

Proem

Stuart and Rae

In collaborating to bring Rae's writings into to world, we saw an opportunity to capitalize on the play of circumstances involved in exposing an upstart novel-la (the feminine version). Stuart has done all the amazing work of binding ten laser-printed copies of the writings Rae submitted to him (email after painstaking, revised email) for publication. He is not especially qualified to do this, in fact, it is his first time attempting such a feat. The reasons for the decision to portray the writing in such a manner are many.

First and foremost, it is way more fun to do it this way; besides, there is truly something reassuring, fulfilling, and all around nice in knowing, hey, this book here in my hands was done by two kids, who felt it important to invest their time in art, and going about that art independently, without heckling with the mainstream blah-de-blah or the established publishing for profit businesses.

We mean, don't you feel good knowing what you hold in your hands has been crafted carefully by some one's two probably sweaty, skin rough from constructing something, dried cum in the fingernails (is that inappropriate?) hands, while their snot is running, while dreaming of any number of things one may dream of while binding books, further, that this book has been put together by one friend for the other friend who has decided to become a writer? Well, we do.

Second, this choice helps us to further avoid the professionalism mandated by today's publishing process, a professionalism that manifests a false sense of validity to facilitate the commodification of intellectualism. We are enthralled by the errors and occasional relentlessness -hallmarks of humanity- that have survived the anonymity of digitization and eschewed

the professionalism disease.

Finally, we have realized, recoiled from and embraced the artistic nature of this publication. Art theory struggles with the compromise of commercialization and the desire to be heard. The paradox seems to be that the venue we find for our voice ultimately changes the pitch. Artists now make things that cannot be sold, or that must be sold, or that would never otherwise have been sold; and there is also the incongruence between intended audience and the buyers of the book (the actual readers), which escalates this dilemma. Lastly, it is hard to know if we can hold on to the faith that art, specifically literature like *Girls*, will help the world or really do much at all.

In conclusion, we would have to admit that we definitely do not have answers, but in search of some resolution, we not only plan to self make books, but we also plan to place the digital text on the Internet. The interested person can print a copy to read, can learn to bind it on their own, or send in a request for us to make them one (for a small fee, as we do have to pay for the materials ourselves); check out: <http://thecompany.net/rae>.

Being invested with sentience, our hope is that this book will not so easily be possessed by it's readers -that it will instead be passed to new readers, shared, exchanged, or stolen, and that it will find shelter in a rain puddle before a bookshelf.