

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a city sidewalk. The scene is captured from a low angle, looking down the path. In the foreground, the lower half of a person in a dark coat and trousers is silhouetted against the bright pavement. Further down the sidewalk, another person is walking away. The ground is composed of large, light-colored paving stones, and a dark shadow is cast across it. The overall mood is urban and cinematic.

Urban Romantics

ПАВЕЛ КОСТИН
ВРЕМЯ ПРИШЛО

Pavel Kostin
IT'S TIME

Translated by James Rann

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ROMANTICS

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Author's Preface

This is a book about all the magical new things that you can discover if you're brave enough to break out of your boring routine and take a fresh look at the world around you. It's about the romance of the city, the city that's full of secrets and danger and extraordinary characters. It is also, of course, about the city itself, that very city in which most of us live. But at the same time it's also about something else. It's about the other side of the city, about the secrets which are hidden in familiar objects we've seen a hundred times.

The heroes of this book are artists. Not run-of-the-mill, ordinary artists, but urban artists. They're into street art and graffiti, which means they break the law sometimes (sad to say, but graffiti art is considered an illegal activity in nearly every country in the world). They don't always behave very well. Sorry about that. But that's just what they're like. A lot of them are quite a bit like some of my friends. I guess that's just how it worked out.

This book isn't a conventional spine-chilling thriller or simple mystical adventure, it's a lot more than that. I don't want to scare you, but every artist becomes an artist in his own way. Sometimes it's hard. Sometimes it's unpleasant. Sometimes it's frightening. And every artist will tell you that it couldn't have happened without a little bit of magic.

But this is also a story about love. Passionate, selfless love. That may seem ridiculously naïve in today's world... So be it. It's a book about how, whatever trials life may have in store for you, if at heart you are a romantic, if you know how to love, then everything will work out. You'll manage if you have faith.

I'm sure you're already eager to get reading, but I'll take one more minute of your time. A very important minute. Of course, a

book like this would never have been able to see the light of day without the help of many, many people. If I could thank everyone and tell you about their contribution to this book then we'd have to add another chapter. Sadly, I don't have that option. So... thanks to everyone, without whom this book would never have been published. I would like to say a special thank you to my English publisher Urban Romantics and my editor Max. I would also like to thank my good friend, Russian author Olga Slavnikova for her help and support in all my endeavours. It was thanks to her and the Russian literary prize "Debut" that I got the chance to publish my first books in Russian and English and the chance to meet Max at the 2011 London Book Fair. Thank you, Olga! Someone else who deserves special thanks is my translator, James Rann, who will, in the near future, give my characters a chance to speak English.


Pavel Kostin
Kaliningrad

**Dedicated to A.V.,
Blessed be your memory.**

IT'S TIME

The Wings of My Angel

Wall 1

 a-a-a-ax!” She shouted, rushing forward, “AAAaa Ma-a-a-ax!”

The resonant echo bounced off the walls. Reverberation. It’s a lovely word, when you think about it.

“Ma-a-ax!” You could hear the desperation in her voice. “Max, dear, stop.”

But really? Why am I doing this? But, you know, what am I doing this for? Because if you look at it from the outside it looks a lot like... Madness. Maybe I’ve gone mental? If I consider the abstract side of the matter. Look at it from a different angle. My father always taught me to look at things from a different angle. That’s what he was always telling me. But what was the point? Here I am, sitting on the roof, swinging my legs, looking down, with no idea of what I am doing. La la la.

“Max. Pleeeeaase! Please, don’t. Whatever happens don’t.... Oh nooo...” My mum froze in awkward silence for a moment.

I couldn’t see her face but I thought she was crying silently. You monster. What are you doing to your poor mother, eh? What exactly do you think you are doing?

At the end of the street sirens started howling. Oh, fantastic. That’s just what I need.

I was sitting on the edge of the roof of a ten-storey block of flats, swinging my legs and looking down with an empty smile. The hot city summer had warmed the air, filled it with the heat of the sun, but now it was sneaking off into the night. I watched, waiting for

the sunset that was about to begin.

“Hi,” someone said behind me.

“Hi,” I said back. “Are you one of the rescuers?”

“Nope,” the voice replied. It was clearly a woman’s voice, a girl’s even.

“So who are you?” I asked, not turning round. Somehow I didn’t care who they had sent.

“Lady F.”

“Lady F?” For a few seconds my mind tried to make sense of this reply, trying to find a place for it somehow or other, but it couldn’t. I’d have to turn around.

Standing behind me was an exquisite young woman, who was looking at me and smiling. She looked younger than me (I’m twenty five, as it happens). I looked at her and couldn’t think of anything to say.

“You don’t like my name?” she asked, smiling. “In which case, what name would you give me?”

“Beauty!” I blurted out, and she laughed.

“Thanks!”

“You’re dressed weird,” I said, and it was true.

She was wearing something like a white toga. A sort of white cloak. Golden sandals on her bare feet and a golden belt. And that was pretty much it. She had auburn hair and stunning green eyes. The girl observed me carefully and cheerfully.

“So what?” she said. “They’re just clothes.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” I agreed.

The thought flashed across the edge of my mind that I was behaving like an idiot, but seeing as anything else was pretty much beyond me, that was all I could do. Act like an idiot. I mean, really, who cares. I don’t.

“Is that really your name?” I asked.

“Uh-huh. Really,” she said. “If it’s so important.”

“Do you like sunsets?” she asked.

“I do,” I agreed immediately.

“I do too. Sunsets suit me.”

I laughed.

“I just like them... Did someone send you here?” I asked her

straight out.

“No,” she replied simply. “No one in particular. If that’s what you’re implying.”

“So what are you here for then?”

She frowned. “I don’t like reasons, Max. Am I disturbing you?”

I thought for a bit.

“No. You’re not disturbing me. Actually, it’s nice talking to you.”

“Well, isn’t that nice...”

She came up closer.

“I don’t like the question ‘what for’ at all, Max. It’s a stupid, unnecessary question. All the most remarkable things happen not ‘for’ something but ‘because of’ something.”

“Do you think?... How come?” I was surprised to find myself contradicting her. “Over there an engineer is building a dam. A hydro-electric power station. What’s he building it for? So that we can have light.

She smiled softly.

“I’m not going to argue, Max. That’s what you think now. But later you’ll think differently. Which is also ‘because of’ something, by the way.”

At that moment my hand slipped from the concrete fringe on the edge of the roof. I swung out sharply and my heart plunged down.

She grabbed me by the arm and held me back. I looked down in shock. Everything became very real. The warm concrete. The sunset. My mother shouting down below. This frightened me a little.

“Thanks,” I said.

“You’re welcome,” she replied and smiled.

She had a very bright, sunny smile. Just amazing. You couldn’t tear your eyes off it.

I carefully got up from the concrete fringe and set off on my way down. I was already at the bottom, closing my eyes as my mother planted kisses all over my face, when I remembered that I had forgotten to say goodbye. Well, I was in shock, what do you expect. Anyone would have forgotten.

• • •

A ray of sunlight crawled across the wall of the office. Its movement was invisible, imperceptible, because it was very slow, but if you focused on the reflection in the glass of the diploma you could see how, after ten minutes, the patch of light had moved a little bit closer to the edge. And after another ten minutes a little bit more.

“Alex, you’re a smart lad.”

“Max.”

“Ah, yes, sorry... Max, you’re a smart lad,” Dmitri Alexandrovich said softly. “Go on, try and look at yourself from a different angle...”

I looked at him.

“Who told you that stuff?” Now I was interested.

“What ‘stuff?’”

“Looking ‘from a different angle.’”

“Well, that’s pretty run of the mill stuff...” Dmitri Alexandrovich continued softly.

He could talk softly for hours. It was his job.

“You decide for yourself, Maxim. A well-behaved lad, bright, normal,” he put a particularly meaningful emphasis on the last word, “suddenly starts doing stupid, inexplicable things out of the blue. Clambering into tunnels. Climbing up on to roofs for some unknown reason.”

I said nothing, but nodded my head mechanically. Just agreed. Dmitri Alexandrovich waited for me for a little bit.

“Good,” he said. “Imagine this. You have a friend. Misha. Have you imagined that?”

“I have,” I replied.

“Mm-hm. And then this friend Misha of yours suddenly, unexpectedly climbs up onto a roof and goes and sits on the edge. And he very nearly jumps off that roof. So tell me, what would you think?”

“That he’d gone mental,” I said.

Dmitri Alexandrovich pursed his lips.

“No, imagine he’s your friend. Misha. A clever, normal, great guy. Just like you. And suddenly he pulls something like that. So what? You have known him for ages, and then suddenly his fate is in your hands. Go on, seriously, have a think. What could’ve happened to Misha?”

I really honestly thought about it.

“I guess something must be bothering him. Drugs. Or a girl. Or people had found out something embarrassing about him.”

“Right. Very logical,” Dmitri Alexandrovich nodded, “that’s what your mother thinks too. Drugs or a girl.”

“And what do you think? From a professional perspective.”

“That, you see, Max, is what I am trying to figure out. Why it is that this is happening with you. Or, I might just discharge you and tomorrow you’d climb back onto the roof. And this time you wouldn’t come down by yourself. But that’s what I don’t get. I haven’t figured it out, I can’t see it. Drugs, for one, we can forget immediately. There are no symptoms, and you’re not the sort to get involved with that rubbish. Right?”

“Right.”

“As for a girl, so far I can’t say. After all you’re not nineteen any more. Twenty-five. That’s quite an age. Done with uni, working. By the way, you won’t get into trouble at work, will you?”

“No,” I replied. “I’m sort of on holiday.”

“Good... Now as for a girl. Is there anyone troubling you?”

“No, not really,” I said, and immediately remembered Lady F. Where is she now? Why did she talk to me?”

“Really? But you know sometimes it happens that someone’s troubling you and you yourself don’t even have a clue about it. Is there perhaps one of your friends that you like? Can you think of anyone?”

“No, not really. No, Dmitri Alexandrovich, I can’t think of anyone. I can’t think of much in fact. Almost nothing. And absolutely nothing that I’d like to talk about.”

Dmitri Alexandrovich said nothing, then took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“You know what, Maxim, I understand. It can even be the case that a person is not sure about their sexuality. It’s a very common situation, as it happens. That is, not knowing for sure...”

“No, Dmitri Alexandrovich. Everything’s OK,” I said. “I even had a girlfriend. We were going out for ages.”

“Right, right, I’m shutting up!...” Dmitri Alexandrovich brightened up and put on his glasses. “And did you split up a long time

ago? Do you like her?"

"Nooo," I said. "That was a hundred years ago. I don't remember. I don't want to think about that."

"Well what do you like then, Maxim?" Dmitri Alexandrovich asked inquisitively.

I looked up and our eyes met.

"I like it, Dmitri Alexandrovich, when the tarmac is warm. When the sun has heated it so much over the course of the day that you can touch it with your hand and it's hot. And there are little cracks in the tarmac and it's a sunny day with a clear sky and you don't have to hurry off anywhere and you can climb up somewhere, and hide away where there's absolutely no one around, but it's warm and bright and you can feed the pigeons and think about nothing at all. I like it when the sun sinks amongst the distant silhouettes of buildings, and the whole city turns golden-orange and you want to completely dissolve in that colour and I like looking at the sky, at the high, transparent clouds and feeling, really feeling like you could just fly right up there. That this could actually happen. Not in fantasies, not in make believe, not in dreams, but you could physically fly there, in real life, right now, but you've forgotten how. I like it when there's space all around, when you can see for miles, when you're on a plain or a long road and there's a lot of sky, and you feel that reality is right next to you, that you can touch it, and you need to do something with it, that you have a destiny, that you've been able to do it for a long time, and you'll be able to do it in the future, but for now you've totally forgotten and you're suffering because you can't do this thing and it's really good that this thing exists at all. I like travelling, without a start point or an end point, when a new road appears over the horizon and there's someone with you, or even better two people, and you can listen and smile and stare at the road and admire the endless sky. And I like it when there are big trees, huge trees and the leaves rustle loudly and swing slowly back and forth and you see how huge they are and how there is a whole other world of their own above them. And I like ice-cream too."

Dmitri Alexandrovich took off his glasses again and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

• • •

Viktor is strange. Somehow. I'm strange too, but I'm generally strange, not in a specific way, while Viktor is strange in a very specific way. About very specific things. Viktor loves to take photos of strange objects. And then makes very special photos out of them. That is to say, it's not that he takes photos of strange, unusual objects, but that he doesn't photograph them. Instead of that he takes photos of the most ordinary places. A bit of road, for instance. Or a car tyre. Not a particularly memorable piece of road, and not some tyre that was in an accident, but the most ordinary random bit of road you can think of and a completely unexceptional tyre on an unexceptional car.

Normally it goes like this. We're walking along talking about the sort of thing people talk about. You know, films or girls or other things entirely unconnected to the photo that he's about to take. And then suddenly Viktor sees that ordinary bit of road, and he just gets this mental block, and he chucks everything and dashes off to take a picture of this bit of road, without even finishing his sentence. An example.

This morning we're walking along, chatting away.

"And after that they let you go?"

"Uh-huh. Told me to take these pills."

"And you're taking them?"

"Nah. I tried them to see what it was like – nah. Your head gets heavy, you don't want to do anything. Although nothing bothers you."

"Did they make you promise that you would?"

"Well officially they made me. Promise right then. But I didn't even do that..."

Viktor jumps from where he's standing and heads for the path next to us, tugging at his camera case to undo it as he goes.

I shut up and wait patiently. I'm used to it.

Viktor photographs a bit of pavement. There is nothing, absolutely nothing unusual about this bit of pavement. Little stones, grass, cracks. That's it. Passers-by are looking. They must be thinking that we're in forensics. You know, detectives on a murder investigation. I imagined this for a moment, and was suddenly

amused by the fact that if I really was a detective and Viktor a forensics expert, then at this very moment we'd be doing exactly the same thing, and we'd have looked exactly, exactly the same as we do now. That is, both this reality and the reality where I'm a detective and Viktor is a forensics expert would coincide for this fragment of time. A strange thought.

Viktor's camera is good, expensive. He could do wedding photography with it, or take pictures of puppies. For money. But instead of that he takes pictures of bits of road and tree bark. And then he even prints these bits of road and chooses the ones that 'work'. And his job... you are going to love this one... industrial designer. And not a designer chairs or cars or anything like that. Just ordinary, unglamorous everyday objects. For example, he designs barbecues. Or garden furniture. Well, what did you want? Someone's got to design barbecues too. So they don't get warped in the heat, so the legs stay strong, so that the ventilation holes are in the right place. It's a serious job. A big factory. Production lines and offices with engineers. A special project, an office, a workspace, a chair. And Viktor.

In fact, thanks to him they gave me a job there too. I wouldn't cut it as an industrial designer. I work as a security guard. It sounds stupid, but that's the official title. To be more accurate, the factory is guarded by a special firm with tough guys, and I do the following: I make sure that all the sections are locked, move the forklifts, and walk through the empty corridors closing the windows and doors so that I can turn on the alarm in the office. A night watchman, more or less. But I tell everyone I'm a security guard. Although it's not as if security guard sounds much better. It doesn't pay much, but it's OK. It's a big factory, there's a lot of work. You even get tired every now and again.

Something shuffled along the tarmac. I turned round and saw Lady F. She was in her toga and sandals again. I wasn't even surprised, just pleased.

"Hi!" I said.

"Hi!" she said. "How are you?"

"Really good," I replied. "How are you?"

"I'm always good," she smiled.

“You’ve got a beautiful smile,” I said.

She nodded and looked at Viktor. I looked at him too. Viktor was photographing his bit of road and not looking around anymore.

“He’s strange,” I said. “But nice. And smart.”

“That happens,” she agreed. “So, I came to give you something.”

“From anyone I know?”

“It’s not from anyone... It’s from me.” She shook her red hair.

“Oho. Cool! What is it?”

“It’s this: follow the ray of light.”

“Follow the ray of light. Me?”

“Yes. You. Will you?”

“I will. For sure.”

“Good.” She winked at me. “See you?”

“See you!”

She turned around and walked away. I looked at her as she left, watching her light step, when Viktor comes up to me, putting his camera away.

“And so, did you promise?”

I look at him bewildered.

“You know, you promised so they’d let you go?”

“Oh... Yeah, it was nothing. Not to climb up on roofs any more.”

“Makes sense. A good request, a good promise. Can’t say fairer than that. And have you been breaking the promise?”

I laughed and slapped him on the shoulder. And we walked on.

• • •

I braked sharply and stopped by the side of the road. I looked in the mirror. Yep, it was her, no doubt. Oxana. We studied together, were kind of friends. And now she’s hitching a ride on the side of the road in some godforsaken village miles from town. I reverse up to her. She stares at me unsure, smiles, and jumps in the car.

“Hi, Max! Let’s go!”

“Where to?”

“It’s not about going to somewhere, but getting away from somewhere! Where are you going?”

“I’m going to my gran and grandad’s, out in the west.”

“Fantastic! Step on it!”

I step on it. The car accelerates quickly and the village is left behind.

“So what are you doing here?” I ask, looking in the mirror.

“Oh, yeah, there...” Oxana waved her hand. “That’s another.”

“You’ve been out?”

“Sort of. Went out. Last night to Mango with the girls.”

“And where are the girls?”

“The girls stayed in Mango. And I met this guy. Looked like a normal guy. He bought me some drinks, we had a dance, we went for it basically. And then went for a ride.”

“A ride, then...”

“Sort of. You know. Hugs and kisses. Nothing more – I’d sobered up a bit by then. We came here in the end. It was late, around three. And then he started trying it on. And I didn’t really fancy him that much. And he then says, “in this case, you can go and sleep outside.”

“And did you..?”

“Well, I had to sleep with him. And then I got up and wanted to leave. So I went out onto the side of the road.”

“What, you slept with him just like that?”

“What do you mean just like that? Well, yeah – I went for it. What was I supposed to do, sleep in a field? And I’d been drinking.”

For some reason I was mortally offended by this, even though five minutes ago this Oxana wouldn’t even have crossed my mind, I was driving around doing my own thing, and I’d never felt anything in particular for her. But still, it’s kind of scummy. You know, why sleep with these bastards? She can string a guy along for a month and then sleep with someone we all know is a jerk, just because that’s how it turns out. Scummy...

“Lady F would never have done that!”

“Who?”

“It’s not important... So what are you going to do now?”

“About what?”

“About him. Are you going to go out with him or what?”

“Have you lost your mind?! How could anyone go out with that jerk?!”

“Then how could you sleep with him..?”

“Listen, right now you sound exactly like my mum... Leave it! It’s in the past, I don’t want to talk about it. I spent the night with him and that’s that!”

“And how long have you been dating Viktor? Two months, three?”

“Bloody hell! So what? A few dates! I don’t fancy him!”

“But you fancy this guy?”

“Fancy him?! I hate him!”

“Then why...?”

“Right! Stop! Stop the car!”

“I’ll take you to the next bus stop,” I said.

I took her to the stop. We sat in silence. The sunset right then was beautiful, the clouds stained magenta.

• • •

Silence and solitude – I’m on the roof of the factory. The factory is shut, there’s no one around. I’ve been doing my usual rounds, walking round the large, empty premises. I’ve climbed up on the roof. It’s a tall building, about the same as an eight-storey block of flats. A corrugated iron garage times ten and you’ve got an idea of how it looks. A big green metal box with spots of rust.

The view from up here is incredible. About two hundred metres away there is the river and the port. Even from here the boats seem huge and it’s very beautiful. The river really is deep blue, and not because the water is clean, but just because at this angle it reflects the sky, and the sky today doesn’t have a single cloud in it. This all seems very real, very present. Pure colours, big shapes. It’s when you look at this that it seems like you can touch reality. Not an object as reality, but reality as an object.

“It’s hard to explain,” I say out loud.

“What exactly?” Lady F asks.

I say nothing for a little while.

“Have I gone out of my mind?” I ask.

“Literally or metaphorically?” Lady F asks with cautious interest.

“Literally. Did I lose my mind there on the roof? Are you imaginary?”

“No,” she replies with certainty.

I turn round. As before, she’s wearing white clothes and sandals. There’s a fresh breeze up here, which gently shakes her auburn hair.

“As far as I’m concerned I’m very real,” she continues, smiling. “Why do you ask?”

“Well. You know why. You really could have met me there on the roof in the city but here... You couldn’t have got onto the site, not to mention the fact that you got up here without anyone noticing.”

“And why not?” she asks, moving her arms akimbo. “I tread lightly.”

“Snowy would’ve barked!” I reply.

Lady F and I look down to where Snowy is sleeping in a patch of sunlight, a black spot in the middle of the tarmac plain.

“Yeah and anyway, it would be strange,” I say with growing confidence, “to keep on appearing you would need to be following me constantly! And that’s why I’ve decided that I’ve imagined you.”

“You’re flattering yourself!” She gets annoyed. “Believe me, I am very, very real. I am not at all a product of your imagination!”

“Well, sorry.” I shrug my shoulders. “So what am I suppose to think?”

“Don’t think,” she snaps. “I’m not just here for nothing, believe me. I’m not the creation of someone’s mind! And definitely not yours. Do you remember about the ray of light?”

“I remember...”

“Don’t forget! And here’s another thing for you. Remember this for me, OK?”

“OK...”

“Red fives – a step to the right.”

“What?!” I’m bemused.

“Red fives – a step to the right,” she repeats patiently, as if she were explaining something entirely obvious.

“I... I don’t understand.”

“Then don’t understand. Just remember. I’ll say it again: for the time being you don’t need to think. Leave that for now, OK?”

Tell me instead what's so hard for you to explain.”

I hesitate, gathering my thoughts.

“Well, it's hard to explain!.. I'll just give it a go.”

She waits, looking at me with a smile. Stuttering occasionally, I start to explain.

“I perceive the world in a very strange way. I didn't get that at first. It's hard to understand that your perception of the world is different, because you've got nothing to compare it to. It's as if with one eye you see green as red. How would you know that you're seeing the colour wrong? That is, how can you define the benchmark, when you've got no feedback apart from your own eyes? And anyway: how do you know that your green matches other people's green? Suddenly what you see as green is in fact what other people see as red. What is green for you? The colour of leaves. You remember it, and all your life you've thought that that is what green is. But what if they're actually red to other people? There's no way of being sure, no way...”

“Interesting,” said Lady F.

She really was listening with interest.

“So. Green is just a small example of this. Everything that you know and feel, you've only got from your personal experience. From the sound of a violin to the feeling of waking up. I realised a long time ago that I don't perceive reality like everyone else. Probably up on that roof where we met. I understood it through some indirect pointers. I'd long suspected that something was wrong, but previously I just thought maybe I was just getting worked up about it. Like I just think about this more than I should. And recently I figured out – no, I really do see things differently. My perception works differently. I had the same sort of thing with my skin. You see, my skin gets irritated by woollen things. Basically anything that's fluffy. I just can't wear them, it's horribly uncomfortable. I just want to tear it apart and throw it away, I just can't stand it. And so on. All the time when I was a kid my mum, my grandma, my aunts they all insisted that this was all just nonsense, that I'd just made it up. “Everyone wears them, it just seems that way to you.” And I believed them. I was in agony, but I wore them. Then, I grew up, stopped wearing them, but still believed that I'd just

invented this stupid problem. On some psychological level. And then – bang – when I was already grown-up I found out that my father had the exact same problem. Exactly the same. And I suddenly realised that really was what my skin was like. And that I hadn't made up anything! That's just how it was. That everyone feels a certain way and can wear wool, but I'm different. I can't. For real, it's not some psychological thing."

"That's cute," Lady F laughs. "That bit about the skin is cute! And what about reality?"

"And reality is the same as my skin. I feel it differently. And just like then I thought that I just had some kind of mental issues. And that I feel the same thing as everyone else, but had just dreamed up some nonsense."

"And now?"

"And now, I don't. I realise that it really is different for me. Well, it might not be that I'm the only person like this, but my perception isn't like other people's. And that's really hard to explain."

"Go on, try," Lady F said. "I'm interested."

"I'll try... You see, looking at all of this," I motioned at the port and the river, "I see it all separately. Not like a landscape or a picture. But separately. The boat, and the river, and the waves, and the seagulls. And I hear like that too. And feel. Completely literally, as if it's going on inside me. Without any physical laws linking everything together. As if inside me the zoom of a camera is aimed at everything simultaneously, and it all surges into me simultaneously. Even that tree."

I pointed to a willow in the distance and Lady F looked at it.

"Because of that I don't like cramped spaces, like dense forest for instance, and I really like it when there is flat ground and lots of sky. Because there's not much useless extra stuff there, and what is there is big and meaningful. And when I'm alone, and there is a lot of this free space, then everything around seems like it's suspended in my mind... it freezes! Like a drop of water which is about to burst, and I feel all of this inside me so strongly. I can sit like that for three hours. Like here now. And I don't feel people. I don't feel the links between them, their relationships. I don't understand society and relationships as an additional layer of reality..."