

26 Disturbing summer

We are waiting for some sign, but in vain.

Suzanne VEGA [103]

Happiness, happiness. What is youth?

"PMS" [104]

The eighth of may, American planes bombed the Chinese Embassy in Yugoslavia. Three bombs hit the five-storey building to its very foundations, killing reporters "Reference news" and "Guangming daily" and injuring twenty people. That day at half past five in the evening, students from all of the Shanghai universities gathered near the American Embassy on the street of Urumqi placards and banners, shouting: "Down with the violence of the superpowers! We stand for peace and sovereignty!" From the crowd in the building, like cruise missiles, fly eggs and bottles of mineral water. The people all arrived, and the demonstration continued until the morning. Madonna brought back their friends from Europe, and then showed us pictures from the event. The biggest impression made on me the with a picture of the boys and girls of the Shanghai Academy of dramatic art. Each of them held a poster on one was written "sovereignty" and the other "peace." These young people dressed in the style of the fifties or sixties, the girl had bushy, dark eyebrows and huge expressive eyes. According to Madonna, those two an hour standing motionless as stone statues.

One of the friends of the Madonna by the name of Johnson even gave the boys a wad of American dollars to those they burned.

Let's hope that the war will not be said, alarmed Tian-Tian. His mother Connie took Spanish citizenship, my mark was a native of Germany, and both these States are NATO members, not to mention the country from where you arrived cheerful and outgoing Yankee shortstop Madonna.

And the ninth of may there was a sharp drop in the price of Shanejensen and Shanghai stock markets. Cafes, fast food "Kentucky fried chicken", located on the square, Uczao in the Eastern part of Shanghai, was forced to close. Overnight, the invisible army of hackers attacked hundreds of websites of state institutions in the USA. Knocked out the computer network of the Ministry of energy and Ministry of internal Affairs. On the web page of the Ministry of energy, adorned by a picture of victims of the bombing and the national flag of China. The NATO website has been blocked.

The tenth of may, I suddenly saw a Mark on the TV screen: he performed in a special evening edition of news "AI-Bi-es", the English channel of Shanghai television. On behalf of his company, he brought all the Chinese sincere condolences in connection with the bombing and deepest apologies to the families of the dead and wounded. Besides him, the television was made by the representatives of other major Western companies operating in Shanghai, including such as "Motorola", "Volkswagen" and "ay-Bi-Em".

After the news, while Tian-Tian took a bath, I called him. He said he loves me and kisses and said Goodnight.

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My attempts to write were still no more than ephemeral. Creative impotence was like a business conversation in a noisy cafe where I can't concentrate. You are by inertia still continue to say something, but the thoughts already far away, and the mind involuntarily switches to what is

happening around and on others. No, of course, a literary work does not go to any comparison with a business meeting in a cafe. What is common between them? If ever the writing, which is the meaning of my life, to turn me into a profession I will probably give up writing.

I called and Dan, and the Godfather. That was about to enter the second edition of the "Scream of the butterfly" and the campaign was on the way. It was planned several promotional activities was to conduct workshops, meet with readers, sign books at Fudan University, East China Polytechnic University, and Shanghai Polytechnic University. In addition, it was planned to advertise my book in magazines and Newspapers. Dan gave me a list of editors, who headed the popular magazines. According to her, they all turned to her in the hope that I will write for them something small but stylish. The money is good, and to maintain the image to Shine once again in reputable publications too.

Den has already launched a flurry of activity as my as unofficial agent. But still it didn't touch the financial side of their work, and she still did not pay. I had no idea why she screams. I could only assume that she was by nature a kind person and considered my work perspective. Any novelist - like securities, the rate of which rises or falls depending on the circumstances.

And although I was in a simple, Tian-Tian continued diligently to draw illustrations for my unborn novel. If it goes on like this, then I will have to catch up. Or him to wait, until I again take up the pen.

Spidey sold me an inexpensive computer based on the Pentium II and free set modem and a bunch of computer games. When there was nothing else to do, we Tian-Tian (who has already become addicted to the game "Empire strikes back") spent their time playing computer games, wrote poems and sent to friends, including Shamir and Stamp of the email.

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Let's have a get - together. I missed you so much my dear Tian-Tian, - quite seriously suggested that Madonna once during a phone conversation. - The days are dreary succession, / a warm heart faint from happiness, / full of pity lover's eyes think each new wrinkle, reflected a soulless mirror / waking up, I cannot rush to the sea at a speed of 180 km per hour / I'm still alive, but in fact already dead.

When you have finished reciting, she laughed, very pleased with himself.

I wrote that this morning, as soon as I woke up. Not bad, eh? The true poets are not striving in the literary field, and the frenzy in bed.

- That's for sure. Experienced. For the last time could not squeeze any lines - I agreed.

- Well, then it's time to throw a party in order to shake off this bad luck, a bit of fun. What could be better than a good drink and music in the company of cheerful friends?

I phoned a few people. Still in August, nothing interesting ever happens. Everyone I, as usual, repeated the same thing:

- In honor of the completion of Tian-Tian's work on a new series of illustrations and due to my creativity crisis, and for the sake of prosperity and strengthening of friendship and health invite you to a party "1+1+1".

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Just before the party I received a telephone call from Beijing. Called the funny bisexual, constantly being in romantic feelings about their girlfriends and Boyfriends, handsome stylist Flyer. He said he arrives in Shanghai to make up models for a promo event hairstyles of Vidal Sassoon's.

- Come, - fun I suggested. - This my party will benefit

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At half past eight in the evening and the apartment began the best party that I've called "1+1+1".

This is a tricky name meant "1 guest + 1 rose + 1 a poem." I carefully thought out every detail. As a convict worked on the invite list: first, it was necessary to ensure that there were approximately an equal number of men and women; second, flatly brushed aside the candidacy of people completely devoid of a sense of humor - they would be second negated all the fun. Fortunately, my friends were restless Hedonists and hopeless romantics. For the occasion I cleaned up a bit. The main thing was not to overdo it. Anyway, the next morning after a party in the apartment everything will be upside down.

Tian-Tian looked just lovely in a traditional Chinese shirt and pants, shiny taffeta. In this outfit he looked like a charming Greek boy from drowning in the moonlight of the island. The door to the apartment was wide open and all incoming joyfully hugged him. I meticulously checked, have they brought gifts, which we agreed.

First appeared Jose and ay dick. From Zhushi it was elation. In an elegant red dress with thin, like spaghetti, straps she resembled Gwyneth Paltrow [105]. Since our last meeting she was much younger. Repair in her apartment, finally ended, dick and I moved in with her.

- Pictures ay dick just snapped at the Art gallery of the Qingyi. And next month he goes to Venice and Lisbon international exhibition.

How long? I asked ay dick.

- For three months, ' he replied.

From his horse's tail is not gone, and if not to take into account the ring's skull, he looked like a respectable servant. This was an undoubted merit Zhushi. I used to be convinced that their relationship is unlikely to last more than three months, but now it seemed to me that they were made for each other.

- I would like to see your paintings, ' said Tian-Tian.

- Better their first show, - ay said dick, pointing to several hanging on the wall paintings, gouache. - It is a pity that you don't put them in a gallery.

- The time will come, be sure to put, - I promised, with a smile, looking at Tian-Tian.

Madonna arrived with some young American. Apparently, torrid affair with a COP named MA Jianjun became the next read and turned page in a never-ending love story. Her whole personal life is a long series of breaks and partings.

The face of the Madonna was still gentle, in his hand - the constant cigarette. The fitted black top, trousers of deep blue and even on shoes with thick soles, - adorned the labels of the company "Gucci". Although dark sunglasses in the late evening looked a little pretentious (isn't that a show

off, wearing sunglasses in the middle of the night?), they gave her solemnity. She introduced her young blonde companion – double Leonardo DiCaprio – as Johnson. He was of the company of the Americans, which she carried to the place of the student demonstration. We briefly introduced it:

Coco and Tian-Tian.

It turned out that Johnson came without a poem.

- I'll get him to write something! said Madonna. She playfully smiled at me and continued: - you know how we met? On the Shanghai "Oriental TV" on the program "Saturday date". He headed a support group participant number six, and I ran the fans participating at number three. Of course, it's only a silly game show for slackers, but flirting in front of millions of viewers great excite! This contestant, number three, my friend wanted me to certainly led its support group. So I had the whole day to kill in shooting, even step out of the Studio not to stick. There I met Johnson. He speaks perfect Chinese. Give him a couple minutes, and he'll compose you a heartwarming, quintessentially Chinese, a poem in the spirit of Li Bai [106].

Johnson's appearance was very similar to Leonardo DiCaprio when the actor was not yet a movie star of world size – slightly shy, pretty and smart beyond her years.

- Keep in mind, no one is allowed to fall in love with my boy – said Madonna. - I am terribly jealous.

Meeting with Judai and ay the Wild did not bother Madonna and Johnson. Madonna peacefully welcomed Jusu, hugged her and exchanged a few friendly words with ay Dick. Well, it seems that the occurrence in the lives of women young and attractive lover makes her more tolerant and forgiving. (If to speak about inconsistency in behavior, men and women are on equal terms.) To increase self-esteem there is nothing more beneficial than a new love.

After Madonna and Ah Dick came a Spider, accompanied by laowai – foreign students from Fudan University. First, embracing Tian-Tian, Spidey took me in his arms and kissed like crazy. Then introduced us to his companion:

Is Isha, he is from Serbia.

Hearing this, I'm all ears. My friend Spider was sad, but he politely kissed my hand and said that I enjoy a great popularity in the University and that many students who read my stories, too, dream of becoming writers.

- I also read your "Scream of the butterfly", he said.

His words and the sad expression laced with bitterness over the tragic fate of loved ones and their homeland, infinitely touched me. I suddenly became anxious: what if, after learning the Yankees in one of the guests, he rassvirepeet and get into a fight? After the Americans dropped on Yugoslavia thousands of tons of munitions, razed to the ground many houses and killing defenseless women and children. In his place I would beat the first got me an American!

- Please, sit down, said Tian-Tian, accompanying the invitation, a welcoming gesture. - Drinks and snacks, we have plenty, just try not to break the dishes and bottles!

Spider whistled:

- Had to take the plastic utensils, nothing would have fought!

Then came the Godfather in the company of friends. Each holding a rose. From the pockets they pulled out sheets of paper with old poems published in the University collection from four years ago called "Poetic field". All solemnly read one poem. I introduced the guests of Tian-Tian. I always easy for a secular ceremony. This ability is akin to the ability to mix cocktails or running from one to the other premieres.

Later came the Flier, accompanied by several dazzling models. These young and seductive beauty were regulars at parties, cocktails, shows and other secular parties; always in the sight of men, but inaccessible to mere mortals in the street, luxurious and mysterious, like a goldfish in an aquarium.

Hair Flyer shimmered with rainbow colors, like a peacock's tail. It was an elegant black-rimmed glasses (although he has excellent vision), t-shirts from D & G skinny pants in black and white squares. Over trousers thigh was wrapped with a piece of dark red calico from Thailand like skirts, only sexier. We hugged and kissed, our lips met in a luscious and loud moknuschim kiss. Tian-Tian was watching us from a distance, sipping a drink. He had an inexplicable fear of bisexuals and gays, but not shied away from heterosexuals and lesbians.

Monotonous and slow, like a buzzing bee, the conversation was accompanied by melodic electronic music. With glasses in hand, guests have visited everywhere on the walls pictures of Tian-Tian softly in the dim light. A Flier admired them with overly lively antics, as if another minute, and he will go in orgasm in front of everyone.

- I almost fell in love with your friend, - languid he whispered in my ear.

I tapped a silver spoon against the edge of the glass and officially announced theme night "1 + 1 + 1" open. The rules for each of the participants were supposed to present a rose to one of the guests, whom he considers the most attractive (regardless of gender), and to recite a poem in honor of the most intelligent of those who came. And in the end, the number of awarded roses and dedicated verses, we'll pick a winner and the beauty, and the mind. Optionally, each of the invited had to offer himself to the object of his admiration (regardless of gender). However, this step can be postponed. The apartment we have Tian-Tian was spacious enough, but my plans were not to make unbridled Orgy.

My ears were assaulted by a flurry of indignant shouts, whistling, hooting, stomping and the sound of shattered dishes. Mad with fear the Feather leaped down from the balcony. One of God Flier hysterically screamed:

Oh, God, she's going to crash!

- Anything similar, - I said quietly, staring up her cool look. Well, I don't like beauty, raising a yelp for any reason. From my point of view, it's worthless hot air and nothing more! - She just walked down the drainpipe and go for a walk.

- And your cat - spicy hot! - giggled Flyer. He clearly was enjoying this whole scene, yelling and confusion. A typical representative of the new generation, tirelessly prowling in search of thrills.

And as it occurred to you to come up with such idiotic rules? - asked the Spider, grinning mischievously. Over each ear he had stuck a white cigarette, and he looked like a young carpenter from the construction crew.

- But what if I want to offer myself to you? - mischievous curious Madonna, with a Flirty squint looking at me.

- Why not to try? I replied, giving her a provocative smile.

Wine, smokes, and electronic music are sometimes so joyous and carefree!

- What if I come to mind to dedicate the poem and to offer myself your friend? - asked his next question Flyer with a charming coquetry, sensually biting her lip.

- I have the right to refuse you, - calmly explained Tian-Tian.

- That's it. All relations of this kind must be based only on mutual consent. But to abandon roses or poems that I dedicate to you, not! - I smiled. - It's perfectly safe here, almost like in Paradise. So you can relax and enjoy life! So, where to start? Madonna, honey, you go ahead.

Madonna, as always, hiding his eyes behind dark glasses, kicked off my shoes and barefoot out on the middle of the room. She took a single rose from the vase and said solemnly:

- I want to give this rose for my beautiful Tian-Tian, and a poem to dedicate to sweet Coco. As for me, I haven't made a final decision. I just started to drink. How do I know how things will turn out and whose bed I will be in the morning? - she giggled.

She threw the rose on his knees Tian-Tian, who was sitting on the floor, then pushed the spectacles onto his forehead, she took from her purse a piece of paper, gracefully dropped to one knee and turning to Tian-Tian with a sense of theatrical emotion, recited:

- Alas, it's not yours / not to touch the kiss / not disturb the rest!

She finished, earning a storm of applause. I blew her a kiss in gratitude.

Then it was the turn of Johnson. He gave a rose to my cousin Jose, from his point of view the most charming of women present. A poem dedicated to the smartest of the ladies, Madonna. It was short but expressive:

- My soul / go alone to distant places / to where, amidst eternal ice we expect a good penguins / and together will share there happiness the bowl.

He said he hasn't decided with whom you will spend the night.

- What, you liked the Miz [107] Zhu? - asked him Madonna. - The Chinese have a saying "Beautiful only love." If you found it most beautiful, that means you're in love.

Johnson sardella from embarrassment.

Jose and Ah dick, despite the recklessness of others, serenely cooed, sitting on the corner of the sofa with wine glasses in hand. His demeanor and behavior are very like ice from the flame, different from the flowing energy of the Madonna.

- No problem! You're a free citizen of America and you can love who you want, - muttered sulkily Madonna.

At these words dick ay could not resist a laugh. He made Josu in his arms and said:

- Darling, how wonderful that you all like it. You really are a real treasure!

- Please do today without jealousy and barbs! - called me. - It's just a game. So let's have fun!

"I agree," said the Flier, and, seizing the moment, quietly sidles up to me, put her arm around my waist and languidly rested her head on his shoulder. Tian-Tian carefully not see his antics, intently blowing the fluffy ash from the tip of the cigar.

I patted Flyer on the ear:

- Your turn, monkey!

- I give this rose the most beautiful of creatures - yourself, dedicate a poem smartest Coco, and give myself to somebody I like, anyway, man or woman - sang a Drifter, happily spinning in front of the mirror and adjusting her colorful sarong on the hips.

Perhaps I look just adorable! he added.

- We also believe, in unison, echoed his companion. They surrounded the Flyer hanging on him, throwing hands like a tangle of polozheniya-paulusma, coiling around coveted ripe Apple.

- Me no one gave roses. In order not to lose face, I better myself to give it, - with these words, holding the stem of a rose in his mouth, Flier and spread her arms out to the sides like wings, and swaying to the music as if she's going to soar up. He was a strange and touchingly defenseless, but waving sarong floors gave it the beauty of something detrimental demonic.

- I also want to give you a rose, because I think you're the most beautiful, unexpectedly Boyko said in Chinese, the Serb Isha. - A poem I dedicate to my best friend, Spider, to have the highest IQ of all my friends. So for me, I want to offer myself to someone that was called the most beautiful.

At these words the eyes of all those present rushed to Ishu like a space alien. In blonde American involuntarily blurted out a nervous chuckle. Isha rapidly took off and went over to Johnson:

- You're funny, huh?

"Sorry," he replied, unable to suppress a smile. - It happened by itself.

- In the same way as the aircraft of your country themselves flying over our cities and dropping bombs at us? Just as your soldiers sweep away everything in its path, killing thousands of innocent civilians? Shameless lie! Shitty Americans! - he shouted in a frenzy. - When I think about you, want to puke! Everywhere none of your business, sticking your nose where it doesn't belong! Arrogant and greedy bunch! Vulgar, stupid and primitive, smug, insanely! I'd like to spit you all in the face, you filthy toads!

Johnson quickly got up from the couch.

How the hell did you attacked me? What the fuck I have to do this fucking bombing? What the hell is it attached?

Because you're fucking American!

- Come on, come on, just tell the Spider, trying to separate them. - You guys are just a little too much fun.

Sitting surrounded by the ox-eyed beauties-models Godfather even didn't move a muscle and calmly continued to entertain their oboyatelny card tricks. However, from time to time they threw a curious glance at the two locking between the red, like a cancer, laowai. From the point of view of ethics,

they certainly were on the side of the Serb. But aesthetic considerations have inclined their sympathies on the side similar to DiCaprio American.

- If you are weak, then try by force to prove his innocence, - giggling, egging Madonna. The only thing she couldn't stand the boredom and serenity. The flyers came closer and grabbed Isha's hand. After all, in the end, the quarrel started due to the fact that Isha had confessed his liking for him. It was moved by Flyers.

- Why don't you both take a cold shower - without a hint of sarcasm suggested that Tian-Tian.

His words were not sarcasm, they went from the heart, was dictated by the kindness and simplicity of nature. He sincerely believed that bathing improves health, helps to solve the problem. For him, the bathroom was the saving sanctuary as the womb. After a dip in the crystal clear water can wash off all the dirt of the outside world, to get rid of entrenched in the brain of the drone rock-n-roll, from prevailing violence and cruelty, from worries and pain.

So the international incident was over, and the evening continued. Tian-Tian was given a rose, dedicated a poem and himself to me, and I did the same thing to him.

- Well, neither give nor take cooing doves, devoted to each other until death - sarcastically laughed Madonna. - By not sick?

Tian-Tian smiled weakly.

Sorry, we didn't want to put our feelings on display for all to envy.

I couldn't get rid of the remorse. And Madonna, and Jose was aware of my relationship with mark. But how can I admit that Tian-Tian? Thanks to the amazing spiritual closeness and harmony between us, Tian-Tian has managed to touch the strings of my soul, which was unavailable to Mark. These two men were very different, and each awoke in my body is unique, like no feelings. I don't think I did too selfish and narcissistic, but I confess, it was difficult to maintain composure in such a situation, and I constantly looked for excuses for his behavior.

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I remember once in a conversation with Josey I dropped:

- Can't to forgive myself for this!

And she replied:

You're already forgiven.

True.

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Jose dick and AI are exchanged with each other and the roses and poems and declarations of love. The spider, the Godfather and two of his friends dedicated their poems to me. (Thus, I was recognized as the most intelligent woman at the party. Among made in my honor poems was the following lines: "Your smile revives to life / she's like a priceless gift...", which was very flattering. In another poem read: "You are like hardened armor, / but not a living creature of flesh..." that, in my opinion, sounded humiliating. And another was this: "She laughs and cries, it is real and ephemeral,"

which, from my point of view, quite true.) Of the four men who gave flowers to the companions of Flyers, three were graduates of Fudan University, and another graduate only half. The latter, of course, there were dropouts Spider. Former students and beauty-fashion models Flirty looks and vengeance flirting. Well that living was not only a sofa, but a bed and a soft carpet, where they, at least, not closely.

While my attentive look of the artist examined the pictures of Tian-Tian, we Josei talking, gobbling up the strawberries from the same plate.

- You met mark? - she asked, without looking up.

- Yeah, - I answered, shaking his legs to the beat of the jazz tunes that just put Tian-Tian.

The room was complete chaos All present were so deeply moved and melted, which seemed about to melt. His eyes widened, lost its meaningful expression, were similar to the yolk, ready at any moment to spread a sticky puddle. Everyone rejoiced in the pleasure.

- Why do you ask? - I turned in her direction.

- At work there are persistent rumors that he will soon leave China and return to the main office of the company.

Really? - I tried to keep an indifferent look. But strawberry swallowed a lump in his throat from the sudden onset of the spasm.

- Apparently, he was promoted because he was good here. So in Berlin it will soon appoint one of the Executive positions.

- Well, quite possibly - I agreed, got up from the couch and throwing the log and a red satin pillow, went to the balcony.

- Try not to think about it, softly advised Jusa.

- How many stars! Beautiful! I said, with your head raised high and looking up at the sky.

In a dark, bottomless-cold sky of stars hung with red-hot pieces, scattered in all directions after the explosion. With each oozing silver blood. If I had wings, I flew up and would have kissed every star. That same sharp pain and subsequent liberation I felt every time Mark's body touched mine. I carefully told myself that the woman is able to separate the bodily desire of a heart. After all, men can, so why would a woman not do that? But in reality, it turned out that I more and more thought about mark and about those awful and magical at the same time the moments experienced with him.

Jose dick and I said goodbye and started to leave. However, before leaving, Jose felt obliged to come to the Johnson and thank him for the attention and for Rosa. Of Johnson's views was not happy. First, they got in a fight with the Serbs, and now took this pretty girl.

The party gradually got out of control, turning into Bedlam. At three in the morning Flier with the Serbs went to a hotel "Jinjiang", where he stayed a stylist. The spider, the Godfather and two of his friends at University had fun with the mannequins in the living room. Tian-Tian, Madonna and I went to sleep on a huge bed in our bedroom, and Johnson took a NAP on the sofa.

At five in the morning I woke up suddenly with a sharp sound, as if somewhere nearby was a brawl. From behind the door came the loud moans and screams, similar to the night the hooting of an owl.

Madonna ran away from our bed and was now coiled around Johnson like slender and the white snake. Making love, she didn't even throw a cigarette, still holding her hand, and from time to time delayed.

I watched this scene few moments, thinking about the fact that Madonna was still a real bitch. At this point, she changed the position, spotted me and motioned to join in.

Suddenly awakened Tian-Tian hugged me. The room was stuffy, hung the heavy smell of adrenaline, tobacco, alcohol, which would be even flies suffocated.

From stereo systems swept the never-ending sounds of the song "Green light." All was not sleep. We Tian-Tian kissed and embraced, like the last day of our lives. Once produced by Madonna and Johnson moans and sighs subsided, we fell asleep without moving his arms.

The next morning in the apartment there is not the guests, not even their shadows. On the table no one of note. All vanished into nowhere. Everywhere on the floor and on the table lay scraps of food, cigarette butts, empty cachet of the pills, filthy paper towels, someone's smelly socks and a pair of black panties. Hideous sight!

And because during the party, my somber mood had completely disappeared, the return of old depression was inevitable. I threw away the accumulated garbage, cleaned the room and prepared to start life anew.

Suddenly, I realized - and took it for granted that to be writing again. Thank God, I regained that elusive but all-consuming ability to manipulate words!

I'm totally focused on working, hurrying to finish the book. Tian-Tian, as usual, was sitting in the next room from time to time visited the Madonna, where he played in so he loved computer games or ran around town in her car. In the kitchen again returned to the old mess. We stopped together to come up with all sorts of original recipes and to cook trial meals. In our apartment again frequent messenger from the "Crumbs of Sichuan". However, it was a different kid. Dean resigned. I thought whether he was to write, but when asked about it the waiter could not answer anything definite.

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