

[AMV4]

[Mark loves Vanessa]

Flying during a storm is like riding in hell.
I am afraid of people who keep their feet on the ground.

Vanessa you made me crazy.

When you really fall in love with someone, life becomes a light gliding in the air.
But it can't last forever.

How can you explain everything by means of the laws of nature?
Gravity is my enemy: attraction and repulsion between bodies.
Every single one of my loves was a high flight, each landing was a fade out.

Love is an artistic form of violence.
Sex is a form of aesthetic excitement,
and aphasia is only one possible deformation of a feeling.

The ability of deceiving his own self is a good defence against despair.

Vanessa,
I can't help me to love you.

[Episode_AV1]
[LOVE]

Mom. You've always told me that "God loves each of his sons". I can't understand love. I only understand that it's something that you take and use to feel good.

Of course we all want to be loved, but you can't ask me to give back something that costs me time, money, or deep feelings.

There is one thing I learned since I was a child: Living without loving the people around you is very convenient. It makes you feel stronger and lighter. Of course you need a touch of hypocrisy, but don't they teach us from childhood that a little fake grin is always well rewarded?

It's just easier to survive by hating other people. Hatred gives you strength and makes you feel superior.

The others are nothing, I am everything. The one, the only Vanessa Pinney.

I often think about my aspect and my nature. I would manage to survive in every time and in every place, sharp like a rat.

I've never asked myself what is good and what is evil, but only what is useful to me and what is harmful.

The only thing I care for is my life. Nothing else matters.

Love is definitely a mental disease.

It's just such a hallucination.

Clinically it could be considered pathological mania.

Love leads to psychotic symptoms and its mood disorders lead to suicides, murders, delusions, depressions and DEPENDENCY.

I don't care about truth. Whenever I need to, I lie, sometimes only to avoid offending people. I am not mean, who would call me that? I am just my mother's daughter, I am a product of my milieu, my time.

No shame, no gratitude, no love. When I got to that point, I finally realized I had become an adult.

[Episode_AV3]
[Brian I can't love You]

I'm sorry Brian Steiger, I can't love you.
Hate and disillusionment are viral and genetic, I missed love when I was a child and I can't believe in it.

Vodka is a soothing that turns harshness into self-compassion.

I was seventeen and I would have preferred being an orphan. I was ashamed.
And I realized that in that destroyed house, on that damned street, one thing was totally missing: shame.

I realized I had been ashamed of all that from the first moment I could see, feel and think. I felt such a strong shame that it could have killed me. And now that it wasn't there anymore, it had burned with the rest, turned into ashes.

Forgive my hatred, mother. You considered it a normal feeling, anyway. Tender words and endearments didn't belong to us. You've always kissed me, but I never liked it.

Doesn't she know I consider myself as an orphan? I see family as an evil alcove.

How many chronicles have I written about people beaten up, raped, tormented, tortured and oppressed by the family atmosphere? Blood and genes are not a solid ground for love and faithfulness.

The Eurasian Revolution will destroy the family conventions of this poisoned middle-class. Anyone will have a happy childhood in all Eurasia. I'm sure, Brian.

When I was a child we were part of the multicultural experiment of the local council, we were the coal on which the social workers blew their sweet words to grow the flames of solidarity. I listened to them and I was impressed by their eloquence and the ability with which they sold shit as if it was gold.

Our nice little family, mother, had become some kind of drama parody.
If I had to tell anyone, I would make up some pathetic lies, but the truth is that I wanted nothing but your death, and my survival. No FAULTS about this thought.

In the hierarchy of the failed and losers there is no solidarity. As long as there is someone lower to spit on, there is still a trace of self-satisfaction to rely on.

[Episode_AV5]
[Brian I Love you]

It's a fluke we're alive at all.

The chances of our parents meeting were millions to one against.
We're tickets in a lottery and lottery isn't meaningless.
Someone has to win.

Like our meeting when you were my personal psychologist, that wasn't meaningless.

When I was conducting my own sit-in against the universe I was unable to resolve the conundrum, I insisted that I was depressed, sharing my plight with other victims of this meaningless world.

Brian, you've taken care of me.

Thank you Brian Steiger. I love you.

I know this is OBSCENE.

[Episode_AV6]
[Brian I Hate You]

I am young, smart and attractive. I belong to the generation of virtual passions.

And I am losing control over everything I owe.

I know I am lonely.

Dear Brian Steiger. You're a domestic man. You feel hundreds of small affections all the time. They haunt every friendly pillow and comfortable chair like household gods. Together they add up to a great love, big enough to ignore this silly man who's hanging around women's skirts.

You need those double yellow lines, those parking regulations and committee meetings to calm you down.

We split up and it confirmed my suspicions of the despotism of fate and please stop with your brain-rotting sentimentality that saps the middle-class will.

Your TENDERNESS is just pathetic.

Brian, when you were twenty, you accepted yourself, flaws and all. Then disenchantment set in. By the time you were thirty your tolerance was wearing thin. You weren't entirely trustworthy, and you knew that you were prone to compromise. Already the future was receding, the bright dreams were slipping below the horizon.

By now you're a stage set, one push and the whole thing could collapse at your feet. At times you feel you're living someone else's life, in a strange house you've rented by accident. The "you" you've become isn't your real self.

Human beings aren't meant to be comfortable. We need tension, stress, uncertainty.

Remember, Brian, the middle class have to be kept under control. They understand that, and control themselves. Not with guns and gulags, but with social codes. The right way to have sex, treat your wife, flirt at tennis parties or start an affair. There are unspoken rules we all have to learn.

Look at the world around you, Brian. What do you see? An endless theme park, with everything turned into entertainment. Science, politics, education - there are so many fairground rides. Sadly, people are happy to buy their tickets and climb aboard.

These are the reasons why I joined the Eurasian Revolution movement and fell in love with Mark Savin.

[AVB1]
[LOVE - SELFISHNESS]

I watched her with unfeigned admiration, aware that nothing at the Adler had prepared me for her.

Psychiatry was at its best when dealing with failure, but had never coped with success. Vanessa is driven by a true fanatic's zeal, a belief system that is satisfied with only one convert, herself.

Don't overestimate yourself, Vanessa.

You are not essential, nor irreplaceable. There are a thousand young women like you; attractive, skillful, proud, without scruples. You use laptops and men in the same way, you go to the gym for your sacred beauty, you cuddle your dear Italians travel with cabriolet, and live in smart flats.

The sense of life has been cloned in a generation that worships the god of Ego but is not able to take care of itself.

[AVB3]

Everybody had a bad childhood, but I don't complain about that.

Who hasn't had a wrong moment?

Who hasn't had a terrible mood?

And we thought that it was the most important time of their life.

We know that there is always someone ready to give shit to someone else.

We are always waiting to be disappointed once again.

At the Adler, dealing with dysfunctional families, I found out that lots of parents were indifferent to their children.

Even if a popular myth assumes that child-parent relationships are rich and fulfilling, most families are actually totally absent.

Vanessa stepped into a waiting vacuum; with her aggressive emotions, fiercely for or against me, she is the opposite of my mother.

After my kind grandmother, treating every single one of my little whims with the wisdom of Solomon, Vanessa had been a typhoon of cleansing passion.

It's her way of reproaching the world, reminding it of what evil is capable of doing.

[AVB5]

[Vanessa Loves Brian]

When Vanessa was in therapy at the Adler and I was her doctor, I admired her for the way she openly wore her insecurities as a collection of favorite costume jewellery.

I remember her sharp humor, and the depression that showed a warmer and more interesting side of her, and the sudden enthusiasm that made everything seem possible.

She's a free spirit. She loved me deeply - for ten minutes. Then it was over.

In her mind it's far removed from the meaningless depression that presided over her life like an insoluble mystery.

[AVB6]

[Vanessa hates you]

Once she deliberately provoked me into slamming a door in her face.
A torrent of blood sprang from her nose, about which she had always been sensitive.

Sadly, I'm too stable and cautious for Vanessa.

In many ways she is right, when she says that the social conventions that tie people to their cautious and sensible lives should be cleared away.

I'm one of those middle-class professionals who couldn't be a traitor of the civil order, otherwise I might get the sharpest of the shocks.

[BMP3]

[Mark drove Paul to a work meeting]

It is good to be back in Russia, I always miss it.
And I love this apartment in the old city of Kiev.
My City, My Country, My State, the Marvelous Eurasia.

Only the flight has been absurd.
I definitely worked for the weirdest person ever.
He is this extremely rich businessman, who asked me to make a few flights
between Canada and Russia, via Berlin.

I'm young, but I can say that I have worked in half the world, with all kinds of
strange people since I got the Private Pilot License.
But nobody is more mad than Powerful people.

The Airports of the whole world are full of people like him, "moles" of the system,
and this is a system that doesn't hesitate to employ all the resources available,
legal or illegal, to accomplish their goal: the constant increase of production.

But during this assignment, sitting at a table in a club near the airport of Kiev,
I was waiting for Mister William Hampel.
He was speaking with a Ukrainian gangster.

He was trying to make a 4 billion-dollar deal so that he could extend his empire and
realize his plan of a global company.

I guess, He is flying high, and I bet he lost his bearings a long time ago.
And, By now, he can't turn and go back anymore, and he can't even try a landing
because he knows he will get it wrong, so he keeps flying high, until he can, hoping
for a miracle.

There's more madness in him than in me, but no one realizes it, because he acts
like he has everything under control.

[Episode_BV8]
[Paul i love you]

I always tell the truth.

It's a new way of lying. If you tell the truth, people don't know whether to believe you or not. It helps me in my work.

I wrote a celebrative article for a billionaire Russian oligarch. He is Paul William Hampel, he has become one of the richest man in Ukraine by cornering the market in airplanes, steel pipes, oil, gas and cultivating ties with politicians. He has some business meeting in Canada right now.

I was writing the article on behalf of my news editor, who is one of his friends. Friendship in the corridors of power are liaisons aimed at the reciprocal good and are not contaminated by such things as feelings. My boss told me that it had to be a celebrative article, but I was allowed to ask him about everything: corruption, tax evasion, fake funds and divorces. I said I'd be ready and glad to write about it.

Paul Hampel has many features that I don't like, but he has sense of humor. At some point he laughed so loud that the mike started whistling.

After a couple of introductive questions I started heading towards my goal - unmasking his illegal activity. I hinted at the production of weapons in his company, and he replied by asking what made me think that he has this kind of traffic.

Hampel is one of Brian's patients, so I know many things that the oligarch gives away while his brain is being shrunk on Brian's couch.

Hampel doesn't like the Adler Institute. He said everyone who works there should be hanged. I think he made an exception for Brian. Weird, because I see Brian as a poor loser compared to Paul. Doctors are always overestimated.

Most people are stupid. They are just struggling hopelessly with their precarious wages in this era of hyper-inflation, when they could make billions with easy business, in a era of extremely open markets. In a sense, Hampel is a genius.

Oh, come on, let's stick to the facts. First of all, there's the Ukrainian branch: does the Council know that he builds war vehicles in there? And what about the private funding that he sends here and there to cover the gaps? And what about funding to the government Press? Not to talk about the obscure origin of the money he used for the airplanes' factory? I know many things about him.

He replied that was too much, and moreover none of those bad words fit to him nor his company. His dream is building planes. And he always realizes his dreams.

Let's stick to the surface.

As a coward, I have to admit to myself that morality has become a luxury that I can't afford anymore. I never REGRETTED it. What is honesty? Nothing but a word out of fashion. We wear it on our mouths, we chew it, and soon we realize it is tasteless.

He is just as I imagined him: charismatic. In a way that inspires distrust. But, his worn-out suit and neglected body spoke of a certain kind of integrity that was rare in the corporate world of corridor politics taking over our lives.

Men like him should be admired, men who sacrifice their private life in the name of power. Supposing that he considers it a sacrifice, and I wouldn't be so certain about it.

I know a lot about men, and what I can't understand about them, I admire. His straight gaze upsets me. I fear those strange eyes, almost transparent, that look like two glass pearls or round mirrors in which you can't see yourself. He is making himself an idea about me, and he doesn't let me guess what type of idea it is. I am not a very important journalist, but I am still a woman. What role do women play in his life, except for his wife?

I feel in love with Paul. I'm WAITING him.

I can already see myself on huge yachts and private airplanes, in dozens of villas around of world, and never back to my job.

Money and power are the only things that give sense to our lives.

[Episode_BV9]
[Paul I Hate you]

Every time I go to airports I think of all those passengers, each one of them buzzing like a hive with plans and projects. Holidays, business conferences, weddings - so much purpose and energy, so many small ambitions that no one will ever remember.

I have flown back to Berlin. William Paul Hampel invited me on his private airplane, I can't say no, because of his insistence.

He was all full of himself as a balloon, excited about a recent secret business, an immense inflated blimp of self-satisfaction.
Oligarchs like him are like politicians. Dirty business around the world, shaking hands stained of blood and moving funds to dangerous criminals for their blind interests.

People like Paul didn't argue about daily life matters: money, clients, paying the rent, a drug supply, or the condom resistance... No, they went acrimonious about past and future, ideologies and fictions, and in the meanwhile they drank good-quality red wine, complained about their bad business and then went home to sleep in their comfortable beds, where they could forget everything.

We have to set this sort of rich people free for all this culture and education.
Give their billions to common people and stop their games of speculative business around the world. Just stop this competition about everything, which pulls people apart endlessly.
Shitty capitalism!

I'm going to resign. The work here is more important. We make surveys all the time at the newspaper. And what they tell us is grab what you can: power, fame, success, the man of your dreams, the woman who plays hard to get, other people's money, other people's breath. Take it and be happy, and what can you give in exchange for it? Nothing but life. This is how the market goes: its laws require limited thought and a focus on essential things: career, lifestyle and complete awareness of all those "appearances" that comfort our everyday lonely struggles. I am talking about sex, of course. And Paul's sexuality is quite odd.

Mark Savin, the pilot of Paul's airplane says they're just ways of trapping the middle class and making it docile. He beamed at me winsomely and seductive.

As soon as we took off, I sat on the co-pilot seat, snooping around. Soon, I started chatting with the pilot, Mark. The flight deck was like built around him and for him. Mark himself looked as if he was born on the driving seat, amidst all those buttons and warning lights.

Mark introduced me to his bizarre world, drawing me into his fragmentary personality, almost offering himself as a kit from which I could construct a vital figure missing from my life.
I was drawn to him and to the way he had sacrificed everything to his quest for truth, like an exhausted captain still ready to feed his own masts into the furnace.

I'm getting involved in such a strong feeling that you could call it turbulence. I am getting into it blindly, as a sleepwalker.

I feel in love with Mark.

Love is a incurable illness. It takes away from you the same happiness that it generates.
And then it became just ANXIETY.

Paul is grey and boring, his uniform is a blue suit, black shoe and a white shirt with Regimental ties. His weapons are his notebook and his mobile. He only knows the war of profits and insider trading.

Paul is just excited about money and power, the most meaningless things in our lives.

As always, a perverse calculation refreshed and redefined the world.

[BVB8]
[Vanessa loves Paul]

I'm now a distorted version of myself, reshaped by my sweetly affectionate and promiscuous girlfriend.

As I knew perfectly well, Vanessa insisted on the freedom to have her affairs.

There had been only a few during the years, none lasting more than a week, and some briefer than the parties where she would pick an unattached man and slip away into the night.

Often she reached home before I did.

She always apologized, smiling hopelessly over a social gaffe, as if she had dented my car or ruined a new electronic razor.

She took for granted that she had earned the right to these impulsive gestures.

Her painful childhood entitled her to indulge her whims, to play her own games with chance and a tolerant boyfriend.

I knew that the affairs would go on until she found a convincing explanation for her traumatic infancy.

I know Paul, since he is my client at the Adler institute: he's constantly affected by money and obsessed with power.

He wants to own everything, even women, he catches them like flying bucks, plays with them and throw them away after a day.

Huge obsessions floating around them. It's useful to see just how odd apparently sane people can be.

Only the deepest obsession could assuage that kind of sadness.

[BVB9]
[Vanessa hates Paul]

I waited as Vanessa settled herself on the settee, ready to listen to me, and realized that this strong-willed and attractive woman was lonely.

She appeared edgy and frustrated, staring at the frayed settee like an actress deprived of her audience.

Despite all our years at the Adler, the tiresome clients and their impossible secretaries, this was the first time I had seen Paul completely at a loss. He was devastated. He really fell in love with Vanessa.

That fact has driven a small space between us.

If god exists, he is just a miserable organizer of destinies.

Vanessa, there are no Mr. Bigs or speculative capitalisms.
The system is self-regulating.
It relies on our sense of civic responsibility. Without that, society would collapse.

In fact, the collapse may even have begun.

[BVP8]
[who's spying who]

Brian, Vanessa, Mark, are you imbeciles ?
Yes completely.

Speaking and writing about my private life on the internet ?
Using blogs, videos and all kinds of shit !
And it seems this is the only way to interact with you!
You are completely foolish.

Our ancient democracy has its eyes and ears everywhere - cameras in teapots, microphones behind the chintz. Every time you take a pee some security man at MI5 is making a note of your manhood.

And in the end you are using Facebook – that is just selling your personal data to anyone like a cheap fat bitch.

As it is, you should take for granted that you have already attracted the attention of each and every intelligence service of every country where I have ever worked.

By the way: you should assume that even this exchange of messages will already be monitored by one organization, let's call it the CSIS. They will think that there might be the slim possibility that I'm a spy and even if I'm not, they will want definite proof that you are in fact just playacting.

They will have to work under the assumption that I'm a Russian spy trying to reactivate parts of my network with the intention of cleaning-up my reputation. Rather unlikely, but a theoretical possibility, which is more than enough for these paranoiac morons.
Or to put it in other words: they will have to follow it up, because not doing so would mean acting against whatever set of regulations that they slavishly serve.

Or probably other groups, for instance the German BND, which could well be interested in me, since I came so often to Vienna and the Germans tend to regard Austria as their turf. Add to this the Serbs, Croatians, Poles, Ukrainians, Bulgarians, and so on...

Then, the infamous glory-seeking SVR (Sluzhba Vneshni Razvedki, one of the two successor organisations of the KGB). They will assume that you are Canadian spies, trying to work the internet with the job of finding out more about my informal contacts.
The obvious purpose being to milk them dry to gain information about me that the CSIS didn't get yet whilst "debriefing" me in Toronto.

Oh my god...
The Day of Judgment is being planned by a neurotic young woman with nice nails, and put into effect by an out-of-breath psychologist with guilt complexes and a dying mother.

[BVP9]
[Sadness of Paul]

Mark, Vanessa likes you because you are not a horrible spy like me.

I catch women with money. But, being a spy doesn't allow you to be able to love someone.

I'm sorry Vanessa, I know, My job is horrible, I don't know how I begun.

My impression: if you are sufficiently flexible, creative and childlike in your curiosity, enthusiastically interested in the way human beings think to become a good spy, then how can you not become sad and cynical in the end?

And I cannot imagine that someone who hoped to become a hero as a youth will be all that happy about remaining anonymous, not even being able to divulge to his wife or his own mother what he is doing professionally (and even were he permitted to do so, who will guarantee that his family would not turn away from him, disgusted?).

Two alternating realities, one in the "real" world, living under a false name, having to betray persons you have come to know and like, the other in the virtual reality of espionage, where you have even less of an identity, because you are just a function-holder in a hierarchy.

And if you spend your years abroad, having to forsake your wife and children ...
or never even having a chance to found a family.

Just sad, grey lives ending in bitterness, isolation, old-boys networks notwithstanding:
just think about it: the only people you can talk to are retired spooks?
Alcohol and the occasional suicide.

If I ever were to write a book, I think it wouldn't be about me, but more about the tristesse of that stupid profession, which wastes so many lives, by ruining the lives and potential happiness of young foolish idealist romantics...
and all the people on the "other side of the fence" that eventually have to die, just to preserve the sense of purpose of poor, foolish spies who have regrettably become murderous because of the nomothetic and dehumanising nature of their profession.

Nothing is so dangerous as a idealist constantly nagged by his conscience, because he is not really convinced anymore that the values he has been fighting for were the right ones.

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[Episode_CV11]
[Mark I Love you]

Mark's beauty is the flame he needs to feel sheltered against mediocrity.

He is a socialized animal who still preserves atavistic instincts.
And he runs fast! All the time, as if he wanted to take off.
He seems to be missing something when he can't fly.

I'm struck by how this restless and unsettled man could stabilize everything around him.
He is right. A large charge of resentment waited to be lit.
I'm sure of it too. The Eurasian Revolution is coming!

He is an amazing storyteller, though. He told me the picaresque story of his last trip and it was the most intense and interesting tale I've ever heard.
Pouring fountains, brave women who bring heavy buckets on their heads.
An Irish poet who gives chase to a white lion and captures it during one of his drunk hallucinations. A Harvard student who became the village shaman and tries to domesticate crocodiles.
An English nurse who tells fairytales to the children-soldiers while they are dying. An orchid grower from Anversa who finds the altimeter that Mark needs for his plane in his shed in the middle of the jungle.

Oh! My Love!

Mark Savin would be an ANNULMENT of myself.

[Episode_CV12]
[Mark I Hate you]

Days ago I heard someone expressing an opinion, and I thought: is that really his own opinion? Who's really got an opinion of his own, after all? Do we need to have one?

We are only reporters of a Time which is fed by rumors of the latest news. No one cares about what happened yesterday.

Tomorrow war and catastrophes will be somewhere else, and the words of politicians are just a flow of lies or half-truths.

The Press is hypocrite: it makes a scandal out of nothing, it gets excited about moral corruption and it never touches the points. But this is how things are, and who am I to change them?

Could I change the color of the sky? Or could I transform fire in water?

Like Mark Savin - he is completely mad. He's unbalanced.

Mark was driven by a true fanatic's zeal, a belief system that was satisfied with only one convert, himself.

The psychopath is unique in not being afraid of himself. Unconsciously, he already believes in nothing.

The Eurasian revolution's plot seemed endearingly quixotic in its detachment from reality.

He wants to change the world. Always the easy option. Near-nonentities have pulled it off. It is childish.

I don't think there is a truth that you can call objective, anyway. We always see one side of it, and it's not possible to look in every direction at the same time.

Mark is a man who's trying to live at the speed of sound.

Faithfulness is a word that he doesn't know.

Now, I remember the first time I met Mark as pilot of Paul Hampel's private airplane.

Mark, the elusive man with irresistible eyes, the deserter of truth, swears and betrays everyone and above all himself.

Did they realize from the start that the Eurasian Revolution protest was doomed to failure, and that its pointlessness was its greatest justification? They knew that the revolt in many ways was a meaningless plot.P

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[CVB11]

[Vanessa loves Mark]

I no longer resented Vanessa for her little infidelities.
I love her.

She's a damaged child, trying to make sense of the world.
I'm doing my best to help her.
I am naturally bound to be fully tolerant and comprehensive.

I guessed that for years she had been detaching herself from the real world, and in her mind rode a ghost train through a fairground she had built herself.

She was engaging with the enemy - not the Eurasia movement but the cultural prisons in which they languished.

These people want to change the world, plotting if they need to,
but they've never had a central heating turned off in their lives.
A revolution against parking meters, speed bumps?

A lot of responsible people pretending to be hooligans.
No one took it seriously for a second.
These people are amateurs, they haven't a clue what they're doing.

The Eurasia super state could exist only in the deliriums of those Russian politicians overdosing on cocaine and vodka who pay Mark Savin's bills.

[CVB12]

[Vanessa hates Mark]

I'm impressed by how quickly she has freed herself from Mark's spell, but perhaps she has taken what she needed from him and decided to leave.

Vanessa, you've changed, ... A few days of respectability, that's all it takes for part of the soul to die.

You're sure no one's with you?

What kind of drama affects you?

You've picked up some kind of trail there. You think it leads to a new self you're searching for. Maybe you need to find it. That's why I said nothing to the superintendent.

Protest movements, sane and insane, sensible and absurd, touched almost every aspect of life in all Eurasia, a vast web of demonstrations that tapped a desperate need for a more meaningful world.

[DM10]
[EURASIA REVOLUTION – resentments]

We're tired of being taken for granted. We're tired of being used.

We don't like the kind of people we've become.

People don't like themselves today.

We're a rentier class left over from the last century.

We tolerate everything, but we know that liberal values are designed to make us passive.

We think we believe in God but we're terrified by the mysteries of life and death.

We're deeply self-centred but can't cope with the idea of our finite selves.

We believe in progress and the power of reason, but are haunted by darker sides of human nature.

We're obsessed with sex, but fear the sexual imagination and have to be protected by huge taboos.

We believe in equality but hate the underclass.

We fear our bodies and, above all, we fear death.

We're an ancient of nature, but we think we're at the centre of the universe.

We're a few steps from oblivion, but we hope we're somehow immortal.

The people here are gripped by a powerful illusion, the whole middle-class dream.
It's all they live for - liberal educations, civic responsibility, respect for the law.

We may think they're free, but we're trapped and impoverished.

[DM7]
[EURASIA REVOLUTION – American Culture]

EURASIA REVOLUTION is a revolution against the 20th century.

It lingers on.

It shapes everything we do, the way we think.

There's scarcely a good thing you can say for it.

Genocidal wars.

Half the world destitute.

The other half sleepwalking through its own brain-death.

We bought its trashy drams and now we can't wake up.

All these hypermarkets and gated communities.

TV had played a leading role in brainwashing the middle classes. Its regime of moderation and good sense, its commitment to education and enlightenment, had been an elaborate cover behind which it imposed an ideology of passivity and self-restraint.

Hollywood flicks are fun, if your idea of a good time is hamburger and a milk shake.

We have angst, depression and middle-aged regret. They have Hollywood.

American love Disney. It reminds them of their childhoods.

Childhoods they didn't actually have.

What about the rest of us – why do we have to be reminded of American childhoods?

They poisoned a whole century. They rotten our mind.

The people here are gripped by a powerful illusion, the whole middle-class dream.

It's all they live for - liberal educations, civic responsibility, respect for the law.

They may think they're free, but they're trapped and impoverished.

The prisoner polish their chain. I won't accept that.

[DMB10]
[Global Conscience]

What about this Eurasia Revolution and The Big Plot?
It looks awfully like an experiment that didn't come off!

Please stop this drama about ideologies, parties and religions, nihilism hedonism,
and defeatism.

The world doesn't need these things anymore.
It's collapsing, and we've no time for discussion anymore.

We just need a Global Conscience and a Global Common Sense.

Nothing else.

[DMB7]

[Mark who are you?]

Black is a very sentimental color. You can hide any rubbish behind it.

Mark, I'm sure that you are not a pilot. Where is your airplane?

Your hat is a fake!

And your License? Where is it?

And I know Paul William Hampel, he never flies with a private airplane.

Mark Savin, who are you?

Your life is just a fictional identity, created and manipulated by some American propagandists, who need to generate more Russian hatred in order to start new wars and to develop weapons industries, just because some CEOs need new yachts parked in Venice.

Or, maybe you are really funded by Russian spies in order to foster new hatred towards Americans, and promote the military-industry complex in Russia?

Which fiction is it?

Vanessa is acting in this story, and Paul too.

My friends are cheating me. Is that The Big Plot?

I won't be a victim of their conspiracy, which is more about me, rather than a revolution, or hate spreading.

They were trying to impress me. Or impress themselves.

They feed on conspiracy.

Eurasia?

Who? What?

I consider all political ideologies as intellectually restraining, and something of an obligation, if we take the teachings of Jesus the rabbi, Louis de Sade the philosopher, or Prince Kropotkin the visionary into the equation. Ideologies reduce the individual and his innate right to autonomy to a base fraction of a summed-up collective pseudo-identity.

Ok, I am a radical humanist anarcho-feudalist value-conservative socio-liberal monarchist.

But who are you?

[DPM2]
[Paul about Mark]

Mark Savin's motives are honorable.

He is trying to find meaning in the most meaningless times, the first of a new kind of desperate man who refuses to bow before the arrogance of existence and the tyranny of space-time.

He believes that the most pointless act could challenge the universe at it's own game.

The gods have died, and we distrust our dreams.

We emerge from the void, stare back at it for a short while, and then rejoin the void.

A pointless Plot, but the world pauses.

We listen, and the universe has nothing to say.
There's only silence, so we have to speak.

Brian Steiger's Twitter Posts
<http://twitter.com/briansteiger>

- 20) Nothing roused her spirits like the prospect of heroic failure
- 19) I feel calmer and more confident.
- 18) Mark Savin is more deranged than any patient who had passed through the Adler Institute
- 17) A legion of nonentities is multiplying the tables of a new mathematics based on the power of zero, generating a psychopathology from their shadows.
- 16) I need to cheer up my secretary, see one or two clients.
- 15) I returned to the Adler Institute, taking up my post again.
- 14) Henry has told me that I may well be the Institute's next director.
- 13) That sounds callous, but I've given up a lot of heavy baggage - guilt, bogus affections, the Adler...
- 12) Dust off your briefcase and become a corporate psychologist again.
- 11) is breaking every single rule and might be kicked out if his job and all he believes in, but it's worthy
- 10) is waiting for someone at his place and just realized she's not going to show up...
- 9) is reading Adler's "problems of neurosis" for the 15th time
- 8) is tired but happy to escape the daily routine
- 7) is having a internal conflict with mister Freud
- 6) is wondering how she is and why she doesn't call...but knows the answer
- 5) is still thinking too much. but has to stop it because work is calling!
- 4) is thinking about someone he shouldn't be thinking about
- 3) is having a great steak before going back to work... (rare, thanks)
- 2) buying theater tickets for tonight
- 1) i'm working hard

Brian Steiger's FaceBook Wall Posts
http://www.new.facebook.com/people/Brian_Steiger/1245738567

to Vanessa:

- 6) No middle-class revolutionary can defend the barricades without a shower and a large cappuccino. You might as well fight them in yesterday's underwear.
- 5) Did you see his website? The internet is our confession box.
- 4) Psychopaths don't manage revolution too easily.
- 3) Many of my colleagues have damaged their patients, but I fell in love with one!
- 2) Corporate clients might prefer not to be advised by a psychologist who flirts with a patient of his. But I love you!

1) Hey you, didn't you miss an appointment, this morning? I thought we said at 10 at my office...(it's fine anyway, I guess I'll hear from you as soon as you need to talk). love

to Mark:

1) Your revolution failed.

to Paul:

1) Hard to make out. Intelligence people always know less than you think. I wanted to talk to you before the service, but you looked a little preoccupied.

Brian Steiger's Blog Posts

<http://briansteiger.wordpress.com/>

15) nature committed a crime against them

Besides, certain things are meaningless. After all the theorizing, all the chains of cause and effect, there's a hard core of pointlessness. That may be the only point we can find anywhere...

14) she needs help

I'm helping to free Vanessa from herself.

The world had provoked her, and irrational acts were the only way to defuse its threat.

13) useless ideals

Protests tapped all Vanessa's high ideals, but meaningless devalued them, making her uneasily aware that reality waited for us outside an already open door.

12) mark savin

A quite fever burned in the mind of some brooding solitary, a candle of disaffection that threw ever-longer shadows.

11) but, maybe...

There's genuine distress. Many people are at their wits' end. They listen to Vanessa and Mark Savin and start to question their lives. They see that schools are brain-washing their children into a kind of social docility, turning them into a class who will run the show for consumer capitalism.

10) revolutionaries

Most revolutionaries in the last century had aspired to exactly this level of affluence and leisure, and it occurred to me that I'm seeing the emergence of a higher kind of boredom.

9) sometime ago

I saw a portrait of myself, taken in the Adler office only eighteen months earlier. Adjusting the rear-view mirror, I compared my drawn features and bruised forehead with the confident and fresh-faced figure looking back at me from the old picture. I seemed youthful and knowing, practiced pater almost visible on my lips.

8) i can't reject

I missed Vanessa, but she is beginning to slip into the past, part of a life that I can't reject, a castle of obligations held together by the ivy of middle-class insecurity.

7) look at me

Vanessa. I'm just as bad. Flying off from Berlin isn't what I really want to do.

It's a substitute for resigning from the Adler. I haven't the courage to do that.

Adler is a safe haven, a glorified university department packed with ambitious neurotics.

Think of it - there are thirty senior psychologists cooped up together, and every one of them hated his father.

6) into rehab

Those last-minute messages from the Institute designed to unsettle my flight across the Atlantic - the resignation of valued secretary, the news that a much-liked colleague had gone into rehab, an urgent email from a company chairman who had discovered Jung's theory of archetypes and was convinced that it outlined the future of kitchenware design.

5) back

Back from three-day conference of industrial psychologists in Berlin.

It has been a good excuse for meeting Vanessa.

4) still my mother

Now my mother is an elderly patient in a Biesdorf hospice, dying of inoperable ovarian cancer. Her huge and still swelling abdomen makes her look pregnant, a seventy-year-old woman still unaware that she is a mother.

Last night, sitting beside the bed of this barely responsive being, I realized rather sadly that I am no longer very interested in her.

3) to grasp the concept of childhood

Vanessa has always thought that my mother has been a bitch with me, although she has never met her.

I guess our childhood is one of reasons that brought us together.

My mother was a psychoanalyst in the 1970s. She was a familiar figure on CND marches and in anti-nuclear sit-ins, being glamorously dragged away by the police. Free love and legalized drugs meant little to me, though I guessed they were in some way connected to the friendly but unfamiliar men who appeared on her weekend visits, and to the homemade cigarettes she taught me to roll for her which she smoked despite the protests of my wearily tolerant grandmother.

Until the age of three, I was brought up by a series of au pairs, recruited from the waiting room of my mother's once-a-week free clinic - moody escapees from provincial French universities, neurotic American graduates unwilling to grasp the concept of childhood, Japanese deep-therapy freaks who locked me in my bedroom and insisted that I sleep twenty-four hours a day. Eventually, I was rescued by grandmother and her second husband, a retired judge. It was some years before I noticed that the other boys at school enjoyed a social phenomenon known as fathers.

By the time I joined the Adler Institute, my mother's hippy phase was long over, and she had become a quiet and serious-minded analyst at the Tavistock Clinic. I hoped that her maternal instinct, suppressed through most of my childhood, might find a late flowering. But we never became more than friends, and she failed to attend my graduation ceremony.

2) baggages

Too many of my props in my own life were baggage belonging to someone else that I had offered to carry - the demeaning requests from my father-in-law's managers, the committee meetings in my years as a governor of an approved school in Hendon, my responsibilities for my ageing mother whom I liked less and less, the tiresome fundraising for the Adler, little more than touting for corporate clients.

1) maverick psychologist

Luckily there is a long tradition of maverick psychologists with a taste for oddball behavior before me.

When I read about them, I feel relieved.

Sometimes I think I am being foolish by agreeing to carry other people's weight like I am doing. I took up doing it spontaneously when I was very young, and later I made it my job.

It starts taking over your private life before you even realize it. And suddenly, one morning, you wake up and you realize you don't give a shit about yourself ;you even stopped wondering how you feel, if you are happy or not.

Mark Savin's FaceBook Wall Posts

<http://www.new.facebook.com/people/Mark-Savin/1306066210>

to Brian:

- 1) We need new recruits, even a psychologist.
- 2) Believe me, the next revolution is going to be about parking.
- 3) Vanessa is unbalanced. You need to watch her.
- 4) Anyone earning less than 12000 a years scarcely counts. You are just a prole.
- 5) If the means are desperate enough, they justify the ends.

to Vanessa:

- 1) A vicious boredom rules the world, for the first time in human history, interrupted by meaningless acts
- 2) I'm still gripped by the excitements of the revolution.
- 3) The class system a means of political control. Its real job isn't to suppress the proles, but to keep the middle classes down, make sure they're docile and subservient.
- 4) We are protesting against the new parking charges.
- 5) We need to pick targets that don't make sense. If your target is the global money system, you don't attack a bank. You attack the shop next doors.
- 6) To keep the world sane we depend on motive, we rely on cause and effect. Kick those props away and we see that the meaningless act is the one that has any meaning.

from Paul to Mark

- 1) Protest is one thing, the Plot another. That's why we need you on the project.

Mark Savin's Blog Posts:

<http://marksavin.livejournal.com/>

19) Meaningless

Meaningless is like a bush fire, it destroy a lot of trees but refreshes the forest, clears away the stifling undergrowth, so more trees spring up. We'll have to think of the right targets. They need to be completely pointless...and the universe stands back and holds its breath.

18) Never like before

The middle classes are meant to be the great social anchor, all that duty and responsibility. But the cables are dragging. Professional qualifications are worth nothing - an arts degree is like a diploma in origami. As for security. it's nonexistent. Some computer at the Treasury decides interest rates should go up a point and I owe the bank manager a year's hard work.

17) Working class?

Like the old working class in their back-tobacks. Knowledge-based professions are just another

extractive industry. When the seams run out we're left high and dry with a lot of out of date software. Believe me, I know why the miners went on strike.

16) We are the poors

My neighbors are the new poor. These aren't City high-flyers, or surgeons with their own private jets and rich Arab clients flying in from the Gulf. Very few are self-employed. They're middle managers, journalists, lecturers, architects working for big practices. The poor bloody foot soldiers in the professional army.

They're enslaved by it. They're the new proletariat, like factory workers a hundred years ago.

They're not prosperous enough. Salaries have plateaued.

Houses in Eurasia are a dump. Maintenance is almost nil but the charges keep going up. My flat cost me more than my father earned in his lifetime.

We're all locked into huge mortgages.

15) Our targets

Meaningless target would be the best of all.

Now and then it sits up and seized the undertaker by the wrists. A pointless act has a special meaning of its own. Calmly carried out, untouched by any emotions, a meaningless act is an empty space larger than the universe wound it.

14) Our void

The gods have died, and we distrust our dreams. We emerge from the void, stare back at it for a short while, and then rejoin the void.

13) Boring

The middle-class protest is just a symptom. It's a part of a much larger movement, a current running through all our lives, though most people don't realize it. There's a deep need for meaningless action, the more nonsense the better. People know their lives are pointless, and they realize there's something they can do about it.

12) Tourism

Tourism is the great soporific. It's a huge confidence trick, and gives people the dangerous idea that there's something interesting in their lives. It's musical chairs in reverse. Every time the muzak stops people stand up and dance around the world, and more chairs are added to the circle, more marinas and Marriott hotels, so everyone thinks they're winning. Today's tourist goes nowhere.

All the upgrades in existence lead to the same airports and resort hotel. the same pina-colada bullshit.

The tourism smile at their tans and their shiny teeth and think they're happy.

But the suntans hide who they really are - salary slaves, with heads full of American rubbish.

Travel is the last fantasy the 20th Century left us, the delusion that going somewhere helps you reinvent yourself.

There's nowhere to go. The planet is full. You might as well stay at home and spend the money on chocolate fudge.

And the Third World doesn't gains nothing. Gags of coolies who mix the cement and lay the runways. A select few get to mix the cocktails and lay the tourists. They're the real victim.

11) Middle Class?

Seniority, pension rights and knighthoods, all thrown out of the window. It undermines morale, breaks the chains of envy and rivalry that hold everything together.

Middle-class pique. We sense we're being exploited. All those liberal values and humane concern for the less fortunate. Our role is to keep the lower orders in check, but in fact we're policing ourselves.

10) All these trips?

Let's face it, they're just a delusion. Air travel, the whole Airports thing. It's a collective flight from reality. People walk up to the check-ins and for once in their lives know where they're Poor sods, it's printed on their tickets.

9) Revenges

The whole Eurasia is purpose-built for responsible middle class, but it's turning a high-priced slum. No City bonuses here, no share options or company credit cards. A lot of us are really stretched. That's why we're waking up and doing something about it. We're holding a series of street demos.

8) Congo, back and forth

My job here is very different than what I used to do when I got out of the flying school. Now all I do is transporting crap. Well, sometimes I charge useful stuff, and once in a while I fly with humans, but rarely. Most of the times I bring from one industrial town to another pieces of furniture, lamps, electronic stuff for the house, and sometimes I barely know what I am carrying on my plane.

When I was younger, I thought the only reasonable thing one could do if he could fly, was transporting useful, fundamental goods - like food, or water - to the people who needed it. So I enrolled in a little NGO and started working with them. I used to fly to Congo, the plane stuffed with sanitary equipment for the hospitals, for a couple of months I even did that for three times a week. It was tiring and I didn't really get any retribution out of it, but it felt like I did. That was the last thing I have truly believed in, before I met the Eurasian movement. Now that I am so involved in the movement, it feels like going back to those days when I used to fly back and forth from Congo three times a week.

7) Airport

People like going to airport. They like the long-term car parks, the check-ins, the duty-frees, showing their passports. They can pretend they're someone else.

6) Travels

Travels in general. Is it a kind of confidence trick? The same hotels, the same marinas, car-rental firms. You might as well stay home and watch it on television.

5) Miscommunication

It's really difficult to talk to people about the movement. I was on the Cessna with the copilot, this guy from Poland, and we had a long flight from New York to Kiev, and I thought: why not? I'll talk to him about what I believe in, he might be one of ours. And it turned out not only he was not, but he was very limited and didn't understand the importance of all I believe in. Just another middle class opinionated man who declares himself against every ideology.

4) Let me off the plane!

Ok, I had a quite scary experience during a flight yesterday morning. I was taking some wealthy American tourists from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires. The weather conditions were not great but nothing I hadn't experienced already a billion times. There was this really nice family on board, something like six children, all blond and chubby, and they were watching out of the windows and the husband was making jokes, when the woman just started having troubles breathing, and the girl of the crew who was supposed to help her was at the toilet, and the woman kept on shouting, and she just came to me and said I had to stop the plane because she felt like shit. "Well, I can't really *stop* the plane, madam", I said. But she was totally freaking out and she kept yelling that she wanted to get off the

plane...! One of my pilot friends, Frank, told me a story like this once, and I couldn't help laughing, but when it happens to you, man, it *is* scary. She was having a panic attack just in front of me and I had to maintain the control of the plane...then finally the husband came, calmed her down, and the hostess, who had spent like *a year* at the bathroom, gave her a pill and she fell asleep.
A good joke to tell friends, one more absurd story under my belt.

3) Shapes

I flew from Berlin to Moscow, a calm four-hours flight on the Cessna 400, the weather was so good that taking off and landing I could enjoy an amazing view of the cities. They are two of my favorite cities in the Eurasian continent, their shape from above fascinates me. Enjoying the view of these two cities made me think of how beautiful it would be if they were united under the same ideology.
Being involved in the movement is my way of loving the places I see from above.

2) The Copilot

I am the copilot. I sit on the right.
It's up to me to be quick and bright;
I never talk back for I have regrets,
But I have to remember what the Captain forgets.

I make out the Flight Plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear, stand by to feather;
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate while the Captain is courting.

I take the readings, adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower;
Tell him where we are on the darkest night,
And do all the bookwork without any light.

I call for my Captain and buy him cokes;
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in awhile when his landings are rusty
I always come through with, "By gosh it's gusty!"

All in all I'm a general stooge,
As I sit on the right of the man I call "Scrooge";
I guess you think that is past understanding,
But maybe some day he will give me a landing.
— Keith Murray

2) blood-letting exercise

Korean airlines shot down by Russians was a terrible tragedy; but should we go to war and destroy the world? No. I think all nations could turn shooting down rival airlines once a month as blood-letting exercise to avoid total annihilation...

1) People

People say one thing and do another. We find this in politics, business, sex, and in every part of our life

Vanessa Pinney's Twitter Posts
<http://twitter.com/vanessapinney>

- 23) A diet of indignation and insecurity had turned us into more of an underclass than we realized
- 22) We're in the business of creating unease.
- 21) We are the new poor.
- 20) I realized that we were taking our orders from an organization against which we were demonstrating.
- 19) I believe life is all about bearing your own self.
- 18) We're being squeezed, and there's nothing subtle about a hand grabbing your balls.
- 17) The council have just painted double yellow lines everywhere.
- 16) We are on the edge of a social revolution with the power to seize Eurasia.
- 15) The middle classes developed "cultural" sensibility. It endowed them with a moral superiority denied to football fans or garden gnome enthusiasts.
- 14) is fighting against Christmas subtle domination on mature self-centered minds
- 13) is missing a romantic dinner because she has to catch up with work!
- 12) is enjoying a glass of shiraz after a long day at work. And is thinking of how this bottle of wine reflects her...
- 11) ...expensive, good only if served at room-temperature, fruity and dark.
- 10) loves every single corner of Berlin
- 9) is too angry with her boss to talk to anybody!
- 8) just got out of a super relaxing shower...
- 7) going to visit my mom with Clare (wouldn't be able to go by myself).
- 6) is going for lunch with an intriguing guy
- 5) is nervous, and hates most of the people who surround her
- 4) has just finished arguing with a crazy old woman, and found out she has definitely a problem with old women in general.
- 3) having a sandwich on the run while I prepare the questions for my afternoon interview at Calligramme art gallery
- 2) just updated my picture
- 1) i'm working

Vanessa Pinney's FaceBook Wall Posts

http://new.facebook.com/people/Vanessa_Pinney/1225188436

to Mark:

3) Last night in bed - you were so wrapped up in the story, the horror of this Plot.

You had the best sex in your life.

Be honest, you did. How many times did you come? I stopped counting. You wanted to bugger me, and beat me. For God's sake, I know when a man's balls are alight. Yours were on fire. You were thinking of that Plot, suddenly going off and tearing everything apart. The meaningless Plot - it excited you.

2) They're zebra-crossing protests writ large, educated mothers demonstrating for speed humps outside schools. It's what the middle classes must do.

1) Media speculation is today's crucible of accepted truth.

to Brian:

8) Last night Mark Savin explained his ideas about God. They're rather frightening.

7) The people in Eurasia can't cope with their overdrafts. They're fed up with themselves and are taking it out on a few double yellow lines.

6) People are resigning from well-paid jobs, refusing to pay taxes, taking their children out of private schools.

5) Nature had bred the middle class to be docile, virtuous and civic-minded. Self-denial is coded into its genes.

4) Nothing frightens you more than the thought of a real middle-class revolution.

3) You're surprisingly punctual. It's all that bourgeois conditioning, years of seeing that the trains run on time

2) I'm still out of town, I'll see you when I get back,
I miss you and you know it!

1) hey! you DID look sexy about a dozen years ago! I'm just kidding, but I really like this pic!

to Paul:

1) The public is unsettled, aware of a deranged fifth column in its midst, motiveless and impenetrable, Dada is coming.

Vanessa Pinney's Blog Posts

<http://vanessapinney.wordpress.com>

18) a plot, should always be gratuitous

A heroic failure redefined itself as a success. Eurasia is the blueprint for the social protests of the future, for pointless armed uprisings and doomed revolutions, for unmotivated plotting and senseless demonstrations. A plot, as Mark once said, should always be gratuitous, and no serious revolution should ever achieve its aims.

17) no reason at all

That's the world we're living in- people will plot for the sake of free parking. Or for no reason at all.

We're all bored, Brian, desperately bored. We're like children left for too long in a playroom.

After a while we have to start breaking up the toys, even the ones we like. There's nothing we believe in.

16) promises

Eurasia is a place of real promise, when a young pilot persuaded the citizens to create a unique republic, a city without a street signs, laws without penalties, events without significance, a sun without shadows.

15) to try bad taste

This isn't the good life, full of possibility. You soon come up against the barriers set out by the system. Try getting drunk at a school speech day, or making a mildly racist joke at a charity dinner. Try letting your lawn grow and not painting your house for a few years. Try living with a teenage girl or having sex with your stepson. Try saying you believe in God and the Holy Trinity. Or giving a free room to a refugee family from black Africa. Try taking a holiday in Benidorm, or driving a brand-new Cadillac with zebra upholstery.

14) finally free

I feel free again, for the first time since I joined the Toronto Star and I was inducted into the freemasonry of professional class. Its suffocating regalia still hung in a wardrobe of my mind, the guilt and resentments and self-doubt, demanding to be taken out and paraded in front of the nearest mirror, a reminder of civic duty and responsibility.

13) The rules of attraction

When I was in high school, I used to read a lot of American 80s lit.

I never really understood what Bret Easton Ellis meant by: "No one will ever know anyone, just deal with it", words spoken by a character in "Rules of Attraction". After lots of goings and comings and surprises and bitter turning points, maybe I can say I am getting closer to Ellis. And to his overwhelming disillusionment.

I have known Brian for 8 years. I was ready to say he knew me better than anyone. But how can someone who behaves like that be doing it for my good? I don't think he knows what's good for me anymore. I hate him.

12) conclusions

I came to the conclusion that you can never reach the point when you really know someone or something. That doesn't mean you can't rely on anyone; it just means that you can only *know* yourself, and yes, it's easier and safer to rely only on yourself.

But now the question is: can I fall in love with someone if I don't trust him? I don't trust Mark Savin, but I feel something really strong, and I think I might need to get to know him better. I don't think it's possible, though.

Anyway, the Eurasia Revolution is a serious thing. Actually, it's the only thing that I really believe.

11) Meanings of the verb to know

Is there a place one can really call home?

Is there a place you ever get to know completely, in its hidden angles and shadows?

Even a person, how can you say you really know someone? What's the boundary between knowing and not knowing? Is it when you see that person waking up in his worst face? Is when you can predict in advance what he is going to do? Is it when you can tell his meanest thoughts?

Do I know Paul Hampel then? I don't think I do.

But I met this guy Mark, who works for him. I was fascinated by him, and after a few minutes he made me feel as if I'd known him forever.

10) numbers

Back in Berlin, everything went back to normality, if something like normality exists. I'd say no, today the place where you are, the people you see and the things you do are not important. Quantity is the only thing that matters. And, as to numbers, I can say I have done quite well recently: 2 jobs at the same time, 6 articles a day, uncountable social relationships, few meals (but every single dinner out this week), and a

good number of satisfying nights...one in particular. (As I had sensed, I wasn't able to resist him. I wasn't cautious even for a second; Mark just made me forget about all that crap).

9) can't help flying

Flying back was nice, and I met this guy named Mark Savin, who has changed my life!
I can't write... I'm too excited about Mark!

8) finally

Glad that my Canadian job is over. I got on a plane a few hours after I was done with work. I couldn't take staying in my mother's house any longer, so I left without checking if I had everything with me. I probably forgot something in my old room.
And I was not able to concentrate on my interview with Paul Hampel. I can't help being excited to have met him, though I know I should be cautious with a powerful man like him.

7) back back back

I was back in Toronto for a few days again, but it's time to leave now.
Every time I am leaving, my mother makes a scene.
She moves her right hand, as if she wants to grab a bottle, which she can't even hold.
Goodbye Mommy. I am going back to my other world, back to my house in the smartest district of the town, where the beautiful building fronts are constantly redecorated, where socially presentable men and women go out to eat in exclusive delicatessens and drive around in their BMW's. I am going back to my boyfriend, Brian Steiger, who cares for me and loves the way in which I cause him excruciating pain, I am going back to my job, that I am good at, and I love. In everyone's mind there's the world that we choose for ourselves, which excludes all the other worlds.

6) Air Conditioning and no thoughts

I don't know how I was able to survive 18 years of my life without drowning in the huge bucket of shit that is my family.
The only thing that gives me hope is that sometimes when you are an asshole you get the end that you deserve (yes, I am talking about you, mom).
I'd better go back to prepare the interview. I want to show Paul Hampel that he's not dealing with a cub reporter, and I don't want him to think he'll have a easy time with me just because I am a woman and I am attracted to him. Brian, who is Paul's psychologist, told me that Paul is kind of a viscid playboy. Anyway, without Brian I couldn't have gotten in contact with Paul Hampel -- strange causality, but useful.

5) Brian at school

I'm thinking about Brian Steiger,.. Once he told me about his time at school. He was the maverick who attended no lectures and sat no exams, a solitary with a syllabus of his own, but who managed to move on to a postgraduate degree and a successful professional career.

4) Animals

My mother was convinced that animals are a good remedy against any kind of suffering. At first she had a hamster, then a cat, a parrot, a turtle, two dogs, and finally a horse. When she was fed up with a pet or it didn't amuse her anymore, she would get rid of it and replace it with a new one. Feelings for her were interchangeable as objects.

3) On the run

I'm on the run most of the time. I slept four hours last night.
Going to my mother's house for the night was a big mistake; the old nightmares came back to get me. Paul Hampel, the businessman I am following popped up in my dreams while I was sleeping and started talking in my father's accent, telling me I had to take care of my mother.

Get out of my head, all of you! You belong to two different worlds. I can't contaminate such a charming person as Paul with my parents' world.

When I woke up and saw the scraped ceiling above my head, I had a hard time breathing.

2) moving on

My contacts here are working fine, anyway. I am going to dinner with one of the best known journalists in Canada tonight. It could be a turn for the best. The black dress should do the trick.

I wish Brian could be here and see how I behave, how I betray him every day.

1) sick homecoming

Back home. (if you are brave enough to call the gloomy suburbs of Ottawa "home").

Don't really know what I was expecting.

Brian Steiger, I miss you! I'm thinking of you...

Everything's shitty here.

Can't wait to go back to civilization.

I shouldn't have accepted this job in Canada. It's only for two weeks and I've been here for 2 days but it feels like ages already.

Every time I get out of the air-conditioned office at the newspaper, I start smelling the stink of home and I have to kick the stinky memories back into their closet.

Which, as I swore 12 years ago, was going to be sealed forever.