

11 Striving for success

And I do not think pretending to be an ordinary housewife.

Elizabeth Taylor

Everywhere I go, everyone is asking me do I think the universities stifle writers. My opinion - strangled, but not enough.

Flannery O'Connor [47]

Novelists of the pessimistic persuasion always write something like: "I would like to sleep forever and never Wake up". Psychoanalysts constantly strive to get into your dreams and pull out from under the pillow of your hidden thoughts. As a child my mother would Wake me in the morning, prepared Breakfast and handed a backpack, and I was still dreaming at the time, unable to shake off the uneasy fog of night dreams. I was a dreamy child. What I particularly like about my current free life is the ability to sleep thoroughly. Sometimes I Wake up from a neighborhood altercation, the volume of the TV or a sudden phone call, but can get back with his head under a blanket and dive into interrupted sleep. Of course, sometimes it fails. And when the affair with a stranger from a dream suddenly interrupted, I am ready to cry with vexation and disappointment.

From the very beginning of my life with Tian-Tian was like a dream. And the colored dream with its clean colors, sensitivity and understanding, protecting them from the loneliness, I was fine.

Perhaps mark was the force that could have woke me, like a neighbor's quarrel or annoying phone call. If I hadn't met Mark I would have turned up someone else, and certainly seduced me. Life with Tian-Tian gave too much of fine cracks, which to us was not under force to fix themselves. There was always a danger that an external force will break it.

I woke up in the middle of the night and felt that Tian-Tian is back. He was sitting on the back of the sofa, carefully looked at me and stroked the black-and-white kitten. Kitty is also closely followed me. I saw his reflection in his wet green eyes. Frightened, I sat up in bed, the kitten jumped down from the lap of Tian-Tian, he darted along the wooden floor out of the room.

- Where have you been? I asked, deciding to start the conversation.

- Visited grandma. She asked me to stay for dinner, quietly said to Tian-Tian. - I very long ago she was not. Her cat had kitten, and my grandmother gave me a kitten. Called her Feather.

On the face of it, an expression of tenderness when he gently ran a hand through my hair, cheeks, chin and a thin neck. The touch was cool, but soft.

For no reason I thought he was going to strangle me, and his eyes involuntarily widened in horror. But this crazy idea disappeared as quickly as it appeared. Tormented by remorse, I was going to tell him everything that happened. But Tian-Tian covering my mouth with a kiss. It had a bitter aftertaste. While we kissed, the room overflowed, the scent of the leaves, wet from the rain. His inquisitive hands to go over every inch of skin. I'm without words was convinced that he absolutely knows everything that he touch can find it on the smallest particles discharge to another man and smell his smell. Tian-Tian was a sensitive animal, it can frighten one touch. An awkward gesture - and he could pull away, like a mad man.

- Maybe I should go to the doctor, ' he said after a moment's silence.

What? – I looked at him sadly. Everything has already happened and what still needed to happen, it was not in my power. At this moment, each of us has been infinitely lonely, but no one had the strength to leave.

– I love you. – I hugged him and closed her eyes. It sounded like a phrase from the movie. Even in a moment of unspeakable sadness a bit awkward to say such things. My mind frantically rushed to find the exit, as flames from a brightly burning candle. And suddenly before the eyes sparkled saving light. My novel! My novel, as if the fireworks will rain down on us a rain of fire and give meaning to our existence.

I called Dan, the editor, who published a collection of my short stories. This Mature woman lived with schoolgirl-daughter and her husband studied in Japan. It was a typical resident of Shanghai: pale, typical for a neurotic nature, the complexion, the eternal tight bun, leather pumps and a fitted, below the knee length skirt, cotton-poly blend. She loved ice cream and all kinds of gossip.

I published the book "Scream of the butterfly", which caused such a mixed reaction. All in a whisper discussed this shocking thing. It was said that the author is a bisexual with a penchant for violence. There were cases when in the shops the students were caught stealing in my book.

Using publisher, I began to send letters from readers-men embedded in the envelope of erotic photos. Readers interested in my genuine relationship with the heroine of the novel. Some hoped for a date and dinner with me at the restaurant "Saigon", along Hengshan, believing that I will be there dressed like one of my romantic characters. Others suggested a ride in a luxurious "VW Santana 2000" and make love in the car on the bridge over the Huangpu. All this is painfully reminiscent of the story from the tabloid press.

But frankly, I can barely work on this book, because once sold out the first print run of several thousand copies, the second was not printed. When I asked Dan, what is the reason, she said that she was now publishing administrative difficulties, and offered to come back to this issue later. Since then, I lived in anticipation.

My then boyfriend, And Qian said that my work is not suitable for young people. From his point of view, I went too far, and this determined the fate of the book. And as well as beginning their own path in life, but dispersed in different directions and our Peresecina for a short time in the track.

This guy, apparently created an impression of careless and reckless-carefree subject, worked in a large advertising Agency. I met him when he interviewed their English boss. At first glance, is the Qian seemed intelligent, insightful and relaxed. Have no idea what he saw in me. At the time of my life, I have not yet recovered from his fears and not overcome aversions to men because a former lover-Shorty in summer. Therefore preferred to seek friends among women.

But he patiently and persistently spoke to me and after hearing my painful revelation about a failed novel stood up to his full height and exclaimed:

– See how tall I? I have no bad intentions! I just want to get to know you, that's all.

That night, he very successfully and sufficiently acquainted with me, I would say, examine me from the chest to the fingertips, from heavy, irregular breathing to the violent cries in the heat of passion. He was tall and handsome. And testicles he was warm and clean. When I clasped their lips, then felt a boundless confidence, which usually unwittingly imbued who have sex. His cock screwed into me like a corkscrew. Peculiar And Qian looseness and freedom in love saved me from the painful

unpleasant memories and rekindled a healthy relationship to sex. He patiently taught me how to differentiate vaginal orgasm from koto-rogo, and each time carefully brought me to that place, and to the other at the same time.

In the end, he managed to convince me that I'm luckier than most women. According to statistics, approximately seventy percent of Chinese women experience various sexual problems, and another ten percent do not have the slightest idea about orgasm.

The relationship with Qian And lasted several months. This period coincided with the publication of the first book. Because of state impulsivity, in which I then was, I admitted And Qian in my life, and with it the sex. When "Scream of the butterfly" was sold out and my pockets still could not hear the sound of coins, we parted without recriminations and insults, quietly and painlessly.

Tian-Tian his species differed from all my previous men. He was preserved in alcohol in the flask of the embryo, the fruit of pure love, whose death was inseparable from this love. He was not able to give me the fullness of sexual sensations, and I had to keep him for the sake of bodily purity and innocence, like a figurine made of jade. Everything was immeasurable, like a bottomless abyss. Probably, my love was the outgrowth of the desperation with which he clung to me. I gave him exactly what he needed. My stay near him as the air and water. Our love was born in this surrounding us with a suffocating, oppressive atmosphere, espressomaschine ugly and quirky, but solid crystal.

Stood early autumn. In a cool, dry air smelled of smoke and gasoline. I called the editor and asked:

- How's the new novel?

- OK, - I answered. - I might need an agent.

- What kind of agent? she wanted to know.

- Someone who will help me to realize my dreams and avoid the problems that were with the previous book, I explained.

- Give us more.

- I dream about what any intelligent young woman. And it is for such I write. We need to organize an advertising campaign books all over China, the cycle of literary evenings, which I will come in open black dress and grotesque mask. The floor should be strewn with confetti cut from pages of my book, and everyone will have to dance on it like crazy.

- Oh my God! she exclaimed and laughed. - You're crazy.

- But it's doable - I replied to her absurd opinion. - To achieve this, we need only cash and the brains.

"Okay," said Dan. - In Shanghai held a literary evening dedicated to the works of several writers. Among them is a young woman, a little older than you. Since she was married to a famous critic, she finds inspiration only in what he says. You ought to meet them. Might come in handy