

Low down dirty fame.

by Lena Vanelslander

I admit it ...

I started writing when I was completely depressed. When I had nothing else to do than just sit back, relax, feel bad and wait until the hurricane slowly passed by (luckily there were few casualties).

I thought I was an exception ... but a lot of people, contemporary writers, like us, seem to start writing in periods of heavy disarray and often that's an understatement. After years of conversation, it's the least I can say.

Why am I writing this? To name a few? Far from, my sense of discretion is too large for that. But the conclusion seems very interesting to me, though I don't know why or how to explain the phenomenon.

That however doesn't mean I don't want to understand.

