

4 the Adversary

I'm from Berlin, and your love belongs to me. Night is coming, seal, love, embrace, and soar.

Boris Brecht

Madonna invited us to a theme party in retro style called "Return to Avenue Joffre", which was arranged on the last floor of a skyscraper on the corner of Huaihai road and Flights. Avenue Joffre, now a Huaihai road, was a vintage Boulevard, a symbol of Shanghai's romantic past thirties. In the atmosphere of post-colonial passions of the former customs, and renewed interest in old traditional attire, qipao [23], posters with pictures of the ox-eyed beauties, rickshaws and jazz orchestras, that is, all the attributes remain impressive life again within the fashion, this Avenue velvet ribbon wrapped around the exhausted nostalgia the heart of Shanghai.

Have Tian-Tian was in a bad mood, but he still went with me. As I said, we were inseparable shadow following each other, like Siamese twins.

I'm in a stylized qipao and Tian-Tian in the traditional Ngoma [24] entered the Elevator. "Wait, please!" - there was suddenly an unfamiliar voice. Tian-Tian held the hand already closing Elevator doors and into the cabin, showering us with fragrant wave of Cologne "C. K.", he slid a tall man, judging by appearances, the visitor from Europe.

From above fell a pale pinkish light. Standing between the two men, and unconsciously, watching the almost imperceptible flicker of the indicator floors high-speed lift, for a moment I lost the sense of reality from a mild vertigo. Involuntarily glancing at standing tall foreigner, I said to myself calmly indifferent and sensuous expression on his face, posing as an experienced playboy.

The Elevator doors silently parted to the side, and I was deafened by the noise, a strong smell of tobacco and human bodies. Tall stranger smiled and signaled that it skips me forward. We Tian-Tian passed the wall, attached to the plastic sign "Avenue Joffre" and, pushing the heavy velvet curtain, stepped into the hall. We caught sight of the sea. Guests danced to the decadent music of the past.

Madonna walked towards us, radiating joy like a light bulb a thousand watt. It is movable, extremely animated face resembled phosphorescent deep-sea creature.

- My dear, finally! Oh God, mark, how are you? - She involuntarily took a Flirty, sexy pose, addressing to us behind the stranger. - Come here. I want you to meet someone. This is mark from Berlin. And this my friends Tian-Tian and Coco. By the way, Coco, we have a writer.

Mark politely held out his hand: "Hello." A touch of warm, dry palm. Tian-Tian has already moved away from us and smoked, sitting on the sofa and absently staring into the void.

Madonna came to a complete delight from my black satin qipao (done manually on one of the silk factories in Suzhou, but with a few artsy embroidered on the chest in the form of a huge pink peony). She complimented, calling ku "cool" and vintage suit Brand Western style with a tight-fitting round neck collar and three buttonholes. According to Mark, he bought the suit at a fabulous price from the heir to a Shanghai capitalist. Although the costume was a little ponosan still had a very aristocratic look.

Came the other guests.

Is my buddy Ah dick. And this is Number Five, and CECE, presented them to Madonna.

A long-haired guy named Ah dick, on the view it was impossible to give and eighteen. However, it has already become a celebrity in Shanghai, famous for its avant-garde works. It really is not a bad caricature. It was his talent initially attracted Madonna. Must be his eccentric, slightly faded and children's brushwork had aroused her maternal instinct.

Number Five - like a walking junk. He and his dressed up in men's clothes girlfriend Sisi - both in suits and bow ties was a very strange and colorful couple.

Mark inquisitive looked in my direction and, after a moment, approached.

- Shall we dance? - he suggested.

I looked back to where the sofa standing in the corner, camped Tian-Tian. He shook his head. In the hands of a small plastic bag with a few ounces of marijuana. Before the next bout of melancholy he always stupor he dosed himself with marijuana.

"Okay," I sighed.

With old-fashioned vinyl records in a slot machine, through the rustling and crackling, came the wonderful Golden voice of Zhou Xuan [25], performing "seasons". Her singing suddenly touched me to the core. Mark moved poluprecnik eyes, and seemed to enjoy the dance. The corner of my eye I saw the figure of Tian-Tian, vast curled up on the sofa, too tired and closed his eyes. From red wine and pot always delivers. I was convinced that Tian-Tian had fallen asleep. For some reason he fell asleep faster among human harmonies and ghostly shadows.

- You're distracted, suddenly said mark English, but with a noticeable German accent.

- Really? absently I replied.

His eyes glittered in the dark like lurking in the thicket of the predator, emitting an incredibly attractive energy that came from somewhere in the depths of his being powerful and focused in them, as if in the lens. Typical look of the white men. He is amazing and in a strange way I was.

The suit Mark was perfectly ironed, neat and elegant, the hair is abundant nepomucene and it looked like folded, brand-new umbrella.

I look at my buddy, ' I said.

- Looks like he took a NAP, slightly smiled mark. His smile aroused my curiosity.

- You think it's funny? - I asked, using instead of "funny" is a French word.

- Are you a perfectionist [26]? - he suddenly changed the subject.

I have no idea. I don't always understand herself. Why do you ask?

- The way you dance suggests these thoughts, ' replied mark. He seemed a sensitive, but confident and smug person. On his face flashed a smile, more like grin.

Played jazz, and we began to dance the Foxtrot. All around are plunged into a neo-classical, across the shifting blue-violet mist world made of satin, silk and calico. I was really spinning in this whirlpool of happiness and relaxation.

When the music stopped, and everyone went, including Mark, on the sofa there was no one. Tian-

Tian was nowhere to be seen. Madonna too somewhere evaporated. To my puzzled question Number Five reported that Madonna and Ah dick had just left, and Tian-Tian he had seen on the sofa just a minute ago.

Soon there was a mark, which brought, to put it mildly, not the worst news in the world. It turned out that Tian-Tian collapsed in the men's room right next to the urinal, but, fortunately, did not cut it and not puked. He must have fallen asleep on the go. Mark helped me drag him to the exit and stand on the street, and then caught a taxi.

- Will go with you, he decided. - You still can't handle it.

I looked at Tian-Tian. He passed out completely. Despite the fragile unconscious he weighed as a young elephant.

It was two in the morning. A cab sped along deserted city streets. Outside the window flashed skyscrapers, shop Windows, neon signs, billboards, single figures of passers-by spree. In this city that never sleeps, there's always something mysterious.

A strong smell of alcohol, ngatiwai at me in waves, interspersed with the aroma of Cologne "C. K.", which persistently got into his lungs. I was devastated. Of the two sitting next to me with men one was completely sedated, the other remained stubbornly silent. In this silence I just noticed promelec shadows outside the window and felt closer, gradually studying my face.

The car pulled up to the house. Mark dragged Tian-Tian the stairs to our apartment, laid on the bed and I covered him with a blanket.

Mark pointed to the Desk:

So this is where you work?

I nodded.

- Don't know how to use a computer. Besides, say him get cancer of the skin. I heard computers are turning people into obsessed and deranged pessimists who are afraid to leave the house. Anyway...

I suddenly realized that mark was approaching me, and from the face he still goes this confident sensual smile.

- It was very nice to meet you. Hope to see you again. It kinda, in the French manner, kissing me on both cheeks and wished him good night and left.

My hand left his calling card. They were given the address and telephone number of his firm - an international, owned by the Germans, the investment company with office on the street Huashan.

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