

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this volume and all of the previous *Carceral Notebooks* to Scott Kelly. The production of this particular Volume XIII was brutally interrupted by Scott's sudden death. I cannot imagine how the *Carceral Notebooks* will continue without Scott.

Scott Kelly was a brother to me, and a source of great inspiration and friendship. It was Scott who made possible and realized my idea to publish these *Carceral Notebooks*. Scott enlisted his colleagues at his publishing company, PubData, to help with the typesetting and printing, web design and distribution, and Scott turned a dream into a reality.

Scott was an extraordinarily generous person—intellectually and emotionally. He never drew attention to himself, but was always working, behind the scenes, to ensure the well being of his family, friends, neighbors, and colleagues. He was always thinking something up, realizing a project, fixing something, building something. He always had a new idea to make things better. And in the process, he built so much. Quietly, unassumingly, he made it possible for us to realize our aspirations.

It was about 15 years ago that I first spoke to Scott about this publishing project, and he immediately and so generously

made it come true. “That’s doable.” “Let’s make it happen.” “Here’s how.” Scott was brilliant and engaged the project of the *Carceral Notebooks* both intellectually and practically. He enlisted Karen Rolnick, Lynne Goldin, and Nick Papaseraaphim to produce the book, and our other brother, Alcides Roverano, to print the volumes. He guided me through all its aspects—legal, including incorporation, and practical, including board meetings and minutes. At every juncture, he had new ideas and made them realities. He got an ISBN number. He found the right paper weight and quality. He sampled different inks, especially the inside red ink. He turned a few volumes into e-Books, then put them on Amazon. Scott had the most incredible ability to make things happen. Scott created. Scott accomplished. And in the process, so generously, Scott helped us live to our fullest.

I will close with a poem by the Roman poet, Gaius Catullus, “A Brother’s Farewell,” with some edits and judicious adaptations since both Scott and I were born in New York City and grew up a few blocks apart:

From neighborhoods across New York City, from its
streets and its avenues,
we have come, brother, father, uncle, partner,
colleague, and friend,
to these melancholy rites,
to show this final honor to you, Scott,
and to speak to your silent soul now,
since fate has taken you, yes you, from us all.

Oh Scott, ripped away from us so cruelly,
now at least take these last offerings,
blessed by the tradition of our parents and our
children.

Accept, in this way, what a friend's tears drown,
and for eternity, Scott, "Hail and Farewell."

Farewell, Scott.

We will miss you. We admire you.

We thank you.

Ben E. Harouf

New York City
April 15, 2019