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THE YEAR OF MICE

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6 大会展中心大起底

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GLASS OF AGES

Heavenly Creation

像花像海又像梦

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永恒的英式奢华

南腔北调



RMB 50.00

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Red As Our Love

A Chinese Love Story Continues (Part III)

We raised our glasses again and again "To Love" with smiles that touched the sky and exploded into a thousand pieces of Heavenly matter. The bottle is at last empty: We must decide what is next. The vodkas and cranberry relaxed and enlivened our souls. The red wine awakened our touch. Do we order another bottle and consume it until we can drink no more or do we retire while we can better focus on the art of making love? That is the question.

I suggest with a smile that we go to the room. She asks what is the rush? I say I can taste her embrace. She asks if that is not enough? I tell her it is the start, not the finish. She smiles, for she knows as well that it is so. She enjoys the game. I play, because it pleases her. It is not my way, but I yield to her, because I want her to have it her way. "Waiter, another bottle of Bordeaux, please", I say. She smiles. For her the romance that is French with every drop that defines pedigree without question is the means of our foreplay: We intertwine our extended fingers again and again a reach across the table and it feels great. It is but a hint of what is to come, yet being

richly symbolic, it is as meaningful as the act itself.

And then we can drink no more and we know it. We are at the point of maximum red wine penetration. A sip more and it would destroy the beauty of the moment. We offer the rest of the bottle to our waiter, who is only too glad to enjoy that which is left after work: After work when her life begins again: For her romance is not in the restaurant, but by her own lover's side, a world apart from ours, yet united in spirit.



Fred Tibitts Jr. is a global wine consultant based in New York. He assists some of the top hotel and restaurant chains in the U.S. and Asia Pacific developing their wine by the glass programs, leading educational trips to wine producing countries and hosting VIP industry dinners at New York and across Asia.

The elevator seems to take forever. Would that we could go straight from the table to the bed it would be a perfect world, but we are among the living, so we accept that our loving must continue after a short commute. I press the plastic card into the door and it obeys. At last, we are alone. We fall into one another's arms and dance across the room as it spins out of control.

And then it is morning and we must pretend that our business is as stated and not as loved. But that's fine. We will soon be together in another place to pretend once again that we work not love, so that we may continue to celebrate our ever more complete love for one another. The beauty is truly in the moment; not the anticipation of a moment that may or may never come to exist: Celebrate the moment with your lover and a glass or more of the best red wine you can afford and you celebrate life in the fullest without regret. For our passion and the ecstasy that defines it when we are One with the beloved is incredibly fragile: It may be here today, but gone tomorrow, we know not.

Why would the gods unite us, only to painfully let the other slip through our fingers without notice? The answer is in the beauty of the moment. Celebrate your love in the moment and know that if you are always true to yourself, the next beloved will always know the way to your heart. Partners are seldom forever, for we can love more than one: But if they are forever, there can be no better outcome.

If your love be not forever, fear not, for your next lover will teach you even more about the red wine that will become your favorite of favorites. For your lover is the magic element that makes the wine of any vineyard and winemaker the best you have ever known. Love well and toast to the Divine.

Live from China, I am Red Fred. Red as the love that is the love of my life.

To be continued ★