

ALPAY ULKU

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Each guest taps the gong, and steps into the poolside garden, where servants place incense in the palm of some exotic Polynesian idol.

We kiss the hostess on the lips and join the others on lounge chairs, nibbling fruit flown in express and the most delicious fish and meats.

Deals unfold like pellets of the finest Oolong tea, wrapped by hand on Spirit Mountain, where twelve waterfalls surround the terraces the same families have farmed for a thousand years.

Hollywood is history, says the host. When he sees where you're looking, he tells her, and she curls at your feet like a pearl. The sound of silk on silk

is snow blowing over ice. You're a rat in a garbage chute, leaning back against some plastic bags. Cabbage leaves fall all around. Manna. *Mañana*. No one will get in your way.