

[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