

**[ 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.