

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) is back in Berlin.
- 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:

10) 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.

9) The middle classes developed "cultural" sensibility. It endowed them with a moral superiority denied to football fans or garden gnome enthusiasts.

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.

21) i don't care about truth.

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.

20) nothing else matters.

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.

19) to 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.

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.