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Here is a short excerpt:

*"The smell of human trash in the park of lights. Old folk shambling, they've all got some malady or other. Young men with dirty faces, hands and feet and nothing to lose walk with an unmistakable jaunt the world over.*

*Old man on the park bench next to mine just upped and barfed all over the floor. The crazies only talk to people who they think will listen to them. Ignore their existence.*

*With every gust my nostrils are filled with the stench of human sewage. A real nastiness to the people. But they seem keen enough on helping each other out.*

*When you dismount the subway in the centre there's 5 hat shops on the block. They've all got the same promotions and the same selection. These people haven't got the slightest business sense. Despite the oppression and the corruption it really is a 3rd world country for a reason. And that's why I love it.*

*Guys sit on a bench and start doing coke off the end of a straw in broad daylight in the centre of the city. Moms and sons peddle their sisters and daughters as sluts and smoke cigarettes in the haze and humidity of the garbage dump air. Everybody's smoking a puro, probably to kill the stench."*