love get better with age. For Pushkin it is now two hundred years! While you were drinking bourbon, I was drinking wine.

*Хочешь знать, как всё это было? –
Три в столовой пробило,
И прощаясь, держась за перила,
Она словно с трудом говорила:
«Это всё... Ах, нет, я забыла,
Я люблю вас, я вас любила
Еще тогда!» –
«Да».*

Анна Ахматова
1911



Thank you for the beautiful poem and its beautiful thoughts. Yes, it is exactly 100 years since Anna wrote it. She was just 22!

«Как ты можешь быть столь мудрой?», И ты ответила с улыбкой, «Это так просто, я – женщина».

Good morning :-)

You look (walking on the green grass) is very nice. The harmony with yourself and enviromental is clearly visible. I'm happy for you :-)

Но мы не собираемся умирать,

Was Anna's poem for Amedeo Modigliani? See and read <http://ahmatova.ouc.ru/amedeo-modigliani.html> and in English with wonderful drawing at <http://www.modigliani-drawings.com/anna.htm> And the following is from wikipedia for Modigliani:(I don't know if it is true) He met the first serious love of his life, Russian poet Anna Akhmatova, in 1910, when he was 26. They had studios in the same building, and although 21-year-old Anna was recently married, they began an affair. Tall (Modigliani was only 5 foot 5 inches) with dark hair (like Modigliani's), pale skin and grey-green eyes, she embodied Modigliani's aesthetic ideal and the pair became engrossed in each other. After a year, however, Anna returned to her husband. At least we know that they went often to the Jardin de Luxemburg of Paris (Люксембургского сада). I know it well. For them it was like the Green to us. Yes, I am in harmony with the grass on the Green, and whenever I am there I think of you. You, too, are in harmony there. :-)

Об этом рисунке Модильяни Анна писала: Он не траурный, он не мрачный, Он почти как сквозной дымок, Полуброшенной новобрачной Черно-белый легкий венчик.

А под ним тот профиль горбатый, И парижской челки атлас, И зеленый, продолговатый, Очень зорко видящий глаз.

"Хочешь знать как все это было..." - это поэма первой встречи Анны и Модильяни А вот это - "Песня последней встречи"

Так беспомощно грудь холодела, Но шаги мои были легки. Я на правую руку надела Перчатку с левой руки. Показалось, что много ступеней, А я знала - их только три!

Между кленов шепот осенний Попросил: "Со мною умри! Я обманут моей унылой, Переменчивой, злой судьбой". Я ответила: "Милый, милый! И я тоже. Умру с тобой..." Это песня последней встречи. Я взглянула на темный дом. Только в спальне горели свечи Равнодушно-желтым огнем.

Между кленов шепот осенний Попросил: "Со мною умри!"

Потому что так много жизни, чтобы жить, любви, чтобы дарить, мест и комнат, куда стоит войти, мечтаний, чтобы разделить..

Through poetry we ascend into the timeless universal tissue of our wonderful species...

Счастлив тот, чья любовь "похожая на дым"
 ДВЕ ЛЮБВИ
 Иннокентий Анненский
*Есть любовь, похожая на дым:
 Если тесно ей - она дурманит,
 Дай ей волю - и ее не станет...*
*Быть как дым, - но вечно молодым.
 Есть любовь, похожая на тень:
 Днем у ног лежит - тебе внимает,
 Ночью так неслышно обнимает...*
Быть как тень, но вместе ночь и день...

"Through poetry we ascend into the timeless universal tissue of our wonderful species..." --
 Я думаю, что поэзия это, прежде всего, способ материализовать чувства. Мы, люди, любим придать всему осязаемые формы. Сначала чувства превращаем в слова. А потом за рифмованными строками пытаемся разглядеть чувства. Вот и ты первым делом стал смотреть кому и зачем Анна написала эти строки. КАКАЯ РАЗНИЦА. Важно, лишь то, насколько эти строки передают твои собственные чувства, здесь и сейчас. Поэтому я не люблю читать биографии поэтов и истории написания поэм. (извини на английском я этого сказать не могу)

**Let us be happy, for our love is like smoke.
 It is free, it flies, it does not stay.
 Let us be smoke and forever young.**

:-)))) David, do not worry. This is not the personification. It's only a poem on very beautiful and correct description of love, but only the two extreme its forms. Between them there are a lot of variations of love-forms. Anyway "Каждый выбирает по себе: женщину, религию, дорогу; дьяволу служить или пророку. Каждый выбирает по себе..."
 Goodnight

Goodnight, sweet Margarita!

I saw you sitting in our park. The evening air was thick with the sound of children playing.
 So I sat beneath a tree and spoke to a squirrel and told her about us.
 You were reading and did not see me. The air was clear with fountains playing around you.
 I wanted to tell you, but I knew that a single word could only shatter the beautiful crystal vase that we left behind.
 I could not stay or leave for I was pinned between memory and hope.
 Only how I feel.
 I can tell you poetry.

I saw you reading in the park this evening...

Я видел вас сидящей в парке. Вечерний воздух был кристально чист, с фонтанами играющими вокруг вас.

Вы читали и не видели меня. Воздух был наполнен звуками резвящихся детей.

*Я не мог остаться, и не мог уйти.
 Я был приколот между памятью и надеждой, захвачен в сети сожалений и желаний.
 Я хотел заговорить с вами, но я знал, что одно лишь слово смогло разрушить нашу прекрасную хрустальную вазу.*

Поэтому я сидел под деревом и говорил с белкой, я рассказывал ей о нас.

Только поэзия может передать вам мои чувства.

David, you are like a child, of course I saw you when you were close to my bench .. A poem lovely as always

Yes, I want to be like a child - Let us be smoke and forever young.

*Мы встретились случайно, на углу.
 Я быстро шел - и вдруг как свет зарницы
 Вечернюю прорезал полумглу
 Сквозь черные лучистые ресницы.
 На ней был креп,- прозрачный легкий газ
 Весенний ветер взвевял на мгновенье,
 Но на лице и в ярком свете глаз
 Я уловил бывшее оживленье.
 И ласково кивнула мне она,
 Слегка лицо от ветра наклонила
 И скрылась за углом... Была весна...
 Она меня простила - и забыла.
 Иван Бунин*

That's what I'm trying to achieve

But, trying, I'm still so far from that.

And I hate myself for I allowed myself to fall in love, for I want to see, hear, feel and touch you, for I miss you, even when I'm in Moscow with family, for our meeting in January, when I actually made you lie and fuss, for my evening riding a bike, when sometimes I mysteriously finding myself at your street.

I hate myself for writing this to you now.

But, sorry, I can no longer keep it to myself.

Dear Margarita,

Thank you for writing me from your heart. The poet can write what he wants: Она меня простила - и забыла.- but words cannot change our hearts. I will always love you, and you will always love me - that is written in our hearts. Even when I am abroad, I miss you and when I am here I have to keep myself from walking on your street. Let us not hate ourselves for love, just as we should not die for love. But let us be like smoke, free and forever young. Peace, through struggle,

David

A poem for us

	The world is not ready for the beauty of our	
science		love
Our discoveries	Will	Our meetings
are all twisted	it	are watched by jealous eyes
by power and profit	ever	both within and without
and turned against the people.	be	
	?	that turn us against ourselves.
	There	
Let us go on a journey to seek a solution,	is	Let us seek out prophets and poets,
seeking together and alone, near	so	wise women, wise men, even children,
and far, within and without .	little	asking them for an answer to our pain.
	time	
	!	
But take the world	Let	But write our story
in our own hands	us	in our own words
and shape it	not	with patience and respect
to make our work	wait	to make our love
	!	
	bear the fruits	
	of beauty	
	!	

*Мир не готов к красоте нашей науки
Будет ли готов когда-нибудь?
Но у нас так мало времени!
Давайте не будем ждать!*

*Наши открытия полны сил и возможностей, но играют против людей.
Давайте отправимся в путешествие, чтобы найти решение, близкое и далекое, внутри и снаружи, вместе и по одиночке.
Возьмем мир в свои руки и сформируем его, сделаем нашу работу приносящей прекрасные плоды!*

*Мир не готов к красоте нашей любви.
Будет ли готов когда-нибудь?
Но у нас так мало времени!
Давайте не будем ждать!*

*За нашей встречей наблюдают ревнивые взоры изнутри и снаружи, отерая нас от самих себя.
Давайте искать пророков и поэтов, мудрых женщин, мудрых мужчин, даже детей,
чтобы спросить у них ответа про нашу боль.
Напишем нашу историю своими собственными словами с терпением и уважением,
сделаем нашу любовь приносящей прекрасные плоды!*

You're not quite right. Making way through phrases of the poem I see only contradictions. Sorry, maybe I'm stupid woman and did not understand. The world is too old and wise and is ready for anything. Only we are not ready. The world is too old, wise and impartial. And we had experiences in this story and we wrote it in own words. Only if we do not like this own creation, we begin to believe that the world is against us. And we, appealing to the imperfection of the world, fussing and hiding own invalidity, "go on a journey to seek a solution", to search beautiful truth, but not own truth, following advice of the sages. What is written is already written. We can not rewrite it without having new experiences.

If it is impossible to change the situation, then change own perception to it. You offer to do that and I'm agree and I'm trying to, but, plz, do not make me be faster then I can.

Dear Margarita,

I love how you speak from your heart. It is true, as you say, that the poem is full of contradictions. But that is not all. There is also a resolution that I write from my heart: "to write our own story with patience and respect" From the beginning our story has had respect: "From the beginning, there was something special about the deep and mutual respect that we shared. It was always, "If you say Yes, it would be fine. If you say No – I'll understand." And now we must add patience. " If it is impossible to change the situation, then change own perception to it. You offer to do that and I'm agree and I'm trying to, but, plz, do not make me be faster then I can." I promise I will not make you be faster than you can!

Love, David

David - you are woven of contradictions. You are sure that: "From the beginning, there was something special about the deep and mutual respect that we shared. It was always". And then, you offer: "to write our own story with patience and respect ". Or do you think that we have lost the very "deep respect". Maybe you're right. You did not fulfill my only request - do not tell your wife about me (if what you told me in January, it is true). And I should not have to appear in your life after our parting last fall. Only later I realized that I am "the read book" for you. And this is my mistake and I got slap in the face for the first time in my life and deservedly. That's why I'm angry at myself. This is not a sign of disrespect to you - it is the loss of self-respect, to return which is very difficult. You had nothing to do with that. I'm sorry I had to explain it all, but I felt your misunderstanding.

Live in peace, David

My misunderstanding. Yes. After October 6 I thought we would never see each other again. And so I told my wife about us. I am sorry if I promised you I would not tell her (You say "You did not fulfill my only request - do not tell your wife about me"), but I do not remember your request..

Did you think that we would see each other again after October 6? I did not think so, and so I was surprised to hear from you at Christmas. . I thought it had been just a Roman Holiday.. I did not think you would want to see me again. Of course, it was a pleasant surprise, but yet it was a surprise.

When we met again in January, and I said I had told my wife, you were very angry with me. You said that you had told your husband that I was just a friend. And you said that if I really loved my wife, I would not have told her about us! It was then you said, "Now you must choose, either we go back the way we were or we say goodbye."

Of course, if I had promised you that I would not tell my wife about us, you would have good reason to be angry and to say that I did not keep my promise.

Now I must tell about my own history, and why I felt I had to tell my wife. I think I told you before. I was married for 25 years and for the last 15 years I also would see my wife on my travels, but I kept it a secret. After 15 years, I could no longer live with my lies, and I told my wife. It was a disaster!!! She told me "Now you must choose between us." It was like the story of King Solomon, where the two women argue over a baby, and he says "Do you want me to cut the baby into two pieces?"

When you told me "Now you must choose, either we go back the way we were or we say goodbye", it was also a slap in the face to me, because it was like what had happened almost two years before with my wife. How could I choose you over my wife and abandon her?

I cannot cut the baby into two pieces? Perhaps you are right to say that I am woven of contradictions.

Well. You were going to meet with your brother in October and asked me - Can I tell him about you? I said yes. And then I asked you - I know that you love to talk, but please, never tell your wife about us. That's because (1) I never wanted to make your wife upset, (2) I knew that in this case everybody will have to "cut the baby into two pieces".

Having a lot of pictures of our travels, I told my husband that you are my friend. But it was my deal that never could touch you. Do you remember what I said - there are you and your wife, there are me and my husband. We, you and me, are not there, we're a different world. - And it seemed to me that you were agreeing with me.

That's why I feel myself like 'the read book', which is not bad enough to throw out it and at the same time not good enough to read. May be sometimes glance at its cover remembering some of the content (such as those verses which you send to me now). That's why I said in January - Now you must choose, either we go back the way we were or we say goodbye - (and you remember it correctly), but I never offered the choice of either I, or your wife. As well as, you or my husband never was an issue of choice.

So, the analogy with King Solomon is inappropriate.

In general, David, plz, forget all that I talked a lot. You understand everything as you understand. You made a choice. I was hurt, but I took your choice without saying a word, as promised. Just don't dissect my soul...

Well, you were right in October when you said (and I then forgot): "I know that you love to talk, but please, never tell your wife about us. That's because (1) I never wanted to make my wife upset, (2) I knew that in this case everybody will have to "cut the baby into two pieces". You were right that it did make my wife upset and it was my wife (NOT you!) that said I would have to choose. So when I say I would have to cut the baby in two pieces it is not because of what you have said. I understand when you say below that "I never offered the choice of either I, or your wife." As you predicted, it was my wife who gave me the choice of you or her. It was for my wife that I cannot go back the way we were before. My only choice, then, was to say goodbye in January.

Now it is my turn to say what you told me: "I'm sorry I had to explain it all, but I felt your misunderstanding. "

Also as you have said, "If it is impossible to change the situation, then [maybe we can] change own perception to it." I hope so, with patience and respect.

Dear Margarita, I have been happy to be talking by email with you again. But I see that in my last email, I did not respond to your comments to forget that you talked a lot and "Just don't dissect my soul ". It is not possible to "forget" but certainly I will not dissect your soul. I could never want to hurt you. Speaking from your heart, you say that you were hurt in January. I am sorry that I hurt you. I am happy talking with you, but maybe it is painful for you. "If you say Yes, (we can talk by email) it would be fine. If you say No (or simply don't respond) - I'll understand."

Love, David

About what do you want to talk with me, David? You are silent. Waiting for the new striptease of the soul? Vainly. There is emptiness and lightness in it. I have excised the abscess, writing to you. And your answers and explanations helped me to do that. Everything is so clear and the true value of everything is so visible for me now. Your "love" in the end of the mail is readable as not more than "best". Yesterday, with a light heart, I threw out Audrey's poster, autumn leaves, and other little things.

I just got back home and found your three emails. You say and ask many things for which I have no answers. At one point you mention love, and it makes me remember: Если тесно ей - она дурманит, Дай ей волю - и ее не станет...

And I remember what you wrote me last week, after I wrote you " Let us be smoke and forever young.": " You replied, "It's only a poem on very beautiful and correct description of love, but only the two extreme its forms. Between them there are a lot of variations of love-forms" And you don't need a poster of Audrey

Can I complain to you? I just got very bad news about my work

I'm a fool, and I I give up and send all to hell.

You have every right to complain! They don't understand the importance of what you are doing, Be angry, and I'll be angry with you. It's shitty!

Thank you for your support, David. As I see, here much more funny than in Russia.

:-)) Sorry, I take away your time

Goodnight

Tonight the fountains and children did not play.
We met alone in the center of our park.
Was it by chance? Or was it by Woland?
Our spirits circled and came to rest
on a bench where I sat cross-legged next to you.
I think we spoke but the words flew
away before they could be heard.
"My computer battery is gone" you said.
"I have to go now."
I watched you walking away, your long light dress flowing, your gazelle body flowing slowly, then lifting, floating, slowly, rising silently into the trees of the night.
as I walkd slowly down the other path through jumbled, crazy-quoted memories, tied to you eternally by invisible fields of forceful attraction.

Сегодня вечером фонтаны и дети не резвились.
Мы были одни в центре парка.
Было ли это случайно? Или по воле Воланда?
Наш дух кружил и остановился отдохнуть на скамейке, где я сидел, скрестив ноги, рядом с тобой.
Думаю, мы говорили, но слова улетали прежде, чем они могли быть услышаны.
«Батарея моего компьютера разряжена» – сказала ты – "Я должна идти"
Я наблюдал, как ты уходила, твоё длинное легкое платье струилось, твоё тело газели медленно струилось, затем поднялось, поплыло к деревьям, медленно, тихо исчезая в ночи.
Я наблюдал за тобой, идя другим путем через смешанный, сумасшедший калейдоскоп воспоминаний, навечно связанный с тобой невидимой силой притяжения.

Dear Margarita,

I will leave a key that maybe will open your bicycle in your mailbox when I am on my bike today.

May I consult with Rimsky Tours about the coming weekend?

David

PS. There is a poem being born in me.

Дорогой Дэвид, Пишу на русском (постараюсь изъясняться просто), так что у тебя есть шанс переключиться с Бернштейна на эпистолярный жанр. Я хочу сказать тебе большое спасибо, это были прекрасные выходные. Думаю, каждый из нас был достаточно обессилен физически и обогащен эмоционально. Но мне стало грустно от твоих слов. Если встречи со мной причиняют тебе больше печали, чем радости, то ты в праве отказаться видеться со мной. Я как всегда приму это, не сказав ни слова. Когда-то, говоря о нас с тобой и моей семье, ты сказал мне, что я должна уметь переключаться. И ты помнишь, что я тебе ответила - "НАС не существует, есть ты и твоя жена, я и мой муж ..." Мы - это момент, какой-то яркий миг. Это как сон, который не имеет продолжения наяву и не может (и не должен) изменить что-то в жизни. Я пыталась анализировать наши чувства. И вот я к чему пришла. Как всегда три основных вопроса: (1) Что это? Это не любовь (во всяком случае мне так кажется). Это влюбленность, возможно сильное, но, наверняка, кратковременное притяжение, которое мы испытываем сейчас, будем помнить всегда, и которое исчезнет очень быстро, если мы будем вместе долгое время (бывает, что за это время это чувство перерастает в любовь, но это не про нас у нас нет этого времени, оно - время - для другой жизни). Думаю, что это не первое (надеюсь и не последнее) чувство влюбленности как в моей, так и в твоей жизни. (2) Почему? Прежде всего, потому что каждому из нас, видимо, не хватало новизны и эмоциональной встряски. В результате ты, влюбленный больше в мое ко мне чувство, чем в меня, пишешь свои поэмы (соглашусь очень красивые), наслаждаешься эмоциями (неважно плачешь ли ты, или смеешься). Я, нашла в тебе многое, что меня всегда привлекало в мужчинах - ум, чувство юмора и любовь к жизни, и все это помноженное на твою влюбленность. Плюс, видимо, сработали совпадение эмоциональных волн в восприятии друг друга и влечение на уровне биохимии. (3) Что с этим делать? Ничего. Всегда помнить, без грусти и трагизма (как ты знаешь, что весна пройдет и за ней будет лето, потому что иначе этого не бывает), что это пройдет и наслаждаться этим сейчас. В этот ли выходной, другой ли - неважно. Просто пока это чувство есть и пока мы можем это сделать, находясь рядом. Ты все это уже сказал в своих стихах. Каждый раз в стихах ли, в разговоре, ты пытаешься мне это донести, видимо пытаешься защититься, боясь моей к тебе привязанности или каких-то осложнений. Я не противоречу, но ты снова пытаешься внести нотку трагизма в наши отношения. Даже когда я послала тебе стихи Анненского, ты усмотрел в них намек на различие наших чувств и принялся меня уговаривать - быть как дым. Не надо, Дэвид. Не бойся, я не стану твоей домашней кошкой, лежащей свернувшись в клубок на твоих коленях. Сегодня я знаю, что в настоящее время я хочу быть с тобой, иногда, по выходным, если мы можем их выкроить из нашей жизни. И, в конце-концов, это пройдет, думаю (во всяком случае, надеюсь на это) просто перерастет во взаимную симпатию, одобренную теплыми воспоминаниями. Я постараюсь освободить эти выходные. Во всяком случае вторую половину субботы и воскресенье для нас. Потом придет Кики, а я, возможно, займусь доработкой проекта (во всяком случае, с главной его идеи никто из рецензентов не спорил). Это, на самом деле, здорово, спасибо, что ты хочешь прочитать это. Если я все-таки соберусь подавать проект опять, я буду использовать тебя как первого рецензента. Можно? :-)) А сейчас, встретимся на выходных, и просто будем наслаждаться друг другом, не делая трагических лиц. Возможно это последние наши выходные, а возможно нет. Не будем загадывать наперед. Пока нас не разделит океан, и если наша жизнь позволяет выделить какое-то время друг для друга, я не вижу причин не видеться. Но опять же, если ты думаешь иначе - просто и открыто дай мне знать, что не хочешь меня видеть. PS. Что бы ты вновь не забыл мою просьбу :-)) , и понял, почему это так важно для меня. Я хочу объяснить, почему я взбесилась по поводу публикации русских переводов твоих стихов и прошу тебя не выкладывать их в Интернете. Естественно, как ты знаешь, я рассказала моему мужу о нашей ДРУЖБЕ. О тебе, о наших беседах, о поездках, я ничего не говорила о наших чувствах и близости. Это было ни к чему, зачем рассказывать сны, которые могут ранить любимого человека. Мало ли сакральных мимолетных чувств у каждого из нас, зачем их вываливать на голову ни в чем неповинных близких, принося только боль и унижение. Именно так мы сохранили наш брак на протяжении 20 лет. И я не собираюсь что-либо менять в этом плане. НО, представь, что мой муж знает о нашем знакомстве, и каким-то мистическим образом прочтет твои стихи в русском варианте в Интернете (это маловероятно, но на свете много невероятных совпадений). Не надо быть идиотом, чтобы сложить два плюс два ... А он, отнюдь, не идиот. Извини за длинное письмо. :-)) Целую Margarita

It's funny, but we pressed "send" almost simultaneously. :-))

Yes, and I am reading and reading and loving and loving (влюбленность) your long and beautiful letter. « No need to learn. Let just live. Do not repeat the biography that you told me yesterday, but with your own variations: "he learned, learned, and learned and ... died" :-))

Как ты можешь быть столь мудрой?», И ты ответила с легкой улыбкой, «Это так просто, я — женщина». **But even being a man, I, too, should learn to be wise like a woman.**

Sorry, I did not answer the question - May I consult with Rimsky Tours about the coming weekend? I totally rely on Rimsky Tours :-))

Dear Margarita, I have taken the time to prepare an English version of your letter. Although I could understand the Russian to some extent, I thought it was so rich and important that I wanted to know it exactly. You will see if I made any bad errors. Now that I can see it all carefully, I am even more convinced of your wisdom. Everything you say is true and beautifully said with such great love and respect both for me and for your family - and ultimately for yourself. You should not be sad. Although I had a tragic view of things earlier in my life - and you know that - I am no longer driven by tragedy. And so I can recognize and agree with all you have said!

David, Your Passionate Friend

Dear David, I write in Russian (I will try to express simply), so that in you there is chance to be switched from Bernstein to the epistolary genre.

I want to say thank you, they were excellent times. I think, each of us was sufficiently weakened physically and enriched emotionally.

But I became sad from your words. If encounters with me cause you more grief than happiness, then you have the right to not see me. I as always assume this, without saying a word. Once, speaking about us and my family, you said to me that I must know how to be switched. And you remember that I you answered - "WE do not exist, there are you and your wife, I and my husband..." We - this moment is a kind of bright flash of time. It is like sleep, which does not have a continuation in reality and cannot (and must not) change anything in life. I attempted to analyze our feelings. And here is what came to me. As always there are three basic questions:

(1) What is this? This is not love (in any case me so it seems). It has the passion of love, maybe very strong, but, for sure, the short-term attraction, which we experience now, we will remember always, and which will disappear very rapidly, if we will be together for a long time (it could happen that over time this feeling could grow into love, but this not about us because we do not have this time, such a time could only be in another life). I think that this not the first (and I hope not the last) feeling of love both in my and in your life.

(2) Why? First of all, because to each of us, apparently, there was not sufficient novelty and emotional passion. As a result you, fallen in love more with your feelings for me, than with me, you write your poems (I will agree very beautiful), you delight in by the emotions (not important that you cry or you laugh). I, found in you much that me always drew me to men - mind, a sense of humour and love for life, and all this multiplied by your loving passion. Plus, obviously, the agreement of our emotional waves in the perception of each other and the influences at the level of biochemistry.

(3) What to do with all this? Nothing. To always remember, without sadness and tragedy (as we know that after the spring will come the summer, because it cannot be otherwise), and we can delight in it now. In this whatever the free time, or another way - it is not important. Simply thus far this feeling exists and we can share it, finding ourselves nearby.

You all this already said in your verses. Each time, whether in verses, whether in conversation, you attempt to say this to me, apparently attempt to be protected, fearing my attachment to you or some complications. I do not contradict, but you again attempt to introduce the note of tragedy into our relations. Even when I sent to you the verses of Annensky, you perceived in them a hint to a difference in our feelings and started to persuade me to "be as smoke." It is not necessary, David. Do not fear, I am not your domestic cat, that rolls up into a ball and lies at your elbows.

Today I know that at present I want to be with you, sometimes, as a result, if we can cut out the time from our busy lives. And in the end this will pass, I think (in any case, I hope for this) simply it will develop into the mutual sympathy, flavored by warm recollections.

But now, let us meet in the time we have and simply delight in each other, without tragedy. Possibly this will be our last time together and possibly not. We will not conjecture in advance. So far we are not divided by the ocean, and if our life makes it possible to find some time for each other, I see no reasons not to see each other. But, if you think otherwise - simply and openly let me know that you do not want to see me.

PS So you do not again forget my request: -), and so you understand, why this so is important for me. I want to explain, why I am upset about the publication of the Russian translations of your verses and I have asked you to please not put them on the Internet. Naturally, as you know, I told my husband about our FRIENDSHIP. About you, about our conversations, about the trips, I said nothing about our feelings and closeness. There was no reason to tell about our dreams if they can only hurt a dear person. We each have some sacred and fleeting feelings, but why throw them in the face of innocent close ones if it can bring only pain and humiliation? That's how we have preserved our marriage for a period of 20 years. And I do not intend to change anything in this regard. BUT, you should know that my husband knows about our acquaintance, and it is possible that by some mystical means he will read your verses in the Russian version in the Internet (it's unlikely, but many improbable things happen in this world!) It is not necessary to be an idiot in order to add two plus two... And he is by no means an idiot. Excuse me for the long letter: -)) Yours truly, Margarita

Thank you for taking the time to translate my letter. I think that you have understood everything correctly.

My Dear Margarita, Our letters go well together. Here they are with the original Russian.

From the beginning, there was something special
about the deep and mutual respect that we shared.

It was always, "If you say Yes, it would be fine.
If you say No - I'll understand."

With those words always in my head,
I wrote a letter of farewell last week.

I was confident that you would understand
and respect why I must do so.

I tried to send you the letter,
but I could not.

As I read and re-read the letter,

I had to admit that I had fallen in love with you.

You are

the girl

the beautiful woman

from the Kavkaz

I sought

holding your baby

who dreamed of being

and never found

over the precipice

a speleologist-anthropologist

when I went to Moscow,

in the mountains

just as I dreamed

knowing no Russian

and the beautiful girl

the young Tom Sawyer

except what I memorized

in the video of the

of finding my Becky

from Evgeny Onegin,

wedding dancing

when I explored

and going with

to the waltz of Doga.

the caves of the Ozarks

my friends

to the Taganka.

You introduced me to the Master and Margarita

You inspired the best poetry I have written

ever written.

Plus, видимо, сработали совпадение эмоциональных волн

в восприятии друг друга и влечение на уровне биохимии.

(3) Что с этим делать?

Ничего. (как ты знаешь, что

Всегда помнить, весна пройдет

без грусти и трагизма, и за ней будет лето,

что это пройдет и

наслаждаться

этим сейчас.

And so, during this week, Woland has returned again and again

tempting me to try to hold on to our moment of wonderful love forever.

Я -- часть той силы, что вечно хочет зла и вечно совершает благо.

But I know it cannot be forever.

Ты все это

уже сказал

в своих стихах.

I would write you a poem

but the poem was already written

Only death can make love eternal

Only death can bring peace to love.

Не бойся,

я не стану

твоей домашней кошкой,

лежащей свернувшись в клубок

на твоих коленях. Сегодня я знаю,

что в настоящее время я хочу

быть с тобой, иногда, по выходным,

если мы можем их выкроить

из нашей жизни.

Я не

противоречу,

но ты снова пытаешься

внести нотку трагизма

в наши отношения. Даже

когда я послала тебе стихи Анненского,

ты усмотрел в них намек на различие

наших чувств и принялся меня

угаваривать - быть как дым.

And we are not about dying

for there is so much life to live

so much love to give

so many places to go,

so many rooms to enter.

dreams to share.

Thank you

for teaching me,

my beautiful

co-pilot !

И, в конце-концов, это пройдет, думаю (во всяком случае, надеюсь на это) просто
перерастет во взаимную симпатию, одобренную теплыми воспоминаниями.

And here it is with the English translation. I hope you like it!

From the beginning, there was something special I attempted to analyze our feelings. Here is what I came to:
about the deep and mutual respect that we shared. As always there are three basic questions:

It was always, "If you say Yes, it would be fine. (1) What is this?
If you say No - I'll understand." This is not love (in any case so it seems to me).
With those words always in my head, It has the passion of love, maybe very strong.
I wrote a letter of farewell last week. For sure, the short-term attraction, which we experience now,
I was confident that you would understand we will remember always.
and respect why I must do so. But it would disappear very rapidly, if we were together a long time.
I tried to send you the letter, it could happen that over time this feeling could grow into love,
but I could not. but this is not about us because we do not have this time
As I read and re-read the letter, (such a time could only be in another life).
I had to admit that I had fallen in love with you. I think that this is not the first (and I hope not the last)
feeling of love both in my and in your life.

You are the girl the beautiful woman (2) Why?
from the Kavkaz I sought holding your baby First of all, because each of us
who dreamed of being and never found over the precipice seemed to be looking for something new,
a speleologist-anthropologist when I went to Moscow, in the mountains for emotional passion. You fell in
just as I dreamed knowing no Russian and the beautiful girl love with your feelings for me
the young Tom Sawyer except what I memorized in the video of the more than with me. You write your
of finding my Becky from Evgeny Onegin, wedding dancing poems (I will agree very beautiful),
when I explored and going with to the waltz of Doga. you delight in your emotions
the caves of the Ozarks my friends (not important that you cry or you laugh).
to the Taganka. I found in you
much that always drew me to men -
You introduced me to the Master and Margarita mind, a sense of humour and love for life
You inspired the best poetry I have and all this multiplied by your loving passion.
ever written. Plus, obviously, the agreement of our emotional waves

in the perception of each other and the influences at the level of biochemistry

(3) What to do with all this? And so, during this week, Woland has returned again and again
Nothing. (As we know that tempting me to try to hold on to our moment of wonderful love forever.
To always remember. after the spring Я -- часть той силы, что вечно хочет зла и вечно совершает благо.
without sadness and tragedy will come But I know it cannot be forever.
and the summer You said I would write you a poem
we can because it cannot be otherwise). all this but the poem was already written
delight in your verses. Only death can make love eternal
in it now. Do not fear. I do not Only death can bring peace to love.
I am not contradict you And we are not about dying
your domestic cat but again you for there is so much life to live
that lies in a ball at your elbow. introduce a note of tragedy so much love to give
Today I know I want to be with you in our relations. Even when so many places to go,
if we can find the time in our busy lives I sent you the verses of Annensky, so many rooms to enter.
you tried to persuade me to be like smoke. dreams to share.

Thank you
for teaching me,
И, в конце-концов, это пройдет, думаю (во всяком случае, надеюсь на это) просто my beautiful
перерастет во взаимную симпатию, одобренную теплыми воспоминаниями. co-pilot !

Что касается "Letters", ты зря их соединил в единое целое. Извини, (возможно от жары, или усталости), но вместе это звучит как панихида, хочется дописать в конце "Аминь" :-)
Доброй ночи :-)

Yes, I keep forever my "tragic side", and I hope you will forever correct me. This tragic side is perhaps good for writing poetry, but not for living life since it causes stupid actions. I will be very careful to not "fall off the bicycle" because of it. :-)

A poem is born. It is a twin.

Writing me a letter, you said we can always remember, without sadness or tragedy, like summer surely follows spring, and share our joy.
Walking through the park, I put my hand in yours, and you did not pull away. "It must be allergies", I told you, to explain my tears of
Holding each other's souls in our hands, gazing into our eyes of past and future, respecting each turn and contradiction, not seeking to uproot or transplant, we found ourselves in a secret garden, wild orchids subtly perfuming the air, and lightning bugs brighter than the moon flashing love in the darkening forest.

В своем письме ко мне ты сказала, мы должны помнить, без печали и трагедии, что за весной, безусловно, следует лето, и разделять наши радости. Прогуливаясь по парку, я взял тебя за руку, и ты не одернула ее. "Это должно быть аллергия", сказал я тебе, чтобы объяснить свои слезы радости.

Держа души друг друга в наших руках, заглядывая в глаза друг другу из прошлого и будущего, уважая каждый шаг друг друга,

не стремясь искоренить или изменить, мы оказались в секретном саду, где дикие орхидеи тонко наполняли воздух ароматом,

и светлячки ярче луны вспыхивали искрами любви в темнеющем лесу.

Your newborn twins are beautiful as always. They reproduced by budding to create Russian-speaking dyad.

Thank you for translating! These Russian twins are our secret! No one else is allowed to see them!

Сегодня вечером фонтаны и дети не резвились.
Мы были одни в центре парка.
Было ли это случайно? Или по воле Волаанда?
Наш дух кружил и остановился отдохнуть на скамейке,
где я сидел, скрестив ноги, рядом с тобой. Думаю,
мы говорили, но слова улетали
прежде, чем они могли быть услышаны.
«Батарея моего компьютера разряжена» – сказала ты.
«Я должна идти»
как ты уходила, твоё длинное легкое платье струилось, твоё тело газели медленно струилось, затем поднялось, поплыло к деревьям, медленно, тихо исчезая в ночи.
Я наблюдал за тобой, идя другим путем, через смешанный, сумасшедший калейдоскоп воспоминаний, навечно связанный с тобой невидимой силой притяжения.
В своем письме ко мне ты сказала, мы должны помнить, без печали и трагедии, что за весной, безусловно, следует лето, и разделять нашу радость.
одернула ее. "Это должно быть аллергия", сказал я тебе, чтобы объяснить свои слезы
Прогуливаясь по парку, я взял тебя за руку, и ты не
Держа души друг друга в наших руках, заглядывая в глаза друг другу из прошлого и будущего, уважая каждый шаг друг друга, не стремясь что-либо искоренить или изменить, мы оказались в тайном саду, где дикие орхидеи тонко наполняли воздух ароматом, и светлячки ярче луны вспыхивали искрами любви в темнеющем лесу.

Thank you, David Miss you

I miss you, too.

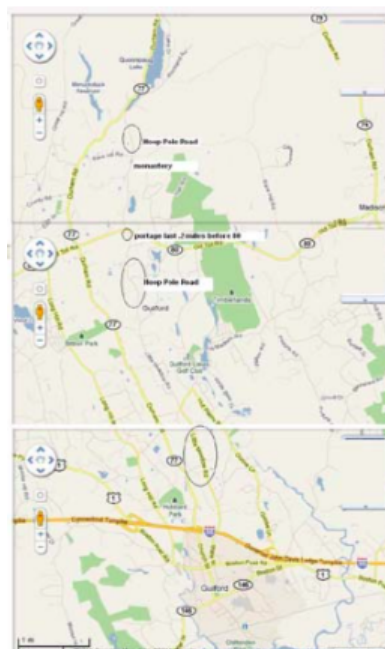
Rimsky Tours Proposal for glorious weekend (good weather promised)

Saturday. Take train with bicycles) at 12:00 or 2:00 PM. Take bike route by untraveled roads through forests to my favorite lake (about 10 kilometers - no big hills) Swim in the lake (do not forget swimming suits and towels) Return by same route **Rimsky Tours provides mosquito repellent, suntan lotion, towels, and, if needed, a girl's bicycle. Rimsky Tours does NOT provide bathing suits, dark glasses, or special hats against the sun, and does not take responsibility for sunburns.**

Sunday, Take any train to New York City, Tet off at Fordham station Walk to New York Zoo (1 or 2 kilometers) Return trains stop at Fordham Station at 7:27, 7:54, 8:57, 9:57, 10:57, 11:57 PM. **Please respect the animals. Do not feed them or put your hands in their cage.**

Sound's great. Rome tours have always been able to read my thoughts. Today, I have only one dream - about water and swimming. Dear Rimsky Tours, sorry, but as picky client I would like to get more information on your amazing program.

What kind of road is supposed to be in the forest? Are they good enough for my bike? Please, dispel my doubts - Can we survive after the 10 km tour in this unbearable heat? (Taking into account "good weather that you promise :-))



And the last question. Could your agency provide me the same guide, whose services I used before? Please, give me this info (and do not forget about discounts if you are expecting good tips).

In turn, I promise, that I will try to not feed mosquitoes or climb into their cage, also as not scare the animals in NY zoo by my sunburns.

Dear Estimated Client,

At Rimsky Tours we are always ready to answer your questions, even if we do not know the answers! First is the question of the road. We have been informed that it is all paved and good even for racing bikes except for one section of 0.3 kilometres where it might be necessary to walk or carry the bikes.

Second is the question of the heat and the distance. It is expected to be quite warm but not as hot as today. Because of the distance it is not advised to sprint, but rather to go rather slowly. If it seems too long, it is always possible to turn around and go back. Also, a little past the midpoint is a monastery, and we are told that they have often provided christian charity to voyagers who could go no further. We forgot to say that Rimsky Tours also provides cold water and juice for the trip, as well as such snacks as chocolate, raisins and oranges.

With regard to your previous guide, fortunately we have able to contact him. As you may recall, after falling in love with one of our clients he was last seen on a riverboat on the Connecticut River heading out to sea along with a very large black cat. Apparently, he went to Europe, but has now returned and will be available this weekend to guide you before he starts traveling again. The cat is not coming with him. Rimsky Tours does not offer discounts, but is always pleased to receive a good tip when the service is appreciated.. Please do not hesitate to ask us any other questions you might have.

Yours truly, Rimsky Tours

It sounds so tempting, that the client is almost ready to pack and carry out inspection of the bike. It's clearly; Behemoth likes Europe much more if he decided not to return. The client will miss him, but only a little, because of the saturation of the tour.

Dear Estimated Client,

Thank you for your thinking of Behemoth. We have asked one of our chief guides, Koroviev, to convey your good wishes to him, and I am sure that you will hear back from him when you least expect it. Because of the heat, we are closing the office early tonight.

Goodnight! Rimsky Tours

Tonight my heart is full like the moon.

This morning you are still in my arms.

Whether you were holding me badly, whether I was very tired yesterday - I almost did not sleep Good morning :-)

Perhaps you could not sleep there last night because you were actually sleeping here in my arms? Good morning :-) And happy wedding

Two more twins... Sorry about the lack of sleep!

Прошлой ночью наши сердца были полны,
как луна, плывущая над деревьями,
как звуки падающей воды.
В лучах утреннего солнца наши руки все еще
обвивали друг друга, т
воя голова покоилась на моем плече,
в мечтах – запах твоих волос на моих губах.

Last night our hearts were full as the moon peeking through the trees.	In the morning sun our arms are still around each other, your head the smell still of your hair resting on my shoulder.
---	--

You're getting many children's father. :-) Thank you, David. It's very beautiful. Still a little and I can forget about work and the wedding dinner and come to you :-)

PS The wedding in slippers (at least, they were white) was successful, newlyweds went to the Seaport

I am happily waiting for you! :-)

This is one of my favorite songs, and its translation (sorry mine, could not find other translations)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bQ-hnn1UASQ&feature=related>

Призрачно все в этом мире бушующем:
Есть только миг - за него и держись,
Есть только миг между прошлым и будущим -
Именно он называется жизнь.
Вечный покой сердце вряд ли обрадует,
Вечный покой - для седых пирамид,
А для звезды, что сорвалась и падает,
Есть только миг, ослепительный миг.
А для звезды, что сорвалась и падает,
Есть только миг, ослепительный миг.
Пусть этот мир вдаль летит сквозь столетия,
Но не всегда по дороге мне с ним.
Чем дорожу, чем рискую на свете я?
Мигом одним, только мигом одним...
Счастье дано повстречать иль беду еще -
Есть только миг - за него и держись,
Есть только миг между прошлым и будущим,
Именно он называется жизнь!
Есть только миг между прошлым и будущим,
Именно он называется жизнь! *

*Everything is ghostly in this stormy world:
There is only a moment - let hold on for it,
There is only a moment between past and future - That's
what is called life.
Eternal rest unlikely makes happy the heart
Eternal rest is for the gray-haired pyramids
And for the star that fell through and falls
There is only a moment, a shiny blink.
And for the star that fell through and falls
There is only a moment, a shiny blink.
Let the world flies away through the centuries,
But not always I'm on the way with it.
What do I value? What do I risk in this world?
It is only a moment, only a moment.
It is given to meet happiness or misfortune -
There is only a moment - let hold on for it,
There is only a moment between past and future -
That's what is called life!
There is only a moment between past and future -
That's what is called life!*

A Reminder from Rimsky Tours The train for your tour tomorrow leaves at 12:00 or 2:00, which means that all participants should leave at least 10 minutes earlier with the bikes. As we promised, the weather will be very nice. We are sending this message now because our office will be closed this evening, although someone would be available in case of emergency around 11:00 or midnight. The office will be open tomorrow morning except for a brief time when the representative will go to the market (about 9:30). We hope you will enjoy the tour! Rimsky Tours (special tours for special people!)

PS. Regards from Behemoth who turns out to be visiting with his cousins at the Moscow Circus. He asks you to give regards to his cousins at the New York Zoo on Sunday, and especially to the black panther.

Dear Rimsky Tours, Thank you for the reminder. I trust to your competence in terms of weather and other conditions of the tour. I'll try to be at your office around 11-30 or 13-00 (hope it's possible to get a cup of your amazing coffee) Hope that no emergencies will happen and I will not disturb you at the midnight (although there is big temptation to create a case of emergency :-)). So nice to hear good news about Behemoth. Certainly, I will give regards to black panther and other his relatives (shaking hands do not promise) See you tomorrow
Sincerely, client

When you have time, I should like the photos from the "wild place" expedition!

Спасибо за прекрасный тур. Все было просто замечательно. Наш "Дикий пляж" был незабываем. Я хочу извиниться за то, что одернула тебя в зоопарке, но я всю свою жизнь не приемлю ласки на публике, еще и в таком "детском" месте, как зоопарк (можешь считать меня дикой :-). А также прости за вопрос о вашей жене, он был бестактным.

Я буду скучать по тебе, но больше не буду писать тебе, напишешь сам, когда захочешь. Иначе ты опять наделаешь глупостей. Хорошего тебе отдыха и приятных путешествий

Margarita

Вот некоторые фотографии из нашего дикого пляжа



Yes, it was all wonderful! Perhaps I am naive, but to me you can never say or do anything wrong! This time, I will make no stupidities! "Love means not doing anything stupid!" Guess who taught me that! I have a poem to write and a paper to read today. It will be a nice day! And there are nice things also I will not say, because..... Есть комната, куда мы не войдем, Мысли, которые мы гоним от себя. :-)

[after 2 months absence, we begin our 5th life]

... yesterday, when I walked in the room and saw you peacefully sleeping, it was very touching and reminded me a Bunin's poem:

Я к ней вошел в полночный час.
Она спала, - луна сияла
В ее окно, - и одеяла
Светился спущенный атлас.
Она лежала на спине,
Нагие раздвоивши груди, -
И тихо, как вода в сосуде,
Стояла жизнь ее во сне.

And I've immediately wanted to leave and quietly close the door to not disturb you. It's so pity that you woke up ...

You are wonderful! I just came back from New York and found the poem and your beautiful thoughts. I slept very well last night and I was thinking of you all today. Any news about if you have to work on Saturday? Or tomorrow evening?

"I slept very well last night and I was thinking of you all today." - me too

"Any news about if you have to work on Saturday? Or tomorrow evening?" - this weekend is our - I found replacement of me on Saturday. Tonight I'm finishing at 6:30, if you wish; we can have dinner together at 7pm

Rimsky Tours Advisory:

We recommend the following information for a good weekend voyage:

<http://www.vtliving.com/foilage/report.shtml>

Thank you for your attention, Kovoviev with the help of Behemoth

Dear Rimsky Tours, Your offer is excellent as always, and I like Vermont (plus it doesn't matter for me where to go WITH YOU), but I'm a little worried about - this journey might be too long and tiring for your driver.? Sincerely Your regularcustomer

I am advised by Koroviev that I should get the car on Saturday morning at 9 am and return the car on Monday at 9 am. I am not sure if Behemoth will come with us... Here is the forecast for the weather in Western Vermont this weekend: tonight patchy frost (which makes the trees turn color)

Saturday sunny and cool Sunday sunny and cool Do not forget your camera!! And I eagerly await seeing you at 7:00 this evening!

David

Ok, then let's go eat pizza at 7:00 pm See you

Well, will be glad to get acquainted with a part of the American culture mosaic :-)) I will be at 7-7.30

Margarita

Yes, lots of mosaic history. I have just received an advisory from Rimsky Tours. You should receive it shortly. Looking forward to 7-7:30!

Rimsky Tours is proud to present your lodgings for Saturday night in our affiliates on the beautiful Lake George. We are told that you may have a canoe to go on the lake, and that the water is still rather warm although the air is now cold. <http://www.chelkalodge.com/Photos.htm>

Behemoth sends his regards, but regrets to say that his presence is required in Egypt tomorrow.

Very nice. Given the revolts in Egypt, I think that Behemoth is already there for a long time and, perhaps, with friends

Dear Rimsky Tours,

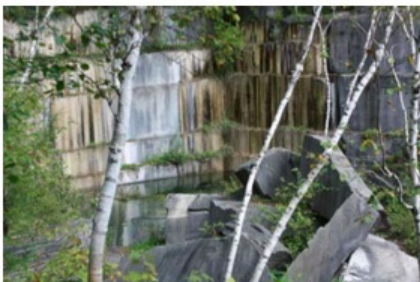
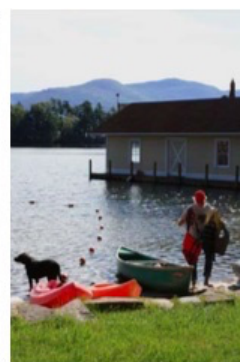
Thank you very much for the excellent weekend in Vermont and Lake George. It was an unforgettable and beautiful time! We especially liked the ambiance and view at Chelka Lodge. A few complaints, however. First, the leaves in Vermont were still green, although you promised that they had already turned fall colors. I advise you to use another information service next time! Also we enjoyed your grand hotel, the Sagamore, but we found it to be very noisy. We advise you to provide a bar where everyone must behave themselves in a civilized and quiet way. Please give greetings to Behemoth and especially from Sophie at Chelka Lodge who remembers having played together last time Behemoth came for a visit. We are concerned about the information that this was your annual going out of business sale, and we would like to know, in case you do not come back into business, if there is another agency you would recommend for the next time we wish to make such a voyage. Once again, thank you for your excellent services and we hope to work with you again. Yours truly, David and Margarita

Yes, it was excellent voyage, even if it was more like summer tour than autumn tour :-). By the way, due to the beauty of the George Lake both books of poetry that I brought with me have been forgotten in the backpack.

Have a nice trip and enjoy your trip to Rome :-). PS I'll send you Vermont's photos later

We will always have time for poetry! :-). PS I miss you already! PPS I look forward to the photos!

You are wonderful. I miss you too :-). But why are you trying to close eyes in most of the photos? :-). PS I'm sure that the flower on the rock is a phlox



the flower on the rock is a phlox. the mushroom on the tree is a bear's head.
<http://chestofbooks.com/flora-plants/mushrooms/American-Fungi-Mushrooms-Edible-Poisonous/Hydnum-Linn.html> (it is too beautiful to eat it even if it is delicious) but too bad we did not make a photo of the little white flowers near the edge of Lake George because it is our discovery and we could have given it a name! and then there is the beast coming out of the water (not too beautiful to eat!) but the best are the portraits of you, my dear retired co-pilot!! :-)

Seems that the first mushroom that we have seen before was a *Hydnum coralloides* but not Bear's head. Right? The white flower near to the lake remind me something from Dahlia's family - there is a reason to think so because New World (at least Central America) is homeland for dahlia (and Indians even used them in food). I think, it's possible to find some wild dahlias in Northern America too. I should say, that the beast coming out of the water is a typical representative of the local fauna, it's quite edible, but you need to know how to cook it, I'll tell you at the next meeting :-).

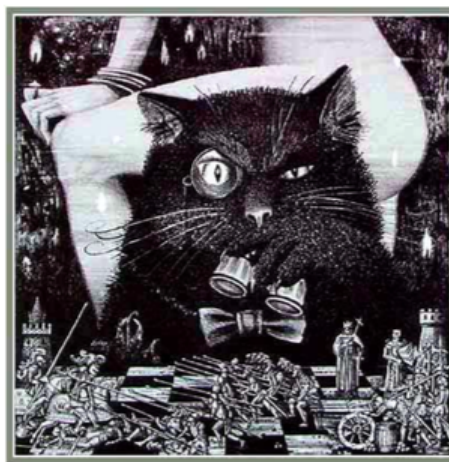
Perhaps we can name it *Dahlia canniculi*. I look forward to my cooking lesson.

[Correspondence while David in Rome]

Dear David,

Perhaps, you were not informed. Due to circumstances, Behemoth was forced to leave the Old World (please see Fig. 1-3). Currently he is in NY, where I have met him last weekend, and he did not leave his old business (Fig. 4).

Margarita



The cats of Rome were delighted to receive the photos of their friend Behemoth. Several have asked to come back to the States in my suitcase in order to be with him.

:~))

[After 3 weeks absence, we start our 6th life]

welcome back! missed you :-)

I was looking forward so much to talk to you today, but I just got home later than I expected, so I can only call you tomorrow. (Again tomorrow -))

Hi!

Thank you for the gift! It was very nice to find it in the postbox :-)

PS Looking at the envelope, I concluded that you were absolutely wet walking to my house :-))

Running in the rain is OK.

Can we meet this evening? :-))

Yes, we can-after 5pm :-)

At the coffee shop at 5:30? :-)

Ok :-)

:-) The park where we can go by bus:

The bus leaves from downtown at 1:03 or 3:03, and returns at 5:30, 7:10 or 8:10. Lots of good trails for hiking. Good shoes needed (unless you go barefoot). Also camera for fall foliage. - Koroviev for Behemoth

Brrr, I did not understand. Do you offer to go today or tomorrow? Sorry, Good morning, I just woke up :-)

Good morning! I hope you slept well like me! Today is better for the park because it is sunny. Tomorrow will be cloudy - a better day for New York.



I need an hour to finish everything. At 12 I'm going for coffee&cake. You can join me if you like

If you would like to go to the park on the 1:00 bus, I could meet you at the coffee shop and we could leave from there. I might be a little late, like 12:15 if that is OK. Did you already finish the project? I answer my own question. Of course, you have not finished because you need an hour to finish everything! Tell me when you are finished.

If you are busy we can go to the park later at 15 pm. in this case we can meet later. Yes I have sent the project last night. Thank you for the help. And I have a request to you. Could you print attached file (w/o references) and take it with you. It would be nice if you could look at this before sending to the editor that I'm planning to do next week. It's funny, sorry but others English-speakers around me (and not only) absolutely blind to my errors :-)

Hi! I just finished printing the paper and will bring it with me. I'm ready to leave now if you are. :-)

I'm at home yet. ready to leave in 15 min, let meet at green 12-30

OK, I'll meet you across from the Post Office at 12:30. I'm leaving now.

Hi Dear Margarita,

Do you have pictures from the park?

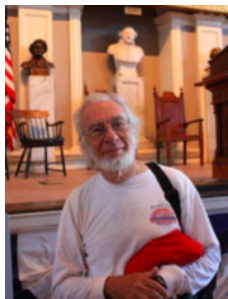
Not so good, but here they are.



How is your birthday? Can I share some of it with you? I'd like to invite you to Boston.

I like the idea. I haven't been there yet :-)

Thank you so much, it was wonderful prolonged birthday(s), and I was happy to spend these "kanikuli" with you. Here are some more pictures. Goodnight and sweet dreams :-)



What wonderful photos from a wonderful weekend! I look forward to seeing you! :-))

Two possible excuses to see you this week: Tuesday 8 PM String Quartet plus piano play Haydn, Beethoven and Ginastera (?) or Friday 8 PM. orchestra plays John Adams (?), Bruch violin fantasy and Tchaikovsky symphony 2

:-)

Music tonight is very nice. Would be happy to share a musical evening with you :-) :-) Unfortunately I am not sure what I will do today and/or Friday evening. I will know exactly my evening-schedule only after 5 pm. Sometimes I work until 9-10 pm with colleague, he is working in other company and can come in only for a few days per week at late evening (calling me close to 5 before coming). If it is ok for you I can call you back (or send an e-mail) on my plans for tonight between 5 & 6 pm :-)

Very good. I look forward to your email between 5 and 6. :-)

Hi I finished everything. In half an hour later I'm free.

Great! If you come here, we will go together to the concert. We should go by 7:30 so we get better seats

I need to leave the laptop and papers at home. So, think, I have no time to come for you.

Let's meet at 7 for coffee, and then walking to the Hall

I just met our rabbit who says to tell you goodnight and sweet dreams (no crow and butterfly)!

Crows are sleeping, butterflies eaten ... Long live the rabbit! :-))

Goodnight both of you :-)

Regarding Munchausen, I would like very much to watch the film with you. Can we get it on your computer? This coming weekend?

:~))

The Munchausen's story I can watch an infinite number of times (seems I know all texts by heart from this movie :~))

I'll try to find it with English subtitles to weekends :~)

running to next mtg :~(

How was your day?

very-very-long, just came back to home. And yours?

I have just gone to bed.

I'm already there, but going to read/watch something before sleeping

Goodnight and sweet dreams :~)

Here is a sweet kiss to wake up your morning! :~)

Thanks it was a very effective :~))

Are you going to travel next month, and when if yes?

I am here until the 15th and then I start traveling again.

Fine. I'm going to leave for Russia on the 18th (just booked the ticket) :~)

Margarita, I just went to the market and bought a nice steak and some asparagus (also spinach). Any chance you could share them with me this evening (or tomorrow evening if you prefer)? :~)

I came back from lunch not so long ago, but a fresh steak for dinner sounds very tempting. :~) By 6 pm I'll know whether I can come to dinner today. I will call/write close to 6 :~)

I will await your email at 6:00. :~))

I'm finishing at 7, can come by 7-30 (mb 8). Is this Ok for you?

Perfect!

Our rabbit is so cute. We watched each other a long time tonight and then I backed away quietly so he would not be disturbed. He told me to give you a sweet goodnight kiss and apologized for having been frightened earlier. :~))

Rimsky Tours has a unique weekend special for next week to celebrate the fall leaf colors. an evening trip to the moon with behemoth and Munchausen <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r2bCy-o1Cq4>

a day bicycle trip along the scenic bike trail with lunch at the Mexican Restaurant. Reservations are required since there is room for only two people on this tour. :~))

Очень красиво, главное договорись с Бегемотом о погоде

:~))

Behemoth promises hurricanes, tornados and earthquakes, but the US National Weather Service disagrees and says it will be "sunny." However, I don't think you need to bring your bathing suit... The main problem is if Behemoth will play a trick on us when we are on the moon with Munchausen and take away our balloon so we can't get back.

:~))

For Russian secret agents it became known that sometimes cloudy tomorrow. Ok, will see whose prediction is more accurately :~) You mixed up - to the moon by balloon - it was other hero. PS. if you are worried about Behemoth's antics, take a lesson from "Munchausen" - it is not necessary to fly, it is enough to write a book about flight.

I prefer to fly! :~))

PPS Sorry, forget to ask - whose "balloon" we are going to use this evening? (I mean laptop. should I bring mine?), and what time is better to open the cinema (the film is ~70 min.).

Let's go in your balloon (laptop), and should we say about 7:30? There is lot's of wine and cheese for our journey! :~))

Perfect, see you 7-30 :~)

I just met Behemoth, he was playing in fall leaves in front of my house His looks is good and very fashionable - he got of somewhere a white bow-tie He sends you greetings and apologies for the innocent jokes with clouds today Thanks for the nice weekend. It was so nice to feel myself close to you whole night Goodnight and sweet dreams :-)

PS: don't run very far away in the sleep :-))

Good night and sweet dreams. I will dream of you (maybe running after you, I don't know)! :-))

I woke up this morning with tendonitis in my left leg. And it's all your fault, I am sure, because I must have been running too hard after you in my dreams! :-))

I saw a desert in my dream last night (maybe it was too much sweets to night, had to wake up and drink beer :-)), and you were not be seen there.

That means that your tendonitis is not my fault - simply you were too heavy for bike-trip after the lunch ... :-))

Tendonitis and desert thirst: once again, the tricks of Behemoth !! :-)))

I just ordered "The heart of a dog" by Bulgakov with English subtitles, if I'll get this DVD next week, it will be a gift for you. Maybe after watching this movie you leave your revolutionary ideas to change the world.

:-))))

I understand this is a great risk... But I'll take the chance... (with pleasure!)

PS And maybe the Internet wifi will work with your computer (if Behemoth agrees)

What are your evening plans? I am thinking about going to a bar about 8 PM to watch the World Series baseball game (deep American culture). Would you be interested?. You could think about it as if you were an anthropologist looking at a strange tribe!

Is it a dangerous warlike-tribe of cannibals with Russophobia? :-))

These are indeed war-like tribes, but the Russians were long ago defeated in baseball and are no longer relevant. Tonight it is Texas against Missouri. I will be cheering for the Missouri tribe!

:-))

Ok. I can take the chance. In the end, I can run away after 15-20 minutes (if it seems too much for me), and leave you at the mercy of the Texas' fans

:-))

Very good! I plan to eat at the bar (a hamburger or some other American culture item), so you are invited for that as well. We should meet at 8:00. Across from the library as in the past? (Last time I said the Post Office by mistake!) :-))

PS. Please do not invite Behemoth. They don't let cats into the bar, let alone onto the baseball field! They make too many problems!

Ok, I will be there by 8 :-) PS. Ok, I will not bring Behemoth with me, but you don't forget to take shoes. As I remember they do not allow to enter not only cats into the bar :-))

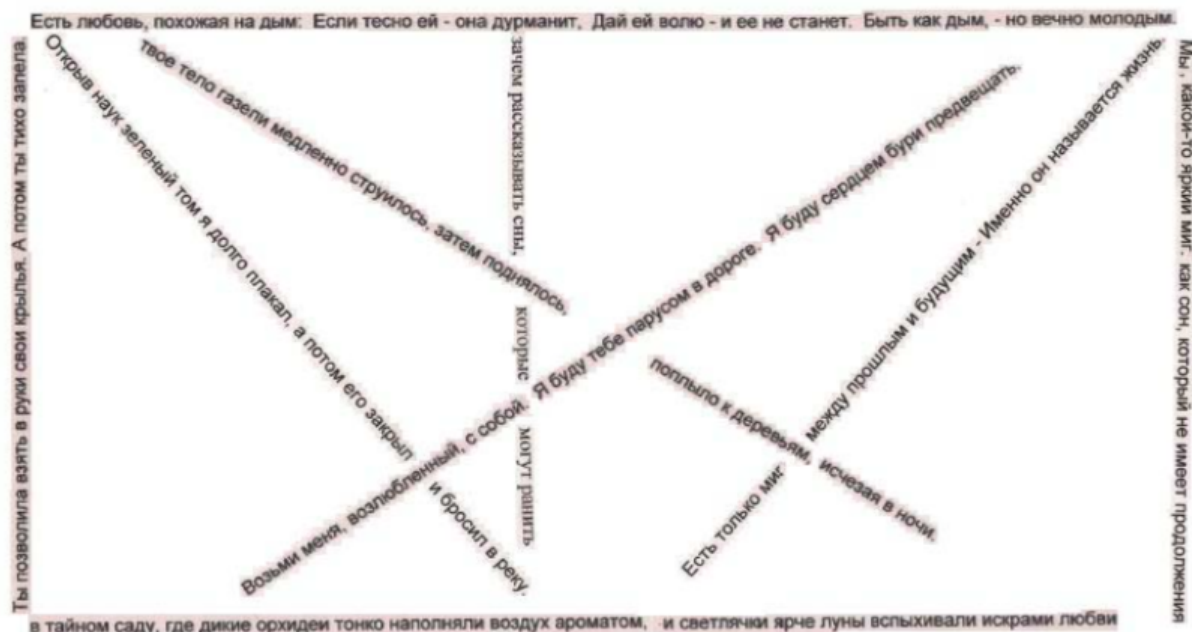
Thank you for reminding me. I have put shoes in front of the door so I cannot forget them. :-) No rabbit. So just a simple kiss from me. Good night or good morning! :-)

Just as well I didn't watch the end. Texas won. Too bad! Thanks for sharing my culture! :-))

Thanks for the lesson in culture Sorry about the loss of your team. Take care of your leg. Goodnight and peaceful dreams (no sport, only autumn forest :-))

Responding to the culture lesson ≥ One more film-tale from the same screenwriter-director-the main-actor team (Gorin-Zakharov-Yankovski). "Ordinary Miracle" is not so philosophical as "Munchausen", but it is a beautiful story on the unusual dreamer, love and a way to talk about love. (with English subtitles) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aox68DgOr-k> http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G0js0Ut_OIE&NR=1 :-) PS. More illustrations to Master & Margarita. The link, which I mentioned http://litvinovs.net/pantry/mm_artwork/

Do you recognize the attached? :-)



I did Первое впечатление - круговорот беспорядочно

скачущих безумных мыслей. И первый вопрос - неужели это я? Вывод - пойду повешусь. Второе впечатление - все настолько призрачно, что почти не существует или рассеивается. И второй вопрос - это констатация факта (или состояния) или предложение? Вывод - пора уезжать или исчезать. Третье впечатление - боюсь смотреть еще раз. :-)

I am sorry that I scared you. This is only a beginning of the poem - only one half of the space - and some of the spaces will be filled in with more text - in English. But do you recognize WHERE this is? :-)

Извини, если была резка. What do you mean - WHERE, explain, please, maybe I can't get your question. :-)

There are two parts. This is the paths of the upper part. I will next do the paths of the lower part.. The paths are in Russian. The grass will be in English. Please don't be afraid. :-)

Very nice idea!, but too complicated. You could use a picture (mb photo and mb b&w one) from top as background. It might be something very interesting and fresh in your graphic-poem-technique. But maybe I'm wrong and it will have looks like graffiti :)))

Since it is not for anyone else to see except you and me, I think it can be complicated. But anyway I have just begun, so we will have to see where it goes . . . ;-)

Very well. Ok. I can not more, I give up, it is time to go to home. Goodnight, poet-painter :-)

Are you hungry? Would you like some pasta? :-)

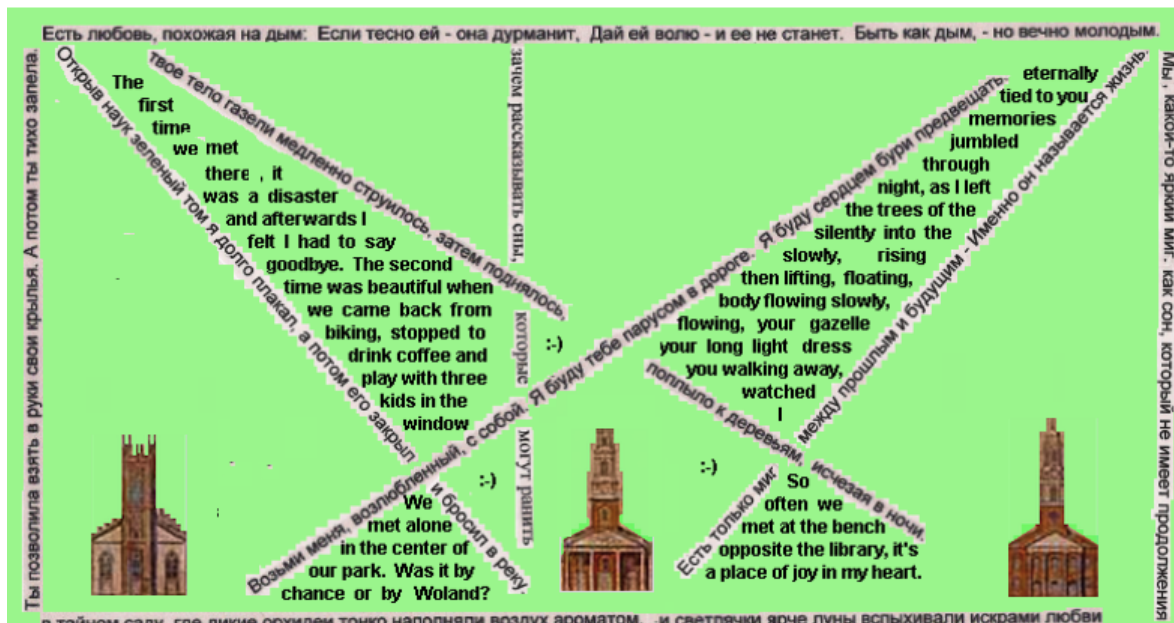
No, thanks, too tired to eat :-)

I understand. You have been working all day, while I play poet-painter. Actually, I am supposed to be working, because I promised to write an article which is due next week and I have only just started! But I have more fun with poetry-painting... And I have the most fun with you!!! :-)))

No, you did not understand. Both of us worked, but with difference - you enjoyed, I did not, only get mad on stupid lazy students that cannot write simple things in their native language that I have to rewrite. RRRR ... wasted day. You know I like to be with you but when I'm not so tired and angry :-)))

These are nice days for us. Some days we are together and go to the moon. Other days we only dream and write about going to the moon! And then when I see you it is twice as sweet! :-))

Halfway finished. With the churches you will recognize it ok :-)



Very nice :-) Can I ask, why did you choose the upper par? For me the lower part is "ours"? How was your morning run? It was cold to see you in shorts. Thus I had to immediately drink a hot coffee. :-)))

Upper part because the lower part will be more complex, and as you say more "ours"! So maybe I am not yet halfway finished... :-) And as for running, it warms you up. Like something else we like to do. :-)))

My plans for this evening: When I come back about 8:30, I will go to the bar to watch the baseball, where we were the other evening. If you are not tired of "American culture" I would love to see you there. How has your day been? :-)

Today is a hard and sad day. Tonight I have meeting, yet I do not know at what time. :(I could come to the bar between 8:30 and 9, if everything will be finished until 8. :-)

After a hard and sad day, all the more reason to be with someone who will be soft and kind and loving. (But maybe not too much at the bar, because then they will not allow us to come back there again!) :-)).

Hi. I hope your day was better today (I don't mean yesterday evening!). Maybe you will go out with friends after the art expo. If not, and if you wish, call me and I would like to meet you at the cafe.

:-) PS I am involved with the lower Green, along with Behemoth and Munchausen!

Leaving for the exhibition. Will call you later :-)

I'm glad you could go in Alex's car, because the weather is SO BAD!

Мюнхгаузен (орет). Прекратите!.. Господи, как вы мне надоели!.. Поймите же, что Мюнхгаузен славен не тем, что летал или не летал, а

тем, что не врет. Я не был на Луне. Я только туда направляюсь. А раз вы помешали мне улететь, придется идти пешком. Вот по этой лунной дорожке. Это труднее! На это уйдет целая жизнь, но придется... Марта, ты готова

Russian mistakes can be corrected (this evening, I hope?!), but most important is that you like it!!! :-)))

Привет :-) Устала и проголодалась, поэтому на долго меня не хватит. Уйду через пол часа

I have nice cheese and wine for us - and a special dessert!

I'll call you close to 7 - could I come or not

Please come. I am waiting for you! :-))

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YsgL35RCGcc> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jx0llzSntd8&feature=related> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fqaNMcpHCSw&feature=related> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LWNJmM8GLy0&feature=related> http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KJA2lgF_6DQ&feature=related <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aFPvKGL69kE>

etc. :-))

Все, заканчиваю валять дурака :-) За работу!

PS: Руки пахнут тобой, не могу сосредоточиться, придется идти в душ :-))

You were with me at the market this morning, where I bought a quiche for two persons, and some nice flowers for your room. Now you are here with me through beautiful sexy music.

And if it starts to snow, you will be with me in the snow! :-)))

I just got "Heart of the dog" :-)

I will prepare myself by reading Che Guevara on the "new communist man" in order not to lose my revolutionary spirit! :-)

Hmm. Che is the questionable revolutionary authority - restless adventurer. Ну читай-читай. Бор в помощь! :-))

Yes, thank you for the excellent suggestion. I will pray to the god of revolution! :-) PS look out the window!

I know, I just was smoking outside. You need very-very warm socks for tomorrow :-)))

"как-нибудь," это будет в который час? Я буду ждать! :-) If today closer to 8 :-)) Я думаю что я могу ждать до 8:00. :-))

On Russian idiom - Неуловимый Джо - which I mentioned yesterday - "Joe elusive. Why is he so elusive? Yes, because nobody is going to catch him" Therefore, in Russia, a man, who thinks that he is VIP, but really nobody more thinks so, is called "elusive Joe".

I look forward to hearing from you around 6, and I hope you will be free. I think we need some good music! -elusive dave

:-)

I shall reveal to you a "terrible secret". Your park is the number two of ours projects. The first one (which is not so creative, but for me is not less interesting) is existing a long time (see attached). :-))

Some go to the moon. Some write about it. But we are very special and maybe unique in the world, because we go to the moon, AND we write about it! I have filed with love this "number one secret project" that you have so carefully put together.

:-)))

PS. It illustrates very well that time in heaven (over 100 years) does not pass at the same rate as time on earth (a little over 1 year)!

Вот. Нашла на компьютере. Не знаю почему, но последняя вещь напомнила мне это - тема океана из "Садко" Корсакова

Yes! Sadko could very well be played by a string quartet! And here is Les parapluies de Cherbourg:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rxTfjAOMEMU>

Plus attached

Oui, da, yes!!! But don't worry. You can sleep well, and dream of my arms around you. I am NOT going off to war!

Good night, Sweet Margaria! :-)))

Подслушиваешь? :-))) Доброе утро :-) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=39MVpf5Bh8Y>

VERY Beautiful. Sometimes I thought I saw us together in a canoe! :-) Good morning!

Нет, это утро на одного :-) http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8Tg9O_R5WHs

Also very beautiful, but I did not see us in the canoe in this one.

This is I'm flying to the moon. Maybe this moment you are in a canoe, I don't know :-)

Sometimes flying to the moon. Sometimes floating by canoe. Sometimes swaying to music. We have so many beautiful ways to move!!! :-))

Да, но, к сожалению, очень не долго :-)) Plus attached

Мама, сказка, каша, кошка, Книжка, яркая обложка, Буратино, Карабас, Ранец, школа, первый класс. Грязь в тетради, тройка, двойка, Папа, крик, головомойка.	Стройотряд, жара, работа, Культоход, газета, фото. Общежитье, взятка-мизер, Кинотеатр, телевизор. Карандаш, лопата, лом, Пятый курс, проект, диплом.
Лето, труд, река, солома, Осень, сбор металлолома. Пушкин, Дарвин, Кромвель, Ом, Гоголь и Наполеон. Менделеев, Герострат, Бал прощальный, аттестат.	Лето, море, пароход, По Кавказу турпоход. Кульман, шеф, конец квартала, Цех, участок, план по валу. ЖСК, гараж, квартира, Теща, юмор и сатира.
Институт, экзамен, нервы, Конкурс, лекция, курс первый. Тренировки, семинары, Песни, танцы, тары-бары. Прочность знаний, чет-нечет, Радость, сессия, зачет.	Детский сад, велосипед, Карты, шахматы, сосед. Сердце, печень, лишний вес, Возраст, пенсия, собес. Юбилей, часы, награда, Речи, памятник, ограда.

I had to look up a few words, but not many. It's especially funny the way that marriage is expressed: Теща. It reminds me of the first French I learned: "metro, boulot, resto, dodo" :-)

-)) Had fun? Well let have the most "anxious" of my waltz-collection <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=30Dbo3VqRLk>

Da da, and sometimes swaying to music! :-))

too fast for sex... :-)

a whole day without seeing you! but at least we could share some nice videos and music (no dying cat today!) Since I'll be back early from pizza with my friend. is it OK if I try to reach you by skype? :-)

Power of music <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=996AXOGUIzQ>

You see. I'm not the only one who likes the sexy smell of feet!

Here's a charge of good and loving energy for your talk today! :-))

Спасибо :-)) Доброе утро :-)

Доброе Доброе!

:-))

How did it go - your talk at noon? When will you know about dinner plans for Thursday, Friday or Saturday so I can order the Peking duck? Tonight I come back at 8:00 or 8:30 (depending on if I catch the 7:30 bus or not). Are you working late? It's nice to write about going to the moon, but I prefer to be with you! :-))

The talk was good (but too long). And I'm absolutely sleepy, because the presentation was finished close to 4 am. :-)) About the duck. Saturday does not work – My friend asked me to help with moving, maybe it takes Sunday too. I cannot reject, she has nobody more to ask for help :-(Thursday and Friday - do not know yet. What time it might be? Today I'll leave work early, close to 5, just only finish something. At least I hope :-)

Congratulations that the talk went well. I guess you will go home and go to sleep after 5:00? As for Peking duck, I just called the restaurant and they said that I can telephone them in the morning and tell them if we want the Peking duck and at what time. So we can talk tomorrow morning or Friday morning.. I understand that you must help your friend on Saturday, but we can still find some time to be together.. I hope! If you are not asleep after 8:30 this evening, please call me. But I will understand if you are asleep and I will not wake you up. (You can also send me a message).

:-))

Hi! I just got back home. Are you already asleep?. :-)

* * * * *

Last night you looked like you were getting a cold - or even worse! :-(Here's a morning kiss for you, to make you feel better and to keep the germs away! :-))

Не публикуют, студенты надоели. в кабаре ногами дрыгать не возьмут в силу почтенного возраста и неумения петь. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XA3rchZ-EAY> В монастыре скушно Ухожу в дворники - свежий воздух, куча времени на размышления и никаких стрессов :-))

Ах, ножки, ножки!! Без тебя, скушно :-)))

Peking duck II is waiting for you! The apples are separate, awaiting you for cognac! Also, Собачье сердце! :-) And not mention, me who is waiting for you!! :-)))

I need ~ 1 h :-)))

I will not shoot the duck (with the apple in his mouth) for another hour! :-)))

Ready to leave work for Peking Duck in few min, you could look up if they are flying :-))

How was it with your friend? I miss you. Call me or send me a message when you get back! ТВОИ сумасшедший кот

* * * * *

Доброе утро. :-) Сегодня так много солнца, что кажется, луны не будет никогда. :-)

But the moon is very clever. When she is full she hides from the sun, and when the sun goes down she comes out!!! :-)))

Rimsky Tours is pleased to announce their partnership with our cafe. This evening the special is: T-bone steak Asparagus, Tomato, Cucumber, Basil salad beer or wine customers may bring their own dessert, since the famous apple flambe is only made on weekends) The kitchen opens at 7:00 :-))

Tell me, please. Has the Cafe a glass of poison as a special dessert for me? Or should I bring it with me?

Why poison? What is wrong??? :-(

Tell you when I see you :-(

Good wine and a good cinema film will take care of any problem! I got us an old film with Harry Belafonte - Carmen Jones (have you seen it before?) :-))

Rain. No sun, no moon, but a sweet morning kiss for a nice day because I hope to see you! :-))

Thanks :-)

the waltz of rain for a rainy day This is beautiful music of rain, the waltz, when you will get tired from work. :-)

Beautiful! come dance with me COME DANCE WITH ME!!! :-)))

tonight :-)

Our Secret Garden.doc твои сумасшедший кот - шутник

You're really joker. I cannot open the file; it is under a password. Perhaps it's VERY SECRET GARDEN :-))))))

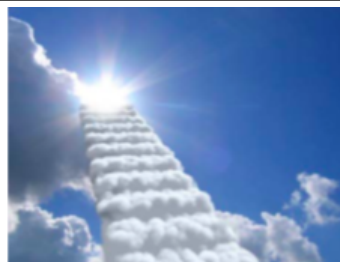
I don't remember if the sun was rising or if it was setting.
I don't know where you were flying from
or where you were flying to
All I know is that:
As a beautiful bird, lit by the sun, you flew across the sky of my heart
Have I ever loved?
Maybe not. But, no,
I forgot. I think of you and I know.
I love you. I loved you even then - Yes!

Я не помню, рассвет это был или закат. Я не знаю, откуда и куда ты летела. Я знаю только одно,
Подобно прекрасной птице, освещенной солнцем, ты пролетела по небу моего сердца.
Любил ли я когда-нибудь?
Возможно, нет. Ах, нет, я забыл. Я думаю о тебе, и я знаю.
Я люблю тебя. Я любил тебя еще тогда - Да!

This is the cover for "the 1-st secret project". :-))
Do you like it?

Wonderful! :-)) Can you also make a cover for our
secret garden? :-))

If you could send me all English poems as texts, but
not PDF or JPG, we could make a booklet.



Can we sleep late tomorrow or do you have to go to work early? I apologize that I woke you up so early
this morning! :-)

No need to apologize, anyway I had to wake up early today, but not tomorrow :-))) Would you like to
wake up tomorrow with me? By the way, what do you want as a cover for "Secret Garden" I think it could
be a stairway to heaven (see variants, attached)

Da, da, da, I would like to wake up tomorrow with you in my arms - slowly and beautifully. Maybe instead
of being called Our Secret Garden, it should be Our Voyages to the Moon, with a stairway to the moon?
And yes, I will put together the raw texts of all the poems, although it is so much work to format that we
will have to meet again in February in order to do it. :-)))

100 years is a lot (I mean February), nobody knows what will happen in 100 years. Do not plan so long-
term future. Even in the Soviet Union they had planned only the next five years... :-)))

Poetry, like Munchausen (and unlike the KPSS), does not respect earthly time. :-)))

A sweet kiss to start your Monday morning. :-))

Thanks Good morning :-)

If you speak with our friend, the Baron von Munchausen, please ask him for me what he does for the post-moon syndrome. How do you return to earth after being on the moon? :-(Armenski cognac? :-)

Other people cannot understand when you ask this question. At least I think that the Baron would understand. :-))

Это не надо спрашивать. Барон сказал это в фильме. Каждый полет - это смерть, каждое возвращение - это рождение. Вся наша жизнь состоит из маленьких смертей и рождений... :-(:-)

Thank you for your "conversation" with the Baron. And yes, now I understand why it is so difficult. When we are born we are very vulnerable! No matter how many times it happens, we are still vulnerable! :-(And yet, I will always want to fly to the moon!!! :-)))

Мне сегодня очень грустно, весь день хочется плакать. :-(Но я не буду, потому что никогда не плачу :-) Я не знаю, любила ли я тебя, люблю ли я тебя сейчас. Но я знаю, что я была счастлива с тобой :-)

Я не знаю, и никто не знает, встретимся ли мы когда-нибудь, поэтому ДО СВИДАНИЯ, и на всякий случай, ПРОЩАЙ, ДЭВИД <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dAkW2eZeRLA> Alla Pugacheva 3 Happy Days - Три счастливых дня

<i>Три счастливых дня Было у меня, Было у меня с тобой, Я их не ждала, Я их не звала, Были мне они даны судьбой.</i>	<i>Унесет меня Быстрый самолет К тем, кого давно уже люблю. Мой привычный круг, Мой забытый друг Вновь меня к себе влекут.</i>
<i>Среди тысяч лиц Ты меня узнал, Голос различил в толпе. Ты мне милым стал, Долгожданным стал, Но подвластны мы судьбе.</i>	<i>Три счастливых дня Три больших огня, Три больших огня на берегу! Я их сохраню, Я их сберегу, Сберегу навек в душе.</i>
<i>Как же эту боль мне преодолеть, Расставанье - маленькая смерть! Расставанье - долгий путь к причалу. Может быть, Когда-нибудь мы встретимся опять. Там, где ты - Нет меня, Там, где я - там нет, Там нет со мною места рядом, милый! Там, где ты - Нет меня, Вот и все, прощай...</i>	<i>Как же эту боль мне преодолеть, Расставанье - маленькая смерть! Расставанье - долгий путь к причалу. Может быть, Когда-нибудь мы встретимся опять. Там, где ты - Нет меня, Там, где я - там нет, Там нет со мною места рядом, милый! Там, где ты - Нет меня, Вот и все...</i>

PS: Я всегда отвечу на твое письмо, но никогда не буду тебе писать первой, потому что, судя по моему опыту, один бог знает какова будет твоя реакция на письмо :-))

Just as you put your finger on my lips, I put my finger on my eyes so no tears will escape. It is not so easy, so I will go running now for five miles to outrun the tears. :-(Я не скажу ПРОЩАЙ, но как ты сказал вчера вечером ПОКА Маргарита :-)

I keep thinking about cats. Black cats that ride steetcars. Little cats that see lions in their mirrors. Crazy cats that run without shoes. Cats that have nine lives. Yes, it's true. Cats have nine lives. :-) Being a cat and having lived only five lives with you, I figure we have four more. And it could be more than that if I can succeed to being a cat again in my next life! So I say simply ПОКА! :-)))

I'm sorry, cat, if I made you sad. I wish you a pleasant journey; enjoy your time. Goodnight :-)

But, now I speak seriously, being sad with you is still pleasure for me!! ;-) You, too, pleasant journey and enjoy your time. Goodnight и до свидания твои сумасшедший кот :-))

Dear Margarita!

Thank you for the new version of the DOUBLE DIARY which I will always treasure! And here is a new version of Our Secret Garden - same password - using the new translation of "the world..." you sent me today, thank you!. Please tell me if there is any problem with it.

With love, David

Спасибо, Дэвид Твои поэмы прекрасны, они всегда со мной, потому что это то, что мы пережили, что происходило с нами. И это не важно, на каком они языке и в каком оформлении. И это не важно, сад это или лунный пейзаж. Важно, что это вспышки наших пережитых мгновений, иногда грустных, иногда радостных, но всегда наших "мигов" :-)

PS К сожалению, я не могла послать тебе DOUBLE DIARY as a doc-file. This is too large file (~ 200 MB) due to images

Dverpasa Margarita,

КАКОЙ У НАС МИГ! КАКАЯ РАДОСТЬ! МНЕ ТРУДНО СКАЗАТЬ "Спокойной ночь" НО СЕЙЧАС НУЖНО.

PS The PDF is perfect. No problem!

Rimsky Tours is pleased to announce its winter schedule. December 8-18 open for business as usual. December 19-January 23 closed for the holidays January 24 - Grand Reopening

Special rates are available upon request for regular customers :-)

Dear Rimsky Tours, Thanks for the tempting offer. But, unfortunately, I can accept it only if Rimsky Tours has an office in Moscow, RF, where I'm planning to stay until the beginning of the next year
Sincerely yours,

Regular customer :-))

Dear regular, valued customer,

We will miss you, but we have passed the word to Behemoth who will contact you at some point on his next visit to Moscow. Until January,

Rimsky Tours :-)))

Looking forward for news from Behemoth. But his personal visit is not welcome due to dog who does not love cats. :-))

PS. Sending a card from the last your tour, for internal use.



My friend Behemoth says that he is not afraid of dogs.

твой сумасшедший кот :-)))

Your embassy once again considering my visa application with special care, Tuesday I am invited for the interview. Is it your work, as promised? :-))

Probably. I fear that the lady at the lake who discovered you arrived by submarine may be the person who contacted the embassy. But you can explain that there is no entrance for submarines at Lake Quonnipaug! :-)))

It is easier for camel to go through the eye of needle than to explain something to the Quonnipaug aboriginals. :-)))

You are right (as always!). In any case you should not mention world peace to the embassy!!! :-)))

:-)) I promise to not mention - miss you :-)

I miss you, too. I go everyday to our place, as if I might find you there. And I talk about you to our rabbit who is happy to eat the carrots that I leave and who does not run away when I talk to him (her?) about you. Now I am tired so I will go to sleep for a while. Good night and sweet dreams! :-))

Was it OK at the Embassy? No submarine. No world peace. No problem? :-))

:-))) Do not remind me the embassy - I wasted 4 hours for this "interview". They have to consider 500-600 applications every day; I understood, on the Christmas vacation US will be occupied by Russians!!! I made no mention of submarines and "миру мир", but had fun as I could. It was the theatre of bureaucratic absurd. It is unfortunate that it is impossible to bring a camera in there - a lot of funny things in interviews and reactions of people around. First I got to know that my boy got his accompanying visa before me. On my question - Why I am invited when it is not required for visa extension; the officer said - To take fingerprints. - Third times? Do I have to be fingerprinted every year? - Due to yours profession (reluctantly). Your application approved but could you send us by e-mail your curriculum vitae and bibliography to finish everything until next week. The question - Should I send all papers or list of them - put him in horror first. Anyway the circus is ended. I'm enjoying my unexpected vacation (thanks the embassy and Russian tourists, which bought all tickets to NY). So, I will be back only in the middle of January. Merry Christmas! :-))

PS. I promise do not send any Christmas cards for cats, who see in the mirror "God knows what", and cautiously barricade to Skype :-)))

Visas, even for your boy! Maybe I will finally have the pleasure to meet him! But please, no practice of Tae Kwon Do! Like Behemoth, I do like to look into the mirror. But cats should not use Skype! Then people can see who you are. Email is better, because then they don't know you're just a crazy cat!

As for cards with Christmas trees and Eiffel Towers, why not? :-)))

:-)) Maybe, you will have a chance to meet in April-May. By the way, I found a museum <http://www.roerich.org/index.html>, which I would like to visit in January, to look at paintings by famous russian painter and philosopher, Nikolai Roerich http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nicholas_Roerich Let me know, if you would like to join me, I can push the trip on February. PS. Do not look into the mirror so often - it is dangerous even for cats :-)))

Da Da Da, Roerich (I love him!), Join you at end of January, beginning of February. I just came from our place. Thinking of you! :-)))

Perfect, I will be back at January 11, you will be later as I remember, I will wait you with this trip

Yes, I come back on January 23 and will be here until the middle of February - then off to Mexico, etc., but back in April if your boy can come. After mid-January, Rimsky Tours will be pleased to offer such trips as the Roerich Museum. I think we need a whole day just for the Roerich Museum because I am told (I have never been there) that there are many things there to see, paintings, manuscripts, photos, films, books, etc.

I will ask if cats are allowed entrance into the museum. :-)))

See Mark Gungor "A tale of two brains" <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3XjUFYxSxDk&feature=related> I understand - I have chimerical brain :-)))

Me too, but my chimera are in little boxes.... like my poems.... :-)))

Even if pathologists found the empty-box - it's top secret, because the world is ruled by men... :-)))

What are you doing in addition to the analysis of empty boxes in the brain?

:~))

I'm thinking of you (nice chimeras!), as I get ready to close the apartment and go abroad on Monday. I have given peanuts to the squirrels and carrots to our rabbit today, since I will not be able to give them anything until I get back on January 23.

:~))

Да-да. You have to feed the squirrels very well, or they will decide to live in my apartment again

:~))

:~))) спокойной ночи, господин Мирин у нас полночь, а тебе хорошего вечера

:~)

спокойной ночи!!

Would you like to watch the film of Master and Margarita? I can get it with English subtitles?

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g9YMW-NliOk> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cv2HWUxvQBc&feature=related> I should say that the film is long enough, but as far as I know it is best

screen version of the novel. I'm asking because next week I'm going to a book store where I can buy the DVDs with English subtitles

Da Da Da ! ! !

:~)))

And would you like to go with me to see a production of Shakespeare's Macbeth?

Da Da Da ! ! !

:~)))

PS. I was wrong. It is not Macbeth by Shakespeare. It is Macbeth 1969, a new play that adapts the plot of Shakespeare to modern times. It could be interesting anyway. What do you think?

Hope yes :~) after the disaster of the "Three sisters" production, nothing can scare me

Funny you should say THREE SISTERS, because the description of the play says: "When two soldiers return home from a distant war, THREE NURSES tend to their wounds, both physical and psychological...."

:~)))

The intrigue is already clear - TWO soldiers and THREE nurses – to reinforce the tragedy of the triangle has become a pentagon

:~))

Not to mention - behind the scenes - Woland and Behemoth! (that makes seven, the devil's number)

:~))

You are mixed up the 7 is God's number, in contrast to 6 - devil's one You can ask Woland (or at least Behemoth) if you meet them by chance

:~))

I should always ask you before saying such things! You may have saved me from making a terrible mistake. Like submarines in Lake Quonnipaug!

:~))

I promise to save you from terrible mistakes, but who will save me from mine :~))

Ура!!! Today finally winter came - snow and frost - Чародеи -Три белых коня - <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fdSDw74Tjek&feature=related>

Going to the moon by troika! Yes! Then who cares about little mistakes?!!!

:~)))

Веди себя хорошо в Париже, не так как Высоцкий с Шемякиным в свое время: Высоцкий - Французские бесы (посв. М. Шемякину) ;-))

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w6XJXC6A27k> Впрочем для этого надо быть русским :-))

Открытые двери Больниц, жандармерий - Предельно натянута нить, - Французские бесы - Большие балбесы, Но тоже умеют кружить. Я где-то точно - наследил, - Последствия предвижу: Меня сегодня бес водил По городу Парижу, Канючил: "Выпей-ка бокал! Послушай-ка гитары!" - Таскал по русским кабакам, Где - венгры да болгары. Я рвался на природу, в лес, Хотел в траву и в воду, - Но это был - французский бес: Он не любил природу. Мы - как сбежали из тюрьмы, - Веди куда угодно, - Пьянели и трезвели мы Всегда поочередно. И бес водил, и пели мы, И плакали свободно. А друг мой - гений всех времен, Безумец и повеса, - Когда бывал в сознание он - Седлал хромого беса. Трезвея, он вставал под душ, Изничтожая вялость, - И бесу наших русских душ Сгубить не удавалось. А то, что друг мой сотворил, - От бога, не от беса, - Он крупного помола был, Крутого был замеса. Его снутри не провернешь Ни острым, ни тяжелым, Хотя он огорожен сплошь Враждебным частоколом.	Пить - наши пьяные умы Считали делом кровным, - Чего наговорили мы И правым и виновным! Нить порвалась - и понеслась, - Спасайте наши шкуры! Больницы плакали по нас, А также префектуры. Мы лезли к бесу в кабалу, С гранатами - под танки, - Блестели слезы на полу, А в них тускнели франки. Цыгане пели нам про шаль И скрипками качали - Вливали в нас тоску-печаль, - По горло в нас печали. Уж влага из ушей лилась - Все чушь, глупее чуши, - Но скрипки снова эту мразь Заталкивали в души. Армян в браслетах и серьгах Икрой кормили где-то, А друг мой в черных сапогах - Стрелял из пистолета. Набрякли жилы, и в крови Образовались сгустки, - И бес, сидевший визави, Хихикал по-французски. Все в этой жизни - суета, - Плевать на префектуры! Мой друг подписывал счета И раздавал купюры. Распахнуты двери Больниц, жандармерий - Предельно натянута нить, - Французские бесы – Т акие балбесы! - Но тоже умеют кружить.
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Yes, like Vysotsky, like Pushkin, I go to Paris today, even if only "imaginaire"

Petri de vanite il avait encore plus de cette espece d'orgueil qui fait avouer avec la meme indifference les bonnes comme les mauvaises actions, suite d'un sentiment de superiorite, peut-etre imaginaire.

And when I return you will be here!

:-))))



Merry Christmas.
Thinking of you!
:-)))



Thinking of you
:-))



Welcome back to the States. I look forward to seeing you in two weeks!

:-))) твой сумасшедший кот

Hi, cat. No, I did not come back yet; I'm in Moscow. My passport still is in the embassy due to "the administrative review" (I think they have found a submarine in the lake) and two weeks' vacation (from Cath. to Orthodox Christmas).

:-)

... So my Russian holidays are continuing, and I have no idea when I can (if can) return, maybe later than you.

:-))

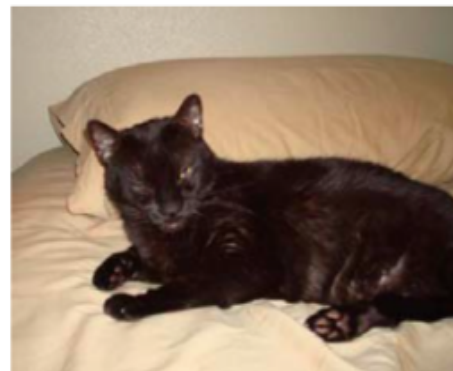
Don't worry. I spoke to Behemoth and we have a secret project to liberate you! Please keep us informed if it is successful.

:-)))

I do not worry.. But my colleagues already thought about a "family-napping-project" to avoid all bureaucratic delays with movings of me and my boys. So, please, no secret-projects especially with Behemoth - I do not like to meet the afterlife soon even if it promises peace for me.

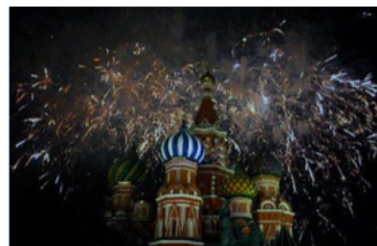
:-)))

PS. It is surprising that Behemoth allowed you to photograph him. I think you took advantage of the situation that he was sleeping...



Courier just brought the passport with visa "smelling of printer's ink" - the day after request from my boss to Washington. But I'm sick of all, including flu, so I'm planning to leave for the States on Jan 30. Please, ask Behemoth to take care of good weather on this day. :-)))

We wish you a speedy recovery and look forward to seeing you soon. We will guarantee good weather for your arrival.:-)))



Hi from me and Behemoth! How are you? We are back in the States. I miss you especially when I go out onto the treehouse! Meanwhile, the squirrel is enjoying it! I have not yet seen the rabbit but will buy him some carrots today. :-)))

PS. Behemoth promises good weather for your arrival: Sunny & 35 during day, partly cloudy & 23 at night.

Hi both of you, Welcome back! Sometimes I miss two crazy cats. It's a little cold for breakfast at the treehouse, but the squirrel looks happy enough and well-fed. You should know that the rabbit still stays in Florida; he has sent me a message that he will be back close to the spring. So you can share carrot with the squirrel. Thanks for sunny day which supposed to for my arrival. I hope the travel will be w/o unpleasant surprises. See you next week :-))) PS. What time are you planning on Saturday? I have to adjust the time of a meeting which planed on Sat. PPS. Did you buy a camera?

Nice to hear from you. Seems like you are getting over the flu? Yes, the squirrel is one of my first pictures with the new camera. The play is at 8:00 but we must be there by 7:30 because I had to change the dates on the tickets. I hope this is OK for your meeting! Your crazy cats :-)))

Thanks, I get better. Seems, I got over the flu, although not completely. Yes, Saturday after 7pm is OK Goodnight and sweet dreams for my dear cats (9 h later). :-)))

After reading the Blok poem that you mention on your blog, I had to go and track the flights from Moscow to New York today. There are two flights. One took off as scheduled. The other just now took off SIX HOURS LATE. :-)

I fear that you are on the late flight thanks to behemoth! But he is nowhere to be found today for me to ask him! Anyway, I am waiting anxiously for you to come safely back. In the meantime, I have been working on Our Secret Garden with the help of BEHEMOTH. :-)))

Do not read poems cited entirely :-))), and do not worry; I've took the first flight :-)) and just safely arrived home. Thanks for the poem you sent, it is very touching, as well as for the Spring Schedule that you sent. It is sad, as I see most of the tours are sold out. Seems I'll have to consult Behemoth about other agency ;- :-))) This (attached) original fig w/o mine graffiti :-))

I love the image for Our Secret Garden. And this version is much clearer than the one I used before. but.... I also liked the "me too" graffiti! Which to choose? Big problem!

Ask Behemoth :-)))

I think I know what he will say. He'll want "me too" and him in the picture, too! :-)

He wants too much; usually it is a privilege of women :-)))

You should be sleeping. Or you will sleep during your 9 o'clock and 2 o'clock meetings! :-)))

Я собираюсь (даже приняла снотворное, потому что не хочу спать - выпалась в самолете) Спокойной ночи, мой заботливый кот :-))

True that I am thinking of you. So now when I sleep I will be dreaming of you. Sweet dreams to you too. до завтра твои заботливый кот :-))

[Here we start our 8th life together]

I like to be with you. I could not say, these words stuck in my throat, but I feel that I should at least write it - I missed you so much and was looking forward for our meeting. I was happy to stay with you whole night; but, seemed, you were not very happy with this and looked very tired of me, this makes me sad. Sorry if I made something wrong... Goodnight

Me too. I have missed you! But please do not be sad. You did nothing wrong. I did not want you to go home. I thought you needed to go home to sleep because of jet lag and work. But I should have asked you instead of assuming! Can you stay with me tomorrow night? I want to start looking at Master and Margarita with you., :-)))



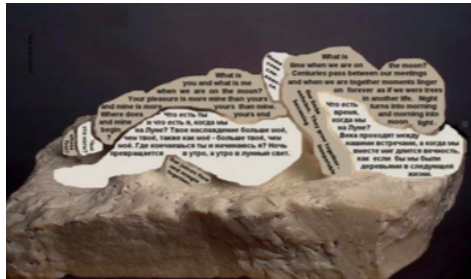
Beautiful sculpture. Good morning. :-))

Hi. Not to interrupt your busy day. But someday when you have some time, I need Russian versions of all except "limbs entwined together can never be separated". :-))

In Russian, from the head to foot :-)) Что есть время, когда мы на Луне? Века проходят

между нашими встречами, а когда мы вместе миг длится вечность, как если бы мы были деревьями в следующей жизни. Ночь превращается в утро, а утро в лунный свет. Что есть ты и что есть я, когда мы на Луне? Твое наслаждение больше моё, чем твоё,

также как моё - больше твоё, чем моё. Где кончаешься ты, и начинаюсь я? Наши соки сливаются. Чьи это ноги? (both. and you wrote exactly on yours left foot. ON :-)) PS. Seems I found an error on "your right leg" - that instead than. Right?



Here is an updated version including your text. What do you think? As you seen, there is space for more Russian text. How about using: a translation of: Our limbs entwined. They grow together - becoming inseparable.

In English limb is both tree limb and arm/leg. I guess that pun doesn't exist in Russian, so maybe it is best to use tree limb (ветвь ?). :-))

PS thank you for the good proof reading. Yes, it was an error – now corrected in the newer version. :-)))

Of cause you have a lot of space for Russian text - she looks like a Rubens' woman :-))) In Russian we can say - Наши ЧЛЕНЫ (or - ВЕТВИ - if you do prefer an allegory with trees) обвивают друг друга, они срастаются и становятся неразделимыми. A shorter version - Наши ветви обвивают друг друга, срастаясь и становясь неразделимыми.

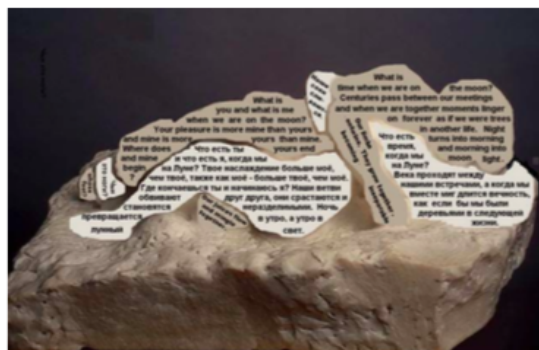
Hi, I just come back home. How is your doing? Did you start watching M&M? :-))

Here's a complete version of Rodin. Of course it can be changed. Notice that the Rubens girl (!) has slimmed! :-))

I'm happy for her. and that is why you had to change the location of phrases? :-))) But, seriously, David, it is very nice "paper sculpture" (I do not know how should I call this :-))

Hi. I started to watch M&M last night. Good, but no sub-titles so I miss lots of the dialogue. :-)

It's impossible! Are you sure? I'm so sorry, It must be with subtitles. :-((



About Skype. unfortunately, I cannot share Skype with you because (1) I'm drunken; (2) I cannot reopen the Skype to someone who once placed restrictions on my access w/o explanations (even bank sends notification ;-)) I'm so sorry, but it is my crazy principle

\:-(:-))

I am sure you are very nice when you are drunk. Too bad I am not with you! And yes, you are right, I was worse than the bank to put restrictions on your for skype. I could not figure out how to hide a contact from the other person who was using my skype! In gmail i can do that, but I don't know how in skype. I miss you. Are you going to sleep early? Am I am being punished for my stupidity last night? Or for the Rubens body on the Rodin Sculpture? Or maybe something else bad that I (or Behemoth) has done?

:~))

:~)))))) All together

I have never been inclined to sado-masochistic punishment as part of love-making, but I suppose you could convince me to accept it.

:~))))))

Which role do you prefer?

:~))))))

War is war! Once we get going we'll have to play all roles!

:~))))))

O mine God! And I hear this from the person who wants to fight for world peace. Seems I'm ready to be used in ideological wars

:~))))))

What else do you expect from a communist who wears a USSR t-shirt?

:~))))))

Seems this is my fault; I should have make other gift - a T-short with Picasso's dove maybe

:~))

I have an old t-shirt with Picasso's dove. But that's the problem. The dove is one of the very few birds that kill when they fight each other!! That's why I refused to allow a dove as the emblem of the International Year for the Culture of Peace, and we went after the hands instead. By the way, I think Picasso knew this and decided to play a trick on his communist comrades! And anyway, I may be violent, but I don't kill!

:~))))))

;~) I know, you told me this story about dove few months ago. But your last sentence a little scares me. I should say that I never killed somebody, but I know that I can being in special mood

:~))

Ok. Let's establish some rules for our war. How about starting with no guns and no knives? And no biting, either!

Let see. What left? I have no long nails to scratch, no long hair to hang up somebody. Ok, Evrika, I found! I can only strangle somebody in passionate embrace.

:~))

How did you know? Of all the ways to die that would be my choice!

:~))

You are not so original in this choice ;-)) Ok. Я очень хочу тебя, но думаю, что в данный момент, спать я хочу немного больше. Завтра на работу. Дрессировка окончена Спокойной ночи, милый кот

:~))))

Little sweet kisses to wake you up

:o :o :o

:)))

Here is "Our secret garden" - and with the permission of BEHEMOTH even though he doesn't get his picture

:))

Missing translations :-)

***** Прошлой ночью наши сердца были полны, как луна, плывущая над деревьями, как звуки падающей воды.**

***** В лучах утреннего солнца наши руки все еще обвивали друг друга, твоя голова покоилась на моем плече, в полусне – запах твоих волос на моих губах.**

***** Я не помню, рассвет это был или закат. Я не знаю, откуда и куда ты летела. Я знаю только одно, Подобно прекрасной птице, освещенной солнцем, ты пролетела по небу моего сердца. Любил ли я когда-нибудь? Возможно, нет. Ах, нет, я забыл. Я думаю о тебе, и я знаю. Я люблю тебя. Я любил тебя еще тогда - Да!**

Thanks to your translations (and everything else :-)), here is a new version WITH A NEW SUBTITLE!

:))))

Do you have to work all night?

:))))

:)))) not today

If I promise to be very nice will you come? :))))

:)))) If you promise this, I can come

I PROMISE

:))))

Ok, what about 6-30 - 7-00

Very good! Do you want to come by the market to bring something to cook?

:))))

I'm not hungry. You can have dinner w/o me. But could you make a cup of coffee for me?

No problem for coffee. If you get some cheese, we can have wine and cheese also.

I have to run, will be available only by phone See you later

little kisses to distract you during your meetings... x x x x I have guarded our wonderful smells for all this morning!

:))))

Ave Maria :-) Most famous : Schubert <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bPvAQxZsgpQ> My favorite: Caccini http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f66Cr_yqotk&feature=related Luzzi <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-VlumWXHvtw&feature=related> Plus: Rachmaninov, Mendelssohn, Dvorak, Rossini, Verdi, Liszt, Bach - eternity will not suffice to listen all

First time I heard the Caccini and Luzzi - very good. But my favorite is Pavarotti!!! I am now listening for the third time! Koroviev says he is sending you an email from Rimsky Tours.

:)))

Dear Margarita,

Rimsky Tours invites you to its First February Weekend Special.

Special showing of Master and Margarita, Disc 2 Plus voyage to the moon with Baron von Munchausen Friday 8 PM - ? with or without dinner (to be decided)

Macbeth 1969 at the Theatre Saturday 8 PM

Nicholas Roerich Museum Sunday 2-5 PM <http://www.roerich.org/museum.html?mid=info>

Concert, Sunday, February 5, at 5 p.m.: L'Amore della Musica woodwind quintet: Bach, Hindemith, Milhaud, Beethoven, Respighi Admission to all events at Nicholas Roerich Museum is free

from Koroviev (with "friendly" greetings from BEHEMOTH!)

:))))

Sounds great! The coordination of plans: Sunday - it works Saturday - think I will be free close to 6. Is it Ok? Friday - it works, if I will be able (1) to finish everything at work, (2) to go home to take the camera (I need it for saturday), (3) and be in your office in time, (4) if you promise to wake me up Sat morning so I could come to work at 9-30 am

:)))

Great! No problem for 6:00 Saturday. When will you know if you can finish everything at work today? What is this: "(3) and be in your office in time"??? [the office of Rimsky Tours? :-)) As for tomorrow morning, I promise! Even promise to let you sleep before waking up.

Will you be hungry? No, I mean for supper!

:-) :))))

:))) I'm planning to be free at 7. Of-cause I meant the office of Rimsky tours :-))

No I will be not hungry. Sorry, have to run. Will try to be in the office at 8 (yours

:)))

Very good!

Here is an updated version of the DOUBLE DIARY.

:))))

Another co-authored production beautifully arranged!!! :))))

And if so, what time will you be finished with work?

:)))) I was going to write you. I will be free in 10 min. Where do we meet?

I'll meet you in your outdoor office in 15 minutes. OK? You are not answering your telephone. Ok OK, I'm leaving now

:-) :-) :-) These are little kisses for your day of meetings. :-) :-) :-) :-)

I hope you are having a good day at work. You are in my head all day! I am off soon would like to telephone you on my return about 8:30 if that is OK with you.

:)

:))) At least it was not so bad day. Especially given your multiple-little-kisses that you sent this afternoon. You can call me tonight if you like. I will try do not miss your call as I usually do :-))

Bob Ross "Painting mountains" - How to paint 7,000 mountain landscapes for the year. Not Roerich :)))
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MghiBW3r65M&feature=related> http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EB_vj1qy8Ks&feature=related

A new poem from Roerich by us in progress. It takes more time than Bob Ross... :-)))



Good morning! I wake you with little kisses... Here are the texts that need to be translated: After the storms of the night, valleys are lost beneath blankets of clouds. I will love you [David], as long as there are mountains rising from the mists. Changing from day to day the sun leaps from peak to peak splashing each with color. [You] climbed in the Kavkaz with [me], barefoot on snows of summer. [I] climbed Rice Peak with [you] and the mules through the last snows of spring.

After the storms
of the night,
valleys are lost
beneath blankets
of clouds.
I will love you,
as long as there
are mountains
rising from the
mists.
Changing from
day to day the
sun leaps from
peak to peak
splashing each
with color.
You climbed
Rice Peak
with me and the
mules through
the last snows
of spring.
[I] climbed
in the Kavkaz
with you, barefoot
on snows of
summer.

PS. I should have said that one of the lines is optional and not necessary: "I will love you [David], as long as there are mountains rising from the mists."

It is not fair for me to force your hand!!! Please forgive my lack of diplomacy!! :-)))

:-)))) My poor cat! Seems, you are "overtrained" and scared enough by me. :-)) Everything is OK with your diplomacy. I'll translate EVERYTHING with great pleasure, but later if you allow. I have only one question and one comment (1) I cannot only understand what is Rice Peak? (2) Once, 200 years ago, a poet-painter-prophet wrote "...let us accept that beautiful moments come and go like birds singing and colorful sunsets and that is what makes our lives so rich!"... As you are talking about eternal, let me give you an advice - remove from the poem all names. Of course it is optional and entirely up to you PS. I miss you :-))

Of course, there is no rush to do the translations (since we have until eternity :-))). Rice Peak is the mountain in Idaho where I would go each summer (when I was 21, 22 and 25 years old) to work for the Forest Service as a lookout.. There were no roads, so we went in by mule on the trail. I was on top of the world, could see 100 kilometers in every direction. That's where I painted the flowers and the mountains and wrote my novels. I dreamed that a girl would go with me, but I was alone. I will show you some photos. As for names in the poem, why not? It is part of our secret garden, for us only, guarded ferociously by BEGEMOTH! And me too, I miss you! Your "scaredy cat" :-))))

My friend has day off, I'm leaving for a friendless lunch :-(So, I can make the translations during the lunch :-)) You can get them back soon :-))

Hi, sending you variants of some phrases because I know that you love to edit translations :-)) If you will decide to change something, it is better to show me before placing them on the drawing. :-)))) After the storms of the night, valleys are lost beneath blankets of clouds. Almost literatim: После ночной бури долины скрываются под одеялом из облаков. Shorter if you need: После ночной бури долины теряются в облаках. I will love you [David], as long as there are mountains rising from the mists. Я буду любить тебя, Дэвид, пока есть горы, вырастающие из тумана. (you are right - sometimes the mist dissipates :-)) Changing from day to day the sun leaps from peak to peak splashing each with color. Меняясь изо дня в день, солнце скачет с вершины на вершину, рассыпая разноцветные брызги. – to fit in your diagonal lines you can change as – Изо дня в день, меняясь, солнце скачет с вершины на вершину, рассыпая разноцветные брызги. [You] climbed in the Kavkaz with [me], barefoot on snows of summer. Why Kavkaz instead Caucasus?

Ты поднялся со мной на вершины Кавказа босиком по летнему снегу. [I] climbed Rice Peak with [you] and the mules through the last snows of spring. Oh, those mules... :-)))

(1) Closest, but In Russian it sounds :-)) like you=mule: Я поднялась на вершину Райс с тобой и мулами по последнему весеннему снегу.

(2) A little better: Я поднялась с тобой на мулах на вершину Райс по последнему весеннему снегу.

(3) More correct in Russian, but it is not in concordance with the phrase above, think, it should be as echoes: Мы поднялись с тобой на мулах на вершину Райс по последнему весеннему снегу.

(4) Maybe: Я поднялась с тобой на вершину Райс по последнему весеннему снегу. Think, the followings sound good together - Ты поднялся со мной на вершины Кавказа босиком по летнему снегу. Я поднялась с тобой на вершину Райс по последнему весеннему снегу

Anyway, if you insist on "mules" :-)) you can use the second variant

I have not followed your advice and have gone ahead and made some variants myself in order to fit the space. Of course they can be corrected! Anyway here is a version for your consideration (maybe not with Riesling, but I will go out to dinner with my friends and we will no doubt have some wine).

Speak to you later! :-)))

PS Why Kavkaz? I just like its sound more than caucasus.

And yes, you can't live in the mountains without mules. These were old mules retired from military service in World War II :-)))

After the storms night, Я буду любить тебя, Дэвид, пока есть горы, with me and the mules through last snows of spring.
of the valleys are lost beneath the clouds. После долин под из вырастающие из тумана. Changing sun leaps I climbed in the Kavkaz Солнце на вершину Райс по последнему снегу.
I will love you, as long as there are mountains rising from the mists. Ты поднялся со мной на вершины Кавказа босиком по летнему снегу.

Are you home yet?

:-)))

Yes, I'm home How was your dinner?

Our dinner was fun. We went to eat "soul food" (southern cooking). And we drank two bottles of wine. And how was your evening? I miss you!

:-))

Cool! How is your feeling after that?

:-))) I'm OK. Had a dinner with my "Brazilian family" and watched a film about pickers of garbage in Rio.

:-)))

As concerns your poem - I like more w/o hyphen that requires only a few changes

I'm feeling quite mellow, lying in bed and thinking of you. and our mountain poem. What changes are needed?

:-)))

Later - it is more easy to show than to explain. Go to sleep, drunken cat.

:-))))))))) Sending you a little kiss for good sleep tonight

Your drunken cat is purring, very happy with your little kiss, but he wants to be caressed. Anyway, he will sleep very nicely pretending that the pillows are you! :-))) Do you know yet if you have to work tomorrow evening?

OK, do not drop the pillows (me) around the bed, as usual :-)))))) Goodnight, кот-мурлыка

Goodnight, sweet mountain girl! :-))))))

**Sorry, didn't answer your question. Seems I'll be free tomorrow evening, if nothing will happen
Goodnight again**

:-) Good morning, my sun on the mountains, my mountain girl. I went to sleep before seeing your last message, so I wake to the good news that we can be together tonight on the full moon! Here are sweet kisses to start this beautiful day! :-))))))))))))))

Good morning, my mountain cat :-)

Old picture of a young mountain cat inn the Kavkaz:



Rimsky Tours would like to advise you of an excellent concert today: Late Beethoven Piano Sonatas: No. 27 in E minor, Op. 90 No. 28 in A major, Op 101 No. 29 in B flat major, Op 106 When purchasing tickets, please refer to the fact that Behemoth is offering discount admission. Koroviev :-)))

Very good. I'm planning to finish by 5-30. When and where we should meet for the concert? :-))

Do you expect to be hungry? Should we get something to eat before the concert or buy something to cook afterwards? :-))

I think, it will be better to eat something before. It is supposed to be too late for dinner after the concert at 8.

I would like to go buy something to cook. Tell me something you would like.

No fish, everything else doesn't matter. Sorry, I have to run :-)))

OK. Come here after 5:30 and I'll have something! :-)))

Ready to leave in 10 min. Should I bring something eatable with me? :-))

:-))) You are still with me on the moon and in the mountains - is this better? :-)))

"Нани Брегадзе - Только раз..." :-)) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2HHIJGJvMIU> The best performance of this song is by Vertinskii, but the quality at youtube is so bad :-((

The mountains looks much better, but I found a tiny error – разноцветным брызгим instead of разноцветными брызгами

The song speaks to us – I found the words for it! And here are more corrections for the mountains. :-)))

After the storms of the night, valleys are lost beneath the clouds. Я буду любить тебя, Дэвид, пока есть горы, растущие из тумана. I will love you, Margarita, long as there are mountains with me and the mules through last snows of spring. Ты поднялся со мной на вершины Кавказа босиком по летнему снегу. Мы поднялись с тобой на мулах на вершину Раис по весеннему снегу.

ночной бури скрываются одеялом облаков. Changing sun leaps from day to day the from peak to peak splashing each with color. скачет с вершины разноцветными брызгами.

Would you like a Peking duck this evening? :-)))

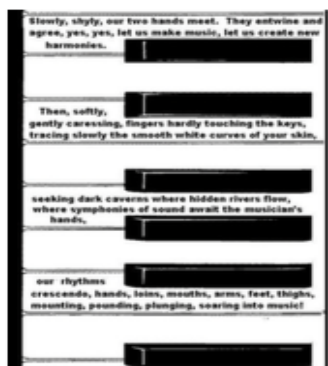
good idea :-)))

I made the reservation for 7:30. If you can come here earlier we can have some wine before going. :-)))

Great :-))) I'll tell you by e-mail close to 5 pm when I will be free tonight I'm leaving for the last meeting. After that I will mail/call you

OK :-)))

Hi, :-)) I'm free. As I see no time to come, let's meet in the restaurant. 7-30? Right?



Our bodies may rest, and you may work, but my head is full of you! :-)))

:-))) You are cruel... as you sent the poem right before the meeting. Tell me, please, - How can I concentrate and think about something else now?

From BEHEMOTH, the cruel cat :-))) Hi, I am enjoying our Peking duck. I wish you a nice lunch with friends! :-)))

:-))) Enjoy! I have coffee-breaks only, no time for a lunch :-(- :-)))

No piano, just my thoughts. Our bodies may rest, and you may work, but my head is full of you! :-)))

My body doesn't rest, it is running, when head is sleepy. :-)))

Here are little kisses for my "sleepy-head." :-)))

Piano, translated during a coffee break :-))

Медленно, робко встречаются наши руки. Они сплетаются и договариваются, да, да, давай создадим музыку, создадим новую гармонию. Затем, мягко, нежно лаская, пальцы едва касаются клавиш, медленно следуют гладким белым изгибам твоей кожи, отыскивая темные пещеры, где текут скрытые реки, где звуки симфоний ждут руки музыканта, наш ритм крещендо, ладони, торсы, губы, руки, ступни, бедра, взлет, удар, погружение, парение рожают музыку!

That's great! There is even a new internal rhyme that goes with the rhythm: звуки - руки ! :-)))

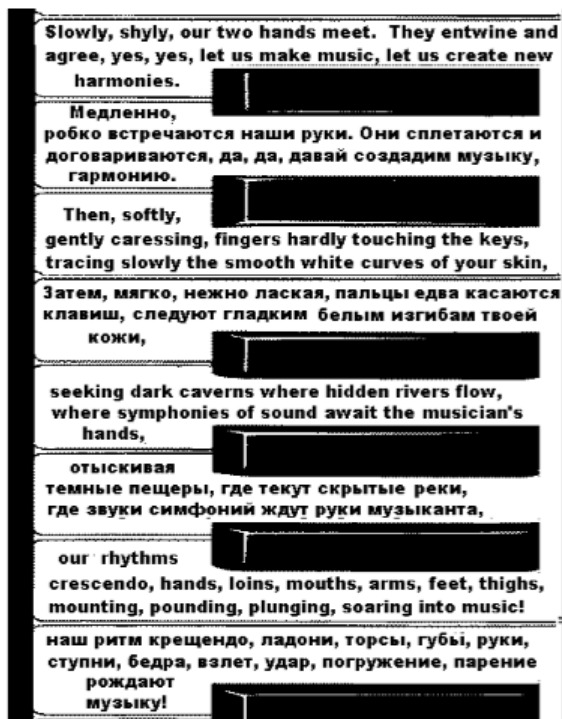
Вот, наш пиано :-))))

I am missing you! :-(- :-(- There are more flowers in our garden :-)))

I just came home and found all your emails. I miss you too. :-)) Thank you for the poem and the "Garden".

Unfortunately I could not open the DOUBLE DIARY, the password doesn't work, i tried different variants around the Cat :-)))

You are right. I did not let BEHEMOTH have our diary. Instead the password is "Bulgakov" Sorry! :-)



Hi! Are you there?

Russian gardener needed :-)))

I have walked through our Garden. A lot of beautiful flowers around. And I realized that part of them needs of my special care

Do you think that the Russian gardener could spend this weekend with me? :-)))

:-)))) It is quite possible. At this time of year only few people need of landscape design. At least the gardener is yet not busy on Saturday evening and Sunday

I know we said we need some time apart, but it is beginning to feel very long! :-))))

Sorry :-(, we did not plan anything on Saturday specially, so I promised to finish something tomorrow.

It is my fault :-(I should have arranged with Rimsky Tours for tomorrow! When you can you finish work?

Sorry, I really do not know. :-(I need to review a paper, and I have no idea how long time it will take. But anyway I will try to finish and send it until 4-5 pm. So, you can plan the day w/o me, we can meet closer to evening. :-))

I will watch Master and Margarita and pretend that the beautiful witch is you! :-))) Are you still awake? :-))

Да :-))

I am watching Margarita trash the apartment of Latunsky and pretending it is you! :-))))

Do you fear for your apartment or for yourself? :-))))

I have no fear. She is simply beautiful! Like you! :-))))

I'm going to sleep, will miss you even in dream. Goodnight, relaxed cat. :-))

Good night, beautiful Margarita! 'til tomorrow! Sweet dreams! :-)))

* * * * *

Good morning, beautiful gardener. Your garden awaits you in the snow! :-)))

Good morning, Seems the gardener is from bear-species, he has slept all snow-season. :-))))

Some think it is already spring. Our rabbit has eaten his carrot, so I left him another one. :-)))

When can we expect the gardener? Soon, I hope! :-)))

I'm still working. I hope to finish everything (or at least leave everything as it will be done:-))), by 4 pm. :-))))

The garden with all its flowers and cats awaits you with great excitement after 4:00! :-))))

I think I have finished for today. Are you there? :-))

Waiting impatiently! :-)))

I am listening to Boris Godunov and imagining that you are here in the garden with me. :-))))

My dear diverse cat,

:-)) Excuse me that I ran away. I desire to be with you so much. But I could not stay with you today without the sadness and tragedy as you asked for. I am very sad and depressed. I would not want to pass you these bad moods. :-(So "I could not stay or leave..." But I do not want to talk to a squirrel; I do not want to talk with anyone. You're going away for so long time that seems we never meet again, that's why I feel the emptiness and confusion right now. It seems I need to run somewhere or to do something, but I do not know whereto or what.

Anyway, projects have been completed. All "weeds" in the Garden have been taken out. :-)) I would like to send you another updated project - the DOUBLE DIARY. For the first time this compilation appeared last January and consisted of 19 pages with your farewell letter on the last. Today there are 70 (sometimes sad, but mostly fun) pages with this letter on the last page, which I want to finish with the following sentence (and hope you will understand me in right way).

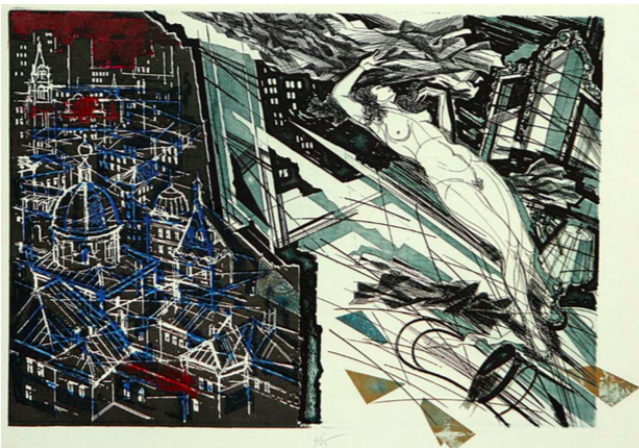
I love you, David, love you very much and very foolishly, so that sometimes it seems that I hate you.

I love you, David, love you very much and very foolishly, so that sometimes it seems that I hate you.

My dear gardener, :-))

I did not want to tell you how sad I felt, because I thought I would just make you sad But I see that you were already sad anyway. So we can just share our sadness, "simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy". How I love you!!! To the point that I almost hate you!!! Я заколдованный!!!

:-(((:-))))))



On your request your last email has been added I'm sending you the last touching and flying away – INVISIBLE AND FREE!!! :-))))

Good night, INVISIBLE AND FREE твои заколдованный КОТ :-))))

Little kisses: to start your working week. :-o :-o :-o :-o твои заколдованный КОТ

thanks :-))) goodmorning

BEHEMOTH and I are pleased to send you a locked version of the DOUBLE DIARY (attached). He asked me if there are any results yet for the fortune: "A judgment will rule in your favor." We also had some very interesting discussions about witches and bewitched. Maybe I will have a chance to tell you about it. твои заколдованный КОТ :-)))

Thanks for the DIARY. You can also look at the updated Garden, with which I'm playing right now during dinner. As concerns the prediction - I still waiting when Fortune will turn to face me :-) As for the discussions with Behemoth. I'm sure that he is an expert in this topic, but I should say - be careful - he has preconceived notions about witches :-))))

Dear Sweet Gardener, Your new version of the garden is much improved except for the two entwined letters (English version). Maybe there needs to be a combined English/Russian version now. :-)) As for Behemoth's pre-conceived attitude to witches, he definitely prefers them to other people, even though they are not predictable. But he says that's more interesting. He says that once you are thoroughly bewitched, you do not have to be afraid anymore! :-))))

You can do that as you like. You know that I do not like very much this letter-mix, as well as, I prefer to see - poems by David - on the title page. Anyway I'm going to remove my name from there and add it with copyright icon on translations :-))))

Behemoth is giving me lessons to become a колдун, but he assures me that I can never be as good as a колдунья ! So I yield to you on weeding the garden! :-)))

Does Behemoth know that he is giving lessons to a super-cautious-person? Who is absolutely crazy on security-systems such as passwords, blocking communication systems (as Skype, e-mails - seems I know why you could not find my wrong-sent email to Adam), etc. :-)))) Such people usually have a vice, which Joshua (think and Behemoth too) doesn't like more than any other, and therefore they cannot be successfully trained in magic skills. :-)))

Да и зачем тебе быть колдуном? :-))))))

Behemoth says that I am progressing well and he thinks I can be successfully trained in magic skills, but that I must be initiated by a bath in the blood of a колдунья... I wonder how that could happen :-)))

Ask Behemoth - Do you have to kill a witch for that? By the way, I'm sure that she must be a witch-virgin. :-))))

Maybe you could find somebody in your travels. Think about this and try to choose right places for travels and avoid any conflict with local governments and shamans (I do not know what is more dangerous)

:-))))))))))

Dear Колдунья,

David has asked me to write this because he says you will not believe him if he tells you.

1. Witches might be killed it happen when unholy fire dies in their souls and they become ordinary housewives
2. It is true, but they should be specially invited to initiation ritual
3. Usually they are flying w/o a special goal simply enjoying by flight or see 2.
4. Gella is a vampire; they have another initiation ritual
5. I'm nice with David, but even if my feelings to him will change, you can do nothing with that - you know that (1) our businesses never cross, and (2) we both have the same patron

Колдунья



Dear Behemoth!

- 1. Witches might be killed it happen when unholy fire dies in their souls and they become ordinary housewives**
- 2. It is true, but they should be specially invited to initiation ritual**
- 3. Usually they are flying w/o a special goal simply enjoying by flight or see 2.**
- 4. Gella is a vampire; they have another initiation ritual**
- 5. I'm nice with David, but even if my feelings to him will change, you can do nothing with that - you know that (1) our businesses never cross, and (2) we both have the same patron**

Колдунья

Dear Колдунья,

Thank you for your prompt and friendly response. Of course you are correct. You are always correct, My Dear! I think that we agree on all matters, and I will leave further correspondence to my pupil.

ВЕНЕМОТН



Dear Beautiful Gardener,

You are invited to a special Колдун ritual invitation to be held on the other side of the river

(excuse me, railroad tracks) tomorrow night, February 14. Although the moon is not full, exception can be made for the fact that it is the day of Saint Valentine. твои заколдованный кот :-)))

Goodnight, sweet gardener Колдунья, твои заколдованный кот :-)))

:-))))))

Enjoy the nudity and speed! – the first rule of magical flight :-))))

You fly in every way, my dearest, like the beautiful, sexy Margo by Efimenko!! (I would love to put my nose in the fragrant hair under her arms!) As I am still learning my lessons as a kaldun, I am still innocent about certain things, and Begemoth is in Egypt today so he cannot help me. Can you help me, what are козлы in the witch's song? :-)))

козлы = goats. Seems this place of song is a little related with an old russian tale when a boy that was suffered thirst drank from the goat footprint (despite the warning) and turned into a little goat. :-))))

OK. Now I understand why Behemoth told me I should not worry if I start to grow horns!!! :-))))



Goodnight, Sweet Margarita, Пока!

:- (твои заколдованный КОТ! :-)))

Wherever I go I carry you with me in my heart! :-))))

:-)))) Have a nice travel! Leave the Moon for me for flying or I can forget my magic skills ;:-)) Enjoy the sun!!!! I love you, my dear cat-traveler. Пока :-)

Rimsky Tours is please to announce that its Spring Special will be held from April 14 to May 3, and invites its favorite customers to make requests early before all of the ours are filled. Koroviev and Behemoth

Thanks for the announcement. Nice to hear that the Tours has not yet left the business. We are waiting for your proposals of tours in April Sincerely, Customers

When you pass by the Concert Hall at night and go to listen to the organ played by an organist whom you can only see in the darkened empty hall through the crack between doors, look to the side and you will see me, and perhaps even Behemoth, listening and looking too. :-))))

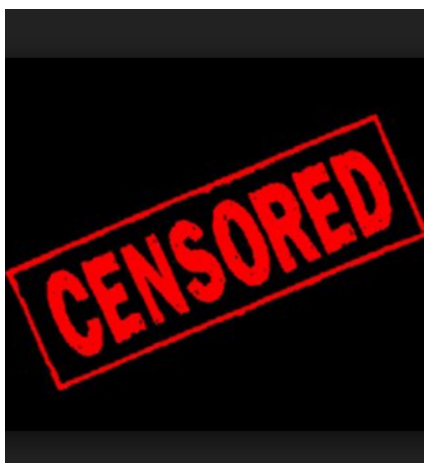
I do not watch through the crack anymore, I'm sitting and listening inside, where "Котам нельзя! С котами нельзя!" So I cannot see any cats around. :-))

Dear Valued Customer, Having heard that you are disappointed in the travel services of Rimsky Tours which have been very limited in recent times, and that you have need of more travel and adventure, we have had a discussion of this with our staff. It was admitted that travel photos are not the equivalent of actual travel. In this regard, there was a rather dramatic proposal by Behemoth, but it was rejected by the Big Boss. This is probably best for you, because, as you know, the proposals of Behemoth sometimes have catastrophic unforeseen consequences. However, we take very seriously your needs as a valued customer, and will continue to take them into consideration. Yours truly, Koroviev, Administrator, Rimsky Tours

Dear Rimsky Tours, Please, do not trust rumors and guesses. I am not disappointed, and I cannot use services of Rimsky Tours this season. My schedule is overloaded. Now I'm using others travel agencies, which consequentially provide me a broom to fly from window to window in search of an apartment (which I would not like to crush immediately), few entertaining domestic trips, and then the long-term transatlantic business trip. So, your company has a lot of time to carefully plan your proposals, to interest regular customers and/or to attract new customers. Sincerely, of behalf of regular customers.

Новоселье A new apartment? :-))

Aga :-)) Fifth variant was lovely, today signed the lease, moving this weekend. This is 200-years old house, which was a little restored by owner hands with much love, and the house has very scenic basement



I hope I did not upset you by the last picture I sent. I want always to be correct with you because I never want to you be hurt!!! :-)))

Please, do not worry. You didn't make me upset. I should say that I have had different presents from men - poems, songs, paintings, including self-portraits and portraits of me. But, I never received male nude portrait; thanks, Behemoth, for a new experience. And I laughed a lot at the last Behemoth trick, when he sent me the photo (I should say of questionable quality and too far from a piece of art) of a man dressed in a hat and watches, and standing in the middle of a snow-covered plain with palm trees ... :-))))

In the light of the strong and justifiable critique of the quality of the last photo, Behemoth would like it to be known that he did not say the photo was BY his favorite professional photographer, but OF his favorite professional photographer. :-))))

Sorry. I did not comment the photographer's proficiency, just only the photo quality; but anyway seems the "photographer" has started new career and been turned into a nu-photomodel next expected step is a role in special German cinema ;-)))

Last photo from Polynesia :-)))

Very beautiful photo :-) Have you adopted a polynesian kid? :-))))

He adopted me - and mostly my hat - for an hour. His father was in the water with me in a previous photo. How are you? :-)))

:-)))) I'm Ok, a little tired, now in Moscow.



Dear Esteemed Client,

The Annual Cherry Blossom Festival will take place on April 15, from noon to 5 PM. Your friend David, the famous photographer, would like to go with you. -

Koroviev and Behemoth

Dear Koroviev and Behemoth,

Thank you very much for the notification. Seems the photographer is very busy if he asked you to send this notice. Please tell him, I will know my schedule next week when I will be back to the States.

Yours truly, Margarita

The moon is full. Come fly with me! :-))))

I'm flying around every night but I do not see you. Where are you? :-)))

I become visible next Saturday. When do you arrive here? :-))))

I have arrived on Sunday :-)))

[Together again – this is our ninth life!]

The photographer made invisible by cherry blossoms :-))))

like a kid :-))))))))

Invisible and FREE ! Come and fly with me! Where are you? :-))))

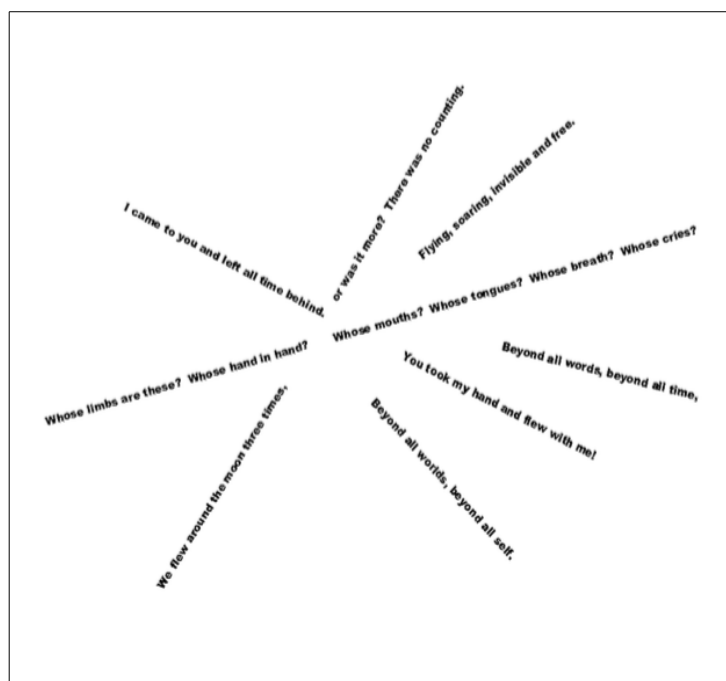
At my new house

:-))) I will be free soon

Let's fly!!! :-)))



Задача для выходной день: :-))



What is the task? - to translate or to follow the instructions? :-))))

Я пришел к тебе, позабыв о времени. Ты взяла меня за руку и полетела со мной! Мы облетели луну три раза – а может быть больше? – не сосчитать. Летая, паря, невидимые и свободные. Вне всяких слов, вне времени, вне миров, вне самих себя.

Чьи это члены? Чьи руки? Губы? Языки? Чье дыхание? Чей крик?

I am the one with the "выходной день". You have to work today! You can translate and "follow instructions" another day! Yes! Happy рабочий день ! :-)))

Seems we mentioned different "выходные дни" - you're talking about today, I'm - about weekend. :-)))) Happy выходной!

You are right - as always. Both the writing of the poem AND the content of the poem are the workings of my mind today, this "выходной день" for me and this "рабочий день" for you. The contents, however, are only in imagination and memory. There I am now flying with you all the time!

:-)))) I just can't get enough of you !!!

:-)))

:-)) me too! You took all mine energies. I woke up at 9-30 ... :-))))

Are you still at work? :-))

Hi, :-))

I tried to find Russian movie Dr. Zhivago, unfortunately the version with English Subtitles is currently unavailable in stores. And no idea when and if this item will be back in stock. :-((

I'll order the American (British?) version for us. :-)))

A sentimental rock-song for one, who doesn't love rock :-))))))

Maybe I Maybe You – Scorpions. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TGa1lyKLmtY>

Da! Da! Da! :-))))))

;-)))) More hard rock (Rammstein that I mentioned). After the last song they could not go on tour in the U.S. for long time. Now they give a concert this April (My friend had to go, she is scared a little)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TR3sh3rINtw> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=189w5xpkt0Y&feature=related> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8y4vIzEkd6s>
(http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=endscreen&v=p1Y44pqQ_So&NR=1) :-))))))

Very good. Rock with message! Why be scared? ;-))))

342GC Cinema is pleased to inform you about the opening of "Russian season" next week. The preliminary repertoire of Russian classics:

"A Cruel Romance" based on "Bride" by Alexander Ostrovskii / <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zpZlijslfE8> /

"My Tender and Affectionate Animal" based on "A Hunting drama" by Anton Chekhov
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JYZboqST-p4&feature=related> /

In the near future, we will send you the exact schedule of the show.

Sincerely yours, 342GC

This spectator would like to make reservations. Prefers "tender and affectionate" to "cruel." :-))))))

I've ordered both of them. But you can watch only "tender". I was thinking about "9th company" by Bondarchuk, but decided that it is too much and too hard movie :-))))))

It may come as a surprise to our esteemed client, but Rimsky Tours is actually operating for a brief time, and would like to propose the following itinerary for Saturday: Morning pickup by horse(power) and carriage Visit to Indian Museum (at least three hours are needed for a full visit).

Dinner between 5:00 and 7:00 at the famous Old Mill, then Off-Broadway performance of Mame. Romantic return to the Inn Next morning return following sumptuous breakfast between 8:30 and 9:30 at the Inn We hope that our esteemed client will be pleased with our services. Koroviev and assistant Behemoth

of love!
and symphony
the eternal voice
and crashing cymbals,
now joined by trumpets
trembling synchronies of sound
your music's caught the wind, it is soaring
my hands are now smacking
cascades of sound flowing,
now it is plucking, drumming,
the song grows stronger
you stretch your body softly
sighing
invisible and free my fingers
flying
Little David, play on your harp
Margarita's belly is dancing
your dancing
gushing like rivers
rhythms of passion
like wind awakening the trees
a melody of lovely dreams
across you gently as you sleep

New work in progress :-)) That's what happens when you take me to a harp concert!

Маленький Дэвид, играй на своей арфе

Чрево Margarity танцует

Невидимые и свободные мои пальцы нежно порхают над тобой, пока ты спишь

Ты потянулась, тихо вздохнув, как ветер пробуждающий деревья

Песня звучит сильнее, наигрывая мелодию прекрасных снов

Теперь это резкий перебор струн, барабанный бой, ритм страсти

Каскады звука, текущие, хлынувшие подобно рекам

Теперь мои руки отдаются твоему танцу

Твоя музыка схвачена ветром, она нарастает

Дрожащая синхронность звуков

Теперь включились трубы

И грохот тарелок

Вечный голос И симфония Любви!

You are right, as always. The piano is better than the harp, versions 1 or 2. But I have not finished. After there is a Russian version 3, there will be a new bilingual version 4. :-)))) And besides it is backwards – the hands should come in from the other side!

So here's a better version. Can you give me a new translation?

Невидимые мои пальцы порхают над тобой, нежно касаясь,
пока ты спишь

Ты мягко потянулась, вздыхая подобно ветру
пробуждающему деревья

Песня звучит все сильнее, наигрывая мелодию далеких
снов

Теперь это резкий перебор струн, барабанный бой, ритм
страсти

Каскады звука, хлынувшие подобно рекам

Твоя музыка парит на ветру

Дрожащие волны звуков

Вечная симфония Любви!

Чрево Маргариты танцует

Маленький Дэвид, играй на своей арфе

Waking, I find you sleeping peacefully by my side, clothed by night turning to dawn
Invisible and free, my fingers go flying across you, gently touching as you sleep
You stretch your body softly, sweetly, sighing like wind awakening the trees
Your song grows stronger, strumming a melody of distant dreams
plucking, drumming, throbbing rhythms of passion
cascading sound
gushes like rivers
Margarita is dancing
waves of sound,
soaring
aloft,
the eternal
symphony
of love
Little David, play on your harp

Can't you say "шлепать" or "хлопать" for plucking?

Невидимые мои пальцы порхают над тобой, нежно касаясь, пока ты спишь
Ты мягко потянулась, вздыхая подобно ветру пробуждающему деревья
Песня звучит всё ещё сильнее, наигрывая мелодию далеких снов
Теперь это перебор струн, барабанный бой, ритм страсти
каскады звука, хлынувшие подобно рекам
Волны музыки взлетают и парят
старейшая песня
и симфония
любви!
Чрево Маргариты танцует
Маленький Дэвид, играй на арфе

The most common meaning of "шлепать" is to beat, to spank somebody, as a punishment for a fault, plus idioms like "шлепать по лужам" (walk through the puddles), "шлепай отсюда!" (get out!), "шлепнуть кого-либо" (to kill somebody) etc :-))))

I think that this poem is already too much "beaten!" It's beginning to be sore! As for "шлепнуть кого-либо", it is true that my preferred form of death would be by sex

I have a request, please, do not realize the dream with me :-))))

Not for another 25 years at least: "ძვირფასო მგეობარო" May you live to be almost 100 years but not quite. May your death be almost peaceful but not quite. And may it be in the arms of a woman! :-))))

Мдааа... Что грузинское застолье с иностранцами делает.... :-))))

Anyway, I had to shorten some of the last phrases in order to make the shape of the harp. Image comes first! I hope I didn't make any bad grammatical errors!

Yes, but I'll explain tomorrow. I promise do not beat the harp anymore But seems, you missed some phrases and placed some russian words in non appropriate order :-))))

At last a poem that never ends!!!

Наступила весна и в нашем саду появились дикие зеленые орхидеи, невидимые, скрытые среди папоротника и незабудок.

Подкрепите меня вином, освежите меня плодами, ибо я изнемогаю от любви!

Скажи мне снова, что мы не должны умирать от любви, что мы живем только миг.

Скажи мне снова и снова, снова и снова.

The flower is blooming and will soon be full with sweet perfume!!!

:-(~~~~~)

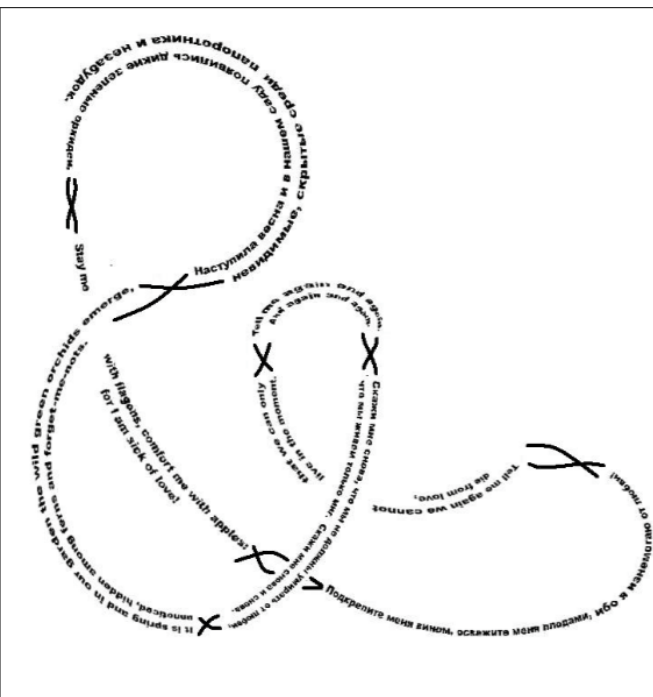
:-(~~~~~)

Mother and baby, you say!

So finally, our flower turns out not to be a mobius strip, but something much more beautiful and human!!!

But it still goes on forever!

:-(~~~~~)



A little more and you will begin to deal with iconography :-(~~~~~)

Good morning :-))

Yes, I need to take lessons. Tell me where to go on the Internet to buy a copy of Andrei Rublev with English subtitles :-(~~~~~)

<http://www.amazon.com....> The first one with Engl subtitles

:-(~~~~~)

Done! Next week will be a big one at 342GC (or maybe sometimes at mine)

:-(~~~~~)

Do you think that we should establish a touring cinema?

:-(~~~~~)

Interesting idea . . . :-(~~~~~)

Dinner my cafe? Menu: steak, asparagus, red wine 8:00? What additionally? music? movie? show?

:-(~~~~~)

Do you have a suggestion? Neither of my films has yet arrived. Maybe one of yours will come in the mail today? No music or show downtown, but I have Boris Goudonov if you would like. Or nice classic "big band" music on the radio. Or you could bring music. Other ideas? :-(~~~~~)

PS. And I forgot the black cherry icecream in the freezer! :-(~~~~~)

I'm kidding :-(~~~~~) What should I bring with me?

I have only a half bottle of red wine, so maybe we might need some more...

:-(~~~~~)

Ok, think I can bring a bottle.

:-(~~~~~)

:-(~~~~~)



Sweet kisses to start your working week

:~))))

PS And best wishes from the flying pig!

So what if I'm a pig.

Pigs can be beautiful, too, you know.

Especially to other pigs!

And, of course, I'm pink!

Pink is beautiful! So..

And, yes, I can fly.

I like especially to fly around the moon

Why else did god give me wings?

Half a pig, awaiting the other half... :~))))



Are you still at work - the "wet work" ? I have to go out for a while and will telephone you around 7:30 to see where you are.

Your friend of Behemoth and the flying pig

:~))))

Russian song for the pink pig :~))

Итак, я - свинья. Прекрасная свинья!

И, да, я розовая!

Розовый - это так сексуально!

Давай займемся любовью!

И, да, я могу летать.

Зачем еще нужны крылья?

Приходи и полетай со мной!

Now in full flight!!! :~))))

:~))))

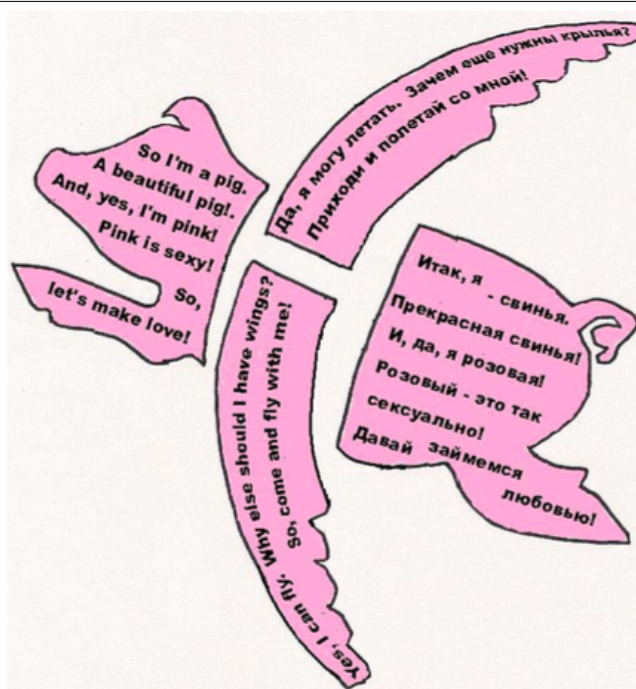
Your pink pig misses you already . . . :~))

What the pink pig is doing now? Catching the wind? :~))))

Thinking about how nice it is to fly!

Зачем еще нужны крылья?

:~))))



Who knows. Pink is close to red, and today is May 1st...



**Today is May 1 ! -
Пролетарии всех стран соединяйтесь!**

Are you a proletarian?
:-))))

Andrei Rublev has just arrived at my Cinema. First showing is tomorrow night! :-))))

Unfortunately, we have to move the showing on Thursday or Friday. I'm busy tomorrow evening. :-(

Will you be too tired after your meeting this evening?

I think we can start to watch the movie tonight, but have to finish do not too late - tomorrow the 1-st meeting at 8-30 :-(I'm leaving

Good. I'll telephone you. By the way, I forgot that I am also busy tomorrow night because I am meeting my sister for dinner. :-)))

I was curious what others thought of the opening balloon scene of Rublev, so I found this on the Internet: Andrei Rublev – Opening (Furkan Hadar) - http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xkenhz_andrei-rublev-opening_creation

(He could have been flying on a pig instead of a balloon!) :-))))

Тарковский великий символист. И, как правило, в его фильмах каждый символ несет в себе множество смыслов; и много символов означают одну идею. Каждый трактует эти образы по своему. В прологе к Андрею Рублеву Я ВИЖУ:

(1) прорыв, свобода, возвышение над обыденным, и преодоление стереотипов социальных и внутренних персональных - полет Ефима на баллоне;

(2) возвращение к обыденности, крушение идеалов, через страх, боль, смерть - крушение баллонов, падение и смерть Ефима. Эти два образа, как речитатив, повторяются в сюжете с лошастью.

PS Полет на розовой свинье - это сильный образ, но явно для другого фильма, более комедийного

:-))))

Yes, Yefim dies but the horse does not (nor does our flying pig!) We will find these images and symbols again at my Cinema since Dead Birds has now arrived. I can't wait to watch it with you! But first we must complete Rublev!!! So much to do and so little time!!!

:-))))

Yes, the horse does not die; she was scared and run away, turning back to the reality (hope it will never happen with a flying pig) :-))))

PS Oh, seems I'm getting tired of tragic films. Certainly, we need a comedy.

It's very bad that "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" will arrive too late.

:-(

Maybe we should see Dead Birds before watching the end of Rublev - which is quite tragic as I recall.

Dead Birds, being a documentary, has a few deaths, but the overall philosophical theme is timeless and beautiful, neither tragic nor comic.

:-))))

The flowers of May

Our garden is blooming in full color, now pink as well as green!

:~)))

I just a little touched up the fence in the garden.

:~)))

So the pig cannot escape??? :~)))

Or be eaten by the green lion?

:~)))

Why do you think that a pig in danger? At least she can fly away.

But ... if the green lion is her nightmare, then she cannot escape.

:~))))

We may not escape, but we may chose between your place or mine for Dead Birds (no nightmare, although they do eat pigs!). And, speaking of choice, what should I get for the cinema buffet at one or the other (just not pork please! - and caviar would be difficult) ? And should it be about 7:00? So many choices and so little time!! :~)))

7-00 sounds good. . Which place do you prefer? :~)))) I should say that we never have lots of time at morning. But we can follow your logic and use my place for the showing.

* * * * *

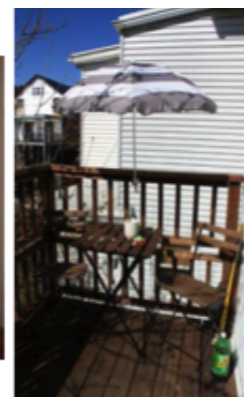
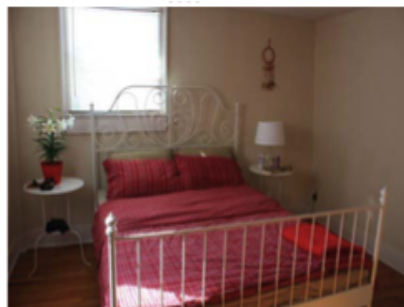
That persistent little pig There is a little pink pig with wings that keeps trying to get into my suitcase...

:~)))

Buy him a separate ticket to the Pig Paradise, or tell him that there is a place for a little pink pig in a house at adjacent street (think I can change my lease for this animal) :~))))

He tells me he likes the offer VERY MUCH and has decided to remain with you. He plans to take off from the treehouse for his night flights. In fact he will bring with him a big bag of peanuts which were too many to feed to the squirrels. :~)))) PS. He says he likes the attached bed very much and wants to know if he can sleep in it when he gets back from his "invisible and free" night-flights.

Yes, he may sometimes sleep in this bed, if there is free space there, and his return from a night flight will be not too late. :~))))



Wish me luck on my travels.

Счастливого пути! I miss you

:~{(

me too

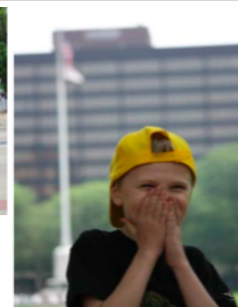
:~)))

I look forward to seeing photos of you and your boy ! :-)))

All of them in my husband's camera; he forgot to download them. So, I have only photos like attached :

-))) How was your speech in Paris?

Thank you for the photos! I hope you will make more and send them to me. The speech was not very interesting, EXCEPT that I met two young activists who will work with me. Look at their letter attached :-)))



It a little reminds me a Bolshevik's leaflet, or something from Lenin texts

«...Чтобы непременно были заняты....

а) телефон,

б) телеграф,

в) железнодорожные станции...»

(В. И. Ленин "Советы постороннего", 1917)

:-)))

Actually, I'm kidding. Talking seriously sounds great. Good luck!

To quote the pink pig, "Lenin flies!"

:-)))

Be careful! The country took revenge on him for his ideas and a social experiment, experimenting with the dummy of him.

.... :-)))

I look forward to your photos. In the meantime I'll send you one of mine – from the newspaper here!

:-)))

Vanka, as a true child of metropolis, loves NY and likes to spend there each weekends, making photos of skyscrapers and of me on every corner (I have photos even on the background of trash can!)

:-)))))))))



I think I feel a poem coming

– tell you tomorrow.

:-)))

To Vanka

:~))))

Go to the park before the full moon sets in the dark mists before the sunrise.		Спеши в парк пока полная луна не скрылась в предрассветном тумане.	
There you will find your little brother who was conceived too late to be born.	With him you will play in a world too beautiful to have ever existed.	Там ты найдешь твоего младшего брата который был задуман слишком поздно, чтобы родиться.	С ним ты будешь играть в мире слишком прекрасном чтобы быть реальным.
He has your eyes, eyes of your mother, eyes that see what no one else can see.		У него твои глаза глаза твоей матери, глаза, которые видят то, что не видит никто другой.	
Together you will name the squirrels and know each tree; where they live.	Together you will know the flowers by their perfume and birds by their song.	Вместе вы будете давать имена белкам и знать каждое дерево где они живут.	Вместе вы будете узнавать цветы со своими духами и птиц по их песню.
Don't be afraid! He will never take your mother away from you!		Не бойся! Он никогда не заберет твою маму прочь от тебя!	
Together you will run the angled path, the path they never paved across the Green.	Together you will fly to mythical mountains and explore their dark mysterious caves.	В месте вы будете бегать по угловой дорожке, никогда не была проложена в парке.	В месте вы будете летать к мистическим горам и исследовать там темные таинственные пещеры.
You will teach him all the quick turns and darting strikes from Tai Kwando.	And he will teach you how to find the hidden fossils buried in stones of buildings.	Ты будешь учить его всем быстрым разворотам и сокрушительным ударам Тазквон-До.	А он будет учить тебя находить скрытые ископаемые, погребенные в камнях зданий.
And if you find your mother has sadness in her eyes, put your arms around her and tell her the following: "There is a man who will love you always"		И если ты увидишь грусть в глазах матери, обними ее и скажи следующее: «Есть человек, который будет любить тебя всегда!»	

I showed it to Vanka and he said it is very sad.

very beautiful and sad

it is true, parallel lines, as well as parallel worlds, can intersect only in poetry and/or in fantasy.

miss you

It is exactly 5 weeks until two parallel lines can cross!

:~))))

Thinking always of you. I looked for a message that I thought I sent you saying that parallel lines will meet in one month from now, but the message has disappeared. Did I send it? If not, here it is again!

:~)))

Yes, you did; I have got it twice.

:~)))

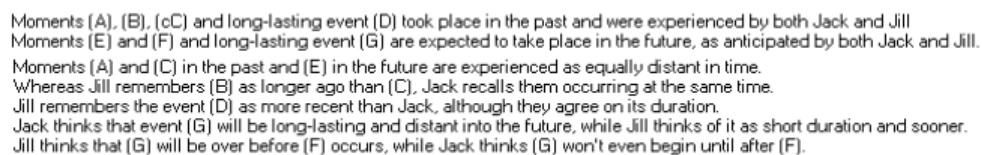
Seems you are trying to invent something new in the geometry that nobody, from Euclid to Lobachevskii, could not still do

:-))))))

Whatever the physicists say, there is a psychological aspect to the problem. Each of us can conceive of time as a linear series. In theory we can arrange all of the events in our life in a linear series, depending upon what came before and what came after. And that means that we can conceive of reversing that linear series!

I'd like to develop a geometry of time.

Time line communication = consciousness



Questions to be investigated: What determines angles x and y ? Can this geometry be extended to a third person by using the third dimension? If so, how does it influence the values of x and y , since they must probably change in order to adjust positions of (A) through (G) with regard to the third person's time line? Furthermore, what about moments and events that are experienced by only two of the three persons: are their positions assigned arbitrarily to a position on the time line of the third person? And is it possible to extend the analysis to n persons. I think that the mathematics would become extremely difficult in that case.

The individualism of European culture provides one extreme case of widely differing timelines. Cultures where everyone lives their entire lives in the same village, on the other hand, will have timelines that have very little difference, and one can even consider the possibilities of collective timelines. Of course, there are also collective timelines in European culture such as collective historical representations and, at times, collective convictions about the future. One such extreme example are groups that are convinced that on a certain date the world will end and the apocalypse will arrive.

Very interesting. I agree, that collective perception of time might be described by a linear model, since it, seems, is similar to the averaged across individuals - the society members. I think, personal perception of time cannot be represented in a linear form, that's why you could not create a model for more than 2 individuals. Think about representation of this as a spiral going that is parallel to a timescale; and its turns cannot be constant. As I see from observations of mine and others lives - there is a global trend: the helix is tapering and compressing through the lifespan.

:~))) miss you

Very good!! You have added a new dimension. How should it be defined? measured? I am looking forward to the next meeting of spirals!! Or should I say "double helix?"

:~)))

As everything in psychology, these scales and measurements depend on a researcher's partialities.

:~)))

Please, do not mention "double helix"; it sounds like DNA or split personality (in terms of your model) - I got enough of both of them.

Waiting for the travel-break in July; thanks God, 10 days left. :-))

Two young oaks are planted in the Green. And one of them right on the invisible angled path.

:~))) I miss you

Me too! I miss you - and our Greens - and our etceteras... Squirrel cousins will be happy with the new oak trees to replace the big one they lost last year!



missing you!
:~)))



me too!

:~)))

July is coming. It was in July 101 years ago that I first saw you on the Green at a concert with the beautiful dancer! It was in July, 1 year ago that I saw you again sitting on the Green and dared to come and speak with you and ask you to come with me to New York! It is in July this year that I will see you again! July is a special month for us! :-~)))

Funny, I never liked July. For me It was featureless middle-summer month.

Maybe I should change my mind. :-~)))

Da! :-~)))



Regards from the FlyingPig I've met her yesterday. She lost a little her pink-color, but still cheerful and sexy. :-))))

:-))))

счастливого пути bon voyage have a good trip до шестнадцатого :-))))

Спасибо :-))))



Are you and your family OK? At least 99 killed in floods in south Russia
<http://www.reuters.com/article/2012/07/07/us-russia-floods-idUSBRE86603A20120707> :-)

:-)) Thank you for caring; please, do not worry; everything is ok; we are far from this area.



How are you? :-))))

Flying pig in Moscow' sky

Good. Taking the plane tomorrow.

Soon to be at our Greens. Awaiting you!

:-))))

Счастливого пути! :-))))



Hi! My first day back. I just took a walk barefoot in the hot afternoon sun around the greens and admired the new little oak trees. I could imagine you playing there with Vanka. Waiting for you...

Very good! I'm glad that the oak trees survive (hope my home-plants too). I worried - it was so hot when the oaks were planted.

Vanka got a lot of fun, he likes both parks very much, we had a lot of water-wars in the fountain-bath in the Green. He made a lot of "discoveries" looking at wedding of horseshoe crabs in the harbor and lighting-bugs on the Rock. Also, he found, that Bunny likes baby-carrots and can come to eat even in day-time.

:-)))))) I miss you. See you next week. PS. I changed the phone # few months ago, here's the new one.

Thinking of the Greens, the crabs, the lightning bugs, the bunny, I have a feeling that I was with you and Vanka all the time! When do you arrive? I'll check with you by the new phone number. Missing you! :-))))

That was sent by my friend this morning. I think it's time to return to save everyone at work

:-))))

Maybe it's also the heat! I've got 2 air conditioners running! And yes, it's time for you to return!!!

:-))))

Landing at 2, will be home around 5-5.30, have a meeting at 6, free (if alive) after 7.

:-))))



[Our tenth life begins. More lives than a cat!]

I had a dream - or perhaps I was only half asleep - that you were arriving from Russia to become the American Marie Curie by unlocking the secrets of language! Waiting impatiently for you! :-))))

:-)))) I cannot be AMERICAN Marie Curie, plus do not like to be - she had a bad end.

I miss you so much You can come to my place if you like. Anyway I should be at home; the door will be unlocked.

1-st day is heavy and confused. I'm hungry, sleepy and tired, thinking to run away.

:-)))

I feel partly responsible, at least for sleepiness! Would you like to run away? I could feed you something nice and put you to bed in an air-conditioned room with little kisses (nothing more!) and let you sleep alone for a night. It would be an exercise in self-control! And true love! :-))))

:-)))) Звучит заманчиво, но я тебе не верю (впрочем, как и себе тоже)

что делать? :-)))

и кто виноват? - почти по чернышевскому))))

все виноваты :-)))

звучит как приговор - всех расстрелять :-))))

It is clear we are going to kill each other one way or another! :-))))

I want to live :-)))

I would be willing to accept a temporary amnesty - but only for one night, and then we go back to the Kommunist regime! :-)))

That is how you called the last night! Are you feeling yourself like a dictator, or a father of nations? :-))))

Remember the rules of war: no biting, no hitting except slapping, no dictatorship! :-)))

and plus water-guns; it reminds me something... :-))))

I think water-guns are OK, especially in the shower! :-))) What happened? You disappeared after the water guns! :-)))

I'm appeared. :-))) Are you busy?

Zoo, lake, ocean ..., even cherries - very dangerous. How terrible to live, I should move to the Columbian University. :-))))

If you want to escape the dangers, you will have to go further away than New York since I will come and find you. You cannot hide. Not with your name. Perhaps if you go to Alaska (formerly known as Russian America) you can escape. And anyway it will be cooler! :-)))

I understood; I have two options - to change my name, or to hide in Russia among Margaritas. :-))))

Did you decide against the option of Alaska? Maybe because it is supposed (?) to get cooler this week, with 81 and 83 degrees and sunny forecast for Saturday and Sunday. Nice weather for swimming! :-)))

Alaska is not so interesting as you say - Russians have been there, plus climate is not so different. As for thenext weekend - I believe in the weather forecast; but can I trust you? is this dangerous or not? :-))))

Once you became a космонавт and took part with me in our космические полеты, you should have understand that our missions are always dangerous. It is never certain that we can return to earth, but maybe we will remain forever on the moon!!! :-)))

Ok, I got it, in russian wwe have an idiom - nobody can escape from a submarine. :-))

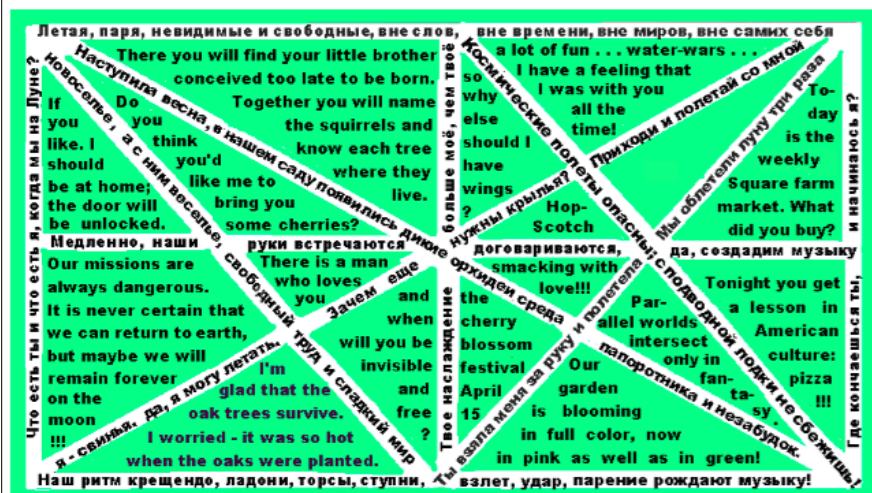
That's great! Write it to me in Russian and I will learn it! :-)))

С подводной лодки не сбежишь! :-)))

Still flying. Will we ever return to earth? See attached. :-))))) I'm going to have a light supper with an old friend at 6:00 and will be back home around 8:00. Would you like more cherries then, or should we take a night off from our космические полеты?

Your fellow space traveler (sputnik?) :-)))))

Gm..., difficult question, you know that I like cherries, as well as we should have amnesty-night. At the same time, космос - бесконечен, а "познание бесконечности требует вечного времени" - a slogan of russian academy institutes(A&Б Стругацкие).



So, I'm totally confused, everything is up to you. Anyway it will be your fault :-)))))

Hmm. It would seem we might find the secret of eternal life in our cosmic journeys!!! I'll call or send you an email when I get home (like a good Kommunist, I'll take responsibility so it will be my fault!!) :-)))))

I thought about eating the cherries. :-(But didn't. However, piggy is cheering me up! :-))

little kisses to start your day!! * * * * *

thanks :-))

I miss you :-)))))

Me too. :-)) Sorry for phone talk yesterday; I had bad day (seems the week too) and mood. Anyway, need to eat cherries sometimes apart to prevent an allergy. :-)))))

Cherries may bring allergies, but hugs are good for bad moods! I'll call you around 8 when I get back. I have such a fond memory of finding you at the bench on Green1 when I got off the bus !!! :-)))))

Would you like to find me at the bench again?

Da!!! 8:00 OK? :-)))))

OK :-))))) It's funny, this morning when I passed the Green I suddenly got that I'm missing our meetings there and walks to my old place

I feel like we are still together, attached in every way. :-)))))

did you get my sms? :-))

I just went to find it. Now your cat is purring!!!

Special advisory from Rimsky Tours

The Bulgakov Restaurant invites you to a special Friday evening dinner, and proposes that you choose from its fine menu in advance so that the Chef can prepare. Choices: steak chicken lobster other (you may suggest and the Chef will reply)

Your truly, Koroviev

PS. Indeed, we have just received word from Behemoth who has been working with Ambassador Orlov in Syria (the Americans would never believe that a cat is responsible for the messages that go to and from President Assad).



Oh! You have changed the business from tourist agency to restaurant. The menu is fabulous - it is so difficult to make a choice. Mmm... I'm picking steak or lobster; please, ask the Chef to make the final decision. As for Behemoth, are people disappointed that talking cat tells lies? :-))))

PS Sorry, I forgot, I would like the Chef for the dessert.

Yes, Rimsky Tours has been so successful that it is expanding its operations. I will convey your dessert request to the Chef! And as for the cat, yes, I expect that President Assad will be very disappointed in the cat when he learns the truth!!

Thinking of you all the time!!! :-)))

Little kisses to begin your morning

* * * * *

* * * * *

:-))))

thanks, good morning. Today is not so sunny as yesterday at the lake... :-))))

I like your photo and look forward to seeing the others. Maybe this evening if you are not too tired? Anyway, I will call you when I get back about 8:00.

Your non-professional photographer (take lots of pictures in the hopes that some turn out good by accident!) :-))))



It was nice to meet you. As I know you have a picture of my friend Behemoth on your wall, I thought you might like my portrait as well. Balcony Possum

:-))))

Very nice to meet you. Thank you for the portrait, but I should say, you look older in the photo. I am sure, my balcony guest was a teenager.

:-))))

It is true that I am still very young and I need a mommy and daddy. Would you like to adopt me? Possum teenager :-))))

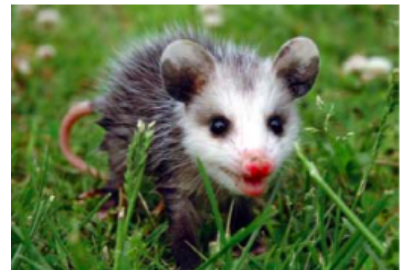
To get "a daughter and cat" together? :-))))

Совершенно !!! и я папа !!! :-))))

Be careful! You know that I'm leaving my kids with daddy for a long time. Are you ready to take care of them? :-))))

I think so, but this is such a serious question, I should probably study all of the consequences before saying yes!!! :-))))

Anyway it is better to think before saying yes :-))))



I think, personal perception of time cannot be represented in a linear form . . . Think about representation of this as a spiral going that is parallel to a timescale; and its turns cannot be constant. As I see from observations of mine and others lives - there is a global trend: the helix is tapering and compressing through the lifespan.

I am thinking... and thinking... and thinking. You will say that I think too much, that this is the problem with poets and prophets... PS. And, yes, you are right, as usual. There is also Hamlet, who at 4 AM is pacing the halls of his castle, saying "To be or not to be, that is the question!"

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. .

The helix is tapering and compressing . . .

:~))))

Do you think that after reaching the limit of compression it can explode as an universe? :~))) PS the big bang leading to many-new galactics with their own memories :~)))

Since you asked the question "Do you think that after reaching the limit of compression it can explode as an universe?" I was thinking about the big bang, and at the same time you sent me the picture. In fact biological evolution has been a "big bang". And so is reproduction. If we have a daughter, she would have sons and daughters and our unique genetic combination would explode into a new universe... Each galaxy/person with his/her own life/memory.

It's wonderful to contemplate! :~))))

You understood the allegory in the right way, although it is not the only one :~)))

Yes, it makes me think of other meanings, like exploding moments of ecstasy: "your pleasure is more mine than yours, and mine is more yours than mine" !!! And yes, each explosion leads to others and others and others, and we cannot get enough! Опасно. Осторожно! противопехотные мины!! :~))))



Where are you? I miss you! :~))))



Think of our wild beaches during your long meetings! :~)))

Не дразни! Сегодня я не хочу плавать, а хочу утопиться :~)))

I had three siestas today!!! :~)))

Let's keep going. I think the wild beach was here. I know it is hot and you are tired, but please don't give up and drown.

:~)))) PS. I hear they are selling plots on the moon

я постараюсь :~)))

If I remember, it was here:
our wild beach.

Or maybe, it was on the
next road on the left . . .

At least it is wild here,
even if there is no beach

The birds sing sweetly.
Here are seven great trees
in a circle. And look there's
a fawn running over there.

They are selling plots
on the moon, you say.

But how can we get there?

I think thought
it was
here

I know it is hot
and you are tired,
but please
don't give up.

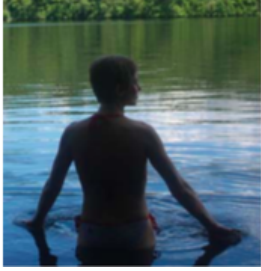
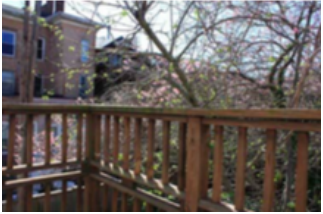
OK, we'll try the next road.
We'll leave the car and go
by foot along the shore.

Let's keep going. The trail is
good through the forest and
at least it's cool.

But where is the beach? you say.
Maybe around the next point.

The trail is ending,
you say.

Please never stop looking with me!

I am imagining you are here. :-))))		I'm there :-))))	
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with our baby, the Balcony Possum Teenager? :-))) He did not come home yet :-)))) Доброе доброе, мама :-)))		Доброе утро вам обоим! Прекрати меня называть мамой, я не хочу быть старой самкой опоссума :-)))) It makes me sad. I am just a baby without a mama or papa, and I am trying to adopt you!!! Don't you think I'm cute? :- (Balcony possum teenager PPPPPPP, объясню позже :-)))
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How are you?

I am on skype and I'll call you in a while. I miss you!!!

I am trying to telephone you. where are you? :-)) Thank God it's Friday. I am exploding with the big bang poem! I hope your day is good (do not explode!) What would you like at the Bulgakov restaurant? Or should we go for Peking duck?

:-))))

Good morning! I woke up at 6-00 and did not find you, even did not hear when you left :-))))

As for the restaurant, it's too hot to cook, think we can go for the duck.

Yes, you slept so beautifully. You did not even feel my little kisses! Peking duck it will be. 8:00? :-))))

Very good :-))))

you do not answer the phone; call me back when you will be free :-))

Here are little kisses for your working day:

:-))))

PS. My cell phone died! I have to go get another one.

Good morning! :-)) Why did you decide that your phone died? Did you try to charge it? it takes few hours

PS I got an allergies, now I'm thinking - what is the cause; have 2 versions - you or smoothies :-))))

Sunburn, sore butt, food poisoning, police inquiry, now allergies (maybe poison ivy!!!). What next?

The phone won't charge. I'm going back to the store! :-))))

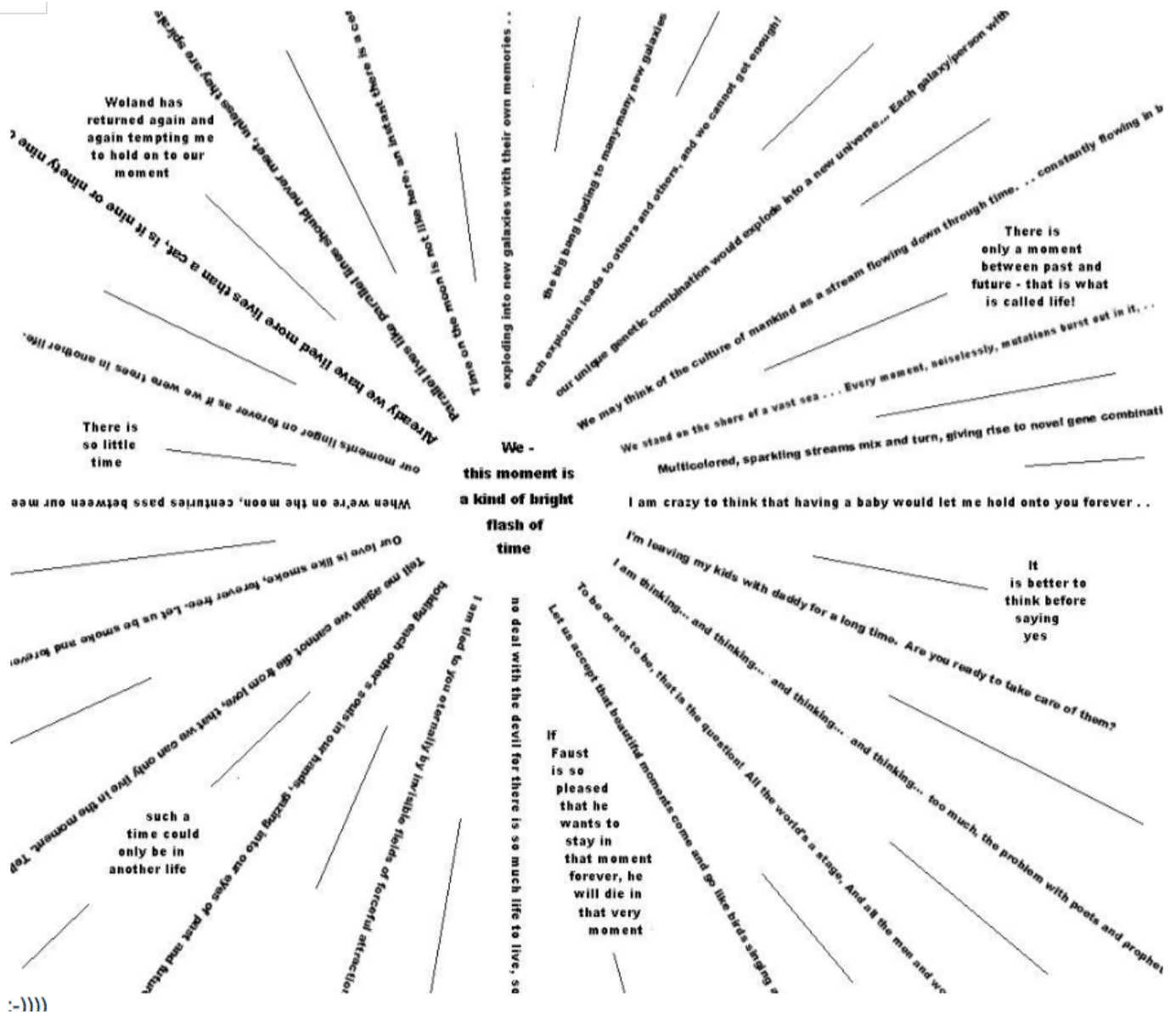
PS. I'll call you when I get back this evening to see if you are still alive, if the poison ivy has not killed you!

Here it is – the big bang!



I like this better. Do you?

:~)))



:~)))

Yes, it is good; even the phrase - each explosion leads to others and others and others, and we cannot get enough! - fits better than the first one.

Доброе утро. Я до сих пор внутри тебя!

:~))))))

Correction for poor student!

Both variants are correct. But think, you're going to say - я все еще внутри тебя Доброе утро! :~))))

Da! Da! Da! :~))))))

Missing you - with sweet thoughts! :~)))

:~))))

I just went and left some of your little carrots for the church rabbit. I'll look tomorrow to see if he came to eat them (unless it is Balcony possum teenager who comes to get them first!) :~)))

I hope Bunny likes the carrots. Good morning :~)))

Good morning! I am about to go running. I will go by bunny first to see if he ate his carrots, and then by your place. If you see something going so fast you cannot recognize it, it may be me!

Little kisses to start your day:

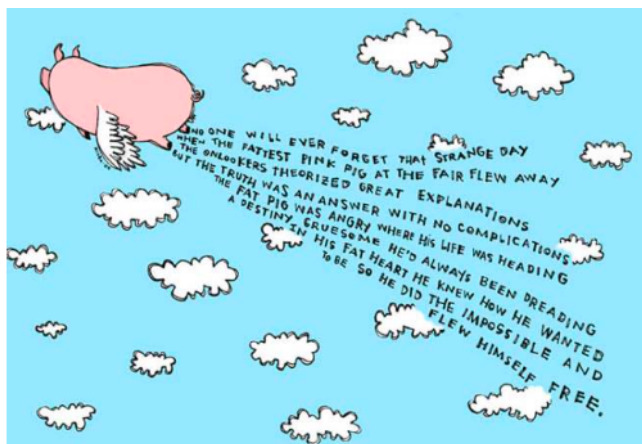
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* * * *

:~)))) PS I bought peanuts yesterday, so now there is the fight between the cardinals, the blue jays, and two squirrels.... PPS. Blue jay won!

I did not see you. Seems, you're running too fast. Please, next times use bleeper, at least I will hear you. :~)))) PS lifting weights is not necessarily

:~))))



After I learn how to use a cell phone, I'll start learning beepers! Bunny did not eat the carrots. Instead, it was snails or slugs! How about chin-ups instead of lifting weights? Your flying pig!

:~))))

I do not know yet. I'll call you later. :~)))

OK. I'll wait for your call. :~))))

Sorry David, I do not think that we can meet tonight, seems I get sick. Let's move the cinema for tomorrow or friday :-(

Of course, we can move the cinema. But it worries me that you are sick. What do you have??? :-(

I do not know exactly, but I'm sure that I can handle it. Please, do not worry.

Can I telephone you?

I bought some nice chicken soup today. It is good for most ailments. Can I bring it to you? :-(:-)

How are you this morning? :~)) ??? :-(???

I am worried about you. Call me or send me a message as soon as you are awake! :-(

Пожалуйста, не беспокойся, у меня все в порядке. Мне лучше

That makes me feel better. Are you still at home? :~)

Да

Could I help if I come over? :~))

Спасибо, не нужно :~))

OK, but I will need to know about you during the day that you are OK!!! Твое страдание больше мое ,чем твое , Где кончаешься ты, и начинаюсь я?

Good morning! Can not call you - the phone died. I'm alive, think I can go to work. Thank you for caring :-)))

Are you sure your phone died? Perhaps it caught the illness from my phone and just needs to go back to the store to be turned on! Did you go to the lab yet? Send me messages during the day to tell me how you are. I have a car tomorrow, so I hope you are well enough to go somewhere! And besides, we have not finished The Sting!

I miss you! :-)))

How are you? Allergies to the medicine I gave you? Allergies to the flowers I brought? Allergies to the air from the fan? Missing you! :-)))

PS It was very good to be with my sister!

:-)))) No allergies, ... but I was soaked in the rain ... My fault that I did not get a taxi. The nice storm with lightning caught me on my way to home! I'm glad that you happy with your trip. Best of luck!

A big hug to warm you up, and little kisses to start your day!

This evening would you like to meet me at Green1 at 8:00? :-)))

I will try; if I cannot come I will telephone you at 8. > Do not forget to turn on and bring with you the cell-phone!

:-))))

Very good. I will study the manual for the cell phone! And here is the week's schedule for the Bulgakov Cinema (BYOP) - can also be used at the 342GC Cinema:

English films: Lawrence of Arabia

Russian films with English subtitles: Сталкер - Тарковский Иван Грозный - Эйзенштейн

:-)))



With special kisses!!! :-)))

Some photos to start your working day

:-))) Good morning. Thank you for the photos



Yesterday you mentioned the dancing in Yemen. Think, I would not have admired this.

It reminds me a dance of children imitating their fathers ... with Kalashnikov's guns in hands that I have saw in Chechnya. Muslim's dancing is special;

I think that unfortunately we will never understand each other



I learned to hold hands with my male Somali and Yemenite friends when walking and talking with them!

a poem for you :-)))

Thank you, The poem is beautiful and idealistic as always! :-)))

How was your working day? Would you like a pizza this evening? In the pizza parlour? to take out and eat in the park or at home? something else? nothing? :-)))

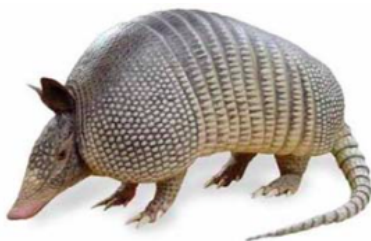
This day was not so bad, but sometimes strange.

Pizza is good idea, we can take it and eat in the Green 2-nd or at home, actually I would not like to stay there.

;-))) What do you say about 6-45 - 7-00?

OK. Green1 at 7:00! I love the way you walk! I'll call and order a pizza to take out at 7:15! :-)))

You were walking, your beauty swaying, your spirit dancing to feel the wind
I saw you gliding, my heart was soaring
We met together we kissed
We came together we kissed
You saw my rhythm, you felt my flying
I was walking, no shoes to bind me, my feet in freedom to feel the earth
You mirror my eyes, my thoughts, my moves
I love the way you walk
the way you carry yourself
the times you softly sing
the way you sway
our swing
our song
my all
my singing
You hold my hands, my dreams, my soul



What there is in Texas Sort of like Balcony possum in armor!
http://www.statesymbolsusa.org/Texas/Nine_banded_Armadillo.html

Aha. In Russian it is called броненосец. It looks very aggressively, like a rat (opossum) in medieval armor, or even an argument to not move to Texas. But how can I meet Texas Communist if I will stay? Hmm... a dilemma :-)))

Good luck! :-))) Tell me if you will need any help with translations. Today was ordinary day w/o disappointments or surprises. And yes, of course, a lot of meetings :-)))

Can I offer you microwave pizza? X

пить - за?

:-)))

no, thanks

))))

Something else?

Little kisses for your day of rest! No desert war today! I will miss you!

:-))))

**me too :-))) доброе утро
real lowrence :-)))**

Thank you for the photos! Peter O'Toole not only looks like him, but he did a great acting job as well! I'm going to the library for more films.

Do you have a request? :-))) for Friday and Saturday nights, of course, since tonight is R&R ("rest and recuperation").



Yes, they look very similar. Please, no Malick anymore :-))) If you have to return some of discs, plz be free to come in and take them from my apartment. By the way, I was right Ch. Chaplin - Sir Charles SPENCER Chaplin, and he known as a composer too, writing music for his films.

Rimsky Tours announces the August special. Friday, special dinner (with spaghetti?) at the Bulgakov Restaurant followed by showing of Zorba (BYOP). Saturday, rainy day, more movies, maybe one of the art museums - Sunday, sunny day, beach (lake or ocean) (with poison ivy?) or trip to Green4 (Central Park), (with special refreshment of smoothies?) Monday, recovery from allergies and food poisoning :-)))



Дэвид, чтобы от меня избавиться не надо меня убивать, это можно сделать гораздо проще :-))))
PS. for example, breaking three ribs ;-))

Or deep cuts in the hand that require many stitches at the emergency room? :-)))

As a variant :-)))

But we do have limits. For example, no biting! :-)))

Aha, that why we are inventing more refined and sophisticated ways to kill each other :-))))

I fell asleep. I send you little kisses, and will make the bed now! :-)))) Missing you :-)))

:-))) Нет, не хочу в пустыню. Мне и здесь жарко

What would you like on the menu this evening? :-)))

the dessert :-))))

Should I do the standard special? And would you like to bring dessert?

:-))) Life is short. Eat dessert first!

Why you are asking? Your restaurant has replaced the chef?

Same chef. He only know how to cook one thing! :-)))



The main that this only thing should be perfectly cooked :-))))

He can cook it perfectly but only if he is not distracted by other attractions! :-)))

It is a bad feature, direct way to lose customers. :-))))

The radar says that heavy rain will arrive in one hour. I think that the chef should go to the store now. I hope you have an umbrella with you. Otherwise I might lose the only customer I have left! :-))))

Were you missing something this morning? Honestly I did not do it on purpose. I was sleepy and I thought they were mine. And besides, they didn't fit me! :-))))

I know. I laughed when found how you are dressed; hope you did not turn your back being at Skype.

:-)))) PS. Think it is better to return it

I prefer that you come to get it! :-)))

A gift! ...and this will be your problem :-))))

I see what you mean. We'll do it another way. I am going running now. I'll deliver it. Fortunately it is small so I can hide it while I am running! :-)))

Delivery options. Which do you prefer? [1] entry with keys [2] leave in mailbox [3] ring doorbell

[4] ring doorbell and entry with keys [5] delivery in back by staircase to treehouse :-))))

Last one :-))))

OK. I'm coming :-)))

Замечательный дождь! Мне залило всю квартиру через окна, пришлось спасать модем и мыть пол Белки успели позавтракать до дождя :-)))

Here is the google translation of your email!!! Wonderful rain! I flooded the apartment through a window, had to bail out the modem and wash the floor Proteins have time for breakfast before the rain I am trying to imagine how you flooded the apartment through a window. If you were a man it would be easier! And wondering also about your proteins! :-))))

:-))))

How are these? Are more corrections needed? :-))) PS. Since, as you see, I have finished working, I want to go at 4:00 to the Sports Bar to watch "my girls" play the Olympic final basketball game. Are you finished working and would you like to go?

Мы стоим у края необъятного моря. . . Неслышными ежеминутно взрываются в них мутации

Миг длится вечность, как если бы мы были деревьями в следующей жизни.

Сумасшествие думать, что рождение ребенок позволит мне удержать тебя вечно

Я оставляю мои? детей с папой в течение длительного времени. Ты готов заботиться о них?

наша генетическая комбинация взорвется в новой вселенной

Взрываясь, в новые галактики со своими воспоминаниями ...

Мы уже прожили больше жизней, чем кошки, девять или девяносто?

Параллельные жизни пересекаются только спиралями

Время здесь и на луну течет не так, здесь мгновенно, там века

Мы можем представить человеческую культуру как поток текущий сквозь время

Давай признаем, что прекрасные мгновения, как пение птиц, приходят и уходят, и

Если Фауст захотит остановить прекрасное мгновение тот момент он умрет

No, thanks, i prefer to stay

OK. I understand. And here is one I forgot:

волаю остановить наш миг instead of удержать наше время. :-)))

many errors, will discuss later :-))

Please excuse me. I'm getting sloppy with the translation. I forgot the English which was "Woland has returned again and again tempting me to hold on to our moment". How's this:

Воланд возвращается снова и снова заманчиво мне продолжать наш миг :-)))

Это оригинал Серебровского: Мы стоим у края необъятного моря. Неслышными взрывами ежеминутно взрываются в нем мутации... Сложными потоками переливаются, смешиваясь и крутясь, разноцветные струи, рождая новые комбинации генов, часто не ведомые человеку...

Sent from the moon. Is this OK? Не дело с дьяволом. Есть так много жизни, чтобы жить no deal with the devil for there is so much life to live :-)))

Никаких сделок с дьяволом! Есть так много жизни, чтобы жить Не заключай сделок с дьяволом, есть так много жизни, чтобы жить

Большое спасибо от Луны :-)))

Ого! следующий - синдром Бога? :-)))

Even better. King of Arabia! :-)))

Hi was close to this :-))

Maybe no deal with the devil, but I have been speaking with Behemoth.... :-)))

What did he say?

He says that Woland is making special deals these days. You can hold onto your moment of ecstasy and still postpone your death to a later date. Do you think I should trust him? :-)))

It might be a trick; he is a great joker :-))

Yes. As always you are right. Perhaps I should discuss the matter with Zorba. I am sure he will give me good advice! :-)))

"let us seek out prophets and poets, wise women, wise men, even children..." ?? :-))

While I am seeking advice, I hope you are working well!!! If you finish maybe we can play! :-)))

Are you ready to take a break from your work? I feel like going out for a latte and muffin.

Go. I'm full of coffee, thinking about lunch, but a little later :-))

I would be happy to wait, if I could have lunch with you :-))))) I tried to call you to see if we could have lunch together, but it says that your telephone is "not reachable". :-((

Did you fall asleep? :-))

Here are little kisses to start your resting working days!

:-)))))

спасибо :-))

There are new flowers blooming in our garden! :-))))) I am missing you, and counting the days before we are separated again. One of three will soon be finished. Then only two more. It gives me two more days to write you a poem!

I miss you too :-))

:-))))) :-((:-)) :-((:-))

Little kisses to start your second free day:

:-))

Спасибо, наслаждайся свободой и отдыхом! :-))

:-))))) you inspire me! :-))

I went running this morning, drawn to the sea, at first slowly, taking time to find a rhythm, pull, pump, push, roll past our Green, looking in vain to find you there, past the pizza parlor, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump push, roll past the construction zones, now seeing the harbor, where land meets the sea and sky, pull, pump, push, roll, pull leaning into the wind, pull, PUMP, PUSH, roll, stroke by stroke down the straight stretch to the sea, pull, pump, push Then along the beach, where we walked together, pull, pump, our feet bare to the warm sand, push, roll, pull, pump Flower feet, Chrysanthemum feet, perfume in the full peak of pleasure, pull, pump, push, roll, PULL, PUMP, PUSH There isn't any other way, push, roll, on one side the sea, pull, pump, on the other, but highway and city, push, roll On one side there's the sea flowing around the world, pull, pump, push, roll, on the other, our other lives, pull, pump Our lives crossing and crossing, entwining, tangling, push, roll, until they cannot be taken apart, pull, pump, push 'til we fall sleep with me inside, inside of you forever and ever, pull, pump, push, roll, PULL, PUMP, PUSH, ROLL pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push, roll, pull, pump, push,

What are the rules for free days? Can we send messages? Missing you! :-))

Good morning! Sorry for the delay, I worked whole monday, over night, and yesterday. So I came home with only wish to sleep. Thank you for the poem, it was nice walk and then read. :-))

доброе доброе! I ran this morning, as in the poem, and looked for you in the park as I came by. It was beautiful because the storm had just passed and all was cool and wet. You were with me all the time, especially along the shore! Happy working day, the last free day!!! :-)))))

missing you – lots I hope I can see you tomorrow evening!!! :-))

I do not know if I can tomorrow, but you can come today half an hour later if you are not going to sleep :-))

A half hour later means 9:10. I'll be there! Can I bring some fruit and/or ice cream? Anything else??

:-)))))

I have some cherries :-))

Cherries need ice cream! :-))

little kisses to start your working day

:~))))

I know you are very busy, but if you find some time, could you help me with a poem. I need both Russian and English to do it. Here is the English: You said parallel worlds, like parallel lines, can intersect only in poetry and/or in fantasy. You said to think about representation of time as a spiral that is going parallel to a timescale.

The turns of the spiral cannot be constant; they taper and compress through the lifespan. But in fact, our parallel lives have intersected. We have entwined by moving in spirals. I am in you and you are in me. We've become so entwined that we cannot be untied. :~))))

Если можно позже. "Горю в танке" :~))) Я не слышала как ты ушел :~))

конечно можно позже! и да, я был тихо, как мышь In the meantime, however, I have an important question. I know we have not yet made plans for this weekend, but something has come up for me for Saturday afternoon and early evening that I think I should do. Will you understand if I decide to go to the picnic? And can I come back home and find you afterwards?

David it is not a problem. You have to go to the picnic. I think I will be at home next weekend. And yes I always glad to see you anytime. :~)))

Thank you for understanding! :~))))

Here they are, both variants :~)))

You said parallel worlds, like parallel lines, can intersect only in poetry and/or in fantasy.

Ты сказала, что параллельные миры, как и параллельные прямые, могут пересекаться только в поэзии или в фантазиях.

You said to think about representation of time as a spiral that is going parallel to a timescale.

Ты сказала, подумайте о восприятии времени как о спирали, параллельной реальному времени.

The turns of the spiral cannot be constant; they taper and compress through the lifespan.

Витки такой спирали не могут быть константными, с течением жизни она сужается и сжимается.

But in fact, our parallel lives have intersected. We have entwined by moving in spirals.

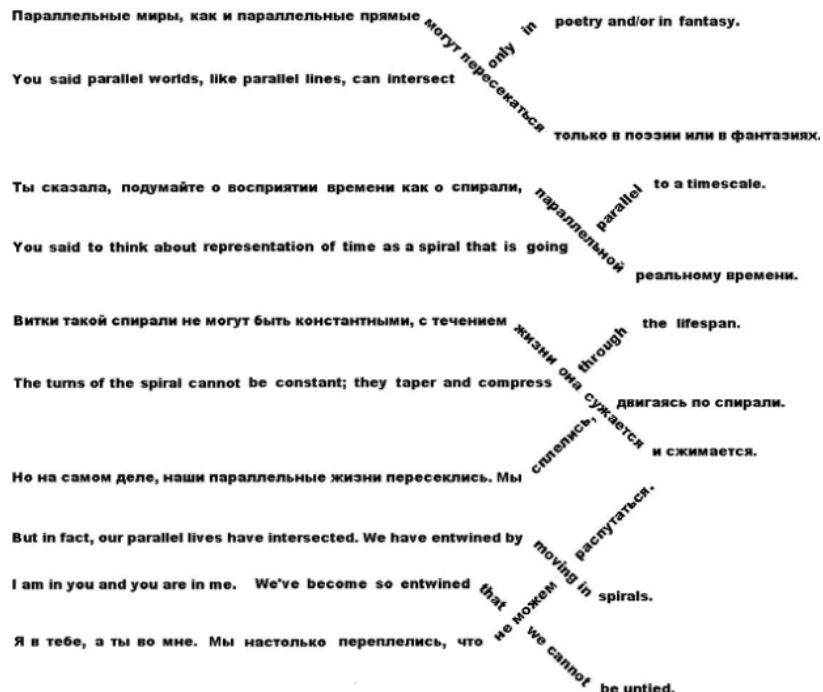
Но на самом деле, наши параллельные жизни пересеклись. Мы сплелись, двигаясь по спирали.

I am in you and you are in me. We've become so entwined that we cannot be untied.

Я в тебе, а ты во мне. Мы настолько переплелись, что не можем распутаться.

Thank you. Now it is my turn to work! How is your day and will you be free to go to Indochina this evening? :~)))

Here is the first version of parallels. I'll see about a different version tomorrow. :~))))



Спокойной ночи, мой беспокойный поэт :-)))

Спокойной ночи, моя красавица !!! :-))))

Here is a newer version, thanks to your ideas. Now I can go to sleep. You, too, I hope! - твой беспокойный поэт

Closer. I would try to get inverted conus as a symbol of the tapering (compressed?) spiral Иди спать!!!! :-)))

На сегодня закончила и закончилась. Уверена, что ты видишь десятый сон, желаю тебе одиннадцатого особенно

приятного Спокойной ночи!

одиннадцатый сон :-))))))

Here is a finished version. You are right (as always!) The cone is more interesting!!! :-))))

Параллельные миры, как и параллельные прямые, могут пересекаться только в поэзии или в фантазиях.

You said parallel worlds, like parallel lines, can intersect only in poetry and/or in fantasy.

Ты сказала, подумай о восприятии времени как о спирали, параллельной to a timescale.

You said to think about representation of time as a spiral that is going parallel to a timescale.
реальному времени.

The turns of the spiral cannot be constant; they taper and compress through the lifespan.

Витки такой спирали cannot be constant; they taper and compress

But in fact, our parallel lives have intersected. Мы сплелись, да-и сжимается.

Но на самом деле, наши параллельные жизни пересеклись. We have entwined by moving, да-и распутаться.

I am in you and you are in me. Мы настолько переплелись, что мы не можем распутаться.
Я в тебе, а ты во мне. entwined that we cannot be untied. in spirals. гаясь по спирали.

Do the tattoo - "she is always right!" on your right arm :-))))

I might just do it! Then you would always be with me! :-))))

What you will do at August 23 if I'll say Yes? :-))))

I have a solution to all of my problems. Instead of going to New York on Sunday, as I was going to suggest, we could stay here and make love until we die! :-))))

Disagree! :-))))

Our secret garden is growing fast with lots of flowers! :-))))

Since "The con artists" ("Bluff") came, 342 GSC is happy to announce the premiere tonight.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6X7eD9gb1SY> (BLUFF Adriano Celentano, Anthony Quinn Trailer) The first screen: at 7:30 pm Price per ticket: a small but very tasty pizza

Sincerely yours, 342 GSC

TGIF - Are you ready again for Peking duck? Other suggestion?

:~)))

For the Peking duck you can even get the best seat

:~)))

Should I order Peking duck for 7:30? To eat at the restaurant or to take out and have the best seat?

:~)))

You know what to do to get the best seat :~)))

Does the GSC have matinee performances of The Con Artist? from an interested spectator :~)))

Yes, we have morning performances, such as cartoons and light comedies, for children, and people like children, at 10-12 am

Wonderful! Can I bring something to eat. For example, a Peking duck? :~)))

NO, thanks, we can put only one mammoth in the fridge :~)))

even a cute teenager? :~)))

????

I'm going to the market to get us some flowers (not chrysanthemums) and we can talk about cute teenage mammoths later. :~))) My stomach is thinking about Peking duck. Call me when you wake up. :~)))

"Good morning!" I woke up. You did not answer your phone, call me back when you can. Since the duck still in fridge your stomach has a chance :~)))

My Dearest Margarita, "You said parallel worlds, like parallel lines, can intersect only in poetry and/or in fantasy." Words would not come out. So I could only leave you in our hopscotch Green. Our children's world of fantasy. Words still will not come now. So I will try to put them in a poem. - Твой сумасшедший кот

You are quite right, no words, only actions. Since you left me in our last day, wish you the best luck with poetry Margarita

I'm trying to call you on your telephone, but there is no answer. :-(

Thank you for our bittersweet weekend - sweeter still for the moments of bitter! It was especially sweet to see your workplace. Now I can imagine where you are each day. счастливые каникулы with lots of little kisses each morning! :~)))

Thank you for the weekend and happy holidays! I will email you later about my travel schedule.

:~))) I will miss you.

:-(PS. Do not forget to shift gears very well.

:~)))

:~)))))) Our friend, the flying pig is back ! All's well with the world! :~))))))

I know he spent few days with me helping to finish some projects (including attached). Now he is back, catching the wind and enjoying the freedom. :~))))))

:~))))))

Dear Flying Pig, Given the name RedArmy, I have to respect soldiers, especially so honored veterans, as my guest is (his look says that he was awarded the Purple Heart at least three times ...). So he can stay at the my shelter so long as he likes.

:~)))))) RedArmy



счастливого пути :-))))

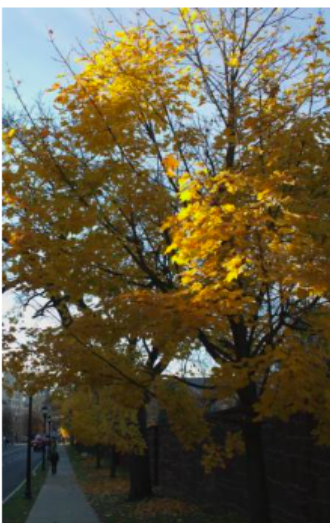
Too early to tell, but thanks anyway :-))))

Hi!

I'm flying away. A pity that you were hiding in "deep underground" this month; I missed you. I have watered the plants very well, please, check them 2 weeks later. If you will be away let me know; I will ask somebody else.

Thank you Have a nice Indian Summer!

:-)))



Yes, it is a pity that I have not been visible, since I have missed you too. Back to parallel lives for a while, but they will cross again!

Don't worry about the plants. I will water them.

I still don't know if I am going to Budapest, but I'll tell you when I know. When are you coming back here? And when do you have to go back to Russia for the visa? In the meantime, I will enjoy the Indian summer, thinking of you!

:-)))

I'm coming back in October and I'll stay until the end of October. Indian summer (babje leto) has begun here; leaves are turning colors.

:-)))

Dear Margarita, Your plants are in good shape, as I have already watered them once. I'll go again next week. I was especially surprised and happy to find that veteran horseshoe crab has not only been bandaged with a beautiful blue bandage (which I think I know), but also he has been given the place of honor on the wall like a true hero of the Red Army! I think of you all the time and when our parallel lives will next cross and entwine.. I figure the next will be our 11th life!

Missing you!!! :-))))

Hi! Thank you for taking care of the plants. It is touching that you have mapped all our "crossroads". Obviously, that we have exceeded the limits of 9 cat lives. :-))))

I finally received the OK for my trip to Budapest. I go by the 3 Greens almost everyday, imagining that I will see you there. Missing you! Your fellow cat with many lives! :-)))

miss you too! Good luck in Budapest! I'm glad that you have many lives; cannot say same about me. With the work I'm doing now, I've got special sense of brevity of life.

PS I have a request - could you close the window I left in the dining room, if you will water the plants this week, thank you.



When the horseshoe crab reaches the adult stage and sexual maturity, it moves back toward the sandy beaches. It then begins its annual spawning migration. By the time spawning season starts, the female horseshoe crab will have produced approximately 80,000 eggs! When the horseshoe crabs leave



the deep end for the shore, the males actually walk along the beaches, almost like they are patrolling, patiently waiting for the females. When the females arrive, they give off pheromones which is a chemical that the males can detect. Once detected the

males basically attend the females to the beach. Many times a single female horseshoe crab will get surrounded by multiple males, typically around five or six. After the nest is made and one clutch (~4,000 eggs) is laid by the female, the males grasp onto the back of the female then it lays its sperm onto the eggs. Each spawning season a female will lay about 20 clusters. This spawning process is repeated every year until the death of the horseshoe crab.

Hi! Listen, it is funny (and mystically) that you sent me about horseshoe crabs. Because last few day we, I and Vanka, make a poster for his class "Alive fossils: horseshoe crabs", which he saw this summer and then read about them.

I see the emphasis that you made; and can competently confirm that it is a truth - a single female typically (and with great pleasure) walks along the life' shore surrounded by multiple males; the number of them is varied, but only one (at least at the time) has the access to the nest.

Another truth is that human beings adopted various models of mating behavior, for a example this one: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7mMhLR6raJY> (Самка богомола после спаривания поедает самца)

Should I be afraid?

:~))))

I do not know

:~))))

I hope I only scared you but did not make upset.

:~))))



The plants are watered, the window is closed and flying pig has left you a nice message. I look forward to seeing you there! :~))))

PS, but I couldn't save the beautiful roses

Thank you very much! And do not worry about roses, think I can get other bouquet.

Miss you :~))))

Me too :~))))

Wishing you a good flight and return to Green3!

:~))))

Thanks :~))



Welcome back to the three Greens! I look forward to visiting Green4 with you in New York, too!!!

Thanks. And you are late :-)))

I have visited three of them today, and plan to visit the last one next weekend.

Thinking of you :-)))

me too. today is sunny and nice day, sad that you are not here, I miss you :-))



As the sun rises here on a beautiful day in Budapest, I miss you, too. Only three more days! :-)))

Dear Mame,

It was very nice to meet you at the Goodspeed Opera, and I hope to see you again soon.

:-)))) PS. It's not bad to be between 40 and death, at least in my experience

Dear stranger, I'm glad that you remember our meeting at the Opera. As for the feeling of age. Should I trust somebody's experience in this issue? As my son said a week ago at his 10-th birthday: 10 yoa - childhood ended; 20- juvenility ended; 30 - the life ended ... :-))))))

(Here starts our eleventh life)

Good morning! It was so sweet our reunion. All those weeks just made it sweeter! I just can't get enough of you!!! Call me as soon as you get up. Can we go look for beautiful trees today? :-)))))) PS I have things to eat but no coffee or cream yet.

Are you up yet? :-))))

Little kisses from me for your Monday morning - workday, vacationday, but no retirement for RedArmy! So that we can make plans for the week, please tell me when you know what nights you will be free and what nights you will be busy. I can't get enough of you!!!

:-))))

Me too!! Cannot get enough. At the same time, I do not know how you feel but I can understand a runner's feeling after 10-km maraphon :-))))

I'm free every night but to save our lifes we should establish rules - to make breaks 1-2 days, maybe more if you are going to run sometimes in the morning.

Already missed you :-))))

PS Have a nice vacation-time

You are completely correct, as always! In fact, I should know this because now I run only once every two days or else I burn out. Anyway, it turns out that our Cinema is only open on certain nights (Publicity is in another mail).

Also missing you already!

:-))))

The packet of leaves is being pressed.

THE BULGAKOV CINEMA is proud to present three classic films:

Tuesday - The Treasure of the Sierra Madre - the classic Western with Humphrey Bogart

Wednesday - Tous les Matins du Monde - The story of Marin Marais, 17th Century French composer (in French with English subtitles)

Friday - Wild Strawberries - the first classic film of Ingmar Bergman (in Swedish with English subtitles) The films will be held over for the weekend so they can also be seen at that time.

We are pleased to offer unlimited wine with the films, so that if the films are so bad they cannot be watched, the patrons can get drunk instead. At least that way they will not complain to the management! :-)))))

Oh, no. На-пицца, again?! It seems I can become an alcoholic very soon! If these movies will be so bad we can always watch something with Audrey Hepburn (I have a lots). :-)))))

That's what we have for the moment: Seems this week I'm free Monday and Wednesday evenings. nothing known about the weekend.

Yes, Audrey is always a good alternative! And I promise not to call you princess! Since Tuesday and Thursday are out, Wednesday night is in. Could we make an exception and have a film tonight? I get back at 8:00 as usual. I have nice tea as an alternative to wine. Should I bring it? Happy рабочий день! :

-)))))

Yes, we can make an exception tonight if you promise do not speak about psychology. I do not think that you should bring the tea; we have ice cream and berries instead of wine

:-)))))

I promise!!!

:-)))))

Маленькие поцелуи (new word!) для твой выходний рабочий день!

* * * *

And no fair peaking at the Treasure of the Sierra Madre before Wednesday night!!!

:-)))))

Thanks. And you gave me a good idea; I can continue watching tonight with at least two dz. of pillows that I have at home

:-))

Yes, there are certain advantages of pillows: 1. They don't run away at dawn. 2. They don't talk back and contradict you. 3. They don't cost much to take care of. 4. They don't tell other people what you do - for example, cheating by looking ahead in movies. I will try to think of a way that I can compete. Perhaps I'll write you a poem. So far, pillows have not yet learned how to do that. But then with the advances (?) in modern science, maybe you can graft my genes into those of pillow!

:-))

You are quite right. The advantages of pillows are obvious. It is so difficult to compete with them: instead of poems they can provide nice dreams. And they do not need anyone's genes; they are beautiful and self-sufficient in themselves. And yes, they might be very dangerous choking-weapon ... :-))

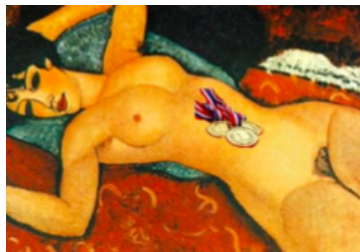
This reminds me of the famous painting of Peter Bruegel that was lost and has never been found: The War of Pillows! It is similar to this one.



Thanks God, Modigliani's paintings, "After the fight", are not lost. :-))

Yes, they are so beautiful!!! BUT, I think my favorite would have been Anna Akhmatova and that one has been lost!!! :-)))

You should know that your last email arrived with an advertisement from Googlemail: Elaine Smith Pillows. Outdoor Accent and Throw Pillows Free Shipping, 30-Day Returns www.RugStudio.com/ElaineSmithPillow Especially interesting that they are not just ordinary pillows, but "throw" illows! Probably your next email will arrive with an advertisement for Modigliani shampoos! :-)))



You have won the gold medal for pillow fighting. (Too bad I don't have photo shop) :-)))

Is gold medal excellence in fighting an hereditary trait?

Did you like the play we saw about Ella Fitzgerald?

:-))

As I remember, I was not so excited and touched like all the people around, but in general, yes, I did like it

Because there is another play, somewhat similar, now about Louis Armstrong. It has good reviews. No tickets are available for the next two weekends, but tickets are available for its last performances on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. They tell me to buy tickets soon or they will be sold out. What do you think?

:-)))

They are not doing any Shakespeare plays this year!!!

:-))))

In the Treasure of the Sierra Madre we would simply eat a can of beans. I think we can do better before watching it. What would you like me to buy for us to eat at the Cinema this evening?

:-)))

The prophet tries to hear the future from the sky and from the mouths of pigs! :-))) And how about Peking duck for the cinema?

I'm completely misunderstood.

Who of you is a prophet? :-))))))

The duck is not so bad idea; I have no time and energy to do anything for dinner

The pig is the prophet and David will shoot the duck. :-)))





The photo is wonderful! I must have been in love!!! :-))))))

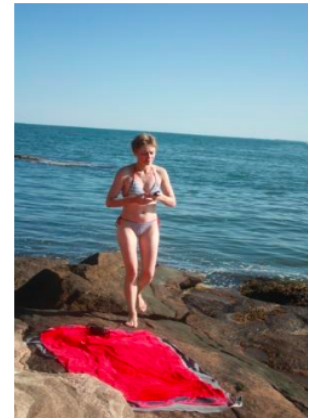
:-)))) This is your usual state

I shoot the duck at 7:00 and so I will telephone you at 7:15. OK? I will be in my normal state, but I do plan to wear some clothes... although maybe not shoes...

:-)))

:-)))) Hm, I meant your being in love (to everyone and everywhere; look at your face).

One good photo deserves another: :-)))



I'm still working and will be late. So, you (and duck) can wait me at the Cinema.

OK. We'll wait for you there. Maybe even have a glass of wine while waiting....

It's still yesterday arms around each other night is day and day is night I am you and you are me It is so hard to leave you in the morning . . . I know I wake you up, but how can I not give you little kisses? Tell me what happens with your old dog (I forget his name). I hope he dies with peace and dignity. Tonight I will go to dinner with old friends. And tomorrow and the weekend I will get to see you!!!! :-)))

Good morning! Yes, everything mixed up - yesterday and tomorrow. You woke me up but it was nice awaking. The dog is in the same condition despite treatment :-(I'll know all details in the evening.

Have a nice evening with friends! I will miss you tonight

I came by your outdoor office on my bike - to buy a blood pressure monitor - but you weren't there. I also went by a dance studio. They are open 12-1 on Saturday, 6-7 Mondays and 7-8 Wednesdays. Maybe we could go by there this Saturday? Thinking of you! And smelling your wonderful smells in my beard (beards are great for that!)

:-))))

Do you think I should grow a beard? As for Saturday, I'm not sure that I will stay in town, will see. By the way, on Sunday-Tuesday the storms and hurricanes are predicted. What does your friend FlyingPig say on this issue?

Of course, you could grow a beard. It would be nice for me to smell, but not so easy for you without extensive yoga practice! As for Sunday, flying pig says that his owner will take him inside, so he advises others to consider indoor sports :-))) As for Saturday, does that mean we could not see each other Friday evening? :-((

:-)) I do not know yet. If nothing changes I'm planning to leave at Friday evening and come back Saturday tonight or Sunday.

3 nights without you??? :-(((

it is not so bad for your health (as for my) :-))))

How did you get so wise? Yes, I know, it is quite simple. You are a woman. But I will miss you terribly! :-(((

Да, да, с тобой я так счастливый !! :-))))

Я тоже! :-))))

When will you know your plans???

around 5pm

Good. I look forward to learning then. I have an appointment from 4 to 5 and then will return home. Before then I plan to have a siesta, since for some strange reason I feel like someone has taken all my energy.... :-)))

I just got the good news that you are here this weekend. What should be our rules? This evening? Salsa at noon tomorrow? Tomorrow evening? Sunday? Missing you! :-)

I hope you are still well, since I am still sick with gastroenteritis. I can't eat anything! Thank you for coming over. I had good intentions, but I wasn't strong enough to stay awake! We'll just have to wait for pride and prejudice. I miss you! :-)

The hospital doctors did not give me a prescription, so I have to go for it to my doctor at the hospital now. I'll see if you are in your outside office. :-))

This is stupidity, why they did not give you any prescriptions yesterday! Call to the cab, you cannot walk in this condition.

I'm better, so I walked. And I'm so much better that I'm even eating a hamburger - slowly, I looked for you in your outside office! Hopefully, I'll be OK by tonight. I guess you are OK? Anyway I don't think I should be dangerous anymore. :-))

Glad to hear that you are better. But be careful with food (if it is really gastroenteritis), you should have more light and smooth diet than hamburgers!

OK, Doc. But it did taste good and I'm still OK. I miss you. Do you have other plans this evening? Not for dinner but for cinema! :-)))

маленькие поцелуи для твой рабочий, выходной день

* * * *

missing you!

Спасибо. Желаю хорошо. :-))

:-))))

I was so touched to see you in the window when I left last night . . .

Very beautiful and sounds like a farewell letter :-))

No more no less than all our poems - and all our lives. Have you finished your lecture to the psychologists, Professor? If so, I am sure it was good!

:-)))

:-)))) just started, trying to kill 2 rabbits in one shot

I'll sit in the back row and promise not to ask any questions! :-))))

Seems I have the third rabbit :-))

Yes, I am captured! :-))))

How many times have we said the little goodbyes, sometimes in pleasure, sometimes in anger, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly? Ten, you say? And how many times do we find each other again in our arms? Ten, you say. But this, too, will pass, you say. And how many times do we ask when are you leaving? and will you come back and, if so, when? I want to know too much, you said.

Leaving last night, I saw you at the doorway at the head of the staircase, waiting and watching me close the door, and then as I left the house, you were in the window to wave goodbye to me. But what is this goodbye? And why say I want to know too much?

How can we leave our friends? Master and Margarita Elizabeth and Darcy Zhivago and Laura Bathsheba and Gabriel Goya and Duchess of Alba Olga and Count Kameyev Abby and Bill Larissa and Ivan

Our lives are a rehearsal for goodbye



A sign for your workplace :-))))

Why no dogs?! :-))))

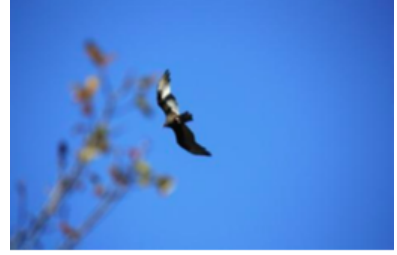
Yes, psychologists are enough. You can cut off the dogs.

:-))))

Do you know your plans yet? By the way, you will never guess whom I met this afternoon! :-))

Lots of little kisses from lots of little bluebirds like those we met yesterday on the mountain.

:-)))



Hi! I suppose you are in meetings all day. :-(I look forward to hearing from you when you are free, and when you can tell me about your plans for the week. :-)))

Missing you, I wrote a poem and got tickets to a concert...

The poem is attached.

The concert is tomorrow night at 8:00: Prokofiev, Scriabin and Debussy.

I hope you like them! :-))))

After reading your poem I feel myself very guilty.
Seems I'm killing all your beautiful impulses and emotions.

:-((

I'm sorry :-))

I see it as a process of purification! :-))))))

very positive point of view :-))))

Yes, I feel very positive, especially knowing I will see you Wednesday! :-))))))

*What words can put my arms around you
sing like a bluebird, you will laugh at the parody.
hang shells, you will find them heavy as tombstones.
plant flowers they will be bitten by the And so,
summon Jupiter you will say flowers and stars in your hair
What words can put you've heard that before.*



Little bluebirds are singing for you on your working day!

<http://www.birdjam.com/birdsong.php?id=21> :-))))

This sounds better :-)))

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BFwR3cyidls&feature=fvwrel>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bWA-TGAiCkw&feature=related>

They are all very nice - including the tree swallow! :-)))))

don't look outside :-))))

Too late, I even walked outside several times :-)))

It's so beautiful looking out from my window at the snow over the city. I wish you were here to share it with me! :-))))

Here are three Broadway shows where we could get tickets for the Sunday matinee performance: The Lion King, Mama Mia, or Mary Poppins. What do you think?

:~)))

Could we choose between the King and Mama Mia? The first one is based on african music, the second - the ABBA songs, right? I do not know what is better. Which of them do you prefer?

:~)))

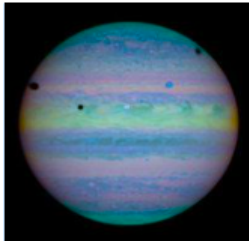
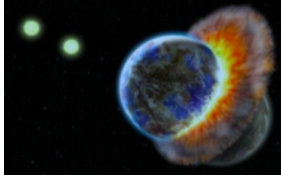
I've long wanted to see Mama Mia since I love the music. I'll get the tickets, OK?

:~)))

OK :~))) 2 weeks later, if you are travelling by DELTA, you can also watch the mamma mia movie with one of your favorite actresses: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A2Ql6Qt5QVs> (Meryl Streep - Mama Mia!)

I'd rather watch it with YOU! The tickets are bought! Neither of us has the right to get sick before Sunday!

:~)))

	Should we stay far away from each other until sunday to be safe? :~)))))))))) That's really extreme! We'll discuss it later.. :~)))))))))) Little kisses and a star for your hair. Happy working, free day! :~))) Thank you :~)))	
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Here are the words for a new poem. Can you give me the Russian? seeking treasures along the shore scallop shells, horseshoe crabs curious stones shaped by waves oysters encusted on oysters with barnacles, bryozoa, wormtubes, boatshells whelks weathered to reveal their secret inner spaces driftwood polished and reduced to monstrous shapes you and I forever seeking collecting what we have always known, symbols from our ancestors, never seen, but newly discovered showing each to each other one by one, choosing what to keep and what to leave	Вот! Here is Russian oysters! Or sea cocktail, I'm not sure разыскивая сокровища на берегу, мечехвосты, гребешки, обкатанные волнами камешки, устрицы, инкрустированные устрицами, морскими желудями, мшанками, морскими червями и башмачками, выветренные рожки, раскрывающие тайны своего внутреннего пространства, отполированные коряги причудливой формы, ты и я, мы всегда ищем собирая то, что мы уже знаем, знаки наших предков, не виданных, а заново открытых показывая друг другу одну находку за другой, выбирая, что сохранить
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PS O my God! It took about half an hour to find Russian names all of these clams through Latin names! :~)))

Thank you for the sea cocktail! I am sorry I made you work so hard. That's the problem with poets and prophets! I miss you already!!! :~))) Russian sea cocktail ready to eat :~))) Very good! :~))) приятного аппетита! :~)))	
--	--

I went to the farmer's market and got us for dinner: 1 big lobster 6 oysters 1 pumpkin pie

:~)))

:~))) Ананасы в шампанском! Ананасы в шампанском! Удивительно вкусно, искристо и остро! Весь я в чем-то норвежском! Весь я в чем-то испанском! Вдохновляюсь порывно! И берусь за перо! В группе девушек нервных, в остром обществе дамском Я трагедию жизни претворю в грезофарс... Ананасы в шампанском! Ананасы в шампанском! Из Москвы - в Нагасаки! Из Нью-Йорка - на Марс! /Igor Severyanin, 1915/	Вошел: и пробка в потолок, Вина кометы брызнул ток, Пред ним roast-beef окровавленный, И трюфли, роскошь юных лет, Французской кухни лучший цвет, И Стразбурга пирог нетленный Меж сыром Лимбургским живым И ананасом золотым. /Пушкин, Евгений Онегин
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But what should I do with the lobster? :~)))

give him a nice shower :~))) will see around 5-30 if I can stay here tonight

OK. I hope so! In the meantime, lobster and I will take a shower together. :~)))

take a photo of you both showering :~)))

You have the camera. :~)))

* * * * *

little kisses for your working day.

I am preparing for my "big speech" tonight. Missing you. Can I call you if it is not too late when I finish? :-)))

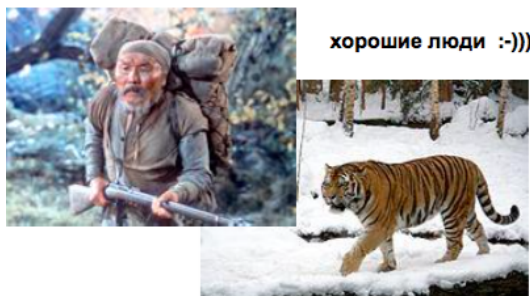
Конечно. Удачи с докладом и публикацией!

спасибо! :-))) The Bulgakov Cinema is pleased to reopen this evening with new films: Derzu Uzala, Himalaya <http://www.filmhimalaya.com/> In addition to the holdover film La Dolce Vita. You are cordially invited to attend!!! :-)))

I'm at the conference; call me after 5 pm. How was your talk?

I'll call after 5:00. The conference was not very good. :-)

ok, sorry about the conference :-)

 хорошие люди :-)))	Доброе утро! Хороших людей много :-))) I am pleased to meet Dersu's family! I have a steak and a special present for you. This evening? :-)))	
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Sorry, David, I forgot to say yesterday that we cannot meet tonight. :(I have meeting. Enjoy the day off :-))))

I'll save the steak for us Saturday evening, since I am eating dinner with my landlord and friend tomorrow evening from 5 until 7:30. After 7:30, however, I could give you the present!

I'll miss you this evening. The weather forecast is for sunny skies this weekend. Can we go for a nice walk in the forest? Or would you prefer the seaside? Or both? Oh yes, we could go to an organ concert on Sunday evening, although we should not tell them that I am really a cat since cats are not allowed. And, of course, there is always the cinema and other delicious . . . activities. :-))))

I'll miss you too. Wish you to have nice dinner with friends! As for weekend, I do not know what I want to and what I will do. I will figure out this later. Anyway, feel free to make your own plans for the weekend w/o me. :-))))

I wish you a nice evening. As for this weekend, I have already told you all my plans and wishes . . .

Here are little kisses for your working day.

* * * * *

Missing you! :-)))

Доброе утро :-))) Thank you for the magnificent photo of Hanka-lake. :-)))) When will you know your plans for the weekend? I'm busy on Saturday and will be free on Sunday If you are busy during the day and not in the evening, I could save the steak for us. :-) Plz, discuss it later, I'm at a meeting. (Cannot listen and write simultaneously) As for next weekend, I'm free on Saturday night and have not special plans for Sunday. :-)	
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My laptop completely had died :-(. After 2 days fighting I gave up, formatted the disk and reinstalled everything. I even could not save some data, files and manuscripts :-(. Thanks God, most of them was published, placed at the server at work, or recoverable from e-mail boxes (including the DOUBLE DIARY attached). But not photos! The last is especially sad...

Since everything happened at the time you were running away - it is your fault! :-))))

I'm sorry that I broke your computer, :-(((but at least it was the computer I broke and not you :-) There are a lot of photos in my computer, but not with me here, so I cannot send them to you until I come back to the States

:-(((Thank you for the updated DOUBLE DIARY - it is my treasure :-))))

Yes, runners are famous for running away! But eventually they make the turn and come back to the start! :-))))

	Running in circle? Like these caterpillars? :-)))) Yes, and when the caterpillar returns, he comes as a butterfly! :-)))) Butterfly. Scenarios of the return :-))))	
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Butterflies and runners are men like birds: There was once a great race between a bird and a snake, which was to determine the lives of human beings. Should men shed their skins and live forever like snakes, or die like birds? The bird won the race, dictating that man must die. (From Dead Birds) Butterflies live only a year, and runners are running only two steps ahead of death.

The Butterfly

*Should I say that you're dead?
You touched so brief a fragment
of time. There's much that's sad in
the joke God played.
I scarcely comprehend
the words "you've lived"; the date of
your birth and when you faded
in my cupped hand
are one, and not two dates.
Thus calculated,
your term is, simply stated,
less than a day.
Who was the jeweler,
who from our world extracted
your miniature –
a world where madness brings
us low, and lower,
where we are things, while you are
the thought of things?*

*Should I say that, somehow,
you lack all being?
What, then, are my hands feeling
that's so like you?
Such colors can't be drown
from non-existence.
Tell me, at whose insistence
were yours laid on?*

*There are, on your small wings,
black spots and splashes –
like eyes, birds, girls, eyelashes.
But of what things
are you the airy norm?
What bits of faces,
what broken times?
What places shine
through your form?
As for your nature morte;
Yet you're akin
to nothingness –
like it, you're wholly empty.
And if, in your life's venture,
Nothing takes flesh,
that flesh will die.
Yet while you live you offer
a frail and shifting buffer,
dividing it from me.
(Josef Brodsky; From The Butterfly, 1973)*

Thank you! :-)))) With great pleasure, I am taking Brodsky and the butterflies to Paris for a few days!

To double check if we both understand the butterfly's allegory in the same way. Three butterflies is not a personification of an individual, is not an issue of life and/or death, but a symbol of our feelings, relationships: (1) stay friends, everyone stays on his own flower-life; (2) stay on the point where we were; (3) burn everything. Remembering our last days and conversations I had to ask this to be sure what I should do if I'll return next year. So, you chose the last scenario and took 3 days timeout as always, but now in December and in Paris. :-))) PS Wish you the best of luck in Paris.

Allegories can be difficult, because one can read into them whatever one is feeling at the moment. Poems, too, can be difficult, and one can read into them. In the last email you have spoken simply and now I must also speak simply of my feelings and our relationship without allegory and without poetry. If you are in the US when I come back in February and you do not bring your family with you, I will want to be with you as much as possible, certainly not "staying on separate flowers" or "burning everything." I hope you will agree to this. But I want to learn how to live in two worlds without hurting you. For that I will need your help. :-))) PS. As for the allegories of birds, runners and butterflies, perhaps I can return to them in another email.

(writing from Paris) I liked Brodsky's butterfly very much but I could not interpret the last lines so I sought the original: В твоём полете оно достигло плоти; и потому ты в сутолке дневной достойна взгляда как легкая преграда меж ним и мной..

But I am still not sure about "меж ним и мной: Who is him? And it reminds me of another poem I sent you a long time ago - attached:: :-)))

It is not my translation, and it is hard to translate Brodsky's poems. The complete paragraph says: Ты лучше, чем Ничто. Верней: ты ближе и зримее. Внутри же на все сто ты родственна ему.

В твоём полете оно достигло плоти; и потому ты в сутолке дневной достойна взгляда как легкая преграда меж ним и мной. Ничто (nothing and everything) is the God. The butterfly in this poem is the symbol of life, death, world and God's creation. She is it the embodiment of God's creation and His will. So, she is He, and she is better than He is, because she is close, visible, tangible, understandable etc. compare to Him.

Your "Butterfly" is an anthem to beauty, to wonderful moment, whereas Brodsky's poem is a meditation, thinking about life and death.

Unconscious	U
came a Beauty to my	n
wrist	c
and stopped my pencil,	o
merged its shadow profile with	n
my hand's ghost	s
on the page:	c
Red Spotted Purple or else Mourning	i
Cloak,	o
paired thin-as-paper wings, near black,	u
were edged on the same side poppy orange,	s
as were its spots.	Came a Beauty

I sat arrested, for its soot-haired
body's worm
shone in the sun.
It bent its tongue long as
a leg
black on my skin
and clung without my
fooling,
while its tomb-stained
duplicate parts of
a window opened.
And then I
moved.

Thinking of you and missing you! When do you go to Russia? :-)))

I miss you too, even more than I have expected, but I'm working on it. :-)))) I go to Moscow for Christmas.



owl harassment :-)) My owl haunts me; now she came to the Child Study Center! :-)))

While you are being haunted by our owl, I am being haunted by our music
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YsgL35RCGcc/Sway/> :-)))

**:-))) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C5vSYWPYJzE> / Yes sir, I can boogie
WOW!!! :-))))**

:-)))) Делись со мною тем, что знаешь, И благодарен буду я. Но ты мне душу предлагаешь: На кой мне чёрт душа твоя!...

/Из Шиллера, М.Ю. Лермонтов, 1829/

How many loved your moments of glad grace, And loved your beauty with love false or true, But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you, - - William Butler Yeats

:-))))

Спасибо вам и сердцем и рукой
За то, что вы меня - не зная сами! -
Так любите: за мой ночной покой,
За редкость встреч заткнутыми часами,
За наши не-гулянья под луной,
За солнце, не у нас над головами,-
За то, что вы больны - увы! - не мной,
За то, что я больна - увы! - не вами!

*I thank you from the bottom of my heart
For loving me so much quite unawares:
For nightly peace that you will never thwart,
For twilight dates that cannot be more scarce,
For moonlight walks that we will never start,
And for the sun above that'll never wear us,
For you, alas, who're not obsessed with me,
For me, alas, with no obsession either.*

Ok, my dear, I think, we should close this poetic discussion, which might be continued if we will (can and/or want) see each other next year, and which has no sense at this time. I hope, I have learned everything what I need and said everything what I would like to say. So, I feel I should not disturb you on these family holidays anymore. Love you and wish a good time in the Old World. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! PS :-))))

My Dear Margarita,
Yes, we may close the discussion, but I want the "last word" for the moment with the attached poem. I hope you like it. Now, I think I have said what I have to say - at least for the moment. Loving you, and hoping your winter days in the States are happy and productive, (but that you cannot finish your work and must return next year!) :-))))))

1. I touched your soul and you took flight like a butterfly in the dancing sunlight.
Я коснулась твоей души и ты полетела как бабочку танцует на солнце.

2. Когда ты приземлился, я увидел на миг миниатюрная иероглифы в цветах твоих крыльев. Прежде чем вновь поднялся в воздух. Если у меня был бы сачком, но нет, нет!

3. When you alit I saw for an instant miniature hieroglyphics in the colors of your wings before you took off again. If I had a net, but no, but no!

4. You must be free, flying, fluttering, dancing in the sun forever!

5. Ты должен быть свободным, летать, махать крыльями, танцевать в солнце всегда!

6. Another time I held you in my hand and felt the fluttering of your wings but I could not hold you there and you took off again. If I had a pin, but no, but no!

7. В другой раз я держал тебя в руках и чувствовал трепет твоих крыльев но я не мог держать тебя и ты опять, влетел. Если бы мне пришлось булавкой, но нет, нет!

8. (Blank card)

внезапная долгожданная смерть – (a long-expected, but sudden death)

???

Sorry, David, I was not talking with you. The phrase came from my thinking about the life and the sudden death of my father who raised me to my ten years, gave me last, mid and first name, and who was my good friend last 25 years. He passed away last week.

As for our "tragedy". I never was a person who implants tragic notes in our relations. Definitely you cannot live in a world without tragedies either you will create a drama. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players ..." Ah! Look at your last poem that is very yours, and very you.

ТЫ СНОВА ПЫТАЕШЬСЯ ВНЕСТИ НОТКУ ТРАГИЗМА В НАШИ ОТНОШЕНИЯ. НЕ НАДО - O->D, 2011

ТЫ СНОВА ПЫТАЕШЬСЯ ВНЕСТИ НОТКУ ТРАГИЗМА В НАШИ ОТНОШЕНИЯ. НЕ НАДО - D->O, 2012 :-)))))

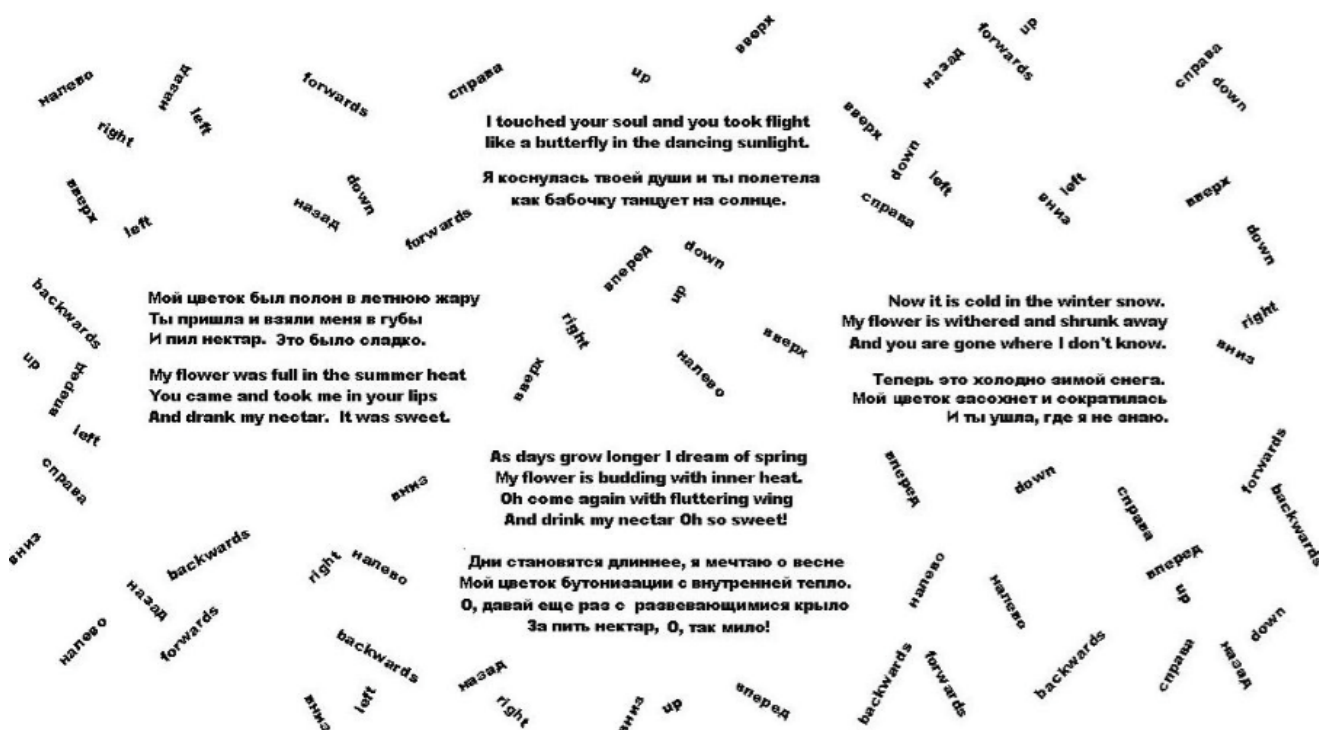
You even cannot imagine another way how to catch (or at least to hold for a long time) a butterfly besides nets and pins: to be (or at least pretend to be) a nice flower on which the butterfly will like to stay. Sorry. Seems I become to be a cynic person. Guess from whom I learned it; and I'm grateful for lessons. Think I was needed to get portion of healthy cynicism to protect myself from fake dramas.

Loving you and wishing you all the best in 2013!

Thank you for sharing this with me. I am sorry I cannot be with you to put my arms around you, but my arms are around you always in my thoughts. Loving you and wishing you all the best in 2013!

Your butterfly flower

This time without tragedy! Your butterfly flower :-)))))



Thank you! The butterfly looks well fattened and very happy. I guess it is a kind of night butterfly with fat and hairy body :-)))))

You worked hard to do all translation. I appreciate it. But can I do some edits to translations as a native speaker?

Yes, please help the poor Russian! Maybe on both butterflies.

Your fat, hairy butterfly flower :-)))))

Я коснулся твоей души и ты полетела, как бабочка в
 пляшущих лучах солнца.

Когда ты присела, я увидел на миг миниатюрные
 иероглифы в раскраске твоих крыльев, прежде чем ты
 вновь взлетела. О, если бы у меня был сачок, но нет, нет!

В другой раз я держал тебя в руках и чувствовал трепет
 твоих крыльев, но я не смог удержать тебя, и ты снова
 взлетела. О, если бы у меня была булавка, но нет, нет!

Ты должна быть свободной, летать, махать
 крыльями, танцевать на солнце, всегда!

Я коснулся твоей души и ты полетела, Как бабочка в
 пляшущих лучах солнца.

Мой цветок был наполнен летним зноем. Ты пришла и
 приникла ко мне губами, Ты пила мой нектар. Он был
 сладким.

Теперь холодно в зимнем снегу. Мой цветок засох и сжался.
 И ты ушла, куда я не знаю.

Дни становятся длиннее и я мечтаю о весне. Мой бутон
 наполняется внутренним теплом. О, приди опять с
 распахнутыми крыльями, Пей мой нектар, О, так сладко!

The butterflies are for you and me. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! from your flower dreaming of the
 spring. :-))))))



Happy old new year and new year!

Thinking of you and missing you! :-)))

Happy Old New Year! (the next will be in the end of February, according to the Mongolian calendar)

I miss you too, but just in case, ready for war :-))))))

Did I upset or scare you? You should agree that symbols of war look much sexier than symbols of peace - doves, white balloons etc. Is not it? :-))))))

How are you?

Dear RedArmy,

I am traveling with almost no access to Internet. You have a cannon, but I have Behemoth! I'll write more on my return to civilization. :-))))))



I planned to return Feb 4, but they in the embassy missed me so badly that invited me for annual meeting tomorrow. So, I feel the travel will be postponed for the mid/end of February.

Hi again, Good luck with the embassy. Please tell me as soon as you know if you have to postpone your return! :-)))

You forgot the rule-- nobody should change his own plans. That leads to only sad consequences. :-))

I was not troubled by the cannon, but as the bible says, those who live by the cannon shall also die by the cannon... As for the exhibition of mutilated bodies of those killed and injured in war, I do not need that to convince me that war is not a good idea, at least not in the 21st Century. As for the American embassy, remember my Moscow colleague who hung dismembered limbs out of the window of the medical school to scare the people in the American embassy that used to be across the street. I hope you can still come back in the first week of February, in which case I will come back as well, despite your warning that there could be sad consequences. I miss you. That's all. On the other hand, if you cannot come back then, tell me when you will return and I will postpone my return until then, again despite your warning. The sooner I know, the better, since I am under some pressure to decide on my flight. :-))))

Hi, Nice to hear that you enjoyed your travel! As for my return, I still do not know the date of my travel to US. As for you, I love you and miss you, but same time I do not think that I should be a reason for your returning to US. I afraid you'll only regret, feel guilty for your family, running away every time and making both of us feel uncomfortable. I tried to help you, never asking anything and trying to do everything easier, but I'm tired of that fighting. Now it is my turn to ask your help either you stop doing everything hard and complicated, either we should not see each other. Please understand me in right way, it is not an ultimatum, your actions step by step can kill my feeling of you, I don't wish that, because I much appreciate our relations. Have a nice weekend!

Hi again, Thank you for your quick reply and your honesty about us. I take your words to heart (i.e. seriously) and will respect your feelings, since I certainly don't want to kill your feelings for me. Please keep me informed of your travel plans, and I will not bother you about mine!

The Denisova caveman - I should like to know about this Eden, especially since my name is Adam. Would you like to go there with me and be my Eve?

As for the Chinese Eden, I do not think that it is possible. First, it was buried under the sands among mountains; second, I can kill Adam if I stay tet-a-tet with him for even a little long :-))))))



Счастливого пути!!!

:-)))

Thank you!

:-))

Little kisses for your first day back!

+++++

	And welcome from some of your animal friends! хорошие люди :-)))) Thank all of you :-)		
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When you are in your treehouse the birds will bring little kisses from me!!! :-))))

They came close to my bed and finally woke me up :))))

At 5 o'clock in the morning! That's terrible. I told them not to come before 8 o'clock!!!

Most of times we can not control birds; they are free :))))

Like butterflies!!! :-))))

Maybe, I do not know, never saw free butterflies :))))

:-))))

But I know a free butterfly very well, and love her in her freedom!!! :-))))

Seems you are lucky. I would like to meet her :)))

I think we can arrange such a meeting this weekend! :-))))

Will see

Don't you want to go back to sleep? I can give you little kisses to send you into dreams. And I'll tell the birds not to sing until 8 o'clock!!! :-))))

And do not forget to turn off the sun in the morning :)))

And don't forget our trip to the moon!!! :-))))

I will schedule one soon, now I think about a candidate-copilot :)))

You are free, so you can choose. But please enter me as a candidate! :-))))

Send me your cv and 2 letters of recommendation from persons who shared moon trips with you before :))))

I enclose my CV. My only trips to the moon have been with one person. I will have to contact her and see if she is willing to write a letter of recommendation. But it is not sure, because the last time I was with her, she was not happy with me. I can only hope that she has changed her mind and is more favorable now!

:-))))

OK. Contact her, definitely you should provide a letter. The last day for the application is next Monday. :)))

I will try to contact her late in the evening on Friday! :-))))

Dear Dr Berlioz,

Would it be possible for you to write me a letter of reference based on our trips to the moon, as I wish to apply for a new flight, but the application must be accompanied by a letter of reference. The application is due this Sunday. I had hoped to see you to ask for this in person, but thanks to the storm only Turkish airlines and those of Rimsky Tours are still running flights to New York, so I have been delayed and will only arrive Sunday afternoon. I appreciate very much your help in this important task.

:-)

Dear Mr Master,

Please find attached the letter of reference, which you asked for. It's written in Russian since you did not inform me about the official language of the event. Please feel free to prepare any translation if required and use mine signature. Wish you the best of luck with submission

По месту требования

С большим удовольствием я представляю кандидатуру господина Дэвида Мастера для участия в Лунной Экспедиции 2013 года. На протяжении последних двух лет я знаю господина Мастера как активного и инициативного члена ряда общественных движений, талантливого публициста и художника. Я хорошо знакома с такими его инициативными начинаниями как туристический и ресторанный бизнес, с его искусством фотохудожника, поэтического обозревателя и аналитика.

В течение многих месяцев я имела честь состоять в одной команде с господином Мастером в рамках регулярной Лунной Экспедиции 2012 года. За время проведения Экспедиции Дэвид Мастер проявил себя как талантливый пилот, автор и разработчик ряда конструктивных решений технического оснащения Экспедиции, мастер межцивилизационного диалога.

Такие персональные качества г-на Мастера как толерантность и уважение к чужим культурам и традициям были по достоинству отмечены всеми членами интернациональной команды Экспедиции. Следует признать, что целеустремленность и обостренное чувство независимости господина Мастера иногда противоречили духу и уставу Экспедиции, но с лихвой компенсировались такими его ценными качествами как пластичность и жажда поиска компромиссных решений. Коммуникабельность, ораторские и писательские таланты Д. Мастера внесли весомый вклад в популяризацию результатов Экспедиции, сделав их достоянием широкого круга общественности.

Таким образом, я могу с уверенностью утверждать, что высокие персональные качества и ценный опыт участия в экспедициях подобного рода делают господина Мастера одним из достойнейших кандидатов на победу в конкурсе участников Лунная экспедиция 2013.

Берлиоз О.Ю. Член-корреспондент Международной Академии Уфологических и Инфернальных Наук (МАУИН) Бывший член Лунной Экспедиции Действующий член Юпитерианской Экспедиции Действующий член движения «Невидимые и Свободные» Ветеран кампании по ликвидации последствий Большого Взрыва Обладатель Кубка Победы в боях на подушках Автор теории «Диалектическая казуистика любви»

Dear Dr Berlioz, MAUIN and I & F

Thank you for the wonderful letter of recommendation. I am very hopeful to be chosen for the new moon mission! I was aware of many of your honors such as the Gold Medal for fighting with pillows, and have very much enjoyed being on moon missions with you, but I am very impressed and congratulate you for having been chosen for the prestigious and dangerous mission to Jupiter. I wish you a safe voyage! Every night I will look for Jupiter and think of you!!!! Sometimes when we are not on missions I would like to take your course on the theory of dialectical casuistry of love!!!

:-))))))

Seems I am in Siberia. Treehouse and bedroom turned into snow-drift. If you are going to visit me before April, bring a shawl with you.

:-))))))

So far my flight has not be cancelled, but the train service from New York has been suspended! I hope it will be reopened tomorrow!!! :-)))

[and here, it seems, begins our twelfth life !!!]

Do you have plans for dinner this evening? :-)))

Since I ll be at home early I planning to make pasta.? Any other ideas?

I bought a little steak and some broccoli. You could bring the pasta and we share. :-)))

Should I cook it first? :)))

We can cook the pasta here. About 7:30? :-)))

You wrote that you are sorry for your speech and promise not to bother me with your soul's nudism. Please do not keep this promise. I love your nude soul! And besides, you have inspired a new poem that I will send you this morning. It is almost finished! :-))))

I need to be away from you, even if only a few hours, so I can write! This time the rooms are full! Любовь я с нею славлю, Она мне льет вино. :-))))

*Come let us dream and make a crazy house,
A pleasure dome, like that of Kubla Khan,
where the only lights are flickering flames,
where horseshoe crabs climb up the walls.
Come eat with me and set a table of love
Where everything is served on plates of gold
with truffles and pineapples and champagne
and drink from little silver goblets of cognac.
Come, come, escape with me into craziness!
Yes, it's crazy, we've long since gone beyond
all human reason and all that science knows
and we've flown into a land of make believe!*

Here is the door where we each have keys to pass from here into the outer world

*Yes, we cannot live always in make believe,
But every day we pass between our lives
And take the door to another world where
reason and work are the rules of the day.
But we leave without a heavy heart because
we know that we can always return again
to this crazy house, this pleasure dome,
where magic is the rule, invisible and free!*

And here are doors to inner worlds

*Cascading water is cool and warm
Flowing like waves across our skin.
Our bodies reveal our hidden form
Our eyes, hands, caress our curves
Licking, tasting, drinking beauty,
Seeking to share our deep desires,
My hands encircling your breasts,
Holding back your starting fires.*

This is the door where we pass into eternity

*Houses come and go, but always we will have
Somewhere, a treehouse for the birds to come
To share our messages from wherever we are,
Telling us always that love is the eternal song..*

*Come, fly with me into every room,
Each one unique in its special way.
Here, in this room we travel the world,
By horse, through the sands of Araby,
Through blinding Himalayan snows,
Exploring the taiga with Dersu Uzala,
With Eliane the mountains of Indochine,
With Abbie the fields of wheat in Texas,
The greatest lovers are coming with us:
Zhivago and Laura, Katie and Hubbell,
Liz and Darcy, Master and Margarita,
With them we fly into other worlds!*

*Let us go now to our heavenly bed
to fly to the moon, and again and back!
Let us seek new pleasures, finding them
every time, every way, by every means!
Let us fly and fly and fly and fly and fly
and fly, and fly, and fly, and fly and fly!
Until our wings droop with heaviness
and we fall together into deepest sleep.*

*Here
it is
we
pass
to
the
tree
house*

So many rooms and locks. I fear I can lose a key or myself, and even gasp somewhere in the the labyrinth :-))))

Yes, often we do get lost. But most of the doors do not have locks. Only the one between the two worlds, and for that you have given me the keys! :-))))

Oh, seems I should change the lock :-)

What poets know : there are no locks in the heart! :-)

that's not completely true.

To quote a well-known poet: "we've long since gone beyond all human reason and all that science knows and we've flown into a land of make believe!" [where there are no locks) :-)))]

Contradiction. The land behind the door and door between worlds locked you made me crazy :-)))]

Hooray for "this crazy house, this pleasure dome, where magic is the rule, invisible and free!" :-))))

Давай помечтаем и создадим безумный дом,
 Дом, подобный дворцу Кубла-Хана,
 Где мерцают огни пламени,
 Где мечехвосты взбираются по стенам.
 Раздели трапезу со мной за столом любви,
 Где все подается на посуде из золота,
 С трюфелями, ананасами и шампанским.
 Давай пить коньяк из маленьких серебряных кубков.
 Приди, приди, давай сбежим в это сумасшествие!
 Да, это безумие, мы давно вышли за рамки
 Всякого разума и всего, что известно науке,
 И улетели в вымышленную страну!

Вот дверь во внешний мир, и у каждого из нас есть от нее ключи

Да, мы не можем остаться навсегда в созданном мире,
 Каждый день мы скользим между нашими жизнями,
 И открываем дверь в другой мир,
 Где правят работа и здравый смысл.
 Но мы расстаемся с легким сердцем,
 Мы знаем, что всегда можем вернуться
 В это безумие, в этот дворец,
 Где правит волшебство, невидимое и свободное!

А это двери во внутренние миры

Водные каскады прохладные и теплые
 Струятся волнами по нашей коже.
 Наши тела раскрывают скрытые формы.
 Наши глаза, руки ласкают наши изгибы,
 Лижут, пробуют на вкус, пьют красоту,
 Стремясь поделиться глубокой страстью,
 Мои руки обвивают твою грудь,
 Сдерживая разгорающееся пламя.

Вот
 мы
 пере-
 ходим
 к
 дому
 на
 дереве

Это – та дверь, где мы переходим в вечность

Дома приходят и уходят, но у нас всегда будет нечто,
 Где-то там, дом на дереве, чтобы прийти,
 Чтобы поделиться вестями, где бы мы ни были,
 Всегда напоминая нам, что любовь – это вечная песня.

Лети со мной через все комнаты,
 Каждая из которых по-своему уникальна.
 В этой комнате мы путешествуем по миру,
 На лошадях через пески Аравии,
 Через ослепительные снега Гималаев,
 Исследуя тайгу с Дерсу Узала,
 Горы Индокитая с Элиан,
 Пшеничные поля Техаса с Абби,
 Величайшие любовники путешествуют с нами:
 Живаго и Лаура, Кэти и Хаббелл,
 Лиз и Дарси, Мастер и Маргарита,
 С ними мы летим в другие миры!

Идем к нашему небесному ложу,
 Летим на Луну, туда и обратно!
 Давай искать новые удовольствия, находя их
 Каждый раз, всячески, всеми средствами!
 Давай летать и летать, летать и летать,
 Летать и летать, летать и летать, летать и летать!
 Пока наши крылья не поникнут от тяжести,
 Пока мы не провалимся в глубокий сон.

I love it, but I am surprised. The whole poem started with my recollection of your saying: "Это не любовь. Мы строим сумасшедший дом." and yet you have translated it as "Это не любовь. Мы строим безумный дом" !!! Anyway, I am still reading the Russian. I'll write more when I finish! твои сумасшедший кот :-)))))

There is a difference between everything we doing is crazy house and we are building crazy house :-)) I hope we don't need a house for handicapped ppl

What if the poem were to say, "Come let us dream and play at crazy house?" Could that be "сумасшедший дом"? :-)))))

Leave like it was in English seems I know how to change in Russian

But I LIKE play instead of build in the English!!! :-)))))

I know you like play more than build

:-)))))

So, let me play and change the English!!! :-)))))

David, it is your poem you have all rights to do everything you like

:-)

I will exercise my rights!!! Here is the new version beginning with "Come let us dream and play at crazy house" :-)))))

доброе утро! I found the key here, but... Каждый день мы скользим между нашими жизнями, И открываем дверь в другой мир, Где правят работа и здравый смысл. Но я расстанусь с легким сердцем, Я знаю, что всегда можем вернуться В это безумие, в этот дворец, Где правит волшебство, невидимое и свободное! ... I forgot to mention in the poem that - having no key - I could not lock the doors. So I have four requests. Please lock the downstairs door for me. Please do not be angry with me Please do not change the locks Please accept these little kisses to begin your vacation working day! * * * * *

:~)))

Anyway woke up before alarm :~))) пусть за 10 минут. Доброе утро. Я уже соскучилась. :~)))

My arms still feel you! Even though I have come to the other world... Funny to think of our having two different worlds. But, as always, ты совершенно права! Loving you and missing you! :~)))

By the way you forgot your sweater)))

I guess I will just have to come back to your world sometime to find my sweater!!!! At least you have something with my sexy smells. You didn't leave anything here for me. Next time I will steal something of yours. Let's see, what shall it be???!!!

You have my socks. Do you forget those exchange 200 yes ago? :~)))

After two hundred years they are like fossils. I will steal some new ones!!! :~)))

You use to loved fossils but plz don't talk with them someone can decide that you got crazy. PS I have to run away for a mtg. Will talk you later

Take my kisses with you! :~)))

This is the door to our secret garden Come, let us enter again our magic garden where spirits come and go in animal form, bringing us the messages from other worlds Tying our souls together with bonds of love. :~))) PS. It is not true that a poet can never change a poem!

I still feel your smell as I didn't take a shower. I want you, right now! :~))

Me too!!! :~)))

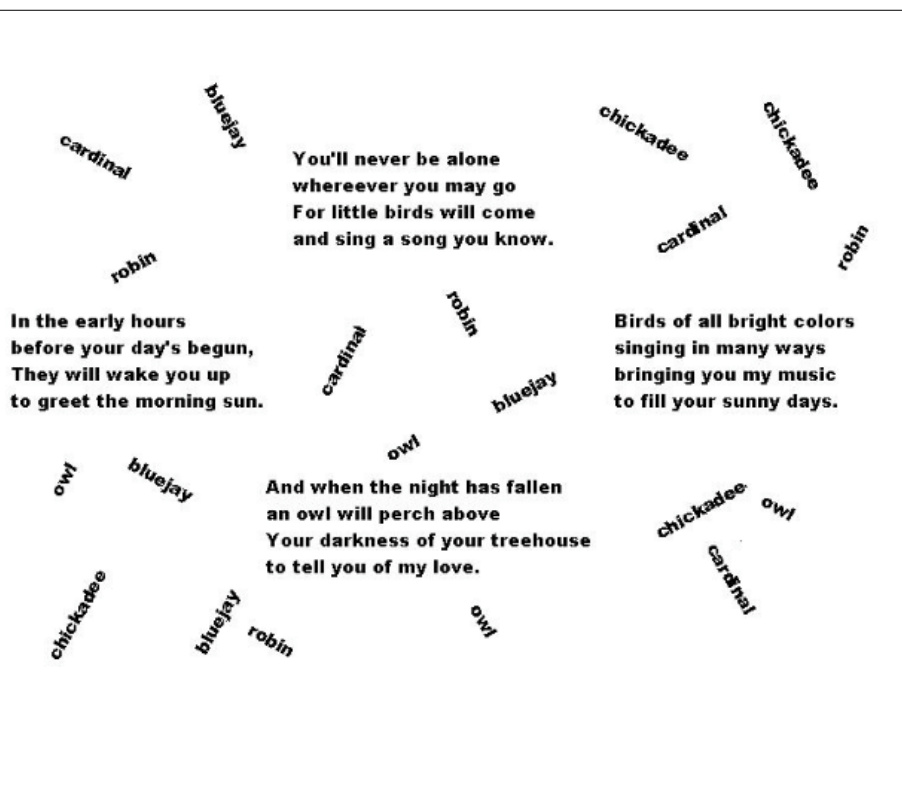
First the butterflies, now the birds. What's next? The bees? Do you know the expression "to learn about the birds and the bees"??

Very nice poem. It's warming me up. Bees are ok, but please no mosquitoes :~)) And no I do not know the expression

PS the poem has bird's shape. I can see wings, tail, and head. It needs the only nose to be a bird absolutely :~))

Sometimes the expression is "the birds, the bees and the butterflies". See, for example, <http://askville.amazon.com/story-birds-bees-speech-growing/AnswerViewer.do?requestId=1899723> :~)))

:~))) I didn't know that you have same expression and idioms on this point like in Russian



Hi! I'm leaving Wednesday after work and will be back Saturday night, or (most likely) Tuesday next week.

It will be a long break, maybe even a week. Why so long? Am I wanting you too much? Did I scare you in the closet? Are you afraid I will break my "unmarriage?" Or volunteer for the space program? Or forget and leave, in addition to my sweater or my watch, my entire heart? Почему? Объясни! Объясни! Объясни!

Or else I may start wearing flowered dresses! :-)))) PS Should I send you more little kisses, since I only sent you enough for one night? Your reply: I will not be free tomorrow night. I need a break from you. And you need to plan your day without me.

But maybe you have already explained, before and I have not listened well enough, and now I risk killing your feelings for me. You told me:

"I afraid you'll only regret, feel guilty for your family, running away every time and making both of us feel uncomfortable. I tried to help you, never asking anything and trying to do everything easier, but I'm tired of that fighting. Now it is my turn to ask your help either you stop doing everything hard and complicated, either we should not see each other. Please understand me in right way, it is not an ultimatum, your actions step by step can kill my feeling of you, I don't wish that, because I much appreciate our relations."

So now it is also my turn to ask your help, so that I do not kill your feelings for me. Maybe a week's break will help. I truly hope so, because, like you, I much appreciate our relations, not only in the closet, but in many, many ways! Our sharing the museum, our sharing the beautiful meal, our sharing the life of Brian, and on and on and on. Please help me. Just tell me that a week's break will help! If you don't tell me, I will make you sorry. I will make this into a very long poem that you will have to translate into Russian. Maybe it will be in the shape of a butterfly net or a big pin or even a gun (but not as big as a cannon)! :-(:-)

So much pathetics and so many questions in your e-mails! Do you really want to know answers on your questions? Ok. No one can want someone too much

Nothing can scare me in the closet even skeletons. I do not care about your "unmarriages", your space programs, etc; as well as I take no responsibility for forgotten things, such as sweaters, watches, and parts of the body, including heart; usually I immediately return them to owner. What I'm worried about? The feeling of disgust that I have now and uncertainty - to whom the feeling is addressed to the person or his actions?, and how permanent is the feeling? I warned you that it may happen, I tried to prevent this, I tried to avoid dangerous situations, e.g. never come back to the place when somebody fucked you on a towel and kicked you out; to prevent long meetings when somebody can run away in the mid of dinner with muddled excuses and pretense in naivety; etc. Right now I have answers on your questions but no answers on mine questions. The only what I know at the moment, that I do not want to see you, to read your poetry, and to hear your lies. Good night

Yes, I did really want you to tell me. I needed to know. And now you have told me clearly and honestly. It is what you told me before, and you warned me. I did try to change things, and you did help me, but it seems to have failed. I just have to live with it and hope that it may not be permanent! Спокойной ночи :-(

thinking all the time of you missing you !!!

Sorry, I feel I should respond, otherwise it looks like feigned disregard, but I even have nothing to say Stay with peace

Thank you for responding. Enjoy your break from me. I just hope it is not forever! Ti voglio bene!

Чем же всё это окончится? Да. Наш двенадцатый жизни только что закончилась. Может ли быть тринадцатым? Принимая уроки из двенадцатого? С взаимным уважением! Ах, да, да, да! Я хочу, чтобы встретить весну с тобой! :-)))

Да. Будет апрель. И я поеду в Россию, надеюсь надолго. "Принимая уроки из двенадцатого?" Мы пытались: "... I take your words to heart (i.e. seriously) and will respect your feelings, since I certainly don't want to kill your feelings for me." /Jan 25/ "... I did try to change things, and you did help me, but it seems to have failed." /Feb 26/ I think that the # of life or the season does no matter. Isn't? "Чем же всё это окончится?" - Я не знаю. Основной вопрос для меня - Закончилось ли это?

Here is the book of the DOUBLE DIARY; it is the only one volume; and I have to make a decision – either to start the next page, either to place the final illustration.

Please do not respond this e-mail.

Thank you for understanding.

Please read before we meet.

You don't need to respond to this email :- (:-)

As I see from the poem if we really need to meet.



Yes, we need to meet. I really WANT to change.

The poem was supposed to be funny. I wanted you to laugh.

Too late, do not need, do not care, everything changed anyway.

Goodnight

Goodnight.

Dear Margarita, Trying to fully understand what has happened, I have been carefully reading our DIARY.

And I found the following butterfly allegory from you: "a symbol of our feelings, relationships: (1) stay friends, everyone stays on his own flower-life (2) stay on the point where we were (3) burn everything"

I have tried to stay on the point where we were, but it has not been successful. I don't want to burn everything. Can we try the first option: "stay friends, everyone stays on his own flower-life"? You were wise to propose that we should not see each other at my place.

It almost worked, but not quite.

Now, I should like to propose that we should not see each other at either place, but find other ways to see each other from time to time, New York, concerts, theatre, walks in the woods, museums, bicycle trips (no, I am joking here). I will always love you, and I am prepared to go to any planet to be with you sometimes.

If you say yes, it would be fine.

If you cannot say yes, please do not respond to this letter now with disgust or disappointment, but keep it in your heart, and if someday you wish to see me, take it out and respond to me. I will wait. :-)

Hi, Since we started to talk by email, I will continue, so, seems, no need to meet for the talk tonight; plus I did not plan to walk somewhere tonight and to talk in a public place, and you decided do not come to greene anymore. Fine, I think that emails it is a good option. I was not thinking about us during this week, I just was analyzing ours actions, and was listening myself - what I want and what I feel (that's why I asked do not disturb me). I knew and now I know for sure that I cannot trust you and your promises and cannot believe in your love to me. I understood that you will never make any efforts to change anything or to comply my request. Unfortunately I loved you too much and seriously; you do not need it and it is right. That why I have sent to you these lines a month ago: А ты мне душу предлагаешь На кой мне черт душа твоя I tried to change my feeling for you to make it easier and more like a play, but it's failed. So both of us tried in different ways; does not work. I do not like to give up but seems there is no solution. Maybe I asked too much; maybe we have different vision of love; does not matter What I feel? Yes something burned; I realized that I still miss you but not so much like it was before, I still love you but not so much like it was in the past. Why had I offered to meet Tuesday night? - because I intended to find out what I feel for you, if I see you. Since you offered to stay friends and I accept this, there is no need to meet today. See you on a "bike trip". :-) Best

Ты всегда права! :-)))) And as for me. sometimes me too, I find it is hard and bitter :-) I love you! In my own stupid, imperfect way. Sometime I will tell you about my thoughts and my "radical, almost decisions" during this week of "vacation." And maybe share with you still another poem that I did not send. I love you so much that I was ready to give up everything else in my life just to be able to be with you, even if it will not be for a very long time. But then after deciding this for two days, I told myself that I must be crazy, and that you would not love me if I was so crazy. But that is to discuss another time. Now the most important thing is this: Thank you for accepting that we stay friends !!! I will prepare the bikes for spring!!! :-))))

David, I do not pretend to someone else's wisdom. It was your decision to stay friends, with which I was only agreed. I do not like radical decisions without needs, the only things I was asking for - a little respect, no lies, and short quiet times that we could spend together. Ok, all these is in the past. It is better to stop talking about things like those, and also about love; for me it is not something to play with. As for the bikes the only left to wait until spring comes :-)

Reading your mails, there are so many contradictory thoughts and urges in my mind that I cannot sit still. I will take a walk now to the top of our mountain and think and think and think. And talk to you later. :-))

I am back with lots of thoughts, and I need to sleep on them before sharing them with you. By the way, I looked for the flying pig but he is still in hibernation and has not yet come outside. Maybe he is waiting for spring! :-)

I'm not sure that I would like to know them. :-))

I am not yet sure that I want to know them myself. That's why I say I have to sleep on them! :-))

Nice dreams)

Thank you. You will be in them! :-))))

It was so clear yesterday that I could see from the mountain, not only our past but also our future. I tried to consult with the flying pig, but he is still in hibernation. I can't wait to see you!!!

:-)))

I hope you slept well. How is your meeting day? I invite you to go to a show with me in New York on Sunday, for a full day, completely invisible and free! In the meantime, I wait (as patiently as I am able) to know if and when you want to see me. As you said, for too long I make all the demands. And as always, you are right!

:-(:-)

Hi, Thank you, I slept well. Funny, I got your email when I was going to write to you between meetings following: "I feel sorry about last night. I'll miss my feelings of deep love and passion for you, which I lost. At the same time, thinking about this, I realized that it is a good loss. My love has brought too much pain for me and too much fear and pressure on you; definately you could not (or did not want, no matter) handle it. Now you do not need to be afraid of valuable losses and to keep balance; I cannot be hurt and nothing can bother me, as I do not take close to my heart everything related to you. So everyone gets only benefits.

What is left? We always will stay friends; I'm always happy to see you. As the experiment showed you are not so attractive for me like it was and are not disgusting for me either. So, I think that we can make "easy love" sometimes. The last night was hard due to the recency of my "switching" (some kind of drug breakdown :-))) ; I'm sure this is an issue of short time." As for the trip to NY on Sunday; good idea, we will see if I will be free that day. Best :-))

Da! Da! Da! "simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy"

:-))))

Fine. Seems I underestimated (or over? I'm not sure) you, and you have did everything in the purpose to kill my feeling; I guess you have got what you need.

:-))))

"O terrible, beautiful judge, I plead guilty."

Clown-manipulator on the leash :-)))

crazy cat :-))))

Do not flatter to yourself :-)))

If I don't, who will? :-))))

:-))) Aga, in Russian we say: сам себя не похвалишь - никто не похвалит. И еще - люби себя, наплюй на всех, и в жизни ждет тебя успех.

Just my luck (or craziness) to fall in love with a warrior! :-))))

I am thinking of you as I look out at the snow falling in the lamplight. I imagine you leaning out the window of with your cigarette.

Missing you! :-))

Yes, the snow falling and it means spring will come later :-(, and, yes, I have to smoke out the window :-)).

This weekend the weather is supposed to be like spring! :-))

very good))

Do you know how much you will be free this weekend to enjoy the good weather?

I do not know yet

I want to write you a funny poem. I laughed when I wrote the hammer and sickle, but evidently it was only funny to me. Tell me what would be funny to you and I will make it a poem. :-)))

My usual response :-)): I don't know. Seems I lost the sense of humor :-))

No problem. I will just surprise you someday. Goodnight, Sweet Margarita! :-)))

goodnight))

Good morning! :-)) Do not be sad. Everything is not so bad. We are still friends. We had nice (sometimes hard, but anyway emotional) time together. Could be that time longer? Maybe yes, maybe not - who knows :-)) Your life became easier, you are traveling soon with darling for you people to memorable places; it is great! I'm still making the compilation of our emails, but think we should finish the DOUBLE DIARY. I cannot decide which email should be the last and how the final illustration should look like. I need your help for this. Do you have any ideas? As for NY, I will know this afternoon if I can go, I will call you.

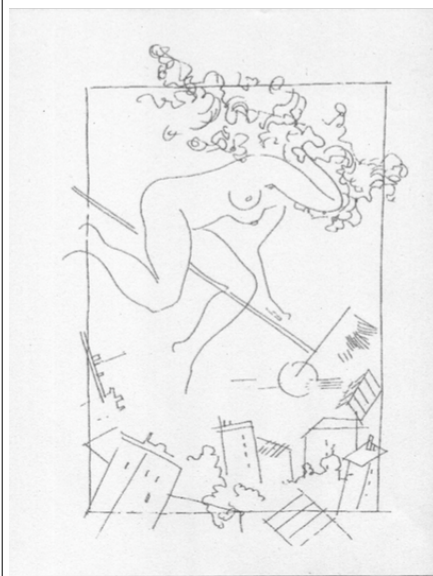
I have too many ideas. Of course, one must be a poem.

Our love was like a shooting star. It blazed across the sky of our lives and lit each day and night with passions, finally burning out with explosive force. Oh, that we had been a comet instead, with steadiness and confidence, so even if it had to end, it could possibly return someday.

and one of the bedtime stories you told me

Once there was little girl who lived in a little town. When she was still young she fell in love but it was not a happy time for her, so she ran away to the city. In the city she met a man and they thought they loved each other, but it was only half-way. Eventually they got married and lived together many years. Finally, she had a child and then something happened and he did not even love her halfway any more. So she ran away to another country. There she met another man whom she thought she loved. But he was cruel to her, and so she stopped loving him and became cynical, believing that she would never find love.

and finally . . .



-- Слушай беззвучие, -- говорила Маргарита мастеру, и песок шуршал под ее босыми ногами, -- слушай и наслаждайся тем, чего тебе не давали в жизни, -- тишиной. Смотри, вон впереди твой вечный дом, который тебе дали в награду. Я уже вижу венецианское окно и вьющийся виноград, он подымается к самой крыше. Вот твой дом, вот твой вечный дом. Я знаю, что вечером к тебе придут те, кого ты любишь, кем ты интересуешься и кто тебя не встревожит. Они будут тебе играть, они будут петь тебе, ты увидишь, какой свет в комнате, когда горят свечи. Ты будешь засыпать, надевши свой засаленный и вечный колпак, ты будешь засыпать с улыбкой на губах. Сон укрепит тебя, ты станешь рассуждать мудро. А прогнать меня ты уже не сумеешь. Беречь твой сон буду я.



ВСЕ ГЕРОИ И СОБЫТИЯ ВЫМЫШЛЕННЫЕ ЛЮБОЕ СОВПАДЕНИЕ СЛУЧАЙНО

