

Alex Gehry Changed His Status to Single

Jason Hill

The first people Alex told about the breakup were (in order) Dave Pearce, then Khalid and British Mike. They came together that night and took him out to Last Exit to get him drunk. They started by ordering two rounds of Jamesons at the bar before moving to a quiet corner table to hear the story and patiently supply the beer until Alex was too slobbery to cry or complain or do anything but go home and collapse.

Word filtered out to the rest of us over the next couple of days. By the time Alex edited his profile

five days later, most of the group already knew or had heard rumors.

Alex Gehry is single.

Like • Comment • Share • Tuesday at 6:18pm

6 people like this.

The starkness of the change, appearing in our news feeds about the time most of us were headed home from work and scanning our phones for news, happenings, etc., stood out from the usual scrolling clutter of inane photos, baby updates, links, and screeds. Everyone who saw it perceived a brief spike in the signal-to-noise ratio, not just from the news itself, but from the comments and condolences that soon appeared beneath the status. Over the next few days (the next week or two, really), the responses were discussed as much as the breakup whenever any of us saw each other.

The first comments to appear were from people we couldn't identify. They were strangers from unknown parts of Alex's life, the portion that pre-dated us and existed mostly offline and out of sight, in the realm of anecdotes. We all had them, the names behind blithely accepted invitations that sat on our friends list and waited for the next round of culling.

Still, we had no reason to think these initial posts were anything less than genuinely sympathetic in their expression. In fact, their brevity and simple, colloquial eloquence seemed to bestow on the first commenters an authenticity that overruled our instincts to classify them as nitwits from the hinterlands of Alex's youth.

Kevin Warren Wow, man, sorry to hear about this.
Tuesday at 7:48pm • Like

Marty Egan That sucks, dude, but it will all work out.
Tuesday at 11:42pm • Like

The platitudes, empty on the surface yet evocative of distant and cemented relationships, suggested to some of us images of other circles outside our own where these same events were being turned over and examined under a different set of protocols. We wondered what aspect of Alex's change in status had generated their need to express solidarity.

Maybe, we suggested, Kevin and Marty had also recently gone through a breakup or some other disruption of a relationship or home life. Perhaps this moved them to post on Alex's wall despite the fact that neither of them, a crowd survey determined, had ever commented on any post or occasion before. Not for the beginning of Alex and Heather's relationship, documented in detail in a photo album labeled

“Me and My Lady.” Not to congratulate him on his birthday or for acquiring a new job or apartment or for finishing his first 10k or anything else. Not with comments containing exclamation points in agreement or vehement dissent in response to Alex’s posts on politics, the economy, or various figures in culture and sports. Not even in the photos from Alex’s trip to Super Bowl XLII to see his beloved Giants upset the Patriots.

Four of the comments were from mutual friends. That is, people whom both Alex and Heather knew and considered friends in the real-world, outside of Facebook. Three of them were people that Alex met through Heather. The fourth was from Noelle, who had introduced the couple.

Jane Clemens I talked to Heather yesterday and was sorry to hear what happened. I’m sure things will work out for you both and I hope to see you soon.
Tuesday at 11:15pm • Like

Shannon Williams I’m sorry about Heather, Alex. I know how hard it is to go through this but I also know all of this is for the best and that everything around it is temporary.
Wednesday at 8:36am • Like

Megan Silverman I didn’t want to say anything until after I talked to you both, but Heather called me last night and I guess changing your profile means it’s definite?
Wednesday at 10:42am • Like

Noelle Policy This sucks. It's not just another defeat for Noelle, the matchmaker, either. I really thought you guys would make it.

Thursday at 1:27pm • Like

There was general agreement that Noelle's omission of Heather's name in her comment was intentional. There's obviously a conflict there, we said, and felt enough sympathy to exclude her from further judgment because Noelle worked in the same office as Alex, though in a different department. When Noelle met Alex she was in the nascent stages of her own relationship, but she immediately thought of Heather and arranged it so the next time the office went out for beers or pitchers of margaritas that Heather should be there as well.

She built Alex up carefully. She mentioned his "shocking" blue eyes and the sense of humor that was "really subversive" but that "you could tell how smart" and how "irritated by pretense" he was. She went on to repeat several of the wisecracks Alex made during meetings, explaining the "absolutely fucking monumental effort" she'd noticed people making not to laugh too hard when one beef-faced VP had been the butt of a particularly cutting, whispered remark.

The consensus on the other comments was that they were largely sincere, but a few of us claimed early

on that they could detect signifiers in Jane and Megan's mentions of having already spoken to Heather. Dave Pearce, who had briefly dated Megan, said they were wrong. You're making all of this up, he said, drawing inferences you shouldn't. How would you know? the interpreters asked him and pointed out that he wasn't even on Facebook, couldn't read the signs and subtleties. The rest of us were forced to agree with this point. The markers were subtle but definitive declarations of their loyalties, we argued—an indication of how the couple's friends ultimately would be divided. Reports had already leaked about how the same thing (a similar thing) had played out Friday night when the couple divided the apartment's contents in preparation for the move-out.

According to one or two of us who had heard from British Mike or Khalid when they'd gotten together to watch Arsenal at a pub on 3rd Avenue on Saturday the scene was sadly typical. There was not even (again, this is according to Mike and Khalid, neither of whom we would credit as totally reliable in personal matters, It's all hearsay, as one of us pointed out) a brief moment when Alex and Heather looked at each other and had pass between them a tender, unspoken recognition that they did, in fact, love each other while simultaneously realizing they did not belong

together. Instead, they were disappointed to say, the whole thing had been very clinical, and it was all the more depressing for that reason (so it was said Alex had told Khalid on about his second or third beer that night at the bar).

Evidently, the relationship's dénouement took place after a long and terrible week during which the two of them had argued almost constantly about his job, her beliefs, family, money, etc. All the things we would expect.

The final straw that night, Mike and Khalid reported, was at least partially the result of Alex's third run-in with his boss in as many weeks. Thursday he came home exhausted, collapsed on the couch, and confessed to Heather that he now believed (rightfully, it turns out) that he had placed his job in jeopardy. They began to ask serious questions about the future.

Absolutely the wrong time to do it, avowed a couple of us who'd recently changed jobs—there's too much else going on to get a clear perspective on anything as important as ending a three-year relationship.

Too late now, we said, because by then we knew (or had heard, or could reasonably assume) that it was while they pondered next steps and the melody of "Sloop John B" poured out of the speaker on Alex's iPod dock that they both became suddenly aware

of dissonance and incompatibility. They each saw the expression on the other's face and simultaneously felt the shape of their own expression and understood what it was they were saying.

After that, it was just a matter of negotiation over who and what would go where and when.

Alex, since he had been the original occupant, kept the apartment and Heather moved out (the rumor none of us had yet confirmed was that she was staying for the time being with a friend whose own roommate would soon be leaving for a stint teaching community art in Bolivia). Most of the kitchen utensils, pots and pans, and other things Alex had come unexpectedly to appreciate and begun to think of as *theirs* went with Heather. The albums and seventy percent of the books were his. Most of the sheets were hers, but they divided them evenly. The DVDs and DVD player, the flat-screen, and the laptop were all indisputably hers, but several pieces of furniture, the couch and the bed-frame among them, were joint purchases and ended up being split between them in what they both agreed was in equitable fashion.

How simple it was, how easily you can turn your life (friends, possessions, events, and all the rest) into a summarized list, we said. We pictured how this had finally hit home with the force of PTSD as Alex lay

in bed Sunday night that first weekend alone, facing the prospect of returning to work only to be let go, then coming home to an apartment that was empty and would likely remain that way for the foreseeable future. It must have been then that he called Dave Mann.

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Dave Mann (not Dave Pearce, we repeated) was the only person that commented on the change in status after having already heard about the breakup directly from Alex. Alex had called him, hung over and still shell-shocked, the day after the alcohol-therapy session at the bar. We understood that, in doing this, Alex was turning to someone he knew would share his misery, though that didn't make the comment any less uncomfortable for a lot of us.

Dave Mann I wondered when you were going to change this. When are you going to finish the job and clean out some of those photos? Like you need to be reminded that you were in a relationship with her after what she did. Forget all about it. Good riddance.
Thursday at 7:08pm • Like

Dave Mann was known in the group to possess misogynist tendencies that he fought, obviously not always successfully, to restrain. Many of us had seen instances of these attitudes ourselves and could testify to their disturbing effect. More than once, Alex had

been among those in the conversation, acknowledging the issue with worried shakes of the head and mutual reassurances that, No, of course Dave didn't *hate* women, he'd just had some bad relationships. There was some debate about that.

A few of us, along with Alex and Dave Mann and Dave Pearce, belonged at one time to a long-since-dissolved and generally mediocre writing group that met at the Grass Roots Tavern on St. Mark's. Regularly, about every other submission, Dave Mann's stories would contain characters who raged against women, or scenes of sexual encounters that mixed violent images with palpable fear and confusion on the part of the narrator, who was never more than a slight variation on the author and fooled no one.

Some of us speculated the reason for this troubling personality aspect was that Dave Mann was at least bisexual, if not homosexual, and wasn't dealing with the issue correctly. Most of us didn't really buy this and noted, separately, how the ones putting forth this explanation had their own issues in that area, and really were not, we said to each other when the proponents of the Dave-Mann-is-bi-theory weren't there, comfortable with traditional gender roles.

Of course, what does traditional even mean when most of us, we reminded each other, were totally in

support of so-called non-traditional relationships, civil unions and gay marriage and the like? And when relationship status is a thing you post online, which is, essentially, a gender-neutral space anyway? That's true, we all agreed, it really isn't the same thing with all these differences. Unless you're in the middle of it, one or two of us pointed out, forcing the rest of us to say, Right, totally, and, If you're in the middle of it, then it probably seems very much like the same thing as ever, despite, you know, how different it really is. Or isn't, a couple of us reminded the rest.

Others thought Dave Mann's attitudes had more to do with the bitter divorce of his parents when he was only seven. This theory was the more popular of the two but Alex was uncertain which of these, if either, was the more likely culprit and mostly declined to reveal what he and Dave had discussed. We decided his reluctance was understandable.

In the days immediately after the breakup, the reliability of Dave Mann's vitriol may have been exactly what Alex was seeking when he called. Everyone is entitled to occasional irrational anger targeted toward a group to which they do not belong and from which they have received much pain so long as they eventually get past it. Besides, we knew Alex didn't think that way, didn't *hate women*, didn't hate or even resent *all*

women. He was just angry, just in a bad spot. But we wondered whether Alex would delete the comment.

He did not. We thought we understood why.

Six people were oddly inappropriate and “Liked” Alex’s change in status. Three of them, Pam Hoffman, Aaron Moore, and Leah Campbell were friends who had never fully trusted or liked Heather to begin with. Pam was an ex-girlfriend and that seemed explanation enough. Aaron and Leah were present five months before the break-up when Heather, in a fit of anger over comments Alex made about one of her male co-workers, had stormed out of a dinner the four of them were sharing. None of us knew the guy in question at the time, but many of us met him after on separate occasions, usually at a concert or at one of our favored bars where he’d show up with Heather, though one person says they saw them at a reading, which we all agreed must have been his idea because she’d never shown much interest in that sort of thing before, despite Alex’s love of books.

At first none of us thought much of him. Later, one or two of us would try to convince the rest that, Really, he’s not such a bad guy.

The remaining three “Likes” came from Eric Alvey, Melissa Morgan, and Tom Vincent. Eric and

Melissa were just two of the many outer-boundary friends that Facebook produced. They were complete unknowns to us and little can be read into their decision to like the status in light of the fact that they offered no comment à la Kevin and Marty.

Tom, we learned, was a cousin on Alex's paternal grandmother's side, whose friend request Alex had accepted only out of a sense of obligation. None of us could garner any more understanding of his motive than we did Eric and Melissa's. Though maybe, one or two of us ventured, clicking Like in this situation was more a gesture of support, however feeble a gesture that might be?

That seemed just plausible enough.

Tom was one of three family members to interact with the status change. The others were Alex's aunt Carol Gehry and another cousin, Gina Kidd-Gilchrist, whom Alex saw rarely but who was kept apprised of his life (and that of his brother) by his mother's regular phone calls. Gina posted only once. Carol commented repeatedly in the first week after Alex changed his status.

Carol Gehry I am sorry to see this, Alex. I was really glad to meet Heather last year at Thanksgiving and I thought the two of you made a great couple. You are a catch! Your uncle always said it's about the fisherman and the bait . . .

[This initial post continues, interrupted by the need to click "More."]

When you need love, Jesus is there. Always remember that HE is watching over you and can comfort you.
Wednesday at 12:08pm • Like

Her second post, four days after the first, was a variation on the same theme.

Carol Gehry I thought about you in church today and prayed hard that GOD would speak to you. When you need to talk, no one listens like HE does. HE can ease your suffering if you ask HIM and accept HIS love.
Sunday at 1:48pm • Like

Anyone who ever visited Alex's wall knew about Carol, and most of us were aware of his feelings on the matter. Carol had yet to discover a sense of purpose in the six years since Alex's uncle died, except, we gathered, to talk about God and the maternal inadequacies and moral failings of her daughter-in-law, in between walks with her dog, a bichon frise named Anni, all three of whom featured regularly in her responses to Alex's posts.

Some of us treated her posts with forbearance. Others argued that Carol should show more respect for Alex's own views and not populate his wall (this

was before the whole Timeline thing) with statements that might be construed as offensive for their complete disregard of his personal beliefs. The rest of us, recalling our own relatives' tendencies on the site, were slightly more understanding.

Alex readily acknowledged that he never understood, exactly, Carol's willingness to project equal acceptance of her beliefs on those around her, but he was even more confused, he told everyone, when Carol and Heather hit it off so well at Thanksgiving.

Most of us knew that Heather was religious, mainly because she didn't seem to make an issue out of it around us, but we were unaware of its role in her identity. Our circle had atheists and Buddhists, some remedial Catholics, and a spectrum of Jews (but no Protestants, we had each remarked at one point or another), yet somehow none of us had picked up on Heather's convictions and, we admitted to Alex, were worried we'd made her feel an outsider in some way. Alex said it wouldn't have mattered. We weren't totally convinced and agreed amongst ourselves that he seemed a little chagrined, but we felt better when he confessed that he hadn't really understood it either, any more than he did when his Aunt Carol went on like that.

Unlike Carol, Alex offered, by way of explaining why maybe none of us had understood just how important her beliefs were, Heather had always been quieter about her religion around others (though not, we gleaned, around him, where she often talked of his family's devotion and how she admired it while also wondering why he failed to share it). Alex could not fully explain to her that he found his aunt mildly disturbing to be around, not just because of the whole God thing, but for his total inability to comprehend how her mind worked. We might draw some parallels *there*, a few people pointed out later, re: Heather, that is. If Carol was alien and intimidating or unapproachable because of her beliefs, then certain facets of Heather's mind would be as well, a fact that could not have helped the relationship any.

Still, there were those among us who felt some sympathy for both Carol and Heather in this comparison. Mostly because of the picture Alex painted of his aunt and our tendency then to link (without real foundation, was the counter-argument among us) her religious feelings with a loneliness, a yearning for understanding that we could also construe as analogous, in its way, to Heather's motivations for leaving.

Not to say, the atheists were at pains to point out, that it meant any of us understood the whole need

for display of religion, something we all agreed was personal. Definitely not something you should scrawl *in public*, on other people's Facebook. Though a few of us were less adamant and asked skeptically whether Dave Pearce had the right idea when he said that once you started down the road, started participating, being a part of, you know, the evolving global consciousness, you gave up ideas of personal and private, whether feelings about religion or your browsing habits or relationship status or what have you.

What does it mean, a few of us who shared his fear asked, when even if you don't say something, someone in your network, someone like Alex's aunt Carol, or Dave Mann, people with their own ideas, will say it for you and force an association with that expression upon you by virtue of having posted it in your space? (Your personal space, stressed a recalcitrant few among us who didn't buy Dave Pearce's panic.) Or if they don't, they will think it, manifesting themselves as aspects of you in that whole "tell me who your friends are, and I will tell who you are" sort of way, and will imagine things about you or for you and share those private speculations with the hive who will then take it at face value, as though it had been vetted. Because it all *feels* true, doesn't it? Yes, we concurred, Yes, sometimes.

In contrast to Carol, Gina's one post was limited to an expression of her condolences, avoiding any overt religious references. We all thought she seemed nice.



Two of the comments came from female friends and contained certain ambiguities evident only to those of us who possessed background knowledge of the relationships at hand.

Katherine Sanders I never met Heather but if she left you she's crazy and it's her loss! You know you are always welcome at my place if you want to come out to Portland for a few days to get away and clear your head.
Wednesday at 1:56am • Like

Lora Murphy I'm sorry to hear you guys couldn't work things out. I'm around if you want to grab a drink and talk.
Thursday at 4:18pm • Like

Lora, a long-haired, square-bodied rock climber who worked at several gyms around town and part-time at Paragon Sports, had known Alex for years. Over the last several months we had all seen clear evidence of her barely concealed desires to supplant Heather, ever since she'd learned (somehow before most of us) that the couple was having problems. Kathy and Alex had only recently re-established contact with each other. It almost goes without saying that it was Facebook that put them back in touch.

We knew that they'd attended college together in Rhode Island where Kathy was ROTC. She'd gone into the Army immediately afterward and they managed to stay in touch for a few years, primarily through efforts on her part. This was during the period when Alex was working his first 9-5 job and living alone in Boston. Now and then, buried in her emails describing the routine of her life on base or what it was like for a person of mixed Japanese descent (on her mother's side) to live in Hawaii where she was stationed and where sharp lines were drawn between Native Islanders, Whites, and Asians, Kathy would ask about his love life and leave clues about her own. Most of those clues indicated loneliness and, depending on the tone or context in which they were read, hinted at a willingness to confess her long and unrequited desire to be with him.

Based on this, we judged from her post that though they had never dated, kissed, or confessed anything (so far as we knew, a few of us were careful to point out so as not to rule out the possibility that there was more to the story), Kathy's ardor was in no way dimmed by the loss of a mere decade. Her devotion to the possibility (Fantasy? some of us asked. Delusion, a few others diagnosed) suggested that it

was, in fact, her *idea* of him and not the real him that moved and motivated her.

Alex found this unnerving. The truth was that he was simply not well equipped to handle that kind of attention. We thought it seemed unwise to encourage her. He'd already done that with Lora, some of us said.

A few less circumspect members of the group gossiped that, evidently, Lora and Alex had been having lunch together and occasionally drinks after work. Some of us insisted we were not bothered by this because we knew Lora would never consider doing anything as long as Alex was with Heather (which doesn't totally put Alex in the clear as far as motives go, a few of us noted). It was a matter not just of principle but experience. Lora had been both the cheater and the cheated upon at various points in her life and no longer had a taste for deceit in a relationship or the complications it produced. But we knew for a fact that this did not stop her from making certain confessions to Alex, usually over drinks when both of them allowed defenses and social propriety to slip into brash, unashamed honesty.

I was going to ask you out before I found out you had a girlfriend, she told him more than once. Sometimes she'd asserted confidently to one or two of us, We'd already be dating if Alex wasn't in a relation-

ship. One male member of the group swore that Alex told him that once Lora had used the variant, If you weren't in a relationship we'd be fucking right now.

Alex told Dave Pearce and a few others that he generally doubted these statements (though not the last, which the guys all agreed was luridly appealing and probably the most true) because he thought that they were just too different in temperament, living styles, and family backgrounds. He never admitted any of that to Lora, however.

He sometimes asked us if we thought that this encouragement-by-omission was a form of infidelity to Heather. There was disagreement among us. One faction argued confidently that the fact he was content to let Lora go on thinking and saying these things (especially that last bit about fucking, the guys reminded everyone) was its own indicator of the state of his relationship with Heather and testified to certain cracks in its foundation. Another faction said, Not really, there's nothing wrong with a little outside interest, so long as boundaries are respected. True, replied the other side, but that was only the case *if the boundaries had been discussed*, which might mean a revealing of the situation with Lora, something Alex had conspicuously avoided. But this idea, this notion of how relationships are supposed to work, countered

some of us, is old-fashioned and limiting. It's not up to us but to the people in the relationship to say what is normal or acceptable, they pointed out, to which we were all forced to reply, Of course it is, let's not start telling anyone how they have to live their life or conduct their intimate affairs. Or judging them, we added, because we all know where that leads. Totalitarianism, we answered knowingly. Ruin, one of us said.

Later, despite some feelings on our part that she might have contributed to the situation, Alex was glad not to have shut Lora down, glad to have prior knowledge of her intent via the glimmer of deep desirability contained in her pseudo-advances.

Two comments came from childhood friends of Alex's: Nick Harden and Christopher Nathan. The three of them were no longer especially close, partially due to distance; Nick lived in New Orleans where he worked as a trauma counselor and taught as an adjunct at Tulane, and Chris lived in Tucson and worked for the Social Security Administration. Despite the separation of thousands of miles and the years between their pasts and now, they worked to stay in touch and remained up to date on the major events in each other's lives. Facebook made it a lot easier, we

all said, and one or two of us added with a shrug, For better or for worse.

Christopher Nathan At least it's almost baseball season! Let me know if you want to talk about stuff and junk, or whatever. Also, Wolfman.
Wednesday at 8:03pm • Like

Nicholas Harden Tried to get in touch with you when I saw this but I keep getting voice mail. Give me a ring and let's talk. In the meantime, don't give over to desperate thoughts and remember that we all pass through these times.
Friday at 12:11pm • Like

Only one or two of us got the joke that Chris was making, but we agreed the attempt at humor was a good thing and wondered why Nick was so serious in contrast. It occurred to a few of us that we hadn't actually seen or spoken directly to Alex in several days. The somehow-more-forceful suggestion that Alex call someone, that he not let himself be distracted by desperate thoughts, might be read as code, a few people suggested, unsatisfied with the idea of simple, uncomplicated concern (this was Dave Pearce's characterization of their motivations, mind you, and one we obviously refute).

It turns out (and this is something only a few of us know, even today) that Nick was worried Alex might try to harm himself. The worry was not wholly unfounded, as someone soon reported that Alex had

long dropped hints (vague, but unmistakable in their totality and in light of Nick's post) that he had once attempted suicide. We were more surprised by this than we probably should have been, given that one of Alex's favorite stories (not *favorite*, we corrected each other, just more memorable) was learning that depression ran in his family after his mother told him how his great-uncle Hershel had blown his head off with a shotgun in the middle of a cranberry bog. Also given that some of us knew at least one other person in the group who had tried to off himself, though that happened in college and the instrument was an overdose of sleeping pills.

Someone somehow learned and passed along (though not to the one other member we knew had also tried suicide) that Alex's attempt occurred after a friend died in a car crash in which Alex had been the driver. According to Nick, Alex blamed himself and tried to take his own life in penance, idling the car in the garage, hoping, if nothing else, to prove through the symbolism of his death by automobile how genuine his feelings of guilt were. It was there in all the things being said or not said, in the fact that Nick responded at all.

We took for granted that Heather was aware of all this, and that made some of us slightly less sym-

pathetic to her because we thought maybe she'd been a little reckless in her departure. It shouldn't, others argued, any more than Alex's past should worry Nick. We wouldn't want something that old used against us, we said and nodded appreciatively when someone added, Of course, that's what happens online, people are always bringing up old shit. But, we cautioned, things happen, old shit comes back. We all get caught in a retrograde pattern sometimes. It's not anyone's fault.

Which is not to say that we weren't ready to blame Heather if it had happened, or that the silent period following those initial comments and coinciding with increasingly infrequent sightings of Alex out and about didn't raise some concerns, especially among those who, unlike Dave Pearce, were not in regular immediate contact outside of the site. They imagined the worst. They saw implications and drew inferences not from anything Alex said, but from what he didn't say. They took the silence on Facebook for *real silence*, as though a quiet page mirrored the actual silence of death. Which, Dave Pearce couldn't help saying, is just fucking ridiculous.

We didn't admit it, but we knew, in the midst of it all, that we were not exempt from this criticism, at least not in the whole sense, not in a way that would

let any of us claim, even to each other, that we weren't motivated by the same impulses toward narrative, that we didn't write our own endings during the silence between phone calls or texts or whatever. Yes, we acknowledged as we also absolved, there is some liberty, or *license*, some of us suggested, in all of this that's inescapable.

The whole thing about social networks in general, we argued, online or otherwise, is how it is all *divided parts of you*, how those parts see what they want to see and combine to define us, rightly or wrongly. Who the fuck can stop people, whether they are on Facebook or not, from seeing what they want? *People*, we emphasized, not us, and then said to each other, Right, of course not us. At least not to the same extent, we qualified, and said again, Right, of course.

But that's just it, Dave Pearce shook his head and strained to keep from yelling at us on the occasions this point of view came up, you think all of this is about Alex but it's not. It's about you. About us. And about all these connections and what they say and what we think they say and what we think and say about *that*. And there's no escape because your methods have the same flaws as they did before all of this, before we called it a social network, before we could see how far and wide each of us is spread, before we

accepted consensus as proof, or acted as if pixels and memory were indelible and would never disappear.

But they don't, we said. They never do, they just mutate.

I know. I know.

The final response on the change in status came two weeks almost to the day after the initial notice.

Alex Gehry If anyone knows someone looking for a place, I'm gonna need a new roommate before rent's due again.
Monday at 10:53pm • Like