



## COLONY COLLAPSE

Tommy Chisholm

*speculative fiction forward to “How to Get Over Your Fears & Publish Your Creative Writing”  
by Alex Clark-McGlenn*

I want to thank everyone for being here—I know a lot of you dread these things. I called this meeting because I’m worried about our community. Since the collapse, we’ve had to rely on each other more than ever to protect what we’ve built as artists. The nine of us have been on this land sharing everything from tools to childcare for six years—yet the last two haven’t been our finest.

Sure, it’s hard to be vigilant all the time: we’re under constant threat of break-ins, what little food and tools we have are scouted by every scrappy vagabond. We’ve needed each other for protection, as well as to keep us from feeling so alienated and isolated in this bleak world. But if you’re like me, then you feel totally alone.

We started this space so we could all inspire each other with our work. Now we’re lucky if we get one day a week in the woodshop or the sculpting studio. We’re too busy guarding the Mainhouse and barely even sleep in our cabins anymore. Just because the world’s gone to shit doesn’t mean we have to go along with it; it doesn’t mean we have to lose sight of who we are, what we value, and what this community was supposed to be.

Some of our voices are louder than others during group decision-making. I know I’m a loud voice, and I’ve spoken in private with many of you. Some people are silent not out of indifference or complicity but because we’re bulldozing them, and it’s not okay. The way we talk about our problems needs to change starting now. It’s driving us apart. If we lose each other, we lose the reason to make art, and then what’s the point of even persisting on this god-awful Earth?