

In the eye of the beholder
Other than the fact that they had been to school
together, they ^{had} had little else in common.

Jan Lorenzo Calavetti had been a diligent child since
his first role call at the age of five, whereas Paulo ^{Russell} ~~Calavetti~~
somehow managed to be late for his first role call.

Jan Lorenzo felt at home in the classroom, where he
excelled, Paulo on the football field where he beguiled. They
both progressed to ^{the most} ~~the most~~ ^{complicated} ~~the most~~ high school,
as the headmaster was keen to exploit both their talents.

After school they both graduated to Roma, one to
the nation's oldest university, the other to the nation's ^{club} ~~oldest~~ football.
Although they were not friends, they were ^{both} ~~well~~ aware of the others' achievements.

While one collected honours in one field, the other
won them on another, both achieving their goals.

Jan Lorenzo joined his father at The Venici Gallery,
to turn those years of study, into something practical,
as he tried to emulate his father as the most respected
art dealer in Italy.

Paulo was appointed captain of Roma, and with the
cheers and adulation of the fans ringing in his ears
led them to championship and European honours.

Jan Lorenzo only had to turn to the back pages of
any paper, on almost a daily basis to follow the
progress of his former classmate, and the gossip columns
to discover who was the latest beauty, dangling on his
arm. Another difference between them.

Jan Lorenzo ^{career} ~~reputation~~ was being built more quietly,
and perhaps on firmer ground, as his reputation grew
among his fellow dealers, auction houses and ^{private} ~~public~~ galleries.

He had inherited from his father a good eye and learnt
from him the secret of who possessed the great collections
that were still in private hands, and perhaps more

important who might be willing, or better still, need to part with odd ~~masterpiece~~ ^{Antony}.

Jan Lorenzo father ^{Antony} bought and sold only three or four pictures ^{a year}, but these masterpieces changed hands at around the same price as one of Roma's strikers. ~~Antony~~ only dealt with the finest examples of Renaissance paintings and sculptures that ~~would~~ ^{would} never be exposed to the open market. ~~Antony~~ Unless a piece was exclusive ~~Antony~~ didn't leave his gallery to view. His son followed in his footsteps.

Jan Lorenzo became so engrossed in his work that he missed the injury that Paulo sustained while playing ~~the~~ ^{him} against Fiorentina in the semi-final of the cup. ~~He~~ ^{They} played him on the sidelines of the football field as well as the newspapers, ~~until~~ ^{it} became clear that his career was over. ^{especially after}

At the same time ~~Antony~~ ^{Antony} was passing more and more responsibilities over to his son, ~~allowing him to travel~~ ^{allowing him to travel} around Europe in ~~an~~ ^{an} endless quest to seek out the ~~best~~ rarest objects.

Although he thought of Paulo from time to time, ~~Jan Lorenzo~~ ^{Jan Lorenzo} was not aware of what had been happening in his life, until his name was transferred from the back pages ~~from~~ to the front. He landed on his feet again.

Paulo, the headlines blazed was to marry Angelina Caravello, the only daughter of Maximilian Caravello President of Roma, and Chairman of Ulitox the largest pharmaceutical company in Italy. A marriage of two giants was the ~~headline~~ ^{headline} in one of the tabloids, and when Jan Lorenzo turned to page three he discovered why. Paulo's bride to be was ~~only~~ ^{two} six foot, ^{an} advantage in a model, but that was where the comparison ended, because the other vital statistic ~~the~~ ^{the} the reporters latched on to, was her weight, which varied

from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds according to whether it was reported by a broadsheet or a tabloid.

Jan Lorenzo feared that only Botticelli would have considered her a model. ~~no~~ In every photograph he saw of Paulo's future bride, no amount of skills displayed by the ~~country~~ ^{country} of Milan, the jewelers of Paris, the beauticians of Rome and the legions of manicurists and personal trainers could hope to transform her stature from Bolero to Venus. Whatever angle the photographs took ^{PTA} when ever she stood alongside ~~Paulo~~, the trim athletic figure of Paulo.

Jan Lorenzo chuckled as he folded the paper, drained his coffee and headed off for ~~work~~ ~~the~~ gallery. He always left his secretary to open his post, and dealt with letters he ~~was~~ needed to bother with. That morning she was clutching on to one, as he entered the gallery. She thrust it in his hand even before he had reached his office. Jan Lorenzo stared down at the invitation.

Severuscard Mr Maximilian Sramagetti his pleasure in inviting ~~Jan~~ Jan Lorenzo Calavetti to the wedding of his daughter Angelina to Mr Paulo ^{Rosett} at the ~~Borghese~~ ^{Aurora} Palace

When Jan Lorenzo's father saw the invitation he said, he said Be sure to check his taste in paintings, and remember that your mother will expect you to recall every detail of the wedding, particularly what the bride wore.

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Six weeks later Jan Lorenzo joined a thousand guests in the grounds of The ^{Borghese} Palace. It quickly became apparent that Severus ~~Severus~~ Sramagetti was determined that his only child would enjoy a wedding that not only she, but everyone of ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~guests~~ would never forget. Jan Lorenzo walked around the gardens

admiring and he was pleased to catch
the many sculptures and fountains, ~~and catching~~
up with many old friends and contemporaries, some
of whom he had seen since leaving school.

The setting in the Borgast ~~Palace~~ Gardens with
the palace in the background was the stuff of
fairy tales. ~~and Jan Lorenzo was pleased to catch~~

~~Some~~ twenty minutes before the ceremony was
due to take place, a dozen wheeled wipers, moved
around the thing, inviting them to take their seats
~~places~~ for the wedding that would be held in the
Rose Garden.

Jan Lorenzo took his ~~place~~ ^{place} in ^{elevated} semi circle of
seats that surrounded a raised stage, with an
altar as its centerpiece. Jan Lorenzo eye took in the
~~to stage~~ ~~symmetry~~ of the setting, made even more
dazzling by ~~the most beautiful~~ women dressed in
clothes that had never been worn before, and for some
would never be worn again, complemented by the elegant
men dressed in tuxedos and white shirts,
with only their different colored ties to suggest the
~~peacock~~ in them. Jan Lorenzo looked around to
find, not unsurprisingly, that he was surrounded by captains
of industry, leading politicians, actors, and many of
Paulo's old team mates, interspersed with a group of
the most beautiful women on earth.

The next actor to take his place on the stage,
was Paulo, accompanied by his best man. As he strode
down the path Jan Lorenzo understood only too
well, why women could not take their eyes off him.
He walked up onto the stage and took his place on
the right of the altar, and waited to be joined by
his bride.

~~among~~ A forty piece string orchestra, almost sudden
~~the~~ trees behind the altar, struck up the opening

2?

cords

of Mobak's wedding march. A thousand heads turned to ~~be~~ see the bride as she progressed up the thick grass carpet on the arm of her ~~father~~ proud father.

Even the most generous hearted of men, and the ~~gentlest of women~~, most sympathetic of women, could not have turned to their partners and said, Doesn't she look beautiful. The yards and yards of Persian silk that formed a train behind her, could not disguise the fact that Angelina had no waist, and the diamond coronet that lodged in her hair, only diverted ~~far eyes~~ your eyes for a moment from the triple chin. Nevertheless the look on her face was that of a bride displaying total contentment with her lot, as ~~she~~ she walked towards the man, ~~who~~ she adored, well aware of many of those present, would like to have taken her place.

~~And~~ Angelina climbed the steps up on to the stage ^{and} the boards creaked. ~~Her~~ Her future husband took a pale forward to join her. They both turned to face the bishop. One or two guests ^{smiled when} ~~the priest~~ ^{inquired:} Will you take this woman to be your ^{lawful} ~~wife~~ ^{wedded} wife.
For better for worse
For richer for poorer

After they had been joined together, ~~Antonio~~ ^{San Lorenzo} took his seat in the long garden for lunch. A feast followed that began with champagne and caviar, and ended ^{with} ~~lame~~ and chauntix Gigue. Jan Lorenzo could hardly move by the time Paulo rose to reply to his bestman.

I am happiest man on earth he claimed as he turned to face his beaming bride. I have found the perfect woman for me, and I know that I am the envy of every bachelor present; a sentiment Jan Lorenzo felt unable to agree with, but banished such an ingracious thought from his mind. But then Paulo continued I was the first suitor to win

Angelina's heart. ^{wouldn't be able to}
Some of previous applicants ~~and~~ disagree with
that.

No longer will I have to search for the ~~perfect~~ ^{ideal}
women Paulo added because I have found ~~my Angel~~ ^{her}.
~~The perfect women~~. Please join me in a toast to ~~the~~ my
~~perfect women~~ ^{little angel}. The assembled gathering rose as one
and toasted ~~the perfect women~~, the little angel.

After the speeches were over, the dancing began, to
yet another band, this time one that had been flown in
from New Orleans. Jan Lorenzo ^{later} learnt that Angelina ~~and~~
liked Jazz. ~~A~~

As the band played and the champagne continued
to flow, the newlyweds moved around their guests,
which gave Jan Lorenzo the chance to say thank you.

Let keep in touch said Paulo as he drifted on to
the next guest. Angel is fascinated by art were the last
words ~~Jan Lorenzo~~ ^{Jan Lorenzo} heard before he disappeared in a glutony of
guests.

Just before the sun rose, Mr and Mrs Rosetti set
off for the airport, with a thousand hands waving them
goodbye. When they drove onto the runway, they newly
weds climbed up to the steps of a private jet that took
off immediately for ~~three weeks~~ ^{three weeks} ~~in~~ ^{honey moon} Mexico.

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Jan Lorenzo lost touch with Paulo and Angelina,
despite his parting words, ~~perhaps because~~ ^{perhaps because} they moved to
Tuscany and bought the sort of villa, that makes
the covers, not the inside pages of a glossy magazine.

When Jan Lorenzo's father retired, ~~and~~ ^{he}
happily took over the responsibility of the gallery. Half
his time was ^{now} spent traveling around Europe in search
of ~~that~~ elusive paintings which make collectors, even
the ~~hardest~~ ^{hardest} noted, not bargain when ~~the~~ the

a ~~the~~ price is mentioned.

On one such trip to Venice, to view a Canetto owned by ^{the} Countessa de Palma - a woman who having divorced her third husband, and no longer possessed the looks to guarantee a party - had decided she would have to part with some of her treasures. Her only stipulation was that no one else was to know that she was facing ~~the~~ temporary financial difficulties. Greg leading deals in Italy knew ~~of her plight~~ ^{PRV}, Jan Lorenzo was just thankful that she had selected him to share her confidences with.

Jan Lorenzo took ~~a considerable~~ ^{some} time studying her considerable collection and concluded that she not only had an eye for rich men. After he had agreed a price on the Canetto, he told the Countessa that he hoped that this might be the beginning of a long and fruitful relationship.

Leo started with dinner to-night said the Countessa as she studied the cheque,

they were still ~~discussing~~ ^{* * *} the menu, when Paulo and Angelina strolled into Harry's Bar. The Countessa ~~looked~~ looked at them both as they were ushered to a corner table.

Now there is someone who can afford to buy my entire collection whispered the Countessa.

Agreed, but I fear that Paulo only collects rare cars

And rare women interrupted the Countessa and I'm not sure what she collects.

Extra pounds ^{on a regular basis} said the Countessa ungraciously. ^{X (PRV)} Can you imagine the Countessa continued ^(PRV) what those two get up to when they're in bed. Jan Lorenzo was surprised that the Countessa, was willing to put into words, something he had often thought about, but never expressed.

And when she continued ^{the conversation} ~~she~~ went onto things he hadn't even ~~thought about~~ considered.

Do you think he climbs on top of her, a fear in itself she added, because if they did it the other way round suffocate him like a prying man.

Jan Lorenzo didn't want to think about it, so he attempted to change the subject.

We went to the same school, one hell of an athlete.

You'd need to be to satisfy her he added. I even attended ~~the same~~ his wedding, a truly memorable event, though I doubt after all these years that he would remember me.

Would you really be willing to spend the rest of your life with such a person, just for the money?

~~She~~ ^{Pro} claims he adores her, calls her his little angel. ~~He~~ ^{Pro} could divorce her said Jan Lorenzo, ~~and~~ ~~not sure he'd survive~~.

I doubt ^{Pro} said the ~~conversation~~, you clearly haven't heard about their pre-nuptial agreement.

No I haven't said Jan Lorenzo quietly surprised. Her father, had much the same attitude ^{Pro} as me, and made him sign an agreement that should they divorce, he would receive nothing. He also had to sign a second document saying that he would never reveal the contents of the agreement to her.

Then how do you know prompted Jan Lorenzo when you've signed as many pre-nuptial agreements as I have darling you hear things.

Jan Lorenzo laughed and called for the bill. The head waiter smiled. He already he bowed sir, he nodded in the direction of Paulo, by your old school chum.

How kind of him said Jan Lorenzo.

of her the Countessa reminded him, though it would be less than grains of ~~you~~ not to thank them. ~~How are you said Paulo rising from his place,~~ ^{as Jan pro} ~~you~~ ^{little} ~~now~~ ^{he} said turning to face his wife, but then how could you forget her. Jan Lorenzo took Angelina's hand and kissed it, and I will also never forget your amazing wedding.

Thank you said Angelina as the head waiter placed a chocolate truffle in front of her, and a small jug of chocolate creme by her side.

Was that the Countessa de Palma you were drinking with asked Paulo, because she has something my little Angel wants, so I do hope that she's a cheer not a friend, because if my little Angel wants something, then I will stop at nothing to see she gets it. Jan Lorenzo thought it wise to remain silent. And as it is a field I know nothing about said Paulo,

PTO perhaps you would be kind enough to represent me. ~~Perhaps you~~ ^{you} could give me a call tomorrow.

Of course said Antonia, who remembered the last occasion ~~that~~ Paulo had made such a suggestion, and had dismissed it before he rejoined the Countessa.

Time for us to go, if I'm to catch the early plane to Rome.

asked the Countessa

Did your friend have anything interesting to say?

No said Jan Lorenzo, as he waved in the direction of Paulo's table, just polite small talk. - PTO

~~Paulo returned the wave, while Angelina continued to concentrate on her ice cream.~~

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~~Following~~ ^{the} Jan Lorenzo took the early flight back the Rome the morning. No sooner had he placed a foot in the galley ~~than~~ ^{that} his secretary announced Paulo Rossetti had already called twice, apologised for not giving you his number

and wondered if you'd be kind enough to call back.

Jan Lorenzo sat down at his desk, and dialled the number. ~~The~~ The call was ^{first} answered by a butler, ~~was~~ transferred to a secretary, before he was finally connected to Paulo.

Angel talked about ~~the~~ ^{nothing else} last night ~~when we~~ ^{after you left} ~~work~~ began Paulo. She's never forgotten her visit to the Emfessa. And wondered perhaps if the reason you were seeing her was...

I don't think we should talk over the phone said Jan Lorenzo, whose father had bought Ann's beads are really made over the phone, but face to face when the client can see the picture, ^{and} preferable ~~hangings~~ on a wall in their home.

Then you'll have to fly back said Paulo. ~~that~~ ~~would suit you.~~

Jan Lorenzo flew to Venice on the Friday evening. A Rolls Royce was standing on the runway waiting to drive him back to the Villa.

The butler showed him to a suite of private rooms, that exhibited barren walls, an art dealers dream.

He was reminded what his father had ^{put together} ~~done~~ for Annali, now considered one of the finest collections in private hands.

Jan Lorenzo spent most of Saturday being taken round the ¹⁴²rooms of the Villa Rosa, other than a few Roma posters and pictures of Paulo scoring goals, all located in his study, it was ^a wilderness.

On Sunday ~~he was shown~~ ^{now} around the sixty acre garden, without ever bumping into a statue, or being able to cool ones brow in a fountain.

Over dinner that night Paulo confirmed that it was his Angels desire to build a great collection.

in memory of his late father,
But where to begin said Paolo ~~but~~ stretching
across the table to take his wife's hand.
Canaleto perhaps ~~said~~ ^{suggested} Jan Lorenzo

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across the table to take his wife's hand.
Canaleto perhaps ~~said~~ ^{suggested} San Lorenzo

Jan Lorenzo spent the ^{* * * near *} five years commuting between Rome and Venice, as he continued to wax pictures out of the Confessa, to see them rehanging in the Villa Rosa. But Angelica's appetite became more and more voracious, which meant that Jan Lorenzo had to travel as far a field as America Russia and even Columbia to keep 'my little Angel content'

But Angelina was not content, as she became more and more excited with each new purchase ^{PT} and not only did Jan Lorenzo begin to fill the best and best spaces on the wall, he also had statue crated and sent from ^{all} parts of the globe to be sited with other immigrants on the vast lawn. Moore, Hepworth, Caro, Muro, Guccimelli and her favorite Bottero.

Paulo bought her new books some every week which she would devour in one sitting ^{quickly} understanding ~~more~~. until Jan Lorenzo, had to acknowledge ^{knowingly} that ~~she~~ was not only his most important client, but also his most ardent student. what had begun ^{with a farewell} as a flirtation, was fast becoming a passionate affair, and Jan Lorenzo was ~~only to keep~~ expected to continually supply new lovers.

² Pauls appeared to be happy to fall in with her wishes encouraging 'his little angel' to put together a collection his father would have been proud of.

Jan Larenso ~~was writing a client in Barcelona~~ who ~~had a Murals for sale~~, The birth of Christ, but the price was to high even though he knew that Angelina would be happy to pay. He was in the middle

of nagging when his secretary call^{ed} to tell him the^{sad} news. He stopped nagging and returned to Rome on the next plane.

Every paper reported the death of Angelina Rossini. A massive heart attack while in the garden, trying to move one of ~~her~~ statues. The tabloids ~~unwillingly~~ ^{informing} to mourn for a single day, ~~then~~ ^{then} readers ~~in~~ in the second paragraph, that she had left Paulo everything. A picture of a smiling Paulo, taken long before her death, accompanied the story.

Four days ^{later} Jan Lorenzo flew up to Venice to attend the funeral.

The little chapel in the Villa Rosa was packed with her friends and relatives, some of whom Jan Lorenzo hadn't seen since the wedding a generation before.

~~When~~ The pallbearers ^{came in} ~~carried~~ the coffin into the chapel and laid it on a stand in front of the altar, ^{and} Paulo broke down and sobbed. When Jan Lorenzo offered his condolences Paulo told him, that he enriched her life, and he would like to continue to build the collection in her name. It is no more than ^{my wife angel} ~~she~~ would have wanted, ~~so it is nothing more than my duty.~~ so it must be done.

Paulo kept his word, and ^{for some time} Jan Lorenzo continued to add to the collection, though as time went by, his visits to Venice became less and less frequent, and he could only assume that for some Paulo had lost interest.

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Jan was just about to ~~cut~~ butter a second piece of toast when he dropped his knife in disbelief. He read the headline a second time to be sure that he couldn't have misunderstood. Paulo was back on the

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Jan Lorenzo was about to butter another piece of toast when he dropped his knife on the table. ~~in~~ He read the headline a second time to be sure that he couldn't have misunderstood. Paulo was back on the front page declaring once again that he was the happiest man in the world. Turn to page 22 for details.

Jan Lorenzo quickly flicked through the pages to a section he rarely ~~troubled~~ troubled himself with, called Gossip Roma. We know what's going on.

Paulo Rossetti, the ninth richest man in Italy was to ~~be~~ marry again, only four years after the death of 'his little angel'. ~~and~~ The paper went on to assure its readers, that there wouldn't be a bigger contrast between Gina, a twenty-four year old waitress from Naples, ~~who was~~ the daughter of a tax inspector.

Jan Lorenzo chuckled when he saw her photograph, knowing how much his friends would want to ~~leave him~~ leave him. ~~Jan Lorenzo~~ turned to Gossip Roma every morning to learn ~~more about~~ the latest ~~news~~ ^{bits}.

The wedding would be held in the chapel of the Villa Rosa, which ~~only~~ held two hundred, so the guests would only be close family and friends. The bride was having her wedding dress made in Milan, the groom was trying to lose some weight. But the biggest surprise ^{came} when Gossip Roma declared that Jan Lorenzo Calavetti, Roma's leading gallery owner, and old school chum of Paulo would be among the guests.

His invitation arrived the next day in the morning post.

Habit

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Jan Lorenzo flew up to Venice on the evening before the wedding, and checked into the Palace Hotel. He decided ~~on~~ a light meal and an early ^{bed} night. ^{He} ^{was} ^{wise} when he

(stood tall and thin)

thought about

~~recalled~~ the last wedding. The following morning Jan Lorenzo rose early and was among the first to arrive for the reception, as he wished to stroll among the statues that littered the ~~garden~~ ^{lawn}, and be reacquainted with some old friends. Donatto, smiled down on him. Moore looked regal. Miro made him laugh and Gwamelthi ~~stood tall and thin~~ ^{stood tall and thin}, but he spent longer admiring the fountain that graced the middle of the lawn. ~~But he had~~ ^{pro} and removed stone for stone, statue for statue from a courtyard in Milano. Bellini the escaping hunter looked even more magnificent in its new surroundings.

It gave him pleasure to see how many other ^{guests} ~~had~~ ^{also} come early to follow his example.

A single usher was suggesting that perhaps the guests might like to make their way to the chapel. Jan Lorenzo was among the first to take his advice; as he wanted to be well placed, to glimpse at the bride for the first time.

He found a place on the aisle about half way back, which would ~~give~~ ^{allow} him an uninterrupted view of the proceedings. He could see the little choir in their stalls singing vespers, accompanied by a string quartet.

At five to three Paulo ~~and~~ ^{and} his best man walked slowly down the aisle ~~to take~~ ^{they took} their places by the side of the altar, as he waited for his young bride. A girl that never left his face, was worthy of Lewis Carroll.

There was a buzz of expectation as the string quartet struck up the first words to herald the brides entry.

The young girl walked slowly down the aisle on the arm of her father, and drew intakes of

of breath as she passed each new row

Jan Lorenzo could hear them in his wake, and he turned to see ~~the young girl~~ ^{the young girl} for the first time. How would he describe the ~~young~~ bride to someone who had not been invited. Should he begin with her long raven hair, the warmth of her grey eyes, the nape of her neck, or possibly the texture of her skin, or even the shy smile he gave her ^{as she passed} that revealed a dimple on her cheek. For would he simply ^{to him} those who asked, that it was clear immediately why ~~he~~ ^{he} had fallen in love with her. She was a little over six foot and must have weighed somewhere between three hundred and three hundred and fifty pounds.

PRO

It was immediately clear to him why Hakeb

That never was and yet it is riped at (Pun?) (Stern)

the number of red eyes, the number of black