

#11

EDITORIAL

DEFECATE NOT WHERE THOU EATETH

Another day at the office: repetitive, non-stimulating shifwork stretching out from 9am until 6pm (on a good day). Trudging down the office steps with the rest of the slaves - all of you scurrying home across the highway - inching along bumper to bumper in your cars, listening to shitty music and shittier news on the radio. Elbow to elbow in a train that's late and reeks of sweat and disappointment. The air crackling with overtaxed nerves and swallowed-down conflict. Getting home to a stack of freshly accumulated bills and domestic ills. Micro-wave dinner in front of the 8 o'clock news: war, depression, outrage, environmental disasters, pollution & Doom. Cut to commercial: are you tired? Do you have trouble concentrating? Do you feel stretched thin and worn out? Does the weight of everyday tasks feel heavy on your shoulders? OF COURSE IT DOES AND OF COURSE YOU DO. How could you be after a day like that? You'd have to be some kind of raving psychotic to still be smiling after realizing you're being robbed of your life at an hourly rate of €225. Frankly buddy, you look like you could do with some of our magic pen-pills: sit down and pop two of these babies into your bloodstream - things will be looking up in no time.

NOT SO F.A.Q.

ARE YOU FEELING DEPRESSED?
DO YOU HAVE FEELINGS
OF ANXIETY?
DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE
SLEEPING?
DOES LIFE SEEM VOID OF
MORALS & EMPATHY?
HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING YOUR
MEDICINE LATELY?
WHAT ARE WE SMOKING
ANYWAY?
ARE YOU EXPERIENCING
PROBLEMS IN YOUR SEXUAL
LIFE?
WHO NEEDS A DRINK?
DOES IT HURT WHEN I DO THIS?
WHO KILLED OMAR ADAMS?
HOW MANY BOXES OF
PAROXETINE DO YOU HAVE IN
YOUR MEDICINE CABINET?
HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY?

Albert Hofmann (1906 – 2008), a Swiss scientist who was the first to synthesize and ingest lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25). He was named number 1 in Telegraph's magazine "Top 100 Living Geniuses" list. The Acid Room at the Hollywood Hospital. The setting was considered very important in LSD therapy at the hospital. The room featured a state-of-the-art hi fi system, a strobe light and a print of Salvador Dalí's Crucifix. Photo © J. Ross MacLean – January 1965.

STUNNING FACTS ON SIDE EFFECTS

We at POSTRmagazine strantly advise you to not take any of the further mentioned substances, unless you're supposed to.

Our short visit to the intoxicating market of both prescription and over-the-counter medication confirms that the international legislation on drugs unfolds as a scenario of doom and contradiction. Governments all over the world are seeing a brutal battle against cold-blooded druggists who live by nothing but their own rules. Meanwhile more and more of today's kids are toasting hazardous yet completely legal medicine cocktails just to get higher by the day. Another chapter in the war on drugs? Although many historical overdoes show that the abuse of medication must be as old as the use itself, recent numbers indicate that "legal" medicines are high up in the recreational drug charts. Indeed it's perplexing what one can do with a bit of research, some sense of creativity and his or her mental grandma's medicine cabinet.

THOU SHALL NOT TOUCH

For many decades, the pharmaceutical industry has been advertising registered pills that are sometimes way out of the league of smart pills, prescription marihuana or illegal drugs. The most impressive capsules are found in neurological and psychiatric fields as it's mostly anesthetics that get you high when used in high doses. "Because some of these medicines are created with the only purpose to instantly paralyze people," specialists told us. Time for us to pay a little visit to an old-time friend called Anonymous, who happens to have big stacks of such capsules. Anonymous is a 38 year old, mentally ill patient who has been getting legally high, so to speak, for more than ten years straight. His systematic intoxication began after he went completely berserk as an adolescent, ending up in compulsory admission which more or less means that two big male nurses put you in a straitjacket and throw you in a cell until you learn how to behave. One of the commonly used chemical weapons in fighting the mind-threatening demons of angst and paranoia inherent to psychosis is clozapine, a strong, typical antipsychotic drug that is administered intravenously, sometimes after a pre-clapitating analysis of specialists in the field. "Although clozapine and relatives suppress most feelings of anxiety, they start composing music in my studio for the rest of the day, or night. Or I would just hang around." But let this not be a reason for you to feign psychosis, as taking more than eight pills per day invokes extreme forms of hallucination - Anonymous is popping four to six of

werp after being on the waiting lists of two drug clinics for way too long. Arriving in the ER, the doctors immediately decided to give the kid a shot of clozapine combined with clonidine. This severely discouraging cocktail evoked a weird, drowsy and very unpleasant experience which will last for at least a couple of days as the user becomes severely lazy and incapacitated. On top of that, the kid was captured and put in an isolation cell after he started protesting against this treatment. He was released completely traumatized only a few days later, after his mom finally found out where he was hanging out. Standard procedure, wrong patient.

Anonymous starts the day with taking two of these pills, which he describes as having as a rush of amphetamines, admitting its necessity in toning down the effects of clozapine. "I might combine it with alcohol," Anonymous says. "Since I'm a creative person I usually start composing music in my studio for the rest of the day, or night. Or I would just hang around." But let this not be a reason for you to feign psychosis, as taking more than eight pills per day invokes extreme forms of hallucination - Anonymous is popping four to six of

these babies everyday, depending on the moment gets his clozapine. These boxes of fifty pills cost 69 cents with a prescription," he says. "So you do the math. If I was a vicious person I could sell you these, but I'm not. Ha, now how are you going to control that, government? Countering the side effects of one drug by giving another is an everyday medical treatment for psychiatric and other patients. So knowing that most Parkinson patients are elderly people (the future is looking bright after all) makes you wonder about the amount of such pills circulating at this very moment. Or as the Chinese proverb goes: 'It's easy to get a thousand prescriptions but hard to get a single remedy'."

ONE THOUSAND PRESCRIPTIONS

So who are the real drug dealers here? The cocaine crew on the corner or your local pharmacist? And what does it take to import these cheap, horrifying drugs into a legitimate market model? After no further insistence on trying but any of Anonymous' medication in any circumstance whatsoever, we shoot over to the Drug Research Agency (EMA) to be exact, that decides whether or not a new medicine can be launched. The EMA is roughly similar to the American Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and other independent organs in Australia, Canada or Japan. As for Belgium we have eight drug testing labs of which five are attached to the main universities, like the one we attended. The other three are in commercial hands such as SGS, one of the largest international inspection, verification, testing and certification companies in the world. Pharmaceutical corporations Pfizer and Johnson & Johnson (Janssen Pharmaceutica NV) also have units. We wish you good luck.

mean the rest is always illegal", he continues. "A complicated treatment in our country might need products that are only registered in another country. But even when a medicine is imported, a special pharmaceutical inspection is taking control of the whole thing. It might also happen that a medicine is mysteriously banned from the market and reports, it might have a chance to make it onto the market, which is known to be very organized and comparable in most countries." It's the London based European Medicines Agency (EMA) to be exact, that decides whether or not a new medicine can be launched. The EMA is roughly similar to the American Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and other independent organs in Australia, Canada or Japan. As for Belgium we have eight drug testing labs of which five are attached to the main universities, like the one we attended. The other three are in commercial hands such as SGS, one of the largest international inspection, verification, testing and certification companies in the world. Pharmaceutical corporations Pfizer and Johnson & Johnson (Janssen Pharmaceutica NV) also have units. We wish you good luck.

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TAKE TWO OF THESE AND FIX YOUR LIFE IN THE MORNING

To talk about legal drugs is to talk about illegal drugs. The same pills and powders that - even though a hind bars used to come with a doctor's prescription - and occasionally vice versa. There was a time when everybody you could bump into would lack of a law to break - and anybody who went blind or lost his mind in a shrieking frenzy had no one to blame but themselves. There came a time of Great Morality, and it was generally agreed that the use of psychotropic substances for recreational purpose was not compatible with the idea of where we were going as a species. We were to be better than that, and we passed laws that would inspire people to stop smoking, drinking, sniffing and shooting, instead leading rich and fulfilling lives in which they would make efficient and optimal use of their God-given human potential. The technical details and eventual outcome of the War On Drugs (copyright of Richard Nixon's speechwriter) are another matter still - even though a special UN committee recently issued a statement saying that their War had miserably failed on all fronts - but the question remains how you, patient, which drug gets to stay legal and which one gets banned from daylight and into the murky shadows of nightclub toilets and street corners? And perhaps more importantly: how do you stop people from wanting to get high all the damn time?

As cocaine cartels struggle for power and the US Shmoo sets up a methlab in his hobby room to make up for his vanishing pension fund, revenue in the pharmaceutical industry has steadily deflated the economic recession, growing 7% between 2008 and 2009 after a 2.5% in the year before to a whopping \$37 billion USD. Some projections see that figure rising to well over a trillion USD in 2014, putting pharmaceutical drugs ahead of alcohol and tobacco combined. Of the current figure, about 90 billion goes to psychiatric drugs and no more than a few weeks ago, a Belgian market survey indicated that approximately 1 million Belgians are currently taking antidepressant medication. That can mean one of two things, either we're all very sick or somebody somewhere is pulling terms like "stressful anxiety disorder" out of their ass so somebody else can sell a pill that will cure us of it, at three times the price they charged us for that same pill when they said it would cure us of our OCD in the 90's. Of course, such thinking is completely far-fetched and utterly ludicrous: surely no doctor would ever think of the discovery of a new disease as the emergence of a new market, would he? Somebody get me a Clozapine, my Paranoid Personality Disorder is acting up.

PROZAC BY POPULAR DEMAND

So where do we draw that thinly powdered and finely cut line between legal and illegal? Recreational use appears to be one factor: the fact that you can only get some drugs when you're sick in some shape or form indicates that changing your mental state is not something that should be taken lightly - and it definitely shouldn't be any fun. That's a subtle touch and it makes you wonder about its ethical origins. If lawmakers decide to take the fun-factor into account on a legislative level, it must mean that they (or the public that elected them) seem to want all of us to be working on something Big. And apparently all of us are supposed to be working on it all the time, something you're not very likely to do if you have for example an acquired taste for powerful opiates. Nobody seems to be completely sure of what exactly it is we're working on but it has to be something important - most likely a Better World For The Children. Too bad increasingly more of those children are pocketing their parents' Xanax stash and mixing it with shots of Jager and whatever else they can get their hands on in an attempt to get so fucked out of their skulls they can forget about the incessant, never-ending burden of being a teenager in 2011. Or make it just do it for the fucking fun of it, who knows? However, this fun-factor does not account for the legal status of alcohol - which is both lethal and addictive, yet still the most widely used and abused recreational drug in the world - and also the only one that has managed to outwit the long arm of the law: prohibition was tried and swiftly abandoned in a lot of countries - most notably in the US during 1920 and 1933 until government after government decided it was better to let (part of) the public drink itself to death rather than deal with the soaring crime figures and public outrage. Note that this was, in a time when opium and cocaine were still used as medication and sold over the counter at your local

drugstore. The main and also painfully simple explanation is that alcohol - in comparison to other drugs - was just too popular to be outlawed. It's a century later, Mexico has become one big murder scene while cocaine is as hard to find as lame dialogue at a wine party. Which leaves us to wonder: if the global economic collapses around us - why we're cutting ourselves out of so much money? The UN's (former) Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon said War On Drugs has been fought and that the drugs are the victors. The undertone of that statement is pretty obvious: if you get the impression that some of these drugs are more deadly than the ones that get shipped into the country concealed in tv-screens and the gastrointestinal tracts of Bolivian drug mules. For example Paxil, an antidepressant that apparently increases the risk of suicidal behavior among teenagers (4% versus 2% in the placebo group). That may not sound like a lot but when you consider that teen suicide is the exact opposite of what you're trying to achieve, it could be argued that it doesn't get much more counterproductive than that.

SERIOUS DELIRIUM

A look at the geopolitics of drug production initially only provides more confusion regarding legislative evolution. If you take a look at which drugs are legal which are not, you can't help but get the impression that there are some significant inconsistencies in the field. These are mainly the result of reg laws having their origins in whatever moral guidelines were provided by contemporary religion - sometimes also by the natural aversion to achieve, changes in sexual leaders of Enlightenment: religious fanaticism across Europe wildly screamed for coffee to be banned due to it being a Muslim drink and therefore a Devil's brew. Until 1600 AD, when Pope Clement VIII himself stated that it was "too delicious to be exclusively enjoyed by infidels". So basically, coffee is legal because it's more delicious than is dangerous - and the worst side effects are just minor quams like irritability, restlessness, insomnia and of course diarrhoea. But that's nothing a bit of Xanax can't cure (possible side effects include but are not limited to: changes in appetite, changes in sexual desire, constipation, trouble concentrating and increased saliva production) and besides, how the hell are you supposed to get to work without your morning dose (200-300mg) of caffeine? Which by the way is a xanthine alkaloid & psychoactive stimulant that keeps your central nervous system alert while increasing your capability for mental or physical labor, which is obviously a big plus for anyone trying to run a performance-based economic system. Coincidentally, it is also the most widely distributed psychoactive substance in the world with a consumption rate of over 90% by adults in North America. Over extended periods of time, caffeine use can not only lead to a pay raise, a personal parking space and a corner office but also nervousness, irritability, anxiety, muscle twitching, headaches, respiratory alkalosis and heart palpitations, and whatever else you can get your hands on in an attempt to get so fucked out of their skulls they can forget about the incessant, never-ending burden of being a teenager in 2011. Or make it just do it for the fucking fun of it, who knows? However, this fun-factor does not account for the legal status of alcohol - which is both lethal and addictive, yet still the most widely used and abused recreational drug in the world - and also the only one that has managed to outwit the long arm of the law: prohibition was tried and swiftly abandoned in a lot of countries - most notably in the US during 1920 and 1933 until government after government decided it was better to let (part of) the public drink itself to death rather than deal with the soaring crime figures and public outrage. Note that this was, in a time when opium and cocaine were still used as medication and sold over the counter at your local

age in supply. Of course, the fact that it took place when WWII was still cooling down the Cold War didn't actually save it from being outlawed. It's a century later, Mexico has become one big murder scene while cocaine is as hard to find as lame dialogue at a wine party. Which leaves us to wonder: if the global economic collapses around us - why we're cutting ourselves out of so much money? The UN's (former) Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon said War On Drugs has been fought and that the drugs are the victors. The undertone of that statement is pretty obvious: if you get the impression that some of these drugs are more deadly than the ones that get shipped into the country concealed in tv-screens and the gastrointestinal tracts of Bolivian drug mules. For example Paxil, an antidepressant that apparently increases the risk of suicidal behavior among teenagers (4% versus 2% in the placebo group). That may not sound like a lot but when you consider that teen suicide is the exact opposite of what you're trying to achieve, it could be argued that it doesn't get much more counterproductive than that.

FIGHTING FIRE WITH NA-PALM

Another case in point: on September 30, 2004, pharmaceutical Merck & Co. withdrew the nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory painkiller Rofecoxib (Brand name Vioxx) from the market after the drug became associated with increased risks of heart attacks and strokes. In 2003, Merck had netted US\$2.5 billion from Vioxx sales - money that is currently being kept

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Next thing you know, your disease is a hit, people all over the world are coming down with whatever it is you decided to call your disorder (don't go with syndrome, that has that 80's ring to it). Of course, that's primarily because you were smart enough to make the list of possible symptoms look like a summary of the entire spectrum of negative feelings known to man: more specifically, your feelings of exhaustion and irritability, your sleeping problems, your recent trouble with concentrating, small tasks and your inevitable sexual or social inabilities. Then, you tell people not to worry since you also discovered the cure for it, available with a doctor's prescription. These same doctors who receive complimentary golf accessories and sexual favors every time you invite them over for educational purposes. This may seem a rather stable method that borders on mass structural malfeasance and a ruthless jeopardizing of the public health but at the same time, everybody involved in this process is just trying to be the best at their job. This is simply what happens when you apply a free market model to the industry that is supposed to keep us healthy. But where to point our probing finger of Accusation? You can't really blame a marketing execu-

tive or a sales rep for trying to make us much money as they possibly can, can you? They are cogs in a machine and they're trained to sell - it's all they know. The fact that it's immoral has nothing to do with it, nobody complained when we sold them all that other health shit they had absolutely no use for. The only difference is that a macrobiotic toothpaste or chemical-free shampoo won't fry your brain if you use it for a few years - and it's starting to look like some of the pills that are supposed to keep us sane are slowly but surely shrinking our brain tissue. Seriously bro, shrinking your brain - look up the report by Nancy Andreasen on the mighty internet. You get the impression that some of these drugs are more deadly than the ones that get shipped into the country concealed in tv-screens and the gastrointestinal tracts of Bolivian drug mules. For example Paxil, an antidepressant that apparently increases the risk of suicidal behavior among teenagers (4% versus 2% in the placebo group). That may not sound like a lot but when you consider that teen suicide is the exact opposite of what you're trying to achieve, it could be argued that it doesn't get much more counterproductive than that.

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aside for the +10,000 legal cases and 150 class actions that have been filed against them. They'll surely need every penny of it, especially since former chief of acute pain at Baystate Medical Centre Scott Rueben revealed into different categories which are in their turn subdivided into specific disorders. And it's becoming increasingly hard for you to not have one of them: most likely, the only reason you don't have one is because you haven't been diagnosed yet. Hell, none of us are normal and the only ones that seem to be are usually the sickest penies in the jar. If deviant behavior is a disorder that needs to be cured, where do you draw the line? Are you going to pump a lifetime supply of pills into every person who comes through your door telling you that they are depressed and tired of their lives? Where do you draw the line between 'a tad quirky' and autistic? Psychiatric drugs don't cure any illness, they just help you to hide or run away from the symptoms. Sure, some people suffer from severe clinical afflictions that can only be treated with heavy medication, but if your life is dragging you down (much like a broken leg can do) maybe you should try fixing it instead of just smoking opium while brainrot eats away at your decaying and deteriorating mind. So what if your medication comes in a box with a label and a prescription while someone else's comes wrapped in aluminum foil and diluted with rat poison? Escapism does not end with a legal paragraph and even if not a single judge will convict you, you will always be there to pass judgment on yourself.

So one of the big problems with psychiatric drugs is the fact that technically speaking, we're not really sure what they do and therefore they could be doing more harm than good. Sure, we have some strong clues and indicators, but the human brain is the most complex piece of hardware we know and we've only just started to discover the many ways in which it works (or doesn't, in this case). Throwing a blanket of high-powered anesthetic over your consciousness might dull more things than just the pain. Another problem is the fact that sometimes, life can feel like dancing on the sharp edge of a razorblade. Reality check: most people who take psychiatric drugs are not hoping to be cured of their depressions and anxiety disorders. They don't expect their life to be fixed by a pill: what they want is something that will make it bearable by taking the strain off their overtaxed brains. They need a break, a change in their state of mind - however temporary and superficial it may be. They require no illusions of a starry future wherein all is well - they're just killing the pain for the time being and fuck it, let's hope this goddamn free market picks up tomorrow. In the meanwhile, leave me in peace and let me enjoy

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The term "War on Drugs" was first used by President Richard Nixon in 1971. In June 2011, the self-appointed Global Commission on Drug Policy released a critical report on the War on Drugs, declaring "The global war on drugs has failed, with devastating consequences for individuals and societies around the world. Fifty years after the initiation of the UN Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, and years after the United Nations launched the US government's war on drugs, fundamental reforms in national and global drug control policies are urgently needed."

"KISSING HER"

Amy Jade Winehouse (14 September 1983 – 23 July 2011). Amy Winehouse died of alcohol poisoning on 23 July 2011. The lettering used in this image was made for a The Rum Diary poster. © FilmDistrict.

I drain my drink and look around the packed club. Long legged, pretty, hollow people are dancing to remixed remixes. At the bar a perfect male specimen is serving cocktails infused with endangered herbs from exotic remote South American jungles where cock roaches are still being massed by word of mouth from generation to generation. Most of the women are wearing the centerfolds from Vogue and Elle. Their slender counterparts seem to have offered an unofficial competition where the winner is the person that most resembles either a talk show host from the early eighties or their yuppie dealer. In the furthest corner I can see two turn of the 19th century facial haired teens engaged in a heated debate with each other. No doubt arguing about who is more electric, blue, step, tropi or cal or freak or folk or whatever this month's mental subculture nobody might have known if it wasn't for the coked up Vogue, who's been talking to ecstasy Elle about herself all night, and invite her to leave with me. She takes a final look around to ensure that no other minor celebrities or band members are left in the crowd that she would rather fuck. Instead, Satisfied, she makes eye contact towards the club exit and head over to my place.

If I had paid attention to her monologue I might have known if it was more or maybe a photographer. She could have been a graphic designer also, a stylist or even something else I only have a faint idea of. She was a model and designer jewelry shoot old money in no uncertain terms, a spectacle only royalty can rival. I like her, come from money, but unlike her, I'm ashamed of it. Despite my revulsion at her display of affluence, I'm attracted to the idea I've definitely had more. Fitness and wellness are recession-resistant people still want to work out. I have a huge bedroom that has become dirty over the years and even slightly torn in a few places. There is a disorder of clothes and faded photographs. On my bed she lies white as a sheet, her eyes are open staring at the David Hamilton picture I once stole from a hotel in the South of France. Around her throat is a leopard-patterned scarf and at the other end, one of her shoes has half slipped off her foot. The other is still on. I'm standing at the foot of the bed and slowly take the shoes from her feet and put them on the floor. I'm a big hugger which surprises people. In Belgium the first time you meet someone you kiss them

– it's standard. But we immediately fuck like we just celebrated our silver wedding anniversary, with her on her back giving me the same empty look over and over again. Eventually I come on her face just to see if her expression changes. It doesn't. Not even a bit. What a surprise that would have been, any visible emotion I would have taken as a compliment. I call a cab, give her a hug and get her out of my apartment. A few spills and some prescribed pills later I retire back to bed. Before my eyes I have known if it was more or maybe a photographer. She could have been a graphic designer also, a stylist or even something else I only have a faint idea of. She was a model and designer jewelry shoot old money in no uncertain terms, a spectacle only royalty can rival. I like her, come from money, but unlike her, I'm ashamed of it. Despite my revulsion at her display of affluence, I'm attracted to the idea I've definitely had more. Fitness and wellness are recession-resistant people still want to work out. I have a huge bedroom that has become dirty over the years and even slightly torn in a few places. There is a disorder of clothes and faded photographs. On my bed she lies white as a sheet, her eyes are open staring at the David Hamilton picture I once stole from a hotel in the South of France. Around her throat is a leopard-patterned scarf and at the other end, one of her shoes has half slipped off her foot. The other is still on. I'm standing at the foot of the bed and slowly take the shoes from her feet and put them on the floor. I'm a big hugger which surprises people. In Belgium the first time you meet someone you kiss them

My phone rings, I wake up depressed and insecure as usual. It's Jacob's 10th birthday. "Hey man, how was the club last night?" He asks. "Like being fucked by a group of rioting teens." I say. "You really need to lighten up." He replies. "When life develops meaning I'll take it seriously. This is me being lighthearted." I respond. "So anyway, I heard Amy is dead." He says. "What, How?" I wanted to ask. "Probably an accident involving some pills." He continues. "That's got to be the 3rd or 4th time this year?" I muse. "Do you remember that day when she at first didn't wake up on the floor?" I asked. "Yeah, but this time kissing her won't bring back the princess." He jokes. "Have you checked her Facebook?" I ask. "I'd earlier. There must have been a hundred comments, easy..." He answers.

Very often I'll have a Francfort Saucisse for breakfast, to the great disgust of my friends, but sometimes you want a real meal after waking up. Today I want the simplicity of a Primerpan, a pot of coffee and two excellent croissants with so much boiled egg in there it's almost perverse. I always eat my croissants from the right to the left: I like the idea of being committed to one side.

Apex Town, also known as Antwerp, has a mentality much like that of Paris, Cali or Berlin. It's a place where all that we are a glimmering global capital of arts. The leading generation of artists, musicians and fashionists, while the rest of the world either hasn't heard of it or is convinced we're a bunch of druggie self-obsessed losers, which seems to be a fair reflection most of the time. There are few worse demographic omens in life than seeing one's community getting older and whiter, but in the end it's always the State with the identity crisis, not her people.

Tonight I'm scheduled to attend a party promoting a new fashion label and I'm expected to erase my name from too long a list of very important people at Jacob's expo as well. I already know at

I prefer life in the fast lane.

I consider bailing on both events. I don't know if I can handle another social obligation, conversing with my synthetic friends, pretending I care about whatever they're up to next in their otherwise weightless life's. I actually have plans to start a new novel this year. That's my goal and something I've don't let the crisis go to waste; this is a glorious time of opportunity for those who prefer life in the fast lane.

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