

ACCLAIM FOR THE WORKS OF D. HARLAN WILSON

PECKINPAH: AN ULTRAVIOLENT ROMANCE

“A bludgeoning celluloid rush of language and ideas served from an action-painter’s bucket of fluorescent spatter, *Peckinpah* is an incendiary gem and very probably the most extraordinary new novel you will read this year.” **Alan Moore**, author of *Watchmen*, *V for Vendetta*, *From Hell* and *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*

“Wilson’s surreal view of a midwestern town called Dreamfield features the author’s trademark prose which goes from violent to hysterical to bizarre—sometimes within the same sentence...all the while leaving behind witty commentary and observances on the rural lifestyle.” **Horror Fiction Review**

“D. Harlan Wilson’s latest romp of a book, *Peckinpah: An Ultraviolet Romance*, proves that Wilson is either a genius or a madman, in all likelihood a crazed hybrid of both. A book that will delight Wilson’s fans and mortally shock the uninitiated.” **Eric Miles Williamson**, author of *Welcome to Oakland* and *East Bay Grease*

DR. IDENTITY, OR, FAREWELL TO PLAQUEDEMLIA

“Readers with a taste for wacky experimental fiction will enjoy D. Harlan Wilson’s *Dr. Identity, or, Farewell to Plaquedemia: A Pulp Science Fiction Novel*, set in the postcapitalist city of Bliptown.” **Publisher’s Weekly**

“Madcap, macabre black comedy...Wilson’s sardonic, riotously imaginative vision of the future holds a mirror up to our own increasingly chaotic society and makes provocative entertainment.” **Booklist**

“*Dr. Identity* is a rollicking romp through a future so absurd, it can’t help but feel real. D. Harlan Wilson shows us everything we know—but wish we didn’t—about ourselves.” **Robert Venditti**, author of *The Surrogates*

“Let’s dispense with the usual predictable analogies (‘Kafka/Cronenberg-on-laughing-gas’), redundancies (‘Phillip K. Dick/William Gibson-on-acid’), or accurate-but-somewhat-obscure references (‘the most intense and, in a certain sense, the most significant young prose writer since Mark Leyner and Ben Marcus...establishes Wilson as the Steve Katz of the post-everything generation...vies with Derek Pell’s *The Little Red Book of Adobe LiveMotion* for being the funniest book of the new millennium’), and cut to the chase: D. Harlan Wilson’s hilarious meta-pulp SF novel, *Dr. Identity*, is a funhouse mirror whose cartoonish distortions continually amaze and amuse—until one realizes that what we’re seeing is a disturbingly accurate vision of ourselves. An instant avant-pop classic by a major new talent. Two surgically-enhanced, stainless-steel thumbs way, way up!” **Larry McCaffery**, editor of *Storming the Reality Studio* and *After Yesterday’s Crash*

“This book’s better’n the bushelful of Benzedrine-spiked donut holes with which *Dr. Identity* tries to bribe his students into civilized demeanor! Pomo cybertheory never tasted so good or made you fly this high!” **American Book Review**

BLANKETY BLANK: A MEMOIR OF VULGARIA

“With three offbeat story collections and the indescribably madcap *Dr. Identity* to his credit, Wilson has been duly anointed as speculative fiction’s most unpredictable stylist. Here he flouts all novelistic conventions and propriety in recounting the misdeeds of a serial killer known only by a name written in blood on the walls of his victims’ manicured homes—*Blankety Blank*. In the mid-twenty-first century, the American landscape has morphed from suburbia into “vulgaria,” featuring neighborhoods replete with shopping malls and oversized McMansions. Quiggle Estates resident Rutger Van Trout just

wants to enjoy his newly built silo in peace, without the added distractions of a nymphomaniac daughter, a werewolf-obsessed son, and a wife haunted by her own skeleton. Then Blankety Blank leaves his trail of blood across the vulgaria, and it's up to Rutger and Quiggle Estates' odd assortment of faux superheroes to save everyone. Wilson sprinkles his rapid-fire narrative with glib aphorisms, absurdist pseudo-historical tidbits, and outlandish digressions that leave a reader breathless. Although this isn't everyone's cup, iconoclasts will relish every word." **Booklist**

"This is the fifth work of fiction from Wilson, a nearly unclassifiable Fabulist/Satirist/Bizarro/Post-Postmodern/Speculative writer and literature professor whose titles include *The Kafka Effekt* and *Dr. Identity, or, Farewell to Plaquedemia*. Take an existential dive into the near-future's 'irreality' before the author sells out to Hollywood over a seemingly inevitable Gamehater movie." **ForeWord Magazine**

"This comedy of menace, this spooky Kabuki, is never comfortable to inhabit but is as enjoyable as Krazy Kat just the same—the author indulges himself to the hilt and denies himself nothing." **Rain Taxi**

"'Destroy time so that chaos may be ordered' was the instruction more than half a century ago of Mailer's Man Who Studied Yoga and D. Harlan Wilson has taken that advice seriously; here is a novel which implodes and conflates autobiography, biography, history, quasi-history, alternate history and Occam's Safety Razor in a fashion which I find utterly original and utterly discommoding. The exquisite tilt of this novel runs us all off the board and on; its originality is a weapon. Firing at that bullseye on time." **Barry N. Malzberg**, John Campbell Award-winning author of 70+ science fiction novels

"If you had a time machine and could secure the living brains of James Thurber and Andre Breton ripped untimely from their skulls, run them through a juicer, then mainline the blended liquid neurons, you might become a writer like D. Harlan Wilson. In fact, I know with certainty that this is how he actually got

his start. As evidenced by his new ‘Memoir of Vulgaria,’ *Blankety Blank*, we are facing a writer who can evoke howls of pity and tears of laughter on the same page, and generally within the same sentence. In this ‘multimedia’ novel, suburban inanity and insanity are depicted in loving and intimate depth, resulting in a furiously animated canvas equal parts Bosch and Tex Avery. Imagine an episode of *The Simpsons* scripted by Robert Coover and Donald Barthelme, then directed by Michel Gondry, and you won’t be far off the mark. If this be ‘interstitial’ fiction, then it’s a case of the interstices expanding like a galaxy to overwhelm whatever bland shores once flanked them.” **Paul Di Filippo**, author of *The Steampunk Trilogy*, *Ciphers* and *Cosmocopia*

PSEUDO-CITY

“These intermeshed parables of madness and disjunction are funny the way that fever-dream of the naked fetuses squirming silently on a sidewalk you had last night is funny—when you think back on it sometime around noon today. At the brain stem of this impressive, relentless, heterologic schizopolis crouches a reptilian complex that would make Kafka, Burroughs, Bataille, and Leyner grin in recognition and admiration.” **Lance Olsen**, author of *Nietzsche’s Kisses* and *Tonguing the Zeitgeist*

“Only D. Harlan Wilson could make a stick figure more entertaining than most human beings. I haven’t read a Wilson story I didn’t go bug-eyes over. He delivers the surreal like no other writer working today, and his latest book is the master surrealist at his best. *Pseudo-City* is an ingenious subversion—the sort of book that has the power to change your entire perception of the everyday world. You’ll be laughing when you read it, wondering if you’ve just tipped over into madness. But you won’t care because it feels so damned good. Enjoy the vertigo, folks!” **Michael Arnzen**, Bram Stoker Award-winning author of *100 Jolts* and *Grave Markings*