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NORMALLY I FIND THE MONTH BETWEEN Thanksgiving and Christmas to be the most depressive time of the year. By late November the trees are bare and the weather is unpleasant, and it all will only get worse. The already shortened days will grow shorter still, the first snow will fly; I always feel as if I am going from nowhere to never. ¶The holidays themselves, inserted into this section of the solar calendar to help us through it, don't help me at all. I have no happy memories from childhood. Family life was generally unhappy, and holiday tensions just made things more miserable. I have learned since to relax and enjoy the celebrations with my friends, but the phrase "holiday season" still rings a bit hollow to me. In any event, no amount of commercial tra-la could ever overcome the cyclic and climatic blahs of this lousy time of year. ¶This year I diverted myself from the November-December blues by starting a new job and moving into Boston. While this sounds a bit drastic, it seems to have worked. I hope all of you made it through with as little damage. Now if I could only remember which box the can-opener was in. . .



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