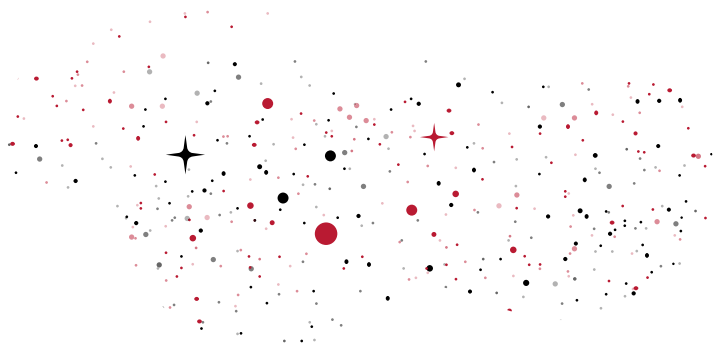


Whenever You Were, Here You Are



Well, well, well... It seems as though you've somehow found your way to the Void. Welcome!

By the puzzled look on your face—and yes, we can see you—it's evident that you're not quite sure why or how you came to be reading these words. To be frank, no one really knows how visitors like you do. There are theories, of course. Tales of tears in the fabric of our memories. Legends of falling into rabbit holes and finding adventures to set out on after someone—or something—dear seemingly left without much of a reason. Mundane trips to the grocery store that turn into impromptu voyages through echoes of the past.

But, the Void, you may ask yourself. *Quésaco*¹?

Succinctly, the Void is a collection of stories and places that help with explaining and processing what happens when you've lost something you hold on to dearly. This Void—with a big V—is similar to but not exactly quite the same as all the other voids—with the small V—out there. It is yours, just as much as it is ours. It's a place where we explore the duality of life, which extends to the objects we interact with daily. It's also a place to contemplate loneliness, how to keep our minds safe when the times are a-a-a-changing wildly, the seemingly endless search for happiness, and the ambiguous fruitlessness of Capitalism.

¹ From the Occitan—a French Provençal dialect—*qu'es aquò ?* A fairly common inquisitive expression in colloquial French, meaning *Qu'est-ce que c'est ?* (what is it?). The latter may sound familiar as it was made popular to the Anglo-speaking world by the Talking Heads in the 1977 song "Psycho Killer."