

The story of I aldane

My first real memory of I aldane was in biology 10. At that time he was a talkative kid, open and innocent, he smiled alot. I e made friends not because he was naturally charismatic but because he wanted to fit in, he put the effort in to talking to people in his oddball way. I became friends with him in grade 10 because of his willingness to be a friend to me. I remember very soon after we began hanging out skateboarding and smoking the odd pipe, playing video games until four in the morning at his mom's house. At that strange age, not yet close to overcoming the awkwardness of puberty, we were fast friends because we both needed them.

Sooner rather than later, as we were walking over to his Dad's house after school, or running around the neighborhood in the wee hours amazed at our fading childhood, we would talk of the fantasies that our lives still were, our macho dreams of grandeur that were piled over an ever-present angst, a nervousness that I aldane never shook. In these moments, sometimes, I aldane would reveal his anger to me, an anger that seemed to originate in his parents divorce, it was certainly directed at them. Being a kid of a divorce, though more of a wily vet, I could somewhat relate and tried to council him, or at least diffuse the violence that seemed to bubble to the surface. I can't remember exactly what I said but I always had a sense that a family speaking to one another could break many barriers, even when I was, myself, a hood-rat at times. Apparently my very novice council was not enough for I aldane, it did not diffuse whatever it is that claws at him. I could see this as our escapades of running from campus police or drinking in parks no longer sufficed for him, even as I was beginning to realize the senselessness of my own insecurity. I remember vividly I aldane regaling me with stories of stealing cars, glorifying ripping off in a vehicle left running outside a seven-eleven.

I think it was at this point I realized we were headed away from one another, at the ripe old age of 16, a year after we had become pretty good friends. I simply couldn't fathom the coolness of stealing, of carrying knives, or of being a make-believe gangster, a scene I aldane desperately wanted to belong in. I remember us walking down a road at night and getting into an argument about how exactly uncool it was, how he was going to get caught and it would be for something that wasn't rebelling or fighting the system in any coherent way but for a something that was dishonorable, and cowardly, like mugging someone or stealing a car. We soon went our separate ways. I came out of highschool engrossed with getting the hell out of Edmonton and enlightening myself in the world. I aldane became engrossed in a fantasy of himself, one that I have trouble articulating, but an illusion that only seems to feed on itself in the absence of real experience in a shared world.

A close family member of his died, his Grandfather maybe, right after highschool and he was left with 70,000 dollars, I tried to sway him to take some schooling, to invest some of it and warned him that it would be gone sooner than he could believe. We proceeded to buy an 80 dollar bottle of absinthe and the last thing I remember is sitting against the plastic mesh fence along the perimeter of folk-fest not feeling my legs, but enjoying the music and feeling actually quite fine.

I remember him randomly showing up at my door one day wearing a white t-shirt, probably two years after high school, rail thin, pale, he was shaking and seemed agitated even as he smirked and shook my hand. I e gave me a ride to work that day, screaming

down the side streets in his mom's mini-van, which I highly doubt was given to him in confidence. I e told me of the past six months, spent slanging rocks (crack) outside the window of his car. I made some awkwardly out of touch comment like, "that must have been rough, how'd you deal with the crackheads?" I e responded by describing, in detail, the last encounter he had with some neighborhood flend. This guy had apparently approached the driver-side window asking for a 'rock,' when I aldane turned his head it was split open by a crow bar, the two baggies of crack taken from his lap, and a pool of blood forming in the crack between the door and the seat.

I again took off internationally the following year and heard only the increasingly disturbing stories of I aldane that some acquaintance would occasionally offer me. "Man, you know we were roommates and I aldane sliced up a counter top randomly with a kitchen knife, I think he's losing it." Then another time, "did you hear that I aldane went to prison? I think it was for slanging crack," both of which I would reply along the lines of, "that's fuckin crazy" and immediately wonder where my rambling and eager friend had gone.

Then there was facebook. That social utility that presents to the world the mask you want to show to it, except for those whose mask has crumbled beneath the weight of its own fantasy. I aldane saw it was my birthday in September and immediately got a hold of me, "hey man, happy birthday, what's your plans?" What do you write back to a lost friend? I told him of my plans and again he was at my door in a white t-shirt, sweating and nervous, the smile was gone. I e didn't tell me as much about his experience this time, his time in prison or his mental episodes, and I didn't want to know, though he murmured that some crazy shit went down. I now had a fresh-faced girlfriend and I didn't want her to know either. I hadn't talked to I aldane since then, not on facebook or in the lingering terror of face to face awkwardness. I was just about to hand in my political philosophy paper on I annah Arendt when we began our last conversation:

Haldane Jensen-huot

2:03pm Apr 14th

[Report Message](#)

im gonna stab you

Elliot Bridgewater

6:58pm Apr 14th

that's not very nice.

Haldane Jensen-huot

9:16pm Apr 14th

[Report Message](#)

yea i know its pretty fucked up if you ask me

Haldane Jensen-huot

9:17pm Apr 14th
[Report Message](#)

i had a nap

Haldane Jensen-huot
9:19pm Apr 14th
[Report Message](#)

you shoulda started a fight with those people on your bday.. i woulda stabbed the shit outta them

Haldane Jensen-huot
9:27pm Apr 14th
[Report Message](#)

**yo chek this out, its pretty crazy a 5 part series
aryan brotherhood**

i met one of these guys in jail

White Nationalism Aryan Brotherhood pt 1

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v...>

A documentary about the white supremacist prison gang, the aryan brotherhood

[Share](#)

Haldane Jensen-huot
9:52pm Apr 14th
[Report Message](#)

yea the only anti psychotics that actually work on me are seroquel cause i cant stay awake more than an hour after i take them

.. so i cant use them if im at work

or if i need to do anything, or go anywhere,

i take about three to four naps a day.. sometimes more

i fall asleep everytime after i eat aswell, only if i eat certain foods though

Haldane Jensen-huot

10:16pm Apr 14th

[Report Message](#)

i dont know man people wont leave me alone ... i cant leave my house most times cause im on the verge of going nuts all the time,

its like every day, my inhibitions of violence drop by half a percent.. this has been going on for like 2 years

im gonna ask my mom to kill herself maybe ill get some money then.

Elliot Bridgewater

12:44am Apr 15th

this is something of a surprise so you'll have to let me catch up.

Why exactly do you need such hardcore meds?

What is motivating you to do violence?

I'm no psychiatrist, but I would like to help an old buddy in rough shape (something that doesn't involve me being stabbed).

Haldane Jensen-huot

1:20am Apr 15th

[Report Message](#)

cops for one, the fact that i can leave my house without someone tryin to: instigate something, get aggressive towards me, or just plain piss me off.

if i go postal its gonna be either at a cop station, in a downtown highrise, or an elementary school

yea i wouldnt worry about me stabbing you i have a hard time leaving a two block radius of my house

hell the meds im on now are nothign compared to wat i was on before, i was on like a shitload and i ended up beating the crap outta my mom.. k i hit her like twice..

but it wouldnt bother me much if she died

anyways i decided to give it five years until i went postal.. that was three years ago

as to wat lead to this well.. i was gonna go postal at the end of 2006 but this guy kimveer gill did it for me, he knew i wasnt gonna last a year

at least thats wat i thought, but no one other than me and a few drug dealers caught on.

only thing that will stop me from going postal is slanging rocks, and i refuse to be on the street, i need to be a cook or a food boss, im willin to be paid at street level though

about 5 grand a month will do ... ill pay for everything i need.

to be honest i need someone to go postal downtown

Elliot Bridgewater

10:59am Apr 15th

well, I don't know what to tell ya man... can't help ya on either one of those accounts, and honestly I barely follow what it is your saying, probly because I'm sheltered, being a nerd in the ivory tower and have never even contemplated, either 'going postal' or 'slanging rocks.' I've honestly never felt anything for those people who have gone postal at schools or other places other than it would have been better for them to have not been alive because they obviously weren't far off when they were and because what they did was unforgivable, dishonorable, cowardly, evil. And this evil isn't a dark knight on a steed with flames, this evil is the absence of anything noteworthy, something called the banality of evil, pure and utter mediocrity that enables someone to unthinkingly hate a group of people, whether its jews, cops, or hippies. Goin postal is not going out in a blaze of glory, its the absence of any conception of what glory is. Now, this is a rant. Its not meant to insult you, or demean you, it is simply to let you know where I stand on what I understand you to be saying. Because I've always thought of you as a friend, though I'm not sure where you are coming from, I think you deserve this much. Dude, get outside and have a chat with somebody, go for a run, not everybody's a fuckin idiot, or an asshole (though I grant you that cops aren't the best examples of enlightened individuals).

Salud,

Elliot.

Haldane Jensen-huot

1:21pm Apr 15th

[Report Message](#)

oh well

Haldane Jensen-huot

1:45pm Apr 15th

[Report Message](#)

that aryan brotherhood shit is fuckin wild though, some crazy as mother fuckers

Haldane Jensen-huot

4:35pm Apr 15th

[Report Message](#)

ohh yea one more thing, its gotta be with my old crew

Elliot Bridgewater

1:13am Apr 16th

Well dude, unfortunately I'm right in the middle of finals, but I hear where you're at. I'm finished on wednesday and I could meet up with ya after that for lunch or a beer, if you're willing and able. Let me know man,

Haldane Jensen-huot

1:25am Apr 16th

[Report Message](#)

i dunno man prolly not a good idea at the moment

Elliot Bridgewater

8:58am Apr 16th

no probs, just let me know, if you want somebody to talk to or something... I don't know, just try to get some help man, this isn't healthy.

Haldane Jensen-huot

1:49pm Apr 16th

[Report Message](#)

im fine man other than the occasional burst of rage

Two hours later Ians Albert experienced that rage. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Ialdane Jensen-huot is charged with second degree murder. The charge have yet to be proven in court.) All of this should lead to some very important questions even if we will never get any real answers. I still wonder and probably always will, what it was that drove Ialdane inside himself. Also, how is it that a guy with a history of mental illness, a prison record and recent psychological help continually gets worse every time he runs up against the 'system'? Should we reconcile ourselves to the fact that some will always fall through the cracks of society or should we start questioning the reality that it produces thousands of anti-social, confused, and enraged young men? Most importantly, how can we seek resolution, or reconciliation if we do and say nothing? By discounting Ialdane, either as an evil person or a freak occurrence where a normal kid just 'snapped,' we are only resigning ourselves to the fiction that this has nothing to do with us. I have no answers, but Ians Albert is dead and Ialdane's mind is broken, maybe it's time we start offering a few.