

“Life”

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This novel is serialized at the Pink Pavilion’s website, www.brightonpavilion.co.uk Check back for new installments of this intellectual romance novel.

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Aoefie sat looking over the city in the cafe in Canary Wharf. The locks of hair twiddled in her hands and looks of strangers, the sun, glittering upon water, smart waiters and city types. This was a colossal world and she looked at it in her beer. A cold solace, somehow removed, somehow she knew that it was all going to go wrong. Birds flying, crossing the skies among planes and down here people in ties roaming as aimlessly, contagious restless city. London. She saw someone reading a book. The Portrait of a People. Seemed to have something to do with Britain and British and . She mused whilst inspecting her text messages what it meant to be British. She was from another place yet she felt part of this place. "Pls remembr 2 c me tmrw, tan x". A peace demonstration passed by on a bus of the rainbow coloured Jesus Army. "I've got a lecture, mybe coffee l8ta". Value, honour, hope, regret, properness. "Book!" Was there one value in Britain. And what was value but what it could be exchanged for. Adoring Adorno in her hands, considering the Adonis to be hers. Much ado, much ado. Was she a Lady Macbeth to herself. No. Lady Macbeth, what about Macbeth himself. What about responsibility, a man always abdicating to his queen who is his monarch in all but name. The hope of being with Tanya melted into her, soothing love yet aching to find out more like the reader of a romance novel that she was writing. She had the author in her hands. She was the author. Yet she was beholden to the plot. Love was a limiting thing, a prison that was lock and key wishing to be finding their purpose. No thought of what to do when freedom happened. Being, being, being.

An auction, yes that's it, thought Aoefie! We're always bidding up, endlessly looking for the more romantic. The greater choice. Yet when everyone wants someone what happens? Everything should come to the good looking people. But what about the ugly ones? And what about the unlucky?

Was love a binding myth? Did it really exist?

Scrap this bit. Tet.

"Oh, you'll never guess what Kile said. He's got a plan. He's a man who's always got a plan! You're saved now my handsome knight has got it together!" Cried Tanya in a screamy sort of way.

"That's amazing. How did you find this guy?" Said Destiny.

"Oh, I work with him. But he's the greatest. I spent ages wondering if we'd ever get it together. Then it happened. During a.. well.. he told me he loved me while a bomb was going off," Replied Tanya.

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“You mean he basically stopped everything when your lives were in danger? He’s a little strange yet somehow in a very weird way he is romantic, in a strange way,” Pondered Destiny.

“You mean he may not be the one?” Asked Tanya.

“Now look honey, I don’t want to tell you what to think but if you’re not sure then maybe you need to think about it more,” said Destiny.

“I don’t really know sometimes. He’s a nice guy inside. Somehow I can just tell. I really think he’s the one. Really. He gave me the greatest present, has so many powerful people he knows, he’s a sporty guy. Great looks and well. Perhaps in need of a little fun in his life,” replied Tanya. Her eyes glazed over as if a fog had come. She pondered her love life in a world where women were free, yet released only by a man. Men had either been afraid of her, or had thought her so strong that she didn’t need their consideration. Kile hadn’t been afraid, and had given her the feeling of constancy she needed. While he the orphan, found in her many women in one: mother sister lover sibyl friend. That’s the vision she felt, yet all she could say was, “He’s my guy,”

“So you really think I can trust him. I’m feeling very tense about the whole thing. Just something worrying,” said Destiny, looking a little worried and somehow glassy eyed.

“Don’t worry, you can rely on Kile like I rely on him. He’s the best man I’ve ever known. And he’s all mine,” smiled Tanya.

“Let’s celebrate, let’s go shopping!” Said Destiny.

Interlude

Lucretius – fear of death, growing alone, the gods do not make love simply atoms and determined physics makes love, destiny in love does not exist. Fear of love and fear of loneliness, one should look back at the time when one was not in love to understand one’s fear of being in love.

Ovid- metamorphosis- change and renewal of form- love is our mother, myth of love exists. Transcience of being, transcience of love.

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At the Office

He chose Tanya. He chose Tanya over his job. He didn't care what the papers said about him. Yet somehow he chose Ovid over Lucretius, he thought. The inconstant soul, the mutability of love, Ich Lieber dich, every last speck of himself for her. A being going through life can become so other to himself as to be another. He thought electric eclectic thoughts, lesbian fantasy thrilled between the sheets with homely mother. The optimism of those ideas! But Kile, life just happens to you: like an accident. No: it happens to you as a result of your condition. Not choice, but – at best – process, and, at worst, shocking, total change. A new fling: he had sought a different kind, but this was what he got.

Bitterness, too, and hatred, all these coarse things. He would enter into his new self; he would be what he had become: loud, stench, hideous, outsize, grotesque, inhuman, powerful. He had the sense of being able to stretch out a little finger and topple great men, and women, with the force growing in him, the anger, the anger, the anger. Power. He was looking for someone to blame. He too, dreamed his dreams, a shape, a face, was floating closer, ghostly still, unclear, but one day soon he would be able to call it by its name.

I am, he accepted, *that I am*. Submission.

Shopping and Sex

A chocolate store next to a shoes shop next to an accessories shop next to a dress shop next to a wedding shop next to jewelrey shop next to a perfume shop. Tanya walked slowly taking in the detail as if it all seemed different being in love. Being powerful. Being one. Destiny and Tanya sat together in a cosmetics shop by the perfumes and face paint. War paint, war for the battle of the sexes. A sweet young make-up saleslady brushed Tanya's cheekbones, the feeling of softness and powder mixed in to be breathed as a slightly itchy yet salving sensation. Pampered at her friend Destiny's expense. What a wonderful day. A mirror put before her face, she looked different, a new woman, a woman who had to keep up appearances for gorgeous Kile. She felt she owed him, she felt he was someone who deserved her to be better. Above all he deserved her. She was worth it. She looked away at the counter. A book well thumbed lay there. It obviously belonged to the make-up saleslady.

"Is that your book? You've got to get the romance in wherever you can," said Tanya.

"Oh, it's Ovid," replied the saleslady.

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“Never heard of her, is it as good as Bills and Moon novels. I love those ones,” said Tanya.

“No, he’s an old Greek writer,” replied the saleslady.

“Hmm, sounds kinda boring,” said Destiny, who was really getting bored now.

“It’s on makeup techniques. Thousand year old. Another thing the Greeks gave us.” Said the sales girl.

Later over coffee in the mall.

“So why does the whole world seem to be watching you?” Asked Tanya.

“It’s this dreadful scandal, darling. In the States I kinda had a little fling with a not-really that important senator’s son and he’s completely going nuts,” replied Destiny.

“So if he’s not-so-important why all the fuss?” Asked Tanya.

“Well you see his father is also a big supporter of some guy who has a grudge with this other guy and so the other guy is getting at that guy because he wants to get back at him..” gabbled Destiny.

“Okay I get the picture. This is why I never read the papers. Full of lots of rubbish and nothing really that interesting,” said Tanya.

The next day

Tanya awoke, somehow ears ringing, or was that a dreamy left over of the deep maddening intense passion of her memories of the night’s surreal cloth of Kile’s touch. She went to the paper at the door and had a quick look. Just to see what Kile had done to sort out the problem with Destiny. She was horrified to see a picture of what looked like a faded photo of herself when she was young, maybe 18, a picture of Aeofie but somehow they had got a pic of her in a bikini and then a stock photo-shoot pic of Destiny. The headline was “SHOCK: threesome between destiny and merchant banker”.

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