

Même jeu: Nuit Blanche.

Do I ever SUCK at blogging. I havent posted anything since Summer of last year. I've written much, but on reflection it seemed that I hadn't written anything. The world seems on the brink; of what I do not know. There are already voices enough commenting on everything. Or, ^{rather} there are the usual voices commenting on everything, and the other voices are repeating what they say in one rephrasing or another. And what do we now know thanks to all these words? Next to nothing. But I suppose that that is nothing new.

I believe it was Churchill who referred to depression as a black dog. The mutt frequents my life, sniffing under my door, waiting for an opportunity to sneak in. When he does it takes considerable effort to put him outside again. Often I tire of struggling with him and just let him have the run of the place. Eventually, by the mercy of G-d, he slips back out and I lock and barricade the door once more. With every entrance also being my only exit, when I close them it is difficult to stay in contact with those outside. And when the dog is prowling through all the place, it's no time to even attempt at sharing my life, thoughts, and emotions with others. After all, I LOVE you people; so why would I expose you to the incessant whining, growling and barking?

Experience has shown that others are not really able to run the dog off. As much as I wish that I could say

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that misery loves company, it just isn't so. I would not - indeed. I'm not even able to - place my burden onto anyone else's shoulders. While I find great strength in knowing that I'm thought of, even loved, it just isn't possible for me to drag another soul down into the pit. And that is what would happen if you were to attempt to pull me out of it. Either that, or you would tire of the effort. I often tire of it, and for me its a life or death struggle.

That being said, there should be no doubt on anyones part that I love you all dearly. Friends and family that I would die for; but for which, for whatever reason, I'm often unable to hold on to as tightly as I would. When it gets so dark I'm simply unable to give you light. And while you may think that you would be able to share your light with me, its more probable that I would only steal your own. With the mutt being so voracious, its maw some blackhole into which all light vanishes and none can escape, we would both be left in the dark and grasping at a void. So please forgive me for my failings in friendship. I share the above not to engender pity, which is worse than useless; but as an effort towards explanation. And please keep in mind that an explanation is not an excuse.

On a better note, I do plan on writing to all of you! I just recently was given access to my personal property. I hadn't had possession of it since the end of last year. I'm glad to have back my address book. I haven't been able to write even when I wanted to. Why I did not have possession of my personal property for so long is one of those long, boring stories about the vicissitudes of life in prison. I

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will not bore you with the details, so please trust me that it was the typical and utter bullshit of which prison abounds.

This blog entry is serving as a form letter of sorts and thus not very personal; and all of you deserve personal letters from me. Hopefully, in the near future, you will get them. Until then please know that I love you, think about you all the time, wish I could see your face and hear your voice, and keep you ever in my heart. "Miss you" doesn't even begin to say it. I appreciate all that you have done for me and I wish that I had more than just words with which to express my gratitude. Perhaps there will be a day - G-d let it come soon! - when I will be able to thank you in person and outside of these walls.

"... (W)hatever we think is meaningful... It only becomes meaningful because it's so fragile: It's so easy to be lost, and we cannot replace it. If we can easily replace it, we will never think it is valuable."

- Ai Wei Wei.

Love You Lots and Lots and Lots,

Malcolm