

To start a project is to kill a portion of yourself. To kill a portion of yourself is to acknowledge the mortality of the whole. To be confronted with the mortality of the whole is to know terror. To conquer the terror of mortality requires creation, and thus we arrive at the beginning once more, as to begin to create is to start a project. To do so alone is folly, but what **ally** could possibly help us? Who would possibly follow us **from start to finish** through, in some strange way, a death? Better, why? Why follow, yes, but why ask? You must speak for yourself, **Madison Scott-Clary**, for it was by your own hands that so much of you is now dead. And now, you have acknowledged at last your inability to stop, and however slowly, your graphomania consumes you. Do you continue? Do you carry on until you are nothing? Are dust?