

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

- 20) is planning the counter revolution <http://www.global-conscience.net>
- 19) Nothing roused her spirits like the prospect of heroic failure
- 18) I feel calmer and more confident.
- 17) Mark Savin is more deranged than any patient who had passed through the Adler Institute
- 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 my 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](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/>

#### **16) a legion of nonentities**

A legion of nonentities is multiplying the tables of a new mathematics based on the power of zero, generating a psychopathology from their shadows.

#### **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 patter 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.