

6 Fragrant night

The night is movement.

Dylan Thomas [33]

Cold, the city is vitrified, turned into a huge transparent block. In the South the fall is clean, bright and evokes a romantic mood.

One unremarkable evening I called Mark. Hear on the telephone, a male voice with a noticeable German accent, I thought, "here high European showed up!"

We exchanged banal pleasantries, talked about what a wonderful weather today and that this fall in Berlin is much cooler than Shanghai, although the summer is, in General, turned out to be good...

Both were somewhat confused. I knew I was lying on the bed, eyes closed, Tian-Tian listened to my words, but at the same time understood why they called this a German, who was talking on the other end. This kind of delicate situation somewhat similar to the first taste of hashish in some hot spot. First, the taste is not very good, and even very not. But next time disgust mixed with pleasure and begins the internal emancipation. I guess I belong to the type of women who deep down want it.

- Last week on Friday at the Shanghai exhibition center opens exhibition of the German avant-garde
- said the mark at the end of the story - if your friend and you don't mind, can you send the invitation.

It would be great. Thank you.

- So far! I'll see you next week. Tian-Tian was lying with his eyes closed, and seemingly asleep. I muted the sound on the television, he worked twenty hours a day. Recently, we have a habit to engage in "our sex" under another massacre of Quentin Tarantino, to fall asleep to the groans voluptuous Uma Thurman or firing of John Travolta.

I lit a cigarette, sat on the sofa and thought about what held only a telephone conversation, about this man and about his body, from head to toe wrapped in a smell of expensive Cologne, his brazen, shameless grin. I thought and thought about it and suddenly got angry. This kind of smug arrogant and blatantly tried to seduce a woman, exactly knowing that it was a regular guy she would never leave. This absolutely wouldn't amount to anything, and it's over the most trivial affair.

I walked over to the Desk and opened the daily ritual put on paper the next Chapter of the new novel. I wrote about the unpredictability of the appearance of the Mark and the inevitability of certain events in my life. The plot of the novel was a prophetic promise many dark changes that gradually occurred in reality, accompanying my every step.

The evening of the same day, uninvited, like snow on the head, fallen Madonna and Ah Dick. Madonna's voice is like a deep well, echoing echoed in the stairwell, somewhere a few floors below. Include a flashlight, they went upstairs at the same time loudly shouting our names - both simply forgot what floor we live on. They moved almost at a touch, as each on his nose sat a miniature sunglasses.

- God, no wonder that all around seemed dark. When we a moment ago was approaching the house, I almost knocked over someone's bike, laughing, said Madonna prying points. - I forgot I was

wearing them!

Ay dick was a little pale, but very attractive in a black woolen sweater "a La free artist". In his hands he held a few cans of coke and beer. Their noisy invasion irrevocably disturb the peace and quiet of our home. And Tian-Tian, Willy-nilly, had to be postponed the British magazine, famous for its myriad of puzzles. Tian-Tian liked word puzzles and math puzzles.

We were just going for a ride, but accidentally passed by and decided to look at the light. In my purse cassette, but not the fact that the movie is good. Madonna scanned the room look and suggested: - let's play Mahjong. For party just us four.

- We have no tiles to Mahjong - in a subdued voice hurried excuses Tian-Tian.

But I got down in the car - did not stop Madonna, squinted slyly and invitingly looking at ay dick. - Ay dick could go down and bring them here.

- Yes well them, let's have some fun - the voice ay dick was slightly annoyed, slim fast fingers smoothed the hair. We didn't stop you to write it? - he asked, looking at me.

No problem.

I put the plate in. Low, slightly husky female voice sounded in the beat of the music, like a soundtrack of old French movies. The sofa was comfortable, the room was lit with dim soft light, and on the table in the kitchen was waiting for us red wine and sausage. Gradually, we succumbed to the atmosphere of relaxation, idly discussing of the news, rumors and idle gossip, and from time to time jumping on abstruse subjects.

- This town is sick with claustrophobia. Hanging out only a handful of normal people, Madonna complained.

Under the party she had in mind as gifted and talentless artists, foreigners, speculators of all stripes, entrepreneurs of those branches of business which flourished at this time, real and fake linglei [34] and representatives of the "lost generation" [35]. Included in this circle of people that have been in the limelight, for a long time disappeared from sight, but never out of the endless small scenes of the play, without intermissions going on in this town. They were like beautiful, shimmering blue glitter of fireflies, leading the mysterious, precarious existence and feed on dreams.

- A few people somehow managed to catch my eye three nights in a row, but for the life of me I could not remember their names, ' I said.

Here, as usual, butted Madonna:

Yesterday I saw Mark in the bar "Paulaner"s Brauhaus". He said next week opens an exhibition of German artists.

I glanced at her, then at Tian-Tian and responded with deliberate indifference:

- Has he called. Promised that will send the invitations.

- All the same crowd, the same hackneyed person - quipped ay dick. - Just a bunch of circus animals.

The more he drank, the paler he became.

- Well, I thank you, - wearily said Tian-Tian, stuffing a pipe with hashish. Is an empty, worthless

humans. In the end, most of them burst like soap bubbles.

- No, - protested Madonna.

Shanghai is a city obsessed with pleasure, ' I said.

- You write about this novel? - curious ay dick.

Coco, come on, read something to them from what has already been written, asked Tian-Tian, looking at me with eyes gleaming feverishly. In this field he felt calm and confident. When my work became part of our life together, it ceased to be a literary work. So closely fused with the overwhelming us with passion and dedication unbearable lightness of our being.

Everyone cheered, dropping in a circle stuffed with hashish pipe, a few bottles of wine and a stack of paper covered with writing, which was my manuscript.

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 that never goes off the beaten path in the vast expanses of eternity. Thinking about it, I started to feel like a tiny ant, crawling helplessly on the ground...

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 only for the two of us - for me and for 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, whose 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 elegant and incredibly seductive...

We were nostalgic for existed in the West in the sixties Bohemian parties, carnival fun and colorful. Allen Ginsberg famously appeared in forty poetic salons in a row, where attendees enjoyed the poetry mixed with the drug. That night, our impromptu night filled my soul with lyrical joy, mixed with alcohol, innocence and love. I basked in their admiration, believing him to be divine predestination is inseparable from the music of Vivaldi from the "seasons", the vast expanses of water and green meadows. We were like little lambs touching from the book - not from the Bible but from my naive and pretentious-arrogant novel, each phrase of which the mark was burning on my pale skin.

The clock struck midnight. Everybody's hungry, but when I brought another plate with sausage, Madonna was asked:

- What, nothing else?

I guiltily lowered his head:

- Ate everything.

- You can order food on the house - found Tian-Tian. "Crumbs from Sichuan [36]" open late. Give

them a call, they have no problem and all delivered.

- Honey, you're just clever - happily chirped Madonna tenderly holding ay dick's powerful and muscular waist smacking kiss Tian-Tian on the cheek. She belonged to the breed of irritable women, who in the excitement behave extremely sexy and Flirty.

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