



Once in New England
A story in letters and photographs



UNPUBLISHABLE

Van Gogh, Turner and marriage

Missing you (I hope you don't mind my telling you), I went to the art galleries today and looked for you. Instead, I found these paintings and sculpture.



Boring vacation?
Take the trip.
:-)

You need to sleep and not to worry about my feelings.
I should not have told you about them. At least not when you are far away and you should be sleeping.

Good night, sweet friend!

:-)

When you told me last month you needed to take a trip to get away from home, did I reply in such a way as this? It's like saying when I leave, you can hug a pillow (yes, I am not innocent of such hurtful remarks, and you replied at that time that it was hurtful). So, too, I tell you now it hurts. Should I not tell you what I feel? :-)

I have to work, but you are right, it's time to sleep, at least 4 h left. As for feelings, please, keep them to yourself regardless of my location.

I cannot allow myself to take it close to me, plus, this annoys me. Good night

:-) PS You got me confused, why you mentioned "My Fair Lady" when it is Westside story?

Your friend, :-)

Nothing like. And do not be offended, David. This is an advice, and, think, not bad one. Is not that what you wanted? Plus, you taught me that you are playing all the time do not care about other players, and your words (feelings?) cannot be trusted. So, I cannot understand why rules of the game, that you set, can hurt you? I miss you too, my dear friend. Thank you for the pictures :-)

Yes, the title of the email was correct, West Side Story. I will leave it to the psychoanalysts to know why I said "My Fair Lady" instead. As for my feelings, I will keep them to myself. since the last thing in the world that I want is to annoy you! Please forgive my lack of sensitivity.

two portraits

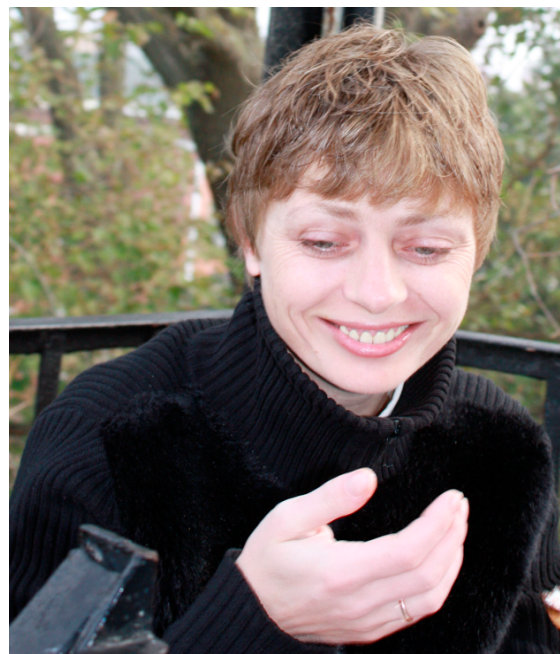
Here are two nice portraits of you!

:-)))



:-)

More portraits



Vermeer
(We had watched the film The Girl with the Pearl Earring)

Dear Friend and Candidate for Nobel Prize in Medicine,

I've been looking at Vermeer. We can see some of them if we go to the Frick (and Roerich museum, too).

The Frick has 3 of the 30 existing Vermeers, but I'm not sure which ones are on exhibit now.

Also note the two Turners in the view above at

<http://www.frick.org/exhibitions/past/2008/vermeer>

And is this what Vermeer actually looked like?

http://www.essentialvermeer.com/lost_vermeer_self_portrait_baron_rolin/images/procuress_self-portrait.html

So although I recognized the actor for Vermeer, I guess it was not because I knew Vermeer. Somebody else.

Your Friend and Potential Nobel Candidate for Peace



Intimate talk after Peking duck and wine and making love and more wine (she is drinking too much). **Я пьяна, she said. I am a sprinter, she says. I don't like to go long distance like you. I do everything fast. I will probably die soon. She tells me she saw a beautiful runner yesterday with gorgeous legs and gracefully running. She asks if I take cialis and I say yes. She tells of the problems with her husband. After living together and then graduating from the university we decided to split for a while. He went back to Moscow but I stayed in Rostov, as there was still war in Abkhazia.** I guess she had other lovers, but he pined away in Moscow. Finally, his mother told him to pick up the phone and call me. We got married without a ceremony or ring. **Then we were ok for many years. There was one failed pregnancy and then Vanka. Он не был готов для ребенка и что я разделить мою любовь между ними.** [He was not ready for a baby and that I would divide my love between them] **So instead he started hurting me by claiming that he was sleeping with other women. But he lied not only to me but also to himself. Years later, when I confronted him about this, he simply said "I don't know why."**

I am basically monogamous. I could live my whole life with someone I love. At one point, she plays me her recording of Vanka playing the Three Tankmen at the recital along with his teacher. On other subjects, she confessed that she never liked her name. **It was given me by my father** (Greek?). What would you have preferred, I asked. **At one time, I thought about Alesia.**


And she tells me of making love with others. In Siberia on mission bitten by flies and treating the wounds with cognac afterwards. Last year with a young man (the guy who biked with her to the top of the Rock?), he said after her orgasms that she was so "talented" and she started laughing and could not stop. She asks if I would have been attracted to her if she was not young, and says she thinks that's why I wanted to introduce her to my friends in Vermont and New York. She asks why I told my wives about other women. **I know, she said, but I want to hear you say it. You're an open book.** Finally, when I give all kinds of oedipal explanations about my mother, etc., she laughs and says, **"It's so simple. How can you not see? You are simply selfish, and all others must serve you. Why in the world did I fall for you? I feel sorry for the women you have married. Why do you have to go home at 6:30 every morning. To make a skype call? And what if you didn't? And if she asks you why, what would you say?"** Nevertheless, she says I can come to dinner when her husband is there with Vanka. **He knows you are my friend. And besides you can give him English lessons with Vanka.** When she fell asleep at 1:30 I left. But she woke up angry and called. Once again I had abandoned her.

Sorry, the girl did not give your whay you want. Should she pay back for the dinner?	Please, please don't think I am like that.	You are.	I was just happy to be with you	Be happy with your marriages, your utopias, etc.
If I am so selfish as you say you should never want to see me. If you don't take bak what you said I am going to come back over and argue with you.	You left. It means you left. Be consistent. Goodnight	I left to let you sleep. You are not fair to me.	I said it is up to you. You made your choice as always. Goodnight one more time.	Please sleep well
You too. You need to get a lot of energy for when you leave.	Please sleep well, goodnight	Do not worry, plz. I will. Wish you the same.		

What would Vanka like to see?

I'm picking up the car on Saturday morning, but won't need it until Sunday morning. We could take a trip on Saturday! What would Vanka like to see in Connecticut? :-)	He does not know. Will discuss. Thank you :-))
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Next day by phone SMS – after breakfast with Vanka and his father

Thank you for the visit 	What are your plans for the rest of today? :-)	We were thinking about a walk or a bike trip if the weather will be not so bad	The radar indicates an hour or two before the next rain.	What can we do for one hour?
Would Vanka like to visit another treehouse?	OK. We are going to leave house in 15 minutes for a short walk we can stop by your treehouse, thank you :-))	Good! later with rain:It seems you can't trust the radar!	Yes :-) Vanka wants to stay. I'm going to walk anyway.:-)))	I love when you are wet! :-)))
Would you like to get wet? :-))	With you, yes!	ok you can join me :-))	Come and get me!	Let's meet at the corner!
OK. Call me when you leave.	leaving now	OK. Me too.		

Later after wonderful love

Ask Vanka if he wants to go to the Indian museum tomorrow.	He likes the idea with Indian museum :-) Thank you! PS I want u	We'll go tomorrow, and me too! :-)
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Next day

Thank you for a wonderful day!	Thank you. You made it wonderful :-))	I wish you the best of luck with your doklad and discussions! :-)) I will miss you very much :-((Drive safely.	I am working on my talk right n-ow! And thinking of you, touching your feet and your hand while driving and seeing Vanka curled up trying to sleep. He is so cute!!! :-)))
Tell Vanka I look forward to seeing him Wednesday.	Ok, I will tell him :-))	Work well. And enjoy the beach with Vanka. Next time I'll go with y ou :-)))	I will try, and yes, you always welcome, he likes you :-)) Me too. I like him! When I watch him, I see you!!!

The next week

It was a difficult time when I saw her yesterday evening because she was furious with me. She had offered to come over in the afternoon and I had brushed her off saying that I had to go to the doctor and go shopping with Marcos. **No man ever treated me this way! "You have no time for me!" she said furiously. You play a game with me. I am embarrassed and I will never again tell you I want you, and I want to come over. You spend your life hurting others. Look into yourself and you will see. You just wanted people to see you with a pretty young girl. And you have always been afraid of me. Did you think I wanted you to marry me? It was a mistake from the beginning. And I should never have let you come back once you left! Now I don't want to come over any more. Don't even bother to ask me! I'm drunk. I am so unhappy. I want to die. I said, "I'll die with you." "No you won't!" she replied emphatically. I said we will do it on a Harley diving off a cliff into the sea. "Funny" she replied, "That's what my husband told me, except that it was with our car. I told him, don't use our new car. Get an old car to do it, instead!"**

The next day

Я хочу тебя! Я позвоню после семи! :-)))

The next morning after passionate love

:-))))))	I feel drunk :-)))	Simple scientific explanation: witch's and devil's brew!!! :-)))	I'm playing with fire; scary to think what awaits me in my after-life. :-)
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Sent her the ending of Master and Margarita

-- 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.
Верь твой сон буду я.

But this is only if we die together! :-)))

Нет, это не для тебя. Ты не любишь вечный покой ("вечный покой для седых пирамид"), не зависимо от того с кем. :-)))	Yes, you are right – as always. Better to live. By my calculations we are now in our 15 th life. :-))))	Stop counting! I start to feel myself like an experimental animal :-))	Once you become a scientist everything is an experiment! Once you become a poet everything is words. You should have looked for a baseball player! :-))))	Thank you. A card player is enough. Sport is not in my interest. :-)))
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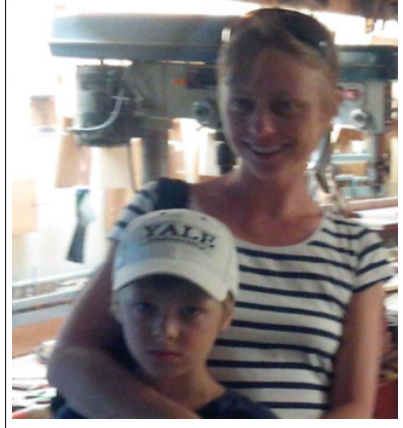
After making a boat with Vanka

Can you please send me the photos of you and Vanka?

:~)))

Here they are :-))

And the boat passed the water test :-)))



I love Vanka and the Chaika – with the little red/white life-savers on the sides! :-)))

Guess who made them :-))))))

It's a whole family of shipbuilders :-)))

:~)))) I miss you

Me too! But Vanka needs you even more than me!

Morning after

I came to work, feel dizzy. How are you? :-))	Happily drunk !!! :-))	:~)))) Three days: (Трофимов Сергей «Город Сочи».) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7LNBSZyXNAE
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Вот ведь как бывает в жизни подчас, Наша встреча караулила нас. Я заметил твой смеющийся взгляд И влюбился, как пацан, в первый раз.	That's how it happens in real life sometimes, Our meeting lay in wait for us. I noticed your eyes laughing And fell in love like a kid for the first time.
А ты стоишь на берегу в синем платье, Пейзажа краше не могу пожелать я. И, распахнув свои шальные объятия, Ласкает нас морской прибой-бой-бой.	As you're standing on the beach in a blue dress, A more beautiful scene I can not wish. The ocean surf embraced us, caressing in a crazy game.
А впереди еще три дня и три ночи, И шашлычок под коньячок - вкусно очень. И я готов расцеловать город Сочи За то, что свел меня с тобой.	But there is still three days and three nights, And shashlik with cognac - very tasty. And I'm ready to kiss the city of Sochi For that, I met you.
У тебя далеко дом и семья, И меня с курорта ждут сыновья. Так что в этой бесшабашной любви Между нами получилась ничья.	You've got a long way home and family, And I was waiting for the children from the resort. So in this reckless love Between us it was a draw.
А ты стоишь на берегу в синем платье, Пейзажа краше не могу пожелать я. И, распахнув свои шальные объятия, Ласкает нас морской прибой-бой-бой.	As you're standing on the beach in a blue dress, A more beautiful scene I can not wish. The ocean surf embraced us, caressing in a crazy game.
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Мы расстанемся с тобой навсегда, Нас затянут суетой города. Только изредка всплакнут две души - Как же счастливы мы были тогда.	I'll part company with you forever, We tightened the bustle of the city. Only rarely can two souls weep - As happy as we were then.
А ты стоишь на берегу в синем платье, Пейзажа краше не могу пожелать я. И, распахнув свои шальные объятия, Ласкает нас морской прибой-бой-бой.	As you're standing on the beach in a blue dress, A more beautiful scene I can not wish. The ocean surf embraced us, caressing in a crazy game.
А впереди еще три дня и три ночи, И шашлычок под коньячок - вкусно очень. И я готов расцеловать город Сочи За то, что свел меня с тобой.	But there is still three days and three nights, And shashlik with cognac - very tasty. And I'm ready to kiss the city of Sochi For that, I met you.
И я готов расцеловать город Сочи За то, что свел меня с тобой.	And I'm ready to kiss the city of Sochi For that, I met you.

But we have 10 more days, not 3! Hoorah!!!	To be precise – 7 days :-))) I want you!	Me too!! I'll write a hundred poems that I don't show you!!!:-)))))
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!-)))) After love in the morning

!-))))

I wish you were still here with me now in the rain !!! :-)))

:-)))

Janet Jackson: Making love in the rain
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lr3_X2l1TPU

Making love in the rain
I can't believe the joy it brings me
Making love all alone
I hear the rain on my window

It's just a little thing
But it means so much to me
Our bodies together
While the rain plays a melody

Every raindrop makes think of you
(Wishing you were close to me)
There is nothing that I'd rather do than

Making love in the rain
I can't believe the joy it brings me
When we're done, all alone
I hear the rain on my window

When it's stormy outside
It's warm in my heart with you in my arms
And when your away from me
I wish it would rain 'cause its always the same

Every raindrop makes think of you
(Wishing you were close to me)
There is nothing that I'd rather do than

Making love in the rain
I can't believe the joy it brings me
(I can't believe)
When I'm here all alone
I hear the rain on my window
(On my window)

Making love in the rain
I can't believe the joy it brings me
Making love all alone
I hear the rain on my window
(On my window, I hear the raindrops fall)

Every raindrop makes think of you
(Wishing you were close to me)
There is nothing that I'd rather do than
(Nothing that I'd rather do than)

Making love in the rain
I can't believe the joy it brings me
(Making love, ooh making love)
When we're here all alone
I hear the rain on my window
(On my window, I hear it rain)

Making love in the rain
I can't believe the joy it brings me
(Ooh yeah)
All alone I hear the rain
(I hear the rain)

My love, here comes the rain
My love, here comes the rain
My love, here comes the rain
My love, here comes the rain

Just in love!

You don't have to say. I know.

!-))))

The end of the concert in rain:

Оркестр под управлением Поля Мариа - Viens (Rain)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eFoYb-m9vRo>
:-))) Miss you

That's OK. It's going to rain every day for the next week!!!

Evening and morning games

I am enjoying our evening games with Vanka, racing in the park, shashlik on the marble table, water wars in the university's marble fountain (even if I was not so well wet), and tonight the deaths in the cowboy wars though I liked best being a pillow! Tonight I will sleep well thinking how I can wake up with you in the morning!!! :-))))

Poem for Vanka

You said I cannot write and send any more poems for you, but you didn't say I could not write a poem for Vanka!!! BOT!

I wave this magic wand of words like your wooden sword

You were at a special age, no longer a child but not yet a lover.

This is the victory of words over marbled water. The marble fountain would seem to be lasting and the memory of the water wars that summer night when your mama and you got thoroughly wet and raced around the marble covered with flowing water, but marble cannot hold onto your laughter like words, and this will last longer and still be read long after Yale's fountain is gone.

I was at once your jealous brother, imaginary father, and grandfather.

Аня Бахкен

those two magical summer nights when time stood still.

But it was your mother who had the best part in those magic nights!

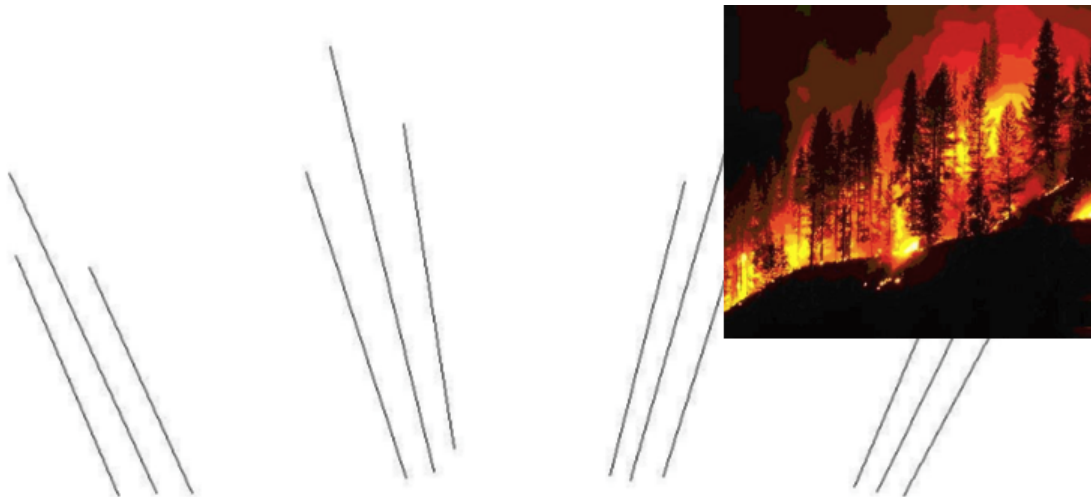
This is the victory of words over marbled fire. The marble table would seem to be lasting and the memories of that magical summer night when you and your mother took turns playing at shashlik on the marble transformed to a roasting, tickling fire, but the marble cannot hold onto your laughter like words, and this will last longer and still be read after Wooster's marble table is gone

She transformed into the role of a running, laughing, splashing child!

Should I read it to him? I'm not sure	Not yet. The time will come when he is older	Very good. Thanks. Better never	Never say never. All things pass! :-)))	Demagog :-)))
Guess who I learned it from! :-)))	Dobjanskii? :-)))	Try looking in a mirror sometime! :-)))	It is not frendly with me :-)))	I am friendly Can I be your mirror? :-)))
U r not objective :-)))	Scientists are objective. Poets and prophets are not! :-)))	Do not dive too deeply into ideology (even poetic one) – I do not like fanatics :-))))	Look for a baseball player! :-)))	Better a boxer, they have larger nothing box :-))))

After a wonderful biking day with Vanka ending at the Park - then drinking, she drunk, **"most people in the world are shit" and "you can only love people if they are dependent on you" and "you treat me like a prostitute and like shit!"** - furious that I had showed the images she sent me to the girl at the cafe. Threatens in jest to look for Lindsay and tell about us - show her our poems - knowing that she would tell Kiki. **"I watched both of you a long time at the demonstration. Kiki was not what I expected."** And when I said I thought about leaving Kiki to have only her, she replied that the moment I leave Kiki, she will leave me. And she said it with heavy emphasis!

Please do not be too hard on me, even if I am simple as a penny! :-) :-(David, I've got everything. I'm not hard, I am very simple and I am what I am. And u r what u r.	* * * * * * * * * * Little kisses for your working day! I miss you! :-)	:-) Yes, I've been happy last few weeks, thank you	:-))))))
* * * * * * * * * * More little kisses for your working day. You are so precious !!!!! :-))))))	Thank you! And I'm not so nice. Cynic and full of criticism as always! :-))))))	If we demand so much of ourselves, should we not demand as much of those we love? And demands cannot always be "nice", even to the point that sometimes the forest should burn so that it can regrow again! See below		



Naturally occurring wildfires play an integral role in nature. They return nutrients to the soil by burning dead or decaying matter. They also act as a disinfectant, removing disease-ridden plants and harmful insects from a forest ecosystem. And by burning through thick canopies and brushy undergrowth, wildfires allow sunlight to reach the forest floor, enabling a new generation of seedlings to grow.

Right, we cannot demand anything. And yes, to burn or cut a forest is much easier (and more spectacular) then plant and grow it. Yes, it might be a sanitary and revitalizing procedure (if the forest is sick or dead), but anyway it will be ANOTHER forest.\\ :-)))))) Independence, as well as freedom, does not exist, that's true for everything - love, life, friendship, death etc - no matter . As for demands, what is the meaning o have them if they cannot be met. :-)	I disagree. I think if we demand of ourselves, we should demand of others. And as for forests, they plant and grow themselves - that is their nature. Is it not our nature as well? Besides, since you asked me a question about love and dependence, now I get to ask one to you: Can there be any love without dependence? definition of an optimist: one who makes demands even when they cannot all be met definition of a pessimist: one who makes no demands because they cannot all be met Let there be both! Like a species, if all are the same, all may die together and none survive. And as for us, it has been established that we cannot die together!
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Sixteenth Life – Margarita's birthday

Would you like a friendly visit?	Now?	Dah!	:~))) give me 15 min	OK. See you in 15 minutes! I'm a little piani as well!
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We were both drunk. **I want to kill myself, she said. I want to go to sleep and never wake up. I have a husband I don't want. A man I want but can't have. And a child I never see.**

Rough crossing

It was a rough crossing, your 42nd, but I am happy that I could be with you, holding your hand, etc., etc. g you in I don't want to be a long time away from you, even though I will be with you in spirit today. Here are my little kisses. ***** *****	imagining you in my arms, I could not go back to sleep. I can't get enough of you! Have you had your coffee yet?	Yes, I woke up at 9 :~)))	I woke often during the night and felt you sleeping deeply, maybe not even dreaming! :-~)))	I'm still drunk :~)))
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Little kisses and music

Little kisses for your working day * * * * * * * * * * with Anna Netrebko https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M3RE_JcHODo (Ana Netrebko " From Janitress to Opera Diva")		https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LKBUqhXWn8E (Anna Netrebko & Dmitri Hvorostovsky Duet. Gala Concert St Petersburg I like him, for me it is the most sexual voice I ever heard. Here with Pavarotti https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ws90s_QbhPI (Luciano Pavarotti & Dmitri Hvorostovsky!!!)		
Yes, BUT. I was just getting to the climax of Hvorostovsky and Pavarotti when the battery ran out and everything stopped.	Hmmm. I always thought that men's voices affect women only . . :-))))	I don't think I'm gay, if that's what you mean!! Anyway, I would LOVE to see them at the opera with you!	Which tickets to order? My first thought is to pay a little more and have really good seats.	I'm OK with that (I mean tickets)
We have our seats. This does not include the right to go backstage to make love to the lead singer afterwards (Dmitri). And if it turns you on, you have to wait for the train to get us back home t!!! :-))))		Very good! As for the backstage visit, I prefer to leave everything in imagination, just in case, to not be disappointed. And instead of the train you could offer cold shower, it also works. :-))))		I like the idea of the cold shower. In that case you need someone with you to warm you up ! :-))))
No problem. I guess I'll find someone :-)))		You win! (as usual) :-))))		

Anna Karenina

Watching the last half of Anna Karenina - as usual in bed with her in my arms watching - she had to leave to smoke when Anna had her brief reunion with her little boy that had been taken from her - and in the end when Anna threw herself under the train and I reacted with horror, she said **"But it was her choice!" Now I understand that she did not die from love, but she died from emptiness. Теперь я понимаю, что она не умирает от любви, но она умерла от пустоты.** It is the emptiness that she speaks about all the time now.

Why don't you want to read my poetry?

My dear friend, Yesterday you asked my WHY? I thought it is obvious. If not, I have to explain. Very simple. We closed the page, you did mark the tree in red, I cut down it. (see the last page of attached DOUBLE DIARY) :-)

Dear Margarita, It is at once pleasing and painful to relive the past in these pages - especially the Epilogue which I had not seen before in this form.

WHY? You say, "let's keep the direction to stay friends without the romantic tinsels from the past; leave your romantic mood to someone you really appreciate but not only use, if such people exist.!"

Yes, I marked the tree in red to be cut down and you cut it down.

The image for me was that the tree - the whole forest - burned down in a forest fire! Hence I started a new poetry book, the fire book. After a forest burns it rejuvenates. As you said before, it is not the same forest anymore. And yet I insist it is the same forest, just not the same trees.

It is not a tinsel from the past, but a new book of poetry. Now it has 28 poems in English (or a combination), of which 10 exist in uncorrected Russian versions. You have probably seen about half of them.

But maybe by saying all this, I am failing to understand enough of what you say. It would not

be the first time that I don't understand well, even when, to you, it is "obvious.". I often have a kind of mental block when I am listening to you. .

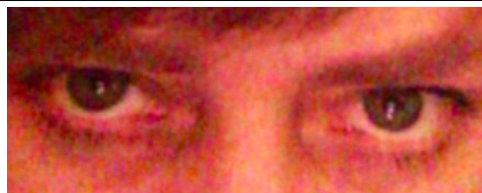
As for writing poetry for someone else, only one other time in my life did I write more than two poems for the same person - that was my friend in Paris - with 5 or 6 poems. I cannot imagine writing poetry for anyone except you!!

I don't know if you want to continue this conversation. If not, I respect your choice. But if you want to continue I will try to read carefully and understand fully.

Your sometimes stupid, but always loving, friend :-)))

You cannot hide anything from me! I see right through you! Your X-rays-friend from the race between meetings

:-)))) PS No vases anymore



And as for eyes, I prefer your true blue color: :-))))

By the way, they are not blue but grey, that means - variable, and green when I'm mad :-))))

But sometimes blue - and that is my favorite when you are in a very good and loving mood.

Our Seventeenth Life – the Crash

After Kiki arrived, one evening Margarita walked by our house and saw me and Kiki returning to the house hand-in-hand. Kiki did not notice her and she made no sign. But that must have upset her.

On Thursday - I went by after Georgie, but was afraid of cigarette smoke and did not stay long. She said I was like a scared rabbit. I said I would come back Saturday morning.

Probably I should not miss you, but I do! :-) :-(My dear friend, this is simple logics: if a man misses a woman, he will find a way to see her (I know for sure); if not - he is not a real man or he is not missing her. Do you prefer the first explanation? :-)))	I agree! and I have found a way.\\ During my "doctor's appointment" at 7:30 each Tuesday,\\ Can I please come to wake you up!!! :-))))
You had 10 days and a ton of options - a doctor appointment, morning race, stop by after seeing George etc. Your offer now looks like I forced you. I do not like it	I have been planning it for a long time. It is now a month that I say have this doctor's appointment. I waited to tell you until the time would be near. If anyone is forcing it, it is me!!! :-))))	Stop lying to me, the visit does not require long-term planning, I can continue the list of options, simply you are not ready for adventures, like last time you were scared even by smoke of my cigarette as a rabbit. Do not try to be stronger than you are! You always stay my friend, and I like to spend some time with you, but when you look like more as a man than a rabbit. :-))))
You are being very hard on me!	I did not want to upset you. I'm not cruel, I'm telling you in absolutely honest way how I see everything. If you will look back (and around) you will see that I'm right as always, and it is sad, mostly for me :-(I can try to see you more spontaneously. I come by your house often but if I stop I have to have a good excuse for where I was (does that make me a rabbit?). But in any case, I have a good alibi for Tuesday mornings. I hope you can accept at least this!!!
Can you be home tomorrow morning?	I'm at home every morning. As for your previous e-mal; I do not need your explanations about your difficulties, do you asking me to make a good excuse for you? I can do it in any moment but not sure you will like it. I know only that I could come to see you even having my kid with me, everything possible if people want. As for Tuesday I cannot answer now, since all this emails exchange finally pissed me off, better to stop this conversation.	

On Saturday I was planning to run and to come by her place at noon, but beforehand I went to the Wooster market with Kiki and saw Margarita walking quickly ahead of us, leaving the Green towards the waterfront. When I came later to her house she was not there so I left a note saying I was sorry to miss her.

<p>No needs to leave the notice. Since you made me feel so bad, hurt, offended and dirty that I don't want to talk and see everybody</p>	<p>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m3ykX6DqMQ0</p> <p>:-([George Baker blues]</p>	<p>Congratulations! You got what you wanted. You have freed themselves from the painful duty to come and see me using my hands. You're right, a prostitute for free time, not for troubles, even if she is for free.\\ Good idea, thank you! In the past I loved, now the time to make money came, I will take it into account. :-))) PS Be happy! I'll not bother you anymore.</p>
<p>You were right as always. It was not a good idea for me to try to see you during this time because I am too much of a rabbit. But for one thing you are wrong. I do not see you just for sex, although it is wonderful. I see you because I love you and I really miss you. I have come by your house 5 times in the last day, but I don't come to see you because I don't know what to say. It seems like whatever I say just makes it worse for you. Yes, you have a right to be angry with me because I am not fair with you. But please do not forbid me to be your friend!!!</p>	<p>Yes, it is very painful to learn that I am a piece of shit. This is my fault and I will get over this. God will judge.</p>	<p>Please do not be so hard on yourself! You are hurting the one I love! Can I come by to see you just for a short time around 3:30 to 4:00?</p>
<p>To say me into face that I am a piece of shit? Yes, you can.</p>	<p>I'll come by then. You are the sweetest piece of shit that ever existed!!!</p> <p>Your rabbit friend :-))) [I went by for a short time about 4 pm]</p>	<p>Thank you for the visit!\\ See, how everything goes well for you, you even got an indulgence on Tuesday (I even could hear I could even hear the exhalation relief), and can dive to a quiet life, without fear of trouble with my handBest!</p>
<p>You know, I drunk a lot of armenian brandy and got a genius idea, since you made me crying, maybe I should turn your life into the hell? and blackmail you (I never did, but everything may happen first time ever). Money is not so interesting for me ... Think I can come to Lyon St with print copy of the Diary and book of poems. What do you think on this point? Since I'm a piece of shit - nothing to loose :-))))</p>	<p>[She called me at Lyon Street about 6 pm where I was eating dinner with Kiki, Jerry and Penny. Kiki answered the phone and then gave it to me and she told me to come by the morning with a newspaper}</p>	<p>I did not want to wait for your call back, since i want to sleep, I hope you understood everything, if you will not come tomorrow at 8-30 with newspapers, I will come to Lyon St with a nice folder for your wife to read</p>

As instructed I went to her house. Since I didn't bring a newspaper she gave me Edgar Allan Poe to read and I read most of the horror story "the cat". Thank you, she said curtly. Come back tomorrow. And I left.

I found the following note when I arrived - she was not there:

Dear David!

I've got a phone call last night, and most likely I'll have to leave early in the morning. Since the kid got sick and I need to meet a colleague from Canada at 8 am and take him for breakfast and seminar. So, I have to write to you what I would prefer to say in person, and I was going to say after your "scheduled half hour reading" today. Anyway, today is the last day of your "reading." And, of course, I was not going to bring anything to Kiki and break your family. But I hope I was convincing and you believed that I can! I do not enjoy what I did. I felt very bad doing this; because (1) it is very bad and dirty, and (2) you have showed that you can come here for Kiki, but cannot do for me, one more time showing your real "concerns" and "love" towards me.

Yes, it was nasty, all this blackmailing; but I had to do it! Why? Because I wanted to make you feel (even a little) what I have felt as a result of your actions. You have made me feel like an idiot!

PS. If I were here I would give you a hug (maybe the last one, it depends on you) and ask - Are you ready to answer now?

And I wrote back:

Dear Margarita,

My answer is very simple. No last hug. I want always to be your friend, because in my own way (not perfect, of course) I love you!

Yes, with your "reading trick" you show me how bad I have been to you. I accept it was the only way you could make me listen. OK. I hear you!

Please do not believe you are an idiot for having continued to see me. You said that once you loved me. Isn't that enough? Even if you do not make love anymore, we should see each other sometimes because we have loved each other. I think so! Don't you think so?

I don't know about the future. Tomorrow (Wednesday) I would like to come by to see you for a few minutes after Georgie (7:30 to 8:00 PM). Is that OK?

When are you going to Moscow? I am going with Kiki to the Caribbean on December 9. And this week we will go for Thanksgiving with my sister in Massachusetts.

Send me an email please!

And tell me what I can say in my emails to you. No poetry? No kisses? Is there anything else I can say except :-))) ? DA

I left the letter for u in my app please read it carefully.	OK. I'll write later.	I was sorry to miss you, but happy to read your note and answer it. I don't know if I made the answer you were looking for, but essentially I always want to be your friend, and I appreciate you "reading trick" to make me aware of how bad I have been to you. I also asked if you will be home and I can stop by to see you for a short time tomorrow (Wed) evening between 7:30 and 8:00. :-))))
I should be at home at this time, but I may have a guest, call me before coming	OK. I'll call. :-)	[I went by for a while between 7:30 and 8:00 pm on my way back from Georgie. I told her I was running away to go to my brother's. She was tough, smoking her pipe. When I got up to leave she felt sorry for me and came and hugged me. I said "poka" on leaving and she returned "poka".]

<p>Hi! I appreciated "the drama of the last scene of your play" - your visit yesterday. It's very you. If you're really going to meet your brother and discuss your problems, could you tell me, please, what he'll say on this point? I wish you pleasant journeys! :-))</p>	<p>Thank you. I'll tell you what he says.</p> <p>Your rabbit friend, :-))</p>	
<p>[Sent from Minnesota – never received by Margarita</p> <p>Greetings from your rabbit friend who has fled to Minnesota, to be followed by Dominica until Christmas.</p> <p>I had a good chance to speak to my brother here and raise the questions that you asked me. He asked me if I want to remain your friend, and I said yes. With all my heart! But to remain your friend, it cannot be like in the past where I have insulted you and led you to say that I have treated you like a prostitute! When I told him the story of you having me come and read, he laughed and said that you gave me the answer of how I must change. In the past I was the one who asked you to go to a concert or New York or a museum or if I could come over and eat dinner with you, watch a film and sleep together. But you reversed everything when you made me come and read each morning. Now it was you who demanded of me and I had to adjust my schedule to come. As my brother said, "It's a question of power. The one who decides has the power, not the one who waits. In medicine, the patient has to wait until the doctor is ready to see him. It is the power of the doctor."</p> <p>And so, to remain your friend, when you come back in January, I will wait for you to ask me to do something. My brother reminded me that this will be very hard for me. I may feel like I have to wait forever. It will be hard on my ego when you do not ask to see me, just as I suppose it was hard for you when I did not find the time to see you in the recent weeks. It will be a test of my love for you that I am willing to wait.</p> <p>It will also be a test that I will have to be the one to change my schedule, not you. As you know that is not always easy for me! I hope you will respect that sometimes I am not available or cannot stay, just as you have not always been able to see me.</p> <p>But I am willing to take the test, hoping that sometimes you will want to see me, at least for a concert or a museum, if not more. I will make the changes necessary to be available.</p> <p>I hope this is OK for you. Please tell me if there is a better way to be your friend! :-)))</p>		
<p>I hope this finds you, your family and your colleagues all well!</p> <p>Do you know yet when you leave for Moscow?</p> <p>In any case, please let me water your plants after I get back on December 26. It is symbolic for me to be able to do something for you!</p> <p>Your rabbit friend,</p> <p>:-)))</p>	<p>Thank you, everything is ok. I leave for Moscow next Friday</p> <p>Do not worry, please, the plants will be ok, otherwise I can replace them if I'll be back.</p> <p>If you like, you can take care of them or take them home.</p> <p>Merry Christmas and happy New Year!</p>	<p>I will be happy to water the plants!</p> <p>:-)))</p>

Listen, David, to be honest with you, the plants is the last thing which I'm worried about.

I can tell you, that I had very bad month - problems with Vanka's health, bad news on my projects, problems in both workplaces, etc, and in addition I had a friend (whom I loved, missed and trusted my thoughts, myself and even my kid) who played stupid rabbit-cock-games with me, putting tons of shit on me and drilling my brain at that hard for me time.

So, I have saw the real face of your friendship, let's call things by their names. If you like to stop by my apartment to get "sentimental memories" and to pretend yourself doing something for me, watering the plants, feel free to play your games and come there, since you have the key.

Wish you all the best

Your priyatel"(since I don't know similar word in English) Margarita

I too have had a very bad month, but I will not bore you with th details. I hope everything gets better for both of us!

Your priyatel David

I hope things are better for you now. I'm sorry I was not available for you when you needed me. You are always in my thoughts and in my heart. David

never mind, I'm ok, thanks

I'm glad. Thank you.
:-)

Merry Christmas to you and your friends and family, especially Vanka!

David

You are invited to hear Anna Netrebko in Elisir d'amore at the Met on February 1. This invitation is an exception to the advice of my brother Jim because it is the last night of her engagement at the Met and tickets will soon be sold out.

:-)

"I'm not fit for May 32" (Marta, The very same Munchhausen)

Thank you, you should not make an exclusion, following the Jim's advice; plus I'm not sure that I will be back by Feb 1.

I hope you will be back by then and will agree to go with me.
As you always say, "we'll see...."

:-)

David, please, stop making plans and inform me. Everything is trivially - I know very well what your brother said, I heard everything very clear - from you personally, your emails and letter. I've been hurt as a friend, and humiliated as a woman; I'm not sure that I will be able to get over and forget this for the rest of my days. Be happy in your "quiet haven"

Best, Margarita

ok. no exceptions to Jimmy's rule
:-)

I

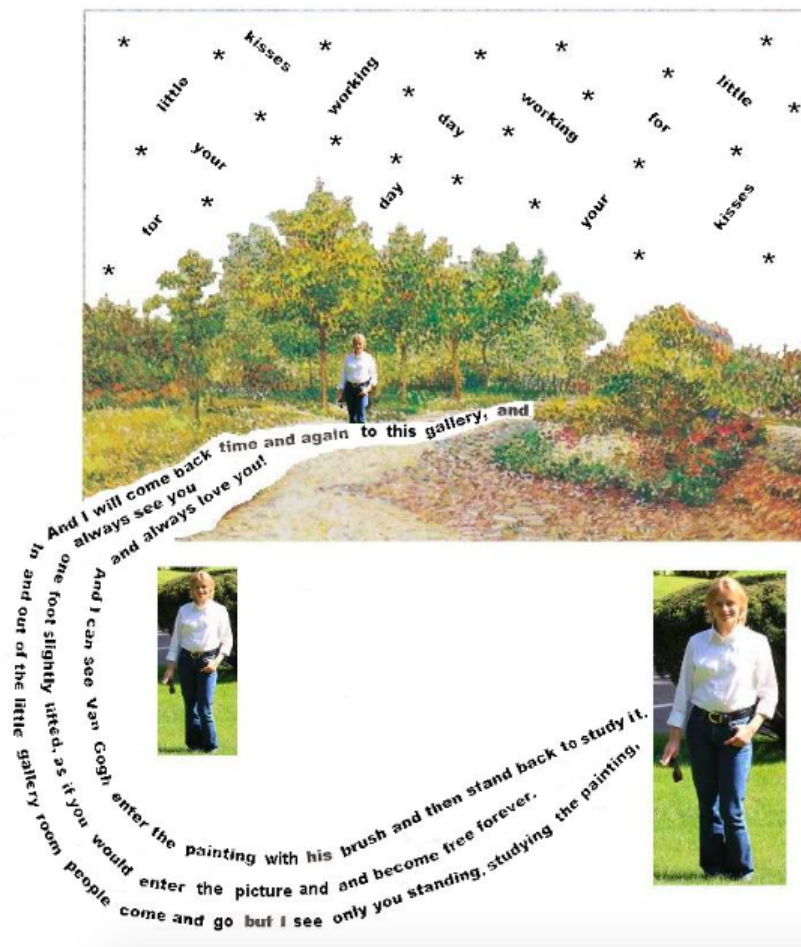
On her return from Russia, she called to say there was no shuttle from the airport to New Haven because of the blinding snow storm, and they couldn't tell her if the trains were running. Could I find out? I checked and called back to say the trains were running, and she should take a taxi. It turns out there were too many people waiting for taxis so she hired a private car for \$80 instead of the usual \$50.

[Life 17 begins]

I miss you very much, but I am strictly following Jimmy's rule.	Your life, your choice, your rules, I do not need to know them, sorry	
I hurt from the coldness of your reply. I guess I feel now what you felt then when I didn't come to see you in November!	I am so happy to be with you! :-))))	:~)))

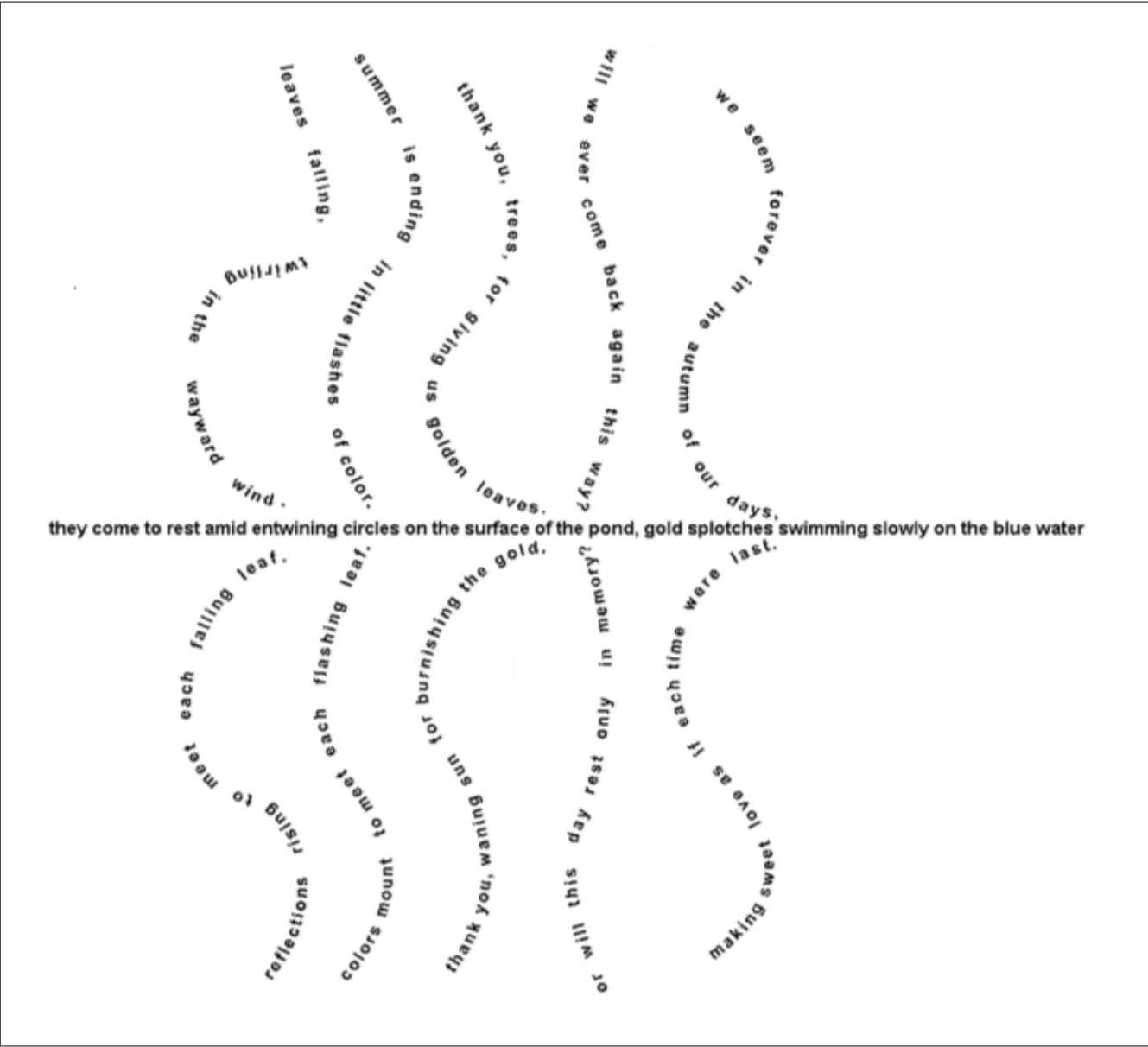
When I went over to see her that night, at first we were distant and she analyzed that I was manipulating her to leave me rather than having the courage to leave her. When I put my face in hers ("**Stop looking at me with your doggy eyes!**") and asked her to make love. She said, "**I'll do it on one condition, that you give me back your keys to my apartment.**" I gave her the keys and we had a wonderful sexy night together! She was amazed to hear how closely I was kept by Kiki in November so that I really was not free to see her. **That's different from what I thought, she said.** As for love, I said I loved her, and she replied. **I miss you. I want you. I like to do things with you. Is that love?**

Little kisses from Van Gogh for your working day :-)))



Interesting. It's like Pandora box, I never know what I will do when the path will go beyond this bright garden. But you are right, everything has a frame, or the end. :-))) I like this poem, as well as the last one you wrote to Vanka. You have wrote nice poems. But, sorry, I have to say that I do not like your last serial art. I went through all of them this morning and finished editing of them as you asked, but I have very strange feeling like I did walk through a cemetery, so many people there and all of them dead! :-))) It's funny I do not feel that when we are together, but definitely do reading you. I even took your letter out of the trash can and read it again - same!!! I do not know is it beginning of the end or a different stage of our friendship, but, think that it's better for us to leave aside epistolary genre and poetry. Are you agree? Miss you! :-)))

I wrote this last fall but did not send it to you.
Summer is ending - autumn days - as if each time were last.
:-(((:-)))



Yes, always autumn days and always about dying.	:-(((:-)))
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The night of January 29 she called and I came over after George. She was drunk and kept drinking, alternately giddy and dancing and solemn and threatening me ("you know that I can destroy someone if I get mad enough!") Eventually we went to bed without sex and she cried uncontrollably a long time, saying in Russian, "get out". And then she fell asleep, and was OK when we woke up in the morning.

She put the following on her website, by Anna Axmatova, referring, I suppose to my poetry

<p>Когда б вы знали, из какого сора Растут стихи, не ведая стыда, Как желтый одуванчик у забора, Как лопухи и лебеда...'</p>	<p>When you knew from what rubbish Verses grow without shame, Like the yellow dandelion by the fence Like burdocks and goosefoot ... '</p>
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<p>This morning I saw a dream - I did something (do not remember what) on my phone, and when I pushed the button all electricity in the town was turned off, all people went out and started to scream on streets. I'm sure something will happen, hopefully not with us.</p> <p>It reminds me a nightmare I had last November, very long one, with many episodes 5 or 6, that I saw one by one awaking and falling back to sleep, and then everything seen turned into reality.</p> <p>Did I ever tell you this nightmare?</p>	<p>I was holding you in my arms this morning while you dreamed.</p> <p>Yes, something will happen. Even with us something will happen.</p> <p>But I love you and you love me, and we will not let it be bad for either of us!</p>
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* * *

<p>Music to inspire your working day https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MobGaRVgQIU (Russian Film Soundtrack: "My Tender and Affectionate Beast" 1978) :-)))</p>		<p>Hmm. And what kind of "working inspiration" should the picture bring to me? AAA, I understood! - the idea to find a rich man and leave the work. :-)))</p>
<p>By the way, billionaires may be found on Saturday nights at the Opera. You might want to dress in your black cape and spike shoes to catch one!</p>	<p>I'm in bad shape and mood for hunting, plus it is bad season for that. I will...</p>	<p>I'll just have to suffer with jealousy, that's all. And you'll say that I deserve it!!!</p>
<p>May I bite you a little by Akhmatova's poem? I want it so badly :-)))</p>	<p>:-) Я не любви твоей прошу. Она теперь в надежном месте. Поверь, что я тво...</p>	<p>PS Простишь ли ты мои упреки, Мои обидные слова? Любовью дышат эти строки, —</p>
<p>It is truly amazing how poetry can express what we cannot say otherwise!!! And as if these poems were written by you last night!!! Now I have to go find the full poems and translations.</p>		

We went to New York to see Anna Netrebko in Elisir d'amore at the Metropolitan Opera. She wore her sexy black dress from Victoria Secret with the long black cape, and she went out to smoke alone, seeming to attract a billionaire!

The concert was wonderful - and also on the train coming home with her in my arms.

Спасибо за прекрасный вечер! За Анну! :-))))		Взаимно. [me too] Что касается фото - она очаровательна и талантлива, но умной женщиной ее не назвать :-))))
Nobody's perfect! :-))))	I am :-)))	Oh yes! It's good that you remind me, because sometimes I can forget! :-))))

One night, surprising me, she invited me over when I came home from seeing Georgie. We watched the end of Tarkovsky's zerkalo (watching the effects of the split parents in the film, she said **'That's why I will not get a divorce until Vanka is at least 16.'**

I said that I should no longer stay all night with her and started to put on my coat. **She said, "When you leave I will never invite you here again."** I stopped and sat with my head in my hands, not knowing what to say. **"You should be happy," she said. "That's what you want from your plan. What difference is it whether we stop seeing each other on March 20 or tonight?"**

"Don't worry. We can still be friends and meet from time to time somewhere else. Go to a film or a concert. I will not pass you on the street like before and say I don't know you."

"You are right as always," I said, "but it hurts! I don't want to leave you!"

"I can tell you now that you will not be happy. You have traded the two beach chairs of Lindsay for two beach chairs with Kiki. But I know, you are afraid you will be alone the rest of your life. You are not a cat. You are a rat with a rabbit heart. You shit on me from the beginning. I have no good memories, only memories of pain from you. I never told you but at one time I wanted you as the only man in my life! But you killed our love."

After what seemed like hours of this, I went to leave, but sat on the steps outside her door and waited. Finally, to turn off the light, she opened the door and found me. **"Don't make a scandal for the neighbors. Either leave or come back in."**

"Read my last words in the final double diary."

"Only once in my life did a man leave me for another woman, and that was when I was a teenager."

"At least give me a hug," I said.

"No, I did that once before and it is done. You killed the "little fire" that I used to have."

Finally, she said she was tired and ready to sleep. **Either go or sleep here. My bed is big. I won't kick you out at midnight."** "OK," I said, I'll stay. She got into bed in her nightgown and stayed turned away from me, so I could only hold her from behind. Eventually she wept quietly. **"Don't think I am crying for you. I am crying for me. Tomorrow I will call Kiki and tell her that we are finished."** "

She won't believe you," I replied.

I left quietly in the morning without waking her.

Akhmatova and Severyanin

<p> Я не любви твоей прошу. Она теперь в надежном месте. Поверь, что я твоей невесте Ревнивых писем не пишу. Но мудрые прими советы: Дай ей читать мои стихи, Дай ей хранить мои портреты,— Ведь так любезны женихи! А этим дурочкам нужней Сознание полное победы, Чем дружбы светлые беседы И память первых нежных дней... Когда же счастья гроши Ты проживешь с подругой милой для пресыщенной души Все станет сразу так постыло — В мою торжественную ночь Не приходи. Тебя не знаю. И чем могла б тебе помочь? От счастья я не исцеляю. </p> <p> PS Простишь ли ты мои упреки, Мои обидные слова? Любовью дышат эти строки, — снова ты во всем права!.. </p> <p> / горь Северянин/ </p>	<p> I am not asking for your love. It is now somewhere safe. Believe me, I will not write jealous letters to your bride. But it would be wise to accept my advice Let her read my poems, Let her keep my portraits - A courteous groom, you should be nice! To this foolish girl, the sense of triumph will give more satisfaction than the friendship of bright conversation and the memory of the first tender days ... But once the happy pennies all get spent on your delicious fusion, and when, overindulged, your soul burns out in utmost disillusion – Do not come to me on my victorious night. I won't know you. Besides, how could I help you, dear? From happiness, I cannot cure you. </p> <p> PS Will you forgive my reproaches and my insulting? These lines breathe love - And again, you're right about everything! .. </p> <p> / Igor Severyanin / </p>
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On Saturday evening we ended up going to the Mozart mass at Sprague Hall. When I met her she handed me a small packet containing all the notes I had sent her over the past few years. And when we returned from the concert she stopped at the corner, not even going to her door, and said simply "Good night". "Good night," I replied and walked home without looking back. The next morning I sent her the following email: Дорогая приятельница, etc.

Дорогая приятельница,, Спасибо за компанию. Было очень приятно! :-)))	Пожалуйста :-)
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Despite myself, we are making progress in the transition. Margarita has invited me to go to La Boheme with her. She said she would probably not come by in the morning this week, implying that she could another time, and thanking me for the invitation.

She apparently has a rebound boyfriend from New York who plays the guitar who was here last weekend to whom she is going this weekend so she might not be back for La Boheme. That keeps her busy. Of course I am jealous, but that is a small price to pay for the transition.

If she doesn't come back, it will be her revenge for the times I have left her, but a revenge sweetened by the implication that she could come by here another time, for example when Vanka is here..

But then she also said she would not go hear Netrebko with me, but in the end she did and we had a great time.

The limitation on not going to her place actually fits well with my needs for the arrangement with Kiki. Also the fact that she is not initiating email exchanges with me.. And the fact that she is busy Friday night, Saturday day and Sunday day this weekend. She is keeping the power in her hands, which makes me feel less guilty about leaving her.

She did fix the translations of the "dead poem series" as she calls them, and she did not object vigorously when I said I would give her the new poetry book.

I will try to get her to go for Peking duck with me Tuesday evening and give her the poetry books, hoping they arrive on schedule. If not it will have to be after the Peace Commission on Wednesday. I'll ask her for Tuesday on Saturday night or Sunday.

But, still it's hard for me. I miss her terribly sometimes!!!!

I just ordered a little present I want to give you, and it should arrive on Tuesday. Can I invite you out to eat on Tuesday? And can we go for Peking duck?	Sorry, cannot promise anything, since next week most likely will be busy	I hope so, because on Thursday I go to see Kiki for 10 days.	I think the La Boheme on Sat will be enough for pryatel's meeting, duck-eating is not interesting, thanks
OK. I'll find some other way to give you the present.	Sorry I would not like to get any present, I will not accept it	That hurts! :-(That is reality, you wanted and got.

It was a wonderful performance of La Boheme at the Shubert (in the snow!). So many, many parallels to us, except we are not dying of our love.

Thank you for a wonderful evening !!!	You're wellcome :)
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Valentines Day – before the opera

Hi David,

I feel before I started to work I should apologize for my yesterday email (I've been not polite, sorry) and explain some things. Seems I reached my limits. I regret about my love to a person who did not respect and appreciate this love, actually never needed it. I'm ashamed of myself, since I allowed to manipulate by myself, I been fighting for my happy moments (which were screwed up many times) , I went back many times when I should not do, including 3 years ago and this January. I will try to clean myself, to forget everything maximally. That's why I do not can\want to accept anything from you anymore. I would not like to talk and meet with you at least now, maybe later, I do not know.

Can we stay friends? Definitely not. Can we keep priyatel relations, hope so, maybe in future. I've invited you for the opera tomorrow, since for me it would be an important symbolic point and paying back for the invitation to the Met as well. So, I explained everything and I will understand if you will not go.

PS There is a chair you brought in my apartment; if you like to get it back, please do this before you leave next week. thanks

Sorry, I cannot keep it, I can accept an electronic version, if you want so badly to share the book with me.

Here is the electronic version. I hope it is not too heavy to download. If so I'll put it on a memory stick. I hope you like it. :-)))

I've been re-reading what you say about "stupidity and shame" and I realize that it hurts me more when you are angry with yourself than when you are angry with me!! It's true that you have good reason to be angry with me. I ran away from you in the moments when we could have been happy, and it was my fault, not yours. I'm sorry, and I understand how you should be angry with me. Just not with yourself, please!

Your priyatel who truly wishes you to be happy!

Of course, I want to go to the opera with you tomorrow.

And, of course, I want to remain your priyatel.

As for a gift, forget I said it that way. And as for the chair you can put it in your basement if you don't want it anymore. There are many other things like that in your basement.

As for your not being polite in your email, I can understand. I tell you when I hurt, but it is not the end of the world!

Anyway, don't call it a gift, but I made a good version of Our Secret Garden, to finalize it so that it is our past and no longer our present or future, and I should receive a printed copy on Tuesday which I want to give you, not as a present but as a kind of punctuation mark.

Don't worry. Although it is printed it is not available on the Internet or to be bought by anyone. I respect your privacy - and mine as well. The book is just for me to see - and you - and hopefully you will keep a copy for yourself and not throw it out like the old chair. Ask yourself what Axmatova would say to us. Even if poetry is made out of garbage, it is still poetry!

By the way, the first book of poetry that I gave you three years ago is still (and will not be) not available either on internet or to be bought. It is a private edition, just as I promised to you three years ago.

Anyway, I wish you a good trip to New York (or is it to jupiter?) and I look forward to going to the opera with you.

Your priyatel, hopefully forever :-)

I will prepare an electronic version for you. But in addition I would like you to see the printed version. I wanted to show you on Tuesday, but if you don't want to see me, I guess it can be another time in the future. We'll see...

Now I have a published proof of my stupidity and shame. Amd it's not the full book, the last page has a dead tree with red mark.

And now, please, listen to me the last time.

I've been loving and missing you all the time. Yes, we had no obligations and no demands to each other. But this did not give you any rights and excuses to betray me (talking and complaining about me with every chicken around), to screw up my good moments, to humiliate me (like: "I will come on Tue, can you accept at least this"; detailed travelling plans and the stupid remark "what can I write in my emails in addition to :-)))" as the response to my letter full of pain, or floating deadlines-plans for our relationships this January).

I would like to pretend that I never had this story and never saw your poems.

It is not my past and it is not my memories.

I'm out of the play.

I did destroyed the first book and deleted all files and folders related to you on my computer.

I would not like to see any poems as a book, as a request to read/translate, as a citation etc. And if you want to communicate with me, please never bring it up; otherwise better do not call/write to me.

Best

M

PS. I have read your last email a thousand times, and there is something I want to clarify.

I have always respected you, and I will always respect you in the future. Do not think that I have been "talking and complaining about me with every chicken around."

ONE TIME and one time only, I was so hurt by the "metamorphosis" that you made of my photos, that I carried it around with me. I was at Koffee and I saw Shana Hotchkiss who was the person who took the bad photo looking into the sun that you used in the "metamorphosis." I showed it to her, and she said, "That woman is not good for you! You should leave her." The funny thing is that she thought you were French!

That's all. That's the only time I have spoken about you in any way with anyone in New Haven! No one else knows about you through me! And even Shana, I am sure, has forgotten the "French woman."

I have not poisoned your life with other people in New Haven! And I will never do so!

Sincerely,

David Hopefully, your priyatel

OK. You are out of the play. I will not mention poetry again.

You are right - as always! I was not a good friend. I wanted to be a good friend, but for many reasons, which you correctly analyze, I have done many things that hurt you! I am truly sorry! And I think I have changed as a result, and will be less selfish.

Even poets and prophets should be decent human beings!

I do not ask you to accept that I have changed, but at least to accept my sincere apology for having treated you wrong!

I hope that someday I can still be a good priyatel, but I do not even ask you for that at this moment.

I hope you will will not burn all your memories for there are many good ones.

Ti voglio bene! In every aspect of your life!

Sincerely,

David

I know that it was not only Shana, but I am not afraid of anything, since I know that I am clean and honest with people and myself all the time, even when I'm not right or do stupid things.

So, fears, lies and regrets - your prerogative. And you did not poison my life; the life is bigger then you think, and people coming and leaving through the life, leaving different "aftertastes", no matter how trivial it sounds.

:-))

M

On my return from France

Good morning! It was so nice to get drunk with you! (but I guess I should not thank your work for that!).	I don't know, is it nice or not but I feel sick this morning. :-(Maybe you are mostly sick of work ! I don't know of any medicine for that !
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Although she was getting drunk last evening, she was quite lucid in her analysis of me. **Yes, I like to analyze, she said, as if being a scientist. Your problem is that you think you are special, while actually you are just an ordinary person like me. You weren't special as a scientist, and your world peace is just dreams. You run barefoot to try to be special. As for me I am just an ordinary person and I have no pretense like you do.** On another subject she said that she still loves her husband as she has since they first met. After making love I got dressed to go home, but lingered to talk and she came over and seduced me to come back to bed, to make love again, and to sleep in each other's arms.

Once again I left for France where I looked for news on her website.

"Но я не плачу и не рыдаю, Хотя не знаю, где найду, где потеряю, И очень может быть, что на свою беду Я потеряю больше, чем найду ..."

"I do not cry and I do not weep, but I do not know where I find or where I lose and it may very well be that I have the misfortune to lose more than I find ..."

popular song by Андрей Миронов Белеет мой парус (my sail whitens) Но я не плачу и не рыдаю, хотя не знаю, где найду, где потеряю И очень может быть, что на свою беду я потеряю больше, чем найду

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4QbJZVEi3zE> (12 стульев" 1976 (Андрей Миронов - Белеет мой парус)

I sent her an email with the translation into English and she put the following on her website, as if to admonish me:

..Я не люблю манежи и арены - на них мильон меняют по рублю...
Когда чужой читает мои письма, заглядывая мне через плечо...
Я не люблю, когда мне лезут в душу, тем более - когда в неё плюют..."

.. I do not like horsebarns and arenas - millions of rubles are changed over them...
When someone else is reading my letters, looking over my shoulder ...
I do not like when they walk into my soul, especially - when they spit ... "

I'm sorry if I offended you! I did not mean to.	You did not, but what's the meaning in sending to me the translations of my own statements.	The words expressed my own feelings. :-(
I'm sorry if it express somebody's "feelings". Anyway it's better to keep them to yourself. Best M		

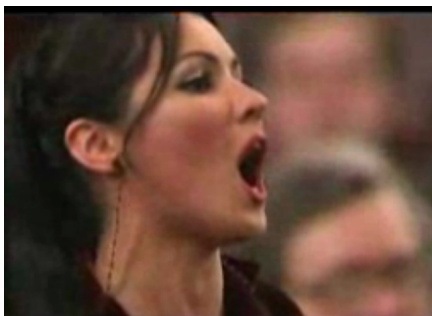
Eighteenth life – Since it was summertime, Vanka came over too

One afternoon she invited me to join them in Wooster Park and then the playground on Wooster Street. In the evening after dinner I went over for a glass of wine to celebrate the death of my computer. We played chess (I beat both of them!). Then in the treehouse I put my arm behind her back and stroked her head tenderly. She did not resist until I went too far. **"I can't trust you," she said. "You wiped your feet with me." "You never loved me. You are not capable of love." She recalls again how I told Kiki about her. "Yes, I made one mistake," she said. "I would like to forget it, but you don't let me. I let myself fall in love with you, but you were a rabbit, not a real man. But as for you do not make mistakes. It is systemic." At the end she looked me in the eyes and said "I am very angry. I wish you a long life, and good health, and may you never be happy." "I will not thank you for that," I said, and left.**

But when I got home I got a message:

Hi, friend from Lion street, Do you want me? Do you still have coffee and cream?	I will say yes.	ok, I'm coming if you do not sleep	YES
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We made tender but passionate love, she came many times, the last one squirting I loved it but did not come. Afterwards **she said "I came tonight for two reasons. First I love you in an animal way. I don't know why, but it is more than I have ever had with another man. And second, because I am a bad person, I wanted to make you break your promises to Kiki. You know, you had better not hurt me again, or I will make your life miserable. Don't forget I still have Kiki's telephone number. You hurt me when you couldn't find five minutes to come and see me. At least you could have been honest to tell me that you could not come, but you didn't do even that." "If I see you with Kiki I will say hello and you can introduce me. You know I showed the photos you took of me to my husband and he said he could see you loved me, but he didn't care. I even showed him a few of your earliest poems to me."**

Thinking of you :-))) http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x6c1t1_anna-netrebko-on-medici-tv_music (Anna Netrebko on medici.tv) Enjoy !		Thank you :-)
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Walking back home another evening:

"I have a serious question for you. Please help me so that I do not hurt you as I did before."

Don't worry. You cannot hurt me anymore because I do not care."

"Probably that's good. I am simply your rabbit."

Pragmatic Looking up at the sky. **"There are no more planets."** I look straight up and see one.

"There's jupiter."

"No. Jupiter is gone."

"Where did it go?"

"It went south. Now there is no more jupiter. The moon is dead. And what I have is the sun." Jupiter was the guy she used to see in New York, and I suppose that I was the moon. As for the sun? Vanka? Her husband? Someone else? Something other than a person? I suppose it is not for me to know.

Nineteenth Life

I surprised her at center of green, then went to starbucks and sat in front of museum - quite cool at first then started talking about Vanka

He enjoyed "archaeology camp" where he was the Russian. Others were Yankees, not Chinese He brought home an Egyptian burial urn that he painted, including his name. But they told him, don't dig in your backyard

Where did they dig? **At the Indian museum in Washington CT?**

Yesterday in New York, the Metropolitan Museum and then 4 hours in Central Park to jump on the rocks. I was exhausted and didn't get enough sleep last night!

I can't wait for my husband to come over next week and take charge of Vanka.

News from Russia that smoking areas are being installed everywhere - yet another reason to go back home - there are others as well

We will have war within a year. The US wants to defeat Europe and Russia, so it is left alone to dominate with China. Within 25 years China will be ready, having sucked all they can from the US, to defeat the US. War within a year? Napoleon in 1814. Germany in 1914. USA in 2016. My husband is ready to go to war. But I never wanted this for Vanka!

"Poka" by each at end. No touch, but she has turned from annoyed to beautiful!

Hi David, Seems, I can get stuck in Russia for an indefinite/eternal time and I need to plan everything by the end of this week. So, if it will happen (most likely in December/January), may I ask you to help with cleaning out my apartment? My friend promised to do but I'm not sure she can handle everything. What I need to be done. Some things I would like to keep; they will be packed, and I would be happy if you will be able to send it to Russia. Stuff left over - you, guys, can take everything you like/need, sell/throw out etc, I do not care. Please, let me know if I can count on your help, it will help me to make my travel/work plans for this fall. Thank you	Yes, I will help. With great sadness to think I would not see you!!!	Thank you very much! It's 80 % of possibility I will have to come back to Russia. I will try to handle everything with closing here by myself and do not bother you too much. But definitely I will be not able to do everything, and knowing that I have an opportunity to get help makes everything easier. Thank you again
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After her husband arrived, at first she asked me not to contact them, then she said I could meet them for jazz at the cafe. When I couldn't go, I offered to take Vanka and her father canoeing, but she said no. So we met to talk. It was under a tree on the Green near Church and Chapel.

Mostly she went over all the times she felt I was not respectful, beginning in 2009 when I told Kiki about us, including the time I ran away from the dinner table, and why I did not have the respect to tell her that I could not see her when Kiki was here last November. And most recently that I went ahead and invited Vanka and his father to go canoeing. **"For four years you have hurt me! I should not have fallen in love, and I should have left you many times."**

Yes, I made mistakes, but the most recent big one was yours, I say, referring to Thanksgiving. "No, that was not a mistake," she says. "I had to show you what it was like when you humiliated me."

"For these years, all I asked of you were three things, free love, respect, and some quiet times together." You can do things with us now that you are here, but nothing only with Vanka and his father because I cannot trust you. "I am tired. And I don't want to see you again after I leave September 12. I am tired of what you do to me. You think only of yourself."

I keep saying, "I'm trying to be good friend." and she simply says, **"I've heard that before."** I watch her walking away, and at one point she glances back. I am still next to the tree. What can I do?

<p>Dear Margarita,</p> <p>I think about you all the time and I see you everywhere I turn. That's why I keep trying in different ways to see you, with or without your family. I don't mean to put any pressure on you and don't worry, I won't do anything stupid or anything to hurt you with your family, You don't have to reply to this mail, but at least I want to be honest with you about it.</p> <p>I miss you all the time! It is painful, so I try to suppress my feelings and I have not told you how I feel.</p> <p>I thought about writing you a long letter like we wrote long ago, but there is nothing more to say. It's just simple. As you say, $2+2=4$. I love you! And I can't stop.</p>	<p>Dear David,</p> <p>Please forgive me for I am so aggressive and cruel (close to rudeness) with you; but I can not be condescending. No, I'm not regretting, I would like to do even more - slap, kill, destroy you. Since I'm hurt so much, and angry-mostly at myself, knowing that I overreacting because, yes, I love you, but the only things I got - kicks and humiliation. And that makes me feel even worse. Yes, everything is easy as $2+2=4$. I wish, I would never met you and never fell in love with a cynical rat. Sorry. That is what I feel. And, please, let's stop talk about love, that is the materia you have no clue about.</p>
<p>Do you ever think about I feel? As you say, "that makes me feel even worse." Ok, maybe you don't care about how I feel, but as always, you are right. There is nothing we can do except to stop talking about it.</p>	<p>You are not right, I do care about how you feel, and I even thought, in the beginning, that you love. Later I've been confused. Do you remember. Once in NY, we walked along the river, we laughed, playfully arguing (I even do not remember the topic), You could not parry, and as the last argument grabbed me saying that you will throw me into the river. :-) And there was a stranger, who said with no smile - you look inappropriately happy; and you confused, started to mumble something about very jewish behavior. So, David,, love must bring happiness, if it doesn't and brings only pain and abjection - it is not love, it's something else. Tell me (maybe even to yourself first) what is it, what you really feel?</p>
<p>Thank you for caring about how I feel. You are not the only one to feel the pain of our love. It bring me pain also. I would like it to bring us happiness, but it is not easy for us to do. Now it seems like all we have is pain. I don't think we are so unusual, however. For that reason, most love songs and theatre and novels about love are tragic. But just because others are tragic, we don't have to be that way. Let us look for some quiet times "simply, gently, cheerfully and without tragedy." Like you recall it used to be that we could joke and kid around, with a good sense of humor. But now that only seems long ago. Sometimes I have tried to say something funny, but now it always seems to comes out aggressive or tragic! Maybe I should have a little hat that I put on sometimes that says, "what I am going to say is meant to be funny." And if it will help, you can throw me into a river! Anyway, all this is what I really feel and I think it is love.</p>	<p>:-) You are not completely right, or may be we have different logics. I think, most of theatre\novels love-dramas are based on contradictions between the two and society, and less of them - on interpersonal problems between the main players. And I'm sure, if these two bring problem in their relations - it is agony, the end of love, or never been a love at all. As for the hat. To turn my sence of humor to a positive side I need to love, otherwise only evil sarcasm stays, and "cap and bells" does not work :-()))</p> <p>PS David, I told you that we can do something together, I'm not angry and not hiding, I do not invite you because I still cannot recover, I live on medicines all the time, otherwise I have 39-40C by afternoon. I wish I could go to Russia earlier than Sep 12 :-)</p>
<p>OK, No caps and bells! And as for society, don't our marriages count as society? Anyway, to be practical. How should I deal with the question of canoeing tomorrow? Do YOU want to ask them? Should I come over briefly and ask them? Should I NOT ask them at all? If we go, we should take the 10:40 AM bus.</p>	<p>(She then called and invited me to dinner with them!)</p>

After taking Vanka and his father for a canoe trip up the Farm River



Thank you very much for the nice day! Guys came back very excited! :-) My husband was a little disappointed you left so soon, he was going to share beer with you after the trip. I told him that you need a rest and you can do it other day

:-) Thank you again Good night

[My comment not sent:] It was especially nice to see Vanka so happy. He paddled most of the afternoon, and was so excited by the "eagles" (ospreys). He came back with a feather, probably from one of them. In the photo, he looks so much like you when he is happy!

I learned some Russian words: paddle and paddling a canoe: весло and грёбля To paddle is грести. Diving like an osprey or cormorant: нырять or нырнуть, ныряние

The next evening I went to dinner with them.

They said how delighted he was with our canoe trip and we had a nice dinner together, Vanka seated across from me, and in a good mood, kidding with his father. Afterwards we looked for his photo taken in the canoe which I asked them to send me.

Then Vanka went for a walk in the park with me and Margarita while his father - ленивый ["lazy"] stayed home.

At a certain point when Vanka went home to replace his "sword" we sat close on a park bench and made love with our hands like the first night four years ago. "I miss you" I said. "Can you come over for coffee sometime, even though your husband is here?" **"I don't know she said, troubled. 'It's not a question of him, but I'm not sure it's the best thing to do. Maybe we should remain just friends now.'**" "However you want to decide I will respect." I said. She was so beautiful! Then playing in the playground with Vanka. She was again childlike and free with him, playing on the overhead slide and then hugging him so warmly. "Это так хорошо с вами." I said in Russian on our way back and she caressed my back in appreciation. ["It is so good with you both"]

I'll come for coffee, Tuesday between 7 and 7-30

да! да! да! :-))) I have fresh cream for the coffee!

I have an idea for next Saturday when you are feeling healthy. All four of us go to Short Beach (the buses run all day on Saturdays, but not on Sundays), and we take the canoe and a kayak (which I can borrow). Instead of going up river, we go down to the mouth of the river where there is a fine beach that is accessible ONLY by boat! And Vanka can do the paddling!

I realize it's your last weekend, so you may want to do something else, but this gives you a choice. And it would be nice for me to do it with you!!! :-)

Thank you. You know, seems I have no choice but only to recover and go.

Черт возьми! I do not know how you have charmed them in that trip, but they want to do canoe again! :-)))

It wasn't exactly Черт. It was Коровьев ! :-)))

:-)) what are you doing tonight

After canoeing all together to the Farm River beach

What a wonderful day with you! And a wonderful day with your family, too! I can't wait for the photos! And to see you again! :-)))

Yes, it was a nice day, thank you :-)

I feel you in my arms all the time! At the "wild beach" with little fish nibbling at us. I feel you moving against me so beautifully! :-)))



When can I see you guys this weekend?

:-)

We re always happy to see u, simply tell me your schedule and I will figure out what we can do :-)

My only plan now is to run a road race on Saturday morning, unless it is raining so hard I can't get there by bike. Other than that I would love to see you! :-)

Ok. I've been planning to ride bikes on sunday, maybe go to west haven beach. If we will go you are welcome to join us, if not we can think about an alternative.

After day at West Haven beach

Thank you for another wonderful day! :-)))

Test me!!! :-)))

Thank you! I hope we did not make you very tired :-)

I did, you did not pass :-)))

I am never tired of being with you! :-)))

Try again! :-)))

Sounds good, but I don't believe you :-)))

The test

Test 1. Where you will be on October 16?	I'll be at a conference October 17 on digital history in Paris to present CPNN, then preparing to return alone to the States on October 24, hoping that I can be with you as much as possible.	Did not pass. \ Test 2. Where you will be in January 2015? And test #3. What is the date September 12?	September 12 is the day I will be sad because you are going away! And as for January, you told me you would not be here, so I scheduled one month in South Africa.
Did not pass all these tests. \ January - I've been asking to help with cleaning out my apartment if I'll stuck in russia. \ September 12, 2010 we had first night together. \ Sleep well That's a pity but I would not expect anything different. \ Good night.	Sleep well. I'm already getting out everything for coffee!	I even do not know if i should continue the testing tomorrow, I will text u around 7-30. Sleep well	I will be waiting!

Next morning

Coffee is ready!	Later	OK, what time?	Do not know. I'm a little busy. If u r in rush plz do not wait
Do you think you can come by 9?	I can come today in 15-20 min.	I'm on the bike. Frontal door needed.	OK. The front door is open. Just lock it after u

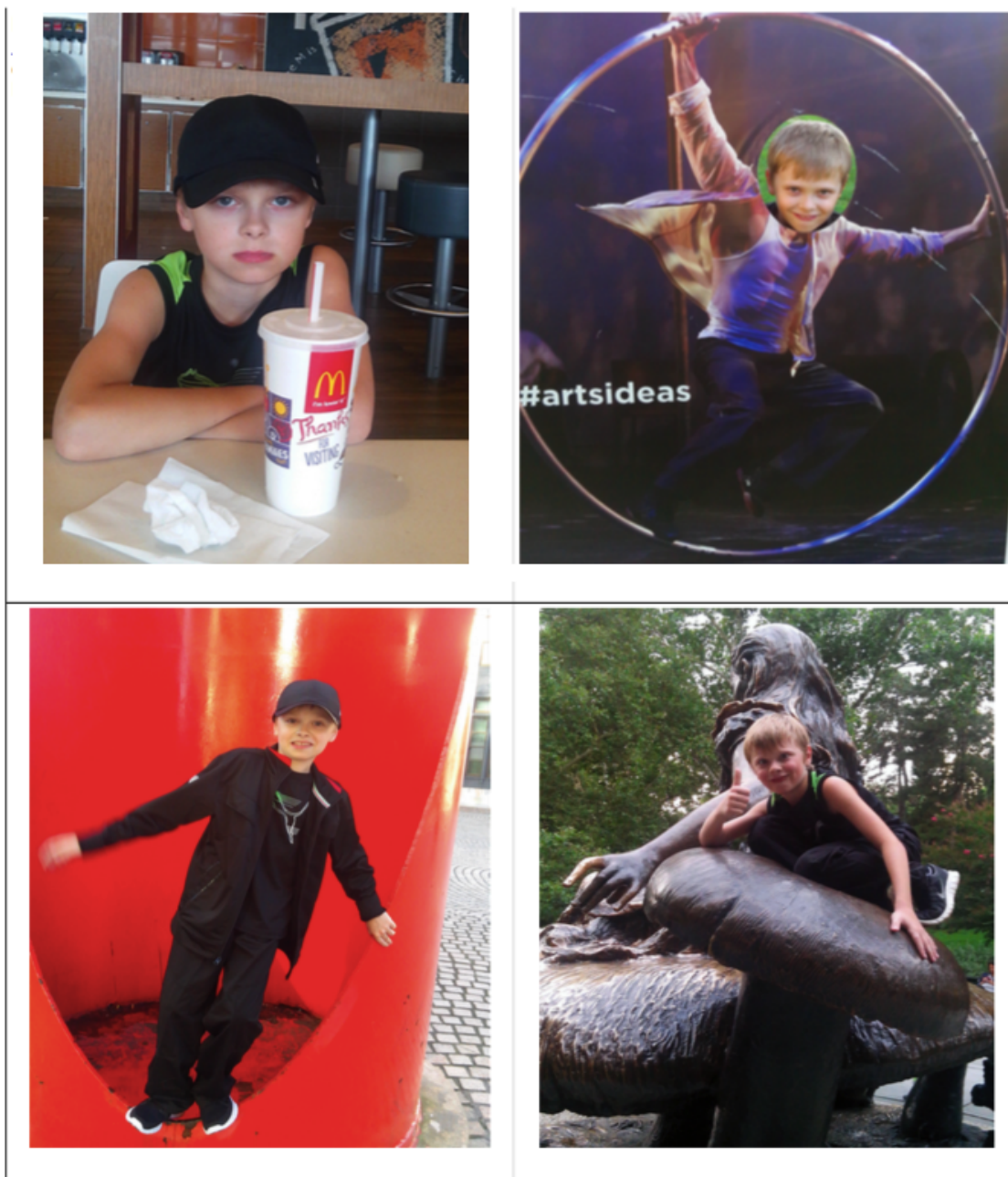
Passionate sex, but she was so sad. I say: "Just as nothing ever lasts, so too, nothing ever ends." She replies **"nothing is nothing. We should have no illusions!"** I ask if she really destroyed all the double diary and poems. **Yes, on the hard drive she says. "Maybe there is something on an external drive. Anyway, 4 years is enough. I don't keep things."** I ask how long she might be in Texas. **"Not a fair question. I don't even know what is happening in the next few months. Maybe your embargo will block our access to genetic analysis. For now it is available only here. The Chinese will not have it for another few years. Maybe your government will not allow my visa? All I have is 'ifs?'"** In the evening a glass of wine with her and her family. She was in a much better mood, bantering about the origins of peoples in the Ukraine.

Last day

Hi, I'm missing you lots. Can you come for coffee tomorrow? Do you have guests this evening, or can I come by for a glass of wine after Georgie? Have a good working/meeting day! :-))	Hi! :-) We do not have guests tonight (we have had a lunch with friends), you are always welcome to our house, but, please, call us on your way back from George since we may go out this evening. I'm not sure I can come for coffee tomorrow, I will call you in the morning.	Hi! I'll call this evening. :-) And look forward to your call tomorrow morning!
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And yes, she came, and came and came, and me too !!!

Here are some photos of your little friend




Great, thank you! I love the photos of my little friend! See you later! :-)))


Phone messages on day of depart after seeing them off on limo:

Uzhe skuchno bez vas ! [translate: It's already boring without you!]	:-)) will be better in 2 days	I know. U always say "this too will pass". But somehow it doesn't pass away ! :-)	It does :-)	This time it is I who do no believe you. :-)
You can think what you like but don't forget I'm always right :-)	Yes, and alas, I am always wrong ! :-)	I'm curious how you did survive in life :-))	I think probably I have not 1 but 2 guardian angels. :-)	:-)))) finally flying away. ciao

By email

<p>How are you? How is Petersburg? The big project?</p> <p>How is Vanka?</p> <p>Do you have news about next year?</p> <p>Africa was very good. I was often recognized as the "father of the culture of peace."</p> <p>I miss you! :-))</p>	<p>Hi! Nice to hear you had good time in Africa. We are ok. St Pete grant has started successfully after 2 weeks of hard work 14h/day. My last life plan for the winter - yale is filing the petition for my working status, meantime I close everything at yale/ NH in next 3 m, leave the US close to NY eve and wait in Russia for the end of the story that may take up to 8 m. So, if you will be in NH some time this fall i would like to move some things from the to your house if you are ok with that.</p> <p>Best. M</p>	<p>Glad to hear that you are all OK, that the big project is going well, and that you may return to New Haven.</p> <p>No problem to store things with me. I have lots of space in the basement.</p> <p>Looking forward to celebrating your birthday.</p> <p>:-)</p>	<p>No, I do not return to New Haven. Houston university is ready to file my petition. IF I will be back to the US next year, it will be Texas. So, I'm spending last 2 m in New England :-))</p>
<p>If it must be the last two months, let it be a time of respect, free love and wonderful quiet times together!</p>	<p>I would say not 2 months (since you're traveling most of this time) but 1 month. I would not say anything about the triad respect-love-times that never were in the past and never will be in the future. You are not what I thought you are; I'm not what I thought I am for you.</p> <p>:-) (What I would say - you were a nice neighbor in the small town, where I spent 5 years of my life. With great pleasure I may share couple evenings this November with you and shake your hand in farewell :-)) Best wishes! M</p>	<p>Dear Margarita,</p> <p>I feel more strongly than you. Perhaps it is because I have more illusions. But in any case, I must respect your feelings and your needs and I will be happy to be with you whenever I can!</p> <p>:-))</p>	<p>Nice to hear that you have saved your ability to keep illusions :-)))</p> <p>Take care!</p>
<p>How else could I continue to work for a culture of peace?</p> <p>:-)))</p>	<p>Come on, it has nothing to do with illusions, the legend that existed during the work on government became to be "an ideology". By the way i just see an old reportage about Zhvania, your former georgian pupil</p> <p>:-)))</p>	 <p>Here I am with him in 1981</p>	<p>Yes. It was nice time, 1981, I've been a little happy girl.</p> <p>:-))</p>
<p>When you see my young friend, please tell him that I miss him. I even wrote another poem to him about our flip-flop wars !</p> <p>Your friend with illusions.</p> <p>:-)))</p>	<p>OK, I will tell him about that when I will see him.</p> <p>Best M</p>	<p>You mentioned that you are leaving NH in December. Could you tell me when? Thanks</p> <p>And could you tell me if Kiki will be around that time?</p>	<p>No. I will be here alone until Dec 17 except for a few days in Mexico in November.</p> <p>:-)))))</p>

Twentieth (and last) life

<p>(on her website)</p> <p>"Приди, о Лень! приди в мою пустыню. Тебя зовут прохлада и покой; В одной тебе я зрю свою богиню; Готово всё для гостыи молодой."</p> <p>:~))</p> <p>"Come, O Laziness, come into my desert. Your name is cool and quiet; In one to you I shall behold your goddess; All ready for young guests. "</p> <p>:~))</p>	
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Looking forward to seeing you ! :-)	Have a safe flight.	Thank you! I'll call this evening :-)
Hi. R u home tonight? And r u staying up late? I'll get to NH about 12:00	Welcome back. No, sorry, I'm not free tonight.	Thank you. It's good to be back. I'll call tomorrow. Goodnight.

after a wonderful day biking and making love

<p>Good morning.</p> <p>It was so nice with you yesterday! And I'm sort about the evening. I had all good intentions, but in the end I was exhausted with my jet lag, and I slept from 9 pm until a few minutes ago !</p> <p>What are you doing today? I have to do some house-cleaning, and there is a deadline today for a article that I have not finished.</p> <p>Did you end up eating the steak or can we broil it here this evening?</p> <p>By the way, when I put your address in my email, it still calls you "Frozen Frog." I don't think you're frozen at all !!! How about "Sexy little kitty" instead to go with your new avatar? :-~))</p>	<p>Good morning.</p> <p>Do not worry about the evening, please, it was my fault you got tired, I should not force you to do biking after a hard flight and w/o an adaptation to new time, sorry. Wish you best of luck with cleaning and the paper.</p> <p>As for the steak tonight - we'll see.</p> <p>:~))</p> <p>Best</p> <p>PS Thanks for the advice about my avatar. I'll think about that.</p>
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We had planned to spend Sunday together, but I cleaned house instead and only called in evening

<p>The house is cleaned !</p> <p>You're invited to dinner ! :-~))</p>	<p>:~) Enjoy clean house.</p> <p>Thank you for the invitation, sorry, I cannot make it today.</p> <p>Have a nice evening</p>	<p>I'll save the things for dinner tomorrow (if I don't see Georgie) or Tuesday (after the concert). OK?</p>	<p>No, please, do not save anything, since I'm busy most of the next week</p> <p>Best</p>
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Can you go to the concert with me on Tuesday?	I'm not sure, sorry	:-(Very simple, I have only free weekends, sometimes. Othertime I'm busy, sorry
Should I be jealous that you are with someone else during the week?	It's not my business what you should do what you should not to do. I have a lot at work to finish, and if you are busy on weekend it is not my fault.	Tonight is still the weekend, and I have looked forward so much to be with you !!! And besides, I had to clean the house before I could invite you here, it was so dirty.	too late goodnight David, you preferred to do homework instead to spend weekend with me (i kept it for us). Done. Goodnight
Thank you for keeping the weekend for me. It started nicely yesterday. I am sorry that I did not make it good after that. But why can't we at least end it nicely? Please!	The day is gone, I'm going to the bed soon. I hope you finished everything you planned. Wish you goodnight one more time.	I am truly sorry to have ruined the rest of the weekend. But really the first part was wonderful! Anyway, goodnight and sleep well. I miss you!	Everything is all right. I'm not surprised. Sleep well
Hi, you know I think about everything, and I came to the decision we should not see each other at all. There is a difference, I've been a person who really missed you and loved you, you were a person who simply talked about that. I think I do not need anymore any moralizing lectures, remorse, deadlines, claims on a VIP and super busy person, etc . So, it will be better if we will stop to communicate. I've been a stupid person who had some illusions. This is my the last email to you. Sorry for bothering, and wish you all the best.			I do love you, and I cannot say goodbye. Only goodnight.

On her website the next day:



In response the next day I sent her the Firebook, with the message that forests recover from fires.




<p>Sorry, I'm not interested in your poetry. If you need to share it with anybody, do what you usually do - go to a bar, or show it to your wife as a proof that the forest is gone, burned out, but please, do not send these things to me. Thank you. PS And the spring will not come, there is only fall coming to the end.</p>	<p>We will be here for another 7 weeks. We can make it like spring if we want to. I want to, but you would have to want to as well. Yesterday, I made a new place for us to have quiet times together, and I wanted to surprise you with it.</p> <p>Please don't answer if you cannot be nice with me. Your words have been like knives, and I am hurting.</p> <p>I do love you and I do respect you, even if you do not believe me.</p>	<p>Yes, I do not believe you. What I'm getting this "spring" from the beginning? - spoiled weekends, with running between skype sessions, new books (when I asked do not send it to me); next time new "deadlines and rules" will be established, etc.</p> <p>I've been there, nothing changed, I do not want to go in the circle and you cannot blame me for that. Stay in peace</p>	<p>To make the spring together, we would make the rules together. That would not be going in a circle, but making something new. It would not be unilaterally imposing, but deciding together. I don't blame you for not wanting to go back in a circle. And as for Skype, let's be fair. You, too have told me sometimes you are not available because you are on Skype. Neither of us lives in a vacuum. We would each need to be honest about our needs and respect them. I am talking about marriage, I'm talking about a 7 week spring.</p>
<p>And do not pretend that you did not understand me. I always understood your needs and troubles, but I'm not ready to share them and to be affected by them as it always was, since you could not (did not want to) manage anything and always found the easiest way - to hurt me.</p> <p>You cannot bring spring, and be honest with yourself - you never respected me (I do not know maybe you cannot respect anybody, but that's not mine, but other people problems).</p>	<p>Please! I am not the only one of us with needs and troubles. You have them too, but I have not always understood them. You are not right. We have not always understood each other. We have not always been honest with each other about our needs and troubles. Neither you nor me. What you call my lack of respect has not only been because of my own "rabbit-fears" but sometimes it has been caused by my lack of understanding your needs. I have often been surprised that I hurt you, because I did not know what you expected. For example, I did not know you expected us to be together on Sunday during the day. I was preparing for us to be together in the evening, and, as I say, with a surprise.</p> <p>Anyway, I don't want to go back or go in circles either. It has been too painful.</p> <p>If we go forward, we would have to be more honest and make sure that we understand each other's expectations.</p>		<p>You did, seems the only thing you can do to walk in a circle. Forget everything. Im tired from the conversation</p>

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We are both tired. Let's rest from each other and think about whether we can do something new.	David, leave the idea. You cannot force yourself to start to respect other people beside yourself. Best	Your words cut like a knife! Please!	Because it's truth!
No, because you are too critical, of yourself and others. Maybe you are always right in most things, but not in this.	Even obvious things you cannot admit, you' re even more of selfish than i thought! :-))	And you are more hypercritical! :-))	Не задавай неудобные вопросы, если не хочешь услышать неудобные ответы. Иначе говоря, не нравится - не общайся.
No, I don't like your knife-like criticisms. And you don't want to admit that you are too critical! So we are stuck! Let's sleep on it. Who knows, after sleeping, maybe we can be more understanding. I hope so.	Talk about yourself only, you cannot say WE, it does not work.	OK. I will sleep on it and try to be more understanding. I don't know what you will do. I only know what I hope. I hope you have a nice evening.	As a minimum you have very clean house :-)))
With a surprise that I hope I will be able to show you some day. :-)))	No, thanks	Get some rest! Never mind. I am the one who is tired, so I'm going to get some rest.	Thank you i do not need it. :-))) i will wait untill you will explode, think I'm close
It's not enough to cut me, but now you want me to explode! Is this war?	I think to safe the world we need to kill people who hurt and abuse others!\nThat's my believes how to make the world better - peace through murders:-))))	Your husband with his military service and Vanka with his Stalker tanks are nothing compared to you, RED ARMY! How is it that I, a man of peace, got mixed up with you, a woman of war! :-)))	Ok. Enough, i'm tired from writing if you like to continue the conversation feel free to come for a glass of wine (i have free an hour before i will start ti work) if not - goodnight
OK, I'll come over for a glass of wine, and wear a bullet-proof vest! :-))	After a pillow fight (for a change I won), we made passionate love and she held me and caressed me for a very long time.		Sleep well, Sweet Margarita ! I am already dreaming of you ! :-)))
Thank you for getting a concert ticket for me. I know you say that all things must pass, but that doesn't make it any easier for me! I am having a very hard time with the idea that you are going to leave New Haven! You are the passion of my life!	I'll be back Friday tonight, and we have Sunday, that I should be free. I'm sad and happy at the same time that I leave New Haven. And yes, we know everything will pass. :-)	If we must be both sad and happy at the same time, then let us at least be sad and happy at the same time together ! I just want to be with you one way or another ! :-) :-)	

 <p>Flowers for a frozen frog :-)))</p>	<p>No symbolism, plz</p>	<p>OK. Actually I am trying to convince myself that winter is not coming - both exterior and interior - but I am not succeeding very well.</p> <p>:-(((</p>
<p>Well, to convince yourself you do not need to send it to me. For me, spring has never been, and never will be. David, please, understand, I don't want to play a game called "a beautiful last moment". I don't want to play anything, that time is gone, got out together with the diary, poems etc. An episode in the life almost ended; we simply see each other, talk, walk, sleep together sometimes; that's all. Sorry, for the hard words, but I need to make the air clear.</p>		<p>Can we also cry together sometimes, please? Otherwise I can only cry alone.</p> <p>:-(((</p>
<p>No reason to cry, nobody died, maybe, foliage only, but that's a nice death, and you will see new leaves next year :-)))</p>		<p>OK. I won't send spring flowers to you, but I will be happy if you send them to me! :-)))</p>
<p>It's not up to me, you will get them in time, in usual format, in the same way, as you have got them all years. Leaving you for awhile, I have to go back to work</p>		<p>You are stronger than me! Work well!</p>

Good morning. Will you be free for lunch today? In the meantime, I have been studying your words to clear the air, and trying to analyze myself in their light.

"For me, spring has never been, and never will be. David, please, understand, I don't want to play a game called "a beautiful last moment". I don't want to play anything, that time is gone, got out together with the diary, poems etc. An episode in the life almost ended; we simply see each other, talk, walk, sleep together sometimes; that's all. Sorry, for the hard words, but I need to make the air clear."

It is true that I have been thinking we should have a "beautiful last moment" - what you call playing a game. For me, it is something that is very deep in my head - that I suppose I have "played" all my life.

When I first met you I spoke of Faust and trading the soul to make the "beautiful moment" last forever. Remember?

And the theme all the time in the poems I wrote you was to make the moment last forever. The more I was with you, the more I came to love you - in my own Faustian way which you do not want to call love.

But as I read and re-read what you have written above, I can understand that such "Faustian love" is not fair to you. It does not respect your needs. Like in the poems, you are like a butterfly and you must be free. You must not let me pin you and keep you.

You wrote me last month that we should have some nice evenings together and then shake hands goodbye. When I think about it, I can understand that this is the only way that you can fly away like a free butterfly, and be happy in your future life, not pinned and chained to the love that we have shared.

So, my darling butterfly, I understand and love and respect the way you have told me how we must be. Please understand that it is not what my heart is crying for, but that I really love you and respect you and respect your needs. And when I think about it rationally, I realize that it is probably what I need as well. It will be hard for me to say goodbye to you, but I, also, must go on living and cannot live in true past of our love. So probably it is best for me as well, and I need to learn this.

Once again, you are right. You are the wise one, and I am like the child who has to learn to grow up. Thank you for being patient with me! I am trying to grow up!


I look forward to hearing from you when you know if you are free for lunch! I love you!!! :-))))))


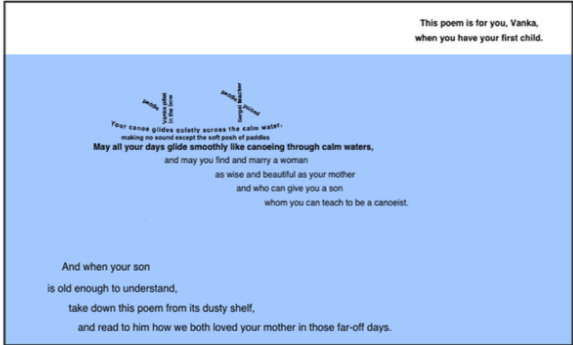
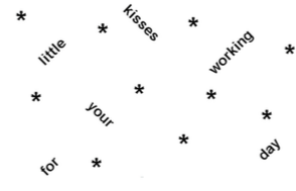
413 words in the email (minus citation of my email), 4 of them "respect", 8 - "love", that together is about 3% of the text. Too much :-)))

Please, don't represent me wiser and stronger than I am, as well as it has nothing to do with my freedom (I always have my internal freedom and no fear to loose it), or with parting-drama (I do not feel like this). Simply, I can't erase the past. Given 4-years experience with you, now in your "flutter" I see only dissimulation and an attempt to create "nice memories" for yourself. This attempt annoys me a little, I'm not finding that it's fun. On day I sent you words "from you to me" - Но ты мне душу предлагаешь, на кой мне черт душа твоя (Лермонтов). That proposal may happen only once, you did not accept, preferred to "плюнуть в душу". Nothing can I do, those love and respect gone, I cannot change the way how I see you.

Do I get fun spending time with you? Yes I do, but it has nothing to do with love, sorry. PS As for the lunch, yes I can go from 1 to 2 pm, but I'm ok and can get by myself if you don't want to join me.

Several days later after a wonderful night together

Я так счастлив, когда я с тобой! You are not frozen at all! :-)))	Good morning. Ok, not frozen, but a frog?? :-)))	Like the fairy-tale frog who turns into a prince? :-)))	No princes in our time, so frogs stay in swamp and do not transform to princesses :-)))
prince charming (of course I would never dress like him!) 	Do not send me photos of this farmer :-)))	OK. I'll just run off with the farm girl! 	Aha. You will look good together - a kolhoznitsa and cowboy - дружба народов, или пролетарии всех стран соединяйтесь! :-)))
But Papa Lenin taught us that the farmers cannot be organized into a revolutionary force like the workers! -)))	But somebody is needed to feed revolutioners	We will be too busy making babies!	Aha more people to work in fields :-))) Oh. I feel bad. Too much wine:-)
Yes, and each woman must have 3 husbands to work her fields !!! :-))) PS. I'm willing to share Netrebko.	That's sound like a dream :-)))	I don't know. Maybe she will make me work like a slave! Like making me read from Edgar Alan Poe!	No this is another story. She will make u planting potato, helping u by singing :-)
I will stop here with planting potatoes. I wish you a happy, non-hangover day! And save room for salmon and oysters tonight. And don't drink before I come over!	Cannot promise anything :-)		

<p>Here are my new poems for Vanka. As you see, they are not for him now, but when he grows up.</p> <p>If you could translate me the Russian, I would appreciate it very much!</p> <p>: -)</p>		<p>Ok. I will send you translation after I get home from baby-sitting, and if my computer starts working again :-)))</p> <p>Thank you for the help to get it fixed.</p>
	<p>I guess you are getting ready for your bedtime story as baby-sitter.</p> <p>What will it be tonight?</p> <p>Friendship between cars and dinosaurs :-)).</p> <p>I will call you when i will drop the boy to daycare. Thank you for help!</p>	
<p>Hmm. I like this theme. You can read it to me sometime! :-)))</p>	<p>For that i need to write it down first, since i cannot remember all my improvizations :-)))</p>	<p>I'll remind you! :-)))</p> <p>I fell asleep with the dinosaurs!</p>
	<p>Good morning :-)</p>	<p>I feel like I am still in your arms!!! :-)))</p> <p>: -) i remember only it was very hot in your arms. I've been sweating all night</p>

Thanksgiving night

The night before I told her a bedtime story about three crows looking for lobster to eat like those we saw at the little restaurant by the sea in West Haven.

<p>Are you ready for your bedtime story?</p> <p>OK, Daddy.</p> <p>Once there was a turtle who loved a little frog. He didn't believe that the little frog loved him, because he was so protected in his shell...</p> <p>And so he turned into a rabbit and ran away . . .</p> <p>Daddy, that's a very short story. Is that the end?</p> <p>I don't know, my little girl,</p> <p>Let's see if there is more tomorrow night.</p> <p>Goodnight. I love you! Tomorrow it's your turn to continue the story.</p> <p>OK. Goodnight. I love you too!</p>	<p>I don't see any rabbits in this story, a turtle can not be anything other than a turtle. Seems, I know the story, it's very well-known and simple tale, written in many languages.</p> <p>A turtle lives in a hole on bank of a pond, and as all turtles he thinks that there is only way to live, he can not admit that there is another one - free swimming in warm water of the pond. He was deeply convinced that everyone obsessed to live in a hole and especially in his nice one. And when a turtle learned, that it is is not always the case, he became to be very offended and dissapointed that there is somebody, such as a stupid little frog, who does not care about that but simply swim.</p> <p>And the turtle run back to his hole to tell his holehold that there is a pond outside, where he met a little frog. He did that for many reasons, partly to refresh the stuck air in the hole, partly to force the holehold to swim a little (that's impossible to do in a hole), partly to show everyone that he is a very important turtle, since even little frogs find interesting to talk and swim with him sometimes in the warm water of the pond. Maybe even for some other reasons and I will understand it later, when I grow up. Right, Daddy, do I?</p> <p>But, swimming with a little frog, the turtle forgot the main rule of the hole - if you are a turtle, you must sit in the hole and even do not look at pond, otherwise you will be kicked out of the hole. And the turtle sat quietly in the hole (sometimes secretly escaping from there to swim a little), and all the time when the turtle saw a little frog swimming nearby the hole, he was throwing stones at him, that made him somehow involved in the life of the pond, and made him more important in his own eyes.</p> <p>Finally, the pond started to dry out and the little frog decided to move into another one, full of the water and w/o any turtle holes on the bank, since frogs are not like turtles, they cannot live without swimming in water, but definately they can perfectly live without stones thrown at them.</p> <p>The story has happy end as all tales, and conveys a very simple truth to children - frogs must not swim nearby a turtle hole, and turtles must sit in their holes, that is the main rule for peaceful life of pond's habitants.</p>
<p>No more bedtime story, I'm done for today, take a time out for tomorrow night, will try to sleep a little, if I'll not call you in the morning, call me and wake me up 9am</p> <p>Good night</p> <p>A frog</p>	

She told me the night before, when I asked if I could give her a Christmas present: **"I'm waiting for a stone."** (i.e. that I would humiliate her again as if throwing stones at her. So I wrapped with Christmas paper a lovely little jewel box with the three little polished and lacquered stones that I had kept from the day we went canoeing and swimming, and a note on hand-made paper with flowers that said "Christmas 2014 To remember the beach where we all went canoeing and swimming. David". She laughed. Later when I said they were really the stones that I found as we walked on the beach that day, she was surprised that I had kept them. Recalling how the little fish had nibbled on us as we embraced each other in the warm water that day, **she said, "It's a good thing we were interrupted or I would have gone all the way with you!"**

Since you will be on vacation for a week while I go to Mexico, I was worried you would not have anything to do.

So I made up something:
poems for Vanka to be
translated:

:-))))

PS. This is the END of my poetry for you and your family!!! PPS. In return for helping with your article!!!

PPPS. Because it's the right thing to do!!!

:-))))



Both your poster and your shells remind you of our wonderful days beach-combing.

They remind us how both life and love can go on living for millions of years.

You saw trilobite fossils
and painting I made at
your age.

Say good day to your father and to your mother for me.

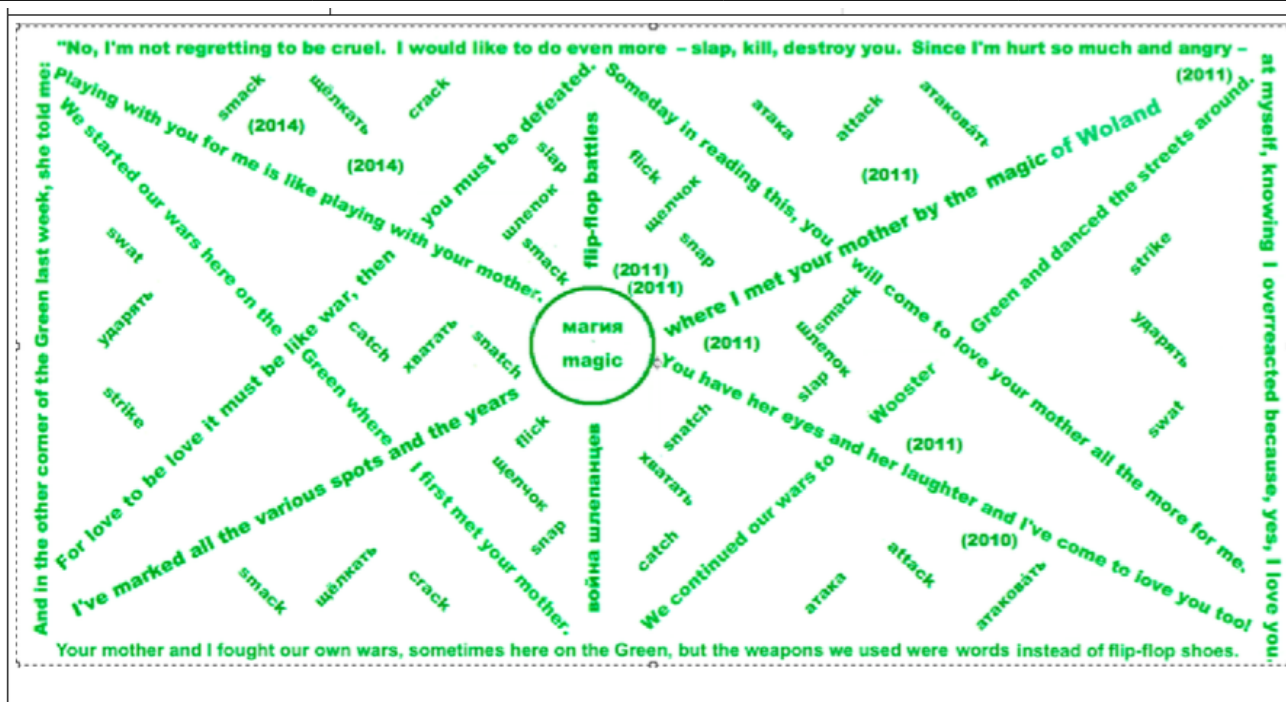
And give a kiss to your mother for me.

400 миллионов лет
назад мечехвост
населяли все
водоемы

нашей планеты

в наше время
существует четыре
вида

сегодня можно найти
вот такие



Your mother and I fought our own wars, sometimes here on the Green, but the weapons we used were words instead of flip-flop shoes.

And in the other corner of the Green last week, she told me: "No, I'm not regretting to be cruel. I would like to do even more - slap, kill, destroy you. Since I'm so hurt and angry - at myself, knowing I overreacted because, yes, I love you."

We started our wars here on the Green where I first met your mother. We continued our wars to Wooster Green and danced the streets around.

Playing with you for me is like playing with your mother. You have her eyes and her laughter and I've come to love you too!

For love to be love, it must be like war, then you must be defeated.

Someday in reading this, you will come to love your mother all the more for me. I've marked all the various spots and the years where I met your mother by the magic of Woland

Last days

On Saturday, December 13, we took the train to New York, playing chess along the way (we each won two, and once we got to the point that my king put hers in check). In NY I got us a voucher for entry to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Walking I promised her a restaurant on Madison Ave. "Trust me." But we couldn't find one – finally an Italian restaurant with lots of waiters, little service and bad food. "**Why should I trust you?**" All day we were tender to each other. She held my hand or took my arm as she had never done before.



At the Met we went to an exhibit of all the Met's El Grecos and especially admired Toledo. Then coffee in the cafeteria of the light American wing with its Tiffany windows and a visit to the galleries of armor where she had me admire the elaborate decoration of the armor. "**See war is much more artistic than peace," she teased me.** (See photo she sent me of Vanka with the armor). She gave me postcards of Toledo and Van Gogh's shoes (so I wouldn't have to go barefoot!).



Afterwards we went to Broadway to see the lights and to Bryant Park. I sat opposite her on the train coming home and admired the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and the deep dimples in her cheeks. At home, exhausted we made sweet love before falling to sleep together on the tiny couch, since the bed was given away to her friend.

On Sunday, I ran the Christopher Martin roadrace, while Margarita did the last cleaning of the empty apartment and packing. I went over to sort the many things she was giving me and then took them home in the old suitcase, while she made her final trip to the lab. I downloaded my poetry and the double diary into her computer against her wishes. "**I don't keep anything under password.**"

When I came back at the end of the afternoon, she announced she was angry with me. "**You know I don't want your poetry!**" "But maybe someday you will want it," I replied, "and you can destroy it if you want." Her anger lasted all evening as we ate oysters and lobster casserole at Lenny's Fish Tale (she treated me), as we walked home ("**You are not capable of love.**") and as we watched (nude as always) the wonderful Pasternak translation of Hamlet ("**It was all Hamlet's father's fault that he let his brother seduce his wife.**"). I kept saying to her "You're so tough on me!" She fell into a deep sleep before we could make love.

At 4:30 in the morning I awoke her gently and for an hour and a half we made beautiful love! I helped her dismantle the couch, the last furniture remaining, and then left with bags of dishes and food. At first we said "poka" **but as I left she said "proshai."** Sadness but no tears.

Now I understand that she is right that I cannot love fully. She was free from constraint from her husband, but I could never be free from constraint from Kiki. So I was never really free to love to the extent that she needed and wanted. As for the poetry, she saw that, correctly, as a substitute, and she did not want a substitute, any more than the time that I told her, leaving at 6:00 one morning that she should hug the pillows instead of me. She was furious!


<p>Happy (Western) New Year to you and your family, May you have a happy and fruitful 2015, full of good results, more money and good memories of New England. I miss you. David</p>		<p>Thank you :-) Happy New Year! http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LRa8g-m4UNk ABBA Happy New Year 2013</p>	
<p>No more champagne And the fireworks are through Here we are, me and you Feeling lost and feeling blue It's the end of the party And the morning seems so grey So unlike yesterday Now's the time for us to say...</p> <p>Happy new year Happy new year May we all have a vision now and then Of a world where every neighbour is a friend Happy new year Happy new year May we all have our hopes, our will to try If we don't we might as well lay down and die You and I</p>	<p>Sometimes I see How the brave new world arrives And I see how it thrives In the ashes of our lives Oh yes, man is a fool And he thinks he'll be okay Dragging on, feet of clay Never knowing he's astray Keeps on going anyway...</p> <p>Happy new year Happy new year May we all have a vision now and then Of a world where every neighbour is a friend Happy new year</p>	<p>Happy new year May we all have our hopes, our will to try If we don't we might as well lay down and die You and I</p> <p>Seems to me now That the dreams we had before Are all dead, nothing more Than confetti on the floor It's the end of a decade</p> <p>In another ten years time Who can say what we'll find What lies waiting down the line In the end of eighty-nine...</p>	<p>Happy new year Happy new year May we all have a vision now and then Of a world where every neighbour is a friend Happy new year Happy new year May we all have our hopes, our will to try If we don't we might as well lay down and die You and I</p>
<p>Yes, I found all the words. Funny how songs can tell more truth than anything else! :-)))</p>	<p>Yes, I like this song and New Year holiday! It's great to think you had last year is only confetti on the floor.</p> <p>Nice to dream that the New Year eve erases everything, blows away the confetti. And coming year brings new hopes, and makes it possible to start everything (or at least something) from scratch. :-))) Happy 2015!</p>	<p>Yes, new hopes for a new year!</p> <p>May we all have a vision now and then Of a world where every neighbour is a friend.</p> <p>I am happy to share such a vision with you, even half way around the world. :-)))</p>	<p>Aha, it's impossible to like everyone. But if not a friend, then at least a polite unobtrusive person.</p> <p>:-)))</p>


Hi David,





I've been organizing and cleaning data on my laptop to move the stuff to another one, and, consequently, I went through the folder you gave me. Damn feminine curiosity, I should not have done that!

Did you give me this mass production of "sexual lyrics" (I mean the free book, 50% of which is copy-pasted things about love-making) to purpose to humiliate me one more time? I have to say, that's even worse than a mattress on the floor in a doggy corner.

Well, probably, I deserved it. Anyway, thank you for the lesson, henceforth I will choose my close friends more carefully. Best M

<p>Happy Valentine's Day – February 13 :-)))</p> 	<p>Thank you, for you too! PS As for the picture, I always knew that turtles have no head :-)))</p>	<p>Unlike frogs that get frozen, they pull their heads into their shell when it gets too cold!</p> <p>:-)))</p>
<p>No. Frogs don't get frozen anymore, since they are full of life and run all the time I hope it is warm enough in turtle-holes and shells :-)))</p>	<p>It is good to hear that the frog does not get frozen, even though it is not so warm in Russia. The turtle is quite warm in South Africa!</p> <p>It makes me happy to know that the frog is full of life and running. I hope there will be some time for vacation, too.</p> <p>The turtle is running too, barefoot of course! :-)))</p>	<p>Yes, vacation time will be in june, I hope, we will go to my mom house where I have not been 7 years.</p> <p>Sorry, I have to run, since the life of frogs shorter then life of turtles. :-) Keep getting warm!</p>

	<p>from your young friend-pacifist</p> <p>He won the sparring. :-)))</p> <p>PS I can explain why I call him pacifist. Last weekend we went to Church, as usually we lit candles. When we left we talked about our prayers. In addition to usual requests (about health, success etc for family-relatives-friends), with the last candle he asked for ... people in E.Ukraine that they never ever will be killed.</p>	<p>Dear Vanka, Congratulations on winning the sparring competition! I take some credit for keeping you in form for sparring when you were here. I thought of this yesterday when I passed the swings near Wooster Square where we sparred with the flip-flops while swinging next to each other. I am glad you are worried about the war in the Ukraine. I try to do what I can to stop the wars. Your mother thinks I am not very effective, but I try my best. I miss you. David</p>
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	<p>http://www.roerich.ru/main.php?id=184&cs=title&l=eng&s=title&d=&g=15</p> <p>Does this remind you of anything! :-)))</p>		
<p>:-) Yes, it does remind - a painting by Roerich we saw couple weeks ago at Russian State Museum in St Pete.</p>			
<p>Ok. Now I can see it is not your boys ! :-) Do you go to see the Roerichs at the Museum of Oriental Art in Moscow?</p>			
<p>No, I don't go, I've been there not so long time ago. Plus, I don't feel like I want to see Roerich painting. I'm going to Tretyakov' Gallery to feel the fresh air and morning mist in steppe by Kuindzhi. :-) http://www.tretyakovgallery.ru/ru/collection/_show/image/_id/3426</p>			
	<p>If you look closely you'll see the cattle. It's Texas!</p>	<p>"Хоть похоже на Россию, только все же не она" :-)))</p> <p>Although it may look like Russia, only it's not!</p>	<p>No. Texas cattle are bigger! :-)))</p>
<p>Come on! Russia is the homeland of elephants :-))</p>	<p>Yes, but they all got frozen in the tundra! :-))</p>	<p>You mixed up, they were mammoths, elephants emigrated and survived. Learn palaeontology (and zoology also) better! :-)))))</p>	<p>Maybe we should all learn from the elephants!</p> <p>Your poorly educated friend :-)))</p>
<p>Yes we should take a lesson from them. Elephants were not happy after emigration, since they started to lose their tusks together with life :-)</p>	<p>Yes, I know the moral of the story. Rabbits may migrate to Florida, but frogs should stay in their frog ponds and turtles in their holeholds! :-)))</p>	<p>Almost correct. Frog can swim everywhere, but turtle must stay in hole. :-)))))</p>	<p>You've eaten my queen again! :-))</p>

<p>I look forward to hearing more about your vacation. I hope you are all enjoying it! Is it good to see your mother?</p> <p>Here the hot weather is just beginning.</p> <p>:~))</p>	<p>Vacation is always nice. :-) This week I took a car and went with Vanka through all monasteries, old churches and early Christian places in themountains of Abkhazia (New Aphon, Kaman, Lyhny, Ilor, and others). As for my mam, I see her only on weekend, sometimes, since we run between the sea and mountains all the time.</p>	
	<p>I'm having lots of fun following your travels with Vanka by way of "googling" the place names on the Internet, finding lots of photos and reading lots of ancient history from prehistoric tribes to the Greeks to the Ottomans to the Russians. By the way New Aphon is terribly complicated as a name, depending on the Russian, the Georgian, the Greek and how you translate them into English! And who is the woman in the Kaman photo you sent?</p> <p>Whenever you feel like it, send me emails of your travels, etc. since I love to follow them!</p> <p>:~)))</p>	<p>The woman on the photo is me. Unfortunately, we had to interrupt our tour, since Vanka got very bad poisoning</p> <p>:-(</p> <p>We stay home and get treatment.</p>
<p>I don't recognize you in the photo. Your hair is so long and your dress is so long! :-)))</p> <p>My best wishes to Vanka for his recovery! He must get his sensitivity from you. Did he eat butter and oil at the same time? Or maybe a special smoothy drink like the one that made you sick on the streets of New York?</p> <p>And I'm sorry you will not have a little companion for your travels the next few days. How many more days do you have on your vacation?</p>	<p>That's not hair, but scarf, since women cannot enter an orthodox church w/o long skirt and covered head.</p> <p>And yes, you are right, almost, he got a kind of allergy to a drink similar to smoothie</p> <p>:~)</p>	<p>Yes, it's hard for me to recognize you being religious!</p> <p>Please be careful of yourself. No smoothies or butter and oil. And don't get sunburned!</p> <p>:~)))</p>
<p>I guess this must be one of the last days of your vacation.</p> <p>I hope it was restful for you and good for you and Vanka. I loved the photos I found from the mountains.</p> <p>I wish you a good return to "civilization", with good results, "more money", and colleagues that do their job!</p> <p>All the best! David</p>	<p>:~) no money, no good colleagues (you even cannot imagine what St Pete people do with my material last time... :-(</p> <p>But, yes, I'm back to civilization (seating at airport Sochi and waiting for the fly to Moscow). Vanka stays in Abkhazia for a month,</p>	

<p>Thinking of you! I just watched a video lecture of the best brain research I know. It's at http://videocast.nih.gov/summary.asp?Live=14000&bhcp=1 But we are still far away from understanding the organization of complex behavior - like language for example.</p> <p>How is your return to "civilization"? Have you heard the story about Mahatma Gandhi when he was asked by a reporter what did he think of European civilization? He replied, "It would be a good idea."</p>	<p>Selection of motor programs - direct pathway</p>  <p>excitation - glutamate inhibition - GABA modulation - dopamine (DA)</p> <p>locomotion posture saccades</p>	<p>And yes, we will never understand the organization of complex behavior, (the slogan of scientists from "Monday begins on Saturday" by brothers Strugatsky - author of fantasy including the screen of Stalker movie) :-)))</p>
<p>As for civilization, it is for shit! :ppl at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CNr5czZKEdk)Obama Supporters Sign Petition to NUKE RUSSIA so America will Stay World's Superpower) All the best! M</p>		<p>No thanks for the video. It frightens me. Yes, even self-styled prophets can be frightened by prophecies!!! It's crazy here. Are you sure you want to go to Texas???</p>
<p>Hi, last weekend I went to a new theatre-studio in Moscow. And they took the idea of immersive theatres in London and NYC. Here they played "Masquerade" by Lermontov and announced "Iolanta" by Tchaikovsky this fall, I do not know what they do in NY, but I should say that it's very interesting experience, interactive theatre. You should try it, if never did before. :-)) Best M</p>	<p>You make me want to go to good theatre. I haven't been in a long time.</p> <p>In a few years Vanka will want to go with you. By the way, is he enjoying his vacation? :-))</p>	<p>:-)))</p> <p>What's the problem? Go. Vanka is lucky, still enjoys his vacation on Black sea. Right after video-tour today (thanks to your namesake) I made last changes in the lab and arrange all working space and equipment for them to instal. I'm close to picking the color of pipettes! :-)))</p>
<p>Wow! You must be working all night! Yes, they do everything BIG in Texas, including a BIG LAB for you! I'm impressed! :-))) PS. Pink pipettes!</p>	<p>No, hate this color! No pink around me! They will be black&red :-)))</p>	<p>Yes, I forget. You get pink like a lobster instead of brown suntan like me. No wonder you don't like the color! :-)))</p>
<p>Meantime , wish me a good fight next in St Pete next Monday :-))</p>	<p>Yes. I have confidence in you. You are a good fighter !!! I know where Vanka gets his talent/genes !!! Just don't kill anybody, please! :-)))</p>	<p>I'll try to avoid a murder. Thank you :-)))</p>
<p>Good luck! And don't forget Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy: "You should have no enemy, just an opponent that you have yet to convince!" :-)))</p>	<p>I prefer "eye for an eye, tooth for an tooth" - the principle of justice that is even older than Bible. :-))))</p>	<p>Gandhi again: "An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind."</p>
<p>Disagree! It's a good lesson. Once one loses an eye, another one left will see better and the one-eye person will take care of it and save it much better.</p>	<p>I give you lots of credit for originality. I have never before heard of this theory of a peaceful world of one-eye-people!</p>	<p>Leaving to meet with crowd of young vampires from MSU, still with both eyes</p> <p>Best M</p>

How are you? I'm OK but missing you :-)))	<p>Thank you for asking.</p> <p>I'm ok, drunk, writing from cab on the way home after half of day party due to anniversary of a friend who got his 60.</p> <p>When i don't drink, i work, live, finish a paper and the design of the HU lab, got an approval from the state dep for h1b visa, going to Karelia with family and friends (hope next week) for boating down to river and others and others small things.</p> <p>So, that's my answer to the rhetoric question - how are u. :-)))</p>
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How are you? Dissertation? Family? Dacha? Plans for Texas? Life? :-)))	<p>a little tired from my activities and waiting for my leave for Texas to take a rest :-)))</p> <p>Just finished to order furniture for the Texas' office and freezers for the lab, made an inventory of Yale stuff and scheduled the moving, step by step from this fall to spring next year.</p> <p>Dissertation left aside for better times. Next week I go to a conference at my alma mater (Rostov)</p> <p>And of course! Dacha on weekend. Latest feat - fixing the roof in our old house, we worked with bitumen resin, it was funny, but 2 liters of gasoline was needed to clean my limbs :-))) (see attached)</p> <p>How is your doing?</p>		<p>It's good to hear from you! I like the photo!</p> <p>As for me, I am preparing to go to Colombia for the National Encounter for Peace Education, documents in Spanish, etc.</p> <p>As usual, indian summer is beautiful in New Haven!</p> <p>:-)))</p>
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How are you? And Vanka? Here in New Haven, the leaves have finally fallen, and we must wait for spring to see them again! If you have some photos, it would be nice to see them. :-))	<p>Hi, We are OK, thank you, hope you too. Yes, our trees are naked also, but Autumn this year is unusually warm in Moscow.</p> <p>:-) As for the photos, attached is one from Rostov. Best, M</p>
	

<p>I went out to West Haven beach the other day and was inspired for a poem. I know you don't want poems to you, but this one is for Vanka. I hope you don't mind, and I hope he likes it.</p>	
<p>Хорошо. Я передам ему это. Всех благ, Margarita</p>	

<p>Instead of submitting the paper to journal, I learn the US electrical standards, to rearrange Texas lab for my equipment. I turn to be an expert in the field and can get an additional job. The number of NEMA configurations drives me crazy. Thanks God! today have confirmed the last room plan.</p>	<p>Did you plan a space for the armadillo? :-)))</p>	<p>Does he need a special power supply?!!!!</p>
<p>Of course! For the air- conditioning for his ant colony! I hope you don't think you will be alone in the lab. Not horseshoe crabs this time, but an armadillo and his ant colony! :-)))</p>	<p>No, I don't like this idea, better I'll bring an Amur tiger with me to not to be alone in the lab :-)))</p>	
	<p>I keep forgetting how frogs are so different from turtles !</p>	<p>Yes, and as I always say - the main difference is thickness of the skin here is a scientific evidence:http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/2882889</p>
<p>Comp Biochem Physiol A Comp Physiol. 1987;86(4):609-15. Frogs and turtles: different ectotherm overwintering strategies. Penney DG. Abstract: The ability of frogs and turtles to overwinter and to survive hypoxia and anoxia has long been a topic of interest. While data remains scant, the emerging picture shows fundamentally different approaches to overwintering in these two groups of ectotherms. Frogs are far more limited by availability of oxygen than are turtles, even at near-freezing ambient temperatures. The reasons for this probably involve the vastly greater cutaneous permeability of the former. With their extreme tolerance of anoxia and profound suppression of metabolism, overwintering in turtles should not be viewed as simply prolonged diving but rather as ectotherm hibernation.</p>	<p>Now I understand !!! I am still in ectotherm hibernation, while you are running around having fun !!! :-))))</p>	<p>Nice dreams! :-)))</p>

<p>Welcome to armadillo land!</p>	<p>I don't see any armadillos in this humid hell :-))</p>	<p>Armadillos are not like opossums, they don't like the city. You have to go to the country to see them. Are you coming to New Haven?</p>
<p>It's a crazy house here! I hate this place! I regret I did not stay at Yale when had this option. Yes, I am coming to New Haven at the end of the month when we close the lab. Monday I will figure out everything. :-)))</p>	<p>Maybe it's not too late to take the Yale option. :-)))</p>	<p>Better position and salary here made their dirty deal. I stay surrounded by cowboys for a while :-))) I arrive tomorrow night and leave NH april 1-st early in the morning. Here is my phone - (832) 417-55-35. Call me when you can escape from the cage to share a cup of coffee with an old friend. Best M</p>
<p>Dear Margarita,</p> <p>I am having a very hard time as I think about having coffee with you. Maybe you won't believe it, but I still love you very much and it is very difficult for me to think about just seeing you briefly and then knowing you are in New Haven and I can't be with you!</p> <p>I am not as strong emotionally as you. I remember how it was after I saw you briefly at Claire's in January 2011. I went and broke all my ribs afterwards and couldn't bear to live without seeing you again. Then at Thanksgiving a few years ago when you were in New Haven and I couldn't see you. It was terrible! I don't know what to do. Maybe it is best that I don't see you at all this time. Will you understand?</p> <p>David</p>		<p>Friends don't do in this way. You anyway know I'm in NH for almost 10 days. Let's stop the conversation. Live in peace, and do not call to me.</p> <p>Best,</p> <p>Margarita</p>
<p>Yes, it's not much fun to see a friend who is in a cage!</p> <p>Let's find a next time for a friendly visit when neither of us are in cages.</p>	<p>I thought you will understand from my last email - next time means never.</p> <p>It has nothing to do with a cage. This Mon I found that my old friend David Adams suddenly passed away. It was a sad news and I don't want to make new friends for the short time of my visit here. Best regards,</p>	<p>He did not pass away. He was killed! :</p> <p>-((((</p>
<p>Sending me those emails you killed our friendship and everything good we had if we had. Now you died for me.</p>		

On April 25, 2016 I sent her a cat necklace and the coment poem



Our time 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.

Her last and final response

Please, do not send anything to me, especially involving my friends' addresses.

I wanted to stay friends with you till you did let me know in your emails last month that your own peace of mind much and comfort are more important for you than our friendship. After that, you do not exist for me.

To Vanka's question - have I met you in NH and gave his greetings to you? - I said to him that you have died. And it is almost the truth, at least for me and my family.

So, I hope everything I say in this email is very clear, and you leave me alone without your false ooh and ah:

I'm not interested in you anymore.

I don't want to keep any things and memories about my experience with you

I don't want to hear anything from you.