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**Hans Christian Dany**  
**Speed. A Society on Drugs**

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## **Avant-garde and anorexia**

Various reaction patterns within the brain suggest that there's a need to dream. Yet in order to do so, humans have to sleep. We therefore spend on average one-third of our lives in this state and dreaming one-fifth of the time we sleep. In recent years sleep research has held that dreams play a role in energy management. It is said that sleep provides the framework to gauge the level of energy still remaining within the nervous system so that the body can refuel accordingly. Amphetamines attack sleep head-on. According to the refueling theory, postponing sleep disrupts the re-charging process. The nervous system reacts by twisting, wrenching and bending in attempts to make up for all the lost dreams. If humans completely deprive themselves of sleep and, thus, never enter into a dream-state, their sleep's checks-and-balances go completely haywire. At the outset of the 1960s, a growing number of people in the USA desired to sleep less for fear of missing out on the surge in modernization then taking place. One person who took part in this mass experiment recalls in wonder: "I've never been able to figure out if more happened in the 60s because people were awake more since so many were taking amphetamines, or if people began taking amphetamines because so much was going on and they needed to be awake more. Probably both."

Failing to keep cause and effect apart, Andrew Warhola starts calling himself Andy Warhol to sound more American. He's currently working as a successful graphic designer, yet in spite of his respectable career, he still isn't satisfied. He feels his 62-kilogram frame is too fat, and he uses his excess weight as a scapegoat for other supposed shortcomings. While everybody he admires not only looks thin, but also like they're having sex, he himself is unable to live up to his idea of a fulfilling, cutting-edge lifestyle. He's quite familiar with the feeling of not conforming to the norm. Ever since his childhood, this son of an immigrant mining family from the Czech Republic has had the feeling of being detached from everyone who's already made a name for themselves. And if he was going to be somebody, he was going to have to do it all by himself. In order to create this acceptable self, he tallies up his faults and comes to the conclusion that the best improvement would be to become a thin star who was having sex.

As a graphic artist, Warhol does work for clients such as Harper's, Bazaar, Tiffany and Miller shoes. Yet the glow cast by these illustrious brands is still not enough to make a star out of him. So his first step is to change careers. From now on, the 34-year-old calls himself an "artist". Next, he has to overcome his perceived obesity and lose weight. To assist him in his regimen of self-discipline, he has his doctor prescribe appropriate diet aids. In addition to stilling his hunger, these appetite suppressants, whose active agents are amphetamines, also make him as jumpy as a live wire. It takes him a few days before he can enjoy the extra energy and drive that the pills generate. And once he understands that it's the medicine that's triggering the stimulating changes, he decides to take them again without a second thought.

This excess energy soon manifests itself in his shift from working by hand to working with machines. Warhol created the Campbell's Soup series, his last work prior to his diet of amphetamines, with stencils, but he still painted by hand. Now, however, he starts looking to machines as an extension of his body so that he can fulfill his grandiose, amphetamine-induced visions.

Another change is that the 32 pictures, each consisting of one soup can, which Warhol painted prior to his diet all differ slightly by the flavors printed on the labels. Now, with an increasing penchant for repetition, he reproduces an identical motif 10 or 20 times – or even more – on the same canvas. With a calm demeanor and lost in reverie, Warhol mechanically rolls color on the same screen over and over. The result looks grainy, modernistic and just plain good.

As with many people under the influence of amphetamines, he is initially fascinated by monotonous repetition. Doing the same thing over and over is a gratifying feeling. Yet for Warhol it's more than just self-gratification or what doctors refer to as punding. He manages to engender a cheerful twist to mechanical reproduction, a means of creativity which abstract expressionism, the reigning art form at the time, viewed as dull alienation wrought by soulless machines.

However, the momentous breakthrough in art history still lies vaguely on the horizon. Warhol senses that this desire for repetition is still in need of a readily understood formula if it is to make history. After debating for a time, he comes up with a solution and justifies the shift in his work method in terms of economics: reproducing

with the aid of a screen and a printing press will enable him to create in five months as many paintings as Picasso did in his entire life.

The explanation may sound a bit juvenile, but it's clear what he means. Ford's formula for mass production is still present in many people's minds, and the pictures it conjures up are ever so shiny. More than 60 years after the automobile industry, and under the influence of amphetamines, Warhol co-opts the assembly line and introduces to the world of art the acceleration of picture (re-)production as a virtue in itself.

A further characteristic of Warhol's artistic achievement lies in creating a sense of pictorial emptiness in terms of content, while at the same time filling this void with meaning through mechanical reproduction. The combination immediately hits the nail on the head. It doesn't take long before the now outdated members of the avant-garde start whining that Warhol's nothing but an evil sorcerer attempting to inject the chill of the machine into their cozy world of art.

While many were secretly begrudging him, Warhol himself thinks he's gotten nowhere. Nervously tapping on the table, he complains to his doctor that his diet pills aren't working: he's still too fat. He refrains completely from speaking about his continued lack of sex. His doctor prescribes Obetrol®. The more potent appetite suppressant contains a mix of methamphetamines and dextroamphetamines. The pill gives him a pleasant tickling in his stomach and creates a sense of timelessness.

With this new substance in his body, it's a cinch for him to adhere to his ban on food. At parties, Warhol grows accustomed to gratefully declining food and sweet cocktails. Instead, he demonstratively washes one of his diet pills down with mineral water.

If he does happen to be overcome by hunger, he simply places an Obetrol® on an attractive plate and watches as it transforms itself into his favorite Czech meal – and then back again into its familiar pill shape. Then he swallows it with pleasure. All that happens in less than three seconds. Which is typical for the way Obetrol® works: time accelerates and then gets even faster until the vehicles plow into each other. This is period when Warhol prints hundreds of car accidents: the *Death and Disaster* series.

He is fascinated by the speed with which the drug carries him forth. In a way, he wants to do exactly what he meant by his Picasso equation: pick up the pace and produce

more. His mix of amphetamines and machines translates into more pictures in less time. And producing more pictures means selling more pictures, which means more money. And more money means more sex. But what more sex means is something that industrial semantics has yet to figure out, unless it has to do with having more kids, something that was not in Warhol's plans.

The pills that are to transform Warhol into a thin man not only enable him to function faster and longer, but his heartbeat, newly calibrated by amphetamines, also shifts his view of the world around him. In an interview, the artist-in-overdrive offers up his famous line: "I think everybody should be a machine."

The credo turns a phrase of Jackson Pollack's on its head. The most important representative of abstract expressionism, the triumphant art movement prior to Warhol, defined his position with the statement: "I am nature."

Warhol's rephrasing underscores what was so outdated with the previous school of art. The cruel point of the insult lies in reference to Pollack's death, the result of a collision between nature and machine: the drunk painter drove his Ford Model A into a tree.

Warhol's credo – being as machine – formulates a lifestyle that is overly adapted to the industrialized world. Having to eat and sleep only very little with the help of his diet pills, he appears to kneel before the laws of the System. Amphetamines turn him more and more into a robot, both ready to go at the press of a button and in the throes of a cold fever. Soon, however, cracks start to appear in his mask, arousing the suspicion that he might not really want to be a human machine. Behind his flaunted avowal, a shoddy work ethic comes to light that smirks at its own mistakes of applying paint unevenly or too thickly and thereby opens a trap door on the magic of serial repetition.

### *Sleeps a song in all things*

It's 1963 and just a few weeks into his diet when Warhol buys a camera. Holding the device in his hands, he decides to make a movie. The result looks more like he wanted to capture the grass growing on film: for 5 hours and 23 minutes the camera is focused on the almost motionless scene of a man's chest slightly rising and lowering. What at first

glance looks like a dull science movie turns out to be something else entirely on account of a mistake: the image detail slips as though the camera wasn't properly attached to the tripod. Due to the repeating slip it becomes clear that the director copied a twenty-minute take 18 times. For more than five hours movie-goers think they're watching a man doing what Warhol only rarely has time for: sleep.

As if it were demonstrating one of advertising's golden rules – don't get off the subject – the film is simply entitled *Sleep*. However, the audience doesn't get to do what the title promises. Instead, the film underscores the psychedelic moment in Warhol's work: the repetition of the same motif on a two-dimensional medium is superseded by the repetition of a picture in another dimension. Compared to the static surface of the frame, the time within the film offers the possibility of a higher frequency of repetition.

In the filmic lack of events, both looped and endless, the audience undergoes a type of trance, that hazy transitional passage from wakefulness into sleep in which thoughts that otherwise remain hidden become suddenly apparent. Yet the audience never arrives: it turns out to be impossible to enter sleep's realm. The one who's calling the shots won't allow it, maneuvering everyone, instead, back into the loop right before they nod off.

By utilizing what lies hidden deep within the medium, Warhol's film visually anticipates the seductive and psycho-acoustic monotonies of disco, Kraftwerk and techno: ecstasy for a mass audience produced by machine-induced symmetry. Newly outfitted in technology, the spiritual moment of drugs, which industrialization eliminated because it saw no profit in it, returns to the western world through the backdoor of art.

Meanwhile, however, the wonder drug Warhol uses to connect to the machine isn't of much note anymore. In large American cities people of all social classes use amphetamines to organize both body and soul – even the president. The celebrity doctor Max Jacobsen, known to his patients as Dr. Feelgood, injects John F. Kennedy, a sufferer of severe back and stomach pain, with a cocktail of cortisone, testosterone and opium. With the stimulating effects of Ritalin® going, the president is able to remain on his feet even under great exertion. The medicine, which raises both blood pressure and heartbeat, also provides the ailing Kennedy with rosy cheeks for his public appearances. Side effects such as hyperactivity are encouraged since they're considered modern.

During the Cuban Missile Crisis, the man with a finger on the red button gets shot up with mixture of amphetamines and the painkiller Procaïn® twice a day. It's a mix that brightens the president's worldview even during the darkest hours of the Cold War.

As Kennedy falls victim to an assault on November 22, 1963 at 2 p.m., Warhol is sitting in front of the TV with the poet John Giorno, the lead actor in *Sleep*. Tears well up in their eyes, and soon they are crying. Then they begin to kiss, something they'd never done before. The death of the president, whom they weren't counting on for anything, is like a symbolic deliverance from the perfect world of the 1950s, a world that feared their homosexuality.

### *Factory of fictions*

In spite of his rising income, Warhol still can't afford the luxury of a Dr. Feelgood. He sticks with Obertrol® and is satisfied with the results. It helps him tap into regions he never knew existed.

One such world is located behind a heavy iron door: a 400 m<sup>2</sup> floor of a former hat factory. Since he is in need of a studio to meet the demands of his rising success, he rents the huge space. He christens his new office in reference to the industrialization of his creativity: the Factory.

Since one is rarely alone in a factory, Warhol is forever inviting guests over. Some come just to kill time, while for others, who can't find their place in the world, the house of labor provides them with a new home. It's a strange bunch of figures, deviating far enough from the norm that their ragtag existence is considered to be innovative.

From the Factory's mélange of homeless outsiders, progressive thinking hardened by drugs, and artistic ambition, a milieu takes shape in which life and work coexist side-by-side, often melding into an entrancing entity. The place starts to hop, and soon more and more people arrive, all looking to be where it's at.

Warhol does set up a silkscreen shop, offices and a darkroom in the back of the Factory, but the majority of those present busy themselves with things that aren't immediately recognizable as work and generally look like just the opposite. Not a few people consider it to be one big party.

The pioneers of this new form of work, who once wandered aimlessly at night through Manhattan's grid, now introduce bizarre ideas and sophisticated sensibilities to the production process of the Warhol brand-name from right inside the factory. The majority of the unpaid party-workers arouse their random creativity to dizzying heights with amphetamines. This jones for working high soon gives rise to a medley of dramas and tantrums, which, however, all fit in quite nicely with the Factory's overall concept since the preprogrammed hysteria functions as an emotional outlet for all those on hand.

Initially, these workers-in-disguise don't produce any things. Instead, they fool around with developing the feel of possible future goods and testing the demand for them - that is, the desire they set free - on themselves. It then falls to a smaller circle of producers, representing a more traditional understanding of work within the creative process's division of labor, to take the next step. They assemble the playful raw forms into tangible goods. Warhol, on the other hand, who prefers to watch other people work, holds the corporate reins on production and assumes the role of factory director.

### *Voices in the house of labor*

The alert eyes of the boss spot in a shop window the hidden potential of a handy office machine that has recently appeared on the market. The producer intended the device for use in recording dictations, but Warhol quickly misappropriates the cassette recorder. He seeks to affirm the existence of voices he believes to hear. There are reasons to question his perception: while in his doctor's waiting room Warhol read in a journal that acoustic hallucinations are among the typical side effects of ongoing amphetamine use. Because he likes to do what people tell him or whatever he happens to come across, Warhol immediately thinks he's hearing voices, and from now on he's no longer certain if what he hears really exists.

In order to set his perceptions straight, and also because he seeks the possibilities lurking in flaws, he begins ceaselessly recording all the sounds around him with his dictation machine. And since he spends most of his waking hours in the Factory, he foremost records conversations on the new concept of work. Recording non-stop becomes a habit. He now sits there day after day, his bloodless lips rarely saying much



while everyone else is at liberty to dump whatever they want on him. None of their oral discharges seem to bother him.

In contrast to the psychoanalyst's ear, Warhol's manner of listening doesn't intend to have any palliative effects for the speaker. Rather, it's all about the production of goods: the recorded conversations serve as the raw material for production. The listener's empty body always appears ready to take on new passengers. His fear of slipping off reality and into the realm of hallucination is used productively.

The artist, who just months before introduced methods of Fordist industrial production into the world of art, once again invents a new way of adding value: he transforms the seemingly useless idiosyncrasies of the people around him into remarkable surplus value while he himself disappears into a black hole.

Amphetamines boost his absence. They teach him to hide what others reveal as their actual selves. This soulmonger succeeds so well in his efforts that everybody starts believing he doesn't even have a self. Warhol views his absence as a method to improve his work. The distance he maintains enables him to absorb more thoroughly those around him. Amphetamines assist him in refining his productive aloofness. He then barricades himself behind a second visage by feigning not to take things seriously. The result is a phantom-like protective shield, a seminal model for the po-mo mass-market dandy.

The forerunner of the hypermodern consumer uses his anti-self as a safeguard against his own boredom. After all, if you act as though you're not there, you can't possibly find yourself boring. With this ruse Warhol is able to disperse the shadows of exhaustion any life will cast that's led in fast-forward without having to resort to the colorful assortment of readily available drugs as a means to banish the looming boredom. He continues to use only Obetrol® - as long as one overlooks his use of the sedative Seconal® that he, like many amphetamine addicts, begins taking to balance out the speed and relax so he can fall asleep in front of the TV. These two drugstore goodies provide him with the support he needs to bear his own presence in the world. He refrains from Methedrine®, the harder drug that his co-workers like to swallow and shoot up, and bans it from the Factory.

*The desire to be seen*

A young woman from a privileged upbringing cruises along in a fancy car, its iconic star on the hood heading straight for a big city. Stepping out of her Mercedes, she has no idea what role she is to play in her new surroundings. And since it's inexcusable not to know your lines in New York, she decides to blow some serious money as fast as she can, something she knows all about. It's a familiar plot with clear rules: everything has its price, and she pays it. Daily she invites her new acquaintances to dine with her in the city's most expensive eateries. For one-and-a-half hours she gets the attention she longs for and then picks up the tab.

During these transactions she rarely touches her plate. Instead of slicing into what she's been served, she runs her fingers along her sinfully expensive mohair clothing. Her occasional appearances as a model in magazines such as *Vogue* or *Life* provide her with an excuse to refrain from eating. Yet eating only minimal doses of food also gives her the feeling of being in control of her own body, a sense of power that otherwise life rarely affords her.

Edie Sedgwick learns quickly: behind the façade of the huge buildings, Manhattan is nothing but a village. It should thus come as no surprise when she falls into Warhol's arms one day on the street. It's love at first sight. The stunned Warhol has himself long since dreamed of being a charming debutante from a wealthy Boston family. He is attracted by Sedgwick's troubled grace. For her part, she falls in love with his eyes – mirrors in which she believes to see herself.

This luminescent, weightless figure, who knows about work only through hearsay, soon starts going to the Factory every day where the “laborers” fulfill her desire to be seen. She stars in numerous Warhol films, appearing in just 1965 in *Vinyl*, *Kitchen*, *Beauty #2*, *Poor Little Rich Girl* and *Ondine and Edie*.

Sedgwick is introduced to amphetamines during breaks in the shooting. Accustomed to psychiatric medication since her childhood, she quickly takes a liking for them. Whether sniffed or dissolved in her coffee, they maintain her mental state slightly above the ground – there where the light shines brighter. Forever on the edge of an invisible abyss and always in danger of falling, she magnetically attracts the gazes of

others while she hovers above them. And yet, her fathomless appearance comes across as much too dramatic for anyone to believe in her future.

One possible exit strategy can be found in the film *Lupe*, made that same year. Sedgwick plays the role of Lupe Velez, a Hollywood actress from Latin America who attempts to stage the most beautiful suicide. The poison Velez/Sedgwick chooses is a glass of liquid methamphetamines. But instead of dying, she keeps throwing up, looking all-too alive and anything but pretty as she's draped over the toilet bowl.

*Lupe* marks the symbolic beginning of the end. Even though Sedgwick and Warhol complement each other perfectly, a conflict ultimately arises, caused by the intrigues of one of the coldest fabricators of life as pop: Bob Dylan promises Sedgwick a better career in his company. But once she breaks with Warhol, Dylan stops returning her calls and marries someone else. And then as if the songwriter hasn't had enough, he goes on to sing two songs about Sedgwick as an average woman behind a curtain of pills on his album *Blonde on Blonde*.

Sedgwick, lonely following the break-ups, doesn't wait to be asked twice when the opportunity arises to appear in the film *Andy Warhol Story*. The attempt to create an autobiography is filmed on a single night. A showing is scheduled in the Factory once the film comes back from the lab. A deadly silence fills the room after the closing shot. The lights go on, and there's still not a sound to be heard. Warhol smoothes down his hair with one hand while his other reaches up to his narrow mouth to wipe away an agitated smile.

The *Andy Warhol Story* has been considered missing ever since. Stories too muddled even for the footnotes of art history run wild concerning the void which this film – assumed to be an aggressively amphetamine-influenced mess – leaves behind. The break between Sedgwick and Warhol proves final. She remains alone with her confusion, her life soon narrowing in scope to include only doctors and personnel of private sanatoriums.

### *An emptied pool*

In 1971, following four years of cold, clinical scrutiny, Sedgwick is once again in front of the camera. In the opening scene of the film, the viewer sees a hitchhiker stumbling on the street in the rain. Her eyes are smeared the color of violet, her face whitewashed from fatigue as she is picked up by a driver in a gray Mercedes. Once safe in the car, she blacks out. A sort of a dog tag around her neck helps the driver to take her home. The address engraved in the metal leads to an immense mansion set amidst lifeless surroundings that smell woozily of flowers and the setting sun. As is often the case in California, there's an in-ground pool behind the house, but there's no water in it because the gardeners emptied it a long time ago. Few things in life look emptier than a pool without water, but this one has furniture in it. Sedgwick, who goes by Susan in the film, lives down in the light-blue rectangle. A tent covers half of it. The remaining section can be seen from the mansion, which allows Susan's mother to keep an eye on everything around the clock. She sees and hears her scantily clad daughter, now bloated from too much medication, babbling loudly to herself, her monologues a web of childhood memories filled with pills and physical violence. As evening approaches, after all the excitement under the bright sun, Susan lies on her back on her waterbed and listens for a voice somewhere out in the dark of night - some kind of a patient voice that will make everything clear and simple. But what she hears instead is screams, and she's unable to conclude if they're coming from her own mouth.

The filmic present, shot in color, is interspersed with black-and-white flashbacks, blurry images meant to portray Susan's New York past. From off camera Sedgwick murmurs, "Super high, speeeeed." She recalls how she became more and more addicted in the Factory until the amphetamines finally started burning her brain cells. In reviewing her past, she also briefly mentions an affair with the speed dealer Paul America, a Warhol superstar who got his 15 minutes in the film *My Hustler*. She is said to have hated him.

After escaping from his apartment, she falls into the clutches of Dr. Roberts, a private psychiatrist who wants to (or can, nobody knows exactly which) control the world with the aid of cocaine and microwaves.

In 1971, a few months after shooting *Ciao! Manhattan*, Sedgwick dies from an overdose of sedatives at the age of 28.

*No plot, just conversation*

Following Sedgwick's departure in 1966, life in the Factory continues its usual course. Memories fade while one film after the other hits the screen. Time flies. And July 3, 1968 is supposed to be a workday just like any other. In the early morning, before work starts in the factory, Warhol pays a visit to his doctor, as he does every few weeks, to get a new prescription of appetite suppressants. It's a mere formality, and soon Warhol is picking up his prescription at the drugstore. In the taxi on his way to work he swallows an Obetrol®, unaware that it is to be his last. The familiar prickling crawls through his stomach as an exhilarating gust of wind rushes across his solar plexus.

There's someone waiting for him in front of the Factory. A ragged-looking woman with an errant gaze is standing on the curb chain-smoking. She was in one of his films once, but he can't remember the title. Yet ever since, Valerie Solanas has been pressuring him to make an agitprop film for her movement Society for Cutting Up Men.

In hopes of not being held up too long, Warhol takes her with him as he goes inside. Once they get upstairs, he turns around, and his eyes almost pop out of his head. At the edge of his silvery white wig two thick blue veins begin pulsating, and his mouth forms an Oh.

Solanas has pulled the two pistols she uses to shoot him several times. The projectiles penetrate his liver, spleen, pancreas and both lungs. He can still see the would-be assassin leave his office before losing consciousness and falling as though an elevator's cable had been cut.

Solanas turns herself in to the police within hours. As motive she states that her victim had too much control over her life. The only drug she's addicted to is nicotine.

In spite of his serious injuries, Warhol survives, but never fully recovers from the assassination attempt. At the advice of his doctors, he no longer takes amphetamines so as to put no additional strain on his newly mended body. Yet it all just can't end with one last pill in a taxi.

After returning from the hospital, Warhol immediately begins work on a book. It is to be his first and only novel. Warhol titles it after what he effaced in order to rise up into the higher spheres of American society as the son of immigrants: *a*, just like the end to his family name Warhola that he lopped off.

*a – a novel* has no plot. It consists solely of conversations from beginning to end. Warhol instructed his colleagues to type up over 20 hours of recorded conversations from the previous few years. To reinforce the conceptual character of the book, no corrections or editing were undertaken. But in order not to make matters unnecessarily complicated, the length of the chapters are based on the length of the individual tapes.

They talk for 500 pages: “O”, Ondine, alias Robert Olivio, a habitué of the Factory, and the host “D”, Drella, Warhol’s nickname, a portmanteau of Dracula and Cinderella. Other voices chime in between O and D’s light conversation about everything under the sun, including the advantages and disadvantages of their favorite drug: “Some amphetamines and bang. I like it. They always said that amphetamines are pretty drab. Like, oh, it’s a great drug and all, but it doesn’t make you sexy. That’s what you think if you don’t know any better. And then one day you’re walking around and it hits you. And before you know it, your heart’s got a hard-on.”

Playboy magazine praises the conversational novel, while the New York Review of Books sees it as a waste of paper. *a* is initially a commercial flop. But Warhol’s incentive has less to do with money than with holding on to sentimental memories of a bygone era.

Ondine, the speaking protagonist in *a*, has since stopped using amphetamines and works as a mail carrier in Brooklyn. Warhol writes jeeringly in his diary: Without drugs Ondine is terribly normal and has lost all of his brilliance. Many people say the same thing about Warhol. Looking back, it is hard to deny that by this time he has already made his contribution to art history. He does continue to work a lot and perhaps even longer, with greater discipline and with a larger staff than during his years on amphetamines. Yet something essential has been lost. Severed from his wonder drug, he is forced to come to terms with the erroneous belief that art is merely the transformation of work into a product.

Warhol now acknowledges the specific form of energy inherent in art which follows its own set of inscrutable laws. With the blinding, strangely intangible excess they provide, amphetamines are one of the keys to Warhol's secret source, yet one he can no longer make use of. However, for the savviest of businessmen among artists, it took a mere six speed-induced years to influence his trade like hardly anyone else in the century.

Warhol's favorite amphetamine, Obetrol®, is now called Adderall®. Among teens it's known as "kiddie coke", and in the song *Good Doctors* Robbie Williams pays homage to it as a wonderful solution to one's problems. In the 1990s, the company Shire Labs began marketing the medicine under a new name to treat children and adults diagnosed with Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. The relaunching was a tremendous success.

The appetite suppressant that was once taken from the shelves due to its side effects can now be seen regulating weight problems in ADHD patients. Contrary to the common belief that individuals afflicted with ADHD are thin on account of being fidgety and overactive, the percentage of ADHD patients who are overweight is actually 5-10% higher than the overall population. And Obetrol® serves indirectly as a diet pill just as Adderall®.