

25 Love or passion?

The happiness of men is called: I want.

Happiness is a woman called: he wants [101]

Nietzsche

To make love and to sleep with a woman or two different passions. They not only exist separately, but are opposite to each other. Love is embodied not in the carnal lust and the desire for copulation (it is just a bodily desire can spread to a great many women), and in an effort to sleep peacefully next to (usually one).

Milan Kundera

With the return of Tian-Tian vacuum in my life filled. Every night we fell asleep, lulled by the breath of each other, and early in the morning, barely waking up and not having to eat as they kissed. And the stronger was the kissing, the sharper the famine was. Must be the pangs of hunger intensified unrelenting passion.

The fridge was stuffed with fruit, ice cream and all sorts of varieties and vegetables. We wanted to have a simple vegetarian life as primitive, yet a little different from monkeys to humans in the jungle, but with a fridge, ice cream, soft feathers and flush toilet.

Half feral Fluff stubbornly wanted to drive home the lifestyle and lived it in our apartment, among filthy rubbish bins on the corner. She, like the tramp, moved from one place to the other, purring at the foot of our bed and smelling the fragrant shampoo (regularly bathe and comb her took Tian-Tian) on Fridays and Saturdays, but as soon as Monday came, she, like a train departing from the station exactly on schedule, took off and cocked the tail pipe, ran away from home. However, unlike the train she could move freely, walking wherever they want?

With nightfall, the Fluff collected hordes sultry enlistment cats meow. And although it was busy in the mud and the stench and walked on garbage heaps, obviously, I still found this habitation of the free unique charm.

Sometimes, late at night somewhere below were heard heart-rending cries climbing up trees or jumping in the basement of cats, sounds ruthless cat fights. Local house Committee suggested that the residents work together to restore order wherever she could to hide stray cats, especially in the trash. The result is homeless animals became less, but the Feather remained invincible and continued to prosper. She was unusually developed, the true animal instinct for danger, and she always managed to outwit fate. Of course, the gods were in his favor, but she didn't messes up. Sometimes even managed to bring home some caudate street date. It seemed to us that, if there was a cat gang, she would certainly have been it led, something like a Queen, and graciously bestowed would subjects males its favor.

So for me, I went into a creative tailspin. For some ten pages before the end of the novel brain completely failed: the imagination, the wit and liveliness of language vanished without a trace, as if by a magic wand. From the pen were ridiculous and dead phrase. I wrote. Tore written. Threw the pen in the trash. Even began to stutter. Talking on the phone or chatting with Tian-Tian, tried to go beyond mere proposals and requests orders: "there is Nothing to comfort me!" or "I deserve it!"

Tian-Tian took refuge in the next room and was excited to work on illustrations for my stalled novel. Most of the time the door was closed. If I was suddenly seized with a vague suspicion or concern, I,

as if inadvertently, unexpectedly, entered his. However, I never managed to feel again the strange and dangerous smell, or to catch him for his unusual occupation.

After his return from rehab, I meticulously searched every corner of the room, spending the whole morning on the search for a stash of marijuana or other potions. Being assured that there was nothing left from the past, I have turned our home into a Paradise within four walls. And Tian-Tian is located here with a pile of his drawings, Leonardo da Vinci, busy looking for the truth in the universal chaos. Like Adam, he is out of his rib created the creation of true love.

- Nothing I don't, - I complained. - Probably will not work. No enthusiasm, no inspiration. I think I am the ordinary woman - even the mediocrity of many, which is crazy thinking he can become famous by writing a book.

At the sight of a beautiful mountain illustrations on his Desk the bitterness of my creative impotence has only worsened. I was really depressed consciousness that I do not condone his cherished love, hopes and their own dreams.

- Anything similar, - he answered, not raising his head. - You just need some rest and plenty to complain and capricious as a spoiled child.

- Do you think? - I looked at him with surprise. It sounded unusual. And interesting.

- A little to pout and achieve more attention from his lover, he continued to argue it. Is a great way to let off psychological steam.

- Sounds like racey Dr. W. But I'm really glad you think so.

- Do you think your publisher will agree to use these illustrations? asked Tian-Tian, dropping the pencil.

I walked over to the Desk and looked through the drawings. There were a lot of sketches, but there were also finished works. The palette is delicate and intense, lines are clean, but edgy. All depicted people stretched neck, as in the paintings of Modigliani, and only the eyes in the Asian narrow and soft, melancholic and simultaneously risible and naive.

His artistic sensibility is the best match to my style.

I like it. Even if I fail to complete the novel, it is a work of art, they can be put. The audience will love you - I leaned over and kissed him on the lips. - Promise me you will not leave the painting. I'm sure you will become a great artist.

- I somehow did not think, quietly said to Tian-Tian. And I don't have to be a famous artist.

It was the truth. He was never conceited and never will be.

There's an old saying: "In the eyes of a three year old child is visible, the fate of octogenarian". It means that throughout life, from childhood to old age, the nature of man, his essence remain unchanged. So many people know in advance how the rest of their lives.

- It's not about the fame, - I said. - We are talking about the need for something to cling to in this life, that it made sense to become happy.

And mentally added that did not dare to say out loud: "And to forever distract you from drugs and

get rid of apathy." The desire to become a real artist would give him a foothold. I wrote somewhere that "life is like a chronic disease, and an interesting exercise – an effective cure."

– The solution to all problems is to never fall into a delusion, ' he answered simply, casting me a knowing look.

Like he wanted to say that I manipulate age-old wisdom to confuse both of us to trap him. In his eyes rarely seen such an expression. But since his return from rehab I noticed in the Tiana-Tiana some barely noticeable changes.

– Well, you're right, I sighed and walked out, throwing on the move: – Why I love you.

Coco! he shouted after cloth wiping gouache with it. – You know what I mean. Every morning when I open my eyes and see you there, I absolutely, one hundred percent happy.

Before meeting with mark I was frantically trying to find an excuse to leave the house. But in the end not think of anything I had Tian-Tian stayed at the Madonna: they started playing "Empire strikes back", and he decided to stay there for the night. I hung up, wore a long, body-hugging transparent top and pants, barely covering the abdomen, gently struck on cheek blush sequined and left.

My lanky mark is waiting on the corner of Yongfu and Fuxing. In the light of the street lamp he looked immaculate and fresh as overseas action hero. This foreigner, as always, was in possession of a pair of vicious blue eyes, tight ass and this monstrous contraption in his pants. When meeting with mark every time I fidgeted the irresistible desire to die for him, die in him, and at parting were firmly convinced that the two of us that he deserves to die.

So he slipped from my body, lifted me up, and then a boy; here is his hand, lathered shower gel, carefully and gently touching my thighs, washed out and erupted in a fit of passion liquid; here it is again inflamed, grabbed me, stuck his dick and we made love right in the shower, interwoven slippery foam of the bodies; here he choked with lust, leaning his head on my lap and my mind repeating my name; here we have both picked up and carried away into the abyss, a tornado of sweat, lust and frenzy. At this very moment I thought, that's who should die.

If you close your eyes, you will find that the instincts of mutual attraction and death are separated from each other in subtle, subtle line. In one of my stories "Pistol of lust" hero, father of the young girl decides to die just at that moment, when she's with sensuality for the first and last times given to his beloved – army officer. That story gave me the admiration of many fans among the readers-men and to the nines criticized in the media.

Mark and I kissed, and hand in hand past the iron wrought gates leading to the famous Park, where grew fragrant purple hydrangea, entered the small and cosy cinema room. I stood in the corner, far from the rows of seats until mark said Hello and chatted in German with their German friends blonde. Among them was a woman with short hair, from time to time pogledala disapprovingly in my direction. Foreign women are always looking for local lovers of his countrymen as the intruder Cheeseman. China's women immigrants have fewer opportunities to find a mate than men. They usually are not interested in the local male residents, and among the Chinese they have a lot of rivals, beaters, from their point of view, they have guys.

Sometimes, appearing on people in society Brand, I felt the unspeakable shame and was terrified

that I may be one of those phonies who prey on wealthy foreigners and is ready on everything if only to leave from China. So I often tried to stay on the sidelines, struggling to appear serious and angrily frowned when he gave me loving looks. It is foolish in the extreme.

Mark came back and suggested that after watching the drink along with the film's Director. Lot of people crammed so we had to stand. I confess I do not quite understand all these vague images, countless glaciers, and rushing along the train. But I think that the Director was primarily interested in the interpretation of one of the strongest human feelings – of helplessness. And she found the perfect artistic vehicle for the expression of his thoughts. Palette of colors just fascinated viewer, the visual effect is enhanced by the sharp contrast of a well matching red and blue with black and white frames. Even in Shanghai boutiques are unlikely to find tissue this kind of colors and with the same strangely alluring flavour. Of course, such an original film can be removed only by a talented Director.

After watching, I met the stage Director, long-legged German woman named Shamir. She was wearing a short black skirt, and on her head a boyish haircut. Greenish-blue eyes radiated energy. Mark introduced me to. She strangely looked at me and discreetly held out his hand. I warmly hugged her. She was a bit surprised, but obviously delighted.

Mark warned me that Shamir is a lesbian, In her eyes, directed at me, the expression in his eyes was something frivolous and Flirty – women usually do not look at each other.

We sat sipping cocktails on the second floor in the bar "Park 97" wrought iron balustrades. Here was dim, hanging pictures on the walls were shrouded in clouds of tobacco smoke, we heard the sound of music. Downstairs, greeting incoming customers, were busy one of the owners of the bar, Tony. Glancing up and seeing us, he casually friendly waved and ran on.

Shamir cleared his throat, picked up my embroidered satin red purse and turned it over in his hands, then smiled and said:

Very cute.

I smiled in response.

- I confess I do not quite understand your film, ' said mark.

- Honestly, me too, - I said. - But the colors are just amazing. This play of light and shadow, dramatic color contrasts and wonderful harmony of colors fascinate. A palette not often seen in movies, and in the clothing store there is hardly anything like that.

- As-that never came up with the idea to compare the movie with the clothing store, laughed Shamir.

- You know, after the movie there is a feeling had once seen a dream or heard before of the story, - said mark. Roughly the same I felt reading the book Coco. In any case, it is an exciting feeling... was able to assemble and glue together the fragments of broken pieces.

Really? asked Shamir and excitedly pressed a hand to his chest. Her voice was surprisingly similar to children. And the behavior was unpredictable: it was calm as a lake's surface, then suddenly lost his temper. Agreeing with someone, she tightly grabbed him by the wrist and expressively and enthusiastically said, "Yes, you're absolutely right!"

To her it was impossible to remain indifferent. She has done so many great things, even made a trip to the North pole and climbed to great heights to make a film about a giant glacier, which is called

"wailing Wall". He got this name because it resembles frozen ice waterfall of tears. In Germany, she was the head of the section of cinematography in the center for the study of Germany and Europe, one of the largest creative organizations in the country. In Beijing and Shanghai knew all the representatives of the cinematic underground and avant-garde filmmakers. Her organization was organized in Germany, an annual festival where they invited various artists from many countries, including artists from China. Her work is many like it, but personally, I got the strong impression from the just concluded watching the movie called "Flight of the wandering."

Shamir was interested in my work. I explained that in all my writings described actual events that took place in Shanghai – the flower garden of postcolonialism.

– One of the stories was translated into German. If you are curious, I can give an instance, – I suggested.

This was partly true. The story moved a student who studied German language and Germanic Philology at Fudan University and whom I liked. He was among the first on the course and before graduation, he left for Berlin.

Shamir friendly smiled at me. At this moment her face reminded me of a flower blossoming under the warm breath of spring wind. She gave me her business card and said:

– Don't lose it! I'll see you around!

– That, my dear, fell in love with the Coco? quipped mark.

– What if it was? joked Shamir. She is very unusual girl. Not only clever, but also pretty. Desperate baobei... I bet she can say and do anything!

Her words hurt my feelings and acted like an electric shock. For me it was always incomprehensible why all, without exception, women are so insightful, so well, at first glance, able to penetrate into the hidden corners of female soul.

The word Shamir unwittingly brought us together. Standing in the shade of the trees at the entrance to the bar, "Park 97", we hugged and kissed goodbye. Her wet, invitingly open lips beckoned, and when we touched the tips of the tongue in a long languid kiss, I suddenly felt unspeakably perverse pleasure. I do not understand why this strange woman I tossed aside conventional restraint crossed the line that separated chatter from the vicinity and a friendly farewell kiss from passionate.

Suddenly, the streetlight flickered and went out. The body was as heavy as lead, mind floats away. She touched my breast through the bra and gently touched tight as a Bud, a nipple – and the other hand gently held along the thighs.

The lantern was relit, and I woke up from an intoxicating dream, shaking off the obsession, tempting the unknown temptation. All this time mark stood by and not without curiosity, silently watching us.

– You're lovely. Sorry that I'm leaving tomorrow to Germany, quietly said Shamir. Then she hugged Mark. Good – bye.

Sitting in the BMW, I'm still not recovered.

– Do not understand... what was it – I stammered, nervously touching her hair.

Well, first, you were under the impression from her movie – reassured mark, put my hand to his lips

and kissed it. – Generally speaking, sensual kiss of two women – a spectacular sight. And it is quite understandable: after all, inspiration is basically always sensual.

In his words there was no hint of male chauvinism, rather, they sounded understanding.

Unwittingly touched by his words, SALEWA and extremely excited, I felt like I was floating in the clouds until the arrival in his huge, smarmy, vicious apartment. Its immensity was maddening. I turned on the stereo, put the plate with the Suzhou ballad performed by Xu Li [102], threw off his clothes and went to the bedroom.

Mark remembered that his fridge is my favorite jelly is blueberry and motioned for me to wait. He went to the kitchen, there came the clatter of dishes, and appeared on the threshold of the bedroom naked with a plate of fruit jelly and a silver spoon in his hands.

– Try a piece, baby, ' he said, bringing the spoon to my lips.

Jelly was delicious, we with pleasure swallowed it with one spoon, then laughed. He pushed me down on the bed and like a caveman, her face buried in my thighs, harassing a sweet, lingering kisses.

– You have an incredible pussy. I haven't seen anything better either in Berlin or in Shanghai.

Limpily sprawled on the bed, unseeing eyes staring at the ceiling, I fully disappeared into this sweet stupor, forgetting everything. For women "awesome button" sounds even more touching and flattering than the "novel of the year".

He swallowed the jelly, and then stuck it to my flesh like a cannibal feasting. When his cock was napruzhinilos and went inside, I lost the remnants of self-control and went into a spasm of orgasm.

– Want to have my baby? he muttered wildly, as in delirium, irresistibly moving deeper and deeper.

At that moment I experienced a blissful sexual pleasure, the mountains and the sea sank into the abyss of ecstasy, and it seemed to me that I make love with all men in the world

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