

Constantly, it is a joy that people don't write what one would predict. Looking at me from the outside, it wouldn't be a given that I would find the perspective of a WASP male banker, heir to a mining fortune, grandson of a bigot, so compelling I couldn't look away.

May we always be able to use fiction, and art in general, to do away with barriers to writing anything we like, imagining anything. *Imagination dead imagine...* Yes, we can imagine it. We do not have to imagine it, with the current political climate, where instead of imagination and the supremely empathic viewpoint that imagination leads us to, we have fear, hatred, attempted rejection of "the Other."

And yet we can imagine it—"Imagination dead imagine"—because instantly, imagining such an impoverished, brutalized state, we can imagine how we would survive it. How we will.