

## 22 Meeting with publishers

The efforts of the combine.

For the heart of a lonely light bulb harmless

but unbearable. On the late train into the darkness

in the road - something making the mind,

really, shattered time frame - let's go. [90]

Tori Amos [91]

Called again Dan, sympathetically interested in how well I eat and how everything is going. Then he asked if I would be able to come to the meeting with her fellow publishers in a cafe on the street of Shaoxing. "Of course," I replied.

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I took a taxi. Small street Shaoxing - the literary quarter of the city. There are several publishing houses and large bookstores. Cafe called "the Reading room "Arts of ancient China". It was famous for huge, located along the walls of the library and furnishings of the thirties. Owned by renowned photographer Dyck er [92]. Among the regulars many celebrities, journalists, publishers, writers, television and film producers, stars of Chinese Opera, the Western scientists. Thanks to their presence in the café the vital spirit of creativity. Collection of old books, the sounds of jazz, the aroma of coffee, vintage furniture, better meet consumer erotic past and present of Shanghai.

Open the door, I saw Dan and a few men at a corner table. The face of one of those present seemed familiar. When I sat down, he smiled and handed a business card, and then I remembered who it was.

As a student, when I studied Chinese language at Fudan University, he was Chairman of the faculty offices students ' Union. He joined two years before me and at that time was one of the few who I secretly admired. He was nicknamed "Godfather" for the hat and sunglasses, really made him look with the mafia.

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At Fudan University for the first time in the history of higher education of Shanghai in the student community theater decided to put the cabin a romantic Comedy called "the Trap". The Director was Godfather. I overcame unimaginable obstacles, beat all other contenders and won the role of the protagonist. Under the pretext of reading the play, I often went in the third dormitory, where the Godfather lived, and long stayed with him at the "table of revelation" (it was called so because he often got students to talk). Squinting myopically, I looked intently in his fine features, and imagined that he was suddenly silent, leaned towards me and our lips merge in a kiss, as if drawn by the magnet.

For me, this scene seemed much more touching and interesting than any episode of the play. But she was not destined to play out in life. I was too young and shy. As for him, he fell in love with long-legged the artist-designer. She walked on stage with a bunch of silver keys on the neck as if swirled in a waltz. And when she smiled, cheeks appear two small dimples. It was authoritatively disposed of the men, chasing them around the stage here and there with hammers and nails. Looks like she was

a great specialist in theatrical props, and often called the Paper Company Huifeng. I it was called: Huifeng.

She just put a spell on his Godfather. On the eve of the performance I saw two of them strolled down the moonlit Boulevard, touching, holding hands. I was in a mood just like in "Song of the fateful moonlight".

The play was a huge success. I played very convincingly, in the most touching moments of tears flowed from his eyes stream, and the hall burst into applause.

And after some two months on the lawn behind the statue of Chairman Mao, I met that Horny Shorty is a great scholar of Shakespeare and a true Christian. As I have said, we very soon passed the Platonic phase, and then I even had to use his connections in the public security Bureau to get rid of this maniac.

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Thoughts about the past has awakened not only pleasant memories but also reminded of my stupidity. Maybe if I'd had instead of contacting fanatic, I had an affair with the Godfather, my life would have been different? Maybe now I wouldn't have so many problems? I would work hard and lead such a strange life? Who knows?

- Hey, Godfather, I happily shake the outstretched hands with me.

- You're more handsome than before, he flattered me. Such compliments, though not original, but are always on women. Dan introduced me to the others present. All participants were founders and members of the editorial Board of the edition "Left coast" in the publishing house where she worked. This title could only come up with a graduate of Fudan University. But Dan I knew that this revision came the sensational series of books "a Thousand paper cranes", which had a stunning success, which broke all sales records in the Chinese national book fair and has already brought profit more than ten million yuan.

I have cheered up. In different periods of life and in different locations I invariably feel joy when meeting with graduates of Fudan University. On located on its territory YANYUAN garden, audience, Sangua, rows of umbrella trees on the street Handan breathes the spirit of freedom, wit, youthful frivolity and aristocratic decadence. The student is a romantic and naive stage of life, which includes a long journey through the thorny path of harsh reality. The University has a certain effect, which always unmistakably know fellow students at the "Alma mater".

It's great that you are already familiar. Coco, tell us about the novel you're working on, - Den was not anxious to go to work.

- I read your book "Scream of the butterfly" it made me an amazing impression. Like walk into a room where instead of walls, floor and ceiling - solid mirror. And inside like a rat snake, tossing light, then snatching one, then another. And in the center of this chaos is touching, insightful and a strange sense of reality. The language of macabre and erotic. Reading your stories was a... - the Godfather spoke in a muffled voice, -...anyway, what to do mind-blowing sex. - He pointedly looked at me and continued: - Book of this kind has a hypnotic effect, especially for educated readership.

- Creativity - a reflection of the personality of the writer, noted Dan.

- Your book will be in demand among students and white-collar workers, especially women who might react to its publication quite rapidly, - said one of the friends of the Godfather.

But I don't know what happens. I'm still not finished...

Any passion can be a source of inspiration, – said another.

– Thank you for your kind words. – I took a SIP of coffee, looked up from the old phone, standing in front of me and I don't know what smiled and added quietly: – I Finally found out what the purpose of the writer. At least, creativity is more than a banknote of 100 yuan.

The street was dark, the walls of the café lit up in orange lights. The godfather offered to go out to dinner. Dan refused, her house was waiting for the daughter-an eighth grader.

Now she is preparing for entrance exams to high school. Time is short, so you have to look out for her, she explained.

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After dinner, the Godfather asked where I lived and offered to drive me. I'm not stupid and knew what he was getting at. But that was bad, it was different now. And although he was even more attractive than before that night I never wanted to be alone.

We hugged goodbye and went in different directions. I promised I'll let you know as soon as I finish the novel.

– I was very happy to see you, and I'm sorry that while in University, I never asked you out, – half in jest he whispered in my ear.

I leisurely step passed on Huaihai road. For a very long time I walked around the city just for fun. I suddenly thought that I'm still young, I'm only twenty-five, I, as a new credit card, which can be a long time to withdraw money, and pay will only in the distant future. On blinging I did not yield neon lights, and on the viability of ATMs.

I went to a subway station next to the store Parkson. Downstairs there is a duty free company – a huge book store "JI Feng", which is famous for the widest range and the hard intransigence towards the discount discount. I aimlessly wandered around the store and finally stopped at the shelves of esoteric literature. If you believe one of the books, women born January 3 – the long-legged beauty, with exceptional charisma, a great creative potential and a huge physical and mental abilities. According to prophecy, the year 2000 was supposed to be for me, extremely productive. Well, that sounds great.

In a subway station I went to the photo booth. Mark in the apartment hung a series of great, skillfully captured images. Among them – four portraits, where he is depicted naked to the waist in different poses: standing, kneeling, poluprisev and sex trafficking. Each picture is particularly beneficial to stressed some part of the body – the head, chest, stomach and legs. By placing these images on the wall beside it was an unusual visual effect, broken into separate fragments of the image of Mark like a robot.

And yet he had a whole series of pictures, which he called the "portrait gallery orangutan". It included a dozen pictures with the image of his biceps, the same amount of photos of your torso and long arms – all in the style of Tarzan, only in a more modern twist. It looked unusual and very sexy. When I first worked with mark having sex at his home, hanging pictures on the wall had an effect on me excitingly.

I put money into the machine, and after four flashes after about five minutes he gave me four shots.

Each of them I was depicted full-face with a different expression - sad, angry, happy, and detached. For a moment I was confused and did not even realize that the woman looks at me with those photos. Where she gets such strength of feeling? In what corner of the earth she lives, what people communicate, and what makes life?

In another five seconds I came to my senses, like a spout heart to someone again came to his senses and had regained his reason.

The clock on the station showed 22.30, but I didn't want to sleep. To the last departing train from the station "Shanghai" remained another half hour. I bought a ticket from the machine, put it in a test apparatus and passed through the turnstile. Went down in a row of red plastic chairs have chosen one with a more or less clean seat and sat down. You can take a NAP or watch the other passengers. Once I wrote a story called "Lovers in underground", in which the main character - a fragile pretty girl every night sits on the last train at people's square and always rides in the same car with attractive, tidy businessman, from which emanates the smell of tobacco, aftershave and a little artificial, sclerosed air conditioned office air. They don't utter a single word, but between them there is a strange silent understanding, and when one person does not appear at the usual time, the other becomes sad and lonely.

And then one cold winter evening the wagon train jerked from side to side, the girl slipped on a wet floor from the snow and fell right into the arms of a stranger. Their backs are to each other, but the surrounding passengers didn't notice anything unusual. It all happened as if by itself. A man came to their station, and rode with her to the last stop. And in the dead of night, standing on the platform, he kissed her, and then, like a true gentleman, politely wished her Goodnight and departed.

I long thought, whether to portray a purely Platonic relationship or needful for the reader to describe how these two become lovers.

When the story is finally published in one of the fashion magazines, he caused a strong and mixed reactions among the emancipated readers. Speaking on behalf of many of his colleagues, cousin Jose expressed dissatisfaction with the uncertainty of the final.

- They were not to touch each other, or to give vent to his passion. And in your story he just kisses her, and then politely says goodbye and leaves. What do you mean by that? This ending leaves the reader a feeling of unease, of incompleteness. Feel like itching in the foot and it is impossible to scratch - on his feet thick boots. It is even more unpleasant than fine drizzling rain on a summer day. So imagine how they're tossing in bed that night, in the heat and insomnia. Somehow, in our time, only write these stories about love. It's very depressing.

Then Jusa she was still married, but suffered from loneliness. She, however, like many working women, under external arrogance and stiffness disappeared gentle and sensitive heart. They are responsible and conscientious workers, in life and in personal life I always try to be on top, striving to be like the ideal of the independent, self-confident, wealthy and attractive modern woman. In my own experience they are trying to prove the correctness of an advertising slogan of the company "Ericsson", performed by Andy Lau [93]: "You control everything". They want to be the living embodiment of advertising image of a professionally competent woman, whose confident and calm smile in the commercials, the company De Beers sets off the shimmer of diamond rings on fingers and a male voice-over utters: "the Sparkle, the radiance of beauty." But along with that they want peace and reliability.

The last car drew level with the platform, I walked in and I suddenly felt the enticing smell of the male body. Just like in my story "the Lovers of the underground", "Until it came the heady scent of

tobacco and Cologne, a sclerosed conditioning office of air and his body, and she felt dizzy". I involuntarily turned and looked around. I was curious as to whether a fictional character in the flesh to stand before the invented by the author. But I could not determine from whom it comes this bizarre flavor, and I pushed the thought away. And yet there was a sense that the life of the city (especially at night) a hauntingly beautiful and mysterious.

<http://tl.rulate.ru/book/9151/174541>