

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 When the seams run out we're left high and dry with a lot of out of date software.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 Moskow, a calm four-hours flight on the Cesna 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