

### *Publisher's Remarks*

Yip often remarks that books don't exist. What you're holding is the novel materialization of a cloud-hosted, Print On Demand printed PDF. The contents of this paged object reside alongside all the bulbous ground-swells of data currently flourishing within servers the world over.

Quarantine has exposed the degree to which the existing technologies of cloud-based communication, exchange, and service provision have always already assumed that the world lives in crisis. Zoom was not invented because we find ourselves newly apart and require connection. We've been apart for a long time—a fact Zoom started making art of long before we did. In this thing I hope you feel the grief of the cloud, its tender effort and its inevitable inadequacy.

This rectangle is a droplet condensed, falling from cloud to earth. When you touch it you touch these authors. Their intention is tangible. Authors sent themselves here in various file formats. Everyone was massaged into the same space and the room we share was sent back up to heaven to await being called into material being.

Another Yip motto: The internet is so silent, I love that. And today we close with a passage from *The Passion According to G.H.*, by Lispector, to remind us that literature, HTML/CSS, and the practice of publishing is first and foremost a kind of paper-architecture.

How luxurious this silence is. It's built up of centuries. It's a silence of a roach that's looking. The world looks at itself in me. Everything looks at everything; everything lives the other, in this desert things know things. Things know things so much that that's ... That's what I'll call forgiveness, if I want to save myself in the human world. It's forgiveness itself. Forgiveness is an attribute of living matter.