

27 Chaos

Between the devil and the deep blue was me.

Billy Bragg [108]

For writing a person's pernicious idea of belonging to a particular sex.

And try to be just a clean and natural man or woman is also detrimental.

Virginia Woolf [109]

Suddenly called from home. The mother broke her leg. Due to power outages in the building the Elevator was not working, and she slipped on the stairs. This news at first stunned me, but then I quickly got ready, grabbed a cab and rushed over there. The father lectured at the University, the house bustled the maid. In addition to her no one was visible, and the apartment seemed depressingly quiet and deserted. The silence was so shrill that rang in my ears and my head was spinning.

Mother was lying on the bed, his eyes closed. Her pale, like alabaster, gaunt face shone like polished furniture standing around. The left knee was in a cast. I tried to approach as quietly as possible and sat down in the chair by the bed. She opened her eyes.

Here you are, ' she said simply.

- Are you hurt? - I asked.

She reached out and stroked my fingers. Bright manicure on nails peeled off, why hand it seemed strange strangers.

She sighed and asked:

- How's your romance?

- Yes so-so... I Write a bit every day, but I'm not sure someone would be interested to read it.

Since you've decided to become a writer, do not think about such things.

For the first time, she spoke about my work. I stared at her. I wanted to lean over and hug her, to tell her how much I love her, I need her support in order not to lose heart.

- Maybe eat something? said I, not venturing to hug.

She shook her head.

- And your friend all right? She knew nothing about the fact that Tian-Tian was treated in center for drug addicts.

- He drew many illustrations are excellent. Maybe I'll put them in my book.

- You're not gonna move here for a while? Just for a week?

I smiled in response.

- Of course, because my bed is still in place?

The maid helped lead my old room in the row. Since then, as Jose moved to a renovated apartment, where nobody lived. On the bookshelf has accumulated a thick layer of dust, and at the top still sat furry toy orangutan. When the window looked the setting sun, the room permeated the soft and warm rays of light.

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I briefly lay down on the bed, and I had a dream. If I go somewhere on the street in old school, bike, and I meet a familiar face. Suddenly next to me stops a black pickup truck and from there jump several men in masks. The gang leader waving at them, holding a pink cell phone, a gesture showing that they dragged me and the bike in the car. I Shine flashlights directly in the eyes and elicit the secret information about the whereabouts of some important individuals.

- Where General, tell me! They are staring me in the face and again shouted: - Come on, spill it! Where is the General?

I don't know!

- Do not lie! Take a good look at the ring on your finger. How can a woman not know where her husband is hiding? - I'm totally confused looking at my left hand. Indeed, on my ring finger shines a beautiful ring with a huge diamond.

But I really do not know anything, even kill! in despair I cry.

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When I woke up, dad was already home. My room was still quiet, but I realized that he was back and that the time was nearing dinner at the subtle delicate aroma of the cigar that penetrated into the bedroom from the balcony.

I got up, went to the balcony and shook hands with his father. He's already dressed in a homemade costume. It was obvious his little belly and already thinning grey hair, ruffled by the wind. He stared at me, and then asked:

- Did you sleep well?

I nodded, smiled and said:

- I rested, gained strength, so that even now in the mountains, hunt of the tiger.

- Well, well. It's time for dinner. He put his hand on my shoulder and we walked into the living room.

Mom already seated at the table in a comfortable chair with a velvet pillow. From the served dishes were mouth-watering smell, nose tickled from spicy fragrances.

In the evening my father played chess. Mother was lying on the bed and watched us. We absently chatted about different things until the conversation did not go about one of the most significant events in a person's life - marriage. Not wanting to communicate on this delicate subject, I quickly put the chess pieces in the carton, bathed and went to bed.

Lying in bed, I called Tian-Tian and all the details described to him my dream, asking what it all means. He said that deep down I unconsciously anticipating the success of his novel, but that lend

themselves to common, human nature, fear.

- Really? skeptically I said.

- It is better to talk to David, and gave advice on Tian-Tian.

The week passed very quickly. Most of the time I spent with her mother, watching her TV, playing cards and happily gobbling up yummy homemade, which stokvels: soup of green beans and Lotus roots, pudding yams, and sesame fritters of mashed turnips. The night before leaving came to me father, to talk.

I remember as a child you often ran and wandered around the city alone? And, in the end, lost. By and large, you've always been the girl who goes astray, - he said.

I smoked sitting in a rocking chair.

- Right. And I, little has changed.

In other words, you're being too risky and constantly hope for a miracle. Of course, this is not a fatal error... But everything in life sometimes is not as easy as it seems. For mother and for me you'll always be our dear innocent girl...

- But... - I tried to protest, but he waved me to silence.

- We never tried to stop you and did not forbid to do what you want. We simply could not do otherwise... But you got to remember one very important thing. Whatever you do, you should be ready to take responsibility for the consequences of their own actions. You always talk about individual freedom according to Sartre, but any freedom is still restricted to certain limits or conditions.

"I agree," I exhaled a ring of gray smoke. In the open study window blew a fresh breeze, to inform me weak aroma of standing in a vase of lilies.

Parents always understand their children. Never be dismissive to think of elders as old-fashioned people.

I don't think - not quite sincerely I replied.

- You're too emotional. If you have a bad mood, you see everything in gloomy light. If you're happy, then you the sea knee-deep.

But, honestly, this is my natural state.

One of the conditions that must be followed if you want to become a real writer, is the following: we need to reject vanity and learn to be independent in this precarious profession, where much solves the case. Do not flatter yourself with success, don't settle in life only work. First of all you are a man and a woman and then a writer.

This is why I go dancing in sandals and dresses on the straps, seeing a therapist, reading good books, eat healthy fruits rich in vitamins A and C, are taking calcium tablets and generally trying to behave as an intelligent and absolutely unique woman - tried to reassure him, I added: - I Promise I will soon come visit you and mom.

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Connie invited Tian-Tian for dinner, to show the almost finished restaurant. We ate on the balcony with wooden table and rattan. The sun had set but there was still light. In the yard rustled the poplars, their branches with dense foliage rhythmically swayed right over my head. The wide marble stairs leading to the balcony, quickly scurried recently hired young waiters in a brand new, spick and span, black-and-white uniforms, feeding meals.

Despite the obvious fatigue, Connie, as always, was impeccably made up. In the hand of ODA was holding a Havana cigar, the tip of which on behalf of just cut off one of the young waiters. She wanted to see if he knows how to cope with expensive cigars.

- I only hire young waiters, who previously have never worked and never managed to gain any bad habits, she explained to us. Such you can learn everything from scratch.

Juan was out of town. He went to Spain for a whole team of Spanish chefs. He and Connie had planned to open the restaurant in early September.

At her request, I brought part of the manuscript and a few illustrations. Puffing at his cigar, she with interest examined pictures of Tian-Tian did not hide his admiration.

- Wow, what wonderful colors and what a fine figure. Have Tian-Tian artistic talent since childhood. Son, mom is very pleased with your work!

Tian-Tian was silent, absorbed by the food. He just filed the cod baked in parchment paper. The paper was lightly incised, and dishes up delightful alluring aroma of spicy sauce and cooked divinely delicious white fish.

"Thank you," still chewing, suddenly said to Tian-Tian. Now between mother and son was not open hostility, just a painful sense of fatigue and frustration.

You know, on the second floor there are two bare walls, said Connie. - Tian-Tian, would you paint them?

I looked expressively to Tian-Tian.

- You would be perfectly brilliant, ' I told him.

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After dinner, Connie took us through a Suite of rooms and lobby. Masters already completed the installation of cute lamps were brought in and placed tables and chairs mahogany exquisite handcraft. Two spacious rooms were built fireplaces, red brick, and above them on wooden shelves adorned with bottles of wine and whiskey. The wall in front of each fireplace was pristine.

- What do you think, which style is it better to paint? - asked Connie.

- Maybe in the style of Matisse? There is, perhaps, more suitable Modigliani, ' I replied.

Tian-Tian nodded in agreement. In his paintings a sense of splendor and restraint, why there is a desire to get closer to the image, but it is elusive and slips away. Perhaps this is heaven - lazily sipping wine and Smoking a cigar, comfortably ensconced in an armchair by the fireplace in front of the painting in the style of Modigliani.

- So you take it with? - asked Connie, and looked at his son with a triumphant smile.

- I lived for you, it's time for me to return at least part of the debt, replied Tian-Tian.

We stayed at the restaurant Connie's past midnight, enjoying Latin American music and wine.

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Tian-Tian took to paint the walls in his mother's restaurant. Now he wore overalls, took brushes and paints and went over there. And since the restaurant was far from home, he often stayed there overnight in a small cozy room that Connie had thoughtfully prepared for him.

Meanwhile I plunged into work, wrote and then tore written to shreds. Could not find a fitting end for a novel. Late in the night before going to bed, I'm usually checking email, looking for messages from many friends and acquaintances. It turned out that the Flyer whirlwind romance with the Serbs Keisha. They recently were together in Hong Kong at the festival of gay - Tunji - movie. Flyboy sent me a few photos on the Internet: he's on the beach and surrounded by attractive young people. They portrayed sex cocktail, simply put, made a bunch of little, leaning on each other half-naked. Many had pierced ears, nipples, navels, and even the tips of your tongue and everywhere stuck silver rings for piercing. The flyers signed this photo "Our beautiful and crazy world".

Received a letter from Shamir in English. She wrote that I left in her heart, how passionate Oriental watercolor, which awakens in her soul's deepest feelings; like a rose in the night garden, the petals of which fall when the blossom Bud. Wrote that not to forget the inviting freshness of my mouth, like a gust of wind, the rapid flow of or the petal of a flower.

It was one of the most outspoken and passionate love letters I have ever received. And the fact that its author is a woman, plunged me into confusion.

Spidey was wondering if I changed my mind to get your own page on the Internet. If not, he my services at any time, because business has tanked and he's nothing to do. One message was from Madonna. She complained that the electronic mail is even more inconvenient than the phone, so she writes to me the first and last time. Reported that the party was protertoy and delightful at the same time and that the next day she was unable to find his cell phone. It couldn't be me if she had forgotten his case?

All incoming messages I answered as politely and sincerely as possible to the momentary mood. My friends and I, mostly children from wealthy families, used to flavor the speech of vulgar words and obscenities. We are all irresistibly attracted by the danger and temptation. We are all like a swarm of fluttering in the wind, vulnerable gnats that fly on the wings of inspiration and have no idea of harsh reality. We, as voracious and Horny insect larvae, feed on the juicy pulp of urban life. So typical of this city romantic and poetic atmosphere is largely the fruit of our indefatigable efforts. Some disparagingly call us linglei, others openly despise. Someone in whatever was wanted to get into our circle, carefully imitating us in everything: in the manner of dress, hairstyles, speech, in love. Others revile us worth and require us to get out while the going's good along with our way of life.

I turned off the computer, the screen momentarily flashed and went out. In stereo performed the song "Green light" performed "sonic Youth" [110]. The last line still rang in my ears: "Her light is the night, Ah-Ah-Ah". I climbed into the tub and lay down in the warm water. For a moment he dozed a little, lulled by the gurgle of water and gentle touch of foam soap. I had a dream and in my dream I wrote a poem about the night. I remember only these lines: "Before the day dissolve into night, you don't know what it means darkness, / you are the unknown secrets hidden in the folds of the bed / and you don't know longing eagerly open lips /and-and-and..."

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The stifling, windless evening, when the low atmospheric pressure has compressed whisky, without warning to my house arrived mark called from the car.

- Sorry to disturb you, but I need to see you!

Because of interference, he sounded vague and muffled. He had scarcely finished the sentence, the connection is terminated. Perhaps the cell phone battery is dead. I imagine he's pissed throws the phone on the car seat and swearing. Put down the pen and ran downstairs, not for the first time nekrasivoj to meet him.

He was fresh and fit as usual. I looked first at him, then at himself, barefoot, shod in sandals of his feet and ridiculous zakavkazya crumpled nightgown. At all desire it was impossible to keep from laughing!

He also laughed but then was serious:

Coco, I have some bad news: I leave for Germany.

I unconsciously put her hands to suddenly petrified face.

What?

Silently looked at him, and he never took his eyes off me.

- So it's not just a rumor, - I whispered. Cousin said you're going to move to the main office.

He gave me a hug.

- I want to stay with you.

- It's impossible! - screamed a cry of my heart, but I remained silent.

Speechless, with clenched teeth and tightly clenched lips, just so I could withstand the flow of violent eruptions that mark brought to me. It was impossible to change. Even if I attacked him with fists and pounded like crazy would be in the chest, even if I stole all his money to the last penny, credit cards and passport in the bargain, I would not have been able to resist the inevitable: my lover from Germany, the man who gave me more sensual pleasure and joy than all the previous men left me forever. And nothing can be done.

I reassuringly patted him on the shoulder:

Okay. And when are you leaving?

No later than the end of next month. I want to spend my remaining time with you, every moment, every second! - He leaned down and pressed his face to his chest. From the touch of his hair through the fabric of the nightie my nipples came to life and swelled like the buds in a last ditch effort to open up ahead of nightfall.

We rapidly sped on the smooth highway, and our bright colorful dream was slowly dissipating in the night darkness, instead of becoming a reality. As if the bright silver moon circle turned to our dark side, is marred by craters of volcanoes and black cliffs. Night Shanghai is always living at the peak of nervous tension and games passions. We raced on a soulless smooth highways past the neon lights and whirling in the light of the clouds of Golden dust. And from the speakers the song floated Iggy Pop [111]: "We're all just Wanderers, / hurrying somewhere, / and the stars in the sky /

everyone is waiting for, when we are together with you will fly".

You can love each other to madness, to experience unbearable emotional pain, to turn fiction into reality and try to build my life or to trample dreams to dust. Anything. But for me it is incomprehensible why God thinks he has the right to suppress the tears flow all the stars in the sky at any moment when he wants to cry? That night was the moment when I felt the inevitability of impending disaster - a traffic accident or an accident that would help to open this abscess insurance our passion and obsession.

But no accident had occurred. Machine domchal us to the Central Park of Pudong. The gates were closed, and we made love, parked the car against the wall in the shade of the trees. From the folding seats smelled of leather and lust. I brought a leg cramp, but I meekly endured the aching pain up until our dream love not broken, an unstoppable waterfall and not watered my hips.

The next morning I woke up from a dream in the apartment of Mark. Everything that happened seemed like a phantasmagoria. Passion always leaves in the heart a blood trail like a soft brush - calligraphic ink stroke in traditional Chinese painting. But life is not love, and not in her power to erase the tired black circles under the eyes reflected by a ruthless mirror.

Nothing goes unnoticed, and must pay for everything. And one lonely human being puts antennae, antennas, trying to catch the other call of the same restless, but at the first sign of danger again tightly shut his impregnable shell.

Mark announced that from now until the day of departure he does not need daily time to be at work at 9.45 with tie and full dress and that he wants each passing day was the farewell feast. He wanted the last moments were the most intense in his life, and begged me to stay with him longer. My friend still forever painted the walls in his mother's restaurant, to the end of the novel remained some dozen pages, and with mark we may never meet.

We'll never meet again! Heart pierced with such poignant pain, that it seemed about to burst from unbearable agony.

Mark muted the sound of Suzhou ballads and got me a first aid kit aspirin. He massaged my neck skillfully and deftly, to which, perhaps, learned in "massage parlors". And gently teased me, saying with a slight Shanghai accent. He served me as an Eastern Princess, the lady of his dreams - his talented girlfriend with black long to the waist hair and expressive sad eyes.

And I - I suddenly saw the light and realized that after all was caught in a treacherous love the trap set by this German who was to become for me just a sex partner. He treacherously crept to my heart through the back door, having conquered first the flesh and then the soul. How many times since the birth of the feminist movement of nisprovergatelya traditional values sought to dispel the myth of limitless magical power of carnal desire. But bitter experience has taught me the futility of trying to deal with vulnerable female nature. I only play with illusions, to convince yourself that this is just a harmless game, fun for both of us, because life is an amusement Park with many attractions, and we always attracted to the next new thrill.

And at this time my favorite was sitting somewhere in the restaurant, immersed in their own reality full of colors and fancy lines, where he hoped to attain salvation for ourselves and for the world - because in his understanding both hopelessly astray from the right path.

I stayed in the apartment at the Mark. We were lying Nude in bed, listening to Suzhou ballads, watched movies, played chess. Hungry, cooked noodles or wontons. We barely slept and tried not to look each other in the eye, to avoid unnecessary pain.

When the skin began to suffocate under a layer of semen, saliva and sweat, we took bathing suits, swimming goggles, VIP card and went to the hotel "Equatorial" wallowed off in the pool. There was almost always deserted, and we like two strange fish, splashing in the steamy emptiness in the rays of orange light. The greater the fatigue, the piercing beauty of our bodies and the more we are exhausting each other, the happier I felt.

Back in bed, with the frenzy we once again indulged in unbridled passion, mercilessly wasting goodness knows where from undertaken boundless reserves of sexual energy, as if he wanted to reach the limit. We suddenly learned the full power of this wild, uncontrollable, demonic forces. If God said that everything is ashes, then we'll turn to dust. If God says that now is the day of judgment, so it is our last day on earth! Never drooping member Mark, it seemed, was poured rubber. He remained hard and firm even when I started to bleed under his blows.

Saved by the bell wife of Marc. He got up, and unsteadily walked over to the phone. Eva wanted to know why he's not answering her e-mails.

And I thought, "Lord, in this endless fever we were so exhausted, that never even turned on the computer".

Between spouses, we held a short conversation, during which they agreed when he returns to Germany. They talked in German, and although sometimes passed on raised tone, still not fighting.

He hung up the phone and climbed into bed. But I really pushed him that he fell out of bed onto the floor.

- I'm just crazy. A nightmare! Sooner or later something horrible happened! - in a fit of anger I said, and quickly began to dress.

He grabbed my ankle and kissed the foot. Then groped for a cigarette in the pile of abandoned clothing on the floor, lit it and inhaled.

We have always been insane from the beginning, from the first meeting. Know what you have bewitched me? You can be treacherously wrong and infinitely betrayed at the same time. These two things miraculously coexist harmoniously in you.

- Thank you for such an apt description, dressed, I like seeing myself from the outside and could not help but fall into despair: feel knackered doll, assaulted countless times, but whose body, almost naked, will again give a powerful call. I'm going home, - I mumbled.

- You look awful, ' he said kindly, hugging me.

"I know," I replied. I felt disgusting. Felt like hell. I wanted to howl from the pity and contempt of myself.

He hugged me, Golden hairs on his body again softly tickled my skin.

- Honey, I'm sure you're just dead tired. The more love energy you waste, the stronger excite me. I adore you.

I didn't want to hear anything. I wanted to run aimlessly, leaving behind the wind, and back into the past. I probably never destined to find peace, but I ran back home like a rat back to its hole.

On the street the eyes appeared to be bright sunlight. Inflamed blood a deafening throbbing in his

veins, and, finding himself among a huge crowd, I did not immediately come to himself and remembered what day it is and who I am.

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