

ON NEON LIT

A new order of crime fiction begins with the publication of this edition of Paul Auster's *City of Glass*. The series is called Neon Lit: Noir Illustrated, and it features some of the finest works of modern and post-modern crime fiction adapted to comic book formats by some of the most skilled comix script writers and illustrators in the world.

The books and the artists have been chosen for the series by Bay Area author and editor Bob Callahan, author of *Who Shot JFK?*; and Art Spiegelman, the Pulitzer-prize winning author of *Maus*. Callahan is responsible for the book-to-book editorial work; Spiegelman serves as primary advisor as for overall look, feel and design.

The language and attitudes found in these books derive historically from the great hard-boiled crime novels of the 1920's. The stark sense of black and white shadow derives from the *Noir* films of a generation later. Both traditions merge, and are renewed, in these intelligent and handsome new picture paperbacks.

Additional books currently under way in this series include Barry Gifford's *Perdita Durango*, a sequel to the author's *Wild at Heart*, which was made into a film by David Lynch; and William Lindsay Gresham's classic carnival novel, *Nightmare Alley*. Callahan and artist Scott Gillis are working on the adaptation of *Perdita Durango*. Novelist Tom DeHaven and artist Mark Zingarelli are at work on *Nightmare Alley*.

— Bob Callahan

Paul Auster's CITY OF GLASS

Script Adaptation:
**PAUL KARASIK AND
DAVID MAZZUCHELLI**

Art:
DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

AVON BOOKS  NEW YORK

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

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AVON BOOKS

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WRONG NUMBER

The music of historic change is now heard in some of the most exciting works of contemporary crime fiction. These days, sophisticated writers turn to the comparative simplicities of crime fiction to help spell out the essential unease of our age. In this regard — and as our own leading example — Paul Auster's *City of Glass* appears to us today as an unfinished, perhaps ultimately unfinishable diagram for some bold, new and experimental symphony. In a book such as *City of Glass*, we leave forever the honorable worlds of a Dashiell Hammett or a Raymond Chandler, and enter into a far darker, more complex domain.

In Dashiell Hammett's world, decent, tough-minded individuals called private detectives still succeed in restoring the social order, by redressing the crime of sin. In Auster's era — our own era — crime is inherent: it can't be reversed. And the social order will not be restored, for it never existed in the first place. In the new city, both the criminal and the detective have been assigned a fate before the book even begins, a fate in which no easy sense of a lost Eden can possibly be regained. Everything here is shadows. This is a world in which only a neon literature might actually obtain.

The sound of shattered glass, and the sight of jagged edges, is at the very center of word and picture driven crime fiction. The old logics simply no longer calculate. "Commit a crime," *Real Clue Comics* told us, as early as in 1948, "and the world is made of glass." In Paul Auster's city, we are driven back beyond even Hammett and Chandler to the still earlier genius of a Sir Conan Doyle. Compare, for example the role of

deductive reasoning in both Auster and Doyle. With Doyle, deduction is everything. With Auster, the clarity of pure reason becomes a vast, still musically interesting highway which, if pursued too rigorously, can only lead straight into the loony bin.

Turn, if you will, to one of the crowning moments in this book — the moment when Auster's sleuth, Daniel Quinn, finally confronts his own Moriarty, Peter Stillman's unknown and ultimately unknowable Father. The men meet in a park-bench setting on Riverside Drive in the city of New York. As in Doyle, both men are hunch-makers, note-takers, code-breakers, reason's scientists — but, in this city at least, such artful habits of mind won't do either man any damn good. The darkness is there to engulf them. Everywhere, the shadows extend.

The question therefore is not whether Paul Auster is a crime writer, anymore than it is whether Daniel Quinn is a real crime detective. Both the author and the character have, in fact, fallen into this world at random, and both will choose the patterns of crime detection to transcend the darkness which both know intuitively stands at the heart of the post-modern condition. Quinn's journey will fail. For showing us this world in its exactness, and in its limitations, Auster, quite clearly, may claim a win.

In the end, this new neon literature is the literature of individual human obsessiveness. It assumes silently that when no convincing social order can be established, the individual personality itself will start to unhinge. Its ancestors are thus not Hammett, Chandler, or Doyle; but Poe, Dostoyevsky, and perhaps James M. Cain. This new literature makes the point, rather decisively, that, in such a violent and irrational world, it is not surprising when the deeds of serial killers are taken as hideously precise omens of the true nature of our age.

And here, finally, is where we make our own shift into this landscape. In the hands of Paul Karasik, who first found the right rhythms, and David Mazzucchelli, who has brought these rhythms to form, we move past the speed of sound to the actual speed of light in order to capture the switches which occur throughout the fall in, and out, of human intellectual abstraction. A final lamp light lit against the darkness? A shadow, after all, is still a sign.

The tension between the absolute geometries of the minds of Stillman and Quinn, and the absolute randomness of the world which will rise up and swallow them, cannot be rendered any more exactly than it has been in this singular act of picture fiction, the first Neon Lit edition of Paul Auster's *City of Glass*.

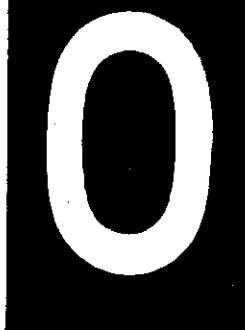
— Bob Callahan

It was a
wrong number that
started it...

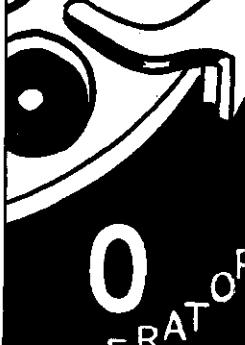
...THE TELEPHONE RINGING THREE TIMES IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...



...AND THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END...



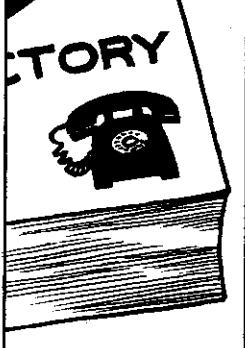
...ASKING FOR SOMEONE HE WAS NOT.



MUCH LATER, HE WOULD CONCLUDE...

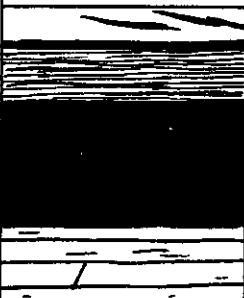


...THAT NOTHING WAS REAL...



...EXCEPT CHANCE,

WHETHER IT MIGHT HAVE TURNED OUT DIFFERENTLY OR WAS PREDETERMINED IS NOT THE QUESTION.



THE QUESTION IS THE STORY ITSELF...



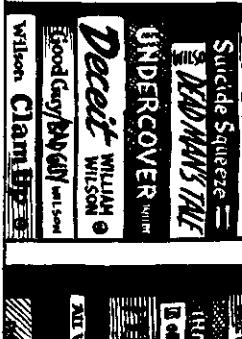
...AND WHETHER OR NOT IT MEANS SOMETHING IS NOT FOR THE STORY TO TELL.



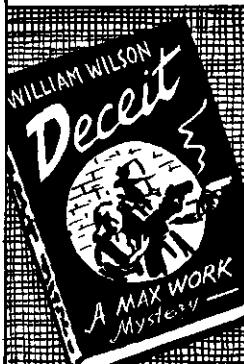
AS FOR QUINN, HE WAS THIRTY-FIVE AND BOTH HIS WIFE AND SON WERE DEAD.



AS A YOUNG MAN, HE HAD WRITTEN POETRY, PLAYS AND ESSAYS.



BUT QUITE ABRUPTLY, HE HAD GIVEN UP ALL THAT.



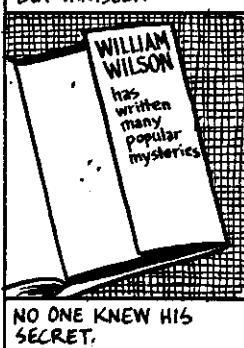
A PART OF HIM HAD DIED AND HE DID NOT WANT IT HAUNTING HIM.



HE NOW WROTE MYSTERY NOVELS UNDER THE NAME OF WILLIAM WILSON.



QUINN NO LONGER EXISTED FOR ANYONE BUT HIMSELF.



NO ONE KNEW HIS SECRET.

HE TOLD HIS FRIENDS THAT HE HAD INHERITED A TRUST FUND FROM HIS WIFE.

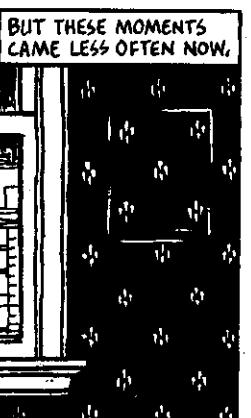
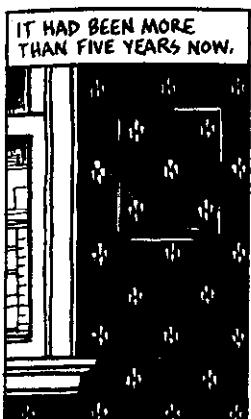
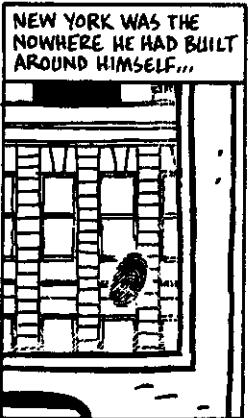
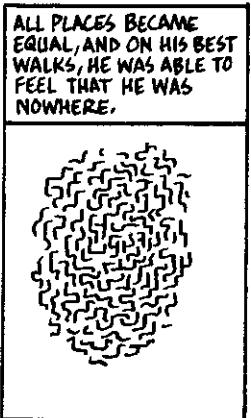
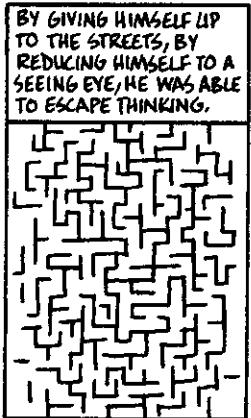
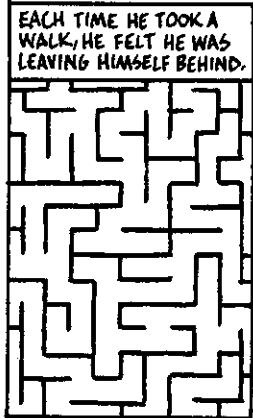
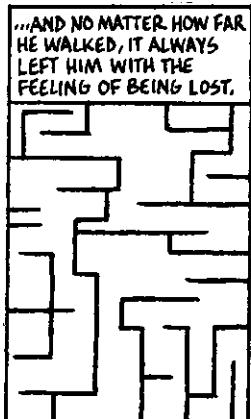
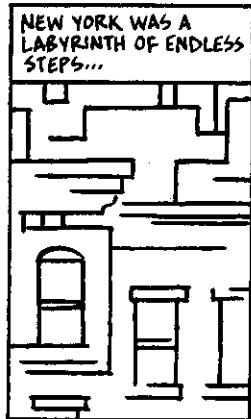
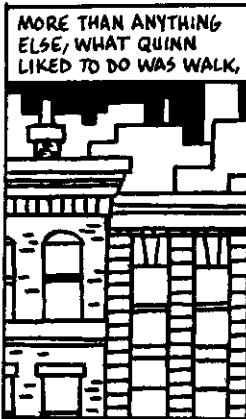


BUT THE FACT WAS THAT HIS WIFE HAD NEVER HAD ANY MONEY.

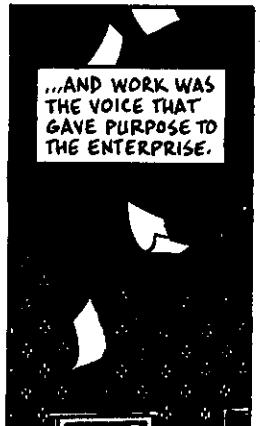
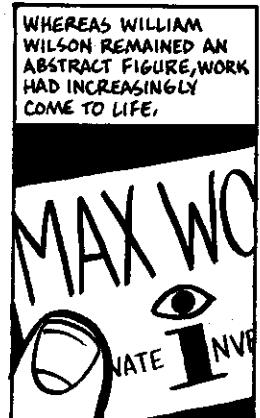


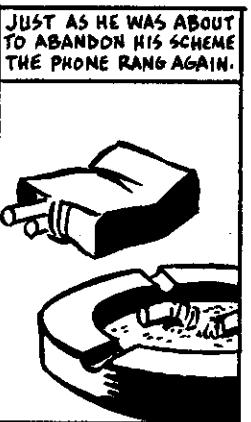
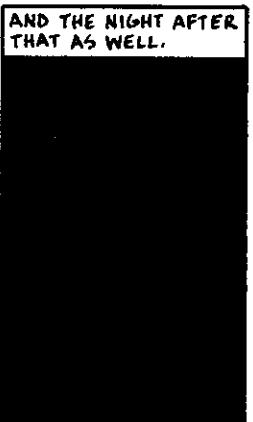
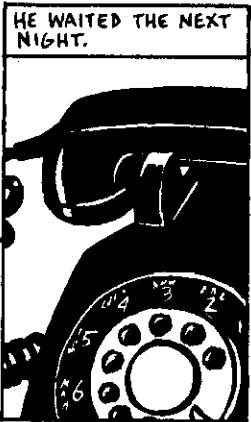
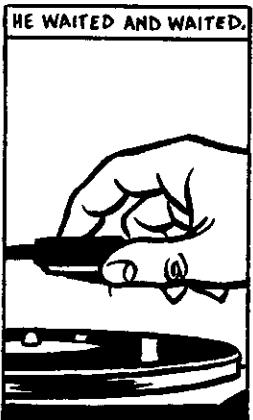
AND THE FACT WAS THAT HE NO LONGER HAD ANY FRIENDS.





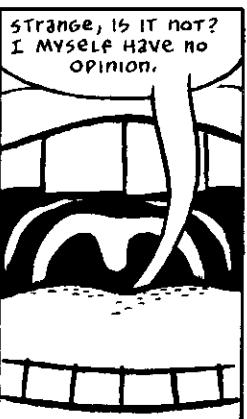
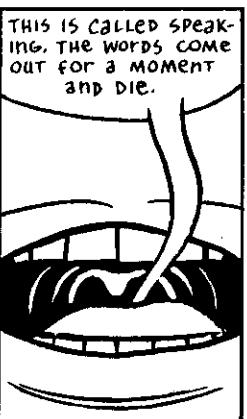
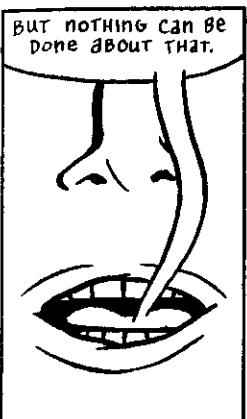


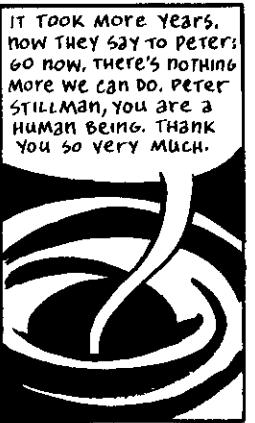
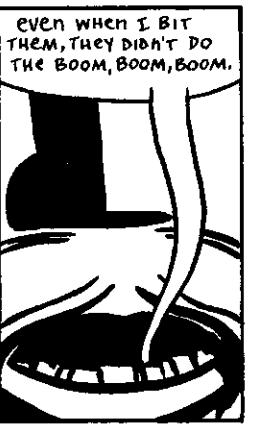
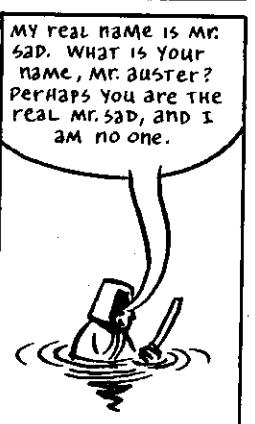
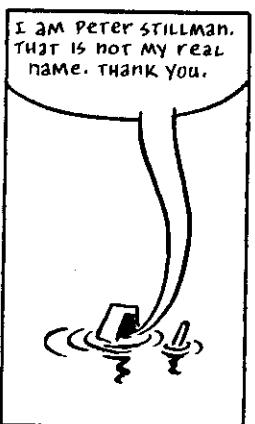
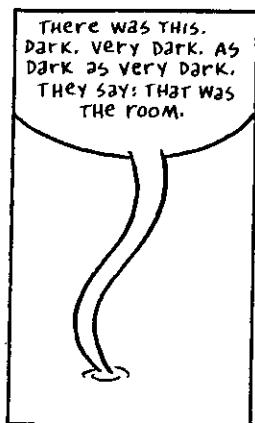
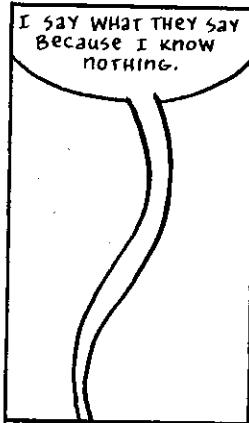


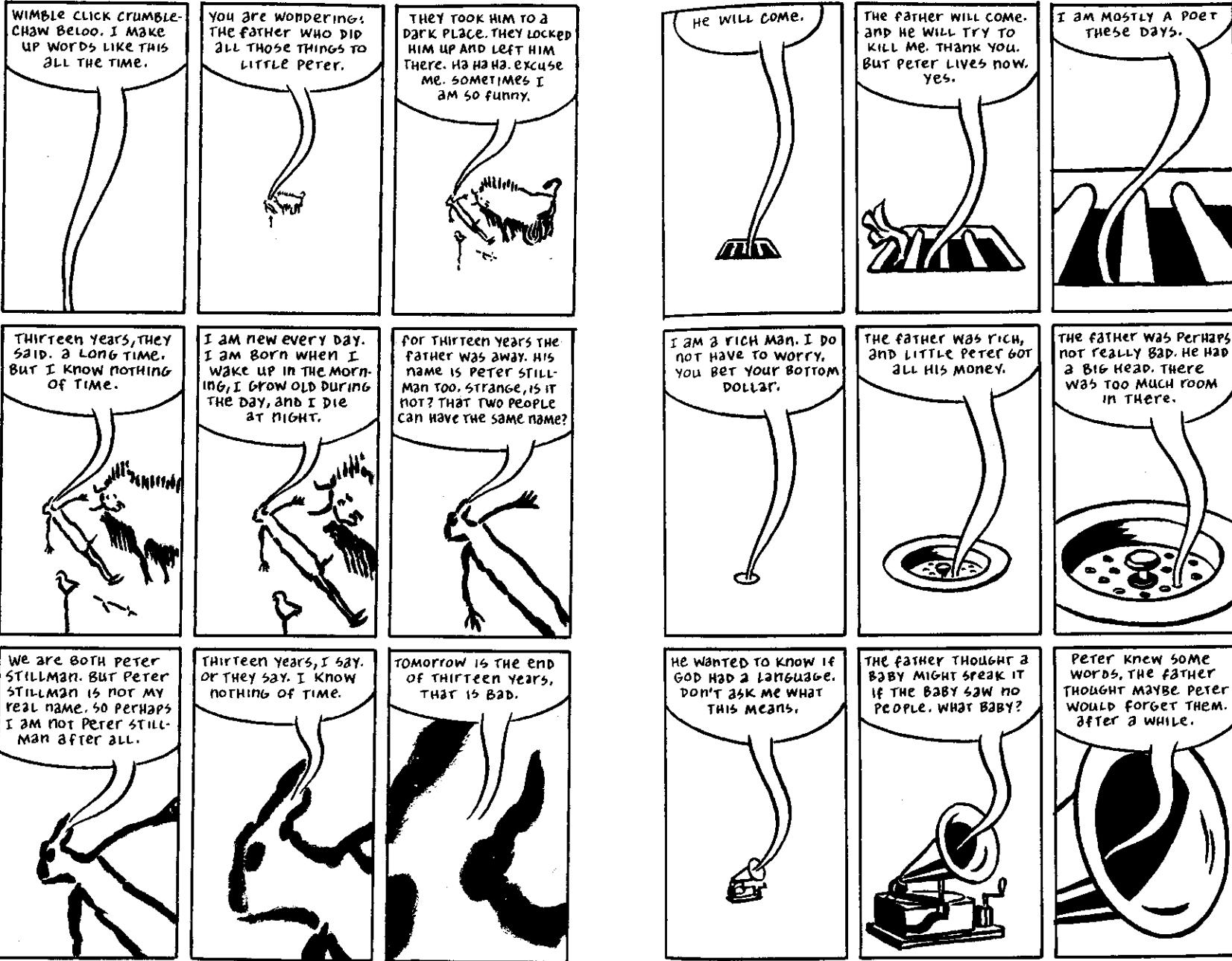


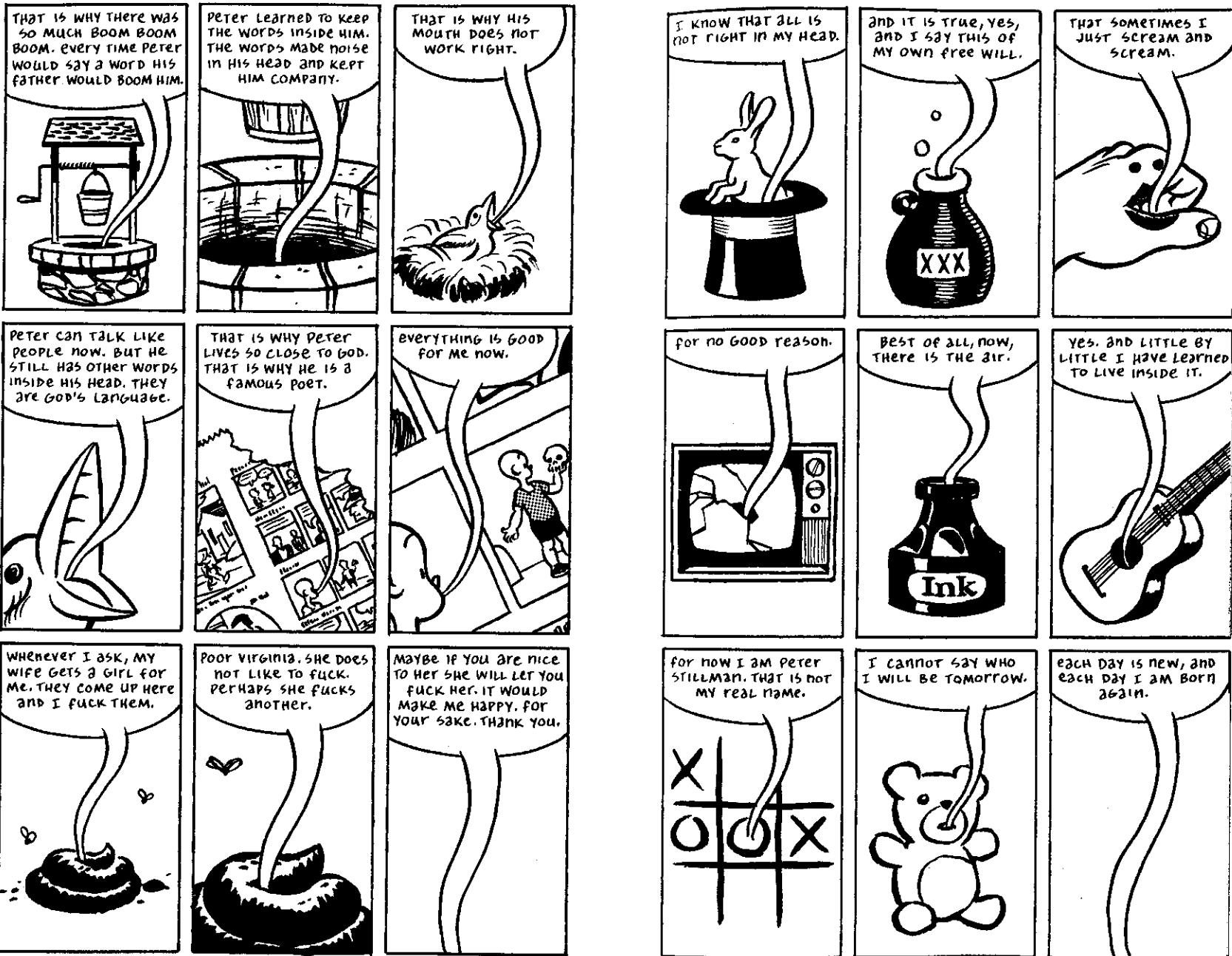
THE NEXT MORNING,
QUINN WOKE UP EARLIER
THAN HE HAD IN
SEVERAL WEEKS.

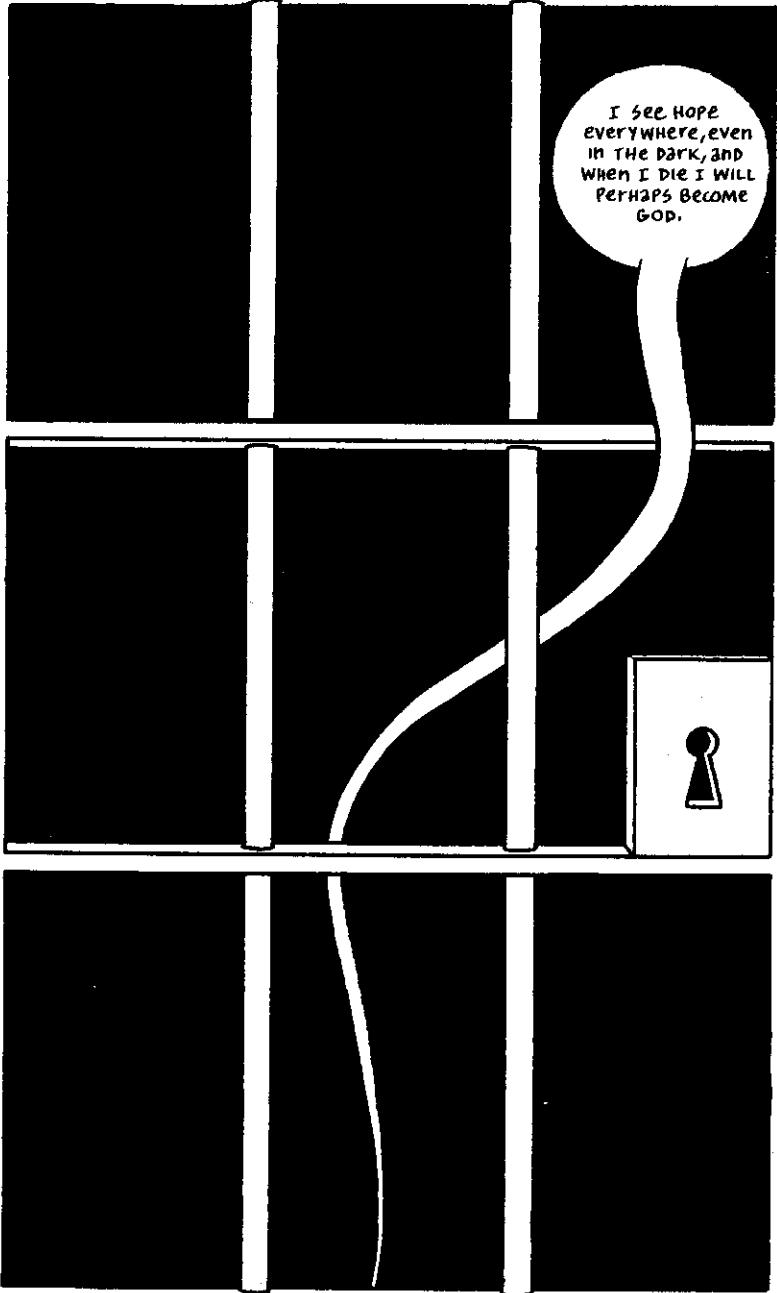










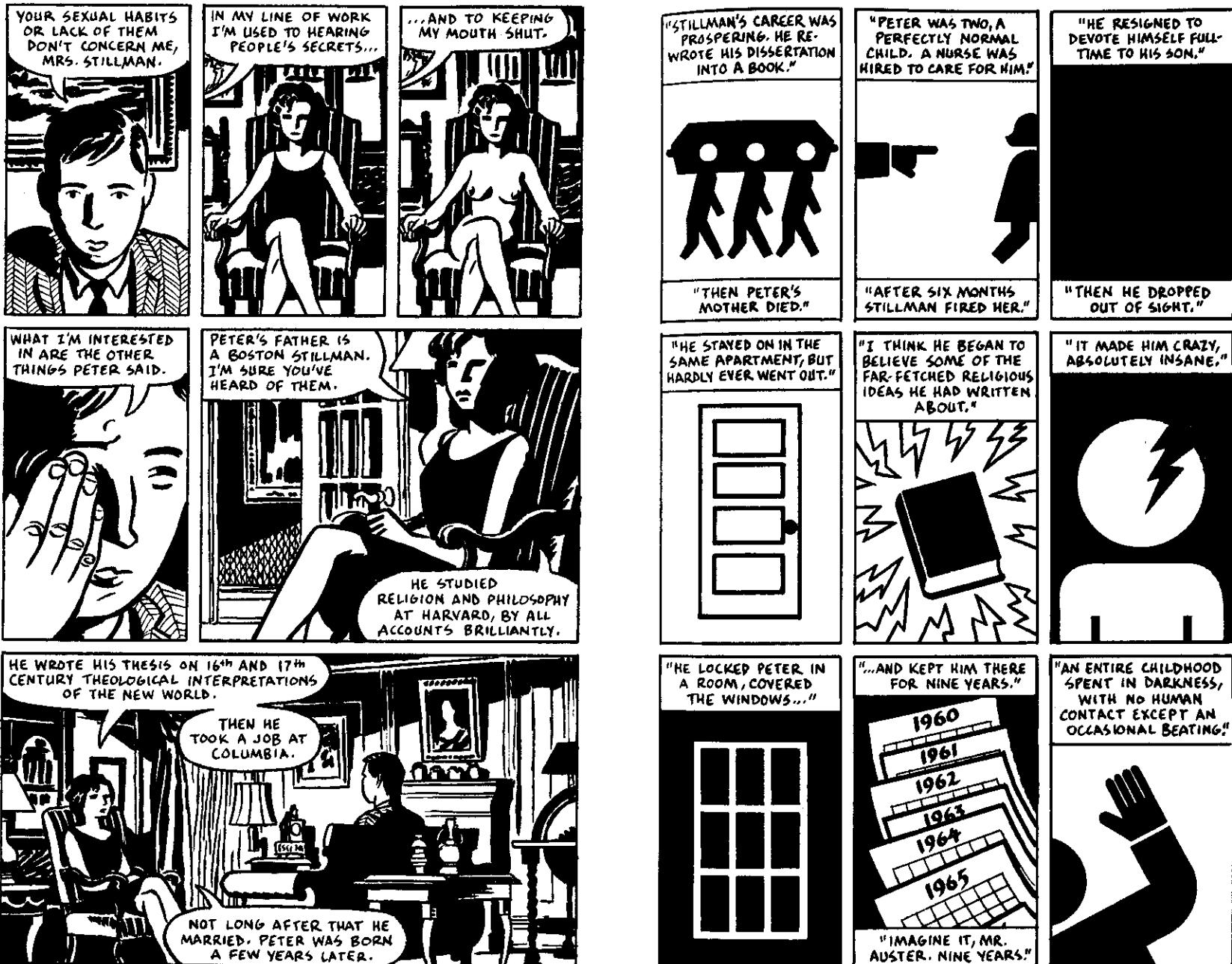


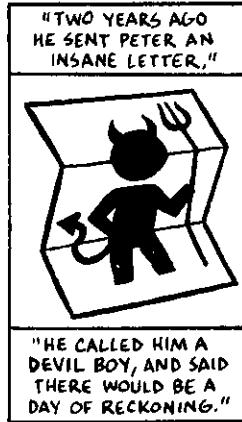
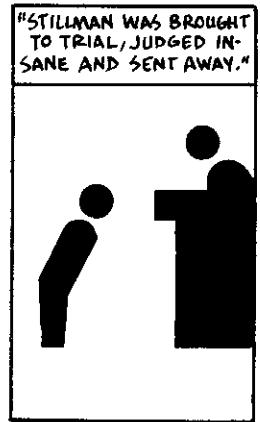
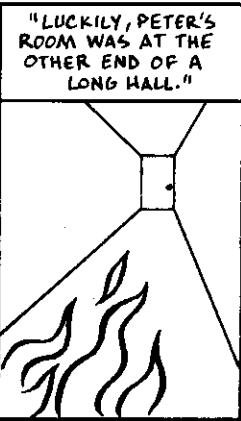
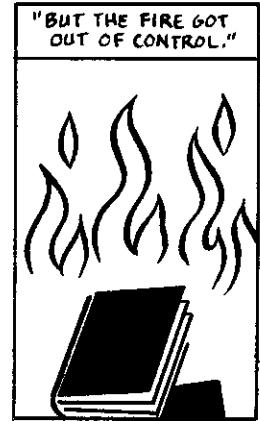
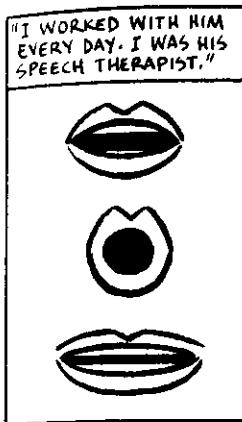
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QUINN HAD HEARD OF CASES LIKE PETER STILLMAN BEFORE.



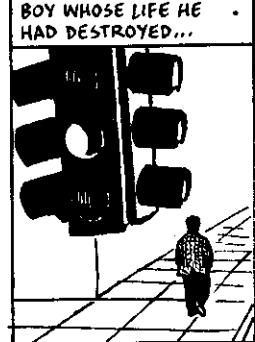
HE HAD ONCE WRITTEN A REVIEW OF A BOOK ABOUT THE WILD BOY OF AVEYRON,



ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO HAD SUFFERED, BEEN MISTREATED, DIED BEFORE THEY COULD GROW UP.



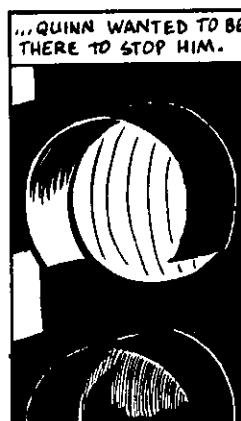
IF STILLMAN WAS COMING BACK TO AVENGE HIMSELF ON THE BOY WHOSE LIFE HE HAD DESTROYED...



THROUGHOUT THE AGES THERE WERE TALES OF CHILDREN GROWING UP IN ISOLATION.



...QUINN WANTED TO BE THERE TO STOP HIM.



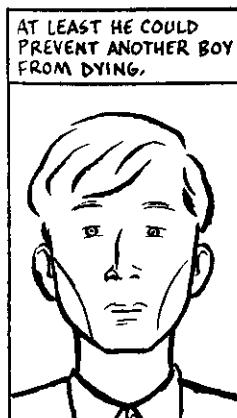
IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE QUINN HAD ALLOWED HIMSELF TO THINK OF THESE STORIES.



THE SUBJECT OF CHILDREN WAS TOO PAINFUL TO HIM.



AT LEAST HE COULD PREVENT ANOTHER BOY FROM DYING.



HE THOUGHT OF THE LITTLE COFFIN THAT HELD HIS SON'S BODY BEING LOWERED INTO THE GROUND.



IT DID NOT HELP THAT HIS SON'S NAME HAD ALSO BEEN PETER.

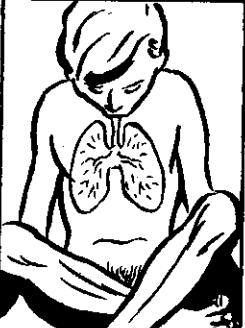
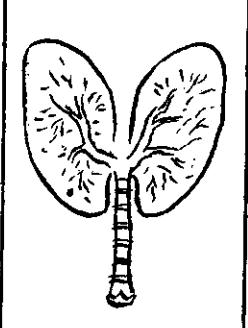
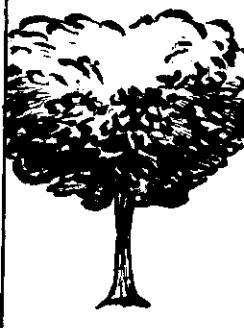




QUINN WONDERED IF
PETER SAW THE SAME
THINGS HE DID...

...OR WHETHER THE
WORLD WAS A DIFFER-
ENT PLACE FOR HIM.

AND IF A TREE WAS NOT
A TREE, HE WONDERED
WHAT IT REALLY WAS.



DID YOU
SEE THE
GAME
TONIGHT,
MAN?

I MISSED
IT. ANYTHING
GOOD TO
REPORT?

WHAT DO
YOU THINK?

..THEN A LITTLE
GROUNDER GOES RIGHT
THROUGH KINGMAN'S
LEGS. TWO MEN
SCORE.

BYE BYE
NEW YORK.

DAVE KINGMAN
IS A TURD.

LOOK, WHAT DO THE METS
REALLY HAVE? MODKIE'S
GOOD BUT HE'S RAW.

I
LOVE
NY

YOU AND
I COULD GO OVER
TO SHEA TOMORROW
AND GET HIRED AS THE
TWO TOP STARTERS.



QUINN USED A TYPE-WRITER ONLY FOR FINAL DRAFTS.



HE WAS ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GOOD NOTEBOOKS,



WITH THE STILLMAN CASE, HE FELT A NEW NOTEBOOK WAS IN ORDER.



IN THAT WAY, PERHAPS, THINGS MIGHT NOT GET OUT OF CONTROL.



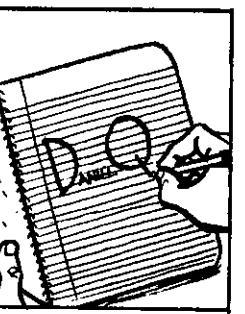
THIS NOTEBOOK WAS SPECIAL —



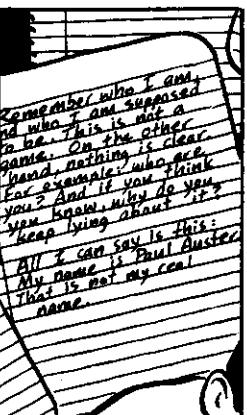
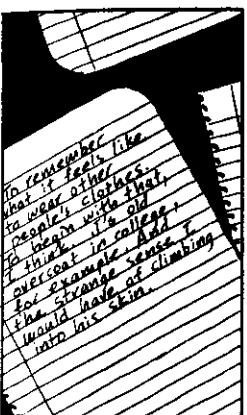
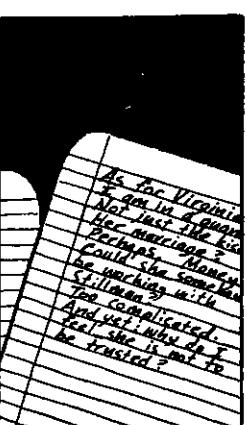
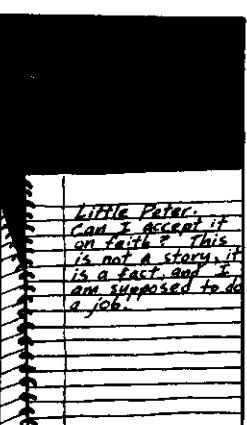
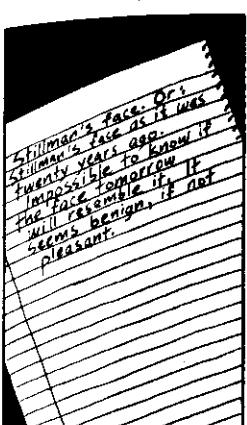
— AS IF ITS UNIQUE DESTINY WAS TO HOLD THE WORDS THAT CAME FROM HIS PEN.



HE HAD NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE, BUT IT SOMEHOW SEEMED APPROPRIATE TO BE NAKED AT THIS MOMENT.



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN MORE THAN FIVE YEARS THAT HE HAD PUT HIS OWN NAME IN ONE OF HIS NOTEBOOKS.



QUINN SPENT THE NEXT MORNING AT THE COLUMBIA LIBRARY WITH STILLMAN'S BOOK.



IT BEGAN WITH A NEW EXAMINATION OF THE FALL, RELYING HEAVILY ON MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.



STILLMAN CLAIMED IT WAS ONLY AFTER THE FALL THAT HUMAN LIFE AS WE KNOW IT CAME INTO BEING.



FOR, IF THERE WAS NO EVIL IN THE GARDEN, NEITHER WAS THERE ANY GOOD.

AS MILTON WROTE: "IT WAS OUT OF THE RIND OF ONE APPLE TASTED THAT GOOD AND EVIL LEAPED FORTH INTO THE WORLD, LIKE TWO TWINS CLEAVING TOGETHER."

STILLMAN DWELLED ON THE PARADOX OF THE WORD "CLEAVE", WHICH MEANS BOTH "TO JOIN TOGETHER"...



...AND "TO BREAK APART".

IN "PARADISE LOST", EACH KEY WORD HAS TWO MEANINGS — ONE BEFORE THE FALL, FREE OF MORAL CONNOTATIONS, AND ONE AFTER, INFORMED BY A KNOWLEDGE OF EVIL.



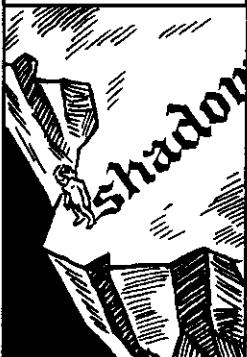
ADAM'S TASK IN THE GARDEN HAD BEEN TO INVENT LANGUAGE.



IN THAT STATE OF INNOCENCE, HIS WORDS HAD REVEALED THE ESSENCES OF THINGS.



A THING AND ITS NAME WERE INTERCHANGEABLE.



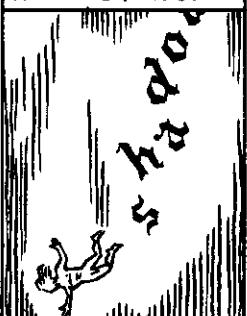
AFTER THE FALL, THIS WAS NO LONGER TRUE.



NAMES BECAME DETACCHED FROM THINGS.



THE STORY, THEREFORE, RECORDS NOT ONLY THE FALL OF MAN, BUT THE FALL OF LANGUAGE.



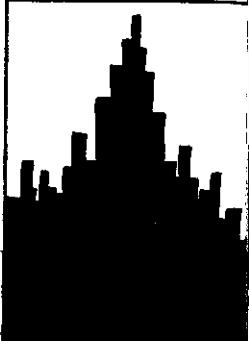
THE TOWER OF BABEL EPISODE IS AN EXPANDED VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN.



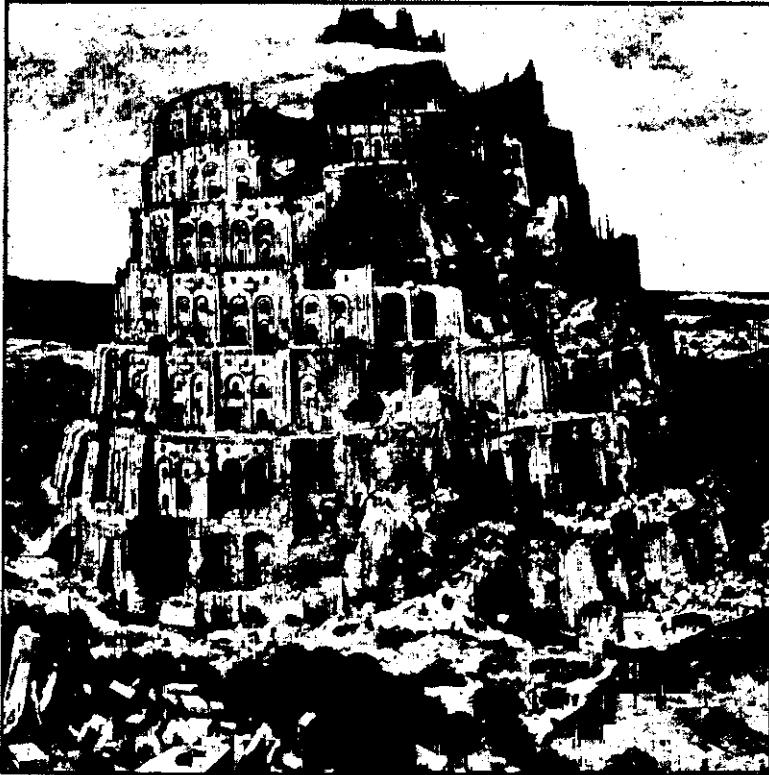
THIS IS THE VERY LAST INCIDENT OF PREHISTORY IN THE BIBLE.



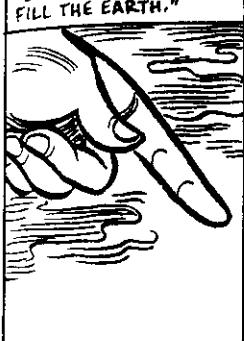
IT STANDS AS THE LAST IMAGE BEFORE THE TRUE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.



THE TOWER WAS BUILT 340 YEARS AFTER THE FLOOD BY A UNITED MANKIND, OF ONE LANGUAGE, OF ONE SPEECH, "LEST WE BE SCATTERED ABROAD UPON THE FACE OF THE WHOLE EARTH."



THIS DESIRE CONTRADICTED GOD'S COMMAND: "BE FERTILE...AND FILL THE EARTH."



AS DIVINE PUNISHMENT, ONE THIRD OF THE TOWER SANK INTO THE GROUND...



...AND ONE THIRD WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE.



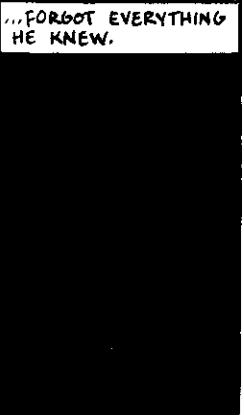
STILL, A PERSON COULD WALK FOR THREE DAYS IN THE SHADOW OF THE PART LEFT STANDING.



AND WHOEVER LOOKED UPON THE RUINS OF THE TOWER...



...FORGOT EVERYTHING HE KNEW.



SUDDENLY, STILLMAN BEGAN DISCUSSING THE LIFE OF HENRY DARK, WHO WAS BORN IN LONDON IN 1649...



...AND SERVED AS SECRETARY TO THE BLIND POET, JOHN MILTON.



DARK AND MILTON OFTEN DISCUSSED MATTERS OF BIBLICAL EXEGESIS.



THE NEW BABEL PRESENTED THE CASE FOR BUILDING A NEW PARADISE IN AMERICA.



PARADISE WAS NOT A PLACE — IT WAS IMMANENT WITHIN MAN HIMSELF.



MAN COULD BRING FORTH THIS PARADISE BY BUILDING IT WITH HIS OWN TWO HANDS.



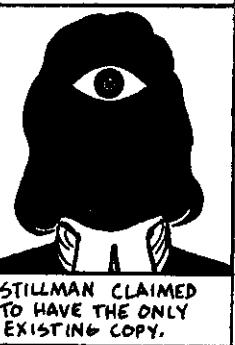
UPON MILTON'S DEATH IN 1675, DARK CAME TO AMERICA, WHERE HE HEADED A PURITAN CONGREGATION.



IN 1690 HE PUBLISHED A PAMPHLET: THE NEW BABEL.



IT WAS A VISIONARY ACCOUNT OF THE NEW CONTINENT.



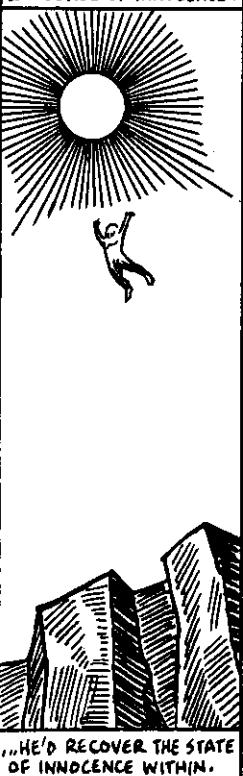
LIKE HIS MENTOR, MILTON, DARK PLACES INORDINATE IMPORTANCE ON THE ROLE OF LANGUAGE.



TO UNDO THE FALL OF MAN, THE FALL OF LANGUAGE MUST BE UNDONE.



IF MAN COULD LEARN TO SPEAK THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF INNOCENCE...



...HE'D RECOVER THE STATE OF INNOCENCE WITHIN.

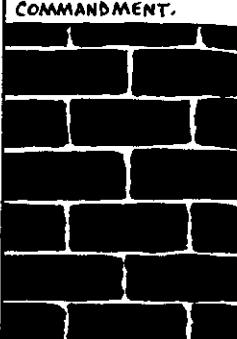
TURNING TO BABEL,
DARK THEN ANNOUNCES
HIS PROPHECY.



IN RESPONSE TO GOD'S
COMMAND TO "BE FER-
TILE...AND FILL THE
EARTH", MAN WOULD
INEVITABLY MOVE WEST.



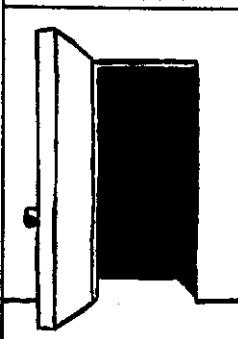
THE EARLY ENGLISH
SETTLERS OF AMERICA
FULFILLED THIS
COMMANDMENT.



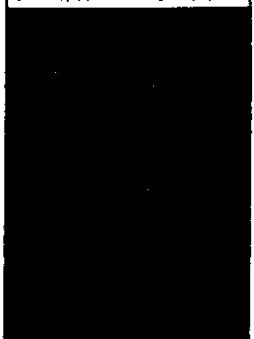
IN THE YEAR 1960, WHAT
HAD FALLEN WOULD BE
RAISED UP; WHAT HAD
BEEN BROKEN, MADE
WHOLE.



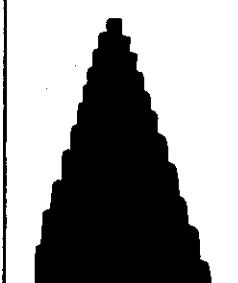
IN THE NEW TOWER,
THERE WOULD BE A ROOM
FOR EACH PERSON.



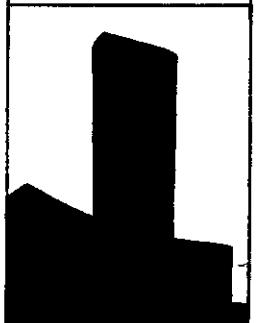
ONCE HE ENTERED THAT
ROOM, HE WOULD FORGET
EVERYTHING HE KNEW.



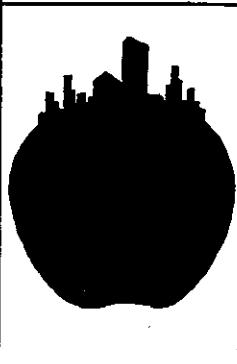
ONCE THAT CONTINENT
WAS FILLED, THE IMPED-
IMENT TO BUILDING A
NEW BABEL WOULD BE
REMOVED.



THEN IT WOULD BE
POSSIBLE FOR THE
WHOLE EARTH TO BE OF
ONE LANGUAGE.



COULD PARADISE BE
FAR BEHIND?



AFTER FORTY DAYS AND
NIGHTS, HE WOULD
EMERGE SPEAKING GOD'S
LANGUAGE...

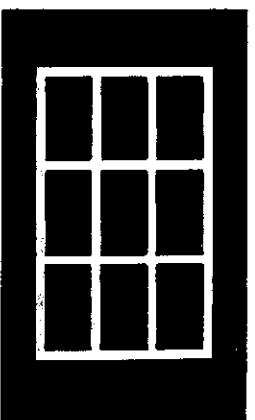
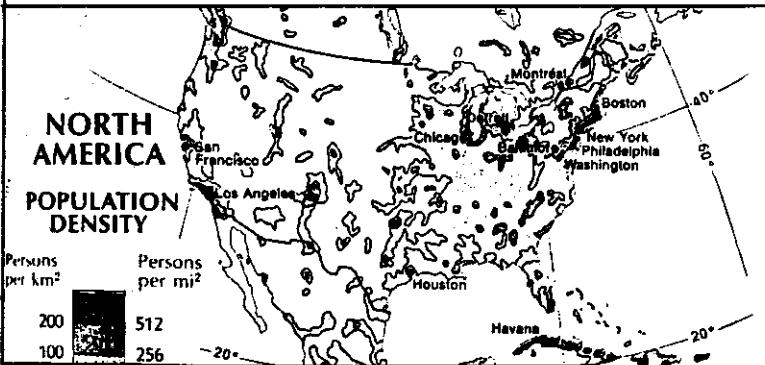


...PREPARED TO INHABIT
EVERLASTING PARADISE.

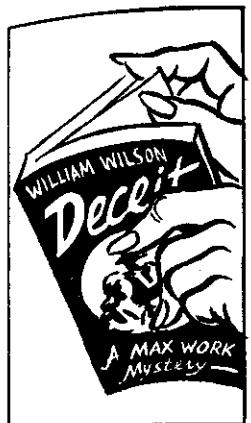


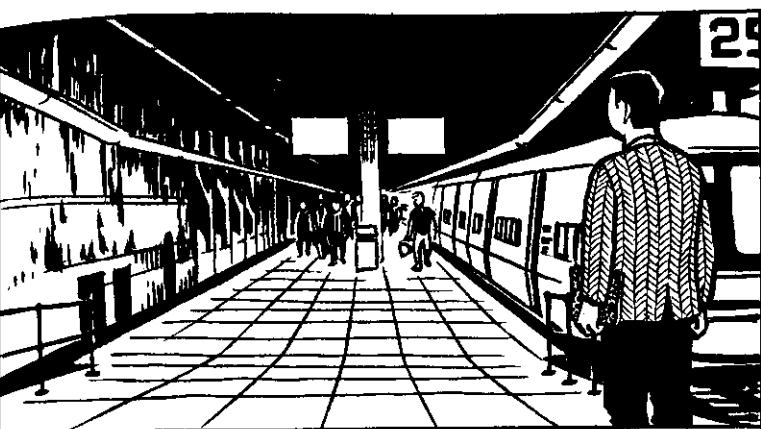
1960.

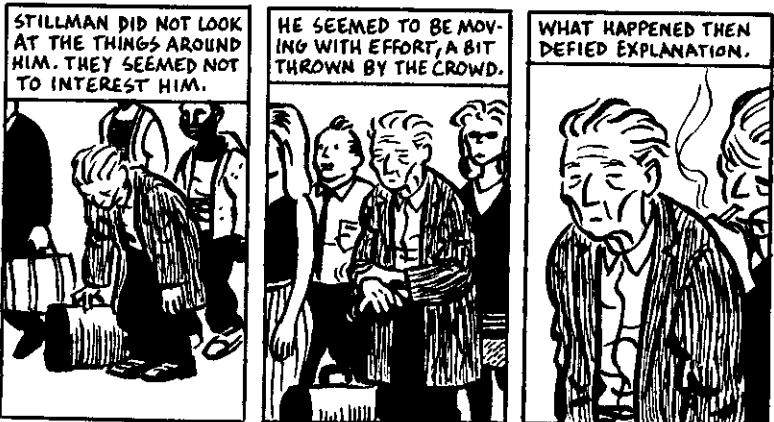
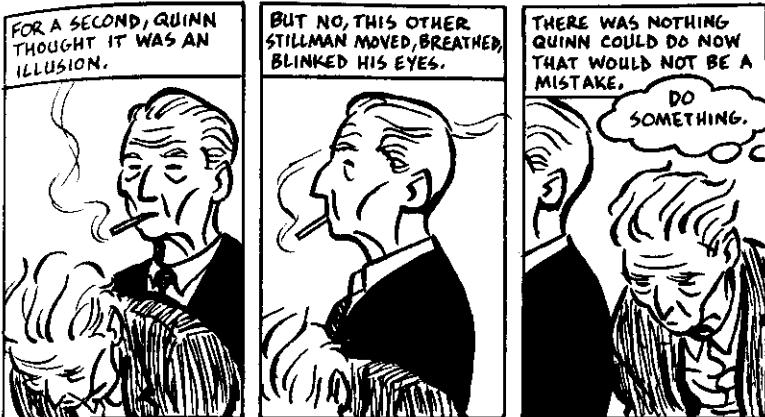
AS BABEL HAD BEEN BUILT 340 YEARS AFTER THE FLOOD, 340 YEARS
AFTER THE MAYFLOWER THE COMMANDMENT WOULD BE CARRIED OUT.

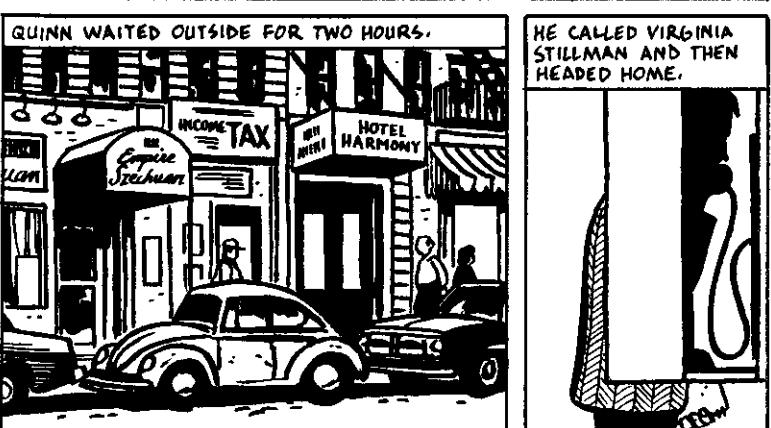












FOR MANY MORNINGS AFTER THAT, QUINN POSTED HIMSELF ON A BENCH WATCHING THE HOTEL.



BY EIGHT O'CLOCK, STILLMAN WOULD COME OUT.

DURING THESE HOURS,

FOR TWO WEEKS THIS

ROUTINE DID NOT VARY.



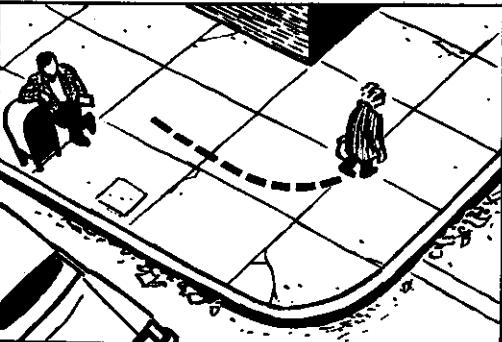
THE OLD MAN WOULD SLOWLY WANDER THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



QUINN WAS USED TO WALKING BRISKLY. SHUFFLING WAS A STRAIN.



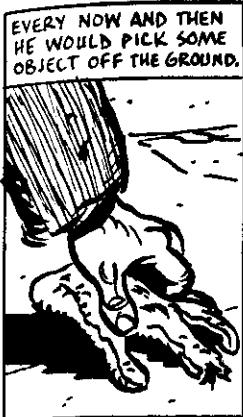
STILLMAN NEVER SEEMED TO BE GOING ANYWHERE IN PARTICULAR, BUT HE KEPT TO A NARROWLY CIRCUMSCRIBED AREA.



HE DID NOT LOOK UP.



EVERY NOW AND THEN HE WOULD PICK SOME OBJECT OFF THE GROUND.



AS FAR AS QUINN COULD TELL THESE OBJECTS WERE VALUELESS.



THE FACT THAT STILLMAN TOOK THIS SCAVENGING SERIOUSLY INTRIGUED QUINN...



...BUT HE COULD DO NO MORE THAN OBSERVE...



...WRITE DOWN WHAT HE SAW, HOVER STUPIDLY ON THE SURFACE OF THINGS.



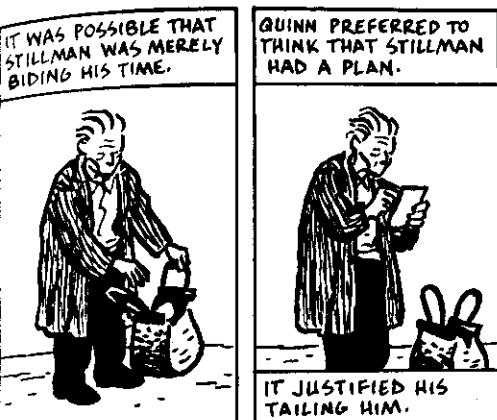
OTHER THAN PICKING UP OBJECTS, STILLMAN SEEMED TO DO NOTHING.

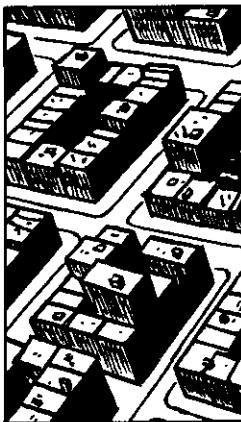
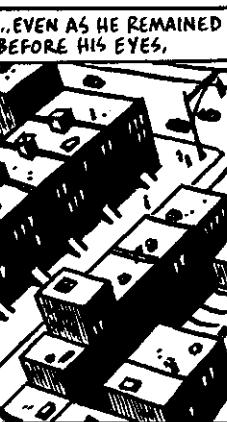
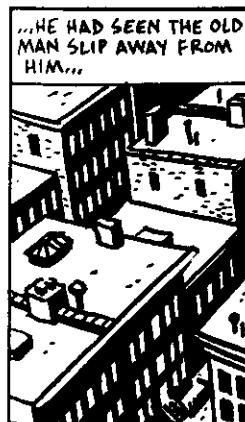
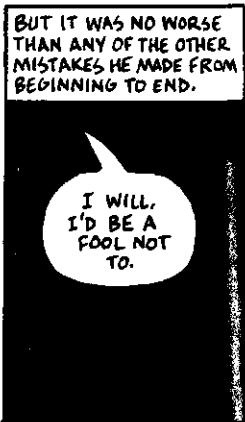
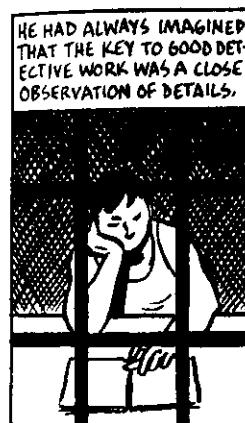
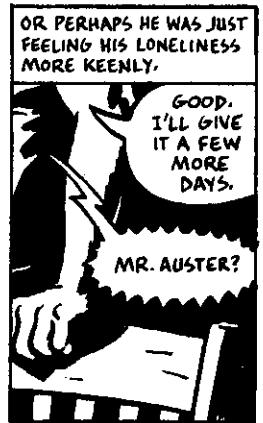
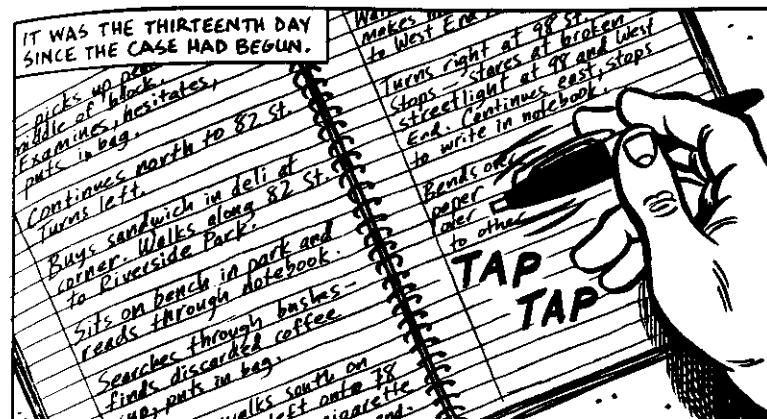
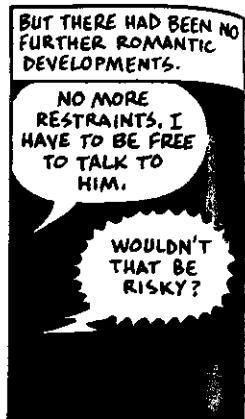


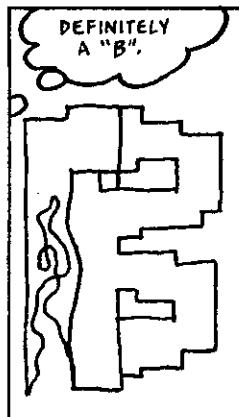
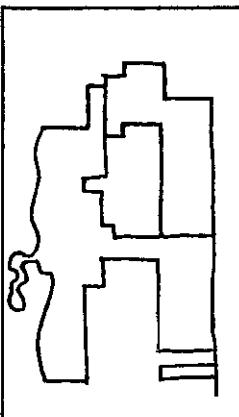
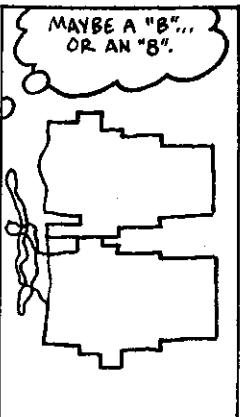
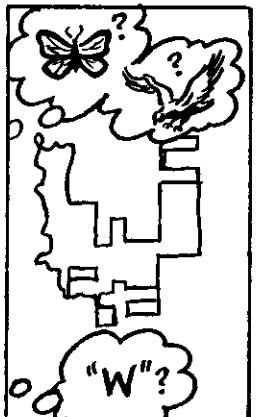
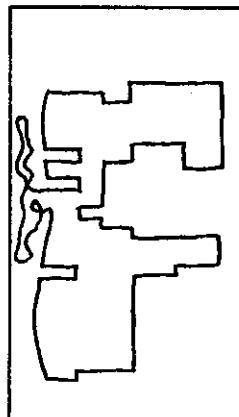
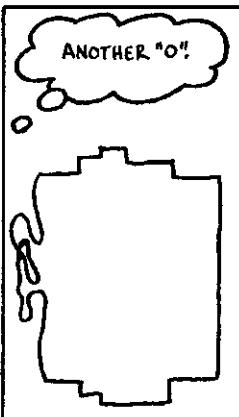
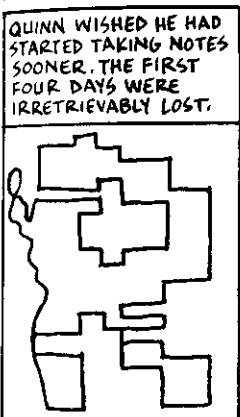
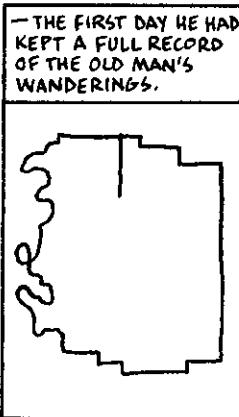
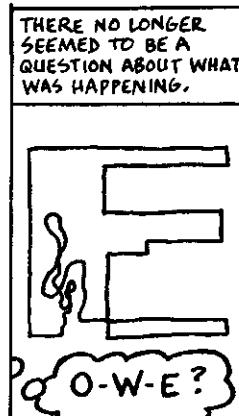
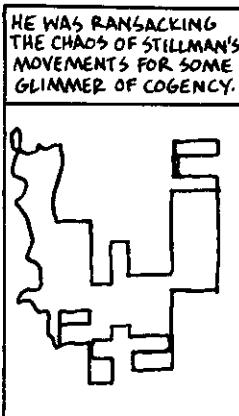
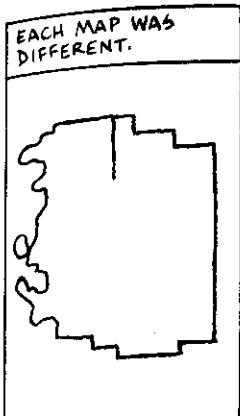
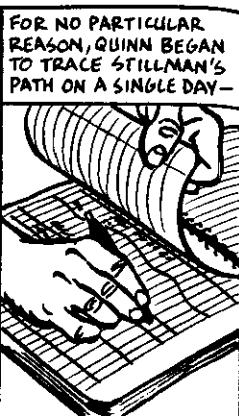
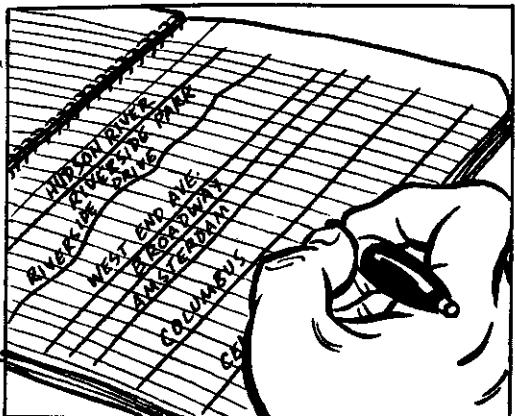
HE DID NOT TALK TO ANYONE, GO INTO ANY STORE, OR SMILE.



HE SEEMED NEITHER HAPPY NOR SAD.

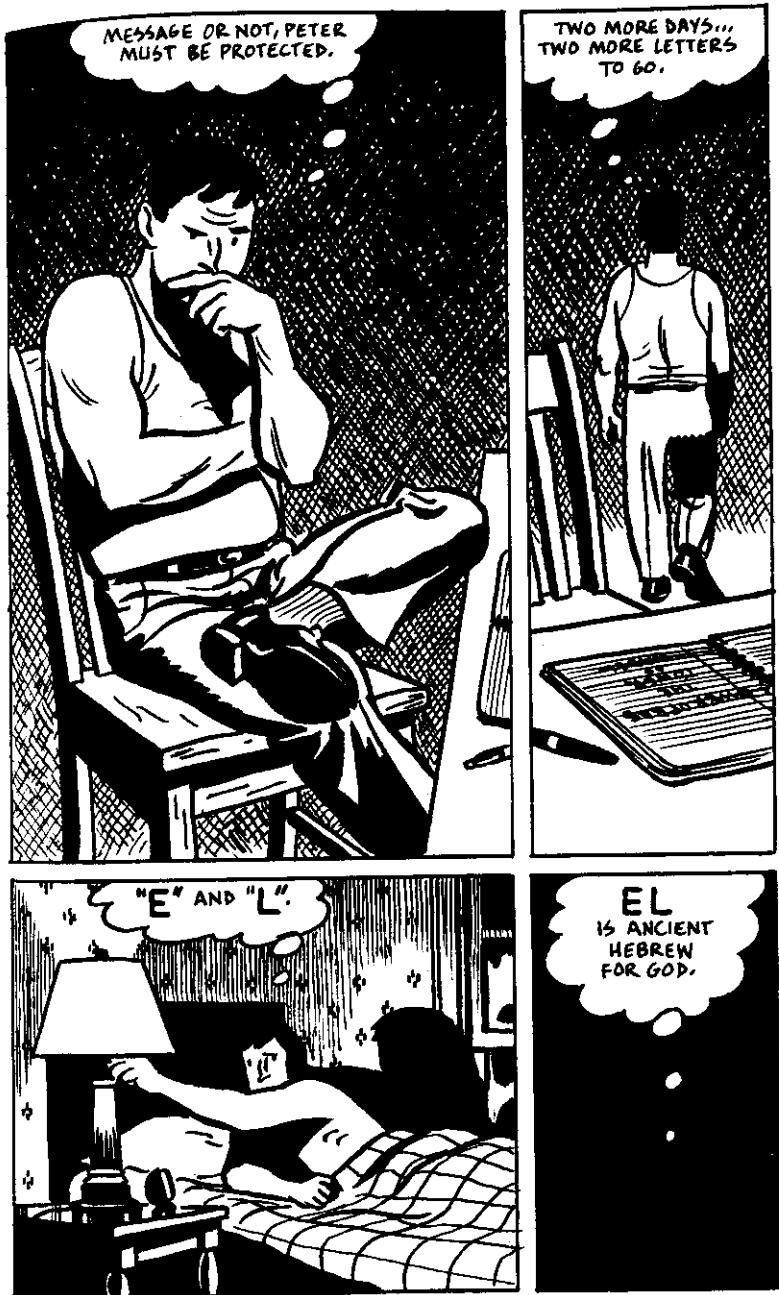








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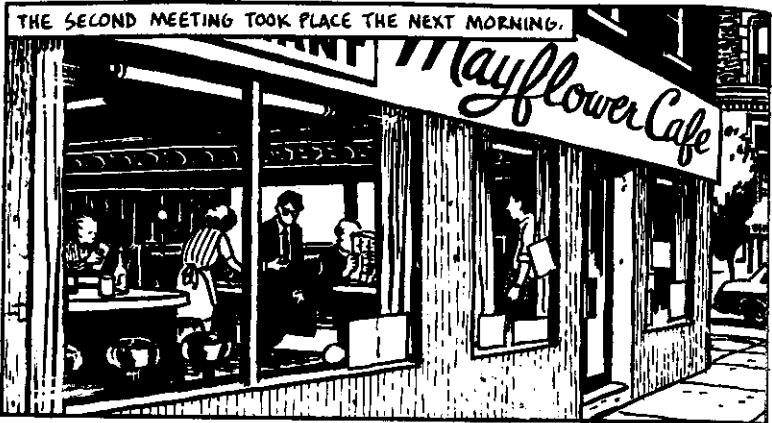


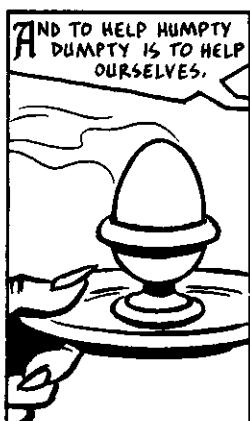
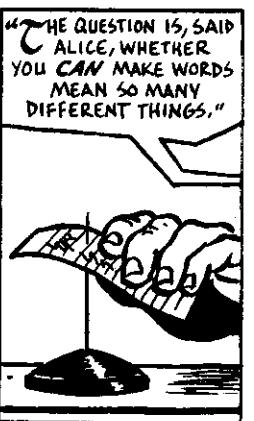
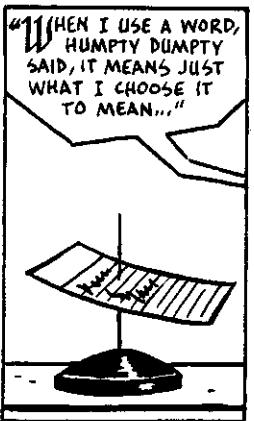
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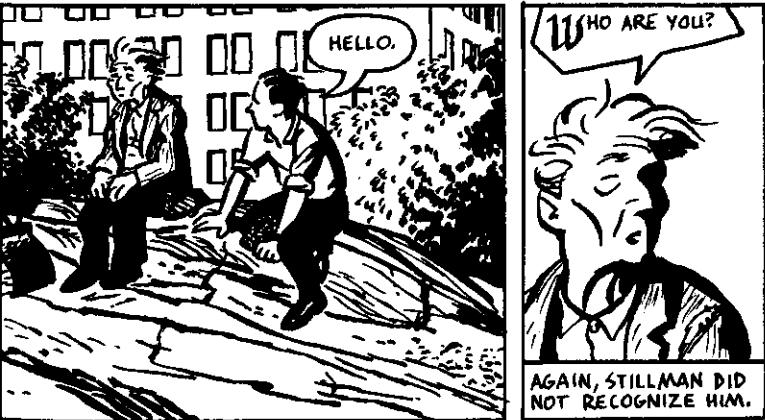
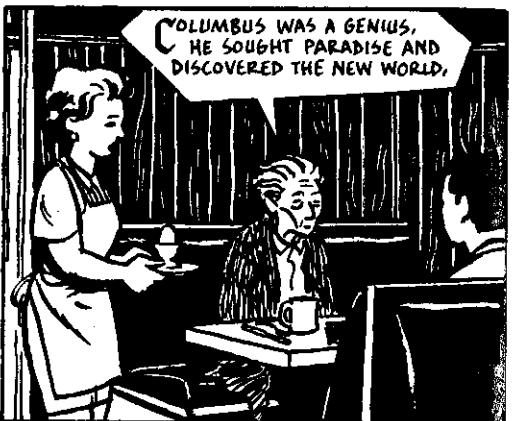
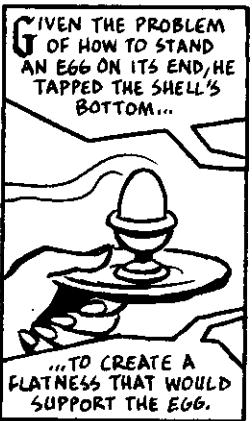


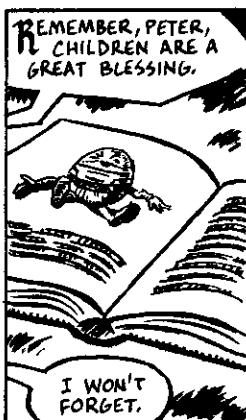




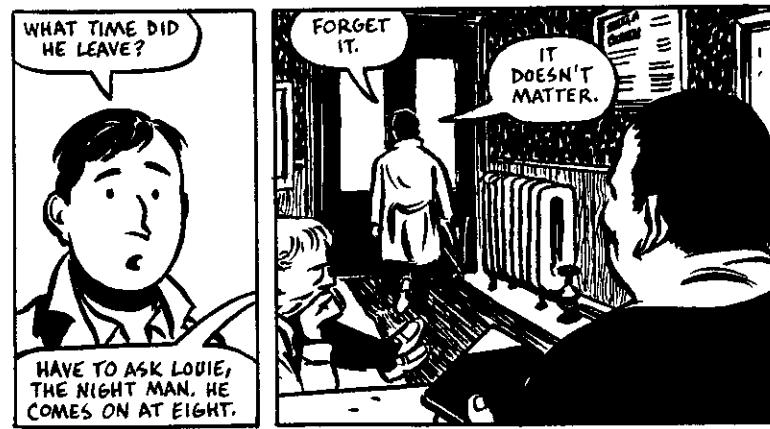
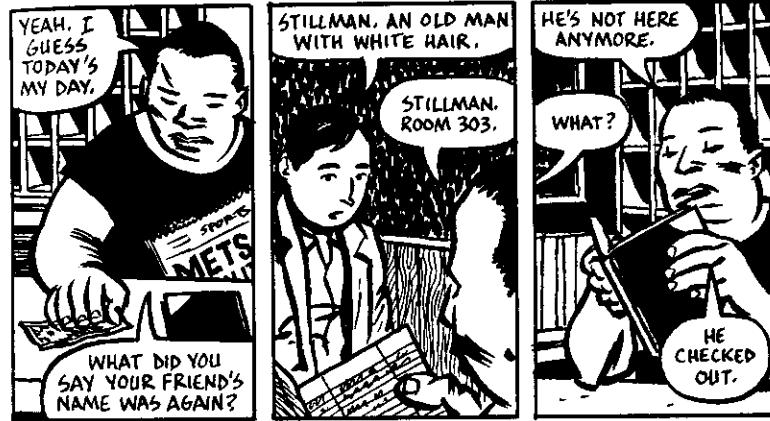
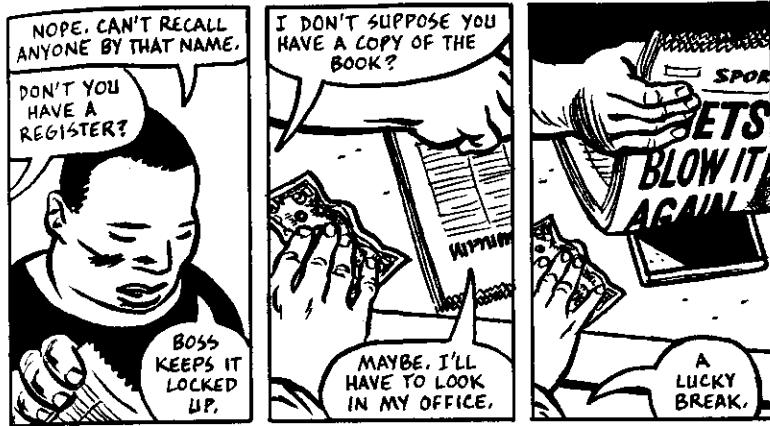
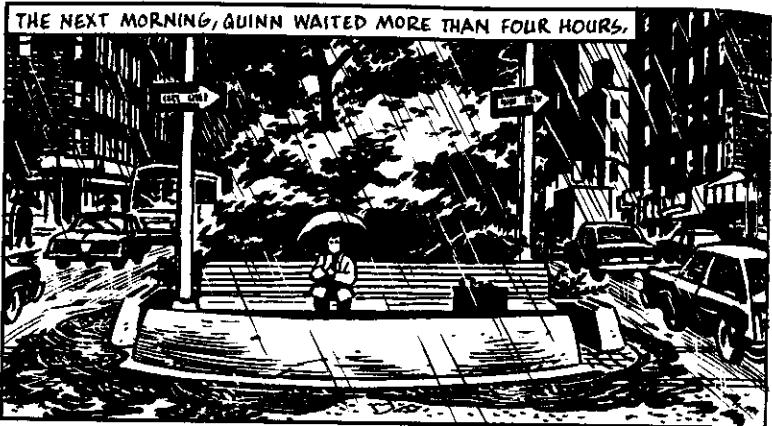


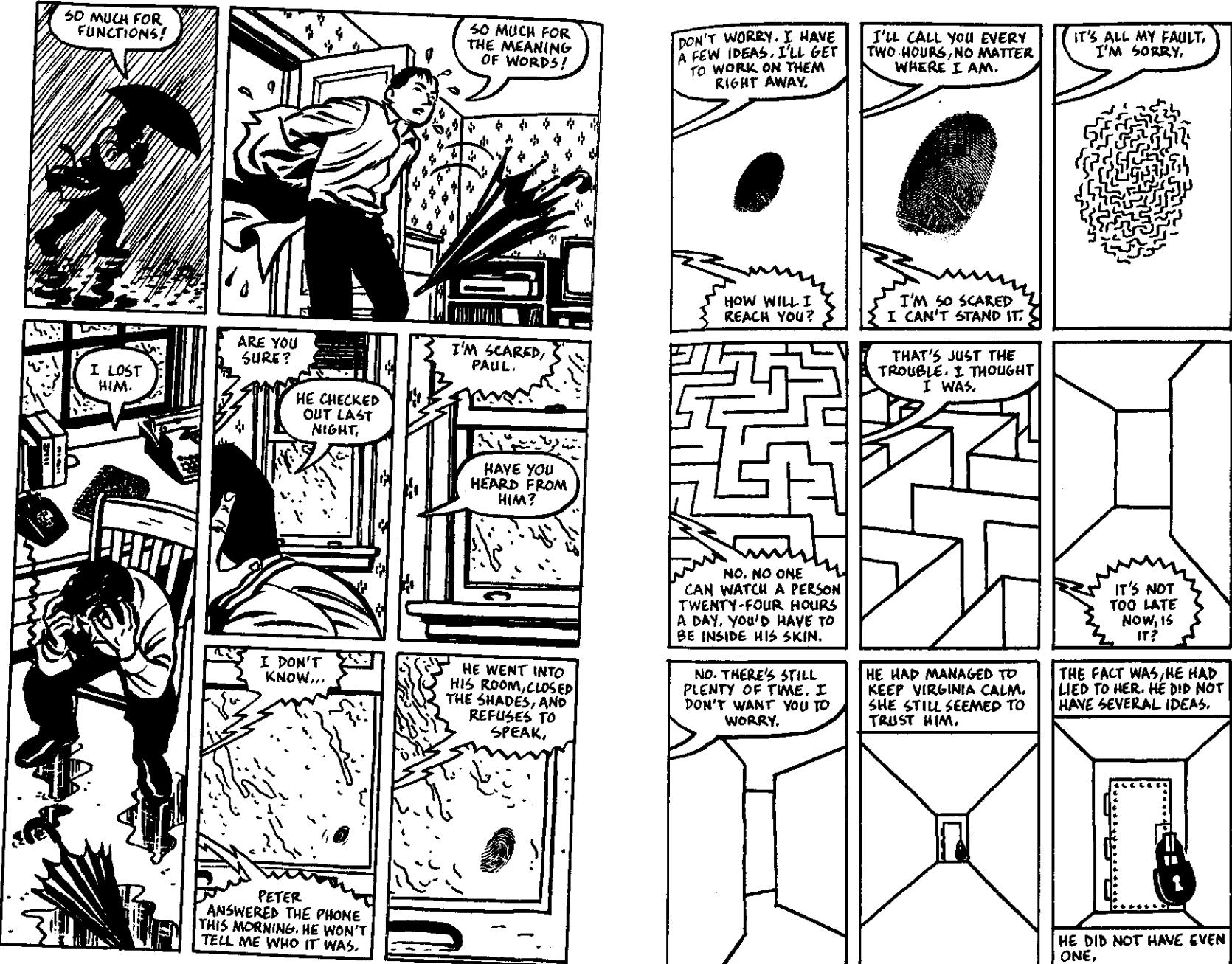


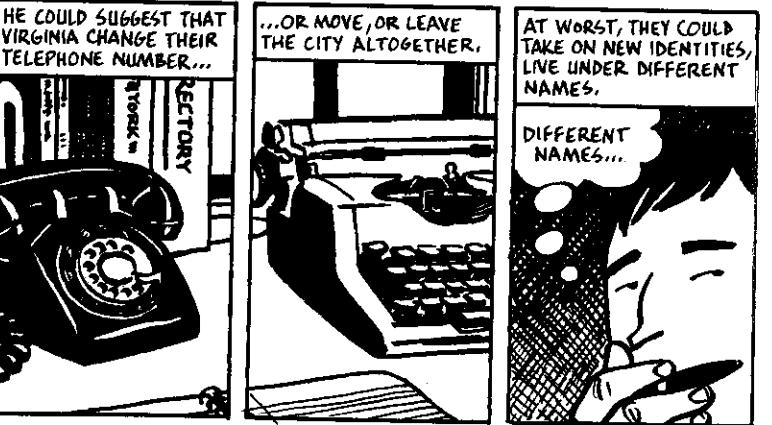
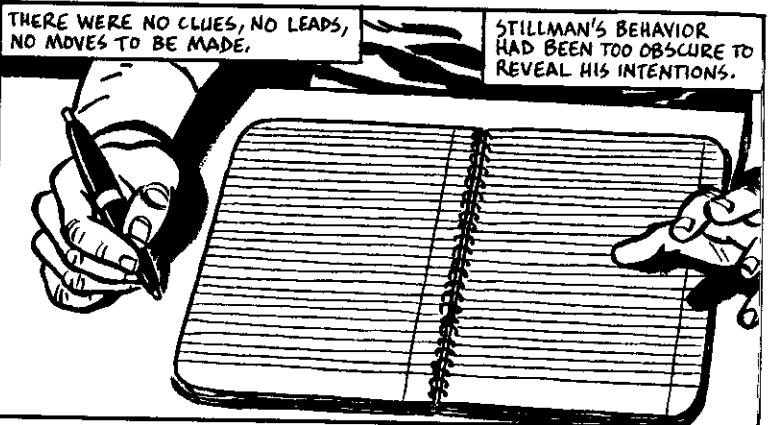
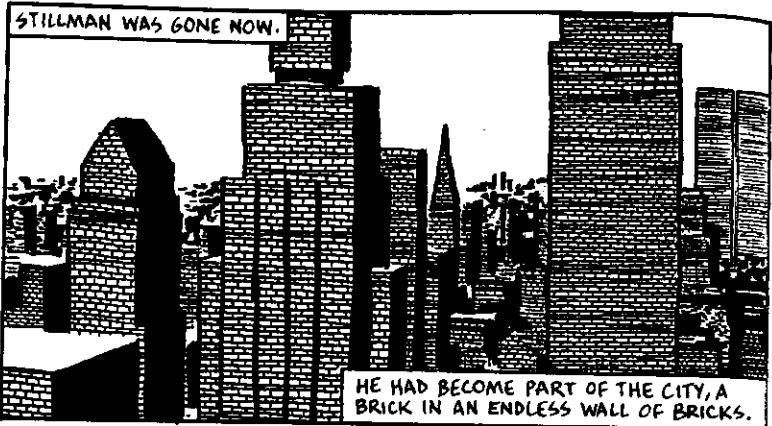
















IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU KNOW THE STILLMANS?

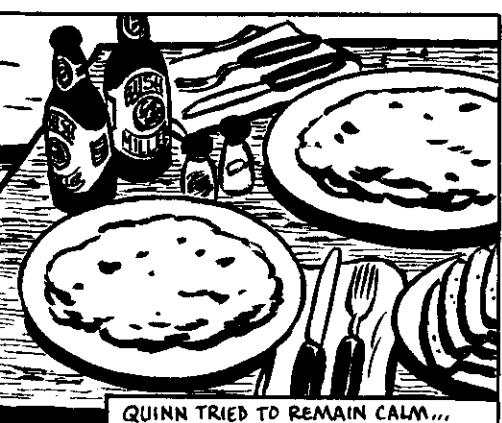
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THEM.

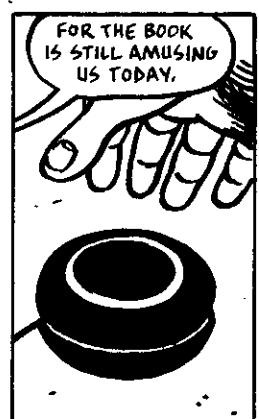
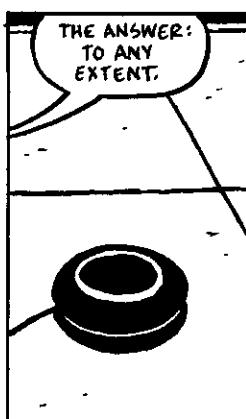
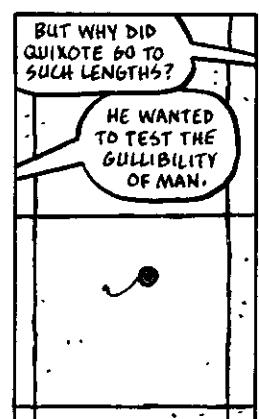
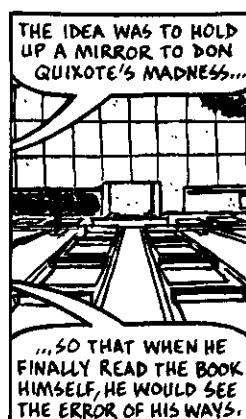
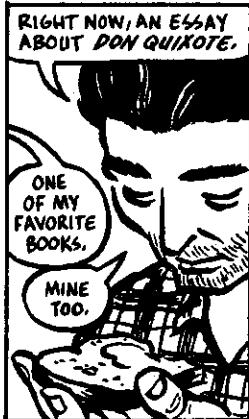
MAYBE SOMEONE WANTED TO PLAY A PRACTICAL JOKE ON YOU.

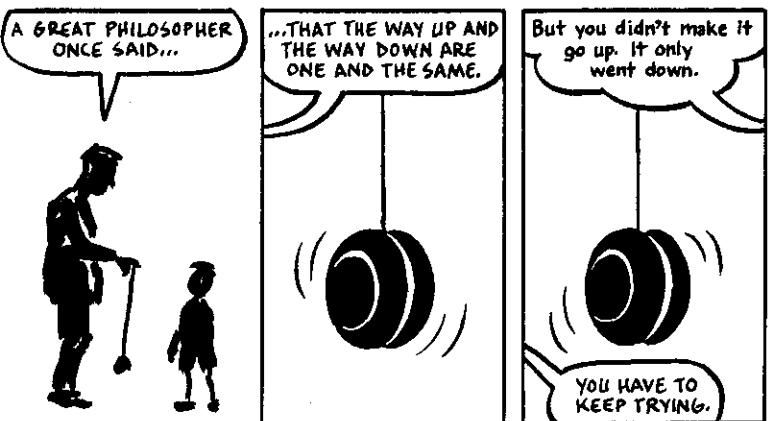
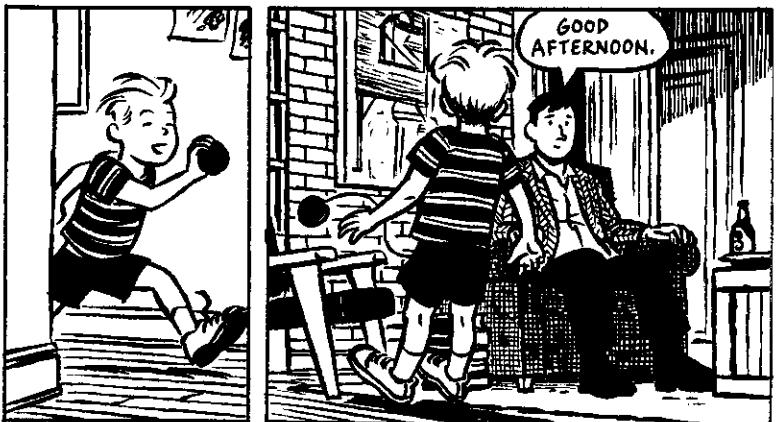
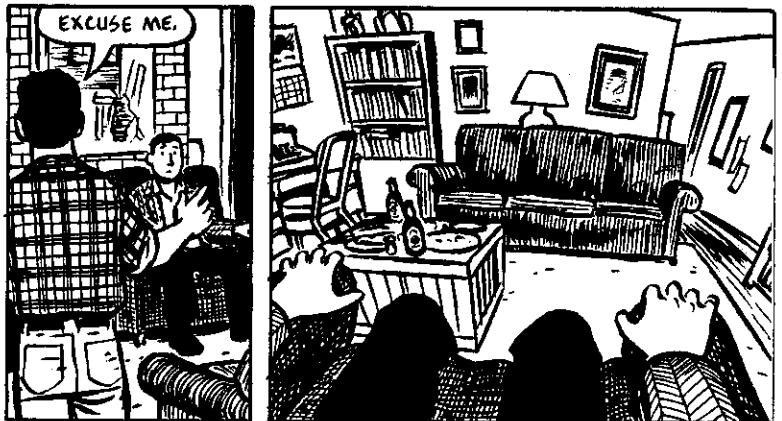
BUT IT'S A REAL CASE, WITH REAL PEOPLE.



I REALLY SHOULD BE GOING...



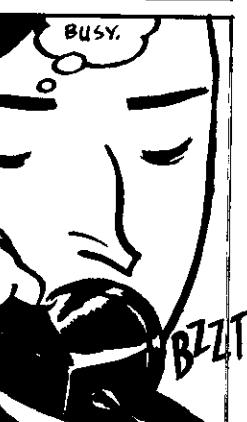


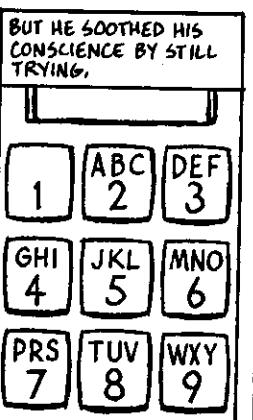
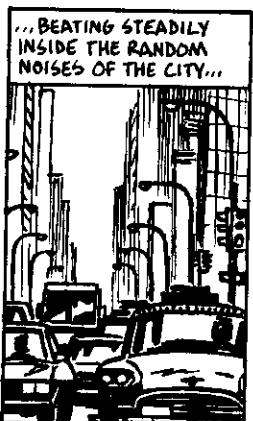




HE HAD BEEN SENT BACK SO FAR BEFORE THE BEGINNING THAT IT WAS WORSE THAN ANY END HE COULD IMAGINE.







WHAT HE THEN WROTE
HAD NOTHING TO DO
WITH THE STILLMAN
CASE.



HE WANTED TO RECORD
THINGS HE HAD SEEN
THAT DAY...



...BEFORE HE FORGOT
THEM.



Some beg with a
semblance of pride:
Soon I will be back
with the rest of you.



Others have given
up hope.



Still others try to
work for money.



Others have real
talent.



The man improvised
tiny variations,
enclosed in his own
universe.



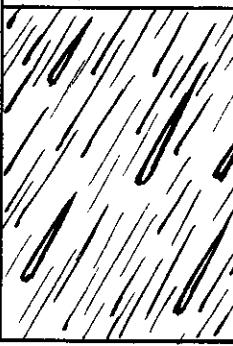
It went on and on. The
longer I listened, the
harder I found it
to leave.



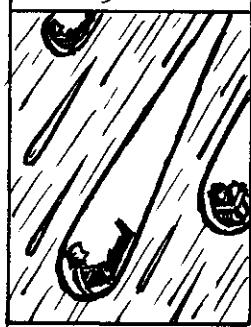
To be inside that
music; perhaps that is
a place where one
could finally
disappear.



Far more numerous
are those with
nothing to do...



...hulks of despair,
clothed in rags,
faces bruised,
bleeding.

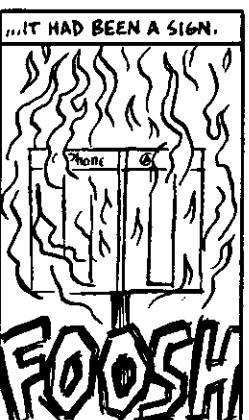
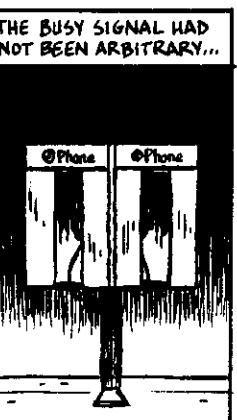
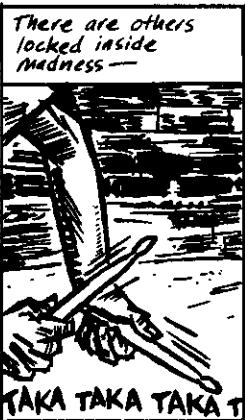


They shuffle through
the streets as though
in chains.



They seem to be
everywhere the
moment you look
for them.





A SIGN TELLING HIM
THAT HE COULD NOT
BREAK HIS CONNECTION
WITH THE CASE.



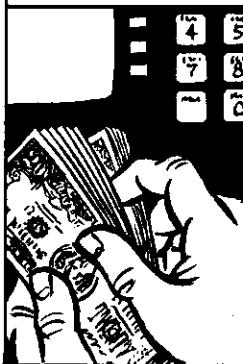
HE HAD TRIED TO CONTACT
VIRGINIA STILLMAN TO
TELL HER THAT HE WAS
THROUGH...



...BUT THE FATES HAD
NOT ALLOWED IT.



HIS JOB WAS TO
PROTECT PETER.



WHAT DID IT MATTER IF HE COULDN'T CONTACT
VIRGINIA, AS LONG AS HE DID HIS JOB?



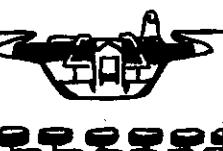
FROM NOW ON, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR
STILLMAN TO COME NEAR PETER WITHOUT
QUINN KNOWING IT.



A LONG TIME PASSED. WEEKS, PERHAPS MONTHS.



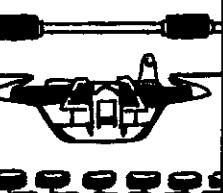
The account of
this period is
less full than
the author
would have
liked.



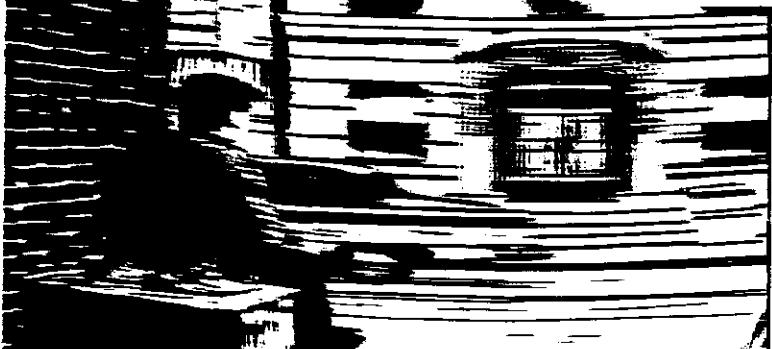
Facts are scarce, and even the
notebook, which has provided much
information, is suspect.

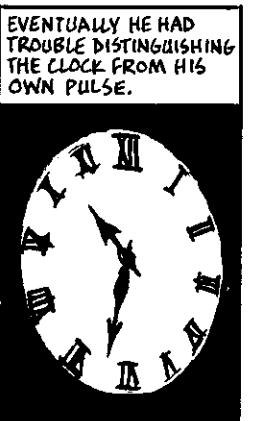
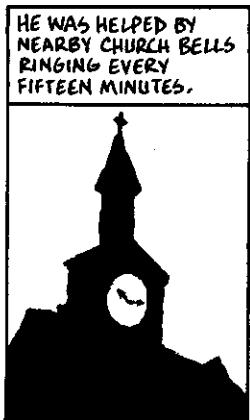
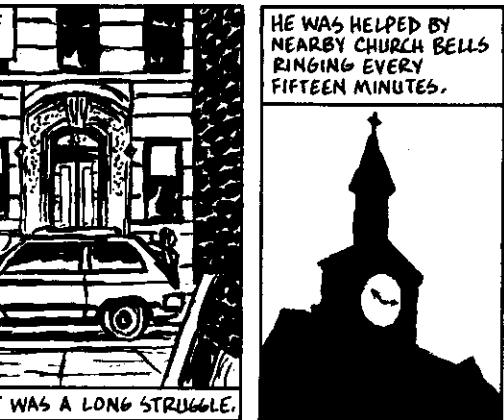
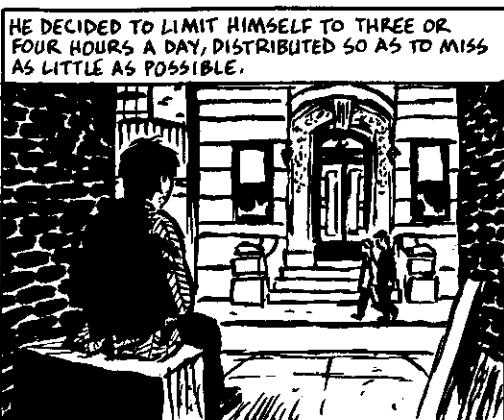
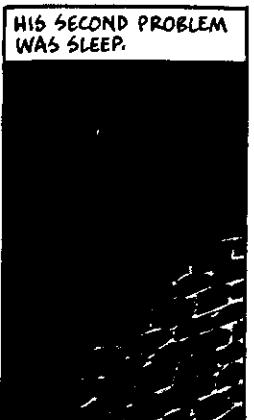
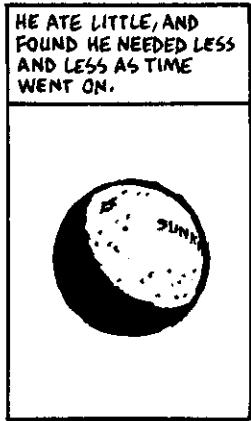
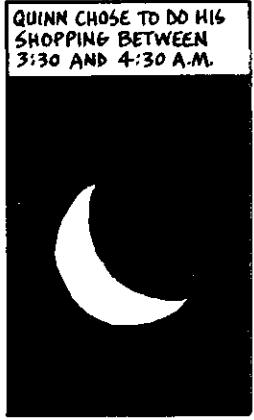
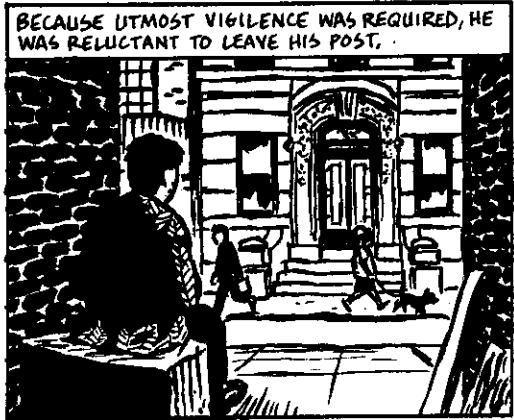
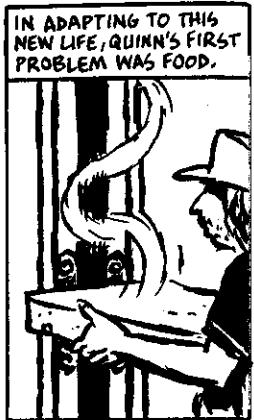


We cannot say
for certain
what happened
to Quinn dur-
ing this
period.

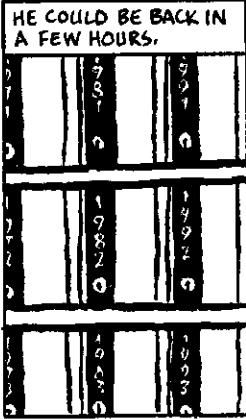
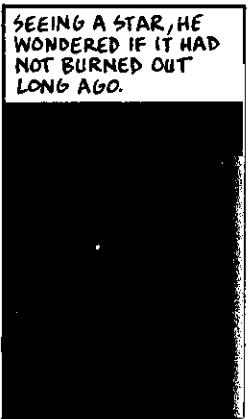
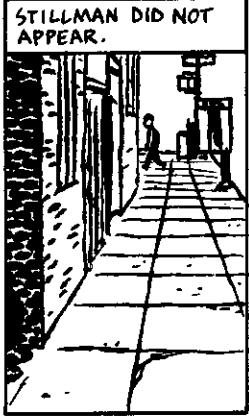
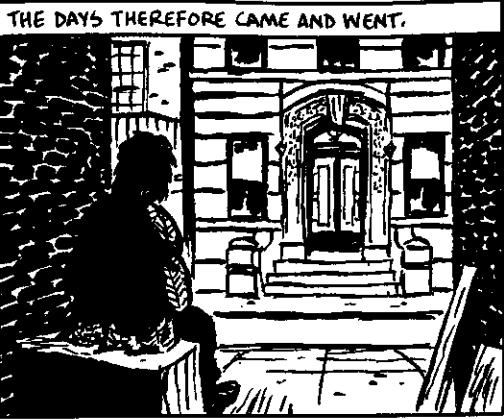
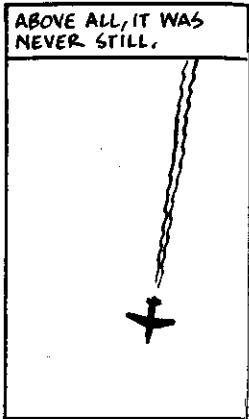


For it is at this point in the story that he began to lose
his grip.











WITHOUT MONEY ENOUGH
FOR THE BUS HE BEGAN
TO WALK.



HIS LEGS WERE WEAK.



HE HAD TO STOP EVERY
NOW AND THEN TO
CATCH HIS BREATH.



HE SHUFFLED ALONG,
BARELY LIFTING HIS FEET.



IN THIS WAY HE COULD
CONSERVE HIS STRENGTH...



...FOR THE CORNERS, WHERE
HE HAD TO BALANCE
HIMSELF CAREFULLY...



**...BEFORE EACH
STEP UP...**



...AND DOWN FROM
THE CURB.



FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE
HE HAD BEGUN HIS VIGIL,
QUINN SAW HIMSELF.



HE WAS NEITHER SHOCKED NOR DISAPPOINTED, MERELY FASCINATED.



HE HAD BEEN ONE
THING BEFORE, AND NOW
HE WAS ANOTHER.



IT WAS NEITHER
BETTER NOR WORSE.

AT 96TH STREET, QUINN
ENTERED CENTRAL PARK.



IT WAS THE FIRST UNBROKEN SLEEP
HE HAD HAD IN MONTHS.



HE CRINGED TO THINK OF
THE TIME HE HAD LOST.



NO MATTER WHAT HE
DID NOW, HE FELT THAT
HE WOULD ALWAYS BE
TOO LATE.



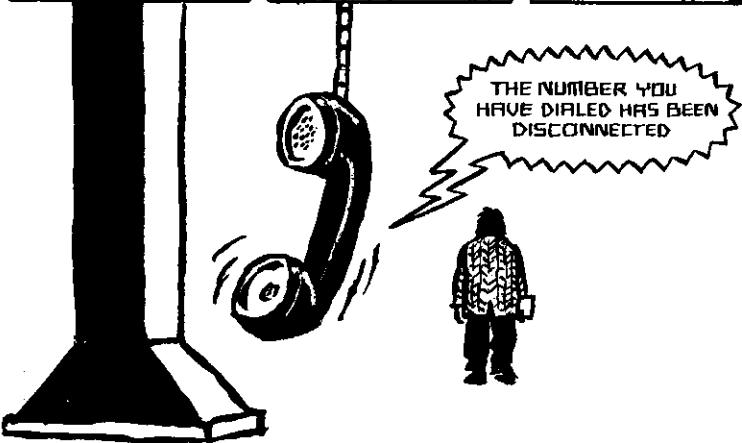
HE COULD RUN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS, AND STILL HE
WOULD ARRIVE JUST AS THE DOORS WERE CLOSING.

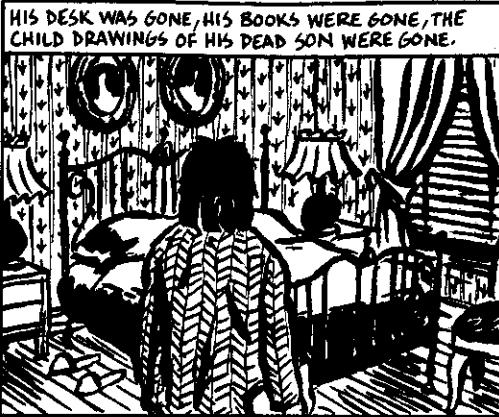
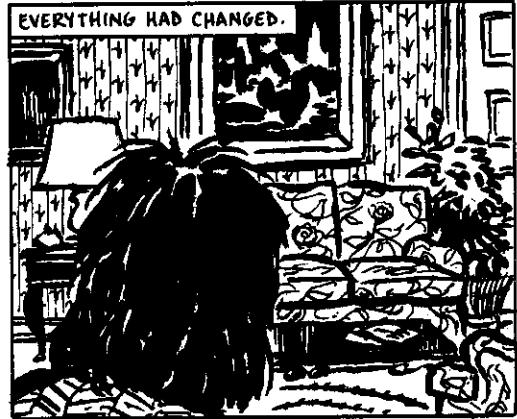


A TELEPHONE REMINDED
HIM OF AUSTER.



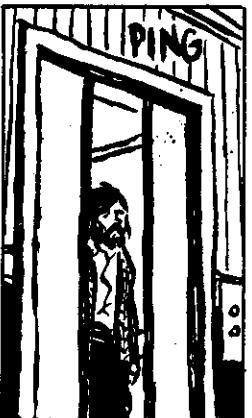
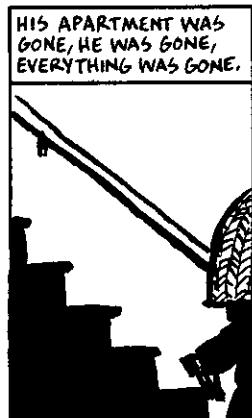
PERHAPS HE COULD
JUST COLLECT THE CASH
FROM THE CHECK.





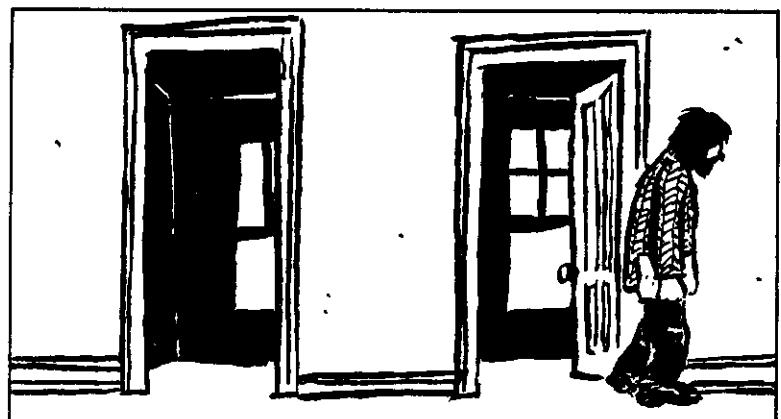


THIS IS
MY PLACE
AND I WANT
YOU OUT.

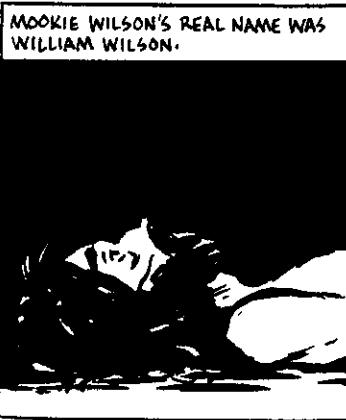
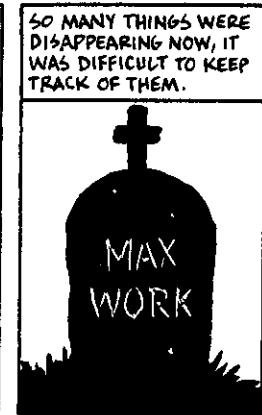
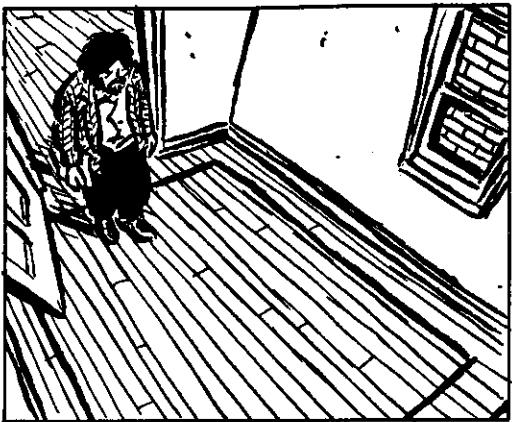


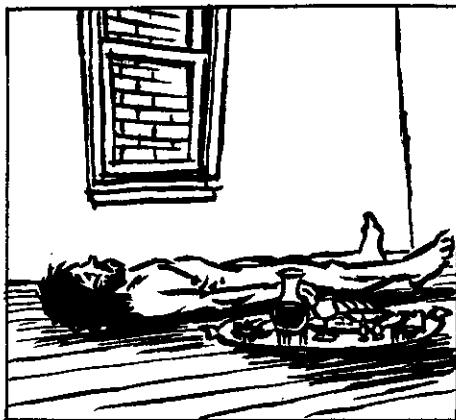


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HE WROTE UNTIL IT WAS DARK.

THE THOUGHT OF TURNING ON THE
LIGHT DID NOT APPEAL TO HIM.

WHEN IT WAS DARK,
QUINN SLEPT...

...AND WHEN IT
WAS LIGHT, HE ATE
AND WROTE.



LITTLE BY LITTLE
THE DARKNESS HAD
BEGUN TO WIN OUT.

HE BEGAN TO SKIP
MEALS, BUT THE
TIME CONTINUED TO
DIMINISH.

HE HAD FORGOTTEN
THAT THE ELECTRIC
LIGHT WAS THERE.

THE LIGHT HAD
GRADUALLY BECOME
FAINTER AND MORE
FLEETING.

IT SEEMED THAT
THERE WAS LESS
TIME TO EAT AND
WRITE...

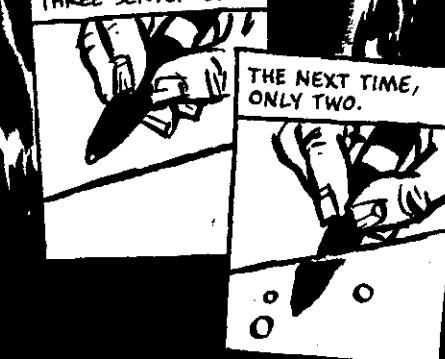
...THAT THESE
PERIODS HAD BEEN
REDUCED TO A
MATTER OF MINUTES.

THE NUMBER OF
PAGES IN THE
NOTEBOOK WAS
DWINDLING.

HE BEGAN TO
WEIGH HIS WORDS
WITH GREAT CARE

ONCE THERE WAS TIME
ONLY TO WRITE
THREE SENTENCES.

THE NEXT TIME,
ONLY TWO.



...AND NOW ITS
MEANING HAD
BEEN LOST.

THE CASE WAS FAR
BEHIND, AND HE NO
LONGER BOthered
TO THINK ABOUT IT.

IT HAD BECOME A
BRIDGE TO ANOTHER
PLACE IN HIS LIFE...

HE WROTE ABOUT THE
STARS, THE EARTH, HIS
HOPES FOR MANKIND.

HE FELT THAT HIS
WORDS HAD BEEN
SEVERED FROM HIM;
THAT THEY WERE
NOW PART OF THE
WORLD AT LARGE...

...AS REAL AND
SPECIFIC AS A
STONE, OR A
LAKE, OR A
FLOWER.

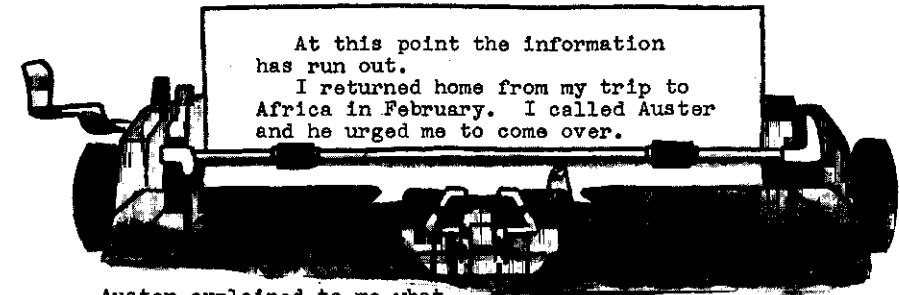
HE REMEMBERED
THE MOMENT OF
HIS BIRTH, AND THE
INFINITE KIND-
NESSES OF THE
WORLD...

...AND ALL THE
PEOPLE HE HAD
EVER LOVED.

He wondered if he
had it in him to
write without a
pen, if he could
learn to speak in
stead, filling the
darkness with his
voice, speaking into the
walls, the words into the
air, into the city, even
into the light, never
if the light again.

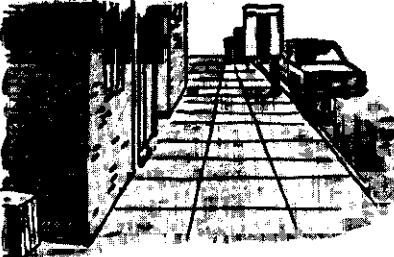
A black and white illustration of a burning notebook. The notebook is tilted diagonally, showing lined pages that are partially obscured by flames at the top. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

What will happen when
there are no more pages
in the notebook?



At this point the information has run out.

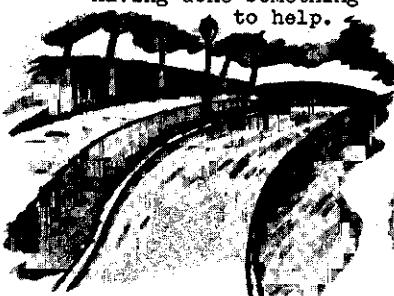
I returned home from my trip to Africa in February. I called Auster and he urged me to come over.



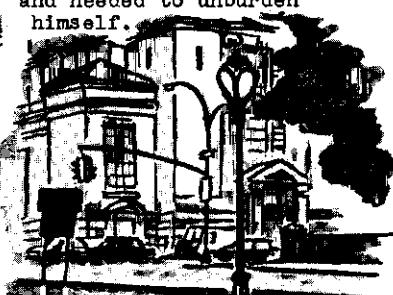
Auster explained to me what little he knew about Quinn and the case. He wanted my advice about what to do.



I began to feel angry that he had treated Quinn with such indifference.



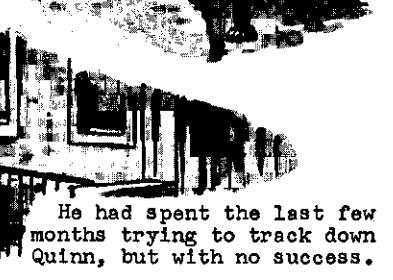
I scolded him for not having done something to help.



He had been feeling guilty and needed to unburden himself.



He said that I was the only person he could trust.



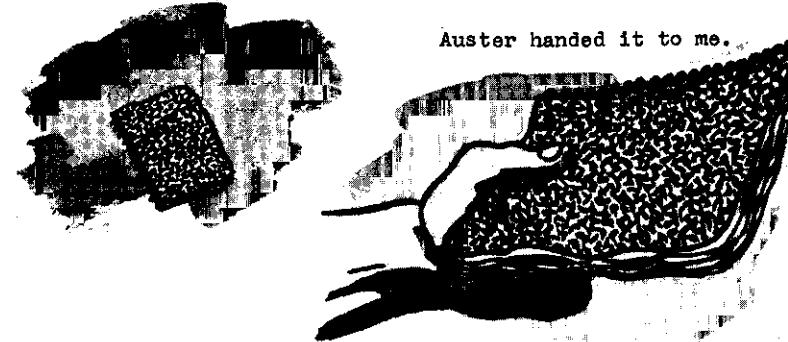
He had spent the last few months trying to track down Quinn, but with no success.



I suggested that we take a look at the Stillman apartment.

We had little trouble getting into the building.

We went upstairs and found the door unlocked.



In a small room in the back we found the notebook.

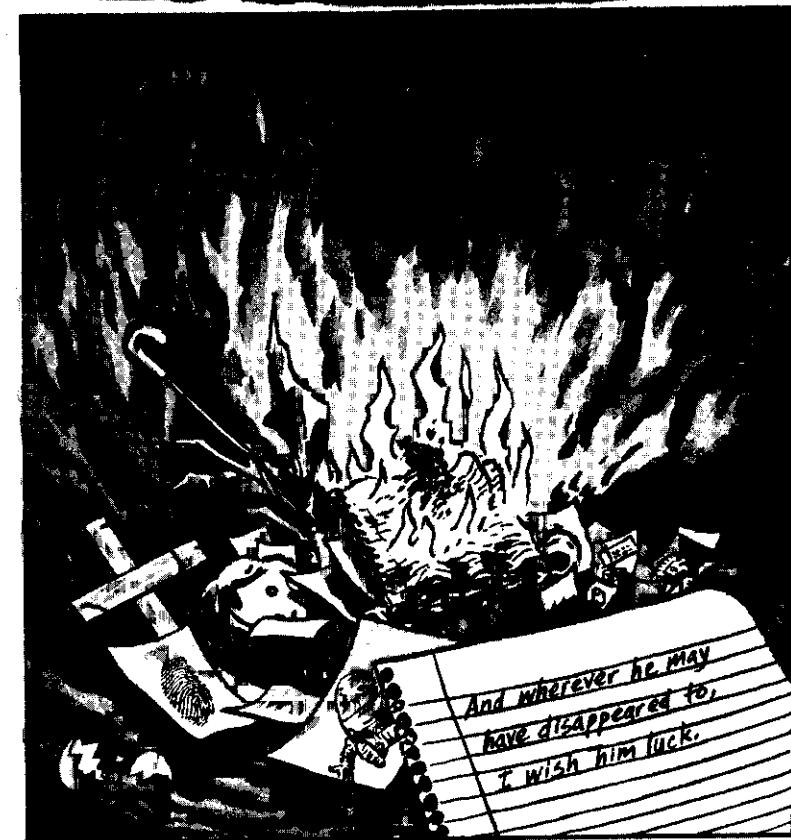
Auster handed it to me.



The whole business had upset him so much that he was afraid to keep it.

He never wanted to see it again.

As for Quinn, it is impossible for me to say where he is now. I have followed the notebook as closely as I could, and any inaccuracies should be blamed on me. There were moments when the text was difficult to decipher, but I have done my best. The notebook, of course, is only half the story, as any sensitive reader will understand. As for Auster, I am convinced that he behaved badly throughout. If our friendship has ended, he has only himself to blame. As for me, my thoughts remain with Quinn. He will be with me always.



And wherever he may
have disappeared to,
I wish him luck.

THE SUSPECTS



Paul Auster's *City of Glass* is the first volume in the New York Trilogy. *Mr. Vertigo* is his most recent novel.



An accomplished cartoonist and script writer, **Paul Karasik** served as advisory editor for *Raw Magazine*.



David Mazzucchelli's own stories appear in his award-winning *Rubber Blanket* comix magazine.



Bob Callahan is a San Francisco Bay Area writer and editor. He is the author of the idea for this *Neon Lit: Noir Illustrated* series.



Art Spiegelman is currently working on an illustrated adaptation of the classic, decadent poem *The Wild Party*, by Joseph March.