

13 Departure

I saw him huge and menacing face hung over the plains; his eyes blazed with frenzy, and was full of determination. Saw his wings. Saw him the old fiery chariot, viceconsul thousands of glittering sparks. Saw a scorched trail behind her on the road. She flew ahead, burning corn fields, devastating the city and destroying bridges, drying rivers.

Jack Kerouac [50]

Dec. Evil month. In the ancient courtyards of the deaf no blooming lilacs. The stone garden steps and into the brightly decorated arcade restaurant Takashi "Chinese waiter" in Hengshan no longer see the beautiful Nude dancers. No pigeons, no explosions of merry laughter or the sad remnants of jazz.

Endless winter drizzle fine rain, leaving on the tongue a bitter taste. Due to the omnipresent dampness seems that you are rotten to the core, to the bone. Winter slush in Shanghai disgusting, as if nature period.

Tian-Tian decided to travel. This time of year, he always left from Shanghai. He could not stand the cold and rawness. Occasionally emerges a dim the winter sun is not warm, by the touch of his cool rays on the skin shivers run.

- Want to get away for a while, said Tian-Tian.

- Where?

- To the South. Somewhere with bright sun and blue sky. At least in Haikou [51].

- Will you go alone?

He nodded.

- Okay, go ahead. But be careful. Do you have a phone card you can call at any time. I'll be home, going to work on a novel.

I always dreaded the thought that I will never be able to finish this novel. But after the departure of Tian-Tian, I'll have more time and, in some sense, more physical freedom. No idea, was aware of Li Tian-Tian, that his imminent departure was a temporary escape from danger, concealed in our too close. He was extremely sensitive kind, hundreds of times more sensitive than ordinary people. Sometimes a mutual feeling was bound hand and foot, so that not breathe. And when the forces were already on the wane, and the creative imagination has dried up, some of us had to be moving.

In addition, the mark with the relentlessness of a cancerous tumor wedged in the weakest link constraining with Tian-Tian chain relations. This tumour, as ineradicable taint stuck in my fragile body, hopelessly stricken with an incurable virus of carnal desire.

Many people sincerely believe that love and sex do not mix. For many emancipated women ideal personal life - to find a man who can bring her to orgasm, in which she wakes up the desire and the wanting itself. These women are convinced that the discrepancy between love and sex did not conflict with the normal, healthy attitude towards life. Intuitive yearnings and aspirations of women are influenced by everyday reality. They are involuntarily committed to the way of life that promises security. And the key from a treasured door, behind which are hidden all the mysteries of life, they put under the pillow. Even fifty years ago women were less free, thirty years ago - at least attractive

and ten years ago is less sophisticated in reaching orgasm.

Downstairs parked called the taxi by phone. I last watched the Luggage Tian-Tian: a pack of cigarettes "Ted Lapidus" (in Shanghai you can only buy them in specialized kiosks), razor blades Gillette, rinse for the mouth, five pairs of white underwear, seven pairs of black socks, a portable music player for CD, a collection of selected poems by Dylan Thomas, the diary of Salvador Dali, Alfred Hitchcock filmography and our picture in a frame. In another bag Tian-Tian planted a Feather, which did not want to leave. We grabbed an umbrella, went down and got in a taxi. Since Tian-Tian was carrying a kitten, you couldn't fly a plane and decided to go to Haikou in the sleeping car.

Raindrops hit the windshield. The street was shrouded in a gray mist, a blurry colored blobs flashed the shops and passers-by. Tian-Tian intently traced a finger on the sweaty glass some strange characters. The radio played cheesy popular song Richie Ren [52] "my Girl, look back."

A taxi drove to the station. Tian-Tian grabbed my hand and pressed it to his knees. In me a growing sense of unease and confusion. We split up for two whole months. And the next morning, waking up, both of you will not see close faces close on the pillow. No one will Bang on the bathroom door to take a shower together. Don't have to cook or wash for two. No need to listen to anyone's complaints and to wipe anyone's tears. And listen to other people's mumbling in her sleep.

Around the station are still scurrying crowds of migrant workers. I told Tian-Tian reliably hide documents, credit card, phone card and train ticket. We approached the escalator, floating on the second floor, where he checked tickets. And here is Tian-Tian, waving good-bye to me, with a Feather in his right hand and a suitcase in his left, joined a stream of people pouring into the station.

The rain outside stopped. I got on the bus and get to the shop "House of fashion", has gone. This part of the street Huai Hai was like the shopping district of any Western city, slightly altered to a kind of Chinese style with the mass taste. Here all the time flocks were gathered with fashionable young people. She came to the street South [53], to gain new ideas, to keep up with fashion. This little street Shanghai symbolizes inherent ability to learn every inch of space. Wherever the eye could see, everywhere hung with stylish clothes, exhibited bags, shoes, hats, crafts and toys. On this street, mentioned in all the guidebooks on Shanghai for foreign tourists are the most fashionable products, and they are sold here much cheaper than in other places. Once on the Hong Kong products fair held in Shanghai exhibition center, I caught the eye of embroidered silk with glass beads handbag for 250 yuan. And that evening on the street South I bought a dress with glass beads for just 150 yuan.

When a pit in my stomach, I, like many women girls my age, travel outside the South, look in all the shops and nakupu stuff. But as I looked into the house bought a bunch of things – sometimes pretty that they want to flit like a butterfly – I usually wear them only once or twice. Probably because they bought with grief and usually pretentious and too frivolous. They are only good to dress up at home, like Marilyn Monroe, and enthusiastically admire his own reflection in the mirror.

On the street South was full of teenagers, which the clothes can not be distinguished from street rabble. A small group of Japanese boys on roller skates showed masterly skill. They were like mechanical butterflies. Painted in bright color hair was sticking up in all directions like the feathers in the duster to remove dust. Passing Shanghai girl together with your girlfriend. One was on my lips lipstick silver, the other black and each in his cheek sticking candy "Fruit treasure". Some doctors fear that girls their age eat along with the candy too much cheap lipstick and gradually poisoned

almost to death. However, while there were no official reports of such cases.

In the crowd there was a group of elegantly dressed businessmen. One of them waved his hand to me. I decided that this gesture addressed to someone behind me and continued walking without reacting to the greeting. But he kept giving me signs and called out my name. I stared at him in speechless amazement.

Hey, it's me, Spidey!

I was ready to think that today the First of April. The spider, which I knew was a puny youngster, hovering somewhere between school and work, with criminal tendencies and a frighteningly high IQ. I somehow thought that now it has become a hacker, or famously robbing banks with the help of a computer, or through the stump-deck day performing some simple work, and all night sitting at the computer like a man possessed, wandering around the cyberspace.

But before me stood a young man with a cheerful toothy smile and rimless glasses, so popular among Chinese white collar workers.

- Oh, my God, you wouldn't recognize me!

"Oh, God" - the eternal mantra [54] Spider.

I laughed.

- Cool look.

- You too, - he said seriously. His every gesture was measured and solid.

We went to the cafe "Manabe". Sat at a table against each other. The air was strong, tart and heady aroma of coffee. Many, addicted to it like a drug, and spent in a cafe the whole night. And even if a good fifth of their lives, they aimlessly sitting here, they were good up until the dreams made me forget about the grueling work. Here always sounded muffled unobtrusive music, and the waiters masterfully waltzed with trays, like dancers.

We remembered the "Green stem".

- It was a glorious place, ' said the Spider. - It is a pity that when I worked there, was only thinking about the money.

- More about how to Rob the safe, I teased him.

- Oh my God! Don't even think about it! I am now a very different man, - he laughed and held out a business card of the employee of the computer company "Golden Apple". According to him, this small company he founded, together with several classmates. They were engaged in software development, installation of computer networks, sale of computers. Things seemed to be going well.

- I think by the end of the year will start to receive a decent profit.

He never got rid of his passion to profit, but now has become much wiser.

And what about the Cradle? You still communicate? - I remembered his girlfriend on the Internet.

We often meet over coffee, go to the movies or play tennis.

- Well, thank God! So my feeling about it was not justified. Looks like you are all set. Thinking of married?

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