

2 Modern metropolis

I used to see skyscrapers, stretching up and disappearing into the snowy darkness. And here, as at my departure, their contours again emerged from the mist like phantoms of the night. A dim light made its way through the metal ribs of their skeleton. I re-opened the panorama of the city from Harlem to the battery, with the crowds of people, hurrying somewhere, like ants, with the eternal hustle and bustle, with the emptying of the theatres. I absently thought that during this time happened to my wife?

Henry Miller

It was three-thirty, and "Green stem" was empty. A lone sunbeam pierced openwork foliage small umbrella tree, highlighting floating in this Golden dust. Inside the cafe was a strange twilight. Here, in this small room with laid out on the counter logs and sounding from the stereo jazz, was the atmosphere of the far thirties.

I was bored at the bar. Terribly sad to just stand by and do nothing.

The main waiter, the old man Yang peacefully snoring in the back room. He was a relative and confidant of the boss, spent day and night at the bar, disposing of the whole revenue, and along with us.

My companion, the Spider took advantage of the unexpected break and decided to secretly go into the office computer company on the corner and get they have cheap spare parts. It was a difficult teenager, who dreamed only of one - to become superheros. He could be called a dropout because, despite an IQ of 150 points, he never graduated from the faculty of computer engineering at Fudan University. Knocked out for unauthorized access to the database of the Shanghai system, on-line communication, opening accounts of subscribers and the pirate online.

So we worked with him on a couple - the former a promising journalist and a crazy geek with a tarnished reputation. Sometimes life plays bad jokes with us. The irony - there's nothing to be done. Both are in the wrong place in that role, but remain Youthful dreams.

Nothing better to do I began to place fragrant white lilies in a large pot of water. Touch their delicate fragrant petals there was something alluring and seductive. I, like all women, indifferent to the flowers. But I think that will one day go to the mirror and instead of reflecting on their faces you'll see there's a poisonous plant. But my most shocking and the most popular novel will tell the world the truth about humanity: violence, lust, joy, countless secrets, machines, power and death.

The silence pierced the rattling call standing at the front of an old disk phone. Called Tian-Tian. Almost every day he was calling about at this hour, when we both were dying of boredom. "Meet me at the same time, same place. Are you lunching with me," he said quickly and pointedly as if it was about something very important.

Tonight I found shaped mini skirt and a short silk blouse and dressed in a slinky blouse and pants. Grabbing the bag, easy gait ran out of the cafe. Just lit multi-colored street lights, the flickering lights of the shop Windows glittered like scattered shards of Golden vessels. I was walking down the street, merging into the crowd of thousands of people and cars scurrying back and forth, like the milky way, suddenly rasselivsheesya on the ground. There came the most exciting and amazing time in the life of the city. The building of the "cotton club" was located on the corner of Huaihai and Fuxing, a certain similarity of Fifth Avenue in new York or Champs-élysées in Paris. This two-story building is typical of French architecture was evident from afar. Regulars at the club were or laowai [11] - foreigners with a distinctive lusty gleam in his eye, or miniature, and like the sly foxes of the

local beauty. The blue neon sign over the entrance resembled a syphilitic ulcer in the description of Henry Miller. We are from Tian-Tian loved this metaphor. Perhaps that is why we went here. (Henry Miller not only wrote the novel "tropic of Cancer", and lived to be eighty-nine years and was replaced by five wives. I always considered him his spiritual Advisor.)

I pushed the door and went in. Looking around, I noticed sitting in the corner of Tian-Tian. He waved to me. I was surprised to see next to a total stranger to him fashionably dressed woman at the top of shiny black fabric with straps. On her head was a wig, and very artsy, a tiny face covered with a layer of iridescent gold and silver powder. She looked like a alien, just arrived from a distant unknown star.

- Is Madonna. We studied together in elementary school, said Tian-Tian. Deciding that this, apparently, is not enough, he added: 'She was my only friend in Shanghai.

Then introduced me:

- And this is Nicky, my friend. - Uttering these words, he mechanically took my hand and pulled her down to her knees.

We talked exchanged greetings with nods and smiles. The fact that we were both friends with Tian-Tian, the former creating a solid and fragile, like a butterfly, once awakened in us mutual affection and trust. However, the first of her words struck me unpleasantly.

- Tian-Tian's told me so much about you over the phone. He can talk for hours. Is he just crazy, I even began to be jealous. She laughed a low, slightly guttural laughter as the actress in the old Hollywood movie.

I looked at Tian-Tian had lost deliberately indifferent, as if everything said had to it any relation.

- He loves to talk on the phone. The money that every month he spends on the phone, you can buy a widescreen colour TV, pretending nonchalance I said. And immediately thought how vulgar and off to measure everything with money.

I heard you're a writer - said Madonna.

- Well, actually, I quite long didn't post anything... And I can hardly be called a writer. I was a little ashamed: a desire to be a writer is not enough.

Intervened, Tian-Tian:

- Coco has already reached a collection of short stories. It's cool! She notices everything. And will succeed. He said it calmly and confidently, without the slightest hint of flattery.

Well, while I work as a waitress, - I said indifferently. - And you? You look like the actress.

- Is Tian-Tian not tell you anything? - She was amazed and a second hesitation, as if not knowing how I will react, he added: - I was a brothel in Guangzhou [12]. Then successfully jumped married. My old man has kicked the bucket and left me a legacy of a lot of money. So now I enjoy life!

I nodded with feigned indifference, but actually was amazed. So, right in front of me was overdressed rich widow! Now it is clear where she had the habits of an experienced courtesan and terrifyingly piercing gaze, involuntarily suggestive of the idea of addiction to heroin.

We paused while the waiter served the ordered Tian-Tian dishes. He put on the table, bowl after bowl - my favorite Shanghai delights!

- If you want something else, order - suggested Tian-Tian Madonna.

She nodded in response.

Actually my stomach with the Cam, for greater clarity, she squeezed his fingers. - I'm a late riser. Stand up when others go to sleep and have Breakfast when others have dinner. And eat very little. Because of this shitty life my body turned into a pile of shit.

Very cute crap for my taste - it flattered Tian-Tian.

While we ate, I gradually watched Madonna. That face is only for women with a rich and turbulent past.

- The time will come to visit. Guarantee and the songs and dances. And the cards will spread, and booze. And still be able to meet a lot of all interesting people. I just re-decorated apartment. Spent half a million Hong Kong dollars for one light. It turned out classier than these fucking Shanghai Nightclubs - she said without a trace of smugness.

She received a cell phone call. She took the phone from her purse and went on cooing sexy tone.

- Where, where? I bet you the old man's U. When you die right at the gaming table, Mahjong [13] 'll kill you! Now I'm having lunch with friends. Okay, I'll talk to you at midnight! - she finished with a Flirty, fun, with flashing eyes.

- Called my new boy - said Madonna, turning off the phone. - I have an artist, a little loopy. I'll introduce you at our next meeting. The current men know how to sweet-talk a woman. Swore that I would die in my bed, she laughed again. - True or not, but I am pleased.

During this conversation, Tian-Tian was reading the room "Xinmin evening news" and did not pay any attention to us. He always reads the newspaper, not to forget that still lives here. Perhaps the only thing that connects him with the real everyday life of Shanghai. I unrestrained head and the incessant chatter of Madonna was beginning to get on my nerves.

- And you're not bad, ' said Madonna, unceremoniously casting me appraisingly. - You don't just have an attractive appearance. You feel that cold indifference, which so excites men. Oh, sorry, that I abandoned my business, but it would have made you the most delicious morsel in the city!

And before I could answer, she burst out laughing again, so much so that he almost suffocated.

- Okay, okay, I was joking.

She nervously rolled her eyes gleaming feverishly. Her demeanor betrayed her experienced in all the intricacies of seduction whore, feel uninhibited and at ease in any company, but truly oilsuse only when meeting with a new person. This manner is typical for whores of all nationalities and all ages.

- Watch what you say, and I will be jealous of! - Tian-Tian looked up from the newspaper, gently hugged me around the waist and pulled her to him. We all were like conjoined Siamese twins. Even where it seemed inappropriate.

Smiling slightly, I looked at Madonna.

- You are also very beautiful. You have an unusual, unique beauty. Not fake, but genuine.

At the exit of the "cotton club" she gently hugged me goodbye and said,

- Honey, I have something to tell you. I think that would be useful for your bestseller.

And Tian-Tian is also embraces.

My worthless baby, - she said softly - take care of your love. Love is the most powerful thing in the world. And inspires, and helps to forget. You're meek and helpless child without love will wither. You have no immunity against life. I'll call you.

She sent us a kiss, slipped into the white "VW Santana 2000", standing at the curb of the sidewalk, and sped away.

I pondered what she said. In her words lurked a deep philosophical meaning, which was brighter and truer light of truth. The scent of her kiss still hovered in the air.

- She's just crazy, exclaimed Tian-Tian. But the real miracle, isn't it? When I was sitting in my room, she didn't let me do anything stupid, almost forcibly dragged me out of the hole. We rode on the midnight highways, smoked pot and crazed running around the city until dawn.

- And then I met you. So it was predetermined. You're nothing like Madonna or me. We are totally different. You are ambitious, full of plans for the future. Your confidence and energy give me the strength to live. Do you believe me? I never lie.

- Idiot - said I, osipow his ass.

You're crazy, ' he cried, wincing from the pain.

From the point of view of Tian-Tian, any person whose behavior is a little out of the ordinary, deserving of admiration. It is with special reverence treat psychiatric patients. According to his deep conviction that in the society of such people were considered crazy only because their intelligence is far superior to the usual notion of reasonable. His idea of beauty is eternal only in the indissoluble unity with the death and hopelessness, even to evil. He admired the epileptic Dostoevsky; van Gogh, in a fit of madness cut off his ear; extravagant impotent Salvador Dali, homosexual Allen Ginsberg [14] or a famous actress Frances Farmer, which in the era of the McCarthy "witch hunt" was thrown into a psychiatric hospital and had a lobotomy. Among his idols, the Irish singer Gavin Friday [15], life nakladyvaya thick layers of colorful makeup, or Henry Miller, who in the most difficult period of his life could beg outside the restaurant, begging for scraps from the table, or wandering the streets as a beggar, scavenging for a few coins to have enough for the subway. In the minds of Tian-Tian, these people were like wild field flowers that bloom and lush flowering in the wild and dying alone.

The night painted the town in soft undertones. Tian-Tian and I, huddled close to each other, walked along Huaihai road. It seemed that the scattered light of the lamps, and the shade of the trees, and Gothic roof of the store "Paris spring", and passers-by, dressed in a pale autumn clothing, everything floated off into the distance in the night the gloomy fog. Shanghai plunged into a very rare and unusual for this city, the atmosphere of ease and refinement.

I greedily absorbed it, like I'm in the palm of generously poured a handful of magic nephritis or rubies, with magical powers able to deliver me from youthful contempt for the conventions and help me to get into the guts of this impregnable city, just as the arrogant worm pro-survival some move inside of a ripe Apple.

I was having fun with such thoughts. I grabbed Tiana-Tiana's hands and whirled him into a mad dance on the sidewalk.

- You are romantic and unpredictable as appendicitis, - he said quietly.

- This is my favorite Foxtrot, is quite honestly and seriously I replied. Called "a Slow walk around Paris".

As usual, we reached the Bund [16]. At night there always was a divine silence. We climbed to the top floor of the hotel "World" [17], where they found a secret passage to the roof - it was enough to squeeze through a narrow window in the ladies ' room and climb up the fire escape. We often climbed there, and we never got caught.

Standing on the roof, we gazed at the silhouettes of buildings on both banks of the Huangpu river, illuminated by the lights of the street lamps. We especially liked to look at the Asian television tower "pearl of the Orient". Her long steel spire boldly rips the Shanghai night sky, towering over the other buildings like a phallic symbol of life-affirming force of this city. Lazy lapping waves and swinging on them ferries, grass, black in the darkness of the night, bright neon lights and buildings phantasmagoric shapes (these tangible signs of material prosperity) is not more than hormonal stimulants, which the city pumps themselves to death. All of this is irrelevant to the people living amongst these buildings. Each of us can sink into oblivion at any moment to die in a car crash or die of sickness, but our disappearance would go unnoticed. The city will grow and develop with relentless persistence, without changing course, like a planet, never come down from the usual trajectory in the vast expanses of eternity.

Thinking about it, I started to feel like a tiny ant, crawling helplessly on the ground.

However, these thoughts could not dampen the wonderful mood in which we both were, standing on the roof of the historic building. We enjoyed the city views the sounds play hotel jazz orchestra. They then assailed as the sound of the surf, then faded away. And talked about love. I liked to strip to bra and panties, to naked body was fanned by the moist breeze from the river. Maybe I have a complex about underwear, or I by nature narcissists or shorts and maybe something else like that, but I was hoping that my form will be able to awaken in the Tiana-Tiana carnal desire.

- Please, don't, - he spoke of Tian-Tian and turned away.

But I continued to slowly undress as a stripper. I was like a fever. This strange feeling was blinding me, I never thought of its beauty, neither about myself nor about their own identity. It's like I disappeared. I wanted to write a new story, a story that is only two of us - me and the man I idolized.

He sat, leaning against the railing of the fence, infinitely sad, but full of gratitude, and as if spellbound looking at the dance of the woman in the moonlight. Her naked body was slender as a Swan neck, and at the same time powerful and springy, like a leopard. The cat's graceful movement, every twist, turn and jump was graceful and enticing.

- Oh, please, dear try! Take me really, darling, try it!

- No, I can't, ' he repeated helplessly, shaivas.

- Well, then I'll jump off the roof, the woman said with a bitter laugh and put his arms over the railing as if to climb over it. He caught her, drew down and kissed her. But raged in him a passion fought a powerless body, finding no way out. Mortal flesh could not keep the impulses of the soul.

And around us the dark ghosts won... Dust covered us, and I and my love drowned her.

Three in the morning. Curled up in a huge comfortable bed, I looked at lying next to Tian-Tian. He was already asleep or pretending to be asleep. In the room hung a strange silence. His portrait stared at me from the wall. How could one not love such flawless features?

Lying there beside me, again and again I stroked and caressed herself, leading to debilitating blissful orgasm. And this sweet agony I was already feeling the impending punishment for my sins.

<http://tl.rulate.ru/book/9151/172130>