

17 Mother and daughter

I would not like to have my little girl soon began to appear in the light and collided with the cruel reality. It should as long as possible to stay in our living room.

Sigmund Freud

I get to HONGKOU [70] along the familiar streets past the trees and tall houses on the top floor bunk of the bus, which was shaking from side to side. Sunlit dvadtsatiletnej the building still looks impressive, although its yellow façade faded under the influence of atmospheric emissions. Here, on the top floor, my parents live. From the window of their apartment offers bright and colorful, almost cosmic view of the city from height of bird's flight: all the surrounding streets, houses and people seem tiny. Some parent friends who suffer from vertigo, we've got become uncomfortable, and they almost stopped coming here.

I, however, like to be so high, as if hovering over the city, when there is a feeling that the building is about to collapse. Unlike many Japanese cities, Shanghai is not on the tectonic, and the history of the city, there were only a few weak aftershocks. I distinctly remember one of these earthquakes, which occurred on an autumn evening when I had dinner with the editorial staff of the magazine on the street, Single. At the first jolt I dropped the hairy crab and scurried down the stairs. Soon I caught up with other colleagues, we remained standing near the restaurant and continued a peaceful conversation. As soon as the vibrations stopped, they came back. Like the first time feeling the value and transience of life, I instantly dealt with lying on a plate plump crab.

The lifter in the family home usually runs man of advanced years in an old military uniform. I often had in mind a strange fancy, as if every lift of the Elevator at the next floor the surface of the crust at the place where Shanghai, gave a little crack. And given the speed with which the lift rose and fell, the city was inevitably plunge into the abyss of the Pacific ocean at a speed of 0.0001 millimeters per second.

The door was opened by mom. It seems that she was glad my arrival, but did not show.

- You promised you will come at half past seven, ' she said severely, and late again.

I noticed that she recently made a Perm and a neat hairstyle, perhaps in a small barbershop on the ground floor.

The father heard our conversation and went out into the corridor in a brand brand new t-shirt "Lacoste" and a cigar "crown Imperial" in his mouth. To my pleasant surprise, for so many years, he looked attractive, cheerful fellow.

I heartily embraced him.

- Happy birthday, Professor!

He smiled warmly, causing wrinkles on the face dealt. Today, it was doubly momentous day. First, he was fifty-three years. And secondly, it was the day he finally was awarded the title of Professor. He turned gray waiting for this happy event. Of course, the "Professor" sounds much more respectable than "adjunct Professor".

From the bedroom seemed Chiusa. She was still living here, and in her new three-room apartment was renovated. The parents refused to take her rent. Several times she tried to surreptitiously put the money to my mother in a purse or Desk drawer, but each time it was caught red-handed.

Outraged parents:

- Our flesh and blood! Well this is what stingy you have to be to take money from own niece! Even in a market economy need to respect for family ties and to respect certain principles!

And Jose only had that to do them small gifts, for example, to buy fruit. On this birthday she gave dad a big box of cigars. Dad - lover of cigars of the brand "crown Imperial" China. His pride terribly flattered that a few came from Europe scientists on his Board tried these cigars came in the rapture and now only smoke them.

I decided to give my old man a pair of socks. I do believe that socks are a suitable gift for men, and always give them birthday his friends. But it was just one of the reasons. The second was that I was broke, and the money for a new book was expected back very soon. So we had to be economical.

Came to visit a few of dad's former students. As usual, the mother with the help of a maid hired on a part-time, cooked in the kitchen a lot of all yummy, so that the smoke stood koromyslom. From the office of the father was heard snatches of lively dispute - men once again took to talk about the high matters, not having absolutely no practical value. One time my father was intended for someone of his protege, and my boyfriend and even offered to introduce us, but I refused. He was too much like a studious SWOT. In my opinion, an educated man should not be alien to romance. He needs to understand women, their beauty, dignity and sadness. Well, so at worst it should at least be able to take care of. No wonder they say that women love with their ears, and only then with the heart.

We Josei chatted in her room. She recently made myself a new haircut in the latest fashion, a style which was seen in the magazine "Elle". Truly right the old saying that love makes the man. Jose changed, freshened, prettier, eyes shining and skin becomes smoother and more transparent (I suspect that this transformation to a greater extent was due to romantic reasons, and not the action of the face of the "Shiseido"). She was sitting sideways to me in a carved wooden chair, her slim profile reminiscent of the beautiful traditional Chinese paintings.

- You still wear black? - said Jose.

I glanced at my black sweater and skintight pants.

What's so bad? Black is my happy color, it suits me in black clothes I always look pretty and elegant, I replied.

She laughed.

Actually there are other colors! I thought about giving you some of my things, she stood up and began to rummage in the wardrobe.

I looked at her and I suddenly thought that although she had been generous, now it looked something like a Board. After her affair with Dick ay partly took place because of me. They met through me, and Madonna was my friend.

Jose pulled out of the Cabinet quite a few new dresses and laid them in front of me.

Better keep them - told me. - I have nowhere to wear fancy stuff. I mostly sit at home in my pajamas and write.

- But you will need to meet with publishers, journalists will have to sign books for readers. Trust me, you will become a celebrity, with a smile, she flattered me.

- Tell me about ay dick - suddenly asked for I was perhaps too cavalier. She was momentarily stunned, and then laughed.

- Okay. We're all good.

They exchanged addresses and phone numbers for another picnic in the Park. Actually, the first AI called dick and asked her out on a date. Before going to the meeting, Jusha absolutely worn out. She was confused: did she go on a date with a guy who younger than her eight years, besides having an affair with that horrible woman, a former brothel Keeper? But in the end still decided.

Why? Maybe just tired to be cautious. She was tired that people think it virtuous, but senseless, that is an exemplary young lady. Sometimes good girls want to shake things up and radically change my life. Hence the proverb: "still waters run deep".

They sat face to face in some provincial restaurant. Chiusa especially no makeup and dressed deliberately unnoticed. But he still did not lower her burning eyes, like that scene from Titanic when rose says ardent gaze of Jack, and her heart responds to his passionate mute appeal.

That night she went to ay dick home, and they made love under jazz virtuoso roulades Ella Fitzgerald. It was like the noise a spring rain. Though she had never before experienced anything like that: she felt an extraordinary sense of touching, as if her love could penetrate the depths of his being, to melt and warm wave to wash every cell of his body, incarnated in the music. She began to feel dizzy.

- I am very spoiled woman? she asked her young and eager lover. He was lying on the bed naked and leaning against the headboard, with a smile looked at her.

- No doubt. Because you managed to charm me, ' he replied. - A good woman in the world, and lecherous in bed. Where else can you find such? - He hid his head on her chest. - It seems I have terrible luck.

She didn't know whether you can rely on him, but she did not care. Shouldn't happen in the future and will let that be. She doesn't need reliable support. She's the most beautiful work and good brains, like many well-educated and financially independent young women in Shanghai.

- Will you get married? - I was curious, and said: - I'm worried about you.

To meddle in the Affairs of others is in some way the costs of the writer's profession, a kind of occupational hazard. Because Jose recently divorced, and she barely knows ay dick. But I was convinced that her purpose - the family hearth and motherhood. She's caring and very responsible person.

- I don't know, but we are amazingly close.

I like about a pipe dream, sadly thought about comprehensive proximity, which would apply to what is happening in bed.

- We have the same tastes in everything - in food, in music, in movies. We're both in childhood were left-handed and both parents were forcibly retrained. She looked and I laughed And I even forget

that he is eight years younger.

The handsome Chan Hao [71] also married the woman who is his senior by eight years, I involuntarily laughed. - Affinity and affinity - unexplainable things. I never understood any dick. He's too self-absorbed. Are you sure you will be able to cope with it? Young artistic nature often awakens the maternal instinct in older women. Artists - people unreliable. They are forever in motion, in search, but the artistic ideal, not a specific woman - warned I Jusu. (A few months later the Newspapers got a big story with the divorce of the famous Beijing rock star Dou Wei and Fay Wang [72], which was held in Hong Kong. Dou Wei said that he loves himself and his music, and he does not care that he is married to Queen of Asian pop.)

- You're an artist, don't forget, ' she said with a faint smile.

Her expression was full of dignity, as though standing in the garden of the jade statues, bathed in the morning dew. She stood up, walked to the window and looked into the distance.

- Come on, - she straightened herself and smiled again. - Tell better about his new novel and the Tiana-Tiana.

Her smile threw me in disbelief: am I really underestimated her ability to notice what was going on and the natural women's intuition?

- How's Mark? - I asked. We haven't spoken for quite some time, he was probably with his family well.

The Christmas holidays are over, and now the company a lot of urgent matters. You have to work hard to follow through. But mark is a great boss, he has a good professional flair, bright mind and excellent organizational skills. Only sometimes he is too serious. - She patted me on the knee, on the face a playful smile. - That I never would have thought that something between you is.

- I have a crush on his elastic ass and a Western gloss. Well, he -- he might like my Asian body with Golden silky skin and Oriental mystique. And besides, my homeboy, problems with sex, and I write novels. Perhaps that's why we're drawn to each other.

- He's married.

Don't worry, I have everything under control. If I don't love him, will not face any difficulties.

- Are you sure?

- I do not want to discuss it. The impression that women only do what they say about men. It's time for dinner.

At the exit from the bedroom Chiusa something suddenly remembered, and turned to me:

- Saturday next week will be a football match between teams of the German chamber of Commerce and the American school in Pudong. Mark plays striker for the team of the company.

- I would like to go, ' I said in a low voice.

Then you will meet his wife and child, said Jose.

- Well, well, this will be interesting - I'm indifferent shrug of her shoulders.

In movies scenes when lovers are faced with the husbands or wives of each other, always look very expressive and bright. And it seemed to me that the Director already gave the command "Motor", and the operator keeps me focused and ready to start shooting.

- Take supplements - offered mother, who was sitting beside me at the table. - These pig's feet and bean soup cooked according to a new recipe.

Her eyes radiated a motherly love which warmed me up inside, but still more oppressed. I was torn by conflicting emotions - I wanted to be back in her mother's womb, curl up there and forget about all the adult grief and resentment, but scary at the same time pulling you up and in whatever was to escape from under this huge, carefully and lovingly erected its dome. I wanted her to leave me alone.

- Still eat the food from the restaurant? You lost a lot of weight. And that young man, Tian-Tian, what are your plans for the future? - she asked quietly. I sat with bowed head, and intently and silently swallowed the soup. (I was always taught not to make any sounds for eating.)

Dad with students eagerly discussing the latest international news as if personally present at the scene in the White house or in the Balkans, thoroughly knew the situation in Iraq or Kosovo. They were even aware of such minor details as, for example, that in the Congress during the preliminary investigation of the scandal, President Clinton had testified and asserted his innocence, and he at this moment was wearing a tie, donated by Monica Lewinsky. This was to be her signal that she opposed him.

I looked to the mother: despite her advanced age, she was still graceful, but as if pressed down by a burden of cares.

- Mom, don't worry about me. If I ever have problems I will not be able to cope by myself, I will run to you under the wing. Let's make a deal, okay? I said, hugging her.

Filed birthday cake - a gift from students - six candles. Dad was in good spirits and blew them all at once. He laughed like a pleased child, cut the cake and passed to the guests.

- Soon we will receive some money and will be able to continue working on our research project, he said.

And then all the students in turn began to talk about the project, about the subject - something about the system of recruitment of civil servants in the Tang dynasty. (It sounded just as big and fanciful, as if a man, holding in one hand a red ball and the other green, asked those present, which hand him the yellow ball.)

I think that all protégés of any Professor are the real sycophants, slavish little soul. First, they must unconditionally accept the correctness of the chosen scientific direction, leaving all your doubts to yourself. Earning the trust of the supervisor, they are everywhere followed them, are published only in the journals that he recommended, choosing a job and arrange his personal life with his knowledge and approval, until the day will come when they will have a sufficiently strong position in the scientific world and the right to Express their own opinion.

Someone of the students asked about my novel. I think dad must have told them I'm writing a new book. He was not thrilled that his daughter writes novels, but it contributed to my career as I could. Attendees even had a little chat, and then I'm going home.

- Won't you stay the night? I still have so much to tell you, mother looked at me and her eyes betrayed a universal inescapable pain.

- No, I'm just going out. I'll sleep here tonight, Zhushi, - I smiled, pulling from his pocket a bunch of keys, melodic jingling them for the first time and listening to music lies.

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