



Emergent Accidents

When the ambulance arrives at the hospital, there is a different sense of urgency. No one asks the paramedics any questions, there isn't any need. The information epidemic had become so widespread that entirely new hospitals were set up, no cuts were bandaged, no stomachs pumped. The people admitted to the emergency rooms were quite simply full up, and stuck in a revolving loop of indecision.

Julia had spent the last few weeks caught in one of these loops. Each day was a struggle to keep up with the messages she thought she needed to act on. She changed outfits, make-up and even the playlist on her stereo numerous times each day. In the mornings her aspirations were an idealised domestic vision found in cinema. Wearing a clean oversized mens shirt, she sipped coffee from a Che Guevara mug, and listened to a pre-recorded american breakfast radio, and soon got anxious. Often this resulted in a series of bad decisions, and took her out into the city. Wandering around street after street, not entirely sure where she should be, or what she should do, but aware that time was running out.

The treatment started with a search. The personal data from bank, phone, and all internet usage was used to trace back to a more stable period of choices, and as soon as the sedatives had worn off the questions began. Hundreds of them. This often resulted in a prolonged period of utter confusion for the patient, who was disorientated from acute informational ineptitude, but the professional interviewers were able to extract what they needed within few hours.

At a busy crossroads Julia finally stopped. Her thoughts no longer manifested themselves in rapid succession, now a simple and lucid blur filled her mind. Occasionally a few discernible words or images would make themselves known, snippets of what she had found herself obsessed with in the past week or so, "red wine proven to be - sleeping with neighbour - geeks are sexy -new season beige - there is no left wing- built to last - reached a million hits."

The cubicles on the wards were partitioned off with soundproof walls. Projections beamed onto the curved wall ran endlessly. This form of treatment was designed to stabilise and condition, providing the right amount of abstract and concrete information. Even the climate was controlled, with an array of daylight bulbs and air conditioning vents positioned at the foot of each bed. Occasionally the sound of a nightmare could be heard over the buzzing of the equipment, but that was normal, at least at the beginning. The night shift was a favourite for the staff, who enjoyed the voyeurism of each individuals life plan, being relayed in an audio visual montage -reforming dreams and desires.

Julia sat upright, The Isley Brothers crooned away, for the thousandth time. she remembered listening to the album in her first car, on the many road trips to college, and images of sports advertisements confirmed that she had felt most comfortable in a synthetic and loose fitting outfit. Occasionally certain shapes and colours would flash up on screen, providing an interlude to the bizarre narrative of internet sourced images and videos. She wandered if she was fixed, back to normal, on the right path. A romantic comedy kicked in, all smiles, and she could just make out the sound of a thrash metal encore coming from the room next door.
