

## 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

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Based on the novel *City of Glass*, by Paul Auster. Copyright © 1985 by Paul Auster.

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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*.

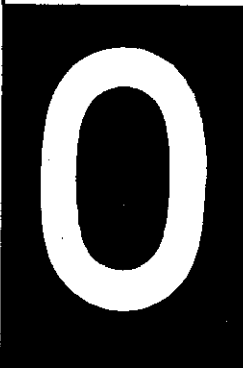
— Bob Callahan

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...

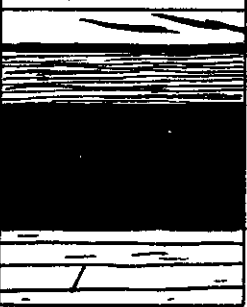


...THAT NOTHING WAS  
REAL...



...EXCEPT CHANCE.

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



THE QUESTION IS THE  
STORY ITSELF...



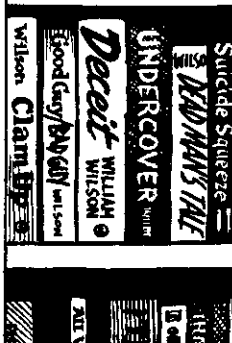
...AND WHETHER OR NOT  
IT MEANS SOMETHING  
IS NOT FOR THE STORY  
TO TELL.



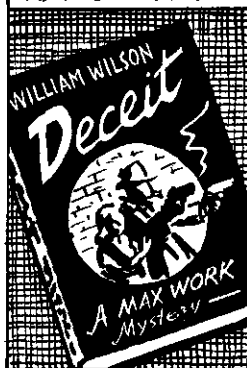
AS FOR QUINN, HE WAS  
THIRTY-FIVE AND BOTH  
HIS WIFE AND SON  
WERE DEAD.



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



BUT QUITE ABRUPTLY, HE  
HAD GIVEN UP ALL THAT.



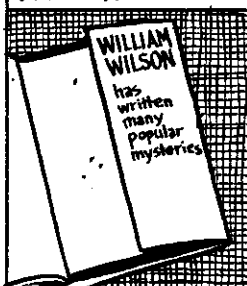
A PART OF HIM HAD DIED  
AND HE DID NOT WANT  
IT HAUNTING HIM.



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.



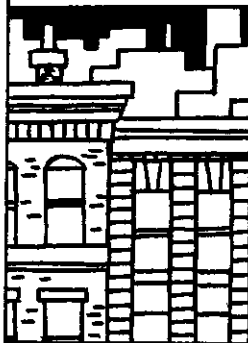
BUT THE FACT WAS THAT  
HIS WIFE HAD NEVER  
HAD ANY MONEY.



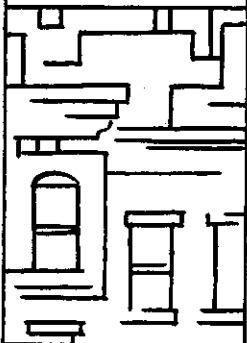
AND THE FACT WAS THAT  
HE NO LONGER HAD ANY  
FRIENDS.



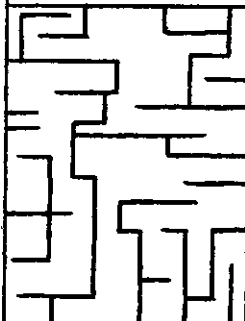
MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, WHAT QUINN LIKED TO DO WAS WALK,



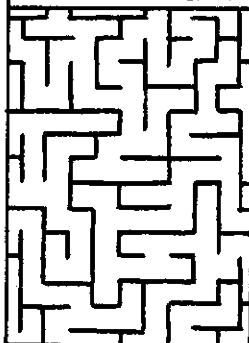
NEW YORK WAS A LABYRINTH OF ENDLESS STEPS...



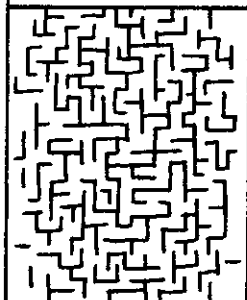
...AND NO MATTER HOW FAR HE WALKED, IT ALWAYS LEFT HIM WITH THE FEELING OF BEING LOST.



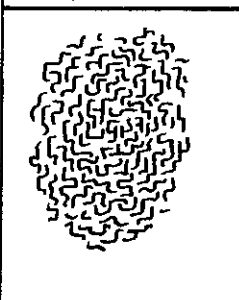
EACH TIME HE TOOK A WALK, HE FELT HE WAS LEAVING HIMSELF BEHIND.



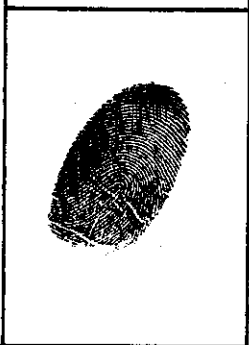
BY GIVING HIMSELF UP TO THE STREETS, BY REDUCING HIMSELF TO A SEEING EYE, HE WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE THINKING.



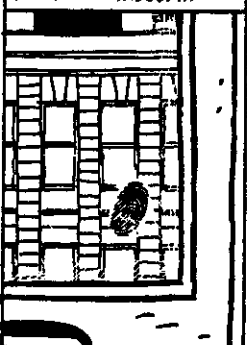
ALL PLACES BECAME EQUAL, AND ON HIS BEST WALKS, HE WAS ABLE TO FEEL THAT HE WAS NOWHERE.



THIS WAS ALL HE EVER ASKED OF THINGS: TO BE NOWHERE.



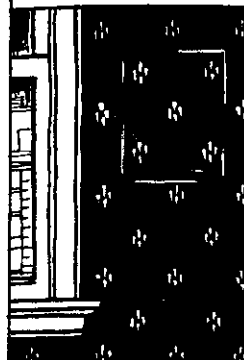
NEW YORK WAS THE NOWHERE HE HAD BUILT AROUND HIMSELF...



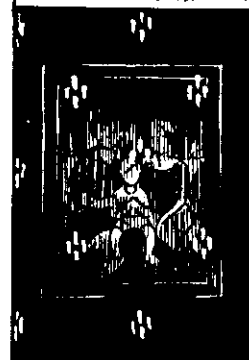
...AND HE HAD NO INTENTION OF EVER LEAVING IT AGAIN.



IT HAD BEEN MORE THAN FIVE YEARS NOW.



HE DID NOT THINK ABOUT IT VERY MUCH ANYMORE.



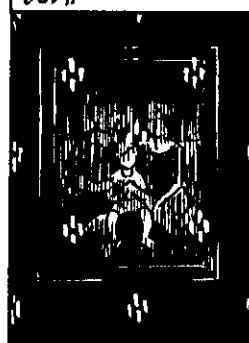
EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, HE WOULD SUDDENLY FEEL WHAT IT HAD BEEN LIKE...



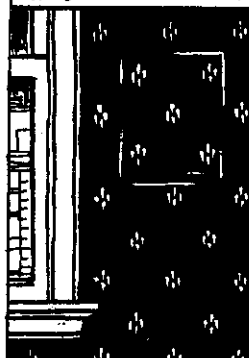
...TO HOLD THE THREE-YEAR-OLD BOY IN HIS ARMS,



IT WAS AN IMPRINT OF THE PAST LEFT IN HIS BODY.



BUT THESE MOMENTS CAME LESS OFTEN NOW.



HE HAD CONTINUED TO WRITE BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY THING HE FELT HE COULD DO.





OVER THE YEARS, WORK  
HAD BECOME VERY  
CLOSE TO QUINN.



WHEREAS WILLIAM  
WILSON REMAINED AN  
ABSTRACT FIGURE, WORK  
HAD INCREASINGLY  
COME TO LIFE.



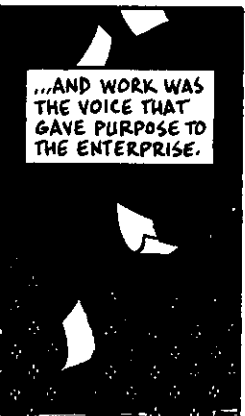
IN THE TRIAD OF  
SELVES, WILSON SERVED  
AS A KIND OF  
VENTRILQUIST...



...QUINN HIMSELF WAS  
THE DUMMY...



...AND WORK WAS  
THE VOICE THAT  
GAVE PURPOSE TO  
THE ENTERPRISE.



LITTLE BY LITTLE, WORK  
HAD BECOME A PRESENCE  
IN QUINN'S LIFE...



...HIS COMRADE  
IN SOLITUDE.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT  
QUINN WAS CAUGHT  
OFF-GUARD.



RING



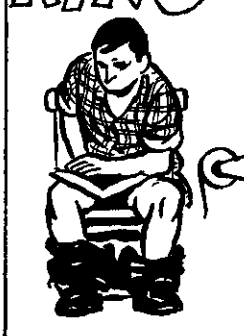
RING



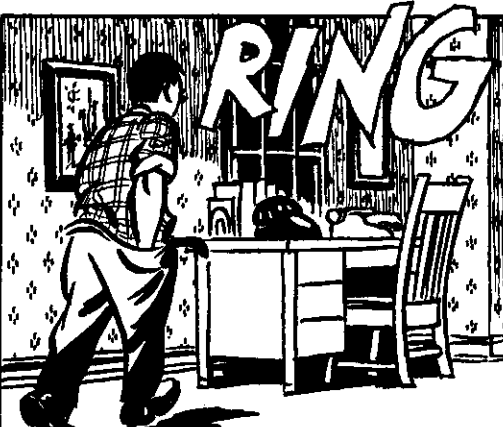
RING



RING

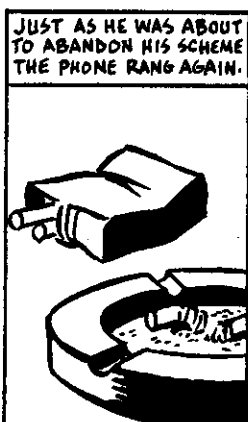
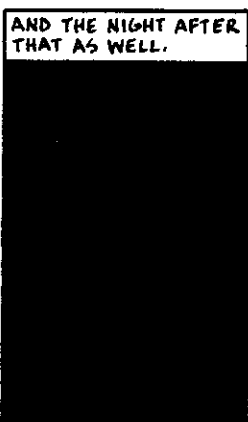
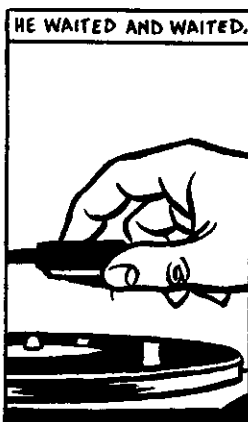


RING



BZZZZZZZZZZZZ







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



I SEEM TO BE GOING OUT.



BUT IF I AM GOING OUT...

...WHERE EXACTLY AM I GOING?



IF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING, THEN I MUST KEEP MY EYES OPEN.



MR. AUSTER?

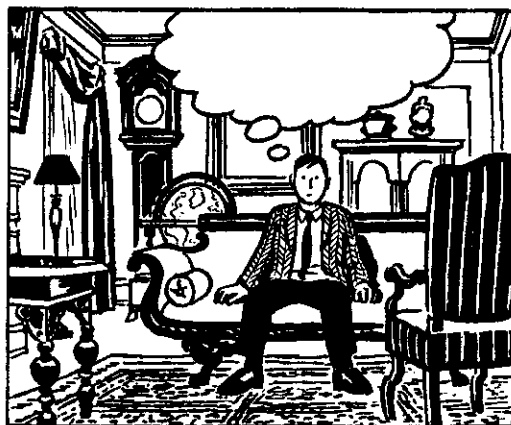


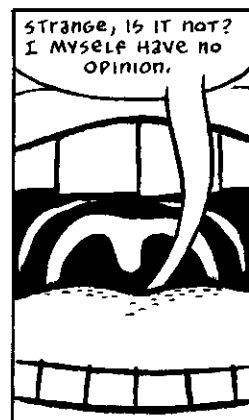
THAT'S RIGHT. PAUL AUSTER.

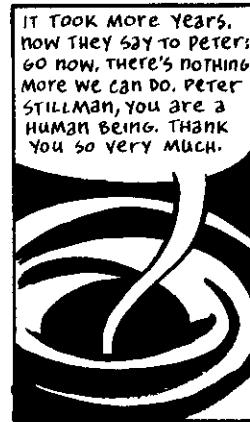
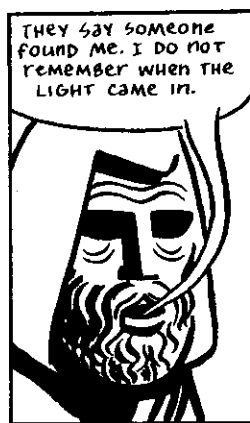
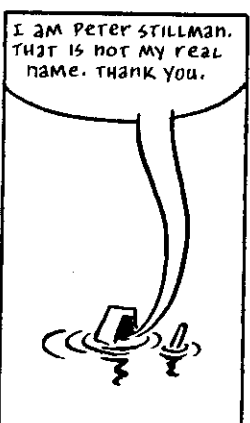
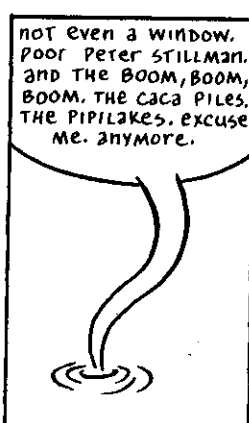
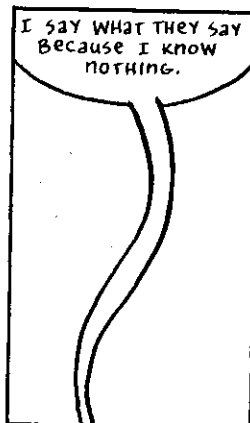


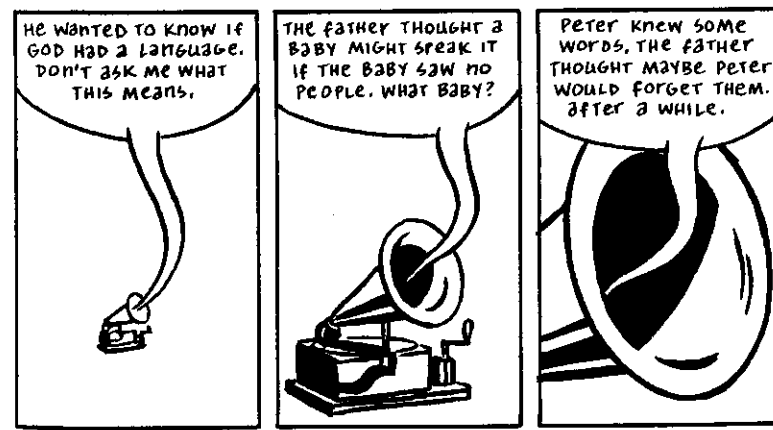
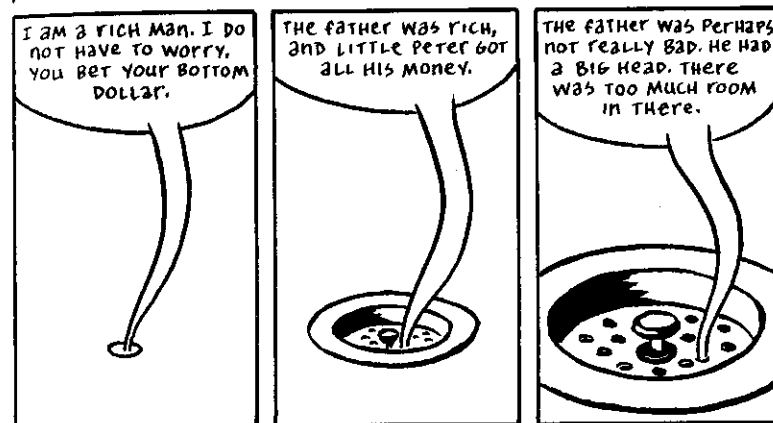
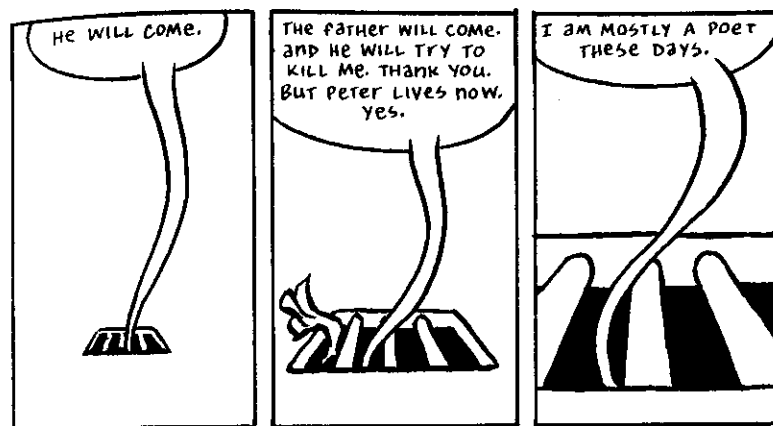
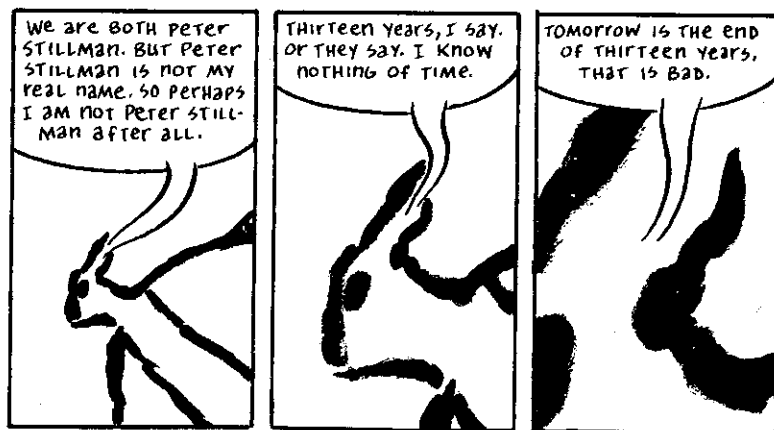
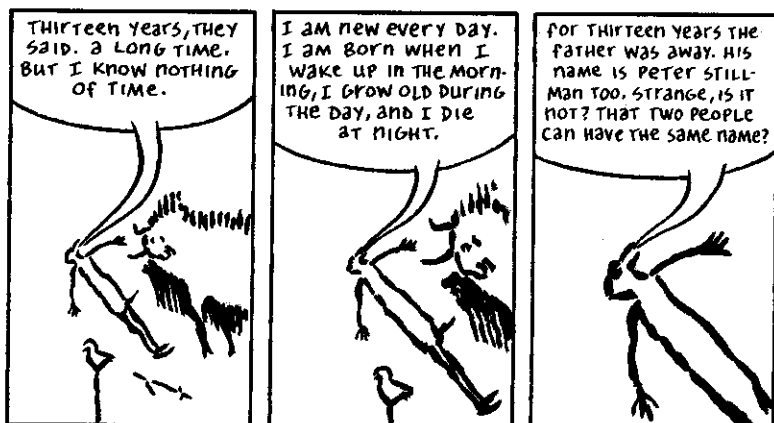
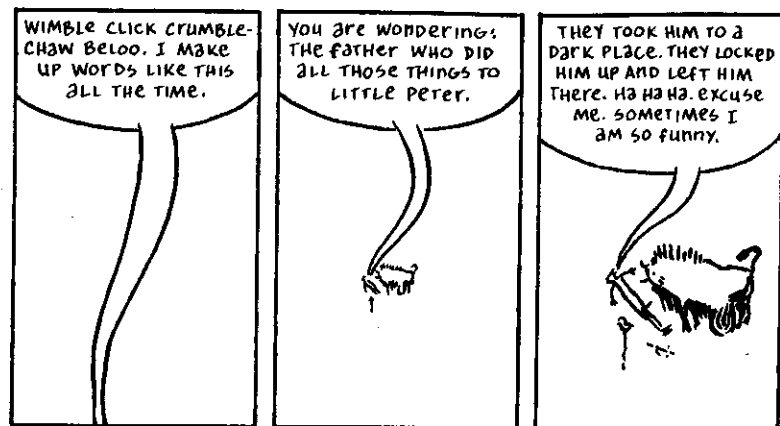
I'M VIRGINIA STILLMAN. PETER'S WIFE.

HE'S BEEN FRANTIC. I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE. HE JUST COULD WAIT...

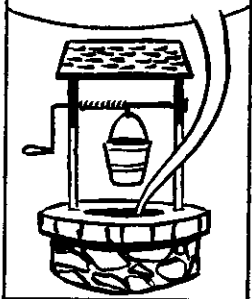




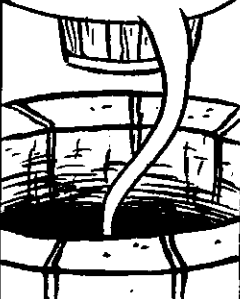




THAT IS WHY THERE WAS SO MUCH BOOM BOOM BOOM. EVERY TIME PETER WOULD SAY A WORD HIS FATHER WOULD BOOM HIM.



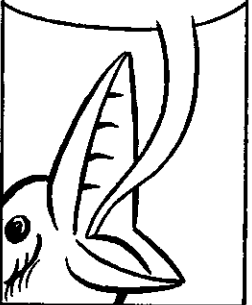
PETER LEARNED TO KEEP THE WORDS INSIDE HIM. THE WORDS MADE NOISE IN HIS HEAD AND KEPT HIM COMPANY.



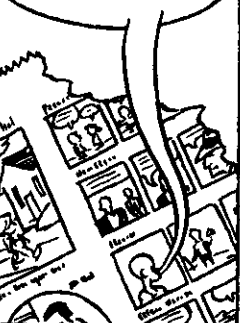
THAT IS WHY HIS MOUTH DOES NOT WORK RIGHT.



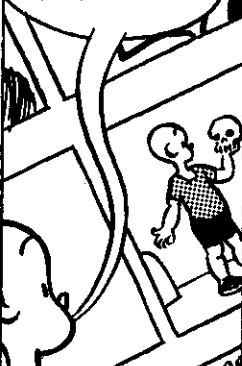
PETER CAN TALK LIKE PEOPLE NOW. BUT HE STILL HAS OTHER WORDS INSIDE HIS HEAD. THEY ARE GOD'S LANGUAGE.



THAT IS WHY PETER LIVES SO CLOSE TO GOD. THAT IS WHY HE IS A FAMOUS POET.



EVERYTHING IS GOOD FOR ME NOW.



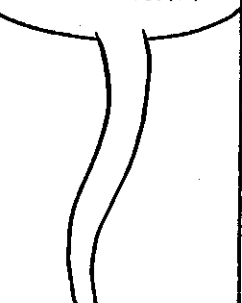
WHenever I ask, my wife gets a girl for me. They come up here and I fuck them.



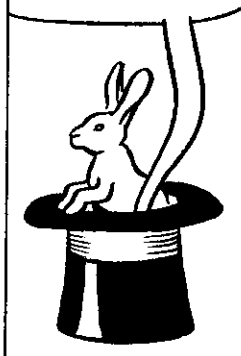
POOR VIRGINIA. SHE DOES NOT LIKE TO FUCK. PERHAPS SHE FUCKS ANOTHER.



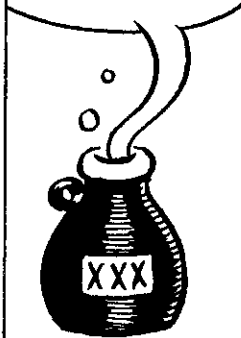
MAYBE IF YOU ARE NICE TO HER SHE WILL LET YOU FUCK HER. IT WOULD MAKE ME HAPPY. FOR YOUR SAKE. THANK YOU.



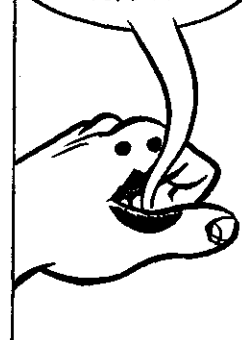
I KNOW THAT ALL IS NOT RIGHT IN MY HEAD.



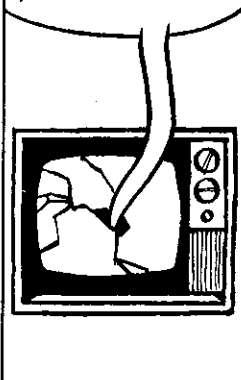
AND IT IS TRUE, YES, AND I SAY THIS OF MY OWN FREE WILL.



THAT SOMETIMES I JUST SCREAM AND SCREAM.



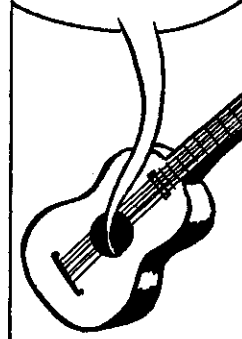
for no GOOD reason.



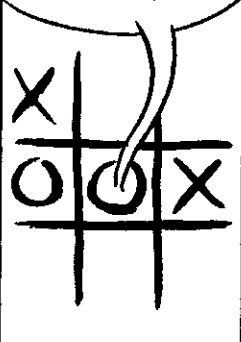
BEST OF ALL, NOW, THERE IS THE AIR.



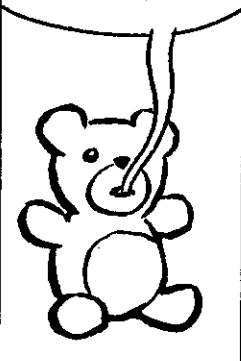
yes. and LITTLE BY LITTLE I HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE INSIDE IT.



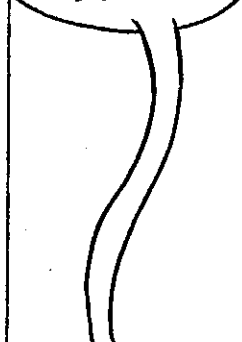
for now I AM PETER STILLMAN. THAT IS NOT MY REAL NAME.

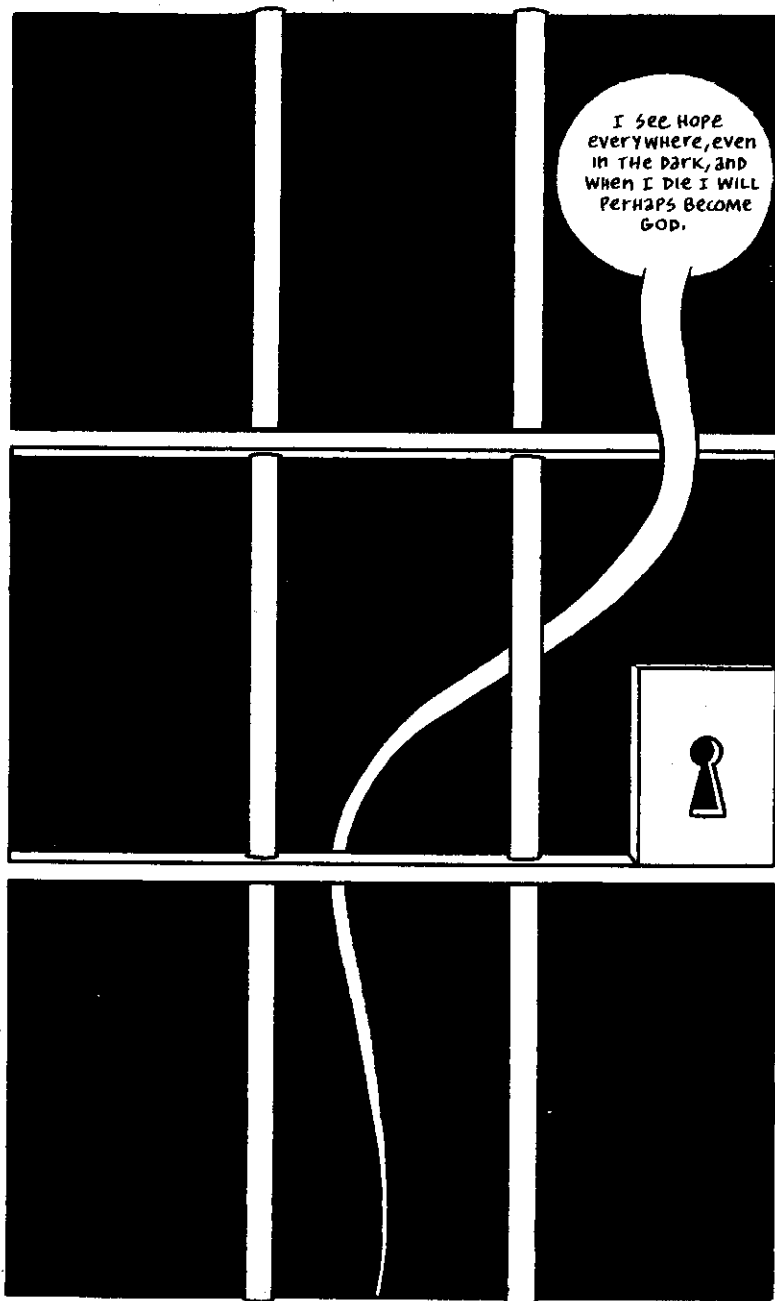


I CANNOT SAY WHO I WILL BE TOMORROW.

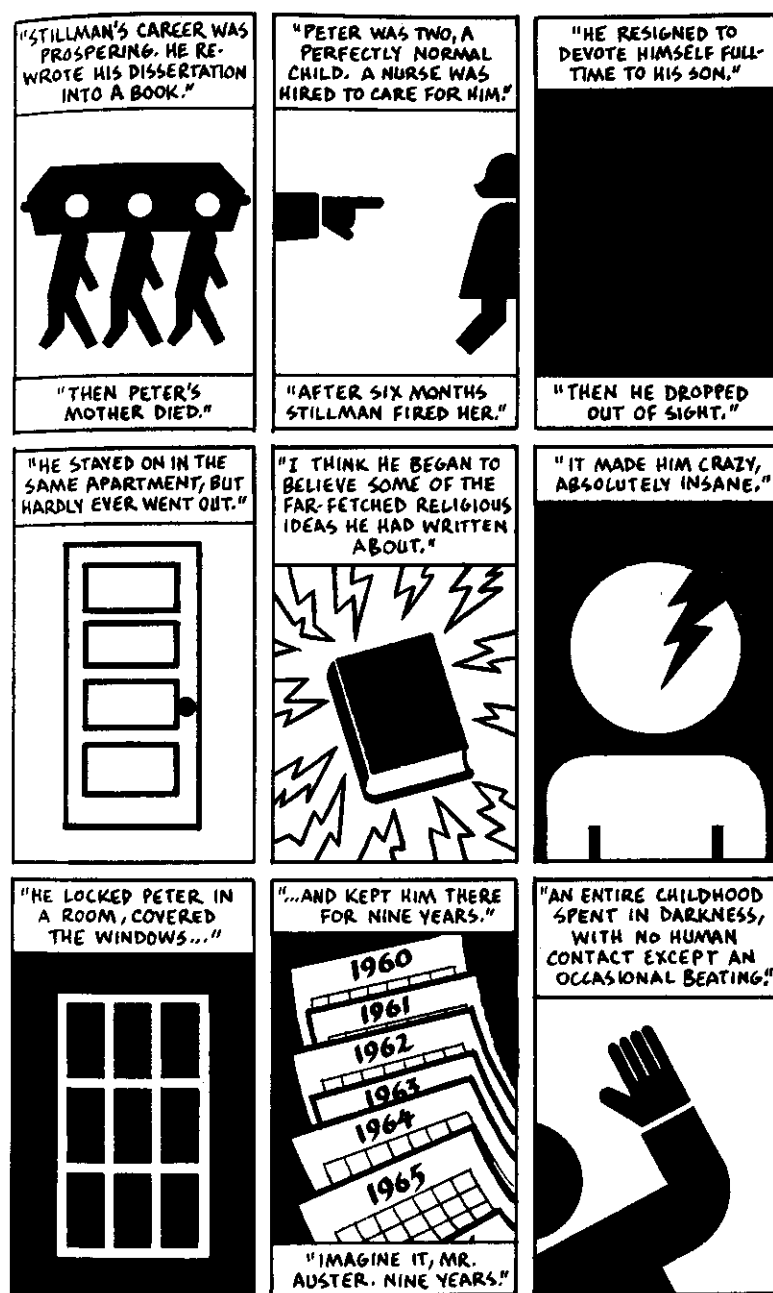
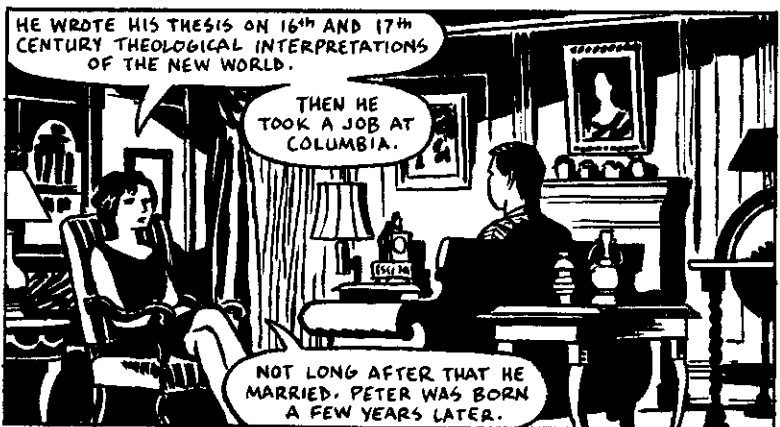
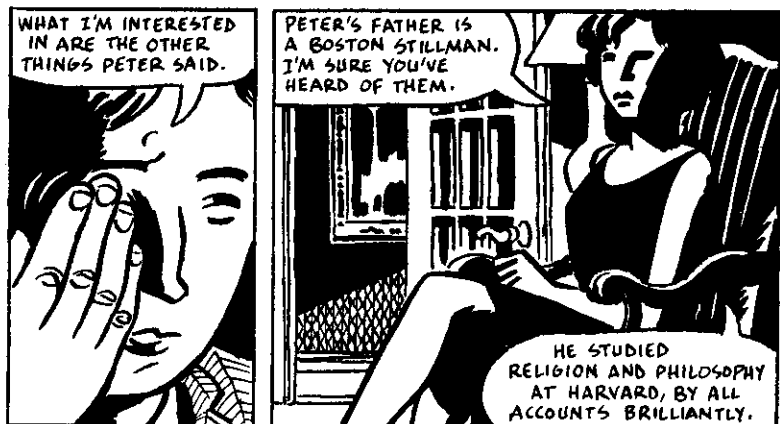


each DAY IS NEW, and each DAY I AM BORN again.

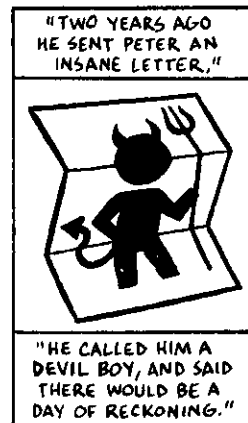
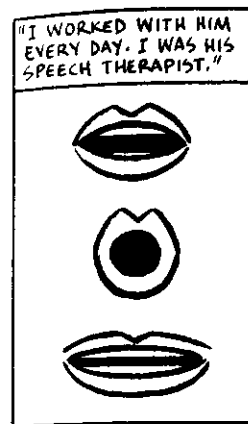
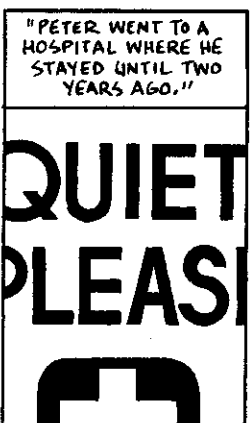
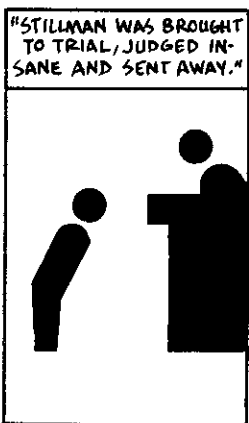
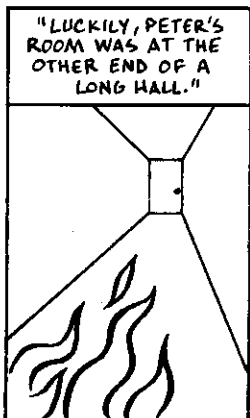






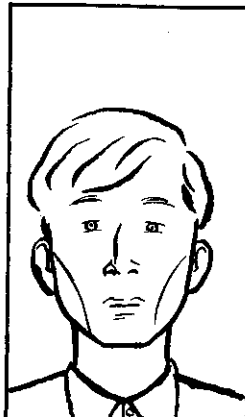








QUINN HAD HEARD OF CASES LIKE PETER STILLMAN BEFORE.



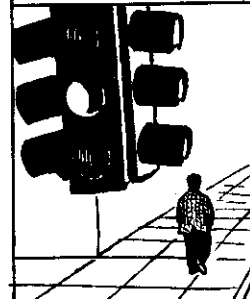
HE HAD ONCE WRITTEN A REVIEW OF A BOOK ABOUT THE WILD BOY OF AVEYRON,



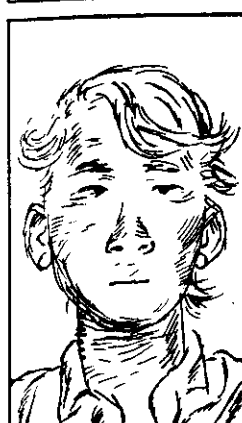
ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO HAD SUFFERED, BEEN MISTREATED, DIED BEFORE THEY COULD GROW UP.



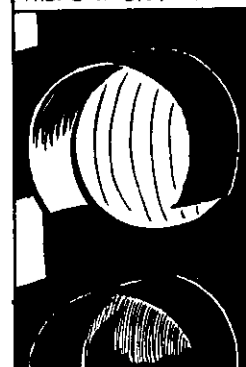
IF STILLMAN WAS COMING BACK TO AVENGE HIMSELF ON THE BOY WHOSE LIFE HE HAD DESTROYED...



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



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



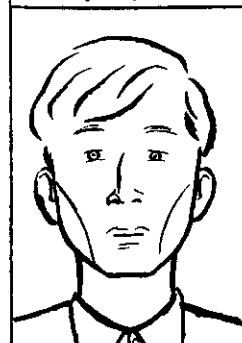
IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE QUINN HAD ALLOWED HIMSELF TO THINK OF THESE STORIES.



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.

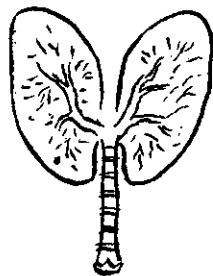




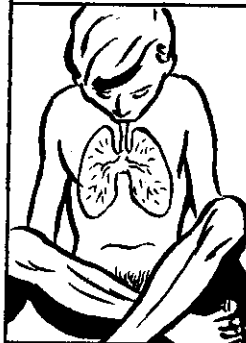
QUINN WONDERED IF PETER SAW THE SAME THINGS HE DID...



...OR WHETHER THE WORLD WAS A DIFFERENT PLACE FOR HIM.



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



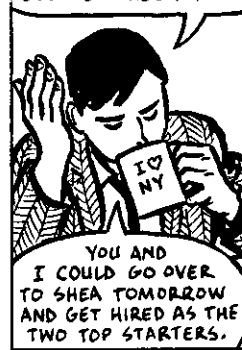
DID YOU SEE THE GAME TONIGHT, MAN?



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



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



MAYBE I MAKE YOU MANAGER. YOU COULD TELL 'EM WHERE TO GET OFF.



QUINN USED A TYPE-  
WRITER ONLY FOR  
FINAL DRAFTS.



HE WAS ALWAYS ON  
THE LOOKOUT FOR  
GOOD NOTEBOOKS,



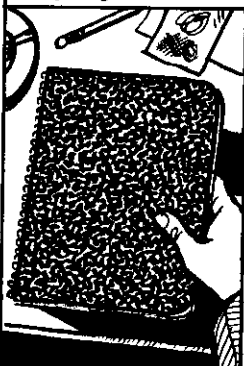
WITH THE STILLMAN  
CASE, HE FELT A NEW  
NOTEBOOK WAS IN ORDER.



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



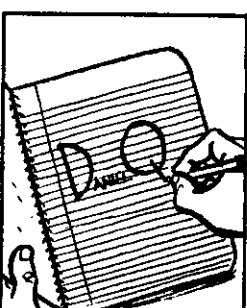
THIS NOTEBOOK WAS  
SPECIAL —



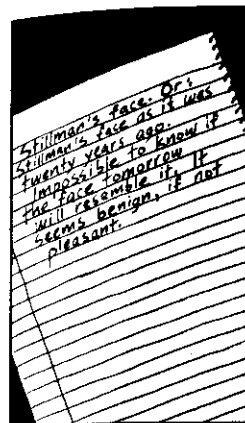
— AS IF ITS UNIQUE  
DESTINY WAS TO HOLD  
THE WORDS THAT CAME  
FROM HIS PEN.



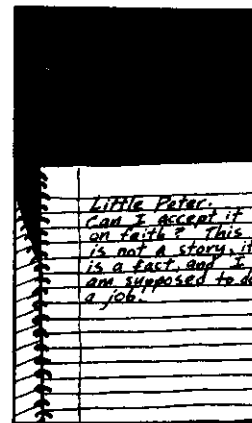
HE HAD NEVER DONE THIS  
BEFORE, BUT IT SOMEHOW  
SEEMED APPROPRIATE TO  
BE NAKED AT THIS MOMENT.



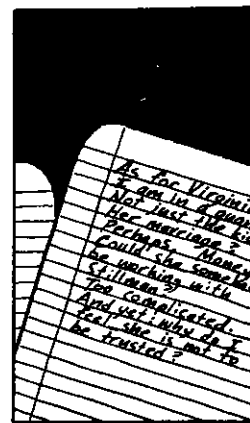
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME  
IN MORE THAN FIVE  
YEARS THAT HE HAD PUT  
HIS OWN NAME IN ONE  
OF HIS NOTEBOOKS.



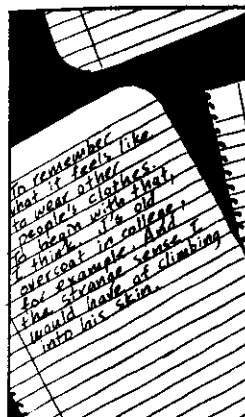
Stillman's face. Or's  
Stillman's face as it was  
twenty years ago.  
Impossible to know if  
the face tomorrow  
will resemble it. If  
seems benign, it not  
pleasant.



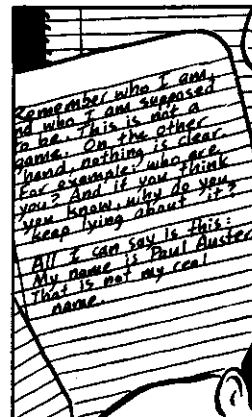
Little Peter.  
Can I accept it  
on faith? This  
is not a story, it  
is a fact, and I  
am supposed to do  
a job.



As for Virginia  
I am in a quandary  
Not just the big  
her marriage?  
Could she blame  
be working with  
Stillman with  
too complicated.  
And yet I wish I  
feel she is not to  
be trusted?



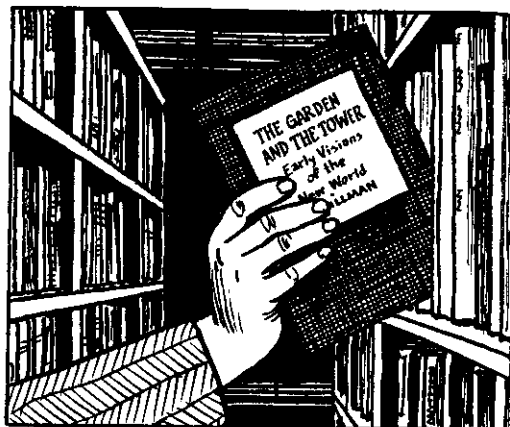
To remember  
that it feels like  
to wear other  
people's clothes.  
To learn with that  
to think it's  
oversat in college.  
For example, and  
the strange sense I  
would have of climbing  
into his skin.



Remember who I am,  
and who I am supposed  
to be. This is not a  
game. On the other  
hand, nothing is clear.  
For example: who are  
you? And if you think  
you know, why do you  
keep lying about it?  
All I can say is this:  
My name is Paul Buxton.  
That is not my real  
name.



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 LEAPT FORTH INTO THE WORLD, LIKE TWO TWINS CLEAVING TOGETHER."

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

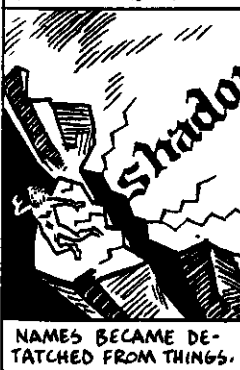


...AND "TO BREAK APART!"

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



AFTER THE FALL, THIS WAS NO LONGER TRUE.



NAMES BECAME DETACHED FROM THINGS.

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.



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



LANGUAGE HAD BEEN SEVERED FROM GOD.



A THING AND ITS NAME WERE INTERCHANGEABLE.



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.



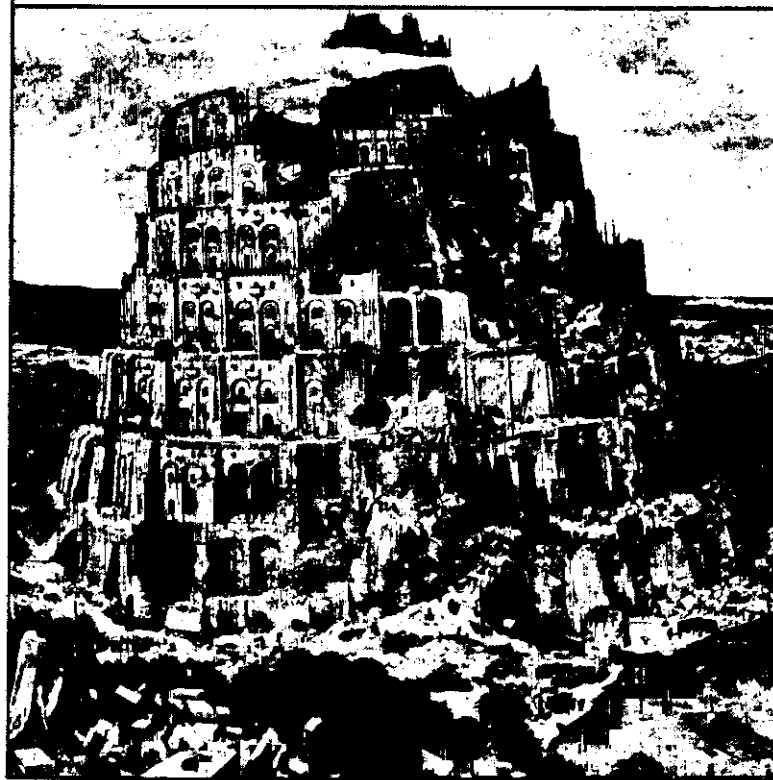
THIS IS THE VERY LAST INCIDENT OF PREHISTORY IN THE BIBLE.



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.



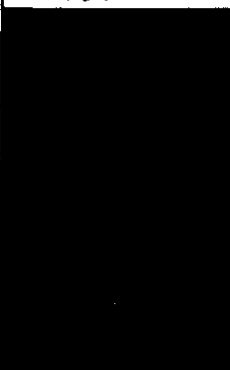
STILL, A PERSON COULD WALK FOR THREE DAYS IN THE SHADOW OF THE PART LEFT STANDING.



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...



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*.



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

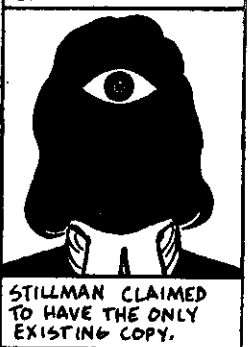


HMM...I THOUGHT MILTON DICTATED TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

DARK AND MILTON OFTEN DISCUSSED MATTERS OF BIBLICAL EXEGESIS.



IT WAS A VISIONARY ACCOUNT OF THE NEW CONTINENT.



STILLMAN CLAIMED TO HAVE THE ONLY EXISTING COPY.

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



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



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



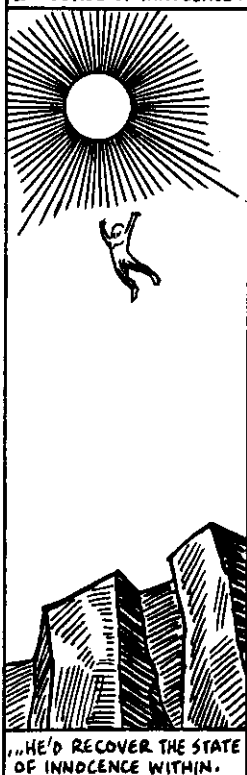
TO UNDO THE FALL OF MAN, THE FALL OF LANGUAGE MUST BE UNDONE.



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



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



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



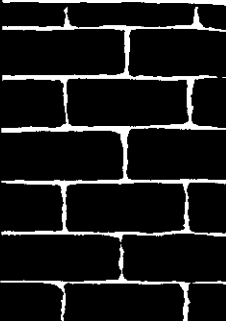
TURNING TO BABEL,  
DARK THEN ANNOUNCES  
HIS PROPHECY.



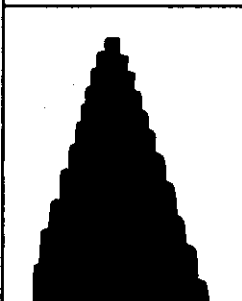
IN RESPONSE TO GOD'S  
COMMAND TO "BE FER-  
TILE... AND FILL THE  
EARTH", MAN WOULD  
INEVITABLY MOVE WEST.



THE EARLY ENGLISH  
SETTLERS OF AMERICA  
FULFILLED THIS  
COMMANDMENT.



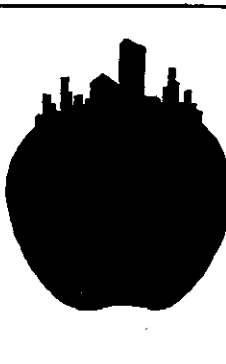
ONCE THAT CONTINENT  
WAS FILLED, THE IMPED-  
IMENT TO BUILDING A  
NEW BABEL WOULD BE  
REMOVED.



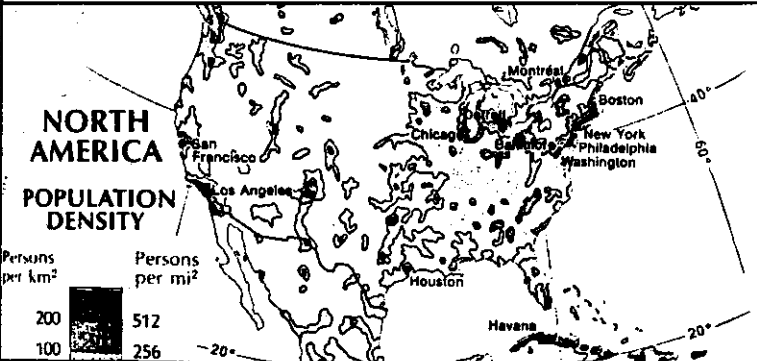
THEN IT WOULD BE  
POSSIBLE FOR THE  
WHOLE EARTH TO BE OF  
ONE LANGUAGE.



COULD PARADISE BE  
FAR BEHIND?



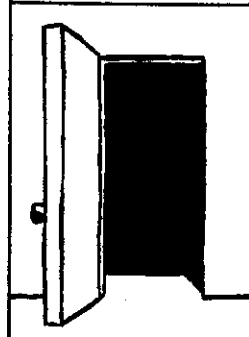
AS BABEL HAD BEEN BUILT 340 YEARS AFTER THE FLOOD, 340 YEARS  
AFTER THE MAYFLOWER THE COMMANDMENT WOULD BE CARRIED OUT.



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.



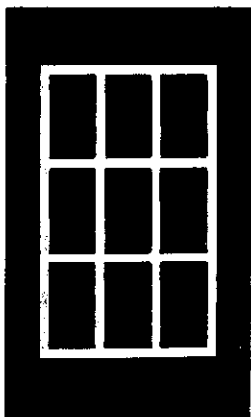
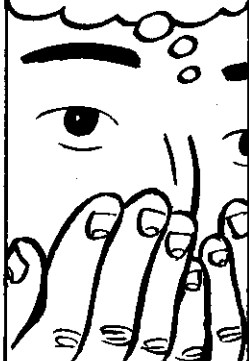
AFTER FORTY DAYS AND  
NIGHTS, HE WOULD  
EMERGE SPEAKING GOD'S  
LANGUAGE...

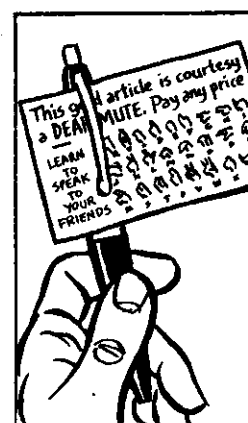
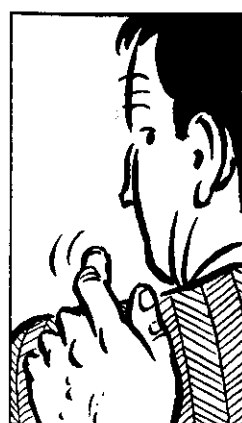
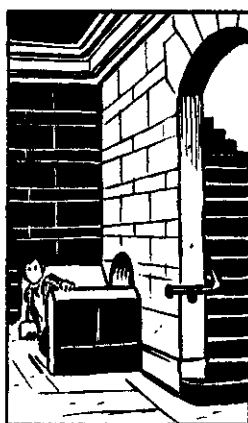
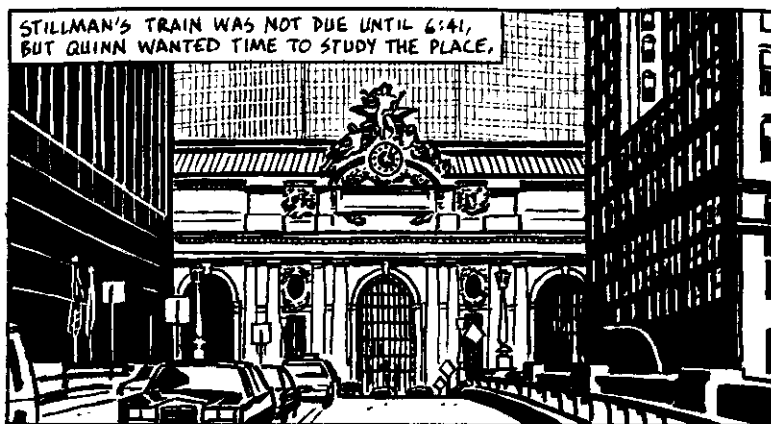


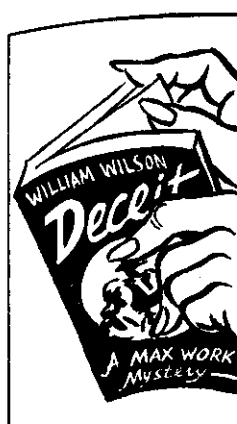
...PREPARED TO INHABIT  
EVERLASTING PARADISE.

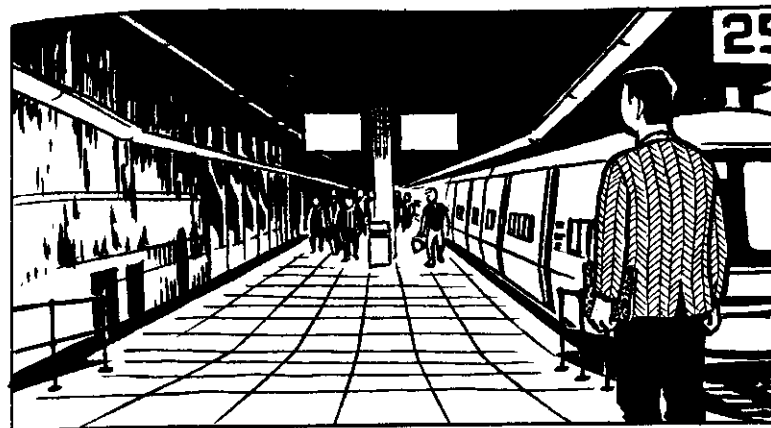


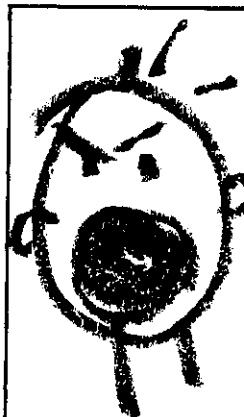
...THE YEAR STILLMAN  
LOCKED UP PETER.











STILLMAN DID NOT LOOK AT THE THINGS AROUND HIM. THEY SEEMED NOT TO INTEREST HIM.



HE SEEMED TO BE MOVING WITH EFFORT, A BIT THROWN BY THE CROWD.



WHAT HAPPENED THEN DEFIED EXPLANATION.



FOR A SECOND, QUINN THOUGHT IT WAS AN ILLUSION.



BUT NO, THIS OTHER STILLMAN MOVED, BREATHED, BLINKED HIS EYES.



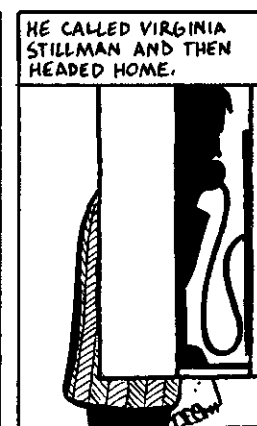
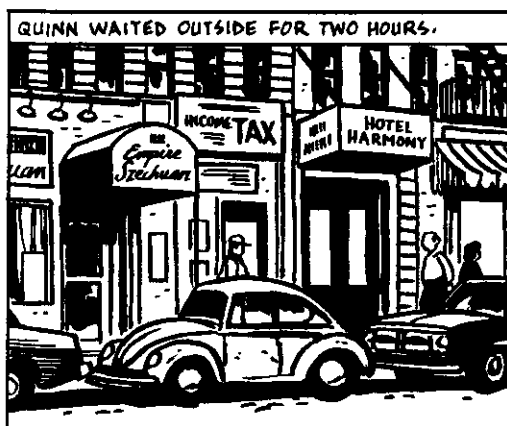
THERE WAS NOTHING QUINN COULD DO NOW THAT WOULD NOT BE A MISTAKE.

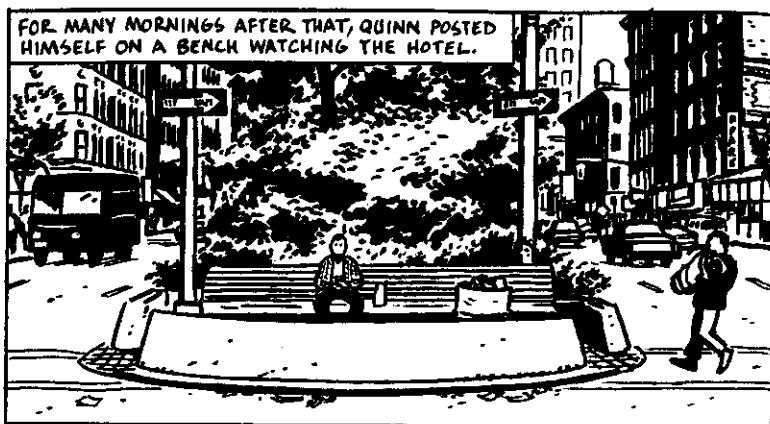


WHATEVER CHOICE HE MADE WOULD BE A SUBMISSION TO CHANCE.

DO SOMETHING NOW, YOU IDIOT.







BY EIGHT O'CLOCK, STILLMAN WOULD COME OUT.



FOR TWO WEEKS THIS ROUTINE DID NOT VARY.

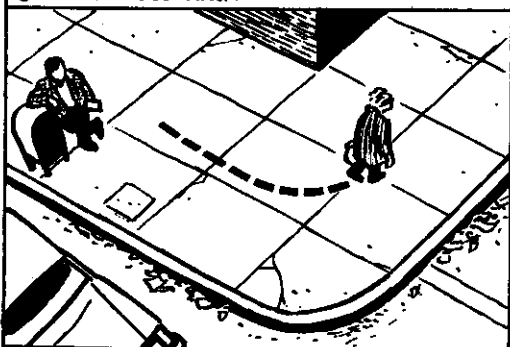
THE OLD MAN WOULD SLOWLY WANDER THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



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...



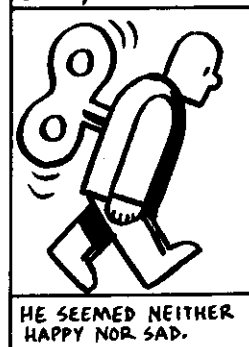
...WRITE DOWN WHAT HE SAW, HOVER STUPIDLY ON THE SURFACE OF THINGS.



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.

MOST DAYS, HE SPENT SEVERAL HOURS  
IN RIVERSIDE PARK, COLLECTING...



...AND RESTING.



WHEN DARKNESS CAME  
STILLMAN WOULD DINE  
IN A COFFEE SHOP...



...THEN RETURN TO HIS HOTEL.



NOT ONCE DID HE TRY TO CONTACT HIS SON.

QUINN BEGAN TO WONDER IF HE HAD NOT  
EMBARKED ON A MEANINGLESS PROJECT.



IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT  
STILLMAN WAS MERELY  
BIDDING HIS TIME.

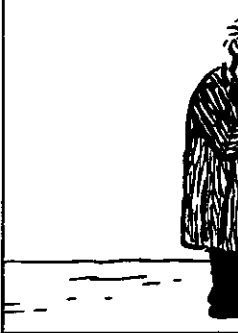


QUINN PREFERRED TO  
THINK THAT STILLMAN  
HAD A PLAN.



IT JUSTIFIED HIS  
TAILING HIM.

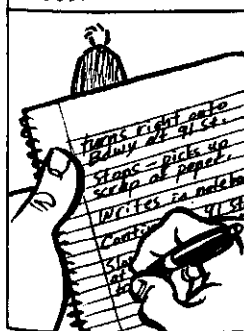
BUT TIME AND AGAIN  
HIS THOUGHTS WOULD  
BEGIN TO DRIFT.



THIS MEANT HE WAS CONSTANTLY IN  
DANGER OF OVERTAKING STILLMAN.



HE DECIDED TO RECORD  
EVERY DETAIL ABOUT  
STILLMAN HE POSSIBLY  
COULD.



THIS KEPT HIM OCCUPIED,  
AND SLOWED HIM DOWN.





HIS NIGHTLY CONVERSATIONS WITH VIRGINIA STILLMAN WERE BRIEF.

FROM ALL I'VE SEEN, THERE'S NO THREAT.

YOU COULD BE RIGHT.

AT FIRST QUINN HAD EXPECTED HE WOULD EVENTUALLY FIND HER IN HIS ARMS.

BUT JUST TO REASSURE ME, GIVE IT A FEW MORE DAYS.

ON ONE CONDITION.

BUT THERE HAD BEEN NO FURTHER ROMANTIC DEVELOPMENTS.

NO MORE RESTRAINTS. I HAVE TO BE FREE TO TALK TO HIM.

WOULDN'T THAT BE RISKY?

PERHAPS HE HAD MOMENTARILY CONFUSED HIMSELF WITH MAX WORK.

HE WON'T GUESS WHAT I'M UP TO, TRUST ME.

ALL RIGHT. I DON'T SUPPOSE IT WILL HURT.

OR PERHAPS HE WAS JUST FEELING HIS LONELINESS MORE KEENLY.

GOOD. I'LL GIVE IT A FEW MORE DAYS.

MR. AUSTER?

MUCH LATER, LONG AFTER IT WAS TOO LATE, HE REALIZED HE HAD A SECRET HOPE.

YES?

I'M TERRIBLY GRATEFUL. PETER HAS BEEN IN SUCH GOOD SHAPE. YOU'RE LIKE-LIKE... A HERO TO HIM.

TO SOLVE THE CASE SO BRILLIANTLY THAT HE WOULD WIN VIRGINIA'S DESIRE.

AND HOW DOES MRS. STILLMAN FEEL?

MUCH THE SAME WAY.

THAT, OF COURSE, WAS A MISTAKE.

MAYBE SOMEDAY SHE'LL ALLOW ME TO FEEL GRATEFUL TO HER.

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. REMEMBER THAT.

BUT IT WAS NO WORSE THAN ANY OF THE OTHER MISTAKES HE MADE FROM BEGINNING TO END.

I WILL. I'D BE A FOOL NOT TO.

IT WAS THE THIRTEENTH DAY SINCE THE CASE HAD BEGUN.

*picks up pen, middle of block, examines, hesitates, puts in bag.*

*Continues north to 82 St. Turns left.*

*Buys sandwich in deli at corner. Walks along 82 St. to Riverside Park.*

*Sits on bench in park and reads through notebook.*

*Searches through bushes - finds discarded coffee cup, puts in bag.*

*walks south on left side of 82 St. cigarette end.*

*Makes note to West End.*

*Turns right at 98 St. stops - stares at broken streetlight at 98 and West End. Continuous east, stops to write in notebook.*

*Bands over paper over to other.*

**TAP TAP**

HE HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED THAT THE KEY TO GOOD DETECTIVE WORK WAS A CLOSE OBSERVATION OF DETAILS.



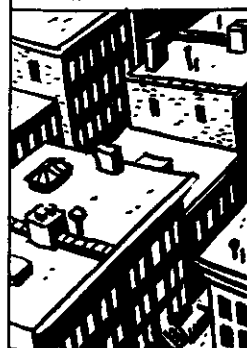
YET QUINN FELT NO CLOSER TO STILLMAN THAN WHEN HE BEGAN FOLLOWING HIM.



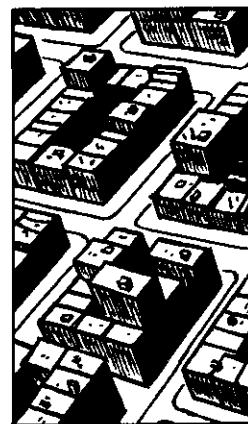
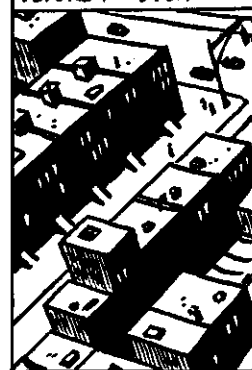
INSTEAD OF NARROWING THE DISTANCE BY WATCHING AND LIVING STILLMAN'S LIFE...

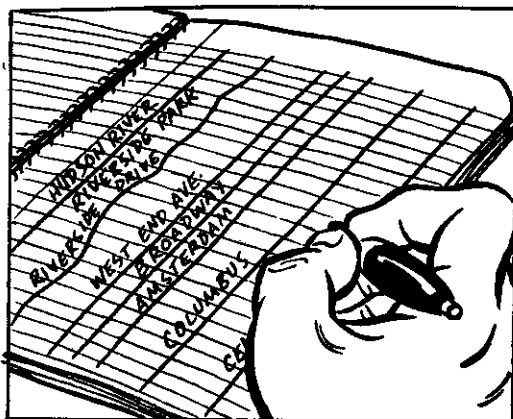


...HE HAD SEEN THE OLD MAN SLIP AWAY FROM HIM...

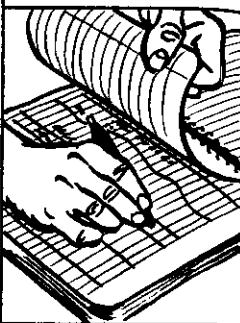


...EVEN AS HE REMAINED BEFORE HIS EYES,

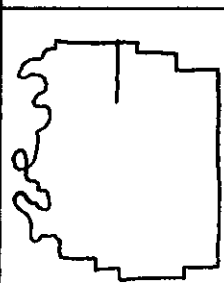




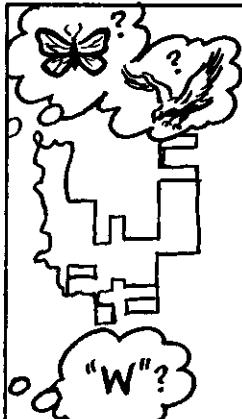
FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, QUINN BEGAN TO TRACE STILLMAN'S PATH ON A SINGLE DAY—



— THE FIRST DAY HE HAD KEPT A FULL RECORD OF THE OLD MAN'S WANDERINGS.



QUINN WENT ON TO THE NEXT DAY TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

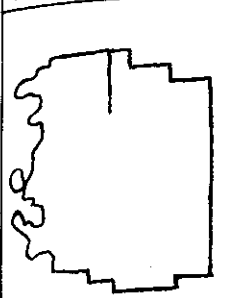


AM I JUST KILLING TIME, OR WHAT?

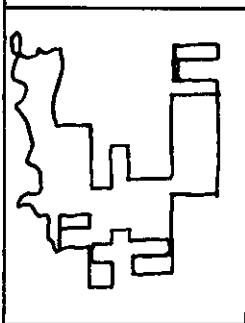


HE TRACED OUT THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS.

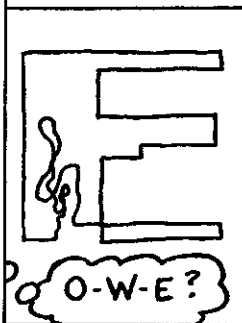
EACH MAP WAS DIFFERENT.



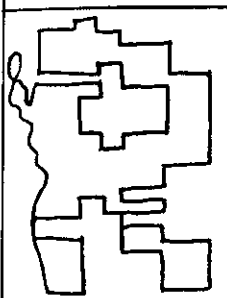
HE WAS RANSACKING THE CHAOS OF STILLMAN'S MOVEMENTS FOR SOME GLIMMER OF COGENCY.



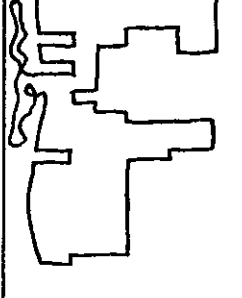
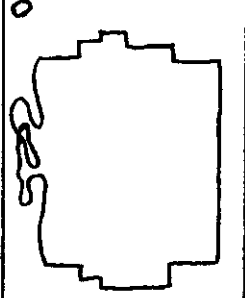
THERE NO LONGER SEEMED TO BE A QUESTION ABOUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



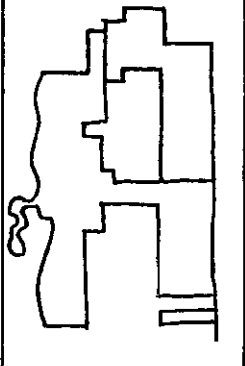
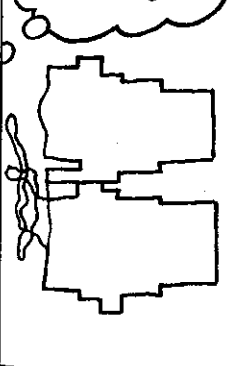
QUINN WISHED HE HAD STARTED TAKING NOTES SOONER. THE FIRST FOUR DAYS WERE IRRETRIEVABLY LOST.



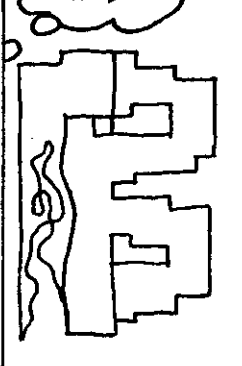
ANOTHER "O".

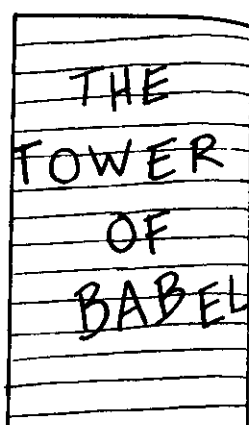
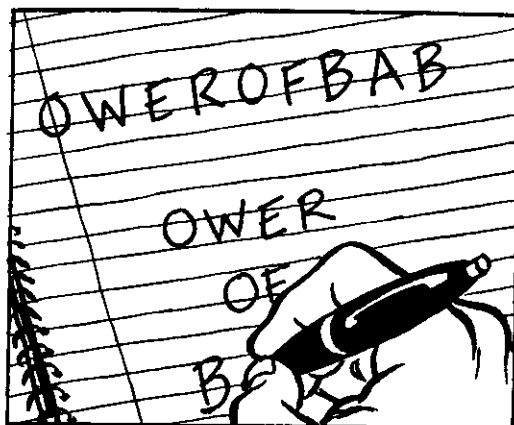


MAYBE A "B"... OR AN "B".



DEFINITELY A "B".





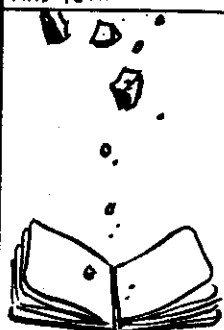
BUT, WHY? IT WAS LIKE  
DRAWING A PICTURE  
IN THE AIR WITH YOUR  
FINGER...



...THE IMAGE  
VANISHES AS YOU ARE  
MAKING IT.

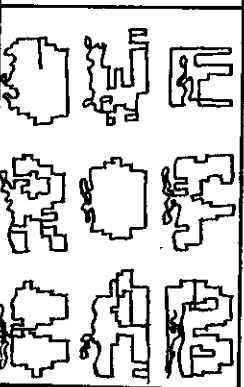


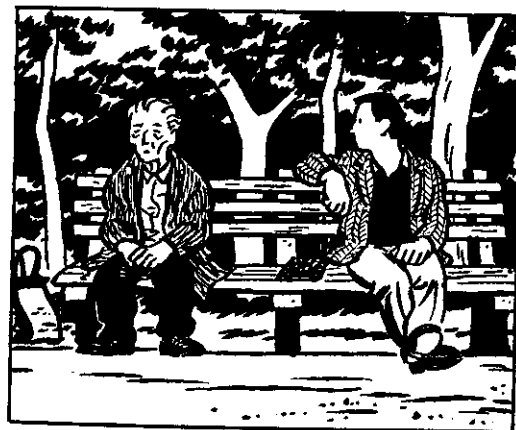
AND YET...



...THE PICTURES DID  
EXIST...

...IN QUINN'S NOTEBOOK.







VERY INTERESTING.  
QUINN. RHYMES WITH  
TWIN, DOES IT NOT?

THAT'S RIGHT,  
TWIN.

AND  
SIN,  
TOO.



HMM. QUINN...  
OF QUIDITY.  
QUICK, FOR  
EXAMPLE, AND  
QUILL, QUACK,  
QUIRK. HMM.  
RHYMES WITH  
GRIN. NOT TO  
SPEAK OF  
KIN. HMM.



AND WIN, AND  
FIN. AND DIN.  
AND GIN. AND PIN.  
AND TIN. AND BIN.  
HMMM. EVEN  
RHYMES WITH  
DJINN. HMMM.

I LIKE "QUINN".  
IT FLIES OFF IN  
SO MANY DIRECTIONS  
AT ONCE.



YES, I'VE OFTEN  
NOTICED THAT.

MOST PEOPLE THINK OF  
WORDS AS UNMOVABLE  
STONES.

STONES  
CAN CHANGE.  
THEY CAN ERODE.



EXACTLY. I COULD  
TELL YOU WERE A  
MAN OF SENSE.

IF ONLY YOU KNEW  
HOW MANY PEOPLE  
HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD ME.



BUT I HAVE NEVER BEEN  
DAUNTED. I WILL SOON  
HOLD THE KEY TO MAJOR  
DISCOVERIES.

THE KEY?

YES. THE KEY.  
A THING THAT  
OPENS LOCKED DOORS.



FOR THE TIME BEING  
I'M COLLECTING  
DATA. IT'S DEMANDING  
WORK.

I CAN  
IMAGINE.



YOU SEE, I'M THE ONLY  
ONE TO UNDERSTAND.  
IT'S A GREAT BURDEN  
ON ME.

THE WORLD  
ON YOUR  
SHOULDERS.

YES. OR WHAT IS  
LEFT OF IT.



THE WORLD IS IN  
FRAGMENTS, SIR. MY  
JOB IS TO PUT IT BACK  
TOGETHER.



HAVE YOU MADE  
MUCH PROGRESS?

YES. MY BRILLIANT  
STROKE HAS BEEN  
TO CONFINE MYSELF TO  
A SMALL AREA.



YOU SEE,  
I AM  
INVENTING  
A NEW  
LANGUAGE.



A NEW LANGUAGE?



YES. WHEN THINGS WERE WHOLE OUR WORDS COULD EXPRESS THEM.

BUT THINGS HAVE BROKEN APART, AND OUR WORDS HAVE NOT ADAPTED.



"WHEN AN UMBRELLA BREAKS AND YOU GET WET, IS IT STILL AN UMBRELLA?"

"IT HAS CHANGED, BUT THE WORD IS THE SAME. IT IS IMPRECISE, FALSE."



AND IF WE CAN'T NAME A COMMON OBJECT, HOW CAN WE SPEAK OF THINGS THAT TRULY CONCERN US?

AND YOUR WORK?



MY WORK IS SIMPLE. IN NEW YORK BROKENNESS IS EVERYWHERE.

BROKEN PEOPLE. BROKEN THINGS. BROKEN THOUGHTS.



I COLLECT SHATTERED OBJECTS TO EXAMINE.

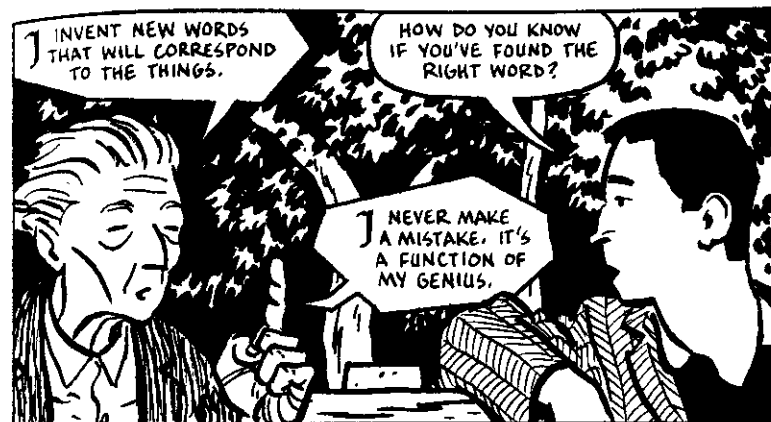
MY SAMPLES NOW NUMBER IN THE HUNDREDS.



WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THESE THINGS?

I GIVE THEM NAMES.

NAMES?



I INVENT NEW WORDS THAT WILL CORRESPOND TO THE THINGS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW IF YOU'VE FOUND THE RIGHT WORD?

I NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE. IT'S A FUNCTION OF MY GENIUS.



COULD YOU GIVE ME AN EXAMPLE?



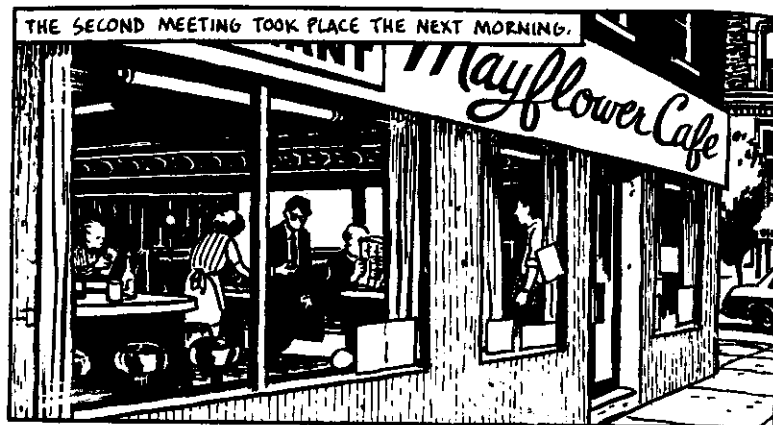
SORRY, BUT ONCE I'VE PUBLISHED MY BOOK, YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL KNOW...

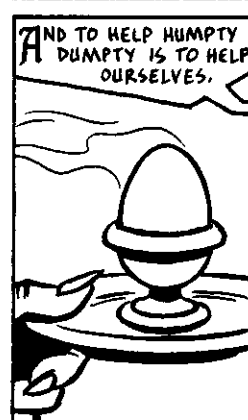
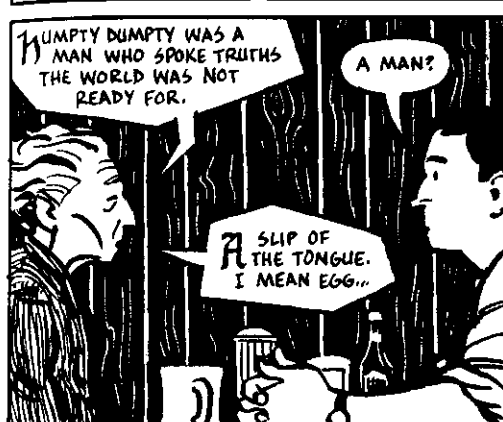
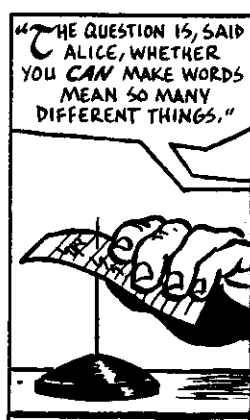
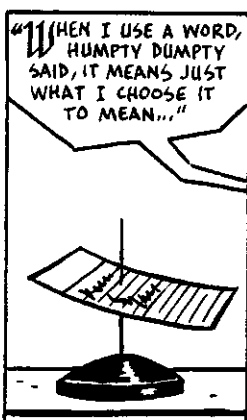
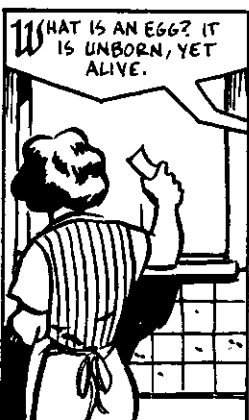


THEN GREAT THINGS WILL BEGIN TO HAPPEN.

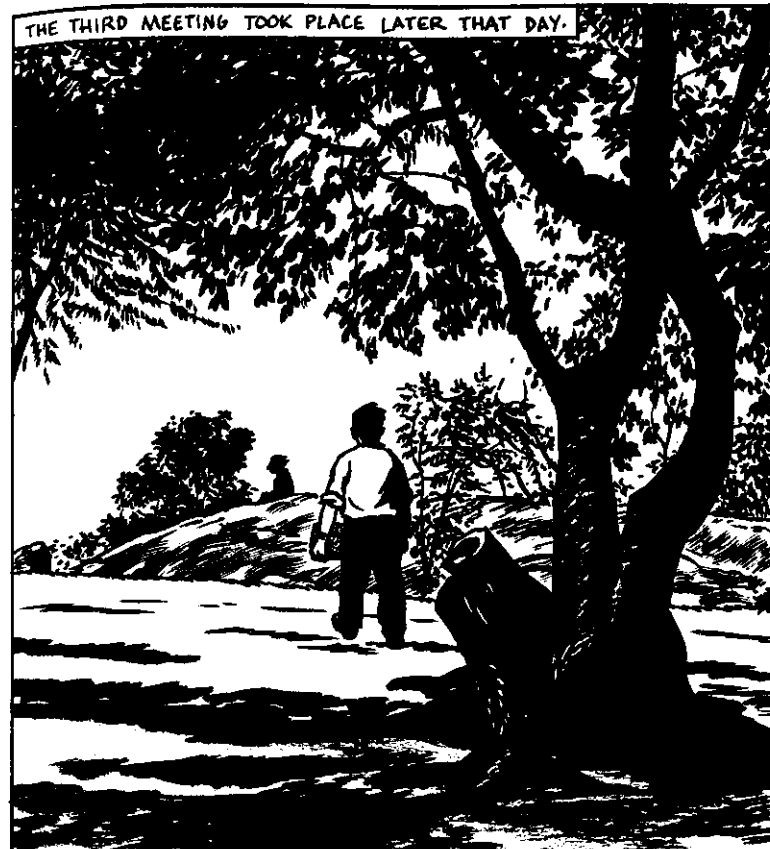
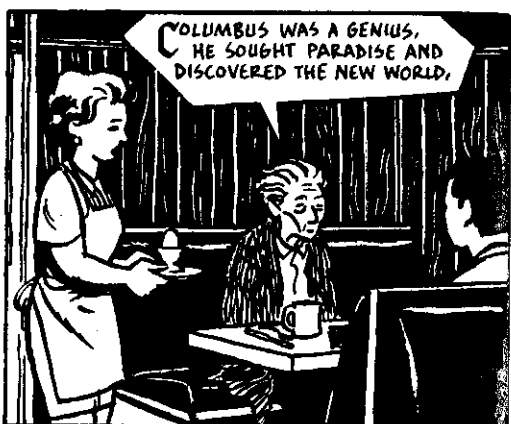
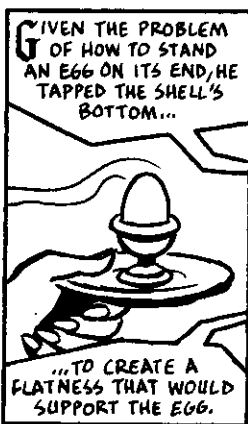


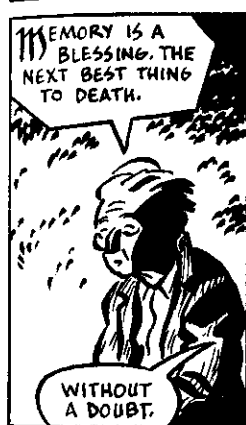
IT WILL BE THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.

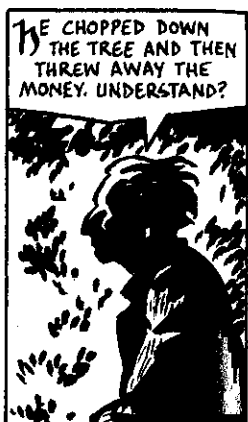


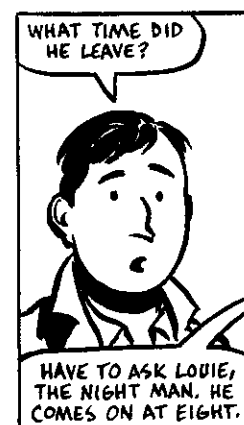
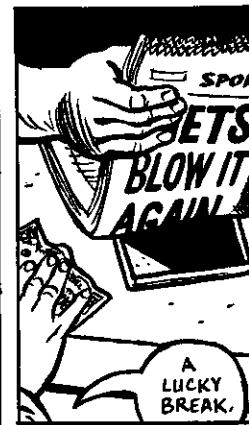


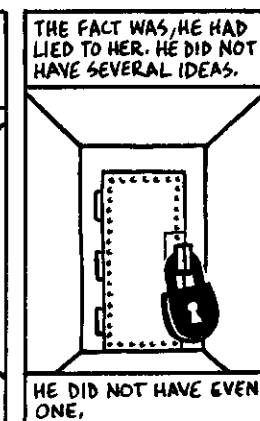
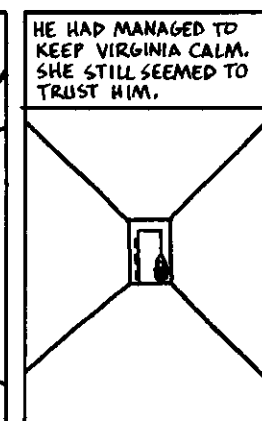
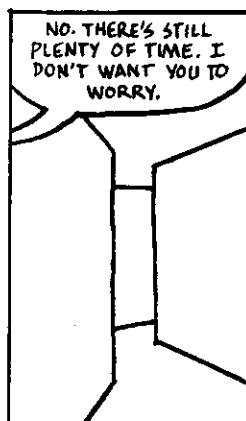
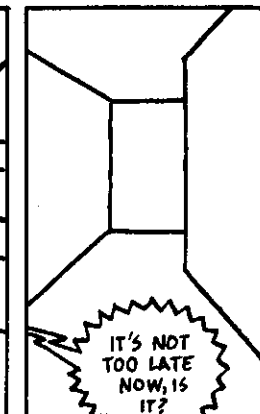
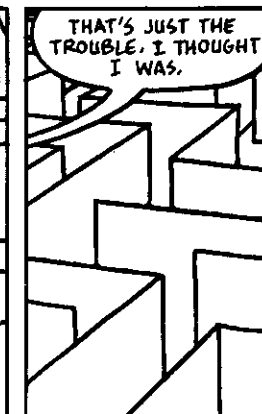
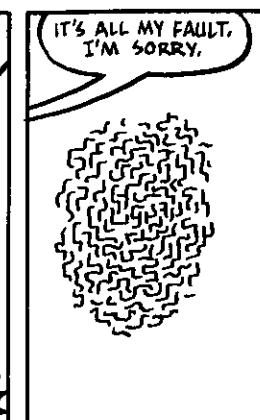
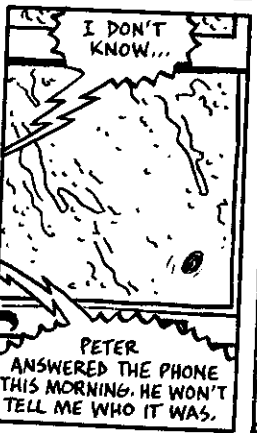


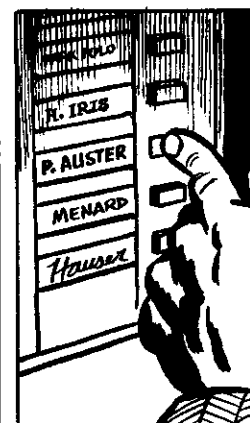
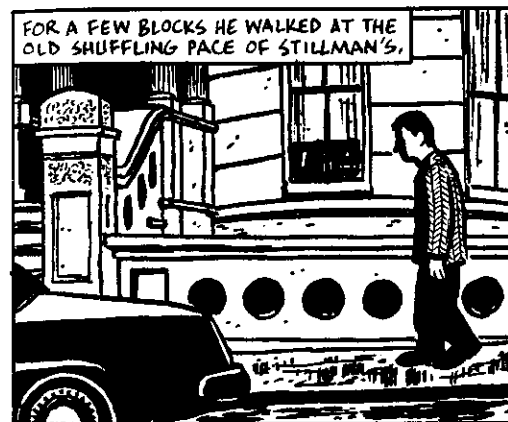
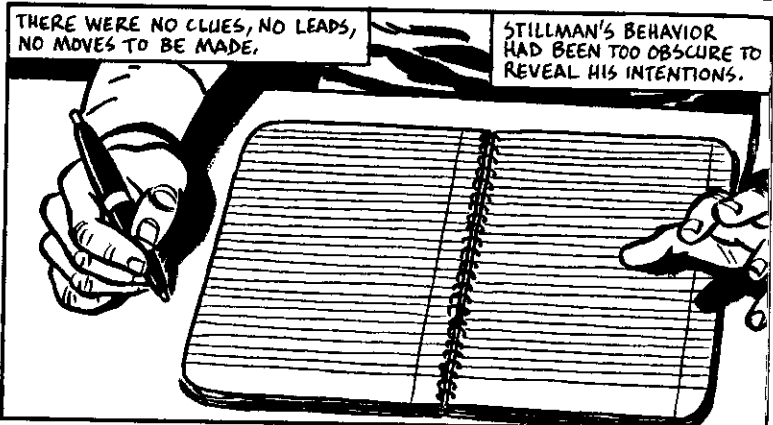
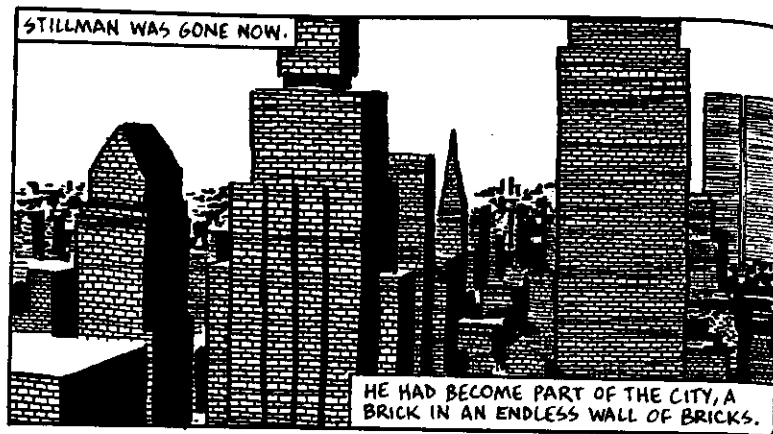


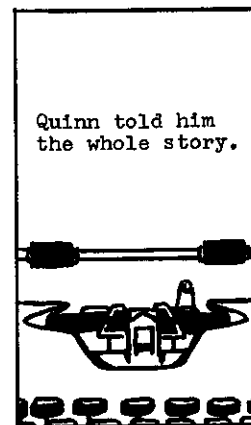
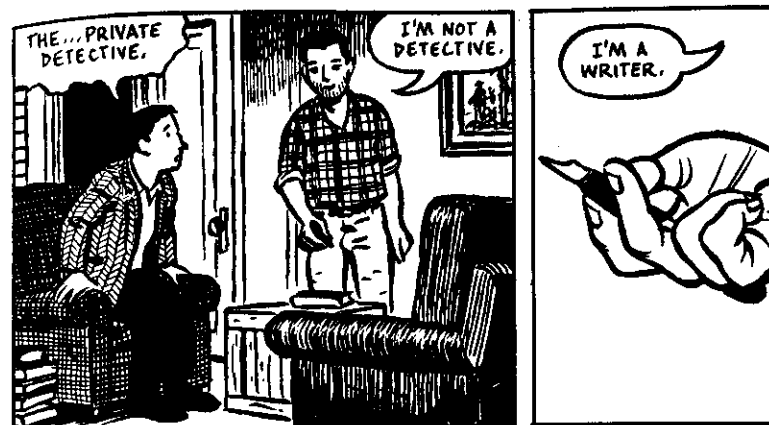
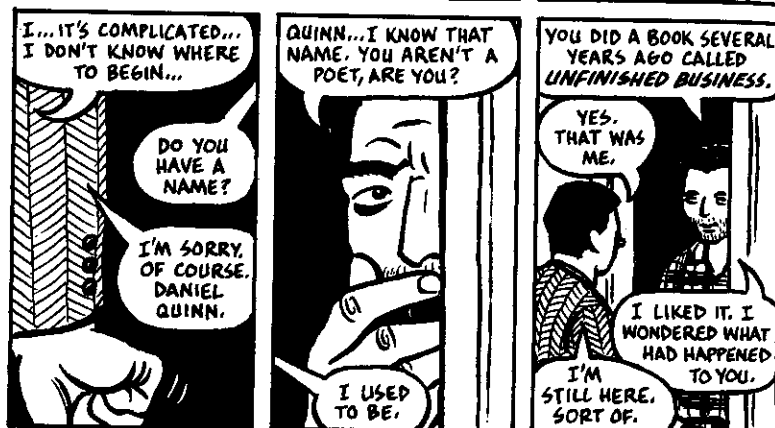
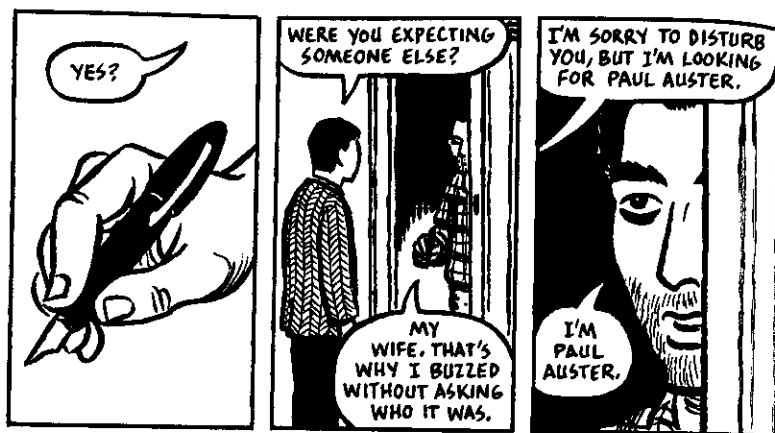














I EVEN HAVE PROOF.



IT SEEMS TO BE PERFECTLY NORMAL.

I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT.



I COULDN'T POSSIBLY ACCEPT IT.

IT'S OF NO USE TO ME.

THIS IS MONEY YOU'VE EARNED. I'LL CASH IT FOR YOU.



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW MY NAME HAS BEEN MIXED UP IN THIS.

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.



YES, I'M AWARE OF THAT.



HOW DOES A HAM OMELETTE SOUND?

I REALLY SHOULD BE GOING...



BUT YES, THANK YOU.



...BREAKING EGGS.



"YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS."



"YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT—"



QUINN TRIED TO REMAIN CALM...

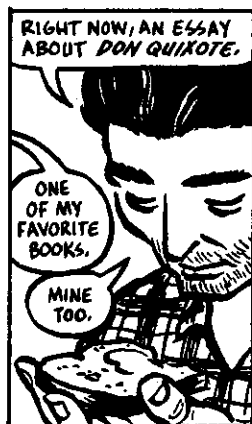


...BUT TEARS LURKED MYSTERIOUSLY BEHIND HIS EYES.

SO...

...WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?





RIGHT NOW, AN ESSAY ABOUT *DON QUIXOTE*.

ONE OF MY FAVORITE BOOKS.

MINE TOO.



WHAT'S THE GIST?

IT HAS TO DO WITH THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE BOOK.

IS THERE ANY QUESTION?



I MEAN THE BOOK INSIDE THE BOOK CERVANTES WROTE, THE ONE HE IMAGINED HE WAS WRITING.

AH.



CERVANTES CLAIMS HE IS NOT THE AUTHOR, THAT THE ORIGINAL TEXT WAS IN ARABIC.

RIGHT. IT'S AN ATTACK ON MAKE-BELIEVE, SO HE MUST CLAIM IT WAS REAL.



PRECISELY. THEREFORE, THE STORY HAS TO BE WRITTEN BY AN EYEWITNESS...



...YET CID HAMETE BENENGELI, THE ACKNOWLEDGED AUTHOR, NEVER MAKES AN APPEARANCE.

SO, WHO IS HE?



SANCHO PANZA IS OF COURSE THE WITNESS—ILLITERATE, BUT WITH A GIFT FOR LANGUAGE.

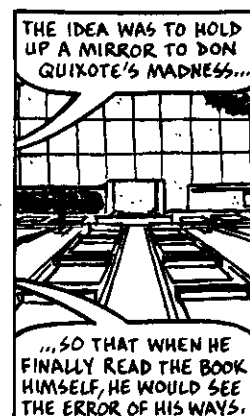


HE DICTATED THE STORY TO THE BARBER AND THE PRIEST, DON QUIXOTE'S FRIENDS.



THEY HAD THE MANUSCRIPT TRANSLATED INTO ARABIC.

CERVANTES FOUND THE TRANSLATION AND HAD IT RENDERED BACK INTO SPANISH.



THE IDEA WAS TO HOLD UP A MIRROR TO DON QUIXOTE'S MADNESS...

...SO THAT WHEN HE FINALLY READ THE BOOK HIMSELF, HE WOULD SEE THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS.

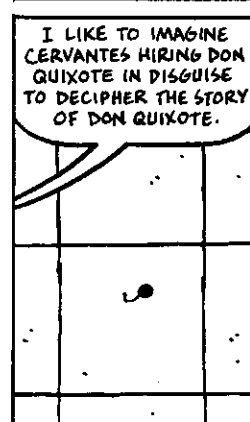


BUT DON QUIXOTE, IN MY VIEW, WAS NOT MAD.

HE ONLY PRETENDED TO BE.



HE ENGINEERED THE COLLABORATION, AND THE TRANSLATION FROM ARABIC BACK INTO SPANISH.



I LIKE TO IMAGINE CERVANTES HIRING DON QUIXOTE IN DISGUISE TO DECIPHER THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

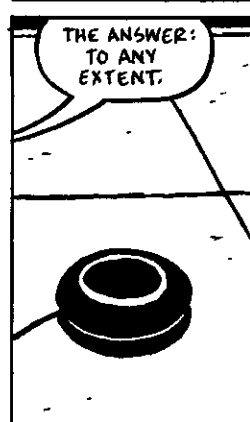


BUT WHY DID QUIXOTE GO TO SUCH LENGTHS?

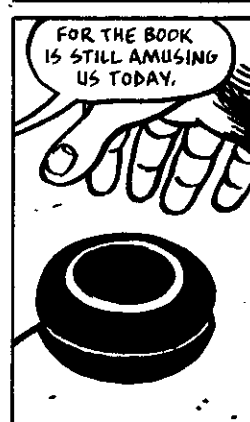
HE WANTED TO TEST THE GULLIBILITY OF MAN.



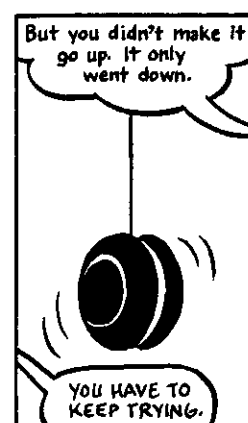
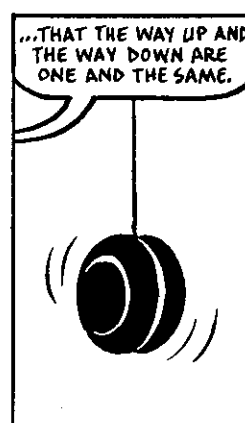
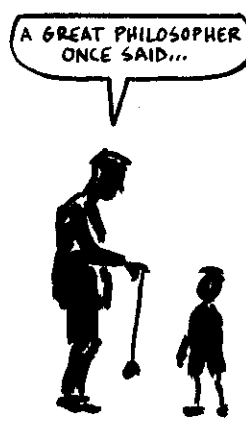
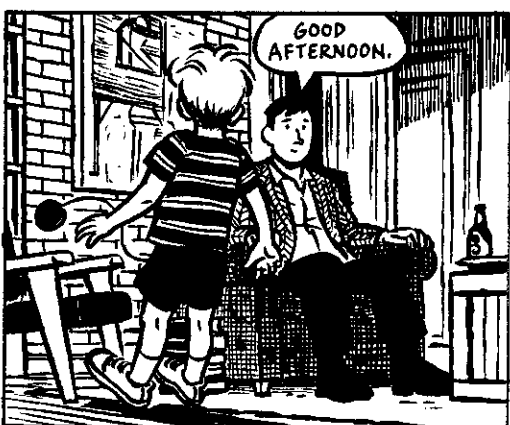
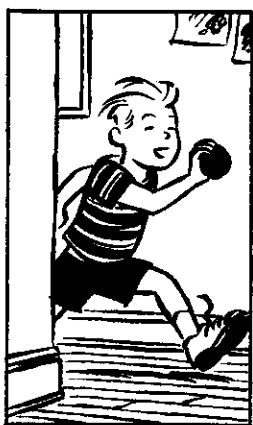
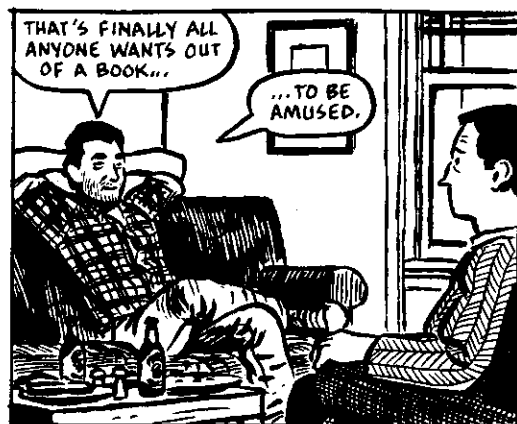
TO WHAT EXTENT WOULD PEOPLE TOLERATE BLASPHEMIES, LIES, AND NONSENSE IF THEY GAVE THEM AMUSEMENT?

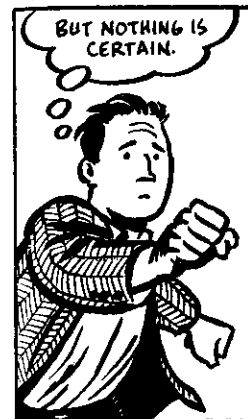


THE ANSWER: TO ANY EXTENT.



FOR THE BOOK IS STILL AMUSING US TODAY.





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





QUINN SPENT THE FOLLOWING DAY ON HIS FEET.



HE DIDN'T CONSIDER WHERE HE WAS GOING.



EVERY TWENTY MINUTES HE WOULD CALL VIRGINIA.



THE BUSY SIGNAL BECAME A COMFORTING METRONOME...



...BEATING STEADILY INSIDE THE RANDOM NOISES OF THE CITY...



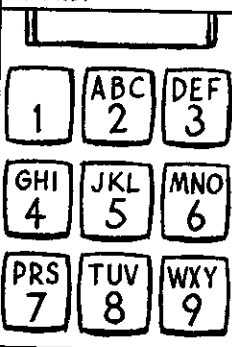
...NEGATING SPEECH AND THE POSSIBILITY OF SPEECH.



VIRGINIA AND PETER STILLMAN WERE SHUT OFF FROM HIM NOW.



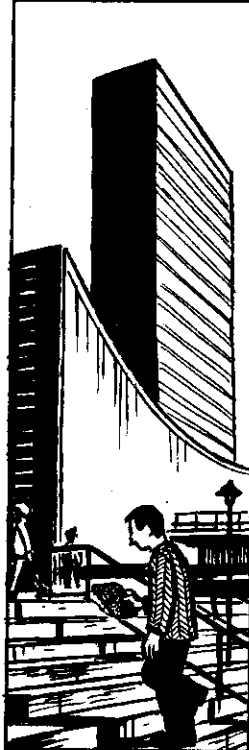
BUT HE SOOTHED HIS CONSCIENCE BY STILL TRYING.



WHATEVER DARKNESS THEY WERE LEADING HIM INTO, HE HAD NOT ABANDONED THEM YET.



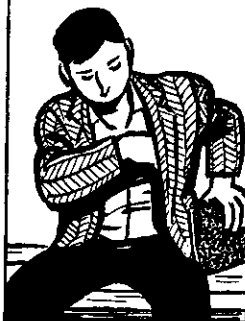
WHAT HE THEN WROTE  
HAD NOTHING TO DO  
WITH THE STILLMAN  
CASE.



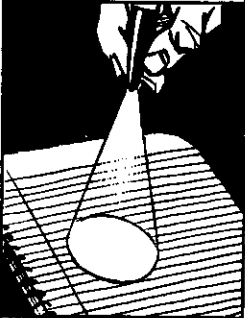
Some beg with a  
semblance of pride:  
Soon I will be back  
with the rest of you.



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



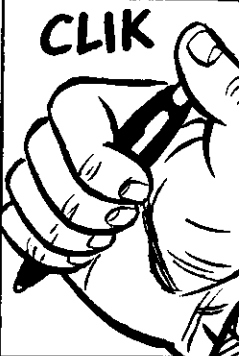
Today, as never before:  
the tramps, shopping-  
bag ladies, drifters  
and drunks...



Others have given  
up hope.



...BEFORE HE FORGOT  
THEM.



...the merdy destitute  
to the wretchedly  
broken. They are  
everywhere.



Still others try to  
work for money.



Others have real  
talent.



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



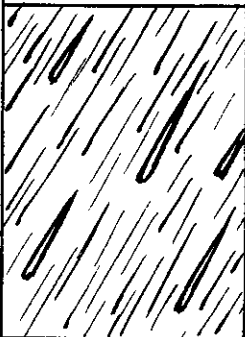
They shuffle through  
the streets as though  
in chains.



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



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



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

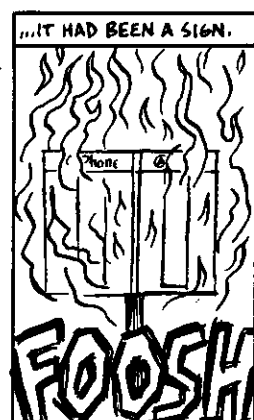
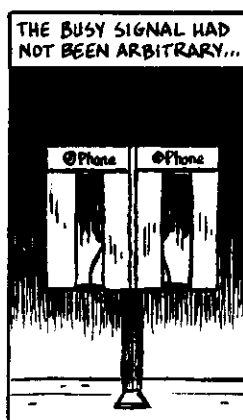
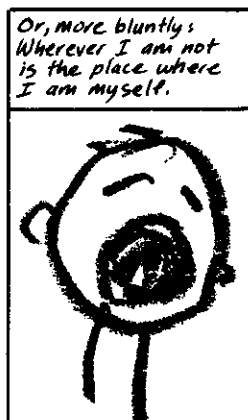
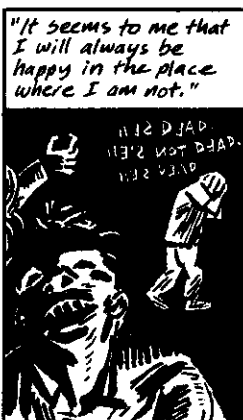


It went on and on. The  
longer I listened, the  
harder I found it  
to leave.



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





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



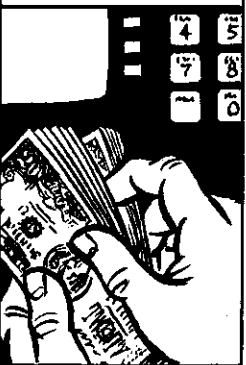
HE HAD TRIED TO CONTACT  
VIRGINIA STILLMAN TO  
TELL HER THAT HE WAS  
THROUGH...



...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?



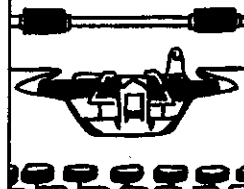
FROM NOW ON, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR  
STILLMAN TO COME NEAR PETER WITHOUT  
QUINN KNOWING IT.



A LONG TIME PASSED. WEEKS, PERHAPS MONTHS.



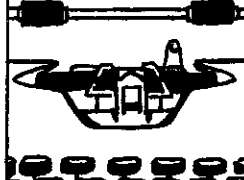
The account of  
this period is  
less full than  
the author  
would have  
liked.



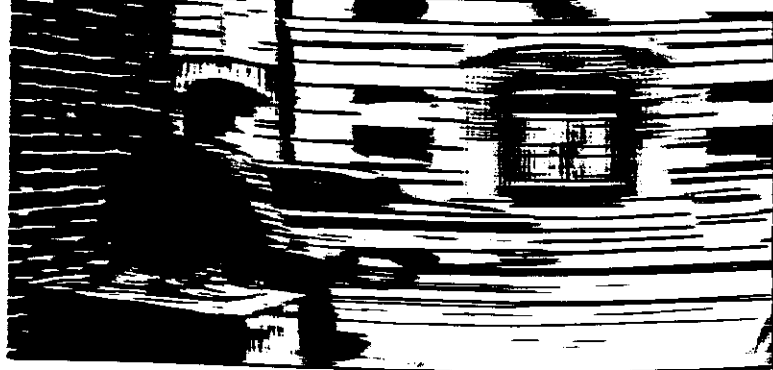
Facts are scarce, and even the  
notebook, which has provided much  
information, is suspect.



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.





NO ONE LEFT OR ENTERED THE BUILDING WITHOUT HIS SEEING IT.



HE FIGURED THAT VIRGINIA AND PETER WERE HOLED UP.



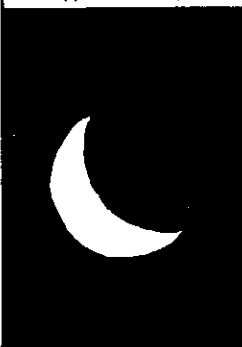
IN ADAPTING TO THIS NEW LIFE, QUINN'S FIRST PROBLEM WAS FOOD.



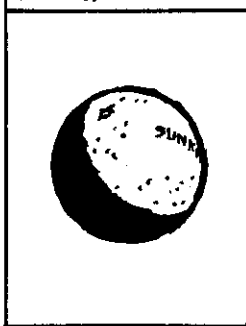
BECAUSE UTMOST VIGILANCE WAS REQUIRED, HE WAS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE HIS POST.



QUINN CHOSE TO DO HIS SHOPPING BETWEEN 3:30 AND 4:30 A.M.



HE ATE LITTLE, AND FOUND HE NEEDED LESS AND LESS AS TIME WENT ON.



HE DIDN'T WANT TO STARVE HIMSELF, HE JUST WANTED TO CONCENTRATE ON THE THINGS THAT CONCERNED HIM.



THAT MEANT THE CASE, AND HOW TO MAKE HIS LAST THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS LAST AS LONG AS IT COULD.



HIS SECOND PROBLEM WAS SLEEP.



HE DECIDED TO LIMIT HIMSELF TO THREE OR FOUR HOURS A DAY, DISTRIBUTED SO AS TO MISS AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.



HE TRIED TO TRAIN HIMSELF TO TAKE SHORT NAPS.

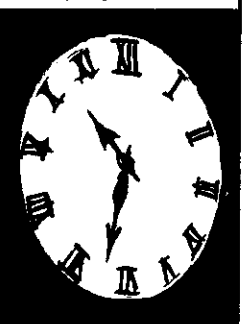


HE WAS HELPED BY NEARBY CHURCH BELLS RINGING EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES.



IT WAS A LONG STRUGGLE.

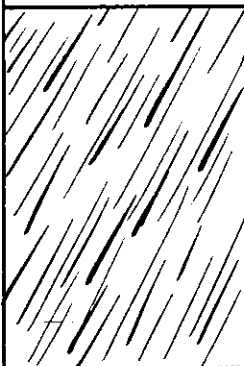
EVENTUALLY HE HAD TROUBLE DISTINGUISHING THE CLOCK FROM HIS OWN PULSE.



THERE WAS NEVER A MOMENT WHEN HE WAS NOT DEAD TIRED.



EVERY NOW AND THEN IT RAINED.



THEN QUINN WOULD CLIMB INTO A DUMPSTER FOR PROTECTION.



THE SMELL WAS OVERPOWERING.



BUT THERE WAS A GAP THROUGH WHICH HE COULD BREATHE AND STILL KEEP AN EYE ON THE BUILDING.



HE EMPTIED HIS BLADDER IN A FAR CORNER OF THE ALLEY.



AS FOR HIS BOWELS, HE WENT INSIDE THE DUMPSTER.



THERE WAS PLENTY OF NEWSPAPER TO WIPE HIMSELF WITH.



AS FOR WASHING AND SHAVING, HE LEARNED TO DO WITHOUT.



HOW HE MANAGED TO KEEP HIMSELF HIDDEN IS A MYSTERY.



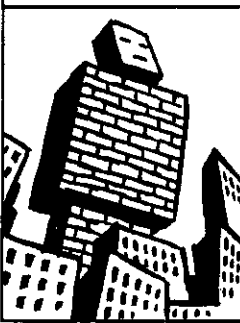
BUT IT SEEMS THAT NO ONE DISCOVERED HIM.



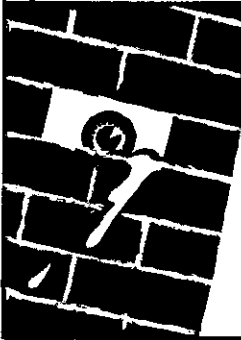
IT WAS AS THOUGH HE HAD MELTED INTO THE WALLS OF THE CITY.



QUINN HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS A MAN WHO LIKED TO BE ALONE.



NOW HE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE NATURE OF SOLITUDE.



AND OF ONE THING HE HAD NO DOUBT: HE WAS FALLING.



AND IF HE WAS FALLING, HOW COULD HE CATCH HIMSELF AS WELL?



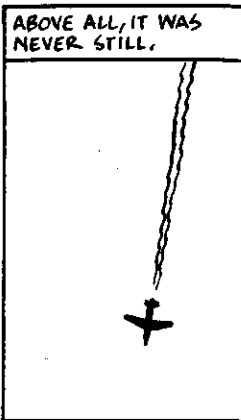
IT DID NOT SEEM TO MAKE SENSE.



HE SPENT MANY HOURS  
LOOKING UP AT THE SKY.



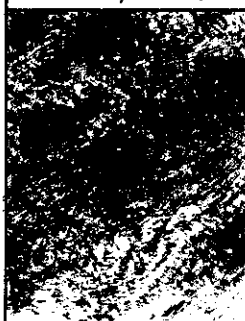
ABOVE ALL, IT WAS  
NEVER STILL.



QUINN SPENT MANY  
AFTERNOONS STUDYING  
THE CLOUDS.



THE WIDE RANGE OF  
GRAYS HAD TO BE  
INVESTIGATED,  
MEASURED, DECIPHERED.



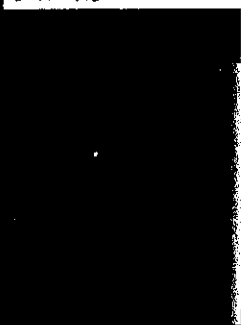
THE SPECTRUM OF  
VARIABLES WAS  
IMMENSE.



ONE BY ONE, ALL WEATHERS  
PASSED OVER HIS HEAD.



SEEING A STAR, HE  
WONDERED IF IT HAD  
NOT BURNED OUT  
LONG AGO.



THE DAYS THEREFORE CAME AND WENT.



STILLMAN DID NOT  
APPEAR.



QUINN'S MONEY RAN  
OUT AT LAST.



IT WAS SOME TIME IN  
MID-AUGUST.



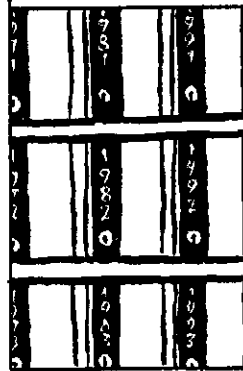
HE WAS CERTAIN THAT  
MONEY HAD ARRIVED  
FOR HIM.



IT WAS JUST A MATTER  
OF GOING TO HIS POST  
OFFICE BOX.



HE COULD BE BACK IN  
A FEW HOURS.



WE WILL NEVER KNOW THE  
AGONIES HE SUFFERED AT  
HAVING TO LEAVE HIS SPOT.



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.



IN A MATTER OF MONTHS HE  
HAD BECOME SOMEONE ELSE.

AT 96<sup>TH</sup> 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.



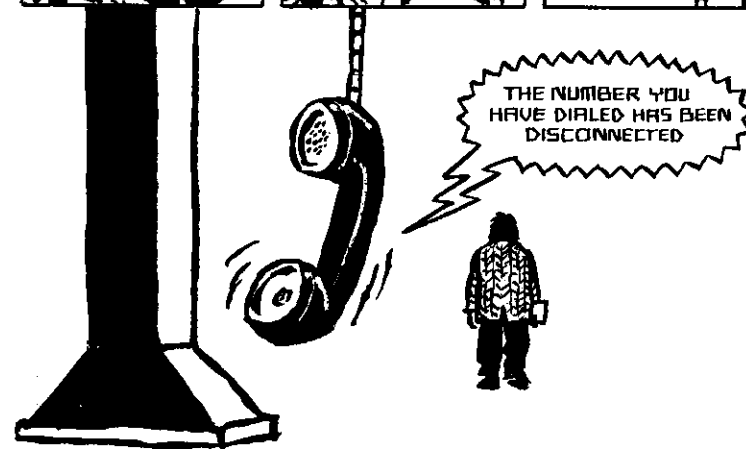
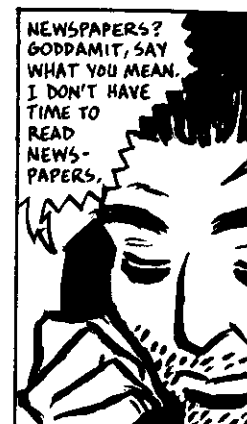
HE COULD RUN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS, AND STILL HE WOULD ARRIVE JUST AS THE DOORS WERE CLOSING.



A TELEPHONE REMINDED HIM OF AUSTER.



PERHAPS HE COULD JUST COLLECT THE CASH FROM THE CHECK.



HE DECIDED TO POSTPONE THINKING ABOUT IT.



HE WOULD RETURN TO HIS APARTMENT AND TAKE A HOT BATH.



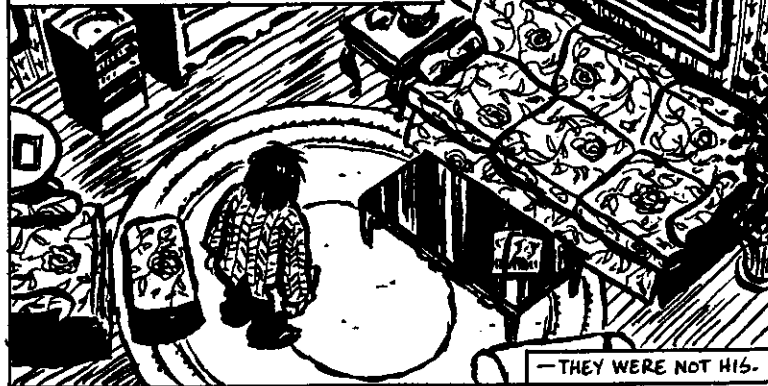
THEN, PERHAPS, HE WOULD BEGIN TO THINK ABOUT IT.



EVERYTHING HAD CHANGED.



THE FURNITURE, THE PICTURES, THE RUGS —



— THEY WERE NOT HIS.

HIS DESK WAS GONE, HIS BOOKS WERE GONE, THE CHILD DRAWINGS OF HIS DEAD SON WERE GONE.



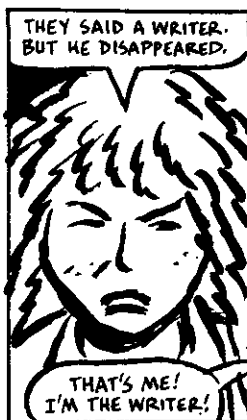
IT TOOK A WHILE TO CALM HER DOWN.



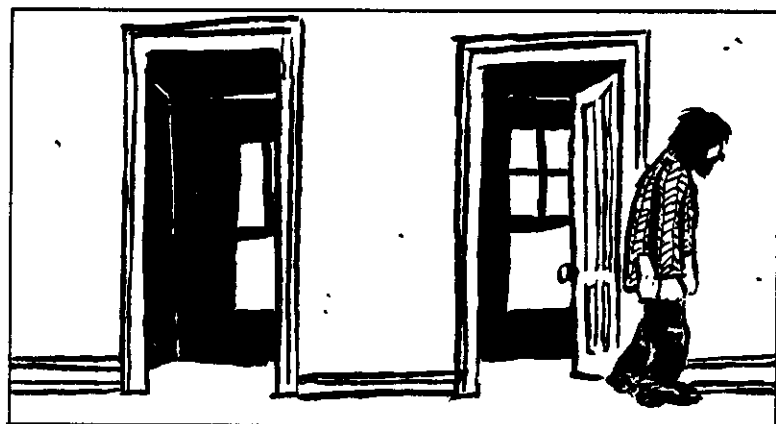
I'VE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR A MONTH. IT'S MY APARTMENT.



BUT I HAVE THE KEY. DOESN'T THAT CONVINCE YOU?









WAS IT NIGHT?



IF SO, THEN SURELY THE SUN WAS SHINING SOMEWHERE ELSE. IN CHINA, FOR EXAMPLE.

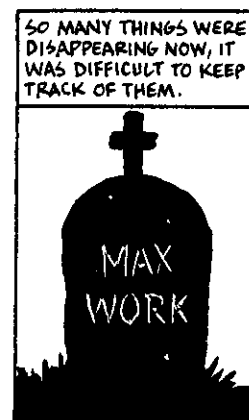


NIGHT AND DAY WERE NO MORE THAN RELATIVE TERMS.

AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, IT WAS ALWAYS BOTH.



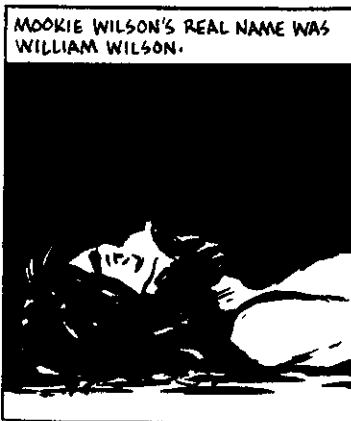
HE TRIED TO THINK ABOUT THE LIFE HE HAD LIVED BEFORE THE STORY BEGAN.



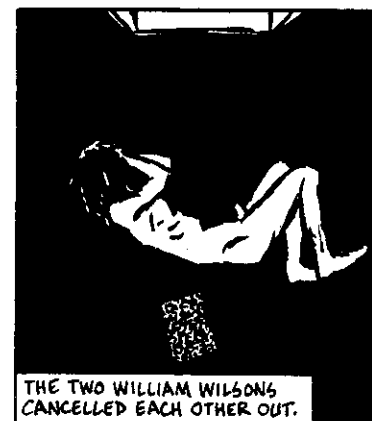
SO MANY THINGS WERE DISAPPEARING NOW, IT WAS DIFFICULT TO KEEP TRACK OF THEM.



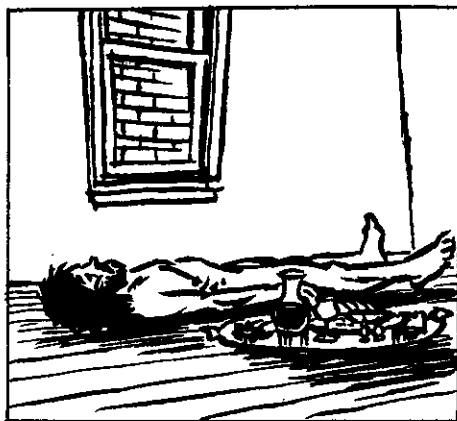
HE TRIED TO WORK HIS WAY THROUGH THE METS' LINEUP, POSITION BY POSITION.



MOOKIE WILSON'S REAL NAME WAS WILLIAM WILSON.



THE TWO WILLIAM WILSONS CANCELLED EACH OTHER OUT.



HE WROTE UNTIL IT WAS DARK.



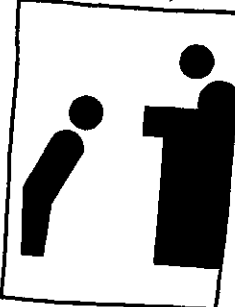
THE THOUGHT OF TURNING ON THE LIGHT DID NOT APPEAL TO HIM.



FOR THE MOST PART, HIS ENTRIES FROM THIS PERIOD CONSISTED OF MARGINAL QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE STILLMAN CASE.



WHY HAD HE NOT BOTHERED TO LOOK IN OLD NEWSPAPERS ABOUT STILLMAN'S ARREST IN 1969?



WHY HAD HE TAKEN AUSTER'S WORD THAT STILLMAN WAS DEAD?

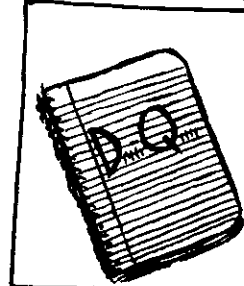


a good egg  
egg on his #  
to lay an egg  
as alike  
as two  
eggs

WHY HAD DON QUIXOTE NOT WRITTEN BOOKS LIKE THE ONES HE LOVED...



...INSTEAD OF LIVING OUT THEIR ADVENTURES?



WAS THE GIRL IN HIS APARTMENT THE SAME AS THE GIRL IN GRAND CENTRAL?



WAS THE CASE OVER, OR WAS HE STILL WORKING ON IT?



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.



THE LIGHT HAD  
GRADUALLY BECOME  
FAINTER AND MORE  
FLEETING.



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



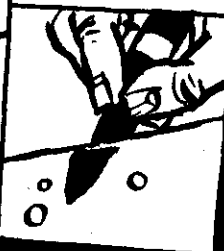
...THAT THESE  
PERIODS HAD BEEN  
REDUCED TO A  
MATTER OF MINUTES.



ONCE THERE WAS TIME  
ONLY TO WRITE  
THREE SENTENCES.



THE NEXT TIME,  
ONLY TWO.



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



HE HAD FORGOTTEN  
THAT THE ELECTRIC  
LIGHT WAS THERE.



THE NUMBER OF  
PAGES IN THE  
NOTEBOOK WAS  
DWINDLING.



HE BEGAN TO  
WEIGH HIS WORDS  
WITH GREAT CARE.



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...



...AND NOW ITS  
MEANING HAD  
BEEN LOST.



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  
the words into the  
air, into the walls,  
into the city, even  
if the light never  
came back again.



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.

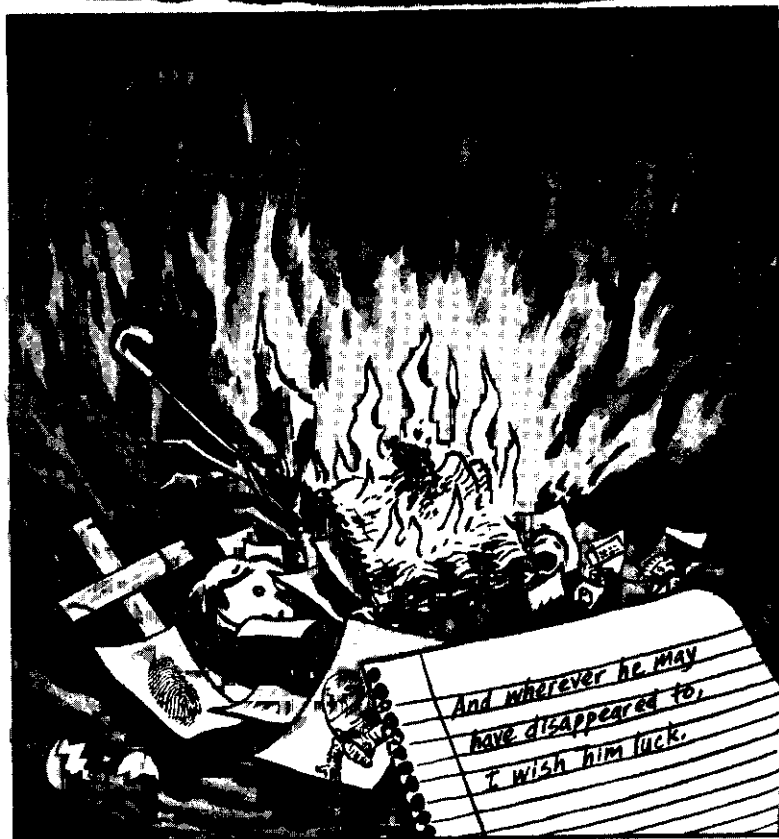
In a small room in the back we found the notebook.

Auster handed it to me.

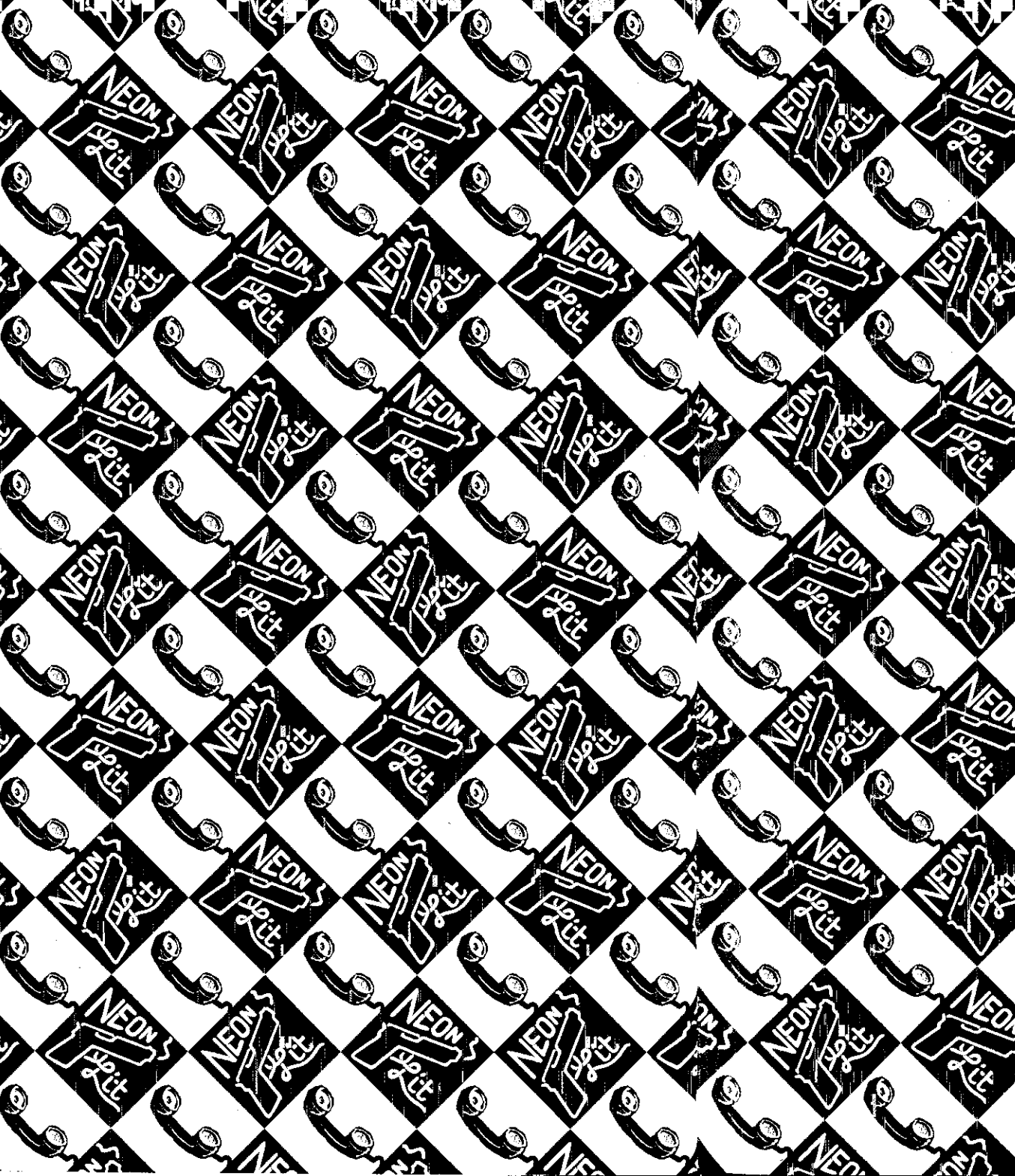
The whole business had upset him so much that he was afraid to keep it.

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.







## 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.